

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 296

“Do you really want to have a decisive battle with me? If we do, someone will die. Think about it carefully!” Long Chen stared at Jiang Yifan, his eyes ice-cold.

Long Chen didn't like this kind of fighting. Such fighting had no meaning behind it. If you have the energy to fight here, why don't you go find some members of the Corrupt path to kill?

In Long Chen's eyes, the Righteous path's people were really useless. Their only skills were playing dirty tricks behind people's backs, scheming, and just in general being despicable, shameless degenerates.

Inner strife had become their speciality. But when they were truly facing those savage Corrupt disciples, they were useless.

But the main reason Long Chen didn't want to fight here was because he was constantly feeling a sensation of crisis, and he didn't want to display his abilities for everyone to see.

Right now, he had to use all his time to get stronger in order to deal with that impending crisis.

But then the people around him like Elder Sun and this Jiang Yifan seemed to never want to rest until they completely infuriated him.

Normally, Long Chen would refrain from fighting so publicly in a meaningless fight. That would just reveal his trump cards and attract more attention.

He didn't want more people like Elder Sun. He didn't have time to deal with those idiots. At first, that sensation of crisis had been indistinct and weak, but as time went on, it was only growing stronger.

At the same time, he also recalled that man who was able to destroy the void with a single punch from his dream. He had said a single line: Time is running out.

However, panicking was not a solution. He was certain that there was something in the Jiuli secret realm that he desperately needed.

That was why all his focus was on increasing his strength before entering the Jiuli secret realm. He cherished every breath of time, as each little bit of strength would increase his chances of survival.

Over the last few weeks, Long Chen had been completely focused on training in the Violent Gale Saber and the Thunderization Art. As soon as he had returned from training in those, he had run into this situation.

Originally, Long Chen hadn't planned on fighting. In fact, even if he had to go up, he could just jump off and admit defeat. In any case, they had won overall.

But Jiang Yifan's vision was perceptive and he had immediately seen through Long Chen's weak point, placing his intentions on Tang Wan-er.

Although Long Chen clearly knew Jiang Yifan was doing this deliberately, he was still unable to hold back his fury. He knew that Jiang Yifan was set on targeting him.

If Long Chen continued to refuse, he would continue with his repulsive words. Although such a man was contemptible, Long Chen had no choice but to admit he had succeeded. He had succeeded in infuriating him.

“A battle is not a game. Of course I am indifferent to life and death. Wasn’t that beautiful little sister also like that just now?” snorted Jiang Yifan.

“That’s just because your people are too shameless and despicable. They only have themselves to blame.” Tang Wan-er’s expression was icy-cold as she raged.

Their Favored had used an absolutely despicable method when he had clearly already lost to Gu Yang, heavily injuring him and then even more shamelessly taking his weapon.

And then those two twins had been even more lacking in morals, spitting out vicious obscenities to her.

“The goal of battle is always victory. All methods are allowed,” sneered Jiang Yifan.

“You...!”

Long Chen pulled back Tang Wan-er and shook his head. “Have you forgotten our agreement? I’ll be in charge of handling idiots, and you’ll be in charge of being as beautiful as a flower. Leave such a contemptible little man to me.”

Having her hand held by Long Chen and seeing that smile on his face, Tang Wan-er’s fury instantly evaporated. She couldn’t help feeling a bit ashamed of herself. Compared to Long Chen, she really was just a temperamental child.

Looking at Jiang Yifan, Long Chen said, “Since you want to fight, then I’ll accompany you. But for this last round, I want to increase the stakes.”

“What do you want to increase them to?” asked Luo Bing.

Luo Bing might have done her best to conceal it, but there was no way she could completely hide how excited she was that Long Chen had accepted to battle Jiang Yifan.

“For the last match, let’s bet all the merit points we gained so far, as well as one spot to enter the Jiuli secret realm.”

In the crowd, Guo Ran shook slightly. He knew this extra spot was for him.

Guo Ran wasn’t a core disciple. He wasn’t the same as Wilde who had killed a Favored. The monastery had long since successfully applied to have him be given a spot.

But Guo Ran did not have the qualifications to enter the Jiuli secret realm. Long Chen was trying to open a backdoor for him.

“No problem.” Luo Bing immediately agreed. She was completely confident in Jiang Yifan. Long Chen’s increased stakes were perfect for her. She could immediately win back all her lost merit points.

“Furthermore, if I win, you, Luo Bing, must apologize to all my monastery’s disciples and admit that you are a pig.”

Luo Bing’s killing intent immediately sprung out. This was a naked humiliation. Was he trying to provoke her, a Xiantian expert?

“Why aren’t you saying anything? If you don’t dare to bet, then scram. I don’t have time for your senseless games,” snorted Long Chen.

“What if you lose?” Luo Bing clenched her teeth.

“If I lose, our Xuantian Monastery’s new disciples will immediately disband.”

Long Chen’s words caused both sides’ people to jump. Tu Fang’s expression also changed, but in the end, he didn’t say anything.

This bet was far, far too big. He was willing to gamble on all the monastery’s new disciples disbanding? He was crazy.

“Hahahaha, fine, I’ll agree to that.” But a harsh light then shined in Luo Bing’s eyes. “But can your words represent all the new disciples? Will all of them listen to you?”

“Long Chen is our boss. Even if he wanted us to go die, we wouldn’t hesitate. Why would we care about disbanding? Don’t worry you old b*tch,” sneered Guo Ran.

Guo Ran’s words immediately incited all the monastery’s new and old disciples to chant in unison: “Don’t worry you old b*tch!”

Luo Bing turned purple from rage. “Good! Then let’s immediately set up the life and death contract!”

This life and death contract was just a piece of proof stating that the two of them had willingly set up a decisive battle without anyone forcing them. Their life or death was unrelated to anyone else.

Although Luo Bing was angry enough to die, she wasn’t stupid. Without this contract, then once Jiang Yifan killed Long Chen, Tu Fang would immediately report it to the supermonastery and she would have to bear all the responsibility.

Although they had the excuse of coming to exchange pointers, they were ranked thirty-sixth, while their opponents were ranked last. As long as they weren’t an idiot, anyone would realize there was something fishy going on.

Then once the supermonastery investigated this matter, even her sect leader brother wouldn’t be able to protect her. However, as long as they had both signed a life and death contract, everything would be fine. That was something only related to the individuals themselves, and was unrelated to the monasteries.

These life and death contracts were all ready-made, and all brave and ruthless people would hold a few on their bodies to display their heroism.

Jiang Yifan received two copies of the life and death contract, signed his name on both, and then handed them to Long Chen.

“Now it’s your turn. Properly cherish this moment, as it’s the last time you’ll sign anything.”

Long Chen also signed his own name and shook his head. “Careful about your blind confidence. Such a thing can be extremely dangerous.”

Once those two life and death contracts were signed, Tu Fang kept one while Luo Bing kept the other. That way neither party could attempt to counterfeit or cheat.

However, for some reason, Luo Bing became a bit uneasy after receiving her copy of the life and death contract. That uneasiness stemmed from Tu Fang’s expression.

Tu Fang’s expression was a bit complicated, but it wasn’t overly worried. Could it be that Long Chen was really on the Chosen-level? But then why did she not sense any will coming from his body?

But then Luo Bing relaxed again. Even if Long Chen was on the Chosen-level, so what? He was only at the peak of Blood Condensation, while Jiang Yifan had already reached the sixth Heavenstage of Tendon Transformation.

The two of them were separated by a major realm and six minor realms. Killing Long Chen wouldn’t be anything difficult.

Originally, Luo Bing hadn’t come here to kill Long Chen. Her goal had only been to humiliate the 108th monastery and perhaps injure a couple of their disciples as a vicious slap in their face.

That was to tell the 108th monastery to rein in their arrogance. There were some people they couldn’t offend.

That thinking might have been good, but carrying it out had been extremely difficult. Of nine battles, they had only won two.

At the beginning, Luo Bing had told her disciples to use photographic jades to record this entire matter so she could send those videos to the first monastery as proof of her success.

But if she were to hand over these photographic jades to the first monastery now, she really would have no more face. Was she the one giving the 108th monastery a slap in the face, or had she sent herself there to be slapped in the face?

When her hopes of a regular victory had been dashed, she had then told her Favored to cripple Tang Wan-er, giving her some leeway.

But as a result, Tang Wan-er wasn’t crippled, but two of her Favored would be bedridden for months.

And so for this final round, she had to give some kind of justification to the first monastery. Hadn’t Long Chen claimed himself to be on the Chosen-level?

Whether or not it was true, they could claim that he was, and so killing him would definitely be a good thing to the first monastery.

At that time, she would have managed to form a good relationship with the first monastery and the benefits would pour in. In that case, her mission would still have been completed.

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So no matter what, Long Chen had to die now. Otherwise, not only would she not be able to explain herself to her sect leader, she would also not be able to explain herself to the first monastery.

Jiang Yifan and Long Chen stood on the martial stage. Everyone was deathly silent. A murderous aura filled the air, making it hard for people to breathe.

“Today, you’ll definitely die,” said Jiang Yifan.

Long Chen shook his head. “When I was young, I studied the mysteries of fate. Your name is extremely ominous. The one to die will be you.”[1]

“Hmph, what absolute nonsense. It won’t change the fact that you’re destined to die today,” snorted Jiang Yifan.

“I, Long Chen, have never liked to provoke trouble. But I also never fear trouble.

“I don’t like killing people, but I dislike it even more when people attempt to kill me. But the thing I tolerate the least is when people place their intentions on the people beside me.

“If someone were to do that, that would be equivalent to touching one of my taboos. For such a person there is only one ending: no rest until death!”

“Then let’s not stop until one of us is dead!”

Jiang Yifan coldly shouted, and space suddenly trembled as an enormous aura soared out in all directions.

