

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 134

Blood filled the air. It was almost like a red firework. The bloody mist slowly blew away with the wind.

A late Blood Condensation genius died just like this without leaving a corpse. Although the mist of blood had disappeared, the faint smell of blood still filled everyone's noses.

No one had expected these calm and indifferent senior apprentice-brothers to be so ruthless. As soon as they took action, they took someone's life.

Everyone was greatly shaken. Long Chen was also startled. However, he wasn't surprised because of that person's death, but because of that senior apprentice-brother.

That attack had been too strange. He had somehow circulated his spiritual qi to a kind of pinnacle and released it out of his body, allowing him to kill the fake registrant from a distance. But most shocking to Long Chen was that that wasn't even a Battle Skill, but simply showed off that person's skill in using his own spiritual qi.

Just controlling your spiritual qi in a free manner within your body was already difficult enough. But to be able to release it outside your body and still have such control was too shocking.

Without revealing the slightest bit of his cultivation base, he indifferently killed a genius. That kind of strength struck fear in their hearts.

During the uproar that followed that person's miserable death, suddenly three figures dashed out of the crowd.

At first, people were startled, but they quickly realized that those three must have also done similar things the previous one had done. Now seeing that the situation had turned sour, they had decided to flee for their lives.

That man who was standing as the head of the seniors sneered. With a cold snort, he pointed and a ray of qi shot out like a sharp blade.

He pointed three times. Those three people that were hundreds of meters away were all pierced through and immediately died. The entire crowd was completely silent for a moment.

Previously, there had even been people who had disdainfully considered them to be just 'cannon fodder'. Now everyone was truly given a fright, especially the one who had said his taunt. His expression was deathly pale.

"Ok, let's continue."

The head senior ordered everyone to continue their inspections. They carefully went one by one.

Even those as powerful as Lei Qianshang, Qi Xin, and the others were all extremely obedient now. They might be arrogant, but they weren't idiots.

After all, these people were their senior apprentice-brothers. Even if they were just existences that padded the bottom rankings, having cultivated in the Xuantian Monastery for the last three years, there was no way they were comparable anymore.

At the same time, as they were filled with respect, they were also filled with anticipation. These people that padded the bottom ranks had already grown to such an extent. Xuantian Monastery's true power must be absolutely terrifying.

When that man had attacked, Long Chen had done a careful examination and was awed to see that that person's cultivation base was only in the Tendon Transformation realm.

In other words, it was the same cultivation base as the white-robed man whom he had faced in Phoenix Cry. But in terms of combat strength, one person was in the heavens while one was still stuck on the ground. The distance really was just that great.

He had seen through that those last three attacks had been reliant on a Battle Skill. However, it also didn't seem like a particularly profound Battle Skill. Most likely, it was below the Earth class.

But even such an ordinary Battle Skill had such a shocking effect in that person's hands.

Most importantly, there hadn't been any obvious pause between his three attacks. Most people would require at least a moment to adjust their breathing after each attack before attacking again.

It was like a jump rope. After jumping once, you had to wait until you landed and reset before once more jumping again.

It might be possible for people to attack three times in a row, but that would be a torrential storm of blows. With the jump rope analogy, it would be equivalent to a person jumping once and spinning the rope three times. Although it was extremely difficult, some geniuses were capable of just managing it.

But that man hadn't done it like that. He had done it not too quickly and also extremely easily without the slightest haste. It obviously had something to do with his cultivation method.

This time I really did come to the right place. This Xuantian Monastery is just like a treasure house. Long Chen's heart pounded fervently.

Finally, one of them arrived in front of Long Chen and inspected his registration card.

"Huh?"

That person's expression changed slightly. Carefully looking over it again, he looked up at Long Chen with confusion.

That person's movements caused Guo Ran, who was right beside him, to almost leap to Long Chen's defense. There was nothing wrong with his boss's registration card!

His movements also attracted the attention of quite a few others. That was because Long Chen was in the last row. The ones ahead of him had already finished being inspected and were now just watching.

Tang Wan-er looked over in shock. Had this scoundrel really stolen his registration card?

Thinking of Long Chen's attitude which didn't fear heaven or earth, it really might be possible for him to do such a thing. Would Long Chen be killed now?

Only Lei Qianshang and Qi Xin were completely indifferent as they watched. Qi Xin especially was laughing, hoping this person would kill Long Chen with a single blow like the others.

"Senior apprentice-brother Wan, take a look at this registration card." That person sent Long Chen's registration card to that head attendant.

Senior apprentice-brother Wan received it and was also slightly startled. Raising his head to look at Long Chen, he asked, "You're Long Chen?"

Long Chen could only nod. He was somewhat bewildered. He had no enmity with Elder Tu Fang so he shouldn't have done anything to harm him.

What he didn't know was that his registration card had an extremely particular pattern on it. Outsiders didn't know what that pattern was.

Each registration card would have a particular pattern. They would all look identical, but in truth there were minute differences.

In some places of the pattern, the lines would be longer or shorter, thicker or thinner. Those places recorded the registrant's basic information.

That was confidential information in the Xuantian Monastery that others wouldn't know. And so when others foolishly managed to steal away a registration card and thought they could join, the result was always what had just occurred.

That person had seen something he absolutely could not believe on Long Chen's registration card, causing him to end up calling over senior apprentice-brother Wan for an explanation.

"Yes? Is there a problem?" Long Chen nodded.

Senior apprentice-brother Wan shook his head. "There's no problem. You aren't bad."

Long Chen's heart relaxed greatly. He nodded, "As expected, heroes really do think alike. I also think I'm really not bad."

Senior apprentice-brother Wan looked at Long Chen oddly as if he wasn't used to Long Chen's style of speaking. Tang Wan-er couldn't hold back a smile. Long Chen really did have thick skin.

But what none of them understood was the hidden meaning behind senior apprentice-brother Wan's 'not bad'. He had said that because Long Chen's registration card had a certain piece of information that was completely inconceivable.

Spirit Root: None.

Each registration card recorded a registrant's height, appearance, age, Spirit Root, talent, and a dozen other pieces of information.

Having spent three years in the monastery, senior apprentice-brother Wan's understanding of the monastery had reached an extremely high level. This was the first time he had ever heard of a person with no Spirit Root obtaining a registration card.

But then he saw that this registration card was Elder Tu Fang's. Just the other day, he had told him that he had given a certain youth his registration card and not to accidentally expel him.

He had been extremely curious about why he would say such a thing. Why would he expel someone who had managed to obtain the Enforcement Elder's registration card?

But now when he saw Long Chen, he finally understood what Elder Tu Fang had meant. If it wasn't for his previous reminder, he really might have to go check with him to see if this registration card was real.

Within the secular world, there were only three Spirit Root grades: low, medium, and high. There were also trash Spirit Roots. The Spirit Root was the core of the Dantian. It was something you were innately born with, and how far you could grow was entirely decided by the quality of your Spirit Root.

It was just like a seed. How far it could grow was dependant on what kind of seed it was. A weed would never be able to grow into a huge tree. And so a person's limit was largely based on their Spirit Root.

Most people who had low grade Spirit Roots could only ever reach the Blood Condensation realm. As for a middle grade Spirit Root, that meant it was possible for them to reach the Tendon Transformation realm. Only high grade Spirit Roots had a chance of breaking through the Tendon Transformation barrier and entering the Bone Forging realm.

As for the Xuantian Monastery, its selection of disciples was extremely strict. They refused to accept anyone with either low, middle, or high grade Spirit Roots.

The disciples they recruited had to have bronze grade Spirit Roots at the least. That was an existence that had surpassed the secular world's classifications. That was because in the cultivation world, only those with at least bronze grade Spirit Roots had a chance of truly shining.

Above bronze grade was silver, then gold, and then the legendary dark gold grade Spirit Root. Only geniuses with these four grades of Spirit Roots had the qualifications to be nourished with the full power of a sect.

Essentially every registrant here possessed a bronze grade Spirit Root. Only a few possessed a silver grade Spirit Root.

But amongst the disciples this time, there was a certain monster who possessed a golden Spirit Root. Senior apprentice-brother Wan had just come over from examining that monster's registration card and was still shaken.

But now looking at this disciple who didn't even have a Spirit Root, that was even more shocking than when he had seen that monster.

Having been in the Xuantian Monastery for years, he knew who the Enforcement Elder was. He was an extremely high existence, the one with the greatest strength other than the sect leader.

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Furthermore, he was also very strict and upright, earning him the respect of the disciples. Such a figure definitely wouldn't randomly give his registration card away.

Senior apprentice-brother Wan stealthily examined Long Chen. His aura was completely concealed however. Not even the slightest bit of it leaked out, making him seem like nothing more than a secular mortal.

It had to be known that even he, who had bitterly cultivated for so many years and whose control over spiritual qi had reached a pinnacle, was still incapable of suppressing his aura to that point.

Furthermore, even if he did seem like a mortal[1], he was still able to indifferently stand his pressure. That meant Long Chen was definitely not ordinary, and that was why he had praised him with a 'not bad'.

Handing back the registration card to Long Chen, he then finished up with several others. Waving his hand, a large pile of palm-sized jade tiles appeared on the ground. These tiles also had some words written on them.

"Hand out these tiles." The tiles were handed out, one to each person. After receiving one, Long Chen examined this palm-sized, completely square tile. His had the word 'Tian' on it.

Glancing over at Guo Ran to his side, he saw his tablet had the word 'Huang' on it. He didn't know what was going on.

"Boss, this is our proof of trial. We're about to enter a cruel elimination. I don't know whether we can pass," Guo Ran worriedly said.

Long Chen was startled and about to ask for a clarification when senior apprentice-brother Wan continued.

"Take care of your jade tiles. The trial is about to commence. But first, I must warn you that amongst those present, at least seventy-five percent of you will be eliminated."

