

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1250

Long Chen was sitting in the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's plaza. The early sun's warm rays illuminated his bruised and swelling face.

This was his first time feeling that the sunlight could be so warm, his first time feeling that even breathing was such a blessed thing, his first time feeling just how fortunate he was just to be living.

In the past seven days, he had experienced what others called hell on earth. Seven devil gods had been passionately torturing him. Even with his willpower, he almost went insane.

Each hour, even each breath, had felt so long. During his intense fight with them- no, it should be called during his intense beating.

Although Long Chen had given it his all, he hadn't been able to cause them any real injuries. And relying on their cultivation bases, they didn't feel any shame or have any misgivings about beating him.

These seven days had made him almost start doubting what he was doing with his life. They had really been shameless, and no matter how many times he had provoked them, they wouldn't fall for it, refusing to fight him with a Foundation Forging cultivation base.

As he was beaten almost to death, he had tried to think of anything that could save him, but nothing had managed to stop him from being beaten into a dead dog.

Perhaps this was just what the old man had meant when he said intelligence was useless in front of absolute power. In fact, Long Chen suspected this was a deliberate lesson arranged by the old man.

But after seven days of hellish torture, he clearly sensed that his physical body had grown stronger once more.

The pure energy he had absorbed from the Heaven Earth Divine Pool seemed like it had been fermenting in his body, and this beating had stimulated it. It was like a sleeping beast had woken and started to bare its fangs.

Their cruel beating was like the sharpening of a treasured blade. Long Chen's aura had steadied, and shockingly he was able to get a few blows of his own back on them. But after those blows, he always had to pay a terrifying price.

What Long Chen didn't know was that although the seven bosses had acted indifferent and natural, they had been incomparably shocked inside.

They had been constantly stimulating his potential, making his combat power rise without him even being able to sense it. That innate domineering pressure of his caused even them to feel intimidated. This kind of domineering will had nothing to do with cultivation base. It was a belief in himself, a belief that he could not be defeated, a belief forged through winning countless victories against impossible odds.

Right now, he was facing seven terrifying experts, and he didn't have the slightest hope of victory, but his Dao-heart didn't break. It didn't even quiver.

It was precisely due to his firm Dao-heart that Long Chen suffered more than other disciples. When the other disciples' Dao-hearts received an impact, the bosses would give them time to breathe and adjust themselves.

But Long Chen's Dao-heart was so firm that no matter how they beat him, he would still fight on. Sometimes, when they were too careless, he would make them suffer a bit too.

Others would usually be 'taken care of' for less than a day and then get a few days' rests. But Long Chen had continued with his torment for seven consecutive days. After seven days of beatings, he was covered in injuries, but by the seventh day, his fighting style had become stronger and more courageous, with his battle intent also growing. He was practically a monster.

Long Chen was also like a devil that had killed his way out of hell to step into the mortal world just like the bosses now. His gaze was so sharp that others didn't dare to look directly at him. His aura continued to surge right at his fingertips, ready to explode at any moment. That was the instinctual reaction the seven bosses had beaten into him.

After seven days of training, Long Chen had fully adapted to his new cultivation base and power. Compared to when he first arrived at the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect, he was like a completely different person.

Despite his bruised face, no one laughed at him. In fact, there were quite a few people who consoled him.

Every single person here had gone through the same hellish beating. But they weren't beaten as much as him. Most of them were only beaten for half a day. Even people like Chang Hao were only able to endure the training for a day before needing to take a break. Just thinking of what it was like to be beaten by those ruthless figures, they shivered and felt that Long Chen was a prodigy just for surviving.

Long Chen was currently resting. Ultimately, after seven straight days of having his nerves stretched as tight as possible without any break, he had reached his limit.

While resting, he also had a chance to make friends amongst these fellows without the slightest schemes in their hearts. The disciples' attitudes were very simple. Since they had acknowledged him, they treated him like family.

Once he became friends with them, he found that they were truly pure and simple. Other than fighting, the only thing in their heads was cultivation. Their thoughts were very simple, and they could decide everything with their fists.

"Long Chen, let's go. I'll go fight for justice for you," called out one of the rank seven Celestials as he passed by.

"It's okay, let me just take a break." Long Chen shook his head, somewhat speechless. These fellows truly liked to fight. Whether they were eating or sleeping, one word and they would start fighting. In fact, sometimes when two people were in the midst of squatting and pooping, they might start fighting with their upper bodies. That didn't impact the natural movements down below.

The Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's cultivation technique was extremely special. Even these cultivators pooped within the sect just like ordinary mortals.

They didn't eat medicinal pills. They didn't sit in meditation. They did not fast. Actually, they ate a lot, mostly eating the flesh of high ranking Magical Beasts. They walked an alternative cultivation path.

Long Chen still hadn't gotten completely used to this new tempo. He had no interest in their fight for justice. He guessed it was just another game of fighting.

"Let's go. Let's go fight for justice!"

Another person called out to Long Chen, using the same phrase. Long Chen declined again, but then curiously, over ten people walked past, calling out to Long Chen, "Let's go fight for justice!"

What was going on? Just as he was wondering whether he should go with them to take a look, another person walked by. He was an extremely tall and square-faced man.

"Brother, let's go have some fun."

Long Chen was startled, and he asked, "Why aren't you going to fight for justice like everyone else?"

The square-faced man curiously asked, "I am Bao Buping. Have you ever met anyone who would fight themselves?"

Long Chen almost fell off his rock. "When they said they wanted to go fight for justice, they just wanted to beat you?"

"Don't listen to their bragging. They're the ones who are about to get beaten," said Bao Buping.

Only now did Long Chen notice that Bao Buping was a rank eight Celestial, and his aura was maybe even stronger than Chang Hao's.

Intrigued, Long Chen went with him. He knew that there was a valley in this direction, a beautiful place for fighting. The rocks were red there too, but they weren't as bright and garish as the bricks in the training room where he had just endured his hellish torment.

This was why the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples had to eat so much meat. It was to make up for all their lost blood.

"When you arrived, I was in seclusion. As soon as I came out, I heard you were being taken care of by those seven old ghosts. Brother, it's been hard on you," said Bao Buping sympathetically.

Long Chen bitterly smiled. It seemed each one of these disciples had said the same thing upon seeing him.

"Those seven ghosts are all evil. That one from my family is especially vicious. I don't even know how many times I've been beaten by him. But once I achieve my Dao, I'll definitely return all the beatings he owes me." Bao Buping clenched his teeth. He had clearly also gone through an extremely miserable experience.

“Your family? Are you talking about Boss Bao?” asked Long Chen, suddenly recalling that they had the same surnames.

“Who else?” said Bao Buping hatefully.

Long Chen was speechless. It seemed Boss Bao treated his own family’s children even more ruthlessly. But then thinking about it, of course he was ruthless. People who weren’t ruthless were unable to reach such heights. Experts were all ruthless people, ruthless with others and ruthless with themselves.

“In the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect, only Chang Hao and I are rank eight Celestials. We each have to receive the other disciples’ challenges, so we switch off every month. Last month, it was up to Chang Hao to receive their challenges, and this month it’s my turn. It’s going to be a bitter battle. But I won’t let them have it too easy,” said Bao Buping. The two of them arrived at the valley.

This valley was covered in rocks that were dyed red. That was the color of blood.

The blood of experts was an excellent dye that wouldn’t fade for a long time. It was a mark of what had passed.

When Long Chen saw these red rocks, he had a sense of déjà vu. It reminded him of the marks he had left behind in the training room.

The two of them had only just arrived when the many disciples that had gathered immediately roared, “Brothers, charge! Beat Bao Buping!”

Thousands of elite disciples charged over in an instant.

“Hmph, I’ll beat you all today!” Bao Buping shot forward as well, charging at them.

BANG

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“Aiya!”

“Fuck!”

The sound of fists striking flesh rang out along with miserable screams and curses. The entire scene became chaotic.

What shocked Long Chen was that Bao Buping was truly powerful. Those rank seven Celestials were all knocked away by a single punch, and rank six Celestials were knocked back in waves.

And yet, there were too many of them, and they were competing only with physical bodies. This was a barbaric battle with no technique. Very quickly, Bao Buping was submerged by the crowd. In just a bit, Long Chen saw Bao Buping leave his own mark here.

“Hey, wait a moment! I only came to watch!” Long Chen suddenly cried out when he saw some people look at him.

“Brother, help! There’s another one over here! Ah!” One of the rank six Celestials had only just started shouting when Long Chen knocked him out with a punch.

But he had still managed to attract quite a bit of attention. Long Chen’s fist had established enmity.

Because there were too many people, many of them were unable to reach Bao Buping. After failing to reach him several times, they saw Long Chen and charged over.

[1] The title, and what these people keep calling out to Long Chen, is 打抱不平 which is an expression meaning to fight for justice. The last three characters are Bao Buping, and here, that is that person’s name, which turns the expression into fight/beat Bao Buping. So 打抱不平 means both fight for justice and beat Bao Buping.

