

## Inverse Sword Mad God

46: Chapter 45: The Inner Sect Selection Contest Begins!

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Lin Xuan had heard of many attributes, but he had never heard of “attributeless.”

“An advantage of attributeless spiritual power is that it can transform into spiritual power of any attribute, and they can fuse with each other,” said Lord of Wine.

“If you had thunder attribute spiritual power, then your Thunder Move Sword Technique could reach perfection,” he continued.

“Really?” Lin Xuan exclaimed delightedly, “How powerful would the Thunder Move Sword Technique be if it reached perfection?”

“However, you’ll need to absorb a Thunder Source or cultivate a thunder attribute cultivation technique; only then can your swordsmanship achieve perfection,” said Lord of Wine.

“I’ll look for a thunder attribute cultivation technique or a Thunder Source after the Inner Sect selection trial!” Lin Xuan decided firmly in his heart.

In the blink of an eye, three days had passed.

Today was the day of the Inner Sect selection trial.

Tens of thousands of Outer Disciples set off, making their way to the testing site, and Lin Xuan carried his Red Flame Greatsword on his back as he stepped out of his house.

Outside, the sky was dotted with clouds, the weather clear and bright.

The enormous square accommodated countless disciples, their faces flushed with excitement and anticipation.

“I wonder how many people will pass the first round?” someone wondered aloud.

“Hopefully, I’ll get through smoothly...”

“Look quick, it’s Jiang Yulong!” many Outer Disciples exclaimed, “He’s one of the Outer Four Masters!”

Amidst the crowd, Jiang Yulong stood in his white attire with a group of Divine Power Group disciples, looking arrogantly detached.

“Duan Fei is here too!” came another shout, “Damn, all the Outer Four Masters are showing up today; today’s worth it even if we don’t get past the first round!”

From another direction, handsome youth Duan Fei stood with a smile, surrounded by many female disciples.

His delicate face and graceful figure ignited flames of envy in countless male disciples’ hearts.

Duan Fei greeted the ladies with a smile while casting an indifferent glance at Jiang Yulong.

Their eyes met, sparking fires in the air.

From different factions, Jiang Yulong greatly disliked this pretty boy popular with women, while Duan Fei was no fan of the young man with the cold demeanor, causing their relationship to be particularly poor.

“Humph!”

Let’s see which female disciple sticks around you after your defeat!” Jiang Yulong snorted coolly.

“Shen Qian’er, my goddess!”

In the distance, a girl in a green robe approached slowly, her light and ethereal aura likening her to a Banished Immortal walking in the mortal world.

Both Duan Fei and Jiang Yulong turned to look at the girl in green.

Duan Fei nodded with a smile, while Jiang Yulong’s expression turned a bit strange, his eyes somewhat evasive.

Shen Qian’er bowed to them both and then joined a group of female disciples in a different spot.

Meanwhile, a group of youths from the Southern District approached with faces full of excitement.

Clad in black, Lin Xuan carried a dark-red greatsword.

A gentle smile adorned his delicate face, making him seem full of spirit.

“Brother Xuan, you must make it to the third round so we can cheer for you!” Ding Xiaopang said, dancing around excitedly.

“Little Fatty, you don’t need to say it; Brother Xuan will definitely reach the third round, and he’s bound to enter the Inner Sect!” The youths were all buzzing with chatter, the whole scene bursting with joy.

“Wow!

So many beauties!” Ding Xiaopang’s narrow eyes suddenly tried their best to widen, his saliva flowing freely.

“If only I could marry one of them,” Little Fatty muttered dreamily.

His companions also had that leering look, but upon hearing Little Fatty’s words, they cast him contemptuous glances.

“Little Fatty, stop dreaming and just go home to cuddle your doll to sleep!” Lin Xuan’s neighbor to the right, Hou Xiaoshou, said.

The doll was a cotton toy, and Ding Xiaopang would hug it to sleep every day, a fact the disciples often joked about.

“Hmph, don’t get too smug, just wait until Brother Xuan becomes an Inner Sect Disciple, he’s definitely going to introduce one to me!” Ding Xiaopang retorted, not willing to admit defeat.

“Don’t worry,” Lin Xuan laughed, “when the time comes, I’ll find you a fairy to be your wife!”

A group of young boys laughed boisterously as they walked onto the square, but the passersby couldn’t help showing looks of disdain.

“Tsk!

A bunch of country bumpkins, still dreaming of joining the Inner Sect, completely overestimating themselves!”

“I bet they’re still dreaming.

The first trial will shatter their dreams in no time!”

...

As Lin Xuan and the others stepped onto the square, they couldn’t help marveling once again.

The square seemed boundless, as if without end, and ahead there was a majestic palace surrounded by rosy clouds, just like an Immortal Palace.

There, Lin Xuan saw Jiang Yulong and Duan Fei.

The latter simply ignored him while Jiang Yulong revealed a cruel smile.

Lin Xuan didn’t bother with them.

All grievances would be resolved on the arena—that was the place for it, and now was not the time to waste energy.

He slowly closed his eyes, sharpening his focus.

But before long, he was shaken awake by someone at his side.

“Shangguan Liuyun!

It’s Shangguan Liuyun!”

Ding Xiaopang, more excited than if he’d seen a peerless beauty, was pulling on Lin Xuan.

Their companions were all equally thrilled, eyes glued unwaveringly to the figure.

“He’s one of the Outer Four Masters and the top-ranked person on the Outer Door rankings!

It is said his strength eclipses that of some Inner Sect Disciples, and he’s suppressed people like Jiang Yulong and Duan Fei so much that they can’t even lift their heads!”

Lin Xuan was inwardly startled.

He turned his head and saw a figure walking towards the square from the outside.

This person was clad in a black robe and walked with a neutral expression, step by step.

Unlike other talents, there were no throngs of followers behind him, nor any butterfly-like beauties, but instead, he was alone.

A single person, as if embodying the sky itself, overwhelming everyone around to the point where they could hardly raise their heads!

When he arrived, all the fuss and noise vanished.

Even Duan Fei, who was always smiling, now wore a cold expression, staring at him with a hostile gaze.

Jiang Yulong’s grip on his longsword tightened so much that his knuckles turned pale.

He stood at the center of the square, and the people around him unconsciously stepped aside, unable to withstand his presence.

He seemed a natural-born king, commanding everyone’s upward gaze.

After a long while, people began to dare to whisper again, and the atmosphere around the square gradually returned to normal.

Right at that moment, the clouds in the sky churned, and a sudden gust of wind swept through, causing people's clothes to flap loudly.

Terrified, they looked up to find that a person had appeared atop the clouds.

A purple-robed middle-aged man!

He simply stood in the void, looking down coldly from above, like a god high in the heavens.

"Flying!" Lin Xuan's pupils contracted.

He felt an enormous pressure being slowly released from the purple-robed middle-aged man, like an invisible giant hand pressing down upon them, suffocating.

The purple-robed middle-aged man waved his hand, and a gigantic hand formed from the clouds in the sky, pressing down towards the void.

The next moment, the ground beneath the disciples shook as if an earthquake had struck, accompanied by a thunderous roar.

When everything around them returned to normal, the disciples found that next to the palace, a huge mountain, dreamlike in its appearance, had materialized before their eyes.

"This mountain is called Thunder Cloud Mountain, with ninety-nine layers, and it is the first trial of this selection competition.

Those who cross this mountain will be qualified for the next trial," the voice of the middle-aged man in the purple robe boomed across the square like a bell striking.

"Now, the first trial begins!"