

Inverse Sword Mad God

42: Chapter 41 Challenge 42: Chapter 41 Challenge In the days that followed, Lin Xuan practiced swordsmanship in the mountains during the day and cultivated the Longevity Technique at night, occasionally visiting the Task Hall to repair his longsword and earn some Contribution Points.

These days passed swiftly, and in the blink of an eye, half a month had gone by.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere among the Outer Disciples subtly shifted.

Many disciples had returned from Taihang Mountain, preparing for the upcoming Inner Sect selection competition.

Only by entering the Inner Sect could one truly be considered a disciple of the Xuantian Sect.

Inside, one could not only study profound Martial Arts but also receive guidance from high-level cultivators, along with various abundant cultivation resources.

Every Outer Disciple was eager to squeeze into the Inner Sect.

At the same time, a new Outer Disciple ranking list was released, and many Outer Disciples were discussing this, checking their rankings.

This ranking list included only the top five hundred disciples, based on their cultivation and daily performance to estimate their combat power before being issued.

No one knew who created it.

Some who were not satisfied with their lower rankings had challenged those with higher rankings and had been soundly defeated.

This had happened over a hundred times, and the outcomes always matched the rankings on the list.

From then on, the Outer Disciples accepted the list and used it as an important means to understand the strength of others.

At Martial Arts Arena Number Three, He Shaobing looked at the exquisitely made booklet in his hand, his face showing a hint of anger.

This booklet was the Outer Disciple ranking list.

Although beautifully crafted, it didn't interest He Shaobing in the slightest.

"Hmph!" he snapped the booklet shut and then crushed it in his hand, quickly reducing the roster to dust.

"This is outrageous!"

"How dare they lower my ranking!" Fury burned in He Shaobing's eyes.

He had previously been ranked 100th, among the elite disciples, but this time, his ranking had dropped to 101st.

It might seem like a small difference, just one rank, but the implied meaning was significantly different.

Among tens of thousands of Outer Disciples, the top hundred were considered elite disciples, geniuses of the first tier, who would receive special attention upon entering the Inner Sect.

Now, being ranked 101st, he had been placed in the second tier.

The one who replaced him as the 100th was a new Outer Disciple named Lin Xuan.

“A mere new Outer Disciple, why should he be ranked in the hundred!

I refuse to accept this!” He Shaobing clenched his longsword.

“Shaobing, calm down,” said a slightly chubby disciple beside him.

“I’ve heard of this Lin Xuan too.

Recently, he has made a stir with the Divine Power Group, defeating many of its members.

He must have some strength.”

“So what?”

“Do you think I would lose?” He Shaobing retorted.

Xuantian Sect’s Outer Door was vast with numerous disciples.

Not everyone knew Lin Xuan, and with so many things happening daily, a little-known disciple’s fame was easily forgotten.

“It’s not about fearing you would lose, why not defeat him fair and square during the Inner Sect selection?”

He Shaobing was silent, but flashes of cold light occasionally shimmered in his eyes.

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In the northwest corner of Martial Arts Arena Number Seven.

Lin Xuan meticulously practiced with the Red Flame Greatsword.

This was a new sword technique he was learning, the Lonely Mountain Sword Technique, an Intermediate Yellow Rank Martial Arts.

This sword technique was different from the fast sword techniques Lin Xuan had studied before.

It was characterized by powerful, heavy moves rather than speed, and each strike was filled with strength.

Ho!

Ho!

The moves were wide and powerful.

Lin Xuan enjoyed practicing this new slow sword style, having previously focused on fast sword techniques.

This experience gave him new insights.

The Solitary Peak Sword Technique emphasized stability, accuracy, and ruthlessness.

Although slow, a well-timed strike could be lethal.

Today's slow sword practice had significantly improved Lin Xuan's timing in combat.

Fast sword techniques were about seizing the initiative, attacking first to gain the upper hand, while slow sword techniques involved capitalizing on or inducing the opponent's mistakes.

Now, combining fast and slow techniques, Lin Xuan's swordsmanship had surpassed his past level.

As Lin Xuan was immersed in his practice, a young man approached him.

Thin, with large eyes and a cold gaze.

"Are you Lin Xuan?" the youth asked unfriendly.

"Yes," Lin Xuan stood with his sword, asking, "What is it?"

"Defeat you and take back the rank I deserve!" It was He Shaobing.

Lin Xuan looked puzzled, "What rank?"

"Stop pretending, just tell me, do you accept the challenge or not!" He Shaobing demanded.

His shout caused the nearby practicing disciples to turn and look.

Just then, a plump young man ran over and grabbed He Shaobing's hand, saying, "Shaobing, let's go!"

"Xiao Wei, don't bother with me, I must defeat him today!" He Shaobing declared loudly, "The weak do not deserve that spot!"

“What’s going on?” someone nearby asked.

“Don’t you know?”

“He Shaobing’s 100th spot was taken by that kid!” someone whispered while pointing at Lin Xuan.

“No wonder he’s furious.

“If a newbie climbed over me, I’d be mad too!”

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Lin Xuan listened and understood some of what was happening.

“If you want to fight, then let’s do it!” He was eager to test the Lonely Mountain Sword Technique.

“Hmph!” He Shaobing gritted his teeth, “You better use all your strength, or you’ll lose miserably!”

He flipped his hand, pulling out an Array Plate, and cast a spell, causing a blue Big Banner to rise with the wind.

With a clang, it planted into the ground, forming a small Arena.

Array Flag Battle!

Lin Xuan was familiar with this type of contest, having fought against members of the Divine Power Group this way.

Now, he drew the Red Flame Greatsword, entered the Array with a lazy smile.

He Shaobing snorted, swiftly moved forward, and plunged in.

The surrounding disciples paused what they were doing and gathered around, while Xiao Wei watched nervously with wide eyes.

“Come on!” Lin Xuan held the Red Flame Greatsword across his chest, standing concentrated.

Swhish!

A burst of cold light flashed, accompanied by a sharp sound.

He Shaobing moved swiftly, dashing forward.

His longsword, glinting with a faint cold light, quickly reached Lin Xuan's side.

With a flick of the wrist, his sword, like a venomous snake, lunged.

The speed was impressive!

“Quick Sword Style...” Lin Xuan raised an eyebrow, slightly shifted his feet to adjust his stance, and gently pushed forward with his greatsword, intercepting He Shaobing’s move.

Ding, ding, ding!

He Shaobing’s longsword struck the Red Flame Greatsword, producing a series of clear, crisp sounds.

His first strike failing, he immediately lifted his sword, the tip spitting cold light, and attacked Lin Xuan’s head.

Lin Xuan, his arm swinging horizontally, swept out with the Red Flame Greatsword.

The massive force forced He Shaobing to break off his attack and retreat to save himself.

This retreat exposed a flaw, Lin Xuan vibrated his greatsword, thrusting forward.