

# **Inverse Sword Mad God #Chapter 31 - 31 30 Demon Pit - Read Inverse Sword Mad God Chapter 31 - 31 30 Demon Pit**

31: Chapter 30 Demon Pit 31: Chapter 30 Demon Pit "It's hard to say.

I've been asleep for too long, but it's definitely something good," Lord of Wine evaded the main point.

"We can only take it one step at a time," Lin Xuan decided in his heart and set off for the mysterious Demon Pit with Tang Yu.

The Demon Pit was located within the Taihang Mountain Range, a black hole about a dozen miles in diameter that was bottomless.

However, its surroundings were home to some precious herbs.

There had been those who tried to pick them, only to fall into the pit and never come out again.

Later, people discovered that whether it was animals or humans, as soon as they got close, they would be sucked into the hole, their fate unknown.

On the contrary, some plants thrived remarkably well.

As time went by, no one dared venture there anymore; it had become a Forbidden Land that people typically avoided risking.

But recently, someone had found some brown-colored rocks near the Demon Pit, from which they extracted some heavenly herbs.

This news immediately alarmed many martial artists.

Now many had gone to the Demon Pit, including disciples from the Purple Mist Sect, which showed the value of those mysterious stones.

Leaving Leyang City, the two headed directly southwest toward the Taihang Mountain, where the Demon Pit was located.

Entering the dense forest, Lin Xuan and Tang Yu's movement finally slowed.

Although the Demon Pit was not deep within the Taihang Mountain, it was close, and its surroundings were often plagued by powerful Fierce Beasts.

Moreover, with the place being in such turmoil, they had to act carefully.

The ground was covered with many rotting twigs and leaves, which could trap a person's foot if stepped on.

Fortunately, both of them had excellent movement techniques; the soft ground had no effect on them.

The deeper they went, the more lush the trees became—the large tree trunks required several people to wrap their arms around.

Ancient trees of a thousand years, their dense foliage blocked the sky, while vines entwined around them, creating a complex and treacherous terrain.

From a distance, there were roars of tigers and calls of monkeys, birds and beasts scattered—this was a paradise for wild animals.

“Roar!”

A leopard, with green spots on its hide, pounced down from a tree, its claws like knives, and its white teeth flashing with a cold gleam.

Lin Xuan sidestepped and swung his longsword without using Spiritual Power; he relied solely on his muscle strength to cleave the leopard in two.

This was the effect of the Golden Jade Quenching Body Technique.

It was divided into five tiers.

The First Tier could nurture the body and increase strength.

Lin Xuan's strength had now increased by about three times compared to before, reaching nearly five thousand jin.

He didn't use Spiritual Power for another reason: it was too dazzling.

Once used, it would be like telling others, “I am here.”

This vast forest was unlike the sect; no one paid attention to the rules here.

A disagreement could lead to bloodshed, which was nothing out of the ordinary.

Lin Xuan did not want to expose himself too early.

Boom!

Boom!

The ground trembled slightly.

Lin Xuan and Tang Yu exchanged glances, each seeing surprise in the other's eyes.

They leaped up and perched on the tree trunks, concealing their auras.

The trembling of the ground grew stronger, and before long, a White Jade Giant Elephant, its body polished like jade, came lumbering forward.

Its legs were wider than ordinary pillars, each step leaving a deep pit in the ground.

“Moo...”

The White Jade Giant Elephant raised its head and trumpeted, its sound shaking the heavens.

The leaves all around fluttered down, and Lin Xuan and Tang Yu had to use Spiritual Power to block their hearing to avoid being deafened by the noise.

“Roar!”

A Black Tiger the size of a bull, with white patches, leaped out of the underbrush, roaring at the giant elephant as a warning not to come closer.

Boom!

The elephant's long trunk swung out like a Heavenly Hammer, smashing the Black Tiger's body into pieces.

Then, the trunk coiled, sucking in all the blood and guts into its mouth.

Boom!

Boom!

The White Jade Giant Elephant let out another long cry, then slowly dragged its body away.

Lin Xuan heaved a sigh of relief, a Fierce Beast of this level was not something they could confront.

The two continued on their way, now even more cautious than before; however, it seemed that their situation was getting worse.

Some Fierce Beasts that were rarely seen now seemed to have all come out, and there were also quite a few Demon Beasts lurking nearby, making the already terrifying Demon Pit even more perilous.

“Something is wrong; why are there so many Fierce Beasts here?”

It’s almost like the deep parts of Taihang Mountain Range!” Lin Xuan frowned.

“There must be a problem, could it have something to do with those stones?” Tang Yu also said, looking tense.

“Yes, it seems there’s still much we don’t know,” Lin Xuan nodded, “It’s too dangerous inside, do you still want to go in?”

“I want to see my brother.

I’m a bit worried about him,” Tang Yu hesitated.

“How many Inner Sect Disciples have come?” Lin Xuan asked.

“I’m not sure about the specifics, probably a few people from each of the Three Great Forces,” Tang Yu thought for a moment and said, “Many Inner Sect Disciples are on missions outside of the Outer Door and some are on the front lines fighting Demon Beasts, so there are not many left in the sect.”

Lin Xuan felt somewhat heavy-hearted.

Initially, he thought it was only Outer Disciples who had come, but now even Inner Sect Disciples had shown up.

“I will accompany you until you see your brother,” Lin Xuan said, patting Tang Yu’s shoulder with a smile.

Without lingering, the pair knew they were now very far from the Xuantian Sect, and moreover, night was drawing near.

If they couldn’t find a place to rest before darkness fell, they would be in grave danger.

At last, as evening approached, Lin Xuan found a cave on the mountain, next to which was a small lake, quite suitable for resting.

After tidying up, Lin Xuan and Tang Yu decided to stay for the night and then proceed the next day, as the Primitive Forest proved to be extremely dangerous at night.

By evening, the light of the fire danced among the trees.

Lin Xuan hunted a wild boar, then cleaned it by the lake, placing it over the fire.

Tang Yu, like a little gluttonous cat, salivated beside it.

Lin Xuan watched on with a faint smile on his face when suddenly, he furrowed his brows, looking into the distance.

Just then, an exclamation rang out, "Big brother, there's a fire over here!"

"Ha ha, fantastic, we don't have to travel at night anymore!" a boisterous voice carried over.

Lin Xuan sat up straight, immediately gripping his Longsword, ready to react at a moment's notice, while Tang Yu also looked around vigilantly.

"We're from the Blood-colored Mercenary Group, sorry to intrude!" a loud laugh followed, and then five figures appeared before Lin Xuan.

This was a group of burly young men, ranging from their twenties to thirties, all quite young.

Each of them carried a bundle on their back and had swords dangling from their waists, looking tired.

"My name is Du Ping from the Blood-colored Mercenary Group, and these are my brothers.

We got lost in the mountains and would like to lodge here for the night, we hope our fellow brothers can accommodate us."

Lin Xuan glanced over the group.

Their faces were stern, with eyes gleaming sharply, clearly men accustomed to living on the edge.

What surprised Lin Xuan even more was that this young man called Du Ping had reached the Sixth-tier of Muculation, and the rest were around the Fifth Rank as well.

"These people don't seem eager to start a fight, so no need to make a move.

It seems they just want to stay the night," Lin Xuan thought.

"As fellow travelers of the Jianghu, we should look after each other when away from home," Lin Xuan said with a smile, making a welcoming gesture.

“Ha ha, then we won’t be polite!” Du Ping laughed heartily, then walked over with his brothers.

32: Chapter 31: The Four Great Young Masters 32: Chapter 31: The Four Great Young Masters Brother Du and four others hastily unloaded their belongings, then sat down around the campfire with their backpacks in tow.

Members of the Blood-colored Mercenary Group took out some food and drinks from their backpacks and laid them on the ground.

Brother Du picked up two pieces of leopard meat and a jug of wine, passing them over.

“Little brother, this is the food we’ve prepared, have a taste!” Brother Du appeared very generous.

Lin Xuan smiled as he accepted it, and inwardly asked Lord of Wine if there was any poison.

Lord of Wine muttered, “Little Xuanzi is quite cautious.

Relax, there’s no poison, but the wine is far inferior to mine!”

Hearing there was no poison, Lin Xuan felt assured.

One couldn’t be too careful when traveling.

He passed a piece of leopard meat to Tang Yu and gently nodded.

Tang Yu then accepted it.

She opened her small, cherry-like mouth and gently took a bite, eating quietly, very unlike the lively young lady she was during normal days.

Lin Xuan also tore off a piece of meat, then coupled it with the strong wine and started eating heartily.

“Good wine!” Lin Xuan mumbled.

“Ha ha!

The little brother is really straightforward!” Seeing this, Brother Du and the others laughed out loud.

They were naturally straightforward men themselves and felt a great liking for Lin Xuan who behaved in the same way.

“Judging by your clothes, you must be disciples of the Xuantian Sect, right?”

“What brings you to Forest Mountain?” Brother Du asked, “Could it be because of the recent news?”

Lin Xuan nodded, “Heard there were some strange stones found in the Demon Pit, wanted to see for myself.” He didn’t lie; the news was known to almost everyone, there was no need to lie.

“Brother Du, are you guys also going to the Demon Pit?”

“Ha ha, not to hide it from younger brother, we fellows also want to join in the excitement, see if we can find any opportunities,” Brother Du scratched the back of his head and said with a smile.

“However, this trip to the Demon Pit should be quite lively.

Even if we don’t get any treasures, just seeing some young masters in action is worth the journey!” The speaker was a young man with short hair.

“Oh, do you know which young masters will be there?” Lin Xuan was intrigued.

“We indeed know more about these worldly affairs than you disciples from the sects,” Brother Du said, “Second brother, tell this little brother properly!”

The short-haired young man was the second-in-command of the Blood-colored Mercenary Group, named Qin Xiu.

“This time at the Demon Pit, it’ll probably be attended by a lot of young people.” Qin Xiu took a sip of wine and continued, “According to the information we’ve gathered, there are many forces going, but only a few famous ones.”

“Firstly, there’s a disciple from your Xuantian Sect, Tang Yi from the Battle Group, whose cultivation has reached the Peak of Ninth-Order Pulse Condensation Realm.

His Xuanyu Palm is formidable, and together with his unmatched hidden weapons, he is certainly one of the top combat powers.”

Upon hearing this, Tang Yu’s eyes narrowed into crescents, and she let out a proud snort, like a smug little fox.

Seeing Tang Yu’s expression, Lin Xuan knew without guessing that this Tang Yi must be her brother.

He smiled and then tore off a piece of boar meat for her.

“Then there’s Ye Shi from the Green Robe Society, not only is she beautiful as a Heavenly Immortal, but her cultivation has also reached the Eighth Rank.

The Jade Flute in her hand is even mightier than a treasure!”

“As for the Divine Power Group, their main force seems to be out on missions, it’s unknown who they will send this time?”

“Mission execution?” Lin Xuan’s eyebrows shot up, he remembered correctly, that Zhang Bin’s brother Zhang Qian was on a mission outside.

Thinking of this, he took a deep breath, it seemed he needed to hurry and improve his cultivation—Zhang Qian could return any day now and he didn’t want to be caught off guard and killed.

All he heard was Qin Xiu continuing to speak, “Aside from the Xuantian Sect, Purple Mist Sect also has experts coming over, one named Ding Hao is hailed as ‘Yunzhou’s Swift Saber,’ whose saber technique is truly faster than lightning!”

“Another is Liu Qing, a martial fanatic who specifically seeks out powerful opponents for dueling, his strength is also unfathomably deep.”

“The rest are some smaller groups, like mercenary groups similar to ours, and it’s likely that some families from Leyang City will send people as well.”

Lin Xuan sighed inwardly, he hadn’t expected so many young masters to come, making his task of stealing the brown stone that much harder.

Sensing Lin Xuan’s thoughts, Lord of Wine’s voice rang out, “Little Xuanzi, if you find another Spirit Root, I will teach you a Divine Skill—this old man never goes back on his word!”

“Divine Skill!” Lin Xuan’s heart raced, “That’s something one can only cultivate at extremely high realms!”

“Are you sure it’s a Divine Skill?” Lin Xuan said incredulously, “Didn’t you say your stuff was too advanced and I couldn’t learn it?”

“What kind of expression is that?”

How dare you doubt this old man?

Back in the day, a sneeze from me could affect the entire continent’s weather, and yet you doubt my ability!” Lord of Wine was not pleased, “This Divine Skill can be learned as soon as you reach the Sixth Rank of Mystical Realm, I am not fooling you!”

“Don’t worry, I’ll risk my life to get you that stone,” Lin Xuan was indeed tempted by Lord of Wine.

Divine Skills were powerful, and not every individual who possessed strength could learn them.

Fortune favors the bold; he didn’t have much time.

The family summit was in two years, and he must defeat those disciples within his family.

He knew that the disciples from Sword Pond Prefecture were tougher than those from the Xuantian Sect, let alone the devils among them.

Only by rapidly improving his cultivation could he return to his family!

The group chatted for a long time until midnight, when everyone sat down to rest.

In the night sky, a crescent moon hung.

Lin Xuan did not sleep but quietly practiced the Longevity Technique.

After hearing about so many young masters today, he felt immense pressure.

Green wisps of energy circulated rapidly within his body during Zhou Tian, his skin emanated a faint green light, and within his four Spirit Veins, the Spiritual Power surged like a torrential river, carrying a tumult of energy throughout his body.

Gradually, he felt as if he had merged with his surroundings; he could clearly sense everything nearby—the flowers, trees, and the birds and beasts in the distance.

This sensation was extraordinary, not something a Martial Artist of the Mystical Realm could normally perceive—the only explanation was the effect of the Longevity Technique.

Since it dared to include ‘Longevity’ in its name, its potency was likely extraordinary.

It’s well known that the Martial Artists’ fundamental goal in cultivation was to seek immortality, a target too elusive, with many spending their entire lives without achieving it.

However, as one’s cultivation grew, so did their lifespan.

Under this deadly allure, the practice of martial arts became prevalent on the Spirit Martial Continent.

Once one entered the Spirit Sea Realm and became a Spirit Master, their lifespan would increase by two hundred years—double that of a normal person—which sent the Martial Artists into a frenzy.

Besides, the higher the cultivation level, the higher one's status and greater their authority.

High-level Cultivators could easily control the lives of Low-level Cultivators.

This law of the survival of the fittest also drove people to desperately cultivate.

"There's a fluctuation of Spiritual Power ahead." Sensing a change ahead, Lin Xuan stopped his cultivation and opened his eyes, cautiously looking around.

Whoosh!

A black arrow suddenly flew out from the trees, leaving behind a black trail in the air, heading straight toward Du Ping from the Blood-colored Mercenary Group.

33: Chapter 32 Poison Snake Mercenary Group 33: Chapter 32 Poison Snake Mercenary Group The night was still all around.

Only the fire by Lin Xuan's side crackled and popped, the black arrows flying silently through the air, reminiscent of the call of Death itself.

Clang!

In the nick of time, Lin Xuan swung his longsword, sending the black short arrow flying away.

This action instantly roused the likes of the Blood-colored Mercenary Group; Du Ping and the others quickly grabbed their weapons, vigilantly looking in all directions.

Tang Yu, too, had a cold expression, her large, distinct eyes shining with an icy glow.

"Brother Lin, what's going on?" Du Ping asked.

"I don't know, but that arrow was flying towards you!" Lin Xuan said gravely.

"Me?" Du Ping was stunned.

The next moment, when he saw the black short arrow that had flown into the tree trunk, his face turned dark.

"Poison Snake Mercenary Group!" Du Ping took a deep breath.

“What?”

Those bastards have actually followed us here!” the other mercenaries shouted.

“Brother Lin, this time we’ve implicated you,” Du Ping said with remorse.

“Don’t worry, even if I have to sacrifice my life, I will ensure your safety!”

“How strong are they?” Lin Xuan was very concerned about this question; at this time, quarreling was useless.

Only by working together could they survive.

“Their strength is comparable to ours, but who knows how many of them there are?” Du Ping said.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Several more black short arrows flew in from different directions, and Lin Xuan and the others shielded themselves, gradually retreating to huddle together.

“They’ve surrounded us!” Lin Xuan said calmly.

Behind them was a mountain wall, and before them, an unknown enemy.

During their conversation, another volley of arrows flew past.

“Damn it!” Du Ping and the others were so frustrated by the arrows that they couldn’t fight back and could only shout, “Come out if you dare, you bastards from the Poison Snake Team.

I will beat you down!”

“Heh, heh, save that talk for King Yan!” A chilling voice came from the darkness.

Whoosh!

Before the sound had died away, Tang Yu’s slender jade hand flicked out, three silver needles flashing coldly as they shot out into the darkness, followed by a muffled grunt.

“Everyone, be careful, there’s a master of hidden weapons on the other side!” someone from the opposing side warned.

Lin Xuan was startled; he had never known that Tang Yu could use hidden weapons and looked at her with some surprise.

“Hmph!” Tang Yu proudly lifted her chin, then gave Lin Xuan a big white eye.

“Yo, there’s actually a beauty here!” The chilly voice from the darkness sounded again.

“I never expected to encounter such stunning beauty deep in the mountain forest; it seems Heaven has not been unkind to me!”

“Whoosh, whoosh!” Tang Yu, with a cold expression, shot out several more silver needles, but this time they were all dodged by the Mysterious Person.

“Hmph, you spineless rat, if you have the guts, come out!” Tang Yu snorted angrily, having missed.

“Since the beauty insists, the Young Captain shall make his appearance!” The voice was filled with mockery.

In the meantime, Lin Xuan and the others did not make any rash moves, still cautiously watching their surroundings to avoid being hurt by a surprise arrow.

As expected, before long, a group of people emerged from the darkness, clad in silver armor, terrifying with the depiction of a fierce large snake on their chests.

Among them, one was a young man in his twenties with a war saber hanging at his waist; right now, he was staring at Tang Yu, his eyes filled with loathing.

“Truly a peerless beauty, in a while, I’ll make sure to treat you really ‘well!’” the young man with the saber laughed.

“Pah!

Shameless!” Tang Yu’s face showed disgust.

“It’s really you scumbags!” As soon as Du Ping saw the young man with the saber, he immediately roared, “I should have never let you off back then!”

“Who the hell are you to meddle in my affairs?

It’s just killing a few people, playing around a bit, what’s there to be so worked up about!” the young man said with disdain.

“Dare to offend me, and you are sure to die today!”

The young man with the saber was extremely arrogant.

He wasn't wrong in his thinking: on Du Ping's side, there were a total of seven people, among them Du Ping was at the Sixth-tier of Muculation, the others at the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing, and he also noticed a Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins youth.

Whereas on his own side, just those at the Sixth-tier of Muculation numbered two people, and those at the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing were more than a dozen—killing them would be as easy as pie.

"Hmph, a Fourth Rank Mystical Realm kid dares to come into these deep mountains, truly an idiot!" the young man said with disdain.

Lin Xuan immediately felt displeased.

How dare he look down on me?

I'll show you!

"I advise you to simply cease, and after the Young Captain has enjoyed this, maybe if I'm in a good mood, I'll let you go!"

"Your grandpa!" Du Ping was already anxious—they were all hot-blooded men, how could they allow themselves to be bullied?

The five of the Blood-colored Mercenary Group instantly charged forth, and Tang Yu also launched her hidden weapons once again.

This time she didn't ambush the young man with the saber, but targeted the ordinary mercenaries.

Indeed, a moment later, sounds of muffled grunts were heard.

"Attack!" the young man with the saber commanded with a wave of his hand, and the mercenaries behind him rushed forward.

In the air, there was a surge of intense Spiritual Power fluctuations as Du Ping and a middle-aged man started fighting, both of them Sixth Rank Cultivators, and both using fierce moves right from the start.

"Injure them with hidden weapons!" Lin Xuan finished off a charging mercenary with his sword and quickly said.

"Understood." Tang Yu moved swiftly, her needles striking terror in the hearts of men; every strike was sure to wound.

Initially, the Blood-colored Mercenary Group was under great pressure, but with the aid of Tang Yu's hidden weapons, they soon stabilized the battle.

Coupled with Lin Xuan's monstrous attacks, the two sides fought to a stalemate for a while.

"Humph, interesting," the young man with the saber chuckled, pulling out the long saber from his waist.

"Pretty lady, the Young Captain will play with you."

The youth believed that Tang Yu posed the greatest threat, so he decided to personally stop her.

Whoosh!

The sword light flashed, turning into a streak of white light, charging towards Tang Yu.

Tang Yu moved rapidly to barely dodge the attack.

However, the young man was a Sixth Rank Cultivator, and the dazzling sword light put immense pressure on her.

Lin Xuan did not immediately join in; he continued to fight with the Fifth Rank mercenaries.

He was waiting for an opportunity for a one-hit kill.

The pressure from the two opposing Sixth Rank Cultivators was too great; one must be eliminated first.

Tang Yu executed the Breeze Sword Technique, currently engaged in combat with the young man.

Her thin blue longsword was like a gale, each stroke as elusive as an antelope hanging its horns out of reach.

With her exquisite swordsmanship, Tang Yu temporarily held her ground.

"Hehe, pretty girl, not bad swordplay," the young man said grinningly, blocking Tang Yu's strikes.

"I'm the Young Captain of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group.

Why don't you join me, and I promise you'll live the good life!"

"Shameless!" Tang Yu was extremely angered, involuntarily increasing her Spiritual Power; her sword in hand shone brightly like woven silk, constantly producing sounds as it tore through the air.

“Lin Xuan, you bastard, come help already!” Tang Yu called out, fuming.

“Lin Xuan?”

Is that the Fourth Rank trash?” The young man was taken aback, turning his head to look at Lin Xuan, “Just a piece of trash, I’m much stronger than him!”

“Well then, let me take off his head, and you’ll see just how formidable the Young Captain is.” The young man chuckled and lunged towards Lin Xuan, in his eyes, Lin Xuan surely must be Tang Yu’s friend.

Only by killing Lin Xuan could he subdue Tang Yu.

34: Chapter 33: The Stunning Sword 34: Chapter 33: The Stunning Sword The young man gave a sinister laugh, his long sword like a rainbow, erupting with a dazzling light that tore through the darkness and slashed towards Lin Xuan.

This was the Sixth-tier Muculation strike of Yi Dao, filled with overwhelming Spiritual Power, that wrapped around the blade, forming a tangible Sword Light.

“Die!” The young man’s face contorted ferociously.

“Damn it, be careful!” Tang Yu couldn’t stop him in time and could only use all her strength to warn Lin Xuan.

Members of the Blood-colored Mercenary Group, seeing this scene, also showed expressions of tragic determination.

Du Ping let out a long howl, shaking off the Sixth Rank Spirit Warrior he was battling.

“Brother Lin, dodge quickly!”

“Hmph, a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior, how could he dodge?”

The Young Captain is a genuine Sixth Rank Spirit Warrior, Du Ping, you’re too naive, and the next one to die will be from your Blood-colored Mercenary Group!”

The tangible Sword Light instantly reached in front of Lin Xuan, the violent power causing their skin to hurt.

In the darkness, Lin Xuan remained extraordinarily calm.

He stepped into the Instant Shadow Step, his body shifting ghost-like, and forcibly moved a meter to the side, dodging the fierce strike.

Boom!

The spot where Lin Xuan had been standing cracked open creating a fissure, the entire ground caved in, a strike of Sixth-tier Muculation indeed was terrifying beyond measure.

“Huh?”

He dodged it?” The young man was slightly startled, “Interesting, kid, your Qinggong isn’t bad, I wonder if you can dodge my second strike?” The young man said with a cat-and-mouse grin.

The bright blade gathered another tangible Sword Light as the young man held the sword with one hand, targeting Lin Xuan.

Swoosh!

Three thin-as-cow-hair silver needles flew out, aiming straight for the back of the young man’s head.

“Hmph!” The young man snorted coldly, turned around, and grabbed them backhanded, the brilliant Spiritual Power enveloping his palm, instantly capturing the three silver needles.

With a sinister smile still hanging on his lips, the young man gave Tang Yu a malicious look: “Pretty girl, I’ll make sure you enjoy to the fullest soon!”

Seeing the young man turning back, Lin Xuan’s eyes lit up.

Now was the moment!

He concentrated all his strength at the tip of his sword, leapt into the air, like a brilliant shooting star, slicing through the dark sky.

“Outer Heaven Flying Star!”

The light flashed, as if tearing the void apart, illuminating the boundless darkness.

The young man’s face still wore an evil grin, but the wildness in his eyes gradually turned into fear.

He struggled to raise his hand, wanting to say something, yet could only utter a faint sound.

His body convulsed, he desperately clutched at his throat, but the blood still flowed relentlessly.

“You, you...” The young man couldn’t believe he would die at the hands of a Fourth-stage Muculation cultivator.

With a thud, the young man's body fell to the ground, the blood instantly staining the earth red.

Tang Yu stood with her mouth agape, staring blankly at Lin Xuan, and after a long while, she blushed and whispered softly, "So handsome!"

"Young Captain, Young Captain is dead!" A cry of alarm rose in the night, echoing through the woods.

"What?"

"That's impossible!" All the Poison Snake Mercenary Group members cried out in disbelief; the Young Captain was a Sixth Rank Spirit Warrior, who could have killed him?

Yet, the body on the ground was so glaring that they had to accept this reality.

The battle at this moment had already reached its most intense phase, with both sides sustaining injuries.

However, the death of the young man still caused panic among the Poison Snake Mercenary Group members.

Du Ping and the others were also deeply shocked; Lin Xuan's move was too fast, too rapid for anyone to react.

"Brother Lin, well done!" Du Ping, covered in blood, yet had his eyes gleaming with excited light.

With the young man's death, they were saved!

Boom!

The bearded big man exchanged punches with Du Ping, then swiftly moved to the young man's corpse.

"You actually killed the Young Captain, our Poison Snake Mercenary Group won't let you go!" The bearded middle-aged man's face twisted savagely, with the Young Captain dead, he would also face severe punishment upon his return; the great leader would go mad!

"Third Team Leader, what should we do?" The members of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group crowded around.

"Awooo!"

The sound of fighting had already alarmed the nearby beasts, and now the scent of blood permeated the area, further enraging these fierce creatures.

Pairs of green eyes lit up around them, as if clusters of ghost fire were drifting.

“Damn, it’s a pack of Demon Wolves!” Du Ping supported an injured comrade, his face full of anxiety.

The members of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group also looked terrified, as if they had encountered something dreadful.

“Brother Lin, forget about these people.

Let’s break out quickly.

These Demon Wolves are bloodthirsty by nature, highly frenzied by the smell of blood, and they always appear in packs.

Ordinary cultivators simply can’t withstand them.”

As Du Ping spoke, he slung his luggage over his shoulder and waved to Lin Xuan, “Brother Lin, let’s break out together!”

“Hmph!

We, the Poison Snake Mercenary Group, will remember today’s events!” The Third Team Leader gritted his teeth and then glared fiercely at Lin Xuan, ignoring the corpses on the ground.

“Third Team Leader, the Young Captain’s corpse—”

“Shut up!

We’re surrounded by Demon Wolves right now.

It’s uncertain whether we can even survive, and you want to carry a corpse!”

“Everyone, focus!

Fight to break out!” the Third Team Leader roared and then charged in a certain direction.

“Brother Lin, let’s go!” urged Du Ping.

Lin Xuan glanced at the people of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group.

Since he had killed their Young Captain, he had no intention of sparing these people, to avoid being hunted down later.

However, the appearance of the Demon Wolves forced him to retreat.

“Let’s go!” Lin Xuan pulled Tang Yu and followed closely beside the Blood-colored Mercenary Group, preparing to break out.

Whoosh!

As soon as Lin Xuan and others moved, the Demon Wolves also sprang into action.

Hundreds of pitch-black wolves, baring their fangs, pounced on the corpses on the ground, but more of them chased after Lin Xuan and his companions.

Puff!

Puff!

Lin Xuan’s longsword transformed completely into a Blood Sword.

With each strike, a Demon Wolf fell, making the members of his group tremble with fear, as they could not believe how powerful a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior could be.

In contrast, the members of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group were screaming continuously, with people constantly falling, and it seemed that only about one-third would make it out alive.

Lin Xuan swiftly cleared the way, his longsword in his hands turning into Thunder Shock, releasing endless energy.

They ran for what seemed like an eternity until they finally shook off the pack of Demon Wolves.

“We owe Brother Lin a lot this time,” Du Ping wiped the cold sweat off his face, “in the future, if there’s anything you need from us, feel free to ask, Brother Lin!”

“You’re too kind, Brother Du,” Lin Xuan smiled, his previously stern demeanor had completely disappeared.

“We should find a place to spend the rest of the night.”

“It’s almost dawn, if we all stay together, we should make it through,” Du Fang looked around and suggested.

The group of seven found a clean spot to rest until the eastern sky lightened.

Early in the morning, Lin Xuan and Tang Yu parted ways with the Blood-colored Mercenary Group and quickly headed toward the direction of the Demon Pit, finally reaching the outskirts by noon.

By then, some figures were spotted nearby, and Lin Xuan even saw disciples of the Xuantian Sect.

“Why don’t you go and meet up with them?” Lin Xuan pointed towards the people from the Battle Group and said with a smile.

“And what about you?” Tang Yu pouted.

“I have some other businesses,” Lin Xuan put his hands behind his head, “I’m going to look for opportunities while you obediently wait for your brother.”

Lin Xuan waved his hand and his figure quickly disappeared into the forest.

“Little rascal, always running off so fast!” Tang Yu stomped her foot in frustration.

...

In a corner on the outskirts of the Demon Pit, a group of people dressed in silver light armor gathered together, among them was a bald big man.

He sat there boldly with a Golden Saber, cursing, “How come the third brother and his group haven’t arrived yet?”

Damnit, are they as slow as turtles!”

35: Chapter 34: Outer Four Masters 35: Chapter 34: Outer Four Masters Bald Man was visibly irked as he addressed his men, “Wait another half an hour, if the third doesn’t show, we’re moving in!”

Just as he finished his statement, one of his subordinates rushed in, panting, “Sec...

Second Boss, something terrible has happened!”

“What’s wrong?” Bald Man glared, speaking slowly, “Look at you, all flustered after all this time with me!”

The subordinate’s chin quivered as he stammered, “Third Boss is back, the...

the Young Captain, he...”

“What about him, did he stir up trouble again?”

Dammit, that's my brother spoiling him rotten!" Bald Man exclaimed in anger.

"He...

he's dead!"

The subordinate finally blurted out the sentence and then seemed to collapse entirely.

Boom!

Bald Man abruptly stood up, his body shining with spiritual light like burning flames.

He grabbed the subordinate and demanded harshly, "What the hell did you say?

The Young Captain is dead?"

"You think you can joke about this with me?

Do you have a death wish?"

The subordinate, gripped tightly by a pair of massive hands, was rolling his eyes back, on the verge of passing out, when a middle-aged man with a full beard walked over, looking exhausted.

"Let him go, Brother, he's not lying," the bearded middle-aged man sighed.

Hearing this, Bald Man shuddered and released his grip, letting the floating subordinate drop to the ground.

"Third, what happened?

Zhixing was a Sixth Rank Spirit Warrior, and with you, our team had two Sixth Rank Spirit Warriors.

What kind of enemy could have killed him?

Did he run into an elite young master?"

"Brother, here's what happened..."

The bearded middle-aged man recounted the events, and when Bald Man heard that the Young Captain had been killed by a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior, his face was filled with disbelief.

"What?"

Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior?

Are you sure it was a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior?" Bald Man couldn't believe it.

"Yes, an Outer Disciple from Xuantian Sect, a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior," the bearded man confirmed, "That kid seems to have a powerful sword skill.

It was just a careless moment from Zhixing that got him killed."

"Dammit, we must catch that kid!

We'll avenge Zhixing!" Bald Man's face twisted ferociously, "Men, search for him!

We have to find that kid!"

"Brother, the other party is from Xuantian Sect.

There are many of their experts around here.

We should be careful."

Bald Man nodded, "You guys go find him first but don't engage.

Report back as soon as possible.

Whoever provides accurate information will be rewarded a thousand low-grade spiritual stones!"

"A thousand stones!" The mercenaries' eyes lit up immediately; this was the equivalent of several years of income for them.

They were mercenaries mostly for the money, to lead a better life, and now just one piece of information would earn them a thousand spiritual stones—it was like a pie falling from the sky!

Right away, members of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group mobilized, searching as per the Third Team Leader's clues...

After separating from Tang Yu, Lin Xuan was out alone, surveying the periphery of the Demon Pit.

He encountered several groups but didn't startle them, opting to pass by undetected.

"Drunken Uncle, give me some pointers," Lin Xuan didn't want to continue this aimless search, "Didn't you say there was an opportunity for me here?"

Where is it?”

“Ha, as if I’d lie to you?” Lord of Wine scoffed, “But these people seem odd, like they’re waiting for something.”

“Why don’t you go ask?”

Lin Xuan’s face darkened, “Ask?”

Ask your sister!

You think they’re going to tell you?”

“Heh heh, young man, too impatient,” Lord of Wine educated.

“They wait, we also wait, watch and wait quietly, understand?”

Lin Xuan hated it so much his teeth itched, he jumped onto a big tree and started to secretly observe those people.

These people were divided into eight or nine groups, each occupying a different position, including disciples of Xuantian Sect and people from the Purple Mist Sect.

“Will stones really be ejected later?” someone asked.

The questioner was a disciple of Divine Power Group from Xuantian Sect, his eyes looked into the depths of the mountain forest with some confusion.

“Yes, stones will be ejected in these few days, but most of them contain nothing.

We can only try to collect all the stones to avoid missing any treasures.”

“Be careful later, even though the Inner Sect disciples are waiting for an opportunity elsewhere, we must not take it lightly.

This time, besides our Divine Power Group sending out our genius disciple, other powers have also added young geniuses, and it can be said that all of the Outer Four Masters have arrived.”

At this point, many people looked towards a figure not far away, an attractive young man sitting cross-legged on a large rock, resting with his eyes closed.

He was Jiang Yulong, the young genius of the Divine Power Group, only sixteen years old, but his cultivation had already reached the Sixth-tier of Cultivation, one of the strongest combat forces in the Outer Door of the Divine Power Group, and also in the top five of the Outer Door ranking.

The Outer Four Masters referred to four genius young men, who shone like comets, making it difficult for other Outer Disciples to ever look up, and this Outer Door ranking list was created similarly to the Inner Sect list, aimed at ranking the strengths of Outer Disciples.

The Outer Door ranking list recorded only the top five hundred disciples.

Many Outer Disciples were proud to be on the list.

After all, with tens of thousands of Outer Disciples, making it into the top five hundred was enough to prove one's strength.

People like Yan Kong, Hua Yangping, and others were all highly ranked individuals, including Liang Hong and Xing Lifeng who Lin Xuan had defeated, were also among the top five hundred.

Although many people were at the Sixth-tier of Cultivation, the gap in strength was indeed huge.

Besides experience, the most important was the realm of martial arts.

If two Sixth Rank Spirit Warriors, one had trained a Yellow Rank Advanced Martial Arts to Great Success and the other was at the Basic Realm, the gap between them would be huge.

For example, that dead Young Captain of the Poison Snake Team, although his saber technique seemed fierce, he hadn't even reached the Small Success Realm, which is why Lin Xuan was able to kill him easily.

Those disciples of Divine Power Group looked at Jiang Yulong with admiration in their eyes, some girls even looked infatuated.

However, Jiang Yulong did not even open his eyes.

But this did not affect the people's admiration for him, which showed the status of the Four Masters in everyone's hearts.

Suddenly, black clouds rose from the depths of the mountain forest, rolling like black ink, sinister and terrifying.

Then, three black shadows flew out towards the exterior, each the size of a watermelon.

"It's out!" someone in the crowd shouted, everyone looked toward the sky.

Jiang Yulong also opened his eyes, fixed on the flying stones, a touch of eagerness in his eyes.

Many people grasped their weapons, ready to act at any moment, and also secretly signaled their own people to prevent any sabotage from others.

The three stones shot towards three different directions, one of which happened to fly towards the direction of Divine Power Group.

The disciples' faces were overjoyed, cheering happily, and Jiang Yulong stood up handsomely, his palm glowing faintly, ready to catch the stone.

"Brother Jiang is really powerful, even the mysterious Heavenly Stone is attracted to him," said a Divine Power Group disciple.

"Of course, Brother Jiang is also a genius, even Heaven favors him!"

A group of disciples chattered, discussing how powerful Brother Jiang was.

At this moment, the stone was flying at high speed and was about to fall.

A hint of smile appeared on the handsome face of Jiang Yulong.

He stretched out a hand, ready to grasp the mysterious stone in his hand.

But just as he reached out, there was a sudden change.

The mysterious brown stone suddenly paused, then accelerated violently, flying past Jiang Yulong's back at high speed.

36: Chapter 35: Success 36: Chapter 35: Success Jiang Yulong was originally full of confidence, his face wearing an arrogant smile as he prepared to claim the mysterious brown stone.

But unexpectedly, the duck that was almost in his mouth suddenly flew away; the stone drew an arc in the air, avoiding Jiang Yulong and flying towards the back.

The disciples of the Divine Power Group by his side were also bewildered.

Just a moment ago, they were praising Brother Jiang for being favored by the heavens, and in a blink of an eye, the flying treasure had escaped.

Whoosh!

The watermelon-sized stone burrowed into the forest, disappearing from sight; just when everyone was puzzled, a figure burst out of the woods and sped towards the distance.

Moments later, a wave of cursing erupted from the crowd of the Divine Power Group:  
“Damn, the stone was stolen, chase after it!”

“It must have been that person who used Demon Art to change the stone’s direction!”

“Find him, break his limbs, and let him know how formidable our Divine Power Group is!”

The group of disciples, their eyes blazing with fire, chased in the direction of the fleeing figure, and Jiang Yulong also sneered coldly, transforming into a afterimage as he quickly pursued the figure.

Huff!

Huff!

Lin Xuan exerted all his Spiritual Power, sprinting desperately into the forest.

Just now, he and Lord of Wine had used the devouring suction to successfully divert the brown stone towards them, thus changing the direction of the stone in front of Jiang Yulong.

“Damn, that was thrilling!” Lin Xuan’s heart thudded violently; snatching the stone from under so many eyes and especially from the Divine Power Group was exhilarating!

“Lord of Wine, what’s inside?” asked Lin Xuan.

“I can’t see; there’s a layer of mysterious energy on the surface of the stone obstructing my probe.

We can only know what it is after cutting it open.”

“Eh, it’s different from last time?” Lin Xuan was surprised, even Lord of Wine couldn’t see through it?

“Maybe this stone has absorbed some demonic nature from the Demon Pit, but that’s not important.

Just cut it open and check.” Lord of Wine was also full of anticipation.

“I’ve almost run out of my fine wine; I really hope it’s a ten-thousand-year-old spirit wood!” Lord of Wine had just finished speaking when he suddenly frowned, “Little Xuanzi, hurry, someone is catching up from behind.”

“Damn, so quickly?” Lin Xuan was startled; he was already moving at his fastest, but the pursuer still caught up, giving him a shock.

With that speed, the pursuer had to be a master, probably not an easy opponent like the Young Captain.

Lin Xuan was anxious, his figure flashed as he changed direction again.

However, the sense of crisis behind him did not lessen but continued to hover above his head like a sharp sword.

Hiss hiss!

Suddenly, the sound of rapid air breaking rang behind Lin Xuan, followed by a dazzling sword light.

Boom!

Lin Xuan stomped on a tree trunk, shifting his whole body laterally, narrowly avoiding the sword light.

“What a terrifying sword!” Lin Xuan’s heart palpitated; the sword was not only strong in Spiritual Power but also carried an imposing force, as if it could split everything.

“Is this the Sword Force?”

Indeed, it’s powerful!” Lin Xuan was not unfamiliar with Sword Force; his technique, Outer Heaven Flying Star, also involved a type of Sword Force, but he could not use it at will.

“Hmph!

You could actually dodge?”

You do have some skills, but that’s all,” a disdainful voice came from ahead.

“Just hand over the stone obediently, and I’ll let you go quickly; otherwise, you’ll regret being born in this world!”

Lin Xuan looked warily at the figure; it was a handsome young man, exuding a natural sense of superiority, not placing anyone in his eyes.

But indeed, he had the arrogance to back it up; the flame-like Spiritual Power around him demonstrated his strong Sixth-tier Mystical Realm cultivation, and coupled with that sword just now, this young man was much stronger than the average Sixth Rank Spirit Warrior.

“Don’t resist; you don’t have a chance to strike back!”

Hand over the brown stone, and I will let you go!” Jiang Yulong commanded, “He originally wanted to kill Lin Xuan immediately, but since he couldn’t find the stone, he resorted to making threats.”

“I see you are also a disciple of the Xuantian Sect, and you must have heard of the Outer Four Masters.

Rest assured, as long as you reveal where the brown stone is hidden, I will absolutely ensure your safety!”

Lin Xuan secretly sighed in relief; he knew Jiang Yulong was trying to trick him into revealing information about the brown stone.

Fortunately, he had already handed over the stone, or the opponent would have attacked him already.

However, what truly alarmed him was that his opponent was one of the Outer Four Masters, an existence akin to a devilish being.

“If you want the stone, follow me!” Lin Xuan had no choice but to stall for time.

He employed the Instant Shadow Step, sprinting in one direction, while Jiang Yulong let out a cold laugh and followed at a leisurely pace.

“Lord of Wine, hurry up and cut that stone!” Lin Xuan urged in his mind.

If a Divine Weapon emerged, he might still stand a chance against Jiang Yulong.

“You’d best not play any tricks.

I know every path you take; one wrong step, and I’ll sever one of your arms!” Jiang Yulong’s voice was as cold as the Death God.

“Damn it!” Lin Xuan was annoyed.

He had hoped to bluff his way through, but Jiang Yulong was too shrewd.

Forced by Jiang Yulong’s pressure, Lin Xuan had to increase his speed.

He went back along the initially intended path.

Ahead, a group of people were rushing their way—it was the Divine Power Group, and Lin Xuan recognized them.

“Damn it!” Seeing Xing Lifeng and others, who knew his identity and definitely wouldn’t let him go, Lin Xuan instinctively gripped his longsword.

“Little Xuanzi, it’s been cut.

It’s a piece of talisman paper,” said Lord of Wine.

“Talisman paper?

What’s it used for, something offensive?” Lin Xuan asked eagerly.

Talisman paper is crafted by Rune Masters who seal energy into the paper using special methods, making it incredibly powerful and infinitely useful during crises.

In fact, Lin Xuan had wanted to acquire a few, but they were too expensive and beyond his financial reach.

“It’s not offensive,” said Lord of Wine.

“It’s a Wind Escape Talisman.”

“An Escape Talisman!” Lin Xuan almost burst into laughter; this was exactly what he needed desperately to escape adverse situations!

“It’s incomplete, though.

There’s only half of it.” Just as Lin Xuan was privately delighted, Lord of Wine dropped a damper.

Lin Xuan felt like crying—after all that, it turned out to be a half-torn piece of talisman paper.

His luck couldn’t get any worse.

Meanwhile, members of the Divine Power Group approached, and they were shocked to see Lin Xuan.

“It’s you!”

“You know him?” Jiang Yulong frowned.

“Brother Jiang, this kid is the one who’s been opposing our Divine Power Group.

He’s the one who killed Zhang Bin.”

“Kid, you’re too arrogant, daring to steal Brother Jiang’s Divine Stone.

You’re practically seeking death!”

“Brother Jiang is mighty, he subdued this kid as soon as he acted...”

Jiang Yulong frowned at Lin Xuan, suddenly said grimly, “Everyone quiet.

He’s still got the stone.”

“What?” The disciples of the Divine Power Group were startled and then glared fiercely at Lin Xuan.

“Kid, hand over the Divine Stone quickly!”

“If you want the stone, fine, let me think about it,” Lin Xuan said with a smile.

“But you must stop shouting around me.

If you scare me into forgetting where I placed the stone, then it’s not my fault.”

“Kid, you’re courting death...” The disciples of the Divine Power Group were furious, itching to pounce at him.

“Everyone shut up!” Jiang Yulong looked at Lin Xuan’s face, suddenly feeling a very bad premonition.

37: Chapter 36: The Damaged Escape Talisman 37: Chapter 36: The Damaged Escape Talisman All disciples of the Divine Power Group were taken aback, they hadn’t expected Jiang Yulong to have such a strong reaction.

“You have one last chance, speak up, and live!

Otherwise, die!” Jiang Yulong’s sword finger pointed at Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan squinted his eyes, a lazy smile on his face, but in his heart, he said to the Lord of Wine, “Was what you just said true?”

“That’s right, Little Xuanzi, you’re young and you still won’t believe it, you can’t even listen to the whole thing,” the Lord of Wine chided.

“Although this Wind Escape Talisman is damaged, it can still be used one more time; your life is saved.”

“Drunken Uncle, let me have a clash with him, then you use the Wind Escape Talisman,” Lin Xuan said.

“Oh, you’re going to make a move?” the Lord of Wine was startled, “Heh heh, Little Xuanzi, not to burst your bubble, but there’s a two realm gap between you; be careful not to get instantly killed!”

“Don’t worry, I know my limits, start getting ready!” Lin Xuan assured.

Under Jiang Yulong’s watchful gaze, Lin Xuan showed not a trace of fear.

He chuckled, “I’ve long heard about the Outer Four Masters; I wonder if they’re as rumored?”

“How about a couple of moves?”

Jiang Yulong furrowed his brows, he really couldn’t figure out where a Fourth Rank Spirit Warrior got his confidence.

“Brat, you’re courting death, daring to speak to Brother Jiang in such a manner!” Finally, the disciples of the Divine Power Group couldn’t hold back anymore.

“That’s right, don’t even look at who you are, daring to challenge the Outer Four Masters; don’t forget, your life is still in our hands!”

Lin Xuan ignored these people and drew his fine steel long sword, knowing he had only one chance to strike; therefore, he must use his strongest move.

He couldn’t use the Outer Heaven Flying Star, as that was his trump card for preserving his life.

The strongest move he could display was the First Layer Sword Skill of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, the Thirteen Swords United.

In an instant, Lin Xuan boosted his power to its maximum state, concentrating all his strength into this lone strike.

With a flash of cold light, the longsword swept through, silent and almost without light.

Such a swift strike that even the other disciples of the Divine Power Group couldn’t discern the trajectory of the sword.

Jiang Yulong had not expected Lin Xuan to actually dare to strike, and this sword technique took him by surprise.

“I will show you what a genius is, what is called a disparity!” Jiang Yulong sneered malevolently, his longsword moving like a dragon, bringing a shocking sword force.

Clang!

Their swords collided, sparking a dazzling light.

Lin Xuan's attack didn't injure Jiang Yulong; after all, the gap between them was too large.

However, the strike managed to alter the opponent's sword force, and the longsword originally aimed at Lin Xuan deviated from its course, grazing past him.

"Is this the strength of the Outer Four Masters?" Lin Xuan showed no disappointment.

He was not inferior to anyone; what he lacked was merely time.

One must know he had been cultivating for only three months.

Boom!

Where the sword light had passed, everything turned to ash.

However, anger flashed across Jiang Yulong's face; the idea that his sword could be swayed by the other was humiliating for him.

"Hmph!" Jiang Yulong snorted coldly; his longsword danced again, materialized sword light captivating, charged with violent energy towards Lin Xuan.

"Ha ha, Outer Four Masters are nothing special after all.

Next time we meet, I'll defeat you with the sword in my hand!" Lin Xuan laughed heartily as a gust of wind surged around him.

"The brown stone, I've given it to the Poison Snake Mercenary Group's men; I hope you can still catch up!"

The wind enveloped Lin Xuan, carrying him off into the distance.

Whoosh!

Jiang Yulong's longsword fell, but it only cut through the air.

Lin Xuan's laughter still echoed in the woods, unable to fade for a long time.

Jiang Yulong's expression turned icy.

A disciple as insignificant as an ant had made a fool of him and then departed gracefully, an occurrence that had never happened to him before.

"Boy, next time we meet, I will surely cut you down with my sword!" Jiang Yulong had already developed a killing intent.

The Divine Power Group disciples looked at each other, not daring to speak.

Lin Xuan's actions had slapped them across the face once again.

"What are you staring at?"

"Go and find the Poison Snake Mercenary Group!" Jiang Yulong said sternly.

"But Lin Xuan..."

A Divine Power Group disciple wanted to say something more, but seeing the coldness in Jiang Yulong's face, colder even than an iceberg, he had to swallow the words back down.

"Everyone, follow me, search for the Poison Snake Mercenary Group with all your might, and report immediately once they're found!" The disciples of the Divine Power Group immediately split into countless small teams and vanished into the forest.

...

Lin Xuan was enveloped by a wild wind, unable to see the landscape outside, but he could feel himself flying.

"This feeling is so marvelous!" Lin Xuan couldn't help but shout.

"When you reach the Spirit Transformation Realm, you'll be able to fly on your own strength!" Lord of Wine said.

"Spirit Transformation Realm, I will definitely reach it!" Lin Xuan's eyes were filled with determination.

Above the Magnetic Condensation Realm was the Spirit Sea Realm, where spiritual power could be released from the body to kill enemies thousands of miles away.

After the Spirit Sea Realm came the Spirit Transformation Realm, where cultivators could break free from the physical shackles and achieve flight.

As Lin Xuan pondered his future, the wild wind around him gradually lessened and eventually disappeared, and he safely arrived on the ground.

Lin Xuan steadied himself and looked around, his young face suddenly turning extremely ugly.

Gloomy, icy cold.

That was Lin Xuan's most immediate sensation.

He looked around warily.

The surrounding area had some gray and black trees and vines, and what was even more eerie was that there was not a single sound.

Yes, apart from the sound of Lin Xuan's own heartbeat, there was really no other sound.

"What kind of god-forsaken place is this?" Lin Xuan's scalp tingled.

"Could it be I've arrived at the Demon Pit?"

"Ah, Little Xuanzi, you really are a jinx!" Lord of Wine droned.

"What?"

It's really the Demon Pit!" Lin Xuan exclaimed, "I'm done for now.

I've just escaped the jaws of death, only to fall into another dangerous situation.

My luck is truly awful these days!"

Lin Xuan clutched his small face, then suddenly his expression changed: "But wait, isn't it said that all who get close to the Demon Pit die?"

Why am I unscathed?"

"Could it be this is not the Demon Pit?" As the thought struck him, Lin Xuan became overjoyed.

"This is indeed the Demon Pit, it's just that you've come inside the Demon Pit," Lord of Wine said with a sigh, dousing Lin Xuan's excitement with a cold reality.

"Inside the Demon Pit?" Lin Xuan took a deep breath, "No one has ever made it inside the Demon Pit before.

I'm curious to see what's so special about this place."

"Uncle, there aren't any prohibitions here, right?" Lin Xuan asked cautiously.

"There are none.

You can walk freely.

If I'm not mistaken, this is also the outer edge," Lord of Wine concluded after a brief observation.

Lin Xuan, holding his longsword, stepped over some vines and cautiously walked deeper inside.

Gradually, there were fewer trees and in their place stood cold, erect steles, like trees standing upright.

Most of these steles were broken and battered, as if they had endured countless years.

As Lin Xuan approached, he could feel a sense of ancientness enveloping him.

“Ah...” Even Lord of Wine sighed upon seeing these steles, his voice filled with helplessness.

Lin Xuan didn't understand why Lord of Wine felt this way, and he stepped forward, gently touching the faces of the steles.

Suddenly, he let out a soft “Eh?” as if he had discovered something.

38: Chapter 37 Illusion Realm Sword Intent 38: Chapter 37 Illusion Realm Sword Intent  
The stele bore faint traces of runes, barely discernible without close attention.

“This is...” Lin Xuan examined it carefully, yet he realized he couldn't recognize the runes.

“These should be ancient characters, probably uncommon nowadays,” spoke Lord of Wine suddenly.

“Drunken Uncle, you know ancient characters?” Lin Xuan was surprised.

“You aren't from the ancient era, are you?”

Lord of Wine did not answer Lin Xuan's question but said in a grave tone, “The characters are merely a tool, the true essence lies in those spiritual thoughts, ponder on them intently.”

Hearing Lord of Wine's words, Lin Xuan also put away his smiling face and earnestly sensed the information left on the stele.

Suddenly, a chilling cold emanated from the stele, enveloping the sky and earth.

Lin Xuan felt his soul tremble as though a weak ant facing a supreme king.

In the next moment, the scenery changed drastically—endless seas of blood and mountains of corpses, dragon bones thousands of feet long, human bones hundreds of feet tall, and giants howling up at the sky...

It was as if he had arrived in the Ancient Era.

Lin Xuan shuddered, his face pale as he stepped back.

“It must be an illusion!” Cold sweat dripped from his forehead.

“What did you see?” Lord of Wine asked.

“Endless seas of blood and a vast expanse of white bones,” Lin Xuan still felt terrified.

“Ah, no matter how many divine skills you have, in the end, it’s nothing but a pile of white bones,” Lord of Wine said somewhat sadly.

“Why did they all die, these supreme beings?” Lin Xuan couldn’t understand.

Within the Mysterious Small Sword, Lord of Wine sat lazily under a barren tree, holding a red wine gourd in his hand, his black hair fluttering like an immortal, yet his eyes were filled with the vicissitudes of life.

“Who in this world can live forever?”

It’s just self-deceit,” Lord of Wine’s voice sounded lonely.

Lin Xuan shifted his position and touched another stele.

This time, there were no illusions.

Undeterred, he continued to touch the steles until, at the seventh one, he felt an ancient air again.

A figure as towering as a god demon, face unclear, was battling a group of demons with double wings on their backs and a single horn on their heads.

These demons wielded blood-colored spears, stirring the winds and clouds, overwhelming the sky as they surged toward the god-like man.

The man swung out a single sword, and the entire void seemed cleaved, shattered into countless pieces.

All the demons were slashed in two by this sword.

Lin Xuan withdrew from that illusion, remaining silent.

The sword he had just witnessed was too shocking; he felt that was the true essence of the Sword Dao.

He sensed there was something special within that sword, but as to what it was, he did not know.

“Eh, this Sword Intent...” From within the Mysterious Small Sword, Lord of Wine revealed a surprised expression, “Little Xuanzi, trigger that stele again, remember, relax your mind, don’t resist!”

Following the instructions, in the next moment, Lin Xuan felt his head boom, and then the surrounding environment changed drastically.

On the ancient land full of vicissitudes, countless terrifying cracks crisscrossed.

The sky, like shattered glass, was split into dark clefts, behind which was endless darkness.

Millions of demons were sliced in half, and from the four corners of the world, four Mysterious Persons in Black Armor slowly approached a tall man at the center.

These four were too terrifying.

With every step, they left a black hole in the void until the entire sky collapsed.

Yet, the tall man stood proudly, his body radiating light, like an invincible Immortal King.

Indeed, invincible.

That tall man merely swung one sword, not considering the four terrifying Mysterious Persons at all.

With one swing, everything between heaven and earth blurred.

Lin Xuan kept retreating as if he could not withstand this Sword Intent.

Inside the Mysterious Small Sword, Lord of Wine had a solemn face, his eyes dimming stars, constantly evolving the move he had just seen.

After a long while, everything returned to calm.

Lin Xuan regained consciousness.

Although he had not broken through, he felt his strength had increased significantly, a feeling mysterious and indescribable.

“This, is this Sword Intent?” Lin Xuan couldn’t think of any words to describe it.

“Exactly, it is Sword Intent,” Lord of Wine returned to his usual demeanor, “Little Xuanzi, you are lucky to encounter this kind of Sword Intent, comprehend it well, do not waste this fortune.”

Excitement shone in Lin Xuan’s eyes; it was indeed Sword Intent, far superior to Jiang Yulong’s Sword Force.

If he could comprehend the Sword Intent, his future achievements would be limitless.

Since Lin Xuan couldn’t leave anyway, he drew his fine steel sword and began practicing the Second Layer of the Thunder Move Sword Technique, which has a Sword Skill for each Layer, like the Unity Sword for the First Layer, and for the Second Layer, it was called Thunder God’s Fury.

Actually, the hardest part of the Thunder Move Sword Technique was the First Layer, because it required mastering that power.

Once a Martial Artist grasped it, the rest became much simpler.

Lin Xuan swung his longsword, his movements as swift as thunder.

Perhaps influenced by what he had just witnessed, his sword movements seemed smoother than before, and when he tried to imitate that god-like man, his longsword’s power seemed to increase.

This change delighted him, so he decided to feel it once more.

But when he placed his hand on the stele again, nothing happened.

“Don’t waste time, this Sword Intent is not complete, and it’s already imprinted in your mind,” explained Lord of Wine.

Lin Xuan closed his eyes to recall and could indeed see the tall man’s sword movement clearly again.

He replayed it over and over.

In the end, all the sword moves disappeared, leaving only the tall man.

And Lin Xuan’s only sensation at that moment was invincibility!

“The belief in invincibility...” Lin Xuan murmured, “With a sword in hand, I am invincible, without a longsword, I am still invincible!”

“Didn’t expect you to realize all this,” Lord of Wine gave a delighted smile, “Sword techniques are secondary, what’s most important is having an invincible heart.”

“An invincible heart.” A glow gradually appeared in Lin Xuan’s eyes, yet he was still unaware of how much this encounter would affect his destiny in the future.

The concept of Mental Realm is profound and mysterious; some might comprehend it at once, while others might never understand it in their lifetime.

Lin Xuan had gained some insights, yet could not fully comprehend them; however, as he grew, the seed of invincibility would eventually sprout within him.

As naturally as water flows to a channel, he completed the Second Layer of the Thunder Move Sword Technique.

Lin Xuan’s Cultivation remained at the Fourth-stage of Congealing Veins, yet his strength had almost doubled.

“It’s time for a breakthrough.” Lin Xuan put away his longsword.

His Fifth Spiritual Vein had already loosened from the recent bouts of intense battles, and he was ready to break through at any moment.

39: Chapter 38 Red Flame 39: Chapter 38 Red Flame Lin Xuan leaned against the stele, sitting cross-legged on the ground.

The Longevity Technique surged within his body, soon breaking through the Fifth Spirit Vein.

In an instant, his aura skyrocketed, an invisible wave of energy sweeping in all directions.

The Longevity Technique was quite special.

After cultivation, the Spiritual Power within Lin Xuan’s body was extraordinarily robust.

His current Spiritual Power was in no way inferior to that of a Sixth-tier of Muculation Cultivator.

Should he truly make a breakthrough to the Sixth-tier of Muculation, he could probably single-handedly sweep across all cultivators of the same tier with one hand.

Lin Xuan slowly opened his eyes, his narrow pupils occasionally flashing with brilliance, while a lazy smile reappeared on his face.

“My cultivation has increased, but I’ve only found one stone; I need to hurry up!” Lin Xuan was filled with eagerness.

“I want a Spirit Root!” Lord of Wine shouted at that moment.

“I want a treasure sword!” Lin Xuan, not to be outdone, shouldered his fine steel sword and walked further inside.

Before long, a faint mist emerged ahead, and from a distance, Lin Xuan felt dizzy.

“Not good, poison!” He quickly backed away, employing the Instant Shadow Step that had now reached Small Success, with absolute efficiency.

Leaving a trail of afterimages in his original position, Lin Xuan blinked to a safe area in the blink of an eye.

Advancing deeper was not feasible; it seemed he could only head outward.

Lin Xuan made up his mind and darted outside.

The further out he went, the more alarmed Lin Xuan became.

As he neared the outside, he felt the Spiritual Power inside his body rapidly depleting, which greatly startled him.

“Damn it!

Inside is dangerous, outside is also dangerous, only the middle is safe; what a lousy place!” Lin Xuan wore a helpless expression.

Unable to think of a solution for the moment, he could only stay near the stele.

At night, it was pitch-black.

Lin Xuan chopped some black trees to use as firewood.

But it wasn't long before he realized he had caused a mishap.

From where those trees had been chopped down, a black whirlwind arose, swirling toward Lin Xuan.

The newly made fire was instantly extinguished, and a tremendous suction force crazily tugged at him.

Lin Xuan's body flickered with light, a thin layer of blue Spiritual Power forming a barrier against the whirlwind that lashed like Wild Blades.

At the same time, he dug his feet into the ground and resisted with all his might.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

It didn't take long before black whirlwinds from all Eight Directions drifted toward Lin Xuan, moving swiftly.

At this critical moment, a wave of black Spiritual Power surged within him; his body was half covered with dark lotus patterns, and two dark lotus leaves enveloped Lin Xuan, blocking all the black mini whirlwinds from the outside.

Moments later, all the black wind had disappeared, and the lotus pattern on Lin Xuan's body vanished without a trace.

Feeling the Mysterious black Spiritual Power gradually fading inside him, his face became extremely solemn.

Previously, this force had prevented his cultivation, but now it had started to protect him, leaving Lin Xuan somewhat bewildered.

"Hmm?"

Little Xuanzi, there are quite a few brown stones behind you!" The voice of the Lord of Wine interrupted Lin Xuan's thoughts.

Lord of Wine's condition simply couldn't provide Lin Xuan with any substantial power, so he couldn't intervene in scenarios like the one just past.

Lin Xuan was aware of this, but it still irked him that the old man always refrained from mentioning the black lotus.

He turned around helplessly, only to jump in surprise.

Seven or eight brown stones lay haphazardly on the ground, the largest as big as a grinding stone and the smallest the size of a fist.

"So many?" Lin Xuan was momentarily stunned.

"They must have been blown over by that strange wind just now."

Using the light from the Spiritual Power on his body, he arranged the stones together and then reignited the firewood.

Fortunately, no black whirlwinds appeared this time, and Lin Xuan began tapping the stones, ready to cut each one open to see what lay inside.

His palm struck down like a blade, and he sliced the brown stones apart.

Out of a whole seven stones, only two items were extracted.

One was the Spirit Root Lord of Wine needed, and the other was a dark tile, large as a palm.

Lord of Wine was smiling from ear to ear as he pocketed the Spirit Root, while Lin Xuan, with a darkened expression, tucked the black tile into his chest.

“What about the treasure sword you promised?” Lin Xuan said, pounding on a nearby stele in frustration.

Boom!

Half the stele collapsed at once, surprising Lin Xuan.

“Is it that fragile?” Lin Xuan muttered.

“Alright, Little Xuanzi, since you’ve helped me find the Spirit Root, I’ll give you a sword,” Lord of Wine suddenly declared.

“What, you have a treasure sword?” Lin Xuan hopped about in anger, “If you had one, why didn’t you give it to me earlier...”

“Young man, too impatient!” Lord of Wine said calmly, “It’s already a bit of a stretch to give it to you now.

Don’t believe me?

Give it a try.”

As he spoke, a black vortex appeared in front of Lin Xuan, and immediately after, a dark red great sword flew out, landing with a clang as it thrust into the ground.

Unlike an ordinary three-foot longsword, this was a great sword.

The blade was wide, yet not thick, and the hilt was long enough that Lin Xuan could comfortably grip it with both hands.

Lin Xuan looked at the rust-covered dark red great sword, his mouth twitching in spite of itself.

Although he liked the look of the great sword, it appeared quite old – many parts were covered in rust spots, clearly an antique.

“This is the treasure you’re giving me?” Lin Xuan worried aloud, “It won’t break upon first use, will it?”

“Hmph, even if you tried, you’d not be able to break it!” Lord of Wine snorted, “This great sword was originally intended for when you were stronger.

Giving it to you now is indeed a stretch.”

Lin Xuan was unconvinced: “What do you mean, a stretch?” He stepped forward and grabbed the hilt of the sword.

Comfortable, incredibly comfortable!

Once he held it, Lin Xuan didn’t want to let go; it felt as if he were holding the hand of a goddess, utterly exhilarating.

Putting a bit of effort into it, Lin Xuan prepared to draw the dark red great sword, planning to practice the Thunder Move Sword Technique with it.

However, the dark red great sword remained unmoved.

“Hmph!” Lord of Wine scoffed lightly before adding gloomily, “As I thought, too young...”

Lin Xuan’s young face darkened, he pulled harder, but still, the sword didn’t budge.

Startled, he exclaimed sharply, then exerted all his strength.

At last, the dark red great sword slowly rose, gradually leaving the ground.

“Damn, why is it so heavy, what’s it made of?” Lin Xuan couldn’t help but curse softly.

“Not bad, being able to lift it with the strength of your muscles alone shows that you’re stronger than I thought,” Lord of Wine teased ruthlessly.

Lin Xuan’s face was grim.

Now he finally understood why Lord of Wine said it was a stretch.

He circulated the Longevity Technique, his blue Spiritual Power pulsing out, a surging force poured from within him.

His arms finally stopped trembling, but even with the support of his Spiritual Power, the weight felt immense.

Lin Xuan tried to swing it a couple of times only to find that the Spiritual Power drained incredibly fast.

Clang!

Lin Xuan planted the dark red great sword into the ground, standing firmly with the sword.

“I say, Drunken Uncle, you’re not purposely messing with me, are you?”

How am I supposed to perform the Thunder Move Sword Technique with this sword?”

Lord of Wine took a sip of fine wine: “You’ll get used to it, and conquering it will bring you unexpected benefits.

Think about it, if you can wield such a heavy sword as lightly as a sewing needle, how strong will you become?”

Lin Xuan, of course, knew this; he was just grumbling.

From the moment he held the great sword, he had fallen in love with it.

“From now on, my path in Martial Arts will be walked together with you!” Lin Xuan whispered, “Your name shall be Red Flame.”

Infusing his blue Spiritual Power into the sword body, in the next moment, beneath those patches of rust, suddenly, red light shimmered.

Mysterious Runes became faintly visible, exuding a profound mystery.

40: Chapter 39: The Boy Who Walked Out of the Demon Pit 40: Chapter 39: The Boy Who Walked Out of the Demon Pit In the early morning, all around was quiet.

A slender youth held a dark red greatsword, swinging it around in the Stele Forest.

Upon closer inspection, one would realize that he wasn’t practicing any profound swordsmanship but rather the most basic sword technique common on the Spirit Martial Continent.

Although it was a basic technique, the youth didn’t show any signs of perfunctory effort.

He put his full strength into each strike, meticulously executing the moves.

Chop, stab, sweep, slash... These fundamental moves repeated over and over in the youth’s hands.

After hundreds of repetitions, the youth sheathed his sword, thrusting the dark red greatsword into the ground, then slowly exhaled.

Shh!

Like stabbing into tofu, the dark-red greatsword easily penetrated the earth.

The youth flexed his arms and said in a low voice, "I'm basically accustomed to the weight of this Red Flame Greatsword by now, and my Spiritual Power has grown so tremendously.

I'll probably progress to the Sixth Rank very soon."

"It's only natural.

Your control of Spiritual Power is more than twice as fast as before, right?" Another voice sounded.

"And haven't you noticed that there's something odd about this place?"

The youth was Lin Xuan, and he replied with a laugh, "Of course, it's strange.

Aside from the stele, there are only those black plants.

There's nothing animate here!"

"You're still too young to feel the force of the rules.

This place seems to be a world of its own, having different rules from the outside," said Lord of Wine seriously.

"At least in terms of time, this place and the outside are not the same."

Seeing Lin Xuan confused, Lord of Wine continued, "This Demon Pit is likely within an independent Small Xuan Realm.

The place you are now is a buffer zone formed between the Small Xuan Realm and the great world.

Going further inside leads to another world, which you can't enter.

Outside is the great world, with distorted space in between."

"And the main point is?" Lin Xuan asked with a wry smile.

"The days you spend here are equivalent to a few hours in the outside world, and the closer you get to the Mystic Realm of the Demon Pit, the more pronounced this effect," Lord of Wine concluded directly.

"Little Xuanzi, this is a rare opportunity.

Just use this chance to fully master this greatsword!" Lord of Wine said.

"Really?" Lin Xuan, previously worried about the upcoming Inner Sect test, was now relieved to see his problems solved.

"But, won't I starve to death?" Lin Xuan expressed his concern.

"I'm only a Little Spirit Warrior of the Mystical Realm, unable to absorb the Spiritual Power from the heavens and earth."

"I have a way to make sure you won't starve," Lord of Wine assured him.

"But it might consume some of my strength.

Young Xuan, you'll need to continue collecting Spirit Grass to help concoct my fine wine!"

"Don't worry, Drunken Uncle.

As long as I can enter the Inner Sect, I assure you I'll find a pile of Spirit Grass," Lin Xuan promised, patting his chest.

Thus, Lin Xuan picked up the Red Flame Greatsword and moved closer to the Demon Pit, beginning his practice once more...

In the outskirts of the Taihang Mountain Range.

A group of people clad in silver light armor were desperately fleeing through the woods.

"Damn it, the people from Xuantian Sect are ruthless, killing so many of our brothers!" a bald big man said.

"Second Brother, let's retreat!

They are from the Divine Power Group, and even the Outer Four Masters are intervening.

We can't withstand that!" said the bearded middle-aged man bitterly.

"Damn it, we didn't even get the brown stones, yet they relentlessly pursue us.

We can't avenge Zhixing right now; let's pull back!" the bald big man grit his teeth.

Thus, the surviving members of the Poison Snake Mercenary Group quickly retreated...

In another direction, at the exit point of the brown stones.

Members from various factions were gathered there, including disciples of Xuantian Sect and Purple Mist Sect.

“Brother Jiang, according to our calculations, a batch of brown stones should erupt in about half an hour.”

Jiang Yulong nodded, he had to get his hands on this stone.

He had been on the outskirts of the Demon Pit for five days and had only obtained a brown stone, which turned out to be empty, meaning these five days had been a waste.

“Hmph!

Duan Fei of the Battle Group got three, Shen Lan from the Qingyi Society got two, and I’m not sure about the Inner Sect Disciples...” Jiang Yulong figured out that he had received the least.

“Yu’er, don’t worry, I will definitely grab a brown Divine Stone for you,” a pleasing voice reached Jiang Yulong’s ears.

He frowned and glanced over, then snorted coldly.

Not far behind, a Purple Clothes youth was pestering Tang Yu with a shameless face; it was none other than Second Young Master Ding from the Purple Mist Sect.

“Ding Xiang, keep away from me, or my brother will come back and beat you up!” Tang Yu said, visibly annoyed.

“Hehe, your brother has already been invited by Brother Liu Qing for a sparring session, but don’t worry, I’ll protect you!” the Purple Clothes youth, Ding Xiang, flicked his hair.

Beside them, Duan Fei’s face darkened.

Handsome and one of the Outer Four Masters, he considered Tang Yu to be his woman.

Yet, this brazen Purple Clothes youth had been pestering her all morning, and he had wanted to slap him to death long ago.

But this youth’s brother, Ding Hao, was among the top young experts, known as the Speedy Blade of Yunzhou.

With such a formidable brother, Duan Fei naturally did not dare to act.

Just as he was grinding his teeth in frustration, someone suddenly shouted, “The Divine Stone is coming out!”

Duan Fei quickly turned his head, his eyes fixed on the front, ready to make his move at any moment.

The others also seemed eager to pounce, and Jiang Yulong clenched his longsword even tighter.

Shisshi!

Suddenly, a whooshing sound came from up front, making everyone tense.

A fist-sized brown stone flew towards them, and nobody moved because a massive shadow loomed behind it—it was a tremendously huge stone appearing for the first time!

Jiang Yulong licked his lips, determined to claim this stone.

However, soon he realized something was off.

Not just him, everyone noticed something unusual.

There was a person standing on this stone!

“How could there be a living person in the Demon Pit?

Could it be a demon?” Many were alarmed, fearing the appearance of a supreme Demon King which could spell their doom.

“No, it’s a youth!” someone noticed the new development.

“That outfit, it’s a Xuantian Sect disciple!” Everyone’s eyes widened, unable to fathom why a Xuantian Sect disciple would emerge from the Demon Pit.

A graceful youth stood on the brown stone, carrying a dark red greatsword, sporting a confident smirk.

Whoosh!

The youth jumped off the stone, whistling cheerfully, “Thanks for coming to pick me up, everyone.

The stone flew off, you guys better chase after it.”

“Thanks, my ass!” everyone cursed internally, we’re here for the brown Divine Stone, not you!

But prompted by the youth’s reminder, many quickly pursued the stones.

“Lin Xuan, it’s Lin Xuan!” Finally, someone recognized the youth, and the members of the Divine Power Group darkened their faces and surrounded him, knowing that Lin Xuan’s presence meant trouble.

Jiang Yulong’s eyebrows knotted, his face stern as he stepped forward, his icy gaze fixed on Lin Xuan.

“I believe I once said, when I see you again, I’ll twist your head off!” Jiang Yulong said coldly.

“Really?” Lin Xuan’s face bore a lazy smile, but his tone was as sharp as a blade’s edge, “I seem to recall saying that when we meet again, I’ll defeat you with the sword in my hand!”