

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 2798

This cemetery was instantly surrounded by countless experts, and Mo Nian's expression changed. These people's auras were many times stronger than the Nine Underworld Hunters he had encountered.

After that, rays of divine light shot toward the two of them. Mo Nian cried out in terror. This was too fast for him to even react.

However, light suddenly shone from the hat on his head, blocking those attacks.

"What are you standing there like an idiot for? Run!" Daoist Que De pushed Mo Nian. When Mo Nian took a step, his new worn-down leather boots lit up. After that, his body actually floated and he shot away. In just a few steps, he arrived in front of the barrier.

It had to be known that upon entering the immortal world, the spiritual yuan in his body was severely suppressed. He was unable to fly like on the Martial Heaven Continent, let alone tear through space with a wave of his hand.

In order to fly here, Mo Nian would need to refine some immortal spiritual qi. However, having just ascended, he had no such thing in his body and couldn't even use his magical arts. He was just like a non-cultivator.

However, his boots and hat were miraculous, and he was able to activate them with just a thought. Without needing another reminder, he smashed his shovel at the barrier.

BOOM!

A giant hole appeared in the barrier, and the two of them fled out of it.

The others chased them while cursing. In general, their cursing was about how immoral they were and to stop and fight.

Fortunately, Mo Nian's boots brought him flying away. His legs moved so fast they were like wheels. After an hour of running, Mo Nian had long since lost sight of those people. He finally stopped, panting like a dog. The only difference was that he didn't stick his tongue out.

Furthermore, after running for so long, he felt his soul ache. He was also dizzy and nauseated.

"Hehe, this is the higher plane. The immortal spiritual qi here has been absorbed into your body due to your efforts. You'll get used to it. Once you have become accustomed to the immortal world, your master will pass some secret arts to you. Our line will grow to new heights." Daoist Que De stopped as well. He had been right behind Mo Nian the entire time. "I was actually worried for you, but your fleeing skills are amazingly refined. I can tell that you've been chased by countless people in the lower plane."

"Master, I was foolish before," said Mo Nian, a bit uneasy. He hadn't expected that what he had thought to be trash would actually be treasures. He had gone a bit too far just now.

"Hehe, I'm your master. A master is like a father. Why would I quibble with you over these things?" Daoist Que De smiled.

“Master, you’re so powerful, so why did we run? Why not beat them?” asked Mo Nian.

Although Daoist Que De had yet to show his true power, considering that he was like a phantom following Mo Nian, leaving those other experts in the dust, it was clear he was stronger than them.

“Does it have anything to do with being stronger? I dug out their tombs. It’s rude, so I will kindly make up for it by not returning punches or curses. Remember little one, this is the rule of our line. Don’t break it,” said Daoist Que De solemnly.

“Master, what kind of line are we in? Is it some sect?” asked Mo Nian.

“Listen well. We are the line of the Immeasurable Palace. I am the ninety-seventh generation palace master, and you are my only disciple. In the future, you will be the ninety-eighth generation palace master,” said Daoist Que De.

Mo Nian was delighted. He hadn’t expected to muddle his way into such a grand power as soon as he entered the immortal world. His future prospects were truly immeasurable.

“Haha, excellent! I’ll make that little fellow, Long Chen, die of envy the next time we meet!” Mo Nian laughed delightedly. It seemed that he could already see the day of millions of immortals worshiping him.

“Who is Long Chen?” asked Daoist Que De randomly.

“He’s the only one to put me at a disadvantage when it comes to showing off. But that fellow’s luck is terrible. He definitely won’t have this kind of good luck like me,” said Mo Nian, very pleased. “Master, where is our Immeasurable Palace located? Can you bring your disciple to see it?”

“There’s no need for such a thing.”

“Why not?”

“It was torn down.” Daoist Que De shrugged helplessly.

“What...?” Mo Nian was dumbfounded. “Then can’t you build a new one? Where are the Immeasurable Palace’s disciples?”

“Aren’t they right here?” Daoist Que De stared at him.

“Are you kidding? Don’t tell me that in the entire Immeasurable Palace, I’m the only disciple!”

Daoist Que De nodded. “That’s correct. Starting at the thirty-seventh generation, we started to pass down our inheritance from one master to one apprentice all the way to now.”

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Mo Nian almost coughed up a mouthful of blood. It was completely different from his imagination. “Why does it feel like your Immeasurable Palace has already declined? Are you conning me?”

“Hehe, that’s the wrong way to put it. Child, eight thousand years ago, I swept through the hundred domains and thousand prefectures in search of an outstanding successor, but I didn’t find a single person I could pass my inheritance down to. If I didn’t have a bit of power, do you think I’d be so picky? Let me put it to you this way: if you can learn everything I have to teach, there will be no one in this world who dares to offend you. Of course, if you are skilled enough, you can revitalize our Immeasurable Palace. Then you would be the most amazing figure other than our Immeasurable Immortal Venerate,” said Daoist Que De.

Mo Nian felt stunned, not knowing how much of what this old fellow was saying was true. Furthermore, the latter’s wretched smile did not feel reliable.

As the two of them spoke, an immortal sword slashed through the void, making Mo Nian feel like his soul would explode. He didn’t know what kind of existence had just appeared.

Suddenly, Daoist Que De’s wretched smile vanished. He then unleashed a palm, and a rainbow bridge appeared in the air.

The rainbow bridge was destroyed but blocked the attack. Meanwhile, Daoist Que De grabbed Mo Nian and fled.

“Who is that? How are they so terrifying?” asked Mo Nian.

“It’s an Immortal King. In terms of power, he’s sloppy, but he’s completely unreasonable and immoral. For this kind of person, I decided to clean out his ancestral tomb, and he’s been chasing me for three days. According to the rules, I can’t fight back, so I can only flee. Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it in a few years. Your master will lead you through various ancient tombs to excavate the remnants of history and find the mystery of the Immeasurable Palace’s fall,” said Daoist Que De.

Who would have thought that just a few years from now, this Immoral Daoist would raise a figure who would shake the entire immortal world?

