

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 3218

Long Chen was shocked. Just now, he had clearly blocked it. So why had he missed?

If he hadn't dodged quickly enough, his head would have already fallen to the ground. It was his first time seeing such a bizarre move. Icy sweat soaked his back.

"That attack is based on the principle of time that I comprehended in the Divine Flame realm. Although it's nothing more than the barest scratch of the surface to that principle, it allowed me to be unmatched in the same realm. Your timing, speed, angle, and power were all correct. Unfortunately, you don't understand that time is the toughest Dao path in this world. The reason you could be unmatched in the Heavenly Swell Domain is because your enemies were useless, not because you are so powerful. If we were born in the same generation, you would have become one of the ghosts beneath my blade, a stepping stone for my own cultivation." Luo Zichuan's saber was pointed towards the ground. He stared at Long Chen like an emperor looking at a peasant.

"Time and space are the foundation of the Heavenly Daos. Only someone close to the Heavenly Daos can comprehend them. Is that so amazing?" sneered Long Chen.

Long Chen rubbed the blood off of his neck. The wound instantly healed. His gaze was icy. He knew that he had encountered an expert that was terrifying to the peak.

The laws of time and space. Long Chen also tried to delve into their profundities. However, he wasn't close to the Heavenly Daos. He was expelled by them. How could he research them?

It wasn't that he didn't want to research them, but that the Heavenly Daos would not permit him to research them. Now that this matter was also mentioned, he was further incensed.

"It's my turn!" Long Chen's black saber transformed into a bolt of black lightning hacking towards Luo Zichuan. His immense Spiritual Strength locked onto Luo Zichuan.

Right now, Luo Zichuan had suppressed his cultivation base to the same realm as Long Chen. Long Chen could directly lock onto him. The only gratifying thing was that with his realm suppressed, he could still be locked down by mental power. In other words, in the same realm, his mental power was far inferior.

"Showing off brute power is not the essence of the Saber Dao. You're disappointing me more." Luo Zichuan snorted and swung his own saber.

When Long Chen's saber fell, in one single exchange, he heard eight collisions. His arm trembled. His power had been reduced eight times.

Originally, he had been trying to use this mental energy lock to force Luo Zichuan into a direct exchange. Then he would have the advantage, as he was using his strength against his opponent's weakness.

However, when their sabers collided, Luo Zichuan's saber quivered rapidly. The power of his attack was reduced eight times, and was easily blocked by Luo Zichuan.

Suddenly, a sensation of danger filled Long Chen. Golden dragon scales appeared on his left arm. He hastily raised his arm behind him.

A saber slashed into his arm from a bizarre angle, cutting it all the way to the bone. Even the golden dragon scales were unable to block this saber. If it weren't for his tough bones, his arm would have been severed.

"Your sense of danger isn't bad. But your head is a bit foolish. As I thought, you shouldn't be in this world."

When Luo Zichuan's icy voice entered Long Chen's ears, his anger once more flared.

"Shut up!"

Long Chen's saber danced. In his fury, he didn't care if this was his grandfather or not. He was going all-out, attacking in a suicidal manner that forced his opponent to exchange injury for injury.

He had no choice but to go all-out. Immortal King had suppressed his realm to the same as his. He hadn't even used his violet blood qi, but he was still suppressing him.

Long Chen had never faced such a setback. If he lost, he would be killed. He couldn't possibly care any longer about this grandfather of his. His saber fought against death.

"No skill or rhythm. It's just random hacking like some ruffian. My Luo family's blood has been completely wasted on you."

Luo Zichuan's saber was both light and heavy. It changed specifically to counter any move that Long Chen made. Luo Zichuan easily countered him.

Long Chen's techniques that had forced countless people to choose between life and death were like child's play in front of Luo Zichuan. His saber simply easily resolved his attacks. An occasional lethal attack would sometimes strike, at such a perfect timing that Long Chen couldn't even attempt to dodge. He could only use his body to block. In just a few short moments, Long Chen's body was riddled with wounds.

BOOM!

Luo Zichuan suddenly shouted, and his saber hacked down. Long Chen blocked, only to be shocked by how Luo Zichuan's lithe saber was suddenly emitting explosive power. His saber went flying out of his hands, and he tumbled back.

He didn't know if it was a coincidence, but the direction he was sent flying was the Honing Heavenly Staircase. When he landed on top of it, he instantly felt a terrifying current crash down upon him.

Long Chen tumbled down the staircase, all the way to the foot of the mountain. At last, he smashed into the hard rock at the bottom, leaving a human-shaped imprint with countless cracks around it.

Just then, a saber also plummeted down from the sky, stabbing into the rock beside him. That saber was his black saber.

Long Chen looked back up the Honing Heavenly Staircase. He stared into the clouds. He felt a pair of eyes staring arrogantly down at him. Those eyes were icy, not with disdain, but apathy. That made him even more incensed.

Long Chen stood. Suddenly, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The world spun around him, and he collapsed just like that.

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“What’s going on? Where’s the Honing Heavenly Staircase?” Just as Long Chen reached the ninety-ninth stair of the Honing Heavenly Staircase, it vanished from sight. Even the mountain was gone. It was shrouded in mist. Bai Xiaole cried out in shock.

“It’s unclear. Perhaps the family head has something he wishes to communicate with Long Chen that he doesn’t want others to see,” said Luo Changwu.

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However, at the same time, he felt a sense of unease, as if something bad was about to happen.

However, this mysterious father of his didn’t tell him, his own son, what he was thinking. He couldn’t do anything about it. He could only wait with everyone else.

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After an unknown amount of time passed, Long Chen woke up. While he was unconscious, the primal chaos space automatically helped him recover. When he woke up, he was once more at full power.

Long Chen took a deep breath. He pulled his saber out of the ground and rested it on his shoulder. Without a word, he once more charged up the Honing Heavenly Staircase.

He once more arrived in front of the stone hut. Luo Zichuan was standing beside the stone stele, seemingly waiting for him.

Luo Zichuan had already placed his Blooddrinker saber back into the stele. He pressed his hand against the stele once more.

Another saber leapt into Luo Zichuan’s hand. That saber was actually a dragon saber.

“A dragon bone?”

Long Chen was stunned when he saw this saber. This saber was actually made out of a dragon bone.

