

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 486

BOOM!

A huge sphere three hundred meters in diameter landed in the central plaza of the Wind Spirit Pavilion, causing a heaven-shaking explosion.

Countless blazing wind blades shot out, an apocalyptic scene that spread in all directions.

It was possible to see hundreds of people sticking their heads out of buildings. But when they saw that wave of blazing wind blades, they all despaired.

Those huge buildings were directly crushed to smithereens and then burned to ashes.

Countless screams rose and fell. Some tried to flee, but they were still devoured by that wave and instantly annihilated.

This one wind and flame technique instantly destroyed the majority of the Wind Spirit Pavilion. There was a bottomless hole at the center a hundred miles wide. Everything around it was a complete mess.

“Bastard, who dares attack my Wind Spirit Pavilion! I’ll tear you to pieces!”

A hysterical roar rang out, and the land split open. A group of people came flying out of a collapsed building, the person at the front being the pavilion master.

When he flew out and saw the scene around him, he directly coughed up a mouthful of blood, his eyes filled with icy killing intent.

Long Chen’s attack had destroyed the base of the Wind Spirit Pavilion, one that had been standing for millennia. At the same time, he had also severed their inheritance.

Each sect had two things that were built as soon as they were founded.

One was the ancestral statue. That was normally a statue of the first generation founder. That statue could not be destroyed, because the statue’s longevity was a symbol of how long the sect had survived.

The second thing was the main palace hall. As marks of a sect’s inheritance, those two were the most important things to a sect.

Previously, that ancestral statue had already been destroyed by Long Chen. And now, the palace hall had been crushed to smithereens by him.

Even when large sects fought, no one dared do such a thing. That was because that was an enmity where there was no rest until death.

Seeing that his Wind Spirit Pavilion had been destroyed, the pavilion master’s eyes turned scarlet, and his hair stood on end.

From the ground and the collapsed buildings, there were quite a few people crawling out of the rubble, looking around vacantly. They didn't dare believe that what they were seeing was real.

Their plaza had already disappeared to become a pit. The surroundings were a complete mess. It was unknown just how many members of the Wind Spirit Pavilion had been killed by this one attack.

"It's Long Chen!"

Someone let out a cry as he saw a man standing dozens of miles away, his hands clasped behind his back, a slight smile on his face. He waved his hands to them as if he was greeting old friends.

"Kill him!" The pavilion master roared furiously, and he immediately shot forward.

Following him, everyone who was still alive charged. Surprisingly, they still had over two thousand experts.

What was strange to them was Long Chen was still standing there with his hands clasped behind his back, still wearing a faint smile. It seemed he had no intention of fleeing.

They all surrounded him, but Long Chen still didn't move. He just lightly looked at the pavilion master, not saying anything.

"It was you who destroyed my Wind Spirit Pavilion?" demanded the pavilion master through clenched teeth.

"Yes," nodded Long Chen.

"How do you want to die?! I'll let you choose!" As he said this, his eyes scanned the surroundings.

"You don't need to look. Today, I came alone to settle our debts. It was you who had Meng Qi poisoned, correct?"

The pavilion master's eyes narrowed slightly, and he icily said, "As expected, that slut didn't die. Have you come to get the antidote? Keep dreaming. Today, I'll kill you in the most horrible way imaginable."

"Idiot, I didn't come for the antidote. I came for your lives," said Long Chen disdainfully.

"Hahaha, good. Then let me see just how you'll take my life. Today, if I let you flee, I, Feng Yaoli, will change my surname to yours!" The pavilion master actually laughed in his fury.

"I, Long Chen, wouldn't have an idiot son like you." Long Chen shook his head, appearing disgusted.

"Courting death!" One of the Elders, who had long since grown impatient, was just about to attack.

"Wait a moment!" Long Chen hastily raised his hand.

"What, are you afraid now? It's too late for that," sneered the pavilion master.

"Don't you all want to say some words?" asked Long Chen.

“What are you talking about?” asked the pavilion master.

“Well, if you don’t say anything before you die, you won’t have a chance afterward.” Long Chen pointed up to the sky.

“Idiot, who are you trying to fool with your childish tricks?” sneered the pavilion master.

“Pavilion master, look!” The Elder beside him was filled with horror, his voice quivering with terror.

“What is it?”

The pavilion master finally looked up. He became completely appalled.

At some unknown time, the entire sky had become covered with black clouds. A region of ten thousand miles had become a vortex.

That vortex was still forming, and countless flickers of light appeared in the clouds, looking like shining dragons swimming through the darkness.

At the same time, a terrifying pressure now descended upon them. Everyone’s hearts quivered. The center of this vortex was them.

“These... these are tribulation clouds!!!”

“But won’t there only be tribulation clouds once you step into the Xiantian realm?! And the scope wouldn’t surpass three hundred meters!”

“Pavilion master, you’re about to undergo your tribulation!” cried an Elder.

“That’s fucking impossible! I’ve only just reached the late Xiantian realm. My tribulation is still several decades off. This isn’t my tribulation lightning!” cursed the pavilion master.

“Then whose is it?”

After saying that, this Elder involuntarily looked towards Long Chen. He saw Long Chen nod back. “Yes, it’s mine. None of you should fight over the tribulation with me.”

“Run!”

Someone finally reacted. Who cared whose tribulation it was? Once the lightning tribulation descended, all of them would have to undergo the tribulation together.

Furthermore, that tribulation would set its intensity based on the highest person’s cultivation base. If they all underwent tribulation together, the tribulation would be set to the Xiantian realm, and everyone below that realm would all suffer.

"It's too late." Long Chen laughed. His divine ring appeared behind him, and a berserk aura soared into the clouds. He had already reached the great circle of the twelfth Heavenstage of Tendon Transformation. He was attacking the thirteenth Heavenstage.

Only once he reached the thirteenth Heavenstage would he completely transform and enter the Bone Forging realm. These thirteen Heavenstages were the most peculiar aspect of the Nine Star Hegemon Body Art.

Originally, Long Chen had touched upon the barrier yesterday and had been preparing on handling everything urgent before finding a secluded place to undergo his tribulation.

But in this world, there really were many people enthusiastic to help you find good locations. In fact, some people would be so kind as to lend their home for you to undergo your tribulation.

This time, the Wind Spirit Pavilion had truly touched upon Long Chen's taboos. Furthermore, last time when he had left, he had already warned the Wind Spirit Pavilion's disciples to leave. As for whether or not they had, it wasn't something he cared about anymore.

Now he no longer had to have any misgivings. He directly broke through that final shackle, entering the thirteenth Heavenstage.

As soon as he fully reached the thirteenth Heavenstage, the slowly revolving tribulation clouds in the sky came to a pause.

Then, with a sudden rumble, countless thunderbolts rained down. A terrifying pressure made it so even the air exploded, and those people fleeing felt as if space had suddenly frozen around them, making it so they couldn't move.

"No!"

Miserable screams of despair rang out. Unable to block the lightning's merciless descent, everyone below the Xiantian realm instantly exploded.

This lightning was simply not something people on their level could block. A single attack killed thousands. Only the Xiantian experts were capable of circulating their Spiritual Strength to defend.

They had a spiritual light barrier around them. The lightning had struck that barrier, destroying it, causing them to vomit a mouthful of blood.

However, that allowed them to block the lightning, saving their lives. Unfortunately, the thunderbolts were like drops of rain. It was not just one wave.

As a result, all those Xiantian experts repeatedly vomited blood. They continuously summoned barriers of light, attempting to survive. Dozens of them vomited blood in unison, an extremely spectacular sight.

They wanted to run, but the thunderforce had locked them down, making it so they couldn't move. They could only forcibly block. Even the pavilion master vomited a mouthful of blood after several attacks.

Within the rain of lightning, only Long Chen was looking at them oddly, wondering to himself, Why isn't the lightning tribulation as strong as last time?

When this lightning landed on his body, he barely even felt it. Seeing that made the pavilion master almost die from rage.

Finally, an Elder ended up being too slow to raise his barrier and was instantly blasted into smithereens from a bolt of lightning.

The fatal weakness of soul cultivators was their physical bodies. Even though they had reached the Xiantian realm, their bodies were not even as strong as the bodies of ordinary Bone Forging disciples.

Furthermore, that Elder's death caused all the other Elders to despair. They looked up at the tribulation clouds and saw there wasn't even the slightest sign of them scattering.

"AHH!"

Miserable screams rose and fell. Those Elders were killed one by one. The pavilion master's heart trembled, his blood turning cold.

"Long Chen, even if I have to die, you'll still die first!" The pavilion master roared, and his Spiritual Strength erupted. The world darkened as a figure appeared in the sky. It was a huge flying Magical Beast.

As soon as it appeared, it let out a miserable cry. Its body was too large, and it was instantly struck by countless thunderbolts and killed.

From the pressure coming from it, it should have been a Xiantian Magical Beast. Although it had been killed, it had still managed to block the thunderbolts from reaching the pavilion master, who now charged at Long Chen.

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"Die!" A spiritual blade appeared in his hand, and he slashed it down on Long Chen.

That spiritual blade had countless runes revolving around it that emitted a terrifying pressure. Long Chen didn't dare take it head-on, and he hastily threw himself to the side.

The spiritual blade missed. Furthermore, the Magical Beast's corpse also fell now. The pavilion master roared, "You can still move?!?!"

PFFT!

A huge bolt of lightning struck the pavilion master's body. A generation's expert died just like that.

"It was this simple?" Long Chen almost felt this was hard to believe. Such a powerful person had practically been an ant in the face of this thunderforce.

“Hehe, looks like I’ve really profited this time. Good, I won’t have to suffer.” Long Chen rejoiced. Surprisingly, the tribulation was extremely weak this time.

**RUMBLE!!!**

When the pavilion master died, a heaven-shaking rumble suddenly came from the sky, and a boundless aura locked Long Chen in place.

“What?!” Long Chen’s expression instantly changed.

