

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1763

My life belongs to me, not the heavens. How many experts thought that inside, but didn't dare to say it out loud?

They didn't have the confidence. Ignoring the so-called fate bestowed upon them by the Heavenly Daos, just the things that they saw around them made them feel profoundly helpless.

Talents, resources, qualifications, environments, competitions, not one of these aspects fully pleased them. To use a saying from the secular world, the heart could be higher than the heavens, but life is more fragile than paper.

Who didn't want to be at the top? Who didn't want to stand above the crowd? Who didn't want to become a Sovereign-like existence?

Everyone had dreams, but they were just dreams. It was impossible to materialize them in reality. When Long Chen said this, some of the elders of the Martial Heaven Alliance were dissatisfied.

"Long Chen, although you are a genius, you should know that not everyone can be like you. Everyone's fates are different. Sometimes aiming for realistic things is better than being overambitious," said one of the Life Star Elders.

Long Chen smiled. "Senior is correct. Your words suit the majority of people. However, you've forgotten one point. Each person is a different seed filled with unknown variables. Even if a seed has already begun to sprout or germinate, even when you think you can see its future, without reaching the end, no one knows what its limit is. When the Sovereigns were still growing, did others know that they would become Sovereigns? In the end, it's good to have dreams because what if they come true? Not only should you have dreams, but they should also be dreams that everyone thinks are impossible to achieve. That's the only way to give you limitless growth. It's okay if your dreams are absurd, it's okay if others don't approve of your dreams. Only dreams that others mock you for are worth materializing.

"I will say something that the seniors here will not approve: our generation, our era cannot be measured according to the theories and principles of our senior generation.

"Don't say that we're arrogant for this because if we weren't arrogant, would we still be youngsters? Our seniors were also once young, and they also had dreams. It's just that their dreams were ground to dust by the cruelty of reality. However, you were still once young, full of sap and drive, and you also sometimes did some immature things when your heads grew hot. That was a brainless impulse, but this kind of dumb urge is also called hot blood by us. We don't calculate the consequences of each of our actions. Our impulses tell us that if someone bullies us, we'll beat them. If someone acts like a poser in front of us, we'll slap them. If someone dares to harm our family, we'll kill them.

"We still have these impulses because we are young. But if we didn't even have dreams, would we really be youngsters?"

Long Chen's words were the words that the youngsters all thought inside, but their sects, their families, their Elders, they all told them to think three times before acting, to take the long view and have foresight. They disliked that, but they couldn't do anything about it.

These words of Long Chen were against the teachings of their seniors, but they resonated with the youngsters, making them cheer.

“You can have dreams, but you still have to be clear on which dreams are realistic and which are imaginary. Imaginary dreams are just an illusion, empty thoughts,” shouted the Elder over the cheering.

“If it was completely realistic, would it still be a dream? A dream is like a bowl, and if your dream is really only the size of a bowl, your future accomplishments will also only be the size of a little fish that can live in that bowl. That’s because you already know your limits, and they become shackles that chain you down. It will be difficult for you to ever grow past the shackles you placed on yourself. If your dream was as large as the sea, then your limit might be a giant whale or even the Kunpeng. Perhaps you might one day transform from a Kun to a Peng. You might one day leap out of the sea and soar beyond the heavens. If the Kun never had a dream about spreading its wings and flying, it would forever remain a Kun. Where did its motivation to transform and soar come from? According to your reasoning, a fish is just a fish and is born to simply swim in the water. For it to fly through the air is not realistic. So if one aims too high, their dreams are imaginary?”

Long Chen’s words were resonating with the youngsters. They were cheering so loudly that the Martial Heaven Alliance was shaking.

That Elder was ashen, but he didn’t know how to argue against this one because the legend of the Kungpeng was something that everyone knew.

The Kun was not willing to be restricted to the sea, and it fought against the Heavenly Daos. It was unknown just how many Kun were struck down by the Heavenly Daos, but the Kun would rather die fighting the restrictions of heaven and earth than remain as it was. In the end, the Kun transformed into the Peng, resulting in the legend of the Kunpeng.

It was wildly arrogant, not even placing the heavens in its eyes. It would rather die than submit. Its will was incredibly stubborn.

These legends were recorded in scripture, and for Long Chen to use them to make that Elder speechless excited the disciples. They could finally contend against these elders.

“Senior, you don’t need to get angry. We’re just talking about theory. Since we’re talking about dreams, let me ask you, do you know a certain phenomenon that is appearing in the cultivation world?” Long Chen smiled.

“A phenomenon?” The Elder looked angry on the surface, but considering how respectful Long Chen was speaking to him, he actually felt some admiration for Long Chen. Considering Long Chen’s status and cultivation base, there was no need for Long Chen to be so polite to him.

On the surface he was domineering, but inside he was still humble. Rather than an arrogant air, he had an arrogant bone, resulting in his particular charisma.

“You’ve seen all kinds of sects. First rate, second rate, and third rate sects that have stable foundations would find it very difficult to ever change from their current state. The strong remain strong, the weak remain weak. Do you know why that is?” asked Long Chen.

“Isn’t it a question of their resources? Powerful sects have more resources, while weaker sects have fewer resources,” answered an Elder.

However, with the previous experience, the elder no longer went against Long Chen and instead used a milder tone.

“That is only a secondary reason. To give everyone an analogy, if I were to lead my Dragonblood Legion to one of the random third rate sects in the Eastern Xuan Region, without me needing to guide them or give them any resources or any help, they would have the power to kill a second rate sect within three years. Do you believe that?” asked Long Chen.

“That... doesn’t sound possible.” One of the Elders frowned.

“It’s possible, it’s definitely possible!” shouted a female disciple.

“Why?” asked the Elder.

“Because as long as senior apprentice-brother Long Chen is present, anything is possible! You don’t need to ask me the reason. I’m saying it’s possible, so it’s definitely possible!” The woman’s strange argument drew out laughter, relieving the tense atmosphere.

“In truth, I wouldn’t need the Dragonblood Legion. Even if I simply led a group of the experts here, the results would be the same,” said Long Chen. It seemed some of the women in the Martial Heaven Alliance were quite passionate.

“Why is that?”

“It’s the same principle that I just argued with the Elder: dreams. In truth, his principle is not wrong. Having a more realistic goal can allow a person to find their direction faster rather than making them lost and unsteady.”

The Elder’s expression improved. Long Chen was giving him a chance to step down.

Long Chen continued, “According to him, dreams are like a target in the wilderness, giving you a direction to go and allowing you to cultivate twice as fast...”

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“That’s right, that’s what I meant. I just didn’t explain myself that clearly before... Ugh, how embarrassing.” That Elder clapped his leg. Everyone couldn’t help but laugh. The Elder that previously rarely spoke or laughed finally showed some emotion.

Long Chen smiled and continued, “So if a group of experts appeared in a sect, the other disciples would use those experts as their target. Their dream would be to become experts like them. Emulating others is an instinct in humans, especially when they can see their target within the same environment as them. This kind of natural reaction will cause the disciples to gradually grow. It’s a marvelous reaction that cannot be explained.”

When Long Chen put it this way, everyone came to a sudden understanding. The phenomenon that Long Chen had mentioned was this.

“This is why the Elder said that dreams should be realistic, to give you a solid target. I do not disagree with this principle. Just now, I said that if a group of experts appeared in a sect, they would bring a reactionary phenomenon. Then the question is, if a sect had experts that had reached the limit of this world and had no targets left, what would they do?”

Long Chen’s expression was solemn, and his voice resounded in everyone’s ears. His words were like hammers striking their heart, making their heartbeats quicken.

“At that time, you would need a dream that exceeds reality. This dream might not be realistic, but I guarantee that this kind of dream is the only one that can break the rules of reality. However far you dream is how far your potential limit is. So again, it’s good to have dreams because what if on the off chance that you achieve them?”

With this, everyone understood what he was saying. Long Chen stood at his current height without having any targets. He relied on his dreams and willpower to grow stronger, forcing the future to give him limitless possibilities.

No one had ever heard who Long Chen’s master was, nor had they ever heard of anyone who had guided him. What Long Chen had was obtained entirely by himself. Thinking of this, people felt deep veneration for him. Long Chen had just explained his own Dao to everyone without holding back.

“Senior apprentice-brother Long Chen!”

Suddenly, a maiden looking to only be thirteen years old ran out of the crowd at Long Chen.

