

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 302

"If you bet, you must pay. Admit you're a pig."

"Little brat, keep dreaming!" Luo Bing clenched her teeth.

Before Long Chen even continued, Ling Yun-zi snorted, "It'd be best if you agree."

"Hmph, so what if I refuse? What can you possibly do to me?" sneered Luo Bing.

Although being this shameless was incredibly shameful, wouldn't admitting she was a pig be even more shameful? She would never be able to wash off that kind of humiliation.

She would become the laughstock of the supermonastery and every monastery affiliated with it. So no matter what, she refused to say that.

"I can hand over the merit points as well as a spot for the Jiuli secret realm, but that's my greatest concession! It'd be best if you appreciated my kindness!"

"Kindness? Do you remember back when you were humiliating others how happy you were? You bet three things, and not one can be lacking! Don't you like being high and aloof, stepping upon others? Today, you must admit you're a pig!" Long Chen was adamant.

"Keep dreaming! If I didn't want to, you wouldn't be able to obtain a single one of the stakes! What ability do you think you have?!" Luo Bing was Xiantian expert, and her brother was a sect leader. She didn't believe Ling Yun-zi would dare do anything to her.

"Then sorry, I can only kill you," said Ling Yun-zi indifferently.

"You dare?!" raged Luo Bing.

"I'll give you chance to the count of three. If you still refuse to agree, then I, Ling Yun-zi, will swear on the sword in my hand to cut off your head! Three!"

Luo Bing's expression completely changed. She knew Ling Yun-zi was a sword cultivator, and that he held the greatest conviction in his sword.

Sword cultivators were all lofty, proud figures who didn't easily make vows, let alone vows on their sword. That was their most binding oath.

If they couldn't succeed in that oath, their Dao-heart would immediately be shattered and they would never be able to advance again.

Now, Luo Bing was finally afraid. She finally believed that Ling Yun-zi was serious and not trying to frighten her.

"You're crazy! If you kill me, you won't even be able to run!"

"TWO!"

Luo Bing began to sweat. She could practically sense Ling Yun-zi's sword storing up energy, like it was a bloodthirsty fiend about to bite out her throat.

"ONE!"

"I admit my loss! I'm a pig, I admit I'm a pig!" Luo Bing's shriek rang through the air.

The instant he had shouted 'one', Ling Yun-zi's sword had seemed like an awakened monster, and a terrifying killing intent had instantly exterminated Luo Bing's final strand of courage.

Everyone was completely silent. The thirty-sixth monastery's disciples were all staring blankly. A Xiantian expert had now admitted to everyone that she was a pig. That level of shame...

As for the 108th monastery's disciples, they felt incredibly refreshed. This woman had repeatedly said that they were a bunch of resource-wasting pigs, acting like she were a god overlooking ants.

But now, she had admitted she was a pig. That was incredibly exciting, and also caused them all to look down on her disdainfully.

"Tch, a Xiantian expert only has this little courage? What a cowardly b*tch."

"Boss Long Chen was right: no one cares about where a hero comes from, and no one cares about a b*tch's age."

"Did boss Long Chen ever say something like that? How come I don't remember that?"

"Tch, that's because you don't pay enough attention. I record everything boss Long Chen says! Then at the end of each day, I go over everything again! How could you compare to me?"

"..."

Ling Yun-zi sheathed his sword. Looking at Luo Bing, he hesitated a moment, but then he didn't say anything.

Long Chen knew that Ling Yun-zi would disdain speaking to such a b*tch, so he quickly took over. "Hey, don't think just admitting you're a pig is enough! Has your pig head already forgotten about the rest?"

In the face of the 108th monastery's ridicule and her thirty-sixth monastery's disciples' disappointment, Luo Bing felt she was going crazy.

"Here!" She flung two badges at Long Chen, who gave them to Tu Fang.

Tu Fang examined one of them and confirmed it to be one of the status badges for entering the Jiuli secret realm.

As for the other one, that was Luo Bing's personal badge. Tu Fang pressed a couple of things on it, but then his expression became strange.

“What is it?” asked Long Chen.

“There’s not enough. It’s three thousand merit points short.”

After thinking about it, that made sense. Luo Bing had held almost eight hundred thousand merit points on her body. That was equivalent to her monastery’s yearly income.

“Let’s just wave off these three thousand merit points.” Tu Fang smiled slightly and returned the badge back to Luo Bing.

Tu Fang might be a magnanimous person, but Long Chen wasn’t so willing. “Elder Tu Fang, you’re too vicious! You’re still giving miss Luo a slap in the face at this time!”

“What?” Tu Fang was stunned.

“She’s already admitted she is a pig. After having paid such a huge price, are you really going to refuse to let her pay the rest of her debt so that you can give her a bad name later?”

“Even if you’re willing to erase this remaining bit, who do you think she is? She’s a grand and amazing Xiantian expert! She’s a very prestigious person!”

“Would she be so shameless just for that remaining little amount of merit points? Would she take advantage of us, the most poor and desolate country bumpkins there are? Aren’t you giving her a slap in the face? What do you think, senior Luo Bing?” Long Chen smiled.

Tang Wan-er was trying to hold back her laughter. This scoundrel really was too evil. Luo Bing was too unlucky. No, it should be said that anyone who made an enemy of Long Chen was too unlucky.

But seeing Long Chen taunt Luo Bing like this, the 108th monastery’s disciples really were getting addicted. Their anger was all being relieved, and it was really just too refreshing.

Seeing an arrogant and rude Xiantian expert be completely ridiculed by Long Chen to this point, they were all filled with satisfaction.

Tu Fang was at first stunned, but he then smiled bitterly. Long Chen really was vicious. Although he wouldn’t get offended over just anything, once he viewed you as an enemy, he wouldn’t leave you any leeway.

But Tu Fang also wasn’t dissatisfied with this. Luo Bing was extremely narrow-minded with an extremely vicious nature. Whether you offended her slightly or greatly, she would treat it as a grudge of life and death. At least it was more satisfying to piss her off more.

Luo Bing was trembling from head to toe. From a distance, it almost looked like a seizure. She took out three medicinal pills from her ring and tossed them to Long Chen. Then, just like that, she brought her disciples to leave.

Long Chen didn’t even need to look at those medicinal pills. Just from the fragrance, he could tell they were Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills. Although they were also high grade, the alchemist who had

refined them was quite a bit inferior compared to him. But since they had just landed in his lap, he wouldn't feel right being picky.

"Ah, thank you, thank you. Please feel free to come again." Long Chen laughed amicably.

Luo Bing, who had already brought her disciples almost a mile away, finally was unable to bear it and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Long Chen, just wait! This isn't over!"

Luo Bing shot forward like a phantom, instantly disappearing from their monastery.

She really was unable to bear it. She felt like she might explode in anger.

The thirty-sixth monastery's disciples hastily rushed away as well, carrying their injured fellow disciples. They quickly disappeared from the monastery.

They had come so grandly and arrogantly, but they left so hurriedly. The 108th monastery's disciples all cheered loudly as they watched them leave.

They then surged over to Long Chen, and without saying anything, they flung him into the air repeatedly. Only like that could they express their excitement.

"Hey! Stop! I don't like being touched by men! Fuck, who was it that just touched my butt?!" cried out Long Chen.

Everyone just laughed and continued for a while before finally stopping.

Long Chen could understand their excitement, so he let them do as they pleased. Only when they had calmed down a bit did he then turn to Gu Yang.

"I purposely didn't get your golden spear back. This is a trial for you. You'll get it back yourself."

"I know. I'll definitely get back my weapon," said Gu Yang solemnly. He swore that he would never be lenient with his enemies again.

"Tch, fool, is that all?" cursed Long Chen.

"What?" Gu Yang didn't understand.

Guo Ran explained, "Boss means that of course you must get back what's rightfully yours, but you can also conveniently get a bit more while doing so. Have you not heard of a certain thing in this world called interest? You still don't understand boss's style?"

Gu Yang immediately understood. Long Chen was someone who was willing to block blades for his brothers, but also someone who would cut his enemies to pieces with his saber.

Long Chen didn't easily make enemies, but once he recognized someone as an enemy, he would definitely kill them. Or if they had crossed a certain line, perhaps death would be far too great of a luxury.

Thinking of how he had once been enemies with Long Chen, Gu Yang couldn't help sweating. At the same time, he admired Long Chen's forbearance.

If there had been someone who had bullied Gu Yang back then, then Gu Yang definitely wouldn't have had the control to then accept that person as a brother.

But then thinking about it, Gu Yang couldn't help feeling a bit self-inferior. Perhaps in Long Chen's eyes, he hadn't even had the qualifications to be an enemy.

There were several times he had an urge to ask Long Chen whether he had ever considered him to be a true opponent, but in the end, he didn't dare ask. Perhaps the response would really be too hurtful.

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After everyone finished cheering, Long Chen was called over by Ling Yun-zi and Tu Fang. Tu Fang asked him what he wanted to do with these merit points.

Long Chen directly said to use those merit points to exchange for Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills. Each disciple should be able to obtain one.

Tu Fang had been thinking of first using those merit points just for the core disciples. After all, the Jiuli secret realm was about to be opened, and raising their power was crucial.

But after thinking about it for just a moment, Long Chen didn't bother with that. He was more than capable of refining the Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills himself, and the quality would be much higher.

In any case, he had nothing else to do at this time. It might be worth it for him to spend the remaining time refining pills for the core disciples.

If it was to refine pills for everyone, then that really would tire him to death. But if it was just for the core disciples, it was no problem for him to refine more than enough pills for them.

Neither Ling Yun-zi nor Tu Fang rejected Long Chen's suggestion to split the medicinal pills amongst everyone. They could tell what Long Chen was thinking.

When Long Chen left, Tu Fang And Ling Yun-zi exchanged a glance, both seeing the admiration in the other's eyes. It was no wonder all these disciples were willing to follow him. He really did view each of them as his brother.

Just as the Xuantian Monastery was celebrating the division of the Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills, Luo Bing returned to the thirty-sixth monastery with her disciples.

"Brother, you definitely have to help me kill Long Chen!" Luo Bing arrived in front of her sect leader.

