

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2157

Countless Jian Wuchens filled the sky. The first assumption was that they were afterimages, but these afterimages all moved and attacked at the same time, unleashing endless killing intent. Sword-light sliced the world into pieces.

Jian Wuchen's cold voice rang out. "You can die now. This is my self-created Hundred Turn Thousand Death Art. Every single one of these figures contains my attack power. Just how will you block them?"

The fact that Jian Wuchen had been able to create such a move caused quite a few expressions to change. It was no wonder he was considered a peerless heavenly genius. His talent in the Sword Dao was amazing to be able to create such a terrifying move.

Every cultivator walked in the footsteps of their predecessors, and they cultivated their predecessors' magical arts. It wasn't that they didn't want to create their own, but creating a technique superior to their ancestors' was too difficult.

How many geniuses had appeared in the long flow of history? And just how many people were able to create powerful techniques? Even if they could create their own techniques, just how many of them received the recognition of the world and had their techniques transmitted down?

Creating a magical art was very difficult. Many people said that they created their own, but they had really simply glossed over another magical art and made it seem like their own. Through the long flow of time, those fake techniques were forgotten.

However, the technique that Jian Wuchen was using was so terrifying that it was worthy of being recorded in history.

Each of the images that he had left in the air looked like his true body, and not only were they capable of attacking, but they each retained sixty percent of his power.

With hundreds of them attacking at the same time, his power had surpassed his original limits. Such a magical art could already be considered a paragon art, and a powerful existence even amongst paragon arts at that.

Even Mo Nian's expression changed. "Zifeng is in danger. Do we need to interfere?"

"No need." Long Chen's reply was simple. Suddenly, a wave of light unfurled, blowing apart the sword-light and the images, leaving behind only an indifferent Yue Zifeng and a shocked Jian Wuchen.

"What just happened?"

"No idea. It was too fast."

The experts watching were dumbfounded. They didn't even see how Yue Zifeng had negated Jian Wuchen's terrifying attack.

"I already said that your techniques lack any substance. Without any true soul, you're as stiff as a wooden puppet and filled with openings. To brand a domain with imprints of your attacks is truly marvelous, but you didn't imprint any of the Sword Dao's soul. Even with a manifestation allowing you

to brand this space, if you can't hit someone, it's all meaningless. You've only comprehended a hair of the true Sword Dao, but you wanted to create a paragon art? You are too naive." Yue Zifeng slowly sheathed his sword.

Seeing his indifferent and confident manners, Long Chen smiled. Now he understood why the always taciturn Yue Zifeng would be so talkative today.

He didn't just want to win. He wanted to completely shatter Jian Wuchen's confidence, from mind to body to soul.

In the Dragonblood Legion, everyone hated traitors. That was something that they couldn't accept.

"If this is all the power you have, I'd advise you to just kill yourself. You aren't even qualified to be killed by me," said Yue Zifeng. His words made the expressions of quite a few experts change. Was Yue Zifeng really so powerful?

"Ignorant fool, you're too arrogant. I'll make you pay a price for your arrogance!" Jian Wuchen roared, and the image of a sharp sword appeared in his eyes.

His aura suddenly changed. It no longer felt boundless and calm. Instead, it was like a tsunami unleashing huge waves.

His aura swept through the air. Jian Wuchen was truly enraged. He was originally planning on using absolute power to crush Yue Zifeng like a cat toying with a mouse to prove just how strong he was.

Now he found that their positions had been reversed. He was the one being toyed with. Seeing Yue Zifeng's calm assurance made him even angrier.

"Jian Wuchen wasn't even using his full power before." Seeing Jian Wuchen in this state shocked people. They actually still underestimated the terror of this genius sword cultivator of the ancient era.

"Devil Sword possession, break the dome of the sky! The Heavenly Daos fall before me. Only the Sword Dao reigns supreme!"

Jian Wuchen's voice became hoarse. Now, every single one of his words seemed to be dripping in blood, and his face changed, becoming sinister. It was like a devil from hell had possessed him.

Suddenly, Jian Wuchen moved, and no one could even track his movements. A black sword fell.

Yue Zifeng's expression was solemn. His eyes were tightly locked on the black sword. His own sword suddenly came out of its sheath, unleashing sword-light like a starry river.

**BOOM!**

The two swords clashed. Yue Zifeng's sword-light was destroyed, while the black sword-light passed by his body.

The earth exploded. Another bottomless ditch appeared in the End of the Heavens Valley, stretching beyond the horizon.

There were countless experts surrounding the battlefield, and as a result, over ten Emphyreans were struck by that attack, not having enough time to run. They vanished without a trace, without even being able to make a sound. Not even a trace of their divine items remained.

This one attack shook all the experts present. They retreated even further. If they lost their lives to Jian Wuchen's fury, that would be too unfortunate.

"What sword intent? What sword moves? They're all nonsense in the face of absolute power. With absolute power, a sword is just a tool that you control. Your Heavenly Sword Gate made up a bunch of nonsense about the Sword God. As for the Sword God Dao Canon, it has the strongest techniques for controlling the sword, but they refused to transmit them. They're all selfish. I'll expose the true face of the Heavenly Sword Gate. I'll bring your head back to the Heavenly Sword Gate and teach them that even without the Sword God Dao Canon, I can still reach the peak of the Sword Dao."

Jian Wuchen's black sword once more slashed down. It looked like a random swing, but it possessed the power to break the laws of the world. With the support of his manifestation, the furious Jian Wuchen was like the ruler of this world.

At this moment, people finally sensed the terror of a heavens' soul manifestation.

**BOOM!**

Yue Zifeng once more avoided the attack, leaving a deep ditch in the ground.

"Yue Zifeng, weren't you being very arrogant? What, now you don't even dare to receive an ordinary attack? I'm only using the full power of my manifestation right now, not some peerless technique. Could it be that the Heavenly Sword Gate's people are only on this level?" Jian Wuchen repeatedly attacked. Yue Zifeng only continued to dodge without attacking.

Yue Zifeng's eyes were icy. As he calmly observed the changes behind Jian Wuchen, a sneer formed on his face.

"The reason I'm not attacking is because I want to figure out where your power comes from. Now I understand. Your manifestation is inherited. You inherited the manifestation of the Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer from twenty-three thousand years ago. Who would have thought that he would actually choose to condense his soul into his Heavenly Dao manifestation when he failed to achieve his Dao? All your power was inherited from him. This isn't your own power. To use someone else's power and still be so arrogant, you really aren't a sword cultivator. No sword cultivator is so shameless," sneered Yue Zifeng.

*freewebnovel.com*

"Bullshit. The power that I can control is my power!" roared Jian Wuchen, attacking again.

"Since it's someone else's power, why talk about becoming a Sovereign? The Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer was unable to even become a Venerate. You think inheriting his legacy can make you a Sovereign? What a huge joke. Since I've figured this out, it's time to settle things between us. You think you've managed to reach the peak of the Sword Dao? I'll show you the true Sword Dao."

Yue Zifeng suddenly stopped dodging. Holding his sword in front of him, with both hands on its hilt, he touched the blade with his forehead. After that, bits of divine light began to float out of his forehead and merge into the sword. It was like that sword had been blessed by a god and seemed to come to life. It began to emit its own spiritual fluctuations.

“An item-spirit? No, it’s not!” exclaimed Mo Nian. That air of life was not from an item-spirit.

“That should be a legendary sword spirit. It’s not a true soul but can be considered a kind of law floating throughout heaven and earth. Legend has it that it is related to the Sword God’s blessing, the spirit of the Sword Dao that the Sword God left behind for disciples who inherit his will. Only the most pious sword cultivators can summon it. Furthermore, there is a chance of failure with each summoning. Every time, it will be a different spirit. Of course, all of this is just legends. Perhaps only Yue Zifeng knows if it’s true or not,” said Nangong Zuiyue.

Yue Zifeng’s sword began to shudder. The sound of a Grand Dao began to ring out.

“A scam! Face your death!”

Jian Wuchen roared furiously, but there was a hint of fear in his eyes. His black sword unleashed a wave of black light.

Yue Zifeng suddenly opened his eyes, and his sword let out a light cry. In that instant, Yue Zifeng became an inseparable entity with the sword in his hand.

“I’ll let you experience the true Sword Dao.”

