

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 367

Little Snow's huge figure appeared in front of Chu Yao. A familiar back was standing on top of Little Snow. Chu Yao's previous anger instantly disappeared, and her tears involuntarily poured out.

"Long Chen!"

Seeing that figure, Chu Yao let out a soft cry.

Long Chen turned back and smiled brightly towards her. With almost a sun-like warmth, he said, "You rest for now. Leave this place to me."

Chu Yao didn't have a chance to reply before a woman gently held her hand. "You must be junior sister Chu Yao? Let's back up a bit and let Long Chen handle this evil woman."

"Senior sister, you are...?" Chu Yao was a bit flabbergasted. She didn't recognize this pretty woman.

"You'll learn everything soon. Come, let's just watch." Lu Fang-er felt a bit embarrassed. In front of Long Chen, she didn't feel any uncomfortableness or restrictiveness, but she still felt a bit of pressure in front of Chu Yao.

It was a good thing that Chu Yao didn't continue questioning her and just tightly stared at Long Chen.

Atop Little Snow, Long Chen's hands were clasped behind his back. He looked like a celestial divinity looking down disdainfully on all. His gaze indifferently swept over those distant people, finally landing on a shocked Yin Wushuang.

That was because Yin Wushuang could sense a powerful pressure from Little Snow. Although Little Snow was only at the early fourth rank, she felt a clear threat from him.

"Slut."

In front of Yin Wushuang, Long Chen merely spat out that one word.

"You... you're the slut!" Yin Wushuang was immediately infuriated. Her sword quivered slightly, prepared to attack at any moment.

This time wasn't the same as last time. There were many people watching secretly from a distance. Cursing her like this was giving her a slap in the face.

"You're wrong; when I said you were a slut, I wasn't cursing you. Did you not hear that my tone was full of praise? Then let me say it again so you can hear it clearly: sl-ut." Long Chen shook his head and repeated himself.

It was precisely this one word that rang out through every nook and cranny. All the spectators could clearly hear that Long Chen's voice didn't contain the slightest bit of anger. It was as if he was just asserting a fact.

But to assert such a fact made everyone feel a bit odd. A word that was full of humiliation, provocation, and derision, but that was spoken with such a tone, was something they had never heard before.

Quite a few people saw Yin Wushuang's expression sink. Even a couple of her stray hairs were starting to stick up. It was clear she was a bit unhappy about being described that way.

"Long Chen, you perverted traitor, you're courting death!" shouted one of the angry spectators. Long Chen glanced at him. He was also a monastery disciple, and he had a powerful cultivation base. He was another Chosen-level expert.

Then looking at the mark on his shoulder, it showed he came from the seventeenth monastery. By his side was another Chosen from the thirty-eighth monastery.

Behind them was a large group of monastery disciple, all wearing ridiculing expressions as they looked at Long Chen as if they were just watching a play.

"The ones courting death are you. For idiots like you, I can exterminate a dozen of you with a wave of my hand. Right now my mood isn't good, so it'd be best for you to not provoke me. Otherwise, you'll be the first one I kill." Icy killing intent surfaced out of Long Chen as he said that.

That person was infuriated, but when he saw Long Chen's gaze, a powerful sensation of death instantly filled his heart.

It was as if the Grim Reaper's scythe was already pressed against his throat. If he dared open his mouth, that scythe would instantly reap his life.

It was a mysterious feeling. That was a feeling born from Long Chen's immense killing intent; if he dared to once more let out a single fart, Long Chen would give up on Yin Wushuang to first cut him down.

As a Chosen, he was also a Favored with a Dao-mark, and his ability to sense danger was greater than average. That was why he was even more terrified than a core disciple would be. He was sweating.

He didn't dare open his mouth. He could sense Long Chen's determination. If he dared provoke him again, Long Chen would let out a lightning-quick strike.

He knew that if Long Chen attacked him, there would naturally be others to come assist. There was even a top expert like Yin Wushuang present. Long Chen should be helpless against them.

But for some unknown reason, he was filled with terror and unease. Despite clearly knowing that if he backed down now, his reputation would hit the floor, he still didn't utter a sound.

With a single warning, Long Chen was able to pressure a Chosen into not even daring to fart. Chu Yao and Lu Fang-er were both filled with worship.

That was especially true of Chu Yao. It could be said that she was someone who had been with Long Chen as they overcame all kinds of trials and tribulations. She had personally seen Long Chen's meteoric rise.

In Phoenix Cry, Long Chen had created miracle after miracle, walking the path of an expert and entering the cultivation world. Now, in front of countless experts, Long Chen was still able to release a brilliant light that no one could eclipse.

Since that person didn't dare say anything, Long Chen's aura slackened slightly, and he withdrew his gaze. He then turned to once more focus on Yin Wushuang.

Yin Wushuang was trembling with fury. Bitter resentment appeared in her eyes. "Long Chen, do you really want me to kill you so much?"

Long Chen shook his head. "You're mistaken again. Looks like you don't understand my meaning. I really had no intentions of insulting you."

He pointed seriously at the silver sword in Yin Wushuang's hand. "Calling you a slut is not the slightest bit wrong. I'm using a saber, while you're using a sword. If you aren't a slut[1], then what are you?"

"There are sabers you could use, but you use a sword. There are high-class swords you could use, but you use your low-class sword. There are golden swords you could use, but you use a silver sword. You've reached a slut level that no one else can compare to.

"So I feel that slut is really the best word for you. In front of a top slut like yourself, who else would even dare call themselves cheap?"

Long Chen's voice was extremely sincere, and his words were said with a tone that almost made people cheerfully accept them. Everyone stealthily glanced at the silver sword in Yin Wushuang's hand, and every single expression turned a bit odd.

Inside, they prostrated themselves to Long Chen in admiration. When cursing people, he didn't use the slightest obscenity[2]. And yet, he was still able to curse someone to the point that everyone was fully convinced. That was true skill.

The entire crowd was deathly silent now. Even Lu Fang-er was dumbfounded. She had never thought Long Chen's tongue had reached such a level.

Only Chu Yao was smiling. This wicked person was always so wicked. But Long Chen's wickedness was one that warmed her heart.

She was the one who understood Long Chen's temperament the best. His treatment towards his friends and family could not be better. He wouldn't even hesitate to sacrifice his life for them.

But to his enemies, his treatment towards them could not be worse. Being Long Chen's friend was a blessing, while those that became his enemies... their endings were all quite miserable.

"Long... Chen... go... to... hell!!!"

Yin Wushuang had turned green from rage, and flames were practically spitting out of her eyes. Those words were all spit out through the gaps between her clenched teeth.

Buzz.

Her silver sword brandished out. Heaven and earth shook, and that terrifying sword qi caused even space to tear apart. Everyone present all felt a chill in their bones and hastily retreated.

But before she could even release his attack, Little Snow, who had long since been prepared, opened his mouth and shot out a huge sphere of wind blades.

Within that wind blade sphere was a scarlet flame. This was one of Little Snow's unique skills. After advancing to the fourth rank, even this move of his had changed.

When it shot out it was only several meters long, but by the time it reached Yin Wushuang, it had grown by ten times.

A terrifying pressure caused the air to explode. A terrifying wave of qi surged out like a tsunami.

Yin Wushuang hadn't expected Little Snow's attack to be so terrifying. Furthermore, he had shot it out without any signs of storing up energy. By the time she reacted, the attack had already reached her.

"Hmph! Silver Frost Slash!" Yin Wushuang snorted and her silver sword filled the sky with light that appeared like dancing ice frost that slashed down in front of her.

BOOM!

An explosion rocked the mountains, and a berserk wave of qi flew out. Broken wind blades shot out in every direction.

"Sheet!"

"Ahh!"

Little Snow's attack had been broken by Yin Wushuang's powerful Battle Skill. But those broken wind blades still contained a terrifying power.

Those wind blades were not things ordinary core disciples could block. There were quite a few people hit by the wind blades, sustaining heavy injuries. Some unlucky fellows were struck in the vitals and met a violent death.

Once that wave of wind blades ended, there were over ten corpses left on the ground. Those corpses were all the spectators with lower cultivation bases. They had used their own lives to tell others a certain fact: even watching the excitement could be dangerous. Spectators should be cautious.

Yin Wushuang had a horrified expression. Although she had broken Little Snow's attack with her sword, she was still forced back dozens of meters, and her arms had become slightly sore.

That shocked her. Little Snow was really too strong, and this was when they were fighting openly. If Little Snow had instead launched this kind of attack as a sneak attack, then if she were struck by such an attack, she would definitely die.

She didn't know that Little Snow's attack was something that had almost killed a top expert like Yin Luo. Otherwise, she definitely wouldn't have been so careless.

"Long Chen, you fiendish traitor! How dare you slaughter the innocent like this! You definitely won't have a good death!" A distant spectator cursed at Long Chen. There was a corpse beside him.

That person had only just spoken when Little Snow opened his mouth and shot out a wind blade. That person was appalled and filled with despair. He wanted to dodge, but he was horrified to realize he had been locked in place and couldn't move.

He could only watch as that wind blade struck him, turning him into a bloody mist. Those other spectators were all terrified and fled for their lives.

"Idiots, do you think I'm some pushover?" Long Chen cursed inside. Just now, it was clearly Yin Wushuang who had caused Little Snow's attack to scatter and implicate those spectators.

But these fellows didn't dare find Yin Wushuang to settle the debt, instead trying to blame it on Long Chen. They clearly thought he was easier to bully.

Little Snow had shot out two attacks. One had been repelled, while the other had exterminated its target. That had immediately intimidated everyone. Even Chu Yao and Lu Fang-er were shocked by Little Snow's battle prowess.

Long Chen jumped off Little Snow. He didn't even glance at the spectators. He just gave Little Snow an order that as long as someone dared provoke them, he was to kill them. With Little Snow next to Chu Yao, he didn't have any worries.

"Before, I said that since you didn't directly target me, I didn't have a reason to kill you. Now I finally have a reason."

Long Chen's calm expression suddenly disappeared to be replaced with an incredibly icy expression.

