

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1215

Lei Long was unable to do anything to the ancient race archer, so its body suddenly lit up, unleashing blinding arcs of lightning that made it so the archer couldn't see anything for a moment.

In that instant, a three-foot sphere shot toward him.

The ancient race archer was truly worthy of being a rank seven Celestial. Even though he was blinded and the thunderforce was disturbing his divine sense, he still sensed it. He rapidly fell back as he blocked with his bow.

BOOM! Just as his bow touched the sphere, the sphere exploded and countless fragments devoured everything around him.

The archer was shocked. Before he could even understand what had happened, dozens of fragments tore through his body, and one of them severed his neck.

His head had only just left his body when Lei Long transformed into a lightning spear and stabbed through it, instantly killing him.

"Guo Ran's wares are all top grade. Looks like his bragging was the truth."

That sphere was one of the bombs that had been used as a final trump card against the sea demons in the eastern sea. But instead of being used on them, they had ended up giving a vicious blow to the ancient races and Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples.

Back then, Guo Ran had given Long Chen his greatest masterpiece as a souvenir. But in truth, it was actually just to show off.

But now this bomb was even able to kill a rank seven Celestial when Long Chen used it properly.

"Not good. Gotta run!" Long Chen's expression suddenly changed. He sensed several powerful auras rushing straight over.

Clenching his teeth, he poured the tiny bit of spiritual yuan he had just recovered into his boots and vanished like a wisp of smoke.

Less than two breaths after Long Chen had left, several figures appeared on the battlefield.

One of them was the rank eight Celestial from the elephant ancient race. He looked over the battlefield and said, "His aura hasn't dissipated yet. He can't be far. Everyone split up."

The others immediately fanned out, rapidly flying through the air. All of them were on alert, ready to unleash their strongest attacks at any time.

They knew that after consecutive battles, Long Chen had long since become an arrow at the end of its path. Once they found him, he would likely unleash a final deathblow, so they were all very careful. None of them dared to be careless when it came to handling Long Chen.

Long Chen was only able to endure for a dozen breaths before his spiritual yuan was used up by the boots.

Suddenly, he saw a waterfall ahead. There was a pool below it, and he sensed a strange fluctuation coming from within the pool.

Hesitating for a moment, Long Chen dived in. Only once he was inside the pool did he realize it was just like an ancient well. Although it hadn't looked remarkable on the outside, it was incredibly deep.

Long Chen had gone down hundreds of meters without seeing the bottom. Once he was over a mile deep, he saw a curtain of light blocking the water.

Entering the light, he realized it was an immortal cave. When he looked back, the light curtain had vanished, and the water of the pool had also disappeared. He had unwittingly been transported to some kind of special location.

Suddenly, eight pearls at the top of eight stone pillars lit up, making this immortal cave as bright as day.

With this light, he managed to get a clear look. This immortal cave was like the inside of an ancient palace. The eight stone pillars had fierce beast carvings on them. Long Chen didn't recognize a single one of those beasts.

Standing within this room, he saw a throne ahead. The throne was empty, but it emitted its own powerful pressure.

On the wall behind the throne, there was a huge mural three hundred meters high. There were countless creatures depicted within it. Flying birds, walking beasts, all living in peace.

He didn't know whether it was a misperception or not, but when he looked at those creatures, he felt like they were looking back at him, appraising him. This mural was filled with Dao charm.

"This painting is definitely a treasure!" A fiery light appeared in Long Chen's eyes as he looked at the mural.

"How can you be sure?" Suddenly, a voice rang out behind Long Chen.

Long Chen jumped in fright. Without even thinking about it, he smashed behind him with his pot.

But after swinging the pot, he was shocked to find that the pot had disappeared from his hand. Instead, it appeared in the hand of an elder that had appeared behind him.

The elder was tall and lean. He wore cyan robes and had a scholar's band wrapped around his head. He looked just like an old Confucian scholar. He possessed a simple and elegant air.

The elder seemed to be lost in thought as he held the pot. He gently stroked it with his other hand. The pot actually let out a rumbling sound that sounded like the wailing of a child.

“When I forged you, it was in recollection of my childhood memories. You were the proof of my Dao-heart. But now that I think about it, it was nothing more than a joke... Becoming a god or an immortal is nothing more than this...” sighed the elder. His eyes were lost as he had sunk into his memories.

Long Chen didn’t dare to make a sound. He wasn’t able to sense this elder’s aura or even his existence. And yet it was like his existence encompassed all of heaven and earth.

Long Chen had never seen anyone as terrifying as this. It was like on his own, he was the entire world. In this world, he was in control of everyone’s life and death.

“Alright, you were born from my hands, but you were almost destroyed because of me. Now you’ve encountered a new master. I will give you some good fortune to make up for that ancient debt.”

A rune appeared in the elder’s hand, and he slowly placed it on the bottom of the pot. The pot’s aura rapidly changed. Despite clearly being an ordinary pot, it now possessed a sacred and divine air.

That divine air slowly faded, and the elder returned the pot to Long Chen. “It has fate with you. I hope you won’t let it down.”

Long Chen was in a daze, but he obediently received the pot. However, the pot was in a strange state, and it seemed to be lost in slumber.

“Senior, don’t tell me that you are the master of this minor world?” After a long moment of hesitation, Long Chen still ended up asking this question that even he couldn’t really believe.

“Yes, this minor world was created by me. It is the only inheritance I left behind before ascending.” The elder nodded.

Long Chen was shocked by this. Didn’t this mean that this elder had become a god or immortal? No wonder he couldn’t sense any of the aura of a person.

He looked in shock at this elder, but then he suddenly realized he was wrong. If someone had become a god or immortal, there should be an immortal charm around them. After all, even the Xuan Master had a very, very slight amount of immortal qi revolving around him. Why did this elder possess no aura at all?

“Haha, you don’t need to be shocked. Right now, I am not an immortal, nor am I a person. If I were to pick the closest term, I am currently a ghost.” The elder smiled lightly.

“Senior, please forgive this junior for not being able to believe such a thing.” Long Chen shook his head, because he didn’t sense the slightest aura of death from the elder.

“Haha, what an interesting child. No wonder we have fate together. I was a free cultivator, and I had no disciples, sons, or daughters to carry on my inheritance. The only legacy I left behind is the Myriad Spirit Diagram within this minor world. Not only did you enter the inheritance region, but you also found an item I forged back in the day. It seems you are the person I was waiting for to pass on my legacy.” The elder smiled at Long Chen, as if relieved from a heavy burden.

Long Chen was stunned. Was this really possible? His luck had turned? He felt like he had never had such good luck in his entire life. Now that it happened, he didn't dare to believe it.

"But the curious thing is, you aren't even a soul cultivator, let alone a Beast Tamer. The Myriad Spirit Diagram shouldn't have much meaning to you." The elder now shook his head.

"Senior, can we not play around? Just tell me for sure whether you're going to give me this treasure or not. My heart can't handle these sudden turns." Long Chen bitterly smiled.

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First, he made him as happy as possible, and then he said it was useless to him. It couldn't be that the next words out of his mouth would be sorry, it turns out you aren't the destined person, right? That would definitely be able to make a person cough up enough blood to die.

"Haha, don't worry, you are the destined person. I was just curious. This Myriad Spirit Diagram is the cumulation of my cultivation. I cultivated the path of all beasts to achieve my Dao. The Myriad Spirit Diagram has thousands of divine abilities of the myriad beasts in this world. I was a Beast Tamer in my life, and my true body ascended through the path of ten thousand beasts. I left behind the Myriad Spirit Diagram as a legacy for a destined person. Although you are not a Beast Tamer, the destined person doesn't necessarily have to cultivate the same path. It's also possible you are destined to pass it on to someone else. As for whether or not you'll be capable of that, it'll be up to fate. A person can only do so much." The elder smiled.

The elder beckoned, and the mural on the wall began to roll up until it was a scroll only a foot thick.

He gently rubbed it, a complicated expression in his eyes. He sighed, "Becoming a god or immortal is nothing more than this. In the end, everything was still futile. Why bother?"

The elder stroked the scroll a few more times before handing it to Long Chen. "Help me find a suitable disciple to carry on my legacy. It can count as leaving my mark on the world. In the end, gods and immortals are nothing more than ordinary people, unable to sever the feelings in their hearts."

Long Chen received the scroll and solemnly said, "Senior, don't worry. I have a genius Beast Tamer by my side. Your inheritance will definitely continue."

The elder smiled slightly and nodded. This promise was comforting. He said, "It seems you have a powerful physical body. I suppose I can't let you have come for nothing, so I have a body tempering art I can transmit to you."

The elder pressed a finger against Long Chen's forehead. A torrent of energy poured into his head.

Suddenly, the silent primal chaos bead began to rapidly revolve, and a terrifying aura erupted.

The elder's arm exploded from some terrifying energy.



