

# Tales of Herding Gods

## Chapter 31: Li River Sword Skills

Qin Mu's heart pumped wildly as he took down his Pig Slaughtering Knife from his back. It was the first time he had encountered such a disposition.

Mu Beifeng's bearing put him under an invisible pressure.

Every action and word that this elder did and said gave everyone immense pressure ever since he had entered the village.

The fight between him and Senior Brother Qu was forced upon him and he had no choice but to fight back. However, the disposition in front of him now made him slightly terrified.

"What am I still scared of when I had already peed on the stone statues in the village? I have already seen monsters like Woman Wu and the devil in Doom Suppression Palace. If I wasn't scared then why am I scared now? No matter how strong Mu Beifeng is, he will never be stronger than the gods and devils!"

Qin Mu composed himself, stabilising his panicky emotion. He looked around and frowned slightly. The village wasn't particularly big and including him, there was a total of twenty two people standing here like wooden piles. The position where everyone was standing was different and random, populating the entire village.

Village Chief lied on his stretcher while Apothecary stood beside him. Butcher propped his upper body on a wooden pile while Old Ma was leaning on another one. Granny Si carried her basket, Mute stood in front of his workshop, Deaf held onto his writing brush which was dripping with ink and Cripple was standing on one leg with the help of his crutch.

The people that Mu Beifeng had brought over had also paid particular attention to their placements. All of their placements were very queer, making hard for everyone to move quickly in the village, much less fighting.

This kind of situation called for an extreme precision in using qi to manipulate sword!

If one was to use qi to manipulate sword, he would need to be careful and be extremely precise in case their sword got disrupted by colliding with other people. Knife skill from the battle techniques faction was unable to achieve this, and that's why Qin Mu who had cultivated Butcher's Pig Slaughtering Knife Skill, was unable to do it.

“Right here?” Qin Mu asked.

Qian Qiu nodded his head, “We’ll fight right here!”

Qin Mu sheathed his Pig Slaughtering Knife and showed his bare fists.

Qian Qiu saw Qin Mu sheathing his Pig Slaughtering Knife and the gleam in his eye wavered. He hadn’t expected Qin Mu would rather fight him barehanded.

Before Mu Beifeng had brought them here, they had investigated the ruins in the valley. From the remaining bones of Senior Brother Qu, Mu Beifeng had deduced that he had died from Qin Mu’s knife skill.

Qin Mu had picked up a wooden stick at that time and used it as a knife to beat Senior Brother Qu. On his bones, there were various hairline cracks left from intense beating.

From this, he was able to deduce that Qin Mu’s knife skill was very intricate. In addition, the speed of Qin Mu’s footsteps was also definitely very fast as that was the only way he could move continuously to strike Senior Brother Qu from all directions!

With Mu Beifeng’s extraordinary abilities, and being one of the experts in the world, he could determine that Qin Mu had definitely used battle techniques from the marks Qin Mu had left behind.

The battle technique faction was specialised in close combat and had little to no experience in using qi to manipulate sword.

From then on, Mu Beifeng had fixed a scheme to kill Qin Mu. Once they were all in the village, the placements where all of them were standing would be different in order to lay out Li River Aqua Dragon Formation. Nine eyes of the formation would be purposely left and Mu Beifeng would be standing on the position on the dragon head.

Other than Qian Qiu, the rest were all experts from Li River Sect. In order to prevent Li River Aqua Dragon Formation from unleashing its combined effect, the villagers of Disabled Elderly Village would need to block up the eyes of the formation. Both Village Chief and Apothecary blocked the dragon’s eyes while Blind blocked its heart. Cripple, Granny Si, Old Ma, Butcher stood on the joints of the limbs of the Aqua Dragon Formation. Meanwhile, Blacksmith suppressed the dragon’s body while Deaf suppressed the dragon’s tail.

This resulted in the current situation in the village. Due to everyone being strewn at random, it was very hard for anyone to move quickly in the village or use qi to manipulate sword unless one had extremely high attainments in using qi to manipulate sword.

Obviously, Qin Mu was no such person.

And his disciple, Qian Qu, was such a person.

Even though Qian Qiu was still a Spirit Embryo Realm practitioner, he had extremely high competence in using qi to manipulate sword. His vital qi thread was molded fine beyond comparison and had astonishing skills. He had once used his qi to control a brush to paint a traditional painting of a beautiful woman from a hundred yards away. Every strand of hair of the woman on the painting was clearly defined and not messy at all.

If Qin Mu was to use a knife to fight him, Qin Mu was bound to lose.

It was out of Qian Qiu's expectation when Qin Mu sheathed his knife and took up his challenge barehanded. However, no matter how you looked, bare fists were definitely at a disadvantage against a treasure sword. Furthermore, the sword he had brought this time wasn't any normal sword, it was a spirit sword that had been nurtured and born in a Six Directions Divine Treasure of a divine arts practitioner.

In sharpness, durability, strength or spirituality, a spirit sword would far surpass any normal weapon.

Qin Mu bowed in respect, "If you please, senior brother."

Qian Qiu returned his respect as his treasure sword started humming behind him, "Please, junior brother."

The moment Qin Mu raised his leg, the treasure sword behind Qian Qiu's back flew out of its pouch. With his qi controlling the treasure sword, the sword came stabbing towards Qin Mu in a threatening cold aura.

The vital qi thread was so fine that it was unable to clearly seen with the naked eye. With a gentle vibration, a flurry of stabs came towards Qin Mu from various tricky directions at a dazzling speed!

As a martial arts practitioner, to be able to train using qi to manipulate sword to this level was already quite a valuable accomplishment!

Qin Mu's footsteps were extremely agile as he weaved across the people who stood there still. The speed of Qian Qiu's sword, however, was even faster. One would be speechless seeing exquisite sword skill. His sword possessed no threat to the people that stood there without moving, however, every move was life-threatening to Qin Mu.

Qin Mu was simply unable to dodge the sword light even if he had executed Cripple's Heaven Pilfering Leg Skill. There were simply too many obstacles around here and every single person standing still limited his speed and he couldn't unleash his full speed!

Whoosh—!

Qin Mu observed fire in his mind and his vital qi suddenly became extremely violent and a roar of a dragon could be heard faintly. On his arm, a flame dragon indistinctly appeared to coil around his arms.

This flame dragon was blurry. Sometimes the dragon head would merge together with his fist while other times the dragon claws would merge with his palm as it was ever changing.

As the sword light came towards Qin Mu, he welcomed it with a punch. Just as his fist was about to clash with the spirit sword, his five fingers suddenly opened and the air in his palm exploded, jolting away the sword tip which was coming at him!

Dang dang dang dang dang—!

Qin Mu's five fingers flicked out and collided with the whole sword one after another. Every flick exploded with a loud boom like a huge hammer colliding ruthlessly onto the sword.

When he had flicked his fifth finger, the spirit sword had been flicked away by him, shattering Qian Qiu's vital qi thread at the same time.

Qin Mu sped up his pace again and weaved into the crowd while moving rapidly towards Qian Qiu. At this moment, Qian Qiu had a stupefied expression, however, another sword hum sounded from his sword pouch as a second spirit sword came flying out towards him.

Qin Mu was astonished and immediately retreated. A third spirit sword then flew out, followed by a fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh...

Over ten spirit swords drifted together in a line as Qian Qiu's vital qi thread ran through the sword handles to the sword tips. All the swords were connected from handle to tip and they spanned twenty yards in length. The swords were like a living silver dragon tumbling in the sky as well as the churning waters of the Li River.

Li River Sword Skills!

The best sword skills in the southern border.

Qian Qiu's first sword was extremely nimble as it turned around in all directions. The swords behind turned together with it as they passed through the crowds without even touching anyone. From Qin Mu point of view, he could only see the tip of the first sword and was unable to see the rest.

A strong sense of threat appeared in his heart. What he couldn't see just meant the unknown, which also meant that he was unable to dodge it as he couldn't predict where the swords would come from.

Li River Sword Skills were indeed treacherous!

At this moment, the first spirit sword trembled into a flurry of stabs towards Qin Mu, dazzling him.

Following behind the flurry of swords, the second spirit sword left the line-up and suddenly flew towards Qin Mu's neck while being controlled by another standalone vital qi.

Chapter 32: Meeting The Divine Spear

Qin Mu's hairs stood on end and he reacted instantly to grab the spirit sword which resulted in a sharp pain in his palm as he got stabbed by it.

"Mu..."

Granny Si couldn't help crying out however she didn't continue after receiving a stare from Village Chief.

As Qin Mu grabbed onto the spirit sword, it struggled in his palm and caused more wounds, making his palm into a bloody mess. With his dense vital qi protecting his palm as well, he didn't let the spirit sword to slice off his palm.

However, in the next instant, the third spirit sword left the line-up, followed by the fourth and the fifth!

Qian Qiu's gaze flickered. Victory was already set in stone. For Qin Mu to cultivate to this step despite his age was already not easy for him. However Qin Mu only had two hands after all, how would he be able to catch all the swords?

Suddenly, Qian Qiu's pupils retracted. Qin Mu's hands repeatedly grabbed all his spirit swords in his hands as he seemed to actually have grown dozens of arms!

Before the swords could even stab Qin Mu, they were already caught by him on their handles.

Thunderclap Eight Strikes Eighth Form, Thousand-Armed Buddha!

Qian Qiu's expression slightly changed. He vibrated his vital qi thread, and the spirit swords on Qin Mu's hands vibrated tremendously as they struggled to escape from Qin

Mu's palm. At the same time, the other swords all came stabbing towards Qin Mu's eyes and throat!

Qin Mu immediately grabbed the handles of five swords. There were still seven swords left which were coming straight at him. The swords hummed as they spun like spinning tops in midair, trying to drill a big hole through his brain into his throat!

Granny Si couldn't bear to see Qin Mu get hurt. Suddenly Qin Mu gave a loud roar and a thick vital qi burst out from his body and gave a slash using the Pig Slaughtering Knife from his back.

Clank—!

The seven swords were sliced apart at the same time and landed on the ground!

“Such a thick vital qi thread!”

Qian Qiu was astonished. Qin Mu's slash was out of the sudden, making him unable to guard against it. Furthermore, Qin Mu's vital qi thread was illogically thick and the power of his knife was also greater beyond belief.

The Pig Slaughtering Knife was also extremely sharp, even sharper and tenacious than spirit weapons.

With strength as great as Qin Mu's, combining with the sharpness of Pig Slaughtering Knife, it was an easy feat for Qin Mu to slice apart Qian Qiu's seven swords!

Before the shock in Qian Qiu's heart could fade, Qin Mu suddenly flicked his wrist and tossed the five swords in his arms towards him. The five swords broke through the air at an unimaginable speed.

Qian Qiu however, revealed a smile and raised his hand, shooting out vital qi thread towards the five spirit swords. At the same time, another few spirit swords came flying out of his pouch again.

His sword pouch didn't look big and shouldn't have been able to fit many swords, however, it was extremely strange that the spirit swords just came flying out one after another.

Contrary to his expectation, just as Qian Qiu's vital qi thread coiled around the five spirit sword flying over, his expression changed drastically. Qin Mu's terrifying vital qi was actually hidden inside the sword and surged out destroying his vital qi threads before they could coil around the swords.

Qian Qiu also had quite a fast reaction as he used the spirit swords that just flew out of his pouch to defend against the five spirit swords.

At the same time, Qin Mu rushed forward and Qian Qiu immediately pointed a finger at his back. Another spirit sword shot out towards Qin Mu!

A queer voice came out of Qin Mu's mouth. The sound was very short but it contained an indescribable temperament. The strange and sinister sound was accompanied by the youth's karana mudra which struck at Qian Qiu from several yards away.

“Sa mo ye!”

Qian Qiu only felt the wind from Qin Mu's palm but it didn't contain any power. Just as he was about to focus on defending the five spirit swords, his soul suddenly flew out of his body as it got absorbed into Qin Mu's palm, scaring the soul out of him.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud! Thud!

A continuous five thuds sounded out as the five spirit swords stabbed into his body after he lost control of the spirit swords that were meant to defend against his enemy. The five spirit swords brought his body up into the sky and landed backward.'

Bang—!

The pillar which hung the flag of the butcher's shop trembled when Qian Qiu's corpse landed on it with his head hanging down.

Qin Mu's palm was still bleeding as he forceful gripped his hand, squirting his blood and crushing Qian Qiu's souls in pieces.

Devil Freedom Mudra was perfect for extinguishing souls.

Qin Mu turned his head over and revealed his smile, “Granny, I won!”

Granny Si was finally relieved, but then she burst into anger, “Little rascal, you hurt your hands. I'll beat you to death later! Don't wipe your blood on your body! If the new clothes are dirtied and the stains can't be washed away, I will also beat you to death!”

Village Chief's gaze fell upon Mu Beifeng who was sitting in front of him and said, “Brother Mu, your disciple has lost. Would you like to retrieve him and place him in the coffin wearing the burial clothes?”

Mu Beifeng raised his head and looked at Qian Qiu's corpse which was hanging on the pillar. He shook his head and replied, “I'll bring his corpse back and give him a proper burial. On the contrary, this little brother here obviously has extremely dense cultivation but he used devil voice from the devil techniques. I despise such a despicable method.”

What he meant was the move that had killed Qian Qiu, the Devil Freedom Mudra. Even though he had never seen this type of mudra before but the voice that came out from

Qin Mu's mouth was clearly the voice of devil therefore what Qin Mu had used was definitely a devil technique.

He could see Qin Mu's dense cultivation which was much denser than Qian Qiu's, however, Qin Mu didn't seem to have much life and death experiences thus he wasn't able to completely unleash his strengths.

Using devil technique to win was only a cheap trick to him, therefore, he despised him.

Village Chief's gaze wavered. He also had no idea where Qin Mu had learned the devil technique and actually managed to pull the soul out of his opponent to kill him.

The only person who walked the true devil path was Granny Si. Could she be the one who had imparted the skill to Qin Mu?

Village Chief said softly, "Mu'er, it's a taboo to extinguish one's soul, so try to use less of such methods."

Qin Mu immediately nodded his head.

Village Chief looked at Mu Beifeng and said, "There are still eleven coffins remaining."

Mu Beifeng's eyebrow drooped and replied, "Since the coffins and the burial clothes are done, we naturally need to use them."

Village Chief invited, "If you please."

Mu Beifeng rose up, "Please."

Li River Aqua Dragon Formation activated with a loud bang and the ten experts behind him burst forth with an imposing aura, linking their aura in one line with Mu Beifeng's.

Whoosh—!

The river water surged as the water vapor diffused into the air. In the tiny Disabled Elderly Village, a long river suddenly appeared from nowhere with its waves overflowing to the sky!

This moving river was exactly the Li River on the southern border!

Mu Beifeng and the ten Li River Sect's experts stood on this small-scaled Li River. Countless swords could be seen shuttling back and forth in the river, like tiny silver fishes.

Li River Sect was known for their sword mastery and this sect's sword mastery could be considered the best in the southern border. Having ten of Li River's experts executing Li



River Aqua Dragon Formation with their sect leader Mu Beifeng, the numbers of flying swords they had used were unimaginable!

Back when Granny Si had fought with the Li River's Five Elders, the head of the five elders, Qi Yanbing had hidden six thousand eight hundred and forty-two swords inside his sword pellet which was already very scary.

And now the numbers of swords in Li River Aqua Dragon Formation was ten times more than the numbers of swords Qi Yanbing had hidden in his sword pellet!

Ten thousand flying swords formed the shape of a silver dragon in the water. Numerous glints of swords were flowing around inside the dragon preparing to stir up havoc!

It was still the first time Qin Mu had seen such a frightening sword formation that he hadn't even dared to think of before!

If the sword formation was unleashed, it would probably demolish the entire village!

Village Chief remained leaning on his stretcher. There was no change of expression while facing the frightening sword formation in front of him as he said softly, "Blind."

Blind raised his head as if he was looking at the mysteries of the Li River Aqua Dragon Formation. However, with his eye sockets empty, how was he able to see without his eyeballs?

The countless swords gave off sharp screeching just like a raging dragon exploding out savagely. They broke through the air and putting an earth-shattering pressure on Disabled Elderly Village!

Blind raised his bamboo cane with one hand and pointed it towards the countless sword lights with a long chant, "With my dragon slaying skill, I shall break the Li River today—"

Ding.

A crisp colliding sound drowned out the screeching of all the swords. The silver dragon in midair which looked like it could destroy everything suddenly turned stiff. The numerous swords suddenly came clanging down and went stabbing onto the ground.

Blind gently raised his bamboo cane and the small scaled Li River which was formed by the flood was actually lifted up by the cane before it fell apart. The Li River was unable to hold its form and it turned into huge puddles of water raining down.

Blind's long chant was still ongoing as he walked forward in the water. His shoes had no contact with the surface of the water and the bamboo cane in his hand pointed here and there. With just a poke, the eyebrow center of one of the Li Jiang experts exploded as the cane penetrated through his head.

Another person raised his hand to block but the bamboo cane penetrated through his palm and into his chest.

Blind walked from the beginning of the river to the end. Behind him, the corpses fell from the sky one by one as he finally came face to face with Mu Beifeng. As their figures intertwined, Qin Mu couldn't see how many times had the two of them clashed and how many divine arts had they executed.

Mu Beifeng landed on the ground and walked two steps forward.

Meanwhile, Blind was still at the word "today" of his "I shall break the Li River today".

"I know who you are, Blind. I would never have thought you would hide here and never would have expected you to have such strength after your eyes got destroyed!"

Finishing his sentence, Mu Beifeng's face suddenly turned pale white and he sat down in front of Village Chief, requesting in a soft voice, "We, the Li River Sect, rely on the river to make a living. Our tradition is to have a water burial and should not be exposed to earth. May I have your blessing."

Village Chief nodded his head, "Don't worry, the river is right outside the village."

"I can die without regrets meeting Spear God!"

Mu Beifeng passed away with a smile on his expiring breath.

Walking around to his back, Qin Mu jumped in shock as he saw a huge hole at the back of Mu Beifeng's head.