

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2098

Mixihaweiya was the original devil race's god. It was the existence that had been bestowed the Devil seal by the heir of the nine stars.

This name could be expressed with eighteen different syllables from the original devil race's language. Every syllable represented different meanings. Sometimes it could be a hidden signal, sometimes it could be a prayer. As for this time, this disciple was shouting to be parted for eternity.

Before Zhao Wuji or anyone else could make a move, that disciple went limp, his spiritual fluctuations vanishing.

Not only that, but he had also used some secret art, causing the other disciples of the original devil race that were lying there to have their souls extinguished with him. They instantly became corpses.

Nangong Zuiyue covered her mouth, shocked. She was distressed at seeing so many people die at once.

"Bastard!" Zhao Wuji raised a hand, about to smash that disciple's corpse to smithereens.

Suddenly, a figure flashed into motion. People only saw a blur before a hand slapped across Zhao Wuji's face.

BOOM!

Zhao Wuji was sent flying. Barbed armor appeared on his face, but those barbs were now flattened. Half of Zhao Wuji's face caved in.

Long Chen had attacked too suddenly for anyone to react.

"Impudence!"

Amongst the crowd, Shi Lingfeng flew out, smashing his fist at Long Chen.

"Scram!" Long Chen's roar was like the roar of a god. White scales covered his fist as he met Shi Lingfeng's attack.

Shi Lingfeng was actually forced back dozens of meters, surprising the others.

Shi Lingfeng didn't possess a body of flesh and was made of stone essence. His physical strength was astounding as was his defensive prowess. He could take divine items head-on with his hands. But in this direct exchange of power, he had actually lost to Long Chen.

After slapping Zhao Wuji and forcing back Shi Lingfeng, Long Chen glared coldly at the others, floating in the air. His killing intent made them shiver.

"What unrivaled geniuses? In my eyes, you're all trash. If you want to come at me, then do it directly. You want to call this a gathering of past and present heroes? What a joke. With so many pieces of dogshit here, how can this be called a gathering of heroes? I feel like this so-called gathering of heroes is only here to get people to target me. Is this a gathering to denounce me? Hahaha!"

Long Chen raised his head and laughed. The world rumbled as Long Chen unleashed all his resentment.

“You want to kill me? Then I’ll give you a chance today. It doesn’t matter if you want to fight one against one or in a group. I’ll accompany you.”

Long Chen suddenly vanished, reappearing outside the city. “Zhao Wuji, didn’t you say that you would kill me? I’m right here, so get your ass out here!”

Long Chen’s voice echoed through the air. The death of those original devil experts had provoked all his killing intent.

“Long Chen, you bastard! You say you aren’t colluding with the original devil race, but then why are you so angry, hmm?!” Zhao Wuji came flying over.

“Give it up. Your methods didn’t just anger Long Chen. We’re all furious with you too. If I wasn’t giving face to brother Dongfang, I, Hu Feng, would be challenging you myself,” said Hu Feng icily.

Hu Feng rarely liked to interfere in other people’s matters. But Zhao Wuji and the others had gone so far that even he was angry.

For the heir of the Gambling Heavenly Dao to speak up for Long Chen made quite a few people frown. Was Hu Feng on the same side as Long Chen?

“Brother Long, please calm down. If there are any issues, we can calmly discuss them. Sometimes using martial force isn’t the way to resolve things!” shouted Dongfang Yuyang.

“There’s nothing to discuss. It doesn’t matter who it is, if they want my life, they can come at me. Zhao Wuji, didn’t you want to fight me? Get over here and face your death!” sneered Long Chen.

Ye Zhiqiu and Ye Lingshan flew outside the city after Long Chen. The others also followed.

“Fine, then today, I will kill you in front of everyone here.” Zhao Wuji laughed maniacally, walking over.

The outside of the city was a barren desert. Long Chen’s black robes fluttered in the wind.

Zhao Wuji arrived in front of Long Chen. However, the current Zhao Wuji was covered in black scale armor.

This scale armor had countless barbed thorns. It was like he was a hedgehog. No matter who touched him, they would end up losing a chunk of their flesh.

Zhao Wuji’s armor had a horn on its forehead and a tail on its back. He held two sickle blades that had a cold sheen on them.

This armor seemed to be part of him, and there wasn’t the slightest gap in any part of it. He looked like a monster in human form.

“Long Chen, dying to my complete Life-Ripping Armor and Moon Slicing Sickles is your best ending.” Zhao Wuji rubbed his blades together, emitting an ear-piercing sound that made people’s hearts clench.

“Do you think Long Chen will be able to defeat Zhao Wuji? His armor is insidious. The slightest carelessness can lead to death,” said Beitang Rushuang.

Normally, Long Chen was a slippery scoundrel, but with his killing intent surging out of him, everyone was seeing his domineering side. That side looked more like a death god. Despite that, Beitang Rushuang was still worried. If they were competing in terms of actual ability, she wouldn't doubt Long Chen. In fact, anyone here would be able to easily defeat Zhao Wuji.

It was that Life-Ripping Armor that made him so terrifying. It was unknown just how many experts that were stronger than him had ended up dying because of that armor.

This was one reason why the Mechanism Sect was able to survive to this date despite their infamy. Their mechanisms were too sinister, easily catching people off guard.

Everyone watched closely. One was the current era's top genius, who despite being surrounded by enemies, was still living well.

The other was a notorious existence whose reputation made countless experts sick to their stomachs, yet they didn't dare to provoke him.

The Pill Fairy calmly watched that figure. There was a slightly lost expression in her eyes. It seemed like she was lost in some kind of memory.

“Should I go kill Long Chen first before Zhao Wuji?” whispered Huang Feiyan to Kun Pengzi.

“You're overthinking it,” said Kun Pengzi indifferently.

Huang Feiyan stared blankly at him. She didn't know what exactly he was talking about.

“You mean Zhao Wuji wouldn't let me?”

Kun Pengzi frowned slightly and didn't reply to her. He just watched the two of them in the sky.

Long Chen coldly surveyed everyone that had come. “If you want to kill me, then hurry up and come forward. I don't mind fighting you all together. Today, we can resolve all our differences.”

People gasped at his arrogance. It had to be known that everyone here was a supreme genius. In terms of status and fame, many of them were higher than Long Chen.

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Furthermore, there were some terrifying existences amongst them. There was the son of an Emperor, Kun Pengzi, as well as two divine daughters, the Pill Fairy and Dong Mingyu. If any of them attacked, they would be more than enough to kill him.

“Idiot, first guarantee that you can survive Zhao Wuji's attacks before speaking!” sneered Shi Lingfeng.

Beitang Rushuang couldn't help sighing at how Long Chen was challenging everyone at once. Why was he acting like an imbecile? Having provoked them like this, then even if he could defeat Zhao Wuji, they wouldn't let him off.

If he hadn't provoked them, then maybe if he could defeat Zhao Wuji, things could end by having her and Nangong Zuiyue stand beside him. There would have been a way to resolve things there. But Long Chen wasn't leaving himself any options.

"Big sister Rushuang, don't worry. Although Long Chen doesn't act reliably normally, when you need him, he's actually the most dependable person. He's only dependable in battle," comforted Ye Lingshan upon seeing Beitang Rushuang sigh.

To the side, Ye Zhiqiu didn't say anything. She just looked at Long Chen. There wasn't the slightest nervousness in her eyes.

"Long Chen, you're a shameless boaster. Just how many exchanges do you think you can last against me?" Zhao Wuji's voice had also transformed after donning his armor. He sounded like a Magical Beast roaring. It was painful to listen to.

"You're the shameless boaster. After slapping you so many times, you still haven't learned your lesson. Does your face not hurt when you boast now?" asked Long Chen.

Everyone's expressions became odd. It seemed that this truly was the case. The fact that Zhao Wuji had been repeatedly slapped in the face by Long Chen was something that they found inconceivable. They didn't know how he had done that.

"Die!" Having his scab picked at, Zhao Wuji furiously transformed into a streak of light charging at Long Chen. Two black wings spread on his back, and his armor began to shine. His sickle blades slashed toward Long Chen mercilessly.

