

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1989

Yu Xiaoyun and the others left, and cheering burst out of the side of the Martial Heaven Alliance. They had won.

This was the Martial Heaven Alliance's first head-on strike back after being constantly suppressed by Pill Valley and the others. This was a complete victory. Pill Valley's side would no longer dare to be as arrogant as before.

Countless disciples flocked over to the Dragonblood Legion, not bothering to conceal their worship for them at all. The name of the world's number one legion was set in stone, with no one being able to shake them from that position.

"What an actor. They really got scared away by you." Evilmoon sighed. Long Chen had actually tricked everyone.

In truth, fighting so intensely against Ji Wuming had not been as easy as Long Chen had made it out to be. Each exchange had resulted in a backlash. His skeleton was now covered in cracks, and those wounds could be likened to a curse from the karmic luck. That was the energy of the world, and even life energy could not immediately wipe it out.

The most important thing though was that combining the power of his world energy, the azure dragon essence blood, and Evilmoon was not something he was used to. Cracks also appeared on his 108,000 stars. If things had continued, he would have been crippled. If his astral spaces exploded, then his path of domination would come to an end.

However, Long Chen had acted like he was in peak condition, scaring away Yu Xiaoyun.

As long as Yu Xiaoyun had chosen to fight, Long Chen would have instantly been exposed. But Yu Xiaoyun actually hadn't fought. Evilmoon couldn't understand that decision.

"Tch, do you really think Yu Xiaoyun is capable of ordering around that rabble? You're overthinking it. They are only allied together for profit. When the profit exceeds the danger, anyone would want to fight. But when the profit is equal to the danger, people hesitate, and when the danger exceeds the profit, who would still foolishly charge in? As for why I didn't bother killing Di Feng, Xie Luo, and Yan Wei, it was to leave them the option of retreating. Di Feng is Mo Nian's prey, while Xie Luo and Yan Wei are no longer qualified to be viewed as opponents by me. The destruction of Heavenly Fate Island has caused the best intimidation factor that I could hope for, and unless they are one hundred percent confident in killing me and the Dragonblood Legion, those people won't attack. They know that if we escape, we'll become their living nightmares. Having destroyed Heavenly Fate Island, I've already achieved my goal here. The various powers on the continent have all been hurt and are tired, while the Martial Heaven Alliance's morale is soaring. If Yu Xiaoyun forced a fight, he would have had an eighty percent chance of failure, and there would have been no way back from that failure. I understand him, and he will only take action when he has an eighty percent chance or more of success. That's why I'm sure that even if I had slapped him in the face, he still would have endured," chortled Long Chen.

"I don't believe it," said Evilmoon.

“You don’t believe it because you don’t understand people’s hearts. Yu Xiaoyun’s ability to endure is greater than you imagine. Based on my understanding of him, he won’t bet all his chips on one thing. He definitely has backups, so he is definitely unwilling to stake everything on this gamble.” After saying that, Long Chen couldn’t bother arguing with Evilmoon because Qu Jianying and the others were coming over to him.

“Haha, little fellow, for a disciple like you to appear in my Heaven Splitting Battle Sect, I can rest in peace even if I die!” The old man laughed and slammed his hand on Long Chen’s shoulder. As a result, Long Chen paled. It felt like a million needles were stabbing his shoulder.

“You old bastard, learn how to hit lighter. After such a battle, Long Chen’s definitely injured!” raged Qu Jianying, pushing aside the old man.

The old man was immediately embarrassed. He had been witnessing Long Chen’s strong side and hadn’t thought that he was injured.

“Long Chen, you really are a dragon amongst men. No wonder Zhiqiu refuses to take up my Divine Ice Palace.” At this moment, Daoist Heavenly Feather also walked over. The neutral camp’s experts followed.

“Greetings, senior.” Long Chen hastily bowed. That was Ye Zhiqiu’s master and his senior. He couldn’t be rude. As a result of this bow, he was filled with even more pain.

“Here.” Daoist Heavenly Feather extended a hand, helping Long Chen up. The instant that she touched him, a black and white whirlpool enveloped Long Chen.

“Life and death energy, the Samsara Dao!”

Qu Jianying and the others let out startled cries. Daoist Heavenly Feather truly had reached the fourth step of Netherpassage. She could control Samsara energy. Before this, it had just been a guess.

Long Chen felt some kind of energy circulate within his body, erasing the curse of karmic luck. Once it was gone, the primal chaos space’s recovery abilities kicked in, making him feel much more comfortable.

“Many thanks, senior.”

“Don’t worry about it. All I did was wipe away the injury of the karmic luck. That’s not enough to be touched by karma as you’re relying entirely on yourself for the rest,” said Daoist Heavenly Feather. “I hope you can treat my disciple properly.”

Hearing this, Ye Zhiqiu blushed slightly. Daoist Heavenly Feather had always treated her as her own daughter, but she had refused to join the Divine Ice Palace, instead only recognizing her as a personal master, but not accepting her position. She held Daoist Heavenly Feather’s arm, not saying anything.

“You don’t need to worry about that. I’ll make sure that no one can bully her, including myself.” Long Chen patted his chest.

“Good. However, Zhiqiu still has to return with me one more time. I have to pass down the rest of the Divine Ice Heavenly Scripture to her. After she learns it, she can accompany you forever instead of keeping this old woman company,” said Daoist Heavenly Feather with a faint smile.

“Master...” Ye Zhiqiu finally couldn’t hold back her tears.

“It’s fine. It was just a joke. Say goodbye to your boyfriend. We have to go.” Daoist Heavenly Feather wiped away her tears.

A master was like a parent. It truly was such a case. Sometimes, a master might be even more than a parent. A parent passed down their bloodline, but it was the master who passed down their life’s learning.

For a person to encounter a good master was difficult. For a master to find a good disciple was even harder. This kind of opportunity could be looked for but couldn’t be forced.

“Long Chen, I...” Ye Zhiqiu didn’t know what to say. She looked at Long Chen. She had never been good with words.

“Don’t worry, things will get better. Go with your master. I’ll come find you with senior apprentice-sister Qu later,” comforted Long Chen.

“Little brat, you’re looking for another beating?” demanded Qu Jianying.

Ye Zhiqiu left sadly, waving goodbye to Long Chen, Meng Qi, Chu Yao, Tang Wan-er, and the others. The two of them vanished.

“Little brat, if you call her senior apprentice-sister, doesn’t that mean you have to call me uncle-in-law?” The old man suddenly smacked Long Chen on the butt.

It was a very light beat, as the old man was in a good mood. He didn’t even remember to hate Qu Jianying.

“Who dares to beat my brother Long?!”

A giant bone club came swinging at the old man, eliciting startled cries.

The old man jumped in shock and hastily blocked with his cane, only to be blown into the distance.

“You dare to hit my brother Long?!” Wilde roared angrily, charging over.

Long Chen jumped, hastily holding him back and shouted, “Wilde, don’t be rude. He’s on our side!”

In his current state, Long Chen was powerless to hold Wilde back. Wilde dragged him into the distance before finally stopping. “On our side? Then why would he hit you?”

“We’re just playing around. Hurry and apologize to the old man,” said Long Chen.

“Old man, I was wrong. How about this? If you feel angry, you can beat me a couple of times too.” Wilde squatted on the ground and covered his head.

Seeing that position, Long Chen sniffed emotionally. Back in the Phoenix Cry Empire, Wilde had been like this as well, simply letting people beat him without hitting back. If anyone was angry, they could beat him to vent.

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It had been many years since then, and the two of them were no longer who they were back then. But those feelings had not changed. Wilde was still that simple large fellow.

The old man came crawling out of the ground. Just now, he had been caught off guard. Wilde’s power was absolutely terrifying.

The old man had a temper, but seeing Wilde acting like a child that had made a mistake, he couldn’t bear to actually strike him.

For Long Chen to have such a brother, the old man was happy. Wilde was so powerful that he had fought with pure brute strength against the leader of the ancient races, Long Juncang, without being beaten. That kind of combat power was enough for him to be arrogant.

“Alright, I’m fine. Child, get up.” The old man helped Wilde up. Rubbing Wilde’s arm that was thicker than a normal person’s waist, the old man sighed. This Wilde was like a simple child, but he was second only to Long Chen in the Dragonblood Legion.

Seeing that the old man wasn’t angry, Bao Buping and Chang Hao had a thought and laughingly pulled Wilde over.

Bao Buping said, “Brother, our old man has a bad temper. He might say he’s not angry but really be furious inside.”

“Then how can I make him not mad?” Wilde immediately felt bad.

“Let me tell you, what you have to do is beat him, and then he won’t be angry. In fact, he’ll be so happy that he praises you. Remember, just raise your club and beat him, ignoring whatever he says! Aiya!”

Two miserable screams rang out as a black cane smacked two buttocks. The two of them went flying into the clouds.

