

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1995

Father and son smiled at each other. That smile contained all their emotions. Sometimes, the relationships between men were just that simple.

“You came at the right time. Come and try out my wine.” Long Tianxiao’s appearance hadn’t changed even after so many years. In fact, due to his lack of stress, he looked even younger.

“Alright, but you have to hurry back. There are guests, and it seems mom doesn’t like the fact that you’re making wine.” Long Chen smiled and received a few jugs of wine.

“Ah, your mom, she can never stop worrying about anything. I’m used to it. There are guests? Looks like you’ve had some accomplishments.” Long Tianxiao guessed something.

“Dad, is this really your wine? It’s not bad!”

“Before this, I just drank the wine without realizing that there’s such a profound essence within the Wine Dao. To tell you the truth, making wine is truly addicting. It’s like painting. You express your life’s experiences and comprehension within the wine. Tasting it is immersing yourself in the maker’s life. That kind of feeling of accomplishment isn’t something that outsiders can understand,” said Long Tianxuan.

“As long as you’re happy.” Long Chen smiled. He had already caused them to lose their original lifestyles twice due to his rise. So he was happy that they were satisfied with their new lives.

Long Tianxiao returned to their home and couldn’t help being surprised after seeing Meng Qi, Chu Yao, Tang Wan-er, and the others. He hadn’t expected Long Chen to bring home so many. When they all called him dad, he smiled delightedly.

As a result, even after searching for a long time, there wasn’t the slightest gift he could give them to welcome them into their family.

Mrs. Long was smiling brightly the entire time. Meng Qi, Chu Yao, Tang Wan-er, Cloud, and Liu Ruyan were all top beauties. She was delighted by her son’s skill.

She had Meng Qi and the others rest while she prepared the food. Mrs. Long wasn’t a cultivator, and although Long Chen had given her some medicine to keep her in good health, she still needed to eat. When Meng Qi and the others tried to help, she shooed them off, refusing to let them do such mundane work.

Long Chen took out a few Scarlet Blood Spirit Fish for Long Tianxiao. Before coming to the Wine God Palace, Long Tianxiao had spent quite a few years secluded in the mountains and had roasted quite a few good fish.

Preparing the food would take a while, so Long Xiaoyu dragged Meng Qi and the others to play hide and seek. The sound of laughter constantly rang out from that side.

Long Chen said that he would come back for dinner and left to go to the rear mountains.

This place was the Wine God Palace. After seeing his parents, he had to see the High Priest, or it would be rude.

“Fatty!”

Passing by Tu Qianshang’s house, he let out a shout upon hearing the snores coming from inside.

“Haha, little fellow, you’ve come.” Tu Qianshang smiled.

“I have something I need to do first, but I’ll come back to find you in a bit,” said Long Chen.

“Hmph, I thought you were here for our three-hundred-round match. Don’t you feel ashamed of waking people from their dreams for no reason?” demanded Tu Qianshang, his smile vanishing. He had already taken out the wine jugs.

“I was afraid you drank so much that you would pee yourself in bed. That would damage your reputation,” laughed Long Chen while walking past Tu Qianshang’s side, making Tu Qianshang go somewhere between laughter and tears.

Long Chen quickly arrived at the High Priest’s residence. Even without a disciple to report his arrival, the High Priest had already come out, waiting for him.

“Greetings, High Priest. Thank you for your help.” Long Chen bowed. Last time, the High Priest had appeared and stopped the old man’s life and death exchange with Yu Xiaoyun.

Although he had great confidence in the old man’s combat power, Yu Xiaoyun was the master of Pill Valley and had countless trump cards. If something happened to the old man, Long Chen would regret it very much.

“It can’t count as help. I’m ashamed to speak of it,” said the High Priest with an amicable smile. He was always like a kindly elder without any of the arrogance that an expert of his level normally possessed. In Long Chen’s heart, only such a person was a true expert.

“How can you say that? If it wasn’t for your intimidation, the Martial Heaven Continent might already be in chaos,” said Long Chen.

“You’re wrong. It wasn’t intimidation but simply the truth. Based on various signs, the dark era is truly about to descend. Regretfully, the current Martial Heaven Continent’s experts are like a plate of loose sand. They can ignore the very continent’s safety just for a little temporary profit to themselves. Perhaps this great era will truly be the end,” sighed the High Priest.

“Is it really so serious?” asked Long Chen.

“Perhaps it’s even more serious than you think. Geniuses are rising like spring bamboo after the rain, indicating that we’ve entered the great era, a prosperous time for us to grow. As for Pill Valley’s Pill Fairy, she is receiving a god’s inheritance. Once she succeeds, the continent’s qi flow will once more change. It will cause a chain reaction. The arrival of the divine daughters and divine sons will ignite the continent’s remaining qi flow. Geniuses and monsters will be born to face the dark era. If we can survive

the dark era, then the continent will have a chance to undergo nirvanic rebirth. If we can't, then it will be destroyed."

"Isn't it said that in the past dark eras, a Sovereign will always appear to bring peace to the chaotic world?"

"Yes. In the past, a Sovereign always appeared with the dark era. The Sovereigns were existences that rose to face this tribulation. Their power dominated those in the same realm. But the Sovereigns all started their rise during the great eras. Any other so-called geniuses could only sigh that they were born at the wrong time, as the Sovereign suppressed them all. However, during this great era, other than you, there is no shocking and amazing figure amongst the human race. As for you, there is no chance for you to become a Sovereign," sighed the High Priest.

"Why is that?"

"First, you like wearing black clothes, while the past Sovereigns all wore white. White represents redemption, hope, and holiness. So the Sovereigns were all existences that every race revered. That is a kind of power that surpasses races. But black represents death, despair, and slaughter, completely contrary to the Sovereigns' will to save all lives. Let alone subduing all races, you can't even subdue your own human race. The majority of experts in the continent are your enemies, so how are you supposed to lead the continent? Other than that, your Spirit Bone has been excavated, your Spirit Blood has been extracted, and your Spirit Root is gone. There is no way for you to become a Sovereign Sprout. Perhaps what I'm saying is a bit difficult to hear and accept, but they are facts. So you should prepare yourself," warned the High Priest.

"Prepare for what?" asked Long Chen.

"If no Sovereign appears in this era, then the Martial Heaven Continent's destruction is essentially set in stone. If a Sovereign does appear, then you will very likely die because the Sovereigns suppressed all their enemies. This is fate. No one can contend with a Sovereign."

Long Chen couldn't help bitterly smiling. "It seems that neither of those options is good."

"That is true. I'm telling you this so you can prepare. If the continent is destroyed and you want to live, you need to be ready. Otherwise, it will be too late," said the High Priest.

Long Chen understood. The High Priest wanted him to prepare a way out. If the continent was destroyed, he had to come up with a way to make sure that he didn't die with it.

The Martial Heaven Continent's destruction would mean the deaths of billions of lives. It was an unimaginable calamity.

"Is the dark era really so terrifying?" probed Long Chen.

"Each time a dark era has descended, it has injured the core of the Martial Heaven Continent, almost destroying it. You can imagine just how terrifying such tribulation is," said the High Priest.

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“Many thanks for your warning. I understand,” thanked Long Chen. In truth, there was no difference between knowing and not knowing this. Perhaps he could bring a few people with him to the Spirit World, but if the Martial Heaven Continent was destroyed, how long would the Spirit World be able to last? And most importantly, would he really be able to accept running? Perhaps he might be able to accept it, but could the will of the Pill Sovereign accept it?

If a Sovereign did appear, then it would be alright if their temper was good. But if they didn't get along with Long Chen, what would Long Chen do? Wouldn't there be a fight to the death between them?

Long Chen's good mood at seeing his parents again ended up vanishing due to the High Priest's words.

However, learning about this now was better than later. If the continent's hearts could be united against the outsiders, then perhaps there would be some hope. However, that was only a dream.

The two of them chatted a bit longer. The High Priest gave Long Chen a few jugs of wine that improved his mood. Of course, he didn't accept them for nothing. He immediately handed over eighteen of his largest Scarlet Blood Spirit Fish which the High Priest happily accepted.

After obtaining the wine, Long Chen's heart grew brighter. Perhaps it should simply be described as the followers of the Wine God put it: if there's wine today, drink it. If there are worries tomorrow, worry about them tomorrow.

Long Chen returned home. As a family, they ate around a table. Mrs. Long and the others were amazed by the taste of the Scarlet Blood Spirit Fish. Now it had become Meng Qi, Chu Yao, and Tang Wan-er's turn to move vegetables onto Long Chen's plate, making Mrs. Long laugh.

After eating dinner, they prepared for bed, only to be dumbfounded. Mrs. Long had prepared a single big bed for their room. While there was space for the six of them, it was going to be awkward.

Mrs. Long stealthily whispered in Long Chen's ear, “Whether or not you can give me some grandchildren after sleeping together with these five fairies will be up to your abilities.”

Long Chen immediately understood, but the most embarrassing thing was that his mother had forgotten that these fairies were powerful cultivators who could easily hear her whisper. Meng Qi, Chu Yao, and Tang Wan-er instantly turned red and turned away, not daring to look at Long Chen.

