

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1589

On the peak, the old man said, "Little fellow, I've taught you the seventh form's mnemonic now. When you go back, you can slowly open your meridians, and by no means should you rush it. At your current level, there's no way you can control the seventh form of Split the Heavens. This move is something even I can barely use. Without the Heaven Splitting Divine Tablet, using it is truly dangerous."

The old man's expression was grave as he warned Long Chen. This move could not be randomly used.

Unfortunately, Long Chen couldn't stay in the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect forever. There was no way for the old man to guide him forever. That was why the old man had no choice but to transmit the seventh form of Split the Heavens ahead of time to Long Chen.

The fierceness of the seventh form was something even Long Chen's monstrous physical body and spiritual yuan could not possibly handle. The old man was afraid Long Chen would get arrogant and try to use it, which would result in a fatal opening for his enemies.

"Even you are only barely able to use it? But didn't you say that you would show me the power of the ninth form of Split the Heavens in the Grand Han? Could it be..." Long Chen was surprised.

The old man furiously clapped Long Chen in the back of the head. "What, you think I was just bragging? I can use the ninth form. However, it would require using a secret art to ignite my Yuan Spirit. After unleashing it, I would die."

Long Chen rubbed the back of his head. He was very moved inside. Back then, the old man had actually been willing to sacrifice his life to unleash the ninth form of Split the Heavens in order to cut down Yu Xiaoyun's clone. That had been for Long Chen's sake.

"The nine forms of Split the Heavens are too domineering. Even when cultivating the Battle God Sacred Canon, it's still difficult to use them. That's why we need the assistance of the Heaven Splitting Divine Tablet to relieve the stress to the body. The Battle God Sacred Canon, the nine forms of Split the Heavens, the Heaven Splitting Divine Tablet, and the Heaven Splitting Blade are the four treasures of the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect. Not one can be missing. However, the current Heaven Splitting Divine Tablet is incomplete. You should be careful when using Split the Heavens as a result," warned the old man.

"I understand. I won't rush it." Long Chen nodded.

The old man had only transmitted the mnemonic for the seventh form to Long Chen, but he hadn't had Long Chen start training in it yet. He would instead let Long Chen study it slowly.

"Alright, then you should leave. I want to see what's recorded inside this jade case. Hmph, I refuse to believe the Netherpassage realm is really so difficult to reach," said the old man competitively. However, he had agreed to use this jade case now thanks to Long Chen.

"I want to see it too. Don't be so stingy!" Long Chen was very curious about what was contained in the jade case.

"Do you want to lose your life? This jade case contains life and death energy. Qu Jianying somehow managed to record some of her experiences in the Netherworld by using a portion of her Yuan Spirit.

Once the jade case is activated, that powerful life and death energy will definitely kill your Yuan Spirit instantly,” said the old man.

“It’s fine. My Yuan Spirit is strong enough to handle it.” Long Chen smiled. He was even more confident in his Yuan Spirit than he was in his physical body.

“Then tell me how many primordial runes you had when you condensed your Yuan Spirit. I’ll see if it’s enough. This isn’t a joke. When that life and death energy erupted, I won’t be able to save you. I haven’t reached the Netherpassage realm yet,” said the old man.

An attack of life and death energy would annihilate the Yuan Spirit. It was unblockable. If something happened to Long Chen, the old man would go crazy.

“Cough, I had quite a few. Can I ask how many primordial runes you had?” probed Long Chen.

“Although I am only a rank eight Celestial, I was assisted by the Battle God Sacred Canon. I increased the number of primordial runes that I produced by three times. In the end, I managed to condense eighty-seven thousand of them,” said the old man proudly.

Long Chen was startled. He had always thought that the old man was a rank nine Celestial. Unexpectedly, he was only a rank eight Celestial.

However, thinking about it, Long Chen knew there was no way to compare the old man’s era with the present. In the current era, mostly in the most recent few years, the world had changed. Heavenly geniuses were crazily sprouting.

Heavenly geniuses were as common as rice. As for in the old man’s era, advancing a single Celestial level had been incredibly difficult. His tenacity and grit were not things that the current generation’s heavenly geniuses could compare to.

As a rank eight Celestial, he had touched upon the door to the Netherpassage realm. This kind of perseverance even won Long Chen’s praise. It seemed cultivation talent wasn’t necessarily the most important thing.

For ordinary rank nine Celestials, the upper limit was nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine primordial runes. As for the old man, he had actually broken through his limit three times, resulting in him condensing eighty-seven thousand. There was definitely something behind that.

“Little fellow, how many primordial runes did you have? If you don’t have enough, then don’t talk nonsense,” said the old man.

“In truth, I condensed enough. I condensed just a little bit more than you,” said Long Chen.

“How much is a little bit? Say it in more detail. Don’t look at me with that evil smile. This could kill you,” raged the old man.

“Ah... a bit more means a bit more.” Long Chen scratched his head bashfully. There was really no way he could say it without embarrassing the old man.

“A hundred thousand?”

“A bit more.”

“Two hundred thousand?”

“A bit more again.”

“What, three hundred thousand?” exclaimed the old man.

“A bit more again. Your version of a bit is too small,” said Long Chen.

“Don’t tell me you condensed a million?!”

“Ah, how should I put this? Let’s just stop guessing. In any case, it’s a bit, bit, bit, bit, bit more than that,” said Long Chen, even gesturing with his hands to show it was just a bit bigger.

“Five million?”

The old man heard Long Chen say the word bit five times, so he increased his count by five times.

Long Chen didn’t know whether or not he should tell the truth. But he couldn’t lie in front of the old man.

“What are you being mute for?! Hurry up and tell me!” roared the old man.

He now truly wished to learn how many primordial runes Long Chen had condensed. The more he had condensed, the stronger his Yuan Spirit, and the stronger his Yuan Spirit, the greater his potential.

Seeing the old man on the verge of exploding, Long Chen helplessly extended ten fingers.

“Ten million?! Your Yuan Spirit really is terrifying!” exclaimed the old man.

“It’s not ten million. It’s one billion!” sighed Long Chen.

The old man’s staff whacked toward Long Chen. He roared, “Fuck off, do you think I’m an idiot? How could such a Yuan Spirit exist in this world?!”

“Split the Heavens 5!”

Suddenly, a ray of light shot out of Long Chen’s head. A powerful saber-image struck the old man’s staff.

Caught off guard, his staff was knocked out of his hand, and his hand even began to bleed.

The old man looked in shock at a three-inch figure of Long Chen standing in front of him. Long Chen’s Yuan Spirit had actually used its hand as a blade to activate the fifth form of Split the Heavens. Despite that, its power was astonishing.

“Little fellow, you were still hiding this trump card? You weren’t even using your full power in the Grand Han!” cried the old man.

Long Chen’s Yuan Spirit could actually unleash Battle Skills. Then at the very least, his Yuan Spirit possessed eighty percent of the combat power of his true body. At the end of the Dragon Slaughtering Convention, he had looked to be at a miserable disadvantage, but he had actually been holding back.

“I really did use my full power. However, I need to keep a few life-saving trump cards. My luck is so bad, I’d probably be screwed if I ran out of trump cards,” said Long Chen helplessly.

In truth, Long Chen really had held back at that time. One of his trump cards was his Yuan Spirit. Even though his own spiritual yuan was exhausted, his Yuan Spirit could be treated as his clone and another energy store.

The other trump card he hadn’t used was that when his spiritual yuan ran out, he had one method to restore it instantly. That was Chu Yao. When Chu Yao activated the Wood Spirit Union, he could use her yuan spirit. The thick reserves of spiritual yuan possessed by a wood cultivator were perfect for that.

However, having all his trump cards exposed at once was very dangerous. Unless he was forced to, he would prefer not to use them. This was a habit of his now. After all, this was related to everyone’s life and death.

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“So it’s true? But even an Empyrean cannot possess that many primordial runes? A variant of heaven and earth? Or... a Sovereign sprout?” The old man suddenly burst into wild laughter.

“Good, then I won’t worry about you. Although your Yuan Spirit hasn’t reached its peak state, such an abnormal power should have no problem handling the life and death energy.”

The Heaven Splitting Blade unleashed a wave of light that enveloped the two of them. They vanished, reappearing in a wasteland.

“No one will disturb us here. Prepare yourself. I’m going to activate the jade case,” said the old man.

The old man waved a hand. His Spiritual Strength burst forth, and the jade case exploded. As the world turned pitch-black, Long Chen jumped in shock.

“Activate your sixth sense!” shouted the old man.

Long Chen hastily activated all his acupuncture points. When his sixth sense was activated, he saw a dusky world. The surroundings were the same, but the void was constantly shaking. There was also some image strangely superimposed on itself.

Long Chen felt a burst of pain in his mind as if a needle was stabbing his mind-sea. That was the erosion of the life and death energy. Although it was uncomfortable, he could handle it. A wave of light came from his head, forcing back this strange energy.

This life and death energy was very strange. He couldn't feel it, he couldn't sense it, and even his sixth sense was unable to grasp it. However, its power was focused on targeting his Yuan Spirit.

"Haha, Wu Guangyuan, looks like in the end, you still ended up owing me a favor!" Suddenly, a voice rang out that caused Long Chen and the old man's expressions to change. The old man's face turned as dark as the bottom of a pot.

