

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 237

“The Xuantian Monastery has come to assist! The Corrupt path’s villains will die!”

Long Chen’s roar clapped out like thunder, shaking the land and spreading hundreds of miles.

He didn’t actually like that style. He would prefer to slaughter his enemies before they even realized what was going on.

But this was a chaotic battlefield right now, and those soldiers had to know they were coming to help. This was just to avoid them not being able to tell friend from enemy.

Long Chen had only just charged forward when a Corrupt disciple charged out and blocked his way.

Seeing Long Chen’s cultivation base was only at the peak of Blood Condensation, he laughed sinisterly, “Jiejiejie”

But his laugh was cut off midway. Long Chen had suddenly sped up, shooting forward and immediately cutting off his head.

“Jie your sister. Who has time to listen to you jie?”

Long Chen stored that head that was still locked in an expression of disbelief into his spatial ring. It seemed you could run into idiots like this anywhere.

That Corrupt disciple had been tricked by Long Chen’s cultivation base. Even in death, he still didn’t understand what had happened.

“Everyone retreat. Leave this to us!” Those warriors were still fighting all-out and dying. They were simply not on the same level as the Corrupt disciples, and were quickly being cut down. Even as Long Chen shouted, he charged forward again.

A sinister Corrupt disciple also charged towards Long Chen. He pointed his sword at Long Chen, “Idiot from the Righteous path, listen well! I am”

He only got half his words out before Long Chen’s saber slashed down on him, not giving him any time to be long-winded.

That person was greatly alarmed. He hadn’t seen Long Chen kill the previous Corrupt disciple, and he was trying to intimidate him by using his name.

But Long Chen’s saber cut down too fast, and he immediately felt a chill. A strong feeling of death filled him, and he hastily blocked.

His sword was cut in half, while Long Chen’s saber didn’t slow down at all, directly cutting across his neck. His head flew into the air.

“I’m not interested in knowing who you are,” icily said Long Chen. He had already charged forward again. After being delayed twice, Tang Wan-er and them had already caught up.

But they were listening to Long Chen's plan, and they didn't charge forward in a swarm. Instead, Long Chen had become an arrowhead that they were following into the battle.

But surprisingly to them, those Corrupt disciples didn't panic much at all despite that the monastery's disciples outnumbered them two to one.

Ignoring those warriors, they rushed forward to meet them. At the front was an extremely emaciated man who almost looked like a dried up mummy.

That man's voice was like sand as he said, "Kill these Righteous path disciples as much as you want! They're easy profit; their blood, their flesh, and even their souls are treasures for us! Kill them all for me!"

Those Corrupt disciples all began to laugh sinisterly, their eyes shining. They looked just like savage beasts as they charged forward.

Everyone was infuriated, especially the core disciples. Their eyes were about to spit flames.

They were all geniuses blessed with great talent. Other than Long Chen, who else was worthy of them paying any attention to?

Being treated as 'easy profit' by this group of Corrupt disciples was an absolutely naked insult.

Of the people present, only Long Chen's expression remained tranquil without any emotion. He simply charged to the front, his saber sweeping out.

"Parting Wind Cut!"

A huge Saber Qi shot out like a dragon's tail, viciously cutting through those ahead of him.

Having reached the thirteenth Heavenstage of Blood Condensation, not only had Long Chen's physical strength increased, but his spiritual qi had also been condensed to its peak. That one saber blow shook the land, and was at least tens of times stronger than it had been in the past.

The Saber Qi that Long Chen shot out now was no longer a simple qi, but practically solid energy, similar to Tang Wan-er's wind blades.

Blood and flesh filled the air as that Saber Qi shot out. There were over a dozen Corrupt disciples who were cut into broken pieces.

The smell of blood filled the air. His own blood seemed to be provoked by that scent and began to circulate faster, his killing intent become even denser.

His second saber slash cut through the air. The blood of even more Corrupt disciples filled the air.

"Kill!"

Long Chen's opening attacks were only the prologue. Tang Wan-er, Gu Yang, and the other core disciples arrived and crazily began to attack.

The Corrupt disciples were caught off-guard, not expecting the monastery would possess so many core disciples. They immediately began to be cut down.

How were Long Chen and them easy profit at all? They were even more savage than tigers! It was they who were turned into easy profit!

Suddenly one of the Corrupt disciples opened his mouth and let out a bestial howl that pierced everyone's ears like knives.

Everyone felt a burst of pain in their mind. They temporarily lost consciousness as if stuck in a dream.

"Soul attack?"

Long Chen was startled. That kind of attack was extremely bizarre, and outer forces were unable to block it. It could only be blocked with Spiritual Strength.

And a person's Spiritual Strength varied from person to person. It wasn't necessarily true that someone with a higher cultivation base would have a stronger Spiritual Strength.

Long Chen, Tang Wan-er, and Ye Zhiqiu possessed incomparably powerful Spiritual Strength. They could fundamentally ignore that kind of soul attack. But not everyone could do that.

Gu Yang especially possessed extremely weak Spiritual Strength. He immediately became lifeless, almost being cut apart by a Corrupt disciple. Luckily Lei Qianshang had reacted quickly, sending a bolt of thunderforce to kill him.

However, there were still many people stuck in a dreamland. But the ones who had charged to the front were all core disciples. The ordinary disciples behind them were also ensnared by it, but there was nothing to worry about for them because this particular soul attack wasn't particularly powerful, and would only have an impact for a moment.

If they had already begun to fight, then that moment would have been enough to cause a person to die in ten times over.

However, the Corrupt disciples had been too startled by the core disciples' imposingness and had been unable to hold them off. That was why they had released this soul attack now instead of at a perfect time.

At a critical moment, this kind of soul attack was too terrifying. Hundreds of their disciples wouldn't be able to defend against it and would end up dying.

Having been impacted by this soul attack, their offense immediately turned sluggish. Their thunderous sharpness was blunted.

"Wilde, kill that person with the dead person banner."

Long Chen knew Wilde was essentially immune to soul attacks. He pointed to the emaciated man who was holding a soul-attracting banner.

He knew that if he called it a soul-attracting banner, Wilde would probably not understand, and so he called it the dead person flag.

“Brother Long, can I use my weapon?” Wilde had been following Long Chen the entire time, waiting for his orders.

“You can. Smash him to death.”

“Nice!”

Wilde roared and brandished his spiked club, charging forward.

“All of you die!” Wilde looked like a giant as he charged forward. Everyone saw just how terrifying he was.

He was practically a human meat grinder. His huge spiked club immediately shattered whatever it touched, whether it was a weapon or a human body.

“Close range fighters at the front, long ranged ones at the back! Cover for each other and move forward steadily!” shouted Long Chen. Now that he knew this enemy had such bizarre techniques, they couldn’t rashly charge forward.

They had to strike them steadily and surely. Just now, over ten disciples had ended up injured. Fortunately for them, those weren’t life-threatening injuries. The injured people had already retreated to be healed by the Healing Hall’s disciples.

That previous battle at the village couldn’t even be considered a battle. This was the true start. Long Chen had to control the flow, and he was constantly looking for ways to raise morale.

If too many people died or were injured during just this first fight, then their entire troops’ morale would receive a fatal blow.

Everyone began to push forward steadily. As for those Corrupt disciples, they clearly didn’t have any group fighting formations. They all fought for themselves. Under the monastery’s disciples’ steady attacks, they were pushed back step by step, and occasionally one of them would die.

To them, the most frightening thing was Wilde. He had charged straight through their ranks with no one able to stop him.

His spiked club would whistle through the air, and every time, whoever was hit would die. In just the blink of an eye, he had charged over to where the emaciated man with the soul-attracting banner was.

Long Chen had seen that although that sharp cry soul attack had been emitted by quite a few people, it was this emaciated man’s soul attack that was the strongest. If they could kill him, that would make everything much safer for everyone.

That emaciated man coldly snorted when he saw Wilde charge at him. A bizarre red light appeared in his eyes.

That was a secret technique of his sect called the Bewitching Soul Eyes. Anyone with a weaker Spiritual Strength than him who he looked at would immediately be drawn into a realm of illusions and could easily be killed by anyone.

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Furthermore, the soul-attracting banner in his hand assisted him. It absorbed all the resentment of those who were killed.

The stronger a person was, the stronger the resentment that was left behind when they died. And if they were killed savagely, then that resentment would be even stronger.

To them, slaughter was its own kind of cultivation. And that was why they had actually been excited to see these Righteous disciples.

They had heard from their Elders and senior disciples that the Righteous path's disciples were gutless weaklings that were just cash cows for them.

However, now that they had encountered them, they found that they weren't easy pickings at all, but absolute monsters that were crushing them ruthlessly.

The emaciated man was startled by how powerful Wilde appeared, but at the same time, he was also delighted. Once he killed Wilde, then that powerful resentment from him would quickly increase his cultivation base.

And then once his cultivation base grew, his secret technique would become even stronger. Then he could kill even more experts.

A blood-colored light shined from his eyes. He pushed his Spiritual Strength to its peak, and a ray of invisible Spiritual Strength struck Wilde.

But he was appalled to find that Wilde simply raised his huge club and smashed it down on him.

"What are you looking at me for? I'll smash you to death!"

