

Divine King 22

Chapter 22 Abnormal Xu Nian

"Buzz!"

Just as Xu Nian and his group continued to rush into the depths of the Demon Beast Forest, a swift sound of breaking air suddenly came from behind.

It was an arrow covered with Spiritual Energy, piercing through three or four thick trees, aimed directly at Xu Nian's back heart.

Xu Nian didn't hesitate for a second, instantly drawing the steel sword from his waist and turning around to strike.

The sword's edge struck the extremely sharp arrowhead, producing extremely dazzling sparks.

Despite this sudden and fierce attack, Xu Nian managed to deflect the arrow, which ended up embedded in a large tree.

Xu Nian also used the rebound force to land on the trunk of a tree, his eyes sharply watching behind.

"Indeed, they have come after all." Xu Nian muttered to himself; the thing he feared most had finally happened.

The other four also noticed the situation, taken aback. They hurriedly drew their weapons, watching the surroundings warily.

"Swoosh swoosh!"

Two figures rapidly emerged from the jungle, one wielding an axe charging at Lin Feng and the other swinging a saber at Lu Morning.

Just like that, the two strongest members in the team were restrained by the opponents.

Meanwhile, another arrow, carrying a terrifying force, shot towards Xu Nian.

This arrow was even faster than the last, its speed like that of a meteor.

Jungle assassins never wasted words; they knew that killing an opponent in the simplest and fastest way was the correct approach.

Seeing this, Murong Xue wanted to step up and help Xu Nian but was stopped by his loud shout.

"Don't worry about me, I can handle this!"

Xu Nian shouted, his eyes piercing and his steel sword buzzing, a sudden austere breeze covered his long sword.

"Ling Feng Thirteen Swords, First Style, Sword Song of the Wind!"

Xu Nian called out, thrusting his sword out instantly.

The sound of the sword clashing with the rapid arrow resonated, like a high-pitched phoenix cry, instantly chopping the swift arrow.

"Clang!"

The feathered arrow was deflected, and Xu Nian merely floated down from the tree to the ground.

Murong Xue, watching this, widened her eyes in shock. She herself couldn't have caught the sword he had just deflected so easily.

And this Ling Feng Thirteen Swords, how could he perform it so proficiently? Although it was just the first style, it clearly showed that he had grasped its essence, reaching the Subtle Realm.

A cultivator's understanding of sword techniques is divided into five realms: entry-level, skilled, proficient, subtle, and Divine Transformation.

She had also been practicing the Ling Feng Thirteen Swords, but although it had taken her three months just to barely achieve proficiency in the first three styles, Xu Nian had reached the Subtle Realm in just three days.

"How... how is this possible?" Murong Xue said incredulously.

Although Xu Nian possessed Emperor Level talent, combat skill cultivation relied on understanding, which was unrelated to talent. Xu Nian mastering the Ling Feng Thirteen Swords to the Subtle Realm so quickly demonstrated a Demon-Level understanding.

However, what happened next almost made Murong Xue's eyeballs pop out; Xu Nian executed the second, third, and fourth styles of the Ling Feng Thirteen Swords.

Three consecutive swords blocked three arrows, all still within the Subtle Realm.

Murong Xue felt her heart couldn't take it anymore. She had cultivated for three months but had only mastered the first three styles to proficiency. The next ten styles were merely at the level of proficiency. Now, Xu Nian had performed four styles all at the Subtle Realm, which shocked her immensely.

Even if Xu Nian had started cultivating this combat skill from the moment he entered the academy, that would have only been about twenty days. To reach such a level was absolutely a Demon Level enlightenment.

"What a monster!" Murong Xue muttered to herself.

But right after she uttered those words, she instantly regretted them.

It wasn't that she thought Xu Nian didn't deserve the title of monster, but that the title of monster didn't deserve Xu Nian.

Suddenly, Xu Nian's figure burst out like a gust of wind, in an instant covering a distance of ten meters, and in two or three steps, he vanished into the jungle.

Gale Dragon Step!

Murong Xue recognized at a glance that the body skill Xu Nian used was the Qinglin Academy's unique Gale Dragon Step.

As someone who visited the Scripture Pavilion every month, she was very familiar with the combat skills on the first floor of the pavilion, including the Gale Dragon Step which she had also cultivated. However, despite six months of cultivation, she had still only achieved proficiency.

But Xu Nian... his Gale Dragon Step was of the Subtle Realm, making Murong Xue feel a strong sense of being struck hard.

In three days, he had mastered both Ling Feng Thirteen Swords and the Gale Dragon Step to the Subtle Realm. This was no longer describable as monstrous, but downright perverse.

"How strong is his enlightenment exactly, and how many of the Ling Feng Thirteen Swords can he perform in the Subtle Realm?" Murong Xue gazed in the direction where Xu Nian had disappeared, her face blank.

"Xue, come help me!"

Just then, Lu Morning's voice suddenly interrupted Murong Xue's thoughts.

It turned out that Lu Morning was facing that donkey-faced man, Tie Donkey, who was a level above him in cultivation. He was already struggling to fend off the attacks.

On another front, Lin Feng was also hard-pressed, as he and Yu Feng together barely managed to deal with the crew-cut man's Iron Axe.

Seeing this, Murong Xue did not hesitate, quickly drew her long sword, and went to aid Lu Morning, which relieved some of his pressure.

"Ha ha, useless! When my brother finishes off that guy, all of you will die. He's a three-star Warrior," the donkey-faced man laughed loudly.

Hearing this, both Murong Xue and Lu Morning were startled. If that archer was indeed a three-star Warrior, wasn't Xu Nian walking into certain death?

Lin Feng and Yu Feng also had solemn expressions, clearly perturbed by this news for them.

"Ha ha, scared now? But don't worry, my beauty, I won't kill you. Just obediently do as I say, and I guarantee your safety," the donkey-faced man said as he fought, his gaze towards Murong Xue filled with lewdness.

"In your dreams!" Murong Xue's eyebrows furrowed instantly, a flash of disgust crossing her eyes.

"Dreaming? Ha ha, do you think I'm dreaming? With your strength, how long do you think you can hold against me? Moreover, my brother will be here soon, and once he joins the battle, what chances do you think you have?" The donkey-faced man swung his battle saber, laughing wildly.

Murong Xue and Lu Morning both had grave expressions, clearly acknowledging the truth in the donkey-faced man's words. If another three-star Warrior came, they would all be doomed.

"Sorry, your brother won't be coming!"

However, just then, a chilly voice suddenly came from afar.

Everyone halted their fighting and looked towards the source.

They saw Xu Nian walking towards them step by step, his clothes stained with blood, holding a long sword in one hand and a head in the other, his eyes as sharp as sword light.

The donkey-faced man and the crew-cut man's eyes widened in shock as they both cried, "Gangzi!"

Murong Xue and Lin Feng, among others, were also dumbstruck, staring in disbelief at the approaching Xu Nian.

They suddenly felt that the figure approaching them wasn't Xu Nian, but a slayer of thousands!