

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 332

“This is a battle of Chosen? Terrifying!” Seeing those four fighting so intensely, all the other disciples were shaken.

“Let’s not talk about power; just this attack speed is already enough to make it impossible for me to even react!”

The four of them were so fast they were practically illusory in their eyes. Sometimes they would clearly see someone get struck, which should have caused heavy injuries, if not death. But then they would suddenly realize that it was just an afterimage. They were far too fast.

Even just watching, they were completely unable to react to anything. If they were to fight, just how were they supposed to do anything in such a high-speed battle?

Only a few powerful Favored knew that this level of battle was something that was practically fought by instinct.

The brain was unable to react in such a short time. There was no way to make precise judgments, because by the time you decided on what to do, the attack would already have landed on you.

Favored also had to go through this kind of training, because they could also one day reach the Chosen level.

The best way for them to increase their combat ability was through battle. Through constant battle, they would pile up their battle experience.

They wouldn’t just fight with people in the same realm. Sometimes their sect elders would also personally go exchange blows with them to give them more experience.

That allowed them to be able to instinctively react in the first moment no matter what kind of attack it was. They could use the most direct, most effective counterattack almost instantly.

The reason Chosen were strong was not just because of their great talent or their undefeatable will. The most important thing was how much effort and grooming their sects had given them.

The effort that was piled into Chosen by their sects allowed them to release a brilliance that dazzled others. But that brilliance wasn’t so easy to maintain.

Once that brilliance was broken, it would be a devastating blow to their Dao-hearts. That was why Chosen could not be allowed to be defeated, especially not to other Chosen who were supposed to be on the same level as them.

The reason Jiang Yifan hated Long Chen so much was because his defeat to him had created an obstruction in his Dao-heart.

If he couldn’t personally kill Long Chen, that would form a heart-devil, and he would never be able to step into the Bone Forging realm.

If Long Chen had at least had the title of a Chosen, then he would feel a bit better, and the impact wouldn't have been so grave.

As for Yin Luo, although his leg had been cut off by Long Chen, Yin Luo's Dao-heart was more stable, and furthermore, he had lost due to both Long Chen and Mo Nian cooperating. That didn't impact his Dao-heart.

Chosen had to maintain an undefeated record. If they lost to someone known to be stronger than them, that was one thing. But against geniuses on the same level as them, they had to be extremely cautious, and wouldn't easily take action.

To the core disciples and Favored here, Chosen seemed to rarely fight. That was why they were completely focused on this battle, hoping to perhaps comprehend something from their battle that would help them.

However, the core disciples were all completely dazzled by their fight, and they weren't even able to clearly see the exchanges, let alone comprehend anything.

Only the powerful Favored were able to actually gain some insights from their battle.

However, as they watched, their expressions changed. They realized Long Chen's fighting manner had no set style or pattern.

Their sect elders had already solemnly warned them that when two people's strengths were on relatively the same level, the winner would be the one who managed to find their opponent's weak point.

In order to find their weak point, you would need to grasp their fighting method and rhythm. Only by creating an opening where no opening existed could you defeat your opponent.

It was like playing chess. If both players were experts, then it was impossible to defeat your opponent in just a few moves.

You needed to understand your opponent's patterns and then come up with a strategy in accordance to their habits. You had to lead them step by step into a trap, and then take their life in one blow.

That was why the main things the powerful Favored were focused on was the four people's fighting styles and rhythms.

Although they were extremely fast, the powerful Favored were still able to clearly see each exchange.

And it was because they could see their fight clearly that they were so incredibly shocked. All of them were stupefied by Long Chen's unrestrained fighting style.

The three Chosen were fast, ruthless, and their patterns weren't obvious. They had clearly gone through special training in order to conceal their attack patterns.

But although they hid them extremely well, and there didn't seem to be any openings, these powerful Favored were able to see some hints of spots to take advantage of, whether it was in their stability, agility, or ruthlessness.

However, Long Chen's fighting style was extremely irritating to the three of them. He simply had no set style.

As he brandished his saber, he would sometimes act like a proud and aloof saber master, attacking and defending precisely in a skillful and decisive manner that had no openings.

Then he would suddenly switch to using his saber like a sword, attacking with the agility and quickness of a sword master, elegant and graceful.

If that was all, that would be nothing. Experts all needed to occasionally switch up their style in order to keep their opponents from grasping their rhythm. That was completely normal.

But then sometimes Long Chen would act like a madman who knew nothing of martial arts. Holding his saber with both hands, he would slash it about randomly, ignoring any attacks coming for him.

And that wasn't all. The most shocking thing to them was that as Long Chen randomly slashed around, he suddenly took out a brick and smashed it around, catching them all off guard.

Not only did he use the brick, but he even added in ball-busting crotch kicks, slaps in the face, and all kinds of unorthodox attacks.

Some of them almost coughed blood when they saw Long Chen suddenly spit in someone's face while fighting.

In order to dodge that spit, Zhao Mingshan had taken a blow from Long Chen's brick. His nose was now broken, and his face had caved in slightly.

However, Zhao Mingshan was truly worthy of being a Chosen. His face was extremely long, and that foot-long brick was the same length as his chin to his forehead. Long Chen's attack had left a perfect brick imprint.

Other than surprise, that scene also almost made the watchers laugh. Those Corrupt disciples who were guarding the passageway didn't bother holding back and laughed heartily.

Zhao Mingshan went crazy from rage. The injury was endurable, but the humiliation was not. All his spiritual qi immediately erupted out.

The entire tomb shook intensely because of Zhao Mingshan's aura. Even the walls began to crack, and a large portion of the ceiling fell.

"Idiot, don't be so impatient! If the tomb collapses, everyone will die!" cursed the Corrupt Chosen.

They had all realized that this tomb was too ancient, and wasn't able to endure intense shocks. It could easily collapse. And if it did, then even Chosen wouldn't be able to get out alive.

That was why they didn't dare use their full strength. Their goal had been to tire Long Chen out before he realized that they didn't dare go all-out.

However, as soon as Zhao Mingshan released his full power, it immediately caused such a scene. Even if Long Chen was an idiot, he would still be able to realize that he could use this as an advantage.

By just keeping the energy for one full-strength attack in reserve, then even if he couldn't flee, he could bring the entire tomb crashing down, burying every single one of them with him. Zhao Mingshan's actions really had been completely stupid, infuriating the Corrupt Chosen. He even had an urge to cut him down right now.

"Shut the fuck up! You're the fucking idiot I have to put up with! Do you want to see if you can hold back after I smash a brick into your head?!" Zhao Mingshan lost control, losing all of a Chosen's dignity to wildly curse him.

In Zhao Mingshan's eyes, this idiot didn't understand anything. How could any dignified Chosen be able to endure being smashed in the face by a brick?

"Stop quarreling! Kill Long Chen first!" advised the other Righteous Chosen. Zhao Mingshan and the Corrupt Chosen still had sparks flying between the two of them, but they both knew now wasn't the time for that.

Due to splitting his attention to speak, that Chosen had revealed a slight opening, and a brick came smashing for his face.

Long Chen was starting to admire himself more and more. He realized he definitely had an extremely high talent when it came to using a brick. It was almost the same as face-slapping. After trying it out several times, he was able to master this art to the point of perfection.

By the time that Chosen reacted, the brick had already reached his face. The speed and angle made it so that he couldn't dodge. Filled with horror, he hastily tilted his head to the side.

Blood flew. He managed to avoid being hit in the forehead, dodging the same humiliation as Zhao Mingshan. But the brick smashed across his cheek and ear.

The five sense organs, in other words, the nose, eyes, lips, tongue, and ears were all delicate weak points. No matter how high your cultivation base was, there was no way to make your eyeballs as sturdy as steel weapons.

Although the ear and nose weren't fatal weak points, being struck there was extremely painful.

As for that Chosen's ear, after being struck by the brick, it had completely departed his head. Blood dyed half his face.

"Long Chen, I'll definitely kill you!"

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That Chosen immediately went berserk, his terrifying aura exploding out and his eyes turning completely red.

“Calm down, calm down!”

Now it was Zhao Mingshan and the Corrupt Chosen’s turn to cry out a warning.

“Calm down my ass! How am I supposed to calm down with my ear gone?! Don’t even bother trying to stop me. Even if I die, I have to kill this bastard!”

That Chosen was now completely infuriated. If news of this matter spread, he would become the laughingstock of the entire supermonastery.

A grand Chosen had had his ear smashed off by a brick. Although there would be techniques to regrow it once he returned, while he was in the secret realm, he had no way to heal it. How was he supposed to face anyone here?

Although Zhao Mingshan’s face had caved in slightly, all his body parts were still present, and it would quickly heal.

That Chosen had just been about to go completely berserk. He was willing to bring down the entire tomb as long as he could kill Long Chen.

BOOM!

But suddenly, the coffin lid automatically slid off, and everyone turned to look!

