

Inverse Sword Mad God

#Chapter 11 - 11 10 Fierce Battle - Read Inverse Sword Mad God Chapter 11 - 11 10 Fierce Battle

11: Chapter 10 Fierce Battle 11: Chapter 10 Fierce Battle “Kid, you’re a dead man!” the square-faced disciple screamed frantically.

From a distance, several figures were rapidly approaching, their bodies flickering with light, just as powerful as Lin Xuan.

Although Lin Xuan wasn’t afraid of trouble, he wasn’t foolish enough to resist the entire Divine Power Group alone; who knew how many of their people were in these mountains?

Now wasn’t the time for a head-on conflict.

His body swayed, and he was about to sprint towards the distance.

Hiss!

A cold light intercepted him, it turned out that the square-faced disciple was desperately trying to block him.

Seeing his companions arrive, he naturally wouldn’t let Lin Xuan escape.

“Get lost!” Lin Xuan’s sword light suddenly appeared in his hand, thrusting out like a long rainbow.

The square-faced disciple let out a scream as his body was sent flying backward.

However, this delay gave the distant members of the Divine Power Group enough time.

Three figures arrived first and blocked Lin Xuan.

“How dare you hurt the people of the Divine Power Group, you’re simply seeking death!” the leader’s presence was powerful, his body shining brightly—he was a Fourth-rank Spirit Warrior; the other two also had considerable cultivation, reaching the level of Third-rank Spirit Warriors.

“Lin Xuan, it’s actually you!” A Third-rank Spirit Warrior was somewhat surprised and then burst into laughter, “Facing me, you can just die peacefully!”

This Third-rank Spirit Warrior was actually Zhang Bin.

Seeing Lin Xuan heightened his envy, and he itched to kill Lin Xuan immediately.

“Brother Hai, this kid is the Sword Slave I told you about.

Make sure not to let him go!” Zhang Bin said to the Fourth-rank Spirit Warrior.

“Don’t worry, our people are all headed this way.

Even if it’s an immortal, they won’t be able to save him.” The disciple called Brother Hai sneered coldly.

Lin Xuan’s heart sank; since the other side intended to capture him, he wouldn’t be soft-handed.

Better to strike first than wait to be killed.

He glanced at the terrain and had an idea in his mind.

He suddenly leaped, his Black Iron Sword turning into a shooting star, flashing past.

“Thud!”

Everything happened so suddenly, without any warning, Lin Xuan moved as fast as lightning.

The Fourth-rank Spirit Warrior named Brother Hai tried to dodge, but it was too late; at the last moment, he could only avoid a vital blow.

The long sword cut across his chest, tearing up flesh and blood.

“Ah!”

A scream sounded as Lin Xuan broke through the encirclement, stepped on the trees, and leapt onto a boulder, taking off into the distance.

“After him!” screamed the Fourth-rank disciple, enveloping his wound with Spiritual Power before pulling out a vermilion elixir pill and swallowing it.

“We can’t let him get away, keep an eye on his route and then signal.

Those who challenge the Divine Power Group only have one end!”

The three dashed in Lin Xuan’s direction as he made his escape.

Seeing Lin Xuan becoming more formidable each time, Zhang Bin had only one thought in his mind—to have Lin Xuan die, or else he would be the one to suffer in the future.

“Hmph, put in more effort.

This kid’s movement skill level is low, and he’s not very fast.

We must chase him to his death!” The Fourth-rank Spirit Warrior, clutching his wound, had viciousness in his eyes.

Indeed, Lin Xuan’s speed wasn’t fast; after all, he was using Basic Footwork, and achieving such speed with it was already surprising.

Yet, he was still caught up.

The Fourth-rank disciple named Brother Hai, like a hungry wolf, began with his strongest move, wishing to split Lin Xuan in two.

Zhang Bin and the other Third-rank Spirit Warrior also unleashed ruthless moves, striking at Lin Xuan’s vital points.

Lin Xuan’s use of the Outer Heaven Flying Star earlier had almost depleted one-third of his Spiritual Power.

At that time, he didn’t intend to kill, only to disable the Fourth-rank disciple from fighting; otherwise, his opponent would have already been dead.

If he truly killed someone, the Divine Power Group would certainly seek crazed revenge.

It wouldn’t be just for a few lives but for their reputation that the Divine Power Group wouldn’t let Lin Xuan go; perhaps even the Inner Sect Disciples would be alerted.

This was not what Lin Xuan wanted.

His goal was to become a Core Disciple and then return to his family.

He couldn’t afford a direct confrontation with the Divine Power Group now.

Lin Xuan’s longsword glinted with spiritual light, cutting through the void like a Heavenly Sword.

The three were forced to retreat continuously.

They hadn’t expected Lin Xuan’s swordsmanship to be so fierce.

Despite being the most fundamental swordsmanship, it was always able to suppress them.

Zhang Bin became more and more afraid as they fought.

Finally, he clenched his teeth, pulled out a talisman paper, infused it with Spiritual Power, and threw it forcefully at Lin Xuan.

The talisman paper unfolded in the wind, growing larger, and emanating terrifying energy fluctuations.

Lin Xuan instinctively startled; the Spiritual Power fluctuations from the talisman made his heart tremble—perhaps even a Fifth-Order Spirit Warrior wouldn't possess such power.

Swoosh!

Talisman paper kept flashing, and within the dazzling light, three half-meter-long silver light swords, like three silver dragons, thrust towards Lin Xuan's vitals.

The terrifying Spiritual Power shook the surroundings, emitting a series of thunderous roars in the air.

Lin Xuan pushed Basic Footwork to its limit, constantly shifting his shape.

He operated his Spiritual Power with all his might, and his blue Spiritual Power danced outside his body like flames.

But those three silver light swords were too fast, like lightning.

Although Lin Xuan tried his best to dodge, his body was still grazed by the sword light, and he was sent flying like a falling leaf.

Where the three silver light swords struck the ground, they directly smashed a black pit, severing many trees at their trunks.

Puh!

Lin Xuan was only grazed by the sword light but felt as if he had been struck by the Heavenly Hammer, his whole body's Qi-Blood churned, and he suffered severe internal injuries.

"He's injured, everyone attack!" Seeing that his life-saving talisman paper did not kill Lin Xuan, Zhang Bin was extremely annoyed and could only continue to urge his companions to attack.

Lin Xuan was in grave danger, as the three men opposite bore down on him like Fierce Beasts.

He crazily operated the Longevity Technique, his inner Spiritual Power flowing like a river, continuously circulating within his body to heal his wounds.

Swallowing an Elixir Pill, Lin Xuan's body shot up from the ground, leaving trails of afterimages in the air as he dashed towards the distance.

The three men pursued him relentlessly, startling numerous beasts along the way, but they were so consumed with rage that they didn't care, feeling as if they would go mad if they did not kill Lin Xuan.

"Kid, die!" The three men charged at him madly.

Lin Xuan raised his sword to block.

Suddenly, he felt a tremor within him, and a black lotus appeared on the tip of his sword.

Mysterious, demonic.

The black lotus, like a bloodthirsty demon spirit, instantly drained all the flesh and blood of the Fourth-rank disciple, leaving only a flap of human skin floating to the ground.

Zhang Bin and another disciple were so frightened their eyes bulged out, and they shivered as they backed away.

"You, you're a demon..."

Whoosh!

Lin Xuan seemed unable to control himself as the longsword pierced towards the Third-rank Spirit Warrior again.

Soon, the man was drained dry.

Clang!

Zhang Bin dropped his longsword out of fear, retreated continuously, and when he saw Lin Xuan raise his longsword again, he knelt on the ground with a thud.

"Don't kill me!" Zhang Bin kept kowtowing, shivering all over.

He had not expected Lin Xuan to be so demonic and to be capable of draining people's Essence Blood; had he known, he would never have provoked Lin Xuan.

"I've discovered his secret, he will surely kill me!" Zhang Bin thought continuously, "Beg for mercy first, then attack him!" With this in mind, he couldn't help but stealthily reach for another talisman paper in his bosom.

"Big brother, master!

Don't kill me!" Zhang Bin kept begging, "No, you are my grandfather, take me as your grandson, please spare me!"

At that moment, Lin Xuan was desperately trying to suppress the bloodthirsty urge inside him.

He did not understand what had happened, but he was very familiar with the black lotus, which had sealed his Spirit Vein.

All he wanted to do was kill; if it weren't for the ongoing operation of the Longevity Technique, he would have already collapsed.

Inside him were two forces clashing, one was the blue Spiritual Power formed by the Longevity Technique, the other was the black aura transformed by the black lotus.

These two forces were in a stalemate, and neither could overcome the other.

Zhang Bin noticed Lin Xuan was standing there in a daze, a fierce look flashed in his eyes, and he quickly took out the talisman paper from his bosom, throwing it frantically at Lin Xuan.

"Die!" Zhang Bin shouted, as if driven insane.

Boom!

The talisman paper flickered, and a Light Ball brighter than the sun flew out, instantly reaching Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan's body seemed to become a Black Hole, absorbing the Light Ball instantly.

Soon after, the Mysterious Small Sword inside him trembled slightly, the blue Spiritual Power surged, and quickly suppressed the black lotus.

Lin Xuan regained his clarity and decisively thrust his sword, piercing through Zhang Bin's throat.

"You..." Zhang Bin, clutching his throat, his pupils gradually dilated, "I, my big brother is..."

Before he could finish, he collapsed.

12: Chapter 11 Lord of Wine 12: Chapter 11 Lord of Wine Lin Xuan felt no mercy, for if he did not kill, he would be killed, and an even stranger phenomenon had occurred on his body: he had begun to devour other people's essence blood.

If word got out, he would certainly be the target of everyone's pursuit.

Aoouu!

Howls of wolves echoed all around, the fight just now had already drawn numerous demon beasts, and now with fresh blood spilled everywhere, it further incited these fierce wild animals.

Lin Xuan was not in good condition, he rapidly retreated, hoping Zhang Bin's body would be consumed, which would make it very difficult to trace the murder back to him.

He moved swiftly and disappeared into the mountain forest.

Shortly after Lin Xuan left, the hungry wolves pounced on the bodies of Zhang Bin and the others...

By the time Lin Xuan returned to the sect, it was already evening.

The setting sun was sinking, casting its afterglow across the earth.

He dragged his weary body back to his room, collapsed on the bed, and immediately fell asleep.

Upon waking again, the Silver Moon was in the sky.

Lin Xuan carefully examined his inner condition, the small sword with its glazed color still hung there.

The green spiritual power slowly flowed, leaving a faint rosy glow in its path, yet the black qi and the Black Lotus that had appeared during the day were nowhere to be seen.

"What the hell!" Lin Xuan stroked his chin, deep in thought.

The scene of absorbing someone's essence blood was too shocking, a living person had been drained dry in an instant.

Such an occurrence had never happened before, and lately, there had been too many strange events.

"What exactly is in my body?"

"Why did my father have me enter the family's Ancestral Land?" Lin Xuan had many questions in his heart.

"Kid, not bad swordsmanship there!" Just then, a voice entered Lin Xuan's ears.

Lin Xuan's muscles tensed, he warily looked around, his longsword ready to thrust at any moment, but there was not a single person in sight.

"Come out now, or I swear I'm going to lose it!"

"Stop looking, I'm right here," the voice said languidly.

Following that, Lin Xuan felt the world spinning around him.

Next thing he knew, the small wooden house had vanished, replaced by a vast expanse of gray-white space.

In front of him stood a huge Divine Tree, though it had already withered.

Under that tree, there was a figure with black hair cascading like a waterfall, clothed in a white garment floating in the air.

The figure had his back to Lin Xuan, and his face could not be seen clearly.

"Who are you, what is this place?" Lin Xuan steadied the shock in his heart and asked in a deep voice.

"Heh heh, not bad, little guy, you didn't pee your pants in fear," said the figure in white as he turned around.

It was a middle-aged man, fairly handsome, but his face was full of stubble, and the red wine gourd in his hand ruined his otherwise noble and mystical image.

"Heh heh, haven't met anyone in a long time, seeing you just feels so endearing!" said the middle-aged man in white, shaking the gourd in his hand.

"Who are you, what do you want with me here?" Lin Xuan was guarded.

"Kid, don't be so tense.

Who I am is not important, all you need to know is I won't harm you.

As for this place?

Well, it's inside your body."

"What?"

Inside my body!" Lin Xuan almost shouted, then as if something struck him, an incredulous look crossed his eyes.

“Could it be that mysterious small sword?”

The middle-aged man in white tipped his head back for a drink from his gourd, smiling without a word.

“What’s with the lotus inside me?”

And what’s this sword exactly?” Lin Xuan pressed on with his questions.

The middle-aged man in white replied with a chuckle, “Kid, you sure ask a lot of questions.

You’ll find out in due time, telling you now is pointless.”

And what about that blood-sucking, that wasn’t you doing the sucking, was it?

Lin Xuan recalled the frightening scene.

“There’s another power inside you, and it’s very well concealed.

Indeed, it was that power that poked me awake from my slumber, but as for what it is, I’m not entirely sure.” The middle-aged man in white showed a rare seriousness on his face.

However, he soon reverted to a lazy demeanor: “Don’t worry, with me here, that power won’t dare to surface!”

Lin Xuan knew he wouldn’t get much more information and decided not to ask further.

Still, he thought it was problematic to let this fellow stay inside his body forever; he had to find a way to get him out.

“Hey, you’re not planning to hang around in there forever, are you?”

My belly isn’t an inn!”

The white-clothed middle-aged man’s face filled with a smile as he asked with a seductive tone, “Do you want to become an Inner Sect Disciple?”

Do you want to return to your clan?”

Do you want to grow stronger?”

The voice of the middle-aged man seemed to be full of magic power, making Lin Xuan’s little heart thump wildly.

“Without that black lotus binding my meridians, isn’t it easy for me to grow stronger with my talent?” Lin Xuan had confidence in himself.

“Your talent is indeed impressive, but have you considered how many years you have fallen behind others, and what resources can you obtain now?”

Do you have the time to spare?” the man in white challenged him.

“Do you have a way?” Lin Xuan’s face flickered, knowing that Sword Pond Prefecture’s Ancestral Land would open only once every decade, and less than two years remained until the next time.

To enter the Ancestral Land, he must rank among the top three of the younger generation.

Before he left his family, some of the young disciples had already reached the Spirit Sea Realm, while he was only at the Third Level of Pulse Condensation.

The gap between them was as vast as a chasm, seemingly insurmountable.

Seeing Lin Xuan’s somewhat despondent face, the man in white chuckled, “How do you find the Longevity Technique?”

“That cultivation technique was given to me by you!” Lin Xuan remembered the matter of the Longevity Technique.

“Without the Longevity Technique, could you have broken through to the Third Level of Pulse Condensation so fast?” the white-clothed middle-aged man said, “Now, you believe in my strength, right?”

“What do you really want by helping me so much?” Lin Xuan asked warily, knowing there’s no such thing as a free lunch.

“My request is very simple – I’ll tell you once your strength has reached a certain level.” The man in white gazed into the distance, his eyes filled with a sense of age.

“Fine, it’s a deal!” Lin Xuan thought there was no issue with that.

“Hurry and get me to the Spirit Sea Realm,” he stated faintly.

The middle-aged man in white spat out all the wine he’d just drunk: “I wish a mouthful of strong wine could kill you!”

You think cultivation is that easy, dreaming of sky-high success in one leap!”

“Ah, such a waste of good wine!” the middle-aged man sighed.

Lin Xuan painfully covered his face, finding it hard not to see this guy as a drunkard, and he couldn't shake the feeling that he'd been duped.

"Just call me Lord of Wine in the future.

I'll brew some Low-level Spiritual Wine for you first, to spare your meridians from harm."

"Brewing?"

Are you telling me to drink wine to break through?" Lin Xuan felt like he was going mad.

"What's that look for?" Lord of Wine wasn't pleased, "In the old days, countless powerful beings begged me, crying and pleading, for my wine.

Be satisfied that you can drink my brew!"

He didn't care whether Lin Xuan believed him or not and proceeded to say, "Three Snake-shaped Fruits, one Purple Flower, deliver them to me tomorrow, and I'll start brewing for you."

"What?"

Three Snake-shaped Fruits, one Purple Flower?

Are you asking me to rob someone!" Lin Xuan shouted; he had seen in the Task Hall that just one Snake-shaped Fruit required fifty Contribution Points, and even if he had enough points, those items were probably hard to exchange for.

"If you can't get them, there's nothing I can do.

After all, it's not me who is in a rush to level up." Lord of Wine yawned, waved his sleeve grandly, conjured a gust of wind, and flung Lin Xuan out.

13: Chapter 12: Twin Excellences 13: Chapter 12: Twin Excellences Lin Xuan felt dizzy for a moment, and when he regained his senses, he found that he was back in the hut.

He muttered a few curses under his breath and pulled out the three Yin Herbs he had picked.

Crushing one of them with his Spiritual Power to extract the liquid, he then took out the damaged Human-level Treasure.

Dripping the liquid of the Yin Herb onto the Human-level Treasure, Lin Xuan drew a strange rune with his fresh blood.

Instantly, the brown substance quickly melted and then dripped onto the ground, burning little holes into the surface.

At last, there were no contaminants left on the Human-level Treasure.

Lin Xuan drew three runes on the sword body, drawing in the Spiritual Power from the air to refine the sword body.

“Hmm, not bad technique, but still a bit naïve,” the voice of the Lord of Wine chimed in Lin Xuan’s mind.

“Do you know the Artifact Cultivation Method?” Lin Xuan sneered.

“Of course, back in the days, I was known as the ‘Alcohol Extreme’ and the ‘Sword Master’.

Anything related to swords was too simple for me!”

“Sword Master!” Lin Xuan’s eyes lit up, “Since you speak so highly of it, give me a high-level sword technique to practice.”

“All my sword techniques are too advanced for you right now; you won’t be able to cultivate them until you break through to the Spirit Sea Realm,” the Lord of Wine said before falling silent again.

Lin Xuan gritted his teeth in annoyance, but no matter how much he called out, there was no response.

At this moment, the shimmering runes also disappeared.

The sword body, glowing faintly, could even from a distance be felt emanating a chilling aura.

“A true Treasure indeed; without even harnessing Spiritual Power, it holds such might!” Lin Xuan felt a bone-chilling cold emanating from the sword body, full of admiration in his heart.

A Treasure surpasses ordinary swords and weapons.

They all have special runes engraved within, able to unleash strength far beyond the wielder’s own when infused with Spiritual Power.

Each Treasure was extremely precious, painstakingly crafted by Artifact Refiners.

Every Martial Artist dreamt of possessing a weapon of the Treasure level.

Having repaired the Treasure, Lin Xuan couldn't help but feel exhilarated.

Tomorrow, after he submitted the task, he would have one hundred Contribution Points, and with previous tasks, he would have a total of one hundred and thirty Contribution Points and seventy low-grade spirit stones.

One hundred Contribution Points would be enough to exchange for a Yellow Rank Low-Level Martial Arts, and those low-grade spirit stones could be used to purchase items or directly absorb the Spiritual Power within, although the Spiritual Power in low-grade spirit stones was fairly impure and required purification by the user himself.

The next morning, Lin Xuan, holding a long wooden box, headed straight for the Task Hall.

Bang!

He placed the wooden box in front of the registering disciple and said with a grin, "Brother, check the goods, please!"

The registering disciple cast a skeptical glance at Lin Xuan, then quickly opened the long wooden box.

A three-foot green blade, emitting a faint glow and a piercing coldness, as if ready to unleash formidable power at any moment.

"This..." The registering disciple took a deep breath and swallowed hard.

"Yes, it's really fixed!" The registering disciple said in shock.

"Disciple Brother, you really are incredible!" He had originally assigned Lin Xuan this task just to try it out, without much hope, but Lin Xuan had genuinely fixed it!

The registering disciple quickly issued the reward to Lin Xuan and then stored the Treasure away.

From the spirit stones he received, Lin Xuan took out twenty spirit stones and gave them to the registering disciple.

"Brother Chen, I'll need your care in the future.

If there are any tasks related to weapon repair, please save them for me," Lin Xuan said with a smile.

The Task Hall disciple discreetly pocketed the spiritual stone and chuckled softly, "Don't worry, Brother Lin.

My name is Chen Dazheng.

Just let me know if you need help.”

“Brother Chen, do you have any Snake-shaped Fruit or Purple Flower here?” asked Lin Xuan.

Chen Dazheng flipped through the records and replied, “There’s none left.

All the stock was taken by the elders inside the sect.”

Lin Xuan nodded; he wasn’t surprised.

Snake-shaped Fruit and Purple Flower were both precious alchemy ingredients, and it was normal for them to be out of stock.

“Brother Chen, I’d like to exchange for a Yellow Rank low-level Martial Arts.

What would you recommend?” Lin Xuan decided to start with swordsmanship to enhance his strength.

Chen Dazheng bent down, picked a yellowed book from a pile of materials, and handed it to Lin Xuan.

“Here are the names and brief introductions of the available Cultivation Techniques.

Take a look at this first.” Then, he took out a small booklet and said softly, “This contains records of the Martial Arts most frequently exchanged by other disciples.”

Lin Xuan first opened the book detailing Martial Arts, which contained various names and introductions of Martial Arts, as well as required Contribution Points and other basic information.

He casually flipped through a few pages and noticed that the earlier pages listed Yellow Rank techniques, while the last few even listed Xuan-grade techniques.

In Lin Xuan’s understanding, Xuan-grade techniques were quite powerful.

Even in his family, Xuan-grade techniques were rare.

Yet, here at Xuantian Sect, one could exchange for Xuan-grade techniques.

However, when he saw the required Contribution Points, he couldn’t help but give a wry smile.

The prices were outrageously high; average disciples could never afford them in their lifetimes.

Shaking his head, Lin Xuan turned his attention back to the earlier pages.

Based on Lin Xuan's thinking, he didn't need Cultivation Techniques for cultivating Spiritual Power anymore.

Between movement techniques and attack techniques, Lin Xuan preferred the latter.

As the saying goes, offense is the best defense; powerful attacks could help Lin Xuan complete tasks more easily.

With that thought, he focused on the Martial Arts for attacking.

"Tiger Suppression Fist: The style is fierce, emphasizing overpowering opponents with strength.

Burst power is astonishing.

Rank: Yellow Rank Low-level Martial Arts.

Required Contribution: 100 Contribution Points."

"Wind Step: The Step Technique is graceful, moving with the wind.

Rank: Yellow Rank Low-level Martial Arts.

Required Contribution: 120 Contribution Points,"

"Flowing Cloud Sword Technique: Characteristics of the swordsmanship include elusive and agile movements, making it hard for opponents to track.

Rank: Yellow Rank Low-level Martial Arts.

Required Contribution: 120 Contribution Points,"

...

Lin Xuan quickly browsed through and finally, his gaze settled on one particular entry.

"Thunder Move Sword Technique: Swordsmanship characteristics include speed like lightning, movement like thunder.

Rank: Yellow Rank Advanced Martial Arts.

Required Contribution: 120 Contribution Points.

Note: This book only contains the first three levels.

Choose carefully!”

“So, it’s not complete; no wonder it’s priced so low,” thought Lin Xuan, “But the characteristics of this Thunder Move Sword Technique are really enticing.”

“Ah, who would have thought I’d see the Thunder Move Sword Technique here,” the Lord of Wine’s voice rang inside Lin Xuan’s mind.

“Damn, can you not surprise me like that!” Lin Xuan communicated through his thoughts as well, startled by the Lord of Wine’s sudden interjection.

“Hehe,” the Lord of Wine chuckled guiltily, quickly changing the subject, “Aren’t you looking to learn swordsmanship?”

This Thunder Move Sword Technique is definitely a good choice.”

“From the way you talk, have you seen the Thunder Move Sword Technique before?” Lin Xuan was curious.

“Of course, back in the day, Thunder Move Sword Technique was considered a Divine Skill.

This one is obviously a simplified version, but it suits you well now.”

“If you dare deceive me, I won’t let it slide!” Lin Xuan decided to trust the Lord of Wine this time.

14: Chapter 13 Thunder Move 14: Chapter 13 Thunder Move “Brother Chen, I’ve made up my mind, I want to exchange for the Thunder Move Sword Technique,” Lin Xuan returned the book.

“What!

You want to exchange for the Thunder Move Sword Technique!” Chen Dazheng exclaimed.

Some of the nearby disciples, upon hearing this, looked towards Lin Xuan with an indescribable gaze.

“Junior brother, you’re new here and still don’t understand the Thunder Move Sword Technique,” Chen Dazheng explained, “Not only is this swordsmanship incomplete, but it is also difficult to master.

Others have chosen it before, but no one has ever succeeded in learning it.

Over time, it's been neglected by everyone.”

“So, junior brother, you might want to choose something else, after all, 120 contribution points is not a small sum,” Chen Dazheng advised.

“No one mastered it?”

How mysterious!” Lin Xuan stroked his chin, a slight smile appearing at the corner of his mouth, “Lord of Wine did say this is just a simplified version, but I imagine its power must be extraordinary.”

“Don't worry, Brother Chen, I'll still exchange for the Thunder Move Sword Technique.”

“Ah!” Seeing Lin Xuan's determination, Chen Dazheng sighed and shook his head, then he took out a thin booklet from a bookshelf behind him and handed it to Lin Xuan.

“You know the rules, right?” Chen Dazheng asked.

Lin Xuan nodded: “Other than myself, it must not be passed on to a second person.”

This was the rule of the Xuantian Sect; whoever exchanged for a Cultivation Technique must practice it themselves.

Should it be transmitted privately and discovered, they would face severe punishment from the sect.

Lin Xuan took the Thunder Move Sword Technique, ready to leave, just as a group of disciples entered from outside, speaking non-stop and appearing somewhat panicked.

“Did you hear that someone from the Divine Power Group died in the Taihang Mountain Range!”

“What, are you sure?” someone asked.

“You don't know yet?” the newcomers replied, “Yesterday, several disciples from the Divine Power Group didn't return for the whole night, and today their corpses were found in the Taihang Mountain Range, gnawed beyond recognition.

Without the identity cards, we wouldn't have been able to identify them.”

“Killed by a Demon Beast!” the originally gathering disciples said, “Running into a powerful Demon Beast was just their bad luck.”

When such incidents occurred, it excited the ordinary Outer Disciples the most.

They were not members of the Divine Power Group and were often oppressed by them, so of course, they hoped that something would happen to the Divine Power Group, such as someone challenging it, or the Battle Group clashing with it.

But it seems that their excitement was in vain.

“Do you know who died?” the disciple asked mysteriously.

All eyes turned with curiosity and anticipation.

Lin Xuan stood in the distance, silent, knowing who had died, but he also wanted to hear the Divine Power Group’s attitude towards the incident.

The disciple continued: “Among the deceased disciples was someone named Zhang Bin.

You may not have heard of his name, but you must have heard of his elder brother’s.”

“His elder brother is Zhang Qian!”

“What, Zhang Qian!

Are you saying that Zhang Qian’s younger brother is dead?” the crowd gasped.

“Who is this Zhang Qian?” Lin Xuan saw even Chen Dazheng appeared astonished and unconsciously pursed his lips.

“You joined late, so it is normal not to know,” Chen Dazheng sighed, “Zhang Qian is an Inner Sect Disciple and a core member of the Divine Power Group, with his Cultivation reaching the eighth stage of the Magnetic Condensation Realm, and he is a prominent figure among the top thirty on the Inner Sect rankings.

Almost all disciples of the Xuantian Sect have heard his name.”

“I didn’t expect that while he was out on a mission, his younger brother would end up dead in the Taihang Mountain Range.

I suppose when he returns, he will completely lose control.”

Lin Xuan nodded expressionlessly, his heart sinking, not expecting that Zhang Bin’s elder brother would be so formidable.

However, he had no regrets; even if he had known Zhang Bin’s identity, he would still have killed him.

Then, the disciple said again: “Many Inner Sect Disciples from the Divine Power Group have gone to the Taihang Mountain Range, and they found that Zhang Bin’s body had many sword wounds.

In particular, there was a clear stab wound on his neck made by a longsword.”

“Are you saying he was murdered first, and then his body was dismembered by the fierce beasts?” The crowd felt bewildered, to think that someone dared to kill Zhang Qian’s brother was practically a suicide mission!

“Now the Divine Power Group is enraged.

They are discussing a resolution and are likely to mobilize all their strength to find the murderer.”

Lin Xuan secretly sighed, it seemed his deeds had been discovered.

He bade farewell to Chen Dazheng and left.

His current situation was very dangerous, and the only thing he could do was to improve his strength as much as possible.

Zhang Bin was on his way back when he noticed that all the disciples were talking about the same thing, gripping his fists subconsciously and then quickened his pace.

Upon returning to his room, Zhang Bin finally let his guard down and slowly exhaled a breath of air.

Calming his emotions, he opened the newly exchanged Thunder Move Sword Technique, reading it carefully, word for word.

If he could master this technique, it would greatly improve his strength.

The essence of the Thunder Move Sword Technique boils down to one word, fast!

What is the fastest thing in the world?

Lightning!

What is the most ferocious?

Thunder!

The Thunder Move Sword Technique embodies the ultimate speed and ferocious power; with one stroke, wind and thunder are set into motion!

Zhang Bin nodded in agreement as he read this.

Indeed, the power of lightning is one of the most ferocious forces in the world.

If such power were integrated into swordsmanship, its might would be unimaginable.

As for Fast Sword, Zhang Bin already had a preliminary understanding.

His move, the Outer Heaven Flying Star, was very fast, but unfortunately, it consumed too much Spiritual Power.

“I wonder how fast this Thunder Move Sword Technique can be?” Zhang Bin mused with anticipation.

He continued to read.

The following sections described the moves of the first three levels and a passage of the sword’s mental method.

This mental method is the core of the sword technique.

Only with the mental method can the full power of the sword technique be unleashed.

Zhang Bin grew more engrossed as he read the content of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, which broadened his horizons significantly.

He now understood why many couldn’t master it, as speed alone was not something that could be achieved in a short time.

Just like Zhang Bin’s Outer Heaven Flying Star, he had practiced it for three years before achieving today’s results.

Moreover, the Thunder Move Sword Technique required not just speed, but the control of that ferocious power.

“Are you finished reading?” Lord of Wine’s voice rang out, “Do you want me to give you some pointers?”

Zhang Bin was still not quite used to the sudden appearance of the voice from Drunken Uncle, but when he heard the word “pointers,” his face lit up with a smile.

“This mysterious guy dares to call himself the Sword Master, so his attainment in Sword Dao must be extraordinary.

If I could get his guidance, surely my cultivation speed would greatly increase,” Zhang Bin thought to himself.

“Drunken Uncle, I really need your pointers!” Zhang Bin said cheerily.

“Based on your personality, you should be doubting and then refusing,” Lord of Wine said with a peculiar tone.

“Hehe, not taking advantage of a good situation would be foolish!”

Upon hearing this, Lord of Wine laughed heartily: “You lad, I really like your spirit!”

But he quickly came to his senses and said discontentedly, “What did you just call me?

Who’s a drunkard?”

Zhang Bin was startled, thinking to himself that this guy reacted rather slowly, but he complimentarily said, “You must have heard wrong, I said you are a Saint among drinkers, a Sword Immortal among men, the very Wine Sword Immortal!”

“Hmm!

I like the sound of that,” Lord of Wine felt particularly thrilled and shouted, “Little Xuanzi, I’m running out of good wine, go get me some!”

Zhang Bin: “...”

“I want wine made from a thousand-year-old spiritual fruit, infused with a ten-thousand-year-old Immortal Vine,” Lord of Wine started making requests.

“You must still be half-asleep,” Zhang Bin said, holding his head in agony.

“I don’t even have a single Spirit Stone to my name, where am I supposed to get you a thousand-year-old spiritual fruit?”

The lazy voice of Lord of Wine floated out: “Then I can’t teach you, figure it out on your own, I wish you success!”

Zhang Bin: “...”

After a long while, Zhang Bin suddenly exploded: “Damn it, praising you as the Wine Sword Immortal, really taking yourself for an immortal.

Believe it or not, I’ll kick you out right now!”

The room fell into silence, with Lord of Wine showing no reaction.

“You win, I’ll go find that spiritual fruit for you!” Zhang Bin said through clenched teeth.

15: Chapter 14 Storm 15: Chapter 14 Storm The boundless Taihang Mountain Range was filled with primal vitality, with various towering trees and bizarre peaks scattered throughout.

The roars of tigers and gibbons, predatory birds, and ferocious beasts were endless.

However, within these treacherous forests, a seemingly frail figure often appeared, hunting down many wild beasts.

“Damn it, my luck!” This figure skewered a twin-horned wild boar with his sword and landed steadily on the ground, “The good Snake-shaped Fruit actually got eaten half by this beast!”

The figure was none other than Lin Xuan, who angrily cut off the white twin horns and stowed them in his backpack.

These past few days, he had been in the forest, searching for the Snake-shaped Fruits and Purple Flowers, and after several days of effort, he had found three Snake-shaped Fruits and four Purple Flowers.

Gathering five of each would allow the Lord of Wine to brew wine that could enhance his cultivation.

Just now, he had finally found a Snake-shaped Fruit, only to have a twin-horned wild boar snatch a bite first.

Angered, Lin Xuan had no choice but to deal with the twin-horned wild boar.

He still needed two more Snake-shaped Fruits and one Purple Flower, time to hurry!

Lin Xuan's figure flickered as he set off again.

There were only two months left until the Inner Sect examination, but his strength was still at the third level of the Magnetic Condensation Realm.

Lin Xuan glided through the air like a large bird, touching the tip of his foot lightly, sliding through the air, and then leveraging the tree branches to launch himself again, keeping him aloft.

The Snake-shaped Fruit thrived in dark and damp conditions, while the Purple Flower preferred the sun, so Lin Xuan had no choice but to rush around.

Whoosh!

He agilely landed on the trunk of a large tree, his eyes flashing like lightning as he scanned the surroundings, and indeed, in a dark place, he spotted a Snake-shaped Fruit.

It had to be said that Lin Xuan's luck was still quite good.

Though the Snake-shaped Fruit was not extremely rare, it was not commonly found either, and the elders of the Xuantian Sect used it in large quantities, so the nearby Snake-shaped Fruits had been almost completely picked.

Lin Xuan stomped his foot and flew toward the Snake-shaped Fruit.

Before he had even landed, the bushes suddenly stirred.

A two-tailed Green Snake shot out like a sword, its mouth wide like a fan, snapping at Lin Xuan's head.

"Courting death!" Lin Xuan shouted angrily as his Black Iron Long Sword thrust out diagonally, as fast as lightning, piercing straight into its vital seven-inch area.

With a flick of his wrist and Spiritual Power infused into the sword body, that power instantly tore open the wound, exploding like a detonation.

Having dispatched the two-tailed Green Snake with a single sword blow, Lin Xuan quickly reached for the Snake-shaped Fruit.

Just as he touched it, he felt a sense of crisis.

He circulated the Longevity Technique frantically, his entire palm emitting a cyan glow like a bright moon.

Hiss, hiss!

Two sharp noises sounded, and beneath the leaves of the Snake-shaped Fruit, two tiny snakes, each the length of a finger, were hiding and bit at Lin Xuan's palm the moment it touched them.

Fortunately, Lin Xuan's reflexes were quick enough, or else he would have been bitten.

Although small in size, these snakes possessed a powerful venom.

Typically, those below the sixth-tier of the Muculation Realm, if bitten even once, would not die but would be severely incapacitated.

Lin Xuan exerted force and shook the two small Poison Snakes to death, then plucked the Snake-shaped Fruit, and also extracted the snake gall of the two-tailed snake, placing everything into the backpack.

“These materials should fetch some Spirit Stones, but my backpack is nearly full, can’t fit anymore!” Lin Xuan looked at the remaining materials, his eyes filled with reluctance, those were Spirit Stones, after all.

“You country bumpkin, can’t even part with such little things!” Lord of Wine’s mocking voice sounded.

“Drunken Uncle, didn’t we agree to greet each other before speaking?” Lin Xuan was a bit frantic, actually being scorned by a drunkard.

“Hmm, I still haven’t thought of how to greet you, and you can’t expect me to knock, can you?” Lord of Wine rolled his White Eyes, “You’re still too young, unlike me, who has completely adapted to living inside you.”

“Damn!” Lin Xuan wished he could dive in and beat the guy up, but for the sake of Spiritual Wine and the cultivation of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, he endured.

“I’m telling you, Little Xuanzi, you need to find that thousand-year-old spirit fruit fast, or else I, Lord of Wine, will have to sleep forever.”

“What?” Lin Xuan jumped in shock.

This guy had tricked him out of so many things, and he hadn’t made good on any of them yet.

“Hey, uncle, at least teach me the Thunder Move Sword Technique before you go to sleep!” Lin Xuan shouted.

“You little rascal, if I could get out, I would’ve trained you properly already,” Lord of Wine yelled angrily.

As Lin Xuan bantered with Lord of Wine, he searched for the remaining ingredients.

Under Lord of Wine’s guidance, he quickly found five Snake-shaped Fruits and five Purple Flowers.

“Uncle, are you sure you’re not some Demon Beast in disguise?”

Your nose is so sharp!” Lin Xuan said delightedly.

Lord of Wine: ...

“Uncle, should we collect more?” Lin Xuan continued, “With five fruits, can we brew more?”

Is that enough?”

“One more word, and I’m not brewing anymore!” Lord of Wine threatened.

...

The five Snake-shaped Fruits and five Purple Flowers were taken by Lord of Wine, and Lin Xuan could only wait patiently.

According to Lord of Wine, he needed to reach at least the Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins to begin cultivating the Thunder Move Sword Technique, otherwise his body simply wouldn’t be able to handle that power.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a shadow fell from the sky, as if the sky had been covered.

Lin Xuan looked up and saw a pitch-black mass overhead.

Intense air currents burst forth from above, sweeping in all directions.

Rows of trees were uprooted towards the sky, and huge stones the size of tables were sent flying everywhere.

Lin Xuan was engulfed by this inexplicable gale; it was too late to run.

He had to frantically channel his Spiritual Power, relying on his own strength to resist the storm.

The wind was like a steel knife, and being caught in it was like being slashed.

Lin Xuan’s feet dug deep into the ground, his arms protected his chest, and he fought desperately against it.

Fortunately, the wind came fast and left just as quickly.

Soon, the shadow and gale moved forward, and Lin Xuan finally escaped danger.

He looked up in fear and found that the dark shadow was actually a giant bird large enough to cover the sky.

With one flap of its enormous wings, two tornadoes formed beneath them, recklessly destroying the forest below.

“Damn, what kind of level is this Demon Beast at, being so huge?” Lin Xuan said, still reeling from the shock.

“When will I be able to reach out my hand and cover the sky, or move mountains and fill seas!” Lin Xuan yearned deeply for the power of such strong beings.

As a martial artist, no one did not wish to stand at the Martial Arts Peak, and Lin Xuan was even more eager to become stronger because he wanted to control his own destiny!

After the life-or-death struggle just now, his Fourth Spirit Vein had already loosened.

In a few days, he would surely open the Fourth Spirit Vein and become a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior.

Just then, Lord of Wine’s voice was heard again: “Alright, Little Xuanzi, with my Spiritual Wine, you’ll break through quickly!”

“But remember to find me that Spirit Fruit, I’ve just woken up and I don’t want to fall back asleep.” Lord of Wine’s voice faded, “Don’t drink too much, just one sip at a time...”

“It seems this guy is really in a bad spot.

Oh well, once I break through, I’ll find him the Spirit Fruit.” Lin Xuan made up his mind and without hesitation found a nearby cave and went inside.

Lin Xuan held a small purple gourd in his hands, which contained the Spiritual Wine brewed by Lord of Wine.

He opened the seal and took a sip.

The Spiritual Wine was very sweet and slid straight down his throat into his stomach.

The next moment, a warm current arose from within Lin Xuan.

16: Chapter 15 Heavenly Fragrance Square 16: Chapter 15 Heavenly Fragrance Square The heat wave, like a flood that had breached a dam, rapidly stirred the Spiritual Power within Lin Xuan’s body.

As he repeatedly circulated the Longevity Technique, the greenish Spiritual Power inside him grew stronger.

Under the guidance of the Longevity Technique, the green Spiritual Power quickly broke through the Fourth Spirit Vein, forming a fourth cycle within Lin Xuan’s body.

Feeling the explosive increase in Spiritual Power, Lin Xuan's lips slightly curled upward, the bottleneck that originally required four to five days to breakthrough had been directly overcome with the stimulation of the Spiritual Wine.

"Now my strength has increased at least twice as much compared to the Third Level of Pulse Condensation, no wonder they say cultivating is like climbing a ladder, one tier utterly surpasses the previous one." Lin Xuan threw a punch and created a big pit in the mountain wall, with cracks spreading around like a spider-web.

"Indeed, I still can't precisely control my power." Lin Xuan knew that if he could properly control his power, he would be able to concentrate all of it at one point, and directly pierce through the mountain wall instead of just smashing the rocks as he did now.

However, he wasn't disheartened in the slightest, knowing that once he mastered the Thunder Move Sword Technique, he would be able to control his power accurately, thus enhancing his strength once again.

Nevertheless, to get the Lord of Wine to teach him swordsmanship, he still needed to find a Spirit Fruit.

Lin Xuan dared not dream of getting a thousand-year-old spiritual fruit, but a hundred-year-old Spirit Fruit was attainable if he paid a certain price.

"What a pity to lose a good pot of wine." Lin Xuan sighed.

"Eh, why am I speaking like that drunkard?" Lin Xuan shivered, "Seems like he'll lead me astray in the future!"

He opened his backpack and took out several white porcelain bottles, then poured the remaining Spiritual Wine from the gourd into these bottles, filling each half full, then carefully sealed the caps.

Lin Xuan stowed away the Purple Gourd, then, holding the white porcelain bottles and a backpack full of wild beast materials, he headed towards the nearest city.

Leyang City was a nearby city nestled against the Taihang Mountain Range, not far from the Xuantian Sect, and many disciples from the Xuantian Sect came here to shop.

Due to its proximity to the mountain, there were many Mercenary Groups at the early stages of mountain exploration, and coupled with frequent visits from Xuantian Sect disciples, commerce in Leyang City was highly developed.

Amongst these, the most famous were the tower, two squares, and three treasure streets.

The 'tower' referred to the Ten Thousand Treasure Tower, which could be said to be the largest trading post in Leyang City, offering bizarre and exotic treasures, "you can't imagine what you can't buy here."

Of course, the precondition was having sufficient money; it wasn't advisable for those who weren't rich to go there.

Otherwise, just the prices alone would be shocking!

The 'two squares' were two markets, the Heavenly Fragrance Square and the Prosperity Workshop.

Although not as famous as the Ten Thousand Treasure Tower, they were top-notch trading places, offering comprehensive goods that were also cheaper than those in Ten Thousand Treasure Tower, but still not affordable for ordinary people.

The 'three treasure streets' referred to three commercial streets related to martial artists.

However, the goods there were very mixed, often littered with fake goods alongside genuine treasures.

Thus, this place could be described as both heaven and hell; with enough luck, one might even find otherworldly treasures.

After arriving in Leyang City, Lin Xuan bought a loose black robe with a hood to cover his entire body.

Being cautious was necessary when traveling.

He couldn't afford to go to the Ten Thousand Treasure Tower since just the entrance fee was thirty low-grade spiritual stones, which made Lin Xuan's eyes turn red.

As for shopping in the commercial streets, he planned to wait until he had the money, and forget about selling goods.

So he headed straight to the Heavenly Fragrance Square in the Prosperity Workshop.

Positioned in the south of Leyang City, Heavenly Fragrance Square covered a vast area.

The owner behind it was a stunning beauty, and she had a group of beautiful girls under her employ.

These girls often took care of business in the Heavenly Fragrance Square, attracting many martial artists who came admiringly.

Lin Xuan stood at the entrance of Heavenly Fragrance Square, watching the crowd surge like a tide, and he took a deep breath before stepping inside.

Many people dressed in black robes like Lin Xuan were in the crowd, so he did not stand out.

Touching the three small bottles in his cloak, he walked forward with the flow of people.

The interior was divided into several areas that efficiently guided the flow of people, and Lin Xuan, while searching for the whereabouts of the Spirit Fruits, thought about how much he should sell his Spiritual Wine for.

If it weren't for his dire need of money, he would never sell such items that could stimulate Spiritual Power.

Weapons area, Elixir Pills area, armor area, herb area...

Lin Xuan looked through each area one by one and indeed found many treasures, but the prices only made him scoff before he turned his head and walked away.

Eventually, he arrived at the herb area, which had both shops and stalls, and Lin Xuan checked each stall.

Some stall owners were enthusiastic, pulling him over and talking incessantly, while others were indifferent, just quietly sitting there.

After making inquiries all around, there were indeed no thousand-year-old Spiritual Fruits, but there were a few hundred-year-old ones.

However, the prices were too high and they did not accept trades.

Lin Xuan decided to give up and thought about checking the shops.

"Hey!" Just as Lin Xuan was about to enter a shop, someone grabbed him from behind.

"I've been observing you for a while, are you looking for a hundred-year-old Spiritual Fruit?" It was a chubby middle-aged man, with triangular eyes squeezed into slits by the fat on his face.

He grinned, saying, "I have some goods, do you want to take a look?"

Lin Xuan raised an eyebrow and looked at the chubby middle-aged man with a half-smile, then responded, "Let's see what you have."

While he let the chubby man fetch the goods, Lin Xuan silently called upon Lord of Wine in his mind.

Indeed, as soon as Lord of Wine heard it was about identifying Spirit Fruits, he perked up.

At that moment, the middle-aged man took out an orange-colored fruit, shook it, and declared, "Genuine hundred-year-old Flame Fruit, only five hundred Spirit Stones!"

Generally, the price of Spirit Fruits at stalls ranged from eight hundred to over a thousand Spirit Stones, so this middle-aged man's price was quite cheap.

However, Lord of Wine glanced at it and immediately asserted that it was not even a ten-year-old Spiritual Fruit, let alone a hundred; this chubby man was a pure fraud.

After learning the truth, Lin Xuan scoffed, turned around to leave; he had no time to waste on this fraudster, but to his surprise, the chubby man grabbed him.

Feeling annoyed, Lin Xuan did not expect such a boldness from a fraudster.

He was about to teach him a lesson when the middle-aged chubby man shouted first.

"Help!

Someone's stealing in broad daylight!"

Lin Xuan was stunned, not expecting the chubby man to falsely accuse him.

Before he could react, the surrounding crowd had already enclosed him.

The middle-aged chubby man continued to shout loudly, "You wanted to buy the hundred-year-old Spirit Fruit, and I kindly agreed to sell it to you, but then you tried to snatch it by force.

Do you really think I'm easy to bully?"

The surrounding crowd also began to murmur, with many criticizing Lin Xuan.

"Make way, clear out, who dares to cause trouble in Heavenly Fragrance Square?" The Heavenly Fragrance Square Guard Team approached from a distance.

17: Chapter 16: Spiritual Liquid 17: Chapter 16: Spiritual Liquid "Guard, this guy daring to steal from Heavenly Fragrance Square is clearly a challenge to our dignity," the middle-aged Fatty said with a pitiful expression, but his eyes were gleaming with a crafty light.

The lead guard glanced at Lin Xuan and, noticing no powerful fluctuations of Spiritual Power from him, sneered, "Someone, capture him!"

After speaking, he exchanged a knowing look with the Fatty, who could barely conceal his smug smile.

Meanwhile, four Heavenly Fragrance Square guards wielding long swords approached Lin Xuan.

“Wow, this guy actually dared to cause trouble in Heavenly Fragrance Square.

He’s probably in for it this time!”

“He must be new here, not knowing how powerful Heavenly Fragrance Square really is...”

Lin Xuan watched the four approaching guards and quietly circulated his Spiritual Power.

He hadn’t expected to encounter this situation as soon as he walked in, but he was certainly not one to suffer losses without retaliation.

Just as Lin Xuan was about to launch an attack, the voice of the Lord of Wine echoed in his heart, “You’re still too young.

You’re getting worked up over such a trivial matter?”

Lin Xuan rolled his eyes, “I’m being bullied to my face, how can I not be impulsive?”

The Lord of Wine smiled mysteriously, “Watch me!”

Lin Xuan felt an inexplicable force surge from within him and float towards the middle-aged Fatty.

In the next instant, the Fatty jolted, then burst into loud laughter.

“Haha, Brother Leopard, that was way too easy.

That Black Robed Man was such an easy mark, didn’t even resist.

We’ll split his belongings between us.

I’ll find another fat sheep, and then I’ll call on you again, Brother Leopard!”

As he spoke, the middle-aged Fatty clasped onto the lead guard, calling him ‘Brother Leopard’ incessantly.

People around immediately understood what was happening and glared angrily at the guards from Heavenly Fragrance Square.

The four guards initially intent on capturing Lin Xuan, now terrified, kept backing away.

As for Brother Leopard, his face turned pale with fear.

He raised his hand and slapped the middle-aged Fatty across the face.

Smack!

The Fatty spun around thrice on the spot, his already plump face now even more swollen.

The slap had entirely jolted the Fatty awake.

“Brother...

Brother Leopard, why did you hit me?” the Fatty whined.

“Get lost, I don’t know you!

Someone, seize this Fatty!” Brother Leopard looked like he wanted to tear him apart.

The commotion had already alerted the owner of Heavenly Fragrance Square, and a beautiful woman dressed in a pink long dress walked over slowly.

She first had Brother Leopard taken away, then apologized to the people around, promising that such an incident would never happen again.

Lastly, she approached Lin Xuan and said in a gentle voice, “Sir, I’m truly sorry for what happened.

Heavenly Fragrance Square has not treated you well, and we hope you can forgive us.”

“To make up for the misunderstanding, everything you purchase today will be sold to you at a 30% discount!” said the pink-clad lady.

Lin Xuan spoke in a lower voice, “With such sincerity from your establishment, it’s pointless for me to pursue the matter further.

Does your establishment possibly have Hundred-year-old Spiritual Fruits for sale?”

“Please, come this way, sir,” said the pink-clad lady with a blooming smile, swaying her waist as she led Lin Xuan into a grand shop.

“This is the Hundred-year-old Flame Fruit, which contains potent Fire Attribute power, very suitable for Martial Artists who practice Fire Attribute Martial Arts to consume, priced at a thousand Spirit Stones.

This is the Frost Fruit, imbued with powerful Ice Frost Power...”

The pink-clad lady introduced seven or eight types of Spirit Fruits in succession, each over a hundred years old and extremely precious.

“May I ask which one has caught your eye, sir?” the pink-clad lady asked with a smile.

Lin Xuan’s gaze flickered, all of these Spirit Fruits were around a thousand Spirit Stones each, and after a thirty percent discount, they were about seven hundred Spirit Stones each.

He didn’t know how much his Spiritual Wine could sell for, but he figured it shouldn’t be worth less than these Spirit Fruits.

“I’ll take these three,” Lin Xuan stretched out his hand and spoke in a suppressed voice.

The ones Lin Xuan pointed to were the Flame Fruit, Frost Fruit, and Thunder Fruit—all of them priced at a thousand Spirit Stones.

Combined, the total was three thousand Spirit Stones, which was not a small sum.

“Do you buy Spiritual Liquid here?” Lin Xuan suddenly asked.

“Spiritual Liquid?” The pink-dressed woman blinked in surprise, then looked at Lin Xuan with slight astonishment, “May I ask what grade of Spiritual Liquid you wish to sell, sir?”

Please wait a moment; I will call an Appraiser.”

The pink-dressed woman led Lin Xuan to a luxurious room and then left, swaying her hips.

Soon she returned with an old man with grizzled hair.

“This is Master Yuan, our Appraiser at Heavenly Fragrance Square, Elder Yuan, this gentleman wishes to sell Spiritual Liquid,” said the pink-dressed woman.

Elder Yuan had white hair and a face lined like dried orange peel, but his eyes were as bright as stars, flashing with sharpness.

Lin Xuan gave a faint smile and flipped his palm, revealing a small white porcelain bottle, which he placed on the table.

He then leaned back in his chair, reclining against the backrest.

Seeing this, Elder Yuan wasted no time.

He carefully took the white porcelain bottle and opened it.

Immediately, a refreshing fragrance wafted out, invigorating to anyone who smelled it.

Elder Yuan's eyes lit up as he sat down and began to inspect it meticulously, while even the pink-dressed woman looked at Lin Xuan with a hint of surprise.

As one of the managers of Heavenly Fragrance Square in charge of the entire area of medicine, she was no stranger to Spiritual Liquid, but this was the first time she had seen one that could refresh the spirit with just a scent like Lin Xuan's.

As a manager of Heavenly Fragrance Square, she had already decided to forge a good relationship with Lin Xuan and turn him into a regular client.

At this point, Elder Yuan had finished his appraisal.

There was a trace of excitement in his eyes, clearly, the grade of the Spiritual Liquid had surpassed his expectations.

"It is Second Grade Spiritual Liquid," Elder Yuan said, a bit breathless, "and it is High Grade!"

Lin Xuan was delighted; from Elder Yuan's expression, he could guess the Spiritual Liquid was quite valuable, but he didn't actually know how much Second Grade Spiritual Liquid was worth.

Fortunately, Elder Yuan spoke up, "May I know how you wish to sell it, sir?"

"How much does Heavenly Fragrance Square offer?" Lin Xuan countered.

"A preliminary estimate is around a thousand Spirit Stones, of course, if we auction it, the price could be higher."

"A thousand Spirit Stones, that's as much as a Spirit Fruit!" Lin Xuan was surprised.

He knew what the Spiritual Liquid was made of—just some Spirit Grass, totaling no more than two hundred Spirit Stones.

He hadn't expected it to be so valuable after being transformed into Spiritual Liquid.

"It seems Drunken Uncle is quite impressive.

I don't have to worry about Spirit Stones in the future!" Lin Xuan thought joyfully.

"I have another bottle here.

Would you trade these two bottles of Spiritual Liquid for three Hundred-year-old Spirit Fruits?" Lin Xuan asked lightly.

Three Spirit Fruits cost three thousand Spirit Stones, and after the discount, it would be two thousand one hundred Spirit Stones, roughly equivalent to the price of two bottles of Spiritual Liquid.

"Another one?" Elder Yuan and his companion were taken aback.

Were there any more, sir?

"No, there are no more.

You should know the rarity of such an item, two bottles are already my limit," Lin Xuan said.

In truth, he had kept one more bottle, and his Purple Gourd contained more, probably around three more bottles.

However, seeing Elder Yuan's expression, he didn't dare take more out.

He understood the principle that a man is not guilty for carrying jade, but he would be if he is suspected of hiding it.

18: Chapter 17 Forced Purchase 18: Chapter 17 Forced Purchase "Two bottles of Spiritual Liquid in exchange for three Hundred-year-old Spiritual Fruits, and on top of that, to form a connection with such a mysterious person, this deal is definitely a surefire profit."

"Of course it's possible," said the red-clothed woman with a smile as beautiful as a blooming flower.

She took out a purple-gold card and said with a grin, "This is the VIP card of Heavenly Fragrance Square.

From now on, in any area of Heavenly Fragrance Square, you will be treated as a VIP.

Furthermore, any purchase will receive a 10% discount.

If you participate in an auction, the commission fee will be reduced from ten percent to five percent."

"It seems he mistook me for an alchemist," Lin Xuan said as he accepted the Purple Gold Card, nodding in satisfaction.

On the Spirit Martial Continent, there are all kinds of professions, including alchemists, who are specialized in extracting effective ingredients from Spiritual Medicine, creating elixirs and Spiritual Liquids with significantly enhanced effects.

These alchemists are divided from First to Ninth Rank, and correspondingly, their Elixir Pills and Spiritual Liquids are also graded into nine levels.

The Spiritual Wine that Lin Xuan had was a Second Grade Spirit Liquid.

Lin Xuan took possession of the Spirit Fruits and quickly left the shop.

Watching Lin Xuan's departing figure, the red-clothed woman's eyes twinkled, "Elder, is this really Second Grade Spirit Liquid?"

The Elder's face, which looked like the skin of an orange, was filled with gravity, "Indeed, it is Second Grade Spirit Liquid, but I did not sense the aura that should emanate from an alchemist."

"Are you saying he is not an alchemist?" The red-clothed woman's brows furrowed slightly.

"Should we send someone to check on him?"

The Elder shook his head, "No need.

Even if he's not an alchemist, he must have an extraordinary relationship with one.

If we were to anger him, it could only be detrimental to our Heavenly Fragrance Square and bring no benefit."

"You must understand, alchemists are highly sought after by many forces.

Do not offend one carelessly, or the consequences could be unimaginable!"

"Don't worry, Elder, I know what to do," said the red-clothed woman with a smile.

...

After leaving Heavenly Fragrance Square, Lin Xuan did not head straight back, but instead went directly to the business street in the western district.

The business street paled in comparison to Heavenly Fragrance Square, with no grand buildings, no orderly guards to maintain discipline, and certainly no beautiful maidens with welcoming smiles.

Having acquired three Spirit Fruits, Lin Xuan was in high spirits.

He walked lightly through the business street, occasionally glancing at the stalls along the way.

Most people were selling common items, some of which were even broken weapons and armor.

Apart from those, there were also some oddly shaped items that they proudly claimed to be ancient treasures!

Lin Xuan looked around but found nothing of interest until he was about to leave, when Lord of Wine suddenly spoke up.

“Little Xuanzi, at the stand to your rear right, there is a brown stone that you absolutely must acquire!”

Lin Xuan cast a covert glance in that direction and then asked in his mind, “What’s special about it?”

“Calling you young and you still don’t believe me!” Lord of Wine said with a hint of mockery.

“Of course, the stone itself isn’t special.

The key is the branch sealed inside it; it’s at least a thousand years old.”

“Really?” Lin Xuan was astonished.

He found Lord of Wine to be like a divine being; first, he could make that middle-aged Fatty spill the truth, and now he could see the contents inside a stone.

“How do you do it?” Lin Xuan, eager to learn, asked flatteringly.

“This is Divine Skills, Divine Skills, understand?” Lord of Wine said proudly.

Lin Xuan curled his lip and casually approached the stall, picking up a few items to examine.

The stall owner was a youth about the same age as him, but his complexion was yellowish and his body somewhat thin.

“Sir, have you taken a fancy to anything good?”

Let me tell you, all these items are ancestral treasures from my family, definitely ancient relics!” the sallow-faced youth declared with great animation.

Lin Xuan browsed for quite a while before picking up the brown stone.

Lord of Wine let out a barrage of strange cries within Lin Xuan's heart, and Lin Xuan felt a fleeting glimpse of a tiny black vortex, but when he looked carefully, he found nothing.

"It's settled, Little Xuanzi, I've got my hands on that half piece of branch, you can withdraw now!" Lord of Wine, holding onto the half branch and three Spirit Fruits, focused on brewing his wine.

"What's this?"

"You're even selling this broken stone?" Lin Xuan asked in a lowered voice.

"This..." The sallow-faced youth's eyes darted around, but before he could speak, Lin Xuan heard an arrogant voice from behind him, "I'll buy that stone!"

Clang!

A bag of Spirit Stones landed on the stall.

"Here are twenty Spirit Stones, take them.

The stone is mine!" The voice carried an authoritative tone.

Lin Xuan turned around and saw several young men and women standing behind him, exuding arrogance as if they held nothing and no one in regard.

"The money is given, the stone is mine!

Put down the stone, you can go now," one of the youths said coldly to Lin Xuan.

Originally, since the object inside the stone was now in his possession, there was no need for Lin Xuan to fight over the stone itself.

However, the tone of these youths displeased him, and moreover, they were all disciples of Xuantian Sect, two of the youths belonged to the Divine Power Group, and one of the young women, dressed in green robes and endowed with fine features, also carried the same air of arrogance.

"It's the Divine Power Group again," Lin Xuan sneered inwardly.

He said indifferently, "I'll offer thirty Spirit Stones."

"You dare to compete with me for an item?"

Do you know who we are?"

We are disciples of Xuantian Sect!" the youth arrogantly declared.

“Since ancient times, the highest bidder wins the item.

You, an Outer Disciple, don’t yet have the capital to be so insolent!” Lin Xuan said scornfully.

The cultivation of these individuals was mostly at the Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins, which could be considered above-average among the Outer Door, but their tone was as if they were unparalleled experts, showing disdain for everyone.

“Fine, thirty Spirit Stones, it’s yours,” the youth said with a sneer.

“I don’t have to spend a penny and can still make you obediently hand it over!” Having said that, he touched the longsword at his waist in a clear threat.

“Of course, such a fine stone should be cut open on the spot,” Lin Xuan said calmly.

Hearing this, the faces of the youths changed dramatically, and they were at a loss for what to do, resorting to staring fiercely at Lin Xuan.

“Hmph, wait until Brother Tian Jie comes back to teach him a lesson!” the young woman suddenly said.

Indeed, it wasn’t long before another youth arrived, a burly fellow with thick eyebrows and large eyes, exuding an extremely strong aura, with sharp eyes as piercing as lightning, and an impressive demeanor.

“Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing!” Lin Xuan was inwardly shocked.

Among the Outer Door, this was already considered a master.

Why did these people want the stone as well?

Could it be that they knew there was something inside?

Having learned of the situation, the youth named Tian Jie directly asked, “Vendor, who are you planning to sell to?”

“I, I’m not selling anymore!” Even the sallow-faced vendor, however slow-witted, knew that the brown stone was a treasure.

How could he possibly sell it for just twenty Spirit Stones?

“Fifty Spirit Stones, and I’ll take the stone.

Otherwise, you’re opposing the Divine Power Group of our Xuantian Sect!” Tian Jie said forcefully.

“What!

You, you’re from the Divine Power Group!” The sallow-faced vendor’s complexion immediately became extremely unsightly.

Seeing the change in the vendor’s expression, Tian Jie smiled smugly and then reached out his large hand, grasping arrogantly for the stone in Lin Xuan’s hand.

19: Chapter 18 Deterrence 19: Chapter 18 Deterrence To Tian Jie’s eyes, the aura emanating from Lin Xuan was not overwhelming, which was why he dared to be so arrogant.

His arm glowed with a murky yellow light as he reached for Lin Xuan.

“Hmph, wearing a black robe and pretending to be a highbrow?

Brother Tian Jie is at the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing!” the group of youngsters sneered.

“Daring to rob us of our items, you’re simply seeking death!”

The stall owner with a yellow face was so frightened that he turned pale and curled up to one side, not daring to witness the bloody scene.

Lin Xuan’s eyebrows slightly knit together as he grabbed the brown stone in his hand to meet the yellow-glowing fist.

Seeing Lin Xuan use the brown stone to block his attack, Tian Jie felt stifled but did not dare to strike hard, fearing he might damage the brown stone.

He changed his punch to a claw mid-strike, aiming for Lin Xuan’s shoulder.

Lin Xuan still swiftly maneuvered his arms to block the attack with the stone.

He said leisurely, “I offer sixty spirit stones.”

“Damn it, don’t be too presumptuous!

You’ve interrupted our affairs; even death won’t be easy for you!” Tian Jie felt depressed inside, having tremendous strength but unable to unleash it, which was tremendously frustrating.

“I’ll count to three.

If you don’t raise the offer, I’ll crush this stone right here and now,” Lin Xuan sneered, “One.”

Witnessing the scuffle, the martial artists on the commercial street assumed a treasure had emerged and flocked around.

“Damn, who’s so lucky to have found something good?”

“Alas, even with a good item, one must have the life to take it.

To run into a Fifth-Order Spirit Warrior!”

“Two!” Lin Xuan shouted, “If we attract a master in a while, don’t blame me.”

Tian Jie’s palm continuously shifted, executing moves with utmost finesse, but Lin Xuan consistently used the brown stone to block his assault paths.

“I’ll give seventy!” Tian Jie said through gritted teeth, having resolved that once he acquired the stone, the first thing he would do was to tear apart this black-robed man.

“What?”

Seventy, did I hear that right?” the bystanders exclaimed, “A treasure only selling for seventy spirit stones!”

“I offer eighty, can I buy it?” someone asked.

“The highest bidder takes it!” Lin Xuan laughed loudly.

I offer one hundred!

“Damn it, all of you get lost!” Tian Jie roared in anger, the spiritual power surging from within him, the yellow currents leaping like flames.

Some people still wanted to make an offer, but they were intimidated by Tian Jie’s aura.

“Hmph, we are from the Xuantian Sect’s Divine Power Group, and we won’t let anyone who causes trouble off the hook after this!” the young disciples shouted coldly.

Many people gave up competing for it.

While treasures are tempting, one’s own life is even more precious.

“Oh, such big talk.

I bid one hundred and fifty spirit stones!” A mocking voice sounded.

Many people turned back, wanting to see who dared to challenge people from the Xuantian Sect.

Even Tian Jie ceased his attack, looking coldly at the one who made the bid.

Lin Xuan also quickly glanced over and realized he recognized the bidding person.

“Luo Yi!” Tian Jie said through clenched teeth, “Does your Battle Group also want to meddle in this?”

“I didn’t want to get involved, but I just can’t stand you folks from the Divine Power Group!” Luo Yi said with a chuckle.

“Two hundred spirit stones!” Tian Jie did not continue to haggle with Luo Yi; their strengths and statuses were comparable, and if they were to insist on contending, they couldn’t determine a winner in a short time.

“Two hundred and twenty spirit stones!” Luo Yi crossed his arms, looking quite content.

“Die!” Tian Jie did not bid any further; instead, he suddenly launched an attack.

His fist shot out like a fierce tiger, making even the air buzz and tremble.

It was all too sudden.

Luo Yi and the others had no time to anticipate it, let alone come to the rescue.

All they could do was hope that the Black Robed Man could dodge the attack.

Like a fierce tiger descending the mountain, the yellow fist wrapped in Spiritual Power emitted a low tiger’s roar as it struck directly at Lin Xuan’s face.

“It’s the Yellow Rank Intermediate Martial Arts, Tiger Roar Fist!

That man in black is as good as dead!”

“Brother Tian Jie is truly formidable, I fear there’s nobody in the same rank who could withstand that punch!”

Lin Xuan’s left hand formed a sword with his fingers, as azure Spiritual Power surged forth to create a sword light.

With a flick of his finger as if wielding a sword, it shot out like an Outer Heaven Flying Star.

Hiss!

This was the move, Outer Heaven Flying Star, although Lin Xuan executed it with his finger, its power was not diminished in the slightest.

The sword light flickered, soaring like a startled swan, and instantly shattered Tian Jie's Tiger Roar Fist.

Pfft!

Tian Jie's arm ached, and he staggered backward, his eyes filled with terror.

The disciples following him still wore smiles on their faces, but their muscles were as stiff as stone.

"How, how is this possible!" The youths nearly bit their own tongues in shock.

This was Brother Tian Jie, an elite in the Divine Power Group, a mighty Fifth-Order Spirit Warrior!

Luo Yi's pupils were also constricted.

He thought carefully and realized that, had he been in the same situation, he probably wouldn't have been able to evade that sword strike either.

"Who is this Black Robed Man?" His heart was filled with apprehension.

"Trying to ambush?" Lin Xuan's voice was icy cold, "I've changed my mind.

If you don't hand over five hundred Spirit Stones, you can forget about getting this stone!"

Tian Jie was still in a state of shock, that sword strike had completely shattered his confidence.

He now firmly believed Lin Xuan to be a mysterious expert.

He had never seen anyone wield a sword so swiftly!

"Senior, please forgive my insolence; I was blind and offended you," Tian Jie panicked, "Here are five one hundred spirit tickets, redeemable at the Ten Thousand Treasure Tower in the city.

I hope senior can return that stone..."

Tian Jie's demeanor had completely changed from just moments ago.

But there was no choice; this was a world where strength was everything, only the powerful could make others submit.

“Take it!” Lin Xuan took the spirit tickets and said firmly, “Let’s consider this matter settled.

If there’s a next time, there will be no mercy!”

He tossed the brown stone to Tian Jie.

After all, the spirit branch within the stone had already been retrieved by Lord of Wine, so the stone was of no use to him now.

“Senior’s lesson is well taken!” Tian Jie spoke respectfully.

He got the stone and quickly left with a group of disciples.

It seemed he was genuinely frightened.

Lin Xuan then took out a spirit ticket and handed it to the stall owner, asking, “Where did you get that stone from?”

The yellow-faced stall owner took the spirit ticket with trembling hands and said softly, “To answer senior, I found that stone on the outskirts of the Taihang Mountain.

A storm blew through the forest that day, bringing many things with it, including that brown stone.”

“A storm?” Lin Xuan immediately thought of the enormous bird from that day, “It seems that the stone was originally deep in the forest, and was accidentally carried out by that bird.”

“Are there many stones like this?” Lin Xuan asked further.

“I only found one.

The rest fell into a deep pit, and I did not dare to collect them,” the stall owner said cautiously, “It’s a Demon Pit.

Any living thing that approaches it gets lost and then dies, turning into a pile of bones.

Senior better not go there.”

“You better not set up your stall for a while, take care those people don’t come looking for trouble,” Lin Xuan cautioned, and then he left without looking back.

He had heard of this Demon Pit, it was a Forbidden Land in the Taihang Mountain Range.

People were seen entering, but no one had ever come out alive.

“So it’s in such a dangerous place.” Lin Xuan had wanted to collect more brown stones, but now he had to give up the idea.

He found a secluded spot, quickly took off his black robe, and reverted to his original appearance.

“First, I’ll return to the sect.

When Lord of Wine has brewed the Spiritual Wine, I can start cultivating the Thunder Move Sword Technique,” Lin Xuan was filled with anticipation.

...

Tian Jie and the others brought the brown stone to an inn, gathered around a table, curiously looking at the stone on the table.

“Brother, is this really a stone from the depths of the Taihang Mountain Range?

It doesn’t look special at all!” A disciple remarked.

“I don’t know either.

But an Inner Sect brother asked for it, so we from the Outer Door could only collect it,” Tian Jie said gravely, “Brother once instructed that we must not damage the stone, as it seems to contain something special inside, but exactly what, I’m unclear about.”

20: Chapter 19: Power Control 20: Chapter 19: Power Control Xuantian Sect, Task Hall.

Chen Dazheng finished registering the information and left with the treasure that Lin Xuan had repaired, a joyful expression on his face.

Repairing a Human-level Treasure was an order issued by an elder.

For three months, no one had been able to repair it, and now Lin Xuan had managed it.

Chen could also bask in the reflected glory.

Humming a tune, Chen quickly made his way toward the back mountain.

An hour later, he arrived at a quiet courtyard and greeted the two disciples guarding the gate with a bow.

“Brother disciples, I am Chen Dazheng from the Task Hall.

I am here to see Elder Fang.

Please inform him.”

The gatekeeper disciples said, “Elder Fang is in seclusion.

Whatever it is, you can tell us instead.”

“This is Elder Fang’s Human-level Treasure.

It has been repaired.

Please accept it on his behalf,” said Chen Dazheng, somewhat disappointed at not being able to meet Elder Fang.

“Don’t worry, leave it to me,” replied the gatekeeper disciple.

“Wait here a moment.

There is another weapon here.

Take it back and issue the task.”

“Another one?” Chen Dazheng’s eyes lit up, excited at the prospect that if he managed to repair both treasures for Elder Fang, he could definitely win the elder’s favor.

Although it was Lin Xuan who repaired the weapons, his own contribution was significant.

“Alright, brother, rest assured, I will issue the task immediately.” Chen Dazheng took the treasure saber, delighted, and left.

Lin Xuan, after much travel, finally returned to the Xuantian Sect.

There was no news from Lord of Wine yet, so he headed to the Task Hall for a look around.

“Brother Lin, over here!”

As soon as Lin Xuan entered the Task Hall, he heard someone calling his name.

He looked towards the source and saw it was Chen Dazheng.

“Brother Chen, is there a new task?” Lin Xuan asked eagerly.

“Hehe, Brother Lin, this is a treasure saber, also a task issued by an elder.

The price is the same as last time.

How about it, will you take it?"

Lin Xuan was not short on Spirit Stones, but he was in dire need of Contribution Points.

Knowing there was a task, he certainly wanted to take it.

"I'll take the task, thank you, Brother Chen." Lin Xuan accepted the task and handed Chen Dazheng thirty Spirit Stones.

"You're always so generous!" Chen Dazheng, grinning ear to ear, quickly pocketed the Spirit Stones and said cheerfully, "Just focus on the repairs.

I'll keep all the weapon repair tasks for you."

Lin Xuan smiled, bade farewell to Chen Dazheng, and then, holding the longsword, walked toward his cottage.

He spent two hours repairing the treasure saber, then clasped his hands together in a seal and entered a state of cultivation.

Under the influence of the Longevity Technique, the Spiritual Power inside his body circulated rapidly along a specific route.

Surrounded by a green glow, Lin Xuan looked like a flaming orb.

After a night of meditation, Lin Xuan did not feel any fatigue; on the contrary, he felt refreshed and full of strength.

Outside the window, the sun was rising, a brilliant red.

Lord of Wine had also finished brewing the Spiritual Wine and was in good health.

He laughed heartily, "Little Xuanzi, you did well this time.

This grandee doesn't have to worry about running out of wine for a few months."

"Next, I will teach you the Thunder Move Sword Technique.

Get ready, we are setting off!"

"Where to?" Lin Xuan asked excitedly.

"To the Taihang Mountain Range.

The duration of this training session depends on your comprehension,” said Lord of Wine.

“Let’s go.” Lin Xuan grabbed the repaired treasure saber, went to the Task Hall to complete the task, and then headed toward the gate.

Lin Xuan weaved through the forest persistently and eventually found a relatively clean cave to use as a temporary residence, then began his training.

The Thunder Move Sword Technique was not only fast but also ferocious.

While Lin Xuan had no major issues with speed, his main challenge was controlling his power.

Power is one of the pursuits of a martial artist.

The power of a martial artist in the Magnetic Condensation Realm includes two aspects: the physical strength of the body itself and the power generated by the Spiritual Power inside the body.

Typically, a martial artist being able to harness half of their internal power is quite good, demonstrating a very low efficiency in utilizing power.

Better ones could exert up to seventy percent of their internal power.

Once a martial artist could precisely control their internal power and exert ten times the force, their strength would significantly increase.

Lin Xuan’s task was now to precisely control the power in every part of his body.

“Little Xuanzi, I’ll now set up the first training task for you,” said Lord of Wine.

“Start by practicing engraving characters on a large mountain.”

“Engraving characters?”

I thought I came here to cultivate.

What does engraving have to do with it?” Lin Xuan was puzzled.

“Right now, your control of Spiritual Power is poor, really incapable of effectively using the Spiritual Power inside you.

This first task is to allow you to initially control your own Spiritual Power,” explained Lord of Wine.

“Spread out all ten fingers, each finger should engrave a column of characters simultaneously, and I want each character’s depth to be the same.

If there’s a slight mistake, you start over.”

“Start with engraving twenty characters today, and only after meeting my criteria can you sleep.

Lord of Wine was stern.”

“Don’t worry!” Lin Xuan found a smooth rock, activated the Spiritual Power within him, and his fingers were enveloped in green light.

He concentrated deeply, his fingers darting about, and as the Spiritual Power touched the rock, it left an impression.

Originally, Lin Xuan thought it would be simple, but he was wrong.

The depths of the grooves from each of the ten fingers’ first contact with the rock were uneven.

His often-used right hand was clearly deeper than his left, and there was also a variation among each finger.

Lin Xuan then realized this was not an easy task.

He needed to evenly channel the Spiritual Power into his fingers, then exert balanced force.

Thus, Lin Xuan repeatedly engraved again and again...

Xuantian Sect, back mountain.

In a quiet courtyard, an elder with flowing white hair stepped out.

“Elder Fang, this is your Human-level Treasure, now repaired,” said the disciple in the green robe, handing over a long wooden box.

“Hmm?”

It’s repaired?” Elder Fang was somewhat surprised.

He initially had not held much hope and had casually left it at the Task Hall.

He opened the box, took out the longsword, and swung it a couple of times in the air.

A sword light burst forth, cutting through the void.

“Hmm, it seems even more powerful than before,” Elder Fang, examining the longsword closely in his hands.

“This...” Elder Fang’s hand suddenly trembled.

“This is the technique of Sword Pond Prefecture!”

“Who sent this?” Elder Fang asked.

“Chen Dazheng from the Task Hall,” the disciple in the green robe answered respectfully.

Whoosh!

Elder Fang turned into a streak of light and vanished within the small yard.

Task Hall, registration desk.

Chen Dazheng was checking the task information when suddenly a rushing wind blew, scattering the books on his desk.

He cursed under his breath and looked up to try to hold down the papers to prevent them from being blown away.

However, when he looked up, he got quite a shock, his heart nearly leaping out.

A figure stood silently before him, like a ghost.

“Elder Fang!” Chen Dazheng exclaimed excitedly, recognizing the person.

“Let me ask you, who repaired the Human-level Treasure?” Elder Fang inquired.

“An Outer Disciple named Lin Xuan,” Chen Dazheng quickly replied.

“Surname Lin...” Elder Fang murmured.

“Have him come see me.”

“Yes!” Chen Dazheng answered respectfully.