

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 941

Thousands of experts had occupied the Xuantian Dao Sect now. Those people all possessed powerful auras, and they didn't bother concealing their killing intent at all.

"The ancient races!"

Ouyang Qiuyu was startled. She hadn't expected that their greeters wouldn't be their disciples, but thousands of ancient race experts instead.

These people were all powerful experts from the various large ancient races. They had all reached Foundation Forging at least, and there were over ten of them with exceptionally powerful auras. They were half-step Kings.

That furious roar had come from an ancient race elder with two golden wings on his back.

"The ancient races have always been neutral. For you to suddenly attack my Xuantian Dao Sect, do you think we're an easy target?" raged Ouyang Qiuyu. This was absolutely intolerable.

Over ten half-step Kings had led thousands of Foundation Forging experts to occupy the Xuantian Dao Sect. That was an absolute insult.

The ancient races usually lived in seclusion, rarely interacting with the rest of the world. Everyone knew that the ancient races were too powerful to provoke. But now they saw that the rumors of their power didn't do them justice. The aura of over ten half-step Kings and thousands of Foundation Forging experts made it hard for them to breathe.

"Hmph, our ancient races have always minded our own business when it came to the Xuantian Dao Sect. However, you ended up giving birth to a brute who slaughtered masses of our disciples. Today, if you don't hand over Long Chen and the other main offenders, the eight hundred allied ancient races will destroy your Xuantian Dao Sect!" shouted the winged elder.

That elder was precisely the patriarch of the Feather race. He was a half-step King and also one of the leaders of the ancient races.

Yu Changhao was the descendant he looked the most favorably upon. He was the Feather race's hope of soaring. When he had heard that he had been killed, he had coughed up a mouthful of blood.

When the ancient race disciples that escaped the Immemorial Path reported what had happened, all the ancient races had gone mad.

Over ninety percent of their elite disciples had been killed. As for their peak experts, they had all been slaughtered. Hearing the news that so many of them had advanced to rank four Celestials but had still been killed drove them mad.

They had charged their way into the Xuantian Dao Sect, imprisoning all their disciples and waiting for Ouyang Qiuyu to return.

Now that she had, they immediately set down their conditions. Either hand over Long Chen, or have the Xuantian Dao Sect destroyed.

They weren't bragging. Sixteen half-step Kings and thousands of Foundation Forging experts could be considered the full power of the ancient races.

They didn't just want to kill Long Chen; they wanted to express their fury and let the entire Eastern Wasteland know that whoever dared to anger the ancient races would pay a terrible price.

If the Xuantian Dao Sect didn't have the head sect backing it, they would have long since killed all their disciples and destroyed the sect.

"Then let me see just how you will destroy the Xuantian Dao Sect. If you destroy my sect today, then the head sect's people will arrive and pull you up by the roots. Do you want to come and try it?" sneered Ouyang Qiuyu.

For him to arrogantly say he would destroy the Xuantian Dao Sect was completely intolerable. Ouyang Qiuyu didn't believe he really would dare to destroy her sect. But it was true that he did have that power.

"You are intentionally angering me!" he roared.

"It's you that's being completely unreasonable! Do your actions match the dignity my Xuantian Dao Sect deserves?!" Ouyang Qiuyu roared back. She pointed to the statue at the center of the plaza.

That was the mark of the Xuantian Dao Sect. It had actually been half destroyed by the ancient races.

"We're unreasonable? Bullshit! That brute you raised colluded with the aboriginals to slaughter ancient race disciples? Just how do you plan on paying that debt?!" roared an elder with a claw-like hand.

He was from the Great Eagle race and was also a half-step King. What he was most furious about was that none of his Great Eagle race's disciples had returned alive.

Hearing this, Ouyang Qiuyu came to a sudden comprehension about why Long Chen would want to leave the Xuantian Dao Sect. However, she had long since been prepared and she still sneered, "So what? The struggle of the martial path dictates that life and death are up to fate. Are your ancient races allowed to kill others for their treasures while others can't resist?"

Although she didn't know the whole story, she was able to guess what had happened based on how arrogant the ancient races were and how they didn't place the human race in their eyes. They viewed humans as prey.

However, she hadn't expected Long Chen to have been so vicious. It seemed he had killed a truly massive amount of ancient race disciples.

But Ouyang Qiuyu threw caution to the wind. She felt that even if she had to die, she couldn't give such a peerless genius to them. Long Chen was the pride of the Xuantian Dao Sect's Eastern Wasteland branch.

"You... you are courting death like this!" raged the Feather race's half-step King.

“Don’t spout so much bullshit. The conflict between us has nothing to do with the ordinary disciples. They are innocent, so release them,” said Long Chen.

“Brute, I will tear you apart piece by piece, stripping you of your skin, tearing out your muscles, crushing your bones-!”

“That’s a matter for later. First, release the innocent people,” said Long Chen.

The Feather race’s half-step King’s fury soared. However, he still maintained a bit of rationality, and he waved his hand. A Foundation Forging expert sneered, “We’ll give you this group of trash. The human race really likes wasting food on garbage.”

A bag appeared in his hand. It was unknown what kind of hide it was made of, but it released powerful fluctuations. He opened it, and a group of people tumbled out.

That bag was an extremely rare spatial item. The disciples guarding the Xuantian Dao Sect all tumbled out.

“Bastard!”

Seeing those disciples, the Xuantian Dao Sect’s experts’ eyes almost tore out of their sockets, and they clenched their teeth so hard that they creaked.

Those disciples had needles impaling their bodies all over. They were covered in blood, and their throats were shackled like they were livestock. Their shackles were all connected by chains.

“Inferior human race, we should treat you just like animals. All you are is a group of-”

A blood-colored light flew over. That person’s sneer was cut short as he exploded.

“Fuck, you damn animals!” After killing that ancient race expert, Long Chen’s killing intent didn’t weaken. He saw Shui Wuhen’s figure amongst the crowd.

“Little brute, you dare?! Kill him!” The ancient race experts had originally been on the verge of going berserk, and Long Chen’s attack pushed them over the edge. They all erupted with powerful auras and charged at Long Chen.

The sound of a drum rang out, and those attackers were knocked back by a terrifying force. Ouyang Qiuyu stood in the sky, the Heaven Catching Drum above her. She icily glared at the ancient race experts.

The rest of the Xuantian Dao Sect’s forces hastily went up and removed the shackles, rescuing those disciples who had been tortured into an incredibly weak state.

Long Chen helped out Shui Wuhen, pain in his eyes. Shui Wuhen sighed. “Big sister is getting more and more useless.”

“It’s not your fault. These brutes are too strong. Just rest for now. In a bit, you’ll see how I get revenge for you.” Long Chen had Meng Qi and Tang Wan-er support Shui Wuhen.

Just now, his fury had erupted, but now, just as quickly, he calmed back down. He looked at these overbearing ancient race experts.

“Ouyang Qiuyu, are you trying to force us?”

That Feather race’s half-step King took out an ancient bow, which released terrifying fluctuations. Even without attacking, it was obvious it was a King item.

Rumbling filled the air as the other half-step Kings also took out King items. Seventeen King items had now appeared. Even before they released their powers, they caused space to twist around them. Once they were activated, the Xuantian Dao Sect would be blown to bits.

“I would rather shatter as jade than stay whole as a roof tile!”

Ouyang Qiuyu icily stared at the half-step Kings, refusing to concede a single step. Even facing sixteen King items, her expression was determined.

“Shatter as jade!”

“Shatter as jade!”

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“Shatter as jade!”

The Xuantian Dao Sect’s disciples were affected by Ouyang Qiuyu’s display. They all roared as their fear at the King items’ power disappeared. Their blood boiled. In fact, they even seemed a bit crazy.

The ancient races were absolutely intolerable. They had humiliated the disciples of their sect. Under the pressure of powerful enemies, the Xuantian Dao Sect displayed an unprecedented cohesiveness. This pressure brought out their determination.

“Sect master, activate the King item! We’ll fight to the death with these bastards!” roared the Xuantian Dao Sect’s disciples. If it weren’t for the power difference, they would have already charged forward. All they hoped was for Ouyang Qiuyu to activate her King item and launch her most powerful attack.

Although they knew that after this attack, other than the half-step Kings, practically no one else would be able to survive, they were willing to exchange their lives for their enemies’.

“Since you’re so foolish, then you can die. I don’t believe that the Xuantian Dao Sect will truly dare to become enemies with the millions of ancient races in this world. Die, ants!”

The Feather race’s half-step King’s face twisted in savagery. He actually activated his bow. The wind and clouds changed color. Space trembled as if it was about to crumble.

“Idiots, the only ones to die will be you.” Another ancient race’s half-step King sneered and took out an ancient diagram. It released runes that protected all the Foundation Forging experts. This was clearly a protective King item that could prevent their people from being injured.

“Die you inferior ants!” The other half-step Kings also activated their King items. Over ten attacks shot toward Ouyang Qiuyu.

“Senior Eastern Wasteland Bell, exterminate them for me,” said Long Chen.

