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Chapter 133 133: Third Challenge (Part 2)

As the elders watched from a distance, they couldn't help but be amazed by the battle that was unfolding before their eyes. They were completely engrossed in the fight, watching every move with bated breath.

"I can't believe what I'm seeing," one of the elders whispered. "The sect master is truly an incredible fighter. I've never seen him fight so seriously before."

Another elder nodded in agreement. "Yes, he's completely focused on the fight. It's like nothing else exists for him right now except for this battle."

"Remarkable," said Elder Shiro, his eyes fixed on the combatants. "I have never seen the sect master move with such grace and fluidity. His sword dao techniques are truly impressive."

Another elder nodded in agreement. "Indeed. And look at the Fishman's strength and power. He is a formidable opponent too."

An elder spoke up, "It's not often that we get to see our sect master in action like this. He's usually so calm and reserved, but now he's fighting with everything he's got."

An elder added, "I'm just glad we're not in the middle of that fight. It's clear that both of them are incredibly skilled, and the power of their attacks is not something to be taken lightly."

As the battle raged on, the elders continued to watch with bated breath, marveling at the incredible display of martial prowess before them. They knew that this was a rare and special moment, one that they would never forget.

But suddenly, their eyes widened in shock as they saw the unthinkable happen. The Fishman had managed to get a hold of the sect master and was dragging him towards the deep water. The elders held their breath, their hearts racing as they watched the scene unfold before their eyes.

Kaelar struggled against the Fishman's grip, his sword slipping from his grasp as he was pulled deeper and deeper into the water. The Fishman's trident glinted menacingly as he prepared to strike the final blow.

"You are a worthy opponent, human," the Fishman growled, "but in the end, it is I who will emerge victorious."

Kaelar gritted his teeth, his eyes blazing with determination. "Not today, Fishman," he spat, summoning his inner strength.

With a burst of energy, Kaelar broke free from the Fishman's grip, propelling himself upwards towards the surface of the water. As he broke through the surface, he let out a powerful roar, channeling his spiritual energy into his sword once again.

With a flash of blue lightning, Kaelar dove back down towards the Fishman, his sword dao technique enhanced by his cultivation level. The Fishman swung his trident, but Kaelar easily dodged the attack, slipping past the Fishman's defenses and striking him with a devastating blow.

The Fishman roared in pain as Kaelar's sword pierced his side, sending him tumbling backwards through the water. Kaelar followed him, his sword dancing through the water as he struck the Fishman again and again.

The Fishman fought back with all his might, his trident flashing as he tried to strike Kaelar. But Kaelar was too quick, too skilled, and too determined to be defeated. He parried the Fishman's attacks with ease, countering with his own powerful strikes.

As the battle reached its climax, the water around them began to boil, the energy of their attacks creating waves and currents that threatened to pull them both under. But Kaelar refused to be defeated. He summoned all his strength and unleashed his most powerful technique yet.

He called it the "Heavenly Thunderstrike", a technique that infused his sword with lightning energy, allowing him to strike with incredible force and speed.

With a mighty shout, Kaelar charged towards the Fishman, his sword crackling with blue lightning. The Fishman tried to block the attack with his trident, but it was no use. Kaelar's sword sliced through the trident as if it were made of paper, striking the Fishman with a thunderous blow.

With a powerful thrust, he plunged his sword deep into the Fishman's chest, unleashing a torrent of spiritual energy that exploded through the water like a tidal wave.

The Fishman let out a final, desperate cry as he was engulfed by the power of Kaelar's attack, his body disintegrating into nothingness. Kaelar stood victorious, his sword still glowing with the remnants of his incredible power.

Breathless and exhausted, Kaelar looked around at the destruction he had wrought. The water was still roiling and boiling, the remnants of his energy crackling through it like lightning. But there was no sign of the Fishman, no sign of the battle that had just taken place.

Kaelar let out a deep breath, his body still thrumming with the energy of the fight. He retrieved his sword from the water and swam back to the surface, where the elders were waiting for him.

"Congratulations, sect master," Elder Shiro said, bowing respectfully.

Kaelar nodded, a small smile on his face. "Thank you, Elder Shiro. It was a difficult battle, but I am glad it is over."

The other elders nodded in agreement, their expressions a mix of awe and respect. They knew that they had just witnessed something truly special, something that they would never forget as long as they lived. And they knew that Kaelar, their sect master, was truly one of the greatest warriors in the land.

As Kaelar basked in the afterglow of his victory, something strange began to happen. The water around them started to recede, slowly draining away until they were standing on the dry floor of the tomb once again. Kaelar looked around in amazement as the statue in the middle of the room began to glow with an otherworldly light.

The statue's eyes opened, revealing a pair of sparkling jewels that glimmered in the light. "Congratulations, everyone," the statue spoke, its voice booming throughout the room. "You have proven yourself worthy of the three challenges, and all the treasure within this tomb is now yours."

With a rumble, the walls of the tomb began to shift, revealing countless chests and boxes that had been hidden away. Kaelar's eyes widened in amazement as he saw the different kinds of treasures before him.