

Pavilion 391

Chapter 391: Rising Dragon Platform, Han Muye is Waiting to Teach!

Zhou Chenggang of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The Spiritual Dao Sect's inner sect Golden Core elder had a powerful combat strength. At this moment, he was above the clouds.

Hearing the Daoist's words, Zhou Chenggang snorted and shouted coldly, "I've cultivated for 500 years and killed countless people. How can I remember such a small matter?"

He doesn't remember.

Small matter.

Just like the Confucian scholar's wife, it was a small matter, right?

On River Heart Island, those sect elites all lowered their heads.

On the riverbank, some people looked up at the sky, and some turned around.

Indeed, in the eyes of the great cultivators of the major sects, the lives of ordinary cultivators were not much more precious than powerless people...

The person standing on the clouds was above everyone else.

A pained expression flashed across the green-robed Daoist's face as he stood by the riverbank. Then he laughed out loud.

"Alright, it's a small matter. It's indeed a small matter..."

"Didn't I, Jiang Qi, also treat this matter as a small matter? I kept warning myself not to think about it, not to think about it, not to think about it, not to think about it..."

"If I want to live well, don't even think about it.

"I can't afford to offend the Spiritual Dao Sect. If I do, I won't be able to survive."

The green-robed Daoist's face was filled with desolation. He turned his head and looked around, then raised his head, "If this matter is brought up today, I, Jiang Qi, will probably not be able to live anymore, right?"

"Immortal Han said that cultivation is for oneself. He also said that cultivation is for one to have the power to draw one's sword when one encounters evil.

“Immortal Han, tell me. Let me understand before I, Jiang Qi, die. What does it take to see Zhou Chenggang die in front of me?”

See Zhou Chenggang die?

Who in the Western Frontier could kill a Golden Core cultivator of the Spiritual Dao Sect?

Who could answer this question?

If Han Muye spoke, would he have to go against the Spiritual Dao Sect?

The world fell silent again.

Divine senses and gazes were directed at the figure sitting on the bluestone.

There was no spiritual qi pervading the air, no sword qi rushing into the sky.

The figure sitting on the bluestone looked like a mortal.

Han Muye looked up, his expression indifferent.

He looked in the direction of the river bank and said indifferently, “If you ask me a question, you need to pay spiritual rocks.”

Pay spiritual rocks and he would answer!

Han Muye wanted to answer!

Above the clouds, the Mu family’s patriarch frowned and looked at Tuoba Cheng. “Fellow Daoist Tuoba, this matter...”

The others on the clouds also turned to look at Tuoba Cheng.

At this moment, the only person who could stop Han Muye was probably Tuoba Cheng, right?

In front of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Daoist Wan Hua’s eyes flickered with spiritual light.

Tuoba Cheng looked at Han Muye below, his expression unchanged. “I also want to hear what this kid has to say.”

I want to hear it...

On the clouds, many people’s lips twitched.

Was there anyone who would corner his own sect disciple like this?

Once Han Muye spoke, there would probably be no way to end this today!

On the riverbank, Jiang Qi laughed out loud.

“Immortal Han is Immortal Han after all.

“It’s fine if I, Jiang Qi, die today. I just hope that Immortal Han can tell me the answer in the future.”

With that, Jiang Qi flew up.

“Isn’t cultivation to live like oneself!

“Zhou Chenggang, Jiang Qi is here to seek a quick death!”

Jiang Qi flew slower and slower in the air.

Who could fly from the riverbank to the clouds?

At this moment, Jiang Qi was not challenging Zhou Chenggang, but the Spiritual Dao Sect. It was a rule set by the Spiritual Dao Sect, the Spiritual Dao Sect, and the countless Golden Core cultivators above the clouds that he was challenging!

A mere Earth Realm Spirit Awakening cultivator wanted to challenge more than half of the experts of the Western Frontier!

Spirit qi was burning in Jiang Qi’s body.

He gritted his teeth. The blood in his body seemed to be ignited, as if he wanted to use all his strength just to rush to the top of the clouds.

However, Jiang Qi’s figure gradually came to a stop.

He would never be able to rush up.

“The laws of the Central Continent.

“The rules of the Western Frontier.

“How similar.”

At this moment, Han Muye’s voice sounded.

He slowly stood up and looked at the distant sky.

“Only when you see that Confucian scholar have his fingers and tongue cut off, and his eyes gouged out will you be shocked.

“Only by watching Jiang Qi die in front of you will you feel resentful.

“Hehe, where are your swords?

“What’s the use of cultivating like this for tens of thousands of years?”

With that, Han Muye flew up!

He flew into the sky!

“Jiang Qi, you asked me how I can make Zhou Chenggang die in front of you.

“The answer is free.”

At Han Muye’s feet were white feathers.

His hand touched the hilt of his sword.

“Zhou Chenggang, come down and die!”

Come down and die!

His voice reverberated for hundreds of miles!

“Clang—”

The sword was unsheathed!

This was the answer!

So what if he drew his sword for someone unrelated?

When a sword cultivator held a sword in his hand, he would feel happy when he drew it.

If he did not draw his sword today, how could he run amok?

On River Heart Island, everyone looked up.

They watched as Han Muye drew his sword and soared into the sky.

Among the tens of thousands of people, there was only one person who drew his sword and soared into the sky!

Above the clouds, there were countless Golden Cores. That one person who drew his sword would have no regrets even if he died!

At this moment, everyone saw a true Sword Immortal.

Immortals should be carefree!

“Hmph, how arrogant.”

Daoist Wan Hua shouted coldly. He raised his hand and pointed.

“Buzz!”

His finger was like a heavenly pillar that descended from the sky and smashed towards Han Muye’s head.

An endless pressure brought about a strong wind!

“Fellow Daoist Wan Hua, you attacked our disciple. Isn’t this a violation of the rules?” At this moment, Tuoba Cheng shouted, and the white tiger phantom behind him condensed.

The white tiger roared and slammed into the finger that supported the sky.

“Bam—”

The white tiger shattered, and the finger brushed past Han Muye’s body and smashed into the Jialing River.

Waves surged, stirring up thousands of feet of turbulent waves.

The water engulfed River Heart Island, and water vapor rose. It was a vast expanse, and the disciples on the island had no choice but to fly up.

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Since he had gotten up, why not draw his sword?

Below, a sword light rose.

Then, a second one.

The third.

The fourth.

Countless!

The waves covered the sky, and no one knew where the sword light came from.

Water vapor filled the air as the sword intent pierced through the sword light and crashed into the sky.

Han Muye laughed and threw out the Cloud Dragon Sword.

The long sword combined with the countless sword intents and sword Qi below, turning into a huge sword that was 30,000 feet long.

Han Muye's smile widened.

He could feel the denseness of the Infinite Dao Sect from the combined sword intents, the lightness of the Moonlight Sword Sect, the heat of the Fire Spirit Dao Sect, and the etherealness of the Yuntai Dao Sect...

The momentum of the Western Frontier was all in this sword!

The long sword roared and slashed down at the clouds!

Daoist Wan Hua's face was cold as he shouted and waved his hand. However, his expression changed drastically!

The power of the array that could easily destroy this sword did not react at all.

Where was the power of the array that gathered more than half of the experts of the Western Frontier?

More than a thousand Gold Core Realm cultivators, half-step Heaven Realm cultivators, and even several Heaven Realm cultivators were not under his control!

Daoist Wan Hua turned around and there was silence all around!

Some cultivators lowered their heads, some lowered their eyes, and some sneered.

On the clouds, 90% of the cultivators did not contribute to the power of the array!

With just 10% of power from the Golden Core Realm cultivators, he could not block the sword light gathered by tens of thousands of elites of the sect below!

Moreover, Han Muye was using a magic treasure sword.

He couldn't block it!

Daoist Wan Hua's figure flashed and left.

He walked resolutely.

He left the surroundings in a daze.

The Golden Core cultivator named Zhou Chenggang was dumbfounded.

The number one expert of the Western Frontier had escaped?

The Grand Elder whom he had always relied on had abandoned him and fled?

A sword light descended.

"Boom!"

The cloud was split in half.

Zhou Chenggang, the elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, exploded with the cloud.

A single sword strike had killed a Golden Core elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect!

The clouds were rolling about.

The long sword slashed down, bringing about a loud bang.

Han Muye held his sword in his hand and floated quietly in the air. He lowered his head and said, "Jiang Qi, are you satisfied with this answer?"

Hearing his words, Jiang Qi, who was rooted to the ground, looked up at the sky and laughed, his face covered in tears.

"Satisfied, satisfied... Haha, in more than 300 years, I, Jiang Qi, have never felt so carefree.

"This is the best way to cultivate."

Jiang Qi bowed deeply to Han Muye and shouted, "Jiang Qi thanks Immortal Han for helping us today.

"If Jiang Qi doesn't die, Immortal Han can order him around."

"Why do you want to die?" Han Muye turned around and looked at the severed cloud. "Is the Spiritual Dao Sect going to kill you?

"I'm the one who killed him. They should blame me for this."

The sword in his hand slowly returned to its sheath. With his hands behind his back, he slowly descended.

"If anyone comes after me, I'll kill them.

"If no one dares to seek revenge on me, I'll be happy.

"How fast is this cultivation?"

How fast!

Looking at Han Muye, who was riding in the air and descending step by step, countless people looked envious.

The number one person in the Western Frontier drew his sword and killed.

With the sword in hand, one could take on the world.

This was cultivation.

Even when Han Muye landed on the bluestone with steam rising from it, the sky did not react at all.

Whether it was the Spiritual Dao Sect or the Golden Cores of the various sects, none of them made a sound or attacked.

Han Muye shook his head, put away his sword, and waved his hand. A formation disc landed in front of him, and then a spiritual light rose, isolating it from outsiders.

From the sky, Jiang Qi landed on the riverbank and strode away.

No one stopped him.

Who would dare?

In the array light screen, Han Muye watched Jiang Qi leave with a smile.

After today, the Spiritual Dao Sect's prestige in the Western Frontier was gone!

In the cultivation world, it took thousands or even tens of thousands of years to gather power, but if it were to collapse, it would only take one strike!

If Daoist Wan Hua had attacked forcefully just now and suppressed Han Muye with his absolute strength, the Spiritual Dao Sect would still be the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

Unfortunately, Daoist Wan Hua didn't dare.

In front of the sword light that gathered countless sword intent and sword qi, he retreated and let the sword light kill his sect elder.

Today, not only did the Spiritual Dao Sect's might collapse, but the might of Daoist Wan Hua was also cut off by a sword.

In the future, the Western Frontier would no longer be suppressed by anyone!

Han Muye turned around and saw the fighting spirit of countless people on the entire River Heart Island.

He believed that this heaven-defying sword technique would take root in the hearts of these sect elites and sprout.

One day, everyone would dare to draw their swords!

“Sigh, what a pity. I really want to experience the power of the Seven Stars Glorious Sun.

“Speaking of which, the last time Sword Venerable Yuan Tian used this move was 10,000 years ago.”

Daoist Dayan muttered.

Seven Stars Glorious Sun!

When the power of the seven sword pills gathered, their combat strength multiplied, and they could kill Heaven Realm experts.

When Han Muye obtained the Yu Chen Sword Pill, the seven sword pills in his hand could set up this powerful Seven Stars Glorious Sun Sword Array.

Hearing Daoist Dayan’s words, Zhao Yunlong echoed, “It’s indeed a pity that we can’t see you show off.

“Speaking of which, what’s the story between you and the Yu Chen Sword Pill? The moonlight is perfect tonight. Why don’t you tell me?”

...

After a night of cultivation, the sky lit up, and purple energy came from the east.

On River Heart Island, some people roared.

After that, numerous figures flashed into appearance, and they either rode on their swords or rode on the black-armored fish demons.

No one surrounded the Spiritual Dao Sect, nor was there anyone waiting for the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

As Han Muye had said, why should one care about others when one was living for oneself?

Han Muye put away the array disc and laughed. A pair of jade-colored feathered wings appeared under his feet and he flew onto the river.

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Before he could move, Gu Yuanlong had taken a step forward and rushed ahead of him.

For a moment, tens of thousands of elites of the various sects did not give in. The sword light and spiritual qi illuminated the river surface in a dazzling light.

At some point, the clouds in the sky had merged into one. On both sides of the riverbank, everyone's eyes revealed a strange expression.

These sect elites found nirvana overnight and had a different bearing!

They did not need anyone to manage them when they went against the current and encountered danger again. Naturally, someone would take action.

In the water region that was even narrower than Luoyan Gorge, hundreds of sword cultivators attacked and shattered the mountain wall on the riverbank in a few sword moves.

When they encountered the shallows, they raised their hands and dragged the black-armored fish demons that weighed 100,000 catties forward. Resisting the Flight Restriction Array, some grabbed the black-armored fish demons and ran amok for 100 miles.

When they encountered the thousand-foot waterfall, the thousand Earth Lineage elites worked together and crushed the waterfall.

For more than 10 days in a row, countless elites on the river surface demonstrated dazzling brilliance.

Some of the leaders groomed by the various sects were still brilliant, while others had long been replaced by people with outstanding combat strength.

Hu Wusheng of the Sword Expelling Sect, who broke the waves on the river and challenged them to a fight, was previously unknown, but he ran amok on the river and challenged 18 sword cultivators in a row. He was known as the dragon who crossed the river.

There was also Yu Huachen, who shattered half a mountain with a single punch and cut off the flow of the river in three breaths. He used to be ranked last in the Wood Spirit Dao Sect.

Of course, even if Han Muye never attacked again, no one would forget that he had shattered the Cloud Platform with a single strike and killed a Golden Core cultivator of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Han Muye had a sword treasure in his hand.

The pair of white feathered wings was a treasure, and so was the long sword.

In the cultivation world of the Western Frontier, who could be like Immortal Han and have two treasures?

As expected of an Immortal!

...

At sunset, they sat and discussed the Dao, and at sunrise, they followed the waves.

On both sides of the river bank, at night, the great cultivators would rely on the sects' elites to spread out the Dao discussion records. During the day, they would watch the experts of the various sects fight on the river.

In the clouds, the atmosphere became even stranger.

When Daoist Wan Hua of the Spiritual Dao Sect was not around, everyone was chatting and laughing.

The moment Daoist Wan Hua arrived, there was silence.

On the river, Han Muye rode his white feathered wings while holding a jade slip in his hand.

This was delivered to him through a bird sent by Jin Jialin.

According to the jade slip, a branch of the Black-Armored Fish Demons had once traveled back to the origin, passing through the great snowy mountains and heading to the Northern Region.

Originally, this group of Spiritual Armored demons was prepared to reproduce in the Northern Region.

However, the Northern Region was bitterly cold, so this clan expanded slowly.

However, a few years ago, the Sword King of the great snowy mountains in the Northern Region drew his sword and split the mountains, suppressing this group of Spiritual Armored demons.

The group of demons known as the Snowy Demons in the Northern Region asked the black-armored demons for help.

This was why the black-armored demon race had gone back to the source and formed an alliance with the Western Frontier's Spiritual Dao Sect.

The jade slip also mentioned that the black-armored demon race still had powerhouses that fought with Qing Tong in the Southern Wasteland. Although most of them were blocked, there were still a few who quietly headed north.

As for the Rising Dragon Platform, it was set up by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian to suppress the Outer Realm cultivator, Daoist Boulder.

That great cultivator relied on burning the soul, blood, and qi of the sect disciples and using a supreme treasure as a barrier to stay underground.

Sword Venerable Yuan Tian used the 13 Sea Calming Pillars of the Eastern Sea to suppress him.

Because of this, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian used the true dragon pearl of the dragon he killed to exchange for the Sea Calming Pillars of the Eastern Sea flood dragon clan. Only then did the flood dragon clan know that there was a relic of the true dragon in the Western Frontier.

Qing Tong had gone back to the source in search of opportunities.

The jade slip also mentioned the deal between the Spiritual Armored Demon Clan and Daoist Wan Hua.

Daoist Wan Hua exchanged the opportunities below the Clear Lake and the Rising Dragon Platform. The black-armored fish demons gave him various treasures and two supreme-grade spiritual rocks.

Seeing the information about the supreme-grade spiritual rocks, Han Muye narrowed his eyes.

When he killed the Heaven Realm great demons, his portable space was also shattered. Many treasures turned into nothingness, but he did not see any supreme-grade spiritual rocks.

Are they not delivered yet, or have they been handed over to Daoist Wan Hua? he wondered.

Daoist Wan Hua had been wanting to use three supreme spiritual rocks to open the spatial passage to the outside of the Heavenly Mystic world.

If the spatial passage opened, it would definitely attract experts from outside the realm.

This matter needed to be stopped.

The information on the jade slip was all secret.

It seemed that in order to repay Han Muye, the flood dragons had indeed gone all out.

Putting away the jade slip, Han Muye looked ahead.

There, the snowy mountains towered into the clouds.

At the border between the Western Frontier and the Northern Region, the snowy mountains stretched out in front of him.

On the river surface, long howls rose and fell.

The sword light and spiritual light were blazing like the sun.

In these 10 days, countless sect elites had broken through their bottlenecks.

On the riverbanks, many people's cultivation bases had advanced and their mental states had improved.

Journeying and discussing Dao over a stretch of 100,000 miles. Such a harvest was rarely seen in a hundred years.

Today, it was time to transform.

Today, there would definitely be a fierce battle in front of the Rising Dragon Platform. All kinds of methods would be gathered.

Han Muye looked hesitant.

"Boom!"

In front of him, golden pillars with dragon patterns appeared at the foot of the snowy mountains.

The 13 pillars were in the center, surrounded by nearly 100 stone pillars with light green spiritual light.

Each pillar was 10 feet tall and 10 feet wide.

To compete for the nine sects, he needed to seize control of 13 golden dragon pillars first.

The number one sect in the Western Frontier was the first to raise the dragon pillar into the sky.

There was a long sword hanging quietly in the sky.

It was the sword of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion Elder, Zhu Shen back then.

Han Muye's eyes revealed a deep coldness.

Everyone flew up and stood at the foot of the snowy mountains, quietly looking at the dragon pillars.

100,000 miles back to the source, just for today.

In the sky above the clouds, the Golden Core cultivators' eyes were filled with anticipation.

Sect Master Li Mubai turned to look at Daoist Wan Hua.

Daoist Wan Hua chuckled and said calmly, "Sect Master Li, don't worry. There are countless treasures suppressed under the Rising Dragon Platform. As long as we raise the dragon pillars on the Rising Dragon Platform, we can obtain the treasures without any effort."

"Don't worry, of course." Li Mubai's expression was calm as he whispered.

Below, Lu Qingchen of the Spiritual Dao Sect turned to look at Han Muye, who was approaching slowly. He sneered and flew forward.

Behind him, the Spiritual Dao Sect disciples also interweaved their spiritual energy into the dragon pillar.

"Boom!"

A sword light flew out and blocked Lu Qingchen's path.

Lin Shen held the sword and stood there.

Beside him, Lu Gao, Gu Yuanlong, and He Xuanqi held the hilts of their swords.

"Senior Brother Han, please come on stage."

Lin Shen shouted.

"Senior Brother Han, please come on stage."

The disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect shouted in unison.

"Senior Brother Han, please come on stage!"

Suddenly, countless voices rang out, causing the expressions of everyone in the Spiritual Dao Sect to change.

Above the cloud, the Golden Core cultivators looked at Tuoba Cheng.

"Senior Brother Han, please come on stage!"

At the foot of the snowy mountains, the sect elites all turned to look at Han Muye, who was slowly walking over.

In the distance, countless cultivators clenched their fists and watched this scene excitedly.

Invite the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Immortal Han to be the first to ascend the Rising Dragon Platform. This was a choice shared by countless sect elites.

The first to ascend the stage was the number one sect in the Western Frontier.

At this moment, the number one sect in the Western Frontier had yet to be decided, but it had already been decided in everyone's hearts!

Everyone was looking forward to it!

The hesitation in Han Muye's eyes dissipated. He laughed and flew onto the golden dragon pillar in the middle.

He turned to look at the countless blazing gazes behind him and shouted, "The nine sects of the Western Frontier will rearrange their ranks. The outcome will be decided on the Rising Dragon Platform.

"Han Muye is here waiting to be taught.

"Who wants to fight?

"When the Rising Dragon Platform rises, will the experts that had suppressed the rest back then step forward?

"Then let them come forward!

"Back then, Sword Venerable Yuan Tian could suppress it. Today, I, Han Muye, can also suppress it!"

Standing on the Rising Dragon Platform, Han Muye's battle intent soared, scattering the clouds in the sky!

Come.

Fight!

Chapter 394: Seizing the Rising Dragon Platform, Who Wants to Fight?

As Han Muye landed on a dragon pillar, a few figures flew up.

Some rushed towards the other dragon pillars, while others ran towards Han Muye.

Sword Dao Immortal, unparalleled sword technique.

Although Han Muye might have lost his cultivation, with two magical treasures in his hands, his combat strength was unimaginably strong.

The more this was the case, the more worthy of a challenge!

Unconsciously, the elites of the various sects in the Western Frontier were already filled with fighting spirit. They were no longer as timid as before.

What was there to be afraid of?

"Mingcheng Dao Sect is sending Sun Sisheng to test Immortal Han's skills!"

A young Daoist in a Daoist robe and holding a green jade ruler flew up. The spiritual light in his hand turned into a mysterious flame and smashed towards Han Muye's head.

The Mingcheng Dao Sect was also a major sect in the Western Frontier's Dao sects. There was a half-step Heaven Realm expert in the sect. Sun Sisheng was a young sect master and his cultivation level was at the sixth level of the Spirit Awakening Realm. His combat strength was extraordinary.

If it was in the past, a Daoist figure like him would definitely follow the lead of the Spiritual Dao Sect.

Today, regardless of whether it was Sun Sisheng or the elites of the other sects, they were all free and wanted to fight.

Let's fight to our heart's content first!

Han Muye laughed and flicked the sword light in his hand, locking the spiritual light emitted by Sun Sisheng's jade ruler.

"Good timing—"

The sword light was like water, causing the spiritual light to fluctuate, but it had nowhere to attach itself.

"Good sword technique. To be able to activate the power of the water lineage with a single strike, this Immortal Han's sword technique attainments are really extraordinary!"

In the sky above the clouds, the sect master of Mingcheng Dao Sect, Daoist He Yuan, who was half a step into Heaven Realm, chuckled with admiration in his eyes.

While praising Han Muye's sword technique, didn't the other side also say that if not for Han Muye's outstanding sword technique, he wouldn't have been able to block a single strike from his disciple?

Above the clouds, the other Golden Core cultivators were all smiling.

"Boom!"

Duan Yihong of the Infinite Dao Sect landed on a dark golden dragon pillar. The power of the earth vein in his body gathered and transformed into the phantom of a giant turtle in black armor.

Great Dao Dharma Idol!

When a spell was cultivated to the extreme, it was similar to the general trend of the Sword Dao. This Dharma was the essence of the Dao.

"Heh, what a powerful earth-attribute talent. The Infinite Dao Sect has really produced an extraordinary disciple."

The cultivators watching from afar exclaimed.

There were also people who introduced what the Great Dao Dharma was and how powerful it was.

There was no need to introduce it. The power of the black-armored giant turtle had already been displayed.

A young man in a green Daoist robe flew up and threw out a golden spiritual pearl in his hand, ruthlessly smashing it onto the back of the black-armored giant turtle.

The Spiritual Pearl shone and erupted with monstrous Spiritual Qi, causing the surrounding space to tremble.

This attack was comparable to a Golden Core cultivator!

After being hit by the spiritual pearl, the giant turtle stretched out its head and let out a long hiss, freezing the space.

“Bam!”

The power formed by the spiritual pearl also turned into soil and rocks inch by inch before falling.

On the cloud, the sect master of the Infinite Dao Sect stroked his long beard and chuckled. “This kid’s affinity with the earth attribute has increased quite a bit recently...”

Earth-attribute affinity.

Not only did it become much stronger, but from the observation of the Golden Core cultivators in the sky, Duan Yihong’s affinity with the earth attribute was almost complete.

“Clang—”

Yang Mingxuan unsheathed the longsword in his hand and shouted in a low voice, “Yang Mingxuan of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect is here!”

He took a step forward and landed on a dragon pillar like a ghost.

“Bright Mountain Sword Sect?” Around them, someone frowned and said, “Isn’t he the one who died on Cloud Nest Ridge?”

There were many Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators who died in the Cloud Nest Ridge. Among them, Yang Dingshan of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect was one of them.

If this person did not die, the Bright Mountain Sword Sect would have a chance to fight for the position of one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier.

However, Yang Dingshan had fallen and the Bright Mountain Sword Sect was in chaos. How could they still have the chance to fight for the seats of the nine sects?

“That Yang Mingxuan couldn’t cultivate back then.

“Later on, it was said that Yang Dingshan was sent to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s Sword Pavilion before he died. Now, it seems that his cultivation and combat strength are not weak. He even dares to climb the dragon pillar.”

Someone looked at Yang Mingxuan, but then at Han Muye.

The Sword Pavilion of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Yang Mingxuan had just climbed up a dragon pillar when several figures flew up.

Holding the sword in his hand, a trace of blood flashed in Yang Mingxuan's eyes.

"Kill!"

With a loud shout, the sword light slashed out a thunderbolt!

This sword caused the eyes of many people on the cloud to flicker.

"Slash—"

The sword light was too fast, and those people only had time to block it with their spells and swords.

Then they were stabbed by the sword and fell down the snowy mountain.

Blood splattered everywhere.

He injured three sect elites with a single sword strike!

"What a ruthless sword!"

Someone in the distance blurted out.

This strike was indeed ruthless and fierce.

As the three cultivators fell, the Dragon Pearl that Yang Mingxuan had seized vibrated and slowly rose a little.

This was the Rising Dragon Platform.

As long as he held his position, the Rising Dragon Platform would rise.

The power of Yang Mingxuan's sword made the hearts of the elites of the other sects sink. They subconsciously turned their heads and looked at the other dragon pillars.

At this moment, the other golden dragon pillars were also seized.

Two people from the Spiritual Dao Sect each took one. The Moonlight Sword Sect, Wind Spirit Sword Sect, and Shangyang Demon Sect did not hesitate to seize control of the dark golden dragon pillars.

As for those who knew that they were not strong enough, they went all out to seize those green jade stone pillars.

In an instant, all the dragon pillars were taken.

"Boom!"

Figures dashed forward.

Some protected the dragon pillars seized by their own sects, while others attacked the positions occupied by other sects with all their might.

Seeing this scene, Daoist Wan Hua, who was standing on top of the cloud, finally smiled.

In the end, everything started going according to his plan.

The Rising Dragon Platform had finally risen.

He turned around and saw Li Mubai, whose eyes were also filled with anticipation.

Below, the sword light in Han Muye's hand had guided Sun Sisheng's jade ruler spiritual light and thrown it out.

Chapter 395: Seizing the Rising Dragon Platform, Who Wants to Fight? (2)

Sun Sisheng turned around and wanted to attack again, but he saw that Lin Shen, who was holding a large sword, had landed beside Han Muye.

He laughed and flew towards a green stone pillar. The jade ruler in his hand emitted spiritual light and forcefully pushed down the people occupying it.

"F*ck..."

Someone growled gloomily.

Under the snowy mountain, spiritual light and sword light flashed.

Figures flew up the dragon pillar and fell again.

Slowly, a few golden dragon pillars could be seen rising the fastest, gradually surpassing the other green jade pillars.

No matter who attacked the golden dragon pillar that Han Muye occupied, they would swing their swords to block and divert the attacker.

The dragon pillar he occupied rose the fastest, reaching a thousand feet in a moment.

When the dragon pillar reached a thousand feet, Han Muye and the experts of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect immediately felt a heavy pressure on their shoulders.

No wonder.

Not many people could carry a heavy burden and fight.

When others came to seize the Dragon Pillar, they attacked in midair without any effect.

Those on the Dragon Pillars had to carry a huge burden to fight. How could they fight?

Fortunately, with the Flight Restriction Array, the person who snatched the dragon pillar could only maintain it in midair for a hundred breaths. After a hundred breaths, there was also a huge force pressing down on his body.

However, these hundred breaths were not easy to withstand.

On the dragon pillar not far away, the number one disciple of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen, sneered and waved his hand.

Several figures rushed towards the dragon pillar of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Before Han Muye could draw his sword, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect occupying the stone pillar had already flown over to stop him.

However, these disciples only exchanged a few blows before retreating in defeat.

A few of them gritted their teeth and flew out of the dragon pillar to fight the other party. Unfortunately, they were outnumbered and were cut down after dozens of breaths.

On the dragon pillar, Lin Shen shouted in a low voice. The sword light in his hand swept across and swept down the few Spiritual Dao Sect disciples who were attacking.

Seeing Lin Shen's sword radiance, Lu Qingchen snorted coldly and did not send anyone else to attack.

By the time the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon pillar rose to 1.5 million feet, the other dragon pillars had already reached 1,000 feet.

When the dragon pillar reached 1,000 feet, many people with low cultivation fell onto the stone pillar.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, figures flew towards the dragon pillar. Spiritual light scattered and swept down the people on it.

On the dragon pillar, more than half of the sects changed instantly!

These people were all waiting here!

However, when they landed on the dragon pillar, their expressions changed drastically.

With an immense force, he could not block the attacks of others at all!

"Fighting for the nine sects is just playing house?" On the clouds, Daoist Wan Hua chuckled and shook his head.

Only now did they see the difference!

Only true great sects could stand on the pillars of the nine sects. Others did not even have the qualifications to stand on them!

As long as he dared to climb up the dragon pillar, he would not be able to defend against the sword light dao technique.

In just a moment, only half of the originally full dragon pillar was left.

The other dragon pillars were empty and no one dared to go up.

Even if they did not unleash their anger, they might be severely injured or even die.

The dragon pillar rose again. After reaching 2,000 feet, the pressure on it had already reached 100,000 tons.

Ten times!

At this moment, standing on the stone pillar, it was as if he was carrying a huge snow mountain.

Most people couldn't even stand, let alone draw their swords and cast spells.

"You guys go down first," Han Muye shouted.

The other Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples on the stone pillar nodded and flopped down from the dragon pillar.

Only Han Muye, Lin Shen, Lu Gao, and Gu Yuanlong were left on the dragon pillar.

There were only two or three dragon pillars left from the other sects.

There were more people on the dragon pillars of the Spiritual Dao Sect, nearly 10 of them.

If not for the death of half of the Seven Sons of the Spiritual Dao Sect, there would have been more people.

Lu Qingchen laughed loudly. Several figures behind him rushed towards the dragon pillar occupied by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The other sects found it difficult to even defend their dragon pillars. Only the Spiritual Dao Sect still had the strength to attack.

Moreover, when these people attacked, the spiritual light turned into clouds that exploded. It was obvious that they did not hold back.

"Brother Han, you'll have to rely on yourself from now on." Gu Yuanlong shouted as he flew down the dragon pillar. The sword light in his hand collided with the charging Guo Tianjin.

He came from the Eastern Sea. As an ally, it was enough for him to last until now.

Lu Gao and Lin Shen also took a step forward to block the descending spiritual light.

Han Muye's blood qi surged, and he pointed his sword diagonally.

Three thousand feet!

At this moment, the positions of the nine sects were basically decided.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect occupied the highest point. Han Muye stood on the dragon pillar while Lin Shen and Lu Gao protected him.

The Spiritual Dao Sect followed closely behind. Lu Qingchen and the three green-robed Daoists sat cross-legged behind him.

Du Feng of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, the White Demon Son of the Shangyang Demon Sect, Duan Yihong of the Infinite Dao Sect, and Wanyue of the Moonlight Sword Sect.

On the remaining three dragon pillars, Yang Mingxuan was covered in blood as he stood with his sword. Feng Yuange, the first direct disciple of the Tai Yi Sword Sect, held his sword and closed his eyes. His face was slightly pale.

On the ninth dragon pillar, it was not someone from the original Yuntai Dao Sect, one of the nine sects, nor was it a cultivator from the Nine Sects' Young Spirit Valley who had very little presence.

Dao Xuansheng was considered strong enough among the Daoist sects. His Daoist disciple, Wang Xuanji, held a jade talisman and stood tall.

This jade talisman was actually a top-grade spirit talisman with the power of a magic treasure.

With the support of this talisman, Wang Xuanji could reduce the pressure on his shoulders and use half of his combat strength.

That was enough.

The other dragon pillars slowly stopped rising. Only the ones seized by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the Spiritual Dao Sect were still rising.

Moreover, the dragon pillar of the Spiritual Dao Sect rose extremely quickly, as if it was about to catch up and surpass the dragon pillar of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

"It seems like my foundation is still too weak..." Looking at the two dragon pillars, someone sighed softly.

The Spiritual Dao Sect had suppressed the Western Frontier for 10,000 years and had an incomparably deep foundation. How could the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, which had always had to survive in unfavorable conditions, compare to them?

Chapter 396: Seizing the Rising Dragon Platform, Who Wants to Fight? (3)

Lu Qingchen, who was sitting cross-legged on the dragon pillar, swept his gaze across the crowd and said, "A mere Bright Mountain Sword Sect is qualified to be one of the nine sects?"

As soon as he finished speaking, dozens of figures flew up from below.

Yang Mingxuan was ruthless, so he was able to occupy the dragon pillar.

However, the overall strength of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect was relatively weak. There was not even a single half-step Heaven Realm expert.

Who would be willing to let such a sect become one of the nine sects?

They were more comfortable shooting down Yang Mingxuan's dragon pillar and reducing the nine sects to eight sects than watching the Bright Mountain Sword Sect become one of the nine sects.

At this moment, it could be seen that the competition between the nine sects was still about the overall situation of the sect.

If the disciples below surrounded them now, not to mention the Mountain Sword Sect, even everyone on the dragon pillar would be smashed down.

However, everyone acknowledged and revered those sects with sufficient strength.

No one deliberately attacked these people who had already occupied the dragon pillars.

It was not to snatch the dragon pillar, but to deliberately make others unable to occupy it. If that happened, they would become mortal enemies.

On the dragon pillar, looking at the figures rushing towards Yang Mingxuan, Lin Shen frowned and said, "I'm afraid Yang Mingxuan can't hold on."

Lu Gao nodded and shouted, "Yang kid, can you do it?"

Hearing his words, Yang Mingxuan grinned.

There was not much color on his pale face, but his eyes were bright.

"All the restaurants at the foot of the Nine Mystic Mountain know that I can do it."

He laughed heartily, madness shining in his eyes.

The long sword in his hand disappeared, and his body turned into a hundred-foot-long sword light.

The sword light flew up and collided with the dozens of figures.

Yang Mingxuan had already fused with his spiritual sword. After transforming into a sword, his speed was extremely fast. In less than 10 breaths, he cut down these people.

This scene shocked many people.

Is this Yang Mingxuan from the Bright Mountain Sword Sect actually so powerful?

"Bam—"

Yang Mingxuan's legs went weak and he fell to the ground.

A pained expression appeared on his face.

The sword he fused with wasn't extremely strong. He was already injured from fighting with these elites.

Seeing him fall to the ground, several figures flew over from below.

"You guys go and guard the dragon pillar of the Bright Mountain Sword Sect."

At this moment, Han Muye, who had been silent, suddenly spoke.

Guard that dragon pillar?

Lu Gao and Lin Shen were stunned and turned to look at him.

“The Bright Mountain Sword Sect is an ally of our Nine Mystic Sword Sect, so we naturally have to help each other.

“Yang Mingxuan is from the Sword Pavilion. Helping him guard the dragon pillar is only right.”

Han Muye’s voice was casual.

It was as if guarding the dragon pillar was a simple matter.

This was a competition for the position of the nine sects of the Western Frontier!

Once he became one of the nine sects of the Western Frontier, he would be given the authority to control all kinds of resources.

This was the key to the true rise of a sect.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect wants to help protect the Bright Mountain Sword Sect’s dragon pillar?

Han Muye’s words shocked everyone, and their eyes widened in disbelief.

On the dragon pillar of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen laughed out loud, “Arrogant.”

How could guarding one dragon pillar be the same as guarding two dragon pillars?

In the clouds, the Golden Core cultivators had solemn expressions.

Han Muye’s decision was not bad.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was extremely powerful and was aiming for the first place in the Western Frontier.

Then he was willing to help his allies seize the position of the Nine Sects.

Such a sect was trustworthy and friendly. It was very worthy of following.

However, does the Nine Mystic Sword Sect really have the strength to guard two dragon pillars? they wondered.

Don’t lose your own dragon pillar later!

Seeing that those figures had already rushed up, the sword light and spiritual light collided with Yang Mingxuan. Lu Gao and Lin Shen did not hesitate and flew out.

He really wanted to help the Bright Mountain Sword Sect!

On the dragon pillar of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen sneered and whispered a few words.

Below, hundreds of figures rushed up!

Their target was the dragon pillar occupied by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

Since Han Muye wanted to guard the two dragon pillars, he would have to show his strength.

Looking at these figures, Duan Yihong, Wanyue, and the others on the other dragon pillars looked solemn.

It could not be defended.

Even a Golden Core cultivator would die instantly in a battle against so many elites of the sect.

“Protect Senior Brother Han!”

Below, one of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect disciples shouted and flew up.

Guard the Dragon Pillar.

Protect Senior Brother Han.

In order to protect their dragon pillar, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect flew up and fought the elites of the various sects who were charging at the dragon pillar.

In order to protect their dragon pillar, the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect flew up and fought the elites of the various sects who were charging at the dragon pillar.

His body was in mid-air. Under the Flight Restriction Formation, he could only last a hundred breaths.

However, a hundred breaths was already a long time for these experts.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect was indeed very strong. Their disciples’ combat strength could fight against many alone.

However, there were too many people attacking the dragon pillar. They could not stop it at all.

The spiritual light and sword light passed through the defense and collided with Han Muye, who was standing on the dragon pillar.

Han Muye, who was standing with his sword, did not seem to expect so many attacks. He did not even raise his hand and only set up a faint yellow light barrier around him.

“Oh no.”

There were exclamations in the distance.

Wanyue and the others widened their eyes.

Lin Shen and Lu Gao turned around desperately.

Lu Qingchen and the others smiled.

Today, they would witness the fall of the geniuses of the Western Frontier.

“Boom!”

All the sword lights and spiritual light collided with the light barrier around Han Muye, stirring up a dazzling halo that made it impossible to look at.

When the light dissipated, everyone looked at the dragon pillar in a daze.

There, Han Muye stood unharmed.

The power bestowed by the heavens and earth was enhanced by the power of the earth within 10,000 miles!

At this moment, Han Muye's figure blended with this place. Whoever wanted to hurt him needed the power to shatter mountains and rivers!

Not to mention these disciples, even those who were half a step into the Heaven Realm could not do it.

Standing on the dragon pillar, Han Muye was clearly invincible!

"Power of Heaven and Earth..." In the clouds, someone's voice was filled with bitterness and envy as he spoke softly.

"Immortal Han is indeed worthy of his name..." Looking at the unmoving Han Muye, someone sighed.

The elites of the various sects who attacked watched this scene in a daze.

How is that possible? they thought.

On the dragon pillar of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen was stunned for a moment. Then, his eyes revealed a trace of ruthlessness as he shouted.

In the distance, black figures rushed out from the Jialing River.

Black-armored water demons!

Chapter 397: Deng Chungang Returns, Teleportation Array Appears

The huge water demons rushed out of the water and crossed dozens of miles, crashing into the dragon pillar from midair.

The strength of these demons was unimaginable.

Among them, there were several transformed demons whose cultivation levels were probably at the high-level Golden Core realm.

These water demons rushed over, bringing with them astral winds and demonic clouds, blotting out half the sky.

On the clouds, someone frowned and said in a low voice, "The nine sects of the Western Frontier are rearranging. Why are these demons here?"

However, as soon as he said this, a few gazes fell on him.

At this moment, it was obvious that the big demons and the Spiritual Dao Sect were allies. They were specially targeting the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

The Spiritual Dao Sect's Grand Elder, Daoist Wan Hua, who was standing in front, said calmly, "If you don't have the ability to deal with the great demons, don't force yourself."

Trying to be brave, he thought.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect could not defend the dragon pillar themselves, but they still helped others. They were trying to be brave.

At this moment, the demons had already rushed above the dragon pillar and swooped down.

Han Muye held his sword, his eyes shining.

When he fused with the mountains and rivers, he sensed the suppressive power at the foot of the snowy mountains.

He had felt this power before at Green Ray Mountain.

The power of the Dao Sword Mountain from the Immortal Spirit World's Shi Heng Dao Sect!

It wasn't the cultivator from the Immortal Spirit World, but half of a Dao Sword!

As for the other half of the Dao Sword, it was in Han Muye's hand!

Looking at the demons filling the sky, a smile flashed across Han Muye's face.

If there was a suppressed Immortal Spirit Realm cultivator below, he would have to consider whether there would be any problems after releasing him.

However, it was the Dao Sword Mountain that was suppressed below. There was no problem.

Releasing the hilt, Han Muye raised his hand and pointed.

The Cloud Dragon Sword turned into a long dragon and flew out.

"Bam—"

The long dragon crashed into the demon and cut down a thousand-foot-tall black-armored fish demon.

The sword was cut in half, and blood gushed out like a waterfall!

The spilled blood directly filled the dragon pillar.

The dragon pillar occupied by the Nine Mystic Sword Sect increased rapidly.

The Cloud Dragon Sword spun again and killed another thousand-foot-long fish demon.

When the dragon pillar was 4,000 feet away, the light barrier around Han Muye trembled, and a roar came from the sky.

This was the appearance of gravity at its limit.

Han Muye knew where this gravity came from.

This was a binding formation. It was used to suppress the power of the Path Sword.

It seemed that he still needed the blood of more demons to activate the power of the Doctrine Sword and break free from the suppression of the tactical formation.

Han Muze retracted the Cloud Dragon Sword and looked up at the demons suppressed by the two swords.

Below, on the dragon pillar of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen laughed loudly. "Today, let me see how your Nine Mystic Sword Sect protects the dragon pillar!"

With so many demons attacking, even a Heaven Realm expert would not be able to defend against the dragon pillar!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect, which should have been the number one of the nine sects, was in danger of falling.

Most importantly, if the demons attacked, the genius of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Immortal Han of the Sword Pavilion, might be killed!

Everyone looked at this scene and did not dare to speak.

Did Immortal Han give up on the dragon pillar, or was he risking his life?

"Hmph, if not for the magic treasure in his hand, this kid would have long been smashed down. How strong does he really think the Nine Mystic Sword Sect is?"

On the cloud, Daoist Wan Hua, the First Elder of the Spiritual Dao Sect, suddenly spoke.

He didn't hide his voice at all. His voice traveled through the clouds and reached below.

Han Muye had relied on the magic treasure in his hand to have such combat strength.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect did not have true strength!

At this moment, some people's eyes flickered with radiance, some laughing lightly while shaking their heads, some sighing softly.

"Our Nine Mystic Sword Sect doesn't have strength?"

At this moment, a voice came from the sky.

When he first heard this voice, it was from afar.

His voice was not loud, but everyone heard him.

His voice was not loud, but everyone heard him.

As soon as this voice sounded, everyone's expressions changed drastically.

Heaven Realm!

This was the power of the Heaven Realm!

A Heaven Realm expert had arrived at the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

On the cloud, Tuoba Cheng revealed a strange expression and turned to look in the direction of the snow mountains.

Han Muye looked up and his gaze landed on the snowy mountains.

Everyone felt the ground tremble.

In the distance, the snowy mountains collapsed one after another!

“Boom!”

The world collapsed.

Snow mountains rose from the ground and flew into the sky.

Under the snow mountain was clearly a figure!

Carrying the snow mountain on his back!

Who in the world could have such power?

Above the cloud, everyone exclaimed.

Even Immortal Wan Hua and Li Mubai, who were standing in front, were shocked.

Duan Yihong of the Infinite Dao Sect, who was sitting cross-legged on the dragon pillar, widened his eyes and trembled.

He cultivated the earth and stone lineage and had once carried a heavy burden in battle.

However, what he saw now was a figure carrying three snow mountains!

There was such a powerful expert in the earth and stone lineage!

Under the dragon pillar, the elites of the various sects raised their heads and looked at the three snow mountains in disbelief.

As for the cultivators watching the battle, many of them had already retreated in panic.

It was completely unimaginable what kind of expert had arrived!

“The Sword King of the Northern Region carries three snow mountains on his back and suppresses the Snow Demon Clan.”

Han Muye chuckled and said calmly, “The number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Deng Chungang.”

The number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

This peerless expert carrying three snow mountains was actually the number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect actually had such an expert!

Even when they heard that the voice was from the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, no one dared to believe it.

But at this moment, Han Muye directly said the other party’s name!

On the cloud, many Golden Core cultivators recalled that there were only 99 people on the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s dragon boat back then, and there was an empty spot.

So he’s here!

The number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, Deng Chungang!

“Haha, you’re Han Nineteen, right?”

Chapter 398: Deng Chungang Returns, Teleportation Array Appears (2)

“The monk from the Xuankong Temple said that you’re very strong. If I don’t come back, the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect will be handed to you.”

In the sky, the clouds and lightning combined with the voice and rumbled.

The sound caused the snowy mountains to tremble, and an avalanche appeared.

“When you get first place in the nine sects later, let me see if you’re qualified to control the Nine Mystic Sword Sect’s inheritance.”

Deng Chungang’s voice was filled with endless battle intent!

The first place of the nine sects seemed to be child’s play. Instead, the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect was more important.

Deng Chungang wanted to fight Han Muye!

Han Muye’s eyes lit up and he nodded gently. “Okay.”

Good!

Hearing Han Muye’s answer, Deng Chungang laughed loudly, and the snowy mountains behind him smashed down!

“You Spiritual Armored Demons still haven’t given up and want to taint the Northern Region?

“Alright, I’ll suppress as many as you send!”

Of the three snowy mountains, one directly smashed into the Jialing River.

One of them fell towards a dragon pillar.

The last one exploded, turning into a 10,000-foot long snow sword that slashed down!

“Boom!”

The snowy mountain smashed into the river, immediately breaking the river in the middle. Countless black-armored fish demons were pressed down the mountain and turned into powder.

Blood qi and demonic qi filled the sky.

On the 100,000-foot-tall snowy mountain, snow fog rose and gathered the black-armored fish demons’ blood qi and demonic qi, turning them into blood-colored beads.

Seeing this, Han Muye looked surprised.

This method was clearly a method to control the sword pill!

“It’s Hidden Mountain. Hidden Mountain Sword Pill.”

Daoist Dayan’s voice sounded with a hint of surprise.

“There are a total of six Hidden Mountain Sword Pills. They are the suppression of the mountains and rivers in the Heavenly Cycle Sword Formation.

“This Deng Chungang must have obtained the Hidden Mountain Sword Pill and went to the Northern Region to suppress the snow demons.

“I suspect that this is a trump card left behind by Sword Venerable Yuan Tian.”

At this point, Daoist Dayan whispered, “Han Muye, what you and Deng Chungang are fighting for is probably not only the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.”

It was not only the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, but also the inheritance of the Sword Venerable Yuan Tian!

“Boom!”

The second snowy mountain crashed into the sky above the dragon pillar, turning the demons surrounding the dragon pillar into a bloody mist before retracting.

Han Muye raised his eyebrows.

He had used the blood essence of these demons to water the dragon pillar. He could not let Deng Chungang take them all.

With a low shout, the Cloud Dragon Sword flew out and killed a few more black-armored fish demons.

“Roar—”

On the Jialing River, there was a roar and a tall figure in a black robe rushed out.

Heaven Realm!

There was more than one!

Five more figures rushed out from the river.

Deng Chungang, who was holding a large sword, laughed and flew out.

At this moment, there was no longer any suspense in the competition between the nine sects.

On the dragon pillar of the Spiritual Dao Sect, Lu Qingchen and the three figures behind him had gloomy expressions as they stared at the dragon pillar of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect rising rapidly.

No one could stop him.

No one dared to stop him.

At the last moment, a Heaven Realm expert who could fight six people alone came to the Nine Mystic Sword Sect!

On the Jialing River, the sword light illuminated the river.

The six Heaven Realm demons could not suppress Deng Chungang's sword light.

This number one direct disciple of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect, who was not very famous in the Western Frontier, had already displayed combat strength that no one dared to guess.

Above the clouds, there was silence.

"Buzz!"

When the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's dragon pillar reached 5,000 feet, the world shook and a roar came from the ground.

All the dragon pillars began to tremble.

Above the cloud, Immortal Wan Hua and Li Mubai were overjoyed.

Han Muye looked down.

Streaks of golden spiritual qi had already spread out at some point.

This was the Sword Qi of the Mountain of Dao Sword.

The Mountain Dao Sword had already been broken, and its power had been suppressed for so many years. If not for the blood of the Great Demon, it would not have been able to wake up.

At this moment, the suppressed dragon pillar was pulled up and the blood qi of a great demon was infused into it to activate the power of the Dao Sword.

Standing on the dragon pillar, Han Muye raised his hand and grabbed the sword hanging in front of him.

The long sword was the sword of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion Elder, Zhu Shen.

This sword represented the humiliation of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect and the hardships of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

He reached out to grab the hilt and injected sword qi into it.

Images appeared in Han Muye's mind.

The Nine Mystic Sword Sect suffered heavy losses and their experts languished.

The Sword Pavilion elders died one after another.

The kind-looking old man cultivated day and night and finally merged with the long sword, gathering the power of half a step into the Heaven Realm.

The old man fought far and near to protect the precarious Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

Until the descendants of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect grew up and had the ability to protect themselves.

A letter enraged the old man. He flew down the mountain after the disciples of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect failed to persuade him to stay.

The Spiritual Dao Sect.

It was indeed the Spiritual Dao Sect.

The Spiritual Dao Sect used the relic of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion elder as a threat to lure Elder Zhu Shen down the mountain and attack together.

In this battle, the Spiritual Dao Sect had suffered considerable casualties.

After this battle, the inheritance of the Nine Mystic Sword Sect's Sword Pavilion was incomplete. The juniors could only protect themselves and were no longer a threat to the few sects.

After this battle, the Nine Mystic Sword Sect finally had a chance to recuperate.

Elder Zhu Shen's Plain Wish Sword was taken away by the Spiritual Dao Sect and had been hidden in a secret vault. Now he took it out to suppress the Nine Mystic Sword Sect that had risen again.

Holding the sword hilt, Han Muye trembled.

A dark spiritual light flashed on the sword and entered his body.

"Kid, this sword has been restricted by a major cultivator from the outer realm. Run!"

That was Elder Zhu Shen's remnant soul!

The restrictions of a great cultivator from the outer realm?

Han Muye felt it.

The power of space.

Just as his sword energy was injected into the sword, a spatial teleportation power was activated.

"Buzz!"

A light formation appeared in the void of space.

Daoist Wan Hua laughed and raised his hand. A spiritual light landed on it.

It was a glowing spiritual rock.

Chapter 399: Deng Chungang Returns, Teleportation Array Appears (3)

Supreme-grade spiritual rocks.

Sitting cross-legged on the dragon pillar, Lu Qingchen threw out a spiritual rock.

Under the dragon pillar, the first direct disciple of the Cloud Sea Sword Sect, Guo Tianjin, raised his hand and shot out a stream of light.

The third supreme spiritual rock!

The three supreme-grade spiritual rocks collided with the array, causing the power of the array to surge.

Above the clouds, the expressions of the Golden Core cultivators changed drastically.

“This formation is an ancient teleportation formation!” Someone cried out.

“Daoist Wan Hua, what are you doing!”

“This array formation is attached to the Flight Restriction Array and absorbs our strength!”

“We can’t stop. Once we break the array formation activated by the supreme-grade spiritual rocks, we will suffer a backlash!”

In the clouds, terrified roars rose and fell.

Did Daoist Wan Hua want to become enemies with the entire Western Frontier?

At this moment, Daoist Wan Hua laughed and took a step forward.

“This formation is a teleportation formation that connects to the Immortal Spirit World in the outer realm.

“The Immortal Spirit World is a world whose cultivation level far exceeds the Heavenly Mystic World. It’s a world filled with Immortals and Buddhas.

“Fellow Daoists, if you want to follow me to the Immortal Spirit World, you only need to submit to my Spiritual Dao Sect.”

It led to the Immortal Spirit World!

A place whose cultivation level far exceeded the Heavenly Mystic World!

In the clouds, some people were shocked, some frowned, and some people had looks of desire.

“Daoist Wan Hua, didn’t you say that the Rising Dragon Platform is a treasure to release the suppression?” Li Mubai frowned and said coldly.

Daoist Wan Hua smiled. “Brother Li, won’t there be treasures everywhere in the Immortal Spirit World?”

A cold expression appeared on Li Mubai’s face as a cold light flashed in his eyes.

Daoist Wan Hua had lied to him.

Daoist Wan Hua looked at the clouds with a disdainful smile. "You treat the Western Frontier as a treasure land, but you don't know how big this world is.

"Not to mention the Western Frontier, even the Heavenly Mystic World is a barren land compared to the Immortal Spirit World.

"I seek immortality in the Immortal Spirit World. If you don't go, you will never have a chance!"

Immortality!

Which cultivator didn't want the chance to live forever?

How many people could resist the temptation of immortality?

"Fellow Daoist Wan Hua..." An old man with a white beard called out softly.

Daoist Wan Hua turned around and looked at him coldly.

The old man was stunned and lowered his head.

Only by submitting could he leave with Daoist Wan Hua.

Fellow Daoist was not a way to address submission.

“Grand Daoist Wan Hua, I, I am willing to submit and follow you to the Immortal Spirit World.”

Submit.

For eternal life, they chose to submit.

Voices sounded in the clouds.

At this moment, the dragon pillars shook and then shattered into pieces.

The ground cracked, and golden spiritual light rose.

Dao Sword Mountain!

The shadow of a huge sword slowly appeared in the crack of the snow mountain.

This sword possessed unimaginable power!

As soon as the shadow of the Dao Sword appeared, everyone felt their hearts tremble.

The four elites of the Spiritual Dao Sect moved and appeared in midair, staring at the huge sword.

They wanted to take this sword.

However, there were countless sect elites below.

“You can also submit to my Shi Heng Dao Sect and cultivate with us in the Immortal Spirit World.”

Lu Qingchen hovered in the air and lowered his head as he spoke.

Cultivate in the Immortal Spirit World?

To seek the path of longevity.

Below, the eyes of the various sect elites flashed with spiritual light.

“Han Muye, I’ll give you a chance too.”

Lu Qingchen looked up at Han Muye, who was holding a long sword.

“Become my disciple and I’ll take you to the Immortal Spirit World.”

Lu Qingchen smiled.

He knew that a cultivation talent like Han Muye knew how to choose.

The Immortal Spirit World was an irresistible temptation.

The more powerful and talented one was, the more one wanted to enter the Immortal Spirit World.

Cultivation should pursue eternal life.

In order to live forever, what could one not do?

At this moment, everyone below looked at Han Muye.

What would this Sword Immortal choose?

Han Muye lowered his head and looked at the sect elites.

They were waiting for his choice.

Choice?

Sure.

Han Muye chuckled and tightened his grip on the plain wish sword.

“Clang—”

The sword was unsheathed!

The sword light carried a dazzling cold light.

Ever since Elder Zhu Shen died, this sword had never been pulled out.

At this moment, the sword light that had been hidden for countless years slashed down with a cold aura.

This strike was not sharp.

However, this strike carried an unforgettable boundlessness!

Han Muye slashed out, and a white-haired old man seemed to appear behind him. He smiled and nodded.

This sword was Han Muye's choice.

To hell with immortality!

What I want is to be a carefree Sword Immortal!

Submit?

Get lost!

The sword light cut through the void like lightning!

Lu Qingchen and the few figures behind him had ugly expressions on their faces. They raised their hands and rays of spiritual light blocked the sword.

"Slash—"

The sword light cut through the spiritual light and chased after Lu Qingchen, causing him to escape several times before he was able to suspend himself in the air.

Han Muye held his sword and looked at him quietly with a smile.

Below, the elites of the sect also smiled.

This was a sword cultivator.

This was how cultivation should be.

Draw the sword!

“Alright, alright.” Lu Qingchen gritted his teeth as his gaze swept across the crowd below, revealing a sinister expression.

“You’ll regret this—”

As soon as he finished speaking, he and the three figures behind him exploded. They turned into blood-colored spiritual light and rushed towards the cloud.

They were originally incarnations of Daoist Wan Hua. Now that they returned, they carried a huge amount of Qi, blood, and Spiritual Qi and poured them into Daoist Wan Hua’s body.

“Boom!”

The spiritual light turned into a pillar of light. Daoist Wan Hua laughed and no longer suppressed his cultivation.

Fourth level of the Nascent Soul Stage!

With the help of his incarnation, he revealed a cultivation at the fourth level of the Nascent Soul Stage.

His cultivation had already suppressed the Western Frontier. With another increase, everyone could only look up to him.

“Li Mubai, I know that you have already stepped into the third level of the Nascent Soul Stage. Now, are you willing to submit to me?” Daoist Wan Hua laughed wildly.

On the cloud, the demonic light on Li Mubai’s body suffused. He was indeed at the third level of the Nascent Soul Stage.

This demonic light flickered, dyeing the sky dark.

However, compared to Daoist Wan Hua, he was clearly inferior.

“Submit?”

Li Mubai looked at Daoist Wan Hua and said coldly, “Let’s see if you have the ability!”

As soon as he finished speaking, a dark golden spear in his hand emitted a cold demonic intent as it stabbed towards Daoist Wan Hua.

“Just because of this?” Daoist Wan Hua sneered.

“And me.”

A suppressive force instantly erupted from Tuoba Cheng’s body.

Chapter 400: Daoist Ju Shi, Heavenly Wolf Sword Pill

Tuoba Cheng’s cultivation immediately broke through to the Heaven Realm!

A dark golden tiger phantom appeared behind Tuoba Cheng and stared at Daoist Wan Hua.

Looking at this ferocious tiger, Daoist Wan Hua’s eyes flashed.

“I know what you and Jin Ze are thinking.

“Jin Ze imparted his life’s cultivation to you through enlightenment. Then his soul combined with your sword aura to help you reach the Heaven Realm.”

Daoist Wan Hua shouted as the spiritual light on his body transformed into a mountain peak.

The cultivation method of Shi Heng Dao Sect.

Below, Han Muye, who was standing with his sword, sighed softly.

Sect Master Jin Ze used his soul and cultivation as the price to help Tuoba Cheng break through to the Heaven Realm.

He knew about this, but there was nothing he could do.

Jin Ze and Tuoba Cheng had already started this procedure. It was too late for him to stop them.

The only help was to refine the Void Infant Pill and help Tuoba Cheng break through.

When Sect Master Jin Ze and Tuoba Cheng arrived at Jialing River, all the power in Jin Ze’s body had already been poured in. He was just waiting for the last white tiger to condense into the momentum.

At this moment, Tuoba Cheng had stepped into the Heaven Realm and Sect Master Jin Ze had died.

It could not be said that he had died.

After all, Sect Master Jin Ze’s soul had transformed into Tuoba Cheng’s ferocious tiger momentum that could suppress the Nine Mystic Mountain in the future.

“Roar—”

Behind Tuoba Cheng, a ferocious tiger roared and collided with Li Mubai’s demonic light.

“I knew that your Shangyang Demon Sect was colluding with the Nine Mystic Sword Sect.

“This enlightenment technique is a demonic technique, right?”

Daoist Wan Hua sneered and a round jade-colored fan appeared in his hand.

There were beautiful flowers and spirit lights on the fan.

Dharma treasure.

This was a strange Dharma treasure.

The Spiritual Dao Sect suppressed the Western Frontier, so it was normal for them to have magic treasures.

“Sigh, although I’m not good at fighting, I’m afraid I have no choice but to attack now.” On the cloud, the Mu family’s patriarch shook his head and took a step forward.

He was at the Western Frontier Heaven Realm.

The Sect Leader of the Wind Spirit Sword Sect, Zhang Cheng, who was standing on the cloud, hesitated. In the end, he chose to take a step forward.

He was also a cultivator of the Western Frontier.

The two demon cultivators who had been standing on the cloud looked at each other and turned to leave.

They were not cultivators from the Western Frontier and had no intention of getting involved.

In an instant, the situation in the Western Frontier turned chaotic.

The Spiritual Dao Sect’s Daoist Wan Hua alone had the momentum to suppress the entire Western Frontier.

“Since this is your choice, die!”

Immortal Wan Hua waved the fan in his hand, and a burst of green spiritual light turned into green leaves that blocked the tiger and the demonic aura. Then, he flew down.

What he wanted was the Dao Sword!

“We can’t let him get that sword!” In the sky, Li Mubai shouted.

In the distance, Deng Chungang, who was fighting the six aquatic demons, slashed out with his sword, preparing to turn around.

Then he stopped.

In front of the Dao Sword, Han Muye raised the sword in his hand.

Under the Dao Sword, sword light and Spiritual Qi rose from countless elites of the Western Frontier.

These people were the future of the Western Frontier's cultivation world.

Their blood was hot!

They were willing to fight to protect the Western Frontier!

Heaven Realm.

Nascent Soul.

The fourth major cultivator of the Nascent Soul Stage, the number one expert in the Western Frontier.

So what?

Draw the sword!

"Clang—"

The sound of the sword being unsheathed filled the air, bringing with it the soft sound of heaven and earth.

Countless magical techniques rose, turning the sky into seven colors!

These sect elites had cultivated for less than a hundred years and did not waste so much time submitting.

They had all traveled 100,000 miles in reverse, their fighting spirit surging.

They treated the Western Frontier as their home!

Even though Immortal Spirit World was good, it wasn't their home!

Han Muye let out a long laugh, and the sword in his palm reflected endless light.

"I, Han Muye, am a good teacher. Today, I will demonstrate a sword move for all of you!"

Back then, Han Muye had once practiced the Rock Shattering Sword Technique.

Today, he was going to practice the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!

The sword light combined with all the spiritual light and sword Qi below and directly transformed into a 10,000-feet long sword.

The moment this sword appeared, it caused the Dao Sword below to tremble.

The sword intent in the world was interlinked!

Attracted by the sword intent, the Mountain Dao Sword seemed to surrender!

Daoist Wan Hua's expression was vicious. The spiritual light on the fan in his hand exploded, turning into a pair of bloody claws that smashed towards Han Muye's head.

He wanted to kill Han Muye before the sword light in his hand completely condensed!

“Daoist Wan Hua, you’re not a sword cultivator. You don’t know that our sword intent will become stronger when we encounter stronger opponents!”

Han Muye laughed and the sword light in his hand instantly condensed, then he stabbed out.

“The sword is in the heart, turning 10,000 swords into one...”

“This sword is the Ancestral Return of 10,000 Swords!”

The sword light collided with the blood claw and shattered it. Then the sword light slashed down at Daoist Wan Hua without hesitation!

So what if he was the number one expert in the Western Frontier?

“Slash!”

Daoist Wan Hua gritted his teeth and the fan in his hand exploded, turning into a golden flower that blocked above his head.

“Boom!”

The sword light struck the flower and shattered it into pieces.

Spiritual light shone from Daoist Wan Hua’s body as treasures appeared around him.

These treasures exploded without hesitation and turned into spiritual light that collided with the sword.

Unfortunately, the long sword was unwavering and slashed down.

“Boom!”

Daoist Wan Hua’s body exploded and a phantom flew out.

Nascent Soul!

The moment the sword slashed down, Daoist Wan Hua used his body as the price to let his Nascent Soul escape.

His Nascent Soul rushed towards the spinning formation in the void and stopped thinking about the Doctrine Sword.

Li Mubai, Tuoba Cheng, and the others flew towards Daoist Wan Hua’s Nascent Soul.

“Trash.”

A voice came from the array formation in the sky.

A Daoist in a green robe stepped out of the formation and pressed his hand on the head of Daoist Wan Hua’s Nascent Soul.

“Master, spare me...”

Daoist Wan Hua’s Nascent Soul exclaimed.

“Master?” The Daoist shook his head and said calmly, “You’re not qualified to be my disciple.”

