

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2284

Long Chen was doing his best to think of something, but no matter how he tried, he was unable to think of anything to save Leng Yueyan.

In his fury, his head was buzzing. He had jumped directly into the sea of karmic flames.

“Since you’ve chosen me, you won’t let me die. I can’t rouse you, but I refuse to believe you’ll just watch me die.”

Long Chen roared inside his heart. He could vaguely feel that the Pill Sovereign’s will was his only hope. But he was unable to consciously evoke the Pill Sovereign’s will.

When he fell into the sea of karmic hell flames, he fell unconscious. In that instant, a terrifying power erupted from within his soul. A will that looked down on the rest of the world appeared.

When that will appeared, the surging flames seemed to become terrified. They calmed down, like a wild wolf becoming a puppy wagging its tail pitifully.

The sea of flames burst away. A pair of invisible hands gently held onto Long Chen.

As the flames retreated, flame runes trembled, prostrating themselves to Long Chen. Or more accurately, toward the hands holding Long Chen.

The two hands vanished in but a moment, causing Long Chen to begin falling once more. A different pair of hands took their place, holding Long Chen. It was Leng Yueyan.

In the distance, the karmic hell flames retreated back toward Purgatory.

“Who... who is he?” The Nethergod looked at Long Chen with absolute shock.

“I don’t know either. But the first time I saw him, I had a feeling that he would grow to a terrifying level. He is the only one I can rely on. With him, I can handle you. That’s why I pursued him, to make him grow up faster,” said Leng Yueyan.

Leng Yueyan maintained a safe distance from the Nethergod. Who knew if the Nethergod would suddenly attack now that the danger had passed?

Seeing her vigilance, the Nethergod shook her head. “You don’t need to be on guard. I chose the wrong path. I was the one who gambled and lost. This Netherworld is yours to oversee. Perhaps this world doesn’t need me.”

The Nethergod faded into the void, shocking Leng Yueyan. She felt the Netherworld’s laws converging toward her, submitting. The Nethergod had bestowed her own power to her. However, in her fading image, she seemed desolate.

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Long Chen’s soul fell into endless darkness. Everything was deathly silent.

“Am I dead?”

Long Chen looked around at the darkness, feeling sorrowful. He had failed in the end. He hadn't managed to save Leng Yueyan or the Nethergod. He had died himself, and the Dragonblood Legion would definitely be cut to half its number at least.

He hadn't managed to resolve the mystery of his origins. He hadn't found his father and mother. He was forever gone from his brothers and sisters.

“Do you feel unresigned?”

Just at that moment, a woman appeared within the darkness. She was so beautiful that Long Chen forgot to breathe. However, her figure was clearly illusory.

“You...” Long Chen was startled. He had seen this woman twice before.

The first time was in the Heaven Dragon Flame Region, when he had just earned the second volume of the Nirvana Scripture. She had appeared and said some curious words.

The second time was in the Brahma Divine Palace. She had been talking to herself again, but at that time, Long Chen had felt great pain, as if the sight of her had triggered some memories buried deep within him.

This time, he found that although she was illusory, there was no longer the feeling of being isolated by endless space and time. It felt like she was actually present.

For some reason, Long Chen felt great pain upon seeing her. He couldn't hold back his emotions. Trying to remain as detached as possible, he asked, “Can I ask who you are?”

The woman smiled. That smile made Long Chen feel like spring had returned, like flowers were blooming. All his anger, sadness, resentment at dying, they all faded.

“I am the master of those memories deep in your soul.”

“You are the Pill Sovereign?” Long Chen was shocked. The Pill Sovereign was actually a woman?

“The Pill Sovereign? I suppose. My soul is incomplete and shattered. It could only merge with you in a very limited manner, so you only have the very first initial memories of when I embarked on my Dao. When I reached sovereignty of the Pill Dao, I was thirty-seven. At that time, he was still one year younger than me...” The woman was looking at Long Chen but was talking to herself, as if lost in her memories.

Eventually, she sighed sadly and focused on Long Chen once more. “I have two pieces of news for you, one good and one bad. Which do you want to hear first?”

Long Chen was surprised that the great Pill Sovereign would play a little game with him. “Up to you. In any case, I will forever be hearing more bad news than good news.”

"No, actually, I have two bits of good news for you this time. The first is that you haven't died." The woman smiled at him.

"I'm not dead? Great! I knew that you wouldn't let me die!" Long Chen jumped up excitedly. If he wasn't dead, that meant that there was still hope.

"You're smart to use this method to arouse my discarnate will. Having done so, the second bit of good news is that you now have a chance to obtain the third volume of Nirvana Scripture's flame control arts and immortal divine pill refining arts."

The flame control arts and immortal divine pill refining arts of the third volume of the Nirvana Scripture? Would a pill refined from such things be enough to allow someone to directly ascend into a god or immortal?

Long Chen was filled with joy at this, but the woman continued. "However, having used this extreme method to arouse my discarnate soul results in bad news as well. My discarnate soul is fading away. I no longer have the power to transmit those to you."

"You... you're going to disappear?" Long Chen reached out to grab her, but his hands passed right through her. She was just an image, not a solid body.

Seeing that Long Chen's first thought wasn't what he had just lost, but her, her smile vanished, replaced with a warm expression.

"You are him, but you aren't him. Perhaps he is you, but you aren't him.

"Long Chen, if you learn one day that you were used, will you hate me?" The woman reached out and held Long Chen's face. Long Chen could only feel a cold feeling but not her actual flesh. However, deep in his soul, he could feel her tender emotions.

Long Chen shook his head. "I won't hate you. I will never hate you. I like acting according to intuition. I don't need any further reason than that."

The woman's smile returned. "You're really the same as him when he was young. He didn't care about the consequences of his actions either. It was foolish enough to make someone hate him, but it made me love him unswervingly."

The woman's figure began to fade away. She sighed sadly. "Time is up? In this world, time is the strongest weapon. No one can stop it."

As she vanished, she pressed a hand against Long Chen's forehead. A rune appeared on his forehead and merged into his soul. Chanting filled his head.

However, this time, the chanting was a woman's voice.

The soft but perfect chanting contained a certain emotion, one of sorrow at the world. Long Chen felt all the tension in his body be released.

Flames runes whirled within his body. He felt like he was a ball of fire. Many aspects about controlling flames that he hadn't understood before were now perfectly clear to him.

However, the chanting grew quieter until it stopped. It started again, only to fade away quickly.

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The darkness suddenly vanished. Long Chen found himself awake in a bed. Leng Yueyan was sitting beside him.

Seeing him awake, she smiled. "Were you dreaming? Why are you crying?"

Only then did Long Chen realize that tears filled his eyes. That illusory woman had made him feel forlorn when she had left. He hadn't thought that he would cry in his dreams.

A bit embarrassed, he said, "It's nothing. I thought that I was dead, so I cried. It's a good thing I wasn't so scared that I pissed myself instead."

"Long Chen!"

Leng Yueyan suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck, kissing him. Within her embrace, Long Chen's hands naturally wrapped around her slender waist.

Leng Yueyan suddenly laughed, blushing. There was a strange emotion in her voice. "It's no longer your first time. Why are you acting like you have no experience?"

Long Chen was provoked and reached out to tear off her clothes.

Leng Yueyan's palm slammed into Long Chen's chest, blasting apart his black robes. "Have you forgotten what I said? You, Long Chen, are fated to be subdued by me..."

Leng Yueyan's hair flipped back. Her black dress transformed into black runes that slowly dissipated...

