

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 482

The Wind Spirit Pavilion was located on the border between Su Prefecture and He Prefecture. It was the hegemon of the surrounding sects.

Although they didn't have many disciples, perhaps only a few thousand, they were soul cultivators, and almost no one dared provoke them.

The Wind Spirit Pavilion was currently decorated with colorful lanterns and banners, but the atmosphere wasn't very happy. Instead, it was rather grave.

That was because today was the day Meng Qi was supposed to be married off to Feng Xiaoyun.

Meng Qi was viewed as an immortal fairy in the eyes of the Wind Spirit Pavilion's male disciples. But today, that fairy's soul root was destroyed, making her a cripple. Furthermore, the reason she was being married off to Feng Xiaoyun was something they all knew. All of them felt miserable inside.

But although they knew this truth, there was nothing they could do. They could only follow the pavilion master's orders and set up the decorations.

BOOM!

Suddenly, a powerful explosion rocked the Wind Spirit Pavilion and everyone turned pale. A powerful pressure surged over them, making it hard for them to breathe.

"Feng Xiao-zi's bastard father, get the fuck out here!" A furious roar shook the land, shaking everyone's hearts.

Long Chen and Shui Wuhen were standing in the Wind Spirit Pavilion's plaza. Long Chen had destroyed the Wind Spirit Pavilion's statue with a single slash of his saber. That was what the previous explosion had been.

Shui Wuhen had grown two wings and carried Long Chen all the way here. She crossed dozens of miles in a flash, managing to reach the Wind Spirit Pavilion in just an hour.

Worried about Meng Qi, without even thinking about it, Long Chen had directly caused the greatest commotion possible in order to draw out everyone from the Wind Spirit Pavilion.

In any case, Shui Wuhen had come with him. He didn't need to have any misgivings. Following his furious roar, countless experts from the Wind Spirit Pavilion rushed over.

"Who dares be so impetuous in my Wind Spirit Pavilion?!"

Suddenly, a roar rang out and a terrifying pressure descended. A middle-aged man wearing a crown and yellow robes appeared in front of Long Chen.

This man was tall and his aura was unstable, causing the space around him to fluctuate between light and dark.

He appeared to be in his forties, his eyes were gloomy, his lips were very thin, and his chin was pointed.

Behind him were also dozens of Xiantian experts who were glaring at Long Chen and Shui Wuhen.

When this middle-aged man saw Shui Wuhen, a bewildered expression appeared on his face, as he was shocked to find he was unable to sense her aura.

“You are the Wind Spirit Pavilion master?” asked Long Chen icily.

“Brazen brat, how dare you be rude to the pavilion master?!” shouted one of the Xiantian experts behind the middle-aged man.

“Split the Heavens!”

Long Chen suddenly summoned his divine ring, his Two Star Battle Armor, and directly attacked.

As for the Xiantian expert, he hadn't expected him to just immediately launch an attack. He hastily formed hand seals, and a translucent sword-light shot out at Long Chen's saber-image.

BOOM!

What shocked everyone was that the Xiantian expert's sword-light was blown apart by Long Chen's saber, and he was blown back, vomiting blood.

Shui Wuhen was expressionless, but inside, she was also shocked. Long Chen's full-strength attack had already surpassed the bounds of common sense. It contained some kind of unknown energy.

This same attack had been able to sever Luo Feng's arm, and Luo Feng had been at the mid Xiantian realm.

After blowing that expert back, Long Chen didn't look at him any further. He simply pointed his saber at the pavilion master. “Hand over Meng Qi.”

“So you must be the one who killed my beloved son, Long Chen! Die!” The Wind Spirit Pavilion master finally recovered from his shock and charged at Long Chen. He sent a palm crashing forward, and a spiritual arrow also shot out of his forehead at Long Chen.

A snow-white palm smashed apart that spiritual arrow and also tightly caught the pavilion master's wrist. It was Shui Wuhen.

Just as the pavilion master was surprised and about to throw her off, another larger hand viciously slapped across his face.

The pavilion master spun through the air and vomited a mouthful of blood, as well as a dozen teeth.

“Bastard!” He roared furiously, and a figure rushed straight at Long Chen. Behind that person was a large illusory image.

That was a young man who looked similar to Feng Xiao-zi. It was his little brother, Feng Xiaoyun.

Seeing his father be humiliated, he immediately charged out and summoned his Dreamsoul Battle Armor, wanting to kill Long Chen with Spiritual Strength.

Long Chen snorted and a lightning spear appeared in his hand. He ruthlessly smashed it into the Dreamsoul Battle Armor that Feng Xiaoyun had summoned.

That huge Dreamsoul Battle Armor instantly burst under Long Chen's spear.

"What?!" Feng Xiaoyun was horrified. Before he even understood what was going on, Long Chen had already slapped him unconscious. With just two slaps, his skin was split open and he was bleeding heavily.

As a soul cultivator, his physical body was very weak. If Long Chen hadn't held back, a slap from Long Chen could have easily caused his head to explode.

All of that happened too quickly. The Wind Spirit Pavilion master had only just tried attacking when he was sent flying by a slap from Long Chen. By the time he stabilized, Feng Xiaoyun was already in Long Chen's grasp.

He raged, "Long Chen, if you dare touch a hair on my son's head, I will tear you into a million pieces!"

"AHH!"

A miserable scream rang out as Long Chen ruthlessly tore off one of Feng Xiaoyun's arms.

"Please, continue threatening."

Long Chen's hand was already on Feng Xiaoyun's other arm, just waiting for him to say more.

"Long Chen..." The pavilion master clenched his teeth furiously.

"Don't give me any more of your sheet. Hand over Meng Qi," said Long Chen icily.

"You dare threaten me?!"

"AHH!"

Another arm was viciously torn off Feng Xiaoyun's body. His miserable scream resounded throughout the entire Wind Spirit Pavilion, causing everyone's blood to turn cold.

"Keep going?"

Long Chen's hand ended up on one of Feng Xiaoyun's legs.

The pavilion master's eyes almost tore out of his face. He was about to go crazy with fury at seeing his son's arms be torn off.

"Hand over Meng Qi!"

The pavilion master's chest heaved like a bellow. The killing intent in his eyes had almost taken solid form.

But looking at Long Chen's icy eyes, he decided to yield in the end. "Go take that slut out of custody."

One of the Xiantian experts behind him hesitated slightly, exchanging a furtive gaze with the pavilion master before leaving.

After a short while, Meng Qi was brought over. Her face was completely pale and grey. Her bright eyes had become much duller, and there were not even the slightest spiritual qi fluctuations from her body.

"Long Chen!" Seeing Long Chen, Meng Qi forced out a slight smile. Long Chen's head began to buzz.

"All of you should die!" Long Chen's furious roar shook the heavens. He seemed to have gone crazy, an icy killing intent surging out of him.

"Long Chen, I've already brought over Meng Qi. Hand over my son." The pavilion master couldn't help becoming a bit afraid at seeing Long Chen become crazy. He was afraid he would instantly kill Feng Xiaoyun. Then his Feng family's bloodline would be severed.

"Long Chen, stay calm. She's still in enemy's hands." Shui Wuhen lightly placed a hand on Long Chen's back, and a cool aura spread throughout his body, suppressing his own aura that was about to go berserk.

"Fine. Hand over Meng Qi." Long Chen clenched his teeth.

"You release my son first."

"You don't have a choice." Long Chen glared at the pavilion master, his voice colder than ice.

In the end, the pavilion master decided to yield again. There was no way around it, as he only had that one son left. He didn't dare let anything happen to him.

That Xiantian expert released Meng Qi, who immediately collapsed on the ground. Her soul root had been destroyed, and she was unable to use her soul energy to control her spiritual qi. Her meridians had almost instinctively absorbed the pitiful amount of spiritual qi in her body, and from that consumption, she basically had no energy at all.

However, she still smiled happily, doing her best to crawl over to Long Chen. That scene broke Long Chen's heart. He immediately pounced forward and pulled her over to his side.

Meng Qi leaned against his chest with a contented expression. Her hand gently caressed Long Chen's cheek. "Long Chen... I'm happy you came. We won't have to ever part again in the future."

Killing intent exploded out of Long Chen. He flung out Feng Xiaoyun, and with a wave of his Spiritual Strength, a roar shook the entire Wind Spirit Pavilion.

"Meng Qi, I'll kill all of them as revenge for you!" Long Chen roared.

“Everyone attack together!” The pavilion master caught his son and then handed him off to an Elder. Then his Spiritual Strength erupted, and over ten Xiantian experts also attacked with him, shooting out countless spiritual arrows at Long Chen.

BOOM!

However, when those arrows were about to reach Long Chen, they were all crushed by a barrier of light. Shui Wuhen’s hands were still in a hand seal in front of her.

“Little Snow, prepare yourself. We’ll kill them all!” shouted Long Chen.

“Don’t Long Chen!” cried Meng Qi.

“Why not?!” Long Chen hastily paused.

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“The Wind Spirit Pavilion has treated me kindly in the past, and my conduct was no different from betrayal. Now that they’ve treated me like this, I no longer owe them anything. From now on, neither of us owe the other anything. Long Chen, I’m begging you, just let this matter end here, alright?” begged Meng Qi.

“Meng Qi, why do you have to be so foolish? They’re just a bunch of brutes,” asked Long Chen.

“If I’m foolish, then I’m foolish. Long Chen, can you let me be stubborn just this once? I promise, I’ll listen to whatever you say in the future,” pleaded Meng Qi.

Long Chen viciously glared at the Wind Spirit Pavilion’s people, and then icily said, “Today, Meng Qi has saved you all. From now on, everyone should mind their own business. If you offend Meng Qi again, I swear I will erase your Wind Spirit Pavilion from this world.

“If you don’t want to die, then I’d suggest you get the hell out of the Wind Spirit Pavilion, or don’t blame me for being ruthless in the future.”

The pavilion master’s expression was extremely ugly. A junior was actually threatening him like this. All his prestige was lost.

“Who are you?” he asked Shui Wuhen.

“You don’t have the qualifications to know. Right now, Meng Qi has left your Wind Spirit Pavilion and is a member of my Xuantian Supermonastery. It’ll be best for you to stop while you can,” said Shui Wuhen.

“You... you are the Xuantian Supermonastery’s monastery head?”

Shui Wuhen snorted. Placing one hand on Long Chen and one hand on Meng Qi, her wings trembled and she disappeared from everyone’s view, leaving behind only the Wind Spirit Pavilion’s people who were gnashing their teeth in fury.



