

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1240

After an unknown amount of time, Long Chen woke up. There was a foot in front of his face giving off a disgusting stench.

“What a familiar smell, what a familiar taste. Eh, isn’t this my own foot? Ah fuck, how painful!”

Only after a moment did Long Chen realize he had accomplished an extremely difficult pose. His body was rolled up, with his butt resting on his head and his feet in front of it.

When he realized this, he also suddenly felt intense pain all over his body. He sensed that his skeleton had been broken all over.

Enduring the pain of getting out of this position, he swallowed a mouthful of the divine life elixir. His bones slowly healed. In just a few breaths’ time, he was able to move.

He grabbed the pot that was lying not far from him. The pot wasn’t damaged in the slightest.

However, there was a bottomless pit in the distance. Everything within thousands of miles had vanished.

“Damn, so an Ancestral item’s explosion is actually this powerful! Seems like I underestimated that elephant tusk. How regretful,” sighed Long Chen.

Now he finally understood that Ancestral items fundamentally weren’t things that he could control. The elephant tusk only showed how terrifying it was in its explosion.

Over ten Soul Transformation experts of the eagle race were blown to bits, not even their Yuan Spirits escaping.

But he also hadn’t had any choice but to throw away the elephant tusk. He spat on the ground. Instead of gaining anything from these people, he ended up losing an Ancestral item.

“Wait a sec.” Long Chen was just about to leave when he suddenly had a thought. He closed his eyes and spread his divine sense, searching the edges of the pit. “Hehe, as expected, there are still some gains.”

Long Chen dug out a spatial ring from a pile of dirt. It went without saying that it was one of the Soul Transformation expert’s.

If struck head on from an attack, a spatial ring would instantly explode, and whatever was inside would be drawn into the chaotic flow of space, disappearing forever.

But as long as it wasn’t a head-on collision, there was a chance it could survive. Previously, he had killed five of the ancient race experts, and their physical bodies were gone. However, their spatial rings remained. It was just that they were still in the hands of their Yuan Spirits. But those Yuan Spirits were in the Blazing Dragon Cauldron and sealed with the Soul Devouring Violet Flame. There was no way for them to run away.

Doing a quick search, Long Chen found six spatial rings. He checked all over the pit, but he wasn’t able to find anything more. Those other spatial rings had to have been destroyed.

“Hehe, the wealth of six Soul Transformation experts is truly great.” Long Chen looked inside. There were quite a few good things. But there were also weapons, cultivation techniques, and medicinal pills that were specialized for the ancient races. Humans were unable to use them.

He had no time to look through them carefully. He rushed off. He was worried about the other ancient race experts catching up. Although the other Soul Transformation experts and below who weren’t from the eagle race were unable to catch up to him, he didn’t dare take that risk.

He had only just left when a figure with a broadsword on his back appeared above the pit. Looking at this scene, he couldn’t help but shake his head. “That little brat really is ruthless. No wonder he would end up with Tu Qianshang. Not bad, not bad.”

After saying that, the large man vanished, leaving behind only this huge hole that was like an open maw recounting this bloody battle.

Three days later, Long Chen arrived in front of a huge mountain pass. This was the entrance to the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect.

He had rushed for a day and then found a place to rest. He had recovered until he was in his peak condition before continuing onward. No matter how he put it, the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect was like a second sect to him, and he couldn’t go in looking like a mess.

In front of him was a huge mountain dozens of miles high. The rocky mountain was bare without the slightest blade of grass. It was full of an ancient and desolate air.

There was a narrow passage through the peak of this mountain, looking like a natural pass. Looking from a distance, it was like a sword had split this path open. It possessed a wild and domineering flavor.

As Long Chen advanced, he became more and more shocked. When he was a hundred miles from the entrance, a terrifying energy began to target his soul.

It was like an invisible blade was pointed at his head. As long as he dared to get closer, he would be killed.

“Is this a trial?”

Long Chen didn’t pause. He continued onward, but as he advanced, the pressure increased.

He closed his eyes and sensed that will. In his mind, an image of a figure holding a huge blade appeared. When that blade fell, the heavens and stars trembled.

“Split the Heavens, Split the Heavens, so that’s what it was. First, you have to possess the will to split the heavens, and only then can you cultivate the power to split the heavens.”

Long Chen was shocked. It was an extremely domineering principle. It was no wonder the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect’s people were all natural madmen.

Long Chen walked in past the entrance. In truth, this couldn’t count as a mountain pass. It was just an opening in the mountain that was exceptionally crude and simple.

And yet, this was a grand simpleness. It embodied the meaning of letting things come naturally instead of treating everything meticulously. Long Chen now concluded that this pass had been created through an attack, and the will of that attack was still present in the form of this terrifying pressure.

Once Long Chen was at the entrance, he saw several figures inside. He hastily rushed over and was about to speak when he heard the sound of cursing and fierce winds.

Dumbfounded, he went past a corner and saw over ten experts constantly cursing and hitting each other. The sound of their fists whistled.

What startled Long Chen was that these Sea Expansion disciples were all large and burly like bulls. All their muscles bulged greatly.

They were fighting intensely, their fists flying. The sound of their fists striking rang out over and over, followed by pained groans and furious curses. It was a lively scene that struck Long Chen dumb. What was going on here?

“Stop, stop!” Suddenly, one of those disciples saw Long Chen and hastily waved.

“Fuck, you think we’ll stop just because you say stop? Why should I stop?”

That first disciple’s shout was unable to stop them, and due to his distraction, a fist landed squarely on his face. Blood spurted out of his nose, and even tears streamed out of his eyes.

“You fucker, you dare to attack me?! Just watch as I kick your balls out...”

That disciple ignored Long Chen and rejoined the fray. There were over ten of them, and they were all covered in large bruises.

Long Chen’s jaw dropped as he watched these disciples fight intensely.

“Wait a moment, someone’s arrived-”

Another disciple saw Long Chen and cried out, and just the same, he was knocked down by a punch.

“Who do you think you’re fooling? You think I’m an idiot?”

That disciple who saw Long Chen ended up being misunderstood as trying to play a trick. A flurry of fists came for him.

Long Chen now realized this brawl was split between two sides. He had no idea why they were fighting, but profanities spouted out of all their mouths.

Long Chen simply watched as they fought. This was his first time seeing such a thing. They were fighting so intensely that they completely ignored him.

Eventually, they were panting for breath, and all of their heads were swollen as large as a pig's head. Probably even their mothers wouldn't recognize them. Only then did they slowly pause. It seemed neither side had managed to get an advantage over the other.

"Brat, who are you? Why did you come to the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect?" One of them finally turned to Long Chen. He seemed like a chief.

"Uh, do you want to wipe the blood off your face first? It's strange to look at." Long Chen truly found it a bit hard to endure as that person ignored the blood dripping out of his nose.

"What does my blood have to do with you? Hurry up and speak. If you have no business here, you should scram. We're busy." That person wiped off some blood, speaking impatiently.

"This junior is-"

"I don't care if you're a junior or senior. Hurry up and get to the point." That person cut him off.

"In truth, I-" Long Chen smiled.

"Fuck, do you need to speak so slowly? Brothers, beat him up first and then we'll hear what he says!"

That person impatiently cut him off once more and attacked him with a punch.

"Hey, there's no need to have such a fiery temper. You should calm yourself a bit, or you'll suffer in the future." Long Chen blocked that person's fist with his palm, shaking his head. Were these people temperamental bulls? How were they so violent that they attacked before someone finished speaking?

"Fuck, who do you think you are to tell me to change my temper? Attack together! Just looking at that face, he's clearly not a good person!"

"You are as skinny as a monkey, but you want us to change our tempers? If we don't beat you until you become a shit-eating dog, you can count yourself as awesome."

Banging rang out. Long Chen gave each of them a punch, making them all vomit blood and fly back.

They were only at the Sea Expansion realm, while Long Chen was at the Foundation Forging realm. Even if both parties didn't release their auras, they weren't on his level.

"Fuck, he's too strong! We can't beat him!" cried one of the disciples, holding his chest where a fist had left a deep imprint.

But of course, they weren't stupid. They knew Long Chen was being merciful. Otherwise, these punches would be heavily injuring or killing them.

"Just who are you?!" cried one of them.

"Long Chen."

Long Chen now understood that there was no need to be courteous with these fellows. In fact, you couldn't be courteous. You had to be direct.

"So you're Long Chen? Fuck, why didn't you say so earlier? It was intentional, wasn't it!?" raged that disciple.

Long Chen rolled his eyes. They hadn't even given him a chance to speak in the first place.

"Which one of you is Long Chen?"

At this moment, hundreds of experts rushed over, all of their auras powerful. They were all Foundation Forging experts.

"You are Long Chen?" Those people looked at him.

"Correct." Long Chen couldn't help but frown slightly upon seeing these people. He felt like he had entered a bandit lair.

"Beat him!"

Shockingly, these Foundation Forging disciples charged at Long Chen without explanation, attacking him.

These disciples are referring to themselves as 老子, which is the same way Long Chen refers to himself when he's being haughty. It is an arrogant way to refer to oneself. Sometimes it is translated as 'I, your daddy'. At this point, I will also note that a few chapters ago, there was an elder referred to as 'old man'. He will continue to be referred to as the old man as a title. Old man is translated from 老头子, and this is what you might call the leader of a gang, so you can also view it as another form of 'boss' that the Dragonblood Legion calls Long Chen, except 老头子 would only be used for an elderly person.

