

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2762

The Blood race's Emperor finally made his move, and the world rumbled as blood-colored clouds covered the sky. At this moment, a single palm that was covered in strange runes crashed down from the heavens.

When an Emperor moved, the aura of an Emperor unfurled, and it might even be a bit stronger than Ye Ming when he had just condensed the Sovereign crown.

BOOM!

Just as the Blood race's Emperor moved, a sword slashed down from the heavens and shattered the overwhelming Emperor pressure.

"Who?!" demanded the Blood race's Emperor.

At this moment, the void twisted. The High Priest appeared with a sword on his back and a wine gourd on his waist.

The current High Priest was cloaked in a heavy air that was completely different from before. He appeared confident and refined, filled with the air of an immortal.

"Just a drunkard," said the High Priest, standing in front of the Blood race's Emperor.

The Blood race's Emperor looked at the High Priest and then sneered, "So it's the Wine God's doctrine. In the past dark eras, your people always cowered like tortoises, but now you dare to interfere in this one-sided battle? Did you drink too much?"

It seemed that he had some understanding of the Wine God Palace's inheritance, and yet he still found them insignificant.

"You really are right. I drank too much, or I really wouldn't dare interfere in this matter." The High Priest laughed.

"Old drunkard, since you've chosen death, I will finish you." The Blood race's Emperor took out a strange blood-colored spear and charged toward the High Priest.

However, the High Priest didn't reach back for his sword. Instead, he grabbed the wine gourd on his waist. After opening the lid, he tipped his head back and gulped down a mouthful.

"Die!" the Blood race's Emperor shouted furiously.

His spear pierced through the air, but the High Priest's figure vanished. His attack missed.

After that, the High Priest reappeared high in the sky, continuing to drink. After several mouthfuls, his face began to flush and his eyes grew unfocused. He was clearly drunk.

The High Priest then slowly placed the wine gourd back on his waist. He wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and the smell of wine filled heaven and earth when he exhaled.

Just that single exhale filled the world, making the Heavenly Daos grow sluggish.

“Wine contains the great universe, the pot contains the passing of time. All things are in motion, freely changing. Clear wine is tasteless like water, turbid wine is dense like soup. Primal chaos devolves into clearness and turbidness, and a hundred flavors brew within the sky. Wine allows one to escape the pathless chase of fame and fortune. To become intoxicated is to dream of ten thousand Daos, to wake is to see the world.”

The High Priest’s body began to softly sway. He looked up at the sky, softly murmuring.

These words were carved onto the screen in front of the Wine God’s statue. When Long Chen first saw it, he began to admire the Wine God’s free and unrestrained manner.

Now that they came out of the High Priest’s mouth, he appeared to have returned to his youth. The confidence and ease of youth were vivid within him.

Looking at this sight, the Blood race’s Emperor grew even more enraged. The High Priest didn’t seem to even see him. Hence, the Blood race’s Emperor’s spear buzzed, but he didn’t attack the High Priest. Zi Yan was his target instead.

When the High Priest drank his wine, a strange power of his caused the Blood race’s Emperor’s Blood Soul Lock Art to lose effect. That was why the High Priest had escaped his attack so easily.

Not wanting to waste time, he chose to directly attack Zi Yan. As expected, as soon as he moved, the High Priest appeared in front of him.

Seeing this, the Blood race’s Emperor sneered and light erupted from his spear.

The High Priest’s sword then came out of its sheath and slashed into the spear. But the High Priest’s hand quivered and his body trembled. He looked completely drunk, as if he might collapse at any moment.

However, as he swayed, the world swayed with him, spreading strange ripples.

At this moment, the Blood race’s Emperor’s expression changed. The overwhelming power of his spear was being rapidly thrown off. As the High Priest’s sword quivered, his power dissipated.

Only now did he realize that the High Priest’s swaying was a kind of extremely brilliant movement art capable of throwing off his power.

Suddenly, the High Priest staggered like he was falling. His sword swung to the side and made the Blood race’s Emperor hastily retreat. Although the latter dodged quickly, his cheek was still sliced so deep that his bone was exposed. As a result, fresh blood began to flow.

The Blood race’s Emperor was startled that he was actually injured. His physical body had reached a kind of limit and was capable of even receiving divine items. However, the High Priest’s sword was clearly normal metal, yet it was capable of blocking his spear. Most startling of all, just now, he had clearly dodged that sword, but an invisible qi came from the sword, slicing his cheek. A burning pain then

remained on the wound like someone was pouring strong wine on it. Even his own self-recovery ability was inhibited.

He was aware of the Wine God's inheritance in this world, but he was unaware that the Wine God's disciples had such powerful abilities.

"What kind of power is this?!" demanded the Blood race's Emperor to the swaying High Priest.

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The High Priest shivered as if he had been spooked. He shook his head and squinted at the Blood race's Emperor. "Who are you? Why are you shouting?"

"Die!" This response fully infuriated the Blood race's Emperor. He thought that the High Priest was intentionally angering him. His Blood Qi then erupted and he stabbed his spear forward. After that, a rain of spears flew out of the blood clouds in the sky, all of them whistling toward the High Priest.

This was an attack covering a giant area, and even Zi Yan was within its range. When an Emperor was infuriated, it caused heaven and earth to change color.

BOOM!

However, the High Priest merely slashed his sword, and its divine light erupted, shattering all the spears. The High Priest then let out a long sigh, once more filling the air with the smell of wine.

The blood-colored runes were like snow meeting the sun when they met that Wine Qi. They instantly melted.

After that, the High Priest seemed to recover his wits a bit. Looking at his wine gourd, he shook his head. "The Wine God's personally made wine is truly strong. I almost got muddle-headed."

Suddenly, the High Priest stamped down on the air, charging at the Blood race's Emperor. However, just at that moment, he tripped and fell.

"What...?"

The Martial Heaven Continent's experts could only stare, dumbfounded.

