

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1452

A small river flowed within the surrounding mountains. Farmland lined the river, and with the sun's warm rays already lighting up the land, the farmers had long since gotten to work.

The oxen were walking back and forth on the farms, pulling on the plows that broke apart the earth. But the farms had water in them, and as the oxen traveled, the muddy water splashed. Whether it was the oxen or the farmers, they were all covered in mud.

One farmer appeared to be in his thirties. Through the layers of mud, it was vaguely possible to see he was a suntanned man busy with his honest labor.

He was constantly shouting, directing the oxen. Only once the land was level could he begin planting the seedlings. This entire year's crop depended on the spring, so he couldn't waste this sunlight.

"Dad!"

Suddenly, a tender shout rang out. The man turned to see a little girl who appeared to be between three or four years old running over to him on the embankment between farms. She held two wild fruits in her hand as she excitedly shouted.

The little girl wore her hair in pigtails, and she wore a cotton jacket. Although it was spring, this early spring morning was still a bit chilly.

She was a beautiful girl who seemed like an adorable doll, with her jade-like face and her crescent eyebrows. Her eyes were the perfect proportion of white and black.

"Little Yan, why have you run over here? Look, you dirtied your jacket. Aren't you afraid your mom will spank you?" The suntanned man immediately smiled, looking at the little girl with love. Even his tiredness was swept away by her arrival.

"Mom won't hit me. I came here to bring dad some fruit! Aiya!"

"Careful!" the suntanned man cried out. The embankment was very muddy, and the girl slipped and fell. Those two fruits she was carrying fell into the mud, and even her dress was dirtied.

She immediately began to bawl. The man hastily ran over and wiped her dress a few times. Picking her up, he placed her on a larger rock to the side of the embankment.

"Little Yan, what hurts? Tell dad," he said, worriedly looking at her.

"I'm sorry dad, Little Yan is too stupid. I got the fruit dirty..." Little Yan cried, obviously feeling both embarrassed and angry from having her good deed ruined.

Hearing that, the man immediately relaxed and smiled. "What's so dirty about them?" The man directly dug the two fruits from the mud, wiped them a few times, and then took a big bite.

"Dad, they're dirty! Mom said that if you eat dirty things, they'll grow insects inside your stomach! I'll go wash them in the river!" cried the girl.

“Haha, that’s something that will only happen to children. Your dad’s stomach is strong and he can eat them without worry!” The man patted his chest confidently.

“Really? Dad is amazing!” The girl actually believed him and looked at him worshipfully.

“Come, give dad a hug. Dad will bring you home and have your mom change your clothes. If you’re so dirty, you won’t look like a little fairy.” The man took off his outer clothes and lifted the girl. He was afraid of getting the girl’s clothes dirty. He clearly doted on her.

“Dad, am I holding up your work?” she asked.

“Of course not. I’ve already worked for a while and I needed a break. Let alone your dad, even the oxen need a rest,” comforted the man.

“Dad really is the best!” The girl leaned over to kiss him on the cheek.

“Don’t. Your dad is dirty, so you can’t kiss him. If you eat any dirt, bugs will grow in your stomach!” The man hastily dodged with a laugh.

“Then I’ll wait until dad is clean!” The girl hung onto his neck.

Carrying the girl, the man crossed the farmland and arrived on the path to return to the village.

“Hey, Leng Erhei, this girl of yours has such pale skin. It’s a completely different color from yours. It couldn’t be that your wife wasn’t loyal to you, right?” joked a fellow farmer who was busy in the fields when he saw them passing.

These farmers all liked to joke around, and in truth, they were very close to each other. This joke didn’t harbor any ill intent. They were all used to it.

“Screw off. You and your wife are both so pale, but your child looks like he is made of mud. I heard that he fell once, and it was impossible to tell him apart from the ground. It was only the next day that you found him. You’re clearly just jealous,” laughed the man who had been called Leng Erhei.

“Hehe, my second son is two years older than your girl. Those ages just happen to be suitable. What do you think about setting them up?” That farmer’s eyebrows rolled several times.

“Don’t even think about it. This girl of mine is like a heavenly fairy. But your son really is not bad. He’ll definitely be a capable hunter in the future.”

“What do you mean?”

“He’ll be invisible once he’s tossed to the ground, and even prey won’t notice him.”

“You!”

“Hahaha.” Leng Erhei laughed and left, bringing his daughter into the village.

The village wasn't very large. There were only a few dozen households. They lived off the land, relying entirely on farming, hunting, and gathering.

Once the two of them arrived, a few women looking after children immediately smiled toward them, praising the girl for being smart and attractive. Although they often saw her, it always felt like it wasn't enough.

The girl was also very adorable, cutely calling them third aunt, second aunt, and so on. These villagers lived simple and honest lives here, and they all got along with each other.

"Aiya, my little girl, what happened to you? Are you alright?" A woman immediately walked over upon seeing them. Seeing her current appearance, she was both angered and distressed.

"She's fine. She just fell down and got her clothes dirty. Why don't you go ask mom to change your clothes? I'll get back to work." Leng Erhei rubbed the girl's head and then left.

The girl's mother brought out a set of clean clothes for Little Yan. She had just helped her change into them when the sound of rapid hoofbeats rang out along with several startled cries.

"What are you doing?!" Leng Erhei was amongst them. But after a muffled groan, his voice was cut off.

"Little Yan, don't move. Mom will go out to take a look." Little Yan's mother hastily ran out of the courtyard to see over ten black-robed men.

Each of them was large and stocky, and they were currently shouting something. Little Yan's mother quickly saw Leng Erhei on the ground.

"Erhei!" cried Little Yan's mother. She ran over to his side and saw that his nose was sunken in. His teeth had been knocked out of his mouth and his face was covered with blood.

The entire village was panicked. They had never seen such strong people. The villagers quickly grabbed their children and stared fearfully at the black-robed men.

Some of those black-robed men carried swords on their backs, some carried sabers on their waists. They seemed like evil fiends to these villagers.

Following the panic in the village, the men working on the farms all rushed back. Seeing Leng Erhei lying on the ground, they shouted furiously, "What are you doing!?"

Pfft! One man had just opened his mouth when one of those black-robed men with a scar on his face unsheathed his saber and cut off that man's head.

"AH! They're killers! Run!"

PFFT! One of the shouting women was directly cut in two by another man. The villagers were all scared stupid. The sound of crying and terrified shouts echoed.

“How vexing. We were actually sent to this region. How are we supposed to find any good seedlings amongst these peasants?” One of the black-robed men spat on the ground as his gaze swept across the quivering villagers.

His gaze was focused on the children the women were carrying. A cold light shone in his eyes.

“What a waste of time. Kill them all. Such inferior people aren’t fit to live in this world. They should make room for useful people,” said the scar-faced man who seemed to be the leader. As he spoke, he randomly slashed his saber. One man was directly killed.

“I won’t let you!” One village man attacked one of the black-robed men with a farming pick.

But he had only just raised it when a sword pierced his chest. That man looked at the sword piercing his chest and unwillingly collapsed.

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“Dad!” A seven-year-old boy ran over, wailing. With a single kick from the black-robed man, that child was sent flying.

One of the black-robed men arrived in front of Leng Erhei. At this time, Leng Erhei had just been woken by his wife. Seeing the black-robed men, he immediately pushed his wife behind him and shouted, “If you have any guts, then come at us! Leave the women alone!”

“The weak don’t have the qualifications to set conditions!” The black-robed man kicked Leng Erhei in the chest, and he and his wife were both sent tumbling back.

The black-robed man raised his sword again. It began to fall toward Leng Erhei’s neck without the slightest mercy.

“Don’t hurt daddy!”

At some unknown point, the little girl had also run over. She stood in front of Leng Erhei’s body. She stared at the black-robed man with her black and white eyes. A courageous light shone in those eyes, a light without the slightest fear.

Seeing Little Yan run over, Leng Erhei was startled and hastily pulled her back, giving her to his wife.

“Bring Little Yan away!”

Little Yan’s mother picked her up and immediately fled for her life. The black-robed man was about to chase when Leng Erhei grabbed his waist and swept out his leg. In his carelessness, the black-robed man actually tripped to the ground.

“Die!”

With a furious roar, that black-robed man smashed a fist at Leng Erhei’s back.



