

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1001

Zhao Ziyang looked at Long Chen oddly. His words had sounded so logical to her, but that evil light in his eyes could not be concealed. She wasn't able to tell whether Long Chen was being serious or not.

"Brother Long, I'm being serious, but you..." Zhao Ziyang shook her head.

"I'm also being serious. Let me tell you, I've killed- I've seen many people. With just a glance, I can see through the disguise of someone like Wei Changhai. He's the kind of person who can't be saved. Even if his master was a saint, he couldn't be changed. So if you want to handle him, either kill him, or scare him witless. Don't give him any opportunity or hope, otherwise, well, just enjoy having him running after you all the time," said Long Chen lazily.

He had seen this kind of situation far too many times. Zhao Ziyang loathed Wei Changhai, but she also didn't want to completely break things off by hurting his feelings. She hoped Wei Changhai would figure it out and back off on his own. But how could that be possible?

In any case, he had already laid out the facts in front of her, and he couldn't be bothered to say any more. Whether or not she wanted to listen was up to her. It didn't have one spirit stone's relation to him.

With his hands on the back of his head, he lay lazily on the rock. Looking up at the floating clouds in the sky, he suddenly felt himself to be much older than before.

If someone as beautiful and gentle as Zhao Ziyang had been placed in front of him a few years ago, he'd have definitely wanted to pursue her. But now he didn't dare to touch such matters.

Seeing Long Chen ignore her, Zhao Ziyang frowned slightly. But that expression on his face seemed extremely natural. In fact, he seemed to merge with heaven and earth without the slightest discord.

"Is this the legendary realm of being one with the Dao? But that's impossible, he couldn't have reached such a high realm at his age." Zhao Ziyang's heart shook, but she quickly brushed aside that idea. Long Chen fundamentally wasn't someone that could be on that level.

"Brother Long, have you always been this unconstrained?" she asked.

"Hm, pretty much. No one knows when they'll die, so why bother being overcautious? My brothers and I prefer the feeling of being free." Long Chen picked a blade of grass from the ground and stuck it in his mouth, randomly chewing on it.

"Brother Long truly is unique. In all my years, I've never seen anyone else like you." Zhao Ziyang's mouth curled into a small smile. His appearance of not caring about anyone or anything, that free and unconstrained manner, was novel to her.

Long Chen shook his head. "During the registration, I saw that your bone-age is twenty-one years. Although you're only one year younger than me, in my eyes, all of you are just children."

"Are you mocking me for being immature?" Zhao Ziyang frowned.

"Yes." Long Chen nodded.

“You... Since brother Long has nothing to say to me, I’ll say my goodbyes,” said Zhao Ziyang angrily. She immediately got up and walked away.

Long Chen didn’t apologize or say anything. He just indifferently watched the battle involving over a thousand people now. It was definitely ‘lively’.

“Long Chen, tell me. Just how am I immature?”

Zhao Ziyang had walked far away, but the more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She was kind to others, and she was also beautiful. No one had ever evaluated her this way. She felt a bit unwilling and she returned.

Long Chen almost laughed. Looking at her, he asked, “Don’t you feel like your current conduct is very immature?”

Zhao Ziyang blushed. She truly did feel like her current actions were a bit immature. She didn’t know just how to retort. She couldn’t leave, and she couldn’t stay.

“Being called immature isn’t a bad thing. What’s wrong about being immature? People like me don’t have the qualifications to be immature, so you should feel blessed,” said Long Chen.

“What are you talking about?”

Long Chen looked at Zhao Ziyang. Seeing her curious expression combined with her beauty, his heart jumped and he looked away.

Zhao Ziyang was truly beautiful, but she didn’t give him that special feeling. He decided not to tease her anymore.

Seeing Long Chen’s expression suddenly change and his eyes look away, Zhao Ziyang quickly understood what had happened and smiled. “Brother Long, it seems you haven’t answered me yet?”

“There’s no need to answer. You can guess it. If I was immature, I would lose my life, so you’re much more blessed than me. When I call you immature, I almost feel envious,” sighed Long Chen.

That forlorn tone of his caused Zhao Ziyang to laugh. She found that talking to him was very interesting. He seemed like a magnanimous person who she didn’t need to have any taboos around when talking to. Although sometimes his words were so direct that she was unwilling to accept them, it was still interesting.

“It should be my turn to ask you some questions, right?” asked Long Chen suddenly.

“If you have anything you’d like to ask, go ahead.”

“Then tell me, what’s the power balance like in the Southern Sea? Are there Righteous and Corrupt paths? Do you have large fights, or...?” asked Long Chen.

Long Chen was truly curious about this. During the registration, he had seen that the hundreds of thousands of disciples from the other regions were nothing more than unreliable brats. There were few real experts.

Just how had such people survived the battles between the Righteous and Corrupt paths? It was inconceivable.

As a result, Zhao Ziyang's reply made him dumbfounded. In reality, the Southern Sea, Western Desert, and Northern Source had too many powerful sects for the Corrupt path to handle.

Taking the Southern Sea as an example, there were seven sects no weaker than the branch Xuantian Dao Sect there. Although they had some conflicts with the Corrupt path, there weren't many large scale battles.

The Corrupt path was heavily suppressed by the Righteous path, and they were only able to make some stealthy moves. As soon as the Righteous path sensed them, they would flee.

A large battle between the two sides rarely occurred. It might be decades before such a battle occurred, and their generation hadn't risen during that time. There hadn't been any battles for them to accumulate experience. All their battles were on the martial stage and not the battlefield.

When Long Chen asked about the Immemorial Path, Zhao Ziyang said that there had been a few battles inside. However, everyone had been focused on searching for treasures and opportunities, and no full-blown war had started.

Long Chen was dumbfounded. So the rest of the world was so peaceful. Then it was no wonder all these disciples were laughably immature.

"What's with that look?" asked Zhao Ziyang upon seeing Long Chen's bitter smile.

"It's nothing. I just feel like life is bitter. Sister Ziyang, how much do you know about the Central Plains? Do you know about any peak powers?" asked Long Chen. Perhaps one of these peak powers might be related to his origins.

Zhao Ziyang shook her head. "I'm ashamed to say that I don't know much. All I've heard of is the seven danger zones, six great alliances, five divine halls, four gates, three sects, two palaces, and one valley."

"There's this many? Is the Xuantian Dao Sect one of those three sects?" Long Chen's eyes almost popped out of his head. How could there be this many powers?

"Well, this is all that I've heard of. I'm not sure about the exact truth. The Central Plains is just too big," sighed Zhao Ziyang.

According to Zhao Ziyang, that was nothing more than a phrase she had heard. Now that they had come to the Xuantian Dao Sect, they had confirmed its existence, but the others powers were nothing more than stories to her. At their current level, they weren't strong enough to learn such things.

In fact, just the Xuantian Dao Sect was a power that countless geniuses longed to join. The Central Plains was just too big.

Long Chen took a deep breath. He knew he still had a long, long way to go. What he needed to do was continue getting stronger. The peak of the martial path was even further than he had thought.

Originally, he had thought that after arriving at the Xuantian Dao Sect, he wouldn't be that far off from the secret of his origins. But Zhao Ziyan's words were like a bucket of ice water falling over his head. He had been too naive.

"Brother Long, what is it?" asked Zhao Ziyan.

Long Chen rubbed his face and shook his head. He sighed, "It's nothing. I just realized it will probably take a few years for me to dominate the Central Plains."

Zhao Ziyan almost laughed. Anyone who could say they would dominate the Central Plains was definitely crazy. He hadn't even passed the trial to join the sect.

Long Chen laughed, "It's best to have dreams. After all, what if you achieve it?"

"Fine, I won't laugh at a madman like you," laughed Zhao Ziyan.

"I've had plenty of people laughing at me. As long as they don't touch my reverse scale, they can laugh all they want. I have my own thoughts and targets. Each little bit of effort brings me one step closer to my goal. I'll reach that height sooner or later," said Long Chen confidently.

"I will be on my way. Do... do you want to come with me, or...?" Zhao Ziyan didn't want to keep arguing over this problem with Long Chen. After waiting this long, Wei Changhai should be far ahead. She should start moving.

After talking to Long Chen this much, her worries had lessened a great deal. Although she hadn't thought of how exactly she would handle Wei Changhai, she didn't feel as vexed as before.

That was why she asked Long Chen if he wanted to come with her. She felt like he was an interesting person, and going together should be even more interesting.

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"Long Chen, you Eastern Wasteland dog, how dare you seduce my woman?!"

Long Chen was just about to decline her invitation when a furious roar rang out. A figure charged over from the distance.

That person was Wei Changhai. He had been searching for Zhao Ziyan this entire time so they could talk, but Zhao Ziyan had been intentionally hiding from him.

Just as he was searching, he saw Zhao Ziyan smiling and talking with a man on a distant mountain top. His fury immediately soared.

Furthermore, when he saw that it was a pretty boy like Long Chen, his fury soared even higher.

“Wei Changhai, what are you doing?!” shouted Zhao Ziyang upon seeing him charging over.

“Scram! I’ll kill this bastard!” roared Wei Changhai. Water Qi erupted out of him, forming waves in the air. With a furious roar, he sent a palm at Long Chen.

“Fuck off.”

Pow!

In front of Zhao Ziyang’s stunned eyes, a hand viciously struck Wei Changhai’s face.

