

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 238

“You dare keep glaring at me! I’ll smash you!”

Wilde roared, his immense, spiked club smashing down on the emaciated man. That terrifying power made the air explode.

That emaciated man was horrified. His soul art was his most powerful attack, and he was almost unrivalled amongst the same level. But Wilde wasn’t affected at all.

Space shook as that club smashed down like a mountain. That terrifying pressure told the emaciated man that this wasn’t a hallucination, and he hastily fell back.

He was a Corrupt core disciple with a powerful cultivation base. His strange footwork allowed him to escape in an extremely bizarre manner. No one was able to see just how he had done it.

After dodging that attack, he put away his soul-attracting banner. Since soul attacks were useless against Wilde, he could only use a different move.

Just as he was about to take out a new weapon, the land suddenly shook. The emaciated man hadn’t expected that even though he had already dodged, Wilde’s attack still landed on the ground.

Cultivators would definitely not do something like that. No matter who it was, they would always leave a little bit of energy in reserve when attacking.

If they ended up missing, they would have the power to change the attack. But Wilde wasn’t acting at all like a cultivator. He hadn’t restrained his power at all, and his club had smashed into the earth.

That strike was too vicious. The land caved in, and the terrifying power caused the surrounding people to fly into the air, including that core disciple.

Even the distant monastery disciples stumbled and reeled from the shaking, almost falling to the ground. The Corrupt disciples who were closer were stumbling and flying through the air.

The emaciated man was horrified. It would be impossible for him to block such power. But as he was filled with shock, Wilde had already come charging out.

“Stop glaring at me!”

Shockingly, Wilde didn’t need to take the slightest pause after such a powerful strike. His spiked club once more smashed out. He hadn’t been affected by the shaking of the earth at all.

That spiked club was whistling over. The emaciated man was still in mid-air from being flung up, and he was unable to dodge. He was scared witless.

He quickly took out a huge shield and black mist surged out of his body, raising his defences to the limit.

That black mist formed into a barrier around him. It was covered in blood-colored runes. When those runes appeared, a mournful resentment came from it that caused people’s hearts to shiver.

“Blood Rune Armor!”

The emaciated man had only just finished setting up his defences when Wilde’s club smashed down.

That huge shield was like a flimsy piece of ice, shattering to pieces. In fact, it shattered before the club even touched it from just the wind force around it.

Then when the spiked club landed on that barrier formed from his black mist, people were appalled to see it immediately break apart.

Not only did his barrier break apart, but even the emaciated man within was crushed by Wilde’s club, his blood filling the air.

“Nice!” Seeing Wilde defeat a Corrupt core disciple in one attack filled Gu Yang and them with excitement.

On the other hand, Long Chen was feeling a bit of pain. His first thought was that two hundred thousands points had been destroyed just like that.

“Attack all-out! There are still three other core disciples. Whoever wants them better hurry up before they’re taken by others. Everyone else just keep fighting steadily!” ordered Long Chen.

Wilde was like a wolf amongst a pack of sheep. He sowed chaos in the midst of the Corrupt disciples’ ranks, killing them left and right.

The Corrupt disciples’ formations had already been disorganized, so now they were in a complete mess. If Long Chen didn’t have misgivings about their strange soul attacks, he would already given the order to cut them all down.

From the very start, he had seen that there were four powerful core disciples. Now that Wilde had killed one, there were only three.

Following Long Chen’s order, Tang Wan-er, Ye Zhiqiu, and Gu Yang rushed over to those three core disciples.

“Lei Qianshang, go keep an eye on Gu Yang,” quietly said Long Chen.

Lei Qianshang had just stabbed a Corrupt disciple with his thunderforce spear. He knew Gu Yang’s soul defences were his fatal weak point. He hastily rushed over closer to Gu Yang.

Both parties were fighting fiercely. But the Xuantian Monastery’s disciples’ morale was sky-high, and in half the time it took for an incense stick to burn, the majority of the Corrupt disciples had been killed. Less than three hundred of them remained.

“Bring the front troops back to rest. Troops at the back, move forward, five people a squad. Slaughter them!”

With victory in sight, Long Chen brought forward the disciples that had been in the rear. The ones in the vanguard were all the strongest disciples, while the ones at the back were weaker.

In other words, with them constantly pressing the advantage, the only troops fighting had been those top disciples. Those at the back had yet to have a chance. Now that they occupied an absolute superiority, he needed to let those weaker disciples experience battle.

Otherwise the elites would only get stronger, while the weaks would be thrown far off. That kind of result was not beneficial for their total battle power.

As the commander, Long Chen's main duty was to raise the total military strength of these disciples. That wasn't what he had been hoping to do during this trial.

He would prefer to charge out and fight personally, slaughtering the Corrupt disciples as much as he pleased. Unfortunately, he couldn't do that now that he needed to take care of every single person as well as pay attention to the whole battlefield.

His saber was still dancing through the air, constantly cutting through the Corrupt disciples. But his focus covered the entire battlefield.

Tang Wan-er had summoned wind blades all around her, fighting against a Corrupt core disciple with a blood-colored longsword.

Long Chen shook his head, his expression slightly ugly. He angrily shouted, "Wan-er, what are you doing?! This is a battle, not a competition!"

Tang Wan-er's only fighting experience came from the monastery's Faction Competition that was just a contest over flags. She was already too used to that. Even with her strength, she was still being overpowered by that Corrupt core disciple, falling into dangerous moments time and time again. That infuriated Long Chen completely. He had really wasted his previous words.

Tang Wan-er's heart shook. Long Chen rarely became angry. Moreover, he had never become angry with her. But this time she could see he really was infuriated.

Remembering what he had told them previously, she couldn't help blushing in shame. She didn't hold back any longer, and her aura completely exploded out. The wind blades in her hands quickly began to slash down on her opponent.

Ye Zhiqiu was doing much better than Tang Wan-er. Her ice blades danced through the air, the chilling air forcing back her Corrupt core disciple repeatedly. It wouldn't be long before she could kill him.

As for Gu Yang, runes were lit up all over his body. He roared over and over, his fists flying through the air. His Corrupt core disciple was already vomiting blood. Gu Yang's strength went without saying.

Lei Qianshang was constantly killing those ordinary Corrupt disciples, keeping a constant eye on Gu Yang.

There were finally a dozen Corrupt disciples who were unable to bear it. Being massacred by these monastery disciples who seemed more like wolves and tigers had already broken their courage, and they began to fly into the distance.

This was no longer a battle, but a one-sided massacre. When they had been massacring others, they had never imagined that this day would come for them.

“You want to run? Do you think that’s possible?” An icy smile appeared on Long Chen’s mouth!

Tens of arrows flew out. In just an instant, those fleeing Corrupt disciples all let miserable screams as they were pierced.

Everyone looked over in shock to see man with a huge cylindrical-shaped thing on his shoulder. It was over three meters long and a foot in diameter. There were many thin holes on it which were obviously where those arrows had shot out from.

“Hehe, boss, I’ve finally managed to show off!” excitedly cried Guo Ran.

Back when Long Chen had been about to be sent into exile, he had given Guo Ran a warning. His talent was only ordinary, and he would need to think of an unorthodox method to make himself stronger.

Guo Ran had secluded himself and racked his brain for ideas. He really did not have a single strong point. His aptitude was only ordinary and his Spiritual Strength was also lacking. No completely amazing figures had ever appeared amongst his ancestors and he had no ancestral blood to rely on.

But then, one day, he had gone to the Xuantian pavilion to look over some of their introductions on mechanism and forging arts, and his eyes had lit up.

He greatly enjoyed those kinds of bizarre and crafty things. He had immediately asked Tang Wan-er to lend him a great deal of points to buy those tomes.

There was a saying that every person had their own path to walk. As soon as Guo Ran opened up those tomes, he had immediately become infatuated, spending every day in his immortal cave studying.

An ordinary rapid-fire crossbow didn’t possess much power. But Guo Ran had improved on the spring mechanisms in this ‘crossbow’, making it over ten times stronger than an ordinary crossbow.

But Long Chen was also surprised to see Guo Ran really was devious. He had also made changes to the arrows.

The arrowheads were packed with Yin and Yang sulfur stones. Each arrowhead had one fingernail-sized stone of each type.

Once they encountered resistance, the two stones inside the arrowhead would collide and explode.

Of course, such a small explosion of the sulfur stones would only have a range of less than three inches and the power wasn’t so high. From the outside of the body, even a Qi Condensation cultivator wouldn’t die.

But those arrows would only meet resistance when they hit; in other words, when they pierced through a person’s body. If these sulfur stones exploded within the body, then they even posed a fatal threat to Tendon Transformation experts.

Those dozen Corrupt disciples who had fled were instantly killed, shocking everyone.

Long Chen smiled slightly. That little fellow really did have his own talent. "Show off? How come I don't see anything amazing?"

Guo Ran laughed and didn't take anything from that. Seeing there were more people, he quickly shot out more arrows.

Another seven or eight Corrupt disciples were killed by him, their flesh exploding.

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However, some arrows didn't hit their targets, instead exploding on contact with the ground.

"It's a bit wasteful." Long Chen shook his head.

Each time he would shoot out forty to fifty arrows at once. The ones that missed were all wasted.

"Hehe, no problem. I've already prepared all the materials and I can make more at any time. Right now is just the preliminary testing. Later I'll modify them and make them even stronger. I'll become an unprecedented, unsurpassable forging master," proudly boasted Guo Ran.

Currently this was just his first test with them in battle. Having tasted success this time, he no longer even cared about not having a powerful cultivation base.

Other than those core disciples, just how many others were able to do as he had done and kill a dozen Corrupt disciples in one attack?

He also had even more ideas he hadn't tested yet. His success this time filled him with confidence. He saw a new, brilliant future for himself.

"Ten Thousand Chilling Wind!"

Suddenly a cold cry rang out and countless wind blades formed in the sky, cutting apart space.

Blood spattered.

