

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2345

The golden light was like a sharp blade piercing toward Wilde's head. It was extremely sudden and fast, catching even Long Chen off guard.

Wilde instinctively turned his head to the side, resulting in that light narrowly missing the center of his head. It cut by his forehead, tearing through his skin and leaving a wound so deep that they could see his skull. Silver blood slowly poured down his forehead.

Wilde's eyes instantly became icy with killing intent. Golden symbols appeared in his pupils. "You have an aura I hate. I'll eat you."

Wilde suddenly swung his club again, and this time, the golden horned elder was forced back.

"Die!" Wilde furiously attacked over and over again. He entered a rare berserk state and began to pressure the golden horned elder with his attacks.

Meanwhile, Guo Ran had finished healing and was creeping up behind the elder, slashing his saber at his neck.

Just as his attack was about to land, the elder twisted his head, receiving Guo Ran's saber with one of his horns.

Sparks flew and Guo Ran's arm turned numb. He was shocked. Just what kind of terrifying origin did this fellow have?

"Boss, this one's tough. Help us suppress him!" shouted Guo Ran.

"You and Wilde can handle him. Compared to Elder Long, he's still lacking. Grow up a bit. You caused this, so you deal with it," said Long Chen.

Encountering this powerful opponent made Wilde even braver. As for Guo Ran, after losing in two exchanges, he wanted to run. For the Dragonblood Legion to have such a fellow within its ranks was truly embarrassing.

"Fine, I'll try it." Guo Ran felt a bit more confident with Long Chen's indifference to the golden horned elder. Seeing Wilde continuing his berserk attacks, he joined in, disturbing the elder when he had a chance.

Wilde was roaring as he attacked. The golden symbols in his pupils gradually turned the rest of his eyes golden. They were like two glowing lamps, giving off a frightful light.

Long Chen was shocked that the Blood race's elder's attacks could pierce through Wilde's tough skin, however, they were unable to pierce his bones. Although Wilde was repeatedly injured, none of them were fatal wounds. Seeing that by fighting together, they were able to handle this golden horned elder, Long Chen was reassured.

Chu Yao, Liu Ruyan, Tang Wan-er, Ye Zhiqiu, Dong Mingyu, and the others were fighting their own opponents. There were over a hundred fourth step Netherpassage experts to choose from.

Nangong Zuiyue, Beitang Rushuang, and Ye Lingshan were in their midst. For over a hundred fourth step Netherpassage experts to appear at once was stretching their limits.

However, Long Chen still had no intention of joining in. Chu Yao and Liu Ruyan were able to oversee the entire battlefield with their wide range of attacks.

Gu Yang, Li Qi, Song Mingyuan, and Yue Zifeng also joined the fray. The Heaven Splitting Battle Sect's Bao Buping and Chang Hao, the Xuantian Dao Sect's Hua Shiyu, Zhao Ziyun, Su Mo, Mu Qingxuan, and all the others charged in as well.

Wooden thorns pierced through the air, and willow branches covered the sky. These heavenly geniuses rarely had to fight together with others, especially peerless heavenly geniuses like Beitang Rushuang and Nangong Zuiyue, who had never had anyone qualified to work with them. But now, by working together with the likes of Chu Yao and Liu Ruyan whose power was not inferior to theirs, they were slaying one powerful fourth step Netherpassage expert after another. This was their first time experiencing such a thing, the delight of combining effort.

When a path appeared within the endless willow branches, Beitang Rushuang didn't even think. She shot a silent arrow through the opening.

The path continued far into the distance before opening up at an expert of the Blood race who had just blocked Bao Buping and Chang Hao's combined attack. Just at that moment, Beitang Rushuang's arrow struck him through the back of his heart and out of his chest.

"Die!" That opening was naturally grasped by Bao Buping and Chang Hao. Their blades fell, cutting him into three pieces.

Even as that fourth step Netherpassage expert died, he didn't know where that arrow had come from.

The entire battlefield was covered in wooden thorns and willow branches. The Blood race's experts were caught in a giant labyrinth.

Even as they attacked the thorns and branches, more simply appeared. They just wasted energy by breaking them.

While disturbed by the attacks of the branches and thorns, more worrisome was when Gu Yang and the others appeared through a wall and attacked. Beitang Rushuang's silent arrows were a bonus to the lethality of the labyrinth.

In just half an incense stick's worth of time, over twenty of the fourth step Netherpassage experts had been killed, with the majority being helped by Beitang Rushuang.

The ones still alive only heard the screams of their allies before they fell silent. None of them was aware of what was going on with the others. They were completely separated by Chu Yao and Liu Ruyan.

One of the Blood race's experts suddenly took out a large furnace. Violet flames burned within, looking strange and demonic. Using his own essence blood, he controlled the furnace, sending the violet flames pouring over the branches and thorns. This was no ordinary flame, and the branches and thorns began to burn.

Seeing that it was working, he spat more blood into the furnace. In that instant, he became like a desiccated corpse, with all his essence blood sucked away.

He had sacrificed all his essence blood in order to incinerate this entire labyrinth. Regretfully, those flames had just erupted when Water Qi enveloped them, preventing them from further damaging the labyrinth.

That expert was stunned by that, and in that brief moment, a ray of Sword Qi killed him. After that, the furnace clunked to the ground, the violet flames extinguished.

A willow branch wrapped around it and threw it out of the labyrinth.

Long Chen caught it and stared at it with surprise. "A demonic furnace?"

There were demonic furnaces, just like there were demonic swords or demonic sabers. Their nature was to devour their masters. Compared to other item-spirits, they were different. They had more freedom, and even when devouring their masters, they might do it stealthily and strike the finishing blow before their masters were even aware.

Their auras were different from ordinary divine items, so they were easily recognizable. When people encountered them, despite knowing that the latter were demonic items that shouldn't be touched, they couldn't help forming a contract with their spirits. That was because demonic weapons were extremely powerful. People couldn't resist the temptation.

After devouring a master, the demonic weapon would grow even stronger. The stronger it grew, the faster it would devour its next master.

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They were often called ominous weapons or weapons of calamity. Those who came to possess one never had good endings.

Long Chen hadn't expected to find one here, and it was even a rarely seen furnace capable of refining pills.

"I wonder how many generations of masters this demonic furnace has gone through. Let's see." Long Chen sent his soul into the furnace. His head buzzed, and sounds of wailing filled his mind.

"Hmph, none of you were strong enough, yet you still forced it. What is there to be aggrieved about?" Long Chen sneered at the resentment he sensed within. This furnace had gone through countless masters.

His soul retreated from the furnace. He carefully examined it and saw an ancient rune located at the bottom of the furnace.

That rune looked similar to a sun. Images of flames surrounded it, and at the center was a blue flower mark. He was unable to get any information from this.

“It should be pretty good. But that old fellow was too much of a coward to even try getting the demonic furnace to recognize him as its master. He had to use his essence blood to activate the flames.” Long Chen’s heart was starting to grow fiery. Originally, he was planning on putting it away for later. Now though, his hands were getting itchy.

“Haha, why wait?” Long Chen saw that the battle was still going very well for them. The old man and the others were ready to help at any moment. Zi Yan was also present, having yet to make a move. Everything was under control.

Hence, Long Chen dripped a drop of his blood to the rune at the bottom of the furnace. The rune ignited and more carvings on the furnace began to light up. An ancient, vast, and terrible aura appeared.

Long Chen’s surroundings vanished and he entered a world of darkness. Within that darkness, a pair of large eyes emotionlessly stared at him.

