

Inverse Sword Mad God

43: Chapter 42 Guidance 43: Chapter 42 Guidance He Shaobing retreated in horror, but Lin Xuan's sword was faster than his speed.

A brilliant flash of red light sped by, swift as lightning, leaving spectators astonished.

By the time everyone came to their senses, they found Lin Xuan's Red Flame Greatsword pointed at He Shaobing's chest, ready to pierce his heart with a mere exertion of force.

And He Shaobing, pale-faced and paralyzed by fear, dared not move a muscle.

What a swift sword!

What precise control!

Even among the top hundred experts in the Martial Arts Arena, this display of combat drew a collective gasp.

Lin Xuan's strength surpassed their expectations.

How much confidence did it take to aim straight for the heart, such a vital part?

It is known, killing within the sect, especially someone like He Shaobing who is likely to become an Inner Sect Disciple, is expressly forbidden.

Yet Lin Xuan dared to strike at the opponent's heart during their spar, indicating he had full confidence in his control.

At such speed and force, to suddenly hold back without the slightest error, the onlooking disciples knew they couldn't do the same.

"I, I lost..." a disheartened He Shaobing admitted.

Sigh!

Lin Xuan sheathed his Red Flame Greatsword and stepped out of the array flags in the Arena.

"Your swordsmanship isn't bad, but your grasp on timing needs work.

You should get more real combat practice."

"Huh?" He Shaobing blinked in surprise.

Was Lin Xuan giving him advice?

Scratching his head, He Shaobing realized Lin Xuan was right.

He rarely hunted Fierce Beasts or sparred with sect mates, spending most of his time cultivating alone.

“Thank you, very much,” He Shaobing said earnestly.

“Your strength is definitely enough to rank in the top 100.

I was too impulsive this time.”

“Top 100?” Lin Xuan asked, “What top 100?

I really don’t know why you were fighting me.”

“It’s because of this.” Xiao Wei, the plump young man, stepped forward and handed Lin Xuan a register.

“The Outer Door Ranking.” Lin Xuan took it curiously and quickly scanned through it.

Ranked first was a disciple named Shangguan Liuyun; following him were Jiang Yulong, Duan Fei, and others.

Lin Xuan found his own name in the 100th position and then He Shaobing’s at 101, and it all became clear.

“This ranker’s insight is quite sharp; I really overestimated myself!” He Shaobing joked about himself.

“It’s nothing, don’t worry about it.

Trusting yourself is never wrong,” Lin Xuan said with a smile.

He certainly didn’t think his strength was only that of the 100th position; his goal was first place!

“What?” Both He Shaobing’s and Xiao Wei’s eyes widened in disbelief, seemingly taken aback by Lin Xuan’s disregard for the rankings.

Hesitant, they didn’t speak further.

“You’re welcome to spar with me anytime,” Lin Xuan said, patting He Shaobing on the shoulder.

For a moment, He Shaobing was taken aback, then replied joyfully, “Sure, next time I will have improved!” After saying this, he left with his friend Xiao Wei.

“Shaobing, this Lin Xuan seems different from the others,” Xiao Wei remarked.

“Yeah, I have a feeling he’s not as simple as just a hundredth ranking.

I really hope someone breaks this curse of the rankings!” He Shaobing’s eyes were filled with anticipation.

The spectating youths who had seen that Lin Xuan was modest in victory and even offered pointers to his opponent began to view him in a different light.

Apart from the sneering disciples of the Three Great Forces, those unaffiliated disciples felt a mysterious respect for Lin Xuan.

“Lin Xuan, right?

I’m Guan Yunfei.

I wonder if I could have a spar with you,” not long after, another disciple challenged him, and Lin Xuan gladly accepted.

In his view, actual combat was indeed a faster way to improve than isolated cultivation.

Following Guan Yunfei, many more disciples sought to spar with Lin Xuan for two reasons.

Firstly, Lin Xuan’s swordsmanship was truly skillful, providing valuable learning in battle.

Secondly, his precision meant they didn’t have to fear injury.

Soon, a day had passed, and Lin Xuan had fought over a dozen young men one-on-one, ending up resting in the Martial Arts Arena.

The sun was setting in the west, and the afterglow cast a golden veil over the Martial Arts Arena.

“Brother Xuan, are you even human?

You’re like a monster, fighting so many battles and not getting tired at all!” Guan Yunfei said enviously.

“That’s right, we’re all exhausted, but you’re acting as if nothing happened!”

Lin Xuan just smiled.

His Longevity Technique began to reveal its formidable power when he broke through to the Fifth Spiritual Vein.

Although his cultivation was still at the Fifth Level of Pulse Condensing, the amount of Spiritual Power he contained was double that of an ordinary Fifth-Order Spirit Warrior, even more than an average disciple of the same rank, which greatly extended his endurance in battle.

“Brother Xuan, how about another round tomorrow?” The youths asked with faces full of anticipation.

“Sure, no problem.” Lin Xuan promptly agreed, as he was just looking to practice his Instant Shadow Step to the Great Achievement Realm.

Under the glowing sunset, these youths quickly ran towards their living quarters.

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As the day of the Inner Sect selection approached, fewer disciples went to the Task Hall for missions, giving Chen Dazheng some rare leisure time.

“Ah, I really envy those who can enter the Inner Sect!” Chen Dazheng began to organize his materials.

“Excuse me, senior brother, may I post a task?” A timid voice sounded.

“What?” The voice was so soft that Chen Dazheng didn’t hear it clearly.

“Yes, sorry, I would like to post a task.” The voice was louder this time, but still buzzed like a mosquito.

Chen Dazheng turned around with a helpless expression, only to see a young girl standing in front of him.

She had jet-black long hair, eyes like jewels, and her fair little face was blushing with shyness, presenting a fragile and helpless sight.

“Oh, you can.

What task would you like to post?” Chen Dazheng seemed to have never seen such a delicate disciple and couldn’t help but take a second glance.

The girl shyly lowered her head and murmured, “My longsword is broken, and I need it repaired.”

With that, she handed over her longsword.

Chen Dazheng glanced at the sword and then said, “Why don’t you leave it here?

I’ll post the task for you and notify you when it’s repaired, but there will be a handling fee and task charge.”

“Ah?” The girl seemed surprised that it would be so complicated, and she replied in a soft voice, “Then, never mind.”

The girl gently placed the longsword back and turned to leave.

“Hey, wait a minute!” Chen Dazheng sighed, quickly wrote down a line on a piece of paper, and handed it over.

“If you want your longsword repaired, go find him; in the entire Outer Door, probably only he can fix your weapon.”

The girl took the note, glanced at it with curiosity, saw that it mentioned an Outer Disciple’s accommodation, thanked him, and left with her head down.

Noon, with the sun directly overhead.

Lin Xuan was not at the Martial Arts Arena today.

He needed to digest the gains from the past few days of cultivation and test the results of his progress.

First was the Thunder Move Sword Technique: the First Level had reached the Great Achievement Realm, and the Second Layer had achieved the Small Success Realm and would soon reach Great Success.

The Lonely Mountain Sword Technique had reached Perfection, as had Instant Shadow Step and the Golden Jade Body Tempering Technique at the Perfect Realm.

With just the power of his flesh, he could now completely overpower a Fifth-Order Spirit Warrior.

Good, his martial arts techniques were almost perfected, and the next step would be to break through to the Sixth-tier of Muculation.

Lin Xuan’s eyes brimmed with confidence.

Knock, knock, knock!

A series of deep knocks on the door sounded, breaking the silence of the small house.