

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2159

Jian Wuchen's aura had completely transformed. He had been taken possession of by another soul.

Everyone was stunned by this. There were legends of the infamous Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer. It was said that despite clearly possessing the power to ascend, he refused to, only seeking to become a Sovereign. However, he failed and was essentially destroyed by the Heavenly Daos.

No one had expected that a dead man would have been able to merge the core of their soul into a heavens' soul manifestation. When Jian Wuchen awakened the same heavens' soul manifestation, the Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer's will managed to affect him.

The current Jian Wuchen had been fully taken over. A wave of fear fell over the experts present. This person was infamous for killing countless lifeforms, someone who struck fear into the hearts of the Righteous and the Corrupt paths.

However, Yue Zifeng calmly shook his head. "Are you sure you're using your brain when speaking? You didn't have the power to become a Sovereign before. How are you supposed to make someone else a Sovereign?"

"Boy, you don't appreciate my kindness, so don't blame me for being vicious. I'll take your soul and merge it into Jian Wuchen's. I trust that I'll definitely be able to make a sword Sovereign then."

Jian Wuchen waved his sword, and a sea of sword-images filled the sky.

"Devil Sword Slashes the Dao, Ten Thousand Ghosts Devour the Heavens!"

Devil qi exploded out of Jian Wuchen. His power almost caused the world to collapse, shaking even experts like Ximen Tianxiong, Dongfang Yuyang, Nangong Zuiyue, and Beitang Rushuang. This was not Jian Wuchen's power.

"Slash the Dao? The Heavenly Daos? Or the Sword Dao? If it's the latter, then just stop your lunatic ravings."

Yue Zifeng was still icily calm. Taking a deep breath, his sword began to hum, the sword cry once more ringing throughout heaven and earth.

"One Sword, Untouched by Dust!"

Just like that, Yue Zifeng and his sword pierced into the sea of swords. He looked so weak in comparison, like a moth drawn into a flame, but he possessed a boundless determination.

Long Chen's eyes were tightly locked onto Yue Zifeng. He could sense some kind of energy flowing from Yue Zifeng's body into his sword.

The sword had merged with his mental energy. Suddenly, he and his sword transformed into one sharp giant sword that pierced through the air. There were endless stars that flickered around it.

BOOM!

The huge sword smashed through the sea of swords. They exploded and a wave of runes erupted.

When the wave of runes vanished, it revealed two figures standing in the sky, backs facing each other.

Yue Zifeng suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body rocked in the sky, and it looked like he was about to fall from the sky.

“Yue Zifeng lost?!”

“No, look at Jian Wuchen’s feet!”

A light breeze blew by. Jian Wuchen’s feet began to blow away in the breeze. Then his calves, knees, thighs... they all began to drift away.

There was no blood. There was no painful scream. It was all deathly silent.

“Why?” Jian Wuchen looked down at his disappearing body, feeling at a loss. His voice was both young and old. It was his voice and the voice of the Sword Devil Ghost Slaughterer.

No one answered him. That invisible breeze slowly turned his body into specks of dust that vanished.

People looked at Yue Zifeng with admiration. Sword cultivators were always a special breed in the cultivation world. Perhaps some people here had refused to believe that sword cultivators were number one in terms of offensive power, but now they believed it.

Suddenly, Yue Zifeng’s sword cracked and then shattered. One of the experts had a thought and waved his hand, sucking one of the fragments into it.

When he saw that fragment, he gasped. “How is this possible?!”

The other experts looked over and were also filled with disbelief.

That sword had been no divine weapon. It hadn’t been made out of divine materials but extremely ordinary materials. It couldn’t even count as an Ancestral item.

The difference though was that this fragment was still emitting the boundless power of the Sword Dao.

“Using ordinary metal to destroy a divine weapon?” This had reached a realm that mortals couldn’t comprehend.

Buzz.

Suddenly, a sword stabbed toward Yue Zifeng like a bolt of lightning. It was both fast and vicious.

“Bloodkill Hall!”

The Bloodkill Hall’s name appeared in the minds of every expert at almost the same time.

“Courting death!” Long Chen immediately shot forward. Yue Zifeng’s sword was broken, and he had exhausted his mental energy. He was in his weakest state. He also knew that Yue Zifeng only had one sword because that was a habit of sword cultivators. They fully trusted their sword and wouldn’t have a replacement.

More figures appeared in the space around Yue Zifeng. It was actually filled with the Bloodkill Hall’s assassins.

“Cloudpiercing Arrow!”

“Sun Splitting Arrow!”

Two arrows shot past Long Chen, killing the first two assassins. The first arrow was from Mo Nian, while the second was from Beitang Rushuang. The two of them had attacked at almost the same time, at the same speed.

“Long Chen, we should settle our old debts today.” Shi Lingfeng suddenly slammed the ground, summoning giant stone walls that blocked Long Chen’s path. At this critical moment, he stopped Long Chen from saving Yue Zifeng.

There were eighteen walls, all thick and powerful. Killing intent blazed in Long Chen’s eyes.

“Five Star Battle Armor!”

“Azure Dragon Battle Armor!”

“Split the Heavens 8!”

Evilmoon slashed down, destroying the stone walls.

“Try blocking my attack!” As if knowing his eighteen walls wouldn’t be able to stop Long Chen, Shi Lingfeng formed hand seals, and his entire body began to glow. Runes revolved around his fist.

“Scram!” However, he was still too slow. Before he could amass enough energy, he was sent flying by Long Chen’s saber.

On the other side, Yue Zifeng was surrounded by over ten of the Bloodkill hall’s assassins. He was pale but still calm. He seemed to be able to predict the attacks of the assassins, always moving before their attacks landed.

That was the specific spiritual perception of a sword cultivator. Sword cultivators were the bane of assassins because the latter would always be sensed before they could approach the former. The Bloodkill Hall’s assassins wouldn’t even try killing sword cultivators normally.

However, these assassins had grasped a rare opportunity. Without a sword, a sword cultivator wouldn’t even have a tenth of their power. They were prey.

“Long Chen, traitor of the Martial Heaven Continent! You colluded with the original devil race to destroy this world! You must be put to death!” Another expert of the ancient era appeared in front of Long Chen

just as Shi Lingfeng was knocked back. He had also been in the gathering of past and present heroes, and he held a strange bone spear. Blood-colored runes glowed on the spear, and when he ignited his Blood Qi, the entire world seemed to ignite along with it.

“Those who block me will die!”

Long Chen was growing even more furious. He had sensed that things were off. This battle with Yue Zifeng and Jian Wuchen was a trap.

Long Chen took eight steps through the air, his aura rising with each step. His saber then slammed down.

His opponent stabbed his spear forward. It seemed to let out a bestial roar as it pierced through the air, as if it possessed its own life. It was a divine item with a terrifying origin.

BOOM!

Long Chen’s hand bled from the impact, but his opponent was sent flying. In terms of power, even a supreme genius of the ancient era was unable to match him.

Not bothering with his opponents, lightning wings appeared on Long Chen’s back as he flew straight toward Yue Zifeng. Of everyone present, only Long Chen knew just how critical Yue Zifeng’s state was.

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Although he still had plenty of spiritual yuan, his mental energy had been exhausted. That mental energy was his greatest force.

Just as Long Chen was about to reach Yue Zifeng’s battlefield, another expert of the ancient era blocked him. He came from the ancient race. His body was covered in scales, and his hands were like claws. His sharp claws then whistled toward Long Chen, emitting a piercing sound as they tore through space.

Long Chen furiously slammed a fist at him while also swinging Evilmoon behind him. At this moment, Shi Lingfeng had returned, attacking him from behind.

Facing two of the supreme geniuses present, Long Chen was at a disadvantage. His fist was sliced open by the ancient race expert’s claws and almost broke.

Due to the power split, Evilmoon was also forced back, making his other hand numb. He was forced to a stop.

Three of the ancient era’s experts surrounded Long Chen, preventing him from helping Yue Zifeng.

Mo Nian’s expression changed. Those assassins were fighting closely with Yue Zifeng, and he was too far to use a powerful move. If he did, he might injure Yue Zifeng, as sword cultivators had weak bodies.

“You want to take advantage of me when I have no sword? Even without a sword in hand, I can kill you easily.”

Yue Zifeng took a deep breath upon seeing Long Chen being blocked. He pressed his forefinger and his middle finger together. Using those two fingers as his sword, a sharp sword-light shot out.

The sword-light swept through the ice, slicing one of the Bloodkill Hall's assassins in two.

