

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2279

The gates were so huge that people's hearts shuddered. If they were on the continent, they would probably be engulfed amongst the stars.

Black and ancient diagrams covered the gates. Those diagrams weren't of sinister ghoulish faces, but they still exuded a dense air of death.

In front of the Gates of Hell was a sea of various lifeforms. Those lifeforms were all silent. That was because upon getting closer to the Gates of Hell, the dense air of death made them feel like an invisible hand was clutching their throats.

"Last time I came, I didn't feel such pressure. My realm must have been lacking."

This was Long Chen's second time coming to the Gates of Hell. Last time, although he had been shocked, he hadn't felt such pressure. This feeling was like his life was in someone else's hands.

Meng Qi and the others were a bit pale. It felt like there was a law present in control of life and death. They couldn't fight that law. If it wanted them dead, there would be nothing they could do. That wasn't a good feeling.

Long Chen looked at the other lifeforms and found that some of them were in an even worse state. Some of them were shuddering.

The Dragonblood Legion slowly got closer. Suddenly, a furious roar came from behind them. Long Chen turned to see the giant python.

The giant python's tail was still gone. Perhaps due to the Netherworld's laws, it was unable to heal. It was infuriated at the sight of them, and black energy gathered within its mouth.

Yue Zifeng snorted and reached for the sword on his back.

However, before he attacked, a hand suddenly reached out of the black gates and smashed the python into bits.

It had happened so quickly that it felt like it was over before it even began. A terrifying lifeform was killed without even understanding what was going on.

The lifeforms that were killed here would never return to their bodies. What remained in the outside world of theirs would just be corpses.

That hand returned to the gates an instant after killing the python as if nothing had happened.

Long Chen and the others suddenly realized why these lifeforms didn't dare to say anything. The Gates of Hell had their own automatic attack laws.

The great gates were not fully opened, but there was a slight crack. Of course, it was slight in comparison to the giant gates. There were many miles of space.

However, too many lifeforms had gathered here, so they could only slowly enter through that crack.

“Why does it feel like lining up to reincarnate?” mumbled Guo Ran. All these lifeforms had terror in their eyes but had no choice but to follow.

“Hey, don’t talk nonsense. You’re going to jinx us,” rebuked Li Qi.

Long Chen said, “Actually, this is nothing. The path of cultivation is one of no return. It’s the same as the Yellow Springs Path that we just walked. You want to go back? Just look at the people behind you. They’ve blocked your path. When you look back, the first one to kill you will be the person behind you. Just like in cultivation, we can only continue to advance. We cannot stop. If we stop, our enemies will advance until you face a terrible fate. Death isn’t frightening. What’s frightening is dying without being able to decide what time, place, and way you die. Don’t we cultivate to control our own life and death? To transcend everything else and be free? However big your aspirations are is however much resistance you’ll face. That is something that will never change.”

“Long Chen, in the Xuantian Monastery, I asked you about your aspirations. Do you remember what you said?” Tang Wan-er smiled.

“Of course I remember. I wanted to be a new and improved scoundrel with dreams, accomplishments, integrity, and meaning.” Long Chen sighed deeply. “It’s too bad, but after all these years, my dreams, accomplishments, and meaning are still present, but my integrity has been shattered.”

Meng Qi and the others covered their mouths as they laughed. The tense atmosphere lightened quite a bit. Quite a few of the other lifeforms stared at them with shock and some even with disdain.

They didn’t understand what these humans were saying, but for them to be laughing in this place where others didn’t dare to speak, some of them admired their guts, while another portion sneered at them for being fools.

“Curious,” Chu Yao suddenly said.

“What is it?”

“Look. It seems like there’s a nail missing from the gates, right? It’s very conspicuous.” Chu Yao pointed.

Everyone looked in the direction where she was pointing. The nails on both gates were symmetrical, except for one spot where one nail was missing.

“It couldn’t be...”

Long Chen’s eyes almost popped out. Wasn’t that the same location he had taken a nail from?

How was that possible? After entering the Netherworld again, he had found that it was completely different from last time. He thought that he had entered a completely different place.

However, seeing the missing nail, he jumped. Before this, he had been comforting others. Now, he was the one who had an urge to flee.

Last time, when he had taken that nail, a giant hand had chased him out all the way to the exit, almost killing him.

“What is it, boss? Do you know what’s going on?”

“No, no, I have no idea. I was just wondering who would be so brazen as to take a nail from the Gates of Hell.”

“Someone took a nail? Impossible! If it was boss who dared to pluck it, I’d believe it, but someone else? I’m confident no one else has such big guts!” declared Guo Ran.

“It’s our turn. Be careful, and don’t get distracted,” whispered Long Chen. Just as they were talking, they had reached the crack between the gates.

At that moment, they saw white light from the other side, which obstructed their vision. Everyone could only step through with trepidation into that white light.

Upon entering the white light, their bodies vanished. Long Chen took a deep breath. Since there was no way back, he could only advance bravely.

When Long Chen was enveloped by the white light, he was blinded for a moment. However, when his vision recovered, he saw that he was within a grand palace.

The palace was gigantic. He was like an ant inside of it. There were stairs ahead of him extending onwards, and at the end was a beautiful throne.

Atop the throne was an icy woman in a black dress looking down upon him.

Her hair billowed back like a waterfall. Her blue eyes were like sharp blades, icy and emotionless. She was like a god sitting there.

Long Chen almost cried out upon seeing her face. All his hair stood on end.

“You...!”

Long Chen had never been so nervous that he was tongue-tied. He felt despair.

“How... are... you...?” Long Chen felt like his throat was dry. As dry as if boiling iron was being poured down in it.

This person was Leng Yueyan. Actually, if she was Leng Yueyan, he wouldn’t be so afraid. The main thing was that it wasn’t.

She was simply someone who looked identical to Leng Yueyan, but Leng Yueyan had said that this woman was a god, a Nethergod.

A Nethergod? As in the god of the Netherworld? Long Chen suddenly realized that he had sent himself to his doom. Who knew if he would even be granted the mercy of death now?

The Nethergod looked at Long Chen without the slightest emotion. There was no joy or anger. She was motionless, wordless, like she was a statue.

Long Chen felt goosebumps exploding all over his body. It was over. Long Chen sensed that she was this world. With just a thought, she could wipe him out of existence.

Back in the Martial Heaven Continent, he hadn't been able to sense her power. But here, he didn't even have the bravery to resist. She was a god. Resistance was futile.

"Ah, I see that you're very busy, so I won't take up more of your time. Let's talk another day!"

Long Chen stared at her for hours before he admitted defeat. He was drenched in sweat, unable to endure it any longer. Forcing a smile, he slowly retreated.

That silent stare was too painful. He felt enough pressure to drive someone insane. Every breath had felt as long as a year. This kind of stare was torture.

Long Chen slowly retreated, but the Nethergod still didn't move. Even her eyes didn't blink. She was like a statue sitting there.

"Has her divine soul left?"

Long Chen suddenly had a thought. Leng Yueyan had said that the Nethergod had made countless clones. Her true body's mind had to control those clones. During that time, her soul would be with those clones to control them.

This guess made Long Chen's withered guts grow again. Could he capture her true body at this time?

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However, after thinking about it, he shook his head. What kind of joke was that? This wasn't the Martial Heaven Continent; it was the Netherworld. What was he going to use to capture a god?

Long Chen slowly retreated out of the palace gates. The gates were hundreds of meters tall, and he didn't know what metal they were made of. They seemed ancient and heavy.

Long Chen pushed the gates, only to find that they didn't budge. It was like they had grown out of the earth.

Long Chen pushed harder with both hands but was still unable to move them. Starting to panic, Long Chen summoned the Azure Dragon Battle Armor.

He was able to use all his techniques, but even so, he was unable to shake the gates.

Crack.

As he increased his force, eventually, it was his shoulder that dislocated. Cold sweat dripped down him.

"Fuck, what an evil gate," cursed Long Chen quietly.

“Yes, these are the gates of evil.”

At this moment, an icy voice without any emotion rang out, making Long Chen’s hair stand on end.

