

Inverse Sword Mad God

49: Chapter 48: The Second Challenge, Arena Battle!

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Lin Xuan's assertiveness took everyone by surprise, and even though those disciples felt indignant, they didn't dare to really start a fight there and then.

With a cold snort, they turned away.

Lin Xuan hadn't been there long when the time for the first challenge came.

The Ninety-Ninth Rank Stone Platform was enshrouded in mist, becoming hazy.

High in the sky, the purple-robed middle-aged man manifested once again.

He waved his large sleeve and scattered over a hundred dark lights that sped toward the crowd.

Lin Xuan's hand shot out lightning-fast, catching one of the flying objects.

It was a black token, and on it was the number 135.

He glanced at Yin Qingyi's token and saw that hers was numbered 134.

He guessed that he must be the one hundred thirty-fifth contestant to have passed the challenge.

"Who would have thought, out of tens of thousands of disciples, only a little over a hundred passed the first challenge?"

This selection contest is really quite strict!" Lin Xuan remarked softly to himself.

"Congratulations to those of you who have successfully passed the first challenge.

Next, you will undertake the second challenge," the middle-aged man in the purple robe atop the clouds announced, "Head down the mountain.

There will be someone there to tell you what to do."

The crowd descended en masse, and once everyone had reached the plain, Thunder Cloud Mountain erupted with a boom before slowly disappearing.

This seemed to affect no one else, but Lin Xuan couldn't help but look back with reluctance: "sigh, there were still so many golden electric arcs I hadn't had a chance to absorb!"

Shaking his head, Lin Xuan buried the thought deep in his heart and looked forward.

All disciples to the central Martial Arts Arena!

A clear voice resounded in everyone's ears, and following this, the successful contestants from the first challenge began walking toward the central Martial Arts Arena.

"It seems the second challenge is likely an arena battle," Lin Xuan thought to himself.

"Hey, you jerk, why were you so slow in the first challenge?" Tang Yu deliberately slowed her pace at the front and huffed in irritation when she reached Lin Xuan.

"Sorry, sorry, it's my fault for holding back Senior Brother Lin," Yin Qingyi said softly at Lin Xuan's side.

"No, it's not," Lin Xuan quickly reassured Yin Qingyi and explained to Tang Yu, "I was too excited yesterday and didn't sleep well."

Walking along with two beauties, Lin Xuan once again attracted everyone's attention.

Many male disciples glared at him fiercely; if looks could kill, Lin Xuan would have died a thousand times over already.

The central Martial Arts Arena was extremely spacious, and when Lin Xuan and the others arrived, they found that many people had already gathered there.

To the very north was a golden viewing platform where senior individuals of elder level from the sect were seated.

On both sides of the golden platform, there were many ordinary stands, arranged in a fan shape, brimming with spectators.

Looking around, it was a sea of people, vibrantly bustling.

Lin Xuan and the other one hundred and forty Outer Disciples stood quietly in front of the arena, but the lively atmosphere had already ignited their war intent.

Who wouldn't want to defeat all challengers and show their prowess in such a center stage spotlight?

Moreover, this was the Inner Sect selection contest, and if one performed well, they might catch the eye of a sect elder.

All these thoughts excited the young disciples.

Soon, streams of light flashed, and powerful auras swirled ceaselessly, with several figures descending upon the arena.

They were radiant, with brilliance flickering like flames, their robes fluttering without wind, each person looking as if they were a Heavenly God descending to earth.

The whole Martial Arts Arena instantly fell silent.

Lin Xuan felt as if a great mountain was pressing down in front of him, causing his spiritual power to boil and struggle against that oppressive force.

Not just Lin Xuan, but all the Outer Disciples turned pale, some with eyes of fright as they looked toward the figures on the arena.

Seeing this scene, the contestants must have realized the content of the second challenge.

On the arena platform, one of the middle-aged men with a square face said, "That's right, the second challenge will be an arena battle."

"The number on the tokens in your hands represents your ranking from the first challenge, and each ranking comes with its corresponding scores and rewards, which also applies to the second challenge."

"Now, let me tell you about the rewards for the second challenge.

The first place will be rewarded with one Pure Spirit Pill, plus a Dark-grade Intermediate Martial Art, and a Human-level Treasure."

"The second place, the reward is one Low-level Xuan-grade Martial Arts and one Little Yellow Pill."

Sss!

All the disciples gasped in amazement.

Xuan-grade Martial Arts, Human-level Treasures!

Such items were absolutely super tempting for martial artists, and there was also a Pure Spirit Pill.

It was expected that all the disciples would go crazy!

"What is a Pure Spirit Pill?" Lin Xuan was puzzled.

"Country bumpkin!" Tang Yu looked down on him again, "The Pure Spirit Pill is a Third-grade Elixir that contains extremely pure Spiritual Power.

An ordinary Martial Artist in the Magnetic Condensation Realm who consumes it can instantly break through to the next tier, and if taken at the Ninth Rank of Congealing Veins, it can greatly increase the chances of entering the Spirit Sea Realm.

This is a treasure that all Mystical Realm Martial Artists want!”

“Raises one’s Cultivation by a tier and also increases the chances of entering the Spirit Sea Realm!” Lin Xuan took a deep breath.

“He definitely had to get his hands on such a good thing!”

It wasn’t just Lin Xuan; the other disciples’ faces flushed with excitement, wishing they could start the competition immediately.

The square-faced middle-aged man, seeing that the atmosphere was roused, smiled and said, “Your ranking now represents your number for this round.

Whoever is chosen by the referee will go to the Arena to compete.”

“Also, the reward for the first round is that the top ten do not have to participate in the first round of matches!”

“Now, the second round, begin!”

Five middle-aged men with high Cultivation stood on top of five Arenas and began to draw lots.

Everyone looked enviously at the top ten from the first round and prayed that their first-round opponent would be weak.

Before long, the five referees began to announce the competitors.

“Arena One: Number Thirty-eight versus Number Fifty-three”

“Arena Two: Number Seventy-seven versus Number Sixty-three”

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The ten disciples whose names were called stepped up to the platform, ready to compete.

Although they were ranked differently in the first round, this did not mean that Number Thirty-eight would necessarily defeat Number Thirty-nine, because the first round was only a test of perseverance and potential, and it did not directly reflect the martial artist’s actual combat level.

Indeed, the first match turned out to be an upset, with Number Fifty-three defeating Number Thirty-eight and advancing to the next round.

Lin Xuan and others stepped aside to watch, while Shangguan Liuyun simply sat cross-legged and started Cultivating, probably thinking that none of these people was a match for him.

Soon, the matches on the Arena were over, and the referees called the names again.

This time Lin Xuan was among them.

“One hundred thirty-five versus eighty-eight.”

On Arena Five, Lin Xuan walked up to the platform very calmly, step by step, while his opponent had already been waiting on the platform.

“This is awesome!

My luck is through the roof!

To face Number One hundred thirty-five, it looks like I’ll win easily this time!” Said an average-looking young man, his eyes full of triumph as he looked at Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan’s face was calm, without any hint of joy or sorrow.

Jiang Yulong saw Lin Xuan and sneered disdainfully, then turned his head away.

He did not think there was anything about Lin Xuan worth noting.

Few of those ranked high paid any attention to Arena Five, but instead, everyone’s gaze turned toward Arena Two, where Number Fifteen was fighting against Number Twenty-one.

Such rankings already belonged to the elite disciples and were worth the attention of these people.