

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 291

“Hmph, in the next round, we’re switching levels. Let the core disciples fight!” snorted Luo Bing.

“Oh? Shouldn’t the next round be switched to inner disciples? Could it be you’ve lost so much that you can’t count anymore?” mocked Long Chen.

In truth, Long Chen was well aware that Luo Bing had realized that doing that was unfavorable to her. Outer disciples and inner disciples weren’t her true fighting force. Although they had all obtained more resources than the 108th monastery’s disciples, they still weren’t able to compare to them.

After all, they were all true warriors who had killed their way out of the battlefield. Fighting like this was too unfavorable for them. And so she wanted to immediately raise the level so that their superiority could show.

After all, core disciples received many more resources than the others. They were the true experts.

The fact that Long Chen had pointed that out caused Luo Bing’s face to burn, but she still quibbled, “These fights aren’t interesting enough, and are just a waste of time. Only by immediately going to the highest fighting level will there be any meaning to exchanging pointers.”

Long Chen was too lazy to argue with her. That was because he saw that Gu Yang and the other disciples’ eyes were glowing, each of them like hungry wolves who had seen their prey.

After that huge battle, Long Chen had told them to cut down on duels between them as much as possible, so they were all feeling stifled.

“Then we’ll do it like you said,” said Long Chen indifferently.

A figure from their side rushed onto the martial stage. That was a medium build man whose gaze was like a reserved sword. His aura was shocking.

“I am Zhu Feng. Who wants to come exchange pointers with me?” That person was naturally a core disciple. But at this point, he had reserved a bit of his overbearing manner.

That was because now they all knew these disciples had all just gone through a great life and death battle. They were all true warriors, and they didn’t dare take them lightly again.

“Let me.” Suddenly another figure jumped onto the martial stage. That person carried a sword on his back, and he gave off a very proud and aloof feeling.

“Yue Zifeng!”

Long Chen smiled slightly. Although they had temporarily been opponents for a moment while fighting for the Profound Spirit Fruit, Long Chen had always felt that Yue Zifeng was a pretty good person. He acted like most sword cultivators: proud and aloof.

Later, Long Chen had heard from other core disciples that it wasn’t just Tang Wan-er and Ye Zhiqiu who had achieved a perfect advancement. Gu Yang, Yue Zifeng, and Song Mingyuan had also reached that level.

As for the other core disciples, they had all achieved flawless advancements. But a perfect advancement would make a person's foundation even sturdier, and allow them to reach even greater heights in the future.

Yue Zifeng normally wasn't very talkative, and people didn't really understand him very well. Seeing him jump onto the martial stage, Long Chen was filled with anticipation.

Yue Zifeng was now like an unsheathed blade, his powerful aura making it so others found it hard to breathe.

Luo Bing's pupils suddenly shrunk. She hadn't expected such a powerful person to have appeared within the 108th monastery.

With her Xiantian-level eyesight, she could immediately tell that Yue Zifeng was a powerful sword cultivator.

Sword cultivators weren't the same as other cultivators. They believed in their sword, and through a resonance with their sword, they were able to release a power that others were unable to comprehend.

In the ancient legends, there was a sword god high above the nine heavens. All sword cultivators who focused wholeheartedly on the Sword Dao would receive the sword god's blessing.

But of course, such a saying was just a saying, and no one would believe it. However, it was publicly accepted that sword cultivators were much stronger than others in the same realm.

Yue Zifeng's imposing mannerism already contained a hint of the Sword Dao's grace. He clearly had quite a high level of accomplishment when it came to the Sword Dao.

Previously, he had always been staying in the back of the crowd, indifferently watching. That was why Luo Bing hadn't noticed him. Now she had a bad feeling.

"Are you prepared?" Yue Zifeng icily looked at his opponent. His right hand slowly grasped his sword hilt. The instant he gripped that hilt, a cold aura shot out in all directions.

"Come." Zhu Feng's guard was at its peak. A spear appeared in his hands, and his aura also erupted out.

"Careful!"

Yue Zifeng's voice rang out along with the unsheathing of a blade. That ringing was like a dragon cry, and a bolt of lightning seemed to have appeared on the martial arena. That bolt was the light from his sword.

Fast. Too fast. The instant others saw Yue Zifeng take out his sword, his sword had already reached Zhu Feng's body.

Zhu Feng had long since been on guard, but he had still never imagined Yue Zifeng's sword would be so terrifying. It was already next to him by the time he reacted, and he hastily went to block.

With an explosive bang, Zhu Feng was sent flying by a terrifying force. Inside, he was absolutely horrified. If Yue Zifeng hadn't purposely given him a warning at the beginning, he might not have been able to react in time and would have died.

That sword of his was too terrifying. At the same time, he blessed his luck that he had been comparatively more humble than the other disciples. That was probably why Yue Zifeng had given him that warning.

"Careful."

Just as Zhu Feng was retreating, a sharp attack went straight for his abdomen. In fact, he could practically feel the sword stabbing into his body.

Zhu Feng used his full strength to twist his body, bringing his spear to block. The instant that blade was about to reach his body, he managed to block it.

But although he had blocked it, that energy behind it sent him flying once more. When he once more landed on the ground, he stiffened, his neck suddenly cold. A sword was placed right next to his neck.

"You've lost."

The entire crowd was silent. Both parties were unable to believe this.

Yue Zifeng was standing next to Zhu Feng, his sword right next to his neck. With just a thought from him, Zhu Feng's head would fall.

A touch of admiration appeared in Long Chen's eyes. He quietly said to Tang Wan-er, "Yue Zifeng really is a genius. He has already stepped onto the Sword Dao. He'll definitely be an amazing figure in the future."

Sword cultivators were extremely rare. Although there were many people who used swords, those people were only using their swords as tools, and not their life.

Each true sword cultivator was worthy of respect. That was because their Sword Dao would have to be comprehended on their own. Others were unable to help them.

Otherwise, with Yue Zifeng's talent, Ling Yun-zi would have long since taken him as an apprentice. But sword cultivators were different from other cultivators, and there was nothing Ling Yun-zi could do as a master for Yue Zifeng.

Among ten thousand sword cultivators, there would be ten thousand different Sword Daos. None of them were the same. That was because each sword cultivator's path would have to be comprehended on their own.

Tang Wan-er nodded. She also was surprised to see that the low-key Yue Zifeng was actually so powerful.

But the two of them also knew that his shocking growth definitely had to do with the huge Righteous and Corrupt battle he had experienced. In the moments between life and death, he had comprehended his own Sword Dao.

Now, he defeated a core disciple in just three moves, and he clearly still had strength to spare. That kind of combat ability was shocking.

Zhu Feng sighed and nodded. "I've lost. Thank you for your leniency."

Yue Zifeng sheathed his sword behind his back, turning and jumping back into the crowd behind Long Chen.

Tu Fang and the other Elders were delighted. Yue Zifeng had actually stealthily soared to such a level. Another amazing expert had appeared in their monastery. In the future Monastery Competition, that would definitely be helpful.

"Hey, can a certain someone be more conscientious and not keep waiting for other people to urge them? How do you not have the slightest bit of shame? Hurry up and pay up," shouted Guo Ran.

Luo Bing had only just recovered from her shock. Hearing Guo Ran's ridicule, she almost lost control.

She once more threw out her badge, and Tu Fang laughingly received it, withdrawing another eighty thousand merit points.

This was already the third time, so it had been a total of two hundred and forty thousand merit points.

Even for Luo Bing, the number one person besides the sect leader of the thirty-sixth monastery, someone with a great deal of wealth, this kind of loss was still unacceptable.

Even Tu Fang, an Enforcement Elder, only obtained forty thousand merit points a year. Those merit points had to be exchanged for required items, and so he didn't have many of them.

Most importantly, Tu Fang was an upright person, and would never use little tricks to give himself more benefits. So in truth, even Elder Sun had had even more resources than him. Of course, those savings had all been left to Long Chen now.

Perhaps that was just fate. Elder Sun had used a bunch of contemptible means to acquire all kinds of things. But in the end, they had all been used to raise the monastery's disciples.

Luo Bing possessed a high authority and also used some underhand means to gain more profit. It was already a common affair for her to abuse her power for her own benefit. There wasn't a single Elder in the thirty-sixth monastery who hadn't been vexed by her.

So it was a fact that she possessed a huge amount of wealth. But those two hundred and forty thousand merit points still caused her incredible pain. Other Elders might work for their entire lives without saving up that much.

In the following rounds, Luo Bing continued to be ruthless, sending out four core disciples consecutively.

As for Long Chen's side, Long Chen didn't send out anyone in particular. Whichever core disciples wanted to go up, could. In any case, winning was good, but losing also wasn't anything major.

In those four battles, only one of their core disciples had been unlucky, losing by just a single move and being forced off the martial stage. The others had all won.

Of seven rounds, they had won six and taken in four hundred thousand merit points. No matter how Tu Fang tried to remain calm, that excited light in his eyes still sold him out.

Luo Bing's expression was incredibly unsightly now. Their cultivation base and strength was clearly a level higher than their opponents, but they were still defeated. That angered her so much, she was about to snap and start killing.

Seeing her own merit points flowing away like this, Luo Bing's heart dripped blood. That was over half her savings.

If she really was unable to reach her goal, then those merit points would all have been wasted. Taking a deep breath, she glanced stealthily at a man beside her and muttered a few things.

That man nodded and smiled sinisterly. He jumped onto the martial stage, icily glancing at everyone.

"I am a Favored. I'd like to challenge that beautiful girl to come up. I've taken a liking to you."

Hearing that, Long Chen's eyes narrowed, and killing intent surfaced in his eyes.

