

Pavilion 381

Chapter 381: 10,000-Demon Token, Heavenly Crane Wings, True Dragon Bones (3)

Han Muye was looking forward to seeing the elites of the Spiritual Dao Sect again.

After he used a sword pill and the Cloud Dragon Sword to kill two hundred-foot fish demons, Daoist Dayan and Zhao Yunlong both had the chance to appear.

However, these two sword spirits were faint, so faint that they were almost invisible.

With such thinness, they naturally had no strength to fight.

But it didn't matter. Han Muye hadn't summoned them to fight.

He would talk to them to relieve boredom.

"This Heavenly Crane Region is quite something." Daoist Dayan placed his hands behind his back and revealed a nostalgic expression.

"I remember Sword Venerable Yuan Tian saying that the demonic heritage of the Western Frontier came from an ancient almighty.

"This almighty expert fought a great battle in the Central Continent back then and won the right to run amok in the four regions.

"That guy, what was his name again..."

Daoist Dayan scratched his head.

"Duan Jiuxiao, that guy has the Heavenly Crane bloodline. He used to feed on flood dragons in the Eastern Sea."

A voice sounded not far away.

Han Muye turned around and saw a female cultivator in green holding a long whip.

"Yu, Yu Niang?" Daoist Dayan was stunned. Then he shook his head. "You're not, but why do you have her aura on you..."

"I'm her." The female cultivator glanced at Daoist Dayan, then turned to look at Han Muye.

"Back then, when the Yuchen Sword Pill fell into Clear Lake, my sword spirit was about to dissipate.

"Because my power was absorbed by the Demon Subduing Lock, my soul was about to shatter.

"Yu Niang became one with my soul. Earlier, she used her sword pill attribute to help me resist the power of the Demon Subduing Lock."

"Y-you're saying that Yu Niang's soul has perished?" Daoist Dayan took a step forward and stared at the female cultivator.

The female cultivator shook her head and said, "She didn't die. We fused together. You know, if the sword spirit isn't willing, no one can make it submit."

At this point, the female cultivator raised her head and looked at Daoist Dayan. "Although you did things wretchedly, you treated Yu Niang quite well.

"You've always wanted to transform into a human and have a taste of her sword pill.

"I can give you that.

"That's what she said."

As soon as she finished speaking, the female cultivator in green stared at Daoist Dayan.

Daoist Dayan's body trembled and his thin body swayed continuously.

Then, with a whoosh, it disappeared.

The female cultivator curled her lips and took a few steps forward. She raised her hand and took out a jade-colored pill.

"This is the Yuchen Sword Pill, a treasure of Swordmaster Yuan Tian.

"I've said it before. I'll give this as a reward."

As the female cultivator spoke, she threw the sword pill forward.

Han Muye reached out to catch it.

With the sword pill in his hand, Han Muye fused sword qi into it and shook his head regretfully.

The memories and sword qi in the sword pill had dissipated. Or rather, it had fused with the female cultivator in front of him and he could not obtain any memories.

"My name is Qing Tong. I'm from the Flood Dragon royal family of the Eastern Sea. Back then, I was swimming upstream when I ended up injured in a battle with the Spiritual Armored Demons. I was captured by those people from the Cloud Crane Palace and locked up using the methods left behind by Duan Jiuxiao.

"They want to extract my bloodline power and nurture the Heavenly Cranes."

Qing Tong's eyes revealed a trace of fear. She gritted her teeth and said in a low voice, "If it wasn't for the battle between Sword Venerable Yuan Tian and the foreign cultivators that destroyed the Cloud Crane Palace, I would have died long ago."

This was a green flood dragon.

The green flood dragon that had been locked beneath Clear Lake for thousands of years.

This was a powerful demon.

Zhao Yunlong moved and turned into a long sword, hanging quietly beside Han Muye. He was just waiting for him to raise his hand to hold the hilt.

Seeing the Cloud Dragon Sword like this, Qing Tong laughed and looked at Han Muye. "Don't worry, the Flood Dragons distinguish between gratitude and grudges. You saved me. Even if this is a deal, I won't attack you."

Shaking her head, Qing Tong lowered her voice, "Moreover, you are the successor of Sword Venerable Yuan Tian."

Han Muye didn't flinch.

The wonders of inheritance in the world could not be denied.

After obtaining Sword Venerable Yuan Tian's legacy, he had to bear a responsibility.

Just as Tuoba Cheng had said back then, experts had to take responsibility.

"Senior Qing Tong, do you know how to get out of the Heavenly Crane Region?"

Han Muye looked at Qing Tong and asked.

This place was just a trial mystic realm. He could not live in it forever.

"Simple. By tainting your body with the Heavenly Crane's blood essence, you will be qualified to leave." Qing Tong pointed into the distance.

"That's the direction of Heavenly Crane Ridge."

It was not difficult to get out of Heavenly Crane Ridge after taking the blood essence of the heavenly cranes.

"However, we can work together." Qing Tong chuckled and said, "Duan Jiuxiao left behind two things back then. One was the 10,000-Demon Token that suppressed the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm and the other was the pair of Heavenly Crane Wings hidden in the Heavenly Crane Region."

10,000-Demon Token?

Heavenly Crane Wings?

This was not something Han Muye knew.

Qing Tong explained that the 10,000-Demon Token was the token that Duan Jiuxiao used to suppress the Southern Wasteland. It was a magic treasure and had the ability to intimidate 10,000 demons.

This item was in the Ten Thousand Demon Mystic Realm of the Southern Wasteland.

The Heavenly Crane Wings was a treasure refined from the wings of a pair of Outer Realm Heavenly Cranes. It was said that when this item was refined, it could allow a cultivator to fly at an extremely fast speed and run amok in the Outer Realm Void.

Back then, it had taken Duan Jiuxiao a lot of effort to kill the Heavenly Cranes.

He had set up the Heavenly Crane Region because he wanted to use a secret technique to nurture more heavenly crane bloodlines so that all the disciples of the Cloud Crane Palace could have such flying techniques.

“The Heavenly Crane blood essence is just an unexpected surprise. It can’t fuse with a truly powerful bloodline.”

Hearing Han Muye say that he was going to retrieve the Heavenly Crane blood essence, Qing Tong smiled.

“There’s only one pair of Heavenly Crane Wings. How can we split it if we cooperate?” Han Muye looked at Qing Tong.

He also wanted such a treasure.

He wouldn’t do something for free for someone else.

“I don’t want the Heavenly Crane Wings.” Hearing Han Muye’s words, Qing Tong shook her head and said, “I want the True Dragon Jade Bones suppressed under the Heavenly Crane Ridge.

“We get what we want.”

“True Dragon?” Daoist Dayan’s voice rang out as an illusory figure appeared before Qing Tong.

“The one that was besieged by the Yuan Tian Sword Venerable and the others?”

Qing Tong glanced at him and nodded.

Daoist Dayan raised his head and disappeared with a slight tremble.

“Alright, then we’ll each take what we need.” Han Muye smiled.

“However, before we go to Heavenly Crane Ridge, shouldn’t we settle our worries first?”

Countless black-armored fish demons landed in the Heavenly Crane Region. There was also a Heaven Realm expert and several half-step Heaven Realm experts.

Even if these demons could not use their demonic qi, as demons, their physical strength was so strong that they could completely crush all cultivators.

If these demons discovered that killing outsiders could help recover their cultivation, the elites of the various sects would probably suffer.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, Qing Tong’s eyes flickered. “Indeed, these spiritual armored demons should be killed.”

Chapter 382: Live for Yourself

The Spiritual Armored Clan wasn't just limited to the Black-Armored Fish Demon Clan. There were also the Jade-Armored Snow Demons hidden in the great snowy mountains of the Northern Region.

"Back then, there were demons from the outer realm who came to invade. Among them, experts were killed by Duan Jiuxiao, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian, and a few other mighty figures. However, the scattered demons from the outer realm were not all killed."

"Perhaps in the eyes of these eminences, some lesser demons are nothing to worry about."

Walking with Han Muye, Qing Tong introduced the origins of the black-armored fish demon in a low voice.

It turned out that these black-armored fish demons were from the outer realm.

"However, I didn't expect the Spiritual Armored Demons to reproduce so strongly. In just a few thousand years, they occupied half of the Eastern Sea's waters and even went back to the source, intending to taint the Western Frontier of the Southern Wasteland and the Northern Region.

"Even in the Central Continent, there are traces of Spiritual Armored Demons."

Qing Tong shook his head, a trace of doubt flashing across his face.

Han Muye was also shocked by their reproduction ability.

Fortunately, these fish demons could not go ashore. Otherwise, they would really invade the Heavenly Mystic World.

"You think they're in the water?"

Qing Tong turned around and said in a low voice, "Didn't they scheme to come to this mystic realm to fuse their bloodlines and reach the shore one day?"

Heavenly Crane blood essence!

"Back then, the Cloud Crane Palace was destroyed because of the Heavenly Crane blood essence.

"The remaining Heavenly Cranes in this secret land should be the last Heavenly Crane clan in the Heavenly Mystic World."

No wonder the black-armored fish demons would use the blood sacrifice method to open the mystic realm.

Such a method would gain the favor of the secret realm and reduce the suppression power in advance.

Han Muye looked ahead and said in a low voice, "In that case, we have to find those demons quickly."

There were many demons that entered the Heavenly Crane Region.

The two of them sped up. Qing Tong turned to look at Han Muye in surprise and did not speak.

In her opinion, Han Muye's physical strength was extremely strong.

Among human cultivators, there were not many who could focus on the refinement of the body and surprise a flood dragon like her.

“Boom!”

Ahead of them, there was a loud bang.

Han Muye moved and rushed forward.

At the bottom of the cliff, two nearly 200-foot-long black-armored fish blocked several elites of the sect. Every time their long tails struck, gravel would shatter.

The few sect disciples tried their best to dodge. Some were scratched by the gravel, some were covered in blood, and on the ground, there were one or two bodies that had been eaten by the fish demons.

He was a disciple of a Daoist sect.

Cultivating Dao techniques, his physical body and martial arts were weak. In front of this black-armored demon, one could not retaliate at all.

“Senior Brother Shen Chang, let’s fight to the death!” A young man who was pressed against a stone wall held a large rock in his hand and roared.

“Don’t be rash. The water demons can’t be out of the water for long. Let’s exhaust them to death,” shouted the thin Daoist with a wooden stick in his hand.

He waved his wooden stick to attract the water demons’ attention.

“Bam—”

A black-armored fish demon’s head smashed into the stone wall, causing gravel to fly everywhere.

Two figures tumbled through the cracks in the stone wall in a sorry state and scrambled to dodge.

“Hold on, maybe someone will come and save us!” The young man called Shen Chang shouted. He threw the wooden stick in his hand and stabbed at the black-armored fish demon’s eyes.

“Save them? Those people from the Spiritual Dao Sect can’t even protect themselves. Besides, with their temperament, even if they see us, they won’t save us...” A young man had despair on his face. He gritted his teeth and rushed towards the black-armored fish demon with a big rock.

“I’ve been cultivating for 60 years, and people call me a hero. I don’t want to be so aggrieved.

“At most, I’ll die!” The young man roared and flew up, smashing the big rock in his hand at the black-armored fish demon’s head.

“Zhu Siyuan, come back quickly!”

“Fool!”

Those fellow disciples hiding under the stone walls and cliffs closed their eyes in despair.

The head of this black-armored fish demon was so hard that even spiritual weapons could not hurt it. What was the use of a huge rock?

“Pfft—”

“Bam—”

Two explosions.

Zhu Siyuan landed on the ground. The huge rock in his hand shattered, and a trace of spiritual light appeared in his palm.

In front of him, the mountain-like black-armored fish demon’s head was split open, and blood splattered everywhere.

Compared to the mountain-like fish demon, the millstone stone was like a candy pill.

A rock smashed the fish demon to death?

Zhu Siyuan was stunned, as were his fellow disciples behind him.

“Roar—”

Another fish demon rushed towards the stunned Zhu Siyuan.

“Bam—”

There was a loud bang.

The fish demon lay on the ground and stopped moving.

A female cultivator in a green robe stood on the head of the fish demon.

At this moment, everyone noticed that standing on the head of the first fish demon was a young man in a green robe with a sword box on his back.

“Nine Mystic Sword Sect...”

“Immortal Han...”

Looking at Han Muye and Qing Tong, who were like immortals descending on earth, the people below the cliff were stunned and exclaimed.

Han Muye flew down and struck with the Cloud Dragon Sword.

The black-armored fish demon’s head was shattered, and pieces of solid fish bones fell to the ground.

He swung his sword again, and many jade-white fins were removed.

“This fish bones are hard and can be used as shields. The fins are sharp and can be used as swords.”

Han Muye glanced at those people, then his gaze landed on Zhu Siyuan. “Killing the fish demons can remove the suppression of your spiritual energy cultivation. Lead your fellow disciples to hunt the fish demons again.”

With that, Han Muye turned and left.

Spiritual energy flashed on Zhu Siyuan’s body, but his face was still blank.

"I, Shen Chang of the Fire Spirit Dao Sect, and all my junior brothers thank Immortal Han and this fairy for saving our lives."

Shen Chang, who was standing in front of the stone wall, took a few steps forward and bowed to Han Muye.

The others behind him also hurriedly bowed.

This was really a life-saving favor.

"Fire Spirit Dao Sect?" Han Muye muttered. Without looking back, he waved his hand and said, "Live well."

Chapter 383: Live for Yourself (2)

With that, he added, "Live for yourself."

Live well for myself.

Shen Chang's eyes flickered as he watched Han Muye leave.

"Senior Brother Shen, what did he mean?" A young man who had grabbed a long bone spike stepped forward and asked in a low voice.

The eyes of the others flickered.

"Hehe, between the Spiritual Dao Sect and the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, what do you choose?" Shen Chang turned around and looked at everyone.

How should we choose?

Everyone looked at each other, not daring to speak.

"Haha, live for yourself." Shen Chang's eyes lit up. He reached out and grabbed a bone spur. Then he looked at Zhu Siyuan. "Junior Brother Zhu, lead us to hunt fish demons to recover our strength."

"Who cares if it's the Spiritual Dao Sect or the Nine Mystic Sword Sect? What does their competition have to do with us?"

"Our own cultivation and lives are the most important."

Shen Chang strode forward with an indescribable aura.

If he was outside the Heavenly Crane Region at this moment, the aura on his body would definitely have caused the spiritual qi to surge like a tide.

This was Dao Comprehension!

He understood his own Great Dao and cultivated in the future. His path was smooth.

“That’s right. What does the competition between those sects have to do with us? This is a good place to hunt fish demons. If we can kill a great demon who has condensed a demon core, we will be rich.”

A young man in a white robe laughed and chased after Shen Chang with a long bone spur.

Right!

Hunting a great demon that was a treasure from head to foot. This was an opportunity!

Everyone held the bone spikes happily and ran out together.

Unknowingly, his fear of large sects and the rules of the cultivation world of the Western Frontier had been seen through.

Only his own strength and his own life were the foundation of cultivation!

...

Han Muye and Qing Tong continued forward. The more fish demons they killed, the more cultivation they recovered.

Han Muye would not help if he could.

After traveling for a thousand kilometers, Han Muye’s spiritual energy cultivation could already use the power of Meridian Opening.

He could use three sword wills.

He could also use one of the divine soul swords in his divine treasures.

Most importantly, Zhao Yunlong and Daoist Dayan had recovered a lot.

The sharpness of the sword pills and magic treasures even caught the attention of the flood dragon, Qing Tong.

“Although I’ve been suppressed at the bottom of the lake for thousands of years, I know about the Western Frontier. There seem to be only a few magical equipment in the entire Western Frontier.”

“Also, have you really not cultivated for a hundred years?”

Qing Tong looked at Han Muye with a strange expression.

Sword techniques, sword control techniques, dual sword techniques, sword techniques of various attributes...

Qing Tong even saw the shadow of the Eastern Sea Sword Technique.

Han Muye smiled and did not answer. He raised the sword in his hand and led a sword light into the dense forest ahead.

In the dense forest, several figures were running.

“Slash—”

The long sword brushed past a figure and passed through three large trees, nailing a humanoid figure in black armor to the tree trunk.

“Roar—”

With a roar, the black-armored man turned into a thousand-foot-long black fish and opened its mouth to bite forward.

Qing Tong’s figure flashed and stood in front of the black-armored fish demon.

A smile appeared on her face. She raised her hand and punched the black-armored fish demon’s head.

“Bam—”

The black-armored fish demon’s head was smashed into the ground.

“Bam—”

“Bam—”

“Bam—”

Half of the black-armored fish’s body was planted in the ground.

The huge fish tail swayed a few times before falling silent.

Han Muye couldn’t help but grin.

As expected of the Flood Dragon Clan.

When Qing Tong turned around, he was holding a pale golden demon core.

This was a fish demon that had already reached the completion level.

If such a demon was outside the Heavenly Crane Region, it could cause a huge commotion.

Now he was dying in this wilderness forest.

Actually, if he wasn’t in the Heavenly Crane Region, this guy would have died even faster.

It could not last more than three breaths in front of a great demon of the flood dragon race.

“Thank you, Senior Brother Han. Thank you, fairy.” The pale Wanyue pressed a hand to her chest and bowed to Han Muye and Qing Tong.

The Moonlight Sword Sect used the Sword Qi as its foundation. It controlled the sword to kill the enemy, and the sword light was like the moon.

But now that her Spiritual Qi cultivation was suppressed, Wanyue and the people from the Moonlight Sword Sect behind her were banned from fighting.

If not for the fact that he was a sword cultivator and had a good foundation in martial arts, he would have been devoured by the fish demons.

“We’re all fellow cultivators from the Western Frontier. It’s only right.” Han Muye waved his hand and the Green Destiny Sword returned to its scabbard.

Seeing that Han Muye could still ride a sword, Wanyue and her fellow disciples behind her were stunned.

Han Muye whispered about how he could obtain the recognition of this world by killing demons or humans who had entered the outer realm and slowly unseal them.

Then he made it clear that he and Qing Tong were going to Heavenly Crane Ridge.

“Senior Brother, you guys go first. We’re going to find our lost fellow disciples. Also, we can recover our cultivation while we’re at it.” Wanyue held her sword in one hand and pressed her chest with the other. She turned around and left.

After taking a few steps, he turned to look at Han Muye. “Senior Brother Han, can you not tear my shirt the next time you attack?”

She loosened her grip on her chest and a flash of white appeared.

It was not until everyone from the Moonlight Sword Sect left that Han Muye shook his head with a wry smile.

It was an accident.

Qing Tong turned around and gave him a look that said, “So you’re such a person.” Then he strode away.

Han Muye followed with a wry expression.

After walking for more than half a day, they could see a lush mountain range ahead.

Spiritual qi rose from it.

At this moment, cultivators or black-armored fish demons could be seen heading towards the mountain range.

“Senior Brother Han.”

“Immortal Han.”

Those who were familiar with him came over to greet him and then walked together.

Chapter 384: Live for Yourself (3)

Han Muye also recruited a few disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

There were already hundreds of elites of the Western Frontier sects following behind him.

As for those who encountered the few Daoist sects, they stayed far away and did not dare to meet Han Muye at all.

In this place, the combat power of sword cultivators swept through the Daoist cultivators.

“Boom!”

Ahead, sword light rose.

As the sword light flashed, the world shook.

Draw a million swords and shatter a mountain.

Han Muye smiled.

Walking forward, he saw Lin Shen waiting there with a large sword in his hand.

Behind Lin Shen were thousands of disciples from various sects.

“Senior Brother Han.” Lin Shen strode forward and cupped his hands at Han Muye, his gaze turning to the bronze.

“Ahem, this is Fellow Daoist Qing Tong. Fellow Daoist Qing Tong has extraordinary means and is an ally of our Nine Mystic Sword Sect,” Han Muye introduced.

Lin Shen quickly cupped his fists.

“Fellow Daoist Lin’s swordsmanship is impressive.” Qing Tong looked at Lin Shen and praised him.

Since they were already here, they naturally would not linger any longer.

Everyone gathered and headed towards Heavenly Crane Ridge.

Along the way, they encountered more cultivators.

As for the fish demons, they would naturally kill them with all their might.

“Slash—”

The sword light in the distant sky flickered, as if it was going to tear the sky apart.

A sword light flashed, then another.

The sword technique of the Eastern Sea.

It’s Fellow Daoist Gu.

Han Muye narrowed his eyes and looked at the flashing sword lights.

“Fellow Daoist Gu’s sword and Big Brother Lu.

“The other one should be—”

Before Han Muye could finish speaking, a loud shout came from the other side. “Guo Tianjin, your Cloud Sea Sword Sect is indeed colluding with the Black-Armored Fish Demons!”

Gu Yuanlong’s voice was filled with rage.

“The black-armored fish demons wreaked havoc in the Eastern Sea. The humans of the Eastern Sea are irreconcilable with them. You have colluded with the black-armored fish demons. Your Cloud Sea Sword Sect is not a great sect of the Eastern Sea!”

The sword light and the shouts intertwined. There were several of them.

Lu Gao’s sword followed him.

“You, Gu Yuanlong, are not qualified to interfere in the matters of the Eastern Sea.” The voice was as cold as ice, and the sword light flashed. It was even more powerful than Gu Yuanlong’s sword light.

He was a top sword master.

Han Muye flew through the forest and saw several figures fighting in the wilderness ahead.

On one side was Lu Gao, Gu Yuanlong, and some others from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

On the other side was a tall and thin young man in tight armor, a fat old man, and several black-armored men with demonic aura rising from their bodies.

Clearly, these were all great black-armored demons.

It was not without reason that the Eastern Sea Sword Dao was popular. The black-armored young man’s sword light was sharp and fierce as he fought Gu Yuanlong. Every flash of light seemed to split the space.

Guo Tianjin, the number one direct disciple of the Cloud Sea Sword Sect, a major sect of the Eastern Sea Sword Dao.

“Gu Yuanlong, your sword is not good enough.” Guo Tianjin sneered. He took a few steps back and suddenly struck with his sword.

Beside him, an Earth Realm Golden Core demon who had yet to remove his black-armored fish demon face was stabbed.

With a twist of the sword, the demon’s body shattered.

A vigorous blood energy and spiritual light rose from Guo Tianjin’s body.

The strength he displayed had reached the sixth level of the Spirit Awakening realm.

The sword was pointed at Gu Yuanlong.

“Let’s see if you can block this sword.”

Gu Yuanlong did not speak. He only held the sword in his hand tightly.

Han Muye stood at the side, staring at the field.

Qing Tong narrowed his eyes and looked at the black-armored demons.

The great demon over there sensed something and turned around.

Qing Tong smiled and stepped forward.

“Boom—”

The rocks shattered. Her body moved, crossing thousands of feet and rushing into the field.

“Bam—”

Qing Tong entered the arena and didn’t give the black-armored fish demon a chance at all. He smashed his fist down.

The fat black-armored elder in the lead was knocked down by Qing Tong’s punch. He rolled on the ground a few times before his body turned into a 3,000-foot black-armored fish demon.

He had defeated a half-step Heaven Realm demon with a single punch. Even if it was just his physical strength, it was still terrifying.

Guo Tianjin, who was about to attack, trembled and took a few steps back cautiously.

Behind Han Muye, Lin Shen whispered, “Senior Brother Han, do you need help?”

Help?

Help who?

Help the Black-Armored Fish Demons?

That’s not very nice, is it?

Han Muye shook his head.

Qing Tong did not hesitate at all. He punched and kicked, turning the charging Black Armored Fish Demons into pig heads.

One by one, the fish demons’ incarnations were shattered, revealing their true bodies.

Although the fish demons that revealed their true forms were powerful, their movements were slow. In front of Qing Tong, they became an easy target.

Her punches and kicks carried astral qi. Every strike shattered the black armors and fish scales.

Han Muye turned around and said, “Go and play. Be careful. These are all demons.”

Great demons.

They were Golden Core demons that were at least a thousand feet long.

At this moment, these demons were all tattered and jumping around.

Hearing Han Muye’s words, the cultivators of the various sects no longer hesitated. They held their swords and bone spikes and rushed forward.

“Brother Han.”

Gu Yuanlong, who had sheathed his sword, walked over.

The number one direct disciple of the Cloud Sea Sword Sect, Guo Tianlong, had fled without a trace.

“Senior Brother Han.” Lu Gao covered his eyes and grinned.

He turned his body into a sword, and the human was the sword. It was the extreme of the cultivation of the Strength Sword.

In this Heavenly Crane Region that suppressed spiritual energy cultivation, Lu Gao’s combat strength was very limited.

Gu Yuanlong and the others relied on Lu Gao’s combat strength to quickly kill the black-armored fish demon and accumulate cultivation to unseal their cultivation.

“Swoosh—”

A long cry sounded. A white crane that was dozens of feet flew out of the mountain range. It circled around and swooped down.

“Roar—”

In the distant forest, a wild roar sounded.

“Heaven Realm!”

The voice that sounded like the roar of a tiger and leopard was clearly the voice of a Heaven Realm demon.

On Heavenly Crane Ridge, a demonic light rose.

The big white crane was covered by the demonic light barrier. With a twist, its neck was broken.

Heavenly Crane!

Han Muye looked at Qing Tong, who was striding over, and flew away.

Behind him, the elites of the Western Frontier had already killed all the demons. Spiritual light surged on their bodies.

Han Muye turned into a breeze and passed through the forest, landing on a stone cliff.

In front of the cliff were elites of various sects and black-armored fish demons.

At the front were Spirit Dao Sect cultivators in green Daoist robes.

“Han Muye?”

Seeing Han Muye, the Daoist standing in front of the Spiritual Dao Sect turned around and said coldly, “You came at the right time. It’s not bad to use your flesh and blood to bait the heavenly cranes.”

Hearing his words, Han Muye laughed and said calmly, “Why not your flesh and blood?”

The Daoist’s expression changed drastically. Han Muye laughed and flew out!

His figure was like an arrow as he landed in front of the Daoist with a single step.

With his physical strength he could actually travel thousands of feet with a single step!

This step made all the elites of the Western Frontier widen their eyes.

Han Muye raised his hand and punched down.

Dozens of golden light barriers rose from the green-robed Daoist of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

However, under Han Muye's fist, these light barriers were completely crushed like rags.

"You've just recovered to the level of the Earth Realm and you dare to be so arrogant?"

Han Muye laughed and punched the green-robed Daoist in the face, sending him flying.

"Lu Qingchen, with your cultivation and combat strength, there are thousands of people on Heavenly Crane Ridge who can kill you!"

Han Muye's voice was like thunder. He pointed at the green-robed Daoist lying on the ground and shouted.

Chapter 385: Who Is Subduing the Rising Dragon Platform?

Lu Qingchen, the strongest cultivator in the Spiritual Dao Sect and the leader of the Seven Sons of the Spiritual Dao, was so vulnerable!

Lu Qingchen, who stood high above and gave orders like a king, was actually so weak!

Looking at Lu Qingchen lying on the ground with blood flowing out of his mouth and his eyes wide open, the surrounding cultivators had an indescribable emotion brewing in their eyes.

Perhaps the Spiritual Dao Sect was not as strong as they had imagined?

Lu Qingchen gritted his teeth and glared at Han Muye.

He could not imagine why his incarnation could not block Han Muye's punch.

Could this punch shatter the world?

Han Muye, who had his hands behind his back and a faint look of disdain on his face, sighed in his heart.

After all, he was the incarnation of a Heaven Realm cultivator. He had condensed all the power of his physical body and combined it with the power he had gathered with the cultivation method of the Eastern Sea Sword Technique. Even with his full strength, he could not kill Lu Qingchen immediately.

If he could kill Lu Qingchen in one strike, he would be able to save a lot of trouble.

“You have a death wish!”

“The Nine Mystic Sword Sect is really going to turn the world upside down!”

“Arrogant!”

Several voices sounded, then rushed towards Han Muye.

Among the Seven Sons of the Spiritual Dao, other than Lu Qingchen who fell and Lu Qingyuan who disappeared, the rest of them flew up.

“Get lost.” Lin Shen held his sword and had already stepped to Han Muye’s side. Then he slashed horizontally.

Lu Gao stood in front of Han Muye, crossed his hands, and the shadow of a large sword appeared above his head.

The two swords attacked and defended.

“Boom!”

Lin Shen’s sword shattered three spells. Lu Gao stood where he was and took the remaining two spells head-on.

When the experts of the Spiritual Dao Sect attacked, Han Muye did not move and was unharmed.

At this moment, the expressions of countless people changed.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was very strong.

The Spiritual Dao Sect was very weak.

“Slash—”

A sword wind pierced out from afar.

The sword light was not majestic, but it injured several Spiritual Dao Sect disciples.

Yang Mingxuan, who was holding a long sword, flew to the top of a big tree and sneered.

“The Spiritual Dao Sect is just so-so.”

So much for that.

This was what everyone thought.

The number one sect in the Western Frontier was just so-so.

“Boom!”

On the other side, the black-armored demon Heaven Realm expert who had killed a Heavenly Crane raised his hand and threw out the carcass, which had its neck broken and the bright red blood essence on its head.

“Quickly lure another Heavenly Crane over.” The black-armored man turned his head and shouted at the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Lure the Heavenly Cranes.

Previously, the bodies of cultivators were used to lure the Heavenly Cranes.

“A Heaven Realm demon?”

Han Muye’s gaze landed on the burly man and he chuckled. “It’s not like we haven’t killed Heaven Realm experts before.”

He had killed a Heaven Realm expert.

He had.

At the bottom of Jialing River, the water cultivators attacked with all their might and killed a Heaven Realm cultivator.

This matter could be bragged about for the rest of his life.

The eyes of the cultivators who had participated in that battle lit up. They looked at the black-armored man with an uncontrollable fighting spirit.

The black-armored man glared and shouted coldly, “So you were the ones who killed Wu Zitong!”

He shouted and flew towards Han Muye.

Lin Shen held his sword and charged forward.

“Bam—”

Lin Shen quickly retreated.

However, as soon as his feet touched the ground, his entire body suddenly trembled and he stood rooted to the ground.

Han Muye’s eyes lit up. He raised his hand. “All the earth and stone factions, attack with all your might.”

Earth and stone lineage!

As Han Muye finished speaking, earthen yellow earth lineage power rose from the ground within a hundred miles.

Han Muye had once received a gift from the world that could gather the power of the earth for tens of thousands of miles.

Now he had obtained the friendship of heaven and earth and could tap the strength of heaven and earth.

The earthen yellow earth lineage power rose. Those cultivators who cultivated earth and stone cultivation techniques all felt their strength instantly double.

Threads of thick earth lineage power poured in, filling his dantian and meridians.

“Alright, I, Duan Yihong, will slay a Heaven Realm demon!” The black-robed first son of the Infinite Dao Sect, Duan Yihong, took a step forward. The earth-yellow earth lineage power on his body condensed into a yellow armor.

He had an extremely high affinity with the earth lineage and was an expert of the earth and stone lineage. He could carry the mountain and fight.

With the enhancement of Han Muye’s earth lineage power, his physical strength had reached a terrifying level.

He threw a punch, and the astral winds he brought with him turned into a raging dragon.

The astral wind dragon crashed into the light shield in front of the black-armored elder and broke it.

The old man’s expression changed. He slashed out with a black saber in his hand and shattered the violent wind dragon, causing spiritual light to splash everywhere.

This attack completely ignited the fighting desire of all the elites of the Western Frontier.

If Duan Yihong could kill him, why couldn’t I?

“Clang—”

The long sword was unsheathed, and the sword light stabbed out.

Not one person, not 10, not 100.

It was 1,000 people, 10,000 people!

There was not one sword light, but 1,000, 10,000!

“Boom!”

The black saber could not block all the sword lights. The black-armored elder was surrounded by the sword lights.

Even if a sword light could only leave a white mark, with so many sword lights, the old man’s entire body was covered in blood.

“What kind of monster did you release...”

Qing Tong trembled as he watched a Heaven Realm demon being surrounded by thousands of cultivators and attacked with all his might. He walked up to Han Muye and whispered.

Han Muye smiled and turned to look at the trembling Spiritual Dao Sect disciples.

He really didn’t do much.

It only allowed these cultivators who had taken the wrong path to return to their own path.

Since he was cultivating, he should fight with heaven and earth and all living things.

He even dared to draw his sword before reaching the Heaven Realm!

This was a true sword cultivator, a true cultivator.

“Boom!”

The black-armored Heaven Realm demon turned into a huge fish that was 4,000 feet long and slammed its long tail down.

Qing Tong flew up and kicked the huge fish tail.

Chapter 386: Who Is Subduing the Rising Dragon Platform? (2)

The 4,000-foot fish was kicked over to the ground.

“Boom!”

Smoke and dust flew everywhere.

Even Duan Yihong was at a loss.

If this kick landed on him, would there be any residue left?

“What are you waiting for? If I kill this guy, you won’t get anything.”

Qing Tong shouted and flew down.

Killing a Heaven Realm demon!

Duan Yihong laughed as he clenched his fists and charged forward.

The eyes of the others lit up. They slashed down with their long swords and bone spurs without hesitation.

Dust billowed and blood splattered.

The fear in their hearts subsided, and their fighting spirit surged.

I’m fearless, I’ll skin you alive even if you’re at the Heaven Realm.

Thick blood energy rose.

The demonic light dissipated and turned into a pillar of light.

On the cliff, countless huge white cranes flew out and crashed into the demonic light.

The demonic aura of the great demons dissipated. This was a great tonic for the demons.

The few people in front of the Spiritual Dao Sect looked at each other and flew towards the white cranes in the sky.

Several Gold Core black-armored fish demons also rushed out.

Previously, they were frightened by the elites of the Western Frontier surrounding and killing Heaven Realm experts and did not dare to go forward at all.

“Clang—”

Guo Tianjin, a sword cultivator of the Eastern Sea, flew toward a crane and enveloped it with his sword light.

The crane’s flying speed was extremely fast and only a white stream of light could be seen.

However, in front of Guo Tianjin, the crane’s body shook and it was killed.

Guo Tianjin reached out and grabbed the blood essence on the crane’s head. He turned around and left decisively.

“Roar—”

On the mountain ridge, the tigers and leopards roared.

“Southern Wasteland Heaven Realm demons,” Han Muye narrowed his eyes and whispered.

In the jade slip that Jin Jialin had given him, there was information about the arrival of the great demons of the Southern Wasteland.

It seemed that they were really here.

The target of this Heaven Realm demon was the treasure in Heavenly Crane Ridge!

After exchanging glances with Qing Tong, Han Muye shouted, “The blood essence on the top of the Heavenly Crane’s head is a treasure to refine the power of the bloodline.”

Treasures.

Enough.

As Han Muye and Qing Tong ran towards the Heavenly Crane Ridge, countless figures flew up behind them to snatch the cranes.

Several Daoists of the Spiritual Dao Sect shouted.

From a furious shout to a miserable cry, it only took an instant.

In this place where cultivation is suppressed, do they really think that they are the disciples of a great sect with powerful combat strength that can suppress the Western Frontier?

*F*ck off.*

Die.

Sword light spells, fists, and feet flew towards the elites of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Han Muye smiled. He heard bones break.

Qing Tong sighed and followed behind him.

How terrifying, she thought.

Stepping on the green rocky mountain ridge, a burly man in a beast skin robe stood on the mountain ridge. He was attacking and killing the cranes that were flying towards him.

The cranes had sharp beaks and talons.

However, neither the long talons nor the long beaks could hurt the burly man at all.

Unless the long talons tore at his head and face, and the long beak pecked at his eyes, only then would the burly man let out a roar. His face turned into the head of a golden leopard, and his roar carried invisible sound waves as he killed the oncoming cranes.

At this moment, there were dozens of crane carcasses piled up around him.

However, his goal was obviously not the cranes. After killing a few cranes, he strode forward.

Han Muye and Qing Tong looked at each other, and Qing Tong flew up.

The sword in Han Muye's hand left his hand and turned into a stream of light.

Hidden Void.

The sword flashed and stabbed at the burly man's chest.

The burly man turned around, his eyes bloodshot. He opened his mouth and roared before throwing a punch at the sword.

However, this punch missed and the long sword appeared above his head.

The Hidden Void Sword Technique was the legacy of the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian. His sword techniques were so high that he could easily challenge a Heaven Realm expert, let alone the Heaven Realm expert in front of him whose power was suppressed.

The more heavenly cranes he killed, the stronger the suppressive power of the Heavenly Crane Region.

At this moment, in Han Muye's eyes, the power of heaven and earth around this guy was like chains that imprisoned him.

Even when he swung his fists and hands, his immense strength was bound.

"Slash—"

The long sword slashed the burly man's back, leaving a long trail of blood.

How could a suppressed Heaven Realm expert be considered a Heaven Realm expert?

"Bam—"

Qing Tong stepped down and kicked the burly man's shoulder, sending him flying a hundred feet away. He fell to the ground and crushed the limestone on the ground.

The burly man bared his teeth and roared. He transformed into a 100-foot-long leopard with a dark golden body.

The body of the demon cultivators in the water region was huge. The demon cultivators on land knew how to condense their bodies. Even if their cultivation was at the Heaven Realm, their bodies were not as huge as mountains.

Seeing that the great demon had transformed into a demon leopard, Qing Tong revealed a strange smile.

In the next moment, her body turned into a huge 5,000-foot-long flood dragon that sat cross-legged on the spot. She raised her head and extended her front claws.

“Bam!”

The leopard was stunned by her claws.

“Bam!”

“Bam!”

“Bam!”

After the boring repetition, the green flood dragon roared at the sky.

The leopard was smashed into a pile of mangled flesh.

Even its demon bones were broken.

The demon baby also dispersed.

The demonic qi turned into a pillar of light.

A Heaven Realm demon was slapped to death just like that.

Han Muye guessed that Qing Tong had surpassed the first level of the Heaven Realm and had reached the Out of Body realm.

The green flood dragon roared, and the world shook.

The cranes cried and flapped their wings.

After the green flood dragon’s figure dissipated, Qing Tong looked at Han Muye.

“These heavenly cranes have promised to give us the True Dragon Bones and Heavenly Crane Wings, but they hope that we can help them find a world where they can live.”

“Once this world gives up the suppressed True Dragon Bones and Heavenly Crane Wings, it will immediately collapse.”

Find a place to live?

That was easy. The Western Frontier was fine, and the Eastern Sea was not bad either.

Han Muye smiled at Qing Tong. “This Heavenly Crane is a treasure.”

Chapter 387: Who Is Subduing the Rising Dragon Platform? (3)

Qing Tong also smiled. "I want half of it to be brought back to the Eastern Sea. I promise I won't kill them to get their blood essence."

She wouldn't kill them. She would take them after they died.

Han Muye understood.

He nodded.

Qing Tong looked up and muttered.

The heavenly cranes danced in the air as their bodies shrank to the size of ordinary white cranes.

Then the white cranes circled and danced, causing the entire Heavenly Crane Ridge to tremble.

"Boom!"

A ball of golden light flew out from the mountain ridge.

Qing Tong reached out and grabbed it, a smile on his face.

True Dragon Bones.

Han Muye could feel that manic power from afar.

This was the manifestation of the violent power from his bloodline.

Wild and arrogant.

"Swoosh—"

With a soft sound, a cloud mark flashed across the sky.

He narrowed his eyes.

Is this the Heavenly Crane Wings?

This speed is indeed fast.

The cloud mark flashed across the sky, and Han Muye could not see its shadow at all.

Is this a deliberate provocation?

Han Muye raised his hand and the Cloud Dragon Sword flew out.

The next moment, Qing Tong laughed.

The Cloud Dragon Sword could not catch up to it.

Han Muye shook his head. The Spell of the Mortal World in his divine treasure flashed with golden light. He looked up and shouted, "Stop."

Set!

The Confucian Dao followed the law.

Qing Tong's smile froze on her face.

In the void of space, a pair of jade-white feathered wings was fixed in place.

The Cloud Dragon Sword stirred and retrieved the pair of wings.

Han Muye reached out and grabbed it. It felt warm to the touch.

"Boom!"

Before he could examine the Heavenly Crane Wings carefully, the world shook and countless cracks appeared in the sky.

The world was about to collapse.

Whirlpools appeared one after another, pulling all the sect elites from the Heavenly Mystic World back.

Qing Tong waved her hand and protected the group of white cranes. Then she said in a low voice, "Even a Heaven Realm expert can't stop the collapse of the world. Let's leave quickly."

Han Muye nodded and let the power of heaven and earth wrap around him.

Just as this power enveloped his body, his expression changed.

He raised his hand and spatial power spread out.

Then he and Qing Tong returned to Clear Lake.

However, no one saw that the shattered Heavenly Crane Region was restrained by a spatial power. With a flash, it appeared in the Fire Source World.

A world fused together, causing the Fire Source World to tremble.

"What's going on?" Patriarch Tao Ran, who was cultivating with his legs crossed, appeared in the sky.

Heaven and earth trembled, and his eyes flickered with light.

"The secret place of the great sects?"

"Heavenly Crane, blood essence that can fuse with bloodlines?"

"This brat, all he does is play with this crap."

That said, the smile on his face widened.

He landed on the shattered Heavenly Crane Ridge and collected all the scattered heavenly crane eggs and the carcasses that were killed by the great demons.

Looking back, most of the humans in the Heavenly Crane Region had been moved here.

“Patriarch, after cleaning up this mess, it’s time to return to the Western Frontier.”

Looking up at the surging clouds in the sky, Patriarch Tao Ran shook his head and muttered to himself, “I can’t suppress him anymore...”

...

Clear Lake.

Water demons and cultivators were scattered all over the lake.

There were also some broken dragon boats.

No one on the clouds had expected this.

When the disciples returned, the experts of the various sects were naturally happy.

But now that the dragon boats were shattered, how could they go to the Rising Dragon Platform?

“Fellow Daoist Wan Hua, can we change the rules of the sect competition? Why don’t we open the array formation...”

Before a Golden Core cultivator could finish speaking, Daoist Wan Hua snorted coldly. “Rules are rules.”

No one spoke again.

However, the next scene made many people laugh.

The elites of the various sects who landed in the lake did not fly to the dragon boats at all. Instead, they found a black-armored fish demon and beat it up with their fists and feet. Then they sat on its back and swam upstream.

The elites of the various sects who were initially afraid of the fish demons nevertheless showed powerful combat strength and unparalleled determination even though they were alone.

This kind of mental growth was the rarest in cultivation.

Only by not fearing hardships could one achieve the Great Dao.

Figures cut through the water, bringing out the waterline.

Tens of thousands of cultivators fought to trace the source, not giving in at all. The scene really made one’s blood boil.

Fight.

Wasn’t that what cultivators were like?

As they watched their disciples surpass the experts of the Spiritual Dao Sect and leave, someone on the cloud grinned.

"If they can survive, the Western Frontier will be theirs." A half-step Heaven Realm cultivator turned to look at the people beside him.

"These are all good seedlings."

Good seedlings.

They couldn't bear to fight anymore.

"Well, what did they experience in the mystic realm?"

A Golden Core cultivator muttered.

Only one person on the clouds knew what they had experienced.

Daoist Wan Hua.

The more he knew, the more he gritted his teeth.

These guys had rebelled in the mystic realm and dared to attack the elites of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

These guys had actually swarmed forward. Not only did they snatch the Heavenly Crane Blood Essence that he desperately needed, they even took advantage of the chaos to kill his two incarnations.

The issue was that it was hard to say who killed those incarnations.

At that time, the punches and kicks were all aimed at his vital points.

In any case, his half-step Heaven Realm incarnations died in the mystic realm without obtaining anything.

One of his seven incarnations had disappeared underwater, and two had died in the mystic realm. Now there were only four left.

This was an incarnation that he had spent hundreds of years condensing!

Looking down, Daoist Wan Hua wished he could slap down and shatter this 10,000 miles of water!

Below, figures rode the black-armored fish demons and rushed upstream.

Han Muye and Qing Tong stood at the bottom of Clear Lake.

"Do you want me to kill the guy who schemed against you?" Qing Tong looked at Han Muye and asked in a low voice.

Is she referring to Daoist Wan Hua?

Han Muye shook his head.

"If our Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to be the number one in the Western Frontier, we naturally have to rely on our own strength."

Upon hearing his words, a trace of regret flashed across Qing Tong's face. She waved his hand and said, "Up to you."

Then she said, "Ask Dayan if he wants to come with me."

Han Muye raised his hand and beckoned, and a sword pill appeared in front of him.

However, as soon as it appeared, the sword pill moved and flew behind Han Muye to hide.

Qing Tong looked angry and spat.

"Then I'll return to the Eastern Sea. If you have nothing to do in the future, come to the Spirit Flood Dragon Island in the Eastern Sea to look for me."

It was unknown if she was saying this to Han Muye or Daoist Dayan.

"The Rising Dragon Platform is not a good place. It's the place where cultivators from the Outer Realm were subdued.

"If the Rising Dragon Platform really rises, the cultivators who were subdued back then might be released."

Qing Tong looked at Han Muye and said, "It seems that the outer realm expert who was subdued is called Daoist Boulder.

Daoist Boulder was the sect master of Shi Heng Dao Sect in the Immortal Spirit World. When he crossed the void with his Mountain Dao Sword. He was intercepted by the Central Continent's runes and then shattered by Sword Master Yuan Tian.

Was this the person subdued beneath the Rising Dragon Platform?

If such a great cultivator was really released, no one in the Western Frontier would be able to stop him.

Han Muye's eyes lit up.

It seemed like Daoist Wan Hua was really determined to betray the Western Frontier and join the outer realm.

They would be courting death.

In the sky, someone suddenly whispered, "Did you notice that Han Muye from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect hasn't appeared?"

Han Muye didn't appear?

Did Immortal Han die in the secret realm?

Indeed, they did not see this person.

What a surprise!

A Golden Core cultivator of the Spiritual Dao Sect turned to look at Tuoba Cheng and laughed. "In the end, he's not strong enough. Looks like he's really dead..."

Before he could finish speaking, Han Muye, who was dressed in a green robe, stepped out of the water.

The pair of 30-foot white feathered wings under his feet supported him as he walked on the waves against the current.

On the clouds, Tuoba Cheng, who had been calm, revealed a rare smile. "Those who are not strong enough die. Those who are strong enough, aren't they all living well?"

Many people turned their heads.

They had only seen four of the Spiritual Dao Sect's Seven Sons. As for the others, were they not strong enough?

What a surprise.

Unconsciously, their respect for the Spiritual Dao Sect disappeared.

Chapter 388: Are You Willing to Draw Your Sword and Mete Out Heavenly Punishment?

On the river, tens of thousands of boats strove for supremacy.

The previous scene of the gathering of the various sects and their dragon boats disappeared.

The elites of the various sects were all high-spirited and full of fighting spirit.

Some rode the big fishes against the current, some walked on the waves, some stepped on the swords under their feet, and some stepped on the crane feathers...

When the elites of the various sects met in the river, they would either chase each other or discuss the Dao. They would travel together. There were also those who challenged each other with a few moves, causing spiritual light and sword qi to coil and rumble.

This scene was extremely similar to the scene of a Golden Core cultivator discussing the Dao.

On the clouds, some people were smiling, while others were silent.

It could be seen that unconsciously, these sect elites had already thrown aside the rules of the nine sects' rearrangement.

One had to know that when the Spiritual Dao Sect established this rule, no one among the numerous sects in the Western Frontier dared to go against it.

Many people turned to look at the Spiritual Dao Sect experts in front of them, then at Tuoba Cheng, who was like a sword in the air.

In the future, whose world would the Western Frontier belong to?

In the river, Han Muye stood on white feathers with an indifferent expression.

As he moved forward, he diverted his attention to examine the Heavenly Crane Wings.

“Not only are these faster than Zhao Yunlong, but they’re also stable. It won’t hurt when you step on them.”

Daoist Dayan’s voice could be heard.

He turned into a breeze and floated around the white feathers.

Han Muye ignored him.

This guy must have been provoked.

The Heavenly Crane Wings and Cloud Dragon Sword were different.

The Cloud Dragon Sword was a sword magic treasure. Although its combat strength was not extremely strong, it was stable and had a mild attribute among treasures.

Such a sword was suitable for the sect to guard.

There was no weapon spirit in the Heavenly Crane Wings. Otherwise, it could be considered a treasure.

The pair of Heavenly Crane Wings had almost no combat power. Its greatest use was flight.

Chasing or fleeing.

Its speed was so fast that if it was pushed to the extreme, even a Heaven Realm Nascent Soul cultivator would not be able to catch up.

Moreover, Han Muye could sense the existence of spatial power from the Heavenly Crane Wings.

Nearly a hundred heavenly cranes were sleeping peacefully in this space.

It seemed that the Heavenly Crane Wings was the true nest of the Heavenly Cranes back in the Heavenly Crane Ridge.

Slowly sensing the power of the Heavenly Crane Wings, Han Muye smiled.

The greatest use of the Heavenly Crane Wings was to pass through the spatial barrier after adding spatial power to the void!

In other words, with this item, one could enter almost any world silently.

The experts of Cloud Heaven Realm had long discovered the Fire Source World. However, they could only enter through the spatial passageway because there was a world barrier outside the Fire Source World.

With the Heavenly Crane Wings in hand, Han Muye only needed to spend some spiritual energy to activate the Heavenly Crane Wings to pass through the barrier.

From the looks of it, he could save on the toll of Great Demon Mu Jin when he went to the Central Continent in the future.

Forget it, he still had to pay that bit of spiritual rocks.

After all, if it rained or snowed one day, the big demon might arrange for them to stay overnight in the spiritual land, right?

A carefree smile appeared on Han Muye's face. He activated the white feathers under his feet, and the white waves were like a line, directly surpassing the sect elites controlling the black-armored fish demons.

"Immortal Han!"

On the back of the black-armored fish, someone cupped his hands.

"Senior Brother Han!"

On the surface of the river, someone bowed.

"Good move, Brother Han." Gu Yuanlong stood on his sword and cupped his hands with a smile.

"Brother Gu, you're from the Eastern Sea. Your ability to ride the waters and step on waves won't lose to mine, right?" Han Muye let out a long laugh. Spiritual light flashed under his feet and he directly surpassed Gu Yuanlong.

Hearing Han Muye's words, Gu Yuanlong laughed loudly. The sword Qi under his feet swept forward through the waves.

One was like an immortal while the other was like a dragon.

The fight between the two attracted countless spectators.

Immediately, the elites of the various sects subconsciously sped up and began to compete in secret.

Above the river, astral winds and spiritual qi shook, breaking through the clouds and connecting with the sun. It was incomparably spectacular.

"I'm afraid such a grand occasion hasn't happened in the Western Frontier in 10,000 years, right?" On the clouds, someone sighed softly.

Shouldn't the cultivation world be filled with immortal energy, and everything in the world would be filled with it?

Only such carefreeness could be considered cultivation!

Cultivation, cultivation, countless people were shocked.

The cultivation world of the Western Frontier had been hiding for countless years. What was lacking was this kind of immortal energy!

Today, they saw the word 'immortal'!

"This pair of long wings is actually a treasure..." Someone on the clouds muttered.

Although Immortal Han's cultivation was destroyed, he had a magic treasure to protect him.

Even if this treasure didn't look like a combat-type magic treasure, it was still a treasure.

With this item protecting him, Immortal Han's combat strength was unpredictable!

On the clouds, the expressions of the Spiritual Dao Sect disciples turned even darker.

Why is Han Muye taking all the good things?

We are the ones who suffer losses?

The chase ended at sunset.

Victory or defeat was not important.

As long as they were happy.

Before sunset, Han Muye landed on a large island in the heart of the river, followed by Gu Yuanlong.

"Immortal Han's methods are really extraordinary." Gu Yuanlong looked deeply moved.

"Brother Gu, you're extraordinary to have gathered such a huge force." Han Muye smiled and turned around.

Han Muye was familiar with the new treasure, while Gu Yuanlong was gathering momentum with the waves.

The Eastern Sea Sword Technique could gather 10,000 waves with a single strike.

They smiled at each other.

Black-armored fish demons were moored around the big island.

Most of these fish demons had already been tamed and would not escape even if they were left alone.

For those that were not tamed, the sect disciples sat cross-legged as they rode on their backs.

Only when night fell did they catch up with the others on both sides of the riverbank.

Dashing along the great river for 10,000 miles really got them fired up.

Unfortunately, most of the cultivators on the shore could not keep up with the rest. They lost them after a while.

Chapter 389: Are You Willing to Draw Your Sword and Mete Out Heavenly Punishment? (2)

At this moment, countless spiritual lights rose in the center of the river. They enveloped the large island as the elites of the sect sat cross-legged, adjusting their breathing and cultivating.

More and more people gathered on the shore. They were either talking in low voices or meditating to recover their depleted spiritual qi.

"It's only today that I've seen the flourishing of cultivation in the Western Frontier," an old man in a black robe said softly while looking at the river with his hands behind his back.

"Hehe, I wish I had been born 300 years later." Beside the black-robed old man, a Daoist with a white beard shook his head and sighed ruefully.

The surrounding cultivators were also looking at the lights in the heart of the river, their minds filled with thoughts.

On River Heart Island, Han Muye sat cross-legged while Lin Shen and Lu Gao stood behind him to protect him.

Han Muye closed his eyes and retracted his divine sense into his divine treasure.

At this moment, golden light surged in his divine treasures.

Streaks of the Great Spirit flashed and poured into the qi sea in his dantian.

In his qi sea, the will of the people had already condensed into a dark purple color and was still gathering.

He did not expect that he could not bear to see the Heavenly Crane Region collapse and countless living beings perish. By sending the Heavenly Crane Region into the Fire Source World, he actually gained the flowing qi of the will of the people.

At this moment, it had condensed into a physical form.

As for the improvement of the Great Spirit, it was because of Heavenly Crane Region's gratitude.

The realm that was about to collapse contained endless resentment. Han Muye resolved it, so this resentment naturally became his Great Spirit's resource.

No wonder the Central Continent wanted to suppress and guard the mortal world.

The Great Spirit needed resources to upgrade, and the will of the people needed living beings to condense.

After checking the power in the Qi Sea Divine Treasure, the spiritual light in Han Muye's palm moved slightly, and a jade-colored sword pill appeared.

Yu Chen was the Yu Niang that Daoist Dayan had mentioned.

Unfortunately, the Sword Pill's memories and the Sword Spirit had fused with Qing Tong, so it had to be nurtured again.

However, without the original sword spirit and memories, Han Muye refined it immediately. It was much faster.

With a soft hum, sword qi poured into Han Muye's palm, and faint spiritual light surrounded him.

From the looks of it, his cultivation level was only around the Qi Condensation Realm and had just crossed the Essence Cultivation Realm.

"Immortal Han, may I ask you a question?"

When Han Muye opened his eyes, he saw a young man in a white robe with a long sword on his back standing not far ahead. He bowed as he spoke.

Han Muye had seen this disciple of the Fire Spirit Dao Sect in the Heavenly Crane Region, but he did not know his name.

Hearing the young man's words, Han Muye smiled and nodded. "The name 'Immortal' is bestowed by my fellow Daoists. How can I have the ability to be an Immortal?"

Speaking of this, he smiled. "But I'm usually bored in the Sword Pavilion. When the disciples of the sect come to collect swords and seek help with their cultivation problems, I won't reject them."

Hearing that he would not refuse, the young man was delighted.

"Only." Han Muye paused.

The young man's smile froze, then he heard Han Muye continue, "He's just asking me a question. I want to collect spiritual rocks."

Han Muye turned to look and said, "Three medium-grade spiritual rocks, one question."

Three mid-grade spiritual rocks?

Who on River Heart Island would lack these spiritual rocks?

The young man's face was filled with joy as he raised his hand and held the three spiritual rocks in his hand.

Han Muye waved his hand. Lu Gao took a step forward, collected the spiritual rocks, and turned to hand them to Han Muye.

Han Muye took a piece and waved his hand. "Same old rules."

Lu Gao handed a piece to Lin Shen and stuffed a piece into his arms.

Han Muye put away the spiritual rocks and looked up. "Tell me."

The young man nodded, looked at Han Muye, and said in a low voice, "Immortal Han, you once said that cultivation is to live well for yourself."

"I want to know that sword cultivators like us hold swords for battle, and the Sword Pavilion's inheritance is a sword. How can we live for ourselves?"

As soon as he finished speaking, there was silence. Only the sound of waves hitting the shore could be heard.

How to live for oneself.

Han Muye had once said that he lived for himself, but the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion was to seek freedom with one sword. After one sword, he would be a mortal.

This was against his own words.

Thinking about the young man's words, many people's expressions turned solemn.

This question seemed simple, but it concerned Han Muye's own Dao.

If what Han Muye said was inconsistent with what he did, the Great Dao would collapse one day.

At this moment, not only on River Heart Island, but even on the clouds in the sky, many people's spiritual senses landed around Han Muye.

On the river bank, the eyes of the black-robed old man who had spoken earlier shone brightly as he stared fixedly at the center of the river.

"Cultivation is for oneself. I've heard such words many times. It's not a lie that cultivators cut off their emotional ties." On the riverbank, a middle-aged man with a long sword on his back had a solemn expression.

"The inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion has always been to sacrifice oneself. I wonder if it's true that Immortal Han lives for himself?"

If the Sword Pavilion was separated from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, it would not be a good thing for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

However, if Han Muye still upheld the inheritance of the Sword Pavilion, he would not be able to live for himself.

If he did not live for himself, he would go against the words of the Great Dao.

At this moment, everyone was waiting for Han Muye to make a choice.

After a moment of silence, Han Muye chuckled. "Before answering this question, I want to ask, why do sword cultivators like us hold swords?"

Why do we hold swords?

For the sake of cultivation, for the sake of being carefree, for the sake of possessing the ability to protect the Dao, for the ability to open up worlds?

Cultivation was cultivation.

Perhaps they had thought about why they held the sword back then, but now, they no longer remembered.

No one answered Han Muye's question.

Turning to look around, Han Muye shook his head, looked at the river, and said softly, "Tell me the Central Continent story I read in the ancient records."

Chapter 390: Are You Willing to Draw Your Sword and Mete Out Heavenly Punishment? (3)

“You know that the Central Continent governs the world with Confucianism and the laws of the dynasty. All the people are restrained.”

Han Muye’s voice was not loud, but everyone on River Heart Island was an elite. They could hear him with their divine senses.

There was no need to say anything else.

As for the people on the river bank, some with high cultivation levels also repeated Han Muye’s words with a smile and described the situation in the Central Continent in low voices.

“As the law says, a life for a life, a debt for a debt. The people of the Central Continent follow the law.

“This law can protect those who are law-abiding and can also restrain those who have evil intentions.”

Han Muye’s voice was neither fast nor slow.

The Central Continent’s laws.

Is this Immortal Han trying to enforce the Central Continent’s laws in the Western Frontier?

In the future, if the Nine Mystic Sword Sect has the chance to become the champion, will they rule the Western Frontier with their laws?

Many people frowned.

Cultivators were unwilling to accept such restrictions.

On the clouds, many people turned to look at Tuoba Cheng.

“The story I’m telling happened to a Confucian scholar.

“This young Confucian scholar has outstanding talent. His family thinks highly of him and he’s also married to the daughter of a rich family. It can be said that he has achieved success in his youth.”

The young man had achieved success.

Today, countless people on River Heart Island were young people who had achieved success.

Who wouldn’t be successful after becoming an elite of the sect before the age of 100 and fighting for the position of the nine sects?

“But one day, the Confucian scholar’s wife cried and said that an evil young master in the city coveted her beauty and wanted to do something evil.”

Han Muye's expression did not change. He swept his gaze around and said calmly, "If such a thing were to happen to you, what should you do?"

What should we do?

"Kill," Lin Shen, who was holding the big sword, said coldly.

"Draw your sword, of course," someone on the other side said loudly.

Han Muye nodded and said, "The laws of the Central Continent are strict, but it's not easy to draw the sword.

"The law requires proof.

"The Confucian scholar and his wife petitioned the county office. The county office replied that the so-called covetousness was not a reality. The county office could only reprimand that evil young master.

"The Confucian scholar begged the family again. The family valued him, but what could they do to that evil young master?

"The evil young master apologizes and leaves with a long smile.

"One day, after three months, when the Confucian scholar was traveling with his wife, the evil young master brought his family's slaves to rob them. He defiled the scholar's beloved wife in front of him, then cut off his 10 fingers so that he could not write. He cut off his tongue so that he could not speak. He gouged out his eyes, making it difficult for him to distinguish east from west."

After Han Muye finished speaking, he quietly looked at the river in front of him.

"Such a villain should have been killed long ago!" Someone shouted loudly, gritting his teeth and glaring.

"The Central Continent's bullsh*t laws allow people to commit evil." Someone gritted his teeth and held the sword in his hand tightly.

On the clouds, although the Golden Core cultivators did not speak, they frowned.

"Senior Brother Han, what happened to this scholar and his wife later?" Lu Gao turned to look at Han Muye.

Everyone looked at Han Muye.

"Later?" Han Muye said calmly, "Later on, the Confucian scholar had an epiphany and became a scholar of Confucianism. With the Great Spirit condensing the words, the county magistrate appeared and severely punished that evil young master. He was imprisoned for 10 years and exiled 10,000 miles away."

"They did not even kill him?" Lu Gao was stunned and shouted.

"Kill?" Han Muye shook his head. "Although the humiliated Confucian scholar's wife hanged herself from a beam, this was suicide. Life and death had nothing to do with the evil young master.

"The evil young master did evil, but he didn't kill anyone. A life for a life. He didn't kill anyone, so why should he pay with his life?"

After Han Muye finished speaking, the people around him widened their eyes.

“If you don’t kill such evil people, the law is bullsh*t.”

“If it were me, I would kill anyone who dared to look at my Dao companion.”

“If I were in the Central Continent, I would have drawn my sword and killed him long ago.”

For a time, on River Heart Island, there was a commotion on both sides of the river bank.

Han Muye listened quietly without saying a word.

A moment later, the Fire Spirit Dao Sect disciple who asked the question frowned and bowed. “Immortal Han, what does this story have to do with you cultivating for yourself?”

Han Muye nodded, looked at the young man, and said calmly, “What would you do if this happened to you?”

Without hesitation, the young man shouted, “I’ll draw my sword and kill him.”

Han Muye let out a long laugh. “When we cultivate, isn’t it because we have the power to draw our swords?”

“When disaster strikes, do we have the power to draw our swords?”

When disaster strikes, do we have the power to draw our swords?

For a moment, countless people held their swords tightly.

“The good and evil in the world are not determined. We cultivate not with the intention to kill, but to have the sword in our hands and the power to draw it.”

Han Muye’s eyes were deep as he shouted, “One day, when you meet this Confucian scholar, are you willing to draw your sword for him?”

“Yes!” Lin Shen replied loudly.

The others nodded lightly.

“One day, when you encounter such an evil person, are you willing to draw your sword and kill him?” Han Muye spoke again.

“Yes!”

This time, more people answered.

“One day, when the world is evil, are you willing to draw your sword and mete out heavenly punishment?” Han Muye shouted.

Draw the sword and mete out heavenly punishment?

Everyone was stunned.

“Didn’t we cultivate for the sake of having indestructible righteousness in our hearts? Didn’t we cultivate for the sake of drawing our swords and killing all the evil in the world?”

"If you only cultivate to survive, why would you bullsh*t cultivate if you don't even dare to pull out the sword in your hand when you encounter injustice?"

"Cultivating for yourself, isn't it so that you can be carefree and become an immortal?"

"Could it be that only by cutting off all emotions, enduring all kinds of suffering, and reaching great heights for tens of thousands of years can it be considered cultivation?"

Han Muye shouted, his voice echoing for a hundred miles.

His voice resonated between heaven and earth.

On the clouds, the Golden Core cultivators were silent.

After cultivating for countless years, they had long been disillusioned.

But did they really forget after becoming disillusioned?

On River Heart Island, some people were breathing heavily and clenching their fists. Some people's eyes flickered, and spiritual qi and sword light rose from their bodies.

Some gritted their teeth, their eyes flashing with uncontrollable hatred. Some looked up with tears in their eyes.

On the river bank, the cultivators who were sitting around became silent.

"I remember that when I first started cultivating, I had a junior sister, Jin'er, who was gentle and pleasant. My fellow disciples liked her.

"I loved her too, but I never dared to express it."

On the stone cliff by the river bank, a middle-aged Daoist in a green robe raised his head and looked toward the sky.

"Eight years after joining the sect, we completed a sect mission together and met a Spiritual Dao Sect disciple.

"Just because Junior Sister Jin'er was dissatisfied with the Spiritual Dao Sect snatching all the spiritual herbs we needed to complete our mission, she said something."

The Daoist's eyes were bloodshot. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"A Spiritual Dao Sect's disciple stabbed Junior Sister Jin'er's chest with a wind blade.

"Her blood spouted like spring water. I wanted to press my hands on the wound, but I couldn't.

"I remember Junior Sister whispering to me, asking me to live on.

"I'm alive.

"I've lived 380 years.

"I've lived like a coward for 380 years!"

Spiritual light rose from the middle-aged Daoist's body. The soaring sword intent condensed into one. He stared at the sky and shouted.

"Zhou Chenggang of the Spiritual Dao Sect, do you remember the green-robed female cultivator you killed at the foot of Black Conch Mountain 380 years ago?"