

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2397

Ye Qian seemed to have forgotten Long Chen. Blood-colored flames were currently enveloping one of his ingredients. That ingredient was melting at a speed visible to the naked eye. The impurities were gradually expelled.

At the same time, a strange fluctuation came from within Ye Qian's body. That fluctuation seemed to have some accordance with the ingredients.

The void shook. Seemingly without using any techniques, the surrounding Heavenly Dao energy began to naturally merge into his Pill Flame to assist in his refinement.

This was the most amazing thing about an inherited flame. Due to the bloodline inheritance, it was easily controlled, and through the nourishment of countless generations, it was already accepted by the Heavenly Daos. When the flame appeared, the Heavenly Daos followed.

"An inherited flame is a true Pill Flame. It cannot be considered on the same level as Earth Flames. As for Long Chen? Tch, from the moment he accepted senior apprentice-brother Ye Qian's challenge, he had already lost," sneered one disciple.

"Every time I see senior apprentice-brother Ye Qian refine pills, I feel like prostrating myself toward him. To enter this state of forgetting everything but the Pill Dao is something I'll spend a lifetime trying to reach."

Those disciples weren't sucking up. They really did feel worship for Ye Qian's abilities.

"Why isn't Long Chen moving? Does he have no idea how to refine the pill?"

"Who knows. That might be normal considering what a dismal place the Martial Heaven Continent is now."

"That's fine. In any case, senior apprentice-brother Ye Qian will definitely be the one to win. We just need to see how Long Chen embarrasses himself. Who has any hopes of witnessing his alchemy arts?"

While the other disciples of the Divine Pill Division didn't have any interest in seeing Long Chen's alchemy, Wan Qing, Shen Chengfeng, and the others were all looking forward to it. But they were nervous now. Could it be that he really didn't know how to refine it? Otherwise, why wasn't he moving?

The Hundred Dao Merger Spirit Pill was something that Wan Qing had come into contact with before, but she had never refined it. The Pill Fairy had said that with Wan Qing's current power, she was still unable to refine that pill.

Long Chen was simply sitting there, watching Ye Qian refine his ingredients with interest. It was unknown what he was thinking.

In the distance, Feng Fei frowned. She was frowning not because of Long Chen, but because of the Divine Pill Division's disciples who were nattering.

"Have them shut up," said Feng Fei to one of her attendants.

That attendant immediately walked over to those disciples and shouted, "Shut up! If you keep shouting, senior Feng Fei won't be able to focus on watching. If fawning over others could increase your power, then there would be no need for anyone to cultivate."

After saying that, she walked back without even looking at those disciples again.

Just that one shout was very effective. Those disciples gloomily looked at Feng Fei, but they didn't dare to say another word.

Things fell very silent. The silence was refreshing as if a group of houseflies had been swatted. The other disciples not of the Divine Pill Division looked at Feng Fei gratefully. Only she was able to suppress these fellows.

Everyone looked at the center. Ye Qian was reaching the final moment of refinement for his first ingredient. Even Ye Qian had to be careful with such difficult ingredients. The requirements for the flame control were extremely high.

Long Chen calmly looked at Ye Qian. He suddenly asked, "Brother, what's your surname?"

"I'm surnamed..." Ye Qian began to speak without thinking about it, but his expression then changed.

The precious ingredient that had reached the final part of refinement suddenly exploded due to the distraction.

"Bastard!" raged Ye Qian. Long Chen had once more played a treacherous con against him.

"Bastard? What a strange surname. I've never heard of such a name. Ah, so you aren't part of the Ye family. Your full name is Bastard Yeqian. Now I understand. I'm Long Chen. Nice to meet you." Long Chen cupped his fists toward him.

The Pill Doyen indifferently said, "This is your so-called perfect state of forgetting everything but alchemy?"

"This... this is Long Chen's con! Such a thing would never have occurred otherwise," said the division head, also dumbfounded. How had Long Chen managed to pull Ye Qian out of that realm with just a question?

"Long Chen didn't do anything. He didn't use Spiritual Strength, spiritual yuan, or the power of his astral space. He simply asked a very normal question at the moment of Ye Qian's flame change. Ye Qian's spiritual fluctuations were slightly scattered due to how careful he was being, resulting in him being distracted by this simple question. Have you not taught him that when he focuses, he has to relax? At most, seventy percent of his mental energy should be concentrated. He had already passed ninety-five percent, so he had no way to react at all to Long Chen, instead responding instinctively. Is this how you teach your disciples?" The Pill Doyen's expression finally grew severe toward the end.

The division head could finally no longer bear it. "Senior Pill Doyen, Long Chen is being sinister and intentionally harming Qian-er. Instead of criticizing Long Chen, you're blaming me and Qian-er. Aren't you..."

The division head didn't have the guts to finish his sentence.

"Favoring an outsider?" The Pill Doyen suddenly laughed. "After living for so many years, you've grown more and more immature. Let's ignore any favoritism for now. Tell me, with such concentrated mental energy, how is an alchemist supposed to handle the sudden invasion of a heart-devil?"

"But Qian-er doesn't have any heart-devils! He has never run into any setbacks," argued the division head.

"He doesn't have one now, but what about in the future? Are you planning on looking after him for a lifetime? What about when you die? Or are you planning on bringing him with you? Your pampering is not helping him; it is harming him instead. Even if he doesn't run into a single setback his entire life, does that mean that he won't have a heart-devil? Ah, there's no point in saying these things. Just watch." The Pill Doyen sighed.

The division head's expression was ugly. He placed all his hatred over this matter onto Long Chen.

"Long Chen, how can you be so despicable?! If you think you can beat me this way, you're wrong! You're definitely going to lose!" Ye Qian suddenly burst into flames, using this method to block Long Chen from his sight. He restarted his refinement.

After a while, Long Chen stood and stretched his waist. He yawned.

"Ye Qian, as an alchemist, I need some music to get in the mood. I'm sure you won't mind."

Long Chen beckoned to the eighth legion's warriors. In front of countless shocked gazes, the warriors began to take out drums and gongs.

Ear-piercing sounds rang out like blades in people's ears. The experts present instantly shot up, cursing. But their cursing was drowned out by the music.

Yet again, the flame in Ye Qian's hand went out of control. The medicinal ingredient he had been refining exploded.

"Long Chen, what do you want?!" roared Ye Qian. His voice was hoarse with rage.

Long Chen waved his hand. The eighth legion's warriors immediately stopped. Seeing how murderous the gazes of the other disciples were, they hastily put away their instruments.

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"Long Chen, you are absolutely despicable! You aren't fit to be an alchemist!" roared one of the Divine Pill Division's disciples.

Long Chen had used despicable means to ruin Ye Qian's refinement twice now, angering them. Even the Elders were angered, along with the other disciples of the divine families. He was treating them as monkeys to toy with.

As long as the Pill Doyen gave the order, they would be happy to pounce and tear Long Chen to pieces.

“Despicable? Isn’t this all your own fault? I had no enmity with the Divine Pill Division, so why was I dragged here to gamble with this fellow? Are you blind or stupid? As soon as I arrived here, you mocked and ridiculed me to affect my mental state. Was that not the same thing? Now you say I’m not fit to be an alchemist? Then how are you fit to be alchemists? I’ve seen shameless people, but not people as shameless as you.”

Long Chen’s words left those people at a loss for words. He turned to the furious Ye Qian. “Little fellow, you should thank me, as well as the fact that you have a good senior. Otherwise, you would be screwed for this lifetime.”

Long Chen suddenly waved his hand. The medicinal ingredients before him flew into the air. A ball of lightning struck them, turning them to ash and shocking everyone. They looked at his table to see that he had destroyed two sets of his ingredients, leaving him with only one.

Even Ye Qian was stunned. He had destroyed the same ingredient twice, leaving him with only one chance as well. Now Long Chen had returned them to an even playing field. He didn’t know what to say.

The others who had called Long Chen despicable were also dumbfounded, not knowing what to say.

“Using my real abilities to defeat you isn’t worth my time normally. These little tricks are beneath me as well. The reason I am doing this is because I’ve accepted your tuition fee,” said Long Chen. “Bring out your full abilities. Show me what supports your arrogance.”

Long Chen clasped his hands behind his back, no longer looking crafty and sinister. Instead, there was an indescribable confidence and domineering aura coming from him.

