

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2348

“You should just kill yourself!”

Long Chen’s voice resounded loudly across the battlefield. He appeared incredibly arrogant just by standing there.

“Damn, boss really is the boss. He doesn’t show off lightly, but when he does, he goes all-out,” praised Guo Ran. The distraction resulted in him being sent flying by the golden horned elder of the Blood race.

With Wilde being the main force and him supporting, they were able to fight on par with him. Although Wilde was in his berserk state, he wasn’t able to kill his opponent.

As for the golden horned elder, he was shocked inside. Wilde was growing stronger and stronger as he fought, as if some ancient beast was awakening within him.

Guo Ran hastily flew back to support Wilde, but before he could, the Heaven Splitting Blade slashed down on that elder.

The elder’s hair stood on end as a sensation of death swelled up within him. Ignoring Wilde, he swung his carved blade behind him. As a result, his arm exploded. With brute power, the old man injured him.

Then the Heaven Splitting Blade grew softer, and by sacrificing power, it seemed to flash through the air at the elder’s head. Long Chen himself was stunned, amazed by the old man’s saber technique. It had truly reached the point of perfection, and Long Chen was definitely lacking in comparison.

The elder opened his mouth, and a blood sword shot out to strike the Heaven Splitting Blade. This was one of his killing moves, and he had used it on Wilde right at the start. Anyone else without Wilde’s tough skull would have died.

However, the Heaven Splitting Blade was not stopped by the attack. It merely paused for a moment before slicing through the blood sword and the elder’s scalp, ripping it off his head.

As for his horns, they came flying off as well. Golden fluid immediately gushed out of the wound, and that golden liquid made Wilde go crazy. He actually tossed away his bone club, wrapped his arm around the elder’s head, and began sucking on the liquid.

Wilde’s sudden actions caught even the old man off guard, and his third blow almost landed on him. He barely managed to stop it.

“AHH!” The elder suddenly let out a horrendous cry. That golden liquid seemed to be his life essence. As Wilde sucked it up, his body rapidly withered. He transformed into a desiccated corpse in but a moment.

When Wilde was done, he seemed sad to have run out of that golden liquid. The golden mark in his eyes had grown clearer.

A golden diamond could vaguely be seen in the space between his eyebrows. There seemed to be some images within it, but they were too vague to tell what they were.

In just a breath's time, the elder was dead. Even the red-haired man didn't have time to react, as all his attention had been on Long Chen. The fact that the latter was able to receive an attack with his divine item barehanded was shocking.

Now when he looked at Wilde, the red-haired man's expression changed. "Blood Barbarian?"

This time, it was Long Chen's turn to be surprised. This mysterious man actually recognized Wilde's true race. He himself had only learned a bit about Wilde's origins from the leader of the original devil race, Yue Xihan.

However, even Yue Xihan had only been able to say that Wilde belonged to the emperor of the Barbarian race, the Blood Barbarians. She didn't have any further information about them.

Based on the red-haired man's reaction, it seemed that he hadn't only recognized Wilde's origins but was also afraid.

"It seems that you know quite a bit. Since you have at least a bit of learning, maybe even a few days spent reading, I'll give you some face. Kneel and wash your neck and I'll send you on your way," said Long Chen with a hint of praise.

The red-haired man's expression sank. "Foolish human, do you know who you're talking to?"

Long Chen shook his head and pointed at the remaining experts of the Blood race who were being slaughtered. "I don't know who you are, nor do I care. I just want to tell you that if you keep talking, all your people will be killed. Do you really not feel the slightest urgency?"

Long Chen was truly a bit curious. It seemed that this red-haired man didn't particularly care about his brethren dying all around him. So why had he put in all the effort to cross worlds?

"Hmph, what does their life or death have to do with me? Useless people will naturally die on the battlefield sooner or later, it makes no difference. I just came because my hands were getting itchy to slaughter some experts from your region. It seems that you and the Blood Barbarian are the strongest experts of this place. Report your name." The red-haired man recovered from his shock and sneered.

"My name is very simple. It's just one word: Sacred."

"Sacred? What a stupid name. I've never... You bastard, you dare to blaspheme me?!" roared the red-haired man. He was called the sacred son, which meant that Long Chen was calling himself his father.

"Blaspheme? Don't put it in such a vile way. I'm only interested in blaspheming goddesses," said Long Chen. The word blaspheme made him think of Ming Cangyue. That was his first time truly blaspheming someone.

"Stupid human. Beings full of greed and darkness such as yourselves shouldn't exist in this world." The red-haired man suddenly raised his arms. The blood sun behind him spread out, painting the entire world red.

As the Blood Qi filled the world, the laws of heaven and earth changed. The red-haired man turned this world into his domain. It quickly spread like a disease, claiming every bit of the surroundings. The Martial Heaven Continent's senior experts' expressions changed.

"In an ancient text, there was a recording: The Blood race has fiends capable of wresting away the good fortune of heaven and earth. Their blood dyes the blue sky red. They control the laws and exterminate life. That's most likely talking about this phenomenon," said Qu Jianying gravely.

Many members of the senior generation thought of that text. Legend was that the Blood race's emperors possessed terrifying secret arts. It seemed that this sacred son came from the emperor race of the Blood race.

"Don't worry, I'm here. No matter how arrogant he is, I'll kill him with a slash," said the old man, gripping the Heaven Splitting Blade tightly. Even he had been affected by Zi Yan's music. It felt like he had returned to his younger days, and he grew even more heroic.

"You're learning from Long Chen. Does having the Heaven Splitting Blade on your shoulder feel comfortable?" Qu Jianying glanced at the old man oddly.

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"It does feel a bit off, but it definitely looks very arrogant. It's too bad that the Heaven Splitting Blade isn't a broadsword, or it would be more natural," chortled the old man. "If Long Chen doesn't want this little fellow, I'll take him. We'll see if a sacred son can also have the crap beaten out of him."

However, the old man also knew that the sacred son wouldn't be his opponent. Long Chen wouldn't miss out on this chance to exchange blows with such an expert.

The blood sun rumbled, infecting the entire world, but Long Chen merely continued to watch as it happened.

The Blood race's experts on the battlefield were starting to crumble. They had thought that the sacred son had come to save them, but he was completely ignoring them. They began to flee.

Fleeing quickened their deaths. The fourth step Netherpassage experts had been killed. By fleeing, they were giving up their defenses. The Martial Heaven Continent's experts chased them down, slaughtering millions of them in the blink of an eye.

After ten breaths' time, only a very small number of them managed to escape by luck. The rest were all dead. This could be considered an absolute victory.

Having gathered a huge amount of essence blood, once this battle was over, they could refine it into immemorial essence blood. Rather than hunting down the stragglers that had gotten away, they were more interested in the sacred son.

"Boss, this fellow looks pretty strong. We'll probably need you to personally fight." With the battle over, Guo Ran and the others came over to Long Chen's side. The Blood Qi continued to grow.

"Shouldn't we interrupt his technique? He'll just get stronger like this," said Chu Yao.

“No need. Let him reveal his full power. I want to see just how strong he is,” said Long Chen. The emperors of the Blood race? Were they really so powerful?

