

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 823

“The Immemorial Path has actually been reduced to this state. It really is hard to believe.”

Long Chen had crossed three abysses when the Eastern Wasteland Bell’s voice rang out, filled with pity.

“Senior, didn’t you need to rest?” asked Long Chen.

“The rest I was talking about is resting in your mind-sea. I can’t help you handle enemies, but that doesn’t stop me from communicating with you. I can see everything through your eyes.” The Eastern Wasteland Bell sighed, “Thinking of the Immemorial Path’s glory back then, and now seeing it in its ruined state, I really can’t help feeling emotional.”

“Senior, you saw the Immemorial Path in its golden age?” asked Long Chen. But after asking that, he felt his own question to be a bit stupid. The Eastern Wasteland Bell had been first sealed here, and only then had the Immortal Path crumbled.

“Yes. When I was locked here, the Immemorial Path was completely fine. But if the Immemorial Path hadn’t been ruined, perhaps I would have long since ceased to exist,” said the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

“Senior, I want to ask you a few questions. If it touches on any sensitive topics, you don’t need to answer,” probed Long Chen. He had many suspicions.

“Ask. I’ll naturally answer if I can. But there are some things that someone on your level shouldn’t know. It would bring you too much karma,” said the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

Long Chen nodded. Perhaps all of this involved extremely terrifying secrets. He was just at the Xiantian realm. That wasn’t enough to come into contact with those secrets.

“Senior, how did you end up like this?” asked Long Chen.

“Betrayal.” The Eastern Wasteland Bell’s reply was extremely curt.

Betrayal? Could it be? Long Chen’s heart shook. He thought of something, but the Eastern Wasteland Bell clearly didn’t want him to know too much, so he swallowed his words.

“I want to know, with my aptitude, what level would I rank in the ancient times?” asked Long Chen.

“Why would you want to know this?”

“Because in the current era, within the same realm, I stand at the peak amongst my peers. But in the Immemorial Path’s trials, I’ve found that it seems I’m still extremely lacking compared to those ancient heavenly geniuses,” said Long Chen.

“With your current power, you’re actually at the peak? It seems the world really has changed,” sighed the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

Long Chen was speechless. Although he knew the Eastern Wasteland Bell was just sighing emotionally, this tone really was hurtful. Although he had been prepared for it, he still felt awkward.

“With your talent, even in my era, you would have counted as a peak genius. But regretfully, your Spirit Root, Spirit Blood, and Spirit Bone have all been removed. Your talent was ruined. With your current aptitude, in that era, you could just barely count as ordinary. You couldn’t even reach the middle level. However, because of your cultivation technique, your combat power can count as having reached the middle level,” said the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

“Senior, you know the origin of my cultivation technique?”

“No. It’s just a guess. Furthermore, your Dantian has an extremely terrifying existence that doesn’t let me probe it. So I don’t dare to talk wildly about you,” said the Eastern Wasteland Bell with a bit of fear.

Long Chen was profoundly shaken. Even a legendary divine item was unable to probe the primal chaos bead. Then just what was the primal chaos bead? For even the Eastern Wasteland Bell to describe it as extremely terrifying...

Long Chen had an urge to ask about the Nine Star Hegemon Body Art, but the Eastern Wasteland Bell was clearly avoiding that topic.

“In truth, in all my countless years, you’re the strongest person I’ve ever seen. Perhaps you can create a miracle,” said the Eastern Wasteland Bell suddenly.

“Senior, didn’t you say my aptitude only counts as ordinary?”

“Aptitude doesn’t represent everything. All experts become experts because they are forced. That’s what it means when people say that time makes the man. Heroes are forced to appear by the era. The first thing experts need to know is why they have to get stronger. If they get weak, they won’t just lose their lives, they’ll also lose everything they hold dear.

“I have noticed you since you entered the trial. On the eighth level, despite being forced to the brink, you didn’t cower or feel terror. I saw that confidence inside you that said that you would definitely win. That confidence existed because you knew you couldn’t lose, because if you lost, you would lose everything. Furthermore, on the last level, you still chose to abandon your advantage against a stronger version of yourself. You chose to fight with your life on the line.

“Although that was very stupid, experts must possess the ability to do such stupid things. While I was sealed, I saw far too many people die beneath their own blades. This trial is just a deathtrap. The person who made this trial was incredibly vicious. The path she walked on was one of countless bones. That’s why she called this trial the Undefeatable Trial. It’s not because the trial is undefeatable, but because the only way a person can pass is if they maintain an undefeatable heart even facing a stronger version of themselves.

“Long Chen, that heart of yours is the staunchest I’ve ever seen. I trust that you’ve experienced countless trials that tempered that will. You don’t need to care about aptitude. The cycle of the Heavenly Daos comes and goes. A loss might be a gain, a gain might be a loss. Don’t get so attached to such things,” said the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

A loss might be a gain, a gain might be a loss? Was it referring to how he had lost his Spirit Root, Spirit Blood, and Spirit Bone, which allowed him to gain the Nine Star Hegemon Body Art?

If he hadn't lost his Spirit Root, thus destroying his Dantian, he wouldn't have been able to cultivate the Nine Star Hegemon Body Art. Was this predestined?

The Eastern Wasteland Bell definitely knew about some things, but it refused to say it directly. Was that self-protection, or to protect him?

"Many thanks for the reminder, senior," said Long Chen.

"Haha, not bad. To have such comprehension skills is truly praiseworthy. It's no wonder..." The Eastern Wasteland Bell swallowed the rest of its words.

"I'd like to ask senior to help me with something." Long Chen looked at Little Snow in his spiritual space. Little Snow was sleeping and didn't know about his conversation with the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

"It's useless. It has already obtained an opportunity to mutate and break through its proper shackles. But opportunities come to an end eventually, and its opportunities have run out. There's no way it can continue to advance." The Eastern Wasteland Bell didn't even need Long Chen to explain.

Hearing this, Long Chen's heart shook. Little Snow had always been a worry to Long Chen's heart. After reaching the Xiantian realm, Little Snow had reached his limit and couldn't advance any further.

Whether it was the Heavenly Dao Fruits, the Divine Mortal Molting Elixir, or the countless other methods he had tried, they had all been useless to Little Snow.

Now even the Eastern Wasteland Bell said Little Snow couldn't advance anymore. That was conclusive. Long Chen was growing stronger and stronger, so Little Snow was being left further and further behind.

Their days of fighting side by side were gone. Long Chen didn't particularly care about the power Little Snow could offer him, but he could sense that ever since Little Snow had stopped advancing, he had become depressed. He was no longer excited about most things. Each day, he would just stay in his spiritual space, refusing to come out. Long Chen felt extremely helpless.

"If I was at my peak, perhaps I would have been able to change a portion of heaven and earth's laws, breaking their shackles for it. But at most, it would only be able to advance to the ninth rank. To allow it to continue advancing past that would require truly heaven-defying abilities," continued the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

"What? As long as you can fully recover, you can help Little Snow?!" Long Chen was delighted to hear this.

"For me to fully recover is incredibly difficult. Furthermore, by that time, even if it can advance to the ninth rank, you'll have reached higher realms. It wouldn't have any meaning," said the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

"That's fine. If you need any help, just ask. As long as I can accomplish it, I definitely won't say a word of objection," said Long Chen.

"It's just an ordinary housepet. Is it worth it for you to act like this?" The Eastern Wasteland Bell was a bit puzzled.

"Little Snow isn't my housepet. He grew up with me from infancy. Moreover, he suffered countless hardships and almost lost his life several times for me. He is my companion. Although I'm strong enough on my own, I hope he can also grow stronger and continue fighting alongside me," said Long Chen.

"You really are an emotional fool. You actually feel such sentiments toward a Magical Beast? Fine, I promise, once my power fully recovers, I will help you with this," said the Eastern Wasteland Bell helplessly.

"Many thanks, senior."

"Don't thank me yet. My body has been smashed and scattered, it is no longer complete. To recover is not easy. We can just take things step by step. Let's look around the Immemorial Path to see if we can find the things we need."

"Alright."

Long Chen quickly agreed. No matter what, as long as the Eastern Wasteland Bell was present, the problem with Little Snow would be solved sooner or later. After all, it was a legendary existence. It wouldn't dupe him regarding such a thing.

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"Senior, where should we go?"

"My injuries are too heavy and I can't use divine sense to search. It's a good thing your Spiritual Strength is strong enough to provide me with a slight nourishing effect. At the very least, my injuries won't worsen. You can walk around as you please. Some things are best left to fate."

"Senior, if my Spiritual Strength has a nourishing effect on you, why don't you absorb it? Then couldn't you rapidly recover?"

"Foolish talk. How could it be so simple? Although your Spiritual Strength is strong, it's like a cup of water on a burning house. Furthermore, if I absorbed your Spiritual Strength, your soul would forever be missing a portion. Even if you agreed, the existence within you wouldn't. Don't worry, when you kill your enemies, I'll absorb their Spiritual Strength to recover," said the Eastern Wasteland Bell. Although it was reprimanding him, its tone had clearly grown a bit more amiable.

In all its countless years, this was its first time seeing someone like Long Chen who had survived countless trials and hardships, and yet still maintained such a pure heart even once he had cultivated to the Xiantian realm. This trust and unstinting companionship was something the Eastern Wasteland Bell found very likable.

BOOM!

Suddenly, the ground shook slightly. Long Chen hastily looked in one direction. He saw a cloud of dust coming from a distant mountain range. That seemed to be the result of an intense battle.

He quickly flashed into motion. Thunderforce covered him as he used the Lightning Body Blink in that direction.

After going over a mountain, he saw over ten people fighting an enormous Magical Beast. When he saw one of them, he became incredibly excited.

“Fuck, this time I’ve caught you.”

