

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 290

For the next round, Luo Bing chose another outer disciple. This new disciple was very muscular, looking like a powerful brute-strength fighter.

But Long Chen still didn't choose anyone in particular to go out. Seeing Long Chen didn't say anything, one of the Heaven Earth Faction's outer disciples jumped up.

Long Chen recognized that disciple. He had been the one who had almost died to the Tigermouth Fish during the disciple selection trial. Long Chen had saved his life back then.

He had originally been one of Qi Xin's people, but in order to pay back Long Chen's favor, he had told him about the matter of Qi Xin harming Little Snow, and Long Chen had accepted him into the Heaven Earth Faction.

That little fellow's name was Zhao Qian. His talent wasn't bad, and amongst outer disciples, he could count as a well-known figure. Seeing him go out, Long Chen nodded. Another eighty thousand merit points were about to be sent their way.

The muscular man facing him was another mid Tendon Transformation expert. Seeing the early Tendon Transformation Zhao Qian, he disdainfully said, "You aren't my match. If you're smart, you'll immediately scam. Otherwise, I'll take your life."

"Come at me." Zhao Qian shook his head, taking out his sword.

"Fine, since you want to die, I'll help you out."

That muscular man snorted and took out a broadsword. He seemed extremely suited to fighting with brute strength.

He suddenly charged at Zhao Qian, his figure like a phantom, appearing outstandingly domineering.

The thirty-sixth monastery's disciples all cheered. This muscular man was their strongest outer disciple.

Not only was his cultivation base the highest, brute strength was his speciality. When he fought, he possessed a large advantage.

Seeing that sword coming right at him, Zhao Qian completely ignored it and his sword directly stabbed towards his heart.

That muscular man couldn't help being frightened. This was clearly a suicidal move. He had decided to take him down with him right at the start?

What he didn't know was that Long Chen had already instilled in them all a certain fighting tactic:

Risking your life. Risking your life was one of the most effective slaughter methods. But it wasn't effective on all people, so you had to judge who to use it on.

If you wanted to risk your life, you'd have to find those people with more normal thinking. If you were to risk your life against someone who was a coward afraid of death, then they would immediately become easy pickings.

Because they were afraid of death, they would be terrified, and they definitely wouldn't dare risk their own life to go all-out against you. By then, you'd have already won half the battle.

However, this tactic wasn't effective against everyone. Other than crazies and idiots, there were also true warriors who didn't fear death and would dare risk their own lives against you.

True warriors had long since become unafraid of death. As for these show-off, vain braggarts here, how could they possibly be real warriors?

Zhao Qian didn't even need to think before using this tactic to fight. To the 108th monastery's disciples, their lives had been snatched back from the hands of death by Long Chen before.

They had already cheated death once. Even if they had to lose their life now, they wouldn't care that much. And so they dared to risk their life, and they were filled with an indomitable will.

That muscular man's expression changed when he saw Zhao Qian's sword stabbing towards his heart. He naturally didn't wish to die with this fellow, and his broadsword hastily switched direction.

Their two swords collided. Due to being extremely physically powerful and having a stronger cultivation base, he managed to force back Zhao Qian.

The muscular man icily snorted, "Weak!"

His broadsword once more slashed down on Zhao Qian. This time he was using even more power. That previous attack had just been a testing blow.

His second attack was now even faster. It would reach Zhao Qian's body in just the blink of an eye. Zhao Qian repeated his suicidal attack, stabbing his sword at his lower abdomen.

But Zhao Qian wasn't as fast as his opponent this time. If this continued, the muscular man's sword would quickly slash through his shoulder.

And yet, Zhao Qian's sword didn't waver the slightest bit. He seemed to be thinking, "Your sword might cut me into pieces, but my sword will also pierce through your Dantian. Even if you don't die, you'll be crippled."

That muscular man saw that Zhao Qian's expression was still completely calm and indifferent. He was shocked, as at the beginning, he had thought that he had just been trying to scare him.

But now he realized he was wrong. This bastard clearly didn't fear death! He was clearly planning on bringing him down with him!

This muscular man could also count as a ruthless person amongst outer disciples. His attack were merciless, and many of his fellow outer disciples had been injured by him.

The weak feared the strong, the strong feared the ruthless, and the ruthless feared those who didn't fear death. In this world, there were few people who weren't afraid of those who were unafraid of death.

Previously, this muscular man had even mocked the tall, thin man who had lost. But now facing Zhao Qian, he finally realized his struggles.

His broadsword had just been an inch away from cutting through Zhao Qian's body, but he quickly took it back to block that sword stabbing at his stomach.

Due to having changing his attack, his speed was now slower than Zhao Qian's. Although he managed to just barely block it, Zhao Qian's sword tip had just reached his abdomen, and a hole had been cut through his clothes.

That muscular man could even sense the coldness on his stomach. He thanked his luck over and over that he had taken back his attack, or he would already be dead.

Now he began to sweat. Seeing Zhao Qian's indifferent expression, he was terrified. How could he treat his life as if it were nothing?

That muscular man's courage was completely broken now. Zhao Qian's sword was now piercing towards him. All his attacks were ruthless. He didn't aim for power, but to kill.

This was one of the reasons why Long Chen told them not to duel or fight each other. That would end up causing them to become accustomed to dueling, and not battling. The goal of battle was always to kill your opponent. It was not a game.

And now this example in front of them was the best proof. Whether it was cultivation base or strength, this muscular man was a whole level ahead of Zhao Qian.

But in front of Zhao Qian's ruthless attacks, his movements became a complete mess and he became too cautious, unable to display any of his strength.

That was also a principle Long Chen had taught them: when two people fought, the one who was more afraid of death would be more likely to die.

Only through escaping the restrictions of your fear of death could you allow yourself to stay calm, to easily grasp everything within your eyes, to see every opening in your opponents, and to bring out your greatest strength.

This was bringing out one hundred percent of your strongest strength to attack your opponent's weakest point.

In terms of cultivation technique, Battle Skills, cultivation base, physical strength, and perhaps even wisdom, Zhao Qian was inferior to his opponent.

But just by relying on his valiant will, he was able to break his opponent's confidence, causing his combat ability to sharply drop.

Other than having a slight advantage in their first exchange, this muscular man was now continuously forced back, only defending reactively to Zhao Qian's attacks.

Zhao Qian's attacks were all ruthless, risking his own life sometimes. And that especially calm expression he had the entire time was even more frightening than if he had put on a savage expression.

Tang Wan-er couldn't help shaking her head. She glanced at Long Chen. That first disciple had only managed to imitate seventy to eighty percent of Long Chen's style.

But Zhao Qian had imitated pretty much ninety percent of Long Chen's expressions and posture. That kind of soul-piercing calmness really was too similar.

She found that funny. Almost all the monastery's disciples viewed Long Chen as their idol. But in truth, none of them knew that Long Chen was only seventeen years old now. That was a year younger than her.

It was just that Long Chen also had a steadiness and calmness that did not match his age. He even had a wisdom that far surpassed them. So to them, Long Chen seemed more like someone in his twenties.

Looking at Long Chen relaxing on his chair, Tang Wan-er felt a burst of warmth. She really did feel good to have Long Chen by her side.

She found that she was becoming more and more dependent on Long Chen. It was as if as long as Long Chen was present, then even if the very heavens collapsed, his shoulders would be able to bear that weight.

A loud explosion rang out on the martial stage, cutting off Tang Wan-er's thoughts. When she turned to look, she saw that Zhao Qian's arm was hanging limply, completely broken.

As for his opponent, he was holding his throat. Blood was flowing past his fingers, and he was completely terrified.

"You've lost."

Although Zhao Qian's arm was broken, he was still expressionless. He pointed his sword coldly at his opponent.

The crowd was deathly silent. Just now, everyone had clearly seen Zhao Qian use his arm to forcibly block an attack from that broadsword in order to slit his sword across his throat.

If Zhao Qian's sword had pushed forward just a little bit more, that wouldn't be a slit throat, but a fallen head.

Having had his throat cut like this, that person was unable to say anything. Filled with terror, he hastily jumped off the martial stage.

Someone immediately came to help heal him. That person was a wood cultivator who quickly stopped his bleeding.

For an ordinary person, having their throat slit would equal certain death. But cultivators could suppress the flow of blood, so it wasn't much.

But that cut across his throat had terrified him completely. In his panic, he hadn't dared stay on top of the martial stage.

After seeing that person be miserably defeated, the thirty-sixth monastery's disciples' hearts sunk.

"Bastards, you really are vicious!" Luo Bing was incredibly angered. Her disciples were not at all used to that kind of fighting style.

"Vicious?" Long Chen disdainfully laughed. "Even this is called vicious? All that proves is that you are all too naive and ignorant."

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"You can ask any of the disciples beside me. Which one of them hasn't crawled out of a mountain of corpses? Which one of them hasn't killed far over a hundred opponents in the same realm?"

"Fighting across levels is nothing out of the ordinary for them. We all walked out from a path paved with the Corrupt disciples' bones and flesh."

"In front of us, who have experienced a trial of blood and fire, do you, a bunch of spoiled children who lived in your greenhouse environments, even have the qualifications to compete with us? And you even dare look down on us? Laughable!"

Following Long Chen's words, the 108th monastery's disciples were all filled with pride, and they felt their blood heat up. It was like they had returned to when they had fought together with Long Chen on the battlefield.

"So give me less crap. You've lost the second round, so hurry up and pay up." Inside, Long Chen scolded himself for wasting words with her. You wanted to give us a slap in the face? Then come and try it.

"Don't worry, I, Luo Bing, definitely won't fail to pay up to a bunch of beggars." Luo Bing snorted and once more threw out her badge to Tu Fang.

One reason she let Tu Fang withdraw the points himself was because she trusted Tu Fang didn't dare take more of her merit points. The other reason was because doing it herself would have filled her with too much pain.

When she once more received her badge, there were eighty thousand merit points less on it.

Although she acted indifferent, her mouth trembled slightly, showing how vexed she was.

"Hmph, in the next round, we're switching levels. Let the core disciples fight!"



