

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 370

Instead of dodging Yin Wushuang's sword, Long Chen directly stabbed his saber at her chest.

Yin Wushuang's sword was three feet long, a standard size. But Long Chen's Devil Decapitator was seven feet long. Even though Long Chen was attacking after her, he still gained an advantage due to his weapon.

Yin Wushuang sneered when she saw Long Chen refused to face off against her directly. She gave up on her attack and her sword blocked Long Chen's attack.

Devil Decapitator once more trembled. This time Long Chen was watching closely. He saw that the runes on her sword brightened for a moment when it collided with his saber.

In that instant, Long Chen sensed that thirty percent of his power had been absorbed and then rebounded back at him.

He had to endure thirty percent of his own attack, as well as Yin Wushuang's own power. His wrist trembled.

But this time he had been prepared, and hadn't attacked with his full strength. The backlash was much weaker this time.

"As I thought." Long Chen's eyes brightened. He had finally seen through some of the intricacies of this silver sword.

He stepped forward, spinning in a circle, cutting Devil Decapitator in an odd arc towards Yin Wushuang's waist. He attacked like lightning, in a both bold and domineering manner.

Yin Wushuang had only just blocked his previous attack. Before she could even attack again, Long Chen had already taken the initiative, taking her by surprise. Long Chen's saber was only three inches from her waist.

If she was hit, then that terrifying energy behind his saber would instantly cut her in two. She hastily went to block it in horror.

But what made her even more horrified was that her sword hit nothing. This incomparably bold and powerful attack of his had been nothing more than a feint.

Her sword was blocking her waist, while Long Chen's saber switched angles, turning from a cut into a stab, going straight for her lower abdomen.

By the time she reacted, the tip of his saber had almost reached her. Yin Wushuang let out a panicked cry and frantically dodged to the side.

The sound of clothing being cut rang out. People were shocked to see that the tip of Long Chen's saber had cut open a gap in Yin Wushuang's robes, revealing a silver soft armor.

Everyone was shocked. Instead of a shocking, incredibly pressuring attack, it was a simple, seemingly ordinary saber move that had almost killed Yin Wushuang.

Yin Wushuang was pale with fright. Long Chen's attacks were too incisive, and there was almost no time for her to react.

If it hadn't been for this soft armor, his saber would have very likely wounded her. But even so, she still felt a chill on her abdomen.

"As expected, she really does have many treasures," Long Chen snorted to himself.

This was his first time using this kind of skillful fighting method. This kind of fighting method was extremely common in the secular world, but it was very rare in the cultivation world.

Cultivators preferred to use absolute martial might to suppress their opponents. Ever since Long Chen had joined the monastery, he had also essentially used that kind of fighting method the entire time. That was because this kind of fighting method was the most direct and most effective.

Amongst cultivators, they would rarely go all-out against people with equal strength as them. But in the secular world, your battle experience and technical skills were extremely important as to whether or not you could survive.

No one had taught Long Chen his fighting techniques. Instead, they were things he had figured out after experiencing countless life and death fights. These techniques could truly say to be things he had gained through bleeding blood and risking his life.

In comparison, Yin Wushuang was essentially a greenhouse flower. She had powerful fighting strength, but in terms of fighting techniques, she was not on the same level as Long Chen.

If his first attack was ineffective, then Long Chen would switch moves. There was no pressure, no grandness. It was just an ordinary saber attack with nothing special about it. But it was filled with killing power.

Seeing Long Chen once more slash out at her, sword-images once more spread from Yin Wushuang's silver sword, completely protecting her body.

Continuous explosions echoed out. Long Chen attacked repeatedly, but they were all blocked by her. Yin Wushuang's sword was flying all around and had formed an air-tight defense around her. Long Chen's attacks were unable to break her defense.

Furthermore, Long Chen was continuously struck by the backlash from Yin Wushuang's sword. That made his hand ache, and he grumbled inside.

That sword was far too evil. Long Chen didn't dare release his full strength against it. It was like Yin Wushuang was a porcupine, and she made it so others couldn't lay their hands on her.

"Long Chen, if I don't tear out your muscles and flay your skin today, then I won't be Yin Wushuang!" Yin Wushuang had finally recovered from her previous terror.

That cut on her abdomen was pure humiliation to her. Now that she saw Long Chen was unable to break her defense, her timidity faded and her anger soared.

Her sword suddenly began to fly about even faster as she surprisingly took the initiative to charge forward at Long Chen. However, she didn't release any attacks. Instead, all she needed to do was protect herself.

She was using the reflective runes on her sword to kill Long Chen with his own energy. There was no way to block her properly.

Yin Wushuang's silver sword was a precious treasure that an ancestor in her family had left behind.

Those runes that had been carved into it were able to rebound a portion of an enemy's strength. These runes were incredibly bizarre, and despite knowing what shape these runes were in, it was not possible to carve them into other weapons.

A craftsman from Yin Wushuang's family had researched these runes for countless years, and was still unable to carve them onto another weapon. In the end, he could only conclude that these were special runes that required a special carving method.

So this silver sword had become a treasure in her family. If Yin Wushuang's position in her family was not special, she wouldn't have been able to use it.

Now she was using this special sword to force Long Chen into desperate straits, causing him to retreat over and over.

"How come I can't understand anything that's going on?" There were some people who couldn't help muttering.

They were completely unable to understand what was going on. At first, the two of their auras had reached a shocking level, and their pressure had forced them all back in terror.

But once they had started fighting, all that imposingness had disappeared, and now their fight seemed like an ordinary, secular fight. How had they begun to fight like this?

From the start, Yin Wushuang's sword had constantly been blossoming with silver light that had concealed her runes. Those people were unable to tell what was going on from so far away.

Long Chen was clearly fighting evenly with her, and the fight didn't seem too intense. And yet, those sharp-eyed people were all able to see that Long Chen's hand was constantly bleeding.

Chu Yao and Lu Fang-er's hearts clenched. They didn't know what to do. Should they try and help Long Chen?

Long Chen basically had his hands tied against Yin Wushuang's scoundrel-like move. He didn't dare face off against her sword directly. Such a fight was far too stifling.

“How is it? Are you afraid now? What happened to your vigor from back then? How did you become a turtle sticking his head in his shell?” Seeing that this move of hers was effective, Yin Wushuang sneered at Long Chen.

While blocking her, Long Chen was constantly wondering what to do. Continuing like this was far too passive.

“You care a lot about that woman, right? Then I’ll kill her right now and see whether you can still keep your head in your shell.” Yin Wushuang’s sword-images suddenly disappeared from in front of Long Chen. She had used some kind of unknown footwork to become like a phantom rushing towards Chu Yao and Lu Fang-er.

“Careful!” Long Chen was startled, and immediately used his footwork to catch up.

Little Snow was connected to his mind, so he was the first to react. He immediately opened his mouth and spat out a wind blade at Yin Wushuang.

Yin Wushuang snorted and her sword broke apart Little Snow’s wind blade. Now that she had activated her bloodline power, she was incredibly terrifying.

Chu Yao now reacted and formed a hand seal in front of her. Countless wooden stakes shot out of the ground, aiming to bind Yin Wushuang.

“Flickering Light, Sweeping Shadow.”

Just as Yin Wushuang was about to be bound, she used some kind of unknown technique to turn into a shadow that passed through those wooden staves, arriving in front of Chu Yao. Her sword flashed silver as it cut across the void, bringing with it endless pressure.

This sword caused all of heaven and earth to change color. It was clearly a full strength blow; she wanted Chu Yao and Lu Fang-er to die so that Long Chen would be filled with pain.

Long Chen was rushing back as fast as he could, but it was too late for him to save them. His eyes had turned scarlet, almost as if they were about to emit flames.

“Ten Thousand Wood Shield!” Countless wooden stakes shot out of the ground and formed layer after layer in front of Chu Yao.

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BANG!

Wooden fragments shot everywhere. Yin Wushuang’s sword destroyed Chu Yao’s huge wooden shield. Chu Yao, Lu Fang-er, and Little Snow were all sent flying by a terrifying qi wave, smashing into the cliff behind her.

Little Snow reacted first and placed his body in front of the cliff so that Lu Fang-er and Chu Yao smashed into his softer body.

But even so, since their constitutions were so weak, they still received a heavy impact, and blood overflowed from their mouths. Their internal injuries were not light.

If Little Snow hadn't used his body to block for the two of them, then it was very likely for the two of them to have died.

"Oh? You didn't die?" Yin Wushuang was extremely startled that Chu Yao was able to block one of her attacks. That attack of hers had been released with hate, and she hadn't held back at all.

She really did hate Long Chen now. Once Long Chen had appeared here, Yin Wushuang's women's intuition had told her that his relationship with Chu Yao was not ordinary. Long Chen had caused her prestige to drop, and he had then refused to clash with her directly in their fighting just now, so she had been unable to kill him. That was why she wanted to kill Chu Yao and Lu Fang-er first, all so she could provoke Long Chen. Once Long Chen was consumed by his fury and began to clash with her directly, he would definitely die.

"Since you didn't die, then try and receive another blow"! Yin Wushuang was delighted in being able to get revenge on Long Chen, and her sword once more shone brightly.

Just as she was preparing to attack again, her body suddenly stiffened, and she felt as if she was being stared at by some ancient monster. At the same time, a voice that was as cold as ten-thousand-year-old ice rang out.

"Die."

