

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 3278

Long Chen saw the boss of the Azure Dragon Gang, Zhao Qinglong. He wasn't tall, but he was exceptionally well-built and there was a long scar covering half of his face. A piece of his cheek bone was also missing.

It was said that this scar was left by an assassin from the Bloodkill Hall. At that time, the dagger had been aiming to kill him, but he had managed to dodge.

His appearance had already been a bit sinister-looking before that assassination attempt. Now with this scar, he was positively ominous. His eyes were like those of a bloodthirsty beast, and killing intent filled every part of him. It had sunk deep into his bones and soul, giving people the feeling of a merciless, murderous beast.

Beside Zhao Qinglong was a tall middle-aged man with a sword on his back. His face was much better looking.

This person was the vice leader of the Azure Dragon Gang, also the traitor who was expelled from the High Firmament Academy, the Little Spirit King Qiu Yang. When standing beside Zhao Qinglong, this deputy was much easier to look at.

However, when Long Chen looked at him, he found him to be worse. In his eyes, Long Chen saw a twisted warped soul.

Behind the two of them were thousands of experts, all of them Divine Lords. It went without saying that such a group would definitely be a supreme sect in another domain.

These people all had violence in their natures. It could be that their auras had been infected by the aura of this place, or they were simply this bloodthirsty from the get-go.

The small fry that had escaped from the slaughter last time clearly managed to send word back to the Azure Dragon Gang, so they knew that Long Chen and the others were coming.

Qin Feng then kicked the manager in the butt, sending him tumbling to the front of Zhao Qinglong.

"Your mission has been completed. We said that as long as you led the way, we'd spare your dog life. We've fulfilled our promise," said Long Chen indifferently.

"The High Firmament Academy's people?"

Qiu Yang narrowed his eyes as he eyed Bai Shishi and Bai Xiaole's robes. A touch of sinister light appeared in his eyes.

"That's right. I am the dean of the High Firmament Academy's seventh branch. I've come here to clean up the sect, so I'll be taking your dog life. I like to do things directly, so what do you think? Do you want to cut off your own head and give it to me, or are you going to make me personally take it?"

After Bai Xiaole took out a chair, Long Chen plopped himself on it and crossed his eyes, looking at Qiu Yang indifferently.

“Hahaha!” Qiu Yang laughed, his voice full of disdain. It was as if he had heard the world’s funniest joke. “The seventh branch academy? The dean? Are you trying to make me laugh to death? The High Firmament Academy’s branches have long since become history. The High Firmament Academy has already declined and is on the verge of collapse. Now, you actually call yourself the dean of a branch academy that was destroyed tens of millions of years ago? Are you an idiot?”

“Tens of millions of years? Has it been so long?” Long Chen was surprised. He really hadn’t known that the branch academies had been destroyed so long ago.

“You don’t even know this history yet claim to be the dean? Truly courting death-” sneered Qiu Yang.

Just as he sneered, his vision darkened as Long Chen’s hand had struck his face. “Who told you to laugh? I am the dean. Do you have a fucking opinion on that?”

The two sides were less than three hundred meters apart, and they were just chatting. Hence, no one had expected the seated Long Chen to suddenly attack.

As a result, Qiu Yang was sent flying like a spinning top, and his blood sprayed along with a dozen teeth. He was sent so far that he smashed into the large group of people at the rear. They then coughed up blood, their appearances truly wretched.

It happened all too suddenly. The vice boss of the Azure Dragon Gang, a grand Immortal King, was slapped in the face in front of everyone.

Even Zhao Qinglong jumped in shock. By the time he reacted, Long Chen had returned to his seat as if nothing had happened.

“You...!” Zhao Qinglong had originally not placed Long Chen and the others in his eyes. He had been debating himself whether or not this was some sinister scheme from the Dragon Slaughtering Guild.

As a result though, when Long Chen made his move, his expression instantly changed. Even with his cultivation base, he was unable to see through Long Chen’s movements. If just now it hadn’t been a slap but had been a saber or sword, would Qiu Yang still have his life?

However, in truth, he had overestimated Long Chen. Long Chen’s face-slapping technique’s principle was based on lacking any killing intent. It could not be a killing blow. But if he was close enough, he could strike before others could even react.

If it was a weapon, or an attack containing more than just simple physical power, the very thought of doing such a thing would naturally produce killing intent. When the other side sensed the mortal danger, they would automatically react. So slapping people was alright, but killing people wasn’t.

It was simply because outsiders were unable to comprehend that instantly. They simply thought that if Long Chen could slap them, he could also kill them as he pleased. It went without saying that this move of Long Chen truly had many uses.

Qiu Yang crawled up and spat out blood. When people saw him, they cried out in shock.

Qiu Yang's head was now deformed and there was a clear handprint on his face. It was astonishing. Long Chen's slap had almost shattered his head.

"I didn't expect a spirit cultivator to have such a weak body." Even Long Chen was surprised. Just now, if he had just used just a bit more power, perhaps he would have directly killed Qiu Yang.

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"Courting death!"

Qiu Yang circulated his power, healing his wounds. As his face twisted, a venomous light filled his eyes. He then slammed his hands together in front of him and prepared hand seals.

"Stop!" Zhao Qinglong shouted and turned to Long Chen. "Friend, just who are you? Why are you targeting us? You're still young, so don't get used by others. You'll regret it in the end."

Considering that Zhao Qinglong was the leader of such a powerful force, he couldn't possibly just be a fighter. He felt that Long Chen's arrival was too sudden. There might be some scheme behind it.

Furthermore, considering that they dared to enter the Vile Dragon Domain at such an age and were still able to maintain their calm in front of so many experts showed that they were extraordinary. There was no way to fake the calm and indifference in their eyes.

That was the confidence of true experts. That kind of thing was completely different from the fools who rushed in. He had no choice but to be cautious.

"Who would be using them? Zhao Qinglong, the longer you live, the more useless and cowardly you are. Do you think that junior brother is being used by me to come find trouble for you?"

Just then, a sweet and soft voice rang out. A slender woman with dual hook weapons on her back appeared in the air, looking disdainfully at Zhao Qinglong.

When Long Chen saw that woman, he smiled slightly. Based on her appearance, he knew her status.

