

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1241

These Foundation Forging disciples directly charged at Long Chen, brandishing their fists.

Although they hadn't released their auras and were just relying on the power of their physical bodies, there were too many of them. With hundreds of them charging at him at the same time, Long Chen's fists and legs were in a flurry. Unable to stop them all, he felt a punch land on his back, as well as a kick to his butt.

That punch and kick were powerful. An ordinary Foundation Forging expert would definitely cough up blood from them.

"Do you all have some illness?! I came here to pay my respects to the sect!" roared Long Chen furiously. These fellows were too uncivilized.

"You're the one who's sick! And even if you aren't, we'll beat you until you are!" cried one of the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples.

Long Chen raged, "Are you all idiots?! Do you not know how to talk rea- Fuck, I get it now."

Long Chen suddenly recalled how Feng Xinglie had told him that when he went to the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect, he could talk anything except reason. That was because no one here would talk that kind of thing with him.

"Fuck, you think I'm easy to bully, hm?" Long Chen was no longer so polite. He directly brushed aside one person's punch and landed his own fist on his nose.

With a pained groan, that person retreated while holding his nose, tears streaming down his face. That wasn't from emotion.

Even with his nose bleeding, that person didn't give up. With a furious curse, he rejoined the fray.

"Fuck, how painful!" Long Chen sent another one of the disciples flying when a fist landed on the back of his head, raising a large bump.

He didn't know how these Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples possessed such strange power. There was some kind of energy within their punches that caused continuous destruction to a person's physical body, making it impossible to heal quickly.

Long Chen now realized why those previous disciples would be beaten into such a sorry state without using their Heavenly Dao energy to heal. The reality of it wasn't that they didn't want to, but that these injuries would take a certain amount of time before fading.

In truth, this was the result of the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's special core technique: the Battle God Sacred Canon. Its power was extremely domineering. If a person was slapped by the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples, they would be doomed. That mark on their faces wouldn't heal without several days' time.

Holding the egg-sized bump on his head, Long Chen became infuriated. Seeing three of the disciples charging at him, Long Chen viciously sent out a kick at one of them.

Long Chen didn't hold back with this kick. That guy flew back, smashing into the crowd behind him. Long Chen then smashed his fists at the heads of the two others.

Now Long Chen was truly infuriated. As a result, both those people's heads caved in and they were knocked unconscious. Long Chen grabbed their legs and began to ruthlessly whirl them around, using them as human weapons. Miserable cries rang out as a mass of people around him were knocked back.

"You think I'm easy to bully? I just don't like going crazy, because even I'm afraid of myself when I'm crazy!"

Long Chen was like a furious lion that had been provoked by a pack of wolves. His fists danced, beating back those disciples.

Although these disciples were Foundation Forging experts, the majority of them were rank five or rank six Celestials. Furthermore, they were competing with Long Chen in terms of physical strength. They naturally started to suffer when Long Chen became angry.

"Damnit, this brat's fists are hard! We have to- aiya!" One of them was in the midst of formulating a battle plan when Long Chen's kick landed on his butt, blowing him into the sky.

At first, these people had been ganging up on Long Chen, but now it was Long Chen hunting them down, causing them to yell and scream.

Long Chen ignored their cries. Whenever he caught up to one, he'd beat them up. In less than an incense stick's worth of time, the majority of them were on the ground, while the rest had miserably fled.

"We're done, we're not fighting! Count yourself badass!" cried someone.

Only then did Long Chen pause. But what shocked Long Chen was that despite him having beaten these fellows miserably, they quickly recovered to normal.

The injuries he left on them quickly vanished, while on the other hand, the scars caused by blows between them in the confusion ended up staying longer.

"Fuck, we came to welcome you. Did you have to be so heavy-handed?" grumbled one of them as he shook out his arm. Just now, his arm had been broken by Long Chen.

"Let me warn you, if you keep acting like this, you won't have any friends," mumbled another.

The two of them had only just spoken when a figure appeared and kicked them both, sending them flying.

"Little brats, a loss is a loss. Is there a point to grumbling? And what was that crap about making friends? Are you trying to dupe our guest?" cursed a large man that was like an iron tower.

"Third uncle!" Long Chen was delighted to see Feng Xinglie, the one who had come to assist him in the Eastern Wasteland.

“Hahaha, you’re not bad, little fellow. You’re getting stronger. Come with me.” After saying that, Feng Xinglie once more cursed the disciples who had been beaten, cursing them for being useless and not being able to beat a single person with so many of them working together.

Those disciples lowered their heads and didn’t say a word. When Feng Xinglie and Long Chen left, they once more became lively.

At first, some of them were guessing Long Chen’s origins, and then they discussed the battle just now. As a result of this discussion, it was like gunpowder had ignited. One person said that another person didn’t know how to cooperate, another said that he misunderstood, and as a result, before Long Chen and Feng Xinglie got far, they once more began fighting.

Long Chen was speechless. Weren’t these people too warlike? They just fought whenever they wanted.

“Children just have that kind of temperament. Young people are lively and full of energy, so fighting often isn’t a bad thing. It’ll make them tougher,” explained Feng Xinglie. With admiration, he continued, “Little fellow, you’re quite amazing. I’m probably not your match any longer.”

“Third uncle overpraises me. How could I dare be arrogant in front of you? I’m indebted to you for teaching me the fourth form of Split the Heavens. It allowed me to escape death several times and defeat my powerful enemies. I won’t forget that favor,” said Long Chen.

Feng Xinglie shook his head. “Don’t say such words in the future, or you’ll get beaten. Our Heaven Splitting Battle Sect doesn’t have so many lousy rules. We’re all direct men. What favor, what gratitude? Just remember it in your heart, and it’s fine. If you say it out loud, the flavor changes and our Heaven Splitting Battle Sect doesn’t like that. You should treat this place as your home, or you’ll be beaten. Well, to sum up, you’ll probably get beaten no matter what within the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect, so just prepare yourself.”

What the fuck? Long Chen suddenly had a bad feeling. It seemed his trip to the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect wasn’t going to go as he had planned.

Passing the mountain entrance, he saw a mass of mountains. They were all rocky mountains without any vegetation growing on them, and all the buildings were built out of rocks. It was very simple.

Walking through, Long Chen saw that there weren’t many people in the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect. Feng Xinglie explained, “The Heaven Splitting Battle Sect has already lost its old splendor. Right now, there are only thirteen thousand disciples. There are ten thousand outer sect disciples and three thousand inner sect disciples.”

“How is that possible?” Long Chen was shocked at how low that number was.

“The Heaven Earth Divine Spring has a limited amount of energy, and there’s not enough for more disciples to cultivate. There’s no way to avoid this. But this isn’t that bad either. Quality is better than quantity. After all, only top geniuses will be able to raise the sect’s prestige,” said Feng Xinglie. Although he seemed calm, Long Chen could hear the worry in his voice.

As they walked through the sect, Feng Xinglie asked about Long Chen's experiences after arriving in the Central Plains. When he heard of the trouble he caused, he laughed. "Excellent. I bet you'll definitely be to the old man's taste."

"Who is the old man?" asked Long Chen.

"The old man is our sect master. But our Heaven Splitting Battle Sect doesn't really take that many disciples. The majority of our current disciples are descendants of the experts in the inner sect. So no one calls him the sect master, just the old man," said Feng Xinglie.

Eventually, they arrived in a large plaza. In truth, it was a huge mountain that had been severed at the waist to form the plaza.

When they arrived, Long Chen saw over a thousand disciples standing there, all of them Foundation Forging experts.

What caused his heart to shake was that these people were clearly true experts. They were different from the people he had encountered at the entrance. These were experts who had lived through the slaughter of the battlefield, and their sharp auras were the result of bathing in blood and fire.

"These are all inner sect disciples, the elites of the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect. In the outside world, each one of them has the power to fight across realms. They are the future pillars of our sect," said Feng Xinglie with both gratification and pride.

Most of these disciples were rank five Celestials, some were rank six, and there were dozens of rank seven Celestials. This lineup was truly powerful.

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Most importantly, they were true experts. Their killing intent was reserved right now, but they were elites unafraid of death.

Just at this moment, a large man walked out from amongst them. He had sword-like eyebrows and the mouth of a lion. He was a rank eight Celestial.

"How powerful..." Long Chen's heart shook. This was his first time feeling such immense pressure from a rank eight Celestial.

He had already killed multiple rank eight Celestials. Those ancient race and Bloodkill Hall's rank eight Celestials had been incredibly powerful.

But even when those five people had joined hands against him, he hadn't felt as much pressure as he did just by seeing this person. How could he not be shocked?"

"Chang Hao." The large man cupped his fists toward Long Chen.

"Long Chen." Long Chen returned the etiquette.

Feng Xinglie smiled. "Long Chen, Chang Hao is one of our top experts in your generation. According to the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's few rules, he will definitely challenge you to a fight. That's a sign of his respect for you, because if he felt you weren't worth it, he could challenge anyone else. To sum it up, if you aren't able to satisfy everyone with your power, you won't be able to truly join the sect."

The fiery light in those disciples' eyes grew stronger after Feng Xinglie finished speaking. They were full of expectations.

"You're very powerful. I trust you won't decline." Chang Hao looked at Long Chen, his eyes full of battle intent.

