

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2158

It was just a random swing of his sword, but a clear sword sound rang out.

That was the soul of the sword. It had formed a resonance with Yue Zifeng's soul, with his sword being the vector. Yue Zifeng's fervent summons had drawn in a sword spirit willing to give all its power to him.

Yue Zifeng's sword unleashed a ray of light that pierced through the void, pierced through the clouds, and pierced through the cosmos. It severed the restrictions of the world.

When his sword slashed down, it was like the river of stars in the sky were slashing down as well. In that instant, the laws of the world were destroyed.

Even Dongfang Yuyang, Ximen Tianxiong, and the other experts were unable to remain calm.

BOOM!

Jian Wuchen's black sword-light shattered. In front of Yue Zifeng, he was unable to receive a single blow.

Yue Zifeng's sword continued, slicing apart Jian Wuchen's domain. Despite Jian Wuchen blocking with all his power, he was sent flying, wildly hacking up blood. A long cut could be seen on his chest, so deep that it was possible to see bone.

After injuring Jian Wuchen, Yue Zifeng didn't press the attack. He simply floated there in the sky.

"The true Sword Dao is becoming one with the sword. There is no one controlling the other. It is to fully trust each other. Back in my day, I was stuck pacing outside the Sword Dao, unable to understand its essence. But when I joined the Dragonblood Legion, my boss taught me what the true Sword Dao was. He taught us to trust our backs to our brothers. With that trust, we don't need to worry about our backs and can just press onward. This is why the Dragonblood Legion is strong enough to be the Martial Heaven Continent's number one legion. Our power doesn't stem from our talent but from this trust. Because of it, we are able to leave our lives in the hands of our brothers without any hesitation. This is our Dao. But it also resonates with the Sword Dao. To communicate with your sword, you need to fully trust it."

As Yue Zifeng's voice resounded through the air, the experts were deeply shaken. They looked from Yue Zifeng to Long Chen. Even a monster like Yue Zifeng had such reverence for him.

Beitang Rushuang's eyes flashed. She had always felt Long Chen to be a hoodlum, but how could a proud sword cultivator like Yue Zifeng be so respectful to him?

Yue Zifeng looked at the sword in his hand with gratitude. "Only absolute trust can unleash the full divine power of the Sword Dao. If my sword can entrust her life to me, I can also entrust my life to her. So a true cultivator only needs to trust, not question. However, these words are useless when it comes to you. Jian Wuchen, even if you cultivated for ten thousand years, you wouldn't understand this kind of principle. That is because in your heart, you don't trust anyone. The only one you trust is yourself. You only care about yourself, and you push all your mistakes onto others while resenting everyone else. You've locked your inner heart, turning it into a world of darkness that sunlight cannot reach. You refuse

to believe that you could be wrong. It must be the rest of the world that's wrong. That's why you've never understood what the true Sword Dao is."

"Shut up!"

Jian Wuchen's face twisted in fury. It looked like flames were about to explode out of his demonic eyes.

He had heard Yue Zifeng's words before. The very first day he joined the Heavenly Sword Gate, he had heard them.

He had assumed that they were only some foundational nonsense, so he hadn't cared about them. He wanted higher level techniques, more terrifying sword arts, and divine abilities that could flip the heavens.

However, now he found that he was wrong. Yue Zifeng had used himself to prove that this foundational principle was the essence of the Sword Dao and the basis for a sword cultivator.

Jian Wuchen was unable to do that. In this world, there was no one he could trust. How was he supposed to trust a weapon?

"All fallacies used to con people! A saber, a sword, their power only depends on the user!" howled Jian Wuchen, refusing to accept Yue Zifeng's viewpoint.

"Without man, the sword would just be scrap metal. But without the sword, man would just be ordinary. The sword can measure the heavens, the earth, and all Daos in between. It allows one to roam the four seas, to become a god or immortal, to slay devils and gods. Only when man becomes one with the sword does the true essence of the Sword Dao come out," said Yue Zifeng.

"Fuck your one with the sword bullshit. The Heavenly Sword Gate is one with being bastards, conners!"

Jian Wuchen suddenly spat a mouthful of blood onto his black sword. Its light instantly grew berserk, and a wild killing intent soared. The black sword seemed to come to life, roaring along with Jian Wuchen.

"The sword is a noble amongst weapons. It can be used to dance and sing, yet also slay devils and demons. However, it cannot be used as a tool for slaughter to prove oneself." Yue Zifeng randomly raised his sword.

Their two swords clashed once more. A wild baleful aura unfurled throughout the sky.

Jian Wuchen's black wings made him appear like a devil, wild and bloodthirsty, while the opposing Yue Zifeng was calm, still with his left hand in a sword seal and his right hand holding his sword. He blocked Jian Wuchen just like that.

Ripples spread along Yue Zifeng's sword, and divine light continued to sparkle. Those fluctuations were like the breath of the sky and the pulse of the earth.

No matter how Jian Wuchen wildly attacked, he was unable to suppress Yue Zifeng's sword. It was like Yue Zifeng's sword was blocking Jian Wuchen's attacks on its own.

“Now I understand. When the sword spirit appears, the entire world will support the sword cultivator. The current Yue Zifeng is relying entirely on his sword’s power to block Jian Wuchen,” said Nangong Zuiyue.

The experts that reached a similar level to her had also seen the clues. Yue Zifeng’s sword had been possessed by a sword spirit, making him enter a kind of blessed state.

“That’s so monstrous. Doesn’t that make Yue Zifeng unbeatable?” grumbled Mo Nian.

“There’s nothing unbeatable in this world. The sword spirit possession requires Yue Zifeng to resonate with it. That must take up a great deal of his mental energy. Once he uses up all that energy, the sword spirit will fade,” said Long Chen.

This mental energy was a strange kind of power. It was almost like something between Spiritual Strength and willpower.

Long Chen didn’t quite understand it. Back in the Netherworld, Xie Qianqian had used her mental energy to save him from a strange pool. That was his first encounter with that strange energy.

Before this, he had vaguely sensed a similar power from Yue Zifeng, but today, that mental energy was exceptionally strong. Yue Zifeng must have finally managed to control that power.

Xie Qianqian was an expert that came from a distant world. He didn’t know what kind of cultivation technique she trained in, but when it came to Yue Zifeng, he knew that this was the result of his bitter cultivation of the Sword Dao.

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Yue Zifeng’s unyielding willpower had always been very admirable to Long Chen. Sword cultivators were a group of fanatics. Once those madmen became serious, they were truly frightening.

“Bastard, I refuse to believe this!” Jian Wuchen roared angrily, but he wasn’t able to lie to himself. As a sword cultivator, he could clearly sense limitless energy coming from Yue Zifeng’s sword, which was blocking all his attacks. He thought of the legendary sword spirit possession, where the sword spirit offered up all its power to the sword cultivator.

“AH!” Jian Wuchen suddenly let out a bestial roar. The manifestation behind him vanished and his white robes exploded. His skin split open, causing blood to burst out of him.

Jian Wuchen’s aura vanished. It was replaced by a foreign, ancient, brutal aura.

The fury in Jian Wuchen’s eyes vanished, replaced with an aged look of years passed. He seemed to have become an entirely different person.

“I didn’t expect someone to be able to awaken a sword spirit. Good, good, I, the Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer, have finally found a suitable person to take over.” Jian Wuchen’s voice had also changed, growing older.

“He... he’s the Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer? How is that possible?!” Startled cries rang out, as people were filled with disbelief.

“What is going on?! Was the Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer able to fully merge his soul into a Heavenly Dao manifestation? Has he taken Jian Wuchen out with his will?”

Chills ran down people’s spines. This world was filled with things that others had never seen before.

“Little boy, I like you. Obediently inherit my legacy, and I guarantee that you can reign supreme with your Sword Dao and become a Sovereign.” Jian Wuchen’s ancient voice rang out once more, his eyes locked onto Yue Zifeng.

