

## Inverse Sword Mad God

44: Chapter 43 Yin Qingyi 44: Chapter 43 Yin Qingyi Lin Xuan pushed open the door and found a strange girl standing outside.

“Who are you?” Lin Xuan thought for a moment but realized he didn’t know her.

“Please, may I ask, can you repair weapons?” the girl asked with a flush on her face.

“The Brother from the Task Hall sent me here; he said only you can fix it.”

“Chen Dazheng?” Lin Xuan understood in his heart.

“Another opportunity to earn Contribution Points!”

“Come in!” he said with a smile.

The girl, blushing, stepped lightly into Lin Xuan’s hut.

She then stood inside, her small hands nervously not knowing where to rest, tightly gripping the corner of her clothes.

“Show me your weapon,” Lin Xuan said as he sat down, looking ready to work.

The girl handed over the longsword she wore at her waist, her face tense, her large, black gem-like eyes not blinking, afraid to miss anything.

Carefully examining it, Lin Xuan found it wasn’t a normal longsword, but a treasure with engravings inside, albeit currently blocked.

“Is it really a treasure?” It seemed this girl was no ordinary person.

The next moment, he thought of something, then whispered to himself, “Drunken Uncle, your moment to shine has arrived!”

“Xiao Xuanzi, what are you planning against me now?” Lord of Wine said unceremoniously.

“Hehe, don’t you know the Sword Nourishment Technique?

Why not teach me?” Lin Xuan asked.

The Lord of Wine gave a White Eye, “Aren’t you always bragging about being a disciple from the Sword Pond Prefecture with high Refining skills?

Why are you interested in my technique now?”

Lin Xuan internally cursed; given the girl owned a treasure, she likely had a special status.

He didn't want to expose his identity like what happened with Elder Fang last time during a refining session, but he wouldn't mention this to the Lord of Wine.

"Didn't you claim to be the Sword Master?"

"Could it be you were lying?" Lin Xuan retorted.

"Nonsense, boy, dare you doubt me!" Knowing Lin Xuan's intent, the Lord of Wine angrily said, "I'll show you what real refining skill is!"

Though the Lord of Wine's voice revealed anger, his heart was joyous inside, "Haha, Little Xuanzi, carry on my legacy and glorify my Engraving Skill!"

"Listen, my Engraving Skill can refine as well, and once you master it, you'll even be able to enhance weapon grades and possibly master Artifact Refining!" the Lord of Wine began imparting his Absolute Skill.

Observing Lin Xuan's prolonged silence, the girl felt a sinking feeling and softly asked, "Brother Xuan, can you fix it?"

It was as if Lin Xuan didn't hear, still silent and looking down.

Her face fell, and biting her finger, she was about gather courage to ask for her longsword back when she noticed Lin Xuan started moving.

His slender fingers danced, drawing peculiar runes on the longsword and rhythmically tapping on the sword body, producing crisp sounds.

Lin Xuan moved with an enchanting grace, each action carrying an inexplicable charm, immersing and captivating onlookers.

After a long while, Lin Xuan tapped on the longsword again, completing the repair, and the girl, suddenly awoken, blushed deeply as she looked at him.

"It's fixed." Lin Xuan handed back the longsword, "Thirty Contribution Points."

"Ah?" The girl blinked, then as realization dawned, her face reddened even more, like a ripe red apple.

"I, I..." the girl nervously fidgeted with her small hands, "I don't have that many Contribution Points."

"Maybe I can owe it, and give it back to you once I have enough?" the girl said in a low voice.

Lin Xuan frowned slightly: "Could I have guessed wrong, not a rich second generation?"

Seeing the girl's expression didn't seem feigned, Lin Xuan said with a laugh, "I was just kidding, it's free of charge!"

"Really?" The girl's face brightened with joy, "Thank you, Brother Xuan."

"Stop with the Brother Xuan, call me Lin Xuan.

What's your name?"

"Yin Qingyi," the girl replied softly.

"Yin Qingyi..." Lin Xuan was slightly stunned, "Are you from the Qingyi Society?"

"No, no, it's just the same name," the girl was obviously startled.

"If you have problems with your longsword again, come look for me, free service," Lin Xuan said with a smile.

Yin Qingyi stole a glance at Lin Xuan, her face also showing a slight smile.

She thanked him again and then left.

Lin Xuan stood at the door, smiling and watching Yin Qingyi's retreating figure.

Just as he was about to head back, a nearby disciple suddenly joked, "Brother Xuan, if you can't bear to see her go, just chase after her!"

"Chase my ass!

She came to fix her weapon!" Lin Xuan laughed and cursed.

"Holy crap!

Brother Xuan, you can fix weapons too?" the nearby neighbors all popped their heads out.

These youths were independent and hadn't joined any groups, but they greatly admired Lin Xuan, so they had become familiar with him over the days.

"Brother Xuan, take a look at this!" someone pulled out their weapon.

Lin Xuan wasn't one to turn them away, especially since he was getting familiar with Drunken Uncle's engraving skills.

He found that Drunken Uncle's techniques were very unique, not the mainstream methods, but the effects were indeed surprisingly good.

“Uncle, I didn’t expect you really had some skills!” Lin Xuan praised internally.

“Little Xuanzi, call me master!

This old man has passed on the unique absolute skills to you!” Drunken Uncle said indignantly.

Lin Xuan: ...

In just a few days, most people in the living quarters knew that in cell 25 of the Southern District, there was a young man who could refine weapons, and many disciples went there drawn by his reputation.

Three days before the Inner Sect selection competition, a group of youths swaggered toward Lin Xuan’s residence at cell 25.

“Crap!

They’re disciples from the Eastern District!” the nearby disciples whispered.

The Eastern District, unlike the Southern District— which was a civilian area where everyone had a small hut close to each other, had nothing else— was different.

It was definitely a place for wealthy and influential disciples.

Private courtyards, specialized martial arts training rooms, some even had Bamboo Forest Guards; it was all beyond what these ordinary youths could imagine.

These youths, surrounding a girl, arrived in front of Lin Xuan’s hut with an air of arrogance.

“Lin, come out quick!” a youth called.

After shouting several times and finding the hut silent, the youth snorted coldly and then pushed the door open.

Inside it was empty; no one was around.

“Are you looking for Brother Xuan?” Lin Xuan’s neighbor to the left, Ding Xiaopang, said, “Wait a bit, I guess Brother Xuan will be back by noon.”

“What?

We should wait for him?” the group disdainfully said, “Kid, are you close with this Lin Xuan?

Go find him quickly, our time is precious!”

“Brother Xuan left early in the morning, I don’t know where he went,” Ding Xiaopang whispered.

“Fuck off, if we tell you to find him, just do it without all this bullshit!” the youth slapped Ding Xiaopang across the face.

Ding Xiaopang was sent flying, covering his face and tears spinning in his eyes from the pain.

“Why the hell are you hitting people?” the nearby youths couldn’t stand it anymore.

“Oh, feeling rebellious?” the group of youths scoffed, “We’re giving you Southern District folks face by coming here, and this Lin dares to make us wait, he’s really courting death!”

“Why the hell are you hitting people, why mention Brother Xuan!” these youths were defiant, all at the age where they couldn’t tolerate such things.

“Oh, you disagree?” the youth laughed, “Get them!

Beat them until they acknowledge their place!”

Immediately, four or five youths from the Eastern District pounced...

Lin Xuan had gone to Elder Fang that morning to repair some weapons and had earned quite a few Contribution Points.

Humming a tune, he returned to the Southern District, only to find the atmosphere was a bit off.

Usually, at this time, these people should be running out to discuss Martial Arts issues with him.

Why was no one coming out today?

As he was pondering, he suddenly heard a shout, “Brother Xuan is back!”