

The Sword God of the Universe

Chapter 7: Moonbeam Sword Chapter 7: Moonbeam Sword Not far from the Jing Clan's mansion, there was a business zone called the Western Area Business Zone.

The Jing Clan was in charge of it, and they had controlled it for so long that the property pretty much belonged to the Jing Clan.

In Dong Lin City, there were four business zones: the Eastern Area Business Zone, the Western Area Business Zone, the Southern Area Business Zone, and the Northern Area Business Zone.

A different family controlled each zone.

The families were known among the warriors as the Four Legendary Families.

The Jing Clan was one of the famous four.

Jing Yan arrived at one of the business zones shortly after leaving the Jing Clan's mansion.

He picked some less traveled streets to avoid the crowds so that not many people would notice him.

In addition, quite a few warriors were hanging out in the business zone at that time, and it was really busy.

It would have taken extraordinary eyesight to spot Jing Yan in the crowds.

Such a feat wouldn't have been easy even for the Jing Clan members.

Eventually, Jing Yan stopped at a weapon store.

"The Glorious Weapon Store!" As illustrious as the name of that shop sounded, it was, in fact, quite shabby compared to the other stores in the business zone.

The shop was also located in a remote section of the business zone, so the traffic there was almost always minimal.

Few warriors would actually step inside the inconspicuous weapon shop.

Business obviously wasn't going very well for the shop.

Jing Yan came to that conclusion as he entered the weapon store and saw no other customers inside.

Behind the counter stood a muscular middle-aged man with a full beard.

"Uncle Chenxing!" Jing Yan said.

Jing Yan greeted the middle-aged man behind the counter with a smile.

Of course, Jing Yan knew this man.

More than that, they were actually quite close.

The middle-aged man's name was Jing Chenxing.

He was also a member of the Jing Clan.

Jing Yan still remembered that when he was little, Jing Chenxing used to carry him in his arms.

In fact, most of Jing Yan's memories about his own father came from what Jing Chenxing had told him.

According to the middle-aged man, he and Jing Yan's father used to be very close.

Jing Yan didn't remember much about his father.

When he was very little, his father had gone missing.

The family spent a long time trying to find him, but they failed to find any clues to his whereabouts.

Ever since then, Jing Chenxing had taken responsibility for caring for Jing Yan as he grew up.

Jing Chenxing had been a very gifted warrior, but he had been severely injured many years ago.

Even though he survived, he had lost a leg.

After that, Jing Chenxing opened a weapon shop in the business zone and started making a living as a smith.

“Jing Yan, what brings you here today?” Jing Chenxing said with a heartfelt smile on his face.

He was genuinely happy to see Jing Yan.

Jing Yan, on the other hand, felt a sense of self-loathing when he saw the happy look on Jing Chenxing’s face.

The man’s smile made him a little sick.

When Jing Yan’s talents had been discovered, he had started living his life like the bright moon surrounded by all the stars in the sky.

He had barely visited the uncle who had taken care of him, Jing Chenxing.

Looking back on that now, Jing Yan simply hated his younger self for turning his back on his uncle.

He had been such a jerk.

Jing Yan let out a soft sigh, the corners of his eyes moist.

“Come over here, little guy.

Let your uncle take a good look at you.

You’ve grown a lot taller.” Jing Chenxing walked out from behind the counter with a cane in his hand.

Jing Chenxing was also aware that Jing Yan’s rank had been falling.

Jing Yan was once a genius, but he had become practically useless in recent days.

But Jing Chenxing’s attitude toward Jing Yan hadn’t become any colder.

“Uncle Chenxing, it doesn’t look like you’re getting too much business here, does it?” Jing Yan asked, walking up to Jing Chenxing.

“Haha, indeed.

But it’s actually not that bad.

I’m not starving to death.

Besides, if it got too busy, I don't think I could handle it anyway." Jing Chenxing waved his hand dismissively as if he didn't care at all.

"Jing Yan, did you come to see me because something happened?"

Do you need help?

Oh right, you must need Spiritual Stones for cultivation.

Wait for a second, I will go get some for you." Jing Chenxing turned around and headed back behind the counter.

Jing Chenxing wouldn't have a massive stock of Spiritual Stones himself either.

When he lost his leg, his martial arts life had basically ended.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been forced to open an ordinary weapon shop like this.

There was no way the store could bring him much profit.

Even if he had some Spiritual Stones, he wouldn't have many.

Besides, it had probably taken a long time to accumulate them.

“Uncle Chenxing, please don’t bother.” Jing Yan reached out his hand to stop Jing Chenxing.

Jing Chenxing looked at Jing Yan with a slightly puzzled look on his face.

“Uncle Chenxing, I do need your help, but it’s not about the Spiritual Stones.

In fact, I plan to go to the Blackrock Mountains to hunt for some Spiritual Beasts, so I need a weapon.

The family took my old weapon away,” Jing Yan said.

“What?

You want to enter the Blackrock Mountains?” Jing Chenxing paused for a brief moment to think over Jing Yan’s words, then quickly shook his head.

“Don’t go, it’s too dangerous.

Jing Yan, if you had wanted to go to the Blackrock Mountains when you were at the peak of your abilities, I wouldn’t have stopped you.

But now, I can’t let you go there.” Jing Chenxing’s tone was very decisive.

The Blackrock Mountains was the place where Jing Chenxing had gotten badly injured in the past.

The Blackrock Mountains, the enormous mountainous area to the west of Ding Lin City, had a lot of ferocious Spiritual Beasts.

Even Precelestial warriors wouldn't dare to journey too far into the mountains.

Now that Jing Yan's rank had dropped to the Third Heaven, Jing Chenxing certainly felt a little worried about the idea of Jing Yan entering the Blackrock Mountains all by himself to hunt for Spiritual Beasts.

"Uncle Chenxing, I've thought it through.

I won't take risks with my life.

Please don't worry about me.

I'll only hang around the outer area of the mountains.

If I come across any Spiritual Beasts I can't handle by myself, I will get out of the place as soon as possible.

Uncle Chenxing, you don't wish to see me keep falling like this, do you?

I don't either!" Jing Yan said in a serious tone.

Jing Chenxing gazed at Jing Yan as he took in his words.

He pondered the matter for a moment.

He then slowly nodded.

“Jing Yan, I’m glad that you are so determined.

Okay, I will give you a weapon.

But don’t forget what you just said, and remember to watch out for yourself.”
“Sure thing!” Jing Yan said with a big smile on his face.

“Jing Yan, here’s a longsword.

Take it.” Jing Chenxing lifted a pitch-black longsword out of a wooden box.

As soon as he saw the sword, Jing Yan’s breath caught.

It wasn’t because the sword was of incredibly fine quality or anything.

Jing Yan simply knew the sword; Jing Chenxing used to carry it with him all the time.

The sword was called Moonbeam Sword.

Jing Yan knew very well how much the sword meant to Jing Chenxing.

Yet the man was now willing to give the sword to Jing Yan.

“Just take it.” Jing Chenxing raised his voice as he noticed Jing Yan’s look of hesitation.

“Uncle Chenxing...” Jing Yan still wasn’t sure if he should take Moonbeam Sword from Jing Chenxing.

“Jing Yan, it’s no use to me anymore.

But in your hands, it will have a chance to thrive,” Jing Chenxing said with a smile on his face.

He looked steadily at Jing Yan.

Jing Yan reached out both his hands and accepted Moonbeam Sword from Jing Chenxing.

Moonbeam Sword was a Top-grade weapon.

It was no match for the Legendary-grade weapon Jing Yan used to have.

But at this point, a Top-grade weapon was way more than enough for Jing Yan.

Of course, a Top-grade weapon was still considered highly valuable.

Even in the Jing Clan, only a few high-ranking warriors were qualified to use Top-grade weapons.