

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 297

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

Terrifying energy exploded out like an angry ocean, and those disciples standing beside the martial stage were immediately blown back.

Other than the Elders, everyone else had to retreat hundreds of meters before stabilizing in the face of Jiang Yifan’s berserk energy.

That kind of energy wasn’t just something that pressured their physical bodies, but it also impacted their spirits. That was the will of Chosen.

That was a will to be unrivaled. In front of that kind of will, others were unable to resist and would involuntarily retreat. That was the terror of Chosen.

Both parties’ disciples were pale in the face of that terrifying pressure.

Even the 108th monastery’s disciples, people who had experienced a huge life and death battle, were forced back. They had once personally seen a battle of Chosen.

But at that time, they had been too far away. With the chaos and smoke that had been present, they hadn’t managed to see anything clearly.

Furthermore, they had been in the midst of a huge battle, and hadn’t had the time to observe just how terrifying Chosen were.

Now that they were this close, they finally understood just how terrifying Chosen were. They were not existences they could fight.

Just by relying on his aura, he was able to subdue all of them. In front of that terrifying will, they couldn’t even form a will to resist.

As for the thirty-sixth monastery’s disciples, they were looking at Jiang Yifan worshipfully.

Although they were from the same sect, Jiang Yifan was a Chosen, a grand existence they rarely got to see at all. It was even rarer for them to see him personally fighting.

But they all suddenly saw that in the face of that berserk aura, Long Chen was still standing there completely fine.

Long Chen was standing with his hands behind his back. No matter how the qi waves attempted to batter him, he was like a solid boulder.

His hair blew back and his clothes fluttered. His eyes were like two twinkling stars. He seemed to not receive any impact at all from Jiang Yifan’s aura or will.

That caused Luo Bing’s pupils to shrink. The fact that Long Chen could remain unimpacted by Jiang Yifan’s will meant that Long Chen was also a genuine Chosen-level expert.

That immediately caused Luo Bing's heart to jump. So it hadn't been a lie that Long Chen was on the Chosen-level.

Chosen were existences that had to be raised. In truth, the main thing that separated Chosen from Favored was their will. That undefeatable will was something that was groomed through countless victories.

Chosen were all existences that had yet to taste defeat. Their will was something formed from unending victories.

As they won more and more victories, their belief in their own power grew. As soon as they began to fight, they could release their will and instantly suppress other people's wills. They wouldn't even need to personally attack.

What did it mean to be unrivaled? That was being unrivaled. To be able to defeat your enemies without lifting a finger, to be able to subdue your opponent with just a glance.

However, Chosen were extremely rare. They needed to be carefully groomed. First of all, a candidate to become a Chosen had to possess a high enough talent.

Once a person's talent level had reached an acceptable level to be a Chosen, their growth would need to be carefully protected. They couldn't be permitted to run into enemies they weren't a match for.

That was because once a Chosen was defeated, it was more than possible for that defeat to topple their confidence. They would lose their special will and would no longer be a Chosen.

Chosen were different from others. If they were defeated, it was very difficult for them to rise again.

Due to how high they had climbed, it would be all the more miserable for them when they fell. In comparison to those who climbed up staggeringly, Chosen were extremely fragile flower vases.

As soon as a sect realized they had a potential Chosen, they would protect them closely, not allowing them to fight any unfair fights.

For example, what was happening now was clearly an unfair fight. Long Chen was only in the Blood Condensation realm, but he was facing a mid Tendon Transformation Chosen.

Long Chen's display completely shocked Luo Bing and her disciples. Back when they had first seen Long Chen's cultivation base, they had been one hundred percent sure that the story about him killing an eight-temper Bone Forging expert had been completely fabricated.

But seeing him stand there without any aura even in the face of Jiang Yifan's aura, looking as if he were just an ordinary person, all of them were astonished.

Even Jiang Yifan was shocked. Although he sensed Long Chen should possess some skill, he had never thought Long Chen would be able to ignore his aura like this.

The thing that shocked him the most was that his kingly will was unable to lock down on Long Chen. When his will tried to lock down on Long Chen, it was like he didn't exist. He was unable to sense Long Chen's will.

Jiang Yifan suddenly stamped down and shot forward, punching out at Long Chen. His fist brought with it a whistling gale and space droned around it.

Long Chen also punched out, smashing Jiang Yifan's fist.

The entire martial stage shook intensely. The metallic stage was actually unable to bear the impact of their attacks and began to crack.

After that one fist, both of them were forced back a couple steps. Jiang Yifan shook out his hand. "Not bad. If you were to die to just a single fist, that really would be too boring."

"Now's the second fist!" Jiang Yifan shouted out, punching out again with even greater power.

Their two fists collided again, and the martial arena beneath their feet finally collapsed completely, a huge crater forming beneath them.

Having been made of steel, when it was destroyed like this, whistling steel fragments shot out in all directions.

The spectating disciples were all startled and dodged those steel fragments, but there were some who hadn't reacted quickly enough and were pierced straight through.

That caused all the disciples' expressions to change, and they once more fell back. This distance was still not far enough to guarantee their safety.

Just the beginning of their fight was like this. Once the real fight began, it would be even more terrifying. If they were to die just from the aftershocks of their battle, that really would be a ridiculous death.

They retreated a mile away before feeling a bit safer. Even if something big were to happen, they should still have the time to react.

"Haha, good, only like this will it be a bit interesting!" Jiang Yifan once more punched out.

With another collision, the entire martial stage became completely covered in cracks, looking like it was on the verge of exploding.

"Not bad, not bad! Then let me see just how many"

Jiang Yifan only got half his words out before a figure suddenly rushed over in front of him and gave him a vicious slap in the face that directly sent him flying out.

"I've gotten tired of your unchanging pompous act," said Long Chen icily.

Long Chen had blocked three of Jiang Yifan's fists in order to find out how strong Jiang Yifan was. He would respond with exactly how much strength his opponent used.

After all, Long Chen didn't dare be careless against a Chosen. Taking things step by step wasn't a bad thing.

But then every time, Jiang Yifan only increased his power ever so slightly, which was far too slow for Long Chen.

Then he would always throw in some pretentious words in between each fist. He was fighting completely carelessly, as if he were a cat playing with a mouse.

Jiang Yifan truly had been planning on playing with Long Chen slowly until he despaired.

Luo Bing had already stealthily given him that mission. Their goal in coming here would only not count as a failure if he performed well enough this time.

Jiang Yifan not only had to win, he had to win easily and perfectly. The best way would be for him to suppress Long Chen to death.

He hadn't used his full strength at the beginning in order to give Long Chen a bit of hope. Then he could slowly destroy that hope and let him despair before killing him.

But after their third exchange, Long Chen had gotten impatient. Taking advantage of Jiang Yifan being careless, he had given him a vicious slap in the face.

The loud ringing from that slap rang out clearly throughout the entire monastery.

Which person was the best at face-slapping? In the entire monastery, every person would go find Long Chen. Long Chen's face-slapping technique had practically reached a divine level.

His speed, power, and angle were all perfect. Most importantly, he struck like lightning, not giving anyone the slightest warning. Back then, Tang Wan-er had been filled with admiration and even wanted Long Chen to teach her this technique, but he had refused.

This was his innate divine technique. Adding on his constant practice of it on the idiots who found trouble for him, this one skill of his had reached perfection. Long Chen wasn't someone who would teach this to just anyone.

Jiang Yifan's words had been cut off halfway, and he felt his head buzz so hard that he almost fainted. When he finally recovered slightly, he saw that he had already flown back dozens of meters.

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And he was still rapidly flying back. According to his current speed, he'd probably fly back over a mile.

He would quickly leave the martial stage like this. If that happened, he would lose, and if he lost, he would definitely want to kill himself.

If he, a grand Chosen, was slapped off the martial stage by someone who was only in the Blood Condensation realm, he would definitely become the laughingstock of the entire Xuantian Supermonastery.

He tried to stabilize himself, but Long Chen had struck him too powerfully. Just the friction from his feet was unable to stop his inertia.

Jiang Yifan quickly took out a thick staff and stabbed it into the ground. The staff dug a long ditch into the steel martial stage, cutting through the martial stage like it was mud.

When Jiang Yifan finally managed to stop himself, his feet were already at the edge of the martial stage. With another foot, he would have fallen off.

The entire crowd was deathly silent. They had never expected that Jiang Yifan, who just moments ago had seemed like a majestic king, would be sent to the edge of the martial stage with a single slap.

Whether it was the disciples from the 108th monastery or the thirty-sixth monastery, they were all stunned. They were looking at Jiang Yifan, or more precisely, they were looking at the very clear handprint on his face.

“Long Chen, you’re asking for death!”

Jiang Yifan’s fury erupted, and he leaped forward, smashing his staff at Long Chen.

