

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 467

The seventh monastery's sect leader suddenly felt his whole body turn cold, and a burst of pain came from his palm.

His hand had been pierced straight through by a ray of Sword Qi.

"Ling Yun-zi!"

The seventh monastery's sect leader was infuriated. While it was true that everyone was now exchanging blows, it was really just for show. No one else had released a vicious attack like Ling Yun-zi.

"If you want to kill my disciples, you'll have to do it over my corpse." Ling Yun-zi also glared back at those sect leaders who were eager to capture Long Chen and the others. The killing intent in his eyes was not at all concealed.

Ling Yun-zi was currently like an awakened divine blade that had finally left its sheath. His sharp aura made them all feel a heavy pressure.

Sword intent soared out of him, and if anyone dared take another step, they would meet with a thunderous strike.

As a sword cultivator, Ling Yun-zi had researched the Sword Dao for many years. His level of comprehension had already reached a terrifying point.

Ever since he had managed to free himself from his heart-devil, his mental realm had reached a flawless point, and he had reached the realm where his mind and sword were connected.

Right now, Cang Ming was fighting two Xiantian experts on his own, while the others had also found their own opponents. However, the first monastery's side still had more experts.

There were still six people free to attack. And naturally they knew that Sha Qitian's goal was Long Chen, so they immediately chased after him.

However, Ling Yun-zi stopped all of them by himself. The sharp aura coming from him made them shiver. Furthermore, ever since they had become sect leaders, they had practically never exchanged blows with people again. After living in grandeur for so long, they had already forgotten what it felt like to fight, and they had lost that fearless determination a warrior needed.

"What are you all hesitating for?! Hurry up, or Long Chen will escape!" Sha Qitian furiously roared while fighting Zhao Yongchang, his voice containing a bit of panic.

Long Chen was the crux of this entire matter. Once Long Chen was killed, all his problems would be resolved. No one would bother with a dead person.

But if he didn't die, then that would create countless variables. Furthermore, Han Tianyu had also told him that Yin Wushuang had already exposed that it was he who had incited this entire matter by trying to have Long Chen killed.

That completely infuriated Sha Qitian. If it weren't for Yin Wushuang's background, he would have long since slapped her to death.

Now his only hope was to kill Long Chen. In the end, he could just fabricate some random excuses, and this matter would blow over. The dead could not testify.

However, Zhao Yongchang was also a late Xiantian expert, and the two of them were relatively even in power. Even if he was slightly stronger, he could not defeat Zhao Yongchang without an extremely long period of time. It was impossible for him to personally attack Long Chen.

Now seeing six people were stopped by just Ling Yun-zi, he cursed them for being useless. If this continued, Long Chen really would manage to flee, and then it would truly become troublesome.

"Attack together!" The seventh monastery's sect leader hastily took out his weapon when he heard Sha Qitian's fury, and he charged at Ling Yun-zi.

BOOM!

The six of them attacked at the same time, Xiantian power colliding explosively. Ling Yun-zi faced them head-on, causing a huge explosion. Long Chen and the others, who were already several miles away, immediately felt a terrifying qi wave strike them and send them flying.

But they didn't dare look back. They knew that as long as Long Chen managed to escape, this battle would count as their victory.

"Die!" Facing six people, Ling Yun-zi was struck so hard that his qi and blood were surging inside him. After all, he was only at the mid Xiantian realm, and sword cultivators didn't specialize in brute force. With a sudden cry, his sword began to shine, and killing intent locked down one of the sect leaders.

PFFT!

"AHH!" That person was only at the early Xiantian realm, and as a result, most of his upper body broke into pieces.

"Heavens, Ling Yun-zi really wants to kill!" Those distant spectating sect leaders' expressions all changed. Within the supermonastery, there were countless fights and struggles. The power struggle never ended. However, they had never seen actual sect leaders fighting each other so intensely, let alone sect leaders trying to take the lives of other sect leaders.

That sect leader's reactions had been fast. The instant that Sword Qi had been about to strike him, he had turned to the side. Otherwise, he would have been cut in half.

Although his upper body was a mess right now, as a Xiantian expert, he had a powerful life force. He could absorb spiritual qi to regrow his flesh.

But that required a certain amount of time, time in which his combat ability would be much lower. Furthermore, his courage was truly broken now, and he hastily retreated. Consuming a medicinal pill, he directly left the battlefield.

“Ling Yun-zi, how dare you be so vicious!” raged the seventh monastery’s sect leader. Ling Yun-zi actually dared to slaughter sect leaders for just a disciple.

“I, Ling Yun-zi, have no sons or daughters. My disciples are my children. Since you want to kill my children in front of me, there’s nothing left to say. Die!”

With an icy cry, Sword Qi soared into the sky, and a terrifying pressure caused heaven and earth to change color. The five of them were immediately enveloped by sword-light.

“Ling Yun-zi’s the only sword cultivator among all the sect leaders in the supermonastery. This pressure is terrifying!”

Sword cultivators were praised as number one in terms of offense. Even five against one, the five of them were miserably suppressed. Several of them almost died beneath Ling Yun-zi’s sword.

Ling Yun-zi was shocking all the various sect leaders. They finally understood a sword cultivator’s power. Ling Yun-zi’s combat ability was definitely not at all inferior to Sha Qitian.

“Sun Jianxiong, hurry and go kill Long Chen!” Sha Qitian suddenly shouted.

In the crowd of spectators, one of the sect leader’s expressions completely changed, and he couldn’t help but curse inside. Sha Qitian wanted him to display his loyalties.

If he didn’t go, that was equivalent to completely falling out with Sha Qitian. If he did go, that was equivalent to offending Zhao Yongchang and the Hua family.

Sun Jianxiong cursed his bad luck. There were so many people present, but Sha Qitian had just had to pick him.

In the end, he clenched his teeth and chased after them. But he had only just taken a step when sword-light mercilessly slashed down on him.

He jumped back and hastily retreated. That sword-light had split apart the ground where he had been.

“Everyone, block him!”

Just now, Ling Yun-zi had managed to force back the five of them to send an attack at Sun Jianxiong, but he had dodged. At this time, the seventh monastery’s sect leader roared and charged forward. He needed to keep Ling Yun-zi tied down.

Ling Yun-zi roared furiously, and a powerful cry came from his sword as Xiantian power erupted.

The distant spectators’ expressions all changed, and they hastily pulled their disciples behind them and fled.

**BOOM!**

Ling Yun-zi was truly fighting all-out now, but the other five also erupted with their full strength. At this moment, Ling Yun-zi was fighting as if his life was on the line, and the slightest negligence might cause one of them to die.

However, in the end, Ling Yun-zi was not able to throw them off. He could only watch as Sun Jianxiong charged in Long Chen's direction.

However, none of them noticed that other than Sun Jianxiong, another furtive figure had also secretly chased after them.

Long Chen and the others were almost a hundred miles away when Sun Jianxiong caught up. A Xiantian expert's speed was not something they could compare to.

"Long Chen, so sorry, but I'll need to borrow your head," sneered Sun Jianxiong. With a wave of his hand, a huge palm-image flew out, enveloping all of them.

BOOM!

Everyone was miserably blown through the air. Gu Yang and the others all vomited blood, feeling like their bodies would collapse.

Although this was just a random blow that hadn't even been aiming to take their lives, Xiantian power was simply not something they could block.

In front of a Xiantian expert, they were as weak as an ant. That was the difference between them, and there was no way to make up for it.

"Haha, I've finally found you!" laughed Sun Jianxiong. That attack of his had been to find which one of them was Long Chen.

Another palm came crashing for Long Chen. Terrifying Xiantian power completely bound Long Chen, making it so he was unable to even move.

Just at this moment, the dragon scale within his body trembled ever so slightly. Unbeknownst to Long Chen, a majestic energy began to condense within it. But a moment later, it dissipated.

"Just try and touch him!"

Suddenly, Hua Biluo appeared in front of Long Chen, icily glaring at Sun Jianxiong with disdain.

"You...!"

Sun Jianxiong's soul almost departed from his body in fright. He hastily pulled back his palm. If he killed Hua Biluo, he would die a tragic end.

Even though his cultivation base had reached the late Xiantian realm, pulling back a full strength attack was still challenging for him. To suddenly pull back his attack was equivalent to having his attack land on himself, and he would have to take it without any defenses.

Forcibly withdrawing his attack, he choked, and his inner organs almost flipped within him.

At this time, Hua Biluo's sword was already stabbing towards his throat, startling and infuriating Sun Jianxiong. He sent a palm to slam into her sword.

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BANG!

Her sword exploded, and Hua Biluo vomited a mouthful of blood before fainting.

Suddenly, an armored Guo Ran appeared behind Sun Jianxiong and grabbed him, he shouted, "Boss, hurry and run!"

"Fuck off!" Sun Jianxiong furiously struck Guo Ran in his chest. A huge dent appeared in his armor, and Guo Ran instantly fainted. However, he still tightly held on.

"Die!" Suddenly, the mark on Wilde's forehead once more lit up, and his spiked club came smashing at Sun Jianxiong.

"Scram!" Sun Jianxiong punched out, shattering Wilde's club and sending him flying. Wilde repeatedly vomited blood, and his arm became completely deformed.

Gu Yang, Song Mingyuan, Li Qi, and Yue Zifeng crazily attacked Sun Jianxiong. "Run boss! It'll be fine as long as you get away!"

BOOM!

Gu Yang was blown back, his golden spear shattered. He landed on the ground in the distance. It was unknown whether he was alive or dead.

"Sun Jianxiong! I, Long Chen, swear if I don't kill you, I'm not human!" Clenching his teeth, Long Chen furiously roared. A white figure appeared. Long Chen jumped onto Little Snow's back and shot into the distance.

