

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 699

The scene before him changed. Long Chen found himself in an extremely ancient transportation formation. This formation was incredibly vast, covering an area of several miles.

Around the formation were four pillars that soared into the clouds. The pillars sparkled with countless runes, and a majestic aura came from them.

The formation had been built atop a large mountain. It was surrounded by ancient buildings which appeared to have been built eons ago.

“Who is it?”

Before Long Chen even had a chance to examine his surroundings, a cold shout rang out. Over ten white-robed disciples appeared.

These disciples were very young, but their cultivation bases had all reached the Xiantian realm. Each of their robes had a large immortal character embroidered on the front: Xuan.

Below that large Xuan character were two smaller characters written in the modern day style: law enforcement. They were the Xuantian Dao Sect’s law enforcers.

For ordinary law enforcers to have reached the Xiantian realm, the Xuantian Dao Sect was truly worthy of being an overlord of the Eastern Wasteland. This kind of foundation was truly shocking.

“I am Long Chen. I’m a disciple coming to attend the Xuantian Dao Sect’s martial gathering,” reported Long Chen.

“The registration has already passed. How are you so late? Where is your identity badge?” asked one law enforcer.

“Here.”

Long Chen took out the new badge he had ‘requested’ from the monastery head. That person examined it closely, and only after seeing there were no problems did he return it.

“Follow this path down the mountain. After seventeen more mountains, there will be a small transportation formation that will take you to the core of the Xuantian Dao Sect. If you get lost, just ask around.”

“Haha, many thanks.”

Long Chen cupped his fists and rushed off according to that person’s directions.

The law enforcer watched as Long Chen left. He couldn’t help muttering, “The thirty-sixth monastery’s Long Chen? Why does this name sound so familiar?”

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“Damnit, this Xuantian Dao Sect is way too big!” Long Chen had been rushing along for two hours only to reach the tenth mountain. He had long since passed the ten thousand mile mark.

It was a long time before he managed to reach the transportation formation. Using his identity badge, he stepped onto it.

The scene before him changed once more, and he found himself in a huge plaza. Seeing this new scene, Long Chen couldn't help but curse. What was with this huge thing?

This one plaza was actually larger than the entire supermonastery. At the center of the plaza was an immense statue. It was the same as the one in the supermonastery, but it was much, much larger. It almost reached the clouds in the sky.

Azure bricks lined the plaza, with each having special runes carved into them. Even ordinary Xiantian experts would find it difficult to destroy one.

Looking at this huge plaza, he estimated that there were hundreds of millions of these special bricks.

People were coming and going within the plaza. These people were all young disciples wearing robes of the various supermonasteries. It was very lively.

Long Chen felt a feeling of unfamiliarity because he didn't recognize a single one of these people.

“Look, who's that?” Suddenly, a group of chatting women saw Long Chen.

“Why is he wearing different robes than us? How stylish. And look at his gaze...” said one woman. She wore her hair in a braid with a comb.

Only now did Long Chen notice that everyone present was wearing white disciple robes. There was a number on their shoulder which indicated which supermonastery they came from.

Long Chen had come too hastily, and he hadn't worn his disciple robes. Well, even in the supermonastery, he had rarely ever worn those disciple robes. He usually just wore a set of black robes.

Now that everyone was wearing white and he was the only one wearing black, it was all too conspicuous. As soon as he appeared, he drew the surrounding people's attention.

“What a cute little brother! Do you need help? Don't be courteous, big sister is right here!” The closest female disciples were actually quite brazen and began to tease Long Chen.

Cute? Little brother? After he had grown up, Long Chen had never been called with such an intimate appellation. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

“Aiya, little brother, don't be shy,” she laughed.

Long Chen was speechless. Looking at the number on their shoulders, he saw these women were from the twenty-eighth supermonastery.

“Big sisters, can you”

Long Chen was just about to ask where the thirty-sixth supermonastery's camp was when quite a few people began to gather together in the distance. It seemed something was happening.

"Ah, are the thirty-sixth supermonastery's disciples being bullied again?" Those women sighed.

"Little brother, you were asking- eh, where did he go?" That woman turned back, only to see that Long Chen had vanished.

Long Chen passed through the crowd of people to see over ten people surrounding two Dragonblood warriors. Seeing those two warmed his heart.

At this time, their cultivation bases had reached the mid Xiantian realm. He smiled upon seeing that. Before going to the Pill Tower, Long Chen had warned everyone not to rapidly increase their cultivation bases. The point was to stabilize their realms. It seemed the assistance of the soul calming song was even greater than he had expected.

Although they had only reached the fourth Heavenstage, he saw that their foundations had reached a pinnacle. That would be the greatest help for them when they advanced to Sea Expansion.

As for himself, over these months, his cultivation base had mostly stagnated. He was only at the second Heavenstage.

Long Chen saw that the majority of the disciples present had all reached the mid Xiantian realm. Some had even reached the late Xiantian realm.

That made Long Chen sigh. He had been so busy that he hadn't had time to raise his cultivation base. It appeared that he would have to focus on it a bit more.

"Don't go too far! We've accommodated you so far, but that's just because the monastery head told us not to cause trouble. It doesn't mean we're afraid of you," said one of the Dragonblood warriors coldly.

When the thirty-sixth supermonastery's disciples had arrived at the Xuantian Dao Sect, they had received quite a few provocations and insults from the other supermonasteries' disciples.

Some of the thirty-sixth supermonastery's disciples had refused to accept those insults, and they had directly attacked the insulters. As a result, quite a few of them had suffered.

When Shui Wuhen had heard this, she was completely enraged. She knew this had definitely been incited by the Zhou family. They had intentionally told the supermonasteries under their command to make it hard on the thirty-sixth supermonastery.

The four families were each in charge of nine supermonasteries. But because of Long Chen, she had turned hostile toward the vice sect master, which had brought on a great deal of displeasure from her family. They thought Shui Wuhen was becoming more and more impudent. She wasn't taking the big picture into consideration, and she was too headstrong. They wanted to admonish her.

As a result, the Shui family's supermonasteries all ignored the thirty-sixth supermonastery's plight. They didn't give them any help.

While the martial gathering hadn't started, the Xuantian Dao Sect permitted disciples to exchange pointers with each other. As long as they didn't intentionally kill others, they wouldn't bother them.

Only when there was struggle was there motivation, and only when there was motivation could a person's power explosively grow. This was a strategy of having the strong grow stronger. As for the weak, they either had to explosively grow in power, or be discarded. Practically every sect was like this.

Within a public place like the plaza, it was permitted for people to challenge anyone they wanted, even if the excuse was just that someone looked displeasing to them.

In order to keep her people from being bullied, Shui Wuhen had told everyone not to go out. But according to the Xuantian Dao Sect's rules, each supermonastery had to send people to register for missions.

These missions were really just some random jobs. In truth, it was just a formality, but they still had to comply with it.

In order to not draw other people's attention, these two had snuck their way here. But in the end, they had been blocked on their way back. That made them extremely furious. This was intolerable bullying.

"What cowards. Isn't it just exchanging pointers? You don't even have that courage. Did your mother give birth to you for you to be cowards?" sneered a man with a mole in the corner of his mouth.

The people behind him also let out disdainful snorts. Long Chen looked at them and saw that they came from the twenty-fifth supermonastery.

Long Chen didn't say anything. He just stood in the crowd. He wanted to see what these two would do.

"Boss told us that exchanging pointers is just a nonsensical game. He doesn't let us do that," said one of the Dragonblood warriors.

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"Boss? Hahaha, the grand Xuantian Supermonastery's disciples actually use such a bumpkin appellation? Your boss is definitely a bumpkin," laughed the man.

"Shut up! You're the bumpkin! Our boss is Long Chen, an unrivaled genius!" The two of them were completely enraged now.

Seeing this, the man sneered, "What genius? He's just a dead ghost. He even committed such shameful deeds that he was struck by divine punishment. Trash."

"You fucker!" The two Dragonblood warriors couldn't hold back any longer. They charged at him. As for the man taunting them, he was startled. He was already used to them enduring everything.

As a result, one of their fists smashed right into his stomach, while another fist landed on his nose. A cracking sound rang out as he was sent flying.

“Bastards, how dare you use such a shameless sneak attack!? Attack!”

The disciples following the man with the mole all roared and charged forward. Since they hadn't attacked in accordance with the rules, then they could also attack them as a group.

But saber-light flashed and blood flew. Those disciples hadn't expected the two of them to actually take out their weapons, and they even used killing blows. They were terrified and hastily retreated.

There were only two people who had been struck by their blades. These people were elites, and they were sensitive to danger. But if they had been half a step slower, they would have been cut in two.

“Bastards, you want to kill people?! Subdue them!” shouted the man leading them while holding his nose. He shot his way forward, a sword appearing in his hand.

