

Inverse Sword Mad God #Chapter 21 - 21 20 Outer Door Turmoil - Read Inverse Sword Mad God Chapter 21 - 21 20 Outer Door Turmoil

21: Chapter 20 Outer Door Turmoil 21: Chapter 20 Outer Door Turmoil Chen Dazheng was puzzled and didn't understand why Elder Fang had come personally.

"Could it be that there's a problem with the treasure?" Chen Dazheng wondered.

"That can't be right; if there were really a problem, the tone would have been different."

He quickly ran towards the Outer Door disciples' accommodation area, realizing that only by finding Lin Xuan would he understand what was going on.

However, what caused him even more of a headache was that Lin Xuan was not in his room at all.

Chen Dazheng asked the surrounding disciples, but no one knew where Lin Xuan had gone.

With no other choice, he could only bite the bullet and go back to report to Elder Fang.

After listening, Elder Fang stroked his beard and said, "When he returns, have him come see me immediately."

"Yes," Chen Dazheng respectfully replied.

As soon as Elder Fang had left, Chen Dazheng suddenly slapped his forehead.

"Ah, I forgot I have Lin Xuan's newly repaired treasure saber in my hand!"

"Forget it, I'll wait for Lin Xuan to return before sending it." He now didn't dare to go looking for Elder Fang; he could only hope that Lin Xuan would return soon.

At the same time, a storm was about to hit the Outer Door of the Xuantian Sect.

The Divine Power Group's disciples mustered all their strength to search for people Zhang Bin had been in contact with before his death, and a square-faced disciple revealed astonishing news.

He had been injured in a fight, and Zhang Bin had come to his rescue after seeing his signal.

Later, Zhang Bin and others tracked the man deep into the forest and were ultimately killed there.

Finally, the Divine Power Group's disciples sketched Lin Xuan's likeness, and an operation to capture Lin Xuan unfolded at the Outer Door.

After extensive inquiries, they finally ascertained Lin Xuan's background.

"A Sword Slave, newly joined the Outer Door?" A scar-faced youth became enraged after hearing this.

"Do you think he could kill a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior and two Third Rank Spirit Warriors?"

This youth was one of the heads of the Divine Power Group's Outer Door, named Yan Kong, with a Cultivation at the Sixth Rank of the Magnetic Condensation Realm.

He was furious upon hearing about Lin Xuan.

"Brother Yan," the square-faced disciple stammered, "when I fought with Lin Xuan, I found that although he is a Third Rank Spirit Warrior, his strength is far beyond that level."

"Brother Yan, we only have this one lead right now.

Whether it's him or not, we should capture him first; otherwise, we won't be able to explain ourselves when Zhang Rui returns," said a disciple standing beside Yan Kong.

"Let's go and take a look!" Yan Kong gestured grandly, leading a group of people towards Lin Xuan's residence.

...

A group of Divine Power Group's disciples suddenly appeared at the Outer Door disciples' living area, swiftly surrounding a small house.

One of the disciples kicked the door in.

The surrounding disciples came out one by one, watching the Divine Power Group's formidable disciples and looking baffled.

"Brother Yan, the kid's not here!" someone went inside to check and then came out and reported.

"Not here?"

Did he run away?" Yan Kong's brow furrowed deeply.

“Send people to search around the sect right away, leave some here to wait; I refuse to believe that he can escape to the heavens!”

At Yan Kong’s command, the Divine Power Group’s Outer Door disciples began to move swiftly, and the surrounding disciples began to understand their actions—the name Lin Xuan was recognized by everyone for the first time.

When they learned that Lin Xuan was merely a minor Outer Disciple who had just joined, with no background or support, they suddenly felt dizzy.

Indeed, ignorance is fearlessness; a junior disciple dared to provoke an enormous entity like the Divine Power Group.

As soon as Tang Yu heard the news, she hurried to find Lin Xuan.

She hadn’t expected Lin Xuan to cause such a mess, not only troubling the Divine Power Group but also having killed people!

She rushed towards Lin Xuan’s residence, fearing that Lin Xuan had already been taken away by the Divine Power Group.

Fortunately, she saw only a house full of Divine Power Group disciples and no trace of Lin Xuan.

“The little bastard even knows to run away, huh!” Tang Yu cursed Lin Xuan silently in her heart.

After a fruitless search for Lin Xuan, she stomped her feet angrily and stormed off.

A group of onlooking disciples chatted among themselves: “Did you hear that Lin Xuan used to be Tang Yu’s Sword Slave?”

“Yeah, that was Tang Yu who just left.”

“Ah, could this be a scheme secretly arranged by the Battle Group?”

...

In just half a day, the murder case had escalated into a rumor of an imminent war between the Divine Power Group and the Battle Group, with news spreading everywhere within the Outer Door.

Soon, even the Inner Sect was abuzz with this gossip, but the high-ranking officials of the Battle Group personally came forward to clarify that the incident had nothing to do with them, effectively quashing the lies.

Having guarded for a day without sighting Lin Xuan, the Divine Power Group became even more convinced that Lin Xuan was the murderer who had fled.

Meanwhile, Lin Xuan was standing in front of a large rock carving characters.

After several days of training, he had begun to gain initial control of the spiritual power within his body.

His fingers danced, and rows of characters with uniform depth appeared on the rock.

“Very good, faster than expected!” Lord of Wine hummed approvingly.

“Then, may I start practicing swordsmanship?” Lin Xuan asked excitedly.

“You’re so young, and you don’t believe it, this is just the First Step,” Lord of Wine admonished.

“The Second Step is to carve characters on leaves without piercing them.”

Lin Xuan knew that this required even more precise control of power, but he was unafraid.

Picking up a leaf from the ground, Lin Xuan began to channel Spiritual Power to start.

“Hey, what are you doing!” Lord of Wine suddenly shouted.

Lin Xuan looked puzzled, “You said to carve characters!”

Lord of Wine, exasperated, kicked the large tree behind him.

“Oh.” Lin Xuan turned and kicked the tree trunk.

Although he didn’t use much force, the large tree still swayed three times, with leaves fluttering and scattering in the wind.

“Now you can begin,” Lord of Wine said.

“Ah!” Lin Xuan looked at the sky full of leaves, his face immediately fell.

...

In the blink of an eye, half a month had passed.

In the forest, a shadow leaped into the air, swinging a Black Iron Long Sword like lightning, carving the character for “martial” on each fluttering leaf without piercing them, with a fascinating precision.

That shadow was Lin Xuan, and after a half-month of cultivation, he had mastered the delicate task of carving characters on leaves without tearing them.

“Drunken Uncle, I’ve completed this training.

What comes next?” Lin Xuan asked with a grin.

Lord of Wine nodded with satisfaction: “You can now begin the actual sword practice.

Start with the First Level.”

The First Level of the Thunder Move Sword Technique consisted of Thirteen Sword strikes, each as fast as Thunderbolt and sharp beyond compare.

Moreover, the power release of the Thunder Move Sword Technique was very peculiar; one would only use seventy percent of the strength, conserving thirty percent in preparation for the next strike, much like the build-up of thunderclouds endlessly accumulating power.

“Practice in the water, the resistance there will be greatly beneficial for your sword technique,” suggested Lord of Wine.

The resistance in water was substantial and a greater test of one’s control over force.

Without hesitation, Lin Xuan remembered there was a waterfall not far ahead.

Gathering his belongings, Lin Xuan headed towards the waterfall to practice his sword technique.

22: Chapter 21 Law Enforcement Team 22: Chapter 21 Law Enforcement Team Early in the morning, among the forest.

The morning glow was sprinkled, penetrating layers of leaves, and lighting up the woods.

A young boy with ragged clothes wandered through the woods, his face was dirty, but his eyes shone bright like the stars.

“A month has passed, and I’ve finally mastered it!” The boy’s eyes brimmed with excitement, “It’s time to return to the sect.”

This young boy was Lin Xuan who had been out for experience training.

After a month of brutal training, he had finally mastered the First Level of the Thunder Move Sword Technique.

His strength had taken a qualitative leap compared to a month ago.

Lin Xuan accelerated his pace, rushing forward.

Soon, the majestic and imposing gates of the Xuantain Sect appeared before him.

First thing back—take a bath, change into clean clothes, then have a big meal!

Lin Xuan was almost driven mad this month; of course, he wanted to relax upon his return.

“Stop!

Xuantian Sect, strangers are not allowed!” A disciple guarding the gate shouted.

Lin Xuan looked down at his clothes, which indeed did not resemble the sect’s attire.

He could only take out his identity card to prove his identity.

“I am an Outer Disciple, just out for cultivation,” he explained.

Upon seeing Lin Xuan’s identity card, the disciple let him through, though he looked at Lin Xuan strangely.

He had been guarding the gate for some time and had never seen anyone who cultivated to such an extent.

Throughout his journey, wherever Lin Xuan went, he attracted curious glances.

Lin Xuan’s face flushed slightly, but the thick layer of dust on his face hid it well.

However, when he arrived at his residence, he sensed something was off.

It seemed there were more members of the Divine Power Group patrolling around, and there were also people inside his cottage.

Lin Xuan didn’t know he had been exposed, but given the scene, he guessed something was up.

Running away or similar actions were impractical now; he might as well face it head-on since they had not seen him.

“Who allowed you to enter!” Lin Xuan saw that his door had been kicked in, and his expression immediately darkened.

“Who the hell are you to meddle in the affairs of the Divine Power Group?” a disciple inside the cottage yelled, “Who’s this beggar!”

Lin Xuan’s brows furrowed slightly: “What about the Divine Power Group?”

This is my house!

You have three breaths to get out!” He knew the conflicts between him and the Divine Power Group were irreconcilable, so he didn’t hold back.

The surrounding disciples heard the shouting and immediately gathered around.

“Why is someone challenging the Divine Power Group again, so many hotheads lately!”

“No, he just said that’s his house, he is Lin Xuan!”

“Lin Xuan!” Everyone’s eyes widened, looking toward this rumored figure.

“You’re Lin Xuan?”

Damn, we’ve been waiting for you for a month, finally caught you!

Brothers, get him!” The disciples from the Divine Power Group inside had been waiting for nearly a month, and were already furious.

Now seeing Lin Xuan, their rage deepened.

Swish, swish!

Four Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins disciples rushed out, surrounding Lin Xuan.

“Go!” They all burst with powerful Spiritual Power, ready to strike.

“Let’s see who dares!” Lin Xuan roared, his voice powered by Spiritual Power, booming like thunder by everyone’s side.

The four were stunned by Lin Xuan’s imposing presence; his black hair fluttered, and he stood proudly, an astonishing power faintly radiating from him.

“You’re courting death, still trying to resist.

Our people will be here soon, dare to go against the Divine Power Group, just wait for death!” These disciples of the Divine Power Group, accustomed to throwing their weight around, hated being challenged by someone like Lin Xuan.

Sure enough, soon enough, many more disciples of the Divine Power Group rushed over, quickly surrounding the area.

“And what’s the use of talking, just take him down!” someone with a fiery temper yelled.

As the crowd around him stirred, Lin Xuan suddenly pulled out some papers from his bosom and held them up with one hand.

“Talisman paper, back off!” someone exclaimed upon seeing Lin Xuan’s papers.

The entire crowd retreated half a meter, not daring to get too close.

“Talisman paper my ass!” When people saw that what Lin Xuan was holding was not talisman paper, the disciples of the Divine Power Group immediately flew into a rage.

“Hmph!” Lin Xuan let out a cold laugh, his aura growing stronger, “Although this isn’t talisman paper, its power is even greater!”

“What is that, high-level talisman paper?

Forbidden runes?” Everyone was curious.

“A bunch of idiots!” Lin Xuan cursed inwardly; he then spoke loudly, “This is the sect rules!”

“Have your brains been kicked by a donkey, daring to make a move within the sect!” Lin Xuan clutched the book that recorded the sect rules and said, “Rule number eight, those who attack others within the sect for no reason, light punishment is thirty lashings by the spiritual whip, severe punishment is expulsion from the sect!”

A punishment by the spiritual whip wasn’t ordinary but carried out by the Outer Door Law Enforcement Team.

These men’s cultivation was at the Fourth Stage of Congealing Veins or higher, and they used specially made spiritual whips; to be lashed thirty times by them meant certain death or severe injury.

Hearing Lin Xuan’s reprimand, the disciples of the Divine Power Group hesitated.

Although they were usually arrogant, deliberately violating the sect rules was out of the question; they wouldn’t dare.

For a moment, the scene was somewhat awkward; these disciples of the Divine Power Group couldn’t advance or attack, so they could only stand around Lin Xuan to prevent his escape.

Seeing that he had fooled everyone, Lin Xuan secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He walked into a small house, sat at a table, poured a cup of water, and leisurely drank.

He was waiting for the person in charge of the Divine Power Group to arrive.

Now without any support, he could only first intimidate these people with sect rules to ensure they wouldn't assassinate him; they should not be able to touch him for the time being.

Sure enough, not long after, Yan Kong arrived with a group of disciples, his icy gaze directly on Lin Xuan as he learned what had happened here.

Knowing the main character had arrived, Lin Xuan slowly walked out, cautiously watching Yan Kong.

"Are you Lin Xuan?" Yan Kong's eyes were icy cold.

"Yes!" Lin Xuan replied solemnly.

"I hear you're quite familiar with the sect rules, so do you know what the consequences are for killing a fellow disciple?" Yan Kong suddenly shouted fiercely.

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't understand," Lin Xuan responded calmly, "You better take your people and leave quickly!"

"Let me introduce you; this is Captain Hua from the Outer Door Law Enforcement Team," Yan Kong said with a hint of a malicious smile.

Lin Xuan had already noticed a few men dressed in black clothing next to Yan Kong, with golden small swords crossed on their chests.

He hadn't expected them to be from the Outer Door Law Enforcement Team.

The one called Captain Hua stepped forward and said somberly, "Lin Xuan, we suspect you of killing a fellow disciple; come with us."

"What evidence?"

"Who saw it?" Lin Xuan had not expected the Law Enforcement Team to side with the Divine Power Group; he had prepared for the worst.

"Don't be nervous, it's just an investigation for now."

If you haven't killed anyone, we will let you go," Captain Hua said with an air of fairness.

"Bring him in," Captain Hua commanded coldly.

"Hold on, without evidence, who dares to arrest anyone!" A sharp cry rang out.

Then, a beautiful figure drifted in.

"Tang Yu," Captain Hua frowned, glancing at Yan Kong and noticing that he too was slightly furrowing his brows.

"Tang Yu, he's allegedly a killer of his fellow disciples, don't cause trouble here," Yan Kong said.

He wasn't afraid of Tang Yu, but her brother was one of the top ten experts of the Inner Sect, which truly worried him.

"Hmph!

Without evidence, you can't arrest anyone!" Tang Yu stood by Lin Xuan's side, fuming.

23: Chapter 22 Elder Fang 23: Chapter 22 Elder Fang Task Hall, registration desk.

Chen Dazheng was checking the task information with his head down when suddenly someone ran in and shouted, "That guy named Lin Xuan is back, and he's now in a standoff with the Divine Power Group!"

This shout immediately alarmed all the disciples at the Task Hall, and they put down their tasks and rushed outside.

Though they had never seen Lin Xuan, they had heard of his reputation for almost a month.

An Outer Disciple without any backing dared to kill someone from the Divine Power Group, and the victim was the brother of Zhang Qian, an Inner Sect expert; this was definitely the hottest topic recently.

Chen Dazheng had heard these stories long ago, but he was only able to fret about it.

Now that he heard Lin Xuan had returned, he was even more anxious.

After pondering for a long time, he could only seek Elder Fang's help.

He picked up the repaired treasure saber and hurried towards the back mountain.

Passing through numerous halls, Chen Dazheng arrived in front of a quiet courtyard and gave a gesture of respect to the guarding disciple: "Brother, I have an urgent matter and need to see Elder Fang."

"Oh, it's you," the gatekeeping disciple recognized Chen Dazheng and smiled.

"Wait here, I'll notify him."

Chen Dazheng waited anxiously outside; at this moment, time was life.

With every second, Lin Xuan might be taken away by the Divine Power Group.

He didn't believe Lin Xuan could contend with the Divine Power Group.

"Alright, come with me."

As Chen Dazheng felt time ticking away interminably, the gatekeeping disciple led him in.

Disciple Chen Dazheng paid his respects to Elder Fang, bowing earnestly.

"What's the matter?" Elder Fang asked indifferently.

Chen Dazheng was anxious but spoke slowly in front of the elder: "This is your treasure saber, Elder.

It has been repaired by Lin Xuan."

"Oh?

Lin Xuan again?" Elder Fang stroked his beard.

"Has he returned?"

"Elder, Lin Xuan has indeed returned, but now he's surrounded by people from the Divine Power Group.

They insist on saying that Lin Xuan killed their men and now they want to take him away!"

"Nonsense!" Elder Fang snapped to urgency upon hearing this.

"Lead the way!" He grabbed Chen Dazheng and, using his movement technique, left a trail of afterimages in the air.

...

Outer Door lodging area, Tang Yu stood beside Lin Xuan with hands on her hips, glaring angrily at the people from the Divine Power Group and the Law Enforcement Team.

“Whoever dares to take him away will have to go through me first!”

Lin Xuan didn't expect this girl to defend him so fiercely and felt a warm sensation in his heart.

He whispered, “Thanks for this.”

“Hmph!” Tang Yu glanced at him and said, “We had agreed, as soon as you entered the Inner Sect, I'd look out for you, don't worry!”

“Then, I must offend you!” Captain Hua spoke coldly.

He strode forward, his body radiating light, and extended a large hand aiming straight for Lin Xuan.

Tang Yu's face showed a chill, and just as she was about to take action, someone pulled her back.

Lin Xuan pulled her behind him and then swiftly drew his sword, the Black Iron Sword transforming into a streak of lightning as it shot out in an instant.

Lin Xuan struck with the Thunder Move Sword Technique, the sword light flashing like thunder, piercing towards the large palm.

Clang clang!

The two forces collided, creating the sound of metal striking metal.

Lin Xuan thrust out three swords, each aimed at different positions, but every strike was repelled by the Spiritual Power of the palm.

However, the palm had to halt because of these three strikes.

“Is this the Sixth-tier of Mystical Realm?”

Such robust Spiritual Power!” Lin Xuan could feel the strength of the opponent's Spiritual Power and couldn't help but admire.

This scene, witnessed by everyone, immediately caused a burst of exclamations.

“I can't believe it, he actually withstood a hit from Captain Hua!”

“How can someone in the Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins withstand someone in the Sixth-tier?”

Am I dreaming?”

“That sword move was so fast, who on earth is this guy?”

“No matter who he is, having offended the Divine Power Group and Law Enforcement Team, he’s as good as dead!”

Captain Hua’s face was frightfully dark.

He had used thirty percent of his power in that strike, yet he hadn’t expected it to be blocked by Lin Xuan, let alone in front of so many witnesses.

In the Outer Door, where rumors flew and grew more outrageous with each telling, it wouldn’t be long before everyone knew Lin Xuan had blocked his move.

Compared to his status, this was an absolute disgrace!

“Defying arrest?”

Bring him in!” Captain Hua roared.

Lin Xuan pushed Tang Yu to the side and hissed, “Get out of here!” Then he gripped his longsword, ready to break through the encirclement at any moment.

The disciples of the Divine Power Group sneered as they watched Lin Xuan, knowing he couldn’t escape even if he grew wings.

“Ha ha, mess with the Divine Power Group and you’ll be repenting for the rest of your life!”

At this critical juncture, a streak of light flashed from a distance and in the blink of an eye, appeared above everyone.

“Thinking of rebelling?”

Stop!” The figure landed on the ground, and his voice rang out like a bell, quickly spreading in all directions.

Only then did everyone get a clear look at the newcomer, an old man with white hair holding a pale-faced disciple, standing in the middle of the crowd.

“It’s an elder!” everyone exclaimed in shock, bending over to greet Elder Fang.

The assaulting disciples all stopped their attacks and stood obediently aside.

“Causing such a commotion within the sect, you’re quite bold.

Perhaps I should send all of you to battle the enemy one of these days!” Elder Fang snapped coldly.

Terrified, everyone shrank back.

The world outside was far from peaceful; several places were frequently invaded by Demon Beasts, with the Human Clan often at war with the Demon Clan.

Being sent to the frontlines often meant not coming back alive.

“Replying to the Elder, Lin Xuan is suspected of killing his fellow disciples, which is why we...” Captain Hua began in a tone that feigned fairness.

“Evidence?” Elder Fang cut him off.

“Hua Yangping, as the Captain of the Outer Door Law Enforcement Team, you should know your responsibilities.”

“Yes,” Hua Yangping said, “but...”

“Enough, disperse!

Don’t come to arrest anyone until there’s evidence!” Elder Fang ordered.

Hua Yangping’s eyes flashed with resentment.

He was eager to apprehend the young man who had caused him to lose face, but he was forced to stand down for now.

This was the first time the Law Enforcement Team had been thwarted like this, and it drove Hua Yangping mad.

Hua Yangping led the dejected members of the Law Enforcement Team away, and everyone else disbursed, knowing with Elder Fang present, Lin Xuan was safe.

However, the Divine Power Group looked at Lin Xuan with malice before leaving reluctantly.

Thus, what started as a dramatic arrest came to an end.

“What’s the deal, didn’t you say this kid had no backing?” Hua Yangping asked angrily once they were out of earshot, “Why would Elder Fang come?”

Yan Kong's face was gloomy as he said gravely, "During the investigation, there was indeed no connection found between him and Elder Fang.

But what does it matter?

Don't forget that we have the support of an Inner Elder behind us!"

"There are many ways to deal with him.

Once he's outside the sect, we can kill him directly!"

"And if he doesn't leave the sect?"

"The sect rules prohibit killing, but there's nothing against a spar, right?"

A legitimate Array Platform duel, halt all his tasks, make his life in the sect as miserable as hell.

For us, it will be easy as pie."

"Fine, the rest is up to the Divine Power Group, I'm off." Hua Yangping left with the members of the Law Enforcement Team.

Yan Kong, however, instructed the members of the Divine Power Group to prepare.

He was going to utterly ruin Lin Xuan.

24: Chapter 23 Array Flag Battle 24: Chapter 23 Array Flag Battle Lin Xuan hadn't expected that this matter would eventually alarm an elder, and it seemed that the elder was somewhat biased in favor of him.

"Disciple Lin Xuan pays respect to Elder Fang." Lin Xuan said respectfully.

"Hm.

You two go back first, Lin Xuan, follow me," Elder Fang dismissed Tang Yu and Chen Dazheng and took Lin Xuan into the cottage.

Swoosh!

With a wave of his hand, Elder Fang set up a layer of soundproof prohibition within the room, then turned his gaze to Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan felt a bit uneasy inside, but outwardly, he maintained a calm demeanor.

A hint of approval flashed in Elder Fang's eyes as he asked, "Did you repair that Human-level treasure sword?"

Hearing this, Lin Xuan recalled how Elder Fang had hurried over with Chen Dazheng and understood the gist of it—it was this matter that had caught the elder's attention.

"Yes, the Human-level Treasure was repaired by me," Lin Xuan said.

"Are you from Sword Pond Prefecture?" Elder Fang suddenly asked in a sharp tone.

Lin Xuan was startled, his pupils shrinking sharply.

"How does he know my identity?"

Could it be that people from Sword Pond Prefecture still want to harm me?" Lin Xuan couldn't figure it out, his breathing became a bit hurried, and cold sweat ran down his back.

Elder Fang's gaze was as sharp as a knife, staring intently at Lin Xuan, "Why aren't you speaking?"

"Replying to the elder, I am indeed from Sword Pond Prefecture," Lin Xuan said.

"Then why come to Xuantian Sect in Yunzhou, which is very far from Sword Pond Prefecture?" Elder Fang's voice remained cold.

"I am a side branch of the Lin Family from Sword Pond Prefecture.

Half a year ago, I came to Yunzhou with my father.

After my father's death, I joined Xuantian Sect," Lin Xuan lied.

After speaking, Lin Xuan noticed that Elder Fang didn't say anything but just looked at him coldly.

Moreover, Lin Xuan felt an enormous pressure emanating from him.

Thankfully, Lin Xuan had the Mysterious Small Sword within him, which trembled lightly, causing that pressure to vanish without a trace.

After a while, Elder Fang, seeing no abnormalities in Lin Xuan under the perception of his spiritual pressure, finally nodded in satisfaction.

"I have some connections with Sword Pond Prefecture, so when I saw you using the Sword Cultivation techniques from there, I just wanted to understand the situation.

Since you are a disciple of Sword Pond Prefecture, you have some ties with me.

Continue your cultivation within the sect and the Law Enforcement Team won't bother you anymore."

"Thank you, Elder Fang," Lin Xuan sighed in relief.

For the remaining time, Elder Fang asked some questions about Refining, to which Lin Xuan fluently replied.

Thus, Elder Fang decided to leave the weapons matters to Lin Xuan from then on, with Contribution Points issued as normal.

This pleasantly surprised Lin Xuan for quite a while.

Being able to work for an elder within the sect naturally brought its benefits, and it also helped to build closer relationships—it was killing several birds with one stone.

After sending off Elder Fang, Lin Xuan went to thank Chen Dazheng once more before returning to his living quarters.

Inside the small cottage, Tang Yu sat with her chin propped up, idly kicking her petite, exquisitely shaped legs.

Seeing Lin Xuan return, her spirits lifted instantly.

"Why have you come back?" asked Lin Xuan.

"You ungrateful little thing, I just saved you, and this is how you treat me?" Tang Yu puffed up in irritation.

"Alright, miss, my mistake.

What brings you here?" Lin Xuan said.

"You're the miss, your whole family are misses, do I look that old?" Tang Yu objected.

Lin Xuan: "..."

Seeing Lin Xuan looking sheepish, Tang Yu's eyes curved into a smile and she began to laugh.

"Hmm!

I came here to discuss serious matters with you," Tang Yu stopped laughing, "I think the Divine Power Group certainly won't let things slide, they've never suffered a loss over the years besides their struggles with our Battle Group."

"They're just too domineering," Lin Xuan said, "Given the chance, I'll definitely take down the Divine Power Group!"

"Just you?" Tang Yu curled her lip, stop talking nonsense, "You were just lucky this time."

Had you alarmed the Inner Sect Disciples, you would be crying!

It would be better for you to join our Battle Group, then they wouldn't dare to lay a hand on you."

Lin Xuan shook his head: "Forget it, joining the Battle Group at this point would only make enemies for it, I'm afraid even you guys wouldn't accept me."

Seeing Tang Yu's unhappy face, Lin Xuan said, "I appreciate your kindness, believe me, I'll be fine."

"How about I accompany you in sword practice?" Lin Xuan said with a pleasing look.

"Forget it, sister here is about to break through, I don't have time to practice swords with you, hmph!" Tang Yu gave him a glance and quickly ran away.

"I've just got the hang of the first level of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, I need to find someone to test my skills!" Lin Xuan sighed, then clasped his hands together and entered a cultivation state...

A quiet night passed.

The next morning, Lin Xuan wanted to go to the Task Hall to pick up a few tasks.

His Spirit Stones had long been spent, and he didn't have many Contribution Points left; he could be considered a pauper.

Pushing open the door, he looked outside and his face immediately took on a very strange expression.

A line of members from the Divine Power Group was sitting at his doorstep, and they all stood up when they saw Lin Xuan come out.

"Looking for a fight?"

Forgot about yesterday's incident?" Lin Xuan's brows furrowed slightly.

“It’s not about fighting, it’s a friendly competition, totally legitimate!” a member of the Divine Power Group said with a mocking tone.

“Sorry, I’m not interested.” Lin Xuan wasn’t going to get entangled with them, earning Contribution Points by doing tasks was the real deal.

“Hmph, don’t think you can run away, our task is to keep an eye on you, so you might as well just accept the challenge, otherwise, you’ll have to stay in your house forever.”

“You guys have that much free time?”

“Don’t you need to cultivate?” Lin Xuan was very helpless.

“Hmph!

Watching you for one day will earn us thirty Contribution Points, don’t you think that’s much better than doing tasks?” One disciple of the Divine Power Group said with a sneer, “Only a trash disciple like you would worry about Contribution Points!”

Lin Xuan looked at the group of Divine Power Group disciples in front of him and suddenly had a brilliant idea.

“If you want to fight with me, that’s fine, but what’s the fun in just fighting dryly?”

How about we bet on something?” Lin Xuan said, with a smirk forming on his lips.

“You?”

Bet what with us, are you out of your mind?” a disciple of the Divine Power Group laughed loudly, “Don’t think you are invincible in the world just because you could take one move from Captain Hua, I’ll tell you, you’re still far behind in front of us!”

“Oh, is that so?”

Then will you bet or not?” Lin Xuan said leisurely.

“Brother, don’t be impulsive, what’s the point in betting with this kid?”

Does he even have anything to bet with?” another disciple advised.

“Oh, so it turns out the members of the Divine Power Group are only good with their words, scared to take on a bet, huh!” Lin Xuan deliberately said loudly.

“What did you say!” The disciple got agitated, “Damn it, I’ll bet, who’s afraid of who!”

The disciples of the Divine Power Group had their own calculations; the terms given by their superiors were that they would be awarded 300 Contribution Points for seriously injuring Lin Xuan in the challenge.

The members of the Divine Power Group readily accepted this condition, and many were even scrambling for the opportunity.

In a challenge, injuring the opponent came without penalties since it's done with mutual consent.

To these Divine Power Group disciples, Lin Xuan was as good as 300 Contribution Points, and to Lin Xuan, they were the same.

In Lin Xuan's eyes, these people could help him refine his swordsmanship and earn Contribution Points at the same time; they were no different from fat sheep.

Both parties were making their own calculations and couldn't help but wear cold smiles on their lips.

25: Chapter 24 Fast Sword 25: Chapter 24 Fast Sword "There's an open space ahead; let's go there," said a disciple from the Divine Power Group.

A group of people surrounded Lin Xuan and walked to the open space, and other curious disciples gathered around, looking eager to watch a spectacle.

"What's going on?"

Wasn't this settled yesterday?"

Why is it happening again?" a disciple asked, confused.

"I don't know, it seems like a member of the Divine Power Group has come to challenge Lin Xuan again—it's outright bullying!"

"Damn!"

Lin Xuan actually accepted the challenge; has he lost his mind?"

The opponent is from the Divine Power Group; doesn't he know only the elites can enter the Divine Power Group?"

"I bet he will lose miserably, with severe injuries or even disability possible!" Everyone was pessimistic about Lin Xuan's chances because they knew too well the strength of the Divine Power Group members, who were definitely the strong performers within the same rank, otherwise, they wouldn't be in the group.

“Each challenge is for thirty Contribution Points, dare or not?” Lin Xuan said with a smiling face.

“Kid, do you know the rules of the challenge?”

“Nonsense, apart from not killing each other, everything else is fair game, right?” Lin Xuan shrugged his shoulders.

“I hope you can still laugh afterward!” sneered a disciple from the Divine Power Group.

“Less talking, who’s coming first!” Lin Xuan’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“I will!” said a skinny disciple as he stepped forward, carrying a treasure sword.

His opponent was a Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins disciple, tall and skinny with an average face, and a golden scimitar hanging at his waist.

A disciple from the Divine Power Group took out a palm-sized jade Array Plate and activated his Spiritual Power.

The jade Array Plate grew larger in the wind, and a blood-red banner appeared in the air.

With a loud bang, the blood-colored banner thrust into the ground, forming a closed space of about three meters in diameter, perfectly enveloping Lin Xuan and the Divine Power Group’s disciple inside.

This was an Array Flag specifically used for sparring; it created an independent small space that allowed disciples to spar freely while ensuring bystanders were not injured.

The disciple facing Lin Xuan was named Su Xing.

His cultivation was at the Peak of the Fourth Rank of Pulse Condensation, just one step away from stepping into the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing, making him a rare competitor among his peers.

He sneered, drew the golden scimitar from his waist, and his icy eyes instantly fixed on Lin Xuan.

“Ha!” Su Xing shouted explosively, leaping up.

The scimitar in his hand turned into a streak of golden light, shot out obliquely, and its sword light flashed, aiming straight for Lin Xuan’s chest.

Lin Xuan thrust forward with his sword, the speed of which was astonishing.

Clang!

The longsword, like a dragon, struck the golden saber, the immense force numbing Su Xing's arm.

He couldn't believe Lin Xuan's strength was so great.

"Damn it, he's just at the Fourth Rank of Pulse Condensing too, how could he have such strength!" Su Xing was shocked.

"I have to go all out now!" Su Xing had originally planned to toy with him, but now it seemed he had to show his real skills.

"Golden Flame Saber Technique!"

Su Xing roared, a layer of golden light brightening on the blade, looking like golden flames burning.

"I didn't expect Su Xing to start with his real skills right away; it looks like Lin Xuan's chances are slim!"

"Right, it's a Yellow Rank Intermediate Martial Arts after all, and with Su Xing's Peak Fourth Rank of Pulse Condensation Cultivation, I reckon within three moves, Lin Xuan will be defeated," whispered the watching disciples, none of whom were optimistic about Lin Xuan.

Su Xing swung his Flame Saber, stirring up a wave of heat in the air, enveloping Lin Xuan with high temperatures.

Lin Xuan, however, maintained a light smile on his face, his swordsmanship unchanged.

Every sword stroke was like thunder from the Nine Heavens tearing through the sky; the cold sword tip cut through the void, aiming a stab right at Su Xing's right shoulder.

"Pu!" Su Xing felt as if struck by thunder, his entire body flying backward and falling to the ground.

"Hisss—"

Everyone's eyes widened in disbelief.

No matter what, they could not have imagined that Lin Xuan would defeat Su Xing with a single sword strike, especially since Lin Xuan's cultivation was not considered superior to Su Xing's.

Even the members of the Divine Power Group were astonished.

They knew Su Xing's strength very well, which was why they had him lead the charge.

In their eyes, Su Xing defeating Lin Xuan was almost a certainty, but against all odds, Su Xing lost decisively.

Cough!

Su Xing coughed up a mouthful of blood as he struggled to his feet, his eyes filled with shock.

"You lost, don't forget you owe me thirty Contribution Points," Lin Xuan said as he sheathed his longsword.

Pfft!

Su Xing, trembling with anger, couldn't help but spit out another mouthful of fresh blood, unable to accept the outcome.

However, although he was furious, he didn't dare to advance further; that sword strike had been too fast, so fast that he hadn't seen it clearly before being struck down.

This clearly demonstrated that Lin Xuan's strength was far superior to his.

"Su Xing, come back here!" a member of the Divine Power Group called.

Reluctantly, Su Xing stepped down from the Array Platform while the members of the Divine Power Group quietly conferred among themselves.

"This kid is tricky, his swordsmanship is very fast."

"Yes, we can't afford to lose again, or our Divine Power Group will lose all face."

"Liang Hong, you're up," the disciple Xing Lifeng, responsible for this operation, commanded.

"All right, let him see what a Fast Sword really is," the disciple called Liang Hong said with a sinister smile.

With his arms crossed and an arrogant look, he stepped onto the Array Platform, his gaze towards Lin Xuan filled with contempt.

"Damn, it's Liang Hong!" Someone in the crowd exclaimed.

"The Divine Power Group is really playing hardball, sending a Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing master, and a Sword Master at that!"

“I wonder if Lin Xuan can withstand this?” Many were filled with anticipation.

“That sword strike earlier was not bad, but against me, you’re destined to lose!” Liang Hong declared confidently, “Don’t worry, I won’t take your life, but you’ll need to spend a couple of months in bed.”

Lin Xuan arched an eyebrow.

He felt a dangerous aura emanating from Liang Hong, but he wasn’t afraid; the stronger his opponent, the more excited he was.

Su Xing earlier had been too weak, hardly giving him a chance to practice his swordsmanship.

“I hope you can give me a good opportunity to practice the Thunder Move Sword Technique!” Lin Xuan thought expectantly.

“Are your thirty Contribution Points ready?” Lin Xuan asked nonchalantly.

Liang Hong was taken aback, then sneered, “You really are an idiot who doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth!”

He suddenly drew his longsword and charged forward with a swoosh, his longsword glowing red and exuding a bone-chilling coldness as he stabbed at Lin Xuan.

In the air, a flash of red light appeared and reached Lin Xuan in the blink of an eye, its speed eliciting a chorus of astonished yells.

Lin Xuan’s pupils contracted; Liang Hong indeed had the skills to be arrogant.

Besides his cultivation reaching the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing, his swordsmanship was even more remarkable.

With just one attack, Lin Xuan recognized that Liang Hong was no ordinary opponent.

He took a deep breath and suddenly executed the Thunder Move Sword Technique, stabbing forward just as fast.

Clang!

The two longswords collided, sending sparks flying in midair, the two combatants moving rapidly, each strike as fast as lightning.

The audience could hardly see their movements, only catching glimpses of red and green lights fiercely battling.

“Blood Soaked Cold Mountain!” After taking one hard strike, Liang Hong’s sword technique suddenly changed, and endless red light spread out, his blade looking as if it had been soaked in fresh blood, extremely eerie.

“It’s a sword skill!

Liang Hong is getting serious now!” A member of the Divine Power Group exclaimed.

They hadn’t expected Lin Xuan to push Liang Hong to use a sword skill, considering the gap between their levels.

“Kid, you’re seeking your own death, and I’ll oblige you!” Liang Hong’s eyes turned blood-red, akin to a bloodthirsty Demon King.

He transformed into a blood light, charging at Lin Xuan.

The whole space seemed to split in two, leaving only a trail of blood light moving rapidly.

“A sword skill, huh?” Lin Xuan’s eyes sparkled.

His aura surged, and his Black Iron Sword instantly transformed into a Divine Thunder.

26: Chapter 25 Two Choices 26: Chapter 25 Two Choices “Thunder Move Thirteen Swords!”

This was the thirteen sword strikes of the first level of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, now unleashed all at once by Lin Xuan.

The longsword in front of him formed a curtain of light, shimmering with a green radiance.

The blood-red light rapidly approached, and before even making contact, it emitted a thunderous rumble that made one’s eardrums shiver.

Liang Hong was greatly shocked in his heart; he had never seen such a peculiar swordsmanship before—each strike faster than the last, and its power steadily accumulating.

His own Blood Sword broke through five or six defenses but had already slowed down.

“How could this be?

How can a fourth-stage disciple of congealing veins possess such a bizarre sword technique?” Liang Hong was astounded in his heart, but what of it?

He was a whole rank higher than Lin Xuan—just with spiritual power, he could crush his opponent!

“Break for me!”

Liang Hong roared, his blood-red light intensifying once again.

The red sword light involuntarily doubled in size, swiftly tearing through Lin Xuan’s defenses.

Bang, bang, bang!

The blood-red sword light, unstoppable, pierced through nine of Lin Xuan’s defenses in succession, meeting Lin Xuan’s tenth sword with its sinister gleam.

Lin Xuan was also shaken.

He hadn’t expected Liang Hong to be so formidable.

It seemed one should never underestimate anyone, especially the disciples who were able to join the Divine Power Group.

But still, he had confidence in the Thunder Move Sword Technique.

Each strike of this technique added a layer of hidden strength upon the base of the previous one.

By the time it reached the thirteenth strike, it would accumulate the hidden strength from the previous twelve swords—this force was enough to compensate for the gap between him and Liang Hong.

Metal clashed against metal, sparks flew in all directions.

Liang Hong already wore a cruel smile, the screen of light before Lin Xuan growing weaker by the moment, as if it would shatter at any second.

His heart finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Although this Lin Xuan had forced him to use his sword skill, his offense remained unstoppable.

Thinking of the 300 Contribution Points he would get from defeating Lin Xuan, his longsword quickened even more.

“Lin Xuan is going to lose,” someone among the watching disciples said, “But to have forced Liang Hong to use his sword skill, he can be proud enough.”

“Hmph, it’s his bad luck to face Liang Hong; he still dares to claim he has a Fast Sword in front of him,” commented a disciple from the Divine Power Group disparagingly.

Lin Xuan’s expression grew solemn.

He had just the last three swords left—success or failure hinged on this.

His figure flickered, and he took the initiative to meet the attack.

The Black Iron Sword, like a dragon in flight, ferociously surged toward the blood-red sword light.

“Dammit!

He’s actually daring to attack; does he have a death wish?” Many disciples were shocked.

The disciples of the Divine Power Group were also astounded, unable to deduce Lin Xuan’s intentions and attributing it merely to a desire to fight desperately.

Liang Hong, seeing Lin Xuan take the initiative to attack, had eyes full of mockery.

“Is this what you call a dying counterattack?” Liang Hong laughed loudly.

Lin Xuan did not reply; his entire focus was immersed into the Thunder Move Sword Technique.

He was busy concentrating all the power in his body, precisely controlling the force of this sword strike.

“The eleventh sword!” Lin Xuan urged his spiritual power, his longsword vibrated vigorously, the sword light danced, and it collided with the Blood Sword.

Clang!

The immense force numbed Lin Xuan’s arms, and he quickly activated the Longevity Technique, with green spiritual power surging into his limbs to relieve the numbness.

However, his strike was not without effect.

Liang Hong’s offensive was blocked by it, slowing down slightly, and Lin Xuan’s mastery of the Thunder Move Sword Technique became even sharper.

“Only two swords left!” Lin Xuan gripped his longsword tightly, moving with basic footwork, his body continuously shifting.

Seeing his own offensive mitigated, Liang Hong became furious.

With a fierce look in his eyes, he channeled all of his spiritual power into the Blood Sword, readying to finish Lin Xuan off with one strike.

Whoosh!

The longsword danced through the air, causing it to tremble.

Liang Hong charged forward.

Lin Xuan also charged forward, his twelfth sword had already been cleaved out before he had even arrived.

“Die for me!” Liang Hong bellowed, his ferocious strength swooped away the Black Iron Sword, as the icy tip thrust towards Lin Xuan’s right chest.

At this critical moment, Lin Xuan’s gaze was piercingly sharp, as if he and the Black Iron Sword had merged into one, indistinguishable from each other.

This was a miraculous feeling, and under its influence, Lin Xuan swung his thirteenth sword.

All of the power accumulated in the previous strikes burst forth in this one sword, turning the Black Iron Long Sword into a black bolt of lightning that stirred the winds and clouds.

The sword body emitted a sound like rolling thunder, directly blasting away the blood-colored sword light.

Liang Hong felt as though he’d been struck by thunder and lightning, the overwhelming force left him in despair.

He was like a speck of dust, swaying under the Thunder Shock.

Drip, drip!

After the resplendent sword light passed, Liang Hong was left in a wretched state, hunched over with his left hand covering his chest, as blood incessantly flowed out.

“Liang, Liang Hong lost...” Members of the Divine Power Group stood frozen in shock like statues, their facial muscles twitching involuntarily, their hearts unable to accept the reality for a moment.

“I lost, I actually lost!” Liang Hong’s eyes were dull with disbelief, having lost to a fourth-stage disciple of Congealing Veins, severely shattering his confidence.

Lin Xuan stood there with his eyes slightly closed, digesting the sensations from before; that thirteenth sword, he felt as though he had transformed into thunder and lightning.

It was an extremely peculiar feeling.

“Remember you owe me thirty Contribution Points.” Lin Xuan opened his eyes and said to the retreating Liang Hong.

“Who’s next?”

Hearing this, the faces of the Divine Power Group members twisted, as even Liang Hong had been defeated, leaving only Xing Lifeng, their leader, capable of taking action.

However, Lin Xuan didn’t plan to let them go.

After all, a fat sheep worth thirty Contribution Points each was not easy to find.

So, he extended his finger, starting to call people out.

“None of you are allowed to leave,” Lin Xuan looked at the group from the Divine Power Group, “Prepare thirty Contribution Points and wait for your young master to collect them!” Lin Xuan said excitedly.

“You, yes you!” Lin Xuan pointed at a disciple from the Divine Power Group, “Come for a battle, don’t lose the momentum of the Divine Power Group.”

That disciple felt like dying; even Liang Hong had been defeated, he definitely wouldn’t stand a chance against Lin Xuan, but if he fled now, the Divine Power Group probably wouldn’t let him off.

It was over in less than three moves, and he was defeated.

Everyone then turned their gaze to Xing Lifeng, the highest in Cultivation among them; only he could possibly defeat Lin Xuan and avert this episode from becoming a joke.

“You’re going too far!” Xing Lifeng said with a cold face.

“Too far?”

Did you think it was going too far when the Divine Power Group ambushed me?

Or when you sent a fifth-stage disciple to deal with me?

Or when you colluded with the Law Enforcement Team to frame me?” Lin Xuan retorted with a sneer, “Are you the only ones allowed to bully others and not allow them to fight back?”

“By opposing the Divine Power Group, there will be no place for you here!” Xing Lifeng scoffed coldly.

“Enough talk!” Lin Xuan pointed his Longsword diagonally, “Now you have two choices, one is to hand over thirty Contribution Points obediently, the other is to get beaten up by me and then hand over the Contribution Points obediently, which do you choose?”

“Arrogant, way too arrogant!”

The Divine Power Group disciples were seething with anger and wanted to desperately fight him, but due to the sect rules, they had no choice but to endure.

Now, the only one who could defeat Lin Xuan and restore their situation with dignity was Xing Lifeng.

And the onlookers hearing Lin Xuan’s words were brimming with excitement; they were not members of the Divine Power Group, and many had been bullied by the Divine Power Group themselves.

Now that someone was able to make the Divine Power Group suffer a loss, they were naturally overjoyed.

“I will shut you up!” Xing Lifeng slowly stepped onto the Array Platform, his gaze sharp as a knife, enveloping Lin Xuan.

“Brother Feng will definitely win!” The Divine Power Group disciples roared softly.

“Don’t worry, Brother Feng has the Cultivation of the Peak of the Fifth Stage of Pulse Condensation.

He won’t lose to him.

Just the pressure from his Spiritual Power could squash him!”

Xing Lifeng stood in the middle of the Array Platform, his hands clenched into fists, as his icy voice gradually rose, “Make your move, I’ll let you witness the strength of the Divine Power Group!”

27: Chapter 26 Complete Victory 27: Chapter 26 Complete Victory “Make your move!

I’ll show you just how formidable the Divine Power Group is!” Xing Lifeng’s fists clenched tightly, his expression as icy as a glacier.

“Brother Feng will definitely win!”

“Isn’t that obvious?”

It’s a certainty.

I just hope Senior Brother Xing can teach this kid a harsh lesson!” the disciples of the Divine Power Group said through gritted teeth.

If it weren’t for the sect rules, they would have ganged up on him for a beating long ago.

“Are you the strongest among them?” Lin Xuan asked with a smile.

“Whether I’m the strongest or not isn’t important.

But I’m more than enough to deal with you!” Xing Lifeng’s gaze was sharp, wishing he could pierce holes into Lin Xuan.

“Of course, Senior Brother Xing is the strongest.

Kid, are you scared now?”

Too late to beg for mercy!” the disciples of the Divine Power Group roared angrily.

“The strongest is fine.

It’s too boring to fight with the others.

How about this: if you lose, each of them gives me thirty Contribution Points.

How does that sound?” Lin Xuan was aiming for a big score.

Xing Lifeng stood firm as a mountain, and in a deep voice, he said, “What if you lose?”

“Deal with me as the Divine Power Group sees fit.”

“Fine!”

As soon as he finished speaking, Xing Lifeng charged forward with large strides.

His right fist swung out like a barbaric beast, rushing towards Lin Xuan.

The wild strength stirred up the airflow in front, creating a gust of wind.

On that fist, a shimmering light flashed, and a faint sound of a beast’s roar could be heard, making the air buzz and tremble.

Fierce, violent!

The surrounding disciples of the Divine Power Group couldn't help but exclaim in low voices, "Good fist technique, Senior Brother Xing—knock him down!"

Lin Xuan had a grave expression.

This Xing Lifeng was even stronger than Liang Hong, and he had to put forth all his effort in response.

With his right hand gripping the sword, he thrust it straight out.

The strength of his body and the Spiritual Power within him fused perfectly.

In this moment, he concentrated all his power at the tip of the sword.

The next instant, the black longsword collided with the fiery red fist.

Boom!

Sparks flew, and a roaring sound erupted.

Lin Xuan retreated three steps, finally dissipating the wild force.

His eyes were sharp as a sword, filled with war intent.

"What the hell!

How could he possibly block Senior Brother Xing's fist?"

"Senior Brother Xing is, after all, the Power King.

How can this kid be fine?

"My eyes must be deceiving me!" Many of the Divine Power Group disciples exclaimed in disbelief.

"Power King?"

Indeed, you're very strong!" Lin Xuan's lips curved up slightly.

What should've been a compliment felt like a sting to Xing Lifeng's ears.

He was a whole realm above Lin Xuan!

Moreover, his proudest strength had not left a mark on Lin Xuan.

The result was difficult for him to accept; he had thought Lin Xuan was only fast, but he didn't expect him to be so terrifyingly strong as well.

“Hmph!”

Xing Lifeng's face was cold, his fists clenched.

His body radiated a bright light, and his muscles swelled as if he was a human-shaped fierce beast.

With a stomp of his foot, he charged again, his fists pressing down like mountains.

This punch was even more ferocious than the last.

Lin Xuan used Basic Footwork, his body darting forward like an arrow, as the black iron longsword stabbed out once more like black lightning.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Xing Lifeng seemed to have fallen into a frenzy, one punch after another blasting out, each punch as heavy as a mountain, making the void tremble.

Lin Xuan's hair whipped wildly, with blue light flickering all around him like roaring flames.

The Thunder Move Thirteen Swords were fully transformed into lightning in Lin Xuan's hands.

Every strike concentrated his entire body's strength as it collided with mountain-like fists, bursting into dazzling light.

“Who on earth is this Lin Xuan, to be able to fight against Xing Lifeng for so long?”

“Yeah, not only is his sword technique incredibly fast, but his strength is also monstrously powerful.

He's just at the fourth stage of Congealing Veins, right?”

“No wonder he dares to challenge the Divine Power Group, he really has some skills!”

The surrounding disciples exclaimed one after another, seemingly witnessing the rise of a new star from the Outer Door.

“Hmph!

What’s there to be proud of, Senior Brother Xing won’t lose!”

“That’s right, the difference in Spiritual Power between the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing and the Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins can’t be made up for, he could be exhausted to death!” disciples of the Divine Power Group still wouldn’t give up.

Within the array flag, the figures of the two men quivered, surrounded by dancing lights.

Boom!

After another collision, the two finally separated, each drifting backward.

“Hmph, kid, you’re the first person who has managed to compete with me for so long!

But the game is over now!” Xing Lifeng’s white shirt was torn, but his aura remained undiminished.

Lin Xuan’s already tattered clothes were now even more shredded; he tore off the upper half of his garment, revealing a strong chest.

“Show me whatever moves you have; I’ve got your Contribution Points!” Lin Xuan stood like a war god, an incredibly sharp aura emanating from him.

“Hundred Beasts Fist!” Xing Lifeng stomped a deep pit into the ground, his body as fast as lightning, leaving trail after trail of afterimages in the air, attacking Lin Xuan.

“Is that the Hundred Beasts Fist?”

Lin Xuan is in danger now!”

“Haha, Yellow Rank Advanced Martial Arts, who can stand against it?”

“Divine Power Group is mighty!”

Feeling the ferocity of the punch, Lin Xuan too knitted his brows.

There was still one move left in the first level of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, the Unification.

Thirteen swords combined into one, its power unimaginable.

He stimulated his Spiritual Power to its peak, his entire being’s spirit reaching its zenith.

The Black Iron Long Sword in his hand transformed into a surging black river.

Boom!

Light burst forth, the sound thunderous.

The two figures touched and instantly parted, moving past one another.

Whoosh!

Lin Xuan halted his motion, the Longsword slanted, standing like a Sword King.

Xing Lifeng also stopped, standing as immovable as a mountain.

Crack!

A crisp sound echoed, like the shattering of the finest porcelain, Lin Xuan's Black Iron Sword broke into countless fragments, falling to the ground.

"Ha ha, I knew it, Senior Brother Xing is sure to win!"

"That's right, Senior Brother Xing is mighty!"

Lin Xuan, prepare to meet your doom!"

All the disciples of the Divine Power Group were excited as if they had been injected with chicken blood, simply because they had been suppressed for too long and needed to let loose.

However, just as they were reveling, Xing Lifeng's body suddenly trembled, followed by a burst of fresh blood, and he fell backward.

The smiles on the Divine Power Group disciples' faces hadn't faded, but their eyes were wide and bulging, their faces turning red, their necks as if strangled, unable to speak for a long time.

After a while, exclamations arose from the crowd.

Then, seven or eight Divine Power Group disciples rushed forward and quickly helped Xing Lifeng: "Senior Brother Xing, are you alright?"

"He's fine, just injured, no need to make a fuss." Lin Xuan looked regretfully at the fragment of the Black Iron Sword and then spoke, "Thirty Contribution Points each, hand them over quickly!"

The faces of the Divine Power Group disciples flushed red, wishing they could burrow into the ground.

For many years, no one dared to trouble the Divine Power Group, but now they had fallen at the hands of a minor disciple.

All the Divine Power Group disciples glared fiercely at Lin Xuan before reluctantly handing over thirty Contribution Points each.

Lin Xuan received the Contribution Points, then picked up the fragments of the Black Iron Sword and walked back to his own cabin.

The nearby disciples, however, were excited.

Such a fight was too thrilling; Lin Xuan had become their idol—alone with his sword, he toppled the Divine Power Group, just thinking about it was exhilarating!

28: Chapter 27 You Will Regret This!

28: Chapter 27 You Will Regret This!

Lin Xuan had won nearly three hundred Contribution Points and returned to his small hut, satisfied.

Now, with only a month left before the Inner Sect test, he had to plan properly.

His strength was at the peak of the Fourth Rank of Pulse Condensation, and he would soon step into the Fifth Rank.

With these three hundred Contribution Points, he could choose two martial arts techniques.

Lin Xuan had only mastered the Thunder Move Sword Technique, and his stepping technique was still Basic Martial Arts; he didn't know any other martial techniques.

However, with these three hundred Contribution Points, all these problems could be solved.

“Contribution Points are really something great, no wonder those guys are fighting so hard for them,” he thought.

In the Outer Door, having Contribution Points meant having abundant resources.

With resources, naturally, one could cultivate faster than others.

“I wonder what life as an Inner Sect Disciple is like?” Lin Xuan couldn't help but yearn for it.

He had heard from Tang Yu that there was a Martial Arts Pavilion within the Inner Sect, where one could find any martial arts techniques below the Xuan-grade without spending Contribution Points.

Thinking of this, Lin Xuan was eager to become an Inner Sect Disciple right away, so he wouldn't have to do tasks and fight desperately for Contribution Points every day.

"Never mind, time to sleep first." Lin Xuan took a bath and then quickly fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke up, it was already the next day.

After eating breakfast, Lin Xuan headed to the Task Hall.

"Brother Lin, good morning!"
Just as Lin Xuan entered, he heard Chen Dazheng's voice.

He walked over with a smile and handed him a spirit ticket.

"Thanks for the other day, Brother Chen.

I've remembered this favor," Lin Xuan said sincerely.

"Politeness for what?"

It's mainly because you're skilled and caught Elder Fang's attention.

Otherwise, how could I have had the ability to ask an elder?" Chen Dazheng said with a simple smile.

"Enough chit-chat, I'm here to pick out a few martial arts.

Does Brother Chen have any recommendations?" Lin Xuan got straight to the point.

"Which type are you looking for, sword techniques, movement techniques, palm techniques, or leg techniques?" asked Chen Dazheng.

Lin Xuan stroked his chin and thought about it.

He didn't need any more sword techniques since he had only learned the first level of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, and he estimated that he would be focusing on it for a long time to come.

He needed a stepping technique, as he was currently using Basic Footwork.

As for the rest, he wanted to choose a martial arts technique that would strengthen his body, since the stronger he was, the more powerful the Thunder Move Sword Technique would be when executed.

In fact, he had originally wanted to ask Lord of Wine to contribute Basic Martial Arts, but Lord of Wine had directly told him that he had plenty of martial arts, just none suitable for him.

There was no choice, Lin Xuan's cultivation was simply too low.

With no other options, he had come to the Task Hall to exchange for martial arts.

"Find me some step techniques, as well as body tempering techniques," Lin Xuan said.

Chen Dazheng handed over two books, both on the shelf.

"Take a good look," he said.

Lin Xuan skimmed swiftly through them and quickly chose two martial arts techniques.

One was an intermediate Yellow Rank step technique, Instant Shadow Step, capable of achieving a shadow-like following and chasing the wind.

The other was the Golden Jade Quenching Body Technique, an intermediate Yellow Rank Martial Arts that could fortify Qi-Blood and increase strength.

Once mastered to great success, one's body would be impervious to blades and swords.

Having chosen the martial arts, Lin Xuan accepted a few more tasks and then left the Task Hall.

He planned to first cultivate these martial arts, then pay another visit to Le Yang City to buy a better weapon.

After all, it would be a joke for a swordsman to be without a suitable weapon.

Lin Xuan didn't head back to his hut but went to the Practice Room instead.

Martial Arts Training Rooms were specially designated by the Xuantian Sect for disciples to ensure undisturbed training.

Moreover, there were Bamboo Guards available as sparring partners inside.

These Martial Arts Training Rooms were divided into three levels, and the main difference between them lay in the Bamboo Guards: first-level was staffed by ordinary

Bamboo Guards, second-level by the Red Spot Bamboo Guards, and third-level by the Golden Bamboo Guards.

A first-level Martial Arts Training Room cost ten low-grade spiritual stones per day, a second-level cost twenty low-grade spiritual stones per day, and a third-level room cost thirty spiritual stones per day.

Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard Lin Xuan had already experienced it during the Outer Door test—their strength was roughly equivalent to that between the Third and Fourth Rank of Pulse Condensation, while the power of the Golden Bamboo Guard lay between the Fifth and Sixth Rank of Pulse Condensation.

After a brief consideration, Lin Xuan chose the Golden Bamboo Guard; the Red Spot Bamboo Forest Guard no longer posed a challenge to him.

After paying the spirit stones and receiving the room key, Lin Xuan intended to leave.

At this moment, a male and female disciple happened to walk over.

Lin Xuan didn't pay much attention and, after asking about the location of the room, left.

Lin Xuan had just walked a few steps when he heard a sharp cry from behind, "What did you say, all the third-level Martial Arts Training Rooms are taken?"

"That's right, the last third-level Martial Arts Training Room was just reserved by someone else; you might want to choose another," said the disciple responsible for the records.

"Who reserved it?" the girl asked.

"Hurry up and tell me, I'm from the Qingyi Society!"

Hearing the three words "Qingyi Society," the recording disciple shrank his neck and then pointed towards Lin Xuan's retreating figure.

Upon seeing that Lin Xuan was a disciple with the cultivation of the Fourth Rank of Pulse Condensation and not from one of the Three Great Forces, the girl lifted her chin arrogantly and chased after him.

"You, stop!" she commanded imperiously.

Lin Xuan ignored her as if she weren't there, continuing to walk at his usual pace.

This infuriated the young woman, who was accustomed to being fawned over like a servant by the male disciples; confronted with Lin Xuan's disregard for her, her small hand trembled with anger.

“Hmph, you dare ignore me!” she said, her pretty face cold as she waved her hand, striking towards the back of Lin Xuan’s heart.

Spiritual power fluctuated in the air, producing a howling sound.

Lin Xuan originally did not want to pay attention to this kind of woman.

Unexpectedly, she attacked him, aiming for a vital spot.

His lips slightly pursed, and his fingers became like a sword, striking back with a reverse thrust.

Hiss!

Sword light flickered at his fingertips, incredibly sharp, piercing through the girl’s spiritual power outside her palm and landing on her fair skin.

“Ouch!” the girl cried out in pain, retreating with her hand covered.

There was a red spot on her palm caused by Lin Xuan’s sword light, though she did not realize that Lin Xuan had already shown mercy.

“You, you dare to hurt me?”

“Do you know who I am?” she said, covering her palm, her voice as cold as falling snow.

Seeing that Lin Xuan still had not turned around, the girl angrily said to the male disciple beside her, “Are you a stone?”

“Didn’t you see him bullying me?”

The young man thought that with the girl’s cultivation at the Fifth Rank of Pulse Condensing, dealing with a mere Fourth Rank disciple would be an easy task, yet the situation took an unexpected turn.

In his eyes, Lin Xuan’s actions were absolutely suicidal.

“I’ll give you one chance to come here and apologize, or you’re dead!” the young man shouted harshly.

Lin Xuan gave no reaction.

“Damn it, you’ll regret this.” The young man’s body suddenly pounced out, like a fierce tiger descending the mountain, with a daunting momentum.

Lin Xuan had already warned the young woman and did not expect that they would still refuse to repent.

Anger rose in his heart, and the sword light in his hand erupted once again.

“Scram!”

A single word thundered out, accompanied by an incomparably skillful sword light.

A vast expanse of green Qi stream hit the young man’s chest in an instant.

Splat!

The young man flew backward through the air.

Only when the young man landed on the ground did Lin Xuan get a clear view of his face, which made him pause in surprise.

29: Chapter 28 The Four Realms of Martial Arts 29: Chapter 28 The Four Realms of Martial Arts The young man was none other than Tian Jie, whom Lin Xuan had frightened away in Leyang City that day.

Tian Jie lay on the ground, looking at Lin Xuan in a dejected manner, and for some reason, the image of a black robed man suddenly appeared in his mind.

Thinking of this, he shivered all over.

Lin Xuan gave him one cold look, then turned around and left.

Behind him, a young girl scolded, “Tian Jie, you are a waste.

You screwed up the task my brother entrusted to you, and now you even let go of the person bothering me, you useless garbage!”

Lin Xuan paid no more attention to the two; instead, he stopped in front of a room marked '95'.

Unlocking the door, Lin Xuan pushed open the heavy iron door and entered.

The interior was simple, featuring only a stone bed, a stone table, and a Golden Bamboo Guard standing aside.

There was nothing else, but the space was large, ample enough for Lin Xuan to stretch his arms and legs.

Lin Xuan walked up to the Golden Bamboo Guard, inserted a low-grade spiritual stone, and immediately its eyes flashed red, and its body gradually awakened.

The strength of this Golden Bamboo Guard ranged between the Fifth and Sixth Rank of the Mystical Realm.

Inserting one spiritual stone equated to the strength of the Fifth Rank of Mystical Realm, and inserting two meant the Sixth Rank's strength, each session lasting only two hours.

Lin Xuan, just starting to practice the Instant Shadow Step, chose the strength of the Fifth Rank for the Bamboo Guard.

A few moments later, the guard fully woke, wielding his bamboo sword, and thrust it towards Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan's figure swayed, executing the Instant Shadow Step, and began to dodge the attacks of the Bamboo Guard.

The Instant Shadow Step had two characteristics, speed and sticking to an opponent like a shadow.

Lin Xuan moved around the Bamboo Guard, continuously dodging, each movement precisely calculated to avoid the bamboo sword without wasting any effort.

This proximity step technique necessitated fine control power from a martial artist; otherwise, getting so close to an enemy could lead to a complete disaster.

Thus, Lin Xuan made use of the Bamboo Guard to train the Instant Shadow Step, alternating it with training in the Golden Jade Body Tempering Technique, and whenever his spiritual power was depleted, he would cultivate the Longevity Technique.

Three days passed in a flash.

The heavy iron door slowly opened, and a tall figure emerged from inside; it was Lin Xuan.

Over these three days, he had cultivated the Instant Shadow Step and the Golden Jade Body Tempering Technique to the Basic Realm, and next, they needed to be advanced through real combat.

In martial arts, the realms are divided into four levels: Basic, Small Success, Great Success, and Perfection, each realm producing drastically different effects.

For instance, the same martial art technique at the Small Success Realm would totally outperform the Basic Realm, and the Great Success Realm could overwhelmingly surpass the Small Success Realm.

It was said that above the Perfect Realm, there exists another realm named the Mental Realm, but it is seldom mentioned.

As for the movement technique, he was still a way off from Small Success, and the Golden Jade Body Tempering Technique also required purchasing some medicinal materials for cultivation.

Most importantly, he still needed a sword!

Lin Xuan rubbed his forehead, planning another trip to Leyang City.

Outer Door residential area, Lin Xuan's small hut.

A beautiful figure sat alone, her long, graceful legs displaying perfect curves, her clear black and white eyes intermittently glancing towards the door.

When she saw Lin Xuan's figure entering, the young girl huffed.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" Lin Xuan had just entered the cabin when he saw Tang Yu propping her chin with her small hand, lost in thought.

"Heh, did you miss me?" Lin Xuan grinned mischievously.

"I wish you'd drop dead!" Tang Yu rolled her eyes at him, huffing and puffing, "Come with me to a place."

Lin Xuan, eyes still fixed on those long, beautiful legs, suddenly paused, "You broke through?"

"Is that so surprising?" Tang Yu pouted, "So are you coming or not?"

"Where to?"

"Leyang!"

You country bumpkin, you've never been there, have you?" Tang Yu teased.

Lin Xuan: "..."

"I'm okay with going, but let's discuss something first." Lin Xuan smiled warmly, just like the sunlight outside the window.

It was the first time Tang Yu had seen such a warm smile on Lin Xuan's face, which made her blush slightly.

"What, what are you going to do?"

Lin Xuan seemed not to notice Tang Yu's demure pose, he leaned in close and whispered, "Well, could I borrow some Spirit Stones to spend?"

“You!

Go to hell!” Tang Yu thought Lin Xuan was going to say something touching, but it turned out he was just asking for money.

She immediately pouted her lips and threw a punch with her small, tender fists.

Lin Xuan dodged with a chuckle and clapped his hands, “Let’s go, Miss Tang family.”

...

Le Yang City was still bustling with people, but this time, Lin Xuan was not in a black robe, and instead entered this prosperous city as a disciple of the Xuantian Sect.

Lin Xuan had been considering whether to use the Purple Gold Card given by the Heavenly Fragrance Square.

However, Tang Yu had no intention of going there and dragged Lin Xuan straight to the Ten Thousand Treasure Tower.

After paying the entrance fee, the two walked in side by side.

Inside, the place was extravagantly decorated with carved beams and painted rafters, and Lin Xuan curiously looked around.

“I’ll lend you a thousand Spirit Stones, remember to pay me back!” Tang Yu handed Lin Xuan ten spirit tickets and then cheerfully ran towards the counter.

Lin Xuan took the spirit tickets and tucked them into his pocket, then headed towards the weapons area.

All kinds of weapons were displayed on the wooden shelves, many of which Lin Xuan had never seen before.

He picked up a fine steel long sword and flicked it lightly, the blade immediately emitting a clear ringing sound.

Lin Xuan’s eyes lit up, as expected from the Ten Thousand Treasure Tower; even a random sword was of excellent quality.

He was born in the Sword Pond Prefecture and had grown up holding a long sword, so he was quite familiar with longswords.

“Pfft, too young indeed, getting so happy over an ordinary treasure sword!” the voice of the Lord of Wine echoed in Lin Xuan’s heart.

“Ordinary?”

“Why don’t you give me one then!” Lin Xuan retorted.

“Hehe, young man, you need to rely on yourself.

“Don’t always think of fortunes falling from the sky!” the Lord of Wine said earnestly, “If you want good stuff, I can recommend a place to you.”

“You?” Lin Xuan was incredulous, “Do you know about some Ancient Treasure Cave?”

“Hehe, remember that kid who talked about the Demon Pit the other time?” the Lord of Wine reminded.

Lin Xuan blinked and then cursed, “Scam!

“A Demon Pit, I’d rather die than go there!”

“Young man, where’s your spirit of adventure?”

“Don’t worry, with me here, I guarantee there’ll be no problem!” the Lord of Wine assured confidently.

Lin Xuan was somewhat tempted.

The Demon Pit was always shrouded in mystery, and there were even stones blown over from the depths of Taihang Mountain.

Maybe they really could find something good.

The Lord of Wine continued to tempt, “We’ll just stay on the outer edges, we won’t go deep.

“I’ve calculated, and your opportunity lies there!”

“You and your opportunity, you just want me to fetch stones for you, right!” Lin Xuan bluntly exposed the Lord of Wine’s intentions.

“Hehe...” the Lord of Wine chuckled, “If you could really carve a treasure sword out of a rock, you’d make a fortune!”

Actually, Lin Xuan was not without ideas.

If a mere broken stone could contain a Spirit Root, who knows what else could be hidden in other stones?

Besides, despite Lin Xuan's long sword looking shiny and impressive, he knew this quality of sword simply couldn't withstand the use of the Thunder Move Sword Technique; it must be crafted from special metals and turned into a treasure to withstand that brutal power.

30: Chapter 29: One Move 30: Chapter 29: One Move "Going to such a dangerous place, how can you go without a weapon by your side?" After thinking it over, Lin Xuan finally bought a fine steel long sword.

In addition, he purchased some body tempering ointment.

After finishing his purchases, Lin Xuan went to find Tang Yu, only to discover she was in a standoff with another girl.

"What's going on?" Lin Xuan walked up to Tang Yu's side.

"Oh, you even brought a pretty boy!" The girl opposite spoke unceremoniously.

"Tang Xiaoling, mind your language!" Tang Yu spoke in a huff.

"What, I can't even speak now?" The girl named Tang Xiaoling sneered, "Looks like you're not that young anymore; it's about time someone arranged a marriage for you, to stop you from chasing after men everywhere!"

"I think the second young master of the Ding family is quite suitable.

I'll introduce him to you someday."

"You!" Tang Yu bared her teeth and brandished her claws, as if she wished she could pounce right then and there.

Fortunately, Lin Xuan was there to intervene.

There were many people around, and he was worried Tang Yu might be at a disadvantage.

And he had pretty much guessed the identity of that girl as someone from the Tang family; he was all too familiar with these kinds of family feuds, having faced such daily life when he was at Sword Pond Prefecture.

"Since you hold the Second Young Master Ding in such high regard, why don't you marry him yourself!" Lin Xuan said with a smile, pulling Tang Yu aside.

"What did you say?" Tang Xiaoling's expression changed, "A mere Xuantian Sect Outer Disciple like you has no right to speak here!"

As soon as Tang Xiaoling spoke up, the youths behind her also started to mock, and a Fourth-stage Congealing Veins Disciple dared to be so insolent here: "Believe it or not, this young master can crush you with one hand!"

"How dare you bully Xiaoling!

Apologize now, or I'll make you crawl out of here!"

Without a doubt, these youths must have been Tang Xiaoling's followers.

They were burning with rage, eager to duel with Lin Xuan immediately.

"Thinking of starting a fight?

With just you lot?" Lin Xuan said indifferently, looking carefree and completely disregarding the group in front of him.

"Hmph!

Tang Yu, your taste is really something, picking such an idiot!

A little Spirit Warrior at the Fourth Rank of the Mystical Realm dares to challenge us from the Purple Mist Sect!" Tang Xiaoling snorted coldly.

"If you're so capable, then fight!

He alone can take on ten of you!

These little shrimps behind you, he can handle them with one hand!" Tang Yu exclaimed, waving her small fists.

Lin Xuan felt extremely pleased as Tang Yu praised him, and he studied the group in front of him one by one.

They were all dressed in purple clothes with a pattern of an auspicious cloud on the sleeves, the emblem of the Purple Mist Sect.

Just like the Xuantian Sect, the Purple Mist Sect was one of the three major sects in Yunzhou and was also an overlord in its own right.

It was just unclear why disciples of the Purple Mist Sect would come near the Xuantian Sect.

Feeling Lin Xuan's gaze, the disciples of the Purple Mist Sect stared back furiously, their eyes filled with provocative glares.

Lin Xuan didn't care; the strength of the people opposite was indeed not bad, all around the Fifth Rank of the Mystical Realm, but as Tang Yu had said, these people didn't pose a threat at all.

"Perfect timing, I've just bought a weapon.

Who wants to step up?" Lin Xuan shouldered his long sword, looking devil-may-care.

"Hmph, idiot!" Tang Xiaoling sneered, not believing for a moment that a little Spirit Warrior at the Fourth Rank of the Mystical Realm could defeat her companions.

"If you're looking for death, I'll oblige you!" A handsome young man in purple stepped forward from behind Tang Xiaoling.

"Sorry, fighting is not allowed in Ten Thousand Treasure Tower!" Just as the purple-clad youth was about to take action, a quick-moving steward intervened to stop the fight.

The purple-clad youth was irritated, but he didn't dare to strike at the employees of Ten Thousand Treasure Tower, and could only say coldly, "If you're a man, come outside!"

Lin Xuan shrugged his shoulders and walked out with Tang Yu.

The disciples of the Purple Mist Sect all had cold smiles on their faces; to them, defeating a Fourth Rank Disciple of the Mystical Realm was a matter of minutes.

"With just you, you need a sword?"

Let me show you what swordsmanship is!" The purple-clad youth said disdainfully with a laugh.

"Feiyu Sword Technique!" The moment the young man swung his sword, a purple halo formed in the air, and strands of purple Sword Qi turned into feathers, flying towards Lin Xuan.

"Great swordsmanship!" exclaimed a disciple from the Purple Mist Sect behind him.

Although these young people seemed arrogant, they were certainly not foolish—they had sent their best swordsman to face the challenge.

While they exhibited an arrogance on the surface, when it came to confrontation, they deployed their strongest combatant—a truly sly bunch of youths.

Lin Xuan still wore a smile on his face.

Only when the sword light reached him did he make a move.

Executing the Instant Shadow Step, Lin Xuan took a step forward, appearing directly in front of the boy in purple.

His fine steel sword struck like lightning, hitting his opponent's weak spot precisely.

Clang!

The crowd saw only a flash of white light, and then the longsword from the boy in purple flew out of his hand, skewering the ground at an angle, while he looked on in horror and confusion at Lin Xuan.

One move, it took just one move for him to be defeated!

"Impossible!" Tang Xiaoling's beautiful eyes bulged in shock as she exclaimed.

The group of young men behind her were even more dismayed, their faces turning a particularly ugly shade.

Their looks toward Lin Xuan now carried a hint of fear.

"Anyone else want to try?" Lin Xuan sheathed his long sword and asked indifferently.

His tall figure, clad in white, fluttered with the wind, his black hair cascading like a waterfall, exuding a vibrant aura.

No one dared to respond.

Many young girls around cast admiring glances toward Lin Xuan.

This was the kind of young man they idolized.

Even Tang Yu was blushing with excitement, waving her small fists in support.

Tang Xiaoling's face turned dark, and she cursed under her breath, though her eyes still burned with an indomitable spirit.

"Brother Ding is nearby.

After you defeat him, then you can be proud!"

With that said, she left with a scowl.

"Feeling better now?" Lin Xuan turned to Tang Yu and asked.

"Yes, much better!" Tang Yu smiled like a sly fox.

“Let’s go, I’ll walk you back,” said Lin Xuan.

Tang Yu gave him a look: “How about exploring?

Are you coming?”

“No time,” Lin Xuan declined.

He still had to visit the Demon Pit.

“Hmph, scaredy-cat, not fun at all!

You go back then, I’ll go to the Demon Pit by myself!” Tang Yu huffed.

“What?

You’re going to the Demon Pit?” Now it was Lin Xuan’s turn to be surprised.

“Such a dangerous place, what do you want to go there for?”

Tang Yu tilted her head to look at him: “Don’t you know?

Some strange stones have appeared on the outskirts of the Demon Pit, rumored to be swept in from the depths of Taihang Mountain.

Many disciples from the sect, including those from the Inner Sect, have been disturbed.”

“Damn!” Lin Xuan cursed inwardly.

If everyone already knew, there was no point in him going!

“Little Xuanzi, you must hurry, or you won’t even get a taste of the soup!” Lord of Wine urged in his mind.

“It’s too dangerous.

I’ll go take a look.

You should head back,” Lin Xuan tried to persuade her, as taking her along would be too inconvenient.

“Don’t worry, people from the Battle Group will be there, and my brother will go too, I’ll be safe,” Tang Yu stated confidently, patting her chest.

“Your brother?” Lin Xuan took a deep breath.

Tang Yu's brother was an expert from the Inner Sect.

Even someone of that caliber was agitated—could it be that something incredible was about to emerge?

“Lord of Wine, do you know what those stones are and why they've attracted so many people?” Lin Xuan asked in his mind.