

Unparalleled After Ten Consecutive Draws

Chapter 8: Coquettish Sacred Swords

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“Is he a disciple who came here to choose a sword?” Murong Xuan murmured as he looked at Chu Kuangren.

For some unknown reason, he had a feeling that this person was the reason behind the strange movements from the sacred swords.

Add the other party’s extraordinarily refined aura on top of that and he could not help but glance at the other party another time with a hint of dignity and curiosity in his eyes.

1

Chu Kuangren was already within the sacred swords’ domain and the sword intent was enveloping him.

However, what was fascinating was that this sword intent did not faze him in the slightest. On the contrary, it was similar to spring winds gently brushing against his face.

Chu Kuangren approached the sacred swords one step at a time.

Soon, he was close to his destination.

Murong Xuan couldn’t help but stare with his eyes wide open as he held Crimson Drill.

What was going on?

It was incredibly exhausting for him to cross that domain of sword intent, but the person before his eyes was doing it so effortlessly as though he was taking a leisurely stroll. The disparity between them was far too great!

Murong Xuan looked at the other sacred swords left.

He realized that the vibration of these sacred swords had intensified.

They showed signs of excitement as if they had human emotions

F*ck!

Were these swords deliberately making it easy for him!?

This absurd thought suddenly popped up in Murong Xuan's mind.

The sacred swords had been on Sword Mountain for so many years and the cultivators who came here wanting to obtain their acknowledgment were too many to count. However, he had never seen the sacred swords weaken the pressure of their sword intent in the slightest. They treated all cultivators equally.

Yet they were paving the way for Chu Kuangren!

"This can't be right, can it?"

Murong Xuan swallowed his saliva as feelings of incredulity rose within him.

The other Daoists in the area were also dumbstruck.

"I heard this person has an Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart, a Supreme Daoist Physique. When he awakened, all of the swords on Sword Mountain went to kowtow to him. I didn't believe this rumor at first but it looks like it's very possible that it's true."

"F*ck, how is the Exquisite Nine Orifices Sword Heart this overpowered?"

"Supreme Daoist Physiques are freaking awesome."

.....

Chu Kuangren crossed the sword intent region that spanned 1000 feet with ease. He glanced at Murong Xuan first, slightly narrowing his eyes.

To be fair, he did have several small suns above his head.

He gave the other party a slight nod, "Hello, Younger Martial Brother."

Y-younger Martial Brother???

Murong Xuan was a little stunned for words.

He was a magnificent Daoist and was second in ranking only to the Elder and Sect Master in Black Heaven Sect. No one had ever called him Younger Martial Brother before.

"Do you know who I am?"

The expression on Murong Xuan's expression darkened slightly.

"I do, Daoist Murong Xuan."

Chu Kuangren nodded. He had seen him several times before, but Murong Xuan had not taken notice of an outer sect disciple like him at that time.

"Then how dare you address me like that?!"

"That's because I'm the new Lead Disciple, Chu Kuangren. You should be calling me Senior Martial Brother." Chu Kuangren said indifferently.

After that, he looked at the few sacred swords stuck in the limestone.

It seemed as though they had sensed Chu Kuangren's gaze. The sacred swords flew away from the limestone on their own and arrived by his side.

Even the Crimson Drill Sword, which Murong Xuan had obtained with much difficulty, trembled for a moment. It struggled free of Murong Xuan's hand and flew toward Chu Kuangren.

2

The nine sacred swords hovered around Chu Kuangren and blossomed with resplendent sword light. It was an incredibly magnificent sight as streams of runes flowed one after the other.

"How is that even possible?!"

There was a look of sheer disbelief on Murong Xuan's face.

He made this sacred sword yield to him with much difficulty. He only held it for a short time before it could get warm, yet it eagerly ran over to curry up someone else?

1

That's right, the feeling these sacred swords gave Murong Xuan was that they were sucking up to and hoping to gain Chu Kuangren's attention.

If these sacred swords could speak...

They would definitely be chanting 'pick me' and 'please please pick me' right now.

2

The Daoists in the sky looked astonished as well.

“This is completely unbelievable.”

“Are these the sacred swords we know?”

“F*ck, are sacred swords materialistic too?”

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Based on what they were aware of, sacred swords were inviolable and untouchable. They gave everyone the cold shoulder, even if it was the Sect Master of Black Heaven Sect. However, all of them surrounded Chu Kuangren now as though they were peacocks seeking their mate; they were flaunting their beauty and brilliance with all their might...

2

Murong Xuan had a puzzled look on his face, but he was evidently dissatisfied.

F*ck, he was extraordinarily handsome!

He went through painstaking efforts to cultivate and only managed to move the sacred sword, Crimson Drill with much difficulty. Yet when it saw Chu Kuangren now, it ran over to him in the blink of an eye to court his favor.

1

It was as though all of his hard work was a joke.

Someone easily obtained something he worked hard to pursue.

When he thought about this, Murong Xuan's Daoist heart was almost led to apostasy.

He was not the only one, the other Daoists in the air didn't feel any better either.

However, Chu Kuangren wasn't planning to take care of how the other Daoists felt at this moment. He looked at the nine swords and had a somewhat confused look on his face.

1

'Which one should I choose?'

'All of them?'

That was a joke, his Master would beat him to death if he did so.

In any case, he was not that greedy either.

Chu Kuangren was at a loss.

Little did he know that the look of confusion on his face was another attack to the Daoists in their eyes.

These were sacred swords! Most of the cultivators in the world might have never even seen them before, yet this man was spoilt for choice?

“Truly, comparison just pisses people off.”

At a loss for words or actions, the Daoist could only laugh to himself.

A while later.

Chu Kuangren placed his gaze on a sacred sword that was clothed entirely in white light. It was sparkling and translucent with intricate decorative designs carved on it.

The white sacred sword got even more excited as though it sensed that Chu Kuangren was looking at it. Countless runes manifested themselves and brilliant light was circulating around its body.

The other sacred swords kept releasing their sword intent as though they were getting anxious.

They even wanted to join forces to suppress the white-jade-like sacred sword.

It was as though they wanted to use this opportunity to display how powerful they were.

1

However, Chu Kuangren’s gaze still lingered on that white sacred sword. He reached out and resonated with that white sacred sword. “Come.”

Whoosh...

The white sacred sword flew into Chu Kuangren’s palm in an instant. It put its own sword intent away meekly like an obedient child as it feared it would harm Chu Kuangren in the slightest.

Chu Kuangren gently caressed the blade of the white sacred sword with his finger. Its blade was incomparably gentle, just as though it was carved out of white jade.

This was a gorgeous sword; it was so magnificent it could pass off as a sacred ornament.

However, Chu Kuangren could sense the boundlessly sharp sword intent contained within this sword. It was as though its power could rip the earth itself apart.

1

Two tiny words were carved at the edge of the blade.

“Descendant Self...” Chu Kuangren read them out and the Sacred Sword, Descendant Self vibrated twice too as though it was responding to him.

Chu Kuangren smiled. “You’re the one.”

Once he said those words, the remaining sacred swords released a constant stream of sword intent as though they wanted to make Chu Kuangren change his mind.

However, Chu Kuangren had already settled on Descendant Self. These few sacred swords were almost the same in terms of power but Descendant Self was the most attractive one. Which one would he choose if not for the one he was currently holding?

“Alright, I’m heading back!”

Chu Kuangren looked at the other sacred swords and waved his hand at them.

The other sacred swords were helpless even if they were unwilling to accept their fate, seeing as he had already made up his mind. As such, they had no other choice but to sulk as they went back into the limestone.

1

On the other hand, Crimson Drill returned to Murong Xuan’s hands once more.

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At this moment, though, Murong Xuan did not seem too happy.

He felt that he was picking up another man’s trash.

2

Crimson Drill was only his to have since Chu Kuangren didn’t want it.

This kind of feeling made him feel extremely unpleasant and he was very sullen.

“You’re the new Lead Disciple, Chu Kuangren,” said Murong Xuan as he gripped Crimson Drill tightly.

“Yes, that’s me.”

“Very well, I heard the new Lead Disciple has a Supreme Daoist Physique. Allow me to learn from your prowess!” Murong Xuan said insipidly.

The words formed a stifling in his heart. He found it unbearable if he did not let it out, but he also wanted to see what power Chu Kuangren had.