

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 1848

Wild lightning covered Long Chen, and a pillar of light pierced the sky. The black curtain that had enveloped this world was forcibly torn apart.

Following Long Chen's arrival, more and more lightning appeared. Millions of lightning dragons roared through the air.

More and more of the black curtain crumbled, and more lightning manifested. The world was torn into two halves, one side filled with lightning and the other with darkness. Long Chen was like a lightning god standing above all Daos.

"Last time, I didn't get a chance to go all-out against Xie Luo. This time, I'll see just how much power the Three Great Corrupt Kings have to dare be so arrogant in front of my Dragonblood Legion."

A lightning spear slowly condensed in Long Chen's hands. It was no ordinary lightning spear this time, as it was condensed of countless lightning dragons.

As more lightning dragons merged into it, its aura grew more and more powerful. Rumbling rang out that shook the world.

Suddenly, the lightning vanished. All of it had been sucked into the lightning spear, and the world became quiet, deathly quiet.

Ming Jie narrowed his eyes. The current Long Chen with his lightning spear looked like the Grim Reaper with his sickle. Even the heavens didn't dare to release a sound.

Most shocking of all, Mie Jie's sword, which had been connected to another world's power to unleash a paragon art, was actually slower than Long Chen. Long Chen was also using a paragon art, but he had completed it almost instantly.

Ming Jie's broadsword suddenly shook. He had finally gathered enough energy and then slashed his sword at Long Chen.

"Underworld King Life Reaping Slash!"

The black qi filling the world suddenly vanished, absorbed by his sword in an instant. The huge black crescent moon slashed down at Long Chen.

Guo Ran and the others were shocked at the sight of this attack. It was even more terrifying than what they had imagined. With most of their Heavenly Dao energy stripped away, only a few of them would have survived this attack.

In the face of this powerful attack, Long Chen's battle intent blazed.

"Wild Lightning Soul Battle Spear!"

Long Chen's spear left his hand. It flew out like a bolt of lightning.

The spear instantly grew explosively, becoming a battle god's spear, causing the void around it to shatter. Each of its millions of runes erupted like a volcano.

BOOM!

The lightning spear crashed into the black crescent moon. The space around them twisted wildly as though the entire world would collapse. Fragments of the void danced. Spacetime was destroyed. It was like thousands of years passed in an instant.

Guo Ran and the others were in their strongest defensive state but still felt their heads buzzing from the shockwaves. Their heads became blank and unable to think.

The huge shockwaves caused the heavens to collapse, the earth to be torn apart, and the mountains to flatten.

This was a clash of paragon arts. A clash between paragon arts was a clash between worlds.

When Guo Ran and the others recovered, they saw that everything around them was black. They thought that they had died.

However, they quickly realized that they were wrong. They began popping up from underground.

BOOM!

As soon as they came up and saw the light again, everything turned black again.

Up in the sky, Long Chen had slashed Evilmoon into Ming Jie's black broadsword, unleashing a sky full of black mist.

"What the fuck?!" Guo Ran had just popped out of the ground when he was sent flying by the astral winds of their fight. He tumbled back.

Even covered in his armor, although he didn't get injured, the rapid spinning made him almost vomit.

With Evilmoon in his hand, Long Chen attacked time and time again, each slash sharper than the last. His divine ring was present, and five stars revolved in his eyes. He wasn't holding back.

Ming Jie was forced to retreat as he blocked Long Chen's attacks. Each of Long Chen's attacks was as heavy as a star. That power had long since surpassed the limit of a human. Ming Jie's arms were shaking, and he almost lost hold of his sword.

Ming Jie was shocked by Long Chen's power. He was even stronger than the stories.

Just now, in the clash of their paragon arts, despite him starting earlier, Long Chen had completed storing up energy first. His cast time was much quicker, but its power was not one whit lower. They were actually evenly matched. Both of them had coughed up three large mouthfuls of blood, with an unknown number of bones broken.

However, Meng Jie had a secret art that made his injuries heal in the blink of an eye. He had been about to attack Long Chen while Long Chen was healing, but he found that Long Chen looked fine and was the one to attack him.

The black wings in Ming Jie's manifestation were constantly quivering, wrapping him in black qi.

"So that's the case. Your aura is very similar to the Netherworld. As for those wings, they contain the scent of hell. Is your family related to the Netherworld's jailors?" asked Long Chen lightly as he continued to attack.

Meng Jie couldn't help being shocked. His cultivation technique truly required the qi of the Netherworld. When he had advanced to the Soul Transformation realm, he had started borrowing the Netherworld's qi to cultivate, and that pair of wings in his manifestation was called the Grasp of Hell.

Although he only knew its name, none of his family's experts had told him their origin. For Long Chen to suddenly say it, how could he not be shocked?

"Nonsense. Don't think a single paragon art will allow you to compete against me. You're far too lacking!" Ming Jie's manifestation suddenly unleashed a burst of power.

Long Chen was forced back several steps, while Ming Jie also took advantage of this to retreat. Holding his black sword at a slanted angle, nine bone-like runes on it slowly lit up.

However, just at that moment, Ming Jie's expression changed. An invisible wind blade had silently appeared behind him.

It suddenly quickened, slashing toward him. Ming Jie's divine sense swept out and found that at some point, the Dragonblood Legion had gathered together. Standing at the front was Tang Wan-er. Everyone's energy was pouring toward her, and this wind blade was her masterpiece.

The wind blade spun rapidly, slicing through space. The current Tang Wan-er had already started awakening her manifestation, and her control over wind energy had reached a terrifying level. Adding on the Dragonblood warriors' assistance, Ming Jie would definitely be heavily injured if he was struck.

BOOM!

Without thinking about it, Ming Jie swung his sword at the wind blade. The wind blade exploded, but he felt a strange suction force appear from its explosion, causing his body to become sluggish.

At that moment, Evilmoon unleashed a giant black saber-image that slashed down. Long Chen's lazy voice rang out. "Idiot, our goal isn't to fight you, but to kill you."

"Bastard!" raged Ming Jie. He hastily pulled on his broadsword to block.

BOOM!

Although he blocked it, his block was too hasty. As a result, his arms were broken, and he was sent flying. He tasted something sweet as he almost vomited blood. Inside, he was infuriated. Hence, Sword Qi condensed within his sword as he prepared to unleash an attack at Tang Wan-er and the others.

However, his body had just stabilized when one beautiful feather after another shot toward him like sharp swords.

Each of these feathers contained a sharp aura. With nine hundred and ninety-nine of them shooting at once, Ming Jie's expression changed. Light erupted from his sword as he slashed it repeatedly, forming a layered net that blocked Meng Qi's attack.

The feathers crashed into the net, unleashing huge ripples in space.

Ming Jie's expression changed. Those feathers were extremely tough, and when they landed on his net, they didn't break. At most, he only managed to repel them.

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Just at that moment, the divine light of those feathers vanished. Replacing it, a single silver ray of light pierced toward him.

"What?!" Ming Jie was stunned, not even having sensed this attack before. There was no time to dodge.

BOOM!

The silver ray of light landed squarely on Ming Jie's body. His body instantly exploded.

"Hahaha, so the Corrupt path's Three Kings are only at this level! Who asked you to show off?" laughed Guo Ran.

His laughter had yet to end when the ground exploded, and a figure charged out of the earth, slashing a black sword at Guo Ran.

"What?!"

Everyone was stunned by this sudden turn of events. That sword had already reached Guo Ran.

This surprising figure was precisely the Ming Jie whose body had just exploded from the silver light attack. He had once more appeared, choosing to attack Guo Ran.

Just as Guo Ran was about to be slain by Ming Jie's sword, a black saber slashed toward Ming Jie from a strange angle.

