

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 226

The entire crowd was deathly silent. Tang Wan-er felt the world spinning around her and she directly fainted. It was Ye Zhiqiu who caught her.

No matter how strong a cultivator was, unless they had stepped into the Xiantian realm, a stab through the heart was absolutely fatal. None of them had expected Long Chen to really die along with Wu Qi.

Ling Yun-zi and Tu Fang were both dumbstruck. Wasn't it said that Divergents could only be killed by the Heavenly Daos? Was Long Chen not a Divergent?

The two of them were filled with regret. If they had known earlier that Long Chen wasn't a Divergent, they wouldn't have had so many misgivings and would have gone all-out to groom him into their strongest disciple.

"How could it be like this?" Wu Qi looked at the bone blade piercing through his stomach. His organs had all been destroyed, and his life was quickly fading away.

"It's because you're afraid of death, while I am not."

Long Chen's expression was still as icily calm as it had been from the start. It was as if he didn't even care about life or death.

"I... don't want... to die... I... want to live..." Wu Qi bitterly cried out.

"Would you have acted differently if you had known this would be the result? Back when you were tormenting Little Snow, back when you were about to end Little Snow's life, back when you were acting like some powerful dictator, did you think this day would come? Get on your way!"

Long Chen pulled his bone blade out of Wu Qi's stomach. Everyone could clearly see Wu Qi's stomach. A foot-long hole had appeared there and his broken organs fell out, causing him to immediately die.

"Please sect leader, please go save Long Chen!"

Suddenly, every single disciple present knelt down towards Ling Yun-zi. What was surprising was that even Gu Yang and Lei Qianshang were among them.

Ling Yun-zi shook his head helplessly. If it had been his own heart that had been stabbed through, then with his Xiantian realm cultivation base, he was able to use the natural energy to heal it.

But Long Chen had yet to step into the Xiantian realm, and so he was unable to endure that natural energy. His body would immediately explode from that power.

Looking at the kneeling disciples, Ling Yun-zi couldn't help sighing. Was this the power of Long Chen's charisma? Even his previous mortal enemies were begging to save him.

"My brother Long hasn't died, so why does he need to be saved?" Wilde looked at everyone with confusion, scratching his head.

Suddenly the death-deciding stage's gate opened up again. The rebirth monolith also stopped falling. From the start to now, it had only descended half a foot.

The fight had ended too quickly. In just four moves, Long Chen had killed Wu Qi. It had just taken a couple breaths of time.

But those couple breaths had passed so slowly that all of them had felt as if the entire two hours had passed. It had been that shocking and alarming.

Seeing that figure slowly walk out of the death-deciding stage, everyone was filled with worship and regret. That sword was still stabbing through his heart; as soon as it was pulled out, he would immediately die.

Even if it wasn't pulled out, he wouldn't be able to hold on for more than a couple breaths. Everyone mourned for his passing.

"Boss, don't die, I'm still counting on you to bring me throughout the world." Guo Ran was the first to rush up and wail.

Long Chen frowned and took out a drop of liquid from his spatial ring, swallowing it. Then he grasped the hilt of the sword.

Blood flew as he pulled out the sword.

"No!" Everyone let out startled cries. By doing this, all his blood would rush out and he would immediately die.

As he pulled out the sword, Long Chen felt that drop of divine life energy healing his heart, quickly fusing the injured portion. It stopped bleeding in just a breath.

As he had thought, that Spirit World expert had truly been powerful. This thing she had left behind for him was incomparably precious. He would definitely have to be careful with how he used it in the future.

But at the same time, he remembered her last words. These drops of divine life energy were a kind of contract. He would need to help her out in the future. Long Chen truly wanted to go to that so-called Spirit World, but that kind of thing was far too distant for the current him.

"Boss, you... you're not dying?" Guo Ran was shocked. The opening on his chest had rapidly fused back together, and he couldn't help babbling out nonsense.

Long Chen was about to say something when exhaustion battered him and he felt a burst of dizziness.

He had lost too much blood for now. Although that drop of divine life energy had healed him, it wasn't able to make up for his blood loss that fast.

"Boss!" Guo Ran immediately ran up to support him.

Long Chen shook his head around, still feeling a bout of weakness overcome him. He had lost too much blood. It would probably take him a long time before he could advance to the eleventh Heavenstage of Blood Condensation.

“Long Chen!”

Long Chen had only just managed to steady himself slightly when a fragrant breeze blew over and a soft body embraced him.

The instant Tang Wan-er had awoken and seen Long Chen still alive, she couldn't help hugging onto him and crying.

“Long Chen, you scared me to death... you scoundrel...” Tang Wan-er had become like a little child again. Her tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Hey, hey, I like that you want to hug me, but can we find somewhere without others looking? With so many onlookers, I can't really...” Long Chen ‘bashfully’ whispered into Tang Wan-er's ear.

“You! Bastard!”

Tang Wan-er raged. She wanted to give him a punch, but seeing how pale he was, she decided against it and ran off.

“Boss, this...” Guo Ran didn't really know what to do.

“Just let her go. It'll be good for her to vent some of her emotions,” laughed Long Chen. He then turned and cupped his fist towards everyone.

They had all begged the sect leader to save him. Whether they were sincere, fake, or just going with the crowd, Long Chen still accepted that emotion.

Everyone hastily got up and bowed in response. They then scattered from this place. They all knew that this matter had reached its conclusion and there was nothing else for them to see. If they still didn't leave now, they'd just be shooed off.

Everyone quickly left, including the Elders and law enforcers. Now it was only Wilde and his master, Ling Yun-zi, Tu Fang, and Long Chen.

“Excellent.” Ling Yun-zi looked at Long Chen with praise. His strength had already surpassed his expectations.

Long Chen's strength wasn't in his cultivation technique, it wasn't in his physical body, nor was it in his Battle Skills. His strength lay in his will.

In front of an enemy he couldn't possibly defeat, he still didn't feel the slightest despair or panic. That kind of will was something that even those old Elders had not achieved.

“Thank for for the praise sect leader,” Long Chen slightly modestly said. Long Chen felt a great deal of respect for those who both had powerful cultivation bases yet still remained virtuous and upright.

"I've already heard of what happened. The monastery's rules truly do have gaps, but I do not possess the authority to change those rules," sighed Ling Yun-zi.

Long Chen shook his head. "There are no perfect rules in this world. Even heaven and earth are imperfect, let alone man-made rules. So thank you for the support sect leader. This little one was brash and refused your good intentions, and so please forgive me."

Ling Yun-zi hadn't been optimistic about Long Chen's life and death challenge, and that was why he had given Long Chen so many warnings. Although Long Chen had his own difficulties, he truly had put Ling Yun-zi in a tight spot.

But despite that, Ling Yun-zi had never expressed his displeasure to him. That kind of amicability and temperament had convinced Long Chen that Ling Yun-zi was worth his respect.

"It's good that you can think about it in that way. Your wounds are fine, right?" asked Ling Yun-zi.

He sensed that drop of divine life energy Long Chen had swallowed was extremely miraculous. It had immediately healed the fatal injury to his heart. That was practically inconceivable.

Even the Elders of the Healing Hall were absolute unable to do that. The Healing Hall's disciples' spiritual qi had the greatest effect on outer wounds, but as for inner wounds, they were almost powerless. They could only rely on a slow nourishment method, and that kind of effect was not even as good as using medicinal pills.

"Thank for you the care sect leader. Disciple is fine," smiled Long Chen. Although he still felt weak, he was quickly being restored.

The only regretful thing was that he had lost a great deal of his essence blood. He would need a long time to replenish that, which really did give him a headache.

"Little fellow, you're not bad. Do you want to take me as your master?" Wilde's master was becoming increasingly pleased with Long Chen.

"Absolutely not!" Ling Yun-zi and Tu Fang both shouted out at the same time.

Currently, Long Chen was no longer the same as he had been when he had just entered the monastery. As his cultivation base had grown, the Heavenly Daos had already concealed some of his oddities.

Divergents fundamentally could not exist amongst mankind. If he were to take Long Chen as an apprentice, he would be infected by powerful karma. That was not something he would be able to survive.

Long Chen had joined the monastery, but the Xuantian Monastery was just a branch of the Xuantian Supermonastery, and the supermonastery belonged to the entire Xuantian Dao Sect. That was also why Ling Yun-zi, as a small sect leader of a branch monastery, did not possess the authority to alter any rules. Yet it was also because of that powerful backing that the Xuantian Monastery was the strongest sect in its region.

The Xuantian Dao Sect possessed millions of years of history. Long Chen wouldn't be able to affect such a huge existence with his karma. And even if he did, it would dilute itself throughout the entire Xuantian Dao Sect, which would weaken its effect so that it wouldn't be too severe.

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But if someone dared become Long Chen's master, then that would quickly bring about heavenly punishment, maybe killing him immediately.

And so both Ling Yun-zi and Tu Fang immediately opened their mouths to shut this down, not leaving any room for discussion.

Wilde's master became infuriated, raging, "Who said it's not alright? If I say it's fine, then it's fine! What, do you dare oppose me?"

That old man had a violent temperament. And being refused flat-out like this immediately provoked him.

Ling Yun-zi felt a headache. He knew that once this uncle-master of his became angry, he could overturn the entire monastery. Tu Fang hastily gave Long Chen a meaningful glance.

Although he didn't understand what was going on, seeing that they refused this so seriously, Long Chen trusted them and apologetically said, "I appreciate your kindness, but I'm used to being with my fellow brothers now, so I can't accept senior's good intentions."

That old man finally calmed down. It wasn't as if he absolutely had to have Long Chen as an apprentice, but it was simply that Ling Yun-zi and Tu Fang's attitude had provoked him.

Long Chen wished to stay with his fellow brothers, and that was enough for him to see that Long Chen valued his comrades. That was something obvious just from seeing those disciples willing to kneel down for him.

Seeing that old man finally calm down, Ling Yun-zi and Tu Fang let out a sigh of relief, grateful that Long Chen was so sensible.

Long Chen suddenly thought of something and his hope immediately rose. To the old man, he asked, "Senior, do you have any high rank Magical Beast essence blood?"

