

UATC Draw 2215

Chapter 2215 - 2215 Sword Twenty-two Versus Sword Twenty-three, How About One Slash First?

First, Chu Kuangren avoided his challenge and made him wait at Edgeless Peak for six months, and now Chu Kuangren refused to even draw his sword in the duel.

The consecutive insults infuriated Jian Shifang.

“Chu Kuangren, with the Holy Spirit Sword Art, I will make you pay for your arrogance!” Jian Shifang wielded the Darkness Sky Slasher in a flurry and attacked.

Tens of thousands of sword shadows rained down like a meteor rain.

There was only one target for the sword shadows — Chu Kuangren.

He performed one move, and the energy fluctuation from the Sword Dao left the other swordsmen in Myriad Arms City in awe as they witnessed the epitome of Sword Dao.

“Jian Shifang, his sword technique is amazing.”

“That’s some powerful sword qi. Isn’t Chu Kuangren going to draw his sword?”

Everyone stared at Chu Kuangren.

Chu Kuangren remained calm and cool on the deck.

Even Shang Honghua and the others barely reacted to the incoming attack. It was as if the tens of thousands of sword shadows were nothing.

As a matter of fact, after what they went through in the Dragon Tombs, they had gotten much stronger mentally.

Compared to being surrounded by millions of elite dragon soldiers, the so-called vast sword qi was nothing.

“Kaboom!”

The sword qi struck the battleship, causing an explosion of energy.

Stray energy rippled endlessly as a dust storm shrouded the deck.

“That’s it?” Jian Shifang grunted coldly.

When the dust settled, Chu Kuangren remained standing on the deck, unscathed. His energy had even protected the warship from the sword shadows.

Jian Shifang narrowed his eyes and said coldly, “I knew I wouldn’t beat you this easily, but this is what makes the fight interesting!”

He rose to the sky with heightened sword intent.

“Holy Spirit Sword Art, Sword Eighteen!”

As he unleashed a slash, tens of thousands of sword qi converged into a massive sword shadow and crashed down at Chu Kuangren.

Chu Kuangren raised his hand and pointed his sword hand sign at the sword shadow.

“Bang!”

The massive sword shadow instantly burst like a bubble.

“We’re not done! Sword Nineteen! Sword Twenty! Sword Twenty-one!”

Jian Shifang cast three Holy Spirit Sword Art at once.

Sword qi that rained down from the sky like a storm, sword qi that rumbled like a dragon that attempted to crush Chu Kuangren, and sword qi that shot forward like a flash of silver light — three different sword qi attacked Chu Kuangren from the top, front, and bottom.

The indomitable aura was frightening to look at.

“Fancy,” Chu Kuangren muttered.

The Holy Spirit Sword Art was versatile, so different cultivators would have different powers and variations of the same technique.

Jian Shifang’s Holy Spirit Sword Art focused on versatility, but no matter how versatile he was, it was nothing to Chu Kuangren.

Chu Kuangren swung his sleeve and released a burst of Great Dao energy. Like a tidal wave with indomitable force, the raw power of the energy crushed all the incoming sword qi in an instant.

After a series of explosions, Chu Kuangren remained unharmed.

Neither the warship nor Shang Honghua and the others were hurt.

The sword qi that shrouded the sky was like nothing but a breeze to him.

Jian Shifang, on the contrary, was pushed several hundred meters away.

The difference in strength was obvious.

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Meanwhile, in the Divine Sword Palace, the middle-aged swordsman beside the Palace Ruler looked grim.

“Chu Kuangren is indeed unusual. The technique Jian Shifang used could easily beat a common Supreme Honorable, yet Chu Kuangren negated them with just a raise of his hand. More importantly, he hasn’t even drawn his sword!”

“He’s favored by three Monarchs. He is anything but common,” the Palace Ruler said.

“Palace Ruler, you’re right, but Jian Shifang hasn’t used his full strength either. It’s still too soon to determine the winner.”

Seeing Jian Shifang’s heightened sword intent, the middle-aged swordsman had high hopes for him.

Back in Myriad Arms City, the swordsmen watched the battle from the city in awe.

“Jian Shifang is furious with his attacks, but he can’t hurt Chu Kuangren. He didn’t even make a dent in the warship!”

“The difference in strength is obvious.”

“How scary.”

The swordsmen were in a heated discussion.

“Ten Ways Sword Intent!” Jian Shifang bellowed.

A rampant sword intent exploded and boosted his sword intent to the limit.

“That’s the technique to increase one’s sword intent by force!”

“The Ten Ways Sword Intent of the Divine Sword Palace!” said a swordsman from the Sword Universe.

The Ten Ways Sword Intent was a unique technique from the Divine Sword Palace that could boost the user’s sword intent temporarily.

Back then, the Divine Sword Palace relied on that particular technique to challenge the higher power.

“Chu Kuangren, take this! Sword Twenty-two!”

Sword Twenty-two was the strongest of the basic Holy Spirit Sword Art. Fewer than a handful of swordsmen in the Divine Sword Palace had successfully cultivated to that level.

When Sword Twenty-two was cast, a destructive sword qi swept across the field like a storm, and it was aimed at Chu Kuangren.

The endless sword qi was indomitable.

Chu Kuangren raised his hand and released his vast Great Dao energy.

The sword qi storm was instantly negated, and he remained as relaxed as before.

“Did you see any sword here?” he sneered.

Chu Kuangren curled his lips into a contemptuous grin.

The Sword Twenty-two was nothing to him.

“Chu Kuangren!”

The provocation enraged Jian Shifang. He lost his calm and allowed his anger to take control.

The Ten Ways Sword Intent was channeled to the limit, and the Sword Dao in him rumbled strongly.

His sword intent and technique rose to a whole new level.

It was the forbidden technique of the Holy Spirit Sword Art, Sword Twenty-three!

It was Jian Shifang's strongest attack.

When Sword Twenty-three was cast, the rampant sword intent swept across the realm as millions of sword qi flooded the void with its endless destructive energy.

The millions of sword qi were alive and endless. They converged into a sword qi dragon that could destroy the world.

Everyone in Myriad Arms City was astonished by the sheer power of Sword Twenty-three.

When Chu Kuangren saw the sword qi dragon, he raised his hand, and a sword intent-infused sword qi appeared at the tip of his fingers.

It was the Holy Spirit Sword Art!

“Sword Twenty-one!”

He unleashed the attack, and the massive sword shadow crashed down with indomitable might, slashing the sword qi dragon in half.

The middle-aged swordsman in the Divine Sword Palace widened his eyes in shock. He cried, “Can he use the Holy Spirit Sword Art as well? And his mastery...”

Chu Kuangren’s mastery of the Holy Spirit Sword Art surpassed even him.

“Did he beat Sword Twenty-three with Sword Twenty-one? Unbelievable!”

Even the Palace Ruler was in awe.

Back on the battlefield, Jian Shifang was stunned when he saw Chu Kuangren use the Holy Spirit Sword Art.

“How? How could you use the Holy Spirit Sword Art? And how did you beat my Sword Twenty-three with Sword Twenty-one?”

The words of the Palace Ruler rang in his head. He was told that if he could not beat Chu Kuangren with Sword Twenty-three, he should leave right away.

Jian Shifang looked at Chu Kuangren, who was unscathed and easily broke his Sword Twenty-three. He felt conflicted and aggrieved.

“Damn it!”

He clenched his fists tightly and wanted to leave.

At the end of the day, he cherished his life more than his stubborn pride in winning the duel.

“Oh? Are you leaving already? Why don’t you try to take one slash from me?”