

## NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 817

“Raging Flame Prison!”

Long Chen’s figure was like a wisp of smoke in the air as he used the Lightning Body Blink to dodge the Eight-Arm Horned Devil’s attacks. At the same time, he formed hand seals, and endless flame runes condensed in the air.

BOOM!

An immense flame prison trapped the Eight-Arm Horned Devil. After completing that, Long Chen became a bit pale as he gasped for breath.

The Raging Flame Prison was a kind of spatial magical art. Once it was formed, it couldn’t be moved. If he hadn’t trapped the Eight-Arm Horned Devil, all his efforts would have been wasted.

To lock onto an opponent during such an intense battle was extremely difficult. It was even more difficult in such a close-range hand-to-hand battle.

Furthermore, this was his first time using the Raging Flame Prison without holding back. It immediately drew all his spiritual yuan and Spiritual Strength. Now, he was in a feeble state, and his head hurt fiercely. That was a sign he had overdrawn his Spiritual Strength.

The Eight-Arm Horned Devil continuously attacked the flame prison, vainly trying to break it. But it was unable to shatter the chains formed by the flame runes.

This flame prison was not the same as when Long Chen had just been testing it. This time, he was using his full strength, and this attack was the strongest one Long Chen could use right now.

The Eight-Arm Horned Devil charged left and right, trying to break through. Its body was covered in faint flame runes that began to ignite. It quickly became a flame devil.

As it began to burn, Long Chen wiped off some cold sweat. This puppet wasn’t afraid of thunderforce, and its body was incomparably tough. If even the Raging Flame Prison was ineffective against it, he really would be doomed.

The Eight-Arm Horned Devil continuously charged to the edge of the prison, but those edges had chains condensed of flame runes. No matter how it tried, they were unbreakable.

Now he finally saw its weak point. Once it was trapped, it only knew how to instinctively struggle. That made Long Chen sigh with relief. If this continued, it would definitely die.

After all, his flame runes came from the Earth Flame. Its power was limitless. A human would have long since burned to ash or melted. Even a rank three Celestial wouldn’t be able to resist.

But this Eight-Arm Horned Devil’s body was too tough. Despite being covered in flames, it continued to attack the prison.

Due to its intense attacks, the flame prison was constantly shaking. The entire cavern was also quivering with it. It was fortunate that the Raging Flame Prison was exceedingly sturdy.

“Without the Raging Flame Prison, I would probably have died here. How could this Eight-Arm Horned Devil be so terrifying? Is it really only at the Xiantian realm?”

This was Long Chen’s first time receiving such a blow to his confidence. Just what kind of terrifying origin did this Eight-Arm Horned Devil have? How could such a terrifying thing exist without anyone in the outside world knowing about it?

Although the ancient legends mentioned battles between gods and devils, those were just legends. Furthermore, there were all kinds of sinister images of devils, but those were just drawn from human’s imagination.

“Devils? Existences that can challenge gods? They must be real, or there wouldn’t be legends of their battles...”

Long Chen suddenly felt a chill. He had a bad premonition. From the old tribe leader, he had learned that the Immemorial Path had been a trial world created for the geniuses of ancient times.

In those times, the spiritual qi in the world had been overflowing, and the cultivation world had been in its golden age. The treatment that geniuses received back then compared to now was as different as heaven and earth. Those ancient disciples received resources and treatment like they were crown princes, while the geniuses of today were poor beggars in comparison.

Since there was a legend that there had been an immense battle back then, that meant that the devil races were capable of contending against the god races. And if that were true...

The Eight-Arm Horned Devil suddenly roared. It stepped back a few steps, and its horn suddenly lit up. A ray of light pierced the prison and shot towards Long Chen.

Long Chen was startled and hastily dodged.

The light pierced right past his body and struck the wall. That wall, which had been unbreakable since the start, was pierced through as easily as if it were tofu.

If Long Chen’s reactions had been the slightest bit slower, he would have been struck head-on. And if that had happened, he doubted he would have been able to keep his life.

It was unknown what kind of energy was behind that light for it to break through such an indestructible wall. That meant that whatever that ray of light was, it possessed some kind of energy that Long Chen had never seen before.

Long Chen also realized why he had been so uneasy. It was because he had overlooked an extremely crucial point to the introduction of the Eight-Arm Horned Devil that he had read at the beginning. That had almost caused him to lose his life.

That introduction had described just how strong the Eight-Arm Horned Devil was. It had said that rank three Celestials had a nine in a thousand chance of defeating it. But Long Chen had thought that those rank three Celestials were those like Shui Guanzhi, and those that should be able to win were people like Xue You and Huang Junmo.

He had forgotten one critical matter: time. The Immemorial Path's trials were for those ancient disciples, not the disciples of this declined era. In the current age, the cultivation civilization was practically about to reach an end. Now seeing the Eight-Arm Horned Devil's powerful ray attack, Long Chen immediately had a bad feeling. It was switching from close-range to long-range battle.

BOOM!

He just barely dodged another ray, and his expression suddenly changed. This ray attack was not a limited move. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil was able to use it as many times and as fast as it wanted. Rays of light continuously shot at him at an inconceivable speed, causing Long Chen's movements to be a mess.

He sensed the threat of death from each of those rays. If he was struck by one, his physical body would probably immediately be blown apart.

Seeing it attack faster and faster, Long Chen clenched his teeth and formed new hand seals. His little remaining spiritual yuan and Spiritual Strength gathered. At the same time, his Blood Qi surged as he used it to stimulate the flame runes.

"Flame Prison Deathblow!"

Following Long Chen's shout, the flame prison rapidly shrank. In the end, it was like a birdcage trapping a large gorilla. It fiercely compressed the Eight-Arm Horned Devil.

Being crushed by the cage, it was no longer able to use its ray attack. It had to focus all its power on fighting against the shrinking cage.

The flame prison had two forms. One was the trapping form, while one was the deathblow form. The trapping form merely had the flame runes automatically circulate. There was no need to control them; they would automatically kill whatever was inside.

The deathblow form multiplied the killing power of the flame prison, but it exhausted even more Spiritual Strength and spiritual yuan. Long Chen hadn't wanted to use this move. One reason was because he hadn't used it before, and so he didn't know whether it would work.

But the other reason was that his current strength wasn't enough to use it. The slightest error would bring him a backlash from heaven and earth's energy.

The Raging Flame Prison was created through using his own runic flame energy to draw out the world's flame elemental energy. He was only putting in a tenth of the energy. The remaining ninety percent of its power came from heaven and earth.

There was a certain saying: it's easier to invite the devil in than to send him away. Once his spiritual yuan and Spiritual Strength ran out, he would be unable to control the elemental energy, and that power would erupt. At that time, he might not even have a corpse left.

That was why Sea Expansion experts wouldn't use magical arts despite having the power to use them. Unless they were pushed to the brink of death, they definitely wouldn't use them, because then their death might come even faster.

Long Chen was also only doing this because he was driven to the brink. He could only go beyond his limits now. Otherwise, if he allowed the Eight-Arm Horned Devil to continue attacking, just one strike could be fatal.

Long Chen pushed his power to his peak. His head felt like it was splitting, and he was beginning to overdraft his spiritual yuan. The Earth Flame was pushing itself, sending all its energy to Long Chen. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil roared furiously.

The Raging Flame Prison had now shrunk to seven feet. It tightly bound the Eight-Arm Horned Devil's body. Under that terrifying pressure, its body was already starting to deform. Some of its flesh was squeezed out of the flame prison.

The Eight-Arm Horned Devil's body had been burning this entire time. But what infuriated Long Chen was that its body was like a candle. Even after burning for so long, it was still fine. Instead, some oil began to drip out.

"Fuck, this isn't an oil refinery! Am I supposed to use that for stir-fry?!" Long Chen cursed furiously as he crazily pushed his limits, squeezing out his potential. In this life and death moment, he had to go all-out.

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As he crazily pushed himself, the Raging Flame Prison continued to shrink. The Eight-Arm Horned Devil was no longer able to move. In fact, it couldn't even roar. It was just a deathbed struggle.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Long Chen's sweat continuously fell to the floor. He was growing paler and paler, and his breathing was becoming labored. He had reached an absolute limit.

They were at the final moment. Long Chen was like a lamp that had run out of oil, but the Eight-Arm Horned Devil was also on the verge of death. Victory would be decided by who could endure to the end.

Suddenly, the Raging Flame Prison, which had shrunk to just five feet, expanded. Long Chen sighed inside. It was over.

The flame prison had expanded because he had finally reached his limit. He was unable to keep compressing it, and the Eight-Arm Horned Devil still wasn't dead. It crazily forced back the flame prison.

Long Chen sighed. He had truly done all he could. There was no way around it. Right now, the only thing he could do was interrupt Bloodrinker's seclusion. Otherwise, he was definitely dead.

Just as the Raging Flame Prison was growing weaker and weaker, looking like it would shatter at any moment, chanting filled the air.

