

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1003

“Senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, please bring us along!”

Seeing Long Chen go directly toward that powerful eighth rank Magical Beasts, the other disciples were delighted. A maiden cutely begged for help.

That was the benefit of being a woman, especially the kind of woman that knew how to look pitiful.

“Scram.”

Long Chen’s voice caused her expression to sink, as well as everyone else’s expressions. She began to cry. “Senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, you...”

“What are you all waiting for? Hurry and follow,” said one of the Dragonblood warriors.

Only then did everyone realize Long Chen had already arrived at the terrifying Xuan Turtle. His shout caused it to immediately flee to the side.

Not only that, it retreated into its shell, not daring to move. People were shocked to find that it was even trembling in fear.

Only then did they realize Long Chen’s shout hadn’t been toward them. They were ecstatic and they all hastily followed.

Seeing Long Chen terrify an eighth rank Magical Beast with just a shout, they were all full of reverence for him. Even Wei Changhai and Zhao Ziyan had been forced to bind the Xuan Turtle to pass. What they didn’t know was that although the Xuan Turtle was a Magical Beast, its intelligence was comparatively higher than other Magical Beasts of the same rank. It knew what people it could bully and what people it couldn’t.

Long Chen had sent Wei Changhai flying twice with slaps to the face. Although it didn’t quite understand what had happened, it could tell who was stronger.

It couldn’t even stop Wei Changhai, so there was no point in trying to stop Long Chen. Furthermore, Long Chen had something that terrified it greatly. It was this little intelligence that saved its life now.

As Long Chen walked by, the others quickly followed. As he advanced, more Magical Beasts appeared to block his path. Sometimes, he would just give them a shout and they would obediently get out of the way, but some blind fellows refused. Due to that, they were killed by him.

Everyone was shocked to see terrifying eighth rank Magical Beasts being killed with just a single punch from Long Chen. Those eighth rank Magical Beasts didn’t have the slightest ability to resist.

The Dragonblood warriors behind him were indifferent to this. They had long since grown accustomed, which made everyone else feel like they were monsters as well.

Long Chen’s display now completely toppled their preconception that the Eastern Wasteland was the weakest of the four regions.

In previous generations, the Eastern Wasteland's people were nothing more than extras joining in on the fun.

But now they learned what domineering was. As Long Chen advanced, his footsteps didn't pause once. They all cheered inside, because Long Chen brought them through dozens of passes. With the Magical Beasts growing stronger and stronger, there were also more and more people stuck at them.

However, all those blockades were nothing to Long Chen. A shout drove many away, and those that didn't flee were killed with one punch.

As they advanced, they came to realize the terrain of this region. This was a funnel.

In the beginning, there were many more entrances, but after a couple of passes, the disciples began to gather in larger groups. Toward the end, each pass had more and more disciples in front of it, with the Magical Beasts guarding the pass too strong for them to get by.

By now, there were tens of thousands of people following Long Chen.

Each time he got past a level, another group of people would join. Like a rolling snowball, the number of people rapidly grew.

Within this group, Long Chen saw many people who had once looked down upon the Eastern Wasteland. They had once insulted his people, but he didn't feel proper excluding them from the group, so he just acted like he didn't see them.

More Dragonblood warriors also appeared. Now, he had over thirty of them by his side.

Finally, he encountered a terrifying late eighth rank Magical Beast called the Darkwing Tiger. It possessed an ancient bloodline, and had inherited a flying beast's bloodline that gave it great speed.

Although it was also an eighth rank Magical Beast, it was much stronger than the previous ones. It was a perfect embodiment of the phrase 'like a tiger that has grown wings'. It was a combination of both speed and power.

But strangely, Long Chen didn't do anything against the Darkwing Tiger. Instead, he had the Dragonblood warriors go out. When everyone heard that, they all jumped in fright. The ordinary Dragonblood warriors were just rank three Celestials. Amongst them, their talent was only average.

"Senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, this is too dangerous," said a beautiful woman who worshipped him.

"It is precisely because it is dangerous that it has a meaning. If it wasn't dangerous, I'd have already killed it," said Long Chen.

"...?" Everyone was stunned.

Looking at the lost expressions of these 'elites', he sighed inside. Being on different levels made communication difficult.

It was because the Darkwing Tiger was strong enough to threaten the Dragonblood warriors' lives that Long Chen had them deal with it.

A cultivator was like a blade. A blade wasn't born sharp. It needed constant tempering.

If a blade was set aside for too long, it would easily rust. It needed constant sharpening to stay in a battle-ready state. If you only went to sharpen it when your enemies came, it would be too late.

Although the previous Magical Beasts had been strong, they hadn't been strong enough to threaten them. Thus, Long Chen couldn't be bothered to waste his time until now. Now they had run into a suitable Magical Beast.

The Darkwing Tiger roared, and a huge claw slashed toward one of the Dragonblood warriors.

BOOM! The Dragonblood warrior was sent flying, vomiting blood. The Darkwing Tiger was incredibly powerful, and an ordinary rank three Celestial would be blown apart by its attack.

But by forcibly taking its attack, that Dragonblood warrior created an opening for the others. They charged forward, but they were blown back by its huge wings.

"This is too unfair. The Darkwing Tiger can fly, while we can't go into the air," said someone indignantly. They all thought of how sullen their own battles here had been. Because they were unable to fly, there were many moves they couldn't use or could only use with limited power.

Long Chen ignored them. He had encountered many unfair things, and if he got angry about every single one of them, he'd have long since died from anger.

"Senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, you're a different kind of expert from the ones I've seen. Can you give us a few pointers?" asked a rank four Celestial respectfully. He had been thinking these words for a long time, and he finally summoned the courage to speak.

"Yes, please tell us!" They now saw that these thirty-something Dragonblood warriors were able to fight evenly against the powerful Darkwing Tiger. The power they unleashed and their fierceness caused these disciples' hearts to tremble.

Most importantly, their talent wasn't particularly high, but their combat power was miles ahead of them. They made all these disciples turn to look at the one they called boss. They didn't conceal their worship and respect for this figure at all.

Long Chen frowned slightly. He didn't want to reply to such a childish question, but seeing so many people expectantly looking at him, he said, "The reason they are strong is because they had no choice but to be strong. If they were weaker, they'd have died. Unlike for you, life is like a merciless whip striking right behind us. If even one of our steps is too slow, our flesh will be lacerated and we might even die. We had no one to shield the rain for us, so we needed to run as fast as we could. You had backers to rely on, while we could only rely on ourselves."

"So profound..." muttered a disciple.

Long Chen almost coughed up blood. He had explained it so simply, but it was still profound? Did they even have a brain?

“Senior apprentice-brother, are you saying that experts are forced to become experts? You’re saying our parents and seniors spoiled us and made things too easy for us?” asked someone who understood.

“Senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, what should we do?”

“If you want to become stronger, you have to be prepared to lose your life at any time. If you’re afraid of death, then give up on that dream. You might as well return home and continue your peaceful life,” said Long Chen.

“I want to get stronger,” said a disciple with a determined expression.

“Then let me ask you, why do you want to get stronger?” asked Long Chen, looking at that person.

“I...”

“If you don’t even know why you have to get stronger, then when you’re forced to the brink of death, your determination will instantly crumble. Terror will strike your heart. You don’t become an expert by talking about it. If you want to get strong, first look for a dependable reason, and turn that reason into your conviction. Only then can you become a true expert. Otherwise, no matter how high your cultivation base, how amazing your talent, how powerful you become, you’ll be nothing more than a paper tiger. When pushed to desperate straits, you’ll instantly crumble,” said Long Chen.

“Then senior apprentice-brother Long Chen, what is your reason for becoming stronger?”

“Me? My reason for becoming stronger is them.” Long Chen pointed with his head. Everyone looked in that direction to see the Dragonblood warriors fiercely fighting.

