

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1428

Peng Wansheng's face had turned purple after being slapped by Long Chen. That wasn't a bruise, it was the result of fury. Long Chen's slap might be powerful, but it didn't contain any killing intent. It didn't invoke a sense of danger. This was Peng Wansheng's first time encountering such an opponent.

"People who don't fight seriously are all depraved trash!" cursed Peng Wansheng. He felt like he was about to go insane. After being slapped twice in the face, even if he did kill Long Chen, this would be a stain for the rest of his life.

He was a peerless expert, and he quickly realized the trick behind Long Chen's move. But even though he knew the trick, he couldn't do anything about it.

When experts fought, they would fight with the intent to kill. Each attack was launched with killing intent.

However, Long Chen's slap was purely to humiliate his opponents. It couldn't be sensed, but the taste of being slapped was horrendous.

It was even more painful than having an arm or leg cut off. Compared to the pain of the body, this mental humiliation was far more painful.

Despite being on the verge of exploding, Peng Wansheng had to force himself to stay calm. He now had a thought that he couldn't kill Long Chen. He needed to capture him alive and make him live a life worse than death.

Peng Wansheng glared at Long Chen, his chest heaving as he did his best to suppress his rage.

"Despicable human, can you not fight like a real warrior?!" roared Peng Wansheng.

If Long Chen continued dodging, Peng Wansheng would be unable to do anything to him. Long Chen's speed was also extremely great. But more importantly, his aura was very strange. Peng Wansheng found himself unable to quickly lock him down.

"Aren't you the one cursing your ancestors? Don't you think that's improper?" sneered Long Chen. The ancient races continuously mocked the human race. But without the human race, where would the half-breeds known as the ancient races have come from?

"I drew you over here because I don't want to be disturbed by others. It's not because I'm afraid of you."

"Then you can just die!" roared Peng Wansheng. His wings flapped once again, and with the golden runes revolving around them, he appeared in front of Long Chen in an instant, sending a punch at him.

"You're not capable of killing me." Long Chen smirked. He also let out a punch, his 108,000 stars revolving.

BOOM! This was a pure collision of physical strength. Both sides were blown back several miles.

"I heard your physical body was powerful and unrivaled amongst the human race. Hmph, now that I'm experiencing it, I'm disappointed! It's a far cry from the power of the ancient races!" sneered Peng Wansheng.

"That's different. There's no way to compare to half-breeds like you!" mocked Long Chen.

"Die!"

Peng Wansheng once more attacked, and a huge ball of light appeared behind him. The ball of light was a mass of primal chaos. It was impossible to see anything within.

When that ball appeared, Long Chen felt some kind of energy suddenly suppress him, making him feel weak.

"A manifestation?"

Long Chen was shocked. Just what was that indistinct ball? Why did he suddenly feel weaker when it appeared?

BOOM!

This time, he was sent flying by Peng Wansheng's punch, and he coughed up blood.

It felt like his punch contained some kind of hidden power. This was a kind of power that Long Chen couldn't comprehend, and it was in the process of breaking his body down at this very moment.

"Hahaha, didn't I say that you are but a piece of trash in front of me? Your power is like that of an ant's!" laughed Peng Wansheng.

The mass of primal chaos behind him revolved. It was filled with thick mist. It felt like there was something there, but it was completely concealed by the mist.

"Are you surprised? Did you think you were unrivaled just because you defeated a rank nine Celestial? Let me tell you, rank nine Celestials are not the peak geniuses of this world. There is another kind of existence born from the Heavenly Daos and destined for greatness, an embodiment of the heavens that stands at the peak of the martial path! They are above all other geniuses.

"I heard that you started from a poor background, correct? I suppose you've heard of Favored. They are existences even inferior to Celestials. Favored are the ants who disseminate the laws of the heavens. They are the most foundational existence in the cultivation world. Outnumbering Celestials over a million to one, they are born to spread the word of the heavens. But while they are the foundation, they are not the main characters.

"Above Favored are Celestials, emissaries of the Heavenly Daos. They are the servants of the Heavenly Daos. Although the Heavenly Daos give them some benefits, they are still just servants. Celestials are ranked one to nine, and even the highest, rank nine Celestials, are at most higher level servants.

"To put it in an uglier way, servants are just slaves. They have to listen to their master for everything. This world's real main characters are us - Emyreans!"

When Peng Wansheng said the word Empyrean, the world shuddered as if resonating with his words.

Long Chen coldly stared at Peng Wansheng, not saying anything. He calmly listened to his bragging. He wanted to know exactly why he was bragging.

Seeing Long Chen not say a word, Peng Wansheng continued, "Do you see? I am someone who represents the Heavenly Daos. I myself am in control of the power of the Heavenly Daos. Unlike Celestials, I don't need to borrow their power.

"If the heavens are the king, then Favored are the poor commoners, Celestials are the civil and military officials, while Empyreans are the crown prince! We are the main characters of this world! As for you, you're not even a commoner, you're at most trash with dogshit luck! Today, your glory comes to an end!"

After a moment of staring at Peng Wansheng who was looking at him like a king looking at a commoner, Long Chen said, "Looks like you've done bragging. I just have two points to mention. First, if Empyrean is the crown prince, don't you think there are too many crown princes? Just here, there are already three. Who's really the crown prince in line to inherit the throne? Second, if I'm not interested in being the crown prince, how can I become the emperor?"

"Foolish trash, you'll pay a painful price for your disrespect." Peng Wansheng was irritated that Long Chen hadn't even batted an eye after he said so much.

His goal had been to shock Long Chen, but Peng Wansheng had just wasted his saliva. Long Chen was like a duck who heard lightning. It was like he didn't even understand what he said. He once more sent out a punch.

"Hey, wait a moment!" cried out Long Chen suddenly.

Seeing Long Chen not even move to block, Peng Wansheng jumped in shock. If Long Chen didn't try to block, this punch would blow him apart. There would be no way to capture him alive.

Peng Wansheng hastily held back his fist, but his power wasn't so easy to hold back. As a result, he continued flying toward Long Chen.

Pow!

Long Chen slapped him across the face. This time, Long Chen had been storing up power for a long time, and Peng Wansheng flew for a hundred miles.

"Nice. We have good teamwork," praised Long Chen, giving Peng Wansheng a thumbs-up.

"LONG CHEN! I'll tear you to pieces!"

Peng Wansheng's eyes were scarlet, and his face was twisted. With a sinister wail, he charged at Long Chen.

The reason Peng Wansheng had been played this time and slapped again was because Long Chen had seen through his goal of capturing him alive.

Now Peng Wansheng was completely crazy, and he didn't even want to capture Long Chen alive anymore.

The primal chaos behind Peng Wansheng revolved. Golden runes circulated around his body as his aura soared. He had entered a berserk state.

He didn't hold back at all with his punch. The void crumbled wherever it passed, as if the very world would be destroyed by this punch.

Everyone was shocked by Peng Wansheng's punch. Even thousands of miles away, they could feel Peng Wansheng's power. It was like this punch had also enveloped them, making it hard for them to breathe.

Although the battle between Chu Yao and Sha Guangyan was nice to look at, it wasn't intense enough. Meanwhile, Peng Wansheng's berserk punch was an attack that looked like it could destroy the world, so everyone looked over.

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"Long Chen's definitely dead. He can't receive this punch," said an ancient race expert.

In truth, everyone thought the same thing, including the rank nine Celestials.

Although Long Chen had fought and defeated rank nine Celestials, his combat power was just a bit higher than rank nine Celestials. As for Peng Wansheng's punch, all the rank nine Celestials felt that they would die without any suspense if they were in Long Chen's position right now.

Even Chu Yao was a bit afraid for Long Chen. She knew what being an Emyrean signified.

However, she still chose to trust Long Chen. She trusted that figure. In her memories, that figure had never fallen. He was an undefeatable battle god.

"Divine ring! Five Star Battle Armor! Green Dragon Battle Armor! All of you get out here!"

A pillar of qi soared out of Long Chen. The suppression of Peng Wansheng's manifestation was instantly broken.

In front of the divine ring, all suppressions were forced to break.

108,000 green scales covered Long Chen's body, and an image of a star appeared on each one. Endless energy poured throughout his body.

With a thunderous roar, Long Chen smashed a fist at Peng Wansheng.



