

Unparalleled After Ten Consecutive Draws - Chapter 7: Murong Xuan Charges Through The Domain of Sword Intent, This Person is Really Handsome -

There was a large slab of limestone pierced with nine sacred swords on the peak of Sword Mountain.

Piercingly cold sword intent spanned across a 100 foot radius around them.

In the perimeter stood only the nine swords. All the other swords were unable to enter this region as though there was a domain that prevented them from entering.

A young man with sharp eyebrows and starry eyes was currently staring at the nine sacred swords 1000 feet away from them. There was a fiery glint in his eyes which bore a longing that he found difficult to keep in check.

“I’ve already broken through to the perfect Nascent Soul Realm now, so I will definitely get the sacred swords’ acknowledgment today! I will prove that I, Murong Xuan, am not beneath Nan Gonghuang!”

Murong Xuan was proud of his success and he looked determined to win.

He took one step into the perimeter shrouded in the sacred swords’ intent. In an instant, the surrounding sword intent ferociously pushed down on his body!

The sacred swords used their sword intent as a test.

Murong Xuan made preparations early on to face the pressuring might of the sword intent. Spirit energy surged out from the spirit ruins in his body and surrounded his entire body, blocking the sword intent.

He took one step at a time...

Murong Xuan approached the sacred swords with firm footsteps!

The pressuring might of the sword intent was even more tyrannical and terrifying the closer he got!

When Murong Xuan was 500 feet away from the sacred swords, there was a thin layer of sweat seeping out of his forehead. He felt as though a large

mountain was pressing down on him and every step he took was abnormally difficult.

A few people comprising four men and two women were paying attention to Murong Xuan high up in the sky.

Every single one of them was dressed in gorgeous black robes. If a disciple from Black Heaven Sect saw them, they would definitely recognize that these few people were Black Heaven Sect's Daoists!

Daoists were the most outstanding disciples in a cultivation orthodoxy!

That was especially the case for Black Heaven Sect with its long-standing traditions passed down through the years. Every single one of the Daoists from a Sage orthodoxy that had produced Sages in the past were the best peerless proud sons of the heavens in the world.

One could even call them sons of qilin too.

"Take a guess, do you guys think Murong Xuan will be able to obtain the acknowledgment of the sacred swords this time?" asked a Daoist with a ruminating smile.

"He's already failed close to ten times now, I reckon there will be enough suspense this time too," said another Daoist apathetically.

"That's not necessarily the case. I heard that Murong Xuan already broke through to the perfect Nascent Soul Realm, so he might be able to succeed this time, no?"

"There certainly is that possibility."

"If he succeeds, Nangong Huang will have another rival."

The group discussed spiritedly.

Murong Xuan suddenly let out a long shout beneath them.

"Heavenly Sun Sword Art!"

A large amount of spirit energy spurted out from Murong Xuan's body.

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Blazing sword qi exploded and turned into rings of fire. The rings of fire circled around him and contended against the sword intent of the sacred sword.

The pressure on Murong Xuan greatly decreased once he lightened his body.

“The Supreme Technique, Heavenly Sun Sword Art!”

“Hah, his influence is much stronger than before. He truly has broken through to the perfect Nascent Soul Realm, so he might really be able to get a sacred sword this time.”

The Daoists in the sky clicked their tongues in wonder.

Other than the Three Great Sage Techniques, there were still a few Supreme Techniques in Sacred Black Heaven Land. Only True Disciples and Daoists could cultivate these techniques.

400 feet... 300 feet... 200 feet...

100 feet!

He was only 100 feet away from the sacred swords!

Murong Xuan’s eyes were rigidly fixed on a crimson sacred sword. That was the Sacred Sword, Crimson Drill, the goal of this journey!

The most suitable sacred sword for him was the Crimson Drill.

It exuded an air of masculinity and strength, tyrannical beyond compare!

It also complemented his Crimson Sun Daoist Physique, so it could definitely increase his combat abilities by more than twofold. When the time came, he would not fear the nine great Daoists of Black Heaven Sect except for Nangong Huang. Aside from a very few evildoers, he could even walk freely wherever he pleased amongst the youths in Azure Dragon Domain.

The pressure from the sword intent was even more frightening 100 feet away from the sacred swords.

Even a Nascent Soul cultivator possibly couldn’t bear it either.

However, Murong Xuan wasn't an ordinary Nascent Soul cultivator. He was a peerless son of the heavens and had the rare Crimson Sun Daoist Physique. He even cultivated a Sage Technique!

His foundation and combat abilities surpassed cultivators who were in the same realm!

"Divine Nine Suns Art!!!"

Murong Xuan summoned the spirit energy in his body to the extreme.

Four balls of spirit energy could be seen floating behind him now. They turned into four dazzling and ardent suns and whistled with a heatwave that was frightening beyond compare!!!

This was one of Black Heaven Sect's Three Greatest Sage Techniques, Divine Nine Suns Art!

The expressions on the Daoists' faces changed slightly.

"Divine Nine Suns Art with four suns in the same sky would mean that he's at the fourth stage. Looking at this power, I reckon he's about to break through to the fifth stage soon too."

"Tsk, Murong Xuan has a Crimson Sun Daoist Physique so he is much faster than the rest of the cultivators who are cultivating this Divine Nine Suns Art and much stronger as well. If he can get Crimson Drill, I reckon he can compete with Nan Gonghuang!"

At this moment, Murong Xuan who was utilizing the Divine Nine Suns Art was closing the final 100 feet, 90, 80, 70, 60...

He finally arrived in front of the Crimson Drill Sword in the end.

It was several times more exhausting for him to travel across this short distance of 100 feet than it was before. However, the smile on his face didn't diminish as he looked at Crimson Drill before him with a fiery look in his eyes. "Sacred Sword Crimson Drill, acknowledge your allegiance to me!!!"

He bravely reached out and grabbed Crimson Drill's hilt.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!

Crimson Drill Sword started trembling and sword qi began flowing out.

Murong Xuan had anticipated this beforehand. All of the spirit energy in his body surged out to suppress the sword qi and the four ardent suns behind him became even more dazzling.

This was the final stage.

“Crimson Drill, I have the Crimson Sun Daoist Physique and cultivate the Divine Nine Suns Art. Our attributes are compatible so I am best suited to be your owner! Why should you resist?”

“Your name will become legendary if you acknowledge me as your master!”

“It’s not impossible for you to be reborn and become an Emperor Weapon when I conquer the imperial throne one day! So, yield to me!!!”

Murong Xuan was suppressing the sword qi as he patiently persuaded Crimson Drill. Sacred weapons had souls, so he hoped he could use this to gain its acknowledgment.

It was as though Crimson Drill had been persuaded as well because its sword qi gradually dwindled away.

Upon seeing this, Murong Xuan was delighted and he pulled out Crimson Drill in a burst of energy.

“Haha, Crimson Drill, you won’t regret it!”

In the blink of an eye.

The power Murong Xuan exuded resembled a rainbow once he resonated with the sword!

All of the Daoists watching were alarmed.

“He’s actually succeeded!!!”

“Another Daoist has obtained the acknowledgment of a sacred sword after Nan Gonghuang!”

“Huh, someone is coming.”

All of a sudden, something seemed to grab the Daoists' attention and they turned to look somewhere not too far into the distance. The only thing they saw was a person slowly walking toward the sacred swords from hundreds of feet away.

That person was wearing a white wide-sleeved qilin robe with a jade hat on his head and a refined aura around him. All of the swords would buzz and vibrate slightly wherever he went.

It was as though the swords were respectfully welcoming their king! Their god!

"Who is this person? It's as though every movement of his contains some kind of Daoist charm and he even looks like a deity walking the Earth. He's too outstanding."

"What is going on with those swords? Why do I have a feeling that they are welcoming this person? This is rather inconceivable, isn't it?"

"I've heard of this person before, he's the newly promoted Lead Disciple."

"Lead? Then wouldn't he be our Senior Martial Brother?"

The few Daoists looked at each other in dismay before their gazes were fixed on the person who had arrived.

On the other hand, Murong Xuan's entire face was plastered with excitement as he held Crimson Drill.

He had only obtained the temporary right to use a sacred weapon since Crimson Drill hadn't completely acknowledged him as its owner. However, he would definitely be able to utilize Crimson Drill to its full extent as long he properly nurtured himself and his cultivation gradually progressed!

Just as Murong Xuan was fantasizing about how he would use the Crimson Drill in his hands to destroy everyone in his path in the future, it suddenly started trembling again.

No, not only Crimson Drill.

The other sacred swords were trembling all at once too.

It was as though they were excited and respectfully welcoming someone!

“What’s going on?”

Murong Xuan’s eyebrows knitted slightly. This was the first time he had encountered a situation like this. He turned around as he sensed something and looked at Chu Kuangren, who was currently walking over slowly. When he saw that it was him, there was unavoidably a look of amazement in his eyes too.

“This person... is really handsome!”