

Unparalleled 131

Chapter 131: Stone of Phoenix Blood And Earth Spirit Crystal, This Really Is My First Time Playing!

“You sure you want this piece, brother? You can’t change your mind after this.” The stall owner smiled blandly. All the ores were his, so naturally, he knew which were the real deal and which were duds.

Still, it was abundantly clear that Chu Kuangren had picked one of the worst ones.

The chances of getting anything good from the ores were extremely low.

“I’m sure. I’ll take this.” Chu Kuangren smiled.

Beside him, an old veteran who was also picking out ores spoke when he saw Chu Kuangren picking so casually, “If you think you can get something good by sheer luck, you’re in for a surprise, young man. Betting on ores isn’t as easy as you think.”

“You can’t just rely on luck for matters like this.”

The old veteran was an expert with hundreds of years of experience when it came to ore betting, and he despised those that relied on luck. To him, a stroke of luck was only temporary.

“Thank you for your advice, good sir. I’m just playing around.”

Chu Kuangren smiled and said nothing more. The old veteran snorted in dissatisfaction at his dismissive reaction.

“Alright. I have someone who specializes in breaking ores open as long as you pay in Earth Spirit Crystals. How about it?” The boss offers.

“Sure.”

“That’ll be a hundred and one Earth Spirit Crystals in total.”

He then took the ore to crack it open once Chu Kuangren had paid, and a crowd formed around him, watching with curiosity.

They may not hold much hope, but it was free entertainment. Some even joked about it.

“You think the ore will be of any value?”

“Value my foot! I’ve been betting on ores for decades, and that one was basically worthless. You cannot sell it for anything.”

“Indeed. The quality is too bad.”

“Even if something does come out of it, it would likely be the lowest quality of jade. A hundred and one Earth Spirit Crystals is a loss.”

No one believed it would be of any value.

In fact, all Chu Kuangren wanted was to test something out with the ore's value.

Since he had the Treasure Locating Skill, he just needed to activate it to find out if there was a treasure in the ore.

However, he did not do so, and instead, he randomly picked out an ore to test his luck.

A middle-aged man brought out a saw-looking cleaver and began to open the ore. As the crack on the ore got increasingly deeper, a bright red light spilled from the cracks and flew into the sky.

The red light then turned vaguely into a mythical bird that hovered in the sky and emitted a strong Daoist Rhyme. Everyone's faces instantly changed, especially the old veteran from earlier.

He breathed heavily while he stared at the stone. "This Transformation! Could this be the Stone of Phoenix Blood?!"

The Stone of Phoenix Blood was a Sage grade mineral!

The old veteran had never seen such a mineral despite having been betting on ores for so many years. He had only heard about it from a friend.

Yet somehow this top quality treasure was right before his eyes, picked out by a young man's stroke of luck?

It shook his heart.

Once the ore was fully cracked open, the bird in the sky became more lifelike, just like the legendary Phoenix itself!

The middle-aged man stared at the blood-red, crystal clear stone before him and gulped. "My word... After so many years, this is the first time I've opened an ore with such a high-quality stone. My life is complete."

The Phoenix hovered in the sky for a little longer before it slowly vanished.

Meanwhile, the crowd was still deep in shock.

"F-f*ck! The Stone of Phoenix Blood?"

Only after a while did a cultivator stammer.

Instantly, everyone else started to talk.

"This lad used a hundred soulstones to get the Stone of Phoenix Blood! The stone is more than just worth it. It's a huge profit!"

“If you sold the Stone of Phoenix Blood, it would fetch a price of millions of high-grade soulstones! Thousands of times more than what he paid!”

“What’s the Stone of Phoenix Blood?”

“It’s a legendary mineral in the ore betting circle. No matter what you use it for, be it cultivation or smithing, it remains a top grade treasure. For those that bet on ores, getting a Stone of Phoenix Blood makes it all worth it.”

Everyone stared at Chu Kuangren with envy, and some of the ore betting cultivators even felt regret.

A hundred high-grade soulstones for a Stone of Phoenix Blood...

Had they bought it, it would be theirs now.

“How could this be? That ore clearly looked like it was the worst one there, so how would it contain the Stone of Phoenix Blood?”

“Also, why couldn’t I see it?”

The old veteran stood there in regret, muttering to himself despondently.

The stall owner’s heart ached too.

He had sold a Stone of Phoenix Blood for a measly hundred high-grade soulstones. This was more than a loss on a sale. He had basically given it for free!

“Sir, have you bet on ores before?” the boss asked curiously.

He was skeptical as to whether Chu Kuangren was lying in wait to take advantage of him or not.

“No, this is my first time.”

“In that case, your luck is truly unbelievable.” Seeing that he was telling the truth, the boss smiled bitterly.

“Ah, my luck has always been quite good.” Chu Kuangren simply smiled.

With the Lucky Halo, his luck was more than just ‘quite good’.

Lady Luck was with him. Though in this case, it felt more like the God of Luck.

“This Stone of Phoenix Blood is a Sage grade mineral, so you can sell it for millions and millions of high-grade soulstones.”

The stall owner said emotionally.

He was upset about it, but the deal was done. Anything that came from the ore had nothing to do with him the moment he sold it.

“That much??” Lan Yu, who was standing to the side, gasped in shock.

An investment of a hundred soulstones could turn into millions?

That was a hundred thousand times more than what they paid!

It was absurd!

“Ah. Lan Yu, you go ahead and pick one too,” Chu Kuangren said.

Slightly touched at the gesture, Lan Yu carefully chose an ore. She had no experience in ore betting, and the veterans could tell from her actions.

Then, she picked up an ore that looked average to the veterans and the owner.

Once they paid for it, the owner proceeded to crack it open.

The crowd came over to watch again.

“Getting the Stone of Phoenix Blood is already extremely lucky. I doubt this will be anything good.”

/strong>

“I think so too.”

“Their luck can’t possibly be that good.

Whoosh!

Rays of golden light spilled from the cracks of the ore.

A gold, shimmering liquid, which contained an extremely pure spiritual qi, flowed out. It was a spiritual marrow!

“F*CK!”

“It’s a spiritual marrow! It’s the Earth Spiritual Marrow! I can’t believe the ore contained condensed crystals of the Earth Spiritual Marrow...”

“The Earth Spirit Crystals are an Honorable grade mineral!”

“First, a Sage grade Stone of Phoenix Blood and now, the Honored grade Earth Spirit Crystals. Their luck is too good to be true!”

While everyone was shocked to the core, the stall owner began to cry deep inside.

What the hell was happening?

First, it was a Stone of Phoenix Blood, and now the Earth Spirit Crystals??

Were they here to mock him?!

“Please, tell me honestly. Are you sure this is your first time? Those two pieces alone are treasures that most people would most likely never see in their whole lives of ore betting.” The owner once more became suspicious of Chu Kuangren.

Chu Kuangren responded helplessly, “This really is my first time.”

“Impossible... Impossible!” The old veteran beside them gasped for air while he clutched his chest. His face was flushed, and his veins were popping out.

Standing by the side, Chu Kuangren jumped from shock.

‘This old fogey better not have a heart attack here.’

“How— how can you tell?” The old veteran glared at Chu Kuangren with bloodshot eyes.

Two ores with rare minerals were right in front of him, yet he did not see a single one, allowing a youngster to buy them for only a hundred soulstones.

He had been betting on ores for half of his life, but he had never gotten such rare minerals. How could he take this lying down?

“I really picked one at random. What about you, Lan Yu?”

“I just picked the ones that looked nicer.”

The duo’s words almost made the crowd vomit blood.

Chapter 132: Oh Eternal Phoenix, It’s Like I’m Raising A Child Here

Chu Kuangren was also slightly surprised at his luck. First was the Stone of Phoenix Blood, then the Earth Spirit Crystals.

This Lucky Halo of his was quite impressive.

Chu Kuangren placed the two ores into his Yin and Yang Ring.

Under the envious gazes of the crowd, the two left behind the perplexed old veteran and emotionally scarred stall owner.

“Their luck was just too good.”

“It’s astounding how randomly picking could yield such rare minerals. Who are the both of them really?”

“Wait, if they can get such minerals from random picks, what about the other ores? Does that mean that they can give us good minerals too?”

Someone from the crowd suddenly spoke up.

Instantly, a glint flashed through many people’s eyes.

If two random pieces of dull-looking ore could have such high-quality minerals, then what about those ores that looked better?

With that thought, the crowd looked to the stall owner’s ores with fire in their eyes before they suddenly flooded over to pick and choose some ores.

“Boss, I want this piece.”

“This piece looks much better than the ores that the two picked earlier. I refuse to believe I’ll get nothing from this!”

“Boss! I want all of these, please!”

The stall owner's stock of ores instantly ran out as the crowd bought all of them.

It was likely that Chu Kuangren's double stroke of luck had led them to falsely assume that if he could get top-grade minerals, then they could too. Even some greenhorns who knew nothing about ore betting bought the ores could no longer sit and watch.

Who could sit still when the possibility of a profit of thousands of times more than what they paid for was out there?

Unfortunately, when the ores were cracked open one by one, it left everyone confused. Forget the profits, even the mineral within the best-looking ore was just barely enough to break even.

Most of them were worthless stones since Chu Kuangren had taken the only two pieces of extremely valuable ores.

The crowd began to lose their cool and their tempers.

"F*ck! How could this be? I know I picked a good one! Why did I end up with this sh*t?!"

"This is unfair. Why could they get such top-grade minerals from such poor ores and mine can't?"

"Sigh, that's just how ore betting works. Thirty percent of it is intuition, while the other seventy is in the hands of fate. All I can say is that those two have godlike luck."

"No! I want a refund!"

“This is definitely rigged! I want a refund!”

The stall owner lodged a cleaver into the ground and simply said, “The deal is done. No refunds. That’s how it works around here.”

The crowd blew up at that.

The crowd eventually dispersed, but news of a man and a woman getting the Stone of Phoenix Blood and Earth Spirit Crystals continued to spread throughout Sword Prayer City.

Countless people were envious for a while.

...

The next day.

Chu Kuangren continued with his daily roulette spin.

“Congratulations to the Host! You obtained the Godly pet, Immortal Phoenix!”

Huh?

Godly pet?!

He may possess the Lucky Halo, but getting a Godly reward was still extremely surprising to him.

Chu Kuangren opened his inventory, and amongst the other rewards lay one in particular that emitted a fiery glow.

It was an... egg.

On the egg's surface were many mysterious and profound runes.

"Obtain."

He mumbled to himself, and the egg, which was larger than his head, appeared before him. The mysterious Daoist Rhymes swirled and dispersed quickly, which basically affected the whole city.

Having sensed it, countless powerful cultivators then looked towards Chu Kuangren's direction.

"What is this Daoist Rhyme? How curious."

"A Daoist Rhyme that is full of vigor, like it burns as bright as a flame. Perhaps a flame type beast has just hatched?"

“Interesting...”

Spiritual thoughts from within the city surged towards Chu Kuangren, but his three protectors’ much more powerful spiritual thoughts stopped and blocked them.

“Honorable Supreme?!”

“Such a powerful cultivator has appeared in Sword Prayer City... How interesting.”

“Seems like it’s not my turn yet after all.”

An Honorable Supreme’s defensive power was still very powerful. If sages were not present in the world, no one would dare to fight someone of that level.

In his room at the inn, Chu Kuangren eyed the egg curiously. “How do I hatch this egg?”

“Young man, based on the Daoist Rhyme alone, this is definitely a great beast. It may even be an ancient relic that’s extinct in this day and age.” The Seventh Forefather’s emotional voice came from the void.

He did not ask where the egg came from.

As for Chu Kuangren, he had been convinced that such luck was surprisingly rare.

Even a leisurely trip outside had earned him a Sage grade mineral, so finding an ancient relic on the ground was not completely impossible.

“Seventh Forefather, I have little experience in hatching eggs. Do you know what to do?” Chu Kuangren asked curiously.

The Seventh Forefather’s face darkened. “I do not.”

He was no mother hen; how would he know how to hatch an egg?

“Oh.” Chu Kuangren was slightly disappointed.

“I may not have the experience, but many ancient books do mention that a lot of energy is needed to incubate such beasts and most of it is transferred by the mother’s spiritual power during incubation. Maybe you can try that?”

“Alright.” Chu Kuangren nodded and pressed his hands onto the phoenix egg.

The shell was warm and smooth like a piece of warm jade.

‘Ah, hugging it to sleep during the winter would be heavenly. ‘

Once Chu Kuangren had placed his hands on it, he slowly began to channel his spiritual power into the Godly Phoenix Egg.

All of a sudden, the Godly Phoenix Egg's powerful energy absorption exploded and Chu Kuangren's spiritual power flowed uncontrollably into it. A tenth of his spiritual power was taken in the blink of an eye.

He had the Five Supreme Foundation Levels and an abundance of spiritual power compared to people in the same realm as him; even an Honorable could not compete with him.

Yet somehow, it had absorbed a tenth of his power just like that!

That also meant that anyone else would have been instantly sucked dry.

However, Chu Kuangren continued to let the Godly Phoenix Egg absorb his spiritual power, and after some time, he was left with about one- or two-tenths of his power. Still, the egg showed no signs of hatching.

It was like an insatiable, bottomless pit.

"I'll be sucked dry if I go on." Chu Kuangren shook his head and retracted his hands, cutting off the flow of spiritual power.

The Godly Phoenix Egg vibrated a little, and he felt an emotion that was akin to dissatisfaction. It was almost as if the egg was complaining that it was not done eating.

'Looks like I've established a connection with the egg,' Chu Kuangren thought to himself helplessly. 'Why does it feel like I'm raising a child?'

"I'm out of food for you today. I'll feed you tomorrow, alright?" Shaking his head, Chu Kuangren reassured the Godly Phoenix Egg with his spiritual thoughts before he shoved it back into his Yin and Yang Ring and took out some elixirs to help restore his spiritual power.

After breakfast, he and Lan Yu headed out.

Due to the Great Sword Tournament, cultivators from all walks of life flocked to Sword Prayer City, and the numbers kept increasing.

Most sword cultivators were brash and hotheaded. They would rather break than bend and would fight at the slightest conflict.

Chu Kuangren had already seen at least seven or eight fights, and it had only been half a day!

Chapter 133: The Seven Heroes Of Swordsmanship, A Strange Sword Case, Sword Hoarder Steals The Sword

"Honorable Swordsman of Snow! I shall be taking your sword!"

"Hmph, if you want it so badly, let's see you try to outlast me first!"

Atop one of Sword Prayer City's skyscrapers, two swordsmen were in a battle with their sword qi raging in a flurry. Below them, a large crowd had gathered.

Frankly, fights like this were nothing new since so many swordsmen resided in the city, but these two were different.

“Honorable Swordsman of Snow and Sword Hoarder are at it again.”

“D*mn, they’re both Honorable cultivators!”

“They’re here for the Century Sword, aren’t they?”

“Can Honorable Swordsman of Snow win against Sword Hoarder?”

“It looks like it could go both ways.”

The crowd chattered amongst themselves.

Chu Kuangren and Lan Yu had also stayed to watch the fight out of curiosity.

“Master, both of them are quite capable, especially the one known as Sword Hoarder. He’s no longer one of the weaker ones amongst the Honorables,” Lan Yu explained.

Sword Hoarder was a grey-robed old man with a solemn expression and carried a sword case on his back. His energy was very strong too.

“Ah, I’ve heard of him. The statement that two masters and seven heroes exist in the Azure Dragon Domain’s world of swordsmanship, where the two masters refer to my teacher and Honorable Swordsman White Cloud, and the seven heroes serve under the both of them.

“Sword Hoarder is one of the seven heroes.”

“Honorable Swordsman of Snow also has quite the reputation in the world of swordsmanship. But compared to Sword Hoarder, he does fall short.”

Chu Kuangren said while he watched the fight.

After some comparisons, Chu Kuangren realized that while his cultivation base was not as powerful as the two, he could still win against them with little difficulty if they were to fight.

He was much more powerful compared to three years ago.

“Supreme Technique, Everfalling Snow!” Honorable Swordsman of Snow held a longsword that emitted a chilling Daoist Rhyme.

With a single swing, snow-white sword rays pierced the skies.

“Haha! Well done!”

“Mark of the Wolf!” Sword Hoarder laughed out loud. Then, countless sword qi weaved around him and formed a large purple wolf that dashed forth.

When the wolf clashed with Honorable Swordsman of Snow’s sword ray, the wolf shattered the other man’s sword ray in one large bite before it slammed straight into Honorable Swordsman of Snow’s body.

The impact sent Honorable Swordsman of Snow flying and coughing out blood.

Sword Hoarder took his chance and with one swing of his sword, he sliced the hand that Honorable Swordsman of Snow was holding his sword in off clean, claiming his prize.

“Ha! With that, your sword, Snowpiercer, is mine.” Sword Hoarder opened the sword case on his back, and in it lay dozens of swords.

Each one of them was of outstanding quality as it gleamed and shimmered.

Sword Hoarder placed Snowpiercer into the case with a satisfied smile. A little ways away, Honorable Swordsman of Snow clutched his severed arm with a pale and bitter face. “This is too much, Sword Hoarder!”

“Too much? How is this too much? A good sword deserves a good owner. You are inferior. Therefore, this sword is now mine,” Sword Hoarder spoke haughtily.

He was called Sword Hoarder for a reason. He loved collecting rare swords, especially from famous swordsmen. Each new addition to his collection gave him an unparalleled sense of accomplishment.

As for how he got the swords, he cared not about the methods.

In the crowd, Chu Kuangren shook his head.

To him, Sword Hoarder was just a crazed collector.

It was fine at first, but his methods were too extreme. No wonder he had a bad reputation in the world of swordsmanship.

“I feel bad for Honorable Swordsman of Snow. He was an unfortunate target.”

“Sigh. In the world of swordsmanship, drawing attention to yourself when you’re not powerful just means you’ll be targeted by Sword Hoarder.”

“It’s very likely that he came to Sword Prayer City because he had his eye on the Century Sword. Can anyone even stop him?”

“Well, Sword Hoarder is still one of the seven heroes after all.”

Sword Hoarder did not care about what the crowd was saying as he promptly packed up after getting the sword and was ready to leave.

That was until his eyes narrowed and he swept his gaze across the crowd as if he felt something.

“I sense the energy of a good sword.”

“It’s not just a good sword, it’s an outstanding one!”

“Where are you?!”

Sword Hoarder muttered before finally locking his gaze onto Chu Kuangren. In a flash, he made his way to him.

Sword Hoarder’s sudden appearance made many people back away hastily.

“Hey, kid, show me the sword you have within you.” Sword Hoarder stared at Chu Kuangren with a fiery gaze.

He could sense that this one definitely had a good sword!

Not to mention that it was heaps better than the Snowpiercer!

Chu Kuangren was slightly surprised. How did Sword Hoarder know that he had a sacred sword within him? With that in mind, he used his Eye of Revelation.

Instantly, information about Sword Hoarder flashed before his eyes, one by one.

“Sword Hoarder, one of the seven heroes in the Azure Dragon Domain’s world of swordsmanship, cultivated the Human Sword Resonance skill, which gives him enhanced senses to swords...”

Only then did Chu Kuangren realize why he could sense the sword within him.

To think that the Human Sword Resonance skill was so fascinating.

“I can’t give you my sword,” Chu Kuangren said with indifference.

“You won’t give it to me?”

Sword Hoarder raised an eyebrow and sized Chu Kuangren up. It was his first time seeing someone that looked so extraordinary.

Not to mention that he was able to face him so calmly. Could it be that he was a sky-pride from one of the sage orthodoxies?

At that, even Sword Hoarder felt the need to be cautious.

So he took out his sword case and revealed all the extraordinarily rare and shimmering swords. “Take your pick. I’ll trade with you.”

Chu Kuangren took one look at the swords in the case and saw that while they were rare, none of them were worth more than a sacred sword.

Instead, it was the sword case that felt special.

“Interesting.”

Chu Kuangren looked at the sword case carefully.

The case seemed to be made from a single piece of bronze with the edges fused, and all over the case were plastered with images of alien-like beasts and mysterious runes.

Chu Kuangren subconsciously reached out to touch the case, but when he made contact with the surface, the case shook and a mysterious Daoist Rhyme rang out.

Sword Hoarder’s face fell, and he quickly slammed the sword case shut. He looked at Chu Kuangren with a face full of shock. “What did you do?!”

“What do you think I could have done? I just touched it.”

“Are you sure...?”

Sword Hoarder was still skeptical.

One should know that ever since he had obtained the sword case, hundreds of skills were at his disposal and none of them ever had such a reaction.

Yet it reacted when Chu Kuangren touched it! What was going on?!

“Enough talk. Are you trading or not, kid?”

“Nope.”

“In that case, don’t blame me for this!”

In the end, Sword Hoarder could not control his thirst for the sacred sword in Chu Kuangren as he made a move with two fingers piercing forth like a sword.

“Hmph. Impudent.” Chu Kuangren cast a cold gaze at him. He did not think that Sword Hoarder would attack him just because he did not want to trade.

His spiritual power erupted as he lifted his palms to strike.

Human Mountain Stamp!

Majestic power gathered in his palms before it erupted in Sword Hoarder’s direction and hit both of his fingers. The horrifying shockwave from the impact caused both parties to back off.

“He may be one of the seven heroes, but his power is only slightly stronger than the Winged Human Tribe’s Third Elder,” Chu Kuangren thought to himself.

He had killed the Winged Human Tribe's Third Elder a while back. He may have been injured, but he was still an Honorable. However, compared to Sword Hoarder, he was still far weaker in both Dao techniques and spiritual power.

Chapter 134: Swords And Humans Can't Communicate, So I'll Take The Swords And Your Case

"Such strength!"

Sword Hoarder's face fell after he was forced to back off under Chu Kuangren's attack and recognized how powerful Chu Kuangren was. He was obviously shocked.

'So young but so powerful.'

'He's definitely a sky-pride from some sage orthodoxy!'

"Hey, kid, who's Young Emperor are you?" Sword Hoarder said coldly. To him, a sky-pride so young had to be a Young Emperor. In fact, some Young Emperors were not even capable of pushing him back.

"I'm no Young Emperor, but I have defeated a few in the past." Chu Kuangren simply smiled.

Once the words left his lips, the crowd roared in excitement.

In the crowd, someone's eyes narrowed in thought. "Wait, he's the Black Heaven Sect's Senior Elder Brother, Chu Kuangren!"

The news of Chu Kuangren defeating those Young Emperors was common knowledge at this point. In addition to his good looks and aura, it was not difficult to guess and it instantly shocked the crowd.

“This is Chu Kuangren? Man, hearing about him just isn’t the same as seeing him. He has such a godly aura and overwhelming power.”

“I know, right? He must be much stronger to be able to repel Sword Hoarder, an Honorable, with one strike.”

“Looks like the rumors about him beating the Young Emperors were true.”

The crowd grew excited.

Some younger talents’ eyes could not help but light up.

Many young sky-prides strived to become a Young Emperor, but considering how Chu Kuangren had defeated quite a few, that alone was enough for countless sky-prides to place him on a pedestal.

Sword Hoarder was a little shocked at learning Chu Kuangren’s identity. “Rumor has it that the Black Heaven Sect has ten sacred swords, and the one you have is likely one of them. No wonder it gave me such strong feelings.”

Sword Hoarder was very unwilling to give this up, for it was a sacred sword! After all, he loved collecting rare swords and had yet added a sacred one to his collection.

However, no matter how much he wanted it, his hands were tied.

This was Chu Kuangren, Black Heaven Sect's Senior Elder Brother. He would likely have an Honorable protector in the shadows, and who was to say that there would only be one? Striking would not end well for him.

"Such a pity, pity, pity."

"I shall go!"

Sword Hoarder was unwilling, but he knew that the sword within Chu Kuangren was unattainable.

As he was about to leave, a ray of light flashed past, and Chu Kuangren was suddenly standing before him.

"Oh, great swordsman, did you think that you can just walk away after striking at me?" Chu Kuangren spat coldly.

'Who does he think he is? He doesn't get to strike and leave as he pleases.'

'Does the name 'Chu Kuangren' mean nothing to him?'

“Hmph, you think you can stop me?” Sword Hoarder patted his sword case, and out came a treasured sword that flew into his hands.

“Mark of the Wolf!”

Sword Hoarder swung his sword with no hesitation and numerous sword qi wove together to form a purple wolf that looked like it could swallow the skies. The wolf charged straight at Chu Kuangren.

“Since you wanted to see my sword so badly, I’ll grant you your wish!” Chu Kuangren spoke without a hint of emotion. As the sword qi within him surged, his Descendant Self Sword flew out alongside his sword qi, and out burst a dazzling purple sword ray.

The scene was now flooded with a horrifying Daoist Rhyme that sounded like it could move mountains and part the seas before the sword ray burst forth.

The sword ray immediately beheaded the wolf, and with that, its Daoist Rhyme and spiritual energy faded.

However, the purple sword ray remained locked onto Sword Hoarder and his face fell. He quickly swung his longsword at full strength to block the attack but to no avail.

All that was heard was a clang sound and the longsword immediately shattered into pieces, leaving Sword Hoarder to bear the full brunt of the sword qi. Like a cannonball, he was sent flying into layers of concrete wall, all the while coughing out blood.

“Even with a sacred sword in hand, his combat ability is just beyond anyone’s imagination. He lives up to the rumors from three years ago when he killed Honorable Swordsman White Cloud.” Sword Hoarder’s face paled as horror lodged deep in his eyes.

Sword Hoarder threw the broken sword to the side and placed his sword case in front of him, diverting a surge of spiritual power into it. One by one, all the treasured swords flew out and circled him with a horrifying Daoist Rhyme.

“Chu Kuangren, have a taste of my sword formation!”

“Go! Thousand Army Sword Formation!”

The twelve treasured swords formed a circle and condensed their powerful sword qi before it locked onto Chu Kuangren and fired. Daoist Rhymes instantly rang out as sword qi began to interweave. All twelve swords had created a force equivalent to an army!

Thousand Army Sword Formation was Sword Hoarders ace in the hole!

It was also the main reason he was so passionate about collecting swords. It was all so that he would have enough swords to pull off this powerful formation!

As for Chu Kuangren, he neither dodged nor hid from the attack. Instead, a mysterious Daoist Rhyme appeared and the Sword of The Heavens manifested on his head, causing every sword in the city to vibrate.

“Solidify!”

Chu Kuangren yelled.

Then all twelve swords froze midair and the overwhelming sword qi vanished in an instant.

The crowd was stunned, and Sword Hoarder was dumbfounded.

“Wha— what is this?!”

Sword Hoarder tried to channel his spiritual power to regain control of his swords, but no matter what he did, they refused to budge. There was even some resistance that repelled his spiritual energy.

Sword Hoarder had never come across this situation before.

“Swords and humans can’t communicate, so how do you control them?”

Chu Kuangren suddenly said.

With a slight shift of his thoughts, all the swords that were midair lodged themselves into the ground in front of him, bending slightly. It almost seemed like they were bowing to him.

“An Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart!”

"I finally got it. You're controlling them with your Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart!!" It finally clicked for Sword Hoarder. He stared at Chu Kuangren with bloodshot eyes as disbelief and unfathomable jealousy rose within him.

The Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart allowed one to naturally bond with the souls of swords. Not to mention that one could also manipulate swords without much practice. It was extremely powerful.

Every sword cultivator under the sun would kill for such a Physique.

"All you do is collect swords, but you don't refine them. Of course, you can control them with spiritual power, but that's simply not good enough."

"F*ck off. Do you think everyone has an Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart? How do you expect me to refine all of these swords?"

Sword Hoarder's words were laced with hate and envy.

There was a limit to weapon refining since a person's energy was limited. Most sword cultivators would spend their whole lives on refining one sword.

Moreover, there was no way for Sword Hoarder to predict that he would end up battling Chu Kuangren and his Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart.

"So, you lose," Chu Kuangren said indifferently. As he slowly raised his hand to Sword Hoarder, a thought crossed his mind. With that, the sword case rattled and flew towards him.

“What! Give me back my sword case!” Sword Hoarder panicked. His sword case and the swords within it were the fruits of his lifelong labor!

Chu Kuangren swung his Descendant Self Sword once more and it burst into a brilliant sword ray, forcing Sword Hoarder to resist it. However, he was still thrown into the air with a dozen cuts on his body.

Sword Hoarder knew that he was no match for Chu Kuangren. If he were to stay, he would definitely perish.

So then he made his decision as he charged towards Chu Kuangren with numerous sword qi before vanishing into the distance.

Once Chu Kuangren had blocked all the sword qi, he looked in the direction that Sword Hoarder fled in and scowled.

/strong>

“Seven Heroes of swordsmanship? Disappointing.”

Chapter 135: A Blacksmithing Family, Meeting Li Xingchen Once More, And The Legend Of The Hundred Swords Spectrum

After Sword Hoarder fled the scene, the crowd continued to stare at Chu Kuangren in shock.

The man was an Honorable!

How did Chu Kuangren scare him off like that?

This young man's power was so overwhelming. Only very few youngsters could achieve such heights.

"Is this the famous Chu Kuangren from three years ago? Goodness, he's so strong. Even without an Emperor's Essence, he's no weaker than a Young Emperor!"

"Please, even a Young Emperor wouldn't be able to handle a single strike from him. I'm pretty sure that only some ancient evil mage can spar with him now."

"True. Chu Kuangren is too scary."

"Tsk. The bully became the bullied. Serves you right, Sword Hoarder."

In the void, the three protectors looked at each other. They could not help but feel sorry for Sword Hoarder.

Was he weak?

Well, not really. Someone who could hold the title as one of the Seven Heroes of swordsmanship could never really be considered weak.

It was just a pity that he had to run into the freak that Chu Kuangren was, his sword formations were chained and rendered useless.

“Lan Yu, let’s go.”

“Of course. Lead the way, Brother Chu.”

Just before the two wanted to leave, the rough voice of a man called out to them.

He turned around to see a man with a well-built body and a squarish face approach them curiously.

“And who might this good sir be?”

“Greetings, Brother Chu. I am Feng Ming. I am part of Sword Prayer City’s Feng family.”

“The Feng family?”

Runes circled in Chu Kuangren’s eyes as he looked into the person before him, and he was indeed from the Feng family.

The Feng family was Sword Prayer City’s largest blacksmithing family, in which each generation lived and breathed sword-making. They were the ones who forged the Century Sword.

“May I know what Brother Feng needs?”

“The Feng family has a close relationship to the Black Heaven Sect, and Brother Chu is their Senior Elder Brother. To tell you the truth, the Descendant Self Sword you hold was forged by our family’s ancestors, and I have been fascinated by my ancestors’ craft for the longest time. Hence, I’d like to pay my respects to it,” Feng Meng said expectantly.

Chu Kuangren gave it a thought before passing the sword to Feng Meng.

He was not afraid of him stealing it as he had none of those capabilities.

Feng Meng took the Descendant Self Sword and carefully observed it. His eyes were beaming with admiration. “As expected of my ancestors, it’s one of the best swords ever forged. With something of such caliber, I still have a lot to improve on.”

Feng Meng sighed and returned the sword to Chu Kuangren. “Brother Chu has come a long way. If you don’t mind, the Feng family would be happy to house you for a while.”

“I hope it’s no trouble.” Chu Kuangren faintly nodded.

However, just as he was about to leave, Chu Kuangren noticed that Honorable Swordsman of Snow was staring at him hesitantly, shuffling his feet.

Chu Kuangren looked back for a moment before walking up to him. He then took out the Snowpiercer from the case and handed it over. “Here. Your sword.”

“Brother Chu, this...”

“Take it. Your sword is of no use to me.” Chu Kuangren stated simply. The sword was indeed useless to him. It would be better to return it to its owner than to leave it here like a piece of scrap. He could take it as an act of kindness from him.

“I humbly thank you for your benevolence, Brother Chu!” Honorable Swordsman of Snow stepped back and kneeled before Chu Kuangren.

“Please, stand up.”

Chu Kuangren left shortly after handing the sword back, and Honorable Swordsman of Snow watched his retreating figure with eyes full of gratitude.

...

“Chu Kuangren doesn’t just look like a god but he’s as kind and benevolent as one too. What he did was so admirable.”

Feng Meng expressed his sincere admiration on the way back to the Feng Manor.

He had seen too many disingenuous people pretending to be nice, so someone like Chu Kuangren was rare.

“It was nothing.” Chu Kuangren smiled.

Soon enough, the three arrived at Feng Manor.

“Oh, Brother Chu!”

They came face to face with a familiar person the moment they entered.

It was Li Xingchen from White Cloud City’s White Jade Hotel.

“Brother Li, what are you doing here?”

Chu Kuangren was equally surprised.

“I’m here with Master Windbeard. Since Sword Prayer City is hosting the Great Sword Tournament this time, I came to see the festivities and ended up staying here.”

Li Xingchen smiled.

Master Windbeard was White Cloud City’s master weaponsmith, as well as one of the Fengs. The Golden Lotus that Li Xingchen had brought to the banquet in the past was forged by Master Windbeard, and the two were close associates.

Upon meeting an old friend, Chu Kuangren and Li Xingchen proceeded to catch up with each other.

Feng Meng then introduced Chu Kuangren to the Feng family's current head, Feng Xuanzi. He was a grey-haired elderly man, but his body was very muscular and exuded a very powerful personality.

Chu Kuangren was slightly intimidated by his physique and muscles.

He could feel the terrifying power that those muscles held.

Beside Feng Xuanzi was another elderly man who looked similar to Xuanzi, but it was his brother, Feng Huzi.

The two brothers could be said as the most famous swordsmiths in the world right now.

"It must have been a long trip, Black Heaven Chief." Feng Xuanzi's eyes shone with mirth upon seeing Chu Kuangren.

The Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart was not only the perfect physique for swordsmen, but it would also allow one to be an owner that all swords would want to follow.

As a swordsmith, he was naturally curious about this physique.

After eyeing Chu Kuangren, Feng Xuanzi had also asked to see the Descendant Self Sword and Chu Kuangren had no reason to object.

“This sword was forged by my ancestors before they followed the Black Heaven Sect’s Third Forefather into various corners of the world. Only then did it become a sacred weapon. Now you’re its new owner, I hope Junior Chu will take good care of it.”

Feng Xuanzi said solemnly.

“Of course.”

“Alright, I’ll have my people arrange a room for you.”

“Thank you.”

In the evening, Li Xingchen came back to Chu Kuangren to continue their catch up.

As they talked, he learned that Li Xingchen was also rather fortunate in the past three years. He may not have gotten an Emperor’s Essence, but fate took him down a different path. As his cultivation base improved by leaps and bounds, Xingchen was now in the Battle Monarch Realm and his combat ability was as powerful as an Honorable.

He was considered a well-known sky pride in the Azure Dragon Domain.

“Li Xingchen, White Jade Hotel’s Young Master. Starlight Physique. Cultivating the Sage Technique ‘Milky Way Technique’. Hides a Remnant Spirit of a Sage Ruler within...”

Chu Kuangren's Eye of Revelation worked its magic, telling him everything about Li Xingchen, including his current realm, techniques, and more.

However, the Sage Ruler's Remnant Spirit surprised him.

Could that be the legendary Old Kindred Spirit?

Huh, to think that Li Xingchen was a textbook protagonist.

"Oh right, do you know why Master Windbeard came to Sword Prayer City?" Li Xingchen suddenly whispered mysteriously, unaware that Chu Kuangren had performed a background update on his life.

"Isn't it because of the Century Sword's appearance?"

"No, Master Windbeard has been in White Cloud City for many years, but he has never returned, not even when the sword appeared a few times before."

"Then why did he come back this time?"

"Because he and his brothers, the Feng family heads, are preparing to compile a book, known as the Hundred Swords Spectrum!"

"Hundred Swords Spectrum?"

“Yes! It’s going to be a compilation of the world’s famous swords that will be ranked based on various aspects such as quality, grade, their owner, and more topics.”

“It’s the reason why Master Windbeard stayed in White Cloud City for so many years. Back then, because Honorable Swordsman White Cloud was in White Cloud City, it was a perfect chance to gather information with so many of them coming and leaving the city so often. Even Honorable Swordsmen would occasionally appear.”

“Besides that, the Feng family had also sent people to various places to collect information. They’ve been planning to compile the Hundred Swords Spectrum for so many years, but now I hear that the Feng family plans to use this chance to open the Hundred Swords Spectrum to the public!”

Li Xingchen whispered.

Chapter 136: The Disastrous Godly Phoenix Egg, The Emperor Weapon Sacred Emerald Sword Case

“The Hundred Swords Spectrum? Sounds interesting. However, does it have any legitimacy to it?” Chu Kuangren asked curiously.

The most important factor when publishing a list of renowned swords was the recognition it would gain from the world. Otherwise, such a list would be nothing but a public joke.

“The Feng Family has been studying and garnering information for many years now. Aside from information of Sages, the Feng Family has a thorough understanding of many famous swords and swordsmen. This list is almost guaranteed to be legitimate.”

“Hmm, then I shall look forward to it,” Chu Kuangren said with a smile.

After conversing for half a day, Li Xingchen then took his leave.

Outside.

Li Xingchen's body emitted a flash of light as a white-robed elder materialized into existence. "Xingchen, there's definitely more to your friend than meets the eye."

"Of course, Brother Chu is one of the most remarkable sky-prides of this generation."

"It's not only that but every time you meet him, I always have a feeling like I'm being watched and I'm forced to carefully conceal my aura to avoid his detection."

"What? Can Brother Chu actually sense your existence?"

Li Xingchen was surprised.

After all, his teacher was the Remnant Spirit of a Battle Monarch. Even a Supreme Honourable would not be able to detect his presence, so Chu Kuangren could do that?!

"I don't know either, but this person's definitely not simple. I would rather face a Supreme Honourable in battle than to face him."

"Teacher, you're worrying too much now. Brother Chu is my friend and you're my teacher, such battle would never happen in the first place."

Li Xingchen said with a smile.

“Let’s hope that’s true.” Unknown to Li Xingchen, a troubled look flashed across the white-robed elder’s eyes.

...

In his room, Chu Kuangren was planning to study the sword case that he had gotten from the Sword Hoarder.

However, when he peeped into his inventory through his Yin and Yang Ring, he was shocked to see the soulstones that he had amassed reduced into a pile of useless cobbles. All their spiritual energies had been sucked dry.

Meanwhile, the fiery red Godly Phoenix Egg was lying amid the stone pile. The surface of the shell radiated brightly with a stream of mythical Daoist Rhymes.

Chu Kuangren was now dumbfounded.

Did the Godly Phoenix Egg just absorb all the spiritual energies from the soulstones?!

Damn it! There was at least more than ten million worth of soulstones in there. Was this rotten egg some sort of a prodigal pet?!

Not only his soulstones, but several other herbal ingredients and even the Stone of Phoenix Blood that Chu Kuangren had just acquired yesterday were drained of their spiritual energies too.

Chu Kuangren was so mad that his mouth twitched. He immediately took the Godly Phoenix Egg out and slammed it onto the ground. Due to the sudden change of environment, the Godly Phoenix Egg spun on the ground a few times as if it was panicking.

However, upon noticing Chu Kuangren, it immediately settled down and leaped around onto Chu Kuangren's lap, communicating its friendliness and reliance through a vague form of telepathy.

Chu Kuangren was still unhappy. He placed the Godly Phoenix Egg on the table and said grumpily, "Who gave you the permission to suck on all the soulstones and herbs?"

The Godly Phoenix Egg slanted a little and used its telepathy to communicate with Chu Kuangren. Although the message was not the clearest, Chu Kuangren could roughly gauge its meaning.

Godly Phoenix Egg: Papa, I'm hungry, I want to eat.

Chu Kuangren replied, "So fast after devouring so much spiritual energy? Are you a Godly Phoenix or an Avarice?"

Godly Phoenix Egg: It's still not enough. What's an Avarice? Is it edible?

Chu Kuangren, "You @*+##&-..."

Godly Phoenix Egg: ???

Chu Kuangren was helpless the moment he realized that the Godly Phoenix Egg could not comprehend his insult at all.

The Godly Phoenix Egg once again burrowed itself into Chu Kuangren's embrace as its warm eggshell nudged him constantly. Although it could not understand Chu Kuangren's insults, it could still sense his dissatisfaction and was using such a method to fawn over him.

"Fine, I'm not mad anymore."

Chu Kuangren sighed helplessly.

Was it not just ten million soulstones?

Was it not just some precious herbal materials from some Honourables?

Was it not just some Sage Grade ores?

If they were gone then so be it. What else could he do with his child?

He had no choice but to raise it.

Chu Kuangren hugged the Godly Phoenix Egg and transferred his spiritual energy to it. This time, unlike this morning, it was no longer crazy for his energy. It probably was already full at that point.

Upon placing the Godly Phoenix Egg back into his Yin and Yang Ring, Chu Kuangren contemplated deeply.

Caring for the Godly Phoenix Egg proved to be a much tougher task than he first imagined. After all, it was a God Tier Pet, so the energy required to sustain it was too much.

"I need to find a way to earn my soulstones now." Chu Kuangren had never needed to worry about such issues, but the situation was different now. He had to put in the extra effort to feed his new pet.

Putting this issue aside, Chu Kuangren then began to inspect the sword case before him.

He first tried to channel his spiritual energy into the sword case.

Suddenly, the sword case shook for a moment as the symbols that were engraved on the case shone brightly, releasing an enigmatic burst of Daoist Rhymes.

Before Chu Kuangren could further study the sword case in detail, it immediately transformed into a ray of light and entered Chu Kuangren's spiritual mound.

Within Chu Kuangren's spiritual mound laid not only the Five Supreme Foundation Levels, but it was also the home to his Descendant Self Sword. As if it had sensed the presence of an unwelcome guest, the

Descendant Self Sword immediately released a thick stream of sword qi in response to the sword case's arrival.

However, the sword case immediately counteracted it with its enigmatic Daoist Rhymes, and the once fearsome Self Descendant Sword recollected its sword qi.

A gut feeling rose in Chu Kuangren and he began to interpret the Daoist Rhymes of the sword case.

Eventually, he understood everything.

"This is actually an Emperor Weapon!"

"Sacred Emerald Sword Case!"

Chu Kuangren was glowing with delight. The origin of the Sacred Emerald Sword Case dated back to the times of an ancient Sword Emperor. Although it did not have remarkable offensive abilities, it possessed magical abilities to store and upgrade sword weapons.

All cultivators possessed an inherent ability to refine and upgrade their weapons, so their weapons would naturally be enhanced each time their cultivation base improved.

Yet the Sacred Emerald Sword Case was capable of magnifying such occurrences. One would not even need to improve his or her cultivation base to enjoy the ability to enhance their sword weapons.

For example, weapons were typically classified into ordinary sacred weapons, Sage Weapons, and Sage Ruler Weapons. While an ordinary cultivator could typically only refine a sacred weapon, he could leverage on the Sacred Emerald Sword Case to refine his weapon into a Sage Weapon.

Besides, since most cultivators had limited spiritual strengths, they would only be able to refine three weapons at most. However, with the help of the Sacred Emerald Sword Case, every weapon that was stored within it could be upgraded.

Most people only had one sword, and once that was damaged, they had to exhaust their spiritual energies to refine and repair their one and only weapon

However, if Chu Kuangren damaged his sword, there were still ninety-nine other swords that he could immediately draw.

“Looks like the Sword Hoarder has left me a really grand gift.”

Chu Kuangren smiled.

Emperor Weapons were said to possess their own consciousness and would not easily recognize someone as its master. Although the Sword Hoarder had physically possessed the Sacred Emerald Sword Case, he could only carry it on his back like any other ordinary sword case. There was no way the Sword Hoarder could store it into his spiritual mound.

It was until the Sacred Emerald Sword Case met Chu Kuangren that it immediately acknowledged Chu Kuangren as its rightful master despite his lack of effort in refining it.

The moment Chu Kuangren stored his Descendant Self Sword into the Sacred Emerald Sword Case, the sword case immediately released a surge of mythical Daoist Rhymes that wrapped itself around the sword.

...

At a random corner in Sword Prayer City.

The Sword Hoarder was meditating on his bed. It was after a while before he finally opened his eyes that burned with hatred. "Chu Kuangren, you've taken my sword case away. And for that, I shall make you pay!"

"Now that the weapon is gone, I can no longer wield the Thousand Army Sword Formation. Looks like I'll need to find myself another pile of sword weapons. Damn it! I spent half my life on the sword collection and it was robbed from me just like that!"

"Meanwhile, that two b*stards who've agreed to kidnap the Sword Soul with me have yet to appear. This is pissing me off!"

Just as the Sword Hoarder was complaining, a black longsword materialized in his hands. Bright red symbols were inscribed on its blade as it radiated a terrifying aura.

It was an Ominous Sword!

"Troop-Breaker Ominous Sword, my only refined sword. I shall trust you to get me the Sword Soul," the Sword Hoarder murmured.

Chapter 137: Commencement Of The Great Sword Tournament, A Disturbance In The Sky Fire Valley

In the central stage of the Sword Prayer City.

Today was the day that the Great Sword Tournament officially commenced. Swordsmen all around the world, from respectable Honourable Swordsmen to the lowly ordinary swordsmen had all flocked to this city in excitement.

On an elevated platform, a sword was placed on a sword rack.

The sword was around three feet in length and it emitted a stream of emerald light. Its blade was covered in elegant symbols as strings of sword qi danced around its tip. The grip was decorated with gemstones and its pommel took after the shape of a dragon head. It was extremely exquisite.

Below the stage, many swordsmen were staring at the sword intently.

“Is that the Century Sword? It surely lives up to its reputation. I could feel its cold sword qi despite standing so far away from it.”

“This sword has yet met its owner, but its sword qi already proves to be the best Sacred Weapon there is. If this sword was to be refined by a Sage, it could become a Sage Weapon within half a year and it might attain the level of a Sage Ruler Weapon in the future.”

“By hook or by crook, this sword shall be mine!”

“Haha, none of you should dream of taking this Century Sword away from me.”

“You wish, this sword belongs to me.”

A group of swordsmen already had their eyes fixated on the prize.

In a restaurant near the event, Chu Kuangren and Lan Yu were sitting near a window as they observed the crowd that had gathered below them.

“Master, do you not want to go for that sword?” Lan Yu asked curiously.

Chu Kuangren gave it a good thought. “We’ll see how it goes. Although that’s definitely a decent sword, it won’t make a huge difference to me if I don’t have it.”

Chu Kuangren now possessed the Sacred Emerald Sword Case, and inside the case were dozens of renowned swords that the Sword Hoarder had previously stolen, each not weaker than the Century Sword. Hence, whether Chu Kuangren could get his hands on the prize or not had no bearings on him.

At that moment, a person walked onto the stage.

It was none other than Feng Ming, the son of the Feng Family’s leader who had invited Chu Kuangren to his residence yesterday.

“Everyone, this is the Heaven Starlight Sword, forged from ancient dark steels and in the flames of the earth’s core. This sword is durable and indestructible, capable of splitting mountains into halves. It’s the greatest creation that Sword Prayer City has ever made for the past century...”

Feng Ming introduced the famous sword to everyone on the scene. Although the spectators were restless, they still managed to listen patiently to what Feng Ming had to say.

“I hereby announce that the Great Sword Tournament has officially begun!”

“The rule is as per usual. The last one standing on this stage shall be the rightful owner of the Heaven Starlight Sword! Everyone, please show us your best effort!”

Feng Ming let out a loud and exited the stage.

Among the crowd, there was already a cultivator who was impatient enough to leap onto the stage immediately and said, “I’m the Land Tiger Swordsman, which one of you wishes to fight me?”

Swish...

Another swordsman rushed onto the stage and said, “After you!”

Without exchanging any further polite remarks, the two swordsmen began to fight one another.

They released a burst of sword qi that went rampant in the air.

Soon, many cultivators joined the crowd as the Great Sword Tournament became increasingly eventful. Meanwhile, Chu Kuangren and Lan Yu indulged in munching on snacks as they observed everything that unfolded below them.

However, it was not long before Chu Kuangren could feel his interest dwindling. “At best, these swordsmen are just decent in their abilities. Aside from a few Honorables that are worth looking at, the rest are either lacking in talent or effort.”

“Of course they can’t even come close to your abilities, Master. By the way, why did Sword Prayer City spend so many resources on forging the Heaven Starlight Sword just to give it away in this tournament? Isn’t that unprofitable for them?”

Lan Yu asked puzzledly.

Chu Kuangren smiled and said, “Lan Yu, the swordsmiths of the Feng Family may all look as though they’re a bunch of uneducated brutes on the outside, but managing Sword Prayer City definitely requires a certain level of intelligence.

“Why would they blindly engage in unprofitable transactions just like that?

“First of all, the Great Sword Tournament would attract countless swordsmen to the Sword Prayer City, which in turn would not only boost the earnings of many restaurants and hotels in the city center, but swordsmiths would also be able to enjoy way more customers than they used to as well.

“Secondly, it is to increase Sword Prayer City’s reputation as well. The Century Sword is a great way for the Feng Family to befriend many outstanding swordsmen in the world. In fact, it can be said that whichever swordsman who ends up being gifted this remarkable sword will certainly see themselves as being indebted to the Feng Family.

“In exchange for giving out one sword, the Great Sword Tournament has garnered this city many soulstones, connections, and reputations. Do you still think they’re in an unprofitable business?”

Chu Kuangren explained as Lan Yu contemplated deeply. “You’re right, Master. Looks like they’re all actually geniuses.”

Just when Chu Kuangren and Lan Yu were engrossed in their own conversation, a powerful aura exploded in the Great Sword Tournament.

A youngster was seen stepping onto the stage with mighty sword qi and Daoist Rhymes surrounding his body.

“My name is Li Xingchen, please allow me to learn from all of you.”

The youngster was none other than Li Xingchen.

Chu Kuangren looked at him and smiled. “Looks like he’s serious about participating in this tournament. Well, this is a great opportunity to witness his abilities.”

Li Xingchen had once told Chu Kuangren that although he was not interested in the Century Sword, Li Xingchen did intend to participate to see where his abilities stood in the world of swordsmen.

“Li Xingchen from the White Jade Hotel, allow me to entertain you!” Another youngster landed on stage. He was also another remarkable sky-pride.

“After you.”

Li Xingchen made a fist salute before he retrieved his sword and as Daoist Rhymes surrounded him, he began to battle the other sky-pride.

Although Li Xingchen did not carry the title of a Young Emperor, his abilities were not inferior to an average Young Emperor at all. In fact, very few of Li Xingchen’s generation could rival him in a battle.

As the sword ray surrounded Li Xingchen’s body, each strike of his sword carried the explosive power of a star, creating both a breathtaking and magnificent scene.

Soon, the sky-pride who challenged him had been defeated.

“Thank you for going easy on me,” Li Xingchen said with a fist salute.

Then, he looked around him and said proudly, “Are there any Daoist friends who would like to come up and give it a go?”

In the restaurant, Chu Kuangren was smiling away. “Looks like the Old Kindred Spirit has certainly played a role there. Li Xingchen is much stronger than he was three years ago.”

He reckoned that Li Xingchen’s abilities were now closely rivaled with those of Lin Batian, Ao Chang, and some other Young Emperors, and his combat abilities were no less than that of an Honourable.

In fact, he was definitely stronger than the average Honourable, with the possibility of even defeating some of the more powerful Honourables around.

...

Just as the Great Sword Tournament was going smoothly.

The heat had sent the temperatures inside a mountain valley of Sword Prayer City skyrocketing. Rows of furnaces were set up neatly as sounds of metal clanging rang incessantly throughout the place.

Dozens of swordsmiths were busy attending to their work.

"Why are there so few people in the Sky Blaze Valley today," One of the swordsmiths asked curiously as he looked around.

"What else other than the Great Sword Tournament? Most of them had gone to join the crowd," said a black-haired brute who was wielding a hammer.

"Tsk, I wonder who'll be the owner of the Heaven Starlight Sword."

"All you need to know is that it won't be you."

“Well, you can’t put it that way. After all, the Heaven Starlight Sword was forged here so technically speaking, I’m considered the creator of this sword. Naturally, I deserve to care what’ll happen to it.”

“You’re merely one of its many creators,” the black-haired brute corrected him.

“Putting the Heaven Starlight Sword aside, countless Century Swords have been forged and sent out of here. Little one, you have no idea how many Century Swords we’ve sent before you even arrived.”

Another swordsmith laughed out loud as he patted on the shoulder of the irritated swordsmith.

Suddenly, the black-haired brute abruptly frowned and looked out the valley. “I sense a disturbance.”

Then, a masked cultivator came rushing into the valley as the black-haired brute shouted, “Not good, we’ve got an intruder!”

Chapter 138: A Peculiar Sensation, Bai Qianjun’s Boast, A Slap Into The Stage

At the Great Sword Tournament, Li Xingchen had already defeated three cultivators in a row. His immense combat power had intimidated most cultivators who were at the scene.

“How deserving of him to be the Young Master of the White Jade Hotel. Such capabilities are not a far cry away from a Young Emperor. How impressive.”

“Indeed, the Starlight Physique definitely lives up to its name.”

“Astounding.”

“I bet he can even defeat a few of the Honourable cultivators.”

The crowd began to engage in a passionate discussion at how Li Xingchen’s remarkable abilities impressed them.

Then, a white longsword was flung into the air before it penetrated into the ground right before Li Xingchen. The crowd witnessed as a handsome youngster glided through the air to the stage and landed after his sword.

His mighty aura and majestic landing quickly provoked many exclamations from the crowd.

“I recognize this person. He’s one of the Ten Unparalleled Warriors, Bai Qianjun! He’s one of the ancient sky-prides who has recently awakened. His combat powers are beyond remarkable.”

“Exactly. Word says that he has recently joined the Dharma Sect, and his status within the sage orthodoxy exceeds that of the Young Emperor, Yuan Hong.”

“Looks like this Great Sword Tournament has gotten his attention.”

The Ten Unparalleled Warriors referred to the ten cultivators whose cultivation talents could rival the Young Emperors despite not acquiring an Emperor’s Essence.

In fact, rumors even stated that some of the warriors did not even bother relying on the Emperor’s Essence to ascend and their reputation was not worse than a Young Emperor’s.

"This sword's not bad at all, and it's mine," Bai Qianjun said with determination as he glared at Li Xingchen.

Li Xingchen frowned unhappily. "No one's stopping you from trying. However, if you want it, you'll have to defeat me first."

Bai Qianjun raised three fingers up and said, "Three strikes."

"What do you mean?"

"I only need three strikes to defeat you!" Bai Qianjun said with a hint of arrogance. Then, a fierce, deadly surge of sword qi and sharp Daoist Rhymes began to flow around him, bringing immense pressure to everyone in the vicinity.

A hint of irritation flashed past Li Xingchen's eyes. "Hmph, you wish! I would definitely love to see you try defeating me in three strikes!"

He proceeded to unleash his first strike by channeling the power of starlight into his sword ray. The view was breathtaking.

The longsword blade near Bai Qianjun's feet began to spin before it released an explosive burst of sword qi that clashed directly onto the starlight sword ray, sending Li Xingchen retreating backward.

"So strong!" Li Xingchen was caught by surprise. He then attacked again but this time, one strike of his sword carried more power than the last.

However, having increased his power even further than Li Xingchen's, Bai Qianjun unprecedentedly precise sword ray shattered Li Xingchen's starlight ray and sent him to the edge of the stage.

"Your time has come!"

With a light battle roar, Bai Qianjun ascended into the air. With both hands gripping tightly onto his longsword, he unleashed a sword strike that contained enough power to split a mountain.

A mighty sword ray, mixed with a breathtaking aura, spilled out of his attack and blasted Li Xingchen off the stage!

With a clank, Li Xingchen's sword immediately shattered into pieces, and just like that, Bai Qianjun had kept his words of defeating Li Xingchen in three strikes.

"Damn it!" Although Li Xingchen did not sustain heavy injuries, he was still considered a loser as he was struck off the stage. He unwillingly dumped his broken swords aside.

"This person's combat power far surpasses the average Honourable, and his fluency in sword techniques is off the roof. Sword techniques have never been your forte anyway, it's not your fault that you lost." Li Xingchen could hear the voice of a Remnant Spirit in his mind.

"Bai Qianjun is indeed impressive. Although he's also a sky-pride of Dharma Sect just like Yuan Hong, I'm afraid Yuan Hong's ability could never come close to his."

"Indeed, that's possible."

“I heard Yuan Hong could not even defend against a single strike from Chu Kuangren.”

Amidst the crowd’s conversation, someone suddenly mentioned Chu Kuangren’s name.

The mention of Chu Kuangren’s name struck a chord within Bai Qianjun who was still on the stage. He looked around him and said aloud, “I heard Chu Kuangren has shown up here two days ago, so I’m sure you’re also present here in the Great Sword Tournament.”

“Since Yuan Hong has lost to you, I, as the disciple of the Dharma Sect, am obliged to redeem his honor. Please show yourself!”

Bai Qianjun had openly announced his challenge to Chu Kuangren.

After a while, no one responded to him.

Meanwhile, Chu Kuangren was still sitting in the restaurant. He had felt his Daoist core twitch as if something from afar was attempting to resonate with his.

As for Bai Qianjun’s provocation, Chu Kuangren completely ignored it.

Chu Kuangren looked into the distance. “I feel that there’s something resonating with me from that direction. I wonder what that is?”

Seeing that no one had responded to him, Bai Qianjun continued on loudly, "I didn't expect the so-called Elder Senior Brother of the Black Heaven Sect to be such a scaredy-cat. Chu Huangren? More like Chu Coward."

"That's too much!" Lan Yu could no longer sit still. She released a thunderous burst of Daoist Rhyme and launched herself towards the stage.

While Bai Qianjun was in the middle of his boastful laughter on stage, he suddenly felt a surge of Daoist Rhyme lock onto him. Then, a white spear that contained a terrifying Power of Light was launched towards him!

This attack was packed with a strong destructive power.

Bai Qianjun's face went pale and he immediately mustered all the energies he had to counterattack!

The moment the sword qi and the spear clashed directly against one another, it sent out terrifying shockwaves that rumbled the buildings in the vicinity.

The impact blasted the stage into countless craters, sending debris and dust into all directions. Bai Qianjun was pushed backward by several feet too.

The crowd immediately gasped in shock.

"Such power, whose attack was it?"

“Look, it’s... Young Emperor Lan Yu!”

With her wings spread, Lan Yu soared in the sky, donned in a glamorous silver-white armor. A fiery rage was burning in her light-blue eyes and her beautiful face was as cold as ice.

It was the perfect personification of a Young Emperor’s aura!

“It’s her, Young Emperor Lan Yu! The divine predictor had once remarked that her excellence is unprecedented, and she would go on to accomplish great things that resembled the results of an ancient Emperor!”

“She definitely lives up to her reputation!”

“I heard that she’s also Chu Kuangren’s follower. I wonder what Chu Kuangren has done to deserve such an enviable fate.”

“That’s not all. Chu Kuangren is also the fiancé of Princess Linglong whose not only an otherworldly beauty but she is also a Young Emperor.”

“An elegant goddess and a noble beauty who are both Young Emperors. Chu Kuangren is beyond lucky to be living such a life.”

Many expressed their admiration for Lan Yu’s strengths and beauty, while a sizable amount of male cultivators were jealous of Chu Kuangren’s fate.

Such was the same for Bai Qianjun, who was astounded by Lan Yu's magnificent beauty. However, upon realizing that she was also Chu Kuangren's companion, he could feel his hatred for Chu Kuangren brew albeit never meeting him in person.

"You insulted my Master. Looks like you're asking for trouble!" In midair, Lan Yu rushed her boundless Light Daoist Rhymes towards Bai Qianjun.

"Hmph, is hiding behind a woman all Chu Kuangren knows? If he's truly a man, then why don't he come out and face me!"

"You've been yelping for a while now, it's really annoying."

At that moment, a faint voice could be heard from within the restaurant.

Then, a thick wave of Daoist Rhyme materialized into the shape of a palm and emitted a bright burst of heavenly light as if it ferried all the might of an Ancient Godly Mountain.

Wherever the palm passed through, explosions rang through the void and set off a storm!

Bai Qianjun was shocked when he realized it was coming after him. He desperately channeled all his spiritual energies into his sword and countered the incoming attack with a strike.

Upon clashing with the palm, the sword qi was instantly disintegrated and the palm energy landed directly onto Bai Qianjun's body, sending the entire stage to jerk violently as an enormous crack appeared on its surface.

Bai Qianjun instantly fell into the gap, and just like that, he was slapped mercilessly into the stage!

Chapter 139: Still A One-Palm Problem, Chu Kuangren Is Worth More Than Ten Young Emperors

The terrifying palm technique sent Bai Qianjun directly into the stage!

The crowd could not help but gulp in shock as they realized that even an Honourable would have trouble defending against that attack!

It was too scary!

“It’s Chu Kuangren. It’s definitely Chu Kuangren’s move!”

“What a horrifying palm technique!”

“This is a technique that concentrates the earth qi, and it’s definitely a Sage Ruler Technique. However, I’ve neither seen nor heard about this technique before.”

“That was one of the Ten Unparallel Warriors. Did Chu Kuangren just slap him into the stage like that? D*mn it, that is just too overpowering.”

Not far away, Feng Ming gasped in shock when he saw that scene. “That stage was made with materials that included dark steels which even an Honourable would have trouble damaging its structure, yet a single palm technique caused all that damage?!”

Was a Battle Monarch capable of unleashing such power?

Boom!

A powerful vigor exploded from the stage, sending rubbles flying outwards as Bai Qianjun emerged from within the cracks. His hair was messily spread across his shoulders and his once pure-white robe was coated in layers of dust. It was an unsightly scene.

“Chu Kuangren, you ambushed me!”

His eyes were staring fiercely at the restaurant.

“You’ve been buzzing around irritatingly like a fly for a while now. Do you expect me to ask a housefly for its permission before I get rid of it?”

Chu Kuangren’s voice could be heard from within the restaurant. Not long after, the crowd saw a figure, donned in white robes and crowned with a jade crown on his head, slowly walking out the door. His demeanor was elegant and beautiful.

It was a breathtaking sight for those who had never met Chu Kuangren in person before.

“Chu Kuangren is so extraordinary.”

“I’ve long heard about his appearance, that his body emits Daoist Rhymes that are so pure that it resembles a Banished Immortal. It seems that it’s true after all.”

“My God, I can feel my heart racing.”

“If I keep looking, I might swing both ways just for him.”

“Wow, is this actually Chu Kuangren?”

“Thy beauty is so charming it should exist only in paintings, for I fall into a deep pool of infatuation. A million books I’ve studied in writings, to finally recognize thou transcends my imagination... No words can express my feelings better than this ancient poem.”

“Such a handsome man and such a beautiful lady. They’re definitely a match made in heaven.”

Upon seeing Chu Kuangren, there were some uncultured cultivators who exclaimed in shock, “Holy sh*t, this person’s too f*cking hot!”

Whereas the more literate cultivators recited poems to marvel at Chu Kuangren’s beauty.

Some female cultivators even felt their hearts racing as they unleashed their infatuation upon seeing Chu Kuangren.

How they wished they could touch his body.

On the other hand, the male cultivators who were previously jealous now felt a little embarrassed. They lamented, “No wonder Princess Linglong and Lan Yu have sworn loyalty to this person. It almost seems like he’s a being that has descended from another world.”

Bai Qianjun’s eyes were beaming with jealousy and hatred at this point. “Chu Kuangren, you humiliated my junior, Yuan Hong, and it’s time I make you pay for that. You were just lucky that I was not careful enough to avoid your sneaky ambush.”

“Now, let’s fight face-to-face. I shall have you a taste of my true abilities!”

At that, Bai Qianjun channeled his Daoist Rhymes to surround him and massive amounts of sword qi fulminated. An enormous white sword shadow then formed above him, releasing a sharp qi before it crashed downwards as if it was splitting the sky into half.

With a smile, Chu Kuangren raised his palm and the five Supreme Foundation Levels within him released a heavenly light. A mammoth amount of spiritual energy pulsated in the void, converging the earth qi and concentrating its Daoist Rhymes into the center of his palm.

A grand and majestic palm technique!

When the palm attacked directly on the white sword shadow, the Human Mountain power exploded and hit the sword shadow. In a split second, countless small cracks appeared on the ever-so-sharp sword shadow.

“How can this be?!” The expression on Bai Qianjun’s face changed and he instantly discharged all his spiritual energies to defend the power of Chu Kuangren’s Human Mountain Stamp.

Alas, his effort yielded nothing for him.

The gap between him and Chu Kuangren was so wide that no matter if it was his spiritual energy or his insight into the Dao Techniques, he did not come close to Chu Kuangren's abilities at all.

A deafening explosion ensued as the white sword shadow shattered into pieces, its Daoist Rhymes completely disintegrated!

The rampaging impact then landed directly onto Bai Qianjun, sending him flying backward through several walls before he laid helplessly amid a pile of rubbles.

This attack had severely injured Bai Qianjun.

"Face-to-face? To be honest, I can't feel the difference, it's still a one-palm problem," Chu Kuangren said calmly.

After that, Chu Kuangren's body flashed and he had seemingly teleported to Bai Qianjun's side. He then took Bai Qianjun's Yin and Yang Ring off his fingers.

"Chu Kuangren, what are you doing?" Bai Qianjun mustered all that was left of his strength to stand as he stared furiously at Chu Kuangren.

"Do you think there's no price to pay after such a blatant provocation against me?"

Bai Qianjun could feel his blood boiling at his words. “Chu Kuangren, isn’t it enough that you’ve injured me this much?!”

“That’s the price you have to pay for just being an annoying person. As for your provocation, I’ll keep this Yin and Yang Ring and we’ll call it even.” Chu Kuangren fiddled with Bai Qianjun’s Yin and Yang Ring for a moment before storing it into his inventory.

“Chu Kuangren, you’re too much now!”

Bai Qianjun screamed abruptly, “Elder Liu, come out!”

An elder dressed in a grey robe walked out from the void. The elder was an Honorable whom the Dharma Sect had sent as Bai Qianjun’s Daoist Protector.

“Oh, asking for backup the moment you lost I see. That’s fine by me, but the question is... Do you dare attack me?” Chu Kuangren looked at Elder Liu and said.

Elder Liu’s face immediately turned solemn. Despite how unhappy he was, Elder Liu did not end up making any moves.

After all, it was no place to mess around.

Elder Liu could almost guarantee that he would not live past the next second if he were to make his first move!

He was not foolish enough to ignore the presence of a Supreme Honorable, the Seventh Forefather!

Furthermore, he had a hunch.

Even without the Seventh Forefather, it was entirely possible that Chu Kuangren could defeat him, and perhaps... even kill him!

His hunch was so overwhelming that he could not ignore it.

“Brother Chu, in your previous visit to the Dharma Sect, you’ve sparred with our cultivators and learned our techniques. Can’t you consider our relationship and do you have to behave so extreme?”

“These are two distinct issues. Besides, didn’t I share the Human Mountain Stamp Technique as well? I don’t owe you anything. If my behavior is extreme, do you think Yuan Hong and this guy would still be breathing?”

Chu Kuangren pointed towards Bai Qianjun.

“You...” Elder Liu could not refute him further.

“That’s enough, this Yin and Yang Ring is mine.” Deep inside, Chu Kuangren sighed. He made this tough decision because he needed to feed his egg somehow.

With that, Chu Kuangren turned and left.

“Elder Liu, are you really going to let him leave just like that?” Bai Qianjun was incredibly frustrated. His Yin and Yang Ring contained all of his resources, including his pile of soulstones and even precious herbal medicines.

“Sigh, what else can we do? If I attack, I’m afraid both of us wouldn’t be alive,” Elder Liu said with a sigh.

“D*mn it. How is he this strong!” Bai Qianjun said unhappily. It had been a smooth-sailing journey ever since this ancient sky-pride awakened, so never did he think that he would lose so miserably today!

He could not even survive against Chu Kuangren’s single palm technique!

“Indeed, how is he strong?” Elder Liu lamented and continued, “How I wish for him to be one of Dharma Sect’s disciples. One Chu Kuangren is easily worth more than ten Young Emperors!”

Seeing that even his Daoist Protector had such high regards for Chu Kuangren, Bai Qianjun’s face immediately turned sour.

Then, something strange happened.

The sword in Bai Qianjun’s hands began to shake.

It was not only his sword, but the swords of every swordsman at the scene, as well as the Heaven Starlight Sword, were all shaking convulsively.

Chapter 140: Battle Over The Sword Soul, Blame Myself For Being Too Kind-Hearted

A peculiar ripple was suddenly spread across the entire Sword Prayer City. As if they were summoned to a location, every sword in the city began to vibrate and let out a sharp ringing sound.

“What’s going on?”

“It seems like my blade is no longer under my control.”

“Mine’s the same too. I’ve been refining this fly-sword for decades now and I’ve always managed to wield it proficiently. Why am I losing control over it now?!”

At the Great Sword Tournament, the swords rang and echoed towards the sky.

Chu Kuangren had also felt a surge of ripple as well. More precisely, he had already sensed it moments before everyone did.

However, the feeling was much more intense now!

The Descendant Self Sword within the sword case was also trembling.

Chu Kuangren retrieved the Descendant Self Sword and caressed its blade gently with his finger. It took a while before the Sacred Sword finally settled down.

However, the swords of the other cultivators were not as easily tamed.

As the ripple became stronger, many swords began to leave their masters by launching themselves upwards and spun around in the air.

The sword cultivators were completely clueless as to what their next step should be.

Then, as the members of the Feng Family looked into a distance, they immediately reacted in horror.

“That’s the direction of the Sky Fire Valley!”

“Damn it, something has happened to the Sword Soul!”

In the valley.

A dazzling stream of sword rays rushed into the air!

In between the sword ray was a transparent and ethereal-like crystal long sword that was charging towards the Great Sword Tournament.

Behind the crystal long sword were three figures chasing after it frantically. Each of them emitted some immensely powerful Daoist Rhymes.

“The Sword Soul is moving towards the Great Sword Tournament!”

“Damn it, I didn’t think this Sword Soul would be so powerful that it could breach the spell we put on it. This is going to be a mess.”

“Hmph, whatever it is, we must capture this Sword Soul!”

“The Sword Soul has no physical body, so it must be heading towards the Great Sword Tournament to attach itself to a sword. Seal the entire venue and make sure no swordsman nor sword escapes!”

A group of black-clothed cultivators was strategizing.

The Sword Soul that they were referring to was exactly that crystal long sword that was charging towards the Great Sword Tournament.

Meanwhile, as if the dozens of long swords that were swirling around in the air had suddenly become excited, they flew towards the direction of the crystal long sword.

Everyone was perplexed.

The cultivators’ swords were now behaving like a bunch of lustful perverts, and the crystal long sword was their perfect prey.

Clink clank, clink clank, clink clank...

One after another, the swords rushed towards the crystal long sword, like they all wanted to snatch it for themselves.

However, due to the sheer amount of swords in the air, they clashed and rubbed against one another, creating bursts of sparks that sent the lower-grade swords shattering into pieces before they fell onto the ground.

The crystal long sword dodged left and right amid the countless weapons. It even released sword qi that sent swords that came close enough flying away.

As numerous sword weapons fought until they 'bleed' in the air, the sword cultivators below could only stare dumbfoundedly at what they were witnessing.

Only a minority of sword cultivators were educated enough to deduce what was happening.

"That's a... Sword Soul!"

"My God, what's a Sword Soul doing here?"

"Sword Soul...Its existence is extremely sought after by any swordsman! Once a Sword Soul is tamed, it could attach itself to a weapon and speed up the weapon's upgrade exponentially, which would grant it powers that are beyond imagination. It can even make a weapon an Emperor Weapon!"

"What exactly is going on?!"

Sword Souls were rare spiritual creatures that existed in the world; so rare that one could count the number of Sword Souls that had been birthed in the past hundred and fifty thousand years with just one hand.

“Who cares, let’s talk about the details once we snatch it!”

One of the sword cultivators immediately made his move.

The swordsman launched himself upwards and grabbed his sword. He then channeled his spiritual energies to push the other sword weapons away as he set his eyes onto the Sword Soul.

Just when he was inches away from grabbing onto the Sword Soul, a burst of sword qi sent him flying off his trajectory.

“Hmph, if you want the Sword Soul, you’ll have to go through me!”

“The Sword Soul is mine!”

“Who would’ve thought that the Sword Soul would appear when my initial intention was to just grab the Century Sword. Haha, this is way better. Looks like this trip is worth all the effort!”

“If I could get the Sword Soul, my abilities would undoubtedly rise rapidly. What more, I could even upgrade my sword to an Emperor Weapon!”

“Screw it, once I wield an Emperor Weapon, who’s there to stop me then? All the sage orthodoxies can go screw themselves!”

All the sword cultivators had descended into a state of a maniac.

They were all staring fervently at the Sword Soul which was deemed even more valuable than a Primordial Emperor’s Essence to them!

The sword cultivators then rushed into the sky to retrieve their own sword. However, the Sword Soul unleashed a fight with huge amounts of sword qi and every type of Sword-based Daoist Rhymes clashed against each other in the air, creating a colorful and breathtaking sight.

“Who dares take the Sword Soul of Sword Prayer City!”

At that moment, the people of the sword-making Feng Family had also joined the battle.

A shirtless Feng Xuanzi was personally leading his people to snatch the Sword Soul. Despite having a head full of white hairs, his body and muscles looked like they were forged out of molten iron as he emitted a domineering battle aura.

When the surrounding sword qi landed on him, sounds of metal clanking could be heard before the sword qi immediately shattered into pieces. Meanwhile, Feng Xuanzi retaliated with a palm technique which sent deafening explosions into his surroundings. Some swordsmen were even blown to pieces along with their swords!

How was that an old man?

He was an incarnation of a ferocious dragon!

“You mean the Sword Soul belongs to this city? You’re lying!”

“Exactly. Only the strongest deserve to own the Sword Soul!”

One of the Honorable Swordsmen snorted.

The temptation of owning the Sword Soul was too strong for them to resist. Even if it belonged to Sword Prayer City, the Honorable Swordsmen must still go after the Sword Soul!

“You bunch of b*stards. If you dare touch it, I will make sure all your heads would be smashed into pieces!” Feng Xuanzi was fuming. Intense surges of destructive Daoist Rhymes began to pour from his body, making it an extremely frightening sight to watch.

“Come on, I’m not afraid!”

“By hook or by crook, the Sword Soul is mine!”

The battle over the Sword Soul had grown more violent as time passed.

A terrifying energy storm swept through the city and completely decimated nearby streets, with most buildings within a ten-mile radius reduced to rubble.

Chu Kuangren gently caressed the Self Descendant Sword as Lan Yu stood beside him. They did not participate in the brutal battle.

“Master, are you not interested in grabbing the Sword Soul?”

Lan Yu said.

“More people are coming.”

Chu Kuangren looked into the distance. The Seventh Forefather and him could sense that a large group of people was charging towards the Great Sword Tournament.

Each and every one of them was a swordsman.

“Looks like they’re here for the Sword Soul as well,” Chu Kuangren said with a smile.

He turned around to look at the Sword Soul in the air, and then below to see a group of swords cultivators behaving in a manic manner before he shook his head. “If this continues, I’ve no idea how many lives will be lost.”

“Moreover, I’m afraid that this group of people are malicious in their intent either. Sigh, I can only blame myself for being too kind-hearted. In order to avoid mass casualty, it looks like I have no choice but to... adopt it!”

Then, Chu Kuangren released a horrifying burst of Sword-based Daoist Rhymes. Above his head, the sword qi converged into the Sword of the Heavens above his head; below his feet, sword qi blossomed like flowers and to seal the entire realm, sword qi was formed into twelve long pillars!

All of his three Daoist Physique Transformations had been simultaneously activated!

Sensing Chu Kuangren's Sword-based Daoist Rhymes, the Sword Soul abruptly jerked and propelled itself unhesitatingly towards Chu Kuangren!