

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 289

Luo Bing's expression was extremely ugly now. She was still stunned. The fact that Long Chen could take out so many of those incredibly precious Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills made her head completely blank.

Now her previous ridicule had become a slap in her face. But she also couldn't appear weaker. She couldn't stop midway.

"I don't have that many Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills on me. Switch it to something else." Luo Bing felt like her face was burning hot. Inside, she cursed Long Chen to death.

"Ah, that makes sense. You're all such amazing figures, you probably wouldn't keep such trash on you. Then Elder Tu Fang, can the Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pill be exchanged in the supermonastery?" Long Chen turned to Tu Fang.

Tu Fang had no idea what kind of crazy drug Long Chen had taken. He could only reply, "This Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pill is rare and only the top fifty monasteries have a limited distribution of it.

"The monastery ranked under fifty are not distributed any. As for exchanging for them, you can. But they are not open to disciples. Only Elders can buy them.

"I've heard one high grade Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pill requires one thousand merit points. If it was switched to the disciple points, that would be equivalent to one million points."

Tang Wan-er and them were all given a fright. A single pill was one million points? Then most of them wouldn't be able to buy a single pill even with all their savings.

They all looked at Long Chen. Long Chen really had to be a god. Everything he did was outside their expectations. Just where did he obtain these Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills from?

Long Chen naturally wouldn't say. The medicinal ingredients for these had all been given to him by a very nice person. That secret would stay hidden forever.

"Okay then." Long Chen sunk into thought for a moment before continuing, "That's fine. Then eighty Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills can count for eighty thousand merit points. Elder Tu Fang, those merit points can be easily traded, correct?"

Tu Fang nodded. "They can be traded. It's common within the entire supermonastery.

"Then good. So then, do you want to compete or not? If you win a round, I'll give you eighty Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills, and if you lose, you give us eighty thousand merit points." Long Chen looked at Luo Bing.

"No problem. We'll bet with you," sneered Luo Bing.

In truth, she really did not have that many Three Connecting Flower Tendon Pills. Even in her entire monastery, they probably did not have that many. Each time they would have to exchange for them.

She was actually quite happy to accept Long Chen's suggestion. She was fully confident in her people.

"Good, then let's start. For the first round, you can choose what level. Although you aren't guests, we won't bully you. We'll give you the initiative." Long Chen lazily sat on a chair.

"No need to pick. We'll go from the lowest level to the highest level. The first round will be on the outer disciple level. Who wants to go?" Luo Bing shouted to her disciples.

"This disciple wishes to go!" A thin and tall man jumped onto the martial stage. People were startled to see that this disciple had reached the fifth Heavenstage of Tendon Transformation.

As for their monastery's outer disciples, they were all only at the third Heavenstage. Not one of them had reached the mid stage.

That thin, tall man disdainfully swept his gaze over them and sneered, "Which person wants to send themselves to their death?"

"What should we do Long Chen? Who should go?" Tang Wan-er was a bit nervous.

These thirty-sixth monastery disciples were all elites amongst elites, their auras incomparably strong. Their monastery was clearly weaker than them in that aspect.

Most importantly, outer disciples were their weakest members, because the amount of resources that were given to outer disciples was extremely low.

"No need to be afraid. Anyone can go up. The result will be the same," said Long Chen indifferently.

"What, are you all afraid? Hahaha, as expected, you really are a group of cowardly pigs!" That thin, tall man raised his head and laughed.

"You're asking for it!" Suddenly, an angry roar rang out and a figure flew onto the martial stage. Long Chen recognized that person as one of Gu Yang's subordinates.

"Let me, Zhao Ping, exchange some pointers!"

The tall, thin man disdainfully said, "A small early Tendon Transformation weakling does not have the qualifications to exchange pointers with me! Scram!"

Even as he sneered, he charged forward at Zhao Ping. This duel had no need for someone to yell start. As soon as you stepped onto the stage, the battle began.

This thin, tall man was extremely powerful. As soon as he took action, his aura exploded out.

"How powerful!" Tang Wan-er's expression changed. The thirty-sixth monastery really was too powerful. It was no wonder they were so arrogant. They had the skills to be arrogant.

Their auras were incredibly stable. The pressure coming from them made it hard to breathe. That definitely had to do with the cultivation technique they used.

As he rushed over, he unsheathed his sword, and a cold light slashed down on Zhao Ping.

“Scram you pig!”

When Zhao Ping had jumped onto the martial stage, he had been feeling nervous. He knew this battle was extremely important. He just hadn't been able to endure their opponents' ridicule.

But the instant his opponent charged at him, his worry and sullenness completely disappeared. His blood seemed to react to his opponent's mannerism and instantly heated up. It was like he had returned to the Righteous and Corrupt battle from before.

Seeing Zhao Ping's new expression, Long Chen smiled. Good! That's the right expression, that's the right feeling!

“KILL!”

Suddenly, Zhao Ping roared, and an incomparably savage aura immediately locked that tall, thin man in place stiffly. Zhao Ping charged forward like an angry beast.

With a huge collision, sparks flew everywhere. The instant Zhao Ping's saber collided with that man's sword, a huge explosion erupted.

What surprised almost everyone was that the tall, thin man who had seemed much stronger was only on an equal level with Zhao Ping. The two of them were both knocked back several steps.

But Tu Fang and the other Elders had sharp vision, and they immediately saw through what had happened.

When it came to true strength, the tall, thin man was definitely a level higher than Zhao Ping. But as soon as Zhao Ping had attacked, his indomitable will immediately suppressed his opponent.

That kind of will was something that came from deep within him. It was something that could only be formed through being tempered through walking out from the line beneath life and death. That kind of will was like formless blades.

The instant Zhao Ping released his will, his opponent felt as if he was being stared at by some ancient monster. An intense threat of death filled his heart.

In that instant, he felt as if he weren't fighting a person, but some merciless beast.

In terms of imposingness, that tall man had been completely suppressed by Zhao Ping. That terror in his heart made it so that despite being clearly stronger than his opponent, he was only barely able to force a tie in their exchange.

“Die!” Zhao Ping's saber once more slashed out mercilessly.

Tang Wan-er and them were startled. At first, all they felt was that his posture was a bit familiar. But then they realized Zhao Ping was also using a saber, and that he was using it in the same manner as Long Chen.

His strength was far too lacking in comparison, but that ruthlessness inside him allowed him to copy Long Chen's form slightly, and it was filled with an indomitable will, one that would either win or die trying.

"Bastard, you're crazy! This is just a competition!" The tall, thin man felt a murderous aura completely lock him in place. Zhao Ping was clearly trying to kill him!

Zhao Ping ignored him. His saber didn't hesitate as it slashed down.

With another bang, Zhao Ping's opponent just barely managed to block. But due to his panic and terror, he was sent flying back.

"Idiot, don't be suppressed by him! Calm down!" cursed Luo Bing. This disciple of hers had his courage broken and wasn't bringing out his full strength.

Unfortunately, cursing people didn't really have much use. Under Zhao Ping's vicious attacks, that man was repeatedly forced back.

Zhao Ping's saber was vicious and fast, constantly targeting vitals. If his opponent slipped up even slightly, he would take his life.

Tu Fang and the other Elders were deeply moved to see Zhao Ping fighting more and more valiantly. After Long Chen's guidance, there was not a single weakling left within their monastery.

After that huge Righteous and Corrupt battle, after experiencing that pressure of death, the ones with weaker wills had already died. As for those who had survived, they were all experts amongst experts. It could be said that there was not one who had only survived due to luck.

As for the thirty-sixth monastery, they were an excellent example of the opposite. They had powerful cultivation bases, but there was no indomitable will inside them that did not fear death.

They were like all the previous generations of their 108th monastery. Those disciples had possessed a huge advantage in numbers in the previous Corrupt and Righteous battles, but in the end, just drawing out a tie was a pretty good result for them. In truth, most of their fighters were inferior to the Corrupt disciples. So frankly speaking, that could already count as a loss.

But under Long Chen's guidance, their roles had been exchanged. The Righteous path had become wolves while the Corrupt path had become sheep.

BOOM!

That tall, thin man was becoming more and more terrified as the battle continued. He had confirmed Zhao Ping definitely wanted his life. In his terror, he was sent flying by one of Zhao Ping's slashes.

He immediately vomited out a mouthful of blood as he flew off the martial stage. But there was no unwillingness or anger on his face after that. Instead, he was filled with relief.

He had only just stood up when Luo Bing gave him a vicious slap in the face, not even giving him a chance to say anything.

“You damnable coward, you’ve really lost us all our face!” Luo Bing’s face was green from anger.

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That tall, thin man was sent flying again by her slap, this time falling unconscious. The other disciples all shivered when they saw that.

But they also felt that he had been too disappointing. He had been terrified by his opponent, unable to release any of his strength. They looked at him disdainfully.

“Hey, don’t just hit your own kids. Since you’ve lost, hurry up and pay up,” urged Long Chen. They had already agreed to pay up with each round.

Luo Bing was still green as she took out a blue badge and flung it at Tu Fang.

“Isn’t it just eighty thousand merit points? I, Luo Bing, couldn’t possibly care about such a small thing. You can take them out yourself.”

Tu Fang received her badge, and he also took out his own badge. Inputting some numbers, he drew over eighty thousand merit points from her badge.

Tu Fang originally only had seventy thousand merit points on his badge. Now it had suddenly risen to one hundred and fifty thousand.

He sighed. Their thirty-sixth monastery really was rich. They acted like eighty thousand merit points was nothing.

But although they could act like it was nothing, you would have to ask Luo Bing to see if that was really true. Receiving back her badge and seeing eighty thousand merit points had disappeared, her heart was dripping blood.

However, she didn’t display that on the outside. She continued to act as if it was nothing as she lightly said, “Let’s continue with the next round.”

