

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1242

Chang Hao looked at Long Chen, battle intent soaring out of him. Long Chen could tell that this wasn't malice, but a desire to fight against another expert.

"Chang Hao, with your current cultivation, this is somewhat bullying." Feng Xinglie frowned slightly.

His original intent had been for Long Chen to go pick his own opponent. But now that Chang Hao put it like this, there was no chance for Long Chen to retreat. And with Long Chen's character, he would accept this challenge no matter what.

Chang Hao was a rank eight Celestial, and his cultivation base had reached the ninth Heavenstage of Foundation Forging, while Long Chen was only at the fifth Heavenstage. Most importantly, Long Chen hadn't gone through the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's baptism, which put him at an immense disadvantage.

"Third uncle, you don't understand. I can sense a strong feeling of danger from him. Other than me, no one else here is his match. I want to fight against him." Chang Hao shook his head.

Chang Hao's words made Feng Xinglie jump. He didn't know much about Long Chen, but he was profoundly aware of Chang Hao's power. He himself, a King, didn't have any assurance in being able to defeat Chang Hao.

For Chang Hao to actually sense an intense feeling of danger from Long Chen meant that Long Chen should have the power to defeat Chang Hao.

"Let's forget about it. Fighting isn't my specialty." Long Chen was a bit hesitant.

"Are you looking down on me?" Chang Hao's expression instantly sank.

Long Chen bitterly smiled. "No. If we don't have an all-out battle, it won't be enjoyable. But if we do go all-out, I tend to not be able to control myself perfectly. Fighting truly isn't my specialty."

Long Chen's specialty wasn't fighting. He was only proficient in killing people. That kind of battle where each attack was launched with the intent of killing his opponent was not a simple competition.

"Hahaha, domineering. But I like it. Don't worry, you can fight with your full strength. You won't be able to kill me." Chang Hao laughed confidently.

"Wait a moment. I need to report this first!" Feng Xinglie didn't dare to be the one to decide about this.

"If they want to fight, let them fight. What are you reporting it for? When did your guts shrink to this point? Are you a mouse?"

At this time, a middle-aged man walked over. Seeing that person, all the disciples immediately stood up straight. They respectfully cried out, "Seventh Boss!"

Feng Xinglie also bowed toward him. As a result, that Seventh Boss immediately kicked him, cursing, "Were all your years of living wasted? You even have to report such an insignificant matter? Just look at how cowardly you are. You're afraid of accepting the responsibility?"

Feng Xinglie bitterly smiled, not daring to reply. He was naturally afraid. It wasn't that he was afraid of accepting responsibility for this, but what if these two ended up in an unexpected accident?

He was just a King. Perhaps he might have some ability to fight Long Chen or Chang Hao, but if the two were to start an intense fight, he wouldn't be able to control it. What if something unexpected happened?

Now he had a belly full of fire, and yet he didn't dare to release it. He knew that if he said one more word, this Seventh boss would definitely beat him.

"Hurry up and start. Show us how much ability you have. A battle is not a game, so use all your skills. You don't need to worry about any problems. I'll handle it," said the Seventh Boss.

Feng Xinglie's lips curled. Of course there was nothing for the Seventh Boss to worry about; after all, he was strong enough to handle whatever happened. If Feng Xinglie had that kind of power, he could also act like that.

But he didn't dare to voice those thoughts. Within the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect, what was important wasn't age and seniority. What mattered the most was whose fist was bigger. Whoever's fist was bigger was who could speak. If you didn't have any ability, then you had to keep your mouth shut.

"Long Chen, let's have a fun battle. It's been a long time since I've fought all-out. I feel my blood heating up." Chang Hao tossed his outer robes to someone behind him, revealing a set of battle robes.

Chang Hao was a whole head taller than Long Chen. His exposed arms looked like they were crawling with serpents. They were full of explosive power.

"Then I won't argue with you. Let's have a full-power fight." Long Chen took a deep breath. Since there was someone here to control everything, he didn't have so many misgivings.

In truth, Long Chen also longed to have a battle with a true expert. He also had warlike blood flowing through his veins.

"Then I'll start."

Chang Hao stamped on the ground. The ground shook violently as he shot at Long Chen with just the power of his physical body.

Without using any magical art or any Battle Skill, his fist caused space to tremble. It was like this fist was about to tear straight through space.

This was the result of his physical body having reached a certain pinnacle. This kind of power was absolutely terrifying. That barbarian elephant race's genius was claimed to possess an unrivaled physical body, yet when compared to Chang Hao, the difference was immense.

Long Chen narrowed his eyes. Shifting his right foot back, he also sent out a punch.

BOOM!

Their fists collided, causing the entire plaza to shake. A powerful qi wave exploded. That qi wave was enough to exterminate ordinary Foundation Forging experts.

Even these experts of the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect were shocked. Some of the weaker ones involuntarily retreated a few steps.

But their gazes were completely fiery. Power was worshipped by the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples. Absolute power had an absolute charisma toward them.

Their fists were still locked. Both sides looked at the other, and their auras slowly rose.

BOOM! Their other fists also collided. The ground violently shuddered.

Long Chen was shocked. He felt Chang Hao's power continuously rising. This was the strongest physical body Long Chen had witnessed so far.

"Careful, I'm increasing my power," warned Chang Hao. Rumbling sounds came from his body as his power increased like a rising tide.

Long Chen had to start circulating the power of his 108,000 immortal platforms to keep up with him. The ground beneath them was unable to bear their power and started to crack.

The Seventh Boss had praise in his eyes as he watched. This kind of power was truly worthy of admiration. The Heaven Splitting Battle Sect cared the most about power.

"Hahaha, how powerful. But I still haven't released my full power. Watch out!" Chang Hao suddenly laughed. Runes appeared all around him as he summoned the manifestation of a rank eight Celestial. His power crazily soared.

Just as Chang Hao summoned his manifestation, a divine ring appeared in the air, unleashing immense pressure. A sacred aura shook everyone's hearts.

The ground under them was shattering. That hard rock suddenly exploded like it was mud.

"This Long Chen is truly powerful. He's actually able to match Chang Hao in power," said one of the rank seven Celestials with shock.

But that person had only just spoken when Long Chen warned, "Be careful!"

Four stars appeared in his eyes. Green scales covered his body. A pillar of qi soared into the sky, breaking apart all the clouds.

Seeing how powerful Chang Hao was, Long Chen didn't hold back. He directly summoned the Four Star Battle Armor and Green Dragon Battle Armor.

"Battle God Blessing!"

A rune appeared on Chang Hao's forehead. Following that, runes appeared all over his skin, forming a protective armor.

Chang Hao instantly felt like a king who had donned battle armor. His own immense power crashed against Long Chen's mountain-toppling power.

Powerful qi waves blew away the disciples. Even rank seven Celestials were unable to bear it. Rock fragments were shooting out with great power. Several disciples were pierced through and hastily fled.

Even Feng Xinglie's expression changed. He had underestimated their power. When they erupted with their full power, even he had to retreat a certain distance.

Only the Seventh Elder could continue watching indifferently. Any flying rocks that shot at him were blocked by an invisible barrier and turned to dust.

And yet, the two of them didn't stop. Their power continued to rise. A huge hole began to appear around them, constantly growing larger.

"Chang Hao's a monster, and Long Chen is also a monster. The two of them are so strong!"

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The Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples were absolutely shocked. Although they had often fought, they only fought with their physical bodies, as those were the rules.

Due to their explosive temperaments, the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's disciples would often start fighting at the drop of a pin. If there weren't some restrictions, they would tear down the sect. Of course, the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect had established itself in the middle of a mountain range for a reason.

All the disciples could fight whenever they wanted. As long as they didn't use spiritual energy to use Battle Skills, it was fine. Anyone who broke that rule would be beaten.

Since it was not permitted to fight all-out, even these disciples hadn't known that Chang Hao was this powerful.

Seeing their shocking power, they sucked in a cold gasp. Those fellows who constantly challenged Chang Hao every day were especially shocked.

Normally they only fought with their physical bodies, and by fighting as a group, they were usually able to land a punch or two on Chang Hao. Although they had known he was stronger than them, they had thought they would have some ability to fight him.

But now that he was using his true power, they realized the difference between them. In a true life and death battle, they weren't Chang Hao's match.

BOOM!

Suddenly, the ground exploded and dust filled the air. Two figures soared into the air, their fists flying. The true battle had just started.

The term that I have translated as 'Boss' here is not an exact translation. This word, 七爷, is supposed to mean a senior man with authority while also sounding arrogant. Literally this character means grandpa, but the emphasis is that it is a manly, senior man. This term is essentially like an Elder or Grand Elder in other sects, but it is given this special title in the Heaven Splitting Battle Sect to emphasize how it is different from other sects (manlier, crazier, feeling almost more like a gang than a sect). I couldn't find any word that fit the bill, so I shifted my focus a bit. Rather than something literal like Seventh Gramps (which is lacking the authority and arrogance to the word) or just ditching the meaning completely and calling him Seventh Elder, I'm going with Seventh Boss. Beware, for this term is not the same word that the Dragonblood Legion calls Long Chen when they call him boss. The Dragonblood Legion calls Long Chen 'eldest brother', while here, it is more like a leader, an Elder, a literal Boss. However, I actually like the usage of Boss here, because it ties in to how everyone in this sect calls themselves 老子 like how Long Chen calls himself 老子 when being arrogant. There's no way to show that literally unless I start having everyone, including Long Chen, refer to themselves as 'I, your daddy', so this is kind of an alternate way to show how they use similar language but with a different word.

