

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 841

Long Chen was incredibly fast. Although the Blood Python race's rank three Celestial had moved first, Long Chen caught up to him in just a few breaths.

Perhaps the Lightning Body Blink had a few flaws, making it not as good as Leng Yueyan's Netherworld Ghost Steps. But when it came to traveling in a straight line, his speed definitely surpassed hers.

Trying to run from Long Chen was just a joke. Even Xue You hadn't been able to escape despite him fleeing with his Treasure item, let alone this fool.

BOOM!

Flying Rainbow slashed down. The rank three Celestial hastily blocked with his whip.

As a result, he was sent flying by Long Chen. Using the force of the collision, his speed was momentarily increased by quite a bit, but the price for it was that he vomited three mouthfuls of blood.

His speed was pushed beyond his limit like never before. Just as he was hoping that he could use this speed to escape, a terrifying wind came from behind him. Another attack whistled towards him.

BOOM! Long Chen once more slashed down with his sword. As a result, the rank three Celestial vomited more blood and had his speed increase again.

From a distance, it was like a person was kicking a ball, then chased after that ball and viciously kicked it again.

The 'ball' was getting faster and faster, and its speed was already past the eyes' ability to track moving objects. However, the person behind it was even faster, and each attack would increase its speed more.

"How is this possible?! What speed is this?" The rank three Celestial was roaring furiously inside. He was tumbling through the air like a shooting star. His current speed was entirely because of Long Chen.

This speed was far past his limit. If this continued, the wind was going to crush his body.

But even after all this, Long Chen was still able to catch up and accelerate him slash after slash. Then he needed to block with his full power on every occasion. Each time he blocked, he would feel his inner organs being heavily shaken and his arms being broken over and over again. Then Long Chen would need a few breaths to catch up to him.

He used those few breaths to use the Heavenly Dao Recovery and would only just recover when Long Chen's next attack arrived.

He blocked, he was injured, his speed increased, he healed, and then the cycle repeated. He was stuck in an unending cycle, unable to control even his own body as he flew through the air.

"Bastard, you are provoking the ancient races- PFFT!"

"Brat, the Blood Python race will destroy your sect and family- PFFT!"

“If you stop now, there will still be room to talk- PFFT!”

It was very obvious the rank three Celestial was finally afraid. This move of Long Chen’s was extremely vicious. He was flying through the air out of control. He couldn’t even change his trajectory, let alone release one of his powerful moves.

Long Chen had set up this death trap in the air, and his attacks were growing more and more vicious. The rank three Celestial was constantly being injured. Now, with each attack, his arm would shatter. He almost lost his hold of his whip.

If he lost it, he would immediately be cut down. But even with it, he was constantly being injured and forced to use up his Heavenly Dao energy to heal. He wouldn’t be able to hold on for long.

At the same time, he understood Long Chen’s sinister plan. Long Chen was forcing him to rapidly use up his energy, all to make it so he would find himself powerless.

He was stuck in his death trap. The tempo was entirely under Long Chen’s control. It could be said that his death was fated as soon as he had fallen into this trap.

He wasn’t wrong. Long Chen knew that experts on this level all had countless trump cards. Furthermore, they were supported by karmic luck, which made them difficult to kill.

In truth, when he first attacked, he hadn’t been thinking of this trap. But by the third hit, he realized this was a good method. He could play this fellow to death, and so he directly began to exhaust his energy.

Did he give a damn if he was a part of the ancient races? He didn’t. They were enemies, and there was no need to be softhearted toward enemies.

At the same time, he was testing whether he really could kill an innate rank three Celestial. He wanted to confirm something.

The two of them rapidly flew through the air. As he constantly attacked, Long Chen sensed his opponent’s aura growing weaker and weaker. He was clearly running out of his core energy.

He continued to keep a close watch over his opponent’s aura as he attacked. He was searching for an opportunity to cut him down.

“Haha, Long Chen, I’ve finally found you!”

This voice was full of delight and excitement, but also dense hostility. A ray of Sword Qi slashed toward Long Chen.

Long Chen’s heart shook. He was surprised someone would attack him here. Furthermore, from the immense pressure, this person was also a peak expert.

BOOM! That attack was extremely refined and it blocked Long Chen from continuing forward. He had no choice but to slash his sword to block the Sword Qi. However, he was forced back; this person was powerful.

“Hahaha, Long Chen, I bet you never thought we would meet here.” This newcomer appeared in the air with wings on his back and runes circulating around him, which made him look like a blazing sun.

“Ji Changkong.” Long Chen’s pupils shrank slightly. This person was the Remote Heaven Gang’s number one disciple, the one Ouyang Qiuyu had told him to be wary of.

Floating in the air, Ji Changkong stared at Long Chen with an icy and sinister smile.

“Brother Changkong!” The Blood Python expert was clearly familiar with him. He stopped fleeing and stood beside Ji Changkong. He asked, “Do you know who he is?”

The Blood Python race had a bit of connection with the Remote Heaven Gang. The Remote Heaven Gang was the Eastern Wasteland’s largest gang, and so its scope was extremely broad. It did business with quite a few ancient races.

Those ancient races didn’t like interacting with the outside world, but there were some things they had no choice but to buy. And the Remote Heaven Gang was the best partner for that.

The Remote Heaven Gang would occasionally send some disciples to form some rather good relationships with the ancient races. So Ji Changkong recognized the Blood Python expert.

Although the ancient races were arrogant and looked condescendingly upon the rest of the world, they still had to be respectful to an expert like Ji Changkong. They had exchanged pointers, and he knew he wasn’t Ji Changkong’s match.

Now that Ji Changkong had taken action to save him, his first thought was to learn about Long Chen’s identity. Why was it that he had never heard of such a vicious character in the Eastern Wasteland?

“He is Long Chen. Previously, he was completely obscure, but later, he obtained some unknown dogshit luck that caused his reputation to soar. Then he began to consider everyone else beneath him. This idiot’s sect is our Remote Heaven Gang’s opponent, the Xuantian Dao Sect. So I’m sure brother Lie Yan knows what to do!” said Ji Changkong.

“Long Chen? It seems I have heard of this name. Fuck, this bastard killed quite a few people from my Blood Python race. I’ll tear him apart. Don’t worry, brother Changkong, if that Xuantian Dao Sect dares to not appreciate kindness and tries to find trouble for your Remote Heaven Gang, my Blood Python race will definitely stand by your side,” swore the Blood Python expert.

Ji Changkong smiled. His Remote Heaven Gang had been secretly engaging in business all around in order to form relationships. It was all to get these ancient races and ancient families’ support.

They had to gather those powers so that they could challenge the Xuantian Dao Sect. Even if the Xuantian Dao Sect was powerful, it couldn’t possibly become enemies with all the Eastern Wasteland’s powers, right?

The Xuantian Dao Sect clearly felt that they were above the Remote Heaven Gang. Other than interacting with a few of their subordinate powers, they rarely interacted much with the rest of the cultivation world.

So the Remote Heaven Gang's leader, Ji Hongling, had been planning on showing their power to everyone right before the Immemorial Path had opened. As a result, in front of everyone, she was beaten like a dog by Ouyang Qiuyu, and she had almost become a dead dog.

Who asked her to be unlucky? Most of the ancient races and other powers that were friendly with the Remote Heaven Gang had been at the other entrance, so no one had come to help her.

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As a result, Ji Hongling could only hand this mission to Ji Changkong. Once he entered the Immemorial Path, he was to go all-out to slaughter the Xuantian Dao Sect's main disciples. It would be best if he could kill them all.

"Long Chen, are you mute now? In front of the Immemorial Path, didn't you like to show off so much? Even Huang Junmo and Yu Changhao are interested in you. Why don't you say some final words now?" Ji Changkong icily stared at Long Chen, his voice full of disdain as well as a bit of envy and hatred.

His hatred stemmed from Huang Junmo and Yu Changhao, especially Yu Changhao. He was said to dominate the ancient race's junior generation, the future leader of the ancient races.

As soon as he had come, he had ignored him and provoked Long Chen. That was a humiliation to Ji Changkong. From start to end, Yu Changhao had ignored him.

As for Huang Junmo, his arrival had also shaken everyone, causing all those young experts to hold their breath in fear. He had also targeted Long Chen while not giving a damn about him. So all this hatred would now be released on Long Chen.

"Is it his karmic luck, or is it my bad luck?"

Long Chen narrowed his eyes as he looked at Ji Changkong. Just what was karmic luck? Was it that the heavens were intentionally stopping him from killing one of their innate rank three Celestials?

"Ji Changkong, have you come to lose your head with him? If that's the case, I am willing to help you out." Long Chen slowly raised his sword, pointing it at them. His aura began to condense. He knew that the true battle was about to start.

"My head? That's right, I wanted to send you a gift. Hopefully, you can kindly accept it." Ji Changkong suddenly smiled sinisterly, showing off a certain thing in his hand.

When he saw that thing, Long Chen's gaze immediately became icy cold. His robes danced with no wind as his killing intent soared into the heavens.

