

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 3219

“This saber is called Jie. Jie is a rune amongst second generation Jiuli immortal characters. It is the name of the reverse dragon. A dragon has nine sons, all of them different. One is a defiant son, Jie. Upon reaching adulthood, Jie gave rise to two reverse scales. Jie liked to kill, and devour his own race. Jie was cruel but liked to act like a good person. Jie was evil yet liked to deceive people. Jie was an evil sort amongst dragons, and this saber is an ancient remnant. Although its divine energy has all run out, its murderous aura has not lessened. When I obtained it, I liked its sharpness, and I challenged experts from outside my domain. In ten years, not one person could oppose me. This Saber Holding Stone behind me is a collection of my life. Every saber has its own story. I wonder how many you can endure?” Luo Zichuan looked at Long Chen with his bone saber in hand.

This bone saber made him think of Dragonbone Evilmoon. Evilmoon was pitch-black, but this bone saber was white as jade.

This bone saber looked as if it had been eroded with age. It was most likely incredibly old. No matter how powerful the weapon, it could not escape the encroachment of time. However, this dragon bone seemed to contain an evil spirit. Once it was released, it would devour people’s souls.

Long Chen raised his saber once more. “Come!”

Luo Zichuan didn’t stand on courtesy. With a single step, he seemed to teleport, appearing to Long Chen’s left side. His saber slashed towards his ribs. The angle was perfectly calculated to be the most difficult for Long Chen to defend.

BOOM!

Long Chen tilted his arm, surprisingly using the hilt to block the bone saber. He was sent flying back, and as he did so, he swung his saber to the side, aiming for Luo Zichuan’s head. Luo Zichuan raised his saber and blocked. Both sides instantly separated.

One attacked perfectly, one defended dangerously. After this exchange, the two of them had switched positions.

“Not bad. You’re not thinking so rigidly about only using the blade. It can count as a slight improvement. But it won’t change your fate of being killed,” said Luo Zichuan, a trace of praise finally appearing in his eyes.

After saying that, he once more attacked. His attack was simple, straightforward, direct. It was his first time unleashing such a single attack against Long Chen.

Long Chen didn’t receive it. Instead, taking advantage of the length of his saber, he forcibly attacked Luo Zichuan. He had to take the initiative, or he would die to his hands.

Luo Zichuan’s saber was extremely long, almost stupidly so. It was rather awkward to use, to the point that it could be considered a fatal weakness. But it was also its strong point as well. Whenever Long Chen was unable to endure, he could take advantage of its length to attack.

This would give him opportunities and give him a chance to breathe. However, the slightest misjudgement would spell his end. He would have to pay a terrible price.

Originally, Long Chen expected Luo Zichuan would be forced to retreat. But his bone saber seemed to come to life. Like a dragon, it passed through Long Chen's saber and pierced his chest.

Despite already moving back as the bone saber stabbed towards his chest, Long Chen was unable to completely avoid it. He didn't even have time to use his dragon scale armor before his body was pierced.

"A flexible saber!"

Long Chen's expression changed. This dragon bone blade was almost alive. It could be soft or hard. The moment it stabbed him, he felt a sharp pain throughout his body, as if there was some powerful poison on top of it.

The most shocking and enraging thing for Long Chen was that in front of Luo Zichuan, the power that he was so proud of could never be unleashed.

Whether it was his astral power, his divine flame energy, his golden dragon power, his thunderforce, his flame energy, there was no way to use any of them. The moment that he did, it was true that his power would grow explosively, but at the same time, his speed would be impacted. No matter how powerful the move, it was useless if it couldn't strike his opponent.

Luo Zichuan's moves flowed perfectly like water. Every single one of his attacks forced him back. It was as if they were playing chess, and Luo Zichuan was attacking steadily. One wrong move, and Long Chen's board would collapse.

Ultimately, Long Chen was always forced to play passively. No matter what he did, he could only buy a few breaths. Luo Zichuan was constantly suppressing him.

He had no opportunity to unleash any bigger moves. Luo Zichuan's attacks were too fast. In fact, he couldn't even unleash small moves. Most of the time, he was forced to passively defend.

This was Long Chen's first time encountering such a terrifying saber master. He had never imagined that a single saber could show a million transformations. Every part of the saber contained profundities to take advantage of.

Compared to Luo Zichuan, he was like a local ruffian fighting a master of their craft. They simply weren't on the same level. This feeling of powerlessness was one that sparked despair. The difference was too great.

Long Chen was the dual champion of the Nine Prefecture Convention. He had drawn heavenly tribulation that killed countless experts. For him to now receive such a blow, it was like a hammer leaving stars in his eyes.

That dragon bone saber was sometimes like a roaring dragon, and sometimes like a viper striking out of its cave. Its attacks were sometimes sharp, yet sometimes mighty. It left Long Chen bloodied.

Long Chen fought with his life on the line, but there was no way for him to bypass the saber, nor could he completely stop it.

When Long Chen had discussed the Dao, he had said that all techniques had their flaws. Thus, attacking with a styleless style was the correct choice.

However, Luo Zichuan's techniques were all brilliant. There might be flaws, but they were completely covered up. Furthermore, if an opening did appear for just a glimmer, despite seeing it, there was no way for him to grasp it.

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BOOM!

Long Chen bitterly fought for an hour. They exchanged thousands of blows. Luo Zichuan's techniques continued to come out in an unending stream, not one of them repeating. Suddenly, an opening was grasped by Luo Zichuan, and Long Chen was once more sent tumbling down the Honing Heavenly Staircase.

Long Chen once more landed at the bottom. His saber stabbed into the rock beside him. He once more coughed up blood and fainted.

After sending him down, Luo Zichuan slowly reinserted his bone saber into the stone stele. He stood there at the peak, his arms clasped behind him.

His violet eyes stared at the foot of the mountain, through the layers of clouds. He saw the bloody, unconscious Long Chen. His handsome face was completely expressionless.

Long Chen woke up. Looking at his bloodied robes, he thought to himself that it was fortunate that he had expected to encounter the expected on the Honing Heavenly Staircase. He had already put on some ordinary clothes that he didn't care about.

Long Chen stood up. His clothes were a complete mess, but he didn't care. He once more picked up his saber, took a deep breath, and climbed up the Honing Heavenly Staircase.

Despite his torn clothes and his bloodied appearance, his back was still straight. His will was still solid. His steps were steady. He walked up without the slightest fear.

However, even Long Chen himself was completely unaware that his aura was starting to change. It was just like a dull blade was being sharpened, allowing it to reveal its sharp light.

