

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1117

The Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple was completely infuriated by Guo Ran's arrogance. He had never seen or heard of anyone being arrogant to this extent. Thus, he directly used his strongest attack.

Six runes appeared around him, and he even activated his Spirit Blood. His staff caused space to rumble around him, and a powerful pressure began to grow. This was clearly an exceedingly terrifying magical art.

But just as he was chanting, a huge crossbow appeared in front of Guo Ran who was still standing with his hands clasped behind his back and pointing at him with his chin.

The huge crossbow had only just appeared when a blood-colored light shot out of it.

The two of them were less than a mile apart, and this red light instantly reached the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple.

BANG!

He instantly exploded. Furthermore, the red light continued to strike the barrier behind him.

A fierce explosion rocked the barrier, and huge ripples appeared. This attack was actually even stronger than the combined attack of Meng Qi's six ninth rank Magical Beasts.

"Fuck! If I had known it would be so easy, I wouldn't have wasted one of my Nine Yang Blood Mark Exploding Arrows! Damn it, what a waste!" Guo Ran's mouth twitched. This was a treasure he had just finished forging, and it took him ten days and nights to create just one.

There were over seven hundred runes on top of this arrow that mutually supported each other to give it immense power. Previously, his exploding arrows had been unable to kill mid ninth rank devil beasts in the Infernal Devil Abyss, which had led to him working on a new exploding arrow, one that was even more powerful. This Nine Yang Blood Mark Exploding Arrow was his current divine weapon for posing.

Who would have thought that this idiot would actually believe him and immediately let go of all his defenses in order to unleash his strongest move? Even an ordinary exploding arrow would have killed him in such a state.

"Despicable!"

Ma Xingkong finally couldn't bear it any longer. He stood up and roared, losing all his calm. That had been a rank six Celestial, one of their future pillars. He had been killed just like that? Even his soul had dissipated from the arrow's explosion.

"Despicable? How laughable! Your Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples repeatedly spouted such bullshit to infuriate others. Could it be that only you are allowed to use such malicious methods, but others can't counterattack? You really are an idiot!" Long Chen retorted.

"Long Chen, don't be rude. That's not how you speak to a senior."

The Xuan Master chided him, but there wasn't the slightest rebuke in his tone. Everyone could tell the Xuan Master was saying this merely as a formality.

"Magic Master, your precious disciples previously used all kinds of means to win. My Dao Sect's disciples seem to have learned some bad habits from them. Are you this angry because my disciples stole your disciples' abilities?" The Xuan Master smiled.

Ma Xingkong's expression immediately sank to a frightening point. Two rank six Celestials had been killed. Now he was finally starting to grow uneasy. Furthermore, thinking of what had happened previously, he smelled the hint of a trap.

But there was nothing he could do. Even once he won this gamble, having lost two rank six Celestials, he probably would still have lost out.

A ruthless light appeared in Ma Xingkong's eyes, and he sent a spiritual message to his disciples.

Everyone was deathly silent. Even the Xuantian Dao Sect's disciples were stunned. They even forgot to cheer as this was too shocking. Two rank six Celestials had been killed!

Furthermore, they had both been killed in one move. The most shocking one would have to be Guo Ran. He was clearly incredibly weak, but he had still managed to instantly kill such a heavenly genius. It completely toppled their understanding of what power was.

"I told you that those who hear my grand name end up dead. Now do you believe me?"

Guo Ran shook his head helplessly. He put away his crossbow and jumped off the stage, not even the slightest delight on his face. Instead, he seemed to possess the lonely helplessness of someone standing at the peak who couldn't find anyone to interest him.

The Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciples were all infuriated. He had clearly launched a despicable sneak attack to win, but even after his opponent was dead, he put on such an act. That was going too far.

Although Guo Ran felt it was wasteful, it had achieved the desired effect. If he wanted to blame something, he should blame himself for misjudging his opponent. He could have used a smaller price to kill him, and then his posing would be even more effective.

That made Guo Ran depressed. This was something he would have to work hard to make up for. As the saying went, practice makes perfect. He would need to be a poser more often to accumulate more experience.

"Sorry boss, I've caused you to lose face. This attack was definitely flawed, but I'll work hard to improve it next time. I'll definitely live up to the earnest hopes you've placed on this junior brother!" cried Guo Ran when he arrived in front of Long Chen.

The only thing Long Chen earnestly hoped for was for him to stop being such a poser and focus on proper things. What was the point of all this nonsense?

“Oh, well continue advancing the best you can. I look favorably upon you.” Although Long Chen felt helpless, he couldn’t bring down his brother like this, so he gave him some ‘encouragement’.

The Dragonblood warriors were all familiar with Guo Ran’s posing arts, but the others weren’t. Even the Dragonmark warriors were a bit stunned.

The Xuantian Dao Sect’s disciples were completely shocked. Killing his opponent in one move was still embarrassing to him? What was going on?

At this time, the martial stage was quiet. None of the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect’s disciples took the initiative to jump onto the stage. They were waiting.

They had clearly learned their lesson. They were waiting to see how powerful their opponent would be before choosing who would fight.

There were still two more rank six Celestials amongst them, and one was innate. The only one stronger than them was that mysterious man in the conical hat.

“Boss, I’m going.” Yue Zifeng saw that their opponents refused to come out, so he jumped onto the martial stage.

“I’ve specialized in sending people to reincarnate for twenty years. I’ve always been imitated, but never surpassed. If you want to reincarnate, come quickly. I will peacefully, quickly, painlessly send you on your way. Don’t miss this chance!” Yue Zifeng’s gaze icily swept over the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect’s disciples.

Even Tang Wan-er, who had been depressed over her defeat, couldn’t help but chortle. Even Meng Qi smiled.

Yue Zifeng was always a man of few words. For him to say such a long spiel was very unexpected.

However, his tone was clearly off and rigid. It was like he was just reading off a script. It was clear these weren’t his words, but something someone told him to say.

Looking at the distant Guo Ran’s evil smile, it was clear it was his idea. Yue Zifeng truly gave him face to say so many words at once.

His voice was rigid and not arrogant enough, but his words were sharp, and they immediately infuriated the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect’s disciples.

That was especially true since they saw Yue Zifeng had no Heavenly Dao fluctuations. He wasn’t even a Celestial, yet he dared to look down on them.

Their guess was that he walked an unorthodox cultivation path. He was most likely a soul cultivator, or someone like Guo Ran.

However, when Ma Xingkong saw him, his pupils shrank. He had actually been so mistaken and missed such a terrifying sword cultivator hidden by Long Chen’s side.

Just as he was about to send a spiritual message, the Xuan Master said, "Magic Master, what do you think about this disciple from my Xuantian Dao Sect?"

"Ah? This disciple is good. Yes, very good!" Ma Xingkong was startled out of his thoughts, and just at that moment, one of his disciples jumped onto the stage, causing his expression to change.

The barrier activated, isolating all voices from the martial stage. Of course, that included spiritual messages.

Ma Xingkong's expression sank, a bad feeling rising in his heart. This seemingly casual question from the Xuan Master had just been to interrupt his warning.

Ma Xingkong was able to easily see that Yue Zifeng was a powerful sword cultivator. But that disciple wasn't. It was very likely for him to be at a disadvantage once they exchanged blows.

"Hmph, you're definitely dead. A heretical path cannot have any accomplishments." The disciple in the barrier immediately fell back and waved his staff, summoning thirteen barriers between him and Yue Zifeng.

These thirteen barriers were like huge shells protecting him firmly. He had learned his lesson after seeing the two previous people being killed right at the start due to being off guard.

Any of these thirteen barriers was able to easily block a full-strength attack from a rank six Celestial. With his current defenses, he was confident that neither Meng Qi's Magical Beasts nor Guo Ran's exploding arrows would be able to threaten him.

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"You're the one who will die. Are you prepared? I don't mind warning you, I don't cultivate a heretical path. I am a sword cultivator!"

Yue Zifeng's right hand slowly reached for the sword on his back. His movements looked strange. Sometimes it looked as if he was pausing as he moved in segments, but other times it looked continuous. Then sometimes it looked like each one of his actions was repeated as he reached for his sword.

Now Ma Xingkong's expression really changed. Even the Xuan Master's eyes narrowed. Just the way Yue Zifeng reached for his sword had gained the feeling of the Dao. That was not a realm that a Foundation Forging rookie should have managed to touch.

The instant Yue Zifeng grasped his sword, the world became sluggish. Everyone was looking at his movements, as if his movements represented some kind of profound truth of the Dao, as if his actions were an inseparable piece of heaven and earth.

But when he drew his sword, it was completely different. It was fast, too fast. All they saw was a bolt of lightning flashing through the air. The entire world seemed to be cut into two pieces as that sword-light mercilessly shot toward the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple.

The disciple was appalled as a feeling of death filled his heart. He almost instinctively drew out the power of his Spirit Blood to strengthen the thirteen shields he had summoned.

The sword-light flashed by, the world losing all its sound. The shields were still there, and the Heaven Suppressing Magic Sect's disciple was also there.

"I blocked it!"

He was delighted. That incomparably terrifying attack had actually been blocked.

Yue Zifeng didn't even look at him. He sheathed his sword and walked away.

