

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 3135

The hand holding the chains belonged to Gui Yun. Spiritual runes flowed down the chain, absorbed into his hand.

The Spirit Butterfly woman screamed in pain. However, Gui Yun remained expressionless, completely ignoring her pain of having her soul torn out.

It was not long before her screams grew weaker, until they were gone. As her soul was extinguished, her physical body began to corrode until it turned into dust. A light breeze then made it vanish into heaven and earth.

“My Butterfly Dance race is another spiritual race along with the Butterfly Spirit race. I had a lifelong contract with her. After she died, my longevity also almost came to an end. The Butterfly Spirit race might be too kind to hold grudges, but my Butterfly Dance race is different. I will avenge her.” Die Wu’s gaze contained pain, hatred, and endless killing intent.

“Haha, I’ve killed plenty of people from the Butterfly Spirit race. There are also plenty of people who have come for revenge. But weaklings are weaklings. They can only resign themselves to their fate. Do you not understand? This is simply your fate.” Gui Yun laughed as if he had heard something incredibly funny.

Just then, the barrier between them vanished and Die Wu waved her hand. After that, the earth split open, and wooden thorns shot out.

At the same time, ripples appeared in the air and space crumbled. Fragments of spacetime danced through the air. The majestic energy even extended out of the formation to give the spectators a suffocating feeling. It felt as if their bodies would be torn apart.

The wooden thorns then struck the martial stage’s barrier, causing it to shudder. Ripples appeared in it. There were vague signs of it breaking, shocking everyone.

“What kind of power is this?”

Wooden thorns and giant vines twisted through the entire martial stage. It became a world of wood. Through the formation, they could see Die Wu had appeared in the air. She actually began to dance.

Her movements seemed to be the epitome of the Heavenly Daos. It was as if a single move from her, a single gaze, could draw forth the power of the Heavenly Daos.

“I understand! She is using the body as the Dao. Her dancing takes the place of her hand seals!” exclaimed Luo Xue. This was her first time hearing of such a magical race.

Die Wu was like a majestic elf dancing in the air. As she danced, wooden stakes and twisting vines roared through the air, twisting together into a giant wooden dragon. The martial stage had long since vanished beneath this wooden world. As for Gui Yun, he was covered by it as well.

When cracks appeared on the martial stage’s barrier, a second barrier appeared again. Only then was Die Wu’s power contained.

This sight left people trembling. They could sense just how terrifying that wooden dragon was. Even space was compressed to the point that it was about to collapse, so a normal physical body would be crushed to smithereens. Even Primals couldn't get close. This was what they called absolute power.

"Where is Gui Yun? Was he killed?"

The wooden dragon had covered the entire martial stage. They couldn't see Gui Yun's figure.

Suddenly, a blinding ray of light appeared on the martial stage, and that wooden dragon was blasted to bits.

"What?!"

Gui Yun's figure appeared, his body surrounded by divine flames that burned as intensely as the sun. He was like a god. The wooden stakes couldn't even approach him.

"Like a moth flying into the fire, you chose to kill yourself." Within those flames came Gui Yun's disdainful voice.

People stared in disbelief. How was such a powerful wood magical art broken so easily by him?

"It seems that I underestimated your wickedness. You've killed far too many members of the Butterfly Spirit race. You've managed to fully merge with the Butterfly Spirit race's blessing. They are the companion race to my Butterfly Dance race, and you've used their blessing to break my Butterfly Dance race's secret art. No matter how great my power is, I can't do anything to you." Die Wu looked at Gui Yun, her eyes full of hatred yet also profound helplessness.

This secret art could only be countered by the Butterfly Spirit race. She had been hoping to use this secret art to suppress him, but unexpectedly, he had absorbed far too much of the Butterfly Spirit race's souls and blood.

Not only that, but he must have also killed many experts of the Butterfly Dance race. He was very clear on their secret arts. Otherwise, there was no way he could break out so easily.

"That's why I said that you're a moth flying into the fire. If you hadn't come here, you would have had at least a few months left. But you just had to send yourself to your death. Since that's the case, I won't stand on courtesy. I will be taking your wood spirit energy." Gui Yun suddenly began to walk through the air toward Die Wu.

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As he walked, anything that was in his way disintegrated.

"I see. You've not only absorbed the essence of the Butterfly Spirit race but also my Butterfly Dance race. As an assassin, you specialize in concealing yourself. Meanwhile, we, the Butterfly Dance race, possess the divine ability to merge into heaven and earth. You wish to gain this ability to make your concealing arts flawless." A spark of understanding appeared in Die Wu's eyes.

“So what even if you understand now? In my eyes, weaklings like yourselves aren’t qualified to complain or resist. You exist in this world to be used by the strong. That is your fate. Don’t blame me. You can only blame yourselves for being too weak.”

Gui Yun suddenly vanished. The space behind Die Wu split open, and a hand reached out for Die Wu’s head.

However, a flower mark then appeared on Die Wu’s hand. Space twisted, and she slammed her hand into that hand. As a result, a powerful explosion caused the space inside the stage to collapse.

The spectators jumped in shock. A single palm could make space explode? Just what kind of power did it contain?

“Watch out!” Long Chen suddenly shouted a warning, but it was too late. Die Wu’s palm struck nothing but air. That hand was not Gui Yun’s true body.

Just at that moment, a sinister dagger stabbed through the back of her heart. Gui Yun’s fat and wicked face appeared out of thin air.

“Inferior lifeform, now do you believe in your fate?”

