

Pavilion 361

Chapter 361: Winning Not Spiritual Rocks, but the Hearts of the People

In the sky above and on the ground above Jialing River, there was only the sound of mountains collapsing.

After slashing a chasm three hundred miles long with a single strike, the river changed its course.

When cultivators cultivated to a high level, they usually would not add their mighty power to the world.

This was because the world had a Dao. If one casually attacked the world, they would be hated by the world.

But in the end, how many people in the Western Frontier could split mountains and rivers in a stretch of 300 miles with a single strike?

Such power was a combination of sword power and cultivation.

The sword force tapped the power of heaven and earth.

Using the power of heaven and earth to split mountains and rivers shook the world, but they would not be jealous.

“Senior Brother Tuoba, I remember that you used a sword in the Blazing Demon Valley. Later, it seems that someone also used a sword there?” Someone suddenly said in a low voice from the cloud.

Tuoba Cheng nodded and said, “He’s also a disciple of Three Stones House.”

“Three Stones House!”

“Isn’t the owner of Three Stones House Tuoba Cheng?”

“That 100-year-old Golden Core sword genius is Tuoba Cheng’s disciple!”

Countless exclamations came from the clouds.

Tuoba Cheng’s gaze landed below and he was filled with emotions.

Three Stones Green Tiger, Lin Chongxiao, was Tuoba Cheng’s proudest disciple back then.

Tuoba Cheng had never cared much about Lin Chongxiao’s younger brother.

Lin Shen drew his sword, but Tuoba Cheng did not stop him.

Lin Shen had wasted more than 10 years until he met Han Muye and entered the Sword Pavilion.

After all, Lin Shen was from the Sword Pavilion.

It was the Sword Pavilion. It was Han Muye who had given Lin Shen everything.

“Second Brother...”

On the riverbank, a female cultivator in green covered her mouth with her hand. Tears rolled down her face like rain.

“Junior Sister Lin, is that... is that your second brother?” Beside the green-clothed female cultivator, several other female cultivators in similar clothes cried out and supported her.

The female cultivator covered her mouth and nodded heavily.

Lin Yuxia.

Lin Shen’s sister.

In the past three years, she had been cultivating in the sect and had almost never contacted Lin Shen.

Although the name of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion had recently spread throughout the world, and the name of the Sword Pavilion’s Immortal Han had also resounded, in Lin Yuxia’s opinion, her second brother, who had cultivated to draw tens of millions of swords, would probably be unknown for decades.

Her second brother’s talent was far inferior to her eldest brother’s.

This time, she had come with the seniors of the sect to watch the competition between the nine sects. She had never thought of seeing her second brother again.

When she saw her second brother again, she saw a peerless expert who had split open a 300-mile mountain and river with a single strike. He had stopped tens of thousands of elites of the Western Frontier from advancing.

Second Brother has finally done it.

“If you want to live, go on board a dragon boat. Each boat can take 10 more people.

“Advance in an orderly manner. Stop blocking the waterway again, or you will be enemies with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Han Muye’s voice rang out.

It wasn’t to snatch the dragon boats, but to let the elites of the sects whose boats were destroyed ride on the dragon boats of the other sects.

Without the dragon boats of their own sects, they would lose the right to compete for the position of the nine sects.

However, riding on the dragon boats of other sects could at least save their lives.

The waves of water demons behind them and the power of the experts from the major sects woke these elites up.

With their combat strength, they could not even survive, let alone fight for the seats of the nine sects!

“Brother Hu Chao, we traveled side by side back then. Today, I’m here to seek refuge. Can you take me in?”

“The Four Mountains Sword Sect promises to withdraw from the competition. I hope that any sect can take us in.”

“Everyone from Witch Mountain Dao Sect, my Blazing Sun Sword Sect is considered your old neighbor. Please take one of us in.”

Calls sounded from the reef, and there were also people who took the initiative to take them on their dragon boats.

A moment later, figures landed on the dragon boats.

It was not crowded with 10 more people on each dragon boat that was more than a hundred feet long.

These people had come to help by default.

This was a rule set by Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Rules.

Someone looked up at the disappearing clouds in the sky.

It was a neutral rule in the nine sects.

This is the first time in thousands of years, right?

Does the Nine Mystic Sword Sect really have the intention to fight for the number one position in the Western Frontier?

At this moment, the way everyone looked at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect changed.

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect really has the intention to conquer the Western Frontier...” On the river bank, someone sighed softly.

Setting the rules.

Determination.

Is all of this arranged by the higher-ups of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, or is it the idea of that Sword Dao Immortal?

Everyone turned to look at the reef.

At this moment, only Han Muye in a green robe was left on the reef, as well as Lu Gao, who was standing behind Han Muye with his eyes covered by a black veil.

“90.”

In front, Gu Yuanlong’s voice was high-pitched.

The sword light in his hand was 3,000 feet long by now. The sword qi scattered wreaked havoc, stirring up violent waves on the river.

This was the case with the Eastern Sea Sword Technique. Each strike was stronger than the last, and endless like surging waves.

“95.”

“96.”

...

Gu Yuanlong blocked the demonic waves with his sword.

It was not as magnificent as Lin Shen’s sword light, but Gu Yuanlong’s combat strength was definitely not much weaker than Lin Shen’s.

Behind him, dragon boats flew on both sides of Lin Shen, going against the flow.

There was no fight.

There was no need to fight over crossing the Luoyan Gorge that had been slashed into a straight line.

A hundred breaths of time was almost up.

Although Gu Yuanlong’s sword light was dazzling and magnificent to the extreme, it was also at its limit.

Millions of waves gathered together to form a monstrous attack.

The more brilliant the sword light of the Eastern Sea Sword Technique was, the more it was about to collapse.

“A hundred.”

Gu Yuanlong shouted and slashed down with his sword.

The sword light was extremely dazzling, and streams of water vapor wreaked havoc within a 10-mile radius.

The water demons were all kept underwater, not daring to raise their heads.

“Roar—”

Several thousand-foot-tall figures rushed out of the water.

Gu Yuanlong flew in front of Han Muye, his face slightly flushed. He panted softly. “Senior Brother Han, I didn’t fail you.”

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Han Muye nodded and said calmly, “Master Mo’s sword has already reached the realm of 10,000 swords becoming one, right?”

Hearing his words, Gu Yuanlong was stunned.

“After the 10,000 swords become one, it’s time for one sword to become 10,000 swords.

“When I go to the Eastern Sea, I’ll show you what 10,000 swords look like.”

Han Muye whispered and looked at the waves that had gathered again because Gu Yuanlong had retreated.

Gu Yuanlong gripped the hilt of his sword tightly, his arms trembling slightly.

Earlier, when Han Muye said that 10,000 swords would become one, his heart trembled uncontrollably.

It was as if a mortal sword was suppressed by the sword qi of a spiritual weapon.

How strong is Immortal Han’s sword cultivation? he wondered.

“The water demons are here. Aren’t you leaving?”

“What is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect doing?”

“It’s not what the Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to do. It’s what Immortal Han wants!”

On the surrounding river bank, everyone looked at the approaching waves in front of them and stared at Han Muye.

This Sword Dao Immortal of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was still not leaving. Could it be that he had the ability to resist the waves with his sword?

“Use this reef as a base to stop the water demons for two hours.”

At this moment, Han Muye’s voice sounded.

Stop the water demons for two hours?

When this sentence was said, everyone in the sky and on the river were stunned.

There were countless water demons, and there was a Flight Restriction Formation. How could they stop them?

An extremely powerful sword cultivator could only stop the enemy from returning for a hundred breaths.

It was probably impossible for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to have another of such experts, right?

If there were more, wouldn’t it be heaven-defying?

“Clang—”

Two sword cries turned into one. On the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat, the new direct disciple, He Xuanqi, flew up. The two swords in his hands pierced through the waves and collided with a thousand-foot-long fish.

The two sword lights were not strong and only created sparks on the scales around the big fish.

The strength of this big fish was definitely comparable to a Golden Core cultivator.

He Xuanqi held two swords as one.

"I'll do it."

Qi Thirteen, who also had two swords, flew up, and the sword light in his hand flashed.

Figures rushed out and blocked the waves.

"Senior Brother Han, Yang Mingxuan will fight."

Yang Mingxuan, who was wearing the robe of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect's direct disciple, moved and blocked the big fish in front. The sword in his hand slashed down.

"Cang—" A sword light turned into a crescent moon and flashed across the waves.

Moonlight Sword Sect's sword technique, Moonlight Sword Sect's Wanyue.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was really going to resist the demonic waves!

What was terrifying was that with just a word from Immortal Han of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, there were so many powerful elite disciples willing to make a move.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect had many experts and many allies. Moreover, Immortal Han's call was met with a hundred responses.

Such might really have the chance of fighting for first place in the Western Frontier!

On the clouds in the sky, many people secretly cast their gazes at the Spiritual Dao Sect's Daoist Wan Hua, who was standing in front.

Not only did the Nine Mystic Sword Sect openly want to fight for the first place in the Western Frontier, but they also stole the limelight in the Luoyan Gorge. Most importantly, at this moment, Han Muye wanted to stop the water demons.

All of this was challenging the rules set by the Spiritual Dao Sect.

"Hehe, this child is Han Muye from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion, right?"

"Stopping the enemy and killing the demons is not breaking the rules."

"I'm just curious. Can the Nine Mystic Sword Sect really withstand these water demons for two hours?"

Daoist Wan Hua's expression remained unchanged. With a smile, he turned to look at Li Mubai.

"Fellow Daoist Li, this water demon is so strong. If one sect can really hold on for two hours, then let's forget about the competition between the nine sects. We'll just give it up."

Hearing his words, Li Mubai's expression remained unchanged as he nodded lightly.

They won't be able to hold on for two hours, he thought.

The slogan of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect might have a nice ring but they can't resist for two hours.

It's just a bluff to intimidate the other sects and gain the gratitude of the rescued sects.

It seems that this Sword Dao Immortal's method of reading people's hearts has become even more refined after his cultivation has been exhausted.

On the river bank, someone chuckled and waited for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect to retreat.

Forget about two hours. 15 minutes? 10 minutes? Or—

In fewer than 20 breaths, He Xuanqi, who was the first to strike, flew back to the reef.

His face was slightly pale as he held his sword with both hands. The sword intent and spiritual light on his body intertwined and surged.

The thousand-foot-long fish was too strong. 20 breaths were already the limit.

If he persisted, he would be risking his life.

"Take it."

At this moment, a spiritual light flashed in Han Muye's hand.

He Xuanqi retracted his sword and caught it. His face was filled with surprise.

"This is an Immortal Grade Pill?"

He let out a low cry and opened his palm. Inside was a dark golden translucent pill.

Spiritual patterns intertwined on the pill as spiritual light flashed.

"Immortal-grade Suyang Pill, take it immediately. It's enough for you to last for 200 breaths."

Han Muye's expression was calm. "Even if you bear the weight of 100,000 tons, you can still fight the battle."

Immortal Grade Pill!

It could enable a person to bear the weight of 100,000 tons and fight with a sword!

In the sky, the Mu family's patriarch raised his eyebrows when he saw the medicinal pill and shouted, "This kid is really extravagant. Such a peak seventh-grade medicinal pill is also an immortal-grade one. One pill costs a million spiritual rocks.

"If you encounter something you urgently need, you can sell it for 1.5 million spiritual rocks."

1.5 million spiritual rocks.

1,500,000 spiritual rocks in exchange for 200 breaths of time!

"This pill can use a vast amount of spiritual energy to expand the meridians in the dantian. Even if the Immortal Grade Pill explodes with medicinal strength, it can still retain the power to expand the dantian and meridians.

"It's good stuff."

The Mu family's patriarch shook his head and sighed. "However, I'm afraid there aren't many such good things..."

Not much.

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It really wasn't much.

There were only about 200 of them.

The medicinal pill's spiritual light was like a star hanging above Han Muye's head.

The 200 pills shone with a halo that made it difficult for one to open one's eyes.

"Here are the pills. Take them if you need them.

"Don't hold back. Explode and refine them.

"After this battle, I'll give one to each of you."

Han Muye's voice was not loud, but everyone heard him.

If they needed to take pills, they would help themselves to them.

The Immortal Grade Pill exploded, activating its medicinal power.

After the battle, everyone who participated in the battle would get one.

At this moment, be it on the river, in the sky, or on both sides of the riverbank, more and more cultivators gathered and looked at Han Muye in a daze.

How much are these pills worth?

Which sect in the Western Frontier can afford it?

Which sect is willing to give them away?

Just to stop the enemy for two hours?

Above the cloud, many Golden Core cultivators looked at Tuoba Cheng, who was motionless in front of them.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect has first manifested their strength and then their responsibility. Now, is it time to display their wealth?

"Boom!"

Below, the Immortal Grade Pill in He Xuanqi's hand exploded, and the vast medicinal power enveloped his body.

In an instant, his long hair stood up and his entire body emitted a green spiritual light.

"Satisfying!"

He Xuanqi shouted and his body turned into a stream of light. He unsheathed his swords again.

The technique's goal was to attempt the impossible.

Gu Yuanlong, who was standing in front of Han Muye, raised his hand and waved. A pill appeared in his hand.

"I'm going to kill another one," he said in a low voice. Without swallowing any pills, he flew away.

Han Muye smiled.

For this pill, this fellow was finally going to show his true ability.

"Brother Han, may I have a pill?" the tall, green-robed Duan Yihong shouted.

The Infinite Dao Sect's Dao Seed, Duan Yihong, was a powerful cultivator who carried 10,000 tons of weight and fought in the opposite direction.

"As long as you kill the demons and stop the enemy, anyone can take this pill," Han Muye said loudly without changing his expression.

Duan Yihong laughed out loud. He did not take the pill. Instead, he moved, and the phantom of a giant turtle appeared behind him.

"Boom!"

The giant turtle rushed forward.

Its thousand-foot-long body crashed into the water, creating violent waves.

"That's Duan Yihong from the Infinite Dao Sect? He's so powerful," someone muttered in the distance.

"After all, it's one of the nine sects. How can the Infinite Dao Sect be weak? Even Duan Yihong wants to ally with Immortal Han?"

Someone's eyes sparkled as he looked at the blocked waves.

If I form an alliance with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and kill the water demons, I can obtain precious medicinal pills. Fancy that!

"Senior Brother Han, Sun Yuze of the Deer City Dao Sect is here to help you."

A voice bellowed as it crashed into the waves.

"The River Spirit Sword Sect's Zhu Zixin is here to join in the fun."

"Me too."

One after another, the sect's elites flew out.

Those who dared to fight were all true experts who were confident that they could fight against the great demons.

Although the pills were good, they were not easy to obtain.

For those who didn't have the strength to fight great demons, it was better to just watch.

"Boom!"

Lu Gao struck downwards, and a hundred-foot-long fish in front of him was slashed in the head.

The big fish flipped over and died.

"What a hard head," Lu Gao muttered as he shook his head.

Although this sword had killed the big fish, it did not split it open immediately. Instead, it shattered the big fish's soul.

Han Muye, who was standing on the reef, raised his hand. A green light guided the waves and held the big fish.

"It's the carcass of a black-armored fish demon from the Eastern Sea. It's at the Meridian Opening Realm. Its black armor is sturdy and can't be injured by swords.

"200,000 spiritual rocks for each demon fish. Who wants it?"

Han Muye shouted.

The entire battlefield fell silent.

We can even do business? they wondered.

"Haha, 200,000. Deal, I'll take it!" A voice sounded from the riverbank.

He turned around and saw a fat old man in a brocade robe standing on the stone cliff.

Jin Jialin.

The head of the Jin family in the Western Frontier.

"Immortal Han, if you're giving 200,000 spiritual rocks for each demon fish, I will join in too." Not far away, an old man in a green robe chuckled.

Han Muye looked at him and nodded slightly.

It was Shopkeeper He.

Shopkeeper He of Zhenling Treasure Store.

Bai Suzhen's staff.

Han Muye raised his hand and carried the two killed water demons over with the waves.

He didn't ride his sword, nor did he display his absolute strength. This water-controlling technique looked very ordinary.

The people watching the battle felt that there was only a weak spiritual qi surging on Han Muye's body.

"Spiritual rocks, spiritual medicines, elixirs, and spiritual weapons, I'll pay now."

Han Muye's voice came.

Jin Jialin laughed out loud and threw out a bunch of spiritual pearls.

Shopkeeper He also threw out 20 high-grade spiritual rocks.

Han Muye reached out and received the spiritual rocks and spiritual pearls. Then he wrapped most of them in spiritual energy and pushed them forward.

Two balls of spiritual qi wrapped around the spirit pearls and spiritual rocks and flew forward.

One was for Lu Gao, and the other was for Duan Yihong, who had just killed the fish demons.

Spiritual pearls were easy to absorb, and spiritual rocks were easy to carry.

Han Muye distributed them.

Duan Yihong laughed and grabbed the ball of spiritual light. He crushed it and put away the spiritual rocks. All the spiritual pearls exploded.

"Bam—"

Ahead, another fish demon was killed.

"I want it!" someone shouted from the riverbank.

Han Muye raised his hand and sent the fish demon's carcass over.

Then he got a pile of spiritual herbs.

At this moment, figures flew out.

The spiritual light and sword light turned from scattered to magnificent.

Sword light and spells suppressed the surging waves.

On both sides of the river, more people joined the bidding for the fish demons' carcasses.

Regardless of whether it was refining a spiritual artifact or absorbing the blood, qi, and bones of such great demon carcasses, it would be a huge profit.

200,000 spiritual rocks was more than double.

For a time, the riverbank was in full swing.

The spectators from the various sects who were waiting by the riverbank even had the impulse to rush into the river to take advantage of the situation.

Even if they could not collect the carcasses of the great demon fishes, those that were 30 to 50 feet long were also extremely good...

The competition between the nine sects of the Western Frontier started tens of thousands of years ago. It would happen every few hundred years.

Every time, to the large sects that controlled the Western Frontier, it was a major moment in the rise of the sect.

Every time, countless lives would fall, and geniuses would rise and wither.

The power and glory of the sect depended on this.

This was the rule of the Western Frontier, a path that the sects of the Western Frontier carefully followed.

But today, everything was in a mess.

Above the clouds, there was confusion.

How did such an important competition become a business?

Daoist Wan Hua's expression, which had always been calm, turned gloomy.

With a cold snort, he waved his sleeves and disappeared.

Li Mubai shook his head and left as well.

After a while, the waves in the river slowly stopped.

The water demon stopped attacking.

At this moment, there were still half an hour before the two-hour deadline Han Muye had set.

Everyone stood on the reef and waited quietly.

Half an hour later, the river was calm.

"We won!"

On the river bank, countless cheers sounded.

Among them, many people shook their heads regretfully.

Why didn't I attack?

I haven't earned enough yet...

Han Muye smiled and waved his hand. Pills flew out and landed on the dragon boat.

The dragon boat moved forward against the water.

"We've lost a lot in this battle," Daoist Dayan muttered.

"It's not too much of a loss. I saw that the cost of the spiritual herbs consumed by Young Master when he was refining pills had been recovered. We even made a small profit," Zhao Yunlong muttered.

Han Muye chuckled and looked up at the sky.

He had profited.

What he won was not spiritual rocks, but the hearts of the people.

The prestige that the Spiritual Dao Sect had garnered in the Western Frontier for countless years was collapsing.

What he broke were the rules and the barriers in people's hearts.

Ambition had already taken root in everyone's hearts, so let it grow!

A thousand miles upstream, on the flat surface of the river, on the dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen, the leader of the seven sons of the sect, had a gloomy expression.

"The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Han Muye will ruin the blood sacrifice plan."

His tone was vicious.

"Then let's kill them all," Lu Qingyuan, who was sitting cross-legged, said coldly.

"Wait until the deal between our sect and the demon race is completed. Break the seal and summon the experts from the Immortal Spirit World before making a move." A voice sounded indifferently.

"Okay."

"Sure."

"Then let's wait."

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Behind the dragon boats of the Spiritual Dao Sect, nearly 300 dragon boats of the various sects sped forward.

Those who could follow behind the Spiritual Dao Sect were definitely the major sects of the Western Frontier.

The dragon boats of the sects were wary of each other and kept a safe distance.

On this Jialing River, it was possible for anyone to attack. They could not be careless at all.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat was still thousands of miles behind, following the fleet.

The dragon boats passed through the Luoyan Gorge. All the way, there were gentle waters.

Nearly 500 dragon boats were scattered on the wide river, advancing together.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat had no intention of sticking its head out. It stayed in the middle of the fleet and charged forward at a moderate speed.

However, everyone's dragon boats subconsciously distanced themselves from it and did not drive in front of it.

This was the result of displaying their strength.

The strong would always be respected and feared.

Han Muye, who was sitting at the bow of the ship, extended half of his divine sense underwater and half of it in the sky.

With Han Muye's current soul cultivation, he could easily detect the movements of those Golden Core cultivators.

In the sky, those Golden Core experts maintained the Flight Restriction Formation while paying attention to the movements of the fleet below.

At this moment, their attitudes were different from before.

At the very least, they were no longer as obedient to the Spiritual Dao Sect as before.

It was a good start.

As his divine sense probed the bottom of the water, he frowned slightly.

Most of the huge water demons that were stopped at the Luoyan Gorge followed behind the fleet.

They were between 100 and 300 feet in the water, moving with the billowing waves.

At this moment, the water below the fleet was calm, but there was turbulence in the undercurrent thousands of feet below.

The strange black-armored fish quickly moved forward and overtook the fleet.

The strange black-armored fish that could travel a thousand feet were all more than 500 feet tall.

Some of them were even 1,000 feet tall like dragons.

Such demons were definitely half a step into the Heaven Realm.

With so many demons gathered in front of them, it was possible that tens of thousands of elites of the sects would be wiped out if they attacked from the front and back.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes. His divine sense passed through the water droplet in his divine treasure and circulated the water-affinity power to the extreme.

A thousand miles ahead, there were indeed demons at the bottom of the water!

A shadow!

It was a demon in human form, waiting warily at the bottom of the water.

To be able to transform and stay underwater, one had to be at the high-level of the Earth Realm. At the very least, one had to have condensed a Demon Core.

Without disturbing the big demon, Han Muye's spiritual sense continued to probe forward.

2,000 miles ahead, there were three thousand-foot-long water demons swimming gently under the water. Beside the big demon was a middle-aged man in black armor sitting cross-legged.

3,000 miles ahead, 30,000 feet underwater.

A Heaven Realm transformed demon!

When Han Muye's divine sense landed, the figure trembled and looked up.

"Boom!"

A beam of water exploded, rose to the surface, and chased after him.

From a thousand miles away, he could sense at a glance that this demon was powerful!

Without hesitation, Han Muye's spiritual sense turned into a small sword and gently twisted, colliding with the water light.

The water light engaged with the small sword for a moment before it was annihilated at the same time as the sword.

"It's at least at the peak of the second level of the Nascent Soul realm. Is this demon planted by the Spiritual Dao Sect?" Han Muye took a deep breath and looked up.

Along the way, there are so many demons, he mused. Are they really going to capture all the elites of the various sects in one fell swoop?

Turning around, Han Muye looked at Gu Yuanlong and the others.

At this moment, everyone on the dragon boat focused on pressing forward as they refined the medicinal pills they had just obtained.

After refining an Immortal Grade Pill, one's strength would increase significantly.

Sensing Han Muye's gaze, Gu Yuanlong opened his eyes.

"Brother Han, did you find anything?"

Gu Yuanlong's cultivation and combat strength were extremely powerful among his peers.

He had already sensed the spiritual fluctuations on Han Muye's body.

"Brother Gu, you and Instructor Lin take care of the dragon boat. I'll go ahead and take a look."

Han Muye stood up and spoke in a low voice.

Lin Shen and Lu Gao stood up. Han Muye waved his hand and leaped into the water.

The moment he entered the water, Gu Yuanlong tightened his grip.

Han Muye disappeared from his perception!

Can it be that Han Muye's cultivation is much higher than mine? he wondered.

Impossible.

Gu Yuanlong rejected this idea in his heart.

He had a fortuitous encounter, and it was only because he was number one in the inner sect of the Tang Mountain Sword Sect that he had such a cultivation.

Han Muye had cultivated for much less time than him, and he was only a disciple of a Western Frontier sect. It was impossible for him to surpass him in cultivation.

There could only be one reason!

Water Affinity!

Gu Yuanlong's eyes were filled with envy.

With his own water affinity, he knew how great the enhancement of water affinity was when cultivating and fighting in the water.

It turned out that Han Muye had a strong water affinity.

No wonder he said he's going to the Eastern Sea in the future.

A smile appeared on Gu Yuanlong's face.

With Han Muye's superior water affinity, if he went to the Eastern Sea to comprehend and cultivate, he would really be able to dominate the region.

He was really looking forward to that!

Han Muye naturally did not expect Gu Yuanlong to think so far ahead.

At this moment, the water around him automatically interweaved and spread out.

All kinds of fish swam in front of him.

"Buzz!"

With a soft sound, his figure disappeared like a fish.

When he reappeared, he was already underwater.

The moment his feet touched the bottom of the river, a strange force surged from his feet.

His earth affinity was at its full level!

His affinity with both water and earth had reached the maximum level, allowing his perception and strength to reach the extreme limits.

He could sense all the energy fluctuations within a radius of ten thousand miles.

At the bottom of the river 3,000 miles away, it was indeed a Heaven Realm demon.

The peak of the second level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm. It was also a black-armored fish of the Demon Clan.

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However, this demon was different from the other black-armored demons. His aura was much colder.

Two thousand miles away, the black-armored man sitting cross-legged was a cultivator.

However, his cultivation methods were a little strange. He was a being with a pure body refinement.

There weren't many such cultivation technique inheritances in the Western Frontier.

Instead, it was like the demon bloodline cultivation method in the Southern Wasteland.

Perhaps he was the transformation of a great demon.

The transformed demon a thousand miles away was wearing a green robe. His eyes were long and narrow, and green scales flashed on his head and face.

The Earth Realm completion level demons were not Eastern Sea water demons, but the native demons of Jialing River.

Han Muye took a thousand feet with each stride underwater. His figure turned into a stream of water, and in a flash, he was thousands of miles away.

"Buzz!"

The water rippled. The green-scaled demon was stunned. He placed his hand on the sword at his waist and turned to look around.

At this moment, everything in front of him was gray.

A thousand feet below the water, it was dark.

"Slash—"

Without hesitation, he swung his sword horizontally.

The sword light exploded in the darkness, revealing a wave of light.

At the bottom of the water, a dazzling spiritual light appeared.

Apart from a beam of light, there was nothing else.

It seemed that it was his imagination. There was indeed nothing.

Otherwise...

The green-scaled demon's expression changed. He wanted to turn around, but he realized that his body was restrained by the boundless water and could not move at all.

Han Muye, who was wearing a green robe, took a step forward and landed in front of him.

The max-level affinity of the water and earth meridians allowed Han Muye to walk leisurely at the bottom of the river, as if he was strolling in his backyard.

Relying on the max-level water affinity power, the power he tapped at the bottom of the river reached a million tons.

A million tons of power instantly gathered. Even a Core Formation great demon was imprisoned.

Raising his hand, Han Muye took the sword from the hand of the green-scaled demon.

The green-scaled demon's eyes twitched, but he could not move at all.

His heart was churning like the river.

Who is the person in front of me? he thought.

How could this person have such methods?

Han Muye smiled and held his sword.

A stream of sword qi poured into the sword.

"Your name is Greenbeard?"

The green-armored demon's eyes twitched.

"Well, you cultivated at Clear Lake 20,000 miles upstream?"

Han Muye was only muttering to himself and not really asking the big demon named Greenbeard.

At this moment, the sword Qi entered the sword body. Everything he wanted to know was reflected in his mind.

The green-bearded demon was originally a demon from Jialing River. He was a mutated Green Fish Demon.

The place where he cultivated was Clear Lake, a huge lake 10,000 miles upstream.

After cultivating for a thousand years and acquiring the Dao, coupled with the many relics in Clear Lake, he became a human and stepped into the Earth Realm.

After achieving human form, he obtained a treasure left behind by a sword cultivator in his cave abode. Greenbeard became a demon sword cultivator and even obtained this semi-spiritual sword in the human market.

Then, by chance, he stepped into a secret place in Clear Lake.

He encountered a flood dragon!

Han Muye's eyes turned cold.

The flood dragon was covered in dark green scales and had two horns on its head. It was 5,000 feet tall and restrained by chains.

The flood dragon was locked at the bottom of Clear Lake and could not move at all.

Initially, the malicious Greenbeard wanted to devour the body of the green flood dragon, but he realized that no matter how hard he tried, he could not hurt the body of the great demon at all.

Moreover, because he made a move, the green flood dragon woke up and almost tore him apart with its claws.

Fortunately, the green-bearded man was smart enough to beg for mercy, allowing him to be spared by the green dragon.

However, the green flood dragon also placed a restriction on him and ordered him to go to the Eastern Sea to find the flood dragon clan.

Greenbeard had no choice but to travel tens of thousands of miles through the Southern Wasteland and experience all kinds of dangers before reaching the Eastern Sea.

However, he did not expect to fall into the hands of the black-armored demons as soon as he entered the Eastern Sea.

He was dumbfounded. Greenbeard did not know that not all the Eastern Sea demons respected the flood dragon. The black-armored fish demons did not obey the flood dragon's orders.

Greenbeard produced the token that the green flood dragon had given him and swaggered, preparing to take credit.

He did not want to be beaten up by a black-armored demon.

Greenbeard confessed everything he knew, including what he didn't know, what he could say, and what he couldn't say.

Finally, he was lucky enough to be spared his life.

Then he was swept back to Jialing River.

According to the black-armored demons, they were there to save the green flood dragon.

However, along the way, the black-armored demons hunted down the demons in Jialing River and even took their flesh, blood, and souls away.

He overheard the black-armored demons say that they wanted a blood sacrifice.

This made Greenbeard extremely afraid.

He was afraid that he would be sacrificed.

The image in the sword dissipated, and Han Muye shook his head.

Although the green-bearded man's cultivation had reached the third level of the core formation level, he was completely ignorant.

This was the disadvantage of being an itinerant cultivator. Without enough inheritance systems and no one to teach them, many cultivation taboos and rules of the cultivation world were completely unknown to them.

There were also itinerant demons.

The itinerant demons were like itinerant cultivators.

Sword Qi poured into the sword. Other than some memories, he did not even have a trace of sword Qi.

It was obvious that the green-bearded man's sword technique was extremely ordinary. There was not even a trace of sword qi condensed.

"Do you want to live?" Han Muye pressed his sword against the green-bearded man's neck.

Greenbeard's eyes twitched again.

Han Muye chuckled and raised his hand to snap his fingers. The condensed water instantly surged again.

"Tell me, where are they planning to attack?" Han Muye asked calmly as he raised his hand and threw the sword back.

Greenbeard could not understand how Han Muye could move freely underwater and transmit his voice to his ears.

His cultivation system almost did not involve the condensation of the soul.

Chapter 366: Dual Affinity and Full Interception on the River Bed (3)

This made his soul weak and vulnerable.

"Boohoo—"

Greenbeard gestured underwater.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a spiritual light propped up a five-foot-long light screen, isolating the surrounding water.

“Sir, I, I don’t know either...”

Greenbeard looked confused. “They won’t tell me these things. They only let me follow them because I’m familiar with Clear Lake.”

He did not know why Han Muye knew everything.

But the more this was the case, the more afraid he was.

From the moment he met the Green Flood Dragon, he had witnessed the growing world of cultivation.

Especially after his trip to the Eastern Sea, he had seen countless demon experts.

The cultivation world was too big and terrifying!

At this point, his heart was filled with reverence for the cultivation world.

Han Muye knew that Greenbeard was not lying.

"Take me a thousand miles away."

Raising his hand to hand the sword to the green-bearded man, Han Muye moved and became one with the gray water around him.

His figure disappeared in front of the green-bearded man.

Greenbeard's eyes widened.

What kind of expert is this person in front of me? he thought.

"Let's go."

Han Muye's voice sounded behind Greenbeard.

The green-bearded man nodded with a bitter expression. Then, he moved and swam in the water.

At this moment, Han Muye relied on the power of water affinity to transform into an invisible stream of water and follow behind Greenbeard.

Two hundred breaths had passed since he entered the water.

However, the Flight Restriction Formation did not exert any power on him.

It seemed that the array formation could only isolate the power of the void and had no control over the water.

Moreover, Han Muye did not detect any divine sense probing from a thousand feet underwater.

The river was vast and mighty. This stretch continued unbroken for tens of thousands of miles. Who would use their divine thoughts to explore the bottom of the river?

Spiritual will cultivation was more difficult than spiritual qi cultivation.

It was not easy for anyone to cultivate his spiritual will, so it would not be wasted.

Although Greenbeard's strength was not good, his speed in the water was not slow. A thousand miles was covered in less than half an hour.

Judging from the fluctuations of qi and blood on the green-bearded man's body, this guy must be going all out to move so quickly underwater.

"Buzz!"

Ahead, a soul probed over.

A black-armored man opened his eyes and looked at the green-bearded man.

Greenbeard whimpered and swam forward.

A hint of mockery flashed across the burly man's face. He waved his hand and made the three thousand-foot-long black-armored fish demons move aside.

The green-bearded water demon did not have much strength and was even more timid.

If not for his familiarity with Clear Lake, he would have been torn apart long ago.

The black-armored man raised his hand and a green spiritual light stirred, shattering the water in front of the green-bearded man.

"Why aren't you monitoring those humans downstream? What are you doing here?"

The burly man grinned and laughed. "You didn't escape because you were afraid of being killed by those humans, right?"

Although he had guessed wrongly, it was indeed similar to the reason why he came back.

Didn't he come back because he didn't want to die?

Greenbeard was stunned.

Seeing his expression, the black-armored man's face stiffened. "Don't tell me he's really afraid of death..."

His expression darkened as he shouted: "There must not be any mistakes in carrying out the Great Venerable's plan. If you dare—"

Halfway through his sentence, his expression changed drastically.

At this moment, Greenbeard was already a hundred feet in front of him.

This distance was a dangerous distance for a Core Formation great demon.

He subconsciously raised his hand and pointed a black double-edged sword forward. A black sword light collided with Greenbeard.

"Bam—"

The sword light collided with a stream of water and shattered.

The burly man's eyes focused as he gripped the large sword tightly with both hands.

Han Muye's figure appeared 30 feet in front of him.

"You're really courting death."

The burly man shouted and slashed down with his sword.

The huge sword guided the torrent of gray water towards Han Muye.

"Bam—"

The water shattered.

Han Muye took another step forward.

The black-armored man's eyes widened.

He knew the power of his sword.

Was there really someone who could block this attack without dodging or blocking?

Even if he was at the Heaven Realm, he was afraid...

It could not be a Heaven Realm expert!

If he was at the Heaven Realm, he would definitely not approach like this.

If a Heaven Realm Elder attacked, he could completely suppress him from a hundred miles away.

“Let me see who you are!”

The burly man let out a low shout as the black spiritual light on his sword slashed down again.

He had already reached the eighth level of the Golden Core Realm and was only a step away from the half-step Heaven Realm.

Even if the person in front of him was half a step into the Heaven Realm, he could not do anything to him for the time being.

As long as this attack could suppress the other party for a breath, the three black-armored fish demons behind him would work together to trigger the power of the flowing water and make this guy in front of him unable to escape.

Killing a half-step Heaven Realm expert. The black-armored man felt excited when he thought of such a battle achievement.

He raised the sword in his hand.

Han Muye did not retreat, nor did he stop.

He would not retreat in front of any sword cultivator.

Moreover, the burly man in front of him was not even qualified to be called a sword cultivator.

At most, it was a water-element demon that could use brute force.

The sword light descended.

On Han Muye's body, the water and the power of the earth intersected, turning into a green and yellow light screen.

Outside the light screen, the water was dazzling.

Under the light screen, it was a vast yellow.

The sword light hit the light screen and split the water light.

As the light circulated, it sealed the place where the sword light broke through.

The black-armored man's face turned pale. He said in a low voice, "Water affinity, Earth affinity..."

Isn't this green and yellow light screen the manifestation of the affinity of water and earth? he wondered.

What kind of affinity does he have to be able to block my sword?

Not right!

This was in the water. When he swung his sword, all the power had actually been neutralized by the power of the water.

However, the other party had deliberately confused him, creating the illusion that the water was flowing with his sword!

In the water, he was definitely no match for the other party.

The burly man's body moved and transformed into a black otter that was 10 feet long. He spread his limbs and was about to swim to the surface.

Han Muye shook his head gently. Daoist Dayan and Zhao Yunlong appeared. The two of them turned into sword lights that intersected, instantly piercing through the black otter's body.

Zhao Yunlong turned around and held a huge sword in his hand.

Daoist Dayan held a dark golden demon core in his hand.

At Han Muye's request, when he used the sword pill, he was not allowed to devour the other party's blood essence and soul. The Golden Core could also be preserved completely.

He had enough means to increase his strength, so he didn't need to use the Sword Pill to nourish himself.

"Roar—"

Three black-armored fish demons roared and rushed at Han Muye.

The thousand-foot-long fish demon's combat strength was infinitely close to half a step into the Heaven Realm.

With the power of the river, this collision could even shatter a thousand-foot-tall mountain.

When physical strength reached its peak, it could also shatter stars, mountains, and rivers.

Three thousand-foot-tall black-armored fish demons rushed over, and Greenbeard who was standing behind Han Muye trembled.

Chapter 367: On the River Bed, Surrounding and Killing a Heaven Realm Expert!

Looking at the black-armored fish demon, Daoist Dayan's eyes lit up.

Zhao Yunlong was rubbing his palms together.

Although this water demon was stupid, its physical strength was really strong.

The sword light must have been extremely refreshing when it slashed the demon.

Unfortunately, Han Muye did not activate the sword pill as they had expected.

A small golden sword appeared above his head.

Sword of the soul.

The moment the small sword appeared, both the green-bearded man and the three black-armored fish demons trembled.

Whether it was Greenbeard or the fish demons, they were both beings with weak souls.

The soul pressure emitted by Han Muye's small soul sword immediately froze the souls of Greenbeard and the three black-armored fish demons.

"Slash—"

The small sword shot out and hit the black-armored fish demon's head, and then disappeared in a flash.

When it reappeared, it was above the head of another black-armored fish demon.

The small sword flashed three times before returning to Han Muye's hand.

Only a faint golden shadow was left.

A divine soul sword was consumed.

If it was an outsider, he would need to condense for 60 years to achieve this.

The small sword dissipated, and Han Muye looked up at the three black-armored fish demons in front of him.

At this moment, the black-armored fish demon's soul had already shattered. Only his powerful body was still alive.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed the big sword that Zhao Yunlong had brought back.

He held the sword hilt and poured sword qi into it.

A violent aura surged over.

It was indeed a great demon of the Southern Wasteland.

This otter demon called Shen Tang was an expert among the Southern Wasteland water demon alliance.

There were not many great demons in the Southern Wasteland. They were attached to some large clans.

Shen Tang was attached to the Cloud Crane Demon Race in the Southern Wasteland.

This time, Shen Tang was entrusted by an elder of the water demon alliance to go upstream of Jialing River with the black-armored water demons to find the Cloud Crane Palace that the Cloud Crane Clan had built in the Western Frontier.

Back then, the Cloud Crane Clan had established a faction in the Western Frontier, which was by Clear Lake in the upper reaches of the Jialing River.

Back then, Clear Lake was not a lake. However, after a huge battle, the Jialing River changed its course, causing a lake to be formed. The Cloud Crane Palace was submerged.

It was said that the Cloud Crane Palace still contained its treasures of the past.

The reason why the Southern Wasteland water demon alliance teamed up with the black-armored water demons was to find the old location of the Cloud Crane Palace and migrate back to Clear Lake.

Holding the sword, Han Muye saw more.

The black-armored water demons had cooperated with the Spiritual Dao Sect to surround and kill the green flood dragon.

This green flood dragon was the royal family of the flood dragon clan that had disappeared back then. He did not expect it to be locked at the bottom of Clear Lake.

Killing the green flood dragon royal family and using blood sacrifice to extract their bloodline power could nurture the experts of the black-armored water demon clan.

It was for this reason that the black-armored demons agreed to the Spiritual Dao Sect's offer of two supreme-grade spiritual rocks in exchange for a chance to return to the Clear Lake.

Blood sacrifice, surround and kill the green flood dragon?

The royal family of the flood dragon clan?

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

In this transaction, there were two supreme-grade spiritual rocks and a pile of various treasures.

Although the other treasures were valuable, they were not what the Spiritual Dao Sect truly sought.

What the Spiritual Dao Sect wanted the most were the two supreme-grade spiritual rocks!

With these spiritual rocks, Daoist Wan Hua could break through the spatial seal and guide the cultivators from outside the realm.

If the seal was broken and cultivators from the Immortal Spirit World came, the Western Frontier would probably be plunged into misery and suffering. Even the Heavenly Mystic world would suffer.

In the huge sword, he saw the figure of the black-armored Heaven Realm cultivator called Wu Zitong.

According to this great demon, two more Heaven Realm experts from the black-armored demon race would be coming. After killing the green flood dragon, they would head for the rising dragon platform on the snowy mountain.

As for what they were going to do, it was a secret.

When they arrived at the rising dragon platform, they would hand over the remaining treasures to the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The rising dragon platform. It seemed that the final answer was all there.

Han Muye put away the mid-grade spiritual artifact sword and looked up at the three black-armored water demons floating quietly in front of him.

“Zhao Yunlong, control these fish demons’ bodies first. They’re useful.”

Han Muye said softly.

Control the fish demons’ bodies?

Daoist Dayan laughed out loud and disappeared in a flash.

Then a fish demon in front of Han Muye began to sway its body nimbly.

Zhao Yunlong’s figure also disappeared. Then he controlled the body of a black fish whose soul had fallen.

The last one was controlled by Han Muye’s divine sense.

A golden light formed by the Spell of the Mortal World landed on the black fish’s head. The black fish’s huge body immediately swayed gently.

This scene left Greenbeard dumbfounded.

“Continue forward.” Glancing at Greenbeard, Han Muye made a move and left by himself.

Greenbeard watched him leave. When he turned around, he saw three thousand-foot-long fishes staring at him.

He swallowed and forced a smile on his face. Then he followed the three big fishes and swam upstream.

Han Muye scanned with his spiritual sense and found his Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat. He quietly sneaked over.

“Brother Han.”

“Senior Brother Han.”

When he took a step out of the water, Gu Yuanlong, Lin Shen, and the others moved over and surrounded him.

Han Muye nodded at them, then sat at the bow and quietly adjusted his breathing.

When he returned, many divine senses descended from the sky.

Han Muye didn't care about the doubts of these Golden Core experts and focused on circulating his qi and blood.

With the support of the power of water and earth, his bones and tendons were a little sore after being underwater for so long.

At this moment, a dense power surged in his body.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

He did not expect that cultivating underwater would increase his physical strength.

It was a pleasant surprise.

Those divine senses detected the blood essence power in Han Muye's body and trembled slightly.

Chapter 368: On the River Bed, Surrounding and Killing a Heaven Realm Expert! (2)

"Haha, so this Immortal Han cultivated a body tempering technique." In the sky, an old man in a green robe smiled.

"Fellow Daoist Tuoba, your Three Stones House is a body tempering Inheritance, right? Why? Is this Sword Dao Immortal your disciple?"

Hearing the old man's words, the corners of Tuoba Cheng's mouth twitched.

Back then, he had taken a fancy to Han Muye's comprehension and wanted to take him in.

In the end, it was ruined just like that.

"This Immortal Han's talent is really strong. His Sword Dao has changed to cultivating body tempering techniques. Look, he's about to reach the Earth Realm, right?"

Someone clicked his tongue and revealed a relaxed smile.

What was terrifying about the Sword Dao Immortal was his achievements in the Sword Dao. It was his potential to become the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier.

Now that he had switched to body tempering techniques, he was no longer a threat.

So what if he was the number one body cultivator in the Western Frontier? Compared to the number one sword cultivator in the Western Frontier, his combat strength was definitely ten to a hundred times worse.

At the high level, the combat strength of a sword cultivator was far from what a body cultivator could compare to.

The fleet continued forward. Some of the dragon boats began to accelerate in order to catch up with the dragon boats in front.

At this moment, the Spiritual Dao Sect's dragon boats were already 5,000 miles ahead.

Han Muye sat at the bow of the ship, controlling the black-armored fish demon's body 2,000 miles ahead with a trace of his soul.

These three black-armored fish demons were leading the way for the school of fishes behind them.

The Heaven Realm demon ahead of them was guarding the front and leading all the black-armored fish to the Clear Lake.

As the fleet moved forward, Han Muye suddenly raised his eyebrows.

The Spiritual Dao Sect's dragon boats changed course.

Instead of rushing into Clear Lake, they turned into a fork in the river 800 miles from the lake.

The forked river was also wide, almost as wide as the main river. The fleet of nearly 300 dragon boats followed the Spiritual Dao Sect's dragon boats, sailing into the forked river.

It was impossible for the dragon boats of the Spiritual Dao Sect to not know the main path.

Since they entered this forked river, they would follow.

In just a moment, all the dragon boats disappeared into the river.

Follow? Han Muye wondered.

Since the Spiritual Dao Sect's rules have already been broken once, there's no harm in breaking them again, right?

Han Muye's eyes flickered.

He raised his hand and pointed. The dragon boat shook slightly.

When the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples on the dragon boat received the message, they injected their spiritual qi into the dragon boat and began to speed up.

The dragon boat shot out like an arrow.

Has the Nine Mystic Sword Sect begun to charge ahead?

The other dragon boats immediately changed their speed and followed.

The dragon boat sped up. Behind them, the black-armored fish under the river also sped up.

In the sky, the Golden Core cultivators did not know what Han Muye and the others were planning and just stared quietly.

On the riverbank, the observing cultivators hurriedly followed.

"Is the Nine Mystic Sword Sect going to catch up to the fleet in front?" Someone looked up, his eyes filled with curiosity.

"We've increased our speed. If we catch up, will there be a huge battle? I really look forward to seeing Immortal Han draw his sword." Someone's eyes revealed anticipation.

"Immortal Han? He's cultivating body techniques now." Although he said that, countless people still looked at the dragon boat that was speeding forward.

Does Immortal Han still have the power of the single strike? they wondered.

After traveling thousands of miles, Han Muye reached out and patted the dragon boat, slowing it down.

In front of him was the forked river and the main river.

At this moment, 800 miles ahead was Clear Lake.

The black-armored fish demon was already waiting in front of Clear Lake.

On the other side was the forked river. Through the affinity of the water, he could sense that the Spiritual Dao Sect and the first batch of dragon boats had stopped within a hundred miles of the forked river.

As the river flowed forward, the shore became narrower.

Looking up at the sky, Han Muye smiled.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat did not stop. It crossed the forked river and headed for Clear Lake.

Behind it, the dragon boats followed and crossed the river.

In the sky, the Golden Core cultivators who were observing the dragon boats on the river had complicated expressions.

They could clearly see that the Spiritual Dao Sect's dragon boats had gone to the fork in the river and stopped a hundred miles away.

Now the dragon boats of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the other sects behind were going in the direction of Clear Lake.

The Spiritual Dao Sect was obviously plotting something.

Nothing good would happen if these dragon boats went to Clear Lake.

But now that they were in the clouds, no one could alert them.

"Senior Brother Tuoba, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat is heading towards Clear Lake," a Daoist said in a low voice as he approached Tuoba Cheng.

“This is the right way,” Tuoba Cheng said loudly.

Upon hearing his words, Daoist Wan Hua, who had returned at some point, smiled and remained silent.

On the dragon boat of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Han Muye sat upright at the bow. His divine sense guided the black-armored fish demons that were underwater to move slightly towards the forked river.

The three black-armored great demons led the way, and the black-armored fishes followed them to the fork in the river.

Han Muye and the others headed to Clear Lake while the black-armored fish demon went to the fork in the river.

The Heaven Realm demon waiting in front of Clear Lake was stunned.

With his divine sense, he looked at the vast school of fish that had changed direction.

Shouldn’t they go to Clear Lake and trigger the power of the blood sacrifice?

His expression changed as he used his divine sense to charge at the school of fish.

However, at this moment, Han Muye suddenly stood up.

“Turn around.”

Turn around?

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not hesitate. The dragon boat turned around and headed downstream on the Jialing River.

Nearly 500 dragon boats were stunned.

Why did he turn around?

“Boom!”

In the distance, spiritual light rose.

It was in the forked river!

At this moment, the three thousand feet black-armored fish demons had knocked over several dragon boats.

The river was narrow, and the black-armored fish’s thousand-foot-long bodies occupied almost half of the river.

With a wave of their tails, the dragon boats would capsize.

“Kill—”

A figure flew up and the sword light in his hand slashed down.

The sword light was like a dragon, shattering mountains and rivers.

A Sword Dao expert!

A black-armored fish demon was severed in half.

Chapter 369: On the River Bed, Surrounding and Killing a Heaven Realm Expert! (3)

The sword light did not decrease and slashed a hundred miles into the river before falling back.

A hundred miles away, the waves of the black-scaled fishes crashed into the sword light, causing a wave and shattering fish scales.

In the waterway, the other two hundred-meter black-armored fishes seemed to have gone crazy and crashed into the dragon boat. They did not even dodge the spell or sword light.

A voice sounded from the dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect. "In the end, they're still demons. No matter how perfect the agreement is, it's still difficult to change their beastly nature.

"Kill them."

A voice sounded. Then a green spiritual light flew up and collided with the two black-armored fish demons.

The black-armored fish demon's body instantly exploded.

The moment the fish demon's body exploded, two balls of spiritual light quietly escaped from the bottom of the water.

The young Daoist from the Spiritual Dao Sect stood in midair and frowned.

"Boom!"

In front of him, countless waves surged over.

The school of black armored fish had arrived.

"Wu Zitong, what do you mean?" The young Daoist stood in the air with his hands behind his back and shouted in a low voice.

As soon as he finished speaking, his expression changed.

"Have we been tricked?" He looked at the black-armored fish demons in front of him.

"It's too late," said a voice from below.

Another green-robed figure rushed out and collided with the fish demon wave.

Nearly half of the 300 dragon boats took up the challenge. At this moment, the Spiritual Dao Sect had to watch and lose all their dignity.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had no choice but to take action.

Even if it violated the previous agreement.

Endless black waves surged. They were black-armored fishes that were dozens of feet long.

After rushing into the forked river, the water slowly narrowed. Pushed by the black waves, the water level increased.

The black-armored fish demons that were nearly a thousand feet long could overturn the dragon boat with a monstrous splash.

“Boom!”

A ball of flames rose.

A young man in a dark golden robe had a cold expression on his face. He slashed down with the flaming saber in his hand, shattering the water in front of him.

He didn’t want to go all out. The strategy the sect had arranged previously was to preserve their strength.

However, the dragon boat had almost been overturned just now, so he could only show his strength.

“Fellow Daoist Wu, I didn’t expect your Wenlang Daoist Palace to have such a pure fire-element cultivation method.

“Looks like you guys are planning something big this time.”

On the cloud, a green-robed Daoist said softly with a smile.

The middle-aged cultivator who was called had a complicated expression on his face.

Their Wenlang Daoist Palace was indeed ambitious, but unfortunately, they could not hide it anymore.

“Kill—”

With a shout, a sword light slashed across 10 miles in the river below, splitting the black-armored fish demons apart.

An expert who had condensed a powerful sword intent flew up.

On the dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect, two green-robed Daoists flew up. The flames and water light in their hands intertwined, turning into a green-red light roll that smashed down.

“Bam—”

On the forked river, the area within a radius of 30 miles was empty!

Even the Golden Core cultivators on the cloud sucked in a breath of cold air.

With such combat strength, they could fight a half-step Heaven Realm expert together!

The surging black waves instantly stopped.

The black-armored fish demons were not here to die.

“Clang—”

At the intersection of the forked river and the Jialing River, a sword cry sounded.

A sword light gathered and slashed at the water surface, cutting off the flowing water in the fork river.

A single strike cut off the flow!

Lu Gao, whose eyes were covered in a black veil, stood in the air.

Block the mouth of the water and attack from the front and back?

In an instant, the sect elites on the dragon boats on the river were stunned.

Originally, they had already gotten rid of the water demon. Now that they saw the water demons fighting with the people from the Spiritual Dao Sect, everyone should be happy.

But now, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had actually turned around to save them.

Are they stupid? they wondered.

Impossible.

Who dared to say that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Immortal Han was a fool?

In the sky, the Golden Core cultivators standing on the clouds were silent.

“Brother Tuoba, thank you,” Suddenly, a voice sounded.

It was a cultivator at the eighth level of the Golden Core Realm. Their sect's dragon boat was blocked in the forked river.

“Thanks a lot.”

More people spoke softly.

Tuoba Cheng's expression did not change as he waved his hand. “It's my duty.”

Duty.

Unknowingly, many gazes landed on the Spiritual Dao Sect's Grand Elder, Daoist Wan Hua.

They also had the intention to lead the Western Frontier. The actions of the Spiritual Dao Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were worlds apart.

In the end, sword cultivators were righteous. Was Daoism always heartless?

Li Mubai, who was standing in front, turned around and glanced at Tuoba Cheng.

“Boom!”

Sword light scattered at the intersection of the fork river.

In the distance, the sect elites who were stuck in the river also attacked with all their might.

The two black-armored fishes that were blocked charged even more ferociously, and the battle became more intense.

“As fellow Daoists of the Western Frontier, we can fight to the death, but we can’t watch others be slaughtered by the water demons and not save them.

“There are certain things that we cultivators should do and not do.”

Han Muye’s voice rang out.

As soon as he finished speaking, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat blocked the water demon’s retreat.

Han Muye raised his hand, and a dead black-armored fish demon was carried by the waves to the shore.

“Same rules.”

“Great!”

On the shore, happy voices could be heard.

Business could be done again.

The eyes of those who were still hesitating lit up.

The water demon was trapped in the fork river. The two sides of the 800 dragon boats joined forces to kill it. This was an excellent opportunity!

Whether it was killing the fish demons or obtaining spiritual rocks, it was an opportunity!

“Charge!”

Dragon boats followed behind the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and blocked the entrance of the forked river.

Seeing this scene, many people on the cloud smiled.

Cheers came from the riverbank.

Everyone earned it.

A complicated expression flashed across Gu Yuanlong’s face as he sat at the bow of the ship. He turned to look at Han Muye.

This sword immortal’s sword was terrifying and his schemes were even more terrifying.

With just a few words, he was able to stir up the situation on the river. Such a person was destined to become the leader.

“Brother Gu, are you interested in playing a big game?” Han Muye suddenly turned around and looked at Gu Yuanlong.

Play a big game? Gu Yuanlong thought.

Kill all the water demons in the river?

I'm afraid that's impossible.

There are too many water demons. The experts are temporarily in the middle of it all. When the experts behind join forces, we can't not stop them from escaping.

It's not worth it to fight the water demons to the death.

"A water demon, a Heaven Realm expert has arrived." Just as Gu Yuanlong was hesitating, Han Muye's voice sounded.

Gu Yuanlong's eyes widened.

"Y-you're going to—"

Han Muye nodded and said calmly, "To surround and kill a Heaven Realm expert."

Surround and kill a Heaven Realm expert!

Is he crazy?

Gu Yuanlong clenched his fists and stared at Han Muye.

With his cultivation and knowledge, he understood the gap between him and the Heaven Realm.

The Heaven Realm expert was a being that needed to be respected and looked up to.

Seeing his expression, Han Muye chuckled and a ball of green water appeared in his hand.

As soon as the water droplet appeared, an indescribably mysterious aura instantly filled the air.

"Do you want to experience the power of affinity with water?"

Maximum level of water affinity!

Gu Yuanlong felt his entire body tremble. He gritted his teeth to prevent himself from shouting.

Without saying a word, he flipped his body and jumped into the river.

Han Muye raised his hand and pointed. Green water droplets fell into the river.

"All water cultivators, enter the river."

Chapter 370: Heaven and Earth Suppression, Slaying a Heaven Realm on the River Bed!

All the water cultivators.

The elite disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not hesitate and jumped into the water.

The water cultivators from the other sects hesitated.

Water demons had a natural affinity with water. To humans, fighting in the water was a disadvantage.

However, Han Muye's words represented the will of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

This might be an opportunity.

After hesitating for a while,

Han Muye tapped his fingertips, and faint water vapor rose from the water.

The water vapor was flowing, and the affinity of the water vein was not high. Those who did not cultivate water vein techniques, spells, or sword techniques did not feel much, but those water lineage cultivators all felt the clearness of their bodies.

The enhancement of this power could greatly increase their affinity with water.

If they could enter the water, the experience of this power would definitely be very beneficial to their future cultivation.

Under the water, a sword light was like a swimming dragon, heading straight upstream of Jialing River.

"Buzz!"

Several sword lights followed closely behind.

The affinity also dissipated.

They could not wait!

"Since Immortal Han has given the order, I'll take a deep dive," a green-robed swordsman shouted and jumped into the river.

"Zuo Jinhe is willing to go." On the other side, a young man holding a water splitting equipment shouted. His figure moved and quietly entered the water.

One figure after another leaped into the water from the dragon boats and chased after the vigorous affinity power.

There were 500 dragon boats, and more than 10 people on each dragon boat entered the water. In an instant, five thousand elite cultivators fell into the water.

This scene caused the observers on both sides of the river bank to secretly click their tongues.

"At Immortal Han's words, 5,000 water-element cultivators followed him. With such power, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect..." The person who spoke did not finish his sentence.

There were some things that one just needed to understand.

Compared to the Spiritual Dao Sect that was blocked in the forked river, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's performance was much better.

They were responsible, brave, and decisive.

Even if Immortal Han lost his cultivation and did not use his sword, he still gathered the momentum.

On the clouds in the sky, the Golden Core cultivators who saw this scene had complicated expressions.

They could not see that Daoist Wan Hua's expression was gloomy.

He knew what Han Muye wanted to do.

With so many water cultivators, it was impossible for them not to have jumped into the river to take a bath.

Interception.

These guys were going to kill Wu Zitong!

Originally, the first transaction with the demon clan was arranged in Clear Lake. By using the power of blood sacrifice to break open the ancient ruins, the transaction would be considered successful.

With the blood sacrifice completed and the supreme-grade spiritual rocks in hand, he could open the passage to the outside world at any time.

At that time, as long as the power of the rising dragon platform was activated, triggering the power of the sign, and summoning the almighty beings of the Immortal Spirit World, the Spiritual Dao Sect would be qualified to go to the Immortal Spirit World.

That was the true cultivation world. Compared to the Immortal Spirit World, the Heavenly Mystic World was nothing.

However, if Wu Zitong was exposed now, it would definitely have an unpredictable impact on the subsequent arrangements.

What if these sect elites were unwilling to attack at Clear Lake?

As for the rising dragon platform, it could not be activated without sufficient power.

All of this required the strength and lives of tens of thousands of elites from the various sects.

Immortal Wan Hua's face revealed a trace of viciousness as a faint divine sense descended.

On the dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect, two figures paused for a moment before quietly sliding off the dragon boat and landing in the water.

Sitting at the bow of the dragon boat, Han Muye's eyes lit up as he watched the five thousand water cultivators head upstream of the Jialing River.

The power of water affinity was activated and enveloped these cultivators.

The clear water flowed, and the bodies of these people seemed to disappear into the river.

Whether it was the Golden Core cultivators on the clouds in the sky or the divine senses of others, they could not sense anything.

Gu Yuanlong, who was the fastest, had a dazzling glow in his eyes.

He could feel the changes in his body.

His max-level affinity with water allowed his perception in the river to be extremely sharp.

He felt the spiritual qi in his meridians begin to boil.

Now he wanted to use this power to fight with all his might.

So what if he was at the Heaven Realm!

Behind him, the water cultivators of the various sects were all overjoyed.

The max-level affinity envelopment was not the only thing that increased their combat strength. The most important thing was that it allowed them to sense the lack of the power of their water meridians.

This kind of analysis was similar to the Void Meridian Pill and the Void Nascent Pill.

If they could experience the power of affinity at the maximum level of their water meridians today, their cultivation level would increase in the future and their chances of breaking through the bottleneck would be 80% higher!

This time, they made the right choice!

This was an opportunity!

It was said that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Immortal Han had opportunities with him. Now it seemed that it was true.

"Buzz!"

In the flowing water, a sword light flashed.

It was a Daoist in a long green robe. His face was solemn, and sword qi flashed around his body.

The Daoist was so fast that in a flash, he surpassed everyone and stood shoulder to shoulder with Gu Yuanlong.

Gu Yuanlong was stunned.

He had never seen this person before.

"I'll make the first move later." The Daoist's voice sounded.

Without waiting for Gu Yuanlong's reply, the Daoist turned into a sword and flew away.

Sword?

A sword!

Gu Yuanlong's eyes widened.

It was really a sword!

It was not an ordinary sword cultivator who combined with the sword will and transformed into a sword light to fly. It was really a sword.

This was a magical treasure!

Whether it was the Western Frontier or the Eastern Sea, a magic treasure was the ultimate treasure of a large sect.

Which sect was this sword from? Who was its owner?

Gu Yuanlong had an answer in his heart.

But he didn't dare to think about it.

How could Han Muye have such a sword?!

"Buzz!"

Up ahead, there was a vibration.

A dark light flashed.

It was an old man in a black robe.