

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2280

“Ah, what a good name. Haha...” Long Chen stiffened. He forced out some laughter.

Although he couldn't see his own face, he knew that his current smile was definitely very ugly.

“These gates are called the Holders of Evil. Even if you tore down this entire palace, you wouldn't be able to open them. The Holders of Evil contain the devils and fiends of countless worlds. Every forty-eight thousand years, they will open once, unleashing the souls of those devils upon the hundred domains and thousand prefectures where they will start a slaughter.” The Nethergod looked at the giant gates expressionlessly.

For the Nethergod to say so much to him surprised Long Chen. It seemed that he had a chance.

The Nethergod hadn't directly killed him on sight. Perhaps there was room for talk. However, with her expressionless face lacking any joy or anger, he didn't know what to say. Long Chen was normally able to judge a person's mood and general character with a glance, or at least know what to say to them.

However, he felt powerless and miniscule in front of the Nethergod.

“Can I ask what the hundred domains and thousand prefectures are?” Long Chen really didn't know what to say. He simply continued with the topic she had left off, while his head rapidly worked to figure out what he should do.

Long Chen stealthily appraised the Nethergod. He hadn't dared to examine her before, but now that they were closer, he saw that her black dress was composed of countless runes.

Those runes were as tiny as specks of dust. Each of them was moving according to a strange rhythm, as if they represented different laws bowing toward her.

The dress was as black as the blackest night, but her chest was as white as snow. The stark contrast was especially intense.

The worst thing though was that when he thought about that, his memories of tearing off that dress popped into his mind.

Long Chen involuntarily gulped. Within the silent palace, it was like thunder.

The Nethergod slowly turned away from the Holders of Evil to look at Long Chen. She didn't seem angry upon knowing his thoughts.

Her sapphire eyes looked at Long Chen calmly.

“Tell me. How do you want to die?”

“Can I tell the truth?”

“Yes.”

“I don't want to die.”

The Nethergod shook her head. "That's impossible. You blasphemed my body and cast dust over my heart. Without killing you, I cannot undo that knot. So you must die."

Long Chen bitterly smiled. "Is there really no room for negotiation?"

"No. Death is your only fate," said the Nethergod coldly with supreme divine might.

Hearing that sentence, Long Chen somehow felt a kind of joy in accepting his fate. It was as if he could set down all his burdens, as if death was a release. Long Chen actually formed such a desire to kill himself.

However, as soon as he thought about it, he awakened from that desire. He was once more covered in cold sweat and stared in horror at the Nethergod.

The Nethergod was a bit surprised. "You really aren't a normal human. You can actually resist my imperial decrees."

Long Chen stared at her in terror. The Nethergod hadn't even made a move but had almost made him kill himself. He felt like his will was weak in front of the Nethergod.

Evilmoon appeared in his hand, and he pointed it at the Nethergod. "Since you want to kill me, I can fight to the death against you."

Although this person looked identical to Leng Yueyan, she wasn't Leng Yueyan. She was a god, the ruler of the Netherworld.

Even knowing that this was the territory of the Nethergod and that he had no chance, he still took a deep breath and calmed himself down. He forcibly condensed his battle intent.

Unfortunately, he was like a person trying to fight against the cosmos's river of stars. That was just how great the difference between them was.

Holding Evilmoon, he had a feeling that it was as laughable as using a banana to threaten a dragon. The gulf in power made him feel profoundly powerless.

"You were actually able to bring objects from the outside world into the Netherworld? Long Chen, you really are surprising." The Nethergod smiled. That smile was beautiful enough to topple a world, but Long Chen only saw death within it.

The Nethergod's will to kill him could not be changed. Long Chen didn't hesitate any longer. He stabbed Evilmoon forward.

Evilmoon was just a few inches away from the Nethergod's head. However, it felt like there were countless layers of defense in that small space. His power was quickly exhausted, and at three inches, it felt like he had struck a giant iceberg and could no longer advance at all.

“Long Chen, these are the laws of the Netherworld,” warned Evilmoon. “Here, everything must submit to her. You cannot kill her. If you’re smart, you’ll think of some other way.” Even Evilmoon was anxious and helpless against such a terrifying existence.

Long Chen muttered inside. Maybe smarts might work against the people he normally faced, but in front of a god? Was that a joke?

“Divine ring, battle armor!”

Long Chen’s divine ring burst into existence. The laws of the world were shattered and the palace trembled.

“What kind of cultivation technique is this?” The Nethergod’s expression finally changed. The laws of the Netherworld were being broken by Long Chen’s divine ring. Evilmoon stabbed toward her head.

However, just as it was about to pierce her head, the Nethergod raised two fingers and lightly clamped down on Evilmoon. Long Chen was instantly unable to push Evilmoon forward.

BOOM!

The earth trembled as Long Chen pushed. Evilmoon pushed through the Nethergod’s fingers, once more causing her expression to change.

She was the ruler of this world. Her power could no longer just be called power. She was the will of the Netherworld, ruling the laws of the Netherworld.

With her fingers, she embodied a lock using the laws of the Netherworld. It could be classified as a divine ability, but Long Chen had actually broken through. In all her years in control of the Netherworld, she had never encountered such a situation.

“Split the Heavens 8!” Evilmoon swung down with a thunderous howl.

An explosion of waves erupted. The Nethergod raised her hand, using her palm as a shield against Long Chen’s saber. Long Chen felt a powerful backlash and coughed up blood.

With just a random blow, Long Chen was sent flying. However, the Nethergod’s shock continued to grow.

When it came down to it, Long Chen was just a mortal. All mortals had an innate reverence for gods, but Long Chen was still fighting fearlessly against her. Furthermore, his attack was not being suppressed by the laws of the Netherworld. Instead, it was the laws of the Netherworld that were broken. She was growing more and more curious about Long Chen’s origins.

However, at the same time as her shock grew, she also became bewildered. “You know you’re not a match for me, and you’re still not starting off with your full power? You just lost your only chance to injure me.”

Just now, Long Chen's surprising power had caught her off guard. There truly had been a chance for him to stab her. But the curious thing was that he still hadn't used his full power.

"You're a woman I've been with. Although it was the result of many factors and accidents, it's reality. I committed a mistake against you, so you want to kill me for it, which is understandable. I had a chance to kill you just now, but I let you off. Now, whether I die to your hands or you die to my hands, our grudges can be settled."

"You think you can kill me?" The Nethergod's lips curled into a beautiful smile. It looked disdainful, but it was still very moving. "Let alone a mortal like you, even a god would be beneath me in my Nethergod Palace. If you think saying something like that will make me feel sympathy for you and let you off, you're wrong. You should give up on such thoughts."

The Nethergod suddenly vanished. A hand silently reached for the back of Long Chen's neck.

Without looking back and without hesitation, Long Chen slashed Evilmoon behind him at exactly the same time as the Nethergod vanished.

Evilmoon swept through the air. After that, a hand appeared where there was originally nothing, and the saber cut through her wrist.

A line of blood flowed out of her pale skin. The blood was multicolored and bright. As a result, the palace shook and rumbled.

This was the blood of a god. Long Chen had actually injured the Nethergod. At this moment, the Nethergod looked at her wound with disbelief.

Flickering lightning appeared on top of Evilmoon. "Now do you believe it? I really do have the ability to kill you."

Long Chen suddenly swung his saber again, a pair of lightning wings appearing on his back and a giant lightning blade shooting out of Evilmoon. It was like a lightning war god had appeared in the Netherworld.

