

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 491

"How do you feel?" asked Long Chen nervously.

"Long Chen!" The first thing Meng Qi saw when she opened her eyes was Long Chen's pale face, an unconcealable worry in his eyes. Her lips moved a few times, and she suddenly threw herself into his embrace, sobbing. "Long Chen, you fool, why are you so stupid..."

As a soul cultivator, Meng Qi naturally knew just how painful it was to give away a spiritual seed.

Furthermore, he had given away a tenth of his Spiritual Strength to condense a supreme spiritual seed. That was all so Meng Qi would be able to get stronger in the future.

The soul was a person's weakest point. Once it was injured, that pain would make a person crazy. The pain Long Chen had suffered just now was something others were unable to even imagine.

Meng Qi sobbed into Long Chen's chest, feeling distressed and moved. Sobbing was the only way for her to express her emotions.

"I'm fine. Come on, don't cry. Let me see your mind-sea." Long Chen wiped away her tears, smiling.

"Alright." Meng Qi opened up her mind-sea for him, allowing him to see that currently, her mind-sea was in an extremely active state.

"The soul root you newly made for me is currently devouring my old Spiritual Strength. Once that's completely devoured, I'll be able to condense new Spiritual Strength," explained Meng Qi.

The Wind Spirit Pavilion master had been extremely insidious. He had spared Meng Qi's Spiritual Strength but destroyed her soul root, making it so she was unable to use her Spiritual Strength.

The spiritual seed Long Chen had given her had germinated within her mind-sea, becoming its new ruler. Her old Spiritual Strength was currently being used as nutrients for it to absorb.

Once they were all absorbed, that spiritual seed would essentially become the ruler of the space and create new Spiritual Strength for her, completely transforming her soul.

She also told Long Chen that because his soul seed had been so strong, it had saved her an immense amount of cultivation time.

Originally, transplanting a spiritual seed wasn't something all too rare. But anyone willing to donate even the slightest bit of their Spiritual Strength was already making an immense sacrifice.

If Long Chen hadn't had the primal chaos bead and had torn his soul like this, then that injury would never fully heal in his lifetime.

Those who had a new soul root transplanted in them were usually starting their cultivation anew, and they would increase their Spiritual Strength bit by bit.

The Spiritual Strength Long Chen had bestowed upon her had ended up losing the majority of its energy when it was transformed into a spiritual seed. But even so, Meng Qi estimated that once she could control it, her own Spiritual Strength would not be at all weaker compared to her old soul root before it was destroyed. In fact, perhaps it would even be slightly stronger, as Long Chen's Spiritual Strength was just too terrifying.

"Long Chen, the injury to your soul..." Meng Qi was still worried as Long Chen's face was completely pale.

"Haha, didn't I say I had my own method? You can be at ease." Long Chen held Meng Qi's hand. "Let's go. It's been a long time since we've relaxed. We'll gather everyone and have a barbeque."

Long Chen's proposal met with everyone's approval. Meng Qi, Tang Wan-er, Guo Ran, and the others all became filled with excitement.

The first monastery occupied a vast territory, and the surroundings were enchantingly beautiful. They found a quiet lakeside to have their barbeque.

The green meadow here stretched far into the horizon, and with the afternoon sun shining on them, they all began to feel comfortable and lazy. They had stayed in the secret realm for so long that they had almost forgotten what the sun felt like.

Gu Yang, Song Mingyuan, Li Qi, and Yue Zifeng had already started a fire. Everyone agreed not to use their spiritual qi and to work like ordinary mortals.

After starting the fire, they began to go hunting in the surroundings. As for Guo Ran, he patted himself on the chest and guaranteed he would get some fish.

However, even after an hour with a fishing hook, he hadn't caught a single fish. Furious, he ended up shooting an explosive arrow into the water.

As a result, after a huge wave, quite a few fish ended up passing out from the shockwave, and they floated to the surface. That caused quite a few disdainful gazes to land on Guo Ran.

However, Guo Ran didn't blush, saying that he hadn't used his spiritual qi at all. Technically, he was right. He hadn't used his spiritual qi.

His old armor had already been destroyed now. He was preparing to build an entirely new suit of armor, and he said he would make one according to the specifications of a Xiantian expert.

Long Chen suddenly thought of something, and he asked Meng Qi, "Do you still have the golden page?"

"Here." A golden page appeared in her hand. That put Long Chen at ease, as he had been worried that the Wind Spirit Pavilion would have taken it away.

But Meng Qi told him that she had had the Violet Phoenix Sparrow bring the golden page into her spiritual space to avoid it being snatched.

However, after her soul root had been destroyed, she had lost control over her spiritual spaces. She was only able to bring it out now that she had a new spiritual seed.

“Lend me the golden page for a while.” Long Chen smiled.

“I feel like you should just keep it. I really am too stupid. I ended up forgetting your warning and used it to fight directly. As a result, this powerful treasure ended up useless in my hands and snatched away by Feng Xiao-zi...” Meng Qi was still a bit ashamed of that.

“That can’t be blamed on you. When a person gets furious, would they care so much about that? Aren’t I the same? When I get angry, I don’t even recognize myself,” consoled Long Chen.

Meng Qi couldn’t help laughing sweetly at that. Hearing her laughter, Long Chen’s heart jumped.

“Sister Meng Qi, you have to be careful. A certain someone’s eyes have gotten bigger. Most likely, they’re thinking of some sinister plot to use against you,” warned Tang Wan-er.

Meng Qi blushed and Long Chen clenched his teeth, glaring at her. Little girl, just you wait. One day, I’ll make you grab the railings and bite the bed sheet.

Tang Wan-er glared back at Long Chen. In the end, it was Long Chen who turned away in guilt.

“You two can chat. I’ll go help over there.” Long Chen just directly left now that the atmosphere had been ruined by Tang Wan-er. But before he left, he didn’t forget to give Tang Wan-er a ruthless glare, his meaning being that she should just wait until she was alone.

Everyone was busy working. As for Long Chen, after thinking for a bit, he ended up taking out a brush and paper, drawing some unknown thing. Only after modifying it for a long time was he finally satisfied with it.

“Guo Ran, put aside the fish for now and come here.” Long Chen called over Guo Ran, who had been in the midst of cleaning the fish scales. He handed over the paper to him. “I’m going to be your forging shop’s first customer. Help me create this.”

Taking the paper, Guo Ran saw that there were many tiny objects and lines. When he finally finished looking over it, he couldn’t help crying out in grief. “Boss, you should just kill me instead! I’m unable to make such a thing.”

“Don’t be like that. I trust that with your crafting skills, you’ll definitely be able to succeed.” He patted Guo Ran on the shoulders, seeming to say he should have confidence in his skills.

“But this thing’s too complicated! There are so many separate parts, and each one needs runes carved into it! Furthermore, I don’t even know how to do this!” cried Guo Ran.

“Don’t spout your nonsense with me. Little fellow, do you think I don’t know that you’re just afraid of it being troublesome? Don’t forget, the Ethereal Crafting Secret Record was something I gave to you, so don’t think I’m an amateur.

"If you aren't willing to do it, then lend your crafting hammer and forging table for me to use. I'll make it myself," said Long Chen.

"Absolutely not! My forging table is my wife. I can't let anyone else use her!"

"Then take the page! I find you really are growing lazier and lazier." Long Chen stuffed the page into Guo Ran's hand, his expression a bit contemptuous.

"Boss, you're the one who's just going to be standing to the side as I work..." Guo Ran even began to cry. Looking at the complicated diagram, he almost had an urge to kill himself.

Long Chen also had the Ethereal Crafting Secret Record in his mind, and although he hadn't studied it closely, he was able to comprehend many things from it.

It was precisely because Long Chen had that knowledge that he wasn't duped by Guo Ran. Only experts could con experts.

"Alright, can you stop crying now? It's ugly. We're brothers, and when have I ever mistreated you? Let me ask you, what kind of person can fly?" Long Chen smiled.

"Birdmen. [1]" Guo Ran replied without hesitation. But in truth, he knew only experts on the level of the monastery head could fly.

"Ugh, there really is no way to talk to you. Here." Long Chen handed him another piece of paper.

"What's this?" Guo Ran saw this page had a diagram of an odd little boat. At the bottom of the boat were countless holes that were set up according to a specific pattern.

There was a large notch at both the bow and aft of the boat. He didn't know what they were used for, as it simply looked extremely odd.

"What do you think? If you place wind spirit stones at the places I marked, what would happen?" laughed Long Chen.

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"Damn, then it really could fly!" Guo Ran slapped himself in the leg, his eyes shining excitedly.

"I've already given you the blueprint. If you could create such a boat, and fly up in the sky... hehe... you understand!" Long Chen raised his eyebrows, laughing mischievously.

Guo Ran's eyes shone brighter than ever. "Boss, you really are a genius! I really have to admire you."

"Aren't we brothers? We'll share blessings and disasters together. Complete the matter I gave you, and you'll have more than enough wind spirit stones to play with."

"Don't worry boss, now my motivation is on a whole new level. I'll definitely perfectly accomplish that task." Guo Ran now seemed the complete opposite of his previously dejected self.

As the two of them talked, Song Mingyuan and the others returned from their hunting, bringing with them a few wild fowls and a boar.

In the evening, they sat around a fire, drinking and laughing, relaxing as much as possible. This opportunity was too rare, and they all needed to loosen their tense nerves.

Meng Qi and Tang Wan-er laughed as they watched Long Chen. Right now, Long Chen was playing a finger-guessing game with great, drunken enthusiasm. Sometimes he would even act shameless, refusing to admit that he had lost, causing the two of them to shake with laughter. They had never seen someone like Long Chen, and he gave them an extremely close feeling.

They drank until the sky brightened. Then they returned to the monastery. There was no way around it, as they didn't have that much time to waste. The crisis hadn't necessarily passed.

[1] This is a curse meaning fucker.

