

Inverse Sword Mad God

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1: Chapter 1: Lin Xuan 1: Chapter 1: Lin Xuan Xuantian Sect, Sword Training Peak.

In the spacious mountain terrain, dozens of white-clad youths were practicing swordsmanship, their longswords enveloped in dazzling Spiritual Power, the blades cutting through the air and causing unceasing reverberations above them.

Not far away, a group of hemp-clad youths looked on idiotically with eyes full of envy.

“If only I could be one of them,” one hemp-clad youth said.

“Then I could learn and practice swordsmanship too—just thinking about it gets me excited!”

“Dream on!” another retorted.

“They are disciples of the Xuantian Sect, and we are Sword Slaves.

How could we possibly practice swordsmanship like them?”

“Becoming a disciple of the Xuantian Sect is easy, just follow Lin Xuan’s example!” a sarcastic voice rang out.

The hemp-clad youths burst into laughter, though all their gazes were drawn to the same spot.

In a forest clearing, a hemp-clad youth around sixteen or seventeen years old, with delicate features and a slightly frail body, was thrusting with a Black Iron Long Sword relentlessly.

His clothes were soaked with sweat, but he seemed utterly unaware of it.

“Lin Xuan?”

Hmph, with that waste?

Give him a hundred years, and he’ll never become a disciple of the Xuantian Sect!

Not to mention, among us, he’s the worst.

What does he have to become a disciple of the Xuanjian Sect?”

“Right, I heard he tried to break through to the Magnetic Condensation Realm a while back and failed miserably, vomiting blood and even dropping his cultivation to Body Refining Third Rank.

He hasn’t recovered since!” The voice dripped with schadenfreude.

“That Lin Xuan, practicing the same sword move for three months, and it’s an utterly unremarkable one at that.

He’s probably driven himself mad with it!”

Many spoke loudly, and Lin Xuan, hearing these words, felt a tinge of bitterness, but his grip on his sword tightened.

He kept a stern expression and continued practicing.

In the Martial Arts, Body Refinement is foundational, and reaching the Magnetic Condensation Realm is considered entry-level.

Only by opening up the Spirit Vein within one’s body can there be hope for traveling further on the Martial Arts path.

“Brother Wang has already reached the Ninth Tier Body Refining, right?”

Don’t forget us when you break through to the Mystical Realm!” Seeing Lin Xuan unfazed, the hemp-clad youths cursed under their breath and then began to flatter a nearby youth.

“Definitely, Brother Wang could break through in two more months, and maybe then he could even become a disciple of the Xuantian Sect!”

Wang Yang glanced disdainfully at Lin Xuan before saying, “It won’t take two months.

In just one month, I’ll break through!”

“Really?”

Brother Wang is mighty...” The surrounding hemp-clad youths pandered to him.

“Brother Wang, why not teach that arrogant Lin Xuan a lesson?”

Wang Yang had long harbored dissatisfaction towards Lin Xuan.

He glanced at the white-clad disciples practicing their swordsmanship, estimating there was still a long rest period ahead, and then he stood up, heading towards Lin Xuan.

The group of hemp-clad youths followed eagerly, ready to scoff at Lin Xuan's misfortune.

Absorbed in his sword training, Lin Xuan lunged forward, thrusting his sword straightforwardly, leaving a Sword Mark with a flash of Sword Light on the tree trunk.

What they didn't know was that this single move had been practiced by Lin Xuan for three years.

From that very day, he practiced this sword move daily, never ceasing no matter the circumstances.

Swish!

A stone flew towards the back of Lin Xuan's head with a whistling sound, its fierce momentum alarming.

Lin Xuan tilted his body, narrowly dodging the attack.

He stopped and looked around angrily, only to see Wang Yang and a gang of hemp-clad youths standing nearby, looking for trouble.

"Hey, not bad on dodging!

How did you manage that?" Wang Yang said with a grin.

"What do you want?" Lin Xuan clenched his longsword tightly and asked in a deep voice.

Had he been a moment slower, his head would have been pierced, creating a Blood Cave.

He bore no grudges against these people, yet their attacks were so vicious!

"I heard you've been practicing a sword move for three months, must be quite powerful.

Let's see it," Wang Yang urged.

Lin Xuan gave them a cold look, remaining silent.

"What, scared?"

Or are you saying you've practiced for three months and it's got no effect?" Wang Yang laughed boisterously.

"Brother Wang, show him how it's done, let him see how formidable you are!"

"Kid, let me show you what true swordsmanship is!" Wang Yang took a step forward, a fierce aura bursting forth from him like a dormant volcano ready to erupt.

"As expected from the Ninth-Level Body Refinement, just his aura is making me uncomfortable!" Several of the hemp-clad youths exclaimed in awe.

Wang Yang sneered, drew his fine steel sword, flourished it in an arc, and then thrust it towards Lin Xuan.

The hemp-clad youths widened their eyes, wanting to witness Lin Xuan's helpless defeat.

They were tired of this misfit; they were all Sword Slaves, so why was he acting so high and mighty?

Lin Xuan sighed, his pale hand gripping the black sword.

In the next moment, his eyes turned exceptionally fierce.

Drawing the sword, rising, thrusting the sword, and sheathing it.

All happened in the blink of an eye.

By the time everyone gathered their wits, Lin Xuan had already sheathed the Black Iron Long Sword, standing coldly tall.

"Impossible, this can't be happening!" Wang Yang turned around in horror, finding a lock of his hair had been cut, and there was a cut on his neck from which blood was slowly seeping.

The crowd inhaled sharply, astonished that Wang Yang's Ninth-level Body Refinement cultivation could be defeated by Lin Xuan's Third Rank, and with a single move at that.

"Who exactly is this Lin Xuan, and what swordsmanship has he been practicing?" Everyone wondered.

"What's happening here, what are you all crowding around for?"

Looking to rebel!" A sharp voice suddenly cut through the murmurs.

2: Chapter 1 Lin Xuan_2 2: Chapter 1 Lin Xuan_2 “Trouble, the disciples of Xuantian Sect are resting,” the group of sackcloth-clad youths trembled, quickly arranging smiles on their faces as they greeted the disciples in white.

“Master, are you thirsty?”

This is Nine Night Spirit Tea that I brewed overnight!”

“Young master, here are Secret Spirit Pills, for quick recovery of strength.

Please take one.”

All the sackcloth youths were bowing and kneeling, tending to the white-robed disciples, and even Wang Yang was no exception.

He put away his look of terror and hurried over to a disciple in white.

“Master, your Elixir Pills,” Wang Yang said respectfully.

The young man accepted the Elixir Pills and swallowed them, then his gaze shifted to Wang Yang’s neck, his eyebrows immediately furrowing.

“What happened, how did you get that wound on your neck?” the white-robed youth Chen Feng asked.

“Ma—Master...” Wang Yang’s body trembled slightly, worried about what might happen if his master found out he had been defeated by someone at the Third Rank of Body Refinement.

Meanwhile, other white-robed disciples had gathered around, and some Sword Slaves relayed the incident, all their eyes then turning to Lin Xuan.

“A Sword Slave, daring to be so bold, you believe this young master could kill you!”

“It seems you all have been forgetting the rules!”

“Young master, he is Miss Tang Yu’s Sword Slave,” someone reminded.

“Oh, Tang Yu changed her Sword Slave?”

I wasn’t aware.”

“What, you have a problem with that?” From outside the crowd, a crisp voice rang out, and soon after, a girl in a light white bodysuit walked in.

The girl had delicate features, fair skin, and a proud figure with long legs.

Many onlookers secretly gulped down their saliva, even those white-robed disciples were licking their dry lips, their eyes shining.

“Lin Xuan, let’s go.” Tang Yu completely ignored everyone else, thrust the treasure sword into Lin Xuan’s hands, and then left shoulder to shoulder with him.

“Are we just going to let them go?” a disciple protested.

“Don’t worry, I can’t touch Tang Yu, but playing with a mere Sword Slave is a matter of minutes.

Aren’t we going to the mountains tomorrow to prepare for that matter?

Bring this kid along and let him have a good experience!”

“Dare to provoke me, Chen Feng, and you’re dead!” The white-robed disciple watched Lin Xuan’s retreating figure and showed a cruel smile.

Lin Xuan walked alongside the long-legged beauty, attracting many gazes, of course mostly aimed at Tang Yu.

Tang Yu didn’t care at all about these gazes.

She looked at Lin Xuan with a smile and asked, “I saved you, how do you plan to repay me?”

“Um, thank you,” Lin Xuan said earnestly.

“You—”

The girl bit her silver teeth and puffed up her face, staring at Lin Xuan with a bad expression, but then she seemed to think of something and softly said, “Lin Xuan, there’s something wrong with my sword, can you take a look for me?”

The girl handed over a longsword with a dark green sword sheath made of fine Demon Beast Skin, adorned with several gemstones that glittered under the sunlight.

Lin Xuan didn’t care about these details; he grabbed the sword, drew the blade, and scrutinized it carefully.

The water-blue blade seemed like the sky, but there was a small dark spot at the tip that dulled the sword’s luster considerably.

“Hey, you really don’t take good care of your sword,” Lin Xuan muttered as he slashed his finger with the blade’s edge, letting his blood flow out.

He touched the dark spot with his blood-stained finger, and soon the spot disappeared.

Lin Xuan then let his blood flow across the entire blade before finally stopping his actions.

“Alright,” he handed the longsword to the young girl.

The girl joyfully took the longsword and swung it in the air a few times, making a whooshing sound as it cleaved through the air; the fresh blood had already seeped into the sword body, making the whole longsword look like a blue gemstone.

“Stand still!” the girl called out sharply as she saw Lin Xuan turn to leave.

“Tang Yu, I’ve already fixed the sword for you, what else do you want?” Lin Xuan sighed, reluctantly.

“I want to practice swordsmanship, let’s spar,” Tang Yu said, pulling out the longsword huffily.

“Sister, you’re a Fourth-stage Spirit Warrior, and you want me, a Body Refinement Third Stage Spiritual Disciple, to spar with you?”

“Are you trying to kill me on purpose!” Lin Xuan immediately refused.

A disciple who reached the Mystical Realm was called a Spirit Warrior, while those in the Body Refining Realm were called Spiritual Disciples.

“Don’t worry, I won’t use Spiritual Power,” said Tang Yu with a slight smile curling on her lips as she twisted her wrist and the blue longsword suddenly stabbed forward.

“This girl’s serious!” Lin Xuan was alarmed internally, hastily sidestepped and raised his sword to block.

CLANG!

When the swords intersected, Lin Xuan felt an immense force that sent him staggering back three steps.

“I didn’t use Spiritual Power, though!” Tang Yu said, giggling, as her longsword transformed again, sweeping toward Lin Xuan like a gust of breeze.

“Hehe, this is the Breeze Sword Technique I just learned; see how you find it.”

The sword in Tang Yu’s hands whipped up gusts of wind, causing Lin Xuan’s clothes to flutter.

“Damn it, not again, every time she learns a new sword technique she uses me for practice!”

Lin Xuan had been a Sword Slave at the Xuantian Sect for three months now, and during those months, this little demon tortured him countless times.

Every time he sparred with her, he ended up wounded.

As he thought this, he heard a ripping sound—his clothes now sported a long tear.

Anger surged in Lin Xuan’s heart, and his longsword began to strike back frequently.

Though he had never managed to penetrate the Spirit Vein and truly cultivate, his talent in Sword Skills was exceptionally high; ordinary techniques became miraculous in his hands, as if he was born with such skills.

This was also why Tang Yu often sought him out for practice.

Seeing that Tang Yu wasn’t using Spiritual Power, Lin Xuan’s longsword swept in a half-arc through the air, deflecting Tang Yu’s attack to one side and then slashing directly toward her wrist.

Tang Yu was alarmed, her Breeze Sword Technique moving to counter the attack.

However, Lin Xuan’s swordplay was relentless, precise, and intricately locking down her moves like a venomous snake.

“Hmph!” Frustration brewed in Tang Yu, and unknowingly, she employed Spiritual Power.

A burst of light emitted from the blue longsword, knocking Lin Xuan flying.

THUMP!

Lin Xuan was sent tumbling two meters back, crashing to the ground as his Qi-Blood surged wildly.

In the face of Spiritual Power, he was like a small boat in a raging sea, ready to capsize at any moment.

“If only I could penetrate the Spirit Vein, I wouldn’t have fallen to such a state!” Lin Xuan thought darkly.

“Heavenly Father, you grant me such good talents but prevent me from penetrating the Spirit Vein, just kill me already!”

Seeing Lin Xuan playing dead on the ground, Tang Yu walked over and kicked him.

“Alright, stop playing dead; I didn’t hit that hard.”

In pain, Lin Xuan groaned as he sat up: “Give me a Spirit Pill to heal, otherwise you’ll have no one to practice swordsmanship with later.”

Tang Yu rolled her eyes reluctantly and took out a crimson Elixir Pill, tossing it over.

Other Sword Slaves were servile, obeying every command of their masters, but Lin Xuan was different—he was aloof, carrying a bigger attitude than hers.

However, Lin Xuan always had unique insights into swordsmanship, and he took better care of the treasure swords than other Sword Slaves, so Tang Yu only bullied him occasionally, never daring to seriously hurt him.

Since she started practicing swordsmanship with Lin Xuan, her skills had improved significantly over these three months.

“You are a Sword Dao prodigy; it’s a pity you can’t cultivate Spiritual Power, so just faithfully follow this young lady, and you won’t suffer a loss!” Tang Yu consoled him briefly before leaving.

Lin Xuan took out a small white porcelain bottle and carefully placed the crimson Elixir Pill into it, then carefully stored it away.

The pill was for healing, highly effective; he always saved them for when needed.

After securing the Elixir Pill, Lin Xuan headed to his small hut; he needed to reach the Ninth Tier Body Refining soon to attempt penetrating the Spirit Vein again.

3: Chapter 2 You, Come Here!

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“Unfilial disciple Lin Xuan, repeatedly violating family rules, you are now stripped of the title of Young Master and expelled from Sword Pond Prefecture!”

“Hmph!

People like him should have been expelled long ago, keeping him would only disgrace our Sword Pond Prefecture!”

“What use is good understanding if he can’t open his spirit veins?

He’s nothing!”

“Right, a waste who can’t open his spirit veins, letting him be the Young Master, what a joke!”

Endless mockery and abuse submerged Lin Xuan like a flooding beast...

“Ah—”

Lin Xuan suddenly opened his eyes and sat up abruptly, his body covered in cold sweat.

The morning sunlight shone into the room from outside the window, bringing a hint of warmth that pulled him back to reality.

“Another such nightmare,” Lin Xuan said with a bitter smile.

From a very young age, he had displayed astonishing martial arts talent; he could master many martial arts techniques just by watching them once, and everyone thought he was a martial arts prodigy with great expectations placed upon him.

But to everyone’s surprise, he simply couldn’t open his spirit veins.

A martial artist could only gather cultivated spiritual power within the body and unlock the spirit veins to obtain greater strength, yet no matter what Lin Xuan did, he couldn’t open his spirit veins.

Thus, Lin Xuan was abandoned by his family.

Rubbing his face, he flipped over the covers, got out of bed, and grabbed the water jug from the table, gulping down two mouthfuls.

The room was a simple, small cabin with only a wooden bed and an old table.

Lin Xuan grabbed a coarse linen garment and was just about halfway through dressing when suddenly the door burst open with a bang.

The first to enter was a young man in white, Chen Feng, followed by a dozen others.

His posture arrogant, he said, “Kid, come with us.”

“What do you want?” Lin Xuan slowly finished putting on his clothes and asked indifferently.

“How dare you, a mere sword slave, be so impolite!” Chen Feng clanged his treasure sword free of its scabbard, the cold blade pointing at Lin Xuan, faintly emitting a murderous aura.

Feeling the killing intent emanating from the longsword, Lin Xuan unconsciously touched the sword-shaped pendant hanging around his neck, a keepsake filled with some spiritual power given by his dying father for the purpose of saving his life.

After touching the pendant on his chest, Lin Xuan calmed down.

The opponent was a second-order spirit warrior; if he truly intended to kill him, Lin Xuan was resolved to drag someone down with him!

Seeing Lin Xuan standing without the trembling fear typical of other sword slaves, the white-robed disciples were somewhat surprised, and Chen Feng even more incensed.

How could a mere sword slave not fear him?

If this got out, how could he continue to mix in their circles?

“Enough, Chen Feng!

Don’t forget our mission.

Are you taking responsibility if we’re delayed?” The leading young man, Zhang Bin, stopped the furiously raging Chen Feng.

“Kid, come with us, there’s something we need you to do,” Zhang Bin said in a cold tone.

Lin Xuan glanced at the sword slaves following behind them and thought to himself, “A wise man does not eat the loss in front of him.

Let’s follow them for now—I want to see what they’re up to.”

With an expressionless nod, Lin Xuan walked forward.

Seeing Lin Xuan join the group, Chen Feng coldly scoffed in his heart, “Just wait and see how you die!”

Leading youth Zhang Bin waved his hand grandly, saying, “Everyone, follow me!” and the group quickly headed towards the forest near Xuantian Sect.

Xuantian Sect, being one of the Yunzhou Three Sects, was located on the outskirts of the Taihang Mountain Range.

Its disciples often went into the mountains to hunt and gather herbs but ventured only to the outskirts.

The Taihang Mountain housed fierce beasts throughout, becoming increasingly dangerous further inward, and without sufficient strength, one could only find death within these vast mountains.

Following the white-robed disciples, Lin Xuan arrived in front of a mountain cave surrounded by overgrown grass and thick vines.

At the entrance there was a bright red Lingzhi, looking like a blazing flame.

The eyes of the white-robed disciples greedily gazed at the Fire Ganoderma, their mouths watering.

Suppressing the excitement within, Zhang Bin commanded, "All sword slaves listen, there's a small snake inside that cave; lure it out as far as possible."

"If you fail, or if anyone thinks of running away, I will be the first to kill him!" he stated emphatically as his gaze suddenly intensified and a powerful aura burst from him.

A chill sank into Lin Xuan's heart as he cursed inwardly, damned bastards, planning to use them to draw away the fierce beast so they could harvest that Fire Ganoderma.

But are fierce beasts that easy to lure away?

The fragrance of the Fire Ganoderma was so potent that he could smell it from a distance—imagine the other wild beasts.

Yet not one dared to approach, and even the vicinity was eerily silent, which spoke volumes of the fierce beast lurking inside that cave.

Lin Xuan was no ordinary sword slave; he had once been the Young Master of the Sword Pond Prefecture, far more knowledgeable than others.

Clearly, these white-robed disciples wanted to trade the lives of sword slaves for that Fire Ganoderma.

"You, go to the front!" Chen Feng pointed at Lin Xuan with a cold, mocking smile in his eyes.

"Damn it!" Lin Xuan cursed inwardly, extremely unwilling as he moved to the front.

He once again experienced the pitiful state of having no power, with his fate held in the hands of others.

Only those who have tasted this bitterness would know how miserable it feels!

"You want me, the Young Master, to court death?"

Then I'll make sure you can't get your hands on the Fire Ganoderma!" Lin Xuan constantly looked around, contemplating how to ruin their plans.

"Brother Feng, that kid wouldn't mess things up, would he?" a disciple asked.

"Don't worry, a mere Little Sword Slave couldn't make much of a splash.

Let's just focus on harvesting the Fire Ganoderma!" Chen Feng said with a smile.

Eleven Sword Slaves cautiously approached the cave.

The closer they got to the cave, the stronger the sense of danger became, causing all the hairs on Lin Xuan's back to stand up.

The medicinal scent of the Fire Ganoderma grew stronger, and at the same time, a foul stench wafted from the cave.

When they were five meters away from the cave, Lin Xuan's heart suddenly trembled.

His natural instinct made him sense a tremendous crisis, and he instantly leapt to the side.

In the instant Lin Xuan leapt away, a rainbow shadow flew out like lightning, piercing through several people ahead, their blood scattering in the air.

A massive head emerged from the cave, as big as a table, with green eyes larger than a human head, eerily shining with a cold light.

"Shit!

Is this supposed to be a small snake?" Lin Xuan exclaimed, his hatred for Chen Feng and the others reaching its peak.

Without waiting for instructions, the Sword Slaves turned and ran, fleeing toward the distance like the wind.

The Green-eyed Giant Snake slid its body out of the cave, and its crimson-tinted tongue, sharp as a sword, instantly pierced through the nearest Sword Slave.

Lin Xuan didn't stay either; he turned and ran, not toward the open space but diving into the forest instead.

Zhang Bin and the others didn't care about him, focusing only on the Fire Ganoderma—they had already quietly approached the cave.

The Green-eyed Giant Snake slid out of the cave, its body tens of meters long, and quickly slithered toward the Sword Slaves in front, its huge mouth already wide open.

Seeing the giant snake move away from the cave, Zhang Bin and the others rushed toward the Fire Ganoderma.

Their figures moved swiftly, soon reaching the entrance of the cave.

Lin Xuan didn't leave but found a safe spot to secretly watch and think about the future.

He was sure Zhang Bin and the others would come after him once they returned, and he wouldn't be able to fend them off.

Before he could ponder further, there was a sudden change at the cave.

The Green-eyed Giant Snake sensed someone was targeting the Fire Ganoderma, its thick tail lashing out fiercely and abandoning the fleeing Sword Slaves.

Its green eyes zeroed in on Zhang Bin and the others.

Bang!

The thick tail struck the ground, shattering it completely.

Zhang Bin and the others scrambled to dodge, and the Fire Ganoderma was flung into the air.

"This creature's gone mad!" Zhang Bin, pale as a ghost, kept retreating, while another disciple grabbed the falling Fire Ganoderma.

"Bin, we've got it!" the disciple yelled.

Just as he finished speaking, a shadow flashed by, and the tail of the Green-eyed Giant Snake directly struck the disciple, sending him flying.

"Run!" Zhang Bin shouted, and the white-robed disciples rushed into the forest, wishing they had wings.

Lin Xuan was close to the disciple that got hit.

Eyeing the Fire Ganoderma in the disciple's hand, he bit down hard and ran to grab it.

"Crap!"

It's that Sword Slave!

Kid, hand over the Fire Ganoderma!" Chen Feng shouted from behind.

Boom!

Rows of trees fell as the massive body of the Green-eyed Giant Snake crashed into the forest, furiously chasing after Zhang Bin, Chen Feng, and the others.

Lin Xuan didn't hesitate, he tucked the Fire Ganoderma into his chest and turned to run.

They had first sent him to his death, and now they wanted to kill him; there was no way he was giving them the Fire Ganoderma!

He had earlier scrutinized the surrounding terrain and decided on an escape route.

Now with the Fire Ganoderma in hand, Lin Xuan ran even faster, weaving through the forest, almost losing his pursuers several times.

"Hmph!" A cold glint flashed in Zhang Bin's eyes as he drew his longsword, slashing toward Lin Xuan.

The other disciples also shone with light as they charged at him.

Lin Xuan urgently activated his sword-shaped pendant, using the Spiritual Power inside to further boost his speed.

To everyone's surprise, a Spirit Apprentice Third Rank Sword Slave was moving incredibly fast.

"Violent Air Slash!" Zhang Bin shouted, and with his longsword, he created a roaring blast.

Lin Xuan felt a force hit his back, sending him flying.

He tumbled on the ground a few times before stabilizing himself, but Zhang Bin and the others were less than two meters away, their sword's cold gleam enveloping him.

Gritting his teeth, Lin Xuan took out the Fire Ganoderma, swallowed it, and frantically powered up his sword-shaped pendant, ready to fight to the death.

"Kid, you're seeking death!" Seeing Lin Xuan swallow the Fire Ganoderma, Zhang Bin and the others were furious to the point of madness, wishing they could tear him apart right then.

As the Green-eyed Giant Snake witnessed this scene, it let out an angry hiss and charged like a small mountain at a breakneck speed, smashing through the trees ahead.

Zhang Bin and the others were knocked away, and even Lin Xuan was tossed into the air by the tremendous force.

4: Chapter 3 Sword-Shaped Pendant 4: Chapter 3 Sword-Shaped Pendant In a fit of rage, the green-eyed giant snake sent everyone flying through the air.

Zhang Bin had hardly any spiritual power left, and his body was seriously injured in many places.

Fortunately, he had swallowed the Fire Ganoderma beforehand.

Its potent medicinal power was healing his wounds, but despite that, he was still violently spitting out blood.

His body fell into a ravine, the fall nearly breaking all his bones.

The front of his shirt was already soaked in red.

Zhang Bin didn't notice that as his blood touched the sword-shaped pendant, it mysteriously vanished.

Boom!

Another strike from the snake's tail, and Zhang Bin was sent flying again.

This time he passed out, and the dragon-shaped pendant sank completely into his body, turning into a stream of light and vanishing.

The sword-shaped pendant burrowed into his Dantian, trembling continuously.

The surrounding spiritual power rushed toward Zhang Bin, forming a small black hole in his abdomen that absorbed all the incoming spiritual power.

Some of the spiritual power that entered Zhang Bin's body coursed wildly, striking against his meridians.

One must know that the spirit veins in his body were not yet opened, so when these stray powers entered, the pain was ten times worse than opening the veins by himself.

Zhang Bin was awakened from his unconsciousness by the pain.

Gritting his teeth, he bore it, unaware of what had happened.

When he discovered the perpetrator, he nearly went mad; that small sword inside him was his pendant, and now it was frantically devouring spiritual power.

Although most of the spiritual power was swallowed by that small sword, the small portion that leaked out was more than Zhang Bin could handle.

“Damn, this is already at the ninth tier of Body Refining.

If this keeps up, I’ll break through to the Chong Vessel stage!”

Humans have nine major spirit veins that traverse the body.

Only by opening these veins can spiritual power circulate within the body, creating strength.

Zhang Bin’s cultivation rose rapidly, like being on a rocket, quickly reaching the peak of Body Refinement.

Clenching his teeth, he prepared to use this power to strike at the spirit veins.

Enduring the pain, he concentrated his spirit, ready to attack the first spirit vein within his body.

With his hands forming seals, Zhang Bin launched a full-strength assault, gathering the spiritual power within to strike at that first spirit vein.

Boom!

It was as if an invisible wall stood before him.

The spiritual power was scattered, and Zhang Bin’s cultivation rapidly declined, falling back to the third rank of Spirit Apprentice.

“Not again!” Zhang Bin roared unwillingly.

He had already tried to break through twice and each time had been rebuffed.

It seemed as though there was a mysterious force within him firmly locking him down.

“Once more!” Zhang Bin, determined not to be deterred, gathered the spiritual power in his body again and charged at the spirit veins.

Boom!

Rumble!

The two forces collided inside Zhang Bin, creating a thunderous noise.

He was hit by the force, spitting out another mouthful of blood.

At that moment, a gentle power emerged within him.

Zhang Bin knew it was the medicinal power of the Fire Ganoderma.

Thankfully, he had taken it in advance; otherwise, he would probably have died by now.

The spiritual power accumulated more and more within Zhang Bin, making his body feel incredibly swollen and painful.

“Damn it, you still absorb, stop it now!” Zhang Bin could now clearly see everything inside his body.

He cursed anxiously, but that small sword showed no sign of stopping.

With so much spiritual power now, it should have been able to break through the blockade.

Zhang Bin decided to try one more time to break through.

But if he failed this time, his end would be being torn apart by the overwhelming spiritual power.

“I’m going all in.

Even if there’s a sliver of hope, I have to try it!” That was just the kind of person Zhang Bin was, never giving up until the very last moment.

This time, an endless wave of spiritual power surged like a torrent towards the unopened spirit veins.

Boom!

The impact sounded like thunder, and black ripples appeared inside Zhang Bin’s body.

Twisting around his spirit veins, they formed a black lotus.

Mysterious and demonic.

The black lotus emitted strands of black air, like thick ink, exuding an aura of ancientness, blocking the spiritual power from entering.

“What is this?” Zhang Bin’s eyes widened in disbelief as he stared at the black lotus within him, “Why would I have such a thing inside me?”

He faintly guessed that his inability to unlock the spirit veins might relate to this mysterious black lotus.

“Am I doomed to remain a Spirit Apprentice my whole life?

I can't accept that!”

A surge of anger flooded Zhang Bin; he despised his fate, the black lotus within him, and he loathed that his destiny was controlled by someone else!

Buzz!

The small sword seemed to sense Zhang Bin's emotions and began to vibrate intensely.

Its body emitted a dream-like glow, and with a flash of sword light, the black lotus was cleaved in two.

This—

Zhang Bin didn't expect the small sword to be so powerful that it could slice the mysterious black lotus in half.

He immediately gathered his spiritual power and rushed towards the spirit vein.

With the obstruction of the black lotus gone, Zhang Bin managed to open the first spirit vein with his robust spiritual power.

That vein, like a river, directed the spiritual power, forming a complete cycle within his body.

The small sword also stopped devouring spiritual power and floated inside Zhang Bin.

Everything had returned to normal.

Lin Xuan slowly exhaled a breath and completely relaxed his mind.

The scene that had just unfolded was so unbelievable that he still dared not trust his own eyes.

“What exactly is that black lotus, and why did it appear inside my body?” Lin Xuan couldn't figure it out.

There was also the sword-shaped pendant; how did it make its way into his body, and it seemed to hail from an origin even more mysterious than the black lotus.

This sword-shaped pendant was given to him by his father, and it had just aided him in severing the black lotus, allowing him to open his Spirit Vein.

Therefore, Lin Xuan felt that the mysterious small sword was unlikely to harm him.

Lin Xuan checked his body and discovered that his injuries had long healed, and his cultivation had reached the Late-stage of the First-level Mystical Realm.

He would soon break through to the Second Rank.

“No matter what, I’ve opened my Spirit Vein now and will be able to cultivate from now on.

I must return to Sword Pond Prefecture to fulfill my father’s last wish!”

He was originally from Sword Pond Prefecture, and it was due to someone’s scheme that he was driven out.

Now that he could cultivate, he was no longer worthless, so he had to take back everything he had lost!

“If I can become a core disciple of the Xuantian Sect, I should be able to return to Sword Pond Prefecture smoothly.” With this decision made, Lin Xuan immediately set off for home.

The class system within Xuantian Sect was strict; there were Outer Disciples, Inner Sect Disciples, and Core Disciples.

It was not easy for Lin Xuan to stand out among the countless young disciples.

“At the start of each month, there is an entry-level assessment.

Passing the exam allows one to become an Outer Disciple.” Lin Xuan had been here for three months and had already figured out the basics.

He leaped up and rushed in the direction of the sect.

...

In the woods, several young men in white robes ran away in a sorry state, their once-clean clothes now stained with blood and dirt.

“Damn it, we were so close to dying here!”

“If it hadn’t been for that Green-eyed Giant Snake startling another Fierce Beast and intercepting it, we would have been finished today!”

These bedraggled young men were Zhang Bin and his companions.

They had managed to survive, but of the original dozen or so people, now only four remained.

“It’s all because of that Sword Slave named Lin Xuan that we’ve come back empty-handed, wasting a Fire Ganoderma for nothing!”

“I wonder if he’s dead.

I hope he’s still alive so that I can let him know what’s worse than death!”

“Hmph, a Third-rank Spirit Disciple subject to such an attack would have died long ago.

How could he still be alive?

Let’s go, we must hurry back.

With so many Sword Slaves dead, it’s urgent we replenish the fresh blood.”

The four rested briefly before running back.

They did not stop along the way and finally emerged from the Dark Forest.

“Eh, Brother Feng, look at that person!” A young man exclaimed.

Chen Feng and Zhang Bin looked ahead.

To their left front, there was a figure covered in mud, faintly recognizable as someone in gray linen clothes, rushing towards the Xuanjian Sect.

“It’s him, he’s not dead!” Chen Feng shouted in shock.

“Damn it, I’ll see how I’m going to kill him!”

“Let’s go, let him know that my Fire Ganoderma isn’t so easy to steal!” Zhang Bin said with a dark expression.

Swoosh, swoosh!

The four quickened their pace, kicking up a strong wind, and soon they caught up with Lin Xuan.

Huff—

The four surrounded Lin Xuan.

With a vicious smile, Chen Feng said, “Boy, I didn’t expect you to still be alive, but that’s better.

I want to kill you slowly!”

“Don’t kill him.

He’s eaten the Fire Ganoderma, so his blood should be filled with medicinal properties now.

If we bring him back and draw his blood daily for our cultivation, wouldn’t that be even better?” Zhang Bin’s demonic and eerie laughter echoed.

Lin Xuan took a deep breath and moved his hand to the hilt of his sword.

Xuantian Sect was now in sight, but unexpectedly, he had still been ambushed.

The four facing him included Zhang Bin, whose strength had reached the Third Level of the Mystical Realm, equivalent to a Third-rank Spirit Warrior.

Zhang Bin was Second Rank, while the other two were similar in strength to Lin Xuan, all at the First-level Mystical Realm.

Under normal circumstances, Lin Xuan was undeniably destined to lose.

Yet, Lin Xuan was not panicked.

His expression was calm, his hand holding the sword steady and strong, and his gaze landed on Chen Feng in front of him.

They were now very close to the sect.

As long as he could break through and enter, he was confident he would be considerably safer.

These people underestimated him, so they wouldn’t take things too seriously; this was his chance to make a move.

Once he acted, he had to succeed because they would not give him a second opportunity—in other words, he only had one chance to strike.

With this thought, a surge of excitement rose in Lin Xuan’s heart.

What kind of power would his sword technique, which he had practiced for three years, have with the aid of Spiritual Power?

“First, break his legs, so he can’t run!” Chen Feng drew his Longsword, sweeping toward Lin Xuan’s legs.

But at that moment, Lin Xuan moved.

He swiftly drew his sword and leaped into the air, like a meteor streaking across the sky, flashing by in an instant.

Puff!

Lin Xuan thrust out with his sword and, without looking back, ran towards the sect.

His speed surprised everyone.

“Ah!

My hand!” At the same time, Chen Feng, holding his right arm, screamed continuously as copious amounts of blood spilled forth, staining the ground red.

5: Chapter 4 Night Raid 5: Chapter 4 Night Raid “My hand!” Chen Feng’s anguished cry echoed, his right arm sliced open by a deep gash, revealing white bone through some shadows.

“How could this be?” Zhang Bin and the others didn’t pursue, that last sword strike was too bizarre, and the aura emanating from Lin Xuan was definitely not that of a Body Refining Third Stage.

“Could he have been hiding his strength?” Zhang Bin wondered, “It could also be the effect of the Fire Ganoderma that allowed him to break through to the Magnetic Condensation Realm, your blood, I will have it!”

“You two, quickly support him and head back to the Xuantian Sect!” Zhang Bin commanded.

The two disciples propped Chen Feng up and hurried towards the Xuantian Sect, with Zhang Bin trailing behind, his gaze flickering, pondering something unknown.

...

Lin Xuan ran all the way back to his small cottage and shut the door, struggling to calm himself down.

Honestly, he hadn’t expected that sword strike to be so powerful.

That particular sword skill was a gift from his father, who had told him to practice it diligently.

Despite its seemingly ordinary appearance, the skill was immensely powerful upon execution, but it consisted of only one move.

Moreover, it consumed a substantial amount of Spiritual Power, nearly one-third.

Thinking of Spiritual Power, Lin Xuan became excited again.

After so many years, he could finally cultivate.

He couldn't help but think of the small sword within his body, which had allowed him to open his Spirit Vein and granted him the Inner Vision Divine Power that only someone in the Spirit Transformation Realm would have.

The small sword was neither metal nor stone, its material unknown, an inch long, and glazed in color, with Spiritual Power constantly overflowing from it.

Lin Xuan tried to interact with it but to no avail.

Seeing no reaction, Lin Xuan simply left it alone and decided to make use of the residual effects of the Fire Ganoderma to continue cultivating.

He was once a disciple of Sword Pond Prefecture, and although he had no chance to access martial arts books due to his status as a waste, he had obtained a complete family technique from his father.

The family's cultivation technique was a Xuantian-grade Technique, incredibly powerful.

Lin Xuan positioned his hands into seals and started to circulate Spiritual Power according to his family's technique, but as soon as he began, the small glazed sword within him vibrated intensely, dispersing the Spiritual Power.

"Hm?" Lin Xuan was puzzled.

He attempted the hand seals again and discovered that the small glazed sword seemed to be intentionally preventing him from practicing.

"Does this sword have a will of its own?" Lin Xuan was uncertain, "But why is it stopping me from cultivating my family's technique?"

"I say, if you won't let me practice the family's cultivation method, is it because you have something better?" Lin Xuan muttered.

As if understanding Lin Xuan's words, the small glazed sword vibrated and emitted waves of golden light.

Each beam of golden light was a dazzling small sword, and these transformed into a series of unique runes that entered his mind.

"Longevity Technique?"

The glazed sword had given him a cultivation method!

Lin Xuan was momentarily stunned.

He quickly read through the Longevity Technique, the name alone signified dominance, and the content explained therein was much more profound than his family's technique.

Since the small sword wouldn't let him practice other techniques, Lin Xuan decided to go ahead with this Longevity Technique instead.

He made up his mind, positioned his hands into the unique seals, then slowly closed his eyes and began to circulate his Spiritual Power according to the technique.

The golden Spiritual Power flowed through his Spirit Veins, growing stronger with each cycle.

Around the Spirit Veins, numerous smaller meridians carried the power throughout his body.

Lin Xuan repeatedly circulated the Xuantian Technique, his Spiritual Power continuously increasing, and the hidden medicinal effects in his body were activated.

Gradually, the Spiritual Power converged through the tiny meridians and surged towards his second Spirit Vein.

Boom!

The second Spirit Vein burst open, like the breach of a dam, endless Spiritual Power rushed in, cleansing Lin Xuan's body of impurities, which he quickly washed away.

"I didn't expect that just half a day would take me to the Second-level Pulse Condensing Realm; now I am a Second-Order Spirit Warrior." A faint glow radiated from Lin Xuan's body, filled with strength.

"This level of strength should definitely pass the Outer Door's test," he sighed, "but I've heard that the Inner Sect's test is extremely difficult.

It's like picking one out of a hundred.

I really don't know what realm one must reach to pass it."

Lin Xuan let out a sigh and resumed his cultivation of the Longevity Technique.

What he lacked the most right now was time, so he did not want to waste even a minute.

Night fell, and the sky seemed to be covered with a layer of black cloth, a bit gloomy.

The moon was obscured by the clouds, and the stars in the sky also hid away.

A fierce wind echoed through the heavens and earth, causing the trees to make whistling sounds, and the small brown wooden door creaked.

Lin Xuan opened his eyes and slowly exhaled a breath of turbid air.

He stood up and looked outside at the sky full of dark clouds, quickly closing the small wooden door.

Lin Xuan was still a Sword Slave, and his dwelling was located on a secluded, uninhabited mountain peak.

There were no other households around besides his own.

Boom!

Thunder suddenly exploded in the sky, making one's eardrums tremble.

Lin Xuan looked through the window at the outside world and mused, "The most mysterious and unpredictable thing is still the Power of Heaven and Earth.

When will I be able to reach the point where I can move mountains and fill seas with a mere wave of my hand?"

Another flash streaked across the sky, followed by booming sounds.

But just then, a sudden jump in Lin Xuan's heart caused him to quickly crouch down.

Swoosh!

An arrow whizzed past the top of his head, and he could even feel the chill emanating from it.

If it weren't for his breakthrough to the Second-level of the Mystical Realm, which sharpened his hearing and vision, just this one arrow could have taken his life!

Lin Xuan hid under the window sill, quickly guessing that it was Zhang Bin and others who had made a move.

As for how many people there were, he was not sure.

The law of the jungle ruled this world.

Lin Xuan was well aware of this; now, he quietly waited, motionless, as surely the enemy outside must have been more anxious than him, especially given the terrible weather.

The Xuantian Sect's rules were strict, allowing disciples to fight but forbidding murder.

Even Sword Slaves could not be killed at will.

But outside the Xuantian Sect, in the forests, anything went.

Normally, no one would dare to make a move within the sect, but today's heavy rain provided an excellent opportunity for murder.

Lin Xuan gripped his longsword tightly, highly focused and ready to strike at any moment.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before the wooden door burst open, and a figure flashed in.

Lin Xuan seized the moment as the person landed to thrust out a sword, like a shooting star.

The figure hadn't expected such a cunning strike and could only hurriedly raise a sword to block.

Clang!

The two swords collided, sparking a flurry of fire.

The intruder's Spiritual Power was clearly deeper than Lin Xuan's.

Lin Xuan's sword was deflected, but it still left a wound.

The figure grunted, quickly retreated, and began to envelop the wound with Spiritual Power.

Then, he cautiously stared at Lin Xuan.

"Zhang Bin, I know it's you.

There's no use hiding!" Lin Xuan said coldly.

"Hmph, knowing that much, just obediently come with me!" Zhang Bin snarled.

"You've already been wounded by me, and you still boast so boldly!

Call out your people!" Lin Xuan braced himself.

“To kill you, do I need to call others?”

Just now, it was my carelessness that allowed your sneak attack to succeed.

This time, let’s see what you can do!”

Zhang Bin snorted coldly, his longsword quivering as he executed the Flowing Cloud Sword Technique.

Trailing a series of sword shadows, he enveloped Lin Xuan within them.

6: Chapter 5 Outer Door Test 6: Chapter 5 Outer Door Test The longsword’s movements were unpredictable, like the flowing clouds in the sky, making it impossible to anticipate where the next strike would land.

Zhang Bin’s strength had reached the Third Level of Pulse Condensation, and he was using an intermediate Yellow Rank sword technique.

The power of his strikes was so formidable that even his peers dared not face him directly, and Zhang Bin did not believe Lin Xuan could withstand this attack.

Fortunately, Lin Xuan had just broken through to the Second-level Pulse Condensing Realm, and his strength had greatly increased.

He continuously retreated, barely dodging the sword attack.

“Damn it, how bizarre!

You actually dodged it!” Zhang Bin exclaimed, his sword missing its mark and leaving him somewhat dazed.

“So you’ve broken through to the Second-level Pulse Condensing Realm.

The medicinal power of the Fire Ganoderma is indeed strong.

But to let someone as useless as you waste such a good thing!” The more Zhang Bin spoke, the angrier he became, and his moves grew even more vicious.

Boom!

The longsword, enveloped in blue Spiritual Power, burst through the wooden wall, allowing the fierce wind to gush inside and shake the little hut.

“I’m not in the mood to drag this out.

Go to hell, I'll take your blood!" Zhang Bin's aura grew even more powerful, his longsword radiating beams of light.

"You call that swordsmanship?" Lin Xuan retorted unapologetically, "It's full of holes in my view!"

Lin Xuan stepped forward, his longsword transforming as its tip emitted a cold gleam, leaving a trail of Sword Shadows in the air.

"Breeze Sword Technique, this is impossible!" Zhang Bin cried out, "That's a high-level Yellow Rank sword skill, how could a Sword Slave like you learn it?"

A cold smile appeared at the corner of Lin Xuan's mouth as his longsword, in harmony with the wild winds outside, formed an invisible Sword Qi inside the room.

"You just wait!" Frightened, Zhang Bin quickly fled the hut, disappearing into the storm.

Lin Xuan put away his Black Iron Sword and sighed with relief.

He had been practicing the sword all day with Tang Yu and had long since mastered the moves of the Breeze Sword Technique.

However, it was all just for show at this point; he lacked the Sword technique and mental method, making it weak and barely harmful.

It was fine for scaring Zhang Bin, but in a real fight, it wouldn't cause any damage.

Zhang Bin surely wouldn't let this go.

Now was not the time to clash with him again; it was better to settle this after joining the Xuanjian Sect.

With the small wooden hut smashed to bits, sleeping was out of the question.

Lin Xuan simply sat cross-legged and resumed his cultivation of the Longevity Technique.

He hadn't even mastered the basics yet, but he had already caused trouble with several disciples.

Without formidable strength, he couldn't survive.

With his hands forming seals, Lin Xuan entered a state of cultivation, a faint cyan glow radiating from his body like a lonely lamp in the darkness.

The next morning, as the rain stopped, the entire mountain was extraordinarily fresh, exuding the fragrance of wet soil.

Lin Xuan woke from his meditation, stretched, and began practicing his swordsmanship.

It was still the same swift move, fast as a falling star.

Although repetitive and tedious, he practiced meticulously.

Last night, this sword technique had proven its power.

Although he didn't know its grade, Lin Xuan felt that it was on par with any other sword technique, and he could sense a special Sword Intent emanating from it.

However, its only drawback was the high consumption of Spiritual Power; with Lin Xuan's current strength, he could only use it three times before depleting his Spiritual Power.

Thus, the sword technique was best suited for defeating an enemy with a single move.

"Eh, this early?" Just as Lin Xuan was practicing, Tang Yu approached cheerfully from a distance.

But when he saw the dilapidated little hut, his delicate face suddenly turned cold.

"What's going on?"

"Who started it?" Tang Yu asked.

"It's nothing, I can handle it myself," Lin Xuan shook his head.

"You?" Tang Yu gave him a look and then her mouth formed an 'O', "A Second-Order Spirit Warrior, you broke through?"

Lin Xuan shrugged and smiled, "Just kept practicing, and suddenly, I broke through."

With her hands behind her back, Tang Yu circled around him three times, making Lin Xuan's skin crawl.

"What are you trying to do?" Lin Xuan asked warily.

"You're no fun!" Tang Yu pouted, "How about following me once you pass the outer door test?"

"Follow you?" Lin Xuan raised an eyebrow, "I'll consider it."

He knew that the Xuanjian Sect disciples were divided into many factions, constantly struggling against each other, with many resources under their control.

Thus, entering the outer door meant he would probably have to join one of these factions.

“Don’t worry, after entering the Outer Door, I’ll look after you!” Tang Yu patted her well-developed chest and said proudly.

Cultivation days flew by, and soon it was time for the Outer Door test.

Lin Xuan’s cultivation had broken through again, reaching the Third Level of Pulse Condensation.

He could now gather spiritual power on the sword body, nearly doubling his attack power.

The outer door’s examination mainly targeted the disciples of the families, with only a small portion of sword slaves participating.

Lin Xuan, dressed in grey linen, stood among a group of richly dressed young men, looking somewhat out of place.

“Who is this servant?”

His clothes are so shabby,” someone ridiculed.

“This is a sword slave from the Xuantian Sect, probably here to take the test.”

“What, a Sword Slave!” Many family disciples sneered, “Still a servant, really clueless to venture here!”

“Having fun chatting?” Lin Xuan strode up to those disciples, releasing his aura, and his body radiated a green light.

Those disciples, all at the first or at most second level of the Magnetic Condensation Realm, trembled under Lin Xuan’s imposing presence.

Lin Xuan snorted coldly as a warning.

Sure enough, these family disciples became very obedient, though a few harbored hatred towards Lin Xuan in their hearts.

“Damn, acting all high and mighty, my elder brother is in this outer door.

Just wait until after the test, I'll teach you a lesson!" several family disciples prepared to retaliate against Lin Xuan.

Soon, several young disciples from the Xuantian Sect came out, one of whom was a young man.

He said aloud, "I am in charge of the outer door test this time.

The rule is simple: defeat the Bamboo Forest Guard to pass the test.

You can go alone or as a team."

"Come with me," the young man led everyone to a corridor and asked, "Who's first?"

Lin Xuan eyed the corridor, about three meters wide and over ten meters long.

Guards stood on both sides, each holding a bamboo sword, completely motionless.

After observing carefully, Lin Xuan was slightly surprised that the so-called Bamboo Forest Guards were actually made of bamboo and weren't real people.

Many family disciples also noticed this and began talking among themselves.

"It's just a bunch of puppets, I'll go!" A young man in purple arrogantly stepped forward, his longsword emitting a green light, and he dashed forward with swift steps.

Inside the corridor, a green Bamboo Forest Guard stepped forward, its eye sockets flashed, and its green bamboo sword pointed forward.

7: Chapter 6 Bamboo Forest Guard 7: Chapter 6 Bamboo Forest Guard The youth in purple clothes had strength at the Second-level of the Pulse Condensation Realm, which was considered medium strength among those participating in the assessment.

He wielded a wide sword—that was twice as broad as a regular longsword and also thick and heavy, likely belonging to the category of heavy swords.

"Mountain Opening Sword!" The youth in purple clothes grasped his sword with both hands, leaning forward as he put all his strength into a slash towards the Bamboo Forest Guard.

With a booming sound, the powerful and heavy slash was effortlessly dodged by the Bamboo Forest Guard.

The wide sword cleaved into the ground, leaving a large gash.

The slash was immensely powerful, but slow; as the youth in purple clothes retracted his sword, the Bamboo Forest Guard's green bamboo sword struck like lightning, poking his right shoulder and sending him flying.

Seeing that even the youth at the Second-level Pulse Condensation Realm had lost, the faces of the youths at the First-level Pulse Condensation Realm changed, many contemplating retreat.

Lin Xuan didn't rush into action.

He wanted to observe the Bamboo Forest Guard further.

It was then a voice rose from the crowd, "We'll go!"

A young man and woman stepped forward, the man handsome and tall, the woman beautiful.

They bore a resemblance in the brows—most likely siblings.

"Sister, support me," the young man said.

The two used their dual swords in cooperation, swiftly breaking through the Bamboo Forest Guard's defensive line.

Clang!

The young man's sword brushed past the Bamboo Forest Guard's body, leaving a shallow sword mark—undeniably, the defense of the Bamboo Forest Guard was ridiculously strong.

The young man was slightly stunned, evidently not expecting the Bamboo Forest Guard's defense to be so formidable.

At that moment, the green bamboo sword was already bearing down on him.

Clang!

The young woman reacted just in time, neutralizing the deadly strike.

From then on, the Bamboo Forest Guard's offensive was fully intercepted by the young woman, while the young man focused solely on attacking.

Finally, after thirty exchanges, the young man's sword beheaded the Bamboo Forest Guard, successfully passing the test.

After them, some passed the test through group cooperation, but many more fell beneath the swords of the Bamboo Forest Guards.

Through these observations, Lin Xuan gathered some information: the more people in a team, the higher the number of Bamboo Forest Guards that would join the battle.

A trio would face two Bamboo Forest Guards, and a group of five would confront three.

However, those Bamboo Forest Guards with red spots and golden lines did not engage in battle from beginning to end.

It seems those two kinds must be more advanced puppets, Lin Xuan thought.

With most of the participants having completed their assessments, Lin Xuan decided not to wait any longer and drew his sword to step forward.

The disciple accompanying the sect saw it was Lin Xuan and quickly whispered to the person in charge, who then showed a smile.

Lin Xuan grew tense inside, sensing ill intentions in that smile.

As expected, a Bamboo Forest Guard with red spots emerged, taking a position opposite him.

This Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard had a completely different aura from the previous ones, with sword strikes twice as fast, each one forcing Lin Xuan to respond with all his might.

Anyone else would likely have already been defeated, but it was because Lin Xuan, who had a special mastery of swordsmanship, could hold on.

“This is definitely a targeted challenge against me,” Lin Xuan parried the Bamboo Forest Guard’s bamboo sword, feeling annoyed inside.

In the distance, two figures hid in the shadows, watching everything that unfolded in the arena.

“Is this the disciple with the exceptional talent you mentioned?” A handsome young man smiled as he spoke.

“Yes, he has a unique understanding of swordsmanship, a rare genius indeed,” said Tang Yu.

“A genius still needs to grow up properly.

This guy has provoked strong opponents even before entering the door, and now they've even sent a Red Bamboo Guard.

Let's see how he handles this challenge," said the handsome young man.

At that moment, the Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard raised its longsword high, the blade emanating bright red light, dazzling to behold.

With a sweep of an arm, the sword arced like a rainbow, enveloping Lin Xuan.

"This is Sword Skill!" someone in the crowd exclaimed.

A Sword Skill, a killing move within swordsmanship, was mighty; like Lin Xuan's meteor-like sword technique, that was a type of Sword Skill.

"This person has no idea who they've provoked; to dispatch such a powerful Bamboo Forest Guard, this strike, even a Spirit Warrior at the fourth rank of the Magnetic Condensation Realm might not be able to receive it."

Family Disciples who were hostile to Lin Xuan cheered at this scene, wishing nothing more than to see Lin Xuan cut down by the sword.

"The Bamboo Forest Guard's weakness is its head; surely this Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard is no exception." Lin Xuan didn't retreat but gripped the Black Iron Sword tightly and charged forward.

Sword Light flashed past, like a meteor falling from the Nine Heavens, bringing forth a brilliant sword light.

Shh!

Lin Xuan charged forward four or five meters, kneeled on one knee, with fresh blood dripping from his shoulder.

Meanwhile, the Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard's head rolled on the ground, leaving only a headless body standing silently.

Everyone fell silent.

The young man seemed to have not expected this outcome either; he furrowed his brows and glared at Lin Xuan with an unpleasant expression.

Just then, a beautiful voice rang out, "Lin Xuan, well done."

The young man turned around and saw Tang Yu walking over with a smile, and beside her, a handsome young man, whose gaze remained fixed on Lin Xuan.

Seeing Tang Yu and her companion appear, the young man knew that today's affair had to be dropped.

Unexpectedly, the handsome young man spoke first, "Where did you learn this Sword Skill?"

"Found it in the Taihang Mountain Range." Lin Xuan casually fabricated, annoyed by the young man's tone, as if he was interrogating a criminal.

"What's it called?" the handsome young man continued to ask.

Lin Xuan looked at the young man and said earnestly, "Outer Heaven Flying Star."

"Outer Heaven Flying Star?" Everyone present had never heard the name and stared at Lin Xuan curiously, hoping he would explain further.

However, Lin Xuan had no such intention; he stood aside and quietly waited for the test to end.

"Lin Xuan, join our Battle Group," Tang Yu invited.

There were countless inner disciples within the Xuantian Sect, giving rise to numerous factions, and this Battle Group was one of the more renowned ones.

"Our Divine Power Group also welcomes junior brother to join," the young man suddenly spoke up.

The young man's attitude left many of his followers dumbfounded, but no one dared to say anything, even the disciple who had just been whispering with the young man stood in bewilderment.

Lin Xuan bowed with a smile, "Thank you both for your kind intentions; I'll consider it."

Seeing Lin Xuan's response, they couldn't say much else but wait for the test to end.

Lin Xuan's face was expressionless, but inside he was somewhat worried; it was clear that both the handsome young man and the managing young man took an interest in his Sword Skill, otherwise, they wouldn't have reacted that way.

"It looks like life at the Outer Door won't be too peaceful." Lin Xuan sighed.

He was not going to hand over the Sword Skill.

Finally, the test ended, and a total of thirteen people passed the assessment.

“Congratulations on joining the Outer Door of Xuantian Sect, I’ll take you to claim the basic items for Outer Disciples, and from now on, you can live here.”

The managing young man led the group away, and just then, the handsome young man suddenly said, “Hold on!”

8: Chapter 7 Mission 8: Chapter 7 Mission Seeing Lin Xuan about to leave, the handsome young man suddenly stopped him, “Hold on!”

“What’s the matter, Duan?”

Is there anything else?” the person in charge asked.

“Brother Liu, wait a moment.

I still have something to say to Brother Lin,” the handsome young man said.

He didn’t care about the young man’s reaction and directly said to Lin Xuan, “Yellow Rank Advanced Swordsmanship in exchange for your move, and after you join the Battle Group, I guarantee no one will dare to touch you!”

“Sorry, I’m not interested,” Lin Xuan said indifferently.

That move was passed down to him by his father, and he would never teach it to others.

The young man shrugged his shoulders and then led the newcomers away, leaving only the handsome young man and Tang Yu behind.

“Tang Yu, are you familiar with that kid?”

“Not at all!” Tang Yu said somewhat angrily, “Duan Fei, I’m warning you, don’t set your sights on him!”

“Rest assured, a single sword move doesn’t catch my eye,” Duan Fei said with a slight smile at the corner of his mouth, though his eyes held a hint of coldness.

...

The person in charge took Lin Xuan and the others to get their Identity Cards, registered their identities, explained some matters, and then let everyone go about their activities freely.

Most of these new disciples were from families with many brothers and sisters belonging to the Xuantian Sect; after dispersal, these people went on to seek their own small groups.

In the Xuantian Sect, Lin Xuan only knew Tang Yu.

Originally, Tang Yu wanted him to join the Battle Group, but seeing the attitude of the handsome young man today, he no longer wanted to join.

Holding the basic manual in his hand, Lin Xuan walked towards the Task Hall.

Within the Xuantian Sect, all resources had to be exchanged for Contribution Points and Spirit Stones, such as a Yellow Rank Low-level Swordsmanship, which needed 100 Contribution Points plus thirty Spirit Stones to be exchanged.

The Contribution Points could be obtained by completing tasks issued within the sect.

Some tasks were simple but offered few Contribution Points; those with many Contribution Points were mostly extremely dangerous, presenting both danger and opportunity.

Lin Xuan's strength was at the Third Rank of Pulse Condensation; from what he knew, this level was considered average in the Outer Door, while the Fourth and Fifth Ranks of Pulse Condensation were high-level.

If he wanted to participate in the Inner Sect test three months later, he had to reach the Fifth Rank of Pulse Condensation first to have a substantial guarantee.

“Uh, promoting two ranks in cultivation in three months, I need Elixir Pills, Cultivation Techniques, Weapons, Spirit Stones...” Lin Xuan thought and felt overwhelmed.

“I can only strive hard for Contribution Points,” Lin Xuan decided and began to browse the tasks hanging on the wall.

These tasks were divided into nine levels, from level one to level nine, with increasing difficulty and danger, and, of course, increasing Contribution Points.

Generally, Outer Disciples only took on the first four levels.

Lin Xuan, being new, wanted to start with a simple task to familiarize himself.

He saw a task for finding Purple Night Grass, with ten points of Contribution per plant, which was relatively high.

Before he could accept it, a group of people came in with hustle and bustle, their cuffs painted with a crescent moon, looking very arrogant.

The leader was a dark-faced young man with a scar on his face, giving him a somewhat ferocious and terrifying appearance.

He stepped up to the task wall, swung his arm, and took down several low-level, high-contribution tasks, including the Purple Leaf Grass task that Lin Xuan was interested in.

Lin Xuan felt annoyed but didn't make a move.

It was just a task, not worth his interference.

However, to his surprise, he spotted Zhang Bin among those people.

Zhang Bin saw Lin Xuan as well, slightly startled, he exclaimed, "You actually passed the test, what luck!"

Seeing Zhang Bin's expression and recalling the incident with the Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard, Lin Xuan quickly guessed that it must have been Zhang Bin's doing.

"With Zhang Bin's strength, it's impossible for him to be so capable.

It seems he must have someone backing him," Lin Xuan guessed in his mind.

"Ah Bin, what's going on?" the scar-faced young man asked.

"Nothing, just a Sword Slave who luckily passed the Outer Door test," Zhang Bin didn't want to reveal his issues with Lin Xuan in public and spoke resentfully, "Kid, you'll find out soon this isn't the place for you!"

These people took many tasks and then strode off arrogantly.

"Ah, this Divine Power Group is really overbearing.

Taking so many tasks at once, how are we supposed to survive?" a disciple complained.

"Keep your voice down, you'll suffer if they hear you," someone advised.

"Brother, do they always take tasks like this?" Lin Xuan asked a person nearby.

"Yes, not only them, but the larger groups also do the same.

Brother, I see you have a conflict with the Divine Power Group.

I advise you to apologize quickly, or you'll suffer later."

Lin Xuan just smiled and didn't respond; Zhang Bin wanted to kill him, there was no way he was going to apologize, but he wasn't going to tell others about it either.

"I wonder what groups exist in this Outer Door?" Lin Xuan then asked.

“Ah!” the man shook his head, afraid to continue talking to Lin Xuan and scurried away.

“Newcomer, don’t mind him, he’s afraid of getting too close to you and having Divine Martial Group trouble him,” someone explained.

Lin Xuan turned around and saw a skinny young man standing with his arms crossed, grinning.

“Aren’t you afraid?” Lin Xuan asked curiously.

“Not afraid, I hate the Divine Power Group the most, always so overbearing, just annoying!” the skinny young man cursed.

“My name is Lin Xuan, how should I address you, brother?”

“Luo Yi,” the skinny young man said, “You wanted to know about the Outer Door groups, let me tell you.”

“Actually, these big groups don’t really belong to the Outer Door; their real core is in the Inner Door, and many are even related to Core Disciples.

The Outer Door is just for them to absorb new forces.”

“There are three major groups, the Battle Group, Divine Power Group, and Qingyi Society, with over half of the elite disciples of Xuanjian Sect belonging to these three groups.

The rest are many small groups, quite a few based on families or friends who group together for tasks.”

“Among them, the Battle Group and Divine Power Group frequently clash, whereas that Qingyi Society is somewhat mysterious.

It’s said to be founded by a great beauty, but unfortunately, no one has ever seen her.”

“Of course, joining these three groups is somewhat challenging; you need certain strength.

Brother, if you have the strength, you can come to our Battle Group,” the skinny man said.

“So Brother Luo is from the Battle Group,” Lin Xuan smiled, “I’m accustomed to being free, I don’t really want to join these groups.”

Luo Yi thought Lin Xuan was worried about not having enough strength, and he patted Lin Xuan's shoulder, saying, "If the Divine Power Group troubles you later, you can use my name."

After saying this, Luo Yi picked a Task Token, waved his hand, and walked away.

With the Divine Power Group stirring things up, the remaining tasks were either worth pitiful Contribution Points or were overly challenging.

Lin Xuan searched for a long time and finally found a task he was satisfied with.

9: Chapter 8 Sword Nourishing Master 9: Chapter 8 Sword Nourishing Master The task Lin Xuan undertook was a familiar one, the repair of swords.

It was a fourth-level task, which involved repairing three longswords for a total of thirty Contribution Points and an additional twenty low-grade spiritual stones.

A fourth-level task was considered quite difficult outside, and furthermore, one had to repair all three longswords to receive the Contribution Points, so it had been left unclaimed for a long time, which fortunately worked out in Lin Xuan's favor.

When Lin Xuan took the Task Token to register, the registering disciple looked at him in surprise and reminded him, "Make sure you understand, you only get the Contribution Points if you repair all three longswords; even one less won't do."

"If you damage them further, there will be compensation required.

Think it through carefully." The registering disciple didn't believe Lin Xuan was capable of repairing them.

The task had been available for a long time without takers, which spoke volumes about its difficulty.

Lin Xuan nodded, indicating he understood.

The registering disciple said no more but pulled out three slightly narrow longswords and handed them to Lin Xuan.

"You can take them home or complete the repair here." the registering disciple said.

Lin Xuan took a brief look and noticed some complexities, he asked, "Brother, do you have similar weapon repair tasks?"

"First finish these," the registering disciple dismissed, "Focus on the task at hand!"

Lin Xuan smiled helplessly and carried the three longswords back with him.

Weapon repair was a technical job that required some secret techniques.

As a disciple of Sword Pond Prefecture, he had learned the ways of weapon repair since childhood.

Though he couldn't be called a master, he was still quite capable of handling such tasks.

Sword Pond Prefecture was very famous in Daxia Kingdom, not only for their formidable strength but also for their weapon repair abilities.

On the Spirit Martial Continent, there was a special profession known as Artifact Nourishment Masters.

They could repair weapons with extraordinary methods, even enhancing the weapons' power.

Sword Pond Prefecture had a unique mastery in cultivating longswords, which is why they were also known as Sword Nourishing Masters in Daxia Kingdom.

In Sword Pond Prefecture, there was a vast sword pond containing tens of thousands of treasure swords, where the Sword Nourishing Masters usually worked.

Lin Xuan had grown up soaking in the waters of that sword pond.

Lin Xuan returned to his new residence and shut the door.

This dwelling area was for Outer Disciples, each having an individual small cabin, and the decor was many times better than his previous abode.

He placed the three longswords on the table, drank some water, and then picked up a dark red longsword.

Lin Xuan cut his fingertip and with his blood, drew a rune over the crack.

Streams of spiritual energy in the air converged into small luminous spots, gathering towards the rune like hundreds of fireflies dancing.

Though it was just a small rune, it contained the painstaking efforts of several generations.

Every half hour, Lin Xuan would redraw it, and after three times, the gap in the dark red longsword was gone.

Buoyed by his success, Lin Xuan energetically repaired the remaining two swords, taking not too much time in total.

However, his face turned somewhat pale, as performing these tasks greatly drained his spiritual power and energy.

He sat cross-legged, clasped his hands together for seals, and operated the Longevity Technique with full force, circulating the spiritual power within his body.

After two hours, Lin Xuan opened his eyes, having reached his optimal state.

“Thirty Contribution Points secured,” Lin Xuan smiled slightly and, shouldering the three longswords, headed straight for the Task Hall.

“What?”

“You’ve completed it already!” the registering disciple’s eyes widened in shock.

After a thorough inspection, the registering disciple couldn’t find anything amiss.

“Damn, how did this guy manage to repair them?” the registering disciple wondered in alarm.

“Brother, are there any other similar tasks?”

“Yes!” the registering disciple thought for a moment and then said solemnly, “This task is above fourth level.

Normally, Outer Disciples shouldn’t take it.

But since it’s been sitting for so long, maybe you should give it a try.”

“What’s the reward?” Lin Xuan was focused on the Contribution Points.

“One hundred Contribution Points, plus fifty low-grade spiritual stones,” the registering disciple declared.

“One hundred!” Lin Xuan exclaimed, attracting puzzled looks from surrounding disciples.

He quickly lowered his voice, “Brother, are you sure?”

The registering disciple, seeing Lin Xuan’s anxious expression, felt a bit amused.

“Don’t be nervous, besides you, I doubt anyone else would take this task,” said the registering disciple, “But I must remind you, this longsword is very valuable.

If you’re not confident, it’s best not to accept it.”

For that hundred Contribution Points, Lin Xuan said without hesitation, "I'll take it!"

The registering disciple noted it down, then carefully took out a rectangular box.

"This is a human-level low-level treasure." said the registering disciple as he opened the box.

Upon seeing the longsword, Lin Xuan took a deep breath.

The three-foot-long sword was almost half-covered by a brownish liquid.

Lin Xuan took the longsword back with him and studied it carefully, realizing that the damage on this human-level low-level treasure was more severe than he had anticipated.

"It seems some materials are needed to properly repair this longsword," Lin Xuan mused seriously, resting his chin on his hand.

"There is a type of Yin Herb, highly corrosive, that should be able to remove the brown stains," Lin Xuan had some ideas and decided to make a trip to the Taihang Mountain Range the next day.

With a plan in mind, Lin Xuan once again immersed himself in cultivation.

Previously, Lin Xuan hadn't been able to unlock the Spirit Vein, so he had limited access to his family's martial arts books.

Now, he only had the Outer Heaven Flying Star technique and a set of basic swordsmanship and step techniques from his family.

Basic martial arts had their advantages; they could be considered the blueprint for all advanced martial arts.

Taking basic swordsmanship as an example, it included all the fundamental movements and correct ways of exerting force in sword skills.

Lin Xuan quickly delved into his practice...

The next morning, Lin Xuan set off for the Taihang Mountain Range.

A gentle breeze blew through the forest, rustling the trees, as Lin Xuan practiced the Basic Step Technique while traveling.

The Yin Herb grew on the shaded, moist side of the mountain.

Lin Xuan searched all over but found nothing.

After searching all morning to no avail, he sat down on the ground, took out his provisions, and began to eat.

Soon, sounds of fighting and faint roars of beasts came from up ahead.

Curious, Lin Xuan moved swiftly towards the source of the noise.

Swoosh!

Lin Xuan ducked into the nearby bushes and looked up.

In front of him, there were two groups of people, with a two-meter-long Blood-eyed Wolf in the middle, fighting a skinny youth.

Lin Xuan recognized the youth; it was Luo Yi, the one who had helped him resolve his questions.

Luo Yi wielded a short sword, constantly stabbing at the Blood-eyed Wolf.

On average, one out of every three thrusts hit the wolf.

Its sharp fangs bared, the wolf continuously swung its sharp claws, leaving trails of cold light in the air.

Lin Xuan watched anxiously, but soon, he was amazed to find that Luo Yi's step technique seemed quite unique.

10: Chapter 9 Cloud Water Sword Technique 10: Chapter 9 Cloud Water Sword Technique Luo Yi ceaselessly dodged, avoiding the Blood-eyed Wolf's sharp claws one after another.

One could see that Luo Yi's movements were confined to a very small range, almost all within the First Step.

It was by means of such limited range, high-frequency movements that he swiftly dodged the attacks of the Blood-eyed Wolf.

"How precise the control!" Lin Xuan secretly marveled.

Up till now, Luo Yi had not made a single mistake, almost grazing past the Blood-eyed Wolf's attacks.

This step technique was highly efficient, but also very dangerous—a single error could result in serious injuries.

As Lin Xuan thought this, there was a ripping sound, and Luo Yi's clothes were torn open, leaving three bloody marks on his chest.

"Hmph, Vast Torrential Waves!"

Luo Yi snorted coldly, and his sword technique abruptly changed, resembling a raging river, surging continuously.

His three-foot longsword was enveloped in azure Spiritual Power, each strike resembling a tidal wave.

Luo Yi unleashed three consecutive swords, the blue Spiritual Power rippling violently in the air, the powerful force sweeping everything before it.

Awoo!

The Blood-eyed Wolf appeared to sense the danger, its fur bristling as it leaped to the side.

Boom!

However, the Blood-eyed Wolf's speed was still a step too slow, it was cleaved into two by the sharp longsword, blood scattering everywhere.

"Luo Yi bro's sword technique is really awesome!" someone in the team cheered.

"I think the step technique was even cooler." someone enviously asked, "Yi bro, your step technique just now was so cool!"

Luo Yi looked back at the members of his Battle Group and said, "All right, tidy up the wolf carcass, and let's move on to the next task."

Lin Xuan squatted in the bushes, still recalling the step technique he had just witnessed.

It wasn't any special martial technique, but rather taking a step technique to an incredibly profound level and combining it with precise calculations that had created that scene.

"How exquisite, I love it!" Lin Xuan was very enthralled and planned to work towards this technique.

"First, let's find Yin Herb." He hadn't forgotten his original purpose, and after arranging his backpack, he set off again.

Finally, in a mountain stream, Lin Xuan discovered three Yin Herbs.

Lin Xuan was delighted, and immediately took out a wooden box from his backpack, plucked one of the Yin Herbs, and placed it inside the box.

“Hey, it’s Yin Herb!” Suddenly, someone exclaimed from behind.

A sinking feeling in his heart, Lin Xuan plucked another herb, placed it into the wooden box, and then stored the box away.

He left one herb outside; two were enough for him.

“Kid, put down the Yin Herbs in your box!” the man demanded.

Lin Xuan frowned and looked ahead, only to see a square-faced youth in front, dressed in a white robe with a crescent moon embroidered on the sleeve.

“People from the Divine Power Group.” Lin Xuan raised an eyebrow and slowly exhaled.

“There’s still one herb, just go and pick it,” Lin Xuan said sternly.

“One herb?” The youth sneered, “I want them all!

You even dare to compete with the Divine Power Group for tasks, tired of living, huh?”

“Just as I thought, more overbearing than I imagined,” Lin Xuan clenched the longsword in his hand and said coldly, “Hurry up and move, I don’t have time for you!”

“Oh, want to start a fight?” The disciple looked arrogant, “You dare to strike against someone from the Divine Power Group!”

“Come on, let me show you how formidable I am.” The square-faced disciple drew his longsword and thrust it forward.

“Cloud Water Sword Technique!”

Although the square-faced disciple was arrogant, his actions were decisive—launching a fierce sword technique right away, not underestimating Lin Xuan in the slightest.

This sword technique was as elusive as clouds and as flowing as water, giving a feeling of extreme gentleness, like a lover’s caress, intoxicating to the observers.

Lin Xuan was on alert, knowing well that disciples who could join the Divine Power Group all had considerable skill.

His hands remained steady and composed, not like the hands of a young man, as no youth’s hands could be so stable.

Lin Xuan knew it was all thanks to his daily practice, for three years, of a single sword skill, the "Outer Heaven Flying Star." If not for this, he wouldn't have been able to achieve such a level.

He raised his hand and struck with his sword.

Lin Xuan used Basic Sword Technique, devoid of unnecessary flourish, simple yet very practical.

"Ha, that kills me!" the square-faced disciple laughed loudly, "Using Basic Sword Technique?"

You dare challenge the Divine Power Group without any real skill?

You must be tired of living!"

The rules of Xuanjian Sect were strict: no deaths were allowed inside the sect, but outside, in the mountains, no one could nor desired to intervene.

"Cloud and Water Thirteen Sword, clouds are light, water is clear!"

The square-faced disciple swung two sword strikes in quick succession, one as dazzling as a rainbow, the other elusive and unpredictable, invisible to most.

Yet, it was this hidden second strike that was truly lethal.

The square-faced disciple wore a smile, seeming to have already seen Lin Xuan helplessly collapsing on the ground, pleading incessantly.

However, the next moment, the situation took an abrupt turn.

Lin Xuan's Black Iron Sword, like a venomous black dragon, stabbed out quickly with two precise and tricky angles, perfectly

countering the square-faced disciple's offensive.

"What?"

Impossible!" the square-faced disciple's eyes twitched, those two strikes were the essence of the Cloud Water Sword, one visible to attract the enemy's firepower, the other hidden specifically to take the opponent by surprise.

Yet Lin Xuan had broken them easily, as if he had known beforehand.

"Damn luck!" unable to figure it out, the square-faced disciple could only attribute it to luck.

“Let’s see how long your luck lasts!” His expression fierce, he swung his longsword relentlessly, cutting down surrounding rocks and plants.

Lin Xuan was not rushed; the square-faced disciple’s strength and swordsmanship were comparable to his own, making him a perfect sparring partner.

His own Basic Sword Technique and Basic Footwork had only been practiced in solitude and never tested against an adversary—now was the perfect chance.

Suddenly, Lin Xuan thought of Luo Yi’s step technique, agile, fast, efficient, and thrilling.

“Let’s try this.” Lin Xuan suddenly closed the distance, ready to practice that step technique.

This move startled the square-faced disciple, but when he noticed Lin Xuan’s decreased attack frequency and frequent mistakes in step technique, his face twisted into a savage smile.

“Running out of strength?”

Luck used up, right?

Well, die then!” On his sword tip, a silver sword light flashed with astonishing power.

Lin Xuan sighed; just when he was getting into the rhythm, the square-faced disciple decided to go all out and use his trump card, forcing him to abandon his exercise.

He swung his longsword, creating a trace of sword light like lightning, striking directly at the square-faced disciple’s wrist.

A sudden chill flashed, and a six-inch long wound appeared on the wrist of the square-faced youth, blood gushing violently.

The sword clanged to the ground; the square-faced youth clutched his wrist and looked at Lin Xuan in terror.

“You, what do you want to do?” the square-faced youth stammered, panicked, “I warn you, I am from the Divine Power Group, don’t mess around!”

Lin Xuan couldn’t care less, he turned to pick the remaining Yin Herb, placed it into a box, and prepared to leave.

Unexpectedly, the square-faced disciple quickly scrambled up from the ground, retreated rapidly to a safe distance, and then shot a golden arrow into the sky.

With a boom, the arrow exploded mid-air, forming a small golden sun that was very eye-catching.

“Kid, daring to bully a member of the Divine Power Group, you’re dead for sure!” the square-faced disciple screamed ferociously.