

NINE STAR HEGEMON BODY ARTS Chapter 3360

“No way!”

Within an underground tomb, with countless ancient murals carved in the surroundings, Mo Nian was standing atop a giant coffin. But at this moment, the spatial channel at the bottom of the coffin was gone.

Furthermore, this tomb’s solid stone walls began to sag, and the stones started to fall apart like sand. It was like all its energy had been used up, and it was about to collapse.

Mo Nian ignored the crumbling tomb and muttered to himself, “A spatial channel across heavens was made using this tomb’s death spiritual qi. No wonder it was so easy to get in. Hmm, Long Chen was stuck in the middle of the channel when it crumbled, but there’s no way that this fellow would die. However, within the cycle of the six Daos and nine heavens, who knows where he’s going to end up? Isn’t this fellow’s luck a bit too bad?”

Mo Nian was speechless. Just as he saw this fellow again, he vanished. Also, Mo Nian couldn’t find him even if he wanted to.

Suddenly, space shuddered and a figure appeared within the tomb. It was a murderous-looking Enpuda.

This scheme that he had plotted carefully for so long was ruined. The master of this tomb was someone he had enmity with, so he used this tomb to create this seamless trap, only for Mo Nian to ruin things at the final moment. So, the rage he felt right now was indescribable.

Only now did Mo Nian realize that the person he had cursed as a damn fatty was actually a World King. He felt a chill. So it was this fellow who had wanted to kill Long Chen.

“I don’t know that fellow named Long Chen! Hey, we’re both fatties. I’m a fatty too. All fatties beneath the heavens are on the same side, so there’s no need for us to kill each other, right? Why would a fatty make things hard for a fellow fatty? Am I right?” Mo Nian suddenly smiled warmly. That smile was as wretched as it could be.

“The Immoral Daoist ruined one of my major matters back in the day, and he almost got me killed. Today, you also ruined an important plan of mine. You let Long Chen escape, so you can just die!”

Enpuda furiously smashed a palm at Mo Nian. And with an explosive sound, Mo Nian was blasted into powder.

However, when that powder appeared, Enpuda was even more enraged. “Death substitution art?! That immoral ghost taught you his techniques, huh? But you can’t escape!”

BOOM!

The earth exploded and a giant wave of earth spread. Enpuda’s figure pierced out of the land.

However, just as he shot out of the earth, a shovel smacked him in the face viciously. As a result, Enpuda’s fat face was completely deformed, and he was sent flying.

Mo Nian had long since dug his way here and was waiting. His death substitution art teleported the main body a short distance away. Enpuda knew about this move and knew that Mo Nian couldn't have run far. However, Mo Nian also knew that Enpuda would chase him. As a result of all these circumstances, he managed to smack Enpuda with his shovel.

Originally, with Enpuda's cultivation base, a sneak attack like this shouldn't have worked against him. What kind of joke was that? He was an assassin with a shockingly sharp spiritual perception.

However, he was unfortunate. This technique was something that Mo Nian had secretly learned from Long Chen, and it had the same principle as Long Chen's face-slapping art. A shovel naturally wasn't a killing tool. So, when Mo Nian didn't use any killing intent, it was just like Long Chen's slap. It was the most successful move in Mo Nian's arsenal since he had entered the immortal world.

The shovel had smacked Enpuda's face solidly. But it didn't cause any damage other than a stinging pain on his face.

Upon seeing Mo Nian holding the shovel in one hand and a photographic jade in the other hand, Enpuda's head buzzed. The calm coolness of an assassin instantly vanished like smoke, and he charged at Mo Nian in a wild fury.

"Hahaha, I, Mo Nian, have finally made myself famous. A grand World King was smacked by my shovel. If this photographic jade spreads, the name of Mo Nian will definitely resound throughout the nine heavens and ten lands."

Mo Nian laughed. He then turned and ran. After that, a pair of worn-down boots on his feet glowed, and with a single step, he seemed to teleport, appearing thousands of miles away.

"Stop right there!"

Enpuda roared and shot after him. He vanished, reappearing right behind Mo Nian. But before he could attack, Mo Nian was already far in the distance. Even a World King like Enpuda who was in control of a law for shortening space and had unimaginable speed was not able to catch up to Mo Nian and his shoddy boots.

"Why should I stop? Are you going to treat me to a meal? Ah, speaking of which, you know what, you look a little familiar... Wait... what the fuck? You couldn't be that Enpuda from some blood hall, right?" Mo Nian turned to look back at Enpuda as he ran. He suddenly recognized him.

Mo Nian had spent all his time underground working on his 'archaeology', so he didn't know that much about what was happening on the surface. He wanted to make a name for himself in the immortal world, and if he acted according to the Immoral Daoist's instructions, his name would quickly resound throughout the nine heavens and ten lands.

The facts proved that the Immoral Daoist was indeed immoral. But he never lied. After inheriting the mantle of the Immoral Daoist, Mo Nian had become a scourge on the immortal world. Countless people cried out for his death, so he already had quite some fame.

Mo Nian always worked hard. In the mortal world, it could be said that he had completely lost to Long Chen. But in the immortal world, he swore to definitely be more famous than Long Chen.
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So, he was specifically picking out the ancient tombs of supreme experts from the ancient era. He was constantly improving himself and had reached the third Heavenstage of the Divine Lord realm. He was definitely working hard.

Regretfully, through the spatial channel, he was unable to tell the cultivation bases of other people. If he knew that Long Chen was only at the seventh Heavenstage of Four Peak, he would definitely be overjoyed.

Mo Nian looked at Enpuda. Seeing the latter so infuriated, that already gave him his answer.

“Hahaha, I actually smacked the great Enpuda with my shovel! My name is definitely going to shake the heavens, now! Hahaha!” Mo Nian was delighted. He almost started dancing.

“Little bastard, stand still!” roared Enpuda. But Mo Nian’s boots were strange. They seemed to contain a spatial law. Even he, a grand World King, was unable to catch up to Mo Nian.

“You damn fatty, call me daddy Mo, understand?! Do you believe me when I say I’ll smack you with my shovel again?!”

Mo Nian had absolute confidence in his boots, and he didn’t seem the slightest bit afraid of Enpuda. He had profited immensely today. As long as he spread the photographic jade of him smacking Enpuda with his shovel, it would definitely cause huge waves. That was Mo Nian’s greatest desire.

“You son of a bitch, even if you have those boots, how long can you last? Once your divine source is exhausted, I’ll tear out your bones and muscles, and then refine your soul for eternity!” roared Enpuda.

“Tch, how long can I last? Until a damn fatty like you spits out blood! Ever since entering the immortal world, I don’t know about anything else, but I have never met someone above me when it comes to fleeing other than my master. Come, your daddy Mo will see just how long you can keep up with me!” sneered Mo Nian disdainfully.

Just like that, two figures shot through the air like two shooting stars. The astral winds erupting from their figures shattered mountains and split rivers. Countless devil beasts fled in shock, with some being sent flying without even realizing what was happening.

