

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 310

Long Chen was just about to smile back when he felt a sharp pain from his waist. With Long Chen's powerful physical body, as long as he was on guard, others were unable to cause him any pain by pinching him.

However, he hadn't been on guard at that time. Furthermore, Tang Wan-er was now incredibly used to doing this. She had practiced her technique on Long Chen so often that now her pinching skills had reached the point of perfection. In fact, perhaps they wouldn't fall short of Long Chen's face-slapping technique.

In addition, Tang Wan-er had just advanced to the seventh Heavenstage of Tendon Transformation. The power from her hands was able to break through Long Chen's defenses, making him feel pain.

Hua Biluo had heard quite a few rumors about Long Chen, but she had always felt they weren't so likely. But after seeing his cultivation base today, she couldn't help feeling a bit curious.

The cultivation technique she cultivated was special, and she possessed an extremely sharp perception towards threats. She could actually feel pressure from a youth who was only at the Blood Condensation realm. That meant Long Chen really was very powerful.

Furthermore, she also sensed an extremely odd aura from him. She felt that Long Chen was different from all the other male disciples.

Most importantly, in front of this many people's gazes, many of which were disdainful and contemptuous, his heart didn't ripple in the slightest. Or at the very least, she was unable to sense any change in his mood.

That all caused Hua Biluo to become curious about Long Chen. Adding on all the rumors she had heard about him, she found him quite interesting, and thus she gave him a smile.

Long Chen also returned a smile to her, however his smile was extremely unnatural. It seemed to be one containing both happiness and pain.

With Hua Biluo's sharp senses, she immediately saw through Tang Wan-er's hidden action. She covered her cherry lips with her hand, laughing silently.

"As soon as you see someone pretty, you have to try and seduce her. Have you forgotten big sister Chu Yao? With such a fickle heart, how will you be worthy of her? How will you be worthy of me?" Tang Wan-er quietly raged into his ear.

Long Chen felt wrongly accused. How did I try to seduce her? I was just trying to be polite!

But now wasn't the time to explain himself. He could only thicken his face and continue forward.

"Hehe, it seems sister Biluo really does treat this Long Chen differently." Yin Wushuang saw everything very clearly and laughed.

Han Tianyu only smiled slightly without saying anything. But there was an unconcealable displeasure in his eyes.

Han Tianyu had always been a genius. Before his twenties, he managed to reach the ninth Heavenstage of Tendon Transformation. He was the top genius to appear in the entire supermonastery in the past three thousand years.

Whatever he wanted, he got. But there was a certain phrase that was extremely correct: the more you couldn't obtain something, the more precious it was.

There were countless beauties by his side. Although, for their cultivation, he was unable to give his body to them. But in his heart, they were all already his women.

Han Tianyu delighted in that kind of feeling. But the instant he had first seen Hua Biluo, he had been aroused by her extraordinary aura.

However, Hua Biluo hadn't even bothered to look at him this entire time. That was his first time running into someone who would refuse him, causing him extreme displeasure.

But it hadn't irritated him too much, as Hua Biluo also displayed an icy expression to all men.

But now she had clearly shown interest in Long Chen. Now he felt a profound sense of defeat.

The thing Han Tianyu was most proud of was his powerful strength, as well as his handsome exterior. Combined, he was able to suppress all the men on the same level as him. His handsomeness allowed him to easily win over all women's hearts.

He already had droves of beauties around him. Amongst his beautiful admirers were Yin Wushuang, tens of core disciples, and as for outer and inner disciples, they were so many that they couldn't be counted.

Although Hua Biluo had only displayed a slight interest in Long Chen, to the proud Han Tianyu, that was already a kind of humiliation.

"No wonder sect leader secretly ordered us to make sure Long Chen disappears within the Jiuli secret realm. He definitely is loathsome." Looking at Long Chen's back, a faint killing intent came out of him.

"Oh?" Long Chen suddenly sensed something and turned to look back. He saw Han Tianyu still maintaining his calm, closed-eyed sitting position, not even looking at him. "Did I sense wrong?"

Long Chen was doubtful. Just now he had sensed killing intent coming straight from Han Tianyu.

He had no enmity with him, so Long Chen really couldn't figure out why he would feel killing intent for him.

Although Han Tianyu was still maintaining his previous calm appearance, Long Chen trusted his spiritual perception. That was because his spiritual perception had never let him down.

This finding put Long Chen on guard. Just now, when they had walked by the first monastery, Long Chen had been shocked to see that the first monastery really had far too many experts.

They had a total 143 core disciples present, 28 Favored, and other than Han Tianyu, there were also three other powerful auras with skyrocketing wills who were all Chosen.

As for the second monastery, they only had 109 core disciples, ten Favored, and three Chosen.

That truly gave Long Chen a fright. These monasteries all had profound foundations. Their 108th monastery couldn't compare to them.

Although Long Chen's generation was praised as the 108th monastery's strongest generation, they were still unable to compare to them.

"Long Chen, this time you'll definitely die within the Jiuli secret realm! Properly enjoy your final moments!"

Just as Long Chen was walking, a man suddenly sneered at them from one of the groups.

Everyone was startled, turning to look who it was who would so openly provoke them.

"It's Jiang Yifan!"

"I heard Jiang Yifan lost to Long Chen. Looks like the rumors are true."

They had heard rumors that the thirty-sixth monastery had brought its disciples to teach a lesson to the 108th monastery, only to return dejectedly in failure.

Although the thirty-sixth monastery had had some disciples who had secretly sold of photographic jades, those photographic jades were exclusive to the higher-ups of the monasteries. Disciples were unable to obtain them.

But now seeing Jiang Yifan clenching his teeth angrily, everyone was startled. Was it possible Long Chen was really that powerful?

Tang Wan-er and the others were all infuriated that Jiang Yifan would be so vicious and openly curse Long Chen like this. They were about to retort when Long Chen stopped them.

He smiled kindly at Jiang Yifan. "Does your face hurt?"

"You! PFFT!"

As soon as Jiang Yifan heard that, it was as if he had been poisoned. His face turned black and he coughed up blood.

Those words of Long Chen's had already been deeply imprinted in his soul now. In the past few days, he had even heard that voice in his dreams.

Although his body had been healed by precious medicines, Long Chen had already become his heart-devil, and he had no way of further cultivating. Hearing his voice again instantly caused a backlash and made him cough out blood.

Gu Yang and the others all laughed at that. They really had to prostrate themselves to Long Chen in admiration. Even Long Chen's words practically had the power to kill.

In front of the thirty-sixth monastery's disciples were a man and woman. That woman was viciously glaring at Long Chen, wishing to bite him to death. She was Luo Bing.

Beside her was a tall and stalwart man. He was Luo Bing's brother, the thirty-sixth monastery's sect leader, Luo Feng.

Originally, all the sect leaders had just been sitting at the front of their groups. That was especially true of those sect leaders from the top ranking monasteries. They even had their eyes closed, not deigning to even look at what was going on, as if they were too lofty to care.

Amongst the monasteries, sect leaders also had different levels. Obviously a sect leader like Ling Yun-zi who was the sect leader of the last ranking monastery was not worthy of them even glancing at him. That was how haughty they were.

But Luo Feng didn't have that high loftiness. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he didn't have a high enough level of self-restraint.

He icily said, "Ling Yun-zi, this is how you've taught your disciples?"

Ling Yun-zi suddenly paused and slowly turned to indifferently glance at Luo Feng. "How I teach my disciples has nothing to do with you. Keep your wild dogs from randomly biting people."

Ling Yun-zi's words were incredibly impolite, startling quite a few sect leaders. Although sect leaders also had open struggles occasionally, it seemed there had never been someone to so brazenly and openly show no respect at all.

That was especially the case since Ling Yun-zi's monastery was ranked last, while the thirty-sixth monastery was at least middle ranking. Just where did this confidence come from?

"Ling Yun-zi, you dare be so unbridled?!" raged Luo Feng. He hadn't expected him to dare insult him like this.

"Don't pay attention to this pack of wild dogs. Let's go." Ling Yun-zi didn't even glance at that brother and sister, simply bringing everyone away.

Long Chen couldn't help secretly giving Ling Yun-zi a thumbs-up. Such a sect leader was definitely worth respecting. He cupped his fists, and with his fists cupped at Luo Feng and Luo Bing, he raised his middle finger high into the air before following Ling Yun-zi.

Guo Ran and the others imitated him, all of them turning to the two of them and raising their middle finger high into the air to display their respect.

Raising the middle finger was a vulgar way of cursing people in the secular world. These 'grand and lofty' cultivators wouldn't use such a gesture, but that didn't mean they didn't understand what it meant.

And it was because they knew what it meant that everyone was dumbstruck. Just what was the 108th monastery planning on doing?"

"Ling Yun-zi, are you looking to die?!" Luo Feng was completely infuriated, his aura exploding out. The space around him solidified. Those with weaker cultivation bases were unable to move, and their faces were pale as paper, blood flowing from the corner of their mouths.

"If you don't reserve your aura, I will cut off your head within ten moves." Ling Yun-zi's face was ice-cold as he stared at Luo Feng.

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His right hand slowly gripped the sword hilt on his back, and a formless aura locked Luo Feng in place.

The instant Ling Yun-zi's hand gripped his sword, all of heaven and earth became silent. A formless sword will was gathering.

Those sect leaders, who had still been ignoring this, all opened their eyes now, looking at Ling Yun-zi in shock.

"Sword Control realm?" One sect leader couldn't help stuttering out.

This Sword Control realm was a powerful realm for sword cultivators. It was something completely unrelated to cultivation base. It was something harder to reach than cultivation breakthroughs.

The more advanced a sword cultivator was in terms of the Sword Dao, the more power they would be able to release. The reason sword cultivators were said to be unmatched within the same level was not just an empty claim.

As for these sect leaders, although they weren't sword cultivators, they at least knew a bit about sword cultivator realms.

As for Luo Feng, the instant he was locked down by Ling Yun-zi's sword will, he didn't dare move an inch. If he dared move, he would instantly meet Ling Yun-zi's full strength attack. He had no assurance at all in being able to block that attack.

But if he put away his aura, then he really would have lost all his face. For a moment, all he could do was sweat.

"Stop."

