

Canon 261

Chapter 261: The Truth of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, the Holy Land (2)

"Let the people of the Demon Realm in? Doesn't that mean that whichever nations hold the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament will become a battlefield?" Zhou Shu asked, "Then, why are the nations fighting over the right to host this event?"

"There's something else going on here," Meng Bai explained. "We don't put the people of the Demon Realm in our land."

"The imperial cauldrons are extremely mysterious. Opening the seal will place the people of the Demon Realm into an independent space formed by the imperial cauldrons.

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"That space is neither the Demon Realm nor our world. It's extremely mysterious."

Meng Bai sighed. "The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament will be held in that space. It won't affect our world.

"Moreover, when the seal is opened, a large amount of spiritual qi will flow in from outside the seal. This will greatly increase the concentration of spiritual qi in the host country."

"I understand." Zhou Shu nodded. "In the ten nations, each nation has an imperial cauldron. The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is to open up an independent space and place the people of the Demon Realm inside. Then we go in and destroy these people, reducing the power of the Demon Realm to attack the seal, thus maintaining the seal's integrity..."

"Right!" Meng Bai nodded.

"Great General, what kind of existence is the Demon Realm? Are the people you mentioned demonic beasts? Or people like us?" Zhou Shu asked after some thought.

"Both," Meng Bai said. "That's not right either. The Demon Realm should be full of demonic beasts, but some of them can take human form. This is somewhat different from the demonic beasts of our world."

"Are they related to the demonic beasts we have here?"

"Maybe, maybe not," Meng Bai said, "We know very little about the Demon Realm, or rather, almost nothing. Although we have fought for many years, we have never captured anyone from the Demon Realm alive.

"Not only are the people of the Demon Realm powerful, but they also have violent personalities. If they know that they are no match for them, they would rather self-destruct than be captured.

"There was once an expert of ours who tried to enter the Demon Realm to gather information during the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, but he never returned. No one knows if he's dead or alive.

"So now, we know almost nothing about the Demon Realm. No one knows what kind of world it is and why they insist on invading our world. No one can say for sure."

Meng Bai sighed.

“Even the senior who left behind the imperial cauldrons doesn’t know?”

“The forger of the imperial cauldrons is also a mystery.” Meng Bai shook his head.

He glanced at Zhou Shu and seemed to see his confusion as he continued, “It’s not that I don’t know, but neither does His Majesty.

“Now, you can understand. The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is extremely dangerous. Even as first-rank martial artists, the people of the Demon Realm are stronger than us. Moreover, they seem to have existences above the first rank.”

Meng Bai said in a low voice, “Back then, I was attacked by a power above the first rank. I was lucky not to die, but I also lost my cultivation and had been merely surviving for many years.”

“Above the first rank?” Zhou Shu frowned. As far as he knew, there didn’t seem to be any experts above the first rank in the ten nations.

If there were really experts above the first rank in the Demon Realm, how could the ten nations stop them?

“Actually, I’m not sure if it’s true or not. But in order to kill the other party, the ten nations mobilized ten first-rank martial artists. After the battle, all ten first-rank martial artists died in battle, but they only severely injured this person. In the end, he still escaped back to the Demon Realm.”

When Meng Bai thought of the scene back then, his eyes were still full of fear.

The trauma of what had happened back then was too great.

“Kill ten first-rank martial artists?” Zhou Shu was speechless. His current strength was stronger than ordinary first-rank martial artists.

But he couldn’t fight ten first-rank martial artists at the same time and kill them.

Could there really be a realm above the first rank of the Martial Dao?

“There’s no need to worry too much about this.” Meng Bai shook his head. “This kind of expert only appeared once in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

“Moreover, King of the South, you’re a forger. Even if you go to the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, you don’t need to go to the battlefield under normal circumstances.

“A forger’s duty is only to replenish weapons lost in battle. Relatively speaking, it’s quite safe.”

“I see.”

There was no fear on Zhou Shu’s face. Instead, he was faintly excited.

The more dangerous it was, the better.

Anyway, he wasn’t going up to fight.

The more dangerous it was, the more opportunities there were to kill.

If eighty to one hundred workers were thrown onto the battlefield of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, wouldn't the benefits from the Legendary Armament Canon directly take off?

Zhou Shu felt his body tremble slightly. He was too excited!

Initially, he thought that the first rank of the Martial Dao was the end.

Now that Meng Bai mentioned it, there seemed to be a realm above the first rank.

He couldn't stop farming rewards. As long as his workers worked hard, his cultivation would continue to increase.

How could he miss such a good opportunity?

"Great General, how long will the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament last?"

"The imperial cauldrons are amazing." Meng Bai said. "The battlefield space it opens up has a different concept of time.

"According to past experience, a day in our world is a year inside.

"In our concept of time, the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is held for three days. But in that space, the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament lasts for three years."

"In other words, the soldiers participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament need to stay in that space for three years?" Zhou Shu asked.

Three years was not a short time. With his current strength, he should be able to forge many ranked weapons in three years.

That way, he could recruit more workers.

"King of the South, are you sure you want to participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament? Once you enter the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, you can only come out three years later."

Meng Bai said seriously, "In three years, anything can happen inside."

Three days in the outside world was equivalent to three years in the space of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

Those were not three years of leisurely vacations but three years of life-and-death battles.

No one could guarantee that they would survive for three years!

Over the years, many first-rank martial artists had died on the battlefield of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

"Yes, I'm very sure," Zhou Shu said. "The more dangerous it is, the more I should go! If we provide more weapons to the soldiers of Great Xia, they will have more chances of winning."

"Great Xia is fortunate to have you, King of the South!" Meng Bai said emotionally.

He was really emotional. With Zhou Shu's current status, Emperor Yuan Feng wouldn't force him to participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

In fact, if Zhou Shu hadn't displayed his current strength, Meng Bai would have strongly objected to him participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

A talented Forging Master could be of great use in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament. But if he died there, the losses would be even greater.

He could only create more weapons if he lived, which was a good thing for Great Xia and the entire land.

Of course, a large number of forgers were also needed on the battlefield of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

Otherwise, if the soldiers' weapons were damaged and couldn't be repaired or replenished, it would be disastrous if they couldn't stop the people of the Demon Realm.

It was a matter of weighing the pros and cons of letting forgers participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

If Zhou Shu didn't have the combat strength to defeat the Qin emperor, then there was no need to hesitate. Neither Meng Bai nor Emperor Yuan Feng would let him participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament because he was too important to Great Xia, and they couldn't take the risk.

But now, with his strength, he was relatively safe on the battlefield of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

After all, it was rare to see a Demon Realm expert who could easily kill first-rank martial artists. Even if there was, there were countless experts from the various nations participating in the war. There was no need for a forger like Zhou Shu to appear.

"Great General, what if an imperial cauldron is destroyed during the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament?" Zhou Shu suddenly asked.

"How is that possible?" Meng Bai laughed. "Even if a first-rank expert uses a heaven-grade weapon to slash at it, it won't be damaged at all. How can it be damaged?"

"If, I mean if..." Zhou Shu said.

"Then..." Meng Bai frowned and pondered. He said with uncertainty, "The battlefield might shatter. The people of the Demon Realm might attack our world directly."

Chapter 262: Benefits from the Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword, the Possibility of Improving Forging Ability (1)

Meng Bai's tone was uncertain. An imperial cauldron breaking, such a thing had never happened before.

Before this, it hadn't even occurred to him that the imperial cauldrons could be damaged.

After all, with the sturdiness of the imperial cauldrons, even first-rank martial artists with heaven-grade weapons couldn't damage them.

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"If that's the case, won't the people of the Demon Realm come directly to our Great Xia?" Zhou Shu continued.

Meng Bai frowned. Although such a thing was almost impossible, as a general, he immediately considered how he should respond if it happened.

Countless methods of arranging troops flashed through his mind. Meng Bai finally let out a long sigh.

He realized that no matter how he arranged the troops, there was only one outcome.

Great Xia would disappear from this world.

Not only Great Xia, but all ten nations would probably become history.

In the face of absolute strength, there was no room for any schemes.

"I hope this never happens." Meng Bai sighed.

Zhou Shu pursed his lips inwardly. *That might not be the case.*

It almost happened not long ago.

Although he and Xu Shi had worked together to repair Great Qin's imperial cauldron last time, Zhou Shu could tell that it was still covered in cracks. It might shatter at any moment.

It was only a matter of time.

If it was as Meng Bai had said—as long as one of the Ten Imperial Cauldrons broke and the seal disappeared, the ten nations would face the invasion of the Demon Realm.

It would be a very big problem.

Zhou Shu hesitated for a moment but still didn't tell Meng Bai the truth.

Great Qin's imperial cauldron could shatter at any moment. Once this news broke, the world would probably be in chaos.

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Zhou Shu didn't want to face a chaotic world of fighting.

I have to talk to the Qin emperor sometime, Zhou Shu thought.

"We don't have to worry unnecessarily," Meng Bai continued. "The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is dangerous, but it's also an opportunity. Without blood, one cannot become a true warrior."

"With the experience of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, the soldiers will all grow into pillars of the country..."

Meng Bai stood at the height of the country to consider the problem, but Zhou Shu couldn't be bothered to think too much about it.

“Great General, I heard from Shi Songtao that if our Great Xia’s forgers participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, they will participate as workshops?” Zhou Shu asked.

“That’s right.” Meng Bai nodded. “The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is a chaotic war. Every team needs a workshop to support them.”

“Understood,” Zhou Shu said. “In that case, can I decide which team to support?”

Meng Bai was slightly taken aback. “Of course.”

After all, Zhou Shu wasn’t just the master of the Huaxia Pavilion, but he was also the King of the South.

“What are your requests?” Meng Bai asked.

“Nothing special. Just give me the team with the most combat missions.”

...

In the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, the situation on the battlefield was complicated. Before the battle started, even Meng Bai wouldn’t know which team would face the most battles.

After all, the Demon Realm wouldn’t attack according to his arrangements.

Therefore, Meng Bai only gave Zhou Shu the information on the Great Xia military forces preparing to participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament and let him choose as he pleased.

As Zhou Shu flipped through the information Meng Ba had given him, he discovered many people he knew.

The original commander of the Huben Troops, Cheng Wanli, was actually still alive and was going to participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

Chen Ji, Yin Chengshan, and others were also among them.

His sworn brother, Mi Ziwen, was also participating.

And someone he hadn’t expected—Sun Gongping!

When Zhou Shu had just returned from Great Qin, he had gone to the Marquis Weiyuan residence to see Sun Gongping. But Sun Gongping wasn’t there. According to Marquis Weiyuan, Sun Gongping had run off to train.

Unexpectedly, he was also participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

Zhou Shu had never interacted much with the Demon Executing Army of the three armies of Great Xia. The Country Protector Army and Demon Executing Army both had people participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

Zhou Shu did a simple count. There were at least 100,000 people participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

If the ten nations were all on this scale, it would be close to a million people.

A million soldiers participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament at the same time was really terrifying.

Interesting. Lu Wenshuang is actually participating.

I have to stay away from her. This woman is a battle maniac. I wonder which man can handle her.

Zhou Shu flipped through the information Meng Bai had given him. Then flames burned in his hands and burned the information to ashes.

These were all military secrets. If not for his special status, Meng Bai wouldn't have told him.

There's a lot of troops to choose from.

Zhou Shu rubbed his glabella.

I won't choose for now. I'll think about it when the time comes. The Demon Realm sounds like a very interesting place. If demonic beasts can take human form, doesn't that mean that there are demonic females? I wonder if there would be a Lady Bai¹...

Zhou Shu chuckled.

Somewhere in Great Xia, Sun Gongping stood up from his half-squatting position and turned around with a solemn expression. "The blood is still warm. He just died not long ago. We should be able to catch up to him soon!"

Behind Sun Gongping were a few other people.

These people were all dressed in martial attire. Their auras were robust, and killing intent appeared between their eyes.

"These guys are a handful," Sun Gongping said.

Chapter 263: Benefits from the Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword, the Possibility of Improving Forging Ability (2)

A man behind Sun Gongping smiled. "These fiends are much harder to deal with than demonic beasts. Although demonic beasts have intelligence, they are not so scheming. Fiends are different.

"It's the first time you've killed one. You're lucky to have discovered their whereabouts so quickly.

"When I first joined the Fiend Eradication Army, it took me a whole year to find traces of a fiend. In the end, I almost let him turn the tables."

...

These people were actually from the Fiend Eradication Army.

The three armies of Great Xia were the Country Protector Army, Demon Executing Army, and Fiend Eradication Army.

The Country Protector Army was composed mostly of unranked martial artists, and they mainly took on the army missions.

The Demon Executing Army was responsible for dealing with demonic beasts.

As for the Fiend Eradication Army, they were responsible for dealing with those who had fallen into the demonic path, which were the fiends that this Fiend Eradication Army soldier mentioned.

"I'm puzzled. Do these fiends have nothing better to do? They keep thinking about destroying this and that. We should really return them to the furnace and let them be reborn!" Sun Gongping said unhappily.

"Isn't that the mission of our Fiend Eradication Army?" the Fiend Eradication Army soldier smiled.

"Young Marquis, we have to hurry. These fiends are very vigilant. It will be difficult to find them again."

The Fiend Eradication Army went on their way.

Sun Gongping nodded. "We have to hurry. I slept for a while and thought that being a sixth-rank martial artist wasn't bad. I didn't expect that fellow to be able to fight the Qin emperor to a draw!"

He drew the Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword from behind his back, his face full of killing intent.

"Let's go!" He kicked off and shot into the air.

...

[The Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword you forged effectively completed a kill. You are rewarded with Forging Materials Knowledge (100 types).]

Zhou Shu, who was planning what he would do for the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, suddenly saw a message flash past.

Then a ball of light exploded in his consciousness, and information surged into his mind.

In an instant, he seemed to have learned a lot.

This benefit had less information than before.

So before Zhou Shu could feel uncomfortable, the entire process was over.

With a thought, he realized that a lot of knowledge about forging materials had appeared in his mind.

[Fine iron, refined from iron ore. The extraction method...]

[Black iron, smelted from iron ore mixed with several other ores. It's black and hard...]

[Crimson copper, produced from Shouyang Mountain. It's the color of flames and contains the power of flames. After it is incorporated into a weapon, the weapon would have the power of fire...]

One material after another, from the source of the forging materials to their appearance, characteristics, and how they were used, it was all very detailed.

Good stuff!

Zhou Shu was pleasantly surprised.

This time, he really liked this benefit from the Legendary Armament Canon.

Zhou Shu had now mastered the Dragon Elephant Prajna Technique and Golden Bell Shield Technique. His desire for martial strength was no longer as strong.

Instead, he wanted to improve his forging ability.

After all, he can't keep forging yellow-grade weapons.

As a forger, who wouldn't want to forge a heaven-grade weapon?

For forgers, the mastery of forging materials was definitely the foundation among the foundation.

In the past, Zhou Shu's foundation wasn't very good. His mastery of forging materials was mostly derived from the weapons in the Legendary Armament Canon.

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Later on, Yin Wuyou had brought some related books for him from the imperial library, allowing him to gain a lot of knowledge.

He had been deliberately cramming knowledge of the subject.

But his progress was very slow.

After all, it was difficult to learn it by himself.

To be honest, he wasn't even as good as Shi Songtao in this regard.

The characteristics and use of forging materials were directly related to the foundation of a weapon.

The foundation of a weapon was how many star paths it could withstand. In other words, what materials were used and how the materials were combined were directly related to the upper limit of a weapon!

If the wrong forging materials were used and the weapon's foundation was insufficient, then no matter how high the level of star fixing, the weapon couldn't have enough star paths because it couldn't withstand it.

Take Zhou Shu's Great Destroyer Sword for example. As long as a few more star positions formed a star path, it might become a black-grade weapon. But the number of star paths it could withstand had already reached its limit, and another star position could make it collapse.

If he wanted to increase its star position, he had to improve its material first.

This was similar to injecting too much spiritual essence into a weak body. The only outcome would be the person exploding and dying.

What restricted Zhou Shu's forging ability had never been his star positioning technique but his grasp of forging materials.

With his divine sense, positioning stars wasn't difficult for him.

The difficulty lay in how to increase the foundation of the weapon through the casting of forging materials.

Now, the benefits from the Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword would make up for his shortcoming.

I've already mastered one hundred types of forging materials. No one in the world will be more familiar with them than me, Zhou Shu thought excitedly. Unfortunately, one hundred is still too little.

There were billions of forging materials in the world, and he only knew one hundred types now.

But Zhou Shu didn't care. He wouldn't be far from gaining more knowledge on forging materials.

I wonder where Sun Gongping went to gain experience.

I hope he can complete more kills. That way, I'll have knowledge of more and more forging materials.

As long as he gained knowledge of enough forging materials, Zhou Shu felt that he would be able to try forging higher-grade weapons.

Sun Gongping is also participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament. When the time comes, he will definitely complete more kills.

Zhou Shu thought happily, *With the mastery of these hundred weapons, I can make more preparations. The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is a rare opportunity. I can't waste it.*

Zhou Shu recalled the information about the hundred types of forging materials in his mind. The information kept colliding, and he felt his mind fill with inspiration.

These hundred types of forging materials are only the most basic forging materials. It's a little difficult to use them to forge a black-grade weapon, but I can give it a try now.

Sun Gongping, Sun Gongping, you have to work harder. Before the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament begins, whether I can forge a black-grade weapon will depend on you.

Before he could finish the thought, a barrage of messages flashed before his eyes.

[The Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword you forged effectively completed a kill. You are rewarded with Forging Materials Knowledge (10 types).]

Zhou Shu was overjoyed.

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Thousands of miles away, Sun Gongping shook off the blood on his sword, looking a little unsatisfied. "These fiends are quite arrogant, but they can't withstand our attacks."

The other Fiend Eradication Army soldiers were speechless.

With so many of us besieging the two of them, how can we blame them for being unable to withstand our attacks?

You'll see how crazy they are when you run into large groups of fiends.

These people are inhuman when they turn crazy.

"Young Marquis, let's go," a Fiend Eradication Army soldier said. "We've caused a commotion. Even if there are other fiends nearby, they're probably already escaping."

“We’ll have to start from the beginning again.”

Sun Gongping was a little embarrassed. He had been too excited just now. Otherwise, with so many of them, they could have completely eliminated the two fiends silently.

He was still a little inexperienced.

The Fiend Eradication Army soldier also realized that he might have said the wrong thing. He smiled and diverted the topic. “Young Marquis, the sword in your hand is very powerful. These fiends are also holding yellow-grade weapons, but they were actually cut into half by your sword.”

“Of course. My Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword is ranked tenth on the Yellow-grade Armament Manual.”

Sun Gongping said proudly “My brother forged this for me himself.

“When we return to Chang’an, I’ll introduce my brother to you. When the time comes, you can also change your weapons. I’m not bragging, but my brother’s forging ability is...”

He gave a thumbs-up.

The Fiend Eradication Army soldiers cheered.

“Who is your brother, Young Marquis?”

“Our Great Xia’s King of the South, the master of the Forging Division’s Huaxia Pavilion, the number one forging genius in the world, is my brother!” Sun Gongping patted his chest.

Chapter 264: The Owner of the Heavenly Halberd, Money Falling From the Sky (1)

“Your Highness, this is General Mei Nanchu.” Shi Songtao pointed to a large man almost seven feet tall.

“Mei Nanchu¹?” Zhou Shu looked at the burly man in confusion.

“It’s Mei Nanchu¹,” Shi Songtao explained.

...

Zhou Shu really wanted to roll his eyes at him. If he didn’t know how to explain, then don’t explain. Such a big man had nothing to do with pain or suffering.

“Mei Nanchu, good name. General Mei, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” Zhou Shu cupped his hands.

“You can just call me by my name, Your Highness.” The burly man scratched his head in embarrassment.

“I’m not a general. I’m just a small lieutenant of the Demon Executing Army.”

Such a burly man actually smiled shyly.

“Isn’t a lieutenant of the Demon Executing Army a general?” Zhou Shu smiled. “I’m acquaintances with your General Yin Chengshan.”

“I can’t compare with General Yin.” Mei Nanchu waved his hand.

His name and personality didn’t match his physical size.

Just by exchanging a few words, Zhou Shu could tell that Mei Nanchu was an honest person.

This description didn't have any negative connotation. On the contrary, Zhou Shu had a good impression of Mei Nanchu.

"General Mei, what is your current cultivation level?" Zhou Shu asked.

He could vaguely sense Mei Nanchu's cultivation, but Zhou Shu felt a familiar aura from him.

"Your Highness, although General Mei's cultivation is only at the sixth rank, he has inborn copper skin and iron bones. Moreover, he has immense strength. His strength is not inferior to a fifth-rank expert," Shi Songtao said.

"Copper skin and iron bones?" A strange look flashed across Zhou Shu's face.

Suddenly, he raised his arm, and a beam of light pierced Mei Nanchu's shoulder.

He moved very quickly. Before Mei Nanchu could react, he was already stabbed in the shoulder by the Great Destroyer Sword.

Instead of anger, Mei Nanchu looked impressed.

"Your Highness!" Shi Songtao was pale with fear.

"He really does have copper skin and iron bones!" Zhou Shu ignored Shi Songtao and put away the Great Destroyer Sword. He saw that there was only a spot of blood on Mei Nanchu's shoulder. It wasn't even considered a light injury.

Although he hadn't used much strength in the attack just now, and the power of the Great Destroyer Sword had only scratched his skin, his defense could be said to be abnormal.

"General Mei, are you saying that your copper skin and iron bones are inborn? It's not because of any cultivation technique?" Zhou Shu asked.

"Your Highness," Mei Nanchu said respectfully. "I cultivate the Demon Executing Army's Cosmic Energy As One Technique. It doesn't increase my defense.

"But my cultivation aptitude is very poor. After cultivating for so many years, I still can't break through to the fifth rank."

If not for Mei Nanchu's loyal expression, Zhou Shu would have thought that he was boasting.

A sixth-rank martial artist with poor aptitude?

Yin Chengshan was only a sixth-rank martial artist.

Unlike a freak like Zhou Shu, a sixth-rank martial artist was not weak.

But looking at Mei Nanchu's expression, it seemed like he really thought that his cultivation aptitude was poor.

"Copper skin and iron bones, I see. Since you were born with great strength, let me see it," Zhou Shu said noncommittally.

Mei Nanchu was a little confused, but he still looked around before walking to the courtyard. With a low shout, he picked up the small mountain in the courtyard.

Seeing Mei Nanchu seeming to want to throw the small mountain, Zhou Shu hurriedly said, "Okay, I get it. Put it down."

He looked at Mei Nanchu in surprise, his eyes full of appreciation.

"Where did you find such a talent, Old Shi?" Zhou Shu asked.

"I have my ways," Shi Songtao said proudly. "Your Highness, tell me. Is he good enough?"

"Too good!" Zhou Shu clapped his hands. "You've gained merit. From now on, you're the deputy master of our Huaxia Pavilion!"

"Deputy master?" Shi Songtao was speechless. *Does Great Xia have such an official position?*

Why does it sound like being the deputy envoy of the diplomatic mission? In the end, I'm still the head steward?

Without waiting for Shi Songtao to speak, Zhou Shu quickly walked out of the room and arrived in front of Mei Nanchu in the courtyard. "What weapons do you usually use, General Mei?"

"I used to have a yellow-grade saber. But I broke it once when I was slaying demons because of my strength. I'm still saving up..." Mei Nanchu was a little embarrassed.

"A saber?" Zhou Shu said. "It's okay. I have a Heavenly Halberd. Try it and see if it suits you. If it doesn't work, I'll forge another weapon for you."

Shi Songtao was surprised to hear Zhou Shu's words.

With Zhou Shu's current status, there were not many people who could make him say this.

Mei Nanchu didn't think too much about it. He only said shyly, "Your Highness, I can't afford a ranked weapon—"

"Don't worry about the money. Just try it." Zhou Shu waved his hand. "Old Shi, help me bring the Heavenly Halberd from my room!"

Shi Songtao rolled his eyes. He knew it. What deputy master? It sounded good, but it was actually not the case!

He took out the Heavenly Halberd and threw it to Zhou Shu angrily.

Zhou Shu took it and threw it to Mei Nanchu.

Mei Nanchu reached out and caught it with both hands. His arms sank slightly.

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He waved it twice self-consciously. A look of surprise crossed his face.

In the past, when he used a saber, he always felt that it was extremely light. Now that the Heavenly Halberd was in his hands, he felt very comfortable.

After swinging it a few more times, he liked it even more.

...

After a moment, he stopped moving and asked with a conflicted expression, "Your Highness, how much is this Heavenly Halberd?"

He asked the question carefully, but he actually couldn't come up with much money at all.

Although the Demon Executing Army's income wasn't low, he had a big appetite and consumed a lot of cultivation resources, so he couldn't save much money.

"You're a soldier worthy of a good weapon. Don't talk about money." Zhou Shu waved his hand.

"If you think it suits you, take it for now!"

"It suits me!" Mei Nanchu nodded vigorously and said hesitantly, "But I can't afford it. Why don't you give me some time? I'll pay you back some money every month in the future..."

"Whatever you want." Zhou Shu waved his hand indifferently. "General Mei, are you participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament?"

Zhou Shu looked at Mei Nanchu and clicked his tongue in wonder.

He's indeed a talent.

His defense is comparable to between the sixth and seventh level of my Golden Bell Shield Technique.

He's inborn with it!

Even if one cultivated the Golden Bell Shield Technique, they might not be able to reach this level in their entire lives.

Zhou Shu was overjoyed. If Mei Nanchu cultivated the Golden Bell Shield Technique, how strong would his defense be?

"Yes." Mei Nanchu touched the shaft of the Heavenly Halberd lovingly.

"That's great." Zhou Shu smiled. *It would be a pity not to nurture such a good seedling.* "General Mei."

"You can just call me by my name, Your Highness," Mei Nanchu quickly said. "Or you can call me Little Chu. That's what my mother called me when she was still alive."

Zhou Shu sweated. He really couldn't bring himself to call him Little Chu...

"Nanchu, I have another unique cultivation technique. Do you want to learn it?" Zhou Shu asked.

Mei Nanchu was stunned for a moment. "But I already have a cultivation technique."

Shi Songtao slapped his forehead, speechless.

Do you have to hesitate over such a good thing?

You should have just answered that you wanted to learn!

In order to learn something, I almost sold myself into slavery. How dare you say that you already have a cultivation technique!

Zhou Shu smiled even more happily. Such an honest person gave him the greatest sense of accomplishment.

“The Demon Executing Army’s cultivation technique is actually not very suitable for you,” Zhou Shu said. “If I’m not wrong, you’ve been stuck at the sixth rank for a long time, right?”

“Yes.” Mei Nanchu nodded. “I’ve tried very hard, but I just can’t break through my bottleneck. Our grand commander said that my potential ends here. If I don’t have any other opportunities in my life, it will be very difficult for me to cultivate to the fifth rank.”

Mei Nanchu’s expression darkened.

“You don’t have to take those words to heart,” Zhou Shu said indifferently. “After cultivating my cultivation technique, you won’t be just a mere fifth-rank martial artist. Even if you want to press the grand commander of the Demon Executing Army on the ground in the future, it won’t be a problem.”

“Press him on the ground? What does that mean?” Mei Nanchu was puzzled.

“That’s not important. Answer me first. Do you want to learn it?”

“Your Highness, may I ask you a question?” Mei Nanchu didn’t answer. Instead, he looked at Zhou Shu seriously.

“Ask away.”

“Why are you so good to me? Not only are you giving me a yellow-grade weapon, but you also want to impart your cultivation technique to me.”

Mei Nanchu said with a serious expression, “My mother said that money doesn’t fall from the sky. Is there something you want me to do? I won’t do anything outrageous.”

“Haha.” Zhou Shu laughed. “It’s nothing like that. Nanchu, I need a guard during the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament. Come and be my guard, and the Heavenly Halberd is yours. I’ll also impart the cultivation technique to you.”

“I’m sorry, Your Highness.” Mei Nanchu looked extremely conflicted. He thought for a moment and slowly placed the Heavenly Halberd on the ground.

“I can’t leave my brothers in the Demon Executing Army behind.” He gritted his teeth, afraid that he could not resist the temptation. He stopped looking at the Heavenly Halberd and turned to leave.

Shi Songtao stomped his foot in anger. *Does this guy know what he has missed?!*

Who asked him to leave his brothers in the Demon Executing Army behind?

Can’t the Demon Executing Army protect His Highness together?

What a blockhead!

“Wait.” Zhou Shu stopped Mei Nanchu from leaving. “Since you’re unwilling, I won’t force you.

"You can still take the Heavenly Halberd. As for the money, you can give it to me when you have enough."

Zhou Shu kicked with his toes, and the Heavenly Halberd flew toward Mei Nanchu.

Mei Nanchu instinctively caught it. "Your Highness—"

"Don't worry. I have no ulterior motives." Zhou Shu smiled. "Other than the Heavenly Halberd, I will also impart that cultivation technique to you."

"Before you say anything, I naturally have a condition, but it isn't an outrageous condition."

Zhou Shu glanced at Shi Songtao.

Shi Songtao was speechless. *Well, now you think I'm an eyesore, don't you?*

I'll leave!

He left, looking annoyed.

Only Mei Nanchu and Zhou Shu were left in the courtyard.

Zhou Shu's lips curled up as he looked at Mei Nanchu's burly figure.

"Listen carefully. This cultivation technique of mine is called the Golden Bell Shield. Although the name isn't pleasant, it's extremely powerful. If you cultivate it to the extreme, you can have an invincible body. Ten thousand troops can march over your body, but you won't get hurt."

Without giving Mei Nanchu a chance to refuse, Zhou Shu began to explain the cultivation method of the Golden Bell Shield Technique.

After an unknown period of time, Mei Nanchu was in a daze, and the voice in his ear had disappeared.

He was extremely shocked.

To be able to cultivate to the sixth rank of the Martial Dao, Mei Nanchu was not ignorant.

How could he not know the power of the Golden Bell Shield Technique?

It was precisely because he knew this that he was even more shocked. *Why would His Highness teach me such a cultivation technique?*

"Your Highness—"

"Have you memorized everything?" Zhou Shu interrupted. "What do you not understand? Ask now. After today, I won't have time for you."

"I've memorized it," Mei Nanchu said with a complicated expression.

"Your Highness, if you have any orders, please be direct. I'm afraid..." Mei Nanchu gritted his teeth.

For as long as he could remember, no one had been this nice to him except his deceased mother.

He didn't feel that he was worth Zhou Shu doing this.

A sixth-rank martial artist's cultivation was not bad, but in the Demon Executing Army, there were at least a thousand people like him...

He really couldn't understand why Zhou Shu was doing this for him. He had just given him a weapon and even imparted his cultivation technique to him.

He felt no excitement now, only fear.

"What I want you to do..." Zhou Shu laughed. "It's very simple.

"Change your name."

"I don't like your name. Copper head and steel arms, a hundred battles without injury. From now on, change your name to Mei Wushang¹."

"Mei Wushang?" Mei Nanchu was stunned. *You gave me such great benefits just to make me change my name?*

Changing his name was not a big deal in this world. There was no problem changing his name even though his parents had given him this name.

The problem was, did he have to go to this extent to make him change his name?

You're a king. If you want me to change my name, I'll have to change it even if you don't give me anything.

Moreover, Mei Wushang sounded a little better than Mei Nanchu...

"Your Highness—"

"Don't get ahead of yourself." Zhou Shu waved his hand. He couldn't bear to see a burly man behaving coyly.

"Apart from that, there's something else I want you to do.

"If you can do it, there's no need to say anything. If you can't, you have to return both the weapon and the Golden Bell Shield Technique.

"For this matter, I want you to kill a hundred enemies at the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament!

"It's not too late to refuse my request."

Mei Nanchu, or Mei Wushang, was stunned. Was this a request?

He was supposed to participate in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament. Wasn't it his duty to kill enemies?

Killing a hundred was a little difficult, but it was not impossible.

"I'll do it!" Mei Wushang said earnestly.

Chapter 266: Strengthening The Workers, Preparing To Become Stronger (1)

Mei Nanchu, who was now Mei Wushang, was still in a daze when he returned to the base camp of the Demon Executing Army.

If he hadn't remembered the Golden Bell Shield Technique clearly in his mind, he would have thought that he was dreaming.

"Lieutenant Mei, you've changed your weapon."

...

"This weapon is domineering. How much did it cost?"

"Which workshop did you buy it from? I'll get one too."

Along the way, people kept greeting him.

Mei Wushang just answered them perfunctorily, not telling the truth.

He was worried that he would cause trouble for Zhou Shu if he spoke nonsense.

His Highness thinks so highly of me. I mustn't let him down!

His Highness asked me to kill a hundred enemies in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, so I'll kill a hundred and fifty or even two hundred!

Otherwise, I'll be letting down the Golden Bell Shield Technique that His Highness taught me and this Heavenly Halberd!

Mei Wushang's eyes were full of determination. *Your Highness, you've treated me well, and I will repay you!*

...

After finding a suitable owner for the Heavenly Halberd, Zhou Shu once again entered a closed-door state.

He really didn't like superficial human relationships.

Compared to before, the only advantage was that the Huaxia Pavilion now had a deputy master, so Zhou Shu could completely escape from secular affairs.

Anyway, the deputy master was here, right?

For many days, he stayed in his forging room, studying his newly acquired forging knowledge.

It had to be said that in the past few days, the Seven Star Dragon Abyss Sword had completed a few more kills. He was now proficient in 300 types of forging materials!

Proficiency in 300 types of forging materials meant that Zhou Shu's current forging ability was basically worthy of his reputation.

He was repeatedly trying to fuse different forging materials, trying to forge a black-grade weapon.

If not for the arrival of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, Zhou Shu would probably have remained in seclusion until he successfully forged a black-grade weapon.

But he obviously didn't have that much time.

On this day, Chen Ji came to the King of the South residence and called Zhou Shu out of seclusion.

Zhou Shu said, "Did the great general send you to inform me that the army is gathering?"

"Speaking of which, where exactly is this Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament being held? There are so many people from other nations. How are we going to get here?" Zhou Shu asked curiously.

Tens of thousands of people from each nation participated in the martial arts performance.

It was impossible for so many people to walk all the way to Chang'an.

It was impossible for Great Xia to let so many people enter.

Although the ten nations didn't dare to start a war of national destruction, who could guarantee it?

Letting nearly a million troops from other nations gather in their own capital, if it was not being careless, it was courting death.

"You're asking the wrong person, Your Highness." Chen Ji smiled bitterly. He had been ordered to inform Zhou Shu to be prepared. The questions Zhou Shu asked were beyond his scope of responsibility.

"I know."

Before Chen Ji could finish speaking, a voice came from outside.

Then a figure appeared in the hall with a whoosh.

Who else could it be but Sun Gongping?

Sun Gongping was thinner than before, but he was in high spirits.

He looked around and said, "Old Zhou, I know why you're asking this."

He was rather triumphant.

"How rude," Zhou Shu said angrily. "Call me uncle!"

Sun Gongping: "..."

If you don't mention this, we'll still be friends!

"Tell me. How does it work?"

"Simple. They don't need to come to Chang'an," Sun Gongping said. "They can enter the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament directly in their own country."

"In that case, why is there a need to decide who will be the host of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament?" Zhou Shu asked.

“There’s more to it than that.” Sun Gongping glanced at Chen Ji. Chen Ji understood. He smiled, cupped his hands, and took the initiative to leave.

After Chen Ji left, Sun Gongping whispered, explaining the situation, “When the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament begins, the emperors of the ten nations will use the Ten Imperial Cauldrons at the same time to open up a space. At that time, whoever the host is, their imperial cauldron will be in charge, and the other nine nations’ imperial cauldrons will be support.

1

“Although we can enter that space through the Ten Imperial Cauldrons, only the hosting nation’s imperial cauldron can obtain the most spiritual qi. This is what being the host means.”

Zhou Shu looked at Sun Gongping in surprise. He didn’t expect him to know this secret.

But Sun Gongping wasn’t from an ordinary family. It wasn’t impossible for him to know this.

Zhou Shu nodded. “Divine Constable Sun, who are participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament with? How about hanging out with your uncle? I can guarantee your safety.”

Sun Gongping rolled his eyes. “Go away. I’m not a divine constable anymore. I’m now a lieutenant of the Fiend Eradication Army. Please call me General Sun in the future!”

Zhou Shu couldn’t help laughing. Sun Gongping was really good at moving around. From the Divine Constable Bureau to the Country Protector Army, he now joined the Fiend Eradication Army.

“You didn’t come here to tell me that, did you? If you have something to tell me, just say it.”

He had known Sun Gongping for a long time. Sun Gongping was someone who wouldn’t visit without a reason.

“Hehe.” Sun Gongping chuckled. “Old Zhou, you know me best.

“It’s nothing. I am now a lieutenant of the Fiend Eradication Army. Our Fiend Eradication Army uses small teams as combat units. My team members don’t have any ranked weapons.”

1

Chapter 267: Strengthening The Workers, Preparing To Become Stronger (2)

“As a lieutenant, my team members don’t even have ranked weapons. Isn’t that embarrassing? If it’s embarrassing for me, wouldn’t it implicate you as well?”

“Get lost!” Zhou Shu said bluntly.

“Don’t.” Sun Gongping’s biggest advantage was his thick skin. He didn’t get angry. He licked his lips and said, “I’ll pay. You have to take on jobs anyway, don’t you?”

...

“Sure. Cash on delivery. No credit,” Zhou Shu said.

“With our relationship, are you afraid that I’ll go back on my word?” Sun Gongping exclaimed.

"Yes," Zhou Shu said calmly.

Sun Gongping: "..."

Even with his thick skin, he didn't know what to say for a moment.

"You want weapons?" Zhou Shu smiled at his dispirited appearance. *How dare you mock me?*

I don't lack weapons, but what I give you is yours. If I don't give one to you, no matter who you are, don't even think about taking it from me.

Playing the relationship card with me, sorry, but you're not qualified.

"Yes, I do," Sun Gongping said dejectedly.

He was already going all out. If he couldn't get his hands on some weapons, they would laugh at him later.

"Sure. If you follow me, I guarantee that all of you will have ranked weapons to use." Zhou Shu chuckled.

"Follow you?" Sun Gongping looked at him doubtfully. "You're a Forging Master. Even if you go to the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, you'll only be a logistics support personnel. You don't need to lead troops to war. What can I do if I follow you? I don't know how to forge!"

"It's not like that. You can be my guard," Zhou Shu said. "No matter what, I'm Great Xia's King of the South. How can I not have some ostentation? If you lead your team to protect me, I naturally won't treat you badly."

"I'm not doing it," Sun Gongping said. "We're going to the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament to kill enemies and contribute. What's the point of protecting you? Besides, do you need protection?"

Sun Gongping wasn't in a good mood. *Who doesn't know that you fought the Qin emperor to a draw?*

Do you need protection with your strength?

At that time, it's not certain who will protect who.

"If you don't want to do it, then get lost. I don't have any weapons for you." Zhou Shu didn't stand on ceremony with his nephew.

"Is there really no room for discussion?" Sun Gongping refused to give up. "Old Zhou, no matter what, we're related—"

"Stop. I'll give you another chance," Zhou Shu said, "I have some Spring Embroidered Sabers, Autumn Anatidae Plume Sabers, and Eight-Sided Han Swords. They can each take one."

"Those are standard weapons," Sun Gongping said.

"You don't want the chance anymore, do you?" Zhou Shu glared.

"Yes, go on." Sun Gongping admitted defeat.

“Have your men each take a standard weapon from me,” Zhou Shu continued. “Then use the standard weapons they obtain to kill enemies. As long as they kill enough enemies in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, let them come to my Huaxia Pavilion to obtain ranked weapons.”

Some of the standard weapons that Zhou Shu had handed out had already been destroyed.

Forget about the Huben Sabers and the Horse Slaying Saber. The Dragon Elephant Prajna Technique and Golden Bell Shield Technique had already reached perfection.

However, the Visualization of the Five Mountains’ True Form from the Spring Embroidered Saber was still far from perfection.

It was the same with the Riding on Cloud and Wind Technique from the Eight-Sided Han Sword.

As for the Breakthrough Pills given by the Autumn Anatidae Plume Saber, the more the better.

Zhou Shu had originally planned to give out these standard weapons to the Great Xia army. Now that Sun Gongping had come knocking on his door, it wasn’t a bad idea to have them work for him.

“In exchange for killing enemies? Are you still charging for them then?” Sun Gongping’s eyes lit up.

“Stop dreaming. Of course I’m charging for them!” Zhou Shu said. “But for your sake, I’ll give you a discount.”

“That’s better!” Then Sun Gongping chose a few standard weapons and left in satisfaction.

After sending Sun Gongping out of the mansion, Zhou Shu realized that Chen Ji was still waiting in the courtyard.

“General Chen, you haven’t left yet. Is there anything else?” Zhou Shu asked.

“Your Highness, I was ordered to protect you during the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, so I made some arrangements to confirm with you,” Chen Ji said.

Zhou Shu had just attempted to trick Sun Gongping into becoming his guard. He didn’t expect Great Xia to really arrange guards for him.

“Do all forgers have them?” Zhou Shu asked. “I mean guards.”

“The other forgers travel with the army in workshops. When they enter the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament, they are soldiers, and they are generally like the squad leaders,” Chen Ji said. “Your Highness, your status is different—”

“There’s no difference.” Zhou Shu waved his hand.

I’m participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament. I’m not there to sightsee.

If a group of people protect me from battle, how will I recruit workers?

“I’m participating in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament to help the Great Xia army, not to cause trouble for them.

“Other forgers can follow the army. Naturally, so can I.”

"I knew you would say that, Your Highness." Chen Ji smiled bitterly. "The great general told me that if you reject me as your guard, then I should inform you that you can follow the army."

"Which army does the great general want me to follow?" Zhou Shu had never made up his mind. He wanted to hear Meng Bai's arrangements.

"The great general says that if you have no specific requirements, you should follow the central army," Chen Ji said.

He explained that the central army, led by Meng Bai, was also the main force of the war.

Zhou Shu had no objections to this arrangement.

In any case, with his current identity, he could completely act according to the circumstances.

If there were not many opportunities in the central army's camp, he could totally change locations again.

"Okay, I got it." Zhou Shu nodded. "When will the central army gather?"

"The army participating in the martial arts tournament is prepared," Chen Ji said. "In three days, the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament will officially begin. At that time, please head to Sanhuang Mountain outside the city."

"Alright, I understand," Zhou Shu said, "General Chen, do you need standard weapons for the troops you're leading?"

"I happen to have some standard weapons. Do you want them?"

"Your Highness, it is not my duty to procure munitions..." Chen Ji hesitated.

"Don't worry about that. Just tell me if you want them."

"Yes, of course," Chen Ji said.

"That'll do. Take the weapons. I'll settle the money with the great general later." Zhou Shu waved his hand.

"Old Shi, Old Shi!" Zhou Shu shouted.

Shi Songtao ran in from outside.

"What is it?" Shi Songtao snapped.

"Hand over the standard weapons in the Huaxia Pavilion's storeroom to General Chen."

"How much are you charging?" Shi Songtao asked.

"Go to Great General Meng and ask him to pay the Forging Division normally."

"Why should I go?" Shi Songtao said angrily.

"Should I go personally, then?" Zhou Shu said. "Old Shi, you're the deputy master of our Huaxia Pavilion. We're still in the beginning stages. We don't have much manpower, so you will have to do more."

“Later, I’ll ask for a few of those Forging Apprentices from the 0th Workshop. Then you’ll have help.”

Zhou Shu patted Shi Songtao’s shoulder. “After this period of time, I’ll teach you the star positioning technique.”

Hearing Zhou Shu say this, Shi Songtao perked up. “You said it.”

“Don’t worry. When have I ever gone back on my word?”

Zhou Shu smiled. “You’re the deputy master of our Huaxia Pavilion. If your forging skills become stronger, it will only be beneficial to our Huaxia Pavilion.”

Shi Songtao nodded and brought Chen Ji to get the standard weapons.

Zhou Shu looked up at the night sky. The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament was finally coming.

Three years. He couldn’t waste the three years of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament. He didn’t know how much he would gain after three years.

At the very least, I have to become a High-level Forging Master.

I have to be stronger in the Martial Dao. That fellow the Qin emperor is unreliable. If the Great Qin’s imperial cauldron shatters, the Demon Realm will invade. With my current strength, it’s really not that safe...

Chapter 268: The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament Begins

When Zhou Shu and Shi Songtao arrived at Sanhuang Mountain outside Chang’an, martial law had already been imposed for dozens of kilometers around it.

To the outside world, the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament would naturally be held here.

The commoners didn’t know the truth and discussed stories that the imperial court had made up.

...

Compared to the other workshops of the Forging Division, the Huaxia Pavilion could only be described as shabby.

There were one hundred and eight workshops in the Forging Division, and each workshop had sent at least 30 to 40 people.

There were only two of them from the Huaxia Pavilion...

Zhou Shu didn’t recruit the Forging Apprentices of the 0th Workshop to the Huaxia Pavilion but instead assigned them to other workshops.

After all, the standard weapons Zhou Shu had developed previously needed their help to be mass produced.

Actually, this was a good thing for them.

Although Zhou Shu had once tried to nurture them, it turned out that it was indeed very difficult for them to become true Forging Masters.

Since Zhou Shu couldn't nurture them into Forging Masters, it was a good idea to let them help the Forging Division forge standard weapons.

After all, they were now considered indispensable technical talents.

Although there were only two people in the Huaxia Pavilion, as the two of them stood there, no workshop dared to underestimate them, not even the first 36 workshops that each had their own names.

Not to mention anything else, just the title of Great Xia's King of the South alone surpassed all the Forging Masters present, and even Grand Craftsmen.

Emperor Yuan Feng glanced at Zhou Shu before looking away. He whispered something to Meng Bai.

The current Meng Bai was wearing golden chainmail armor with a long saber hanging from his waist, and his aura was surging. He had regained his previous God of War demeanor.

Another hour or so passed.

Emperor Yuan Feng looked up at the sky and stood up.

"It's time to go!" Meng Bai held the hilt of his saber and activated his spiritual essence.

Rustle!

On the Sanhuang Mountain, banners fluttered. The tens of thousands of soldiers didn't make a sound, and only the clanking sounds of weapons and armor resounded.

"Great General, please," Emperor Yuan Feng said.

"I will definitely not let you down!" Meng Bai cupped his hands and bowed.

"On the day when the imperial edict comes, I'll take off my battle garb with you," Emperor Yuan Feng whispered.

He squared his shoulders slightly and stepped forward.

As he moved, a pillar of light suddenly rose from his body.

In the pillar of light, Emperor Yuan Feng's body seemed to have turned into pure glass.

This was the first time Zhou Shu saw Emperor Yuan Feng so high-spirited. At this moment, he was like a true emperor, not the petty handsome uncle from the past.

Boom!

Zhou Shu could vaguely see a small cauldron appear in Emperor Yuan Feng's body.

This small cauldron was the same as the one he had seen in the Qin emperor.

The imperial cauldron!

Sensing the aura of the imperial cauldron, Zhou Shu's Legendary Armament Canon appeared in front of him again.

Other than the mirror he had seen in You Prefecture, the only thing that could make the Legendary Armament Canon react like this was the imperial cauldrons.

But perhaps because it was too far away, the Legendary Armament Canon flipped for a long time without any words appearing. In the end, it disappeared.

Over there, the light on Emperor Yuan Feng's body became brighter and brighter. In the end, he seemed to have turned into a beam of light.

Boom!

A clap of thunder sounded in the sky.

The pillar of light soaring into the sky suddenly split into countless rays of light shooting in all directions.

Countless rays of light seemed to form a large net. This net was even larger than the one Zhou Shu had seen in Great Qin!

Zhou Shu seemed to see countless rays of light appear in the distance and connect with them. A net of light large enough to cover the entire landmass formed.

This light was formed in the sky, and ordinary people on the ground couldn't detect it at all.

A sentence flashed across Zhou Shu's mind. *The net of Heaven has large meshes, but it lets nothing through.*

At this moment, light flowed on the huge net, as if infinite power was surging toward Emperor Yuan Feng's node.

Emperor Yuan Feng let out a long cry and pointed.

Boom!

As if a door had been opened, a vortex dozens of feet wide appeared hundreds of feet in front of Emperor Yuan Feng.

The colorful vortex floated a few feet above the ground, and the light seemed to be distorted.

After the vortex appeared, Emperor Yuan Feng seemed to have lost some strength, and his body swayed.

Seeing this, Eunuch Zhao hurriedly pushed the dragon throne forward.

Emperor Yuan Feng sat down. He didn't even have the strength to speak. He waved at Meng Bai.

Meng Bai understood. Without further ado, he drew his sword and shouted, "To war!"

Meng Bai stepped into the vortex first.

Meng Bai moved, and the army waiting at the Sanhuang Mountain walked into the vortex in an orderly manner.

After a person stepped into the vortex, they seemed to suddenly disappear.

The dozens of feet wide vortex was still a little small compared to the tens of thousands of troops.

Fortunately, this was the army. Otherwise, there would have been a stampede.

Zhou Shu was in no hurry to enter. He watched the Great Xia army enter the vortex while observing the sky.

Vaguely, he seemed to see a few passages connected to the vortex. At the end of these passages was where the imperial cauldrons of the various nations were.

The armies of the nations were passing through these passages to reach the vortex and then into it.

Chapter 269: The Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament Begins (2)

The different passages seemed to be in different spaces, overlapping each other without interfering with each other.

Zhou Shu didn't understand, but he clicked his tongue in wonder. *These imperial cauldrons are too mysterious.*

He couldn't even understand the spatial laws contained within them. It was only when facing this that Zhou Shu realized that he was far from omnipotent.

...

The speed at which the army entered the vortex didn't seem fast, but it was actually much faster than Zhou Shu had imagined.

In just over two hours, most of the tens of thousands of troops had already entered the vortex.

"King of the South!" Emperor Yuan Feng seemed to have recovered some strength. "It's not too late for you to change your mind now. Once you go in, it will be three days before you can come out again.

"A day in the outside world, a year inside. You have to stay inside for three years. Anything can happen."

What he meant was that he didn't want Zhou Shu to take the risk.

But he wasn't a domineering monarch. Even before Zhou Shu had shown his strength, he never forced him.

Now, it was even more impossible to interfere with Zhou Shu's actions.

"Change my mind?" Zhou Shu smiled. "I won't change my mind, Your Majesty. See you in three days."

Zhou Shu laughed and stepped into the vortex.

Shi Songtao quickly followed.

As soon as the two of them disappeared, a figure flew out of nowhere like a swallow and disappeared into the vortex.

Emperor Yuan Feng raised his hand. In the end, he sighed and lowered his hand. *A grown woman can't be kept at home.*

He glared at Haitang, who was cautiously approaching the vortex.

“Hurry up and follow her! Keep an eye on her. Don’t let that kid take advantage of Wuyou!” Emperor Yuan Feng sent a voice transmission to Haitang. “If Wuyou loses her virginity, I won’t let you off!”

Haitang pursed her lips in grievance. *What does this have to do with me?*

Can I control Her Highness? Or the King of the South?

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

As a young maid, she couldn’t argue with the emperor. She answered obediently and jumped into the vortex like a rabbit.

Emperor Yuan Feng sighed and rubbed his glabella.

Zhou Shu really made him love him and hate him at the same time.

The entire army entered the vortex, but Emperor Yuan Feng and the others didn’t leave. The vortex didn’t disappear either.

It continued spinning. For three days, people could only enter, but no one could exit. If the people inside wanted to come out, they would have to wait three days.

For the next three days, Emperor Yuan Feng would stay here.

What supported the existence of the vortex was the imperial cauldrons.

Not only Emperor Yuan Feng, but the emperors of the various nations also did the same.

...

Zhou Shu stepped into the vortex without feeling anything. It was like taking an ordinary step.

He didn’t feel any dizziness.

If the scene hadn’t changed, he would have thought he was still in Great Xia.

“Your Highness!”

When Zhou Shu stopped, Shi Songtao almost bumped into him from behind.

Before Zhou Shu could speak, another figure appeared out of thin air and collided with him.

Zhou Shu subconsciously wanted to attack, but he suddenly smelled a familiar fragrance.

His attack changed to an embrace as he pulled this person into his arms.

Just as Yin Wuyou passed through the vortex, she felt a huge force. The next moment, she felt herself fall into an embrace. With her second-rank cultivation, she actually didn’t have time to react.

In her shock, her spiritual essence erupted. With a bang, she slapped the person’s chest with both hands and retreated.

“Grand Minister, why are you here?” Zhou Shu’s voice sounded.

Yin Wuyou was stunned and realized that she had hit the wrong person.

"Are you... are you alright?" Yin Wuyou stammered.

"It's nothing." Zhou Shu patted his chest. The Golden Bell Shield Technique at perfection was no joke.

Not to mention that Yin Wuyou had only attacked in a hurry just now, even if she had used all her strength, as long as she didn't use a weapon, she wouldn't be able to hurt him at all.

Yin Wuyou heaved a sigh of relief. Thinking of how she had been in Zhou Shu's arms just now, her face instantly turned red. Then she thought in frustration, *Yin Wuyou, oh, Yin Wuyou, why is your reaction so fast?!*

"Your Highness!"

While she was thinking, Haitang stumbled in.

Her eyes widened as she looked at Yin Wuyou's shy and timid appearance. Her heart felt as if it had been turned upside down. *No way. I only came in a little late. Did they already finish?*

Oh dear, His Majesty will skin me alive!

"Why are you so flustered?" Yin Wuyou berated, hiding her embarrassment.

"Grand Minister, Great Xia's camp should be ahead. Let's go over," Zhou Shu said.

One day in the outside world was one year inside.

Zhou Shu only came in two hours later, but Meng Bai and the others, who entered first, had already been here for a month! A military camp was already standing on a plain.

The space where the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament took place looked no different from the outside world.

In front of Zhou Shu was an endless plain. In the distance, there was lush grass and what seemed to be a river.

Beyond, the mountains stretched as far as the eye could see.

He didn't see the people from the Demon Realm that Meng Bai had mentioned.

Seeing Meng Bai in the military camp, Zhou Shu asked the question in his heart.

"The people of the Demon Realm will suddenly appear at a certain time," Meng Bai said. "There's no pattern to the time and place of their appearance. They might even appear directly in our camp.

"So, the only thing we can do until they show up is stay alert."

"What about the armies of the other nations? How big is it here?" Zhou Shu asked.

"This place is neither big nor small. All things considered, it should be the size of three prefectures," Meng Bai said.

“The camps that everyone has chosen will usually be separated by some distance. After all, the final ranking of the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament is determined by the number of people from the Demon Realm killed.”

Three prefectures was not small. They were almost the size of the three provinces in Zhou Shu’s previous life.

It was very normal for 100,000 people not to encounter anyone in three provinces.

“Your Highness, once the people of the Demon Realm appear, the army will mobilize to kill them. At that time, you can follow my army,” Meng Bai said.

When the armies of the ten nations faced the people of the Demon Realm, they didn’t have to defend passively. Instead, they had to kill everyone who entered this place.

Otherwise, when the time was up, the people of the Demon Realm would be able to enter the world through the exit.

“Understood. Don’t worry. I’ll be a good support,” Zhou Shu said. “Great General, where are the materials for forging and repairing weapons?”

“You don’t have to worry about that. Except for the ones we brought in, you can take what you lack on the spot,” Meng Bai said. “This space is no different from the outside world. There are also mineral mines here.”

As Meng Bai spoke, a horn suddenly sounded outside.

His expression changed slightly. Without bothering to say anything to Zhou Shu, he raised his saber and flashed out.

Zhou Shu and Yin Wuyou hurriedly followed.

As soon as he walked out of the tent, Zhou Shu saw an extremely shocking scene.

In the distance, the sky turned fiery red, and meteors were falling from the sky.

After these meteors hit the ground, the flames were extinguished, revealing burly demonic beasts!

Zhou Shu looked up at the sky. Behind the fiery red sky, he could vaguely see a world.

This world seemed to be separated by a layer of frosted glass. No matter how hard Zhou Shu tried, he couldn’t see it clearly.

“All generals, listen up!” Meng Bai’s voice echoed in the air. “As planned, all units attack and kill the enemy!”

Roar!

The roars of the demonic beasts were mixed with Meng Bai’s voice. Zhou Shu saw that not far away, countless demonic beasts were already charging toward the temporary military camp of Great Xia like a tide.

A thought suddenly flashed through Zhou Shu's mind. *Great General Meng, are you sure this is us killing them, not them killing us?*

Chapter 270: Chaotic Battle, Humanoid Demonic Beast (1)

Previously, when he heard from Meng Bai about killing the people from the Demon Realm, Zhou Shu had thought that the Great Xia army would at least have the numerical advantage.

Then he saw. *Oh boy.*

The beings from the Demon Realm were everywhere. There were already countless figures in his field of vision, not to mention that more were constantly descending from the sky.

...

The Great Xia army seemed to be completely surrounded.

Zhou Shu guessed that it was probably not just Great Xia. The situation of the armies of the other nations was probably not much better.

The deputy general beside Meng Bai kept waving his flag and commanding the army to fight.

But there were simply too many people from the Demon Realm. In just a short while, the Great Xia army had been separated and were fighting on their own.

This situation was clearly expected by Meng Bai.

He didn't show the slightest sign of panic as he continued to fire his signal. He drew the long saber from his waist.

"King of the South, keep up!" Meng Bai shouted.

His long saber turned into a saber beam that enveloped the dozens of demonic beasts in front of him.

Blood sprayed.

Zhou Shu rolled his eyes. *Didn't they say that forgers are just logistics support personnel?*

This is only the beginning. You've even given up on the camp?

What Zhou Shu didn't know was that this had always been the case in the Ten Nations Martial Arts Tournament.

Because they didn't know when the people of the Demon Realm would arrive, the initial camp was just a temporary foothold.

Only after the first wave of battle and the arrival of the people from the Demon Realm could both sides occupy a portion of the territory and begin a three-year battle.

In any case, there was no avoiding this first wave of battle.

[The Spring Embroidered Saber you forged effectively completed a kill. The Visualization of the Five Mountains' True Form has improved by 30%.]

[The Autumn Anatidae Plume Saber you forged effectively completed a kill. You receive a Breakthrough Pill.]

[The Eight-Sided Han Sword you forged effectively completed a kill. The Riding on Cloud and Wind Technique has improved by 20%.]

[The Flaming Sunset Saber you forged effectively completed a kill. The Iron Smelting Hands Technique has improved by 10%.]

...

A barrage of messages flashed past Zhou Shu's eyes as the true qi and spiritual essence in his body continuously erupted.

A huge amount of information kept pouring into his mind.

Even though he cultivated the Visualization of the Five Mountains' True Form, Zhou Shu could still feel his brain swell.

It made him feel as if he had eaten too much. He felt sick.

As his cultivation level increased, he hadn't experienced this feeling for a long time.

As uncomfortable as it was, it felt good.

"Keep killing."

Zhou Shu pulled out the Great Destroyer Sword, wanting to vent all his energy.

If he didn't vent this feeling of fullness, he thought he'd go crazy.

"Astounding Heavenly Eighteen Swords!"

The Great Destroyer Sword turned into a sword light that filled the sky. Within five steps, the sword cut all the demonic beasts in half.

The battlefield was full of the sounds of battle.

Every second, countless lives were reaped. Those who died were from both the Demon Realm and Great Xia.

For dozens of miles, it seemed like hell on earth. Everyone was fighting for their lives.

Boom!

Zhou Shu killed a demonic beast with one strike, and his spiritual essence surged.

His cultivation had broken through the bottleneck of the fifth rank and successfully advanced to the fourth rank.

Zhou Shu let out a long cry and slashed out with the Great Destroyer Sword. Hundreds of feet in front of him, he slashed into nothingness.

Countless demonic beasts died under this sword.

Zhou Shu had just broken through to the fourth grade of the Martial Dao, and his spiritual essence cultivation was still rapidly increasing. In an instant, he was already comparable to an expert who had been a fourth-rank martial artist for many years.

But his strength was high to begin with, and the change in his spiritual essence cultivation didn't bring him any fundamental improvement.

On the other hand, Yin Wuyou, who was following him, watched with sparkling eyes.

The more others fight, the more tired they become. Why is Zhou Shu becoming more and more energetic?

As he fights, his cultivation even breaks through!

My man, how impressive!

Yin Wuyou's face was a little red as she thought, but her hands didn't relax as she killed enemies one by one.

There were countless people from the Demon Realm, and they had various cultivation levels. Those with higher cultivation levels were second and third-rank martial artists, and those with lower cultivation levels were only eighth and ninth-rank martial artists.

But Zhou Shu had yet to encounter a first-rank martial artist. He wondered if they hadn't descended in this area.

The individual strength of these demonic beasts was nothing to Zhou Shu, but there were too many of them.

Zhou Shu killed his way forward. After an unknown period of time, a roar suddenly sounded in the air, and the demonic beasts surged in one direction like a tide.

After only a moment, the demonic beasts turned into a black line. Then after a while, they could no longer be seen.

Zhou Shu watched in confusion as they retreated. He didn't chase after them. He still remembered the principle of not chasing a cornered enemy.

"Where are we?" Zhou Shu looked around, confusion on his face.

The surrounding environment was very unfamiliar. There was no trace of the original Great Xia military camp.

Not only that, but the Great Xia army had also disappeared.

"Did we get separated from the army while fighting just now?"

He remembered coming from the plains. Why had he come to the mountains now?

Beside him, Yin Wuyou was also at a loss. She only had eyes for Zhou Shu and didn't notice when they got separated from the main group.

"I'll go up and take a look!" Yin Wuyou said as she took a step and soared into the sky.

After flying for more than a hundred feet, Yin Wuyou was about to find traces of the Great Xia army when a fiery red light suddenly shot over from an unknown distance.