

Pavilion 371

Chapter 371: Heaven and Earth Suppression, Slaying a Heaven Realm on the River Bed! (2)

There was a violent aura on the old man's body that swept away the water around him.

In his hand was a black iron staff. As he waved it, the black light turned into a 10,000-foot spiritual light.

A Heaven Realm Great Demon!

Not only did Gu Yuanlong see this, but the elites of the various sects behind him also saw this Heaven Realm expert.

However, at this moment, this Heaven Realm expert did not seem to see them at all. Instead, he waved the iron staff in his hand and fought with a sword.

Zhao Yunlong.

Under Han Muye's control, the magic treasure sword fought a Heaven Realm expert on the river bed from a hundred miles away.

Sitting at the bow, Han Muye's eyes were closed.

His soul had already been split into two.

Out of body.

Using Out of Body techniques, he could use magic treasures to fight against Heaven Realm experts alone.

Although he could not use his out-of-body soul to mobilize the power of heaven and earth, with the enhancement of the maximum affinity of the water lineage, the Cloud Dragon Sword that Han Muye controlled seemed to have come alive in the water.

The sword turned into a dragon, and the sword light slashed down.

In an instant, a hundred swords slashed down, and the spiritual light shattered.

"Attack."

The Cloud Dragon Sword paused and Zhao Yunlong's voice sounded.

Wu Zitong, who was fighting the Cloud Dragon Sword, was stunned. He saw a sword light slashing at him in the water.

Han Muye's water affinity suppressed Wu Zitong's perception in the water.

With the Cloud Dragon Sword's tyrannical combat strength, he didn't even have time to react to the arrival of the 5,000 water cultivators.

At this moment, sword light flashed and arrived instantly.

“Clang—”

Wu Zitong waved the iron staff in his hand, and a dark light blocked the sword.

Gu Yuanlong’s body shook as he retreated.

In the future, the water rippled and gently wrapped around him.

If he was in midair, the recoil from that attack would have sent him flying ten miles away.

However, in the water, with the support of the max-level water affinity, Gu Yuanlong retreated 10,000 feet and was unscathed.

At this moment, his eyes lit up.

He fought head-on with a Heaven Realm expert without being injured!

“Kill—”

His sword was unsheathed.

The waves directly surged at the bottom of the river.

In the sky, above the clouds, the Golden Core cultivators frowned.

They could see the water shaking.

The battle between Zhao Yunlong and Wu Zitong just now caused the water tide to surge and the vortex to open up.

Now, Gu Yuanlong’s sword was also causing waves.

However, the spiritual will in the sky could not reach a thousand feet below the river.

Firstly, the water waves were resistant to the soul. Secondly, Han Muye used his full water-element affinity to block all the souls.

In addition, the Heaven Realm demon had also released his soul to disturb the probing of outsiders’ souls.

At this moment, the surface of the water was turbulent like a tide. The water seemed to be boiling, but outsiders had no idea what was going on.

What was underwater?

“Fellow Daoist Wan Hua, may I know what arrangements are made underwater?” A white-bearded Daoist in a purple robe asked as he looked at Daoist Wan Hua from the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The others also looked at Daoist Wan Hua.

Daoist Wan Hua was feeling depressed.

With Wu Zitong’s combat strength, it couldn’t be that even these sect disciples wouldn’t die, right?

The problem was that after killing these water cultivators, the remaining disciples of the various sects would be afraid to move forward.

Unfortunately, the various forces in the water were interlaced, and his divine sense was blocked. He could not investigate at all.

“Jialing River is surging endlessly. Our Spiritual Dao Sect hasn’t fully investigated its secrets.

“Perhaps they encountered some fortuitous opportunity.”

Daoist Wan Hua’s expression did not change as he said calmly, “Perhaps the Nine Mystic Sword Sect knows. Otherwise, they would not have lured those water cultivators into the river.”

Is he making Nine Mystic Sword Sect the scapegoat?

Or is he deliberately leading the fire to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

On the cloud, many people were thinking.

Tuoba Cheng shook his head. “The venue of the Nine Sects Competition was chosen by the Spiritual Dao Sect.”

With that, all his insinuations were parried.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not participate in the selection of the arena. How could they have made any arrangements?

“Boom!”

Below, there was a roar in the river, and the raging water rushed up 10,000 feet.

Gu Yuanlong retreated again.

Although he retreated, an arrogant smile appeared on his face.

He was completely unharmed!

This time, the water lineage cultivators of the various sects behind him no longer hesitated. The sword light and spiritual light in their hands guided the power of the water lineage and charged against Wu Zitong.

A Heaven Realm cultivator actually did not manage to injure a sect elite underwater.

If they didn’t kill such a Heaven Realm expert today, when would they?

Spiritual light and sword light interweaved, drawing on the power of the affinity of the water lineage to transform into a 10,000-foot long flood dragon. It let out a long cry underwater and collided with Wu Zitong.

Every one of them was an expert from the various sects.

The lethality of each sword light was so strong that even a Golden Core had to deal with it carefully.

Although Wu Zitong was a Heaven Realm demon, he could not ignore these attacks.

His face took on a ghastly expression. The iron staff in his hand turned into a long black horn and pressed against the flood dragon.

“Boom!”

The Jialing River stopped flowing!

On the river bank in the horizon, countless people saw the scene in the river.

Thousands of sect elites were surrounding and killing a figure.

Everyone’s expression changed.

What kind of expert required so many experts to surround and kill him?

Heaven Realm!

He had to be at the Heaven Realm!

These junior disciples were surrounding and killing a Heaven Realm expert!

Countless people gasped and looked at the Heaven Realm expert in front of the cloud.

Heaven Realm experts were the top experts of the Western Frontier. They were the rulers of the Western Frontier and should be respected.

However, at this moment, these junior disciples were surrounding and killing a Heaven Realm expert!

The eyes of some Golden Core cultivators flickered.

Just as Han Muye thought, ambition sprouted in their hearts!

Even junior disciples had the intention to kill Heaven Realm experts, let alone the Golden Core cultivators!

At the bottom of the water, the flood dragon shattered.

The broken river water collided with a loud bang, stirring up thousands of feet of waves.

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Just as the waves shattered, they were blasted apart by the spiritual light.

In the sky, on the riverbank, countless people watched as the Heaven Realm demon was surrounded and killed by water-element cultivators!

Crazy!

This was heaven-defying!

But so what?

Today, in the Western Frontier, they could really see thousands of low-level cultivators surrounding and killing a Heaven Realm expert.

This scene made everyone's blood boil. They wished they could join them.

Spectacular!

"Boom!"

At the bottom of the river, the water light collided again, causing the river to tremble. The river bank shattered, and the surrounding mountains and rivers collapsed.

The world within a thousand miles rumbled.

A Heaven Realm cultivator was really powerful.

In the next moment, Han Muye, who was sitting on the dragon boat, smiled.

When a Heaven Realm cultivator severed the river, it triggered the response of the world.

The original max-level water affinity power sensed the call from Jialing River.

With a chuckle, Han Muye's voice sounded underwater.

"Attack with all your might."

Attack with all your might.

This was the voice of a sword immortal!

The first to attack was the Cloud Dragon Sword.

The sword light transformed into a dragon and struck down with its claw.

Blazing Sun Palace's Palace Guarding Sword Technique, Heavenly Dragon.

The sword turned into a dragon and triggered the power of the water lineage.

At this moment, Han Muye whispered.

This voice seemed to be a secret signal to communicate with Jialing River.

As his voice fell, the dragon formed by the Cloud Dragon Sword suddenly became 100,000 feet tall, and the strength of its body reached 10 million tons!

This was the augmentation of the power of the water lineage in the Jialing River.

The great demon, Wu Zitong, who landed in the river, trembled and fell to the bottom of the river.

As soon as he landed at the bottom of the river, an extremely oppressive weight pressed down on him.

It was as if the entire Jialing River was weighing down on his shoulders.

A crazy power surged into his feet.

It was the power of the earth lineage.

This power interweaved with the power of the water lineage and pushed Wu Zitong to the bottom of the river.

At this moment, Han Muye's smile widened.

He hadn't expected that a great demon wreaking havoc in Jialing River would arouse the disgust of the world.

At this moment, the power of heaven and earth used his affinity as a catalyst to give the demon direct pressure.

A great demon at the second level of the Nascent Soul Realm was forcefully suppressed at the bottom of the river.

This scene shocked Gu Yuanlong and the others.

Then they were overjoyed.

Without any hesitation, everyone bent over and rushed down. All the sword light and spiritual light blasted down.

If they did not torture a Heaven Realm expert now, they would regret it for the rest of their lives!

"Kill!"

Everyone roared and the spiritual light in their hands turned into sharp spells that stabbed at him.

Wu Zitong gritted his teeth and roared. His body turned into a ferocious fish with 3,000 feet of black scales.

"Bam—"

Countless beams of spiritual light and sword light collided with the black armor and shattered.

The shattered power intertwined with the power of the water lineage. Then the Cloud Dragon Sword struck.

"Slash—"

The Cloud Dragon Sword slashed down and shattered two large fish scales. Beneath the fish scales was bright red flesh and blood that glowed with a faint spiritual light.

Without any warning, everyone's swords and spells struck the open wound.

Streaks of sword light and spiritual light collided with the opening, instantly tearing off a piece of flesh.

The black fish screamed as the pain contorted his body in the river, but he was suppressed by the power of heaven and earth and could not escape at all.

His mangled flesh was being torn apart, and the blood qi that filled the air churned in the water.

It was as if the surrounding river water was about to boil.

Traces of golden blood essence power were washed out by the power of the water lineage.

This was good stuff!

Every trace of qi and blood power in the body of a Heaven Realm demon had been condensed. To cultivators who had not reached the Heaven Realm, it was an incomparably precious treasure.

When this bloodline power fused into their bodies, they would comprehend Heaven Realm power in advance!

Gu Yuanlong reached out and summoned a wisp of golden blood in his hand, slapping it directly on his chest.

Vigorous blood qi and spiritual qi rose from his body.

His cultivation realm was temporarily raised.

In the water, Gu Yuanlong let out a soundless roar.

The comprehension of water lineage affinity at the maximum level and the devouring of the blood qi of a great demon were opportunities that were hard to come by in a thousand years!

The others did not stand on ceremony. They grabbed the bloodline power and attacked again.

The demon that was suppressed underwater was full of treasures!

“Bam—”

“Bam—”

Cracks appeared on his 3,000-foot-tall body.

With a flash of the Cloud Dragon Sword, a hole appeared.

The great demon that was suppressed by the power of heaven and earth was completely powerless to resist.

Panic flashed across the demon’s face as his blood qi dissipated.

He yelled, he roared, but it was useless.

The power of heaven and earth that was suppressing it became heavier and heavier, as if the entire world was pressing down on him.

He could not wait any longer. If he waited any longer, he would only die.

The 3,000-foot black-armored fish demon’s body trembled, and all his flesh and blood power condensed together.

“Bam—”

With a loud bang, a 10-foot-long jade-colored bone wrapped around a 10-foot-long fish demon baby that glided through the waves and escaped.

The Heaven Realm demon gave up on his physical body and fled.

It was not until the demon baby wrapped in the jade bone disappeared that everyone reacted.

The demon soul left and his physical body collapsed. Although the demon was not dead, he was completely defeated!

Today, everyone surrounded and killed a Heaven Realm demon!

Heaven-defying!

Using thousands of low-level cultivators to kill a Heaven Realm expert!

Such a grand feat was completed with their own hands!

Standing quietly at the bottom of the water, everyone wished they could roar.

The Cloud Dragon Sword spread out and the sword light exploded.

After the sword light passed, without the support of the jade bones and the demon soul, the body of the great demon was cut into pieces.

The binding power of the world dissipated.

The power of water affinity also disappeared.

Pieces of the demon's body floated towards the surface of the water.

This body was a priceless treasure.

All the water cultivators flew up and chased after the body of the great demon.

Under the water, everything was churning.

The power of the water lineage dissipated, and whether on the riverbank or from the clouds, Han Muye could sense the situation in the water with his divine sense.

There was no need to use his divine sense. The pieces of flesh floating on the surface of the water and the water cultivators chasing them had already caused a splash within a radius of 10 miles.

Slaying a Heaven Realm?

Was that Heaven Realm demon really killed?

A Heaven Realm expert had fallen at the hands of a group of water cultivators!

This was defying the heavens!

At this moment, everyone on the shore was silent.

However, in this silence, there was a strange power surging and sprouting.

The Heaven Realm did not seem so unattainable.

Everyone watched quietly as the water-lineage cultivators happily collected the huge pieces of his body.

“500,000, no, 800,000 spiritual rocks per piece. My Jin Family Trading Company offers 800,000 spiritual rocks.” On the river bank, Jin Jialin rubbed his hands and shouted excitedly.

Chapter 373: Killing Another Heaven Realm Incarnation, Green Flood Dragon’s Cry for Help (1)

This was the body of a Heaven Realm demon. Not only did it contain the power of qi and blood, but it also contained the trajectory of power that only a Heaven Realm cultivator could have.

Refining this body could increase one’s comprehension of the Heaven Realm.

“Ahem, well, these little fellows are insensible. We can’t sell such a treasure at a low price. It’s not breaking the rules if we remind them, right?”

On the cloud, someone coughed lightly and said.

“I don’t think it’s breaking the rules. After all, it’s really unreasonable for such a treasure to be bought at a low price.”

“That’s right. Not only will we suffer a loss if we sell our treasures cheaply, but people will also think that the disciples of our Western Frontier’s great sects are blind.”

All sorts of noise could be heard from the clouds, from initial discussions to blatant telepathic messages.

People began to act recklessly!

However, the Great Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, who was standing in front, did not react. He only stared down.

At the bottom of the river, only the jade bones and the demon infant of Wu Zitong were left.

Although jade bones and demon souls could also unleash Heaven Realm power, they could only unleash less than 30% of the combat power of the undamaged body.

Moreover, he had fled in a hurry and lost the high-grade spiritual weapon, the iron staff that he was protecting.

“Fellow Daoist Wu Zitong, why are you in such a hurry?” At this moment, a divine sense transmitted from the front.

Wu Zitong stopped in his tracks.

“Daoist Wan Hua?”

“Is this your scheme?” Looking at the figure in front of him, Wu Zitong’s soul raged.

The figure shook his head.

“Our goal is the same. This time, it was just an accident.

“Perhaps the Heavenly Dao sensed our plan and wanted to stop us?”

Wu Zitong was stunned when he heard this voice.

Perhaps that's really the case?

Recalling the fear of being suppressed by the power of heaven and earth and being unable to resist at all, Wu Zitong could not help but tremble.

He nodded, and his jade bone turned into a dark golden armor to protect his demon soul. Then he said in a low voice, “I’m going to see the two elders of the black armored race and remind them—”

Before he could finish, he shouted in a low voice, “What do you want to do—”

At this moment, the green-robed figure in front of him was already a thousand feet in front of him. Then a stream of water turned into a rope and covered his head.

“Bam—”

The rope hit the jade bone, causing a golden light.

“You’re actually so weak.” The voice chuckled. Then a jade ruler smashed down on Wu Zitong’s head.

Wu Zitong’s demon soul triggered a beam of water and blocked the jade ruler.

Right then, his expression changed.

At some point, a Daoist in a green robe stood behind him.

The figure raised his hand and grabbed the jadebone neck.

“Snap—”

The jade bone was torn apart.

Wu Zitong’s demon baby screamed and turned into a black shadow, fleeing quickly.

The Daoist holding the jade ruler followed the black shadow. The jade ruler in his hand kept whipping out spiritual light that shone on the black shadow’s head.

Every time the spiritual light washed over, the black shadow’s speed would decrease.

Standing on the spot, a trace of a smile flashed across the face of the figure holding the jade bone in his hand. He whispered softly, “The jade bone of the second level of the Heaven Realm Nascent Soul Realm is not bad. When I capture the demon soul, I can condense another incarnation.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a spiritual light flashed in his hand and he was about to put the jade bone away.

But at this moment, a huge black rat darted out from the bottom of the river. It grabbed the jade bone in its mouth and flew upstream of Jialing River.

The jade bone was snatched away?

The green-robed figure was stunned for a moment before anger flashed across his face.

He turned into a green light and chased after the black rat.

The black rat fled extremely quickly in the water, and the green-robed Daoist was unable to catch up.

In a flash, the two figures had run hundreds of miles underwater.

Seeing that it could not get rid of the green-robed Daoist, the black rat seemed to have become ruthless. It immediately dived tens of thousands of feet underwater.

Without hesitation, the green-robed Daoist followed suit.

The deeper they went, the greater the pressure in the water. The black rat in front sank slower.

“In the Western Frontier, no one dares to snatch something from me.” The green-robed Daoist’s expression changed.

At this moment, he realized that his Divine Sense was gradually weakening when it traveled a thousand feet away. It was as if it was stagnant.

There was an ambush!

The green-robed Daoist paused and prepared to turn around.

However, before he could turn around, he slapped behind him.

“Bam—”

The sword light and the spiritual light collided.

Waves surged at the bottom of the river.

Han Muye, who was holding a green sword, stood in front.

However, this figure was somewhat illusory.

“Out of body technique? Out of body stage...”

The green-robed Daoist’s face revealed a trace of confusion. Then it turned cold. “So it’s just an uncondensed spirit. I thought it was really an out of body almighty.”

A green jade ruler appeared in his hand.

Spiritual light surrounded the jade ruler.

“Lu Qingyuan, a wood-lineage cultivator who specializes in Layer Forest Dao Techniques.”

Han Muye pointed his sword at the green-robed Daoist and said calmly, “Should I call you Lu Qingyuan, or should I call you Daoist Wan Hua?”

The green-robed Daoist’s expression changed as he stared at Han Muye.

“Who—who the hell are you?”

Not many people in this world knew his secret.

Previously, in order to gain the trust of the demons, he had revealed very few secrets.

Why did Han Muye know this?

The green-robed Daoist narrowed his eyes and stared at Han Muye with a dark killing intent.

“Did you see my incarnation on Green Wheat Mountain?”

This could only be the reason.

Back then, that incarnation had hidden many secrets and perished on Green Wheat Mountain.

Later on, he found out that the Central Continent had taken action and occupied Green Wheat Mountain. Daoist Wan Hua could only let it go.

From the looks of it, that was not the case at all!

Chapter 374: Killing Another Heaven Realm Incarnation, Green Flood Dragon’s Cry for Help (2)

Han Muye smiled, then raised his hand and swung his sword!

Water Lineage Sword Technique, Stream Severance.

Water Lineage Sword Technique, Waves.

Water Lineage Sword Technique, Blue Wave.

Water Lineage Sword Technique, Water Suppression.

Streaks of sword light scattered, each sword light exuding coldness and killing intent.

At this moment, using his soul to control the sword, Han Muye maximized the comprehension he had obtained from the Water Lineage Sword Technique.

The sword was like water.

The water was a sword.

Sword and water were indistinguishable.

At this moment, the originally max-level water affinity actually changed.

It was no longer the power of affinity.

It was friendship!

A friendship with heaven and earth and mountains and rivers.

Previously, it was just a trace of affection and affinity. Now, it was an equal exchange with this world.

Discussing the Dao with the world!

At this moment, Han Muye understood.

Those true experts were qualified to communicate with the world.

For example, the Central Continent's Minister Wen and the Martial Marquis.

There was also Yuan Tian Swordmaster.

At this moment, he finally stepped into that threshold.

The world was vast!

The sword light condensed into a line.

The green jade ruler in the green-robed Daoist's hand had just revealed a lush green color when it was cut off by the sword light.

His body and soul were also cut off.

The sword light wrapped around the water, leaving nothing behind.

“What a show. I thought it was really a Heaven Realm incarnation.

“So he can only unleash a trace of Heaven Realm power.

“I knew it. If he could condense seven Heaven Realm clones, this old fellow would just unify the Western Frontier.”

The black rat, who was in front of them, had transformed into Daoist Dayan. There was a hint of luck and wretchedness on his face.

Holding a ball of jade-colored spiritual light, a trace of reluctance flashed in Daoist Dayan’s eyes. “This is the jade bone of a second level Nascent Soul great demon. Although it’s much weaker than Old Man Chongyun’s, it’s still a jade bone, isn’t it...”

Jade bone.

This was the jade bone of the great demon, Wu Zitong.

Han Muye laughed and reached out to summon the jade light. Then his body shook and automatically dissipated.

The green sword turned into Zhao Yunlong and looked at Daoist Dayan.

“Dao brother is truly formidable to actually be able to immediately seize the jade bone with such propriety.”

Zhao Yunlong sighed.

Daoist Dayan waved his hand and grinned. “This is nothing. Back then, I...”

Speaking of this, he shook his head, turned into a black light, and left quietly.

Zhao Yunlong quickly transformed into a long sword and followed him.

When the two of them left, an illusory jade light flashed and disappeared 10,000 feet below the water, leaving only a faint sentence.

“Dayan? This fellow is still so wretched. He’s really a little friendly...”

...

In the end, most of the water demons in the forked river escaped.

Because a large number of black-armored fish demons had come from downstream, Han Muye did not get the fleet to block the mouth of the river.

In any case, he had already achieved his goal. There was no need to fight these fish demons.

In his opinion, as long as these elites of the various sects lived well, they would all be experts of the Western Frontier in the future.

It was not worth it for such future experts to risk their lives in this battle.

Of course, the people who were stuck in the forked river fighting the fish demons didn't know what was going on.

In any case, they blocked the mouth of the river and made these water demons go crazy. The spiritual light of their battle shone through the sky.

The dragon boats left the river mouth, and the cultivators on the river bank had to retreat.

These people were all smiling.

The carcasses of the water demons killed by the elite disciples of the various sects on the river were all taken by them. They could earn a lot by changing hands.

A few factions had already secretly transported the carcasses of these water demons and gathered spiritual rocks and various treasures as soon as possible.

The black-armored fish demons behind them were like the waves. There were still some to kill.

They had only traveled 10,000 miles on the 100,000-mile journey to the snowy mountains. They were still a long way away.

It was not until the 500 dragon boats of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect traveled a thousand miles that the dragon boats in the river returned to the river surface in a miserable state.

More than 300 dragon boats were lost, leaving only slightly more than 200.

Fortunately, they had learned their lesson this time. Many of the sect elites who had lost their dragon boats boarded the dragon boats of other sects.

Not only did they lose their dragon boats, but they were also trapped in the forked river and fought the black-armored fish demon to the death. All the sects suffered considerable losses.

Even the strongest Spiritual Dao Sect had lost three disciples.

Of these three, two had died while fighting, and one had gone missing.

Furthermore, the missing person was one of the Seven Sons of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Lu Qingyuan.

One of the top experts among the younger generation of the Western Frontier had disappeared without a trace.

On the cloud, seeing the dragon boat retreat out of the river, the Spiritual Dao Sect's Grand Elder, Daoist Wan Hua, turned around and left.

Everyone thought he was angry, but they didn't notice the flash of pain in his eyes.

The death of an incarnation had greatly damaged his soul.

Fortunately, he had obtained the soul of a great demon. When he obtained it during the blood sacrifice, he could make up for the loss of his incarnation.

Han Muye.

Although his spiritual sense had been blocked when the incarnation died, Daoist Wan Hua knew that Han Muye must have done this.

This sword immortal would be his greatest enemy.

Before the Spiritual Dao Sect leaves the Western Frontier, we have to kill this kid, he thought.

Even the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had to be eliminated.

Only then could he vent his hatred.

On the river below, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat was in front, and the 500 dragon boats behind were thousands of feet away.

This was respect for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and Immortal Han.

The fate of a Heaven Realm demon was determined in a life-and-death battle based on what he said.

Five thousand water-type cultivators had killed a Heaven Realm expert.

How did this Heaven Realm demon die? Even now, these water cultivators were filled with doubts.

However, they had no time to think.

The first thing these people who returned to the dragon boat did was to comprehend cultivation. They felt the affinity that enveloped them in the water.

Chapter 375: Killing Another Heaven Realm Incarnation, Green Flood Dragon's Cry for Help (3)

If he could have such perfect affinity with water, even a fool could cultivate to the Core Formation realm, right?

Of course, it was impossible for a fool to have such affinity.

On the dragon boat, Han Muye sat cross-legged. Sword light and spiritual energy circulated on Gu Yuanlong's body, and water vapor appeared.

This guy's water affinity had increased by a lot.

He had gained a lot.

However, compared to Gu Yuanlong, Han Muye felt that he was the one who earned the most.

The power of affinity between heaven and earth could actually transform into an equal exchange with heaven and earth.

Even if this exchange was weak and required an equal price, it was still an unimaginable gain.

In the past, in front of the Great Dao of Heaven and Earth, he was a nobody. Now, at least he had the right to talk.

Hence, he only needed to pay a price to tap the power of the Heavenly Dao. He didn't need to constantly figure out the will of the world like before.

In addition to such a huge gain, Han Muye also obtained a jade bone and a high-grade spiritual artifact.

This was all obtained from a Heaven Realm demon.

It seemed that he earned so much more by killing a Heaven Realm expert than ordinary water demons.

If he could earn so much every time, Han Muye had the urge to make a fortune.

In addition to these two huge gains, the spiritual rocks and spiritual herbs Han Muye had obtained had already made up for the losses of the previous pills.

He was not the only one who earned these things. All the sect elites who followed the Nine Mystic Sword Sect earned a lot.

Didn't he see that everyone on these dragon boats was beaming with joy?

Moreover, the relationship between the dragon boats was harmonious. It did not seem like they were participating in a sect rearrangement battle at all.

If they could earn so much, why would they fight to the death?

When he was selling the flesh and blood of the great demons just now, a Golden Core expert from the sect sent a voice transmission. Don't sell good things and try not to fight among yourselves later.

With so many treasures and opportunities, as long as they survived, everyone would have a bright future.

Compared to the joyous and harmonious atmosphere of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boats, the dragon boats behind were much more boring.

There were heavy casualties and disproportionate gains.

From time to time, one or two dragon boats would pass by the dragon boats of the Spiritual Dao Sect and advance.

The prestige of the Spiritual Dao Sect was crumbling!

On the dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen, who was sitting in front, had a gloomy expression.

Behind him, the Seven Sons of the Spiritual Dao Sect were present.

However, Lu Qingyuan was missing.

“The other two Heaven Realm experts of the black-armored demon race will arrive one day.”

“After a day, the fleet will almost cross Qingze Lake. This way, the blood sacrifice will not be completed.”

Two voices sounded behind Lu Qingchen.

Lu Qingchen raised his head and looked ahead.

In front of him was the vast Clear Lake.

This was an important part of the Spiritual Dao Sect’s plan.

It was the key to the deal with the demons.

“Let’s go first and lure the black-armored fish to Clear Lake. We’ll ambush and kill the green flood dragon.”

Lu Qingchen muttered to himself as the spiritual light in his hand shook. The dragon boat turned into a ray of golden light and flew across the water.

The Spiritual Dao Sect’s movements attracted everyone’s attention.

The dragon boats following behind hurriedly sped up and chased after them.

The cultivators who had slowed down by the riverbank to watch the battle also hurriedly increased their speed.

“Is the Spiritual Dao Sect going to surpass the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, or are they going to challenge them?”

Many people began to discuss.

From the beginning of the competition, when the fleet set off, no one had thought that the Nine Mystic Sword Sect would have the qualifications to compete with the Spiritual Dao Sect.

In Luoyan Gorge behind them, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s performance had already surpassed the Spiritual Dao Sect. Unconsciously, everyone began to think highly of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

In the battle in the forked river earlier, the decisiveness of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Immortal Han had completely suppressed the Spiritual Dao Sect.

At this moment, in everyone’s opinion, the Spiritual Dao Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect were fighting.

The hearts of the people had changed.

The situation was quietly changing.

At this moment, the dragon boats of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect had already sailed into the vast and boundless Clear Lake.

The lake water rippled as far as the eye could see.

The Clear Lake had a radius of tens of thousands of miles.

Han Muye's spiritual sense did not extend too far. He only focused on the fleet behind him.

Sure enough, the Spiritual Dao Sect's fleet was as he had expected. They charged into Clear Lake and headed straight for the center of the lake.

Are they really going to surround and kill the green flood dragon? Han Muye wondered.

"Brother Gu, how's the reputation of the Green Flood Dragon Clan in the Eastern Sea?" Han Muye turned to look at Gu Yuanlong.

Hearing his words, Gu Yuanlong smiled and said, "The big clans of the Eastern Sea are famous for their wealth. They are quite close to the humans.

"However, because of its noble bloodline and the fact that it occupied the few spiritual lands with the most abundant resources in the Eastern Sea, the green flood dragons usually don't care about humans and other clans. It's more arrogant."

The rich and powerful naturally looked down on cultivators who risked their lives for spiritual rocks.

Han Muye nodded and steered the dragon boat across Clear Lake.

He was not interested in getting involved in killing the green flood dragon.

"Boom!"

In the distance, a deafening explosion came from the lake.

The entire Clear Lake shook.

All the sect elites on the dragon boats turned around.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had made their move.

The spiritual light that filled the sky mixed with demonic qi rushed into the clouds.

Sword cries and the roars of flood dragons could be heard faintly.

Landslides and tsunamis.

At this moment, he was not stuck in the fork river, but on the vast Clear Lake.

The elite disciples of the Spiritual Dao Sect and those large sects displayed the strength that should rightly belong to them.

Sword light and spiritual light combined with the power of heaven and earth.

Above the clouds, the Golden Core cultivators of the major sects were all smiling.

Unfortunately, in the depths of the water, whether it was the Golden Core cultivators in the sky or the observers on the riverbank in the distance, they could only vaguely sense it.

Han Muye led the fleet forward.

“Buzz!”

Han Muye raised his hand, and a jade-colored shell appeared in his palm.

“Immortal Han, Brother Han, do me a favor and save the green flood dragon.” Jin Jialin’s anxious voice came from the shell.

Save the green flood dragon?

Han Muye turned to look into the depths of Clear Lake.

Over there, the Spiritual Dao Sect was leading more than 200 dragon boats, tens of thousands of cultivators, and countless black-armored fish demons to surround and kill the green flood dragon.

Rescue?

“Brother Han, as long as you save the green flood dragon, the Eastern Sea Dragon Clan will owe you a huge favor,” Jin Jialin’s voice sounded again.

Eastern Sea Dragon Clan.

“As expected, the Jin family was from the Eastern Sea Dragon Clan.”

Han Muye muttered to himself.

Is the effort proportional to the gains? he thought.

Cultivators are not philanthropists.

He narrowed his eyes and looked at the water in front of him.

“Crash—”

Exhausted and covered in wounds, Greenbeard poked his head out of the water.

“Han, Immortal Han, the green flood dragon said that if you step in to help, he will give Yu Chen to you.”

Yu Chen?

What is it?

Before Han Muye could speak, Daoist Dayan whispered anxiously, “Yu Niang, is she at Clear Lake?”

Chapter 376: If There’s No Decision, Cut Off with a Single Strike

Han Muye had always heard Daoist Dayan mention Yu Niang and roughly knew that it was one of the 48 sword pills in Sword Master Yuan Tian's hand.

It turned out that the name of this sword pill was Yuchen.

The friendship of the Eastern Sea Flood Dragon Clan and a sword pill.

This harvest was enough.

Han Muye looked up at the center of Clear Lake. Over there, the spiritual light had exploded.

As he stood up, the dragon boat slowly slowed down.

The dragon boats behind likewise slowed down.

"Since our Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to fight for the position of the head of the nine sects of the Western Frontier, we'll fight fairly.

"If the Spiritual Dao Sect wants to do something, our Nine Mystic Sword Sect will go against them."

Han Muye's voice was neither fast nor slow, but it sounded like a declaration.

It was announced that from this moment on, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Spiritual Dao Sect would officially compete in the Western Frontier!

At this moment, the river was silent.

In the sky, the Golden Core cultivators who were chatting stopped.

Everyone's eyes quietly turned to Tuoba Cheng.

At this moment, Han Muye's declaration pitted the Nine Mystic Sword Sect against the Spiritual Dao Sect.

From the clouds, it was hard to tell how much remained of the Sword Dao Immortal's cultivation and combat strength.

However, his mentality and calculations could be said to be top-notch.

Is this declaration the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's idea or the idea of that Sword Dao Immortal? they wondered.

"Tuoba Cheng, is your Nine Mystic Sword Sect really going to become the overlord of the Western Frontier?"

A Golden Core cultivator of the Spiritual Dao Sect looked at Tuoba Cheng and narrowed his eyes.

Although Daoist Wan Hua had left, the Spiritual Dao Sect still had a few Core Formation cultivators and two half-step Heaven Realm experts.

How would Tuoba Cheng answer?

Above the clouds, the atmosphere suddenly became heavy.

His divine sense and gaze gathered on Tuoba Cheng.

Tuoba Cheng's expression did not change as he stood on the spot. He said indifferently, "The Western Frontier is shared by all cultivators, not the private property of any family."

Was he avoiding the main point?

These words were completely incomparable to Han Muye's heroic declaration.

The Golden Core cultivator of the Spiritual Dao Sect who had just spoken revealed a smile. He chuckled, but before he could speak, Tuoba Cheng's voice sounded again.

"Although our Nine Mystic Sword Sect is not interested in being the overlord, the first place of the nine sects is definitely ours."

The first place of the nine sects was decided.

Tuoba Cheng's voice was not loud, but it was extremely firm.

This sentence completely froze the atmosphere on the clouds.

The two half-step Heaven Realm experts of the Spiritual Dao Sect turned around and looked at Tuoba Cheng with solemn auras.

This aura was so strong that it was like a gale that blew away the cultivators at the fifth or sixth tier of the Golden Core Realm.

Tuoba Cheng did not show any weakness. The white tiger sword aura behind him vibrated, and he looked like he was about to roar and pounce.

In an instant, the clouds were filled with tension.

Many Golden Core cultivators moved back, and many people's eyes flickered.

At this moment, a storm was brewing in the sky.

"Alright, let's wait for the results to be decided on the Rising Dragon Platform."

At that moment, a voice sounded.

The black-robed Sect Master of the Shangyang Demon Sect, Li Mubai, waved his hand.

A black light blade slashed out, shattering the astral wind in the air.

The light blade spun and collided with the forehead of the White Tiger Sword Form.

“Roar—”

With a roar, the white tiger’s claw struck the light blade. Then its entire body trembled and its body shattered into nothingness.

The blade of light also disappeared into the void.

Li Mubai turned to look at Tuoba Cheng.

It was obvious who was stronger!

The two half-step Heaven Realm astral winds of the Spiritual Dao Sect could not block Li Mubai’s light blade. Tuoba Cheng’s sword momentum and the light blade were destroyed together.

From the looks of it, Tuoba Cheng's combat strength far exceeded that of an ordinary half-step Heaven Realm expert!

On the clouds, divine thoughts intertwined. Although there were no words, there were many emotional exchanges.

The two half-step Heaven Realm Spiritual Dao Sect disciples looked at each other and turned their heads to look at Clear Lake below.

They would wait until they compete on the Rising Dragon Platform.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had controlled the Western Frontier for countless years. Could they really be overturned by the small Nine Mystic Sword Sect?

Below, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat had already turned around and sped on for 300 miles.

Behind him, the dragon boats hesitated for a moment before following.

He might not really help the Nine Mystic Sword Sect become enemies with the Spiritual Dao Sect, but leaving alone now was even worse.

"Boom!"

A dazzling sword light rose from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon boat.

This was the condensation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's disciples' sword qi, turning into a 3,000-foot-long sword phantom.

Han Muye stood in front of the dragon boat and raised his hand.

The huge sword flew into the air.

As Han Muye pressed down with his palm, the huge sword flew out and landed hundreds of miles away.

He could kill his enemies hundreds of miles away with his sword. Such a method was really peerless!

The sword tore through the void and appeared where the spiritual light and sword light rose.

Above the clouds, many Golden Core cultivators were shocked.

There were also many people who looked anxious.

The power of this sword was bound to be devastating.

Even a Heaven Realm cultivator would be injured if they were to be swept away by the sword.

There were more than 200 dragon boats from the Spiritual Dao Sect!

Fortunately, Han Muye arrived on his sword, but he did not slash down from the sky.

The huge sword reached the fighting water and circled in the air, causing the wind to rumble.

Below, the dragon boats all retreated in fear.

Ten breaths later, the huge sword slashed down.

“Boom!”

This attack split open the lake water, and the sword light plunged 30,000 feet into the water!

The sword shadow carried the power of heaven and earth and left a sword mark that was two thousand miles long!

The lake water was split open, revealing the underwater scene.

A 5,000-foot-long green flood dragon was bound by chains that shone with spiritual light.

It was a real flood dragon. The scales on its body were green and emitted a dark and mysterious halo.

At this moment, countless black-armored fish demons rammed against the flood dragon.

Chapter 377: If There's No Decision, Cut Off with a Single Strike (2)

Not to fight, but to seek death.

The green flood dragon's claws and tail could turn all the fish demons into minced meat with a single slap.

However, the flesh and blood demonic qi of these black-armored fish demons combined with the chains that locked the green flood dragon. The chains slowly tightened and locked onto the flood dragon's body.

A few huge black-armored fish demons were waiting behind.

"Boom!"

The sword light disappeared, and countless fish demon carcasses floated up. The lake water flowed back, and huge waves surged. More than 10 dragon boats capsized.

The underwater scene was covered by the lake water.

"Hehe, so the Spiritual Dao Sect is going to kill the flood dragon." Han Muye laughed.

When the lake water was split, his divine sense could detect the underwater scene.

The Spiritual Dao Sect indeed wanted to kill the flood dragon. Their sword light and spiritual light were fighting with the flood dragon.

Even though the flood dragon was locked, its strength and defense were still extremely strong. It could also use water-elemental demonic techniques, so its strength was definitely not lower than the Heaven Realm.

From the looks of it, the Spiritual Dao Sect wanted to save face by leading a group of experts to kill a Heaven Realm demon?

In the sky, many people were silent.

"However, I'm very curious why these black-armored fish demons would join forces with the Spiritual Dao Sect."

Han Muye spoke again.

The black-armored fish demons also attacked the green flood dragon.

Wasn't this an alliance?

However, not long ago, the fish demon had just fought head-on with the Spiritual Dao Sect's fleet, and both sides had suffered heavy losses.

"Hehe, it's a cultivation sect after all. What they value are benefits. They don't care about morals or morals."

Han Muye laughed and slowly raised his hand.

Sword light condensed behind him.

"We sword cultivators distinguish between gratitude and grudges.

"We sword cultivators would rather die than submit.

"We sword cultivators put aside life and death and focus on the sword in our hands!

"Is the sword still sharp?

"Sword cultivator!

"I'm a true sword cultivator!"

The sword lights behind Han Muye gathered into a thousand-foot-long sword.

"Senior Brother Han, please test your sword!"

Everyone shouted.

The sword intent on the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was connected. At this moment, the surging sword light condensed. The patterns on it were profound, and the sword edge was sharp. A halo flashed.

Han Muye laughed and turned to look at the dragon boats behind him.

"I'm not talented, but I have some comprehension of the Sword Dao. Fellow Daoists, are you willing to come and comprehend this sword technique of mine?"

Comprehend Han Muye's sword technique!

The Immortal of the Sword Dao had invited them to comprehend his swordsmanship!

Behind him, on the dragon boat of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect, Yang Mingxuan sat cross-legged without hesitation. The sword intent and soul power on his body separated a little and collided with the huge sword of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The eyes of the sword cultivators from the other sects lit up as they stared fixedly at the huge sword.

“Wanyue will probably regret it for the rest of her life if she misses the enlightenment of the Immortal of the Sword Dao.” On the bow of the Moon Essence Sword Sect, Young Sect Master Wanyue took a step forward. The sword intent in her body combined with the sword light.

Sword lights rose and collided with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s sword lights, turning the thousand-foot-long sword lights into 3,000 feet, 5,000 feet, and 10,000 feet!

In the sky, all the Golden Core cultivators were staring at the huge sword.

A Golden Core cultivator suddenly frowned and said, “Can this soul of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect withstand this sword?”

Soul!

Everyone was stunned for a moment before surprise flashed across their faces.

Not to mention this sword, even the sword that cut open the Clear Lake that was 30,000 feet long was not something a low-level disciple could activate.

Without the power of the peak of the Golden Core Realm, it was probably impossible to activate that sword light.

“This Sword Pavilion’s inheritance should have extremely powerful soul power...” Someone muttered.

However, no matter how strong it was, could it control this sword?

At this moment, the sword light had already reached 10,000 feet!

Even the soul of a half-step Heaven Realm expert could not control the sword light smoothly.

Unless it was the power of a Heaven Realm soul!

Could Han Muye have the power of a Heaven Realm soul?

“I remember that the soul power of the Sword Pavilion can condense into a sword. Then it can only be replenished through 60 years of bitter cultivation?”

Someone quietly looked at Tuoba Cheng.

Unfortunately, Tuoba Cheng’s face seemed to be fake. There was no change in his expression at all.

“Even if this Immortal Han cultivates the divine soul sword, he probably won’t be willing to waste it at this time, right?”

“If he really exhausts his Spiritual Soul Sword Qi, what can the Rising Dragon Platform compete with?”

Someone shook his head and looked relaxed.

That made sense.

“Hmph, Han Muye can’t activate this sword at all.”

In the turbulent lake, on the dragon boat of the Spiritual Dao Sect, a green-robed Daoist spoke coldly.

The elites of the various sects on the surrounding dragon boats nodded.

Among the elites of the various sects, which one of them did not cultivate step by step?

In a hundred years, no matter how talented he was, it was impossible for him to have the power of a Heaven Realm soul.

This sword was strong, but it was impossible to control it.

It was a bluff.

“Let me see how the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, who wants to compete with my Spiritual Dao Sect, will use this sword.”

On the Spiritual Dao Sect’s dragon boat, a young man placed his hands behind his back and sneered at the huge sword.

The dragon boats near the Spiritual Dao Sect dragon boats quietly retreated.

Saying it was one thing, doing it was another.

“Boom!”

Under the water surface, dark light exploded.

Two magnificent figures rushed out.

The heads of the two black-armored fish demons that were more than 3,000 feet tall flashed with a black halo as they collided with the green flood dragon.

The green flood dragon’s body trembled as its scales shattered and blood spewed out.

The chain that was stained with the green flood dragon’s blood flickered with dazzling spiritual light and wrapped around the green flood dragon tightly.

The green flood dragon let out a painful roar. Then it opened its mouth and spat out a jade-white pill.

The pill floated and spun around the green flood dragon.

The green flood dragon was at the end of its rope.

Streaks of blood-colored light turned into a net, trying to bind him.

Chapter 378: If There’s No Decision, Cut Off with a Single Strike (3)

The power of the blood sacrifice began to activate!

Daoist Wan Hua, who had returned to the clouds at some point in time, had a calm expression and a hint of anticipation in his eyes.

“Buzz!”

Above Han Muye’s head, sword light vibrated.

A golden light flashed in his eyes.

The Great Spirit combined with the power of the Spiritual Soul and used it as a sword.

When this sword light that condensed the Great Spirit and the power of the spirit combined with the sword above his head, the thousands of miles of Clear Lake seemed to be illuminated by the sun.

This was an indescribable light that illuminated one’s heart.

“We sword cultivators have a sword in our hearts. When we strike, we strike from our hearts.

“This is the enlightened sword heart.

“My cultivation of the Sword Dao is mixed. The one that can show my comprehension the most is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords.”

A voice sounded from Han Muye’s mouth, revealing an ethereal feeling that seemed to come from the nine heavens.

“However, the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords requires slow comprehension. Today, I will show you a sword move.”

Han Muye took a step forward and hovered three feet above the ground.

“I entered the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and saw the disciples perform in the outer sect.

“At that time, Instructor Lin slashed down with his sword. The stone slab shattered, and the force was 1,000 pounds.

“This strike is called Shattering Stone. It’s one of the basic Mystic Essence Sword Techniques of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

Han Muye slowly raised his hand and clenched his fist.

There seemed to be a huge sword in his hand.

“When we have a sword in our hearts, this sword is what we rely on to face everything.

“If there’s injustice in the world, kill it with the sword!”

Han Muye’s voice was like thunder.

“If you have an unyielding heart, slash it with your sword!”

When Han Muye spoke, countless people whispered.

“If there’s injustice in the Dao, cut it off with the sword!”

Han Muye’s voice was not loud, but the sword cultivators behind him had already roared.

“It’s a matter of the world, but if there’s no decision...”

Han Muye's voice was low, and his eyes shone.

At this moment, all the sword cultivators felt their hearts congested. An indescribable pressure could not be relaxed.

The pressure came from the bottom of his heart and came from outside his body. It came from the restraints he was born with.

It was hard to stop when something happened.

He was indecisive.

At this moment, all the sword cultivators closed their eyes and stretched out their hands. They clenched their fists and raised them high.

This action was the same as when Han Muye reached out to take Instructor Lin's sword in the outer sect martial arts arena of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"If there's no decision, cut off with a single strike..."

"One slash—

"One slash—

"Cut off all restraints in the world!

"Cut off all the unwillingness in your heart!

"Cut off the confusion and hesitation that existed since ancient times!

"If there's a sword in your heart, cut off with one strike!"

"Slash!"

"Slash!"

"Slash!"

He cut off the Great Dao!

What he cut off was the Sword Dao!

What he cut off was the fear of death!

If I have this sword move, I'll be able to kill all my enemies!

In everyone's mind, there seemed to be a sword that was all-powerful.

This sword followed his will and flew into the nine heavens, bringing with it wind, lightning, and astral winds.

This sword slashed down fiercely towards the vast blue waves.

At this moment, who wouldn't die under the sword?

In the sky, those Golden Cores trembled.

On the lake, the sect elites on the dragon boat were already imprisoned. Even their souls seemed to be frozen.

On the Spiritual Dao Sect's dragon boat, the few figures standing in front widened their eyes and looked up at the huge sword descending from the sky in disbelief.

This sword really slashed down!

"Boom!"

The sword struck the blue waves.

There was no commotion.

The sword light was like water.

The huge sword did not cause the sword qi to dissipate and explode for thousands of miles.

This sword slashed into the water and slashed through the bodies of the black-armored fish demons.

A 100-foot-tall black-armored fish demon.

A 1,000-foot-long black-armored fish demon.

A 4,000-foot black-armored fish demon.

They were cut in half.

The sword light fell again and brushed past the green flood dragon's body. It did not touch any scales and broke the chain that locked the green flood dragon's body.

The sword light broke the chain and hit the bottom of the river. It hit the green stone wall and quietly shattered.

Streaks of sword energy turned around and shot out of the water before returning to its owner's body.

This sword qi carried the comprehension of killing a Heaven Realm expert with a single strike. It also carried the feeling of cutting off the chains that could hold a Heaven Realm demon captive and returning to its owner's body.

The sword qi kept reverberating.

No one spoke.

Han Muye slowly landed on the bow of the dragon boat. There was no sword Qi on his body, nor was there any spiritual energy fluctuation.

It was just like back then at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain, at the Cloud Nest Ridge, when he slashed out outside the Broken Soul Wasteland, exhausting his soul.

"Thank you, Teacher Han."

Behind him, a sword cultivator standing at the bow bowed.

Teacher Han.

A master of one sword.

It was a simple strike from the bottom of his heart.

If he was afraid, no matter how sharp the sword in his hand was, it could not hurt anyone.

If his heart was firm, even without a sword in his hand, everything could become a sword.

“Thank you, Teacher Han.”

The sword cultivator bowed.

After comprehending this sword technique today, his cultivation path in the future would be a hundred times smoother.

With this sword today, his Sword Dao would soar in the future.

Gu Yuanlong cupped his hands at Han Muye with a complicated expression and lowered his head.

He did not want to admit it, but he had to admit that he, the number one inner sect disciple of the Eastern Sea sect, was not even worthy of carrying Han Muye’s shoes.

No wonder Teacher Mo wanted to take him in as his only disciple.

No one else had the right to do so!

Han Muye smiled.

This was what he wanted.

During his trip to the Central Continent, he had comprehended the Way of Confucianism. Coupled with his sword cultivation, it was difficult for him to estimate his combat strength.

With the continuously increasing power of Confucianism, Han Muye was confident that he could suppress the Western Frontier.

But what was the use of using Confucianism to suppress the western Frontier?

If they could really suppress the Western Frontier with Confucianism, the Central Continent would have done it long ago, right?

If the Heavenly Dao did not allow it, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian must have a backup plan to suppress it.

If he wanted to control the Western Frontier, he should follow the rules of the Western Frontier.

What Han Muye was doing now was breaking the rules and reshaping them.

At the same time, it was also the Heavenly Dao that remodeled the Western Frontier!

The cultivators of the Western Frontier had been suppressed by the Spiritual Dao Sect for too long. Those sword cultivators had already forgotten how sharp their swords were.

Since he had stepped onto the path of cultivation, he should fight against everything in the world.

Cultivators with Dao in their hearts were true cultivators.

There was no hurry. The cultivators of the Western Frontier would eventually wake up.

Han Muye looked at the water in front of him. Power surged from below.

Secret Realm.

Back then, the secret realm of the Cloud Crane Palace had been opened by the power of the blood sacrifice.

In the sky, Tuoba Cheng's body flickered with a faint sword light, as if a trace of battle intent had condensed.

He was actually shocked by that sword just now and had the urge to fight.

The other Golden Core cultivators also woke up from their shock.

That sword strike was really terrifying!

"Immortal Han, really..." Someone looked at Han Muye and whispered, but he didn't know what to say.

Was that sword really unleashed by a junior disciple who was not even a hundred years old?

"This kid is really talented in cultivation." Li Mubai, who was standing in front, nodded his head and said in a low voice.

On the clouds, everyone nodded.

The talent displayed by this sword was too terrifying.

If this person cultivated in seclusion for 300 years, he would definitely be able to suppress the Western Frontier and become the number one Sword Dao expert!

Chapter 379: 10,000-Demon Token, Heavenly Crane Wings, True Dragon Bones

"Hehe, it's a pity that he's too young and has an exaggerated opinion of his own abilities." On the Spiritual Dao Sect's side, a Golden Core cultivator sneered. "Let's see what else he can do after this strike."

The legacy of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion was to cultivate diligently for 60 years and dominate with a single strike.

After this strike, he should be a mortal, right?

On the cloud, many people had complicated expressions.

With this sword move, they would have no regrets in this life.

Cultivation. Is it to pursue such an almighty sword move or to live a long life?

Living an ignoble life, being suppressed by a large sect, unable to be free.

Countless people's eyes were filled with indescribable emotions.

They were contemplating the Great Dao.

They wondered if there was something wrong with the Dao they cultivated.

"Boom!"

In the lake below, a spiritual light suddenly exploded.

Then endless green light rose and turned into a huge vortex that was a hundred miles wide. It rolled back and enveloped all the dragon boats and people.

"Secret Realm!" Daoist Wan Hua cried out in a low voice as his figure crashed downwards.

On the cloud, figures also rushed down.

However, by the time they crashed into Clear Lake, the vortex below had already disappeared.

Streaks of green light intertwined and spun on the water.

"This is an ancient sect's trial formation?" A white-bearded old man raised his hand and slapped the azure light, revealing a regretful expression.

"T-This requires the power of teleportation to enter."

The old man was stunned. He suddenly raised his head and looked at Daoist Wan Hua of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

"Fellow Daoist Wan Hua, is this one of the challenges in the Nine Sects Rearrangement Competition?"

Yes?

It's not.

Of course not.

This was originally discussed between the Spiritual Dao Sect and the demons. They used the power of blood sacrifice to activate the ancient ruins and search for the treasures inside.

This opportunity should belong to the Spiritual Dao Sect and the demon clans. At most, there were some alliance sects that participated together.

Unexpectedly, in the end, this array formation was triggered as he wished. However, the ones who entered were all the disciples participating in the competition.

Such an opportunity was actually shared by everyone.

He was really unwilling.

"Fellow Daoist Wan Hua is really generous. You even took out such an ancient mystic realm to share." Tuoba Cheng muttered expressionlessly and turned around to fly back to the clouds.

The other Golden Core cultivators looked at each other. They didn't dare to confirm the exact situation, but since the people from the Spiritual Dao Sect had also entered, it shouldn't be too dangerous, right?

Indeed, there was not much danger.

When Han Muye landed in this vast forest, he felt something strange.

Spiritual qi and sword intent were all suppressed!

In this space, other than physical strength, he could not unleash any other power.

His dantian, sea of Qi, and divine treasures could all be sensed, but he could not activate the power within.

If he wanted to forcefully activate it, he needed to resist all the power in this space.

A space with pure physical strength was indeed not too dangerous for him.

Han Muye had seen such a space when he was reading the imperial family's books in the Central Continent.

This was a space specially arranged by the sects when they were refining their disciples' physical strength.

There were also various trials.

However, a space set up by ordinary sects would definitely not be so vast.

Han Muye flew for a hundred miles, but there was no end in sight, nor did he see a cultivator.

Is this the old site of the Cloud Crane Palace that was inherited by the demons of the Southern Wasteland? he wondered.

The tiny Cloud Crane Palace was probably not qualified to possess such a vast space, right?

"Roar—"

There was a tiger's roar, and then the forest shook.

Han Muye moved and rushed into the forest.

On the other side, a fierce tiger with a white forehead chased after a few figures and roared as it pounced over.

That figure looked like a human in a leather robe.

"Fifth Uncle, leave quickly—"

"Brother Jin, leave me alone!"

"Run back! You can't be absent from the stronghold!" The last figure shouted. Then he turned around, holding the broken spear in his hand, and collided with the ferocious tiger that was nearly 10 feet long.

“Snap—”

The broken spear hit the tiger’s raised front claw and broke again.

The figure holding the broken spear was also thrown out.

The tiger paused and roared. It pounced and raised its claws to slap the tumbling figure.

If this claw landed, that figure would definitely die.

The few figures who were fleeing just now turned around and roared, wanting the tiger to stop.

However, not only did the tiger not stop, it was even faster and smacked down with its paw.

“Bam—”

Rocks flew everywhere.

The tiger’s paw landed three feet in front of the figure on the ground.

It was not that the tiger missed its target, but that the tiger’s body was dragged by its tail from behind.

“Roar—”

The tiger turned around and pounced on the person who let go of its tail.

“Duck!”

“Be careful!”

“Run!”

The few people in leather robes shouted.

However, Han Muye, who was standing in front of the tiger, did not care.

He raised his hand and made a fist.

Stepping on the ground, he could tap the power of mountains and rivers within 10,000 miles.

This was the gift of the Heavenly Dao’s affinity.

Even if this Heavenly Dao seemed a little strange, Han Muye could sense that this was still the Western Frontier.

Back in the Central Continent, because the Heavenly Dao was different, most of his effort in tapping the strength of the Heavenly Dao was crippled. Even if he wanted to do so, he didn’t get the desired results.

Now that his power of affinity had increased to an equal exchange, there would be an immediate response anywhere from the Heavenly Dao.

Because this was a mutual communication, a transaction.

The tiger pounced down, and Han Muye’s fist went up.

“Pfft—”

With a punch, the tiger rolled and staggered on the ground, unable to get up for a moment.

Han Muye shook his head.

It was really just an ordinary tiger. He did not even use much of his physical strength, but this guy was already dizzy.

Taking a step forward, the tiger bared its teeth and retreated in fear.

Chapter 380: 10,000-Demon Token, Heavenly Crane Wings, True Dragon Bones (2)

It was afraid of that punch earlier.

“Roar—”

With a stubborn roar, the tiger turned around and ran.

Han Muye flexed his fists and did not chase after it.

He looked at the few people carefully surrounding him.

Their physiques were strong, but they had never cultivated any cultivation techniques. They had not even cultivated any martial arts techniques.

Otherwise, after cultivating some body tempering techniques, they would not be chased by this ferocious tiger and have nowhere to escape.

“My, my lord, you’re from outside the Heavenly Crane Region, right?”

A middle-aged man holding a broken bow took a few steps forward and sized up Han Muye’s robe, excitement flashing across his face.

Heavenly Crane Region? Han Muye thought.

This place is called the Heavenly Crane Region?

He nodded and said, “I came from the outer realm. Can you tell me about the situation here?”

Hearing Han Muye say that he was indeed from the outer realm, the middle-aged man and the people behind him were overjoyed.

They started talking all at once and began to introduce this realm.

Their accent was a little strange, but Han Muye could understand them.

This was the Heavenly Crane Region, a secret place belonging to the Cloud Crane Palace.

This was a place reserved for the trial disciples of the Cloud Crane Palace.

However, contrary to Han Muye's expectations, this place did not prohibit the power of spiritual energy at the beginning.

It was only after his spiritual qi was exhausted that this happened.

Because the spiritual qi was exhausted, the power of heaven and earth could not be sustained. The Great Dao in this realm blocked the power of spiritual qi.

Otherwise, a great cultivator with spiritual energy could kill all the living beings in this world.

"Originally, the lords of the Cloud Crane Palace would come once every 10 years.

"But they stopped coming thousands of years ago.

"Since they stopped coming, life in the Heavenly Crane Region became unsustainable. Some of the people died, and some became demons."

The middle-aged man who spoke looked terrified. He turned to look at the mountains in the distance and said in a low voice, "The Heavenly Crane people live in the Heavenly Crane Ridge 3,000 miles away. They visit the Heavenly Crane Region once every three years.

"Actually, the purpose of their visit is to eat people."

A young man gritted his teeth, his shoulders trembling.

The humans of the Heavenly Crane Region used to be the providers.

Over thousands of years, the human population had grown in the region.

The Heavenly Cranes patrolled once every three years. Other than a few large cities that could resist them a little by relying on the methods left behind in the past, the humans in other places were devoured by the Heavenly Cranes.

Han Muye was not interested in the large cities, but he was very interested in the Heavenly Cranes that these people were talking about.

Back then, the people from the Cloud Crane Palace came to take the blood essence from the top of the Heavenly Cranes' heads.

The Heavenly Crane's blood essence could increase one's cultivation speed and had the effect of fusing various bloodline powers.

In other words, by fusing the Heavenly Crane's blood essence into other bloodlines, one could refine a different bloodline.

To the demons, the purity of their bloodline was very important.

The Heavenly Crane's blood essence could neutralize all bloodlines.

In Han Muye's opinion, this was a rare treasure in the world.

To the demon race, it was comparable to the Cloud Transforming Golden Lotus.

If he could obtain such a treasure, wouldn't it be easier for his physical cultivation to increase?

With his deep cultivation in the Confucian Dao and more and more sword intent gathered, Han Muye already felt that his physical strength could not keep up.

The ancient Bull Strength Technique that he cultivated back then also needed to be deduced later.

The best way was to borrow the cultivation method of the demon race and refine his bloodline to increase his physical cultivation.

The Heaven Crane's blood essence would be useful to him.

Han Muye did not stay in the forest for long and headed straight for Heavenly Crane Ridge.

If he had flown thousands of miles, it would not take long to reach.

However, he had to journey on foot to the Heavenly Crane Region, which took a lot of time.

A hundred miles later, Han Muye came upon a village.

He didn't go in, but he saw something interesting.

A 50-foot-long black-armored fish demon was rolling about in the mud pond in front of the village.

Then the villagers removed the dam from the mud pond.

The fish demon struggled and mud splattered everywhere.

This fish demon could not use its demonic qi in the Heavenly Crane Region, and it had not cultivated to the point of transforming. It had difficulty trying to escape.

Without water, the fish demon could only flop and swing its tail, making fierce "wuwu" sounds to prevent the villagers from approaching. It was actually completely helpless.

There were many cultivators and fish demons in this space.

It was fine if there was water, but if there was no water, these fish demons would probably die.

Thinking of this, Han Muye's expression changed.

He left quietly and found a hundred-foot black fish in the wilderness.

His punch landed on the black fish's head, killing it instantly.

The moment the black fish died, indescribable powers interacted in the void.

This was the Heavenly Dao devouring the power of the soul and demonic qi!

This world would absorb the power of outsiders.

After killing this black-armored fish demon, Han Muye could feel a trace of spiritual energy loosening.

He could use a little of the spiritual energy in his dantian.

This was the release of the Heavenly Dao.

He was motivated to hunt other outsiders and let the power in their bodies nourish the world.

The Heavenly Crane Region's supply had been cut off for countless years, and its power had long been exhausted.

Now, this Heavenly Dao urgently needed strength to replenish itself.

Looking up at the sky, Han Muye turned around and headed for Heavenly Crane Ridge.

Along the way, if he encountered black-armored fish demons, he would attack without hesitation.

By the time he was a thousand miles away, he had killed dozens of black-armored fish demons. With his own strength, he could use 10 flashes of sword qi. He was at the third level of Qi Condensation.

This power was not much, but it was already domineering in this world.

Moving forward, Han Muye saw the corpse of a sect elite.

It was a sword wound.

This cultivator from Daoism might be very good at spells.

However, in this world where he could not use the power of spells, he was really helpless in front of a sword cultivator.