

Inverse Sword Mad God

50: Chapter 49 Go Senior Brother Lin!

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Arena Five, Lin Xuan faced Jin Xu.

“Hey, hey, kid, you’re unlucky to encounter me!” Jin Xu laughed wildly, “If you’re willing to admit defeat on your own, you might suffer less!”

Lin Xuan, expressionless with a dark red longsword on his back, looked at Jin Xu and said, “You talk too much.”

“Kid, since you’re seeking death, I’ll grant it!” Jin Xu furiously clapped his hand on his sword sheath, and the longsword came out in response.

His entire form turned into a radiant flash, charging towards Lin Xuan.

“Good swordsmanship!” Lin Xuan raised his eyebrows, “Worthy of a disciple who passed the first round, your skills are indeed extraordinary.

This swordsmanship already has a hint of Sword Force, fierce and incomparable.”

Before the sword arrived, the Sword Qi had already reached.

Lin Xuan stood immovable like a mountain.

As the sword edge approached, he suddenly made his move, swift as lightning, striking his palm onto the sword body.

Instantly, the longsword aimed at Lin Xuan veered off by a fraction.

Lin Xuan didn’t stop there; his palm flipped, and his fingers tightly pressed, plucking at the sword body.

Ding!

A crisp sound rang out, and the ferocious force traveled along the sword body toward Jin Xu’s arm.

Like being struck by the Heavenly Hammer, Jin Xu’s hand exploded open, and the longsword flew out of his grip, shattering into pieces in midair, scattering on the ground.

You!

Jin Xu, holding his right hand, backed away, the arrogance gone from his eyes.

He finally understood why Lin Xuan had always been expressionless; the two were not on the same level.

"I lost..." He seemed to have lost all his strength.

"Contestant number one hundred thirty-five wins!" the referee announced.

"What happened?"

"How did it end so soon?" Those looking at Arena Two all asked, curious about what had transpired.

"What?"

Shattered the longsword with one flick and injured Jin Xu?

You're not joking, right?

Jin Xu is ranked eighty-eighth!"

"No way, I must watch the next match of contestant one hundred thirty-five!"

While the disciples were discussing, a thunderous cheer erupted from Arena Five.

"Senior Brother Lin is mighty!"

"Brother Xuan is stylish!"

"Brother Xuan will sweep to number one!"

...

Near Arena Five, the stands were filled with disciples from the Southern District and others who often sparred with Lin Xuan.

Seeing Lin Xuan win with a single move, they all cheered and applauded.

Apart from the core members of the Three Great Forces and the Outer Four Masters, very few disciples could garner so many cheers, leading many disciples to turn heads and watch.

"Humph, it seems that trash is quite popular!" Yan Kong sneered.

"Don't bother about him; he won't amount to much.

Our goal is to firmly suppress the Battle Group!" Jiang Yulong paid no mind to Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan returned to the rest area where the battle on Arena Two was still not concluded.

The disciple with a war saber from the Battle Group and the disciple with a longsword from the Divine Power Group were locked in a fierce duel.

Their figures were fast as specters, leaving afterimages all over the sky.

Ordinary disciples couldn't see clearly what was going on; only those with formidable strength could catch their movements.

Lin Xuan, of course, could see their actions clearly, and he noticed that the Divine Power Group's disciple, despite his elegant swordsmanship, was trapped by the opponent's encirclement and would probably lose within ten moves.

"Congratulations, the Battle Group's disciple is going to win," Lin Xuan said to Tang Yu with a smile.

Tang Yu playfully blinked, saying nothing.

However, nearby Divine Power Group disciples couldn't stand listening.

"Kid, what do you know?"

"Daring to talk nonsense!"

"That's right, can you even clearly see what's happening on the stage?"

"To please a beauty, you actually dare tell blatant lies!"

"I despise you!"

Those disciples didn't believe Lin Xuan could clearly see the match on the arena or determine the winner, but after seven moves, these people nearly bit off their tongues.

As expected, the Divine Power Group's disciple lost, and right after Lin Xuan finished speaking, he immediately lost.

"Damn, jinx!"

"Kid, if you dare talk nonsense again, you will regret it!" the disciples of the Divine Power Group stared fiercely at Lin Xuan.

Lin Xuan shook his head helplessly, ignoring them, and began to recall the fight on Arena 2; these elite disciples were indeed not mediocre, each of them possessed significant strength, and he managed to glean some experience from them.

Over a hundred disciples took turns fighting on the arena, various moves on display, and the watching disciples shouted and cheered, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

Finally, the first round of the competition ended.

Except for the top ten disciples of the first round, the other one hundred and thirty participants, half of them winning, progressed to the second round.

Since there were sixty-five competitors, one person would get a bye.

The advancing disciples closed their eyes and silently prayed, hoping they would be the ones to get a bye.

“Yin Qingyi gets a bye this round!” announced a voice from a middle-aged man with a square face.

“Ah!” Yin Qingyi stood with her mouth half-open, a face full of surprise, while the others felt utterly disappointed.

“Congratulations on advancing smoothly!” Lin Xuan said with a smile.

“Thank...

thank you, Senior Brother Lin,” Yin Qingyi responded with a blushing face.

“Next, this is the second round of the competition.

Number one hundred thirty-five against number forty-nine!”

“Such a large gap, looks like another quick match!” a spectator complained.

Lin Xuan didn’t expect to be the first to go up, but that was fine; after his match, he could return to the resting area to watch the others.

Thinking this, he stood up, slung his dark red greatsword behind his back, and slowly walked onto the arena.

“Damn, it’s this guy.

He just cursed our Divine Power Group a while ago.

Brother Xue, teach him a lesson!”

“Brother Xue, knock him out!” Numerous disciples in the stands shouted.

Xue Huaqing walked leisurely, enjoying the cheers from the stands; he knew these cheers were for him.

However, unexpectedly, a burst of extraordinary cheering arose from a nearby arena, waves of cheers rising higher and higher.

“Senior Brother Lin, come on, I believe in you!”

“Squash him, you must squash him!

Lin Xuan, use your greatsword to squash him!”

“Brother Xuan, we support you, the disciples of the Southern District are with you!”

The volume of that cheering was in no way less intense than that for the Divine Power Group, causing many advancing disciples to look over.

“Heh, I didn’t expect someone besides the Three Great Forces to have such prestige.

I’m quite intrigued!” A young man in black near the golden stands chuckled.

“What, do you want to recruit him?” asked the youth beside him.

“Just looking,” the black-clothed young man said without elaborating, turning his gaze towards the arena.

“Kid, it seems many people support you, huh?

I wonder if they will be sad when you’re terribly beaten?” Xue Huaqing sneered.

In his view, Lin Xuan daring to steal the spotlight from him was simply seeking death.

“I finally understand why you all joined the Divine Power Group,” Lin Xuan said expressionlessly.

“Why?” Xue Huaqing asked impulsively.

“Because you’re all idiots.

Can’t you fight without blabbing?” Lin Xuan rolled his eyes.

“Very well, kid, I’m officially telling you now, I’m angry!” Xue Huaqing said coldly.

“The consequence is that you’ll be carried out!”