

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 282

“Long Chen, if you’re tricking me again, I’ll definitely kill you!”

At this time, Elder Sun’s eyes were completely red and he looked incredibly gloomy. He almost looked like a corpse that had been revived due to his unresolved resentment.

Long Chen had only listed seven ingredients for him to find this time, and one of those, the Qilin Fruit, had been removed.

But those remaining six ingredients were incredibly ancient, ingredients that were rarely seen. Even the Xuantian Supermonastery, a sect that had existed for tens of thousands of years, only had a small amount of them.

And due to how few they had, the price was incredibly high. Those six types of ingredients had cost pretty much the same as the ones on the last list.

Elder Sun had already ended up using all his merit points. But in order to gain the complete cultivation technique from Long Chen, he actually sold off all his secret tomes, precious treasures, and medicinal pills to other Elders.

Even his main sword was sold off. Other than his immortal cave, he basically didn’t own anything. Only by selling everything he owned did he manage to gather everything on Long Chen’s list.

Elder Sun was filled with hatred and resentment. He had sold off everything just for Long Chen’s cultivation technique.

“Don’t worry, I, Long Chen, am not someone who doesn’t keep his promises.”

Long Chen examined this new spatial ring and saw that Elder Sun had really gathered all the Alioth Pill’s main ingredients for him.

The Alioth Pill’s formula was extremely complicated. But now he had everything except the main Qilin Fruit.

Seeing that the amount and age of all the ingredients was right, Long Chen took out one final black zirconium and gave it to Elder Sun.

“Our trade and business is now over. Goodbye.” Long Chen was filled with delight as he left.

That black zirconium was the same as the last ones. But there were even more lines on this one. On the back was a single character: Must.[1]

“Superior Must Kill Rebel.”

“What a domineering name!”

Elder Sun went crazy with joy. He had finally obtained the complete technique.

But within his joy was also a cold hatred. Looking at the direction Long Chen had left, he icily said, "Long Chen, just wait. My things aren't so easy to take!"

Elder Sun also left, returning to his immortal cave to train.

Over the next few days, the monastery gradually became livelier. As the secluded disciples gradually came out, the monastery became bustling with activity again.

Tu Fang was delighted to see that the majority of these disciples had all advanced at least one level while in seclusion. Of their eight hundred remaining new disciples, over half of them had advanced to the fourth Heavenstage of Tendon Transformation.

As for Ye Zhiqiu, Gu Yang, Song Mingyuan, and the other core disciples, they had advanced to the fifth Heavenstage.

And most terrifying of all would have to be Tang Wan-er. She had somehow unconsciously broken through to the sixth Heavenstage. She was just one step from the late Tendon Transformation realm.

Currently, Tang Wan-er was a new disciple with the highest cultivation base. But many people attributed her fast advancement to her absorbed Dao-mark.

That was because Tang Wan-er had candidly said that after absorbing that Dao-mark, she had clearly felt that she didn't have any bottlenecks when advancing and that her foundation had become completely stable.

And most terrifying of all, after absorbing that Dao-mark, her wind energy had changed. Her wind blades had used to have a white color within them, but now they were completely transparent.

She could strike like lightning without a trace. Enemies would be killed by her wind blades before even realizing what was happening. That was how terrifying Favored were.

Some people guessed that the current Tang Wan-er might even be stronger than Yin Luo had been. That was because Yin Luo had only been at the peak of early Tendon Transformation back then, while Tang Wan-er had reached the peak of mid Tendon Transformation. However, when people brought up Yin Luo's final attack, they all became quiet.

Yin Luo's final attack really had been too terrifying. Long Chen and Mo Nian had gone all-out and only barely managed to receive it.

But it was obvious to everyone that amongst this new generation of disciples, Long Chen and Tang Wan-er were definitely the strongest.

As for which one of them was exactly stronger, no one would know without the two of them fighting.

But to have Long Chen and Tang Wan-er fight against each other would be too difficult. The flirty romance between the two of them was something almost everyone in the monastery was aware of.

Other than Long Chen and Tang Wan-er, the next strongest person would have to be Gu Yang. After Long Chen had given him Yin Luo's golden spear, his combat ability had soared to a new level.

At the beginning, he hadn't been able to wield it, but once he reached the fifth Heavenstage, he managed to activate the spear's runes and could just barely use it.

Before that, Ye Zhiqiu had been able to use her ice energy to just barely suppress him slightly. But because of the weapon advantage, of their three duels afterwards, Gu Yang had won two, succeeding in climbing slightly ahead of Ye Zhiqiu.

The monastery's core disciples had now been split into three levels. The first level was Tang Wan-er and Long Chen who stood at the very peak.

The two of their combat abilities were something everyone had gotten bored of discussing. That was because they simply weren't on the same level as the others.

The second level would have to be Ye Zhiqiu and Gu Yang. The two of them were definitely at least a level stronger than the other core disciples.

And then the third level contained all the remaining core disciples. That was because the remaining core disciples were roughly on the same level. As for who would beat who, that would depend greatly on luck.

No one was bored enough to go calculate those odds of who could beat who. Furthermore, Long Chen had told everyone to cut down on the duels and competitions, because that would end up dulling their sharpness.

If it had been before the battle, they would not have understood what he meant. But after experiencing that huge battle, they all comprehended what he was saying.

That huge battle had taught them that a martial competition and a battle were two completely different concepts. A competition was just flashy but essentially useless.

But a battle only had one goal. As soon as you entered a battle, your goal would be take your enemy's life. If you didn't take their life, they would take your life.

And that was often a deciding factor in the Righteous and Corrupt battles. The Righteous path had a huge number's superiority, but they were still often defeated by the Corrupt path. That was because they were too used to the fighting style of a martial competition.

As for the Corrupt path, they didn't care about what flashy moves you could use, what origin you had, etc. As soon as they attacked, they would aim to take your life.

They had just experienced that kind of intense battle where only the most vicious and most ruthless people lived. Long Chen had ordered them not to compete amongst each other so that they would be able to better remember that kind of battle feeling.

After all, in a competition, it wasn't allowed to really use your most powerful attacks. You also couldn't really treat your opponent as an enemy. And so a competition wasn't really a good method to raise combat strength. In fact, it might even sharply lower your killing power.

But the core disciples were an exception to this. They had a greater comprehension over battle now, and it was easier for them to differentiate their competition fighting style and their battle fighting style.

That was why Long Chen had set down a rule that they could only compete amongst each other if they could easily enter a ruthless battle state. Otherwise, they should just patiently wait and try to absorb the benefits of that battle.

In the hearts of all these disciples, Long Chen was essentially a god. They might have the guts to not listen to the sect leader's orders, but Long Chen's words were divine orders that no one would dare ignore.

And so even as many people came out of seclusion, they mostly chose to continue solidifying their foundations. Sometimes they would gather together to brag about their contributions in that huge battle.

That battle had definitely gone into the monastery's history. It would be a legendary battle that could not be more legendary.

Even once they one day parted and perhaps went back to their families, they would still be able to be prideful and tell everyone around them that they had been a member of that huge battle.

Other than just needing to solidify their foundation, they temporarily didn't need to cultivate.

After all, cultivation was something that had its own rhythm. If you forced it, it wouldn't be beneficial to you.

Long Chen had spent several days in his room refining medicinal powders, refining day and night. With the Flame Salamander's blue flame, refining those powders wasn't difficult at all for him. The main thing was that it was just too boring.

Even with his willpower, constantly refining mountains of medicinal powders made him want to vomit.

But there was no way around that. A large portion of these were ingredients required for the Alioth Pill.

If he prepared them all properly like this, then as soon as he managed to find a Qilin Fruit, he would be able to refine the Alioth Pill. This was to save him time in the future.

For some reason, Long Chen was feeling as if time was becoming more and more pressing. It was like some kind of threat was steadily approaching him. The pressure almost made it hard for him to breathe.

After half a month, Long Chen finally finished refining all those medicinal ingredients.

The second day after he exited seclusion, a disciple ran up to him with a letter. Long Chen was surprised to see that it was from senior apprentice-brother Wan.

The letter said he had some things to discuss with him. But the letter didn't say what those things were.

A strange expression appeared on Long Chen's face. He shook his head. This kind of intelligence really is too low. Is he some legendary super-idiot?

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A flame appeared in his hand that immediately burnt that letter to ashes. Long Chen rested for a short time, recovering from his exhaustion.

Six hours later, Long Chen arrived at the place senior apprentice-brother Wan had indicated in his letter. He was currently in a valley.

This place was far away enough from the monastery that even if a battle occurred here, the monastery wouldn't be able to sense it. This was a perfect place to kill someone.

"Hahaha, Long Chen, you really came!" A voice rang out from not far behind him.

Long Chen smiled mockingly. He didn't even turn back, helplessly saying, "You feigned that senior apprentice-brother Wan wanted to see me here? I find you really are becoming more and more childish."

"Childish? Hahaha, but haven't you come anyways?" Elder Sun laughed heartily, filled with an indescribable excitement.

"The reason I came is because I wanted to see what you're planning. There's not that many people around that can make me laugh like you. Normally I wouldn't refuse a chance to laugh like this." Long Chen seemed very interested in what Elder Sun was doing.

"Laugh? Hahaha, keep dreaming!" Killing intent overflowed from Elder Sun's eyes. "Did you think I'd just let you off after you cheated me of all my lifetime savings? Hahaha, unfortunately for you, I actually have to thank you! That cultivation technique you gave me really was the real thing. Now this old man will let you die a happy death by using that powerful cultivation technique to kill you!"

BOOM!

Elder Sun's aura surged and the ground beneath his feet cracked apart. A huge cyclone appeared behind his back.

