

Nine Star Hegemon Body Arts

Chapter 4 Condensing the FengFu Star

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Nine Yin Grass, refinement complete.

Earth Dragon Root, refinement complete.

Flame Seed, refinement complete.

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Over thirty types of medicinal herbs were refined one by one, using up over two hours of Long Chen's time and causing him to be covered in sweat.

Refining pills was not the same as simply decocting medicine. Every single medicinal herb's essence had to be extracted while at the same time removing the impurities, forming a powder.

However, the flame in Long Chen's hand was of far too low of a quality and the refined powder still retained too many impurities to be ideal. Still, this was the only method that he had.

First of all, Long Chen's cultivation base was nonexistent, and thus he didn't have the necessary strength to sustain the Pill Flame, making its strength weak.

Second of all, currently, Long Chen didn't have the opportunity or capability to subdue a different flame, so he could only settle for what he had.

But wanting to train in alchemy methods required not only a strong Pill Flame but also forceful spiritual energy, and the most important requirement was an exceedingly powerful Spiritual Strength.

The other two requirements were not that difficult. As for the Pill Flame, as long as you made all the proper preparations, you could seize a fire-attribute Magical Beast and gradually tame it into a house pet. Drawing on the Magical Beast's flame, you could subdue it and cultivate it to become your own flame.

Over ninety-nine percent of capable alchemists used beast flames. Only a handful of people, who possessed extremely ancient inheritances of powerful strength, could control those extremely mysterious and mystical Spirit Flames found within heaven and earth.

Spirit Flames were flames that possessed their own soul and according to Long Chen's memories, he had previously controlled an extremely formidable Spirit Flame.

But no matter how formidable he was in the past, right now he could only use this trash flame for his pill refining. After all, the things in his memories were not things he could take out.

After resting enough, Long Chen took a deep breath. He placed a candle into his hand and a yellow flame appeared.

"Not bad, after going through the refinements, the flame's strength has increased by a slight amount. Whatever, it's better than nothing I guess."

After consecutively refining seven different medicines' essence, he threw them into the furnace. His Spiritual Strength erupted out and the flame in Long Chen's hand suddenly fluctuated. Compared to before, it was now several times stronger.

"Using Spiritual Strength to support the flame. If other alchemists saw this, wouldn't they get shocked to death?" Long Chen bitterly smiled.

Spiritual Strength was the foundation of any pill refinement. At the time of refining, a large amount of Spiritual Strength was needed in order to control the temperature. If even a slight deviation occurred, it would waste all of your previous efforts and you would end up refining a pile of pill ashes. Moreover, if the medicinal pill had a very large medicinal strength, then you might even cause a furnace explosion.

Most alchemists wouldn't start using their Spiritual Strength right at the beginning of the refinement. They would only use it towards the latter stages, when the pill was about to take form in order to very carefully control the flame's strength.

After all, that was the critical time in the formation of the pill. At that time, the flame's temperature had to constantly change, sometimes high and sometimes low, and doing so required a large consumption of Spiritual Strength.

If at that time, the alchemist's Spiritual Strength was already exhausted, then the furnace of pills could basically be considered as scrapped. However, Long Chen actually started using his Spiritual Strength right at the beginning of the refinement.

In addition, he used this precious Spiritual Strength just in order to increase the flame's power, treating it like firewood. Any alchemist would definitely rage and curse at him for doing so. Even if someone was a reckless and frivolous spender, no one would actually spend it like this.

But Long Chen wasn't worried. According to his memories, his Spiritual Strength was already not lacking compared to ordinary alchemists.

Pill cultivator ranks were Pill Apprentice, Pill Adept, Pill Master, Pill King, Pill Emperor, Pill Ancestor, Pill Venerate, Pill Saint, and Pill God.

The FengFu Pill was a first tier medicinal pill and generally, pill cultivators who had reached the Pill Apprentice rank could refine a first tier medicinal pill.

Long Chen's current memories also included those of a Pill God, so he was completely clear on his current capabilities. When Long Chen had awoken, his Spiritual Strength had changed to become abnormally strong compared to his previous trash self; therefore, Long Chen was qualified to use his Spiritual Strength in such a manner.

The pill furnace in front of Long Chen faintly trembled, emitting a slight buzzing noise.

“Hehe, by increasing the power of the flame, the speed has increased by quite a bit.”

He hastily threw in three more medicinal ingredients into the furnace; however, Long Chen's forehead was already perspiring at this moment.

Hurriedly taking out a straw, he placed one end into the medicine jar which was filled with Energy Recovery Liquid and quickly drank a mouthful.

When the Energy Recovery Liquid entered his stomach, the pores all over his body opened and began to crazily absorb the spiritual energy between and heaven and earth. His originally about to be exhausted spiritual energy rapidly recovered.

This was what Long Chen had prepared earlier. Without it, there was no way for him to refine the FengFu Pill. With his current level, it would be a joke if he could actually refine a pill on his own without some kind of assistance.

With the straw in his mouth, every now and then he would draw in another mouthful of Energy Recovery Liquid to replenish his body's spiritual energy.

With Long Chen's spiritual energy being replenished, his Spiritual Strength could show off how extremely powerful it was, and it was only two days later that Long Chen started to feel a bit exhausted. That was a sign that his Spiritual Strength had been largely used up.

However, at this time, the medicinal ingredients had already been absorbed into the pill furnace, so all that was left was finishing up. The medicinal aroma was also starting to fill the air.

Although Long Chen's impression of a first tier medicinal pill was that it was so easy to refine it could be done with his eyes closed, the current him was no longer the same Pill God in his memories. His destiny had already been completely changed and saying that he wasn't nervous would be a lie.

Buzz.

Suddenly, the pill furnace's interior started to vibrate, emitting a series of buzzing noises. The energy within the pill furnace also started to become berserk.

Long Chen didn't become even the slightest bit panicked; on the contrary, he even started to smile. This was the indication of the pill's formation and also the most critical time of the refinement.

His Spiritual Strength was completely activated with not even a trace of it held in reserve. The flame in his hand suddenly exploded out, and an incorporeal strength tightly sealed the entire pill furnace. This technique was called 'Heaven Seal Earth Lock' and was something that he had come up with from his memories. It was something used in order to prevent pill explosions and also, furnace explosions.

Moreover, this technique was very practical and could in the shortest period seal the medicinal energy within the pill furnace, not letting too much leak out.

Normal alchemists would all do this at the last step because when the medicinal pill would go berserk, it was possible to stabilize it by taking a more gentle action.

Although doing so would decrease the danger by a lot, a large amount of the medicinal essence would be lost, and therefore, the medicinal pill's quality would just be ordinary.

Bang!

Following the full suppression of Long Chen's Spiritual Strength, the pill furnace emitted a smothered noise. After that, everything turned silent.

The pill furnace had already turned tranquil. Long Chen couldn't help but to gasp for breath. His whole body was drenched in sweat, and he was so dizzy that he felt the sky was spinning.

When he felt a bit better, he excitedly opened up the furnace. His hand was even trembling as he picked out five extremely round pills. Holding them in his hand, a dense medicinal aroma completely filled the whole room.

"Two low-grade pills and three trash pills. Tch, saying it out loud really makes me lose enough face to die." Long Chen's face was showing how excited he was, but he still sighed.

Staring blankly for a bit, he couldn't help but laugh. He had a mixture of a lifetime's worth of memories from a Pill God along with the memories of his current self. Apparently, that Pill God was truly excessively arrogant.

He himself didn't care about losing any face though, and he hastily carefully examined the pills in his hand.

There were two low-grade medicinal pills with their bodies completely round and their pill aroma filling the air. The aroma refreshed the mind and raised a person's spirit when smelled.

Long Chen couldn't hold back a burst of elation. After all, one successful medicinal pill could be sold in the imperial capital for at least ten thousand gold coins.

In addition, even the three trash pills in his hand were much better than the medicinal pill his mother had bought for him, especially since at least thirty percent of the medicinal essence had been sealed into the pill.

A medicinal pill that had locked in fifty percent of the essence would be termed low grade, and over eighty percent of all medicinal pills were only low grade.

If the medicinal essence reached sixty percent it would be middle grade, seventy percent would make it high grade, eighty percent would make it top grade, ninety percent would make it peerless grade, and as for one hundred percent... hehe. Right now Long Chen didn't think too much about it as it was simply too far for his current self.

Some people might wonder about the difference between fifty and sixty percent content of medicinal essence. Was it a significant difference?

Wouldn't consuming two low-grade medicinal pills be much more effective than one middle grade? If someone heard you ask this question, they'd probably choke on their own spit.

Inside a medicinal pill was not only its medicinal essence but also impurities. These impurities were unable to be absorbed by the body, and most importantly, these impurities would cancel out a portion of the absorbed essence.

The saying that each medicine had its own side effects was not just a colloquial saying but a hard truth. During the formation of a pill, it was difficult to avoid accumulating pill toxins. These kinds of toxins, if not taken very often, would not have a large effect.

But for cultivators, medicinal pills were often life-saving measures, and who would know just how many pills you would consume in one lifetime. When the body's pill toxins reached a certain degree, it would become a life-threatening poison.

Pill toxins were one of the most difficult to eliminate poisons. They penetrated deep into the flesh and bones and even the spirit. But the higher grade a medicinal pill was, the fewer toxins it would have.

It was for this reason that the medicinal effect of a middle-grade medicinal pill was over ten times greater than a low-grade medicinal pill. As for the price difference, it was at least a hundred times greater.

After collecting the five medicinal pills and cleaning up the medicinal furnace, Long Chen could no longer endure it and collapsed into slumber.

After sleeping for an unknown amount of time, he felt two hands caressing his cheek and could hear some low-pitched murmurings, but he was too exhausted and incapable of waking up.

When Long Chen once again regained consciousness, it was already three days later. His stomach was growling with hunger, and he wolfed down his food before once again starting his seclusion.

Consuming one trash pill, he used his Spiritual Strength to guide the medicinal pill's energy to enter the YongQuan point[1] on the bottom of his foot. That was the location of the first Star of the Nine Star Hegemon Body Art - the position of the FengFu Star.

BANG!

Long Chen's left foot shook. The intense energy came from the bottom of his foot, and the ground under it became covered in cracks.

"Excellent, I've already found the meridian channel as well as the exact position. Now I can genuinely attack it."

Long Chen faintly smiled, and he took out a low tier FengFu Pill and directly consumed it. The pure and perfect energy erupted and under Long Chen's pull, it went straight to the YongQuan point on the bottom of his foot.

The YongQuan point trembled. Following the rushing medicinal energy, it was just like a dry riverbed receiving water, and it crazily convulsed.

BOOM!

A booming noise reverberated, and the frightening energy filled Long Chen's whole body. The tyrannical energy exploded out of its own accord, shaking the room into smoke and dust, with waves of energy surging about.

As the smoke and dust slowly scattered, it exposed a tranquil and refined Long Chen; his eyes filled with excitement. He could sense a pea-sized body on the bottom of his foot from which endless energy would flow out into his body, giving Long Chen a desire to lift his head up to the heavens and roar.

The activity from Long Chen's room caused the entire noble estate to be disturbed, and everyone rushed over.

Seeing his mother also coming over, Long Chen hastily said, "Mom, today is the day that the noble heirs can enter the Imperial College to study, I have to hurry over."

After saying this, he left behind a group of dumbstruck people and a pile of destroyed ruins, as he changed into clean clothes and left directly for the Imperial College.