

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 231

Ling Yun-zi was currently in his immortal cave. Tu Fang was reporting to him, "According to your requests, the rewards have already been sent down.

"The Faction Competitions have also ceased. Having distributed so many spirit stones, their cultivation bases should quickly soar during this time."

Those spirit stones would allow every disciple to keep the spirit stone formation in their immortal caves activated to the max for three months. They were also given a huge amount of points. In other words, during these three months, everyone's cultivation bases should advance by leaps and bounds.

But such a terrifying consumption was something the monastery would not be able to handle for long. Originally, they had only had three years worth of resources.

But now they had immediately distributed a third of those resources, causing Tu Fang to worry.

If that continued, the disciples might advance quickly, but then once there were no more resources to offer them, their disciples might lose their drive to continue advancing.

"You don't need to worry. If this trials works out, we'll be able to use our military success to get even more resources from the supermonastery. There are precedents amongst the other monasteries," lightly said Ling Yun-zi.

But Tu Fang was still somewhat worried. "Those monasteries are all ranked towards to the top. They've accumulated countless years' worth of resources, making them extremely powerful. Probably some of their new disciples have already entered the mid Tendon Transformation realm. We're unable to compare to them. After all, our monastery is always last, and so we always get the least resources. We've been thrown off far into the distance because we don't have enough resources to raise our disciples."

Tu Fang felt a great deal of pressure over that. There were 108 monasteries below the Xuantian Supermonastery. The competition between individual monasteries was extremely intense. Each year, they would have a Monastery Competition, and resources would be divvied up according to rank.

The monastery's Faction Competition was completely based off it. This was a kind of survival of the fittest method.

In truth, the Xuantian Monasteries were all given their name according to ranking. The first monastery, the second monastery, the third monastery... all the way to Long Chen's Xuantian Monastery.

Because they were last, they decided that telling their disciples would be too awkward, and they just called themselves the Xuantian Monastery.

Otherwise, if they called themselves the 108th monastery, their disciples might wonder what that meant, which would be extremely awkward. Absolute last place... that was something they couldn't tell their disciples.

Some of the other monasteries might have the power to take the initiative against the Corrupt path, but they didn't have their powerful foundations.

If they succeeded, then it would be acceptable, and all that would be said was that Ling Yun-zi possessed an unwavering courage. But if it failed and too many of the monastery's disciples died, then once the supermonastery investigated this, Ling Yun-zi would very likely be heavily punished, perhaps losing his sect leader position.

So Tu Fang still felt this kind of action was too dangerous. The monastery was already developing very well with many core disciples. There was no need to take this risk.

"When Long Chen killed Wu Qi in just four moves, I was extremely impressed. Long Chen's invincible Dao-heart and will are something no one else can match.

"That's not related to cultivation base, but a kind of absolute confidence that came from being tempered through life and death experiences countless times.

"You've also seen just how terrifying such a will is. It's also why our Righteous path disciples find it very difficult to defeat Corrupt path disciples on the same level.

"It's because we aren't ruthless enough. Not only are we not ruthless enough to our opponents, but we're also not ruthless enough on ourselves. Only those who have the courage to fight all-out with their lives on the line are able to survive until the end."

Ling Yun-zi sighed. Looking up at Skywood Mountain which stretched high into the clouds, yearning appeared in his eyes. "Uncle-master's words that day completely woke me up. I've been too conservative, which has affected our monastery's growth.

"My cultivation base has essentially stagnated for over a hundred years now. I've realized that a problem has occurred with my Dao-heart.

"If a cultivator does not even have the heart to take risks, how could they possess the courage to climb to the peak of the martial path?

"I've stayed stagnant for far too long. I've already lost my old sharpness. I need to borrow a kind of opportunity to retrieve my old sharpness."

An incorporeal will exploded out of Ling Yun-zi's body. Even the sword on his back let out a loud cry.

Unsheathing it, Ling Yun-zi apologetically looked at his sword. "Sorry partner. I've made you wait for a long time."

Ling Yun-zi sword was incessantly ringing as if it were alive. Now it seemed as if even Ling Yun-zi had been unsheathed, his imposing sharpness soaring. He looked much younger than before.

Resheathing his longsword, Ling Yun-zi turned to Tu Fang. "Now you should understand why I'm risking this danger. I'm tying my own fate with the monastery's fate. I'll borrow that chance to completely awaken. I've been silent for too long. I need a certain force to stimulate me into once more returning to my old self."

“So you’re betting on Long Chen?”

“Yes. Since I bet once, I can bet a second time. And since my first bet paid off, I believe my second bet will also be worth it as well,” confidently said Ling Yun-zi.

Last time, Ling Yun-zi had braved the danger of the backlash from the Heavenly Daos to confirm that Long Chen was a Divergent. That had been absolutely crazy, but it had filled Ling Yun-zi with pride.

Now he would make another grand bet. That was to align the monastery’s future with his own, placing them both on Long Chen’s shoulders.

With Ling Yun-zi’s old nature, he would not have allowed himself to do that in fear of being infected by a Divergent’s karma. It was impossible to predict what would happen if he did. Perhaps it might allow the monastery to rapidly rise to the peak, or perhaps it might result in eternal damnation.

But Cang Ming’s words that day had heavily shaken him. Since he dared to bet once, why wouldn’t he dare bet a second time?

And since he dared bet, he might as well make that bet a bit bigger. He had bet his own fate this time.

If Long Chen could succeed in guiding this new generation of disciples, bringing them to shining brilliance in this battle, that would allow his own confidence to grow, resolve the knot in his heart, push him through the bottleneck, and allow him to once more break through.

But if he failed, there would be no hope of him ever advancing again in his lifetime. At the same time, the monastery would receive a catastrophic impact. And so this was truly a big bet.

He understood Tu Fang’s worries, but he trusted in his own gut. Long Chen definitely wouldn’t disappoint him. And since he trusted him, he would let go of the reins, cutting off all paths of retreat.

Tu Fang looked at the confident Ling Yun-zi and also ended up emotionally stirred. This truly was a grand bet that was incredibly risky. But if he could pull it off, the benefits were unimaginable.

Despite being such a solemn and perhaps even inflexible person, Tu Fang was still moved by what Ling Yun-zi said.

“Tu Fang, start doing some drills with the more powerful Elders. Just having a strong cultivation base isn’t enough; they’re so used to just sitting around, they’re starting to rust. We need them to escort our junior disciples,” ordered Ling Yun-zi.

The goal this time was to temper all their disciples’ wills and bring out their full potential. They wouldn’t just send their disciples to death.

If their disciples only encountered Corrupt path disciples on the same level, they naturally wouldn’t interfere. But if an Elder-level figure of the Corrupt path appeared, they needed their own Elders to protect everyone.

Otherwise, this wouldn’t be a training exercise, but just sending their disciples to the slaughterhouse.

Previously when the Corrupt path invaded, it was also always agreed implicitly that this would just be a training exercise for their new disciples to fight.

The reason the Corrupt path would instigate this was because even if their disciples didn't die at the hands of the Righteous path, they would die under the hands of their same sect. Their rules were extremely cruel. The weak only had one fate, and that was to be killed.

And so Corrupt path disciples all walked a path of slaughter. Although their cultivation bases weren't necessarily that powerful, their wills were much firmer.

If it weren't for the Righteous path possessing an absolute superiority in terms of numbers, there would be no way for them to compete with the Corrupt path. And that was why Cang Ming had looked down on the monastery's method of raising its disciples and cursed that they would just be whetstones for the Corrupt path's disciples.

Tu Fang nodded and began to select a couple stronger Elders as well as law enforcers. They would all make their preparations.

During these three months, no one dared to take it easy. After all, this was a major affair that would affect the monastery's future.

If some of their disciples managed to evolve into true experts, then they would be able to get a better ranking during the Monastery Competition. Then their monastery would truly soar.

But if there were too many injuries and deaths, that would be a huge impact on the monastery. And so everyone who was to be a part of this exercise took it extremely seriously.

Everyone who received a notice from Tu Fang immediately began to get to work. They all left the monastery to prepare themselves. At their level, a couple month's seclusion didn't have any meaning.

There were many of them who hadn't exercised in so long that they needed to go kill a couple Magical Beasts to remember the sensation of battle.

During this time, Wilde and Little Snow were brought away with Cang Ming. That was because those two could only increase their strength by eating powerful meat.

That was especially true of Little Snow. His heavy wounds had only begun to heal, and so he needed even more meat to completely heal. Wilde had only possessed a dozen third rank Magical Beast corpses, which could barely count as snacks for them. They had been completely devoured in just a couple days.

Cang Ming had been helpless about it. He stored all his forging equipment into his spatial ring. His spatial ring was large enough to store all the forging equipment in his immortal cave.

Then he brought Wilde and Little Snow into some wild mountains. He would have to get food for them while also forging weapons.

He had already promised Long Chen a weapon, and Wilde's strength had grown so explosively that his current club no longer suited him.

Seeing Wilde's strength grow limitlessly each day delighted Cang Ming. Each day he would be extremely busy, either forging weapons or hunting beasts.

With Long Chen's medicinal pills, the Heaven Earth Alliance's disciples had all entered a cultivation state, secluding themselves to focus on increasing their cultivation base.

The news that Song Mingyuan and the other two core disciples had revived their ancestral marks was a huge boost of morale to them, raising their spirits.

After they told their factions about the cruelty of the trial, they all promised that they, the core disciples, would forever take the vanguard during the battles.

It was just a simple promise, but it truly did stir their subordinates. The fact that they would risk their own lives first immediately fired everyone up. Even those disciples who were still terrified felt that fear in their hearts lessen a great deal.

The Xuantian Monastery was in a state of preparing for war. Long Chen had even went to Tang Wan-er to once more fly a kite and absorb thunderforce.

Now he had a whole barrel of Ten Thousand Beast Essence Blood in front of him. An explosive aura came from this blood.

That was all fourth rank Magical Beast essence blood. Fourth rank Magical Beasts were on the same level as their ordinary Elders, making them inconceivably powerful.

Long Chen took a deep breath, filled with anticipation. This time it would be this powerful essence blood that would allow him to advance.

Placing his hand in the barrel, he began to quickly absorb it all.

