NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1506

The Pill Tower's destruction shook the Eastern Xuan Region and even the Central Plains as a whole. Long Chen's name had spread from the Eastern Xuan Region throughout the Martial Heaven Continent.

Pill Valley's fury erupted. They issued the highest level arrest order, alerting all powers connected to them to hunt down Long Chen.

The Righteous path, the Corrupt path, the ancient races, the ancient family alliance, they all responded instantly. Countless powerful existences were mobilized.

This time, Long Chen had truly provoked a huge calamity. Destroying the Pill Tower was challenging the giant Pill Valley.

Experts from every area were looking for him. The allure of forming a good relationship with Pill Valley was too strong. Furthermore, Pill Valley had promised a favor to whoever could kill Long Chen. A favor from Pill Valley was incredibly important.

Even if it was a third-rate sect that killed Long Chen, this favor would lead them to directly become a supreme sect. As long as Pill Valley didn't fall, no one would dare to provoke them.

Furthermore, there was also the fact that Long Chen had priceless treasures in his hands. Both the black saber and the pot were treasures.

However, that black saber was a blade of evil. Anyone who obtained it had to destroy it immediately, and it could not be allowed to be kept. So no one dared to care about the black saber, but the pot was a different story.

There were also suspicions that Long Chen had another treasure that could raise the rank of Celestials. Although those suspicions had been quelled by the Wine God Palace, there were still quite a few people who believed it and felt like Long Chen had to have many secrets.

Pill Valley had announced that anyone who killed Long Chen would get to keep all his treasures other than the black saber. If anyone tried to snatch those treasures away, they would become enemies with Pill Valley.

With such a promise from Pill Valley, countless powerful experts as well as many old monsters that had been slumbering for many years appeared, searching for Long Chen.

The Eastern Xuan City was originally quiet and calm, but during these days, it became lively as experts came from every direction. Some of these people were supreme experts. They included rank nine Celestials at the Soul Transformation realm, as well as old monsters at the Life Star realm. These people were all targeting Long Chen and were confident in their power.

Of course, those people were just a small portion. Ninety-nine percent of the people rushing over had just come to watch the fun.

They wanted to see the main street of Eastern Xuan City. Long Chen had walked down this street with no one able to stop him. They also wanted to see the battlefield outside the city, as well as the destroyed Pill Tower.

The main street of the Eastern Xuan City, the battlefield outside, and the ruins of the Pill Tower had instantly become popular tourist spots. Although the photographic jades from the battle back then had been destroyed, some talented artists had drawn the scenes of Long Chen walking along the path alone, his annihilation of the Bloodkill Hall, his tribulation with three Empyreans, and more. They weren't cheap, but they were constantly sold-out.

Countless young men and women were trying to buy them. Long Chen had become a god in their eyes. His courage and domineeringness, as well as his will to not submit to powerful enemies, had profoundly affected them.

Young people were naturally rebellious, and the sight of Long Chen going against his circumstances, piercing a way straight through the entire Eastern Xuan City on his own without anyone being able to stop him, and his unyielding fighting had completely won them over.

People didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but quite a few of these youngsters were wearing black robes with a black saber on their backs. Those black sabers were quite similar to Long Chen's Evilmoon.

These were Long Chen's worshippers. If one were to glorify it, they were dressing themselves as a sign of respect to their hero, but in reality, they were just doing it to draw attention.

When people first saw them, they would always be given a fright, thinking that Long Chen had appeared. They had dressed themselves up to be just like Long Chen, but their cultivation bases exposed their status. These people were too young and the majority were only at the Xiantian realm.

These people never tired of it, and they swaggered down the streets, drawing countless shocked looks.

However, sometimes this came with a price. Several Jade Core fellows did the same and were beaten to death. Only once they were dead did people realize that they weren't Long Chen.

After a few of those cases, Jade Core experts stopped trying to dress up like Long Chen. The only exceptions were those who had gotten tired of life.

Within a certain packed restaurant, there were all kinds of people, but young people made up eighty to ninety percent of them. There were men and women, and they had all come here thanks to the fame Long Chen had brought.

"Long Chen's the man of the moment in the Eastern Xuan Region. He's got enemies all over, with all of them shouting for his death. He's just like a certain person from my Western Xuan Region."

Two men were sharing a table beside a window in this restaurant. The middle-aged scholar swirled his wine as he spoke to a slender man in front of him. This man's eyes were bright, and there was a scorpion tattoo on his arm. He looked a bit dark.

The slender man was startled. He asked, "I've always been in the Eastern Xuan Region, and I don't know much about the other regions. Is there really someone who can stand shoulder to shoulder with Long Chen in the Western Xuan Region?"

The two of them were Life Star experts and were originally total strangers. But because there were too many people in the restaurant, they ended up sharing a table.

As a result, after chatting a bit, they found their characters meshed quite well and began to talk more.

The middle-aged scholar came from the Western Xuan Region and had come to watch the fun. In truth, he was the master of a first-rate sect. He had come purely out of curiosity.

It had to be known that going to different regions cost a lot. The price for the transportation formations wasn't something an ordinary cultivator could pay for.

Furthermore, there were many dangerous places that required flying boats to travel through. Normal people would never survive the trip.

The middle-aged scholar smiled. "You should know that the Central Plains is filled with rising geniuses now. But most people are more low-key and not as crazy as Long Chen. The Western Xuan Region also has countless monstrous geniuses shaking the region, but their light is all drowned out because of one person. After surveying the Central Plains as a whole, only those two fellows in the Eastern Xuan Region and Western Xuan Region are standing out in particular. Now the two of them even have nicknames."

"What nicknames?"

"Hehe, perhaps they should be called titles. In the Eastern Xuan Region, Long Chen has been given the title of the Eastern Madman."

The slender man nodded. "That's a good name. Long Chen really is a madman. I don't think anyone else has ever been as crazy as him. Then what about that fellow from the Western Xuan Region?"

The middle-aged scholar laughed mischievously. He said, "He's called the Western Wretch."

"What?" The slender man didn't comprehend.

The middle-aged scholar filled their cups with wine and raised his cup to the slender man. "His name is Mo Nian. Rumor is that he's an old acquaintance of Long Chen. He truly is an odd one. He just broke through the Soul Transformation realm, but his battle power is shocking. He was able to fight against the Empyreans without losing. With a divine bow, he dominates all his enemies. But the strange thing is that he's set on being enemies with the Western Xuan Region's ancient family alliance. He's being hunted down by them constantly. Long Chen is called the Eastern Madman because he's too crazy, while Mo Nian is called the Western Wretch because he's too wretched."

"What do you mean by wretched? What did he do?" The slender man raised his cup and touched it to the middle-aged scholar's cup. Now he was curious.

"It's unknown whether Mo Nian is doing it as revenge or for some other reason, but he spends every day digging up the ancestral graves of the ancient families. Each time, he'll flip through their tombs. No one knows what he's doing."

"He's graverobbing? That's too immoral, isn't it?"

All sects or large family powers offered worship to their ancestors. Their ancestors' remains were all properly cared for.

This was also a kind of inheritance, as well as a kind of acknowledgment and gratitude toward their ancestors' accomplishments. It was so their descendants wouldn't forget what they had done for them.

Even in the mortal world, graverobbing was extremely immoral. No one would do it. How could a peak genius like Mo Nian do such a thing?

"Exactly. Long Chen destroys a sect a day, while Mo Nian robs a tomb a day. So the names of the Eastern Madman and Western Wretch have spread throughout the Central Plains," said the middle-aged scholar.

"Is that Mo Nian really so powerful? The entire ancient family alliance of the Western Xuan Region is unable to handle him?"

The middle-aged scholar's voice dropped. He whispered, "You don't know this, but Mo Nian received an ancestral inheritance. As for the details, all you have to do is read the short stories at. The details of what happened to Mo Nian during his ancestral inheritance are all there. People aren't able to read about it without going there!"

The slender man was startled. He said, "Yes, I understand what I have to do!"

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Just as the two of them were conversing, rumbling rang out from the sky. A golden battle carriage could be seen, pulled by an ancient golden flying horse.

"Long Chen, come out and fight if you dare!"

A clear shout rang throughout the Eastern Xuan City, drowning out the voices of the two people drinking wine.

A long-haired man wearing blood-colored robes walked out of the carriage. He also held a blood-colored spear. He stood in the air, looking down on the entire city.

There is a short little segment here based on wordplay which doesn't make sense in English so it's been moved to this footnote. The word for wretch, sword, and arrow all sound the same. Here's the segment with some italics:

The middle-aged man laughed mischievously. He said, "He's called the Western Wretch."

"The Western Sword? Just hearing that I can tell he's a terrifying sword cultivator," said the slender man.

The middle-aged scholar laughed, "Hehe, you're wrong. Although he uses arrows, the wretch I'm talking about is the wretch as in a wretched man."

"What?" The slender man didn't comprehend.

This is actually a plug for the author's WeChat account: 平凡魔术师.