

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 816

There was nothing on the walls now. Instead, within the huge arena, there was only a single large figure.

It was humanoid and three meters tall. It had eight arms, and there was a long horn on its head. Fangs grew out of its mouth, and its muscles bulged. A terrifying aura came from it.

That aura was different from all other experts Long Chen had encountered. It was brutal and sinister to the extreme. Even Corrupt experts didn't give off this feeling. Despite his experience in countless battles, Long Chen still felt a chill from that evil aura.

That large figure was standing there motionlessly. Its eyes were closed, and it was like a statue. Long Chen's heart clenched. Was this monster supposed to be his opponent for this level?

Buzz.

Just as Long Chen was unsure of what to do, an illusory page appeared in front of him. He quickly read it.

"The Eight-Arm Horned Devil, one of the devil races of antiquity. It possesses a pure bloodline that gives it immense power. It has already been refined into a puppet which possesses eighty percent of the original body's power.

"But it still possesses its bloodline, and its combat power can be compared to a human peak rank three Celestial. When rank three heavenly geniuses fight it, their probability of winning is nine in a thousand."

Reading those characters, Long Chen jumped in fright. Rank three Celestials had a nine in one thousand chance of winning against it? In other words, less than one percent?

"This is a life and death level. Once it's started, there is no retreat. Victory is life, defeat is death. If your power is limited and you feel you cannot defeat it, walk one hundred steps to your left and activate the runes. You will receive a peak grade Enchanted item."

Long Chen was startled. A peak grade Enchanted item was second only to a Treasure item. In fact, it almost had the qualifications to challenge Treasure items. Without even fighting, he would be able to receive such a reward. Then what if he did fight?

He was done for, definitely done for. His old illness was resurfacing. There really was no cure. Despite knowing he was done for, despite knowing he definitely shouldn't continue reading, Long Chen couldn't help himself.

"If you choose to fight, simply step within three hundred meters of the Eight-Arm Horned Devil. That will activate the puppet. If you can kill it, you will obtain a Treasure item: Flying Rainbow. Be careful, very careful!"

Damn, this really was a con. When it came to Treasure items, Long Chen only had Blooddrinker. Right now, Blooddrinker was in a deep slumber. He was precisely lacking a Treasure item.

If he didn't know that the Immemorial Path had existed for such a long time, Long Chen would even suspect this was a trap made by someone who had gotten here first.

“Treasure item: Flying Rainbow. Flying Rainbow? What could it be? Ugh, my heart hurts! I’m doomed, absolutely doomed. My See A Treasure And Can’t Walk Away Disease is getting worse and worse. I’m truly beyond hope!”

Despite clearly knowing that this Eight-Arm Horned Devil was incredibly powerful, despite knowing that fighting with it would be incredibly dangerous, the only thing echoing in Long Chen’s mind was those last four words, Treasure item: Flying Rainbow.

Long Chen was incredibly conflicted. To risk such immense danger for an unknown kind of Treasure item wasn’t worth it.

But then when he thought about giving up, since the reward was a peak Enchanted item, this level had to be extremely important. It should be the final level. In other words, the ultimate reward was behind this. That reward had to be incredible.

“Wealth lies within danger! I’m going all-out!”

Long Chen clenched his teeth and steeled himself. He calmed himself down and expelled any distracting thoughts. He had to enter his peak state.

He slowly approached the Eight-Arm Horned Devil. All his nerves were stretched taut as he focused one hundred percent of his concentration on it.

Long Chen sensed an immense threat from it, and that level of threat was fatal. Long Chen felt hatred for his own greed, but he wasn’t able to control himself. He urgently needed a powerful weapon.

Buzz.

Once he was three hundred meters away from it, a dreadful aura rose out of the Eight-Arm Horned Devil. Icy killing intent filled the entire room. It was like he had fallen into an iceberg. A bloodthirsty, berserk, and tyrannical will charged out.

A heaven-shaking roar erupted as the Eight-Arm Horned Devil’s eyes slowly opened. Those were a pair of vertical eyes that contained no mercy. Within those eyes, Long Chen could only see an incredibly dense desire to slaughter.

BOOM!

Its legs, which were thicker than a human’s waist, suddenly flexed. It shot at Long Chen like a cannonball. Two large fists whistled toward him.

Even before the fists arrived, the accompanying wind caused a thunderous rumbling. Long Chen had never seen such terrifying power before.

In this kind of situation, holding back would be courting death. Long Chen directly summoned his divine ring and Four Star Battle Armor. Endless energy surged out from within him.

BOOM!!! The entire cavern trembled fiercely. Long Chen felt his blood flipping inside him. It was like what he was blocking wasn’t a fist, but a huge mountain.

“Not good!”

He had just blocked two punches when one of the Eight-Arm Horned Devil’s other fists smashed toward him. Long Chen hastily blocked and slammed into the wall, vomiting a mouthful of blood.

He had actually forgotten that it had eight arms to hit him with. He had blocked the two at the front, while another had come from the side and almost killed him.

The Eight-Arm Horned Devil roared again. It brandished its eight fists, and suddenly thousands of fist-images surged over at Long Chen.

He was appalled. This kind of attack power and attack speed was something he had never seen before. Each one of those fists was as heavy as a mountain.

What Long Chen didn’t know was that even in the ancient times, there were very few people who would dare to challenge this eighth level. That was because the Eight-Arm Horned Devil was actually a king amongst horned devils.

The purity of its bloodline was determined by how many arms it could grow. Ordinary horned devils only had two arms. The stronger ones had four arms, and six arms were very rare. Eight arms were the pinnacle.

Although it only had a late Xiantian cultivation base, it possessed its ancient bloodline, which made it incredibly terrifying.

Those who had dared to challenge it had all been extremely prideful heavenly geniuses and shockingly talented disciples. Which one of them hadn’t had any trump cards?

But even those elites suffered a miserable price to challenge the Eight-Arm Horned Devil. Of a thousand of those elite heavenly geniuses, only nine managed to survive. It could be seen how terrifying this devil was.

Long Chen pushed his power to its peak. Lightning runes circulated around him, protecting his body. Otherwise, his physical body wouldn’t be able to receive the Eight-Arm Horned Devil’s attacks.

Even with the thunderforce protecting him, Long Chen’s body was covered in blood. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil was too monstrous. After being turned into a puppet, it had no weaknesses, and Long Chen’s full-strength attacks were unable to damage it.

Even slashing with his saber, he was unable to injure this corpse-like body. Furthermore, he found that if this continued, his Enchanted saber would shatter after a few more strikes. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil’s body was even tougher than an Enchanted item.

Blood splashed. Long Chen’s punch was met with the combined attack of four arms. His shoulder blade shattered, the bone piercing out of his skin.

He immediately retreated using the Lightning Body Blink, buying himself some time as he healed using the primal chaos space’s life energy.

He was truly in a bitter battle now. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil's body was too hard, and there were no openings. Even his famous ball-breaking kick had no effect.

It was like he had kicked two steel balls. It was Long Chen who felt a burst of pain in his foot, causing him to let out a rain of curses. Even such a place was so hard.

Clenching his teeth, Long Chen continued to fight while he tried to find its weak point. He found that its body was truly like a corpse. It had no sense of pain, and he was unable to cause any injuries.

The thing that infuriated Long Chen the most was that even after over two hours, its aura hadn't weakened in the slightest. As for him, after such a fierce battle, he was already starting to get a bit tired.

"Looks like there's really no trick to this." Long Chen had tried a thousand different tests, and now he completely understood the Eight-Arm Horned Devil. He understood that there was nothing he could do other than face it head-on.

"Split the Heavens 2!"

His saber slashed down furiously. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil was sent flying, and a large gash half a foot deep appeared on its chest.

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However, no blood flowed out of that injury. Furthermore, its aura didn't weaken in the slightest, nor were its movements affected.

Such an injury would almost cut a person in two if it landed on a human. But on the Eight-Arm Horned Devil's body, it couldn't even count as a heavy injury. Not even its bones were visible.

Long Chen thought about it. If this continued, perhaps he would need to use Split the Heavens seven or eight times to defeat it. Furthermore, each time, he would need the Eight-Arm Horned Devil to cooperate with him so that he could land each strike on the same spot.

With his current spiritual yuan, perhaps he really would be capable of using Split the Heavens seven or eight times. But by that point, his spiritual yuan would be truly exhausted. At that time, if the Eight-Arm Horned Devil still wasn't dead, then he would be doomed. Furthermore, he felt that his chances of using this method to kill it were extremely remote.

Although the Eight-Arm Horned Devil had been refined into a puppet, it still possessed its battle instincts. Thus, to repeatedly strike the same spot eight times was as difficult as defying the heavens.

With eighty percent of its power, it was already so strong. Then just how powerful had it been alive? Long Chen was deeply shaken. He truly knew very little about the world.

He continued to dodge around, hoping to see a fatal weak point that had somehow escaped him before.

But after another careful examination, he was finally positive that the Eight-Arm Horned Devil simply had no weak points.

Perhaps if it had been living, then he could rely on making it feel pain or emotion to create a weak point, but now it was just a puppet.

Taking a deep breath, he knew there was nothing else to do. He could only rely on his final trump card.

