

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 809

The attack had come without the slightest warning. By the time Long Chen had reacted, a thin sword only the width of a thumb pierced his body.

In that instant, the image of a masked figure appeared in his mind. That mask was covered in many lines.

“Huang Junmo!”

Long Chen’s heart shook. He suddenly felt an explosive energy coming through the sword. An immense power was about to erupt, and if he allowed it to erupt in his body, he wouldn’t even have a corpse left.

He didn’t defend against it, nor did he try fleeing. He suppressed that instinctive desire and instead gathered all his energy into his saber, stabbing it behind him.

Having condensed all his energy within the saber, as long as it touched his opponent’s body, it would definitely release an earth-shattering power. The first thing Long Chen did was to unleash an attack to bring down his opponent with him.

The sword was quickly extracted from his back. Blood flew through the air, flowing easily. That sword seemed to possess some special energy that could make a person bleed faster.

Long Chen hastily circulated the primal chaos space. Life energy instantly healed his injuries. His saber continued forward.

Previously, this suicidal move had seemed reckless, but in truth, it was the only way he could have escaped his death.

After escaping the threat of the sword’s energy erupting within him, Long Chen still didn’t retreat but instead launched a fierce attack.

Huang Junmo was truly too terrifying. In all this time, this was the first time the Nine Star Hegemon Body Art had failed to sense the danger of a sneak attack.

Huang Junmo must have some exceedingly strange secret art to completely conceal his killing intent.

Long Chen’s sword stabbed behind him. But where he thought there would be someone, there was no one.

BOOM!

A powerful force sent Long Chen staggering forward a few steps. Looking back, he saw a masked man holding the ancient lamp. It was Huang Junmo.

He held a thin transparent sword. Without looking carefully, it was very difficult to see it.

Most importantly, there were no fluctuations coming from it. It was like it wasn’t a weapon, but just a refined piece of craftsmanship.

“Truly worthy of being Long Chen. This is the first time this move of mine has failed,” said Huang Junmo indifferently.

“This move of yours really is very powerful. It’s my first time having someone stealthily stab me,” said Long Chen.

He was furious. One reason was because of this assassination attempt, while the other reason was that the mysterious ancient lamp had ended up in Huang Junmo’s hands.

“Haha, interesting. However, this ancient lamp is something I noticed first. I also had long since seen through this trap laid by the Bonethorn Bloodmoths. They are using the fresh blood of experts to extinguish the lampwick. Then, the final formations of the island will be completely broken, and they’ll be completely free. So I was waiting here for a long time for people to come, but I didn’t expect that a big fish like you would come swimming into my trap.” Huang Junmo smiled and put away the ancient lamp.

Long Chen was startled. So Huang Junmo had seen through some clues as soon as he had arrived here and simply been lying in wait for others to step into the trap.

At this time, the other experts were still fiercely fighting the Bonethorn Bloodmoths. As for over here, although the sky was also covered in them, as long as Long Chen didn’t take the initiative to attack them, they also didn’t attack him.

“As an assassin, do you really think you can flee once you’re exposed right in front of me?” asked Long Chen, his aura slowly rising.

“Flee? No. Although one principle of assassins is to flee if we fail to kill someone in one attack, there’s no need for me to follow it. Those who follow the rules normally don’t have any ability. Although I am proficient in the Assassin Dao, that doesn’t represent that I’m the same as other assassins and can’t face people head-on. Sometimes, relying on just assassination isn’t very fun.

“Seeing so much of my prey die without even having a chance to struggle is too boring. If it weren’t for the assassin’s creed, I wouldn’t have bothered with this sneak attack just now. Luckily, you didn’t die so easily, or this game would be over already. In truth, I like to see experts die in front of me while being filled with despair,” said Huang Junmo, acting as if Long Chen was just prey in his eyes.

“I don’t think so. That attack just now was your only chance to kill me. But you missed it.”

BOOM!

Long Chen’s divine ring appeared behind him, and four stars revolved in his eyes. A terrifying pressure descended upon the world, and a constant rumbling filled the air just due to Long Chen’s existence.

An immense saber-image soared into the sky, slaughtering any Bonethorn Bloodmoths it came into contact with. Others might not be able to kill them, but they were too weak to endure a single attack from Long Chen.

Huang Junmo's pupils shrank. His aura also erupted and three-colored runes appeared behind him. He also entered his strongest state by summoning his Cry of the Heavenly Daos.

The sword in his hand slashed forward to meet Long Chen's saber. A powerful explosion shook the land. Blinding waves of light erupted.

Those waves of light spread in every direction, and the altar beside them instantly collapsed. The mountain of skeletons was also blown to bits. Guo Ran had still been in the midst of gathering treasures, and as a result, he was sent flying. Wherever these waves of light went, those Bonethorn Bloodmoths were directly torn apart.

The sky immediately brightened. The heaven-shrouding Bonethorn Bloodmoths had been greatly reduced by this attack.

"Quick, run!" Everyone immediately began to flee. But they had only just shot out when their expressions completely changed.

Because at this moment, the ground of Insect Island was all covered in Bonethorn Bloodmoths. It was like they had been waiting for this moment, and the people fleeing were met with a torrent of bone thorns.

"AHH!!" Miserable screams rang out. Those who were at the front were directly killed, while those further back had a chance to fall back.

As for Long Chen and Huang Junmo, their fight immediately provoked the huge army of Bonethorn Bloodmoths. They surged over at them. That was a true endless sea of insects.

Everyone felt despair. This was a fatal trap, and there was no chance for them to flee. Thinking of the mountain of skeletons, they were filled with terror.

Long Chen ignored the chaos. He also ignored the sea of insects. This kind of Magical Beast posed no threat to him.

After exchanging a single blow with Huang Junmo, Long Chen understood a certain principle: amongst rank three Celestials, there was an immense power difference. Huang Junmo was much stronger than ordinary rank three Celestials.

He was clearly weaker than Long Chen in terms of power, but his sword released strange fluctuations that blocked a portion of his power. That made it seem like they were evenly matched.

"Not bad. But killing power doesn't rely on brute force. I'll let you see an assassin's true speed."

Huang Junmo suddenly became like a phantom. He was clearly in front of Long Chen, but he suddenly appeared behind him, his sword stabbing toward his throat.

This speed seemed to have broken spatial resistance, and it was impossible to keep up with him with the naked eye. The instant he moved, Long Chen felt like his sword had already reached his neck. This speed was inconceivable.

It was no wonder Huang Junmo was so arrogant. With this kind of speed, even if he wanted to assassinate someone from the front, there would only be a few people that could dodge. By the time other experts noticed him, his blade would have pierced through their bodies.

Even when killing someone openly, others wouldn't have the qualifications to resist him. So it was natural that Huang Junmo had gotten bored of killing people from behind. Perhaps in the same realm, there was no one who could block this speed of his. That was why he had started to disdain sneak attacks.

He was like a ghost. Long Chen had never seen such speed. He also realized why assassins liked such thin swords. The spatial resistance was reduced to the greatest possible extent, and his attacks came silently without any warning.

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Long Chen's saber was too long, and competing with technique against him would put him at a disadvantage. Seeing Huang Junmo's attack coming, his saber suddenly slashed toward Huang Junmo's waist.

This was Long Chen's most shameless, most rascally, yet also most effective technique: a suicidal technique to bring down his opponent with him. Because in terms of speed, Long Chen definitely couldn't match an assassin. That would be competing against his opponent's strongest point, and doing so would be too stupid.

"Don't use the same technique in front of me, Huang Junmo, twice," sneered Huang Junmo. His body twisted strangely like he was made of smoke. But his sword continued to stab toward Long Chen's throat.

Long Chen also sneered. "I, Long Chen, also dislike using the same move twice."

Seeing that sneer, Huang Junmo's expression suddenly changed. From Long Chen's originally empty hand, a lightning spear condensed and stabbed toward his body.

BOOM!

His sword didn't end up reaching Long Chen. But the spear ended up touching Huang Junmo's chest.

It was unknown what was on Huang Junmo's body, but whatever it was, it had broken Long Chen's lightning spear. His lightning runes scattered into the air.

Long Chen smiled. He hadn't been hoping for this attack to kill Huang Junmo. His saber was already pointed toward the sky, and the energy he had been storing up erupted. This was his true killing blow.

"Split the Heavens 2!"

