

Pavilion 351

Chapter 351: By the Jialing River, The Nine Sects' Rearrangement Competition (3)

Ten days later, the bell rang on the Nine Mystic Mountain.

The protective formation was activated.

Endless spiritual light rose, turning the entire mountain into a land of immortals.

The purple-robed sect master, Jin Ze, the elder in charge of the sect, Tuoba Cheng, and the Grand Elder of the Water Lineage, Zhang Zhihe, led the hundred elites selected by the sect into the 10 flying ships.

At this moment, there should be a total of 98 disciples chosen.

From the Sword Pavilion, Han Muye, Lin Shen, and Lu Gao came.

Yang Mingxuan had gone to the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, so it did not count as a spot.

Gu Yuanlong, the number one expert in the inner sect of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect under the alias Gu Long, would go directly to the shore of the Jialing River.

As for the last vacancy, it was not known who would return, Deng Chungang or Li Xixi.

Or they would not return.

"Farewell, Sect Master. Farewell, Supreme Elder."

"Help my Nine Mystic Sword Sect win the battle."

On the Nine Mystic Mountain, countless voices sounded.

There were hundreds of thousands of disciples on the mountain. At this moment, the sect's momentum turned into a sword light that soared into the sky, as if it wanted to rip the sky.

The momentum of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had already condensed.

It all depended on the competition between the nine sects!

Ten flying ships broke through the heavy clouds and sailed forward.

At the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, figures flew up.

They were experts from the various sects under the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

These people would follow the flying ships to the shore of Jialing River.

Firstly, it was to cheer for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Secondly, how could they not watch such a major event in the Western Frontier?

Watching those peerless elites fight would definitely be helpful to his cultivation.

"Lingjue Sect's Zhang Shiyang has come to pay his respects to Sect Master Jin Ze."

“Wuyang Sword Sect’s Shenwu Province is here to see Senior Brother Tuoba.”

“Is the Immortal of the Sword Dao here? He Yixiao has come to pay his respects.”

Voices echoed in front of the 10 flying ships.

Behind the flying ships, the flying ship of the sect flew on a sword. It continued for dozens of miles and its spiritual light turned into a long dragon that caused a roar in the sky.

Only with such might would it look like a large sect was setting out.

“I’ve seen the power of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect again today. In the Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s position is secured.”

On the deck of a flying ship, an old man in a green robe gently stroked his beard and smiled.

Not only was the Nine Mystic Sword Sect majestic, but the aura and combat strength of those elite disciples could be seen at a glance.

Such experts would definitely be able to stand out in the Nine Sects Competition.

“Of course. If not for the fact that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect still did not have a Heaven Realm expert, they could even be in the top three.” Outside the flying ship, a green-robed sword cultivator’s figure flashed and landed on it.

“So it’s Senior Brother Jin.” The old man who spoke earlier laughed and said, “Then who do you think will soar into the sky in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?”

Investing early was the way to go.

Which of these 100 sect elites was worth investing in? They had to decide soon.

This investment could last for hundreds of years until this person reached the peak.

“If Junior Brother Hu trusts me, you can build a relationship with the direct disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Sword cultivator Jin’s eyes flashed.

The others on the deck looked at each other.

“Senior Brother, where’s the Sword Dao Immortal?” someone asked in a low voice.

Among the younger generation of the Western Frontier, who could compare to the Sword Dao Immortal?

If they wanted to invest, shouldn’t they invest in this person first?

Upon hearing this, the sword cultivator surnamed Jin turned around and looked. The divine light in his eyes disappeared as he said in a low voice, “I saw Immortal Han from afar just now.”

He shook his head and said softly, “The spiritual light is not obvious, and the sword light is difficult to see.

“I’m afraid...”

His cultivation was probably insufficient.

In two years, he had to start all over again. So what if he was a genius?

“This time, Immortal Han came to Jialing River to make those experts of the various sects who promised not to fight him fulfill their promise.”

The sword cultivator surnamed Jin raised his head and looked ahead. He sighed softly and said, “Even I, Jin Yitang, admire him.

“How many sword cultivators in the world can sacrifice their cultivation to slay demons and save people?”

After he finished speaking, the others nodded.

As the flying ship moved forward, more and more sects and experts followed behind.

They slowly figured out the situation of the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The few direct disciples were all extremely strong.

Most of the top experts in the inner sect were at the Earth, Meridian Opening, and Spirit Awakening Realms.

Such cultivation levels were equivalent to the level of an elder in a smaller sect.

The one they discussed the most was Immortal Han, who seemed to be quiet.

In fact, in the past two years, the famous Immortal Han had never made a move again. There were no rumors or stories about him. There was no news even of his cultivation improvement.

This explained everything.

It was just that many people still had fantasies.

Over the past few days, when they saw Han Muye enjoying the morning sun and reading books on the deck, his aura was ordinary, like that of mortals. Many people sighed in their hearts.

A miracle did not happen.

“If I hadn’t seen so many spiritual pills from you in the past two years, I, Old Jin, would have thought that your cultivation level was really gone.”

In the cabin, the head shopkeeper of the Golden Dragon Trading Company and the head of the Jin family, Jin Jialin, looked at Han Muye and laughed.

“You, Immortal Han, are not as ostentatious as the elites of the Eastern Sea, nor are you as reserved and fierce as those sword experts.”

After a pause, Jin Jialin looked curious and stared at Han Muye. “You look like a Confucian cultivator I’ve met before.”

This guy's eyes were quite sharp. No wonder he could build such a huge family business.

Han Muye looked at him and said calmly, "Patriarch Jin, how's the news from the Eastern Sea?"

Hearing Han Muye's question, Jin Jialin nodded and handed over a jade slip.

Han Muye took the jade slip and scanned it with his divine sense.

"Guo Tianjin, the first direct disciple of the Eastern Sea Cloud Sword Sect?"

"What price did the Wind Spirit Sword Sect pay?"

"The Spiritual Dao Sect has indeed colluded with the Eastern Sea demons?"

The jade slip contained all kinds of information about the Eastern Sea.

There was even news of a great demon from the Southern Wasteland.

The value of this jade slip was definitely immeasurable.

"Thank you, Patriarch Jin," Han Muye said softly as he put away the jade slip.

Jin Jialin smiled and shook his head. He said softly, "Immortal Han, you are one of my Jin family's most important business partners. Isn't it normal to provide you with some information?"

"After this battle, the situation in the Western Frontier will change. Perhaps the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will go against the trend and suppress the Western Frontier."

Jin Jialin revealed a strange expression and said in a low voice, "I know that the Spiritual Dao Sect took out a sword as a reward."

As expected, he could obtain such information.

Han Muye nodded, his eyes deep. "The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's strength is insufficient. We didn't want to be in a position to attract attention and invite trouble.

"Looking at it now, we have to fight for it."

At this point, he said indifferently, "Alright, let's fight."

"As sword cultivators, we can fight for the world. Just fight for the position of the number one sect in the Western Frontier."

Hearing his words, Jin Jialin laughed out loud.

Ahead, the clouds shook.

A wave of water vapor rushed over.

They had arrived at Jialing River.

Han Muye walked out of the cabin.

On the first flying ship, Sect Master Jin Ze and Tuoba Cheng stood in the air.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect of the Western Frontier is here to participate in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Meeting...”

Tuoba Cheng shouted. A 10,000-foot white tiger phantom behind him rose and roared at the sky!

On the 10 flying ships, the sword light turned into the wings of a white tiger and flapped its wings to fly.

A monstrous sword intent rushed forward.

“Boom—”

The clouds above Jialing River were knocked aside.

“The Muyang Sect awaits the arrival of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect...” As the voice sounded, the spiritual light turned into a pagoda that blocked the white tiger.

“The Dao Pursuing Sword Sect has been waiting here for a long time.” A sword light shot into the sky.

“The Infinite Dao Sect welcomes the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.” Sword lights turned into flying wheels that spun, blotting out the sky.

“The Spiritual Dao Sect welcomes Fellow Daoist Jin Ze. Fellow Daoists, please participate in this competition.” A golden seal smashed towards the white tiger’s head.

Tuoba Cheng laughed loudly and shook his arms.

“Boom—”

The white tiger’s sword aura exploded, transforming into a golden tiger. It charged forward and broke through all the obstacles.

“Roar—”

The tiger’s roar shook the mountains and rivers. Waves surged above the Jialing River!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had arrived!

At this moment, there was only the roar of the tiger and the sword!

Chapter 352: The Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition Begins

The phantom of the golden tiger knocked away the spells and sword lights that blocked its path. With an indomitable momentum, it rushed to the dozens of miles wide Jialing River.

The tiger roared at the sky and moved again.

In the sky, most of the sword light spells had already dissipated.

At this moment, there were only a dozen or so left.

After all, the previous obstruction was only to show his strength and show that he was qualified to participate in the competition.

There was no need to fight the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Just now, several of the sects were actually allies with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, at this moment, there were still sword lights and phantoms condensing in front of him. Not only did he want to show his strength, but he also wanted to fight for the seats of the nine sects!

The golden tiger roared and its eyes revealed a dazzling ferocity. It led the 10 flying ships behind it to charge forward.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is indeed powerful." Standing by the river, joy flashed across the faces of the sect members accompanying them.

Their sect was under the rule of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. Their relationship with the Nine Mystic Mountain was one of prosperity and one of loss.

Now that they saw the huge tiger condensed by Tuoba Cheng, they were naturally happy.

"That's right. Back then, Elder Tuoba Cheng was an expert who dominated his entire life." Someone echoed loudly.

This was morale. The higher the morale, the stronger the fighting spirit.

Even those who were watching the battle were concerned about their thoughts.

"Hmph, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect doesn't even have a Heaven Realm expert, yet they dare to think so highly of themselves." Not far away, someone sneered.

These words attracted many gazes.

"From the looks of it, your sect has a Heaven Realm cultivator guarding it?" An elder of the Lingjue Sect turned around and said coldly, "May I know which sect you're from?"

"Spiritual Dao Sect? Shangyang Demon Sect? Or is it the Wind Spirit Sword Sect that almost lost their Heaven Realm Sect Master's life in the Nine Mystic Mountain?"

The elder's voice was not soft and everyone around heard him.

The face of the person who spoke before changed. He snorted coldly and flicked his sleeves before turning around and walking elsewhere.

This scene caused countless people by the river to laugh.

"Boom—"

In front of him, the giant tiger destroyed several spiritual lights blocking the way.

Further ahead, there were only nine spiritual lights and sword lights.

Before the giant tiger could move forward, a sword light automatically disappeared.

He gave up on blocking it and let the giant tiger phantom become one of the nine spiritual lights that still existed.

Nine Sects.

Before the competition began, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had almost determined the qualifications of the nine sects.

By the riverside, some people nodded, while others shook their heads.

They thought that they would be able to see an exciting battle.

“Roar—”

Right then, the tiger’s roar sounded again!

What does it mean!

Everyone widened their eyes and watched as the tiger continued to charge forward.

It was not enough to just join the nine sects, but to provoke them?

Countless people were stunned.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was indeed powerful and had a good reputation among the nine sects.

Especially after the battle at Cloud Nest Ridge and after Immortal Han killed the demon, the image of the orthodox Sword Sect was established.

However, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have a Heaven Realm expert.

In the face of the few Heaven Realm factions in the Western Frontier, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was completely helpless.

At this moment, they already had the strength of the nine sects. What was there to fight for?

Top five?

Top four?

What was the point? It was just an empty title.

Could it be that they wanted to fight for the top three?

No Heaven Realm...

“Boom—”

A sword light turned into a stream of light and collided with the tiger phantom.

Then the giant tiger shook slightly, and the sword light dissipated.

The first to retreat was the Tai Yi Sword Sect!

The number one Sword Sect in the Western Frontier had given in!

Countless people by the river gasped and stared ahead.

“Senior Tu Sunshi has left the Western Frontier. The Tai Yi Sword Sect? Sigh...” Someone muttered.

Indeed, without Tu Sunshi’s protection, the Taiyi Sword Sect could not protect their reputation as the number one sword sect in the Western Frontier.

“Hum—”

A few more halos dissipated.

In the void, there was only a golden seal, a clear long sword, and a ball of black demonic qi.

The Spiritual Dao Sect.

Wind Spirit Sword Sect.

The Shangyang Demon Sect!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was publicly acknowledged as the fourth in the Western Frontier and the second among the Sword Sects!

“How powerful...”

“After this competition, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will really rise.”

“Number four in the Western Frontier. Amazing.”

By the river, countless people whispered.

This was an unexpected outcome.

“Fourth in the Western Frontier. Not bad, not bad.” The cultivators who came with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect nodded in satisfaction and smiled.

However, the tiger did not stop!

“Roar—”

The tiger covered in golden light charged forward, ignoring the sword light and demonic shadow around it as it charged towards the golden seal.

Fighting against the Spiritual Dao Sect!

“Boom—”

The golden seal landed on the golden tiger’s head. The tiger’s body paused and exploded.

Then the golden seal shook non-stop and gradually shattered.

They were evenly matched!

Although the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not succeed in challenging the overlord of the Western Frontier, they did not lose either.

In the void, all the sword light and spiritual qi dissipated.

However, the river bank was silent.

Who would have thought that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's nine sects would compete with the Spiritual Dao Sect this time!

Who would dare to think about it?

The Spiritual Dao Sect had suppressed the Western Border for thousands of years, and Daoist Myriad Transformations' cultivation was number one in the Western Frontier.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect even dared to challenge such power!

In the void, the spiritual light dissipated. The 10 flying ships of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect landed on the river and fluttered.

All around, the flying ships and flying immortal treasures of various sects were gathered together.

"Hehe, Fellow Daoist Jin Ze, I didn't expect your Nine Mystic Sword Sect to target the number one sect in the Western Frontier this time. Looks like my Taiyi Sword Sect will have to follow your lead in the future."

Not far away, there was a shout.

Jin Ze, who was standing at the bow of the ship, had a calm expression. He looked ahead and said indifferently, "We sword cultivators should have a sword in our hearts."

"If you don't have the intention to be the number one in the Western Frontier, why are you here to fight?"

His voice was loud and clear, echoing across the river.

Chapter 353: The Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition Begins (2)

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect really had the intention to fight for first place in the Western Frontier!

Today, Tuoba Cheng was determined!

A few people from the Tai Yi Sword Sect laughed. Some of the other sects were silent, while others sent a few divine thoughts over.

The surface of the river slowly calmed down, but there were a few feet of waves even though there was no wind, and under the surface of the river, dark tides surged.

It was just like the relationship between the various sects.

Jin Ze smiled and flicked his sleeves before returning to the cabin.

"The rearrangement competition of the nine sects will begin in five days. We won't wait for those who are late.

"The disciples of the various sects participating in the competition are not allowed to fight for the next five days.

"All sects will head to Jiayu Mountain in three days to discuss the Dao."

The voice came from the direction of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

No one objected.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had the right to set the rules.

This rule had always been followed by the various sects.

At the very least, before the Spiritual Dao Sect was pulled down from its pedestal, rules were rules.

"Is Senior Brother Han Muye from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect here? Sun Ji is here to visit." A voice sounded from outside the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's flying ship fleet.

A Daoist in a green robe stood there and cupped his hands.

"It's Sun Ji from the Floating Sun Dao Sect. His cultivation base is at the Earth Realm, Spirit Awakening, and his combat strength is extraordinary," someone on the flying boat whispered.

"Senior Brother Han, Wanyue has come to visit."

"Senior Brother Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Du Feng would like to meet you."

"Duan Yihong is here to see Senior Brother Han."

Figures flew over and called out Han Muye's name.

Han Muye walked out of the cabin. He was wearing a green robe and carried a sword box on his back. A black sword was inserted into his hair.

This appearance was exactly the same as when he killed the demon in adversity.

However, his cultivation seemed extremely weak.

This matched the rumors, the information that the various sects had gathered, and the analysis of the cultivation method of the Sword Pavilion.

The moment they saw Han Muye, a trace of pity flashed across everyone's eyes, but they all heaved a sigh of relief.

Back then, when Han Muye killed demons in the Broken Soul Wasteland, his soul turned into a sword and his entire body fused with more than 20 sword intents. The power was so great that even a half-step Heaven Realm expert had to retreat.

If Han Muye still had the same combat strength as before, the nine sects would really not be able to fight.

The moment Han Muye walked out of the cabin, not only were these figures who came to meet him, but countless divine senses were also cast over.

Han Muye's expression was indifferent as he looked ahead.

There were 13 divine soul swords circling in his divine treasures, and each of them was dyed golden-red by the Spell of the Mortal World.

With the protection of the Spell of the Mortal World, the power in his divine treasures was something that even a Heaven Realm Out of Body cultivator could not detect.

In his Qi Sea, other than the 81 strands of Sword Intent, there was also a patch of purple will of the people.

The Central Continent was isolated from the Western Frontier, but the will of the people was incorporeal. It penetrated the Heavenly Barrier and surged into Han Muye.

The poems on Mount Xisai, the four lines of Confucianism and Daoism on White Deer Mountain, and the battle poems outside Jinchuan. Each of them was filled with literary energy and gathered the attention of the people.

With the will of the people, Han Muye's Qi Sea had long been filled.

The Qi of the will of the people was enough for him to become a Confucian Grandmaster.

However, the Heavenly Axiom of the Western Frontier suppressed Confucianism to begin with. Coupled with the fact that Confucianism in the Western Frontier was not prosperous, there was no practical meaning for him to break through to the Grandmaster Realm.

He might as well slowly sharpen his morals and wait until he entered the Central Continent to break through overnight.

The Confucian scholars of the Central Continent did the same thing. They gathered the attention of countless people and read poetry and books. After cultivating for dozens or hundreds of years, they suddenly gained enlightenment and were respected by the world.

This boundless crowd not only covered Han Muye's Qi Sea Dantian, but also gave off a very mortal aura.

Anyone would think that he was a mortal who had not cultivated for long.

No more than two years.

This coincided with Han Muye's re-cultivation.

"No matter how talented one is, it's impossible to be lucky forever." In the distance, a young man in a green robe on the Spiritual Dao Sect's flying ship spoke in a low voice.

"This person is already not bad. Unfortunately, he shouldn't have gone against the Spiritual Dao Sect." Beside him, a Daoist in green robes also spoke.

Beside them stood a few young cultivators.

The Seven Sons of the Spiritual Dao.

"I hope that when he loses, he can be more straightforward and not ruin his reputation as a sword immortal." A young man with a cold expression and a scar at the corner of his eye snorted coldly and turned back to the cabin.

There was no need to care about the death of a genius.

Only a genius who remained brilliant would be valued.

Moreover, at this moment, so many young elites did not come to the Spiritual Dao Sect to visit, but gathered in front of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. What position did this leave the Spiritual Dao Sect in?

This was a provocation to the Spiritual Dao Sect!

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's encampment, Han Muye, who was standing in front of the cabin, looked around and cupped his hands. "Everyone, aren't you cultivating at this time?"

Hearing Han Muye's words, a young man said loudly, "Immortal Han, if it weren't for you, I, Zhao Tiejin, would have died in the Broken Soul Wasteland. How can Zhao Tiejin not come to Jialing River?"

As he spoke, he took out a wine gourd and said loudly, "Immortal Han, I, Zhao Tiejin, know that my cultivation and combat strength are not top-notch. I might not be able to leave Jialing River alive in this sect competition.

"I'm here today to invite Immortal Han for a drink."

Drink?

The others also looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye's reputation came from his superb talent in the Sword Dao.

But what was more admirable than his talent was his character.

In the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, everyone knew that the Sword Pavilion's Immortal Han had never hidden anything from his juniors.

Outside the Sword Sect, stories about Han Muye circulated. From the time he went down the Nine Mystic Mountain with his sword and traveled 30,000 miles to save the Sword Pavilion elder, Gao Changgong, to the time he blocked the demons of the Southern Wasteland with his sword on the Cloud Nest Ridge and invited Tu Sunshi to save the Yuntai Dao Sect.

In that battle, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Immortal Han killed countless sword cultivators.

Chapter 354: The Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition Begins (3)

The juniors of the Western Frontier sects were publicly acknowledged as Han Muye's talent in the Sword Dao was unparalleled among his peers.

After that, Han Muye returned to the Nine Mystic Mountain from the old site of the Blazing Sun Palace. He would definitely guide him in every battle and live up to the name of an immortal.

What really made Han Muye famous in the Western Border was that he was intercepted by the cultivators of the Black Spirit Valley. He went all the way to the Broken Soul Wasteland and killed the Heavenly Demons who had occupied the Western Frontier for countless years.

In order to save the elites of the Western Frontier, Han Muye released his cultivation and used a heaven-defying attack.

Losing one person's cultivation path and saving tens of millions.

With such talent and character, he deserved the title of Sword Immortal.

It was precisely because of the favor of saving their lives in the Broken Soul Wasteland that the elites of the various sects came to visit today.

"Alright, then Han Muye will drink with you today."

Han Muye nodded and looked into the distance. "There's a big island over there. Let's go there first."

There were all kinds of sects here. It was not good to drink in the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's encampment, right?

"Alright, that's Chongling Island. Let's go there."

"Let's go drink."

They were all elite cultivators from various sects. Their movements were swift and without any hesitation.

A moment later, everyone landed on the big craggy island that was in chaos.

Someone's sword light swept past and slashed open a flat ground.

Someone attacked. A spiritual light flashed and transformed into a stone platform.

Someone took out a wine pot and even took out some of his precious spiritual fruits.

"Everyone, come. This meal is on me." Han Muye laughed and waved his hand. Wine jars and piles of spiritual fruits fell.

The wine was Heartbreak Wine. It was newly brewed by Han Muye and had been set aside.

The spiritual fruits were obtained from Green Wheat Mountain.

Han Muye had not left the Nine Mystic Mountain for the past two years, but the great demon of Green Light Mountain, Mu Jin, had come a few times with Tan Tan and the others. She had brought many spiritual fruits and spiritual herbs.

"Immortal Han is so rich." Seeing so many spiritual wines and spiritual fruits, many people's eyes lit up.

"This wine is good." Someone took a sip of the Heartbreak Wine and exclaimed.

Han Muye smiled and raised his glass.

The elites of the various sects also raised their glasses.

"To everyone."

Han Muye's eyes lit up as he said in a low voice, "Let's drink until we're drunk today. We'll fight in five days and go all out."

With that, he drank the wine in one gulp.

Everyone raised their glasses and drank it all in one gulp.

"We won't leave until we're drunk. Go all out!"

When the wine entered his throat, it burned his heart.

This wine was heartbreaking.

Looking at the grimacing elites of the various sects, Han Muye smiled.

Han Muye did not refuse anyone who came to toast him.

This scene made many people sigh again.

This wine could condense sword qi.

If one drank a little, it would be beneficial. If one drank too much and did not use spiritual qi to wrap and refine it, one would continuously refine one's sword qi.

Normally, this was not a bad thing.

However, the sect rearrangement competition was in five days. Was he condensing sword qi now because he felt that he had too much sword qi?

In the eyes of those sect elites, Han Muye had given up because he had re-cultivated and his cultivation sword qi was thin. He could not compare to everyone at all.

He drank freely.

That was true. The genius from back then had been reduced to a mortal. Now that he was reunited with the geniuses, he felt depressed. It was better to get drunk to resolve his worries.

"Immortal Han, Duan Yihong toasts you." A burly man in a green robe walked forward and raised his glass at Han Muye.

The number one direct disciple of the Infinite Dao Sect, Dao Seed Duan Yihong.

In the past two years, he fought everywhere, slaying demons and devils. He wielded great power and was undefeated. His reputation spread throughout the Western Frontier.

Han Muye smiled and raised his glass.

"Immortal Han, I once said that when we met in the Nine Sects Competition, Duan Yihong gave you a victory. I meant what I said."

After Duan Yihong finished speaking, he finished the wine in his glass.

Han Muye's gaze landed on Duan Yihong.

Although the earth affinity power had not reached perfection, it was not much different.

This guy stood on the ground and could borrow power from a radius of 3,000 miles.

However, with Han Muye's Earth Affinity and max-level comprehension, he could discover that there was still a trace of abnormality on Duan Yihong.

This contradiction came from...

"Fellow Daoist Duan, when you refine your body, you will feel pain in your heart, right?"

Han Muye suddenly spoke.

The empty wine glass in Duan Yihong's hand instantly exploded. He stared at Han Muye.

"The Spirit Core condensed by the Earth Spirit Fish Worm can indeed increase the Earth Affinity after swallowing and refining it. However, because this power is gathered in the bosom, it often hurts before it's completely refined."

Han Muye's words made Duan Yihong's expression change.

The originally noisy surroundings also quietened down, and only the sound of waves could be heard.

"During the sect competition, try to seal the three meridians connected to your heart meridians and reduce the instant eruption of earth-element power. It should be useful.

"Otherwise, if you feel pain at the critical moment, your efforts will be in vain."

Han Muye's voice was flat.

However, this calmness revealed absolute confidence.

Duan Yihong circulated the Spiritual Qi in his body and sensed it slightly. A hint of joy flashed across his face.

He bowed to Han Muye and whispered, "Thank you, Senior Brother Han."

When he strode away, a figure landed in front of Han Muye.

“Senior Brother Han, back then, you said that when the moon is full, it will wane. Today, can Senior Brother take a look at my sword again?” As soon as the Moonlight Sword Sect’s Young Sect Master, Wanyue, finished speaking, a clear sword light rose from her hand.

The sword light was like the moon, but it was not the same as when she fought Han Muye.

One moon turned into three moons.

The three moons filled the sky. The light was gentle, but it made one’s heart freeze.

“Good, not bad.” Han Muye nodded, then said softly, “The moon has a round gap. It’s originally the Dao of Heaven and Earth. Actually, there’s no need for this move of yours.”

Hearing his words, Wanyue raised her hand, and the three moons turned from full to half-moons, leaving only a trace of crescent.

When there were only three crescent moons left in the sky, an indescribable killing intent rose.

These crescent moons were several times more dangerous than the full moons.

“Alright, when the three moons disappear, it will be time for you to master your sword,” Han Muye said loudly.

Wanyue glanced at him and the sword light dissipated. She raised the wine glass in front of her and drank it in one gulp. Then she turned around and left.

Wanyue was really strong!

This was what all the elites present thought.

However, Immortal Han was actually able to teach Wanyue sword technique. It could be seen that although his cultivation was no longer there, his talent and insights were still there.

Many people’s eyes lit up.

“Senior Brother Han, I have a move.”

“Immortal Han, a toast to you. Please take a look at my sword.”

...

Throughout the day and night, the sword light and spiritual light on Chongling Island did not stop at all.

The elites of the various sects who heard the news toasted Han Muye and asked for guidance on sword techniques.

Han Muye did not refuse anyone. Even though he was already drunk, he still gave pointers about sword techniques.

The gathering didn’t end until daybreak.

After today, it might be a fight to the death!

Han Muye turned around drunkenly and went to his cabin. He raised his hand and a formation rose.

“Sigh, these little fellows feel that they have profited.”

Daoist Dayan’s voice sounded.

Beside him, Zhao Yunlong nodded and looked at Han Muye.

At this moment, sword lights turned into shadows around Han Muye.

Among these phantoms, there were sword techniques and Dao techniques. They kept changing and dissipating.

The elites of the various sects received guidance, and Han Muye obtained their sword techniques and Dao techniques.

Mutual benefits.

It was not a loss.

Three days later, the Golden Cores of the various sects left for Jiayu Mountain to discuss the Dao.

Two days later, golden light flashed between heaven and earth as dragon boats appeared.

834 dragon boats landed on the river.

There were a total of 834 sects participating in the Nine Sects Rearrangement.

Most sects did not really fight for the position of the nine sects. They wanted to let their disciples sharpen themselves and display their sect’s strength to raise their sect’s status in the Western Frontier.

“The rearrangement of the nine sects of the Western Frontier begins now.

“Ride this dragon boat 100,000 miles along the Jialing River to the Snow Mountain Rising Dragon Platform at the Western Frontier and the northern region.

“The 360 Rising Dragon Platforms will rise through battle. In the end, the top nine ascending Dragon Platforms will be the nine sects of the Western Frontier. They are qualified to reset the rules of the Western Frontier’s cultivation world.”

In the void, figures appeared one after another.

Chapter 355: River Breaker

He wore a green robe with large sleeves. Spiritual light flashed, and the person who exuded pressure was the Great Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, the number one cultivator in the Western Frontier, Myriad Transformations Sage.

Dressed in a black robe, with a cold face and a demonic aura rising from his body, it was the number one demonic cultivator of the Western Frontier, Li Mubai.

Sword Qi rushed into the sky. The middle-aged man in a gray robe was the Sect Master of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, a Heaven Realm sword cultivator.

It was not just these three Heaven Realm experts. The Mu family's patriarch and the two demons that he had never seen before were both Heaven Realm experts.

Beside them, the acting sect master of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Tuoba Cheng, the sect master of the Supreme Solitary Sword Sect, Daoist Yu, the sect master of the Yuntai Dao Sect, Lu Fengyou, and other experts were all present.

This place could be considered the gathering of the strongest group of people in the Western Frontier.

"Board the dragon boat. You can attack at will a million miles upstream to the river source."

"On the dragon platform, life and death are up to fate."

The rule was that there were no rules.

The ranking competition of the nine sects was to prepare the younger generation elites for the future of the sect.

If they were able to fight their way out of this bloody battle, they would be able to dominate the Western Frontier in a hundred years.

"Senior Brother Han, I'm afraid this battle will be very difficult," Qi Thirteen, who had two swords on his back, said softly behind Han Muye.

Very difficult.

If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect continued to develop in a low profile manner like before, this battle might be easy.

However, if they wanted to fight for the first place of the nine sects, everyone present would have to risk their lives today.

"Since you're a sword cultivator, just draw your sword when you encounter enemies."

Han Muye's expression was indifferent as he flew up.

"With my sword in hand, I'm invincible."

Han Muye shouted and landed on the dragon boat that was more than 100 feet long.

"I'm invincible!"

One figure after another landed on the dragon boat.

"As expected of an immortal of the Western Frontier Sword Dao. Such comprehension of the Sword Dao is really extraordinary." The person who spoke wore a green robe and carried a long sword on his back. His eyebrows were long and narrow.

The sword intent on his body was suppressed, as if the surging waves were about to collapse at any moment.

The number one inner disciple of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, Gu Yuanlong.

At this moment, his alias was Gu Long, the fourth in the inner sect of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Gu Yuanlong turned into a stream of light and chased after Han Muye, landing beside him.

The moment he landed, Lin Shen and Lu Gao were already standing beside Han Mu, protecting him.

The duty of the Sword Pavilion's Sword Guardian and gatekeeper was naturally to protect Han Muye, the guardian of the Sword Pavilion.

Figures landed on the dragon boat, and spiritual light and sword light filled the sky.

The dragon boats moved slowly and began to swim upstream.

The 99 disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect flew down. Then, Han Muye, who was standing at the bow of the dragon boat, moved his feet and guided the dragon boat slowly in the opposite direction.

Li Xixi and Deng Chungang had yet to return.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect could only allow 99 people to control the dragon boat.

"Boom!"

In front, two extremely fast dragon boats collided.

It was unknown what material the golden dragon boats were made of, but they were extremely sturdy.

However, they collided and swayed, capsizing on the Jialing River.

The figures fell into the water and flew out of the water again, preparing to restore the dragon boat and continue forward.

"Roar—"

At this moment, there was a roar. In Jialing River, a 10-foot-long black fish darted out of the river and bit off half of the waist of an elite disciple who had just flown out of the water.

An elite disciple who was at the high level of the Foundation Establishment realm was bitten off!

Blood instantly turned the river red!

"There are demonic beasts under the river!"

Someone exclaimed.

There was no need to think. The churning waves beside the fallen cultivator explained everything.

Black demonic beasts appeared in the water.

Blood and spiritual light flashed at the same time.

“In this competition, a group of black-armored demons from the Eastern Sea will accompany us. They will be the overseers of the competition and also part of the increase in difficulty.”

The Myriad Transformations Sage’s voice sounded.

“If they have the ability, they can hunt you. You can also hunt them.”

The Eastern Sea demons.

Jin Jialin’s jade slip mentioned this matter.

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the water in front of him.

In his divine treasures, a drop of water instantly exploded.

His eyes turned blue.

At this moment, there were no secrets in the waters of Jialing River.

His water-affinity power was at its fullest.

Sensing the situation in the water, Han Muye’s expression turned solemn.

He looked up at the sky.

At this moment, the Myriad Transformations Sage, who was quietly hanging in the void, lowered his head and looked at Han Muye.

Han Muye could feel a trace of detection crashing into him along his divine sense.

He activated the Spell of the Mortal World in his divine treasures and dispelled the divine sense.

The Myriad Transformations Sage’s face flashed with a trace of fierceness as he looked away.

Han Muye looked down at the river.

Under the river, thousands of demonic beasts followed.

The strongest of them rose to a height of 400 to 500 feet from the bottom of the river.

Even if such a great demon’s cultivation and combat strength were not a match for a half-step Heaven Realm expert, it was about the same.

Moreover, there might be someone who had surpassed this realm.

There were other demons below 300 feet who had condensed their demon cores or condensed their demon bloodline divine powers.

Within a radius of a hundred miles, the surface of the water was densely covered with strange black-armored fish.

If these demonic beasts underwater attacked, more than half of the elites of the Western Frontier would die.

Was the Spiritual Dao Sect really recruiting so many powerful demonic beasts from the Eastern Sea just to be the judge of the competition?

“Whoosh—”

A demonic beast opened its mouth and bit at an elite disciple who had fallen into the water.

The sword light in the disciple’s hand slashed down.

“Bam—”

A black-armored fish fell into the river. The expression of the elite who had attacked changed. Just as he was about to speak, another black fish suddenly rushed out from the side and bit off most of his body.

The surface of the river turned red.

When the two overturned dragon boats flipped back and all the disciples who had fallen into the water returned to the dragon boats, there were a hundred people on each boat. Now there were fewer than 90.

Chapter 356: River Breaker (2)

More than 10%.

They had just set off and had only traveled less than ten miles!

The competition between the nine sects was extremely dangerous, yet it had gone this far!

The elite disciples on the dragon boats looked solemn.

In the sky, the experts of the various sects were silent.

The cultivators who had come along to observe the battle looked terrified.

The battle between the nine sects was so bloody and tragic!

“Boom!”

A huge black fish that was 100 feet long jumped out of the water and overturned a dragon boat.

Then countless waves surged and surrounded the overturned dragon boat.

The sect disciples who landed in the water flew up and dodged in panic.

“Demonic beasts!”

“Senior Brother, save me...”

“My leg!”

In the sky, a figure rushed down.

“My Purple Spirit Dao Sect withdraws from the competition!” The figure that rushed out shouted. The spiritual light in his hand turned into a net and pressed down.

However, the net was still in midair. The Myriad Transformations Sage raised his hand and a green light pierced through the body of the person.

The Core Formation level seven Purple Spirit Daoist Master’s Golden Core shattered. His body shattered and his soul was destroyed instantly.

With one strike, a Golden Core expert died.

“It seems like the rules set by the Spiritual Dao Sect have been challenged.”

Retracting his palm gently, Daoist Myriad Transformations’ expression was indifferent. “During the entire sect competition, you’re not allowed to retreat or save anyone.”

Hearing his words, the expressions of Li Mubai and the others remained unchanged. Not far away, an old man with a white beard frowned and asked in a low voice, “When did this rule exist?”

Daoist Myriad Transformations looked up with a deep glow in his eyes. “Is there a problem now?”

The white-bearded old man’s face turned pale. He hurriedly said, “No problem, no problem.”

No one spoke again.

The Myriad Transformations Sage turned his gaze from the old man to Tuoba Cheng.

Tuoba Cheng’s expression did not change at all. He only stared at the dragon boat below.

“Crash—”

A strange black-armored fish that was longer than a dragon boat rushed out of the water and collided with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat.

Before the strange fish could reach the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat, a dragon boat that was rushing over from the side got out of control and collided with it.

“Boom!”

The dragon boat rolled, and everyone on the dragon boat fell into the river.

The huge black-armored fish opened its mouth and swallowed three figures.

All around, dozens of black-armored fish that were about 50 to 60 feet long rushed over.

“Help—”

“Run—”

“Immortal Han, save me!”

On the water, someone shouted in the direction of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat.

Should they save him or not?

"I'll do it."

On the dragon boat, a young man in a white robe stood up.

Inner Sect 21st disciple, Li Senhe.

He was an elite disciple of the metal meridian. His spiritual energy cultivation was at the peak of the Meridian Opening Realm. He cultivated the golden meridian sword technique and condensed sword intent.

In the battle between the Fire Source World and the cultivators from the other world, Li Senhe and his achievements were outstanding.

"Golden touch," Han Muye nodded and said.

Hearing his words, Li Senhe's eyes flashed and he flew up. The sword in his hand turned into stars.

Golden Lineage Two Mystic Sword Technique, Star Pointing.

"Slash—"

The sword light flashed and hit the forehead of the strange black fish before shattering.

The head of this black fish was so hard that even the blade of an Earth Realm Meridian Opening Realm expert could not break through it.

However, in the next moment, a golden stream of light passed through the black fish's eyes.

This was the Golden Touch Sword Technique.

"Pfft—"

A puff of black blood burst out. The strange black fish that was 30 feet long churned in the water a few times and slowly fell silent.

The eyes were the fatal weakness of this black fish!

Li Senhe let out a long laugh. The sword light in his hand turned into starlight and fell bit by bit.

The black fishes that jumped out of the water were pierced through by the sword light.

Single-strike killing!

Li Senhe flew back to the dragon boat. Several black fish carcasses were floating on the water in front of him.

"Good sword technique!" Someone among the observing cultivators exclaimed.

The accuracy and ruthlessness of this sword move was unparalleled.

“Brother Tuoba, can this person be ranked in the top 10 in your Nine Mystic Sword Sect?” Among the experts of the various sects watching the battle in the sky, an old man standing beside Tuoba Cheng chuckled.

Top 10?

Tuoba Cheng’s expression did not change as he shook his head.

Seeing Tuoba Cheng shake his head, the old man frowned slightly and said in a low voice, “Brother Tuoba, if such strength enters the top five of the sect, your Nine Mystic Sword Sect will probably not be able to compete with the Spiritual Dao Sect.

“The Seven Sons of the Spirit Dao Sect are all stronger than him.”

Top five?

Tuoba Cheng remained silent.

Li Senhe was ranked 21st in the inner sect of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect. There were also a few core disciples above him. His combat strength was ranked in the top 40 among the elite disciples of the sect.

This was the true strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

Below, the elites of the various sects on the other dragon boats raised their eyebrows.

This strike displayed the extraordinary strength of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Without such combat strength, it was better not to provoke the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“Thank you for your help, Senior Brother.

“Thank you for your help, Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.” A young man in a green robe looked grateful. He floated 100 feet above the water and cupped his hands at the people of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Behind him, the members of his sect slowly gathered.

On the surface of the water, the bodies of the black fishes that had been killed were dragged by other big fishes and sank into the water.

Other than the river water that had turned red, there was only a dragon boat that was shaking gently on the river.

The overturned dragon boat undulated with the waves a few times. Then a huge black fish raised its head and collided with it. The dragon boat shattered with a bang.

The dragon boat shattered!

The sect elites who were hanging in the air and preparing to land back on the dragon boat revealed blank expressions.

In this sect competition, they had to board the dragon boat. Now that the dragon boat was shattered, what should they do?

Chapter 357: River Breaker (3)

“How—”

Someone let out a low cry, and his body fell into the water as if it had been hit by a heavy hammer.

“So heavy!”

“At least a thousand tons of power!”

The others shouted in panic as spiritual light and sword light flashed all over their bodies.

At this moment, a faint halo pressed down from the sky.

Array formation.

“After 10 breaths in the air, the power of the Flight Restriction Array will increase by 100 tons.

“100 breaths later, 1,000 tons per breath.

“200 breaths later, 10,000 tons per breath.”

Daoist Wan Hua’s voice was cold.

The elites on the dragon boat below all revealed panic on their faces.

Who could withstand such heavy pressure?

However, they could neither withdraw from this sect competition nor fly in the air. If the dragon boat capsized, wouldn’t they die?

Han Muye looked up at the sky.

The Spiritual Dao Sect.

These rules seemed to be extremely unreasonable, but considering the fact that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had been suppressed for so many years, it made sense.

As a sect that suppressed the Western Frontier, not only did they have to increase their strength, but they also had to suppress the strength of the juniors of other sects.

As for whether the other sects were willing to follow this rule, that depended on whether the rules were beneficial to their own sects.

This time, the rules of the Nine Sects' rematch seemed extremely cruel.

However, to a truly powerful sect, there was not much pressure.

If they could compete for the position of the nine sects, could they not guarantee that their dragon boats would not be overturned?

"Whoosh—"

The elites of the sects fell into the water one by one, attracting countless black fishes to bite them.

The young man who had called for help earlier was pale. His entire body was trembling, as if there was a heavy weight on his shoulder.

He gritted his teeth and took a step forward, landing on the bow of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat.

When the young man was 10 feet away from the dragon boat, his face suddenly turned cold. He reached out and grabbed Han Muye's neck!

"I'm sorry, Immortal Han!"

He growled and charged at Han Muye at an extreme speed.

Capture the leader!

Among the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye was clearly the pillar.

As long as he took down Han Muye and suppressed all the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, he would have a chance of survival!

Han Muye looked up, his expression indifferent.

He didn't blame him.

Although they had been drinking together a few days ago and they even asked him for advice on cultivation, they were facing death now.

In the face of death, this was the only way.

If they fought, they would die.

If they did not fight, they would die all the more!

In the distance, countless people stared at the bow of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is naturally powerful.

However, if they are caught off guard, will they be overtaken?

Does the Sword Dao Immortal Han Muye still have any cultivation? Can he stop this person?

If Han Muye is really captured by this person, will the Nine Mystic Sword Sect abandon Han Muye or actually be controlled?

At this moment, everyone was waiting to see the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's response.

Beside Han Muye, Gu Yuanlong raised his hand and gently pressed it on the hilt of his sword, then turned to look at Han Muye.

Han Muye looked down at the water.

"Go away."

Before Gu Yuanlong could draw his sword, Lu Gao, who was standing behind Han Muye, took a step forward. His figure turned into a long sword and slashed out.

A thousand feet of sword light.

The sword shot out like a rainbow.

Transforming his body into a sword, his heart integrated with his sword!

With a slash of the sword, the young man could not even react and his body immediately shattered!

After the sword light killed one person, it didn't slow down at all and continued to charge forward.

The awe-inspiring sword light slashed on the river surface.

“Boom!”

The thousand-foot-long sword light entered the water and cut open a chasm that was dozens of miles long!

This sword cut open half of the Jialing River!

The water on the entire river surface seemed to have stopped for a moment before waves formed and collided with each other with a loud rumble.

Dozens of dragon boats were overturned by the waves, and the elite disciples on them flew up in panic.

“Boom!”

The sound of the waves crashing reverberated like thunder for a hundred miles.

This strike made everyone widen their eyes.

Who could resist such a sword?

To split open Jialing River with a single sword strike, this method could be said to be the pinnacle of the younger generation of the Western Frontier!

Ahead, a few youths on the Spiritual Dao Sect’s dragon boat had solemn expressions.

On the dragon boat of the Wind Spiritual Sword Sect, Du Feng, who was sitting cross-legged on the bow of the boat in a white robe, frowned.

On the river bank, all the cultivators opened their mouths wide.

In the sky, the eyes of the experts of the various sects flickered.

“Brother Tuoba, this is...”

“The gatekeeper of the Sword Pavilion is considered the guardian of the Sword Pavilion. He is also one of the inheritors of the Sword Pavilion’s cultivation method,” Tuoba Cheng said indifferently.

Hearing his words, gazes landed on Han Muye again.

The river shook and the dragon boat rippled, but not a single black fish jumped out of the water.

The thousand-foot-long sword hung high in the air until all the sect elites who had capsized returned to the dragon boats. Only then did the sword return to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat and land behind Han Muye.

On the river, all the dragon boats moved forward silently.

It was quiet under the river.

Lu Gao’s sword attack stunned all the sects and the demons under the river.

Han Muye smiled.

It was smart to kill 300 demons with one strike. It would be strange if they dared to show their faces now!

After one sword strike, the river was calm. More than 800 dragon boats traveled 1,000 miles in the opposite direction.

The might of a single sword strike was terrifying.

After a thousand miles, the river became narrower. Rocks and reefs were everywhere, and vortexes and undercurrents were everywhere.

“Chenyan Gorge. This is one of the dangerous places in Jialing River.”

On the river bank, everyone stared at the dragon boat that was the first to rush out.

“Bam—”

Two dragon boats that collided with the reef shattered into pieces.

Figures flew up and circled in the air before rushing to the side.

Since their own dragon boat was destroyed, they would seize another dragon boat!

“Hum—”

Sword light and spiritual light exploded!

In the rematch between the nine sects, after Lu Gao suppressed it with a single strike, a bloody battle began again!

Chapter 358: 300-Mile Landslide at a Single Strike

Seize a dragon boat!

Eight hundred dragon boats were squeezed into the narrow Luoyan Gorge. The sect elites whose dragon boats capsized flew towards other dragon boats at the side.

If they did not seize the dragon boats and were not allowed to retreat to the shore, they would only die!

“Go away!”

Some people on the dragon boats shouted. Then beams of magical power flew into the sky.

The water dragon swirled, and wind blades filled the sky!

Meteorites fell from the sky, and fire clouds lingered.

The magical technique and sword light collided, creating clouds and waves!

Turbid waves surged, and more dragon boats were affected. They collided with the reefs on the shore and turned into fragments.

In an instant, nearly a thousand sect elites flew above the water and rushed in all directions.

Several figures landed in front of a dragon boat.

A cold glint flashed across the eyes of a green-robed Daoist sitting cross-legged at the bow of the ship.

“Who dares to attack my Xuansheng Dao’s dragon boat?”

As soon as the Daoist finished speaking, the two sword lights behind him slashed down!

The sword turned into a green dragon, and flames flew everywhere!

Two sword lights swept past, and the bodies that were charging towards the dragon boat were all shattered by the sword.

Although Xuansheng Dao was not one of the nine sects, they were one of the sects that were competing for the nine sects.

In the past two years, many young experts of the Xuansheng Dao Sect had become famous.

The Daoist sitting at the bow of the boat was called Wang Xuanji. He was a Daoist of the Xuansheng Dao Sect, and his cultivation and combat strength were extremely high.

According to the information obtained by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Battle Sword Hall, Wang Xuanji's cultivation level was half a step into the Golden Core realm and he was good at three wind-element divine powers.

"Buzz!"

On Wang Xuanji, who was sitting in front of the dragon boat, a green spiritual light flashed and turned into wind blades that protected the sky above the dragon boat.

A young man in a black robe came over with a sword. The aura on his body was at the fifth level of the Meridian Opening Realm and above. He was an expert of a certain sect's younger generation.

This person held a long sword and slashed at the wind blade.

"Buzz!"

The sword shook and shattered into pieces.

The young man was wrapped in the wind blades and killed.

Earth Realms were as fragile as rags in front of this tornado!

No matter how many people wanted to come, they did not dare to land on the Xuansheng Dao's dragon boat.

However, after a hundred breaths, the unfalling dragon boat would weigh a thousand tons with every breath. Who could stop it?

"Boom!"

A dragon boat wrapped in spiritual light charged forward, shattering the reefs and vortexes and entering the Luoyan Gorge.

"The Spiritual Dao Sect is indeed extraordinary." Looking at the golden light that enveloped them, someone on the shore whispered.

The dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect was leading the way.

"In the end, he's still the overlord of the Western Frontier. You'll only see his glory when you fight for the first place."

In the sky, a Golden Core cultivator stroked his beard and chuckled.

This person wore a Daoist robe and was obviously from a Daoist sect.

The Western Frontier's Daoist sects respected the Spiritual Dao Sect.

After he said that, the surrounding Daoist sect experts all laughed.

Many people looked at Tuoba Cheng.

A mere Nine Mystic Sword Sect dares to compete with the Spiritual Dao Sect?

Ridiculous, they thought.

“Clang—”

A sword cry sounded. Below, a thousand-foot-long sword light flashed, flattening the water 10,000 feet ahead.

Before the waves fell, a dragon boat rushed out and went against the waves, passing through the Luoyan Gorge ahead.

Tai Yi Sword Sect.

“The number one sect in the Sword Dao is really powerful,” someone exclaimed as they watched the dragon boat sail through the waves.

“Was the person who drew his sword the number one direct disciple of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, Feng Yuange?” someone asked in a low voice, staring at the dragon boat.

“I don’t know. I heard that Feng Yuange’s combat strength is comparable to a fifth-level Golden Core Realm cultivator. He didn’t use his full strength when he attacked just now.”

“Boom!”

At this moment, the waves slashed by the Tai Yi Sword Sect’s sword light flowed back and collided, causing the dragon boats behind to shake unstably. Several of them fell into the water.

As soon as the cultivators fell into the water, black shadows rushed out of the water and bit them.

Roars, screams, sword cries, and explosions of spells sounded.

This place was narrow, and the strange black-armored fish that were originally scattered everywhere gathered here.

There was a black shadow in the water, and it was impossible to tell how many of these strange fish there were.

Black fish, broken boats, and cultivators who fell into the water. The river was chaotic.

Behind them, black waves could be seen rushing over.

More black-armored fish rushed over, causing waves that blotted out the sky.

Each of these black-armored fish had the strength of an Earth Realm expert.

If they passed through the Luoyan Gorge and were surrounded by these countless black-armored fish, they would definitely die!

In front of them, the dragon boats of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, the Yuntai Dao Sect, the Shangyang Demon Sect, and the other major sects of the Western Frontier were all enveloped in spiritual light as they moved forward in a straight line. They broke through the waves and headed towards the Luoyan Gorge.

Behind them, the others with sufficient strength also pushed the speed of the dragon boat to the limit, turning into a golden line on the water.

"I didn't expect that this first round would determine who is stronger and who is weaker." In the sky, a Golden Core cultivator sighed softly. "My Wood Spirit Dao is still too weak. Only 31 of us have charged into the Luoyan Gorge."

Although the sequence of entering the Luoyan Gorge could not completely show one's strength, it could be seen that those with powerful strength could enter safely in advance.

Most of the sects that wanted to compete for the qualifications of the nine sects were in the first tier.

The Golden Core experts of the Wood Spirit Dao seemed emotional, but they were actually showing off.

At this moment, there were still more than 700 dragon boats stranded outside the Luoyan Gorge. The fact that the Wood Spirit Dao could pass through in advance showed their strength.

As soon as he finished speaking, everyone looked at him enviously.

"Eh, it seems like the Nine Mystic Sword Sect..."

Someone whispered and glanced at Tuoba Cheng, whose expression did not change.

At this moment, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat was clearly among the hundreds of dragon boats and was bobbing along with the waves.

There was no visible threat or outstanding technique about it.

With this standard, they dare to challenge the Spiritual Dao Sect and compete for the number one sect in the Western Frontier? they wondered.

Chapter 359: 300-Mile Landslide at a Single Strike (2)

Tuoba Cheng completely ignored the gazes of those people and only stared at the dragon boat of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect below.

As the waves ran high, Han Muye, who was sitting at the bow, suddenly raised his hand.

The dragon boat that was originally heading straight paused slightly and headed towards the largest reef at the center of the river.

When the dragon boat reached the reef, Han Muye raised his hand and the dragon boat stopped in front of the reef. He moved and flew onto it.

The reef was 300 feet wide and 60 feet high.

When Han Muye landed on the reef, many sect elites who were feeling that the weight on them was unbearable also landed on it.

“Eh, why is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat parked here?”

On the river bank, the cultivators who came to observe were all at a loss.

At this moment, instead of jostling to pass through Luoyan Gorge, he stopped here. Does he not want to seize the position of the nine sects?

Is he giving up?

If he really gives up, he knows his limits.

However, if he gives up now, he will not be able to retreat even if he wants to.

Han Muye looked at the dragon boats squeezed together, then looked up at the black waves.

In his water-element affinity perception, there were tens of thousands of black-armored monsters in the river behind him.

Under the lead of more than 10 thousand-foot-long fish, they rushed over fiercely.

At least half of the dragon boats could not escape from these fishes.

There were hundreds of sect elites on a dragon boat.

This Luoyan Gorge had to stop 30,000 cultivators at once.

These people were all elites of the Western Frontier sects.

Han Muye had not considered it before.

When he saw the cultivators falling into the water like dumplings, he suddenly understood.

This competition was a game set up by all the experts of the Western Frontier under the leadership of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Those sects had used such methods to eliminate many elites from other sects.

Many sects that were originally quite strong might soar into the sky after this competition.

However, most of the elites of the sects died and fell.

If the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have the intention to become the number one sect in the Western Frontier, what did the casualties of the various sects have to do with him?

If the Spiritual Dao Sect was still number one in the Western Frontier after this competition, it would be a good thing to reduce the strength of the various sects in the Western Frontier.

The other major sects were also happy to see this happen.

After all, the resources in the Western Frontier were limited. One more expert meant one more resource.

An additional powerful sect would have to provide for dozens of experts and distribute their cultivation resources.

However, all of this was built on the premise that the Spiritual Dao Sect would continue to rule the Western Frontier. The rules set by the Spiritual Dao Sect had always been passed down.

What if the Nine Mystic Sword Sect obtained the position of the number one sect in the Western Frontier this time?

The Spiritual Dao Sect and the other large sects would retreat. The Western Frontier sects would have suffered heavy losses. The Southern Wasteland army would enter the Western Frontier which would probably instantly fall apart.

The Spiritual Dao Sect might have a hidden scheme, but Han Muye knew that this rule was the Spiritual Dao Sect's open scheme.

By weakening the strength of the various sects in the Western Frontier through the competition, success would be achieved and the rule would be consolidated. If not, only a mess would be left in the Western Frontier.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had set the rules for this rematch.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect taking first place in the Western Frontier would put an end to the rules set by the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Since the Spiritual Dao Sect would no longer have the chance to make rules in the future, what was the point of following the rules this time?

Others were afraid of the Spiritual Dao Sect but what was he, Han Muye, of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect afraid of?

Regardless of whether it was a conspiracy or an open plot, it was useless in the face of absolute strength!

Narrowing his eyes, Han Muye stood with his hands behind his back and looked at the countless demons who were approaching.

"Brother Gu, can you resist the waves and return in a hundred breaths?"

Han Muye looked at Gu Yuanlong, who had landed beside him.

Fight the water demons?

Gu Yuanlong was slightly stunned, and his eyes revealed a glimmer of light.

Haven't I killed many black-armored water demons of the Eastern Sea?

The Eastern Sea demon race was divided into two groups. One was the powerful deep sea dragons of the Eastern Sea that rarely interacted with humans.

The other group was the black-armored water demons, which could be found throughout the Eastern Sea.

There were not many experts in this group. It was said that there were a few extremely powerful Heaven Realm high-level demons that Gu Yuanlong had never seen before.

However, there were so many of them that it made one's scalp tingle.

If not for the fact that the black-armored fish only lived in water and could not go ashore, the Eastern Sea sword cultivators would not have been able to withstand the attacks of these demons.

"Brother Han wants me to stop these water demons in a hundred breaths?"

A sharp sword light rose from Gu Yuanlong's body.

Han Muye nodded.

The fastest black fish had already caught up to the dragon boat hanging behind.

"Okay."

Gu Yuanlong laughed and took a step forward.

"I thought you, Immortal Han, would obediently be a pawn.

"I was blind."

While in mid-air, Gu Yuanlong shouted as his body moved down the river.

A thousand feet with each step.

With one step, turbid waves surged behind him.

Gu Yuanlong's water affinity had already reached more than 80%.

Stepping on the waves, the water light on his body turned into a thousand-foot-long water sword.

Spiritual light and shadows intertwined on the sword.

"Senior Brother Han, we both cultivate under Teacher Mo. What do you think of my strike?"

Gu Yuanlong's voice was filled with boundless fighting spirit.

With one step, it was as if he could shatter mountains and rivers.

This step was like a ten-thousand-foot wave shattering a shore reef that had not changed for thousands of years.

All the water vapor turned into swords!

Back then, he had killed demons in the Eastern Sea for 10 years.

Back then, he guarded the island and killed 3,000 demons.

Back when he challenged the three great sword sects, he had never been defeated.

Back then, when he challenged Mr. Mo Yuan's Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords, he could not withstand a single strike.

From then on, Gu Yuanlong had been suppressing a wave of desire in his heart.

He would learn sword techniques from Mr. Mo Yuan and cultivate his own Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

Chapter 360: 300-Mile Landslide at a Single Strike (3)

If he could not combine sword techniques into one, no matter how many sword techniques he cultivated or how many sword cultivators he challenged, what was the use?

Only people like Master Mo could truly cultivate the Sword Dao.

How proud was the number one inner sect disciple of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect, Gu Yuanlong?

Why did Mo Shitian only accept one disciple?

Why was Han Muye qualified to be called an immortal of the Western Frontier Sword Dao?

Could today's sword be compared to the name of the Sword Dao Immortal?

The sword light exploded!

Tens of thousands of rays of spiritual light transformed into a galaxy. The sword led the galaxy and descended from the sky.

Gathering the power of the Jialing River, this sword strike borrowed a trace of the power of heaven and earth.

Half-step sword momentum!

“Boom!”

The sword light broke through the black-armored water demon waves. The sword light fought for 10 miles in reverse, and the blood light turned the waves red!

At a single strike, 800 water demons were killed.

They were the Earth Realm demons gathered on the waves!

Only a Golden Core cultivator could withstand such a strike!

He was the number one inner sect disciple of a major sect in the Eastern Sea and was extremely powerful!

With the sword in his hand, Gu Yuanlong roared.

“One breath.”

The sword light rose again.

“Two breaths!”

...

He really wanted to hold on for a hundred breaths and then return!

“The sword technique of the Eastern Sea!”

From the clouds, someone exclaimed.

However, as soon as he spoke, he suppressed it.

There was nothing strange about the Western Frontier sects playing this game.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to stop the water demons?” On the river bank, the cultivators widened their eyes.

From their position, they could see that the waves downstream were flowing in the opposite direction for hundreds of miles.

With so many water demons, no matter how strong he was, he won't be able to stop them, right? they thought.

Is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect crazy?

With such strength, why not fight for the first place in the Western Frontier?

"No way? Does the Nine Mystic Sword Sect really want to be the number one sect in the Western Frontier? Are they going to start buying people's hearts now?" Someone looked at the figures landing on the reef and muttered blankly.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to save these people to exchange for favors?

Many people had thought of this.

He attacked the water demons while snatching a few dragon boats for the people on the reef.

As a result, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would have many more allies.

"This Immortal Han always wins the hearts of people..." Someone muttered.

Some people praised Han Muye for being benevolent. Those who had received his kindness would remember it.

There were also people who felt that cultivators were selfish.

Those who are generous and benevolent must have a motive.

Which cultivator does not cut off all ties?

It was fine at other times, but was it useful to spread benevolence during the sect competition?

In the end, he still had to prove everything with his strength.

“Senior Brother Han, can you help us snatch a few dragon boats?”

Behind Han Muye, among the sect elites standing on the reef, someone cupped his hands and exclaimed.

“If Senior Brother Han can make a move, our Si Yuan Dao Sect will definitely follow the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s lead in the future.”

“Senior Brother Han, our Tang Yu Sword Sect will definitely form an alliance with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

There were hundreds of people standing on the reef.

These people were all staring at Han Muye eagerly.

They thought that they would definitely die, but unexpectedly, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Dao Immortal helped them land on the reef.

Perhaps we will survive, they thought.

In the eyes of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, we may even be valuable.

Perhaps we have a chance to seize another dragon boat and continue forward?

Above the clouds in the sky, the Golden Core cultivators were quietly looking at the reef.

Some were smiling, some were nervous, and some were filled with disdain.

"The Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition doesn't rely on numbers.

"When the rules were made, I considered such an alliance.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's foundation is shallow after all. They don't seem to know many of the stories from back then."

On the cloud, someone shook his head with a faint smile.

An alliance.

In everyone's opinion, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was looking for allies and winning their hearts.

Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye on the reef.

He did not know what Han Muye was thinking.

However, he knew that with Han Muye's pride, he would never form an alliance.

Then what would he do?

Han Muye ignored the person behind him.

"Instructor Lin, go and shatter the dragon boat that's fighting for the waterway.

"But if there's a fight, go all out."

Han Muye placed his hands behind his back and looked at the river in front of him.

Lin Shen, who was standing behind him, nodded. He turned around and walked upstream step by step.

With each step, his originally silent spiritual qi cultivation surged.

“Boom!”

On the reef, a strong wind exploded.

The soaring spiritual light shattered the water vapor in the sky.

Golden Core!

A century-old elite was actually a Golden Core expert!

Everyone widened their eyes.

In the cultivation world of the Western Frontier, there were very few Heaven Realm experts. Half-step Heaven Realm was already the top.

A Golden Core cultivator would be an elder in any sect.

“What’s going on? Who is this person?”

“Why would the Nine Mystic Sword Sect have a Golden Core Dao Protector? This is completely violating fairness!”

“This, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has a Golden Core cultivator hidden among the hundred elite juniors?”

Jiang Xin and the disciples of the small sects who had just entered the Earth Realm or Foundation Establishment were all confused.

Some of the elites had gloomy expressions.

In the sky, many people turned to look at Tuoba Cheng.

“The Sword Pavilion’s Sword Guardian, Lin Shen, was the younger brother of the Three Stones Green Tiger, Lin Chongxiao.”

Tuoba Cheng said indifferently and stopped talking.

After a few discussions, they fell silent.

It was really a Golden Core that was not even a hundred years old.

Such cultivation was definitely top-notch among the younger generation of the Western Frontier.

But now, if not for Tuoba Cheng's introduction, no one would know him.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had hidden themselves so deeply!

"A hundred years of Core Formation, his cultivation is strong but his combat strength will be much weaker. He doesn't have enough to train..."

Before the person who spoke could finish speaking, Lin Shen, who was walking against the water, had stepped into the air.

"Boom!"

One step, 10,000 feet!

His hand was on the hilt of his sword.

He was in the void.

At this moment, Lin Shen recalled the words his brother had whispered into his ear when he pulled his sleeve.

“Swing the sword a million times and shatter the mountains!”

He would always remember the divine light in his brother’s eyes slowly fading away.

He would always remember how strong his brother’s palm was when he held his arm.

His elder brother, Three Stones Green Tiger Lin Chongxiao, really wanted to live back then!

His talent, his dao heart, his diligence. He should have had a glorious future and become a true elite, a dazzling star.

However, he had personally seen the divine light in his brother’s eyes dim out.

He looked at his hand and gently let go.

This was how cruel the cultivation world was!

If he wanted to live, if he wanted to live well, he had to become stronger and stronger!

Lin Shen raised his hand and drew his sword.

“Big Brother, look, I did it,” Lin Shen whispered.

His expression instantly turned crazy. With the sword in his hand, he poured all his mind and strength into it.

At this moment, this strike was just like all those times he swung his sword in front of the Sword Pavilion.

He roared with all his might!

“Draw a million swords and shatter a mountain.”

His voice shook the mountains and rivers as the huge sword in his hand slashed down!

The sword light condensed into a dazzling long sword.

The sword solidified, and a mysterious spiritual light flickered on it.

“F*ck! Sword aura!”

“How is this possible? This is a sword aura!”

“A hundred-year-old condensing sword aura? Is he crazy?”

The sword light did not stop amidst all the exclamations and slashed down.

The sword turned into a dazzling stream of light and flashed.

This light was 300 miles long!

The sword light broke through the clouds in the sky and hit the precipitous mountain wall of Luoyan Gorge.

Mountain crushing.

Swinging the sword a millions times and crushing the mountains with one strike.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

The mountains shattered.

Landslide.

The 300-mile winding Luoyan Gorge became straight!

Rocks fell and the mountains collapsed. Lin Shen held his sword and stood in the air. He turned around and said calmly, "Senior Brother Han said, don't fight over the boats."