

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2484

Zhao Ritian had taken the initiative to attack this time. Although his aura was also no longer at his towering peak, it was still enough to make others shiver in fear.

Even when he was spent, he still gave all the experts here a chill. Even a fangless tiger could still easily slaughter a rabbit, that was the difference between them.

“I’m just a normal mortal? You make it sound like you’re already an immortal. You look like a human, but you don’t know how to talk like a regular human,” said Long Chen. Even in his weakened state, he continued to fight without hesitation.

They repeatedly exchanged blows. Now, every time they clashed, blood would fly out of Long Chen’s fists. As for Zhao Ritian, his fists would crack with every clash. Some fragments of his body even fell.

Despite both of them being arrows at the end of their flight, their undefeatable wills had not changed. They were both confident that they could beat the other.

People sighed. It was no wonder their seniors always said that experts were called experts due to their undefeatable wills, their firm beliefs, and their unyielding spirits.

Those were the foundations of an expert. They were invisible normally, but during times of adversity, they always appeared.

To be able to remain firm even in the face of such a terrifying opponent was the crux of an expert. If the slightest fear appeared, if the slightest panic or messy emotion manifested, it would lead to instant defeat.

This kind of will couldn’t be taught or inherited. It could only be tempered through countless life and death battles. By beating one frightening opponent after another, this will was gradually trained.

Both friend and foe felt profound admiration for Long Chen at this moment. That was because compared to Zhao Ritian, their innate situations were incredibly different.

Despite that, Long Chen remained confident in himself. That was the confidence built up through his experiences, climbing from a small secular empire in the Eastern Wasteland to the peak of the cultivation world.

Sovereign sprouts like Zhao Ritian and Feng Fei who were born that way were envied, but when it came to Long Chen, they couldn’t be jealous of him. Someone with no backer or talent had reached this level due to risking his life over and over again.

“Let’s see how much longer you can last!” roared Zhao Ritian.

“It should be no problem continuing until the sixth month of next year,” said Long Chen lightly.

“Bullsh*t!”

Pow!

This distraction resulted in Long Chen successfully landing a slap on Zhao Ritian's face. With his power having fallen, this slap no longer contained the threat it had possessed in the beginning, but it was still as humiliating as ever.

"Despicable fellow, you only have this little bit of ability! You only know how to attack while others are off guard. You're practically worse than a beast!" cursed Zhao Ritian.

"When it comes to spouting bullsh*t, how am I inferior to you at all?" raged Long Chen.

Beitang Rushuang, who had been focused with rapt attention, instantly lost her composure and laughed.

Even Nangong Zuiyue couldn't help smiling. She sighed, "How is Long Chen still in the mood to be so glib?"

Zhao Ritian sinisterly sneered, "You're covered in blood, and your power is running out faster than mine. You're definitely dead tonight. All you can do is talk. Just watch as your Blood Qi runs out bit by bit, bringing you ever closer to death. Are you angry that you can't do anything about it? Do you want to bite me?"

Feng Fei couldn't help but frown. Zhao Ritian was trying to wage mental warfare on Long Chen, provoking him into making rash decisions. That meant that Zhao Ritian's situation was truly dangerous.

"Bite you? I don't like eating sh*t. Don't view others like yourself, okay?" retorted Long Chen.

Mo Nian clenched his bow. He was preparing to save Long Chen if it came to it, but Long Chen's sharp words made him prostrate himself toward him in admiration. No wonder this little fellow was liked by so many girls. The skill of his mouth was not inferior to his fists at all.

Mo Nian was circulating his divine energy inside of him, ready to fight at any moment. He felt that Zhao Ritian's power was extremely shocking. He was truly worthy of being one of the divine families' Sovereign sprouts. It looked as if either one of them could lose at any moment. Life and death could be decided in an instant.

"You fuck-" Zhao Ritian's cursing was cut off by another slap in the face.

"How shameless. Unable to beat someone, you curse them? Is this the style of the divine families?"

Long Chen suddenly changed his fighting style. His figure flickered, and he began to repeatedly slap Zhao Ritian in the face.

Zhao Ritian furiously clawed at him, but Long Chen slipped through his attacks easily, while continuing to slap him.

Zhao Ritian attacked dozens of times and was slapped dozens of times. Not one slap missed. The most shocking thing was how easily Long Chen dodged. His movements were a wonder to behold, and he didn't repeat the same slap twice.

"This technique is probably an unprecedented divine technique that can never be replicated. Even if a Sovereign is born, they would have to concede defeat in this regard," praised Beitang Rushuang.

Although Long Chen was always sloppy and improper, his face-slapping divine art had reached a level of perfection. No one could stop it.

The world-shaking battle had now transformed into a rogue bullying someone. The sudden change was stunning and difficult for them to believe.

“Who said you could be arrogant?”

Pow!

“Who said you could be domineering?”

Pow!

“Who said you could not wear a hat?”

Long Chen punctuated his scolding with a slap every time. It didn’t matter whether Zhao Ritian tried to dodge, block, or attack, he could not avoid being slapped.

Zhao Ritian roared furiously but was unable to catch Long Chen. He felt like he might explode from fury.

“Your source is going to be burned up by your rage.” At this moment, Feng Fei spoke up.

Zhao Ritian suddenly calmed down. It was like a bucket of ice water had been poured over his rage.

Nangong Zuiyue and the others immediately understood that they were at the final stage. Both of them were competing with whatever bit of energy they still had left.

In this exhausted state, it was all too easy for stray emotions to affect them. Their movements would grow sluggish, and they would make errors of judgment.

Any emotions, rage or fear, joy or sorrow, could badly affect someone in an exhausted state. Anger, fear, and sorrow in particular could use up a huge amount of energy without a person being aware. Zhao Ritian had been trying to stimulate Long Chen’s fear to make him quickly use up his remaining energy.

The result though was that he instead had his anger provoked by Long Chen. His little mental tricks had ended up being a reminder to Long Chen, causing him to switch to this different battle style.

In his rage, Zhao Ritian had used up a great deal of energy rapidly. If it hadn’t been for Feng Fei’s quick warning, he would have used up all his energy.

Zhao Ritian suddenly retreated, wrapping his arms around his head and coiling up.

Long Chen didn’t give him a chance to breathe. He chased after him, pummeling him.

“You talked big, but in the end, you needed a woman to warn you. Has your head become metal as well? No wonder you don’t know how to talk like a person,” sneered Long Chen.

This entire fight, they had been competing with each other. For Feng Fei to have no choice but to speak up could already be considered assistance. If Zhao Ritian had been in an absolutely inferior position, with Feng Fei's pride, she wouldn't have said anything.

By calling her just a woman, Long Chen had pulled her into his insult as well. Having experienced Feng Fei's constant arrogance, Long Chen was extremely disdainful of this action of hers.

Zhao Ritian's expression changed. For Feng Fei to help him was announcing that he was inferior to Long Chen.

"Shut up!" Zhao Ritian howled. He waved his hand in the air, and a bright golden rod appeared in his hand. He smashed it at Long Chen, leaving a silver river to spread in the void wherever it passed.

Long Chen's heart shook. The instant that rod appeared, warning bells rang in his head. That was something that could kill him. Hence, he was retreating before Zhao Ritian even swung the rod.

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However, a river of stars followed this rod when it was swung, leaving Long Chen with nowhere to run. He was sent flying.

Even without being struck by the actual rod, Long Chen's scales shattered. Blood dripped down his body, turning him into a blood man. With one attack, he was severely injured.

Everyone was shocked. What kind of weapon was this? With his Million Metal Body, what kind of divine item would Zhao Ritian use? A weapon qualified to be used by him definitely had to be a terrifying one.

The rod in Zhao Ritian's hand blazed with divine light. The space around it collapsed, unable to contain it.

"Long Chen, I am a Sovereign sprout, while you are just a mortal man. But you actually forced me to use the Heaven Suppressing Dragon Coiling Rod. Do you know how many deaths you deserve? Tell me, how should I kill you?" Zhao Ritian glared at Long Chen, his eyes full of killing intent.

Long Chen looked at himself. His dragon scales had vanished. He had used up all his dragon blood energy and was now temporarily unable to summon the Azure Dragon Battle Armor.

However, he didn't seem dejected. Instead, he had a faint smile as he looked at Zhao Ritian. "You're still such an idiot. This question sounds so laughable that I can't even answer. If I did, it would make me feel like I'm as weak as you. If it wasn't for Feng Fei warning you, you'd be so exhausted right now that you wouldn't even be able to use this rod's power, yet you still don't feel embarrassed to talk so arrogantly? As expected of a metal face. Do you know what it means to feel shame? Do you know, on a fundamental basis, you've already lost? For you to still be so arrogant, I really don't know where it comes from. If I were you, I'd have long since killed myself out of shame."

"Me, lose? What nonsense. No one in this world can beat me. Today, I'll show you this world's strongest divine item, the power of the Heaven Suppressing Dragon Coiling Rod." Zhao Ritian refused to accept the reality of Long Chen's words. Every one of them was like an arrow piercing his heart. He furiously smashed the Heaven Suppressing Dragon Coiling Rod down.

Long Chen snorted, hesitating between taking out the Heaven Flipping Seal or the Demon Moon Furnace. However, just at that moment, the land beneath the dragon altar exploded. An evil aura burst out like the gates of hell had been opened.

“A rod that should be used for firewood also dares to be arrogant?” A sinister, bloodthirsty, and evil voice resounded through the air.

