

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 901

Once he returned to Meng Qi's location, Long Chen found an isolated place to take out the dragon scale. His heart was pounding quickly. He was finally at the level of being able to refine this true dragon essence blood.

He was now in the Sea Expansion realm, and his four stars had all reached the great circle of perfection. As his physical body had reached an unprecedented level, it was time.

Long Chen gulped as he took out the dragon scale. This was the treasure the dragon expert had left for him, what he had to rely on to train in the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art.

Last time he had tried to refine this, he had still been in the Xuantian Dao Sect. Back then he had failed miserably and almost died.

But this time, Long Chen was confident in being able to refine it with his new power.

"Do you have any last words?" Just as Long Chen was about to extract the blood in the scale, the Eastern Wasteland Bell's voice rang out.

"Senior, what do you mean?" Long Chen was startled.

"What I mean is, once you draw that true dragon essence blood into your body and try to refine it, you'll definitely die. So do you have any last words? Once you die, I'll tell your friends. It can count as resolving the karma between us," said the Eastern Wasteland Bell indifferently.

Long Chen jumped. "What are you talking about? That mysterious expert said that as long as my physical body was able to endure a thousand catties of force, I would be able to refine this blood."

This matter was too important, and the dragon expert had told Long Chen not to tell anyone about it. So he simply said it was a mysterious expert.

"Mysterious expert? Whoever that was, they overestimated you, or perhaps they underestimated the change in the world. My guess is that the mysterious expert of yours said that in accordance with the standard of a rank nine Celestial. However, even a rank nine Celestial blessed with Heavenly Dao energy would most likely die upon refining this drop of blood. That essence blood you're holding isn't ordinary true dragon essence blood. It comes from an emperor bloodline amongst the dragon race. Although it's just from a green dragon, it cannot be directly absorbed because of its incomparable purity. Furthermore, if you then attempt to refine it without the assistance of the Heavenly Daos, you'll have to rely on yourself for everything. Furthermore, you don't know any techniques. If you just directly devour it like this, once you try drawing out its energy, your body will immediately explode."

"No way!" Long Chen began to sweat. With the Eastern Wasteland Bell's experience, it definitely wouldn't just be messing around. Since this was what it was saying, it seemed that if he really tried to refine the blood, he would die. "Then what am I supposed to do?"

"Ah, fine. I've gained quite a bit from you, so helping you with something minor shouldn't invoke karma. I will teach you a sealing technique. Your physical body is powerful, so drawing the dragon blood into your body isn't a problem. But if you try to refine it, the dragon blood will instinctively struggle. That's

not something you can endure. So you have to seal the dragon blood in your body, and then slowly refine its energy over time. That's the best method."

Long Chen followed the Eastern Wasteland Bell's instructions, setting up a strange formation in his body with his spiritual yuan. The formation rested on top of his Dantian. It was like a spiderweb, and once it was finished, Long Chen pressed his finger against the dragon scale.

A drop of blood surged into Long Chen's arm. He immediately felt a burst of pain, as well as a powerful attack from the blood. He hastily focused. This attack was what had almost killed him last time. But now that he was ready for it, it didn't threaten his life again.

As the drop of blood passed through his arm, Long Chen felt his own blood heating up. Some of his blood began to incinerate, and the intense pain made him clench his teeth.

This drop of dragon blood was like lava that had entered his body. He felt like all his blood was about to vaporize.

He finally understood why the Eastern Wasteland Bell had said he was going to die. All he had done was draw it into his body, but it had caused such a reaction. If he were to attempt to refine it, he really would be done for.

However, Long Chen was extremely curious. That dragon expert wouldn't harm him. Why hadn't it told him any of this? If it weren't for the Eastern Wasteland Bell, wouldn't he have just stupidly died?

The drop of blood finally entered the seal above his Dantian. Once it was sealed, it didn't react. It just quietly lay there.

But when Long Chen tried to refine it, it suddenly released a blinding light, and a powerful force erupted out of it.

Long Chen felt like his body was about to shatter. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, filled with shock. He hastily used the formation to once more suppress it.

But now that he had tried to refine it, the dragon blood continued to struggle as if it were alive. Having sensed the threat of death, it tried to struggle free of its restrictions.

Now Long Chen was truly grateful toward the Eastern Wasteland Bell. He activated the formation, pouring in the energy of his four qi seas and forcibly suppressing the dragon blood's counterattack.

In truth, as soon as the dragon blood had released its power, the primal chaos bead had begun to slowly circulate. But when the formation suppressed the dragon blood, it once more returned to its calm state. It was just that none of that had been noticed by Long Chen, as he had been focused on the dragon blood.

"Don't be in a rush to refine it. Make sure it's completely sealed first," said the Eastern Wasteland Bell.

Through six hours of work, even with his four qi seas, Long Chen was covered in sweat. He was exhausted, but he had finally fully sealed the dragon blood.

The dragon blood was sealed, but Long Chen had no energy to try refining it again. He had to recover first. Only after recovering did he try it again.

This time, it went smoothly. It was unknown whether the dragon blood had accepted its fate and given up on fighting back, or whether the formation had wiped away its ability to resist.

Traces of green blood were coming out of it now, spreading throughout his body. Long Chen hastily began circulating the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art.

The Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art was an extremely particular cultivation technique. As he circulated it, the blood energy merged with his own blood.

However, they were like water and oil. Although they were together, they refused to fully merge. Long Chen ignored that and continued to circulate the technique, as well as absorbing more energy.

He was shocked to find that he had still underestimated this drop of dragon blood. The amount of energy inside it could only be described as an ocean's worth. It wasn't something he could completely refine in a short time.

He spent six hours, but he didn't notice any significant decrease in its energy. On the other hand, he was starting to become unable to continue. The energy from the dragon blood made him feel like his blood vessels would explode.

At this time, Long Chen finally realized that the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art was trying to replace his blood. The dragon blood was too domineering, and it was constantly incinerating his original blood.

Long Chen didn't dare to refine it too fast for fear his blood would run dry. He had to take things slowly. The dragon blood's energy was flowing throughout every inch of his body along with his own blood.

As the practically imperceptible strands of energy spread, they merged into every single cell. Long Chen felt like his body was in a furnace, and the intense pain could only be called torture.

The crux of the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art was to use a dragon's essence blood to replace a human's essence blood.

However, that process required the body to first get accustomed to the dragon blood's energy. His own blood was still much weaker than dragon blood. So despite feeling like his physical body had reached a peak, he immediately felt the impact of the dragon blood's energy. His physical body was still too weak.

But the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art was slowly improving his body bit by bit, allowing his body to get accustomed to it. This was a gradual process.

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Right now, he had just absorbed a trace of the dragon blood's energy to nourish his body, but that was already taxing. If he had tried to refine it all at once, then it would have been like what the Eastern Wasteland Bell had said. He would have died.

This first nourishing process took three days, and only then did Long Chen's body get accustomed to it. He was pleasantly surprised to find that his body had clearly grown stronger and tougher. He was full of anticipation for the rest of the Dragon Blood Body Tempering Art.

After these three days, Long Chen told Meng Qi, who had been standing guard for him while he had been in seclusion, that there was no longer any need for that. Now, there was no longer any danger. Even if someone came to disturb him, he would only have to temporarily pause the refinement. He wouldn't be in any danger.

Meng Qi called back the Blood Phoenix. With it and the Earth Dragon protecting them, they didn't need to have any worries. She also went into seclusion with Long Chen.

Meng Qi focused on expanding her qi sea, while Long Chen focused on refining the energy in the dragon blood. At this time, practically all the disciples in the Immemorial Path were in seclusion. They were expanding their qi seas to their limits before their realm stabilized. This moment was too important, and no one dared to be the slightest bit negligent.

The current Immemorial Path was like a deep pool of water. It was frighteningly calm. The aboriginals were also silent. They sent all their women and children to safer places. Each time the spiritual qi eruption ended, the invaders would launch attacks against them to snatch their resources.

But this time, the aboriginals were surprised to find that after Long Chen's tribulation, a change had occurred in heaven and earth. The curse they were under was slowly weakening.

Although the curse was weakening extremely slowly, it was definitely weakening. Furthermore, the power of the formations on their ancestral lands was growing stronger, allowing them to increase their radius. In the future, they would have a wider range to move around in.

Although the seniors refused to say anything about this matter, some of the younger disciples had guessed that it had to do with how Long Chen had torn apart the dome of the sky. His name was now something practically every single one of them knew.

Time passed day by day. A full three months passed before the slumbering Immemorial Path began to awaken. Powerful auras began to rise one by one.

