

Pavilion 1321

Chapter 1321 - 1321 How Strong Is He?!

1321 How Strong Is He?!

Huang Six was surrounded by many people, so Han Muye stood in the back without going forward.

Luo Ren and Tang Jin were beside Huang Six, and the others were all powerful experts.

There were also a few Nether River ferrymen not far from them on the Nether River boat, working together to kill the Nether Beasts.

Obviously, Huang Six and his group had gained the recognition of the Nether River ferrymen.

Crossing the Nether River on this boat was difficult even with the power of the Nether River ferrymen and the boat itself; it required effort from those on board.

After Huang Six and his group killed the Nether Beasts and aquatic creatures, the Nether River ferrymen took action, using the golden light falling from the sails to ensnare the bodies and then haul them onto the boat.

This boat was clearly the leader among the dozen or so Nether River boats, sailing at the forefront.

Han Muye, who had the power of the same origin as the Nether River, could see more things now.

This sea area, full of scattered rocks, clearly had many chaotic forces intersecting.

The Nether Beasts, which should have been obedient to the power of the Nether River, became more agitated and unruly here.

Here, there were forces mixed in that did not belong to the Nether River.

Han Muye watched the battle in front of him for a while, with no intention of taking action, and instead turned and walked back to the cabin.

To the quietly observing Daoist Shi Yuan, this seemed like a display of weakness.

“Isn’t that Fellow Daoist Han Brother’s companion? Why isn’t he here to help Sixth Brother?” a white-bearded old man wearing half-armored armor asked in a soft voice.

He was now at the periphery of the battle and could only assist from the sidelines without gaining much benefit.

Everyone around him envied those who followed Huang Six in the front, as they could earn a lot of Soul Gold Beads.

As long as safety could be guaranteed, who wouldn’t want to hunt and kill Nether Beasts to exchange for gold beads?

Huang Six was in the front, and those who followed him could rest assured.

Who wouldn't be envious?

"Perhaps he knows that he's not strong enough, otherwise, with Sixth Brother's personality, why wouldn't he give him a chance?" Daoist Shi Yuan shook his head and spoke lightly.

His own strength was not enough either, but by flattering Huang Six, he was given the job of maintaining order on the deck.

Over the past few days, he had already received two rewards.

"Hehe, we cultivators should put aside our pride when necessary, for the sake of cultivation, for immortality, there's no shame." An old man shook his head and his gaze fell on the Nether Beasts entangled in the golden light: "Let's get to work."

The crowd rushed up and killed the Nether Beasts that were not yet dead, skinning and dismembering them skillfully.

Of course, they couldn't help but take a few more sips of the scattered essence of blood.

When Han Muye returned to the cabin, he walked straight to the stairs.

He climbed the stairs step by step.

The higher up he went, the more elegant the cabin was arranged, and on the seventh or eighth floor, there were even maidservants and some green plants.

In some of those tightly closed cabins, there were even waves of vital energy emanating.

Stepping to the top, the guardian of the ship, Elder Qu Qian, and another Elder were there.

There were also several Nether River ferryman dressed in black robes.

Standing on the side were five or six cultivators, who, although they did not reveal their cultivation, still had an extraordinary aura, indicating that they were powerful.

They were probably either recognized for their strength or invited to join the Holy City.

Previously, Huang Six had been recognized for his strength and invited to join the Holy City.

“Hehe, Fellow Daoist Han is here.” Qu Qian smiled and cupped his hands.

This attitude stunned the cultivators around him.

Wasn’t he being too solicitous?

Qu Qian did not want to be too solicitous, but the other party was a major debtor, and he and the other elders on the Nether River boat owed him 120,000 gold beads.

That was a huge sum, one that they wouldn't be able to earn back for hundreds of years.

Han Muye nodded and returned the greeting, then walked to the window.

The location here was indeed not bad. Whether it was the scenery outside or the battle on the deck, it was excellent.

Standing high and seeing far, on the ninth floor, one could see the densely packed reefs on the distant sea surface.

The fleet needed to proceed cautiously through the treacherous waters.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes, and golden light flickered in his pupils.

In front of him, the world suddenly changed, dividing into various hazy virtual shadows.

The pale red was the power of the Nether River, with a faint vitality, the dark green was another force, as if it wanted to tear apart the power of the Ming River, and the pale white was another force with no vitality.

All kinds of forces intersected and slowly surged in the chaotic reefs.

It could be seen that the current fleet was sailing in an area covered by the power of the Nether River.

Moreover, the Nether River ferrymen should be able to sense the power of the Nether River and control the fleet's position under its influence.

However, in this chaotic reef area, where various forces intersected and surged, it was likely that even the Nether River ferrymen did not have the ability to keep the fleet constantly within the influence of the Nether River.

Han Muye could sense that in those areas covered by other forces, there was a murderous intent towards the Nether River boat.

Once the Nether River boat fell into one of those areas, it would be surrounded and attacked.

"Bang!"

In front, Huang Six attacked again.

Four Nether Beasts, mixed with several large gray-white creatures, charged towards the bow of the boat. Huang Six displayed the demon sage image on his back, swung his long spear, and pierced the head of the leading creature.

“That’s the Bone-Eating Beast, with tough bones and powerful strength, even the Nether River boat can be crushed.”

The person who spoke was another Guardian Elder beside Qu Qian.

In the Nether River, where other forces were suppressed, creatures with tough bodies and great strength were already difficult to deal with.

The Bone-Eating Beast had its head pierced by Huang Six but did not die.

It rolled over, splashing water, and this formidable creature was actually desperately crashing into the Nether River boat.

Chapter 1322 - 1322 How Strong Is He?! (2)

1322 How Strong Is He?! (2)

“Ho—”

Huang Six shouted and flew out, raising the six arms of the Demonic Sage Statue behind him.

He stood in front of the Nether River Boat, his blood qi surging as if flames were burning.

The six arms gripped the long spear, and dazzling golden light flickered on the golden spear.

This was a scene where the soul and blood qi activated a divine treasure, unleashing the infinite power of this spear.

One man and one spear stood firm in front of the Nether River Boat, blocking the massive Bone Eating Beast, preventing it from advancing even a bit.

“So powerful...” On the ninth floor, someone muttered.

This scene caused the entire deck to cheer.

“Sixth Brother is mighty—”

Looking at Huang Six and the Bone Eating Beast fighting, many people were punching and cheering.

This was a mutated beast that could kill a Heavenly Venerable purely with the strength of its body. In front of such a mutated beast, even a Heaven Immortal would not be able to withstand it without a powerful body.

Minghe suppressed his cultivation and strength. A Heaven Immortal with insufficient physical strength was inferior to a Heavenly Venerable here.

Han Muye, who had comprehended the rules, saw something different this time.

As the people on the ship shouted, Huang Six's strength actually increased again.

It was no wonder that Huang Six would stand up every time there was no need to. It turned out that he was mobilizing his strength.

That wasn't right either. This was a mysterious force pulling him, causing him to unconsciously begin to gather all his strength.

Or maybe it was because of the demonic statue?

This power was somewhat similar to divine methods to gather the power of incense.

However, Huang Six's Demonic Sage statue enhanced itself with the gathered power.

"Fellow Daoist Zhenxiong, your methods are indeed extraordinary," Qu Qian said with a smile, turning to Han Muye.

He looked forward to seeing what Han Muye would do.

Outsiders saw Han Muye as if he were just following Huang Six, but when they had traded in the stone fort, they had already noticed that Huang Six was clearly following Han Muye's lead.

Moreover, Han Muye had casually brought out the Heaven Breaking Crossbow, a powerful weapon, and the treasures he exchanged for were also chosen by Huang Six.

Between the two of them, Han Muye appeared more relaxed and at ease.

The battle on the water ahead had already heated up, with several powerful beasts charging toward the Nether River Boat.

Han Muye showed no intention of taking action. On the ninth level, two old men in black robes exchanged glances and then descended.

Their bodies were surging with the power of their qi and blood, and as they descended, long weapons appeared in their hands.

“Kill—”

A long roar, the power of those two spiritual treasures was unleashed, forming dozens of-yard-long illusions.

The two of them landed at the bow of the ship, and the illusions on their weapons struck the blood-red surface ahead.

Two beasts were directly torn apart by the impact.

This strike looked no worse than Huang Six's.

Huang Six, who was locked in a stalemate with the Bone-Eating Beast in front of him, turned around and chuckled.

He suddenly pulled out his spear and clenched his fists.

“Bang!”

The statue behind him smashed down with its fist.

The massive Bone-Eating Beast trembled all over, its eyes filled with agony.

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

The six arms took turns pounding, causing the Bone-Eating Beast’s entire body to tremble, roll, and twist in madness.

But Huang Six’s feet remained steady, and his fists rained down like a storm.

The Bone-Eating Beast let out a painful roar and plunged into the river below.

She escaped.

Even this beast, which only knew slaughter, could flee?

On the ninth floor, Qu Qian and the others were a little stunned.

On the deck, the cultivators began to cheer.

But after a moment, all the cheers slowly died down.

Huang Six's figure had disappeared as he fell into the blood-red river.

"Is Sixth Brother going to be okay?"

"This is bad, nothing floats in the Nether River."

"Sixth Brother was careless and didn't dodge."

People on the deck realized that something was wrong and began to panic.

The two old men who had just killed the beasts wore faint smiles on their faces.

Rather than using the power of thunder to kill powerful enemies, it seemed like they were wrestling with them, and now they had overdone it.

“Fellow Daoist Han, will Fellow Daoist Zhenxiong be alright?” Qu Qian looked at Han Muye nervously.

Han Muye shook his head.

In his eyes, he could see the power surging below the Nether River.

“Sixth Brother is back,” he said calmly.

“Bang!”

The silent water suddenly exploded.

A Bone-Eating Beast burst out of the blood-red river.

But this Bone-Eating Beast was completely different from before; it was covered in black demonic armor.

The armor was fierce, filled with spikes, and gleamed with a cold light.

Huang Six stood on the head of the Bone-Eating Beast, holding a long spear in one hand and a golden rope that had pierced the beast's head in the other.

The Bone-Eating Beast surged forward in the Nether River, shaking its head and tail, knocking over other monsters around it.

This Bone-Eating Beast had actually been subdued!

The incomparably powerful exotic beasts in the Nether River that only knew how to kill were actually subdued!

Huang Six burst into hearty laughter, and he skillfully guided the Bone-Eating Beast, charging freely on the Nether River.

The people at the bow and in the cabin were all dumbfounded.

"Someone can actually tame a Bone-Eating Beast?" muttered the elder guarding the side of Qu Qian.

Such a thing hadn't happened in the Holy City for tens of thousands of years.

Back when the Grand Elder was still around, he had used the Soul Suppressing Banner to suppress the beasts in the Nether River, and many people had subdued the beasts.

But after the Grand Elder and the Soul Suppressing Banner disappeared, no one in the Holy City could subdue the beasts.

Now, the strong in the Holy City who could command beasts to fight were all individuals with high status within the city.

“If Senior Zhen Xiong were to stay in the Holy City for a long time...” Qu Qian’s gaze once again fell on Han Muye.

Who were these two, and what was their purpose in coming to the Holy City?

Chapter 1323 - 1323 How Strong Is He?! (3)

1323 How Strong Is He?! (3)

Whether it was the wealth displayed by Han Muye or the power displayed by Huang Zhenxiong, it was truly terrifying.

“Boom—”

On the river below, Huang Six rode the Bone-Eating Beast here and there, dispersing a group of beasts with the spear in his hand.

The two experts standing at the bow of the ship looked at each other and shook their heads helplessly.

Huang Six was too strong. There was no comparison at all.

The ship was filled with cheers as the Nether River Boat broke through the waves and moved forward.

With Huang Six clearing the way in front, the speed of the fleet was much faster.

This was hundreds of thousands of years ago, when the fleet advanced and the experts riding beasts protected them.

Han Muye didn't leave the ninth floor. He just looked at the world in front of him from the windowsill.

This comprehension of the flow of illusory aura made him feel as if his body had fused with the Great Dao.

It was as if he had touched another power. He was a little intoxicated.

"Luck?"

He remembered that Li Yungang had said that after cultivating to the Immortal Lord realm, those ethereal powers were the direction of cultivation.

According to Li Yungang, Han Muye was a person who gathered great luck, so he followed him to the mortal world.

Now that he saw the intertwining forces above the Nether River, Han Muye could see more clearly.

These powers that exceeded the Immortal Lord realm collided, and the living beings wrapped in them could not control themselves at all.

On the other hand, if he could see through all of this and avoid danger, it would really be a smooth path.

His eyes flicked to the sails of the eighteen Nether River Boats.

These sails emitted a faint golden light and were connected to each other.

A mysterious power dissipated, seemingly guiding the fleet forward.

The person controlling the Nether River Boat was definitely an Immortal Lord.

Perhaps, this Nether River Boat could unleash the power of an Immortal Lord.

The entire fleet moved forward in the Chaotic Killing Reef and kept clashing. Although they encountered many mutated beasts and dark beasts, they could pass through them.

This was because the fleet had never left the range of the Nether River's power.

As long as they didn't leave the range of the Nether River's power, they wouldn't trigger the attacks of other forces.

This seemed to be the connection of fate?

“Woo—”

The sound of a horn came from a large ship behind.

Qu Qian and the other Elder’s expressions turned solemn.

Eighteen sails slowly rose, and the golden light on them flickered.

Not only this one, but all 18 Nether River Boats raised their sails.

Dazzling golden light intertwined, and the power of the fleet connected, turning into a golden barrier.

In front of him, a golden light descended from Huang Six’s body and wrapped around his body, flickering with golden light.

The spiritual light in Han Muye’s eyes could be seen. The world in front of him was filled with a greenish-gray aura.

The fleet was about to break out of the place enveloped by the power of the Nether River!

“Whew—”

A strange wind seemed to sweep through the void.

The tornado hit the golden light screen of the fleet, causing the light screen to tremble.

An invisible force was attacking the fleet!

For a moment, the cultivators on the deck all had solemn expressions.

Huang Six, who was in front, also raised the war spear in his hand.

Han Muye squinted his eyes.

Here it comes.

“Boom—”

A golden stream of light rushed out from the bottom of the water and collided with the light screen.

It was a 1,000-foot-long spear stabbed into the light screen, directly extending 100 feet.

The coldness coming from the tip of the spear seemed to want to freeze all the fleets.

Many of the cultivators standing on the deck were trembling.

Many of the cultivators who came to the Nether River to search for opportunities had exhausted their lifespans and had insufficient Qi and blood.

When faced with such cold power, they immediately had no way to resist.

“Kill—”

Huang Six flew up and struck the thousand-foot-long spear with the battle spear in his hand.

He rode the Bone-Eating Beast and directly charged out of the area enveloped by the light screen.

Such a brave appearance made everyone click their tongues.

“Bang!”

“Bang!”

Not only were there spears in the water, but there were also all kinds of swords and sabers stabbing out. Grayish-black exotic beasts rushed towards the fleet.

The light screen could block sabers and spears, but it could not block mutated beasts.

It was obvious that this was because of the power screening. The power of the mutated beasts was not among the obstacles.

On the deck, the cultivators began to take action.

Many people imitated Huang Six and flew down, landing on the head of the mutated beast.

Huang Six's bravery gave everyone courage.

In Han Muye's eyes, he could see a strange power gathering.

He did not expect Huang Six to be able to affect luck with his own strength.

A trace of the power of luck gathered on Huang Six.

Even if this trace of power was thin, it was still luck. It was something that Immortal Lord mighty figures had been searching for.

Changing one's fate.

Looking at Huang Six, who had already suppressed the thousand-foot-long spear in his hand, Han Muye understood.

Using battle to change fate.

Everything about Huang Six was fought with his own hands.

Constantly, he became more and more used to this kind of fighting.

In the Immortal Source World, Huang Six had been suppressed for too long.

Visibly, the power and vitality in his body were rising and surging.

“Roar—”

Roaring into the sky, the phantom of the demon statue behind Huang Six expanded again.

A fourth pair of arms stretched out from the 300-foot-tall body.

Eight-Armed Demon Statue!

At this moment, even through a light screen, the powerful power on Huang Six's body could be sensed.

"Sixth Brother is mighty—"

Countless people roared.

Huang Six laughed and smashed out with his spear, sending the thousand-foot-long spear flying.

He raised his hand and beckoned. The devil statue behind him stretched out an arm and grabbed the 1,000-foot-long spear.

The long spear became 100 feet long and was completely blood-red. The tip of the spear emitted a green stream of light.

An extremely precious spear was actually snatched by him.

With Huang Six's bold action, the fleet's speed increased.

In just three days, they had passed through the gray-blue aura and returned to the river surface covered by the Nether River's power.

Chapter 1324 - 1324 How Strong Is He?! (4)

1324 How Strong Is He?! (4)

When the power of the Nether River re-converged, Han Muye could see another trace of power quietly surging in Huang Six's body.

The reciprocation of the power of heaven and earth, the bestowal of luck.

The world of cultivation was really strange.

Han Muye looked up above his head.

A purplish-red halo emitting golden light seemed to be blinding.

He shook his head with a bitter smile.

It was no wonder that so many Immortal Lords were extremely kind to him when he was in the Fuyu Immortal World.

Who would be unkind to such vibrant luck?

They had thought he had some special qualities.

No, his good fortune was his special quality.

Without looking at how Huang Lao Liu was fighting fiercely, Han Muye focused his attention on the golden sails scattered ahead.

At this moment, he could sense the changes in the Soul Power on the sails.

Gathering souls.

Condensing souls.

This power seemed to be similar to the power of the divine path?

The Divine Rankings?

It was not that.

Thinking of the Divine Ranking List, Han Muye suddenly remembered the golden-armored warriors he had seen in the short sword earlier.

Those massive golden-armored figures had surges of divine power on them.

Not just divine power.

Or rather, at the end of cultivation, would one inevitably be touched by the divine path?

Then what was the god clan?

Han Muye felt as if he was about to see through the fog, but he couldn't quite grasp it.

It was probably because his level was not high enough.

For example, the power of the calamity was not something he could study now.

Even if he had already grasped a trace of it, he did not dare to analyze it deeply.

Unknowingly, the fleet had been traveling for dozens of days.

According to Qu Qian and the other elders who were presiding over the Nether River Boat, this trip through the Chaotic Killing Reef was the smoothest and easiest in thousands of years.

It was unknown if it was luck or Huang Six's strength, but there were no real difficult battles along the way.

Han Muye didn't go to the ninth floor to observe anymore. Instead, he meditated and comprehended the power of laws in his cabin.

Even if he could comprehend one-billionth of this level of power, it would be greatly beneficial to his future cultivation.

“Boom—”

The ship shook, and Han Muye woke up from his meditative state. He raised his hand and dispersed the array light around him. With a move, he appeared outside the cabin.

As soon as he left the cabin, he frowned.

What was imprinted in his eyes was clearly a grayish-black mixed with a pale aura.

It was deathly silent and dull.

This was not a place governed by the power of the Nether River.

The golden light barrier outside the fleet was smashed by the black fist imprints, as if it would shatter at any moment.

Not far ahead, Huang Six rode the Bone-Eating Beast in the Black Demon Armor and stuck close to the Nether River Boat. He waved the two war spears in his hands and sent the pale beast flying.

These beasts had wolf heads and were covered in black scales. They looked like bones and had immense strength.

Its black claws and teeth had blood-red eyes, and each of its bodies was 100 feet long. Its long tail swayed, causing waves and blood to surge.

The main reason was that there were especially many of them, densely packed, blocking the waterway ahead.

The 18 Nether River Boats had already stopped, their sails half lowered.

In Han Muye's eyes, he could see intertwining forces tearing at each other in front of him.

The Nether River's power seemed to be under siege, retreating in defeat.

He quickly stepped into the cabin on the ninth floor. Qu Qian and the others were all there.

However, at this moment, everyone's expressions became more and more solemn as they stared at the void ahead.

They could not see those auras, but they could also feel the suppression between heaven and earth.

As ferrymen of the Nether River, their connection to the Nether River seemed to be cut off.

This made them uneasy.

“Why did you deviate from the course?” Han Muye looked at Qu Qian and asked in a low voice.

His words stunned Qu Qian and the other Guardian Elder.

“Off course? There’s no way in or out of the Holy City. We’re all following the guidance of the Nether River Boat...” Qu Qian whispered and turned to look at the sail in front of him.

Han Muye looked up and saw that the golden stream of light on the sail had dimmed significantly.

This was the result of being suppressed by forces outside the Nether River.

The Nether River’s power was weakened?

Who could do this?

Han Muye looked at the various auras interweaving in the void in front of him, his expression slightly solemn.

In a battle of such strength, one could die if they were not careful.

“Boom—”

A 1,000-foot-long skeleton snake sprang out of the water. Its long body swayed, and its long tail smashed fiercely towards the bow of the ship.

Huang Six shouted in a low voice. Luo Ren and the others on the bow of the ship flew up and collided with the bone snake's body with their weapons.

There was a loud explosion, and shattered bones flew down. Their bodies were also knocked back to the deck.

Huang Six, who had pulled himself out, shouted and flew up. He stabbed the giant snake's head on both sides with his spears and twisted it off.

With another advanced shout, he flung the snake's head out with both guns and landed on the deck.

Instantly, the Nether River Boat was filled with cheers.

"Fellow Daoist Zhenxiong is indeed powerful," Qu Qian muttered, but his expression did not look much better.

Only the ferrymen above the ninth floor knew that the fleet had chosen the wrong route and what awaited them.

The chaotic battle did not stop. It was difficult for the 18 Nether River Boats to advance. The guarding Elders on each ship communicated and had no choice but to alternate between the ships to break through the obstruction with a buffer space.

This gave Huang Six and the cultivators on the ship more time to catch their breath.

Huang Six did not mind, but most of the people on the ship were cultivators who had lost their combat strength. He was already relieved to be able to cultivate for a while longer.

When Han Muye came to the deck from the nine-story cabin, Huang Six and the others were finding places to rest and recuperate.

Feng Yi and Patriarch Tao Ran had previously refined many pills. Now that they took them out, they immediately caused a commotion as many people clamored for them.

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1325 How Strong Is He?! (5)

They were all exchanging golden beads for pills.

The Nether River Boat only appeared once every many years. The people waiting at the various crossings had long exhausted all the medicinal pills on them.

Now that there were medicinal pills to replenish it, it was naturally extremely precious.

When Han Muye walked to the bow, Huang Six stood up.

“Why, is something wrong?” He looked at Han Muye with a slightly serious expression.

He knew Han Muye. If there was nothing else, he couldn’t be bothered to come to the bow.

“Be careful. There are probably stronger beasts ahead.” Han Muye nodded and looked at the fleet in front of him.

At this moment, the ship had retreated to the middle of the fleet. It would take about half a day before it was the leader’s turn to attack the position.

Seeing Han Muye and Huang Six standing side by side at the bow, the expressions of many people behind changed.

Especially those cultivators who came later, they had almost never seen Han Muye.

“Who is this person? How is he qualified to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Sixth Brother?” A burly man in half-armor with a face full of demonic patterns widened his eyes and muttered.

“I think he came with Sixth Brother back then, but he didn’t have much courage.” Another old man shook his head and said disdainfully, “He must have been frightened these past few days.”

In the past few days, there had been constant battles of various sizes. The fleet moved slowly, and many cultivators who were holed up in the intermediate cabins walked out.

“Hehe, when it comes to fighting, such people will probably shrink back again.” Someone shook his head and put a medicinal pill into his mouth.

The leading ship in front had already retreated, allowing the second Nether River Boat to rush over.

“Boom—”

With the help of momentum, there was a waterway in front of the fleet.

The shattered white bones scattered, and countless strange beasts gathered on the water surface.

From afar, they could see that the surroundings of the ship were quickly covered by beasts. The blood-colored river surface was also gone, leaving only a pale white color.

The cultivators on the ship attacked with all their might, blocking the beasts that were charging towards the ship.

The golden light on the 18 Dao sails also spread in all directions, shattering the beasts.

But the boat wouldn’t last long.

On a huge reef at the forefront of the river, a black three-headed beast slowly raised its head.

Its 3,000-foot-tall body had already far exceeded the height of the Nether River Boat.

The three-headed beast's head slowly turned, and its six golden eyes stared at the Nether River Boat.

The golden light screen on the Nether River Boat was shattered. The 18 sails trembled and entangled with the golden light in the beast's eyes.

The beast slowly stood up. It had two feet and four wings. When its wings spread out, it was five thousand feet long.

The black wings glowed with a faint light, and there was a dragon-scale-like halo on them.

This scale was very similar to the one Luo Ren had given Huang Six, but it was clearly much larger.

The strength of the mutated beasts was definitely enough to overturn the Nether River Boat in one strike.

"It's over. How can there be a Dragon Sculpture Beast here?" An old man looked ahead with a pale face.

"Is that the dragon condor that can devour souls as food and shatter the world with a single strike?" The other person widened his eyes and muttered, "There are very few creatures above the Nether River that can fly..."

The Nether River sealed the power, but this dragon sculpture beast could use the power of its wings to soar into the sky.

Its strength was unimaginable.

"It's said that the Dragon Sculpture Beast will fall asleep after eating its fill. Perhaps..." Someone stared at the Nether River Boat in front of them with a glint in his eyes.

Perhaps, it would be enough to wait for the people on the first few Nether River Boats to finish eating?

"Roar—"

The dragon statue slowly stood up, its iron-like body exuding pressure.

As it slowly spread its wings, its scales stood up, and a strange roar came from the dragon sculpture beast's huge mouth.

This voice was as ear-piercing as tearing apart a body, making one feel as if their soul was about to leave their body.

Soul attack!

Within a radius of 10 miles, the souls of all living beings trembled.

Following this soul attack, the scales around the Dragon Sculpture Beast left its body.

Each scale was half a foot in diameter and was clearly a black blade!

Tens of thousands of sharp blades floated in the air and spun rapidly.

If it flew out, it would cut countless people's bodies into pieces.

Golden divine light flashed on the bodies of the ferrymen on the 18 Nether River Boats.

Their power was related to the Nether River Boat, and they specialized in cultivating the soul. It was better.

Most of the other cultivators were already rooted to the spot, unable to move at all.

As long as the black scales flew out, they would be directly shattered.

Huang Six shouted angrily and flew up.

On the water below, the Bone-Eating Beast rushed out and caught his body.

Han Muye shook his head and looked up at the third River Boat in front of him.

On the top of the cabin of the Nether River Boat, a large crossbow had been quietly set up.

“Roar—”

The Dragon Sculpture Beast roared loudly. The black scales around its body had already rotated to the limit, and the sound of air being torn apart shook.

However, it did not release the scales.

His six gazes turned to the third Underworld Boat.

“Buzz!”

A strange soul power smashed over like a fist.

“Bang!”

Contrary to the fist, a 1,000-foot-long arrow shot out.

The crossbow bolt collided with the fist, directly tearing open the fist. Then, it rushed forward and stabbed straight into the neck of the Dragon Sculpture Beast.

The Dragon Sculpture Beast flapped its wings, and all its scales spun to block in front of it.

“Boom—”

The arrow collided with the scales and exploded.

Countless scales shattered and collapsed, and the crossbow bolts shattered into pieces.

In the next moment, the dragon statue beast spread its wings and flew up.

In the next moment, a second arrow shot out.

“Bang!”

The arrow pierced through one of the dragon sculpture beast’s heads and directly exploded.

The Dragon Sculpture Beast roared in pain. It spread its wings and flapped them fiercely.

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“Boom—”

The water surged wildly.

The 18 Nether River Boats began to sway.

With this attack, the Dragon Sculpture Beast, whose head had been shattered, fled.

Even after it left, there was still silence on all 18 Nether River Boats.

This change happened too quickly. No one dared to think or believe it.

The strength of those crossbow bolts was truly astonishing.

Could such powerful crossbow bolts even kill a Heaven Immortal expert?

When did the ferryman of the Nether River come to possess such powerful treasures?

At this moment, on the top of the third the Nether River Boat, several Guardian Elders had pale faces, mixed with smiles and regrets.

“Three-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast. If we can kill it, we can settle all our debts and make a big profit,” an old man said with a hint of regret and a smile.

“The Holy City hasn’t hunted such powerful creatures in 30,000 years, right?”

“Even if we bring back these scattered scales, we can exchange them for a lot of golden beads.”

The crowd discussed, feeling a bit heartbroken.

The two crossbow bolts failed to take down that Dragon Sculpture Beast, and they weren’t skilled in controlling it.

Moreover, it consumed too much energy; three guardians had to work together just to control a single bolt.

“I wonder who that Fellow Daoist Han is and how he came to possess such treasures,” an old man looked at the Heaven Breaking Crossbow and said in a low voice.

Everyone turned to look at Huang Six, who was riding the Bone-Eating Beast on the river.

Huang Six was a little frustrated that he could not engage in a battle with the Dragon Sculpture Beast. At this moment, he rushed up the river and smashed the scattered beasts into submission.

The cultivators on the Nether River Boats began to cheer.

Han Muye shook his head slightly and looked in the direction where the Dragon Sculpture Beast flew away.

The aura from that direction was very chaotic.

It exuded a malevolent aura.

Golden lights rained down on the Nether River Boat, collecting the damaged scales of the Dragon Sculpture Beast.

Each of these scales that floated on the Nether River was a treasure.

When all the scales were scooped up, all the Nether River Boats slowly moved forward.

Perhaps the deterrence of the Heaven Breaking Crossbow, which had wounded the Dragon Sculpture Beast, but there were fewer beasts surrounding them on the road ahead.

Three days later, Han Muye, who was cultivating in seclusion, suddenly stood up.

“Patriarch, be careful.” He shouted and took a step forward, landing on the deck.

In front of him, a grayish-black aura rapidly approached.

“Brother, come back.” Standing at the bow of the ship, Han Muye shouted, and the blood qi in his body began to slowly condense.

Huang Six, who was still charging ahead, trembled. Without hesitation, he led the Bone-Eating Beast to turn around and rush back to the Nether River Boat.

“What’s going on? Sixth Brother actually listens to him like this?”

“Who is that person? How dare he speak to Sixth Brother like that?”

The cultivators on the two nearby the Nether River boats looked at Han Muye.

In the past few days, Huang Six’s reputation had already spread throughout the 18 the Nether River Boats. Who wouldn’t admire an expert who could control the Bone-Eating Beast and dominate the river?

What right did a guy he had never seen before have to stand side by side with Sixth Brother?

The golden light flickering in Han Muye’s eyes seemed to be about to seep out, and the suppressed qi and blood power in his body slowly surged.

“Sixth Brother, if the Nether River Boat can’t be defended, bring the Patriarch and the others away.”

Han Muye's words stunned Huang Six.

Even the Nether River Boat might not be able to defend it?

Was the enemy in front of him actually so powerful?

He nodded, took a deep breath, and whispered, "Be careful."

Huang Six knew that his combat strength could not compare to Han Muye's.

The strength of Han Muye, who could dominate the Immortal World, was completely beyond his imagination.

A powerful enemy that even he treated seriously must be extremely terrifying.

Han Muye looked up at a Nether River Boat not far away.

A sky-breaking crossbow was already set up at the top of the cabin.

However, the faces of the ferrymen in the cabin were pale.

They sensed the fear transmitted by the Nether River Boat.

It was the despair of helplessness when the power of the Nether River was cut off.

“Just what kind of power is it that can make even the eighteen Nether River Boats feel fear?” An elder with white hair and beard muttered, his eyes staring straight ahead.

There was only the blood-colored river and the silent sky. Nothing could be seen.

However, at this moment, all the sails were gently swaying.

“Why don’t we turn around?” one of the Nether River ferrymen suggested grimly.

“Turn around?” The old man standing at the front shook his head. “It’s too late. The surrounding water is densely covered with reefs, so the ship can’t move too fast.”

He took a deep breath and raised his hand. “The strongest defense. I hope it can withstand it.”

The sails on the 18 the Nether River Boats all rose, and the golden light on the 18 sails flickered, forming a line.

A golden light barrier rose, turning the 18 Nether River Boats into a city on the water, enveloping them.

This scene stunned all the cultivators.

From the moment they boarded the Nether River boats until now, they had never seen the ferryman fully activate the power of the boats.

‘What’s going on?’

“Buzz!”

The moment the light barrier rose, a tremor sounded.

Endless golden light crashed over from the distance.

With just one impact, the rising light barrier shattered with a bang.

Between heaven and earth, a black figure pressed down.

“It’s, it’s a Dragon Sculpture Beast...” someone muttered in shock.

It was a Dragon Sculpture Beast.

However, it was not an ordinary Dragon Sculpture Beast.

The Dragon Sculpture Beast had six heads and three pairs of wings.

The long claws on its feet emitted a cold light that tore through the world.

The spread wings were 100,000 feet long, completely covering the sky.

“Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast, a beast that even the First Elder couldn’t subdue back then. It’s over...” In the ninth-floor cabin, the old man in the lead’s eyes revealed despair.

The strength of such a strange beast was probably difficult for the Holy City to resist, let alone their 18 Nether River Boats.

An old man in a green robe shouted and took a step forward. Golden light burst forth from his body as he pulled the Heaven-Breaking Crossbow.

Several Nether River Ferrymen rushed up beside him and pulled the crossbow with the power of their souls.

“Swoosh—”

The 1,000-foot-long arrow pierced through the void.

Although the arrows were powerful, they could not hurt the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast.

It was a powerful mutated beast that exceeded everyone's understanding.

"Bang!"

The Dragon Sculpture Beast only raised its front paw and slapped it, shattering the arrow.

The old man standing in front shook his head and muttered in despair, "It's over..."

The Dragon Sculpture Beast retracted its claws, and then its six heads opened their mouths at the same time.

"Roar—"

Golden light waves visible to the naked eye rippled out.

All the sails on the Nether River Boats exploded!

All the Nether River Boats buzzed as if they were about to shatter.

Everyone on the ship felt as if they had been hit on the head by a hammer.

Countless people immediately spat out a mouthful of blood, and their bodies collapsed on the deck.

This divine soul attack was much stronger than the previous three-headed dragon sculpture beast. If not for the sails on the 18 Nether River Boats blocking most of the power, not many people on the ships would have survived.

Huang Six's face turned pale and he grunted.

The Demon Sage Statue behind him rose and waved its eight arms. It punched out as if it was hitting an iron wall, emitting a loud bang.

With every punch, he took a step back.

In the sky, the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast spread its three pairs of wings.

The gazes of all six heads turned from the Heaven-Breaking Crossbow and fell on Huang Six.

On the deck, Luo Ren and the others exclaimed, "Brother, be careful!"

Being locked onto by such a powerful beast, he would likely be killed instantly by a mental attack!

However, just as the dragon sculpture beast's gaze landed, it slowly turned away.

All eyes converged on Huang Six.

“Roar—”

Amidst its roar, there was a hint of challenge.

“It’s him!”

“He, why would the six-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast look at him...”

“Impossible. Could he be stronger than Sixth Brother?”

All eyes were on Huang Six.

Wearing a green robe and carrying a black demonic sword on his back, and with half of his face covered with a mask, Han Muye took a step forward.

His footsteps were as if he was stepping on empty air, one step at a time, like climbing a ladder.

“Crossing the Nether River in mid-air... Is this a dream...”

On the ninth floor of the cabin, someone muttered blankly.

This was something that even the ferryman of the Nether River could not do. How could it happen?

“Are you challenging me?” Han Muye said slowly, his eyes filled with battle intent.

“Okay, I’ll give you a chance.”

“Let’s see if you’re worthy of making me draw my sword.”

Chapter 1327 - 1327 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe?

1327 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe?

In front of the 30,000-meter-tall Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast, Han Muye’s figure was like an ant.

However, in such a scene, Han Muye’s voice was cold, saying that he would give the Dragon Sculpture Beast a chance to challenge it.

Was he a fool?

No one would think that way.

Because at this moment, Han Muye was ascending to the sky step by step, quietly floating in the void on the Nether River, where nothing floated!

How could a person who could stand quietly on the Nether River be a fool?

“H-how strong is he...” Feng Yi muttered as he stuck his head out.

He had seen Han Muye use his cultivation on the Nether River.

Now, he saw Han Muye standing in the air.

Such a person had completely exceeded his imagination.

“He’s probably already very strong,” Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and said softly.

He could no longer guess how strong Han Muye was.

At the bow of the ship, Huang Six clenched his fists tightly.

When he first entered the Sword Pavilion, this guy was still a young kid.

During the battle at the Cloud Nest Ridge on Fengshou Mountain, he had become a demon and showed off ruthlessly in front of this guy.

In the Demon Realm, apart from wanting to return to the Heavenly Mystic to see Sister Ping, he also wanted to show off in front of Han Muye when his cultivation level was high.

However, when this kid came out of the dam and saw him again, he realized that his combat strength was already monstrous.

After that, Han Muye directly shook off himself and everyone else and became the ancestor of the Sword Dao.

After not seeing him for 2,000 years, Huang Six had suppressed his anger and rushed to the Heavenly Venerable realm.

But when she saw Han Muye again, he was already at the Heaven Immortal Realm.

Even if the Immortal Source World became an Immortal World and his cultivation improved greatly in a hundred years, and he also became a Heaven Immortal, he was still incomparable to Han Muye.

There was really no comparison.

For example, at this moment, watching Han Muye face the powerful six-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast alone, he was not even qualified to fight alongside him.

“Don’t be anxious. Let me cultivate properly and break through to the Golden Immortal realm.” Huang Six gritted his teeth and muttered. He turned to look around.

The 18 Nether River Boats had already stopped around because their sails had shattered.

Taking a deep breath, Huang Six advanced and shouted, “What are you waiting for? Raise the sail and leave this place!”

He flew out and landed on the head of the Bone-Eating Beast below. Then, he stabbed the spear in his hand into the bow of the Nether River Boat and urged the Bone-Eating Beast to drag the Nether River Boat away slowly.

The other Styx Boats also raised their spare sails and followed this one. They made a small turn and left the battlefield.

In the place where the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast fought with humans, the Nether River Boat would only die if it barged in.

“Boom—”

Not long after the fleet left, there was a loud bang in the sky.

Everyone turned around and saw that the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast had already swiped down with its claws.

A black stream of light tore through the void, and its claws carried the power to shatter the world.

If the fleet was still there, the astral winds from the claws could overturn all the Nether River Boats.

“Too, too strong...” Among the cultivators who turned around, someone muttered in horror.

The others also turned pale, their eyes filled with fear.

How could a cultivator withstand such a powerful beast?

If he couldn't block it, would the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast catch up?

Many people felt miserable.

Under the Dragon Sculpture Beast's claws, Han Muye punched out.

The shadow of the fist whistled.

However, this punch looked like nothing in front of the huge body of the Dragon Sculpture Beast.

Who cared if an ant waved its arms in front of a dragon?

However, in the next moment, this punch actually forcefully pushed the claws back.

It was extremely strange. This punch really froze the claws of the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast and then rushed back.

This scene stunned everyone on the Nether River Boat.

“How strong is his physical body...” Luo Ren felt a chill all over his body, and his legs kept trembling.

Beside him, the corners of Tang Jin’s mouth twitched, and his eyes were filled with fear.

Not far away, Daoist Shi Yuan, who was curled up on the ground, muttered something.

“Boom—”

Han Muye punched the claws of the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast back, his expression unchanged, and the phantom of a thousand-foot-long Kui appeared behind him.

The shadow of the Kui appeared and expanded to a height of 100,000 feet. Lightning flashed between the two horns on its head.

A ten-thousand-feet shadow!

At this moment, the ferrymen and cultivators on the 18 Nether River Boats were all dumbfounded.

What kind of expert could condense a 100,000-foot phantom?

“Moo—”

The Kui roared, and Han Muye raised his hand and punched again.

His fist, which contained the power of lightning, flashed with lightning.

The six-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast also roared and flapped its three pairs of wings at Han Muye’s head.

The power of the wings collided with the fist. The dragon statue beast’s six eyes widened and its entire body trembled.

The power of lightning passed through its body, as if it wanted to paralyze it.

The power of cultivation was forbidden above the Nether River, so how could someone use lightning power?

“Boom—”

A bolt of lightning descended from the sky and struck fiercely on top of the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast’s head.

This bolt of lightning made the Dragon Sculpture Beast's six heads sway continuously, as if they had been struck by a heavy hammer.

In the countless years on the Nether River, it had never felt this kind of heavenly and earthly power.

This power almost imprisoned its bloodline, and its body seemed to be torn apart.

Its flapping wings became stiff, and its entire body fell into the Nether River.

“Bang!”

Its huge body smashed into the river, causing countless blood-colored waves that were tens of thousands of feet tall.

The 18 Nether River Boats in the distance were swept up by the waves and instantly flung hundreds of miles away.

Everyone on the ship, who was trying their best to stabilize their bodies, stared blankly at the sky.

There, only the phantom of a huge Kui stood tall.

Chapter 1328 - 1328 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (2)

1328 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (2)

That powerful cultivator actually defeated the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast and smashed it into the Nether River?

How was this possible?

How could there be such an expert in the world?

The ferrymen of the Nether River also watched in horror as Han Muye slowly put away the Kui phantom.

The six-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast that even the First Elder could not defeat with the Soul Suppressing Banner was defeated just like that?

the Nether River, which had fallen into the void, would never return, right?

“You won?” Huang Six asked softly.

Just as he finished speaking, his expression changed drastically.

Before the Kui phantom in the sky dissipated, a huge claw stretched out from the blood-colored river below and tore the Kui phantom apart.

Then, a long neck stretched out from the river, and the seven heads on the neck opened their mouths and roared at the sky.

Seven songs!

Not only was the Six-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast not defeated, but its strength also increased, turning into seven heads!

Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast!

Just the blood essence power flashing on this huge beast's body froze the bloodlines of everyone on the 18 the Nether River Boats 100 miles away.

The demonic sage statue behind Huang Six trembled and roared indignantly before finally turning into nothingness.

His face was pale as he stared intently at the seven-headed dragon sculpture that was slowly diving into the Nether River.

He did not know if Han Muye, whose Kui phantom had been destroyed, could survive.

Without looking back, Huang Six rode the Bone Eroding Beast forward and pulled the Nether River Boat, which only had one sail left, away.

His strength was still insufficient, and it was completely impossible for him to be a match for the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast.

Perhaps the Nether River Holy City had the power he needed.

Perhaps the Nether River Holy City had the power he needed.

Gritting his teeth, he pulled the Bone Eroding Beast forward towards the Nether River Holy City.

No matter what method he used, he needed to obtain powerful strength.

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Han Muze, who had been pulled into the river, was about to rush out of the water, but he stopped.

Because the moment he landed in the water, the blood-colored river water around him turned into a torrent and poured into his body.

His body was like a dry desert. No matter how much river water he absorbed, it was not enough.

It was an incomparably nourishing feeling.

It was as if the world that had been thirsty for tens of thousands of years had been watered at once.

The power of the Nether River was the power of blood essence.

This Nether River contained almost endless qi and blood power.

This power was emitted by an injured Immortal Venerable from the previous calamity.

Perceiving the Nether River's power was comprehending the power of an Immortal Reverent.

Looking at the blood-colored river in front of him, Han Muye smiled.

The Underworld River water near the Killing Reef was no longer under the control of the Immortal Venerable Minghe.

The various powers intertwined here were all at the Immortal Reverent realm.

Be it the mutant beasts underwater or the seven-headed dragon statue beast, they were all manifestations of mutant power.

It was the residency of the power that injured Nether River Immortal Supremacy in the intermediate calamity.

Since this place was no longer under the control of the Nether River Immortal, wouldn't it be natural to absorb the power here?

He didn't let down the Senior who had once saved him, right?

In any case, he had no power to control this place.

Slowly releasing the suppression of his bloodline power, a green vortex appeared around Han Muye.

The vortex grew larger and larger, instantly locking down the surrounding 1,000 feet.

In ten breaths, the vortex expanded to a thousand feet.

The seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast, which had just fallen back into the blood-colored river, looked at Han Muye in fear.

The devouring power transmitted from Han Muye's body had already exceeded his understanding.

Seeing this huge Dragon Sculpture Beast, Han Muye raised his hand.

A bolt of lightning flashed.

The dragon sculpture beast's body trembled, and the eyes on its seven heads revealed desire and panic.

It yearned for the previous bolt of lightning to break through the bottleneck that it had been unable to break through for countless years, allowing it to form the seventh head.

Panic. The feeling of lightning entering one's body was really uncomfortable.

However, regardless of whether it was panicking or yearning, the bolt of lightning had instantly exploded.

Then, countless lightning bolts surged in the entire river, turning into a sea of lightning.

The Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast roared miserably and rolled in the river. It wanted to escape but could not leave.

Han Muye shook his head.

The divine souls and physical strength of the mutated beasts living in the Nether River were extremely powerful, but their control over the Heaven and Earth powers was extremely poor.

Although the lightning he triggered was powerful, it could only make a Heaven Immortal die and a Golden Immortal escape.

With the physical strength of the Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast, it was completely capable of resisting.

However, this Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast only relied on its instincts and did not use any true strength.

This was a sign that he hadn't awakened his bloodline power.

"Boom—"

The lightning wrapped around the seven-headed dragon sculpture beast and turned into a cocoon of light.

Han Muye sank into the river and kept absorbing the blood essence power in the river.

There was also a blood-colored cocoon of light around him.

In the cocoon of light, endless qi and blood surged.

After an unknown period of time, when Han Muye opened his eyes again, the power of his bloodline surged and gathered like a tide, and the phantom of the Kui behind him appeared again.

This time, the Kui's power directly condensed.

Its golden body and long horns leaned against the sky, and lightning flashed in its eyes, as if it was a resurrected ancient Kui.

Divine light intersected in Han Muye's eyes. After a moment of silence, he took out one of the last two divine lightning in his hand.

This was the power of the divine power condensed by the Kui that had slept since the Primordial Era.

Each of them was the top killing treasure of the Immortal World.

He raised his hand and held the divine lightning. Without any hesitation, he activated the power within and slammed it into the Kui behind him.

“Bang!”

The power of the divine lightning was too surging, directly shattering the Kui’s body.

The divine lightning that Kui had refined back then still had a lot of power accumulated. Now that the power of the second divine lightning had surged in, it was beyond control.

Chapter 1329 - 1329 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (3)

1329 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (3)

Around the river, the lightning that was already surging rumbled again, and the seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast wrapped in a cocoon of light cried out miserably once more.

The Kui’s body exploded and did not gather again.

The blood essence power in Han Muye's body surged and fused with the power of the divine lightning and the power of the Kui before crashing into his divine treasure.

The Primordial Spirit Sword that he had hidden in his divine treasure flashed and landed in his mind.

There were still four Five Elements Divine Furnaces in the divine treasures, and they were also frantically dodging.

Qi, blood, and divine lightning crashed into the divine treasure. The power of the Kui converged and entangled with the scattered soul power in the divine treasure.

A longsword emitting lightning appeared.

Lightning flashed on this longsword, and the body of the sword was blood-red, emitting a blood vitality that made people tremble.

It was condensed in Qi and blood and condensed in the soul.

Using his blood essence as a sword, he could sever the Heaven and Earth powers!

Han Muye's eyes flickered. He raised his hand, and a third Essence Soul sword landed in his palm.

As soon as this sword appeared, the surrounding river water shook.

The Nether River's water had the intention of submitting to this sword.

"Cutting off the world, this sword shall be called the Immortal Slaying Sword."

Han Muye's Essence Soul had already condensed into three swords.

An Immortal Slaying Sword was formed by combining his spiritual energy cultivation and soul to gather the killing intent. With this sword, he could defy the heavens and fight. It was now stored in the divine realm to guard his Grotto-heaven.

An Immortal Trapping Sword could transform into tens of millions. It was formed by combining his Immortal Dao power with his essence, qi, and spirit and comprehending the power of the Heavenly Cycle Array. It trapped the strong and could not be extricated. Now, this sword was hidden in Han Muye's mind.

One was the Immortal Slaying Sword formed by the combination of endless blood qi and lightning divine power, drawing on the power of the soul.

The attributes of this sword were interlinked with the Nether River. It could prohibit the Heaven and Earth powers and had lightning divine powers that could exterminate all things.

These three swords each had different strengths, but they all had their own characteristics.

If it could be combined, the power would be unimaginable.

The condensation of the third Essence Soul sword represented the perfected Sword Dao cultivation of Han Muye.

His soul had already reached the Zenith Heaven Realm, and his comprehension of power was that of an Immortal Lord. He also had two nomological powers that even Immortal Venerables were pursuing.

Now that his three Primordial Spirit Swords had condensed, his cultivation level had reached the critical point of a Golden Immortal.

However, in the Nether River, even if his cultivation level and strength increased, he would not be able to draw in the Heaven and Earth powers. It was better to temporarily suppress it.

Han Muye had an idea. He planned to suppress his cultivation and not advance to the Golden Immortal realm for the time being. He would step into the Golden Immortal realm when he returned to the Immortal World.

In any case, his combat strength was not related to his cultivation.

Holding his sword, Han Muye looked at the lightning cocoon in front of him.

With a pull of the long sword, a green sword light shattered the light cocoon.

The cold sword light pointed at the seven-headed dragon sculpture beast.

The dragon statue beast trembled and spread its wings. Just as it was about to charge forward, the lightning on Han Muye's sword exploded.

The dragon statue screamed as it was enveloped by the lightning again.

When the lightning dissipated, the eyes of the dragon statue's seven heads revealed a ferocious glint.

Han Muye didn't wait for it to move and slashed down again.

When the lightning dissipated, a pair of wings appeared on the back of the dragon sculpture beast.

With the addition of a pair of wings, the strength of the wings naturally increased greatly. The seven heads roared wildly and four pairs of wings spread out.

Then, what welcomed it was a slash of the sword.

The most painful thing in the world was insufficient strength.

What was even more painful was that his strength had increased, but then he realized that he still didn't have enough strength.

It produced a seventh head, but it did not have enough strength.

The fourth pair of wings did not have enough strength.

After awakening his bloodline power, his strength was insufficient.

Even after transforming into a human, he still did not have enough strength.

“Boom—”

The sword in Han Muye’s hand slashed out, and the cold black-robed young man standing in front of him was sent flying.

Sword light and lightning lingered, causing its body to constantly twist. It alternated between transforming into a seven-headed dragon sculpture and a black-robed young man.

“I, I, I’m convinced, convinced...”

He had never spoken human language before. The first thing he said was, “I’m convinced.”

Han Muye smiled and slowly retracted his sword.

He had already discovered that the so-called Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast was only a mutated beast that contained the bloodline of the Nine Phoenixes.

The Nine-headed Phoenix was also known as the Nine-headed Bird in ancient times.

It was a powerful ferocious beast that could fight against the phoenix and walk in the flames.

The Seven-Headed Dragon Sculpture Beast did not awaken much bloodline power and inherited memories, nor did it have a name.

Han Muye gave him a name, Han Qi.

Who asked this guy to have seven heads?

Stepping out of the Nether River and landing on the reef, Han Qi stammered as he told Han Muye about his experience on the Nether River.

Among the mutated beasts living in the rocky reef, Han Qi was not the strongest.

They had borrowed the power of the Nether River to transform and grow here.

Nether River Immortal Venerable fell to the ground and was suppressed by a spear. The power in his body dissipated into the Nether River.

“The Immortal Venerable is here, at the bottom of the Nether River Holy City.”

“We, actually, won’t hurt him.”

“The ones who really want to hurt him are the people from the Holy City.”

“That First Elder used the Soul-Sealing Banner to refine...” Han Qi gestured.

The First Elder of the Nether River Holy City had disappeared a million years ago because he was actually using the Soul-Sealing Banner to refine the soul of the Immortal Venerable.

When the Nether beasts in the Chaotic Killing Reef sensed this, they knew that once the Immortal Venerable’s divine soul died, the First Elder’s combat strength would increase and he would definitely hunt them down. So they united to resist the Holy City.

For the past million years, the Holy City had been suppressed.

The First Elder couldn’t tap into the power of the Holy City, so he used the Soul-Sealing Banner to absorb the power of countless cultivators.

He spread various rumors to attract external cultivators to the Holy City and then merged the divine soul power of these outsiders into the Soul-Sealing Banner.

“He’s already very strong.” Han Qi looked at Han Muye and pondered for a moment before saying in a low voice, “He might even be stronger than you.”

Chapter 1330 - 1330 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (4)

1330 Should I Pay Back the Golden Beads I Owe? (4)

What Han Qi was talking about was his sensing of power.

Perhaps there was a deviation, but that First Elder of the Nether River Holy City was probably already extremely powerful.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have dared to refine the soul of Immortal Venerable Minghe.

Han Muye looked up at the sky.

Now, the place he was in was not controlled by the power of the Nether River. Presumably, neither the First Elder nor Immortal Venerable Minghe could sense him.

If he appeared in a place controlled by the Nether River's power, he would be sensed.

He turned around and looked at the surrounding void with a smile.

He, who could see through the aura of the world, could completely use this method to walk in places unknown to Immortal Venerable Minghe and the First Elder of the Holy City.

"Where are those experts you mentioned, who were killing each other in the reef?

“Let’s go meet him together.”

Han Muye looked at Han Qi.

Han Qi nodded and transformed back into the seven-headed Dragon Sculpture Beast. Then, with a low roar, he carried Han Muye into the sky.

Previously, he did not feel it, but now, on the back of the Dragon Sculpture Beast, Han Muye saw a different scene.

The reef stones were arranged in a strange formation.

Although he could only catch a glimpse of it, Han Muye deduced some information.

This formation was a method to lock in the scattered power, a suppression formation.

It was unknown whether this formation was set up by Immortal Venerable Minghe himself or his adversary.

Although Han Qi could not see the aura of power, the places he flew past were all places where strange power gathered.

It seemed that living in the Nether River for a long time had given him a certain kind of sensitivity in his body.

After flying for more than half a day with Han Muye on their backs, they landed on an island much larger than Xuanming Island.

This island had a hint of greenery, which appeared exceptionally rare amidst the blood-red river water.

“Elder Zhu and Elder Feng live on Wind Forest Island.” Han Qi, who had transformed into a human, pointed ahead.

“Elder Zhu’s true form is a bamboo forest, but I don’t know about Elder Feng.”

Looking at Han Muye, Han Qi’s gaze landed on the sword behind him.

“Elder Feng also knows how to use a sword.”

A beast that could use a sword?

Han Muye smiled.

He walked slowly with Han Qi. As he walked, he admired the rare scenery around him.

The scattered stones were arranged elegantly, and the small trees had some artistic shapes.

The gravel path was paved with bluestone, different from the surrounding black reef stones.

As they walked forward, a continuous bamboo forest appeared before them.

Emerald bamboo leaves swayed with the wind, and the river breeze was gentle, producing a soft rustling sound in the bamboo forest.

It was indeed a beautiful scene.

But where were they?

They were deep within the Nether River!

The blood-colored water light illuminated the surroundings, making the scenery on the island seem unreal.

Moving forward through the bamboo forest, they arrived at a thatched house.

In front of the thatched house was a small courtyard with stone tables and stone benches, and there were some dried fish hanging on wooden racks.

Fish in the Nether River?

In front of the stone table, two white-haired elders sat upright, seemingly playing chess.

Seeing Han Muye and Han Qi arrive, the two old men turned around.

The old man in gray robes had a simple and kind face, with a long white beard, exuding a hint of benevolence.

The old man in black robes had sharp eyes, with a somewhat cold and stern expression.

“Hey, you little fellow actually transformed?” The gray-robed old man looked at Han Qi, showing surprise in his eyes.

“It seems like your cultivation has improved quite a bit.”

The black-robed old man’s gaze landed on Han Muye, then he raised his eyebrows and looked at the sword on Han Muye’s back.

“Sword cultivator?”

There seemed to be a surge of sword intent on him.

Han Qi turned to look at Han Muye and said, "This is my big brother, and from now on, I'll be following him."

At this point, they had already reached the front of the courtyard.

Hearing Han Qi say that he would follow Han Muye, the two old men looked at each other.

"You're the first person in a million years to be able to subdue a Dragon Sculpture Beast on the Nether River." The kindness on the gray-robed old man's face turned serious.

"Who are you?"

Although the black-robed old man opposite him did not speak, a green sword light flashed in front of him.

Han Muye's expression remained unchanged as he slowly stepped forward.

He looked at the black and white chess pieces on the table with a deep look in his eyes.

"Are the two seniors having a game of chess? It just so happens that I'm skilled in this as well."

He looked at the black and white chess pieces on the table, and a hint of profundity appeared in his eyes.

Under the shocked gazes of the two old men, the golden stream of light condensed into a pillar of light that enveloped the four of them.

“Is this a void world?”

“No, it’s a realm of nothingness.”

The two old men muttered and looked at Han Muye.

“Leading us into the land of nothingness. Is he challenging us?”

“One versus two?”

Two powers of different attributes surged on the two of them.

Green bamboo leaves appeared around the gray-robed old man, and two soft bamboo whips danced in his hands.

On the other hand, a pair of green jade-like swords appeared behind the black-robed old man. He raised his hand and drew his swords, holding both swords upside down.

“Two swords?” A battle intent appeared in Han Muye’s eyes.

“Interesting.”

“Clang—”

The sword on his back was unsheathed. He took a step forward and slashed down ruthlessly.

This sword was fast, and the sword light seemed to be about to shatter the void.

Fortunately, this place had already returned to nothingness. No matter how shattered it was, it could not be broken.

This strike was just a sword slash.

However, under this extremely direct sword, the two old men’s expressions turned solemn.

The gray-robed elder raised his hand, and the long bamboo whip drew countless bamboo leaves to block in front of him, spinning continuously.

The black-robed old man disappeared from his original position with a flicker of his body.

“Bang!”

The sword light collided with the bamboo leaves, fiercely splitting the layers of curtains formed by the bamboo leaves and then struck the gray-robed old man's palm whip.