

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 227

“Senior, do you have any high rank Magical Beast essence blood?” hopefully asked Long Chen.

And as he had expected, that old man nodded, “Of course. I have plenty of fourth rank Magical Beast essence blood. Do you need it?”

He had heard from Wilde that this master of his had brought him hunting and that he often ate fourth rank Magical Beasts. That was why his body was so powerful now.

Fourth rank Magical Beast essence blood was extremely precious. It had broad uses from tempering the body to being used to refine pills.

Long Chen was delighted by this reply and asked, “Can senior give me some?”

“Something like that is a small matter. And don’t call me senior all the time; it doesn’t sound good. My name is Cang Ming, and since you don’t want to accept me as master, then just call me uncle Cang Ming.” Cang Ming waved his hand.

Long Chen glanced at Ling Yun-zi. If he called Cang Ming ‘uncle’, then wouldn’t that place him in the same generation as the sect leader?

Ling Yun-zi saw what Long Chen was thinking and lightly smiled, “There’s nothing to worry about that. Our Xuantian Monastery isn’t the same as other sects. Other sects all have disciples accepting masters and masters accepting disciples, and so they care more for seniority. But our Xuantian Monastery’s style is more similar to the secular world’s schools, and we’re not such sticklers for seniority.”

So Long Chen turned to Cang Ming and smiled, “Long Chen greets uncle Cang Ming.”

“Hehe, little fellow, I really do like you. That kind of arrogance and ruthlessness within you is just like how I was back in the day.

“Only people like you are able to truly stand out when fighting against those sinister Corrupt path disciples.

“As for those greenhouse cabbages, godd*mn, it’s not even worth evaluating them. Little Ling-zi, you don’t need to object.

“I’ve long since said the monastery’s rules are faulted. With such a framework, what kind of crap did you think you could raise?

“Tch, in a true battle, is the winner who is stronger? Is the winner who has more Battle Skills? Is the winner who has the most beautiful technique?

“Wrong! The goal of fighting is to use the least effort to kill your opponents. If you can kill someone in one blow, absolutely do not waste a second blow.

“If you encounter an opponent stronger than you, then you have to do it with exactly the same attitude as Long Chen did: you might kill me, but I’ll also bring you down with me.

“But what about that idiot, that Wu something?”

Cang Ming couldn't even think of his name. Tu Fang supplemented, “Wu Qi.”

“Right, Wu Qi, he's just a lump of dogsheet. With that kind of empty arrogance and conceit, he'll piss himself the instant he encounters those savage Corrupt path experts.

“In a life and death final battle, he still wanted to use little schemes and play some nonsense psychological war. These are the 'experts' you've raised?”

“All you did raise was a punch of pigs for the slaughter to send to the Corrupt path's disciples. Continuing like that, every subsequent generation of disciples in our monastery will continue to decline.”

Cang Ming became more and more angry as he spoke, in the end sighing. Melancholy appeared in his eyes, seeming as if he had remembered a certain something.

Ling Yun-zi didn't say anything in reply to this scolding. He also knew the monastery's rules had problems, but those rules were set from above, and he was unable to change them.

“Little Ling-zi, at the beginning your talent was actually extremely great, but you lack a certain ruthlessness now. You act too overcautious about everything; you have no boldness.

“And in the end, you became our monastery's sect leader. But what about those fellow geniuses in your generation? What cultivation base have they reached?”

“As a person, being overcautious and steady has its advantages. But as a cultivator, acting like that just leads to demise. If you have no courage or daring, it's impossible for you to reach further heights.

“Talent is just a fart. Maybe if you release it you might shock people with the noise and smoke people out, but if you can't release it, who knows what crap you're holding in?”

Long Chen almost laughed at that final line. But Cang Ming's words were really too right. His coarse words hit the nail right on the head.

Countless talents were born everyday. But without that will to cultivate as if their life depended on it, without that bravery to climb to the peak, without that determination to break free from the shackles of heaven and earth, all that talent was just wasted.

From the start, Long Chen had been a bit disdainful of the monastery's disciple grooming method. Other than that first cave trial, he didn't approve of any of it.

“Little Ling-zi, a person's lifetime in this world passes by quickly, just like the passing of seasons for plants. Let me ask you, when you're facing death, do you know what you'll have left behind in your life?”

“You will have left behind nothing, because in your lifetime, all you did was follow all the rules and play a role given to you by someone else!” Cang Ming shook his head with pity.

“Originally I was hoping to raise you into a true martial artist, but in the end you listened to my senior apprentice-brother, acting like a well-behaved child.”

But when Cang Ming looked at Wilde, he said with satisfaction, “But at least the heavens treated me right and let me encounter such a wonder apprentice in my final years, hehe.”

“The heavens also treated me good to let me meet you old man. Now I can eat till I’m really full,” Wilde said gratefully.

Cang Ming immediately laughed heartily. Although Wilde was a bit naive and a bit foolish, he never beat around the bush. Although sometimes he made him infuriated, he really did like this foolish kid.

He treated Wilde as his own child. He knew Wilde was extremely simple and honest. He would never go bully others. So as soon as he saw Wilde being bullied, he hadn’t cared about anything else, and had directly given Elder Sun a slap in the face.

If he wasn’t worried about Ling Yun-zi being right there, he probably would have already beaten Elder Sun dead. His gloominess at not being able to do that was immediately blown away by just a single sentence from Wilde.

Ling Yun-zi sunk into thought for a moment and then turned to Long Chen. “Long Chen, how do you think the monastery should act in order to let the disciples grow stronger?”

Long Chen bitterly smiled. “Great sect leader, you’ve really overestimated me. I’m just an amateur in the Blood Condensation realm. How could my thoughts be worth your time?”

“That’s alright. Just tell me what you think. I want to hear it,” solemnly said Ling Yun-zi.

Since he wasn’t joking, Long Chen also became serious.

“Since sect leader has ordered me, I can only tell you my own random thoughts. In my eyes, the monastery’s rules can be summed up like this: you want a horse to run, but you don’t give your horse any grass to eat.

“You want to raise your disciples, but you don’t give them enough space to grow. Instead, you make them play in a child-like competition. It is truly senseless!”

Tu Fang frowned, “Without competition, there won’t be any pressure, and without pressure, how can they quickly cultivate?” Obviously Tu Fang was dissatisfied. If there was no competition and the resources were just split up evenly, then the disciples really would grow much slower.

“Competition is of course a good thing. But there is a precondition: it must be a healthy competition model.

“It’s very obvious that the monastery’s competition is a diseased method of competition. The original intent was actually quite good.

“To let everyone compete with each other in order to raise everyone up, using a mutual pressure to make them work harder, letting everyone have a desire to surpass their fellow and go all-out to cultivate.

“It’s just like uncle Cang Ming said. This kind of method in itself isn’t bad, but the so-called experts raised from this method are just a bunch of trash.

“They think that because their cultivation base is high, because their talent is good, because their Battle Skills are strong, that they can be unrivalled under the heavens.

“Such people will immediately find that those things they rely on are absolutely laughable in the face of a true life and death battle.

“Your opponents don’t care what your cultivation base is, they don’t care what Battle Skills you have, they don’t care what talent you possess. All they’ll care about is purely how to cut off your head.

“At such a time, the monastery’s disciples’ empty attacks and fighting style will be as weak as tofu in front of an enemy fighting with their life on the line. In the end, they will simply die by other people’s hands.”

Tu Fang and Ling Yun-zi silent pondered over this. Long Chen had brought up the monastery’s current awkward state. But they were also helpless to change this.

It wasn’t as if they could have their disciples actually try to kill each other. Not only would that not be approved by the higher-ups, but then who would send their disciples here?

Just that final trial was enough to cause countless powers to shrink back. If they then continued letting their disciples die, then they wouldn’t have anymore disciples in the end.

“Then how can we change the current situation?” asked Ling Yun-zi.

“Set up a common enemy,” Long Chen said extremely straightforwardly.

“Oh?”

“Aren’t we mortal enemies with the Corrupt path? Then we don’t even have to set it up ourselves. Our disciples have always been just whetstones for their disciples.

“Then why can’t we make them our whetstones? With a common enemy as a goal, everyone will grow for a common goal, everyone will end up on the same page.

“It’s much better than this internal strife method. And the result of such internal struggle is that no one will trust each other, thinking allies are enemies. Even if a new mutual enemy appears, it would be difficult to make everyone truly work together,” said Long Chen.

Tu Fang nodded, “This is one method. But we don’t know when the Corrupt path’s disciples will invade us. That’s a bit troublesome.”

“Then why can’t we just invade them?” Long Chen asked strangely.

Tu Fang and Ling Yun-zi were both shook. It had always been the Corrupt path invading them and them passively defending. They were already used to just relying on defense.

Long Chen's proposal had definitely moved them, but something as major as that had to be properly considered first.

"Thank you. I'll think it over." Ling Yun-zi smiled to Long Chen. Space twisted around him and Tu Fang, and they both disappeared.

"Long Chen, here's the Magical Beast essence blood I've gathered. You can take it all." Cang Ming directly gave Long Chen a spatial ring.

Looking into the spatial ring, Long Chen almost let out a shout. There were at least fifty large jars of Magical Beast essence blood inside.

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And those were all fourth rank Magical Beast essence blood. If he used it to manufacture Ten Thousand Beast Essence Blood, that would definitely let his cultivation base explosively rise.

"Other than this, I don't have anything good to give you. But as a gift for our first meeting, I'll forge you a new weapon," said Cang Ming.

"Old man, didn't you say that it was a bet? How is it a gift now?" asked Wilde curiously.

Cang Ming immediately reddened and viciously glared at him. Ugh, how did he end up becoming smart the moment he wasn't supposed to be smart?

But Long Chen was delighted to hear Cang Ming would make a weapon for him. He was lacking a good heavy weapon at this time.

"Thank you uncle Cang Ming. Can the weapon be a bit heavier than normal?" excitedly asked Long Chen.

"Then attack me with a full strength punch," said Cang Ming.

Long Chen didn't stand on courtesy, knowing he wanted to estimate his physical power and punched out with his full strength.

Blocking Long Chen's fist with a hand, Cang Ming was shocked. "You're even stronger than I thought! This punch contained over eight hundred thousand pounds of force. Then do you want me to make a fifty thousand pound saber?"

"Can it be one hundred fifty thousand pounds? And even heavier is alright for me too." Long Chen couldn't wait.

