

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1113

The Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples were all infuriated by the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple's insulting actions. That was too unbridled. But only the Dragonblood Legion made a counterattack.

Over twenty-six thousand hands raised evenly toward him, and one middle finger was raised high on each fist. Their movements were extremely uniform.

The opposing Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples' expressions instantly became unsightly. They hadn't thought the Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples were so coarse and would make such a vulgar gesture.

"Wan-er, you foolish girl, put down your hand! You're a woman." Qing Yu, who was sitting by Tang Wan-er's side, hastily pulled down her hand upon seeing her follow along.

Tang Wan-er had no idea what this gesture was supposed to mean. She had simply followed along upon seeing everyone else do it. Now that Qing Yu stopped her, she was confused.

Suddenly, hundreds of figures flew over to the stage. They were the Xuantian Dao Sect's Elders. Even the Hall Masters, Palace Masters, and all the others had come.

They all went to one end of the stage, the judging section. Then, two more figures appeared. They were the Xuan Master and Ma Xingkong.

Once the two of them appeared, everyone became absolutely silent. The Xuan Master eyed the martial stage. "It's still the same rules. There will be nine battles, and the first to five victories wins. As the guests, is there anything you wish to revise?"

Ma Xingkong's gaze swept over the Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples. He smiled slightly. "There's no need to revise anything. But my disciples have only just advanced to Foundation Forging, so their attacks might be a bit heavy. If any of your disciples end up injured, I hope it won't influence the friendship between our sects."

Long Chen sneered. This old fellow was truly vicious. Now he was leaving a way out for himself while also trapping the Xuan Master with his words.

Now if the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples injured and humiliated the Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples, the Xuan Master wouldn't be able to say anything. If he expressed any anger, it would instead make him appear petty.

"What kind of enmity exists between the two sects? Why are they forcing the Xuantian Dao Sect like this?" Long Chen wondered to himself. Perhaps there was some secret between them that he was unaware of.

Furthermore, why would the Dao Sect just quietly endure everything the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect threw at it? Wasn't it too vexing for an enormous sect like the Dao Sect to have a bully come to their door to harass them?

"That's fine. They're all proud and arrogant youngsters. Suffering a bit isn't a bad thing. The children can have free rein," said the Xuan Master, seeming to not hear the trap in Ma Xingkong's words.

Ma Xingkong turned to his disciples. "Did you hear that? The Xuan Master has said that you have free rein. We came over from so far just to exchange pointers, to learn from each other so that we can both advance. Don't conceal your power or slack off. Bring out your true power, understood?"

One of the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's rank five Celestials reluctantly said, "But if we go all-out, we won't be able to pull back at the last second. If they end up injured, crippled, or dead, it wouldn't be good."

That rank five Celestial intentionally looked at Hua Shiyu, Hu Guishan, Fan Song, and the other rank five Celestials as he said this. The only thing in his eyes was disdain. This was pure provocation, as well as an insult.

"Courting death!" Fan Song roared furiously, killing intent exploding out of him. These people looked so frail and weak that he could smash them all to death with a single fist.

"Hmm..." Ma Xingkong didn't know how to reply, instead looking at the Xuan Master.

"The martial stage is like a battlefield. Fists and feet have no eyes, so life and death are up to the heavens. There will be no bad feelings for what happens on it. Furthermore, losing disciples merely have to say that they admit defeat for the formation to transport them off the stage. If you don't want to die, you can just admit defeat," said the Xuan Master.

"Then I'm at ease. Whether or not casualties appear, I hope it won't influence the friendship between our sects," laughed Ma Xingkong.

"Good, then let's start. The empty ceremony ends here. Let the battles begin!" declared the Xuan Master.

He had barely finished speaking when one of the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples jumped onto the stage. He shouted, "Luo Fangling of the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect asks for pointers from any experts of the Xuantian Dao Sect."

His words conformed with this kind of challenge, but the provocation in his eyes was not at all hidden.

"I'll take you on."

A curt shout rang out. Fan Song had already leaped onto the martial stage. Fan Song had now advanced to the first Heavenstage, and he looked like a statue of golden vajra. His wild and domineering aura was very imposing.

"Fan Song of the Xuantian Dao Sect has come to ask for your advice." Fan Song bowed slightly, but his spiritual yuan was already circulating as he entered his battle state.

The Elder Hall Master nodded and waved his hand. The four pillars in the corners of the stage lit up, forming a huge barrier. "If you feel like you can't win, you can admit defeat. Don't vainly throw away your life. The battle starts now!"

"Die!"

Fan Song shot at the opposing disciple like a cheetah. Runes exploded out of him, all of them shining with blinding light. His Blood Qi also erupted as he sent out a punch.

The Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples couldn't help but nod with admiration. He was truly worthy of being a heavenly genius. In one instant, he had summoned his Cry of the Heavenly Daos, his Spirit Blood, as well as the power of merging with heaven and earth. His battle power instantly reached the pinnacle.

BOOM!

A loud explosive sound erupted when his fist landed, but what shocked everyone was that the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples had merely waved his staff, and a runic shield appeared in front of him, blocking Fan Song's incredibly powerful punch.

"What?!" All the Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples were shocked. Fan Song clearly hadn't held back at all, but his attack was blocked just like this.

The runic shield wasn't large. It was just three feet in diameter. The runes inside moved like a whirlpool, devouring Fan Song's energy.

"Just brute strength. If this is all you have, you should quickly admit defeat instead of embarrassing yourself," sneered the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple. His appearance was still very relaxed and easy, as if he had no need to place Fan Song in his eyes.

The Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples were all stunned. A random member of the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples was able to match Fan Song? Was the power difference truly so immense?

"What's going on? He didn't even form any hand seals, but he managed to unleash a magical art. How is this possible?" asked Guo Ran.

"It has to do with his staff, or more accurately, the crystals in his staff. His spiritual yuan activates the energy within the crystals to instantly unleash magical arts," deduced Long Chen.

His vision was incredibly sharp. Long Chen had been very curious at first as to why these Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples refused to let go of their staves.

Now he knew these staves were where all their cultivation base was condensed. Without their staves, they would be crippled.

"Bastard, die!" Fan Song was shocked, but he roared and the veins on his forehead bulged. It was almost like snakes were wriggling on his arm.

The power of his fist erupted like a volcano. The runic shield instantly exploded, and Fan Song's second fist mercilessly smashed down.

The Hegemon Hall's disciples burst into cheering. But suddenly they realized that the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple had vanished. Fan Song's fist struck nothing but air, and due to his own power, he ended up stumbling forward.

Fan Song raised his head to see that his opponent had flown into the air. There were no wings on his back. He was simply standing in the air, looking down on him.

“You’re too weak. Let this end here!” With a touch of disdain, he waved his staff. A sky-full of runes appeared.

“Falling, withering wind, condense before me. Heed my command!”

More and more runes appeared as he waved his staff, and boundless wind energy condensed, rumbling through the air.

“What pure wind energy!” Tang Wan-er let out a startled cry. As a fellow wind attribute expert, she was most sensitive to this kind of energy.

“This method of using magical arts is curious. Using the runic energy of the crystals in the staff, he only used his spiritual yuan as a guide. Exerting his Spiritual Strength to merge with heaven and earth’s energy and activate the runes in the crystals... it’s a marvelous method.” Long Chen muttered to himself. He had never seen such a thing before.

“Wind Explosion Maelstrom!”

The Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect’s disciple continued chanting until his voice seemed to be summoning all the wind essence in the world. All of it condensed into a huge vortex that shot at Fan Song.

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Fan Song was horrified. He found himself locked down as his opponent chanted. With a furious roar, runes covered his fists, and he let out a punch.

BOOM!

Fan Song’s huge fist-image instantly blew apart on contact, and he was swallowed by the storm.

The sound of sharp blades piercing through flesh rang out, causing everyone’s scalp to turn numb.

Suddenly, Fan Song’s furious roar rang out. It was unknown what technique he had used, but the vortex exploded.

A rune had lit up on Fan Song’s forehead. He had clearly used his final trump card to activate his original rune. But now, he was covered in blood and countless injuries.

“Watch out!”

Suddenly, someone cried out. Regretfully, the martial stage’s barrier blocked the noises of the outside world. Fan Song couldn’t hear it.

Just as Fan Song broke apart the storm vortex, an ice arrow silently pierced his back.

The instant it pierced him, Fan Song became covered in a layer of ice. At the same time, a ray of light shot at his head.

