

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2719

This time, Mo Nian led his group not into Resentful Death City, but simply to the Corrupt God Cemetery. There, the Mo family's disciples unleashed a torrent of arrows, and after killing a few of their guards, they ran.

Mo Nian had caught them off guard. They had thought that he would wait until everyone was in their meditative states again before trying to disturb them again.

However, he acted contrary to the ordinary, launching a sneak attack the very next day and simply running after killing a few people. Despite the damage being insignificant, it infuriated the Undying race.

For the next few days, Mo Nian continued to attack unpredictably. Sometimes it would just be two or three days between attacks, sometimes it was six or seven days. But every now and then, he would attack multiple times in one day.

Every time, he would merely launch some attacks and then run, so the Undying race was unable to touch a single hair on his head. There was not a single casualty amongst the Dragonblood warriors and the Mo family's disciples.

Although they didn't gain much with each attack, their enemies were unable to stop them. Their numbers were slowly ground away, infuriating the Undying race.

They also tried to sneak attack the Martial Heaven Continent, but with Mo Nian and the others guarding the channel, they were completely blocked. If they wanted to get through, they would have to get past the Dragonblood warriors with the Mo family's disciples unleashing a rain of arrows behind them.

If they wanted to charge through, they would have to pay a heavy price. But then what? What if Mo Nian then used the Central Plains Cauldron to seal the way back? They would be trapped on the Martial Heaven Continent. Even their ancestor had been killed once, but for them, if they were killed, there would be no going back.

"Are you even thinking about your own cultivation?!" roared one of the Undying race's experts.

It had been almost a month. Resentful Death City had been tormented by Mo Nian's random attacks, causing their core forces to be woken out of their meditative state time and time again, slowing down their cultivation speed.

Just one group of the Dragonblood Legion and the Mo family's legion was holding them up. Although it looked like everyone was suffering together, in truth, the Martial Heaven Continent did not just have the Dragonblood Legion. Behind them were countless disciples focused on their cultivation, with no one disturbing them. That was a large threat to the invaders.

"We want to cultivate too, but you won't let us. What else can we do?" Mo Nian shrugged helplessly.

"How about starting now we have a temporary ceasefire?" said one of the Undying race's experts, finally submitting.

"How will that ceasefire be enforced? You shameless fellows will attack us whenever you want. How can we possibly trust you?" sneered Mo Nian.

“We can swear on the Undying Spirit not to invade the Martial Heaven Continent within the next half year. How’s that?”

Mo Nian was sneering inside. Were the Undying race’s experts all so stupid? So they would only attack after half a year?

Perhaps this half-a-year timeline was extremely important to the Undying race. This expert had inadvertently revealed a secret to them without even realizing it.

“Alright. Then we’ll have a ceasefire for half a year. We’ll meet in half a year,” said Mo Nian.

“That’s no good! You have to swear an oath!” demanded the Undying expert. This fellow before him appeared particularly shameless to him.

“Alright. Using the name of the Martial Heaven Continent’s number one expert of the junior generation, Long Chen, I swear. If we betray this oath, Long Chen will be struck by five-colored lightning,” swore Mo Nian.

That serious appearance of his almost caused Gu Yang and the others to burst into laughter. Five-colored lightning? That was an appetizer when Long Chen went through his tribulations. When had he ever cared about it?

However, the Undying race didn’t understand that. They also had five-colored lightning tribulations, and they were a sure-death heavenly punishment from the Heavenly Daos for those that didn’t respect it.

Seeing him swear such a solemn oath, the Undying experts retreated. They could finally relax. However, half a month later, Mo Nian broke this oath, launching an attack once more.

Due to the enemies relaxing their guard, Mo Nian managed to sneak into the core of Resentful Death City again. However, he was shocked to find that there was a gigantic tower there now. It had nine levels, and each level was filled with countless disciples cultivating.

There was a sea of experts around the tower. Just those experts on the outside numbered in the millions and millions.

Mo Nian was stunned to see such a sight. How did this generation of Undying race have so many powerful experts?

Seeing that terrifying scene, Mo Nian prepared to unleash one of his ultimate techniques in order to kill as many of them as he could.

However, his aura leaked at that moment, and he was locked onto by multiple powerful experts. Hence, Mo Nian only had time to unleash one heaven-shaking arrow to disturb the laws of the Heavenly Daos, forcing these people out of their cultivation state.

“Kill!”

Ye Ming appeared from the top of the tower. He was the first to attack Mo Nian. When Mo Nian saw him, he jumped in shock.

Ye Ming had advanced to the seventh Heavenstage. As for Mo Nian, even with the support of Long Chen's medicinal pills, he had only reached the third Heavenstage. He was only at the early stage, while Ye Ming had advanced to the late stage of Heaven Merging.

Mo Nian instantly connected this result with the giant tower and the Undying disciples inside the tower. Ye Ming's quick cultivation speed had to be related to these millions of disciples.

At the same time, Mo Nian understood why the Undying race had said that they only needed half a year. At this rate, Ye Ming would easily become a Sovereign before half a year.

They had gathered the power of an entire world just to support one person. Ye Ming's aura towered over Mo Nian's, and with a wave of the hand, black qi filled the sky.

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"Someone who lost to Long Chen isn't qualified to challenge daddy Mo!" Mo Nian snorted, and the Central Plains Cauldron above his head unleashed a ray of light. As a result, the void was torn open, and he immediately fled.

At this moment, explosions rang throughout Resentful Death City. The Dragonblood Legion and the Mo family's disciples had also snuck in, placing Guo Ran's bombs around the outer edges of the city. Mo Nian had snuck into the core on his own, and the disturbance he made immediately caused them all to flee. Once they fled, those bombs suddenly exploded. The detonation of hundreds of bombs caused all of Resentful Death City to shake.

Even space became so unstable that even Heaven Merging experts didn't dare to tear through the void for fear of being sucked into a wild chaotic stream of space.

"Bastard! I'll kill him!" raged Ye Ming. Mo Nian had caused them repeated trouble. If it weren't for him, he would perhaps have reached the eighth Heavenstage.

However, just as he was about to move, he was grabbed by a withered hand. Gui Si appeared.

"Don't let such petty matters interfere with what's important," barked Gui Si.

Ye Ming's expression sank. After that, he suppressed his fury and returned to the top of the tower to cultivate. However, he really was furious and unable to enter his meditative state for a while.

Gui Si turned to one of the Undying race's elders. "Since it's been exposed, gather three million disciples to defend the channel. Even if their lives are forfeit, these people cannot be allowed to continue to interfere. So what if these people kill them? How many can they really kill? The Martial Heaven Continent's dying struggle won't last much longer."

Gui Si looked in the direction of the Martial Heaven Continent. He then sneered and turned away. However, when he turned away, a bloody wound appeared on his mouth. That was the scar of a sword.

