

Eternal Heart 151

Chapter 151: Legacy Ground

In his palm, a sword-shaped Jade Talisman appeared.

Chen Yu, who was observing secretly, felt a chill in his heart. This was exactly the trump card that Lv Santong had previously forced open the exterior prohibitions of the great hall with.

Once this talisman was activated, it was almost equal to the strike of a Qi Transformation Innate level.

Of course,

Chen Yu did not worry for Qiu Xinxin. Whether it was this woman or Lv Santong, he only harbored hostility and murderous intent towards them.

Buzz whoosh!

From the sword-shaped Jade Talisman, a whip-like, dazzling orange sword light burst forth.

"Not good!"

The formidable presence was so oppressive that Qiu Xinxin felt suffocated.

Qiu Xinxin's face lost all color.

Under this strike, almost comparable to Qi Transformation Innate level, even if she possessed a replica of the Blood Moon Sword, she would instantly be killed.

At the moment he activated the talisman, Lv Santong revealed a hint of regret.

Firstly, the talisman was extremely difficult to craft and was greatly treasured; he only had three, and this was the last one.

Secondly, he quite regretted the imminent loss of a beauty like Qiu Xinxin.

However,

He had no choice but to do it.

The current Liu Xin'er was exceedingly powerful, almost on par with Postnatal Qi Transformation level, beyond what he could withstand.

Stranger still,

This woman had been affected by his unique "Heavenly Maiden Drunken Fragrance Powder," yet it had not taken effect.

Whoosh sizzle!

Just as the brilliant orange sword light, about to shatter the blood-colored sword halo cast by Qiu Xinxin, was about to tear her apart,

At the instant of life and death,

Qiu Xinxin's face showed determination, and she sacrificed the [Blood Sun Pearl] in her other hand. Her body's vigor and essence blood were frantically drained as if by a bottomless void.

Buzz!

The [Blood Sun Pearl] suddenly shone brightly, like a blood-red sun, radiating a magnificent Blood Sun brilliance over an area of ten to twenty zhang.

"That is..."

Chen Yu, who was a considerable distance away, felt an unstoppable, vast power.

In his perception, everything was obscured by the Blood Sun brilliance.

Even the Iron Moon Strange Insect, on the edge of the twenty-zhang radius, was knocked unconscious by the powerful shock wave's residual force.

Boom boom! Hiss!

Inside the Blood Sun brilliance, the brilliant orange sword light swept past, cutting a crack in the Blood Sun light, and it immediately dimmed.

Immediately after,

A muffled groan was heard, accompanied by Lv Santong's shout of shock and rage.

With a "bang",

Lv Santong's body was sent flying seven or eight zhang, his soft silver armor revealed a fissure, and a trickle of blood leaked from the corner of his mouth.

His face was filled with horror.

It was unimaginable that the [Blood Sun Pearl], barely activated in the hands of someone at the Organ Refining Stage, had shattered his killing move, which was almost on par with a Qi Transformation Innate strike.

Moreover, his mid-level quality soft silk armor was nearly ruined.

Lv Santong had barely saved his own life.

While Qiu Xinxin on the other side was pale, her delicate body swaying as if about to fall.

Just now, forcibly activating the [Blood Sun Pearl] beyond her level, had caused an enormous depletion of her life force and essence blood.

And that was only the first part.

The second was the "Heavenly Maiden Drunken Fragrance Powder" that Lv Santong had released earlier.

Suddenly,

A blush appeared on Qiu Xinxin's face, a warm redness surfaced on her snow-white skin, and her eyes gradually became hazy.

Originally,

Qiu Xinxin had used a special Secret Technique to temporarily imprison the power of the "Heavenly Maiden Drunken Fragrance Powder."

Her plan was to deal with Lv Santong first and then neutralize the effects of the powder.

But now, having exhausted a great deal of her essence blood and vigor, the power of the Heavenly Maiden Drunken Fragrance Powder had completely slipped from her control, fiercely striking back at her weakened body.

"Ha ha, the fact that this strike didn't kill you is actually a pleasant surprise."

Lv Santong suddenly burst into laughter.

At this moment,

Qiu Xinxin, unable to control herself, had her clear, watery eyes shrouded in endless spring desire, her face filled with a dazed expression mixed with a bit of struggle.

Lv Santong steadied his vitality, swallowed a Spirit Pill, and then approached Qiu Xinxin with a heh heh laugh.

"Great opportunity!"

Chen Yu quietly approached, holding a javelin in his hand.

Just as he was about to make his move.

"Heh heh... Infinite Thief Chen Yu, how much longer do you plan to hide?"

Lv Santong let out a strange laugh.

He halted his steps and looked toward the corner where Chen Yu was, his face full of caution.

Chen Yu was taken aback, the javelin in his hand froze.

Since when had Lv Santong discovered him and even accurately pointed out his name?

Woosh swish!

Chen Yu put away the javelin, his figure flickered, and he approached the grand statue of the woman.

"Chen Yu, don't you find it odd that I could detect your tracking and even be sure it was you?"

Lv Santong gave a sinister smile, as if he controlled everything.

"I don't want to know!"

Chen Yu snorted coldly, brandished the Xuan Heavy Sword, and unleashed a sweep of light, silver sword rainbows as faint as a dying wind, directly swirling towards Lv Santong.

Such a reaction nearly made Lv Santong choke, his vitality rushing to his heart.

His attempt to appear knowledgeable was in fact to cover up his injury and to gain a brief respite.

After all,

He had just taken a precious Spirit Pill, needing only a moment to quickly suppress his injuries.

But unexpectedly,

Chen Yu was not deceived, attacking directly without hesitation.

Relying on instinct, experience, and the sensations from his mysterious heart, Chen Yu was certain that Lv Santong must have been seriously injured, why would he give him a chance?

As for how Lv Santong discovered him?

Chen Yu figured it out in an instant; Lv Santong's other identity was that of the Infinite Thief.

The Infinite Thief had committed many crimes, offended many people, and faced various pursuits but remained at large to this day.

Not only was he skilled at escaping, but he was also an expert in "counter-tracking."

In reality, Chen Yu's guess even overestimated Lv Santong.

Initially, when he used small bugs to track Lv Santong, they were small in size, obscured by many things, and quite far apart, so Lv Santong had not noticed.

But after entering the great hall, the environmental geography became simpler.

When treasures like the [Blood Sun Pearl] appeared, Chen Yu became somewhat impatient, approached closer, and was detected by Lv Santong.

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Forced into a corner, Lv Santong hastened to play his trump card, aiming to eliminate Qiu Xinxin first.

To Chen Yu and Qiu Xinxin, Lv Santong was a common mortal enemy, with greater antagonism; should they join forces, the situation would only worsen.

...

"Clang!"

The sword, light as a fading breeze, clashed with Lv Santong's ironwood treasure sword.

Whoa!

Lv Santong was sent flying backward, spitting blood immediately, his face pale and filled with extreme shock.

With just one strike, the Infinite Thief was repelled!

"How is this possible..."

Lv Santong's face was filled with shock, disbelief ringing in his mind.

When had Chen Yu become so overpowering? A casual blow from him now seemed effortless, its fearsome power almost comparable to the Postnatal Early Stage.

The first time he had seen Chen Yu,

He seemed an insignificant little figure in his eyes.

Even the second time at Yan Family Castle,

Chen Yu had greatly improved, but the strength he showed was, in Lv Santong's eyes, only barely enough for a fight.

Yet now, this "little figure" possessed the power to dominate him in a head-on battle.

Lv Santong was sure that even at his peak, he was not a match for the current Chen Yu.

Furthermore, he was now severely injured, able to exert at most seventy to eighty percent of his strength.

"Chen Yu! Stop! Let's talk this over..."

On top of his injuries, a hint of panic finally flashed across Lv Santong's face.

At this moment,

The great treasure inheritance, the stunning beauty, all seemed within easy reach, fueling a strong sense of unwillingness in his heart.

"Die!"

Without any hesitation, Chen Yu raised his heavy sword and struck down again.

At this time,

The intent to kill in Chen Yu's heart had reached its peak.

Facing an enemy like Lv Santong with a profound background, he must either not oppose him at all or annihilate him completely, giving no chance for retaliation.

Not to mention, the legacy of the great treasures of Blood Burial Garden was at stake here.

Swoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

In his seriously injured state, Lv Santong dodged with a ghostly movement technique, not daring to clash directly.

When it came to speed of movement technique,

He was considered among the top in the three sects' disciples.

But alas, whenever Chen Yu's heart stored power, he could suddenly increase explosive speed, and leveraging the boots on his feet, he could gain an additional thirty percent or more in speed, no less than Lv Santong.

Lv Santong originally had an ancient cyan cloak, a magical artifact that could amplify his speed a few notches, surpassing Chen Yu's boots.

Unfortunately, this cloak had been utterly destroyed while countering the Blood Sun Pearl earlier.

"No..."

Lv Santong felt somewhat desperate, being relentlessly pursued by Chen Yu to a dead corner of the great hall.

It was infuriating that he had three trump cards, yet all had been used.

The first was used while being chased by Mei Changqing.

The second, to break through the barrier outside the great hall.

The third, initially intended to kill Qiu Xinxin, had almost achieved its goal.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Lv Santong, while fleeing, tossed some objects out of his storage bag.

The first to bear the brunt were several black canisters, which exploded into clusters of black and green ethereal flames upon bursting.

Bone Scale Flame!

Chen Yu circulated his "Copper Statue Technique," skimming past the edge of the flames. He felt that the flames caused him very minor harm.

It seemed,

After achieving Copper Bone Mastery, attacks below the Qi Transformation Realm were virtually insignificant to Chen Yu.

"I don't believe it..."

Lv Santong was on the verge of collapse, facing such a formidable defense, he was completely in despair.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

He threw out several more beads, black, white, green, and even colorful ones.

Boom! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Among them, a few dull-colored beads produced vast clouds of black ash smoke, but Chen Yu was well prepared and unaffected.

The other beads,

Some emitted various poisonous gases, some produced dazzling bright lights; they were odd and various.

Yet,

To Chen Yu's robust physique, their effectiveness was minimal, especially since he was prepared.

These items were supposed to be used in unexpected situations.

"Hmm?"

Chen Yu suddenly saw a colorful bead explode, releasing a very comfortable fragrance, and his blood and qi gave a jolt.

His body didn't sense any threat, nor did his mysterious heart react.

However.

Chen Yu felt an unnamed flame growing inside him, and his tongue suddenly became dry.

Inexplicably, his gaze was drawn to Qiu Xinxin not far away, her cheeks flushed red, her breath as sweet as orchids, her dress half-undone, revealing snow-white and rosy, pure and flawless skin.

Chen Yu quickly shook his head to steady his qi and heart.

At this moment.

He had cornered Lv Santong.

Lv Santong was preparing to pull something out when he suddenly felt a pain in his foot, as if bitten by an insect.

"No good!" his face changed drastically.

Whoosh!

A spear pierced through the air, its evil qi roaring like muffled thunder, turning into a purple-silver cold shadow that struck Lv Santong.

Within ten yards.

The terrifying power and speed of the spear gave Lv Santong no chance to defend.

Especially at a fatal weakness.

Spurt!

Lv Santong's body stiffened, looking at the Silver-Edged Spear that ran through his torso, his eyes revealing a despairing and regretful expression.

With a strong unwillingness, he shouted in his heart, "I haven't had my fill of women in this world..."

Whoosh!

Another spear roared through the air, piercing his skull.

"Plop!"

Lv Santong fell to the ground, dead beyond doubt.

This series of moves left no chance for the foe!

Whew!

Chen Yu let out a slight breath of relief, not wanting to see Lv Santong pull out something terrible or disgusting before dying.

Once he confirmed Lv Santong was dead.

Chen Yu approached to retrieve the Silver-Edged Spear from his body.

"Don't."

A struggling female voice, carrying a few notes of melodious tenderness, came from behind.

Turning his head, Chen Yu's heart skipped a beat.

Qiu Xinxin's partially disrobed, delicate form entered his sight, her graceful face blushing enchantingly, exuding an intoxicating charm.

But within her beautiful eyes, there was a glimmer of clarity, barely suppressing the power of the Heavenly Maiden Drunken Immortal Fragrance.

"Don't get tainted by his blood... or else Lv Tiezu..."

Qiu Xinxin only got halfway through her sentence when the Drunken Immortal Fragrance inside her erupted like a volcano, and the last stream of clarity in her eyes was overwhelmed by boundless tenderness and spring desires.

Chen Yu halted his movement, contemplating.

After all, that Lv Tiezu was a Guiyuan Realm Supreme Elder, possessing unfathomable methods.

Should Chen Yu pull out the spear and get stained with Lv Santong's blood, that grandfather Lv Tiezu might use the bloodline as a medium to track down his enemy in the future.

Whew!

Suddenly, Chen Yu felt a fragrant breeze hit him, and a delicate, boneless beauty nestled into his arms.

"Qiu Xinxin... you..."

Chen Yu's body stiffened.

At this moment.

The once most beautiful disciple of Yunyue Sect, the gentle and serene goddess, took the initiative to throw herself into his arms, her radiant face ablush, as though drunk with beauty.

Her full and lovely body pressed against him, accompanied by the intoxicating fragrance of a young girl, setting his heart and mind racing.

Chen Yu wanted to resist, but the fire inside him blazed uncontrollably, like dry kindling meeting a fierce flame, impossible to suppress.

He suddenly remembered the colorful bead Lv Santong had thrown out before dying.

This bead's power had no harmful effects on the body, but it could stimulate certain abilities in a man.

Chen Yu realized he couldn't control the fire within him, his hands involuntarily sliding into Qiu Xinxin's dress, caressing her ice-smooth skin that haunted his dreams.

At the same time.

A thought flashed through his mind, why should he resist?

Continuing on seemed to have no downsides to himself?

This woman had betrayed the Yunyue Sect and had nearly caused his death; she was an enemy, not a friend.

As this thought formed, Chen Yu let go of any restraint, following his primal nature and pressing Liu Xin'er against the corner of the great hall, stripping off her dress, piece by piece...

Before long.

The two fiery figures came together, their intimacy indistinct from one another, merging in passion, their moans continuous.

Chapter 153: Token

In the haze,

Junior Brother Chen felt his consciousness engulfed by a fierce fire that kept burning brighter and fiercer as if it had turned into a primitive beast, plunging into the tempestuous waves of a storm.

No one knew how long the fire had burned.

His body seemed to possess endless stamina, charging through the waves like a wild horse, surmounting one after another without faltering.

The waves in front of him were so tender, soft, and warm...

After a long, long time,

Junior Brother Chen's body finally felt a wave of fatigue and collapsed into the soft waves, comfortably falling asleep.

After an unknown duration,

Chen Yu woke up, stretching leisurely and opening his eyes.

Within his field of vision,

He saw a stunningly beautiful face with lingering flush, and her fair, delicate body was pinned under his, her snowy skin marked with traces and remnants left behind in their frenzy.

"...Qiu Xinxin!"

Chen Yu jerked in shock, suddenly recalling fragments of the madness from the day before.

Even if he was slow to catch on, he understood what had happened.

Shortly after,

Memories of blood-boiling moments surfaced in his mind.

His heart constitution, which had strong immunity to all kinds of deadly and toxic attacks, wouldn't voluntarily interfere with an increase in male vigor.

At least,

He hadn't resisted the comfortable fragrance emitted by the colorful beads.

And when Qiu Xinxin had openly thrown herself into his arms, like dry kindling meeting a fierce flame, things quickly became uncontrollable.

Just then,

The beauty pinned beneath him stirred.

Qiu Xinxin opened her clear, pool-like eyes, her first sight being Chen Yu, and she slipped into a brief daze and a moment of stunned silence.

The next instant,

Her entire beautiful face flushed deeply red, though it quickly turned to a mixture of shy anger and icy coldness.

Hiss!

She tried to move her body only to find her limbs, especially her legs, numb and sore, the critical areas throbbing painfully, leaving her almost immobile.

It was unimaginable,

How long that extended dream inside the violent storm had lasted.

"You... you actually..."

Murderous intent flickered in Qiu Xinxin's beautiful eyes.

She wanted to strike, but her limbs were numb and weak, and being pressed down by him, she couldn't muster any strength.

"Heh heh, Senior Sister Qiu, your expression seems so surprised and unwilling. Could I be mistaken, and it was someone else who threw themselves at me?"

Chen Yu chuckled sardonically.

Despite his words, Chen Yu was inwardly overjoyed, having truly scored a great advantage.

"You..."

Shame and anger overwhelmed Qiu Xinxin, instinctively trying to cover her face.

The other party was heaping blame on the victim first, which nearly brought her to the brink of collapse.

Her pristine and pure body was ruined by this villain, and what made it worse was the feeling of helpless bitterness.

After all... it really had been her who initiated their reckless embrace.

The next moment,

Something felt off to Qiu Xinxin.

Chen Yu was still lying playfully on her tender and soft body with nothing on.

"Get off me now!"

Qiu Xinxin, overcome with shame and rage, scolded sharply with an icy voice.

Reluctantly, Chen Yu got up from the beautiful body and noticed traces of blood on her legs.

The sight stirred a flicker of guilt in him.

But then the thought shifted.

No, something wasn't right, Chen Yu considered, it seemed his own virginity had also come to an end there.

"Don't turn around!"

Qiu Xinxin's furious voice was laden with ice.

Chen Yu silently turned away, hearing the sound of Qiu Xinxin dressing behind him.

Seizing the moment,

Chen Yu surveyed the surroundings within the great hall.

Traces of the previous battle were still present, including Lv Santong's corpse and, particularly, the melted marks left by the Blood Sun Pearl.

Chen Yu didn't want to touch Lv Santong's body just yet.

At a certain moment,

Chen Yu's gaze landed on the square dark silver platform beneath the Blood Robed Woman statue.

Of the four cabinets on the sides of the platform, only the left one was empty.

The other three cabinets each contained an item: a Blood Lotus Skirt, a hide-bound book, and a Token.

These three items must be treasures around the same level as the Blood Sun Pearl.

Thinking of this, Chen Yu's heart warmed with anticipation.

"Don't even think about it... you won't get the treasures within this inheritance hall."

A woman's voice, filled with chill, came from behind.

Turning around to look,

Qiu Xinxin stood clad in an azure-blue dress, her hair slightly disordered, her eyes cold.

The frosty look in her eyes made Chen Yu somewhat uneasy.

"Senior Sister Qiu, it was a first time for both of us, there's no need to be so hostile."

Chen Yu said with a tinge of defiance.

"Villain! You defile my innocence and dare to speak such wild words."

Qiu Xinxin, brimming with shame and fury, gripped a blood-colored crystal sword, almost ready to slash out.

But a sliver of reasoning held back her impulse.

The boy before her was much more powerful than the Infinite Thief.

Most importantly, after being tossed around by him for who knew how long, her body and limbs were still sore and weak.

"Hmph!"

Disgust on her face, Qiu Xinxin spoke coldly: "You are not the one I care for. If it weren't for the fact that you lent a hand in killing the Infinite Thief, I would have cut you down myself."

"Heh heh, so much the better."

Chen Yu smiled indifferently: "Sister has already betrayed the sect, and as your junior brother, I should have struck you down, or even seized the Blood Sun Pearl..."

These words turned Qiu Xinxin's face cold, her body stiffened.

At this moment,

The many cards she held were nearly exhausted, her body still numb and weak.

If Chen Yu truly intended to harm her, she would be hard-pressed to resist.

Moreover,

Chen Yu had all the just reasons to kill her.

Back in the Beishan Spirit Garden, how many of her fellow sect members did Qiu Xinxin's betrayal lead to their deaths?

That battle nearly cost Chen Yu his life, while Duan Xiaolong lost an arm for it.

"However, seeing as you were the first woman in my life, let's call it even this time."

Chen Yu said indifferently.

His gaze swept over the [Blood Sun Pearl] that Qiu Xinxin was cradling in the palm of her hand.

It appeared

That Qiu Xinxin was extremely protective of the pearl, seemingly valuing it even more than her own life.

"Junior Brother Chen, even if you kill me, you won't be able to possess the [Blood Sun Pearl]. And the inheritance treasures here cannot be obtained by anyone without a special origin."

Qiu Xinxin gave a wry smile.

She wasn't lying.

The [Blood Sun Pearl] simply couldn't fit into an ordinary storage bag.

That was just one reason.

Secondly,

The [Blood Sun Pearl] had an extraordinary spirituality that repelled other creatures. Only those strong in the Blood Path or those with special bloodlines could get close.

Of course,

If one's strength reached the level of the Guiyuan Realm, that would be another story.

"I don't believe it."

Chen Yu walked towards the stone cabinet in the most prominent position at the front of the platform.

In the most central and visible location of this stone cabinet, an ancient token was floating.

The magic of this token was that it floated in the air without emitting any obvious power fluctuations.

Chen Yu placed his palm on a slightly recessed palm imprint below the stone cabinet.

A hint of mockery appeared on Qiu Xinxin's face.

Soon,

Chen Yu's palm overlaid with the palm imprint perfectly.

Chen Yu tried to infuse his Yunsha internal energy, but it was like dropping a stone into the sea; there was no reaction whatsoever.

He suddenly remembered.

The stone cabinet that Qiu Xinxin had opened had bloodstains on the palm imprint.

"Hmm."

Chen Yu placed his finger on his lips, bit down hard with his teeth, and restrained the innate defense of the [Copper Statue Technique].

Hiss!

A streak of blood followed Chen Yu's finger and stained the palm imprint.

However,

The stone cabinet still showed no response.

"Without the corresponding origin, such as special cultivation techniques, bloodlines, physique, etc., it is extremely difficult to unlock the inheritance and treasures here."

Qiu Xinxin shook her head and said no more.

She found a clean place, sat cross-legged, and took several elixirs.

At the same time,

Qiu Xinxin held the [Blood Sun Pearl] in the palm of her hand and spat out a mouthful of essence blood onto it.

Buzz~

A layer of soft Blood Sun glow appeared on the [Blood Sun Pearl], which began to absorb the power of the essence blood.

Meanwhile,

Chen Yu's palm was still attached to the palm imprint, but he closed his eyes.

"Unusual physique would do?"

Chen Yu secretly circulated the energy in his heart, and the slow, heavy beating engraved him into a strange sensory state.

In that moment,

He felt a strange throbbing emanating from the token inside the cabinet, as if there was a mysterious force field present.

Thump thump! Thump thump!

The mysterious heartbeats produced a strange fluctuation, resonating with the token.

Buzz!

Suddenly, the ancient token inside the stone cabinet trembled.

On the surface of the token, mysterious and radiant silver tadpole scripts emerged, surrounding a central black and white divided mysterious sun totem.

The shifting patterns of these scripts and symbols gave Chen Yu a profound and unfathomable sensation.

A mere glance brought on a wave of dizziness.

Crack!

The blood-colored glass in front of the stone cabinet suddenly opened.

Swoosh!

The ancient token in a flash automatically landed into Chen Yu's palm.

How could this be!

Qiu Xinxin, who wasn't far away, was stunned by this scene.

"How did he do that? Judging from the layout of the inheritance, the items in the central stone cabinet might be the most valuable and significant."

Surprise spread across Qiu Xinxin's pretty face, disbelief was evident.

She had obtained a [Blood Sun Pearl] due to her special lineage, which had some connection to the master of this inheritance.

Furthermore, Qiu Xinxin had originally practiced a Blood Dao Technique that was well-matched, although it had been sealed away before.

But Chen Yu?

It seemed he neither had any special bloodline in that regard, nor had he practiced any Blood Dao Technique.

"This..."

Chen Yu received the ancient token, shocked.

He recalled.

In the end, it seemed to be the beating of his mysterious heart resonating with the token that caused the stone cabinet to open.

In the palm of his hand, the ancient token went quiet, appearing utterly ordinary.

Chen Yu infused it with his internal energy, but there was no reaction at all.

He initially confirmed.

Ordinary internal energy couldn't activate the ancient token.

Chen Yu tried to put the token into his storage bag, but it was impossible.

This confirmed what Lv Santong had said before, that some treasures of extremely high-ranking beings couldn't be contained by ordinary storage bags.

"Store!"

At this moment, the [Blood Sun Pearl] in Qiu Xinxin's palm retracted its glow, dimmed a bit, and shrank slightly.

Following that,

Qiu Xinxin opened her mouth and, treating the pearl as if it were a large elixir, swallowed it.

Chen Yu had a peculiar look on his face.

He guessed that Qiu Xinxin must have used some secret technique to swallow the [Blood Sun Pearl] to avoid being searched by the Bone Demon Palace faction after leaving.

Chen Yu pondered, reorganized his Light Silver Crystal Space a bit, and cleared out a few items.

"Enter!"

With a thought, the ancient token in Chen Yu's palm disappeared.

This naturally astonished Qiu Xinxin not a little.

But she wisely didn't ask further.

"Junior Brother Chen, can we pretend that what happened between us never occurred? My real name is Liu Xin'er, and I entered the Yunyue Sect as an informant due to compelling reasons."

Qiu Xinxin suddenly spoke softly and pitifully.

Chapter 154: Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower

"Junior Brother Chen, can we pretend that what happened between us never occurred? My real name is Liu Xinxin, and my infiltration into the Yunyue Sect as an inside agent was also born of necessity."

Qiu Xinxin spoke with a tender and pitiful expression.

Chen Yu gave a wry smile, "Master Qiu...oh no! Miss Liu's meaning is, the relations that happened before, Chen is no longer responsible for?"

"You..."

Liu Xinxin's face flushed with humiliation, and a flash of coldness appeared in her eyes.

"From now on, we are even; if we meet again in the future, we shall be as strangers!"

Liu Xinxin clenched her teeth tightly, holding back the resentment and murderous intent on her face.

As a woman, and moreover, one of such elegant and uncommon beauty, she had preserved her chastity for over a decade.

Result.

Her perfect body was defiled by a man who was not her beloved, a humiliation and unwillingness so intense.

But regarding this matter, Liu Xinxin was unable to flare up.

To some extent,

Chen Yu's killing of the Infinite Thief was her and her sister's lifesaver.

Having acquired the "Blood Sun Pearl," Liu Xinxin's mission was complete; that person always kept his promises, and her sister would be able to live until twenty.

Of course,

The most important point was Chen Yu's formidable strength and her current vulnerability.

If this were not the case,

Even if she were not to kill Chen Yu, she would have lashed out in anger.

"Miss Liu having come to this realization, I feel immensely guilty."

Chen Yu smiled faintly, but there was not a trace of guilt on his face.

Liu Xinxin, as a "spy" infiltrating the Yunyue Sect, naturally possessed a certain cunning and patience.

Compared to her, Mu Xueqing was as naive as a blank sheet of paper.

Even though he had been intimate with this woman, Chen Yu remained quite guarded at heart.

Liu Xinxin breathed a sigh of relief.

To some extent, she was also an inside agent in the Bone Demon Palace.

Chen Yu's accidental encounter with her and Lv Santong's fight, and the legacy treasure of this grand hall, were secrets unknown to others.

Looking at Lv Santong's corpse, the two exchanged a silent look, forming a tacit understanding.

The cause of Lv Santong's death was of significant importance; once exposed, it would only bring disadvantages, with no benefits, to both Chen Yu and Liu Xinxin.

"Let me do it!"

Liu Xinxin approached Lv Santong's corpse, stopping two zhang away.

Then,

She took out a black jar and threw it onto Lv Santong.

Whoosh!

A cluster of dark green "Bone Scale Flame" began to burn over Lv Santong's rotting corpse.

Chen Yu wore a contemplative expression.

Based on Lv Santong's corpse, he deduced that he and Liu Xinxin's intimate encounter had lasted through a day and night, including the periods of sleep.

Not long after,

Lv Santong's corpse turned into a pile of charred remains, and most belongings were destroyed.

The remaining items, neither of them took.

"My javelin..."

Chen Yu felt a pang of loss.

His javelin, not of high quality to begin with, was also destroyed by the Bone Scale Flame.

Afterward,

Chen Yu looked towards the statue base and the other two stone cabinets.

A total of four stone cabinets, Liu Xinxin and Chen Yu had each already obtained an item, leaving two legacy treasures remaining.

What was strange,

The remaining two stone cabinets did not respond to Chen Yu's various attempts, including trying to stimulate his heart, attempting to resonate, nothing worked.

In the end,

Chen Yu sighed and shook his head.

Among the four stone cabinets, only that archaic token was exceptional. It alone resonated with Chen Yu's heartbeats.

...

During this time,

At the center of the Blood Burial Garden, within the open-air Crystal Blood Pool,

Hum~

Encircled by numerous blood-colored grass stems and glassy blood flames, gorgeous blood-colored petals rippled with crystal clear, semi-transparent blood ripples.

"How can this be? That token... it has actually been obtained by someone!"

A void and gloomy woman's voice revealed a hint surprising.

"The person lacks the corresponding cultivation technique, bloodline... they can't even obtain my legacy treasure, yet that very token..."

The woman's voice faltered in confusion.

"It's just a token; not your legacy, anyway."

A babyish voice chimed in, sounding schadenfreude.

"Scram!"

The woman's voice turned into an enraged rebuke, "You're a frog in a well; how could you know the origin of that token? Even a mighty one of the Sky Sea Realm, upon learning the significance of this token, would go mad with desire to seize it."

"Wow! That powerful, huh? But it must still be inferior to my Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower."

The babyish voice exclaimed in surprise.

In its memory, it had rarely seen the woman so emotively distressed and angry.

"Someone's coming."

The babyish voice suddenly quivered.

Just then,

A youth dressed in an animal hide armor with dark skin came to the open-air plaza where the blood pool was located.

This dark-skinned youth was Lu Zhuo, who had briefly crossed paths with Chen Yu.

"I've finally found it."

Dark-skinned youth Lu Zhuo, staring at the dreamlike blood flower within the blood pool, was filled with expectation and excitement.

The Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower!

Lu Zhuo forcefully contained the surge of excitement and greed in his heart.

This flower, the culmination of all the fate within the Blood Burial Garden. The myriad of treasures within the garden, as well as the vast new blood and life souls absorbed from outside, all nourished this flower.

Huff~

Lu Zhuo took a deep breath to calm his emotions.

He understood the level and value of this flower was not something he could fully possess.

Sh, sh.

Lu Zhuo took a careful step, approaching the Crystal Blood Pool with extreme caution.

The area surrounding the blood pool was filled with densely packed blood-colored patterns, with rivulets of blood flowing through them. These came from all around the Blood Burial Garden, converging and merging into the blood pool as fresh nutrients to nurture the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

When he stepped onto these blood-colored patterns, Lu Zhuo's figure wavered, and his complexion slightly changed.

An indescribable pressure of the Blood Path descended, enough to make anyone under the Qi Transformation Realm spit blood and sustain heavy injuries.

Lu Zhuo wore a solemn and wary expression as his gaze once again swept toward the glaze-like blood flames within the pool.

For a moment, his eyes flickered undecidedly.

Just as the dark-skinned youth was about to take his next action,

Footsteps sounded from another side of the open plaza.

"Junior Brother Mei... It should be right here,"

Came a loud and careless voice.

A group of about a dozen figures approached, all disciples of the Bone Demon Palace.

The speaker was a short and ugly youth.

It was none other than Demon Clown.

Leading the group was a fine-looking youth with long black hair radiating the pressure of someone in the Qi Transformation Realm.

"Mei Changqing!"

Lu Zhuo was slightly surprised and halted in his steps.

These dozen or so people from the Bone Demon Palace were practically all elite disciples, almost exclusively from their secret transmissions.

The lowest level among them was at the Mid-stage of Organ Refining.

In the crowd, those who were at the Late Stage of Organ Refining numbered more than half.

After entering the Blood Burial Garden, whether they were disciples from the three sects or from the Bone Demon Palace, those who managed to survive and reach this place all had some fortune and many had advanced.

At this moment.

Mei Changqing, Jiang Ping, and Demon Clown, the top three of the Bone Demon Palace's secret transmissions, were all present.

"Eh! Darkie! You actually arrived here before us?"

Demon Clown's eyes bulged.

Lu Zhuo touched his nose and regretfully waved his hand, "Since you're all here, I will step aside."

With those words,

He moved away from the blood pool, yielding the position to the Bone Demon Palace group.

"Darkie, you sure know your place,"

Demon Clown smiled with a sneer.

"There's no need!"

Mei Changqing smiled faintly and suggested, "Why doesn't Brother Lu join us in harvesting the Ten-thousand-year 'Blood Soul Flower'? Once we succeed, we can share a portion with you as well."

He surreptitiously sized up Lu Zhuo.

Before entering the Blood Burial Garden, Palace Master Fu had warned him that this man could very well be a major rival and should not be underestimated.

"This... With so many of you here, I wouldn't dare harbor any thoughts,"

The dark-skinned youth shrank back, quickly shaking his head.

"Coward!"

Exclaimed Demon Clown and the others, scoffing.

At this moment.

With their numerical advantage, together with Mei Changqing, an individual of the Qi Transformation Realm, along with elite secret disciples like Jiang Ping and Pang Tiancheng, they were indeed an almost invincible force within the Blood Burial Garden.

"Set up the array!"

Mei Changqing commanded in a low voice.

Whoosh! Swish, swish, swish...

At the command, six disciples of the Bone Demon Palace leaped forward, each producing a black Array Plate and black chess pieces.

Hum-whoosh!

A dark mist rose up, within which violent black winds swirled accompanied by the sound of thunderous crackling, covering a ten-zhang radius in front of the blood pool.

Lu Zhuo looked on in astonishment.

The preparation of the Bone Demon Palace, as well as their understanding of the Blood Burial Garden, was more thorough than he had anticipated.

These Array Plates and banners were all high-level items.

The total value of a complete set was equivalent to over a dozen mid-grade treasures, and their combined might could overpower a generic Postnatal Qi Transformation.

Unless a Qi Transformation Innate personally arrived, it would be extremely difficult to break through.

"This 'Forest Black Wind Array' is used to suppress the nearby Blood Dao power. Once we start picking the Blood Soul Flower, the power within the blood pool and the surrounding remnants of the ban will surely backlash,"

Mei Changqing explained.

After he finished,

Covered by the dark mist, Mei Changqing slowly stepped closer to the blood pool.

Being a cultivator in the Qi Transformation Realm and with the protection of the array, he found resisting the Blood Dao power surrounding him considerably easier than Lu Zhuo had earlier.

Gazing at the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower in the blood pool, Mei Changqing's eyes revealed a hint of burning desire.

He was aware of the against-heaven functions and value of this flower.

Mei Changqing knew he couldn't possess the flower entirely; he just hoped to consume a small piece, any more would be too much for him to bear.

"This flower can strengthen life potential, nourish the soul, it's a comprehensive breakthrough for the very essence of life!"

"Just a small piece is a great fortune for me,"

Mei Changqing's breathing quickened.

He had broken through to the Qi Transformation Realm at the age of eighteen, and the prospects of advancing to the Guiyuan Realm in the future were promising.

If he could consume a small piece of the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower at this age, his potential would increase tremendously, and the possibility of one day reaching the acme of the Sky Sea Realm would become a sliver more likely.

Shortly after,

Mei Changqing reached the edge of the blood pool, still covered by the dark mist.

At his sides stood Jiang Ping and Demon Clown.

"Brother Mei, there might be a deadly peril brewing inside this blood pool, incomparable to outside of it,"

Jiang Ping cautioned.

Approaching the blood pool, her bloodline power became unstable and agitated.

"I understand,"

Mei Changqing was also sensing a strong sense of danger.

The three exchanged glances,

But ultimately, it was Jiang Ping who took a step forward with a thread of Black Profound Silk entwined around her finger.

"Junior Sister Jiang, your 'Black Profound Silk' is nearly as tough as a High Grade Treasure, and long enough for the task. We two will protect you,"

Mei Changqing offered politely.

Beside him, Demon Clown produced a thick shield, guarding in front of Jiang Ping.

Mei Changqing clutched a dark green bamboo rod, remaining vigilantly prepared in front of the blood pool.

Under these circumstances, Jiang Ping, who was assigned the task, was in fact the safest one.

"Go!"

Without hesitation, Jiang Ping launched her hand forward with a "pop," sending the Black Profound Silk streaking forward, turning into a straight black line.

Swoosh!

The taut line of dark silk bent at the tip like a black snake, swiftly entwining around the stem of the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

Chapter 155: Blood Crystal Flame

Dark, fine threads hooked onto the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower quite smoothly, bringing immense joy to Mei Changqing and his two companions.

"Retrieve!"

Jiang Ping circulated her inner breath and pulled hard on the Black Profound Silk, attempting to yank out the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

Seeing this, a dark-skinned youth in the periphery corner wore a hint of mockery on his lips.

Pfft!

The Black Profound Silk tightened and tugged, moving the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower up an inch before abruptly stopping.

Huh?

Jiang Ping felt a resistance while pulling.

"What happened?"

Mei Changqing and Pang Tiancheng were startled, just as they were about to help with the pulling.

Suddenly.

Pop~

The Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower in the Blood Pond bloomed with a resplendent and translucent blood-colored radiance, forcefully shaking off the Black Profound Silk.

Following that.

The blood-colored stalks in the Blood Pond and the nearby blood-colored patterns all lit up simultaneously.

Whoosh~

Abruptly, a semi-transparent blood-colored storm, centered around the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower, swept across several dozen yards.

Boom!

The first to bear the brunt was the "Forest Black Wind Array" beside the Blood Pond, which violently trembled as its thick and dense dark fog erupted in bursts, shattering and dispersing.

That was not all.

Within the blood-colored storm, there was a strange blood-colored ripple that overwhelmed the minds of everyone present.

"Be careful!"

Mei Changqing's form wavered slightly.

Jiang Ping and Pang Tiancheng next to him turned pale, swaying and struggling to keep their footing.

The distant dark-skinned youth tensed up and quickly guarded his mind.

"Lord Xue Feng was right; the 'Blood Soul Flower' nurtured in the Blood Burial Garden for ten thousand years has birthed a 'Flower Spirit' and gained some level of intelligence."

Lu Zhuo murmured.

At the same time.

The dark-skinned youth observed the blood-colored patterns near the Blood Pond with surprise:

"The prohibitive Array Power in this place has weakened to such an extent that even the force close to the Qi Transformation Innate realm cannot instantaneously crush it."

According to his expectations.

The triggering of the prohibitive Array Power within the Blood Pond should, at the very least, obliterate the "Forest Black Wind Array."

At this moment.

The "Forest Black Wind Array" managed by the disciples of the Bone Demon Palace was violently shaking, constantly at risk of collapsing.

Should this array collapse, the disciples without cover would face a disaster.

If Mei Changqing and others knew what the dark-skinned youth was thinking at this moment, one wonders what they would feel.

"Join the array!"

Mei Changqing produced a large black flag in his hand, infused it with True Qi, and thrust it into the ground.

In an instant.

The dark fog of the "Forest Black Wind Array" in front of the Blood Pond solidified a bit, and the fog thrummed with streaks of black lightning.

"Eh! It actually invoked the power of 'Evil Thunder'; this must be a modified array. Moreover, Mei Changqing, in the Qi Transformation Realm, is, in fact, the core of the array."

The dark-skinned youth was full of surprise.

With Mei Changqing's intervention, the array's power greatly increased, especially the flickering of the black lightning, which held off the blood-colored ripples assaulting their minds.

"Jiang, try again. I can only sustain the array's full power for a moment."

Mei Changqing said urgently.

Jiang Ping nodded slightly, her hand's dark fine threads once again pulled taut, flicking towards the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

Pfft!

The dark, fine threads hooked onto the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower once again.

"Retrieve!"

This time, the three of them pulled on the silk together, dragging it towards the edge of the Blood Pond.

Especially Pang Tiancheng, who was naturally strong, gritted his teeth and exerted his power, his muscles bulging.

Pop!

The Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower started to shift upward bit by bit, vaguely about to break free from the blood-colored soil within the Blood Pond.

At that moment.

The three of them were excited, seeing the blood-colored stalks wriggling within the bloody soil.

Just then, an inexplicable chill came upon them.

Pop! Pupu!

Near the Blood Soul Flower, a large swath of Blood Crystal Flame suddenly churned, pouncing towards the location of the large array as if sentient.

The Blood Crystal Flame soared up in a flash, Mei Changqing and his companions felt a fatal chill.

Even Lu Zhuo, at a distance, shuddered.

"No good! This is indeed the 'Blood Crystal Flame', a well-known force within the True Fire Spirit Flames!"

Lu Zhuo hastily retreated.

True Fire Spirit Flames were not something one could encounter at the entrance level; even those in the Qi Transformation Realm had to avoid it by a wide margin.

Woosh!

As the vast swath of Blood Crystal Flame moved, it sprouted numerous blood-colored crystal-like little flame flowers, rushing into the "Forest Black Wind Array".

Hiss~

The dark fog and lightning on the surface of the array, in the face of the Blood Crystal Flame, dissolved as if made of paper. .c

"Aaah..."

Screams echoed.

Immediately.

Three disciples from the Bone Demon Palace, including one in the Late Stage of Organ Refining, touched by the Blood Crystal Flame, had their flesh ignited. Their bodies, along with their treasured armors, were burnt to a pile of blood-colored ashes.

"Let go quickly!"

Mei Changqing roared in shock, as a wave of blood flame pierced through the large flag in his hand, and he retreated explosively.

Hiss~

The thick shield in Pang Tiancheng's hand was struck by a small piece of blood flame, melting into a pool of black liquid.

"Ah!"

Pang Tiancheng screamed in retreat as a trace of blood flame splattered onto his arm, igniting and rapidly dissolving, spreading towards his entire body.

"Save me..."

The once fearsome Demon Clown issued a piercing scream.

Slash!

Mei Changqing waved a dark Qi blade from his palm, "pfft", cutting off Pang Tiancheng's arm.

Hiss~

The severed arm immediately turned into a puddle of blood.

"Thank you, Brother Mei!"

Having narrowly escaped, Pang Tiancheng quickly retreated with Mei Changqing and Jiang Ping.

As for that silk that had hooked onto the Blood Soul Flower, it had already fallen into the Blood Pond, melted away by the terrifying Blood Crystal Flame.

...

In just a few breaths.

The moment the Blood Crystal Flame appeared, the formation of the Bone Demon Palace was broken, and the casualties were severe.

Scrape! Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Mei Changqing and his group of three, along with some surviving disciples, retreated a dozen or so yards away.

At the edge of the blood pool, some crystal-clear blood flames still pulsed, looking as transparent and exquisite as glass, dreamily beautiful.

Suddenly!

The entire blood pool shook violently, and large patches of the crystal blood flames tumbled within.

Buzz whoosh!

A streak of blood flame brilliance shot up from the blood pool into the sky.

"The 'Blood Crystal Flame' in the blood pool, born with the ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower, seems to have acquired a kind of sentience; it's fully awakened now. If it weren't for Mei Changqing and the others being well-prepared and reacting quickly, they would likely have been annihilated by the first wave of the aftermath," Lu Zhuo said with a hint of regret.

Beside the blood pool, the members of the Bone Demon Palace had just had a narrow escape and were still shaking with fear.

"This flame turns out to be the legendary True Fire Spirit Flame."

Mei Changqing's expression fluctuated uncertainly.

With such a terrifying True Fire Spirit Flame present, acquiring the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower would be more than ten times harder.

"Lu Zhuo!"

Mei Changqing's gaze suddenly fixed on the dark-skinned youth, unfriendly.

"Brother Mei, you're not going to blame me for your failure to get the 'Blood Soul Flower', are you?"

The dark-skinned youth shrank his neck.

"You seem to be quite familiar with this place, including the recent True Fire Spirit Flame."

Mei Changqing's expression grew colder.

No sooner had he spoken than—

Scrape! Scrape! Scrape!

The remaining ten disciples of the Bone Demon Palace surrounded the dark-skinned youth.

Mei Changqing, Jiang Ping, and Pang Tiancheng, with their three powerful presences, locked onto Lu Zhuo.

"Let's talk, gentlemen. That burst of blood flame brilliance just now must've alerted more people from the Three Sects Camp, and it's not a good idea for us to fight to the death here."

Lu Zhuo said, waving his hand.

"Hmph! Whether you like it or not, you have to help us deal with that True Fire Spirit Flame and get the Blood Soul Flower. If we succeed, you'll get a share of the Blood Soul Flower."

Mei Changqing said coldly.

The dark-skinned youth's eyes met with Mei Changqing's for a moment.

In the end,

Lu Zhuo conceded with a wry smile, "Alright, I do have some knowledge of this flame. But whether it will work or not is still up to luck."

...

In the dilapidated ancient temple, before the blood-colored light screen—

Chen Yu and Liu Xin'er walked out of the entrance to the heritage hall and looked at the silver pattern blood curtain in front of them.

"This barrier will not affect those who are leaving."

Liu Xin'er said.

Looking at the tall youth beside her, Liu Xin'er's eyes revealed a complex expression.

No matter what, he was an important man in her life.

Chen Yu used his heart's intuition and sensed that the array's energy fluctuations indeed did not hinder those who were leaving.

Scrape, scrape!

Both of them passed through the blood curtain outside the hall smoothly.

However.

At the moment when they passed through the silver pattern blood curtain, the ancient token inside the Light Silver Crystal Space in Chen Yu's heart vibrated lightly, revealing mysterious tadpole-like ancient texts.

Hmm?

Chen Yu showed a look of surprise.

However, in front of Liu Xin'er, he did not take it out to study it.

"Chen Yu! Let's part ways here. But before we part, let me give you a piece of advice."

Liu Xin'er spoke.

Chen Yu nodded, signaling her to continue.

"In the Blood Burial Garden, don't ever provoke one person—his name is Lu Zhuo."

Liu Xin'er said earnestly.

After saying this, Liu Xin'er floated away.

"Lu Zhuo?"

Chen Yu suddenly remembered the dark-skinned youth from the Bone Demon Palace.

Without lingering on the thought,

Swoosh!

Chen Yu reached out and took out the mysterious token.

What was strange was that as soon as the token appeared, the flawed array barrier in front began to tremble inexplicably.

The ancient token displayed tadpole-like texts shimmering in silver brilliance, encircling a central sun totem divided into black and white.

Break!

Chen Yu instinctively waved the token, and in front of him, the silver pattern blood curtain automatically parted to create a slit about a foot wide.

"How interesting."

Chen Yu held the token, clicking his tongue in amazement.

But beyond that, he found no other use for the token, nor did he know its origin.

At that moment—

Whoosh boom!

In the distance, amidst a cluster of buildings, a column of blood flame brilliance shot up into the sky, majestic and dazzling.

Nearly the whole Central Garden could see it.

"Such powerful energy fluctuations..."

Chen Yu's heart began beating rapidly, several times more active than usual.

He quickly put away the token.

If such energy fluctuations could cause such an active response in his mysterious heart, there must be a great opportunity within them.

Scrape, swoosh!

Chen Yu's figure blurred as he dashed toward where the blood flame brilliance was rising.

It wasn't just Chen Yu.

At the same moment,

In the Central Garden, many elite disciples of the Three Sects Camp saw the blood flame soaring into the sky.

Many figures converged in that direction.

Half an hour later.

As Chen Yu approached the scene, he found himself in a palace complex, discovering a grand and imposing blood-colored palace.

If viewed from above,

One would see an elliptical void in the dome of the bloody palace.

Below that void was the open square of the blood pool where Mei Changqing, the dark-skinned youth, and others were.

Scrape! Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

At that time, a team of people, seven or eight figures, rushed over to this side.

Glancing to the side, Chen Yu recognized many familiar faces.

"Junior Brother Chen."

Leading the group, the duo were Chang Xuan and Huangfulin, with Nangong Li, Mu Xueqing, and others also present.

The group was pleasantly surprised to see Chen Yu,

Except the Seventh Prince Huangfulin, who looked a bit unnatural.

"Junior Brother Chen, your timing is perfect. According to our tracking analysis, this palace is the main core of the Blood Burial Garden, the 'Blood Sky Hall', and those people from the Bone Demon Palace have already entered it."

Chang Xuan said with a hint of joy.

Chapter 156: Seal

"Is this Blood Sky Hall?"

Junior Brother Chen's heart stirred.

He had heard a bit about the secrets of Blood Sky Hall and the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower from a female disciple of the Bone Demon Palace.

The massive blood-colored palace that he now saw towered twenty to thirty Zhang high, covered by a Silver Pattern Blood Curtain similar to the previous ancient hall of inheritance.

However.

The Silver Pattern Blood Curtain here had even more holes than the one at the previous dilapidated ancient hall.

Eh?

Upon closer inspection, Junior Brother Chen discovered signs of explosion and burning.

"Yin Fire Pearls have exploded here, and not just one or two, and the banishment here has also been forcibly broken through."

Chen Yu concluded with certainty.

Having used Yin Fire Pearls twice, he was quite familiar with the traces of their power.

If more than three Yin Fire Pearls exploded simultaneously, the instant power they unleashed would be equivalent to the Qi Transformation Innate level.

"Junior Brother Chen just arrived here, and he can already confirm this information?"

Huangfulin expressed surprise.

Previously, he had dispatched disciples to investigate the surroundings and indeed observed the explosions of Yin Fire Pearls.

Only the Bone Demon Palace, and likely a team of secret transmission disciples, could afford to use several Yin Fire Pearls at once.

"With the Bone Demon Palace having taken the lead, the Array's banishment here is weakened further, making it easier to break through."

Huangfulin was somewhat eager.

The royal records mentioned that the Blood Sky Hall contained the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

"Let's all work together to break this banishment."

Chang Xuan suggested.

Junior Brother Chen's eyes flashed, but he raised no objections.

The ancient Token in his hand could easily break through the Array's banishment here.

However.

This Token was no trivial matter and naturally could not be exposed lightly.

"Break!"

Junior Brother Chen threw a punch, the dark green python-shaped fist shadow slamming into the Array's banishment.

Pfff!

The Array's banishment opened a fist-sized hole.

"Eh! Junior Brother Chen's punch seems to have hit right at the weak point of the banishment."

Huangfulin remarked in astonishment.

Chang Xuan, Nangong Li, and Mu Xueqing, on the other hand, were not surprised.

Whoosh!

A small black dot darted through the small hole into Blood Sky Hall.

Boom boom boom!

The members of the Yunyue Sect attacked the weak point of the Array's banishment in unison.

Zzsst sst sst!

Suddenly, several figures approached the location of Blood Sky Hall.

These people were disciples from the three sects.

The Water Moon Sect's group included Li Bingyue, Senior Sister Yi, Chen Ying'er, and others.

Iron Sword Sect's group, besides Fei Letian, also included Brother Lu's sister in the yellow robe, Gao Feng, and others.

In just half an incense stick's time.

Around twenty to thirty people had gathered here.

Junior Brother Chen's gaze only met that of Chen Ying'er from the Water Moon Sect for a moment.

"What are you doing here causing trouble!"

Chen Yu's expression darkened.

Chen Ying'er giggled, revealing a pale purple fox on her shoulder.

This Purple Fox, looking worldly-wise, lazily clung to Chen Ying'er, its fox eyes occasionally twinkling cunningly.

Several nearby disciples kept their distance from the woman and fox, apparently having suffered at their hands before.

It seemed many had been taken advantage of by these two.

"Is she... the lucky one who got a Spirit Pet?"

Murmurs spread.

Junior Brother Chen was taken aback.

Earlier, he had heard from an Iron Sword Sect disciple and witnessed a Water Moon Sect disciple obtaining a Spirit Pet.

He never would have guessed that the lucky one was Chen Ying'er.

Beside him, Huangfulin, Chang Xuan, and the others looked somewhat strange and wary.

"Could this girl end up like that predecessor from several hundreds of years ago, being used by that fox?"

Nangong Li couldn't help but say.

"What happened?"

Concerned about Chen Ying'er, Chen Yu couldn't help but ask.

Quickly,

Nangong Li reiterated to him the "true tale" about the predecessor and the Ancient Beast Spirit Pet that Huangfulin had mentioned.

After listening to the story, Chen Yu's expression grew grim.

But soon after, he regained his composure.

Regardless of what the fox Spirit Pet was plotting, it should be harmless to Chen Ying'er in the short term within Blood Burial Garden and might even protect her.

Moreover.

Worrying now was pointless; once they left the Blood Burial Garden, Chen Ying'er's elders and Master would naturally help her with this issue.

At the same moment.

Atop Blood Sky Hall, in the open plaza.

Under the "coercion" of the Bone Demon Palace disciples, the dark-skinned youth began to address the problem with the Blood Crystal Flame.

"That's right. First patch up the Array you had before, then make do. This Array's black wind does have some buffering effect against that 'Blood Crystal Flame.'"

Lu Zhuo directed several Bone Demon Palace disciples.

At this moment.

The remnants of the "Forest Black Wind Array" were set up in front of the blood pool, forming a barrier.

At the edge of the blood pool, a cluster of glaze-like Blood Crystal Flame was just several feet away from the dark mist of the Array.

The Bone Demon Palace disciples, full of fear of the flame, subconsciously kept their distance.

"Blood Crystal Flame? Why have I never heard of this kind of True Fire Spirit Flame?"

Mei Changqing asked in a grave voice.

"If you had heard of it, that would be strange indeed."

Lu Zhuo chuckled.

"... 'Blood Crystal Flame' is not native to Kunyun Continent. This flame is domineering among True Fire Spirit Flames, with a strong erosive and burning effect on living flesh and blood. The most terrifying aspect of this flame is that it can burn to the spirit level, thankfully here it is just the ordinary form of 'Blood Crystal Flame'."

The dark-skinned youth declared.

Upon hearing this, Mei Changqing nodded slightly.

He had heard from his Master that the true master of Blood Burial Garden was not originally from this continent.

Then.

Lu Zhuo took out a mysterious little black box with no shine, plastered with dense seal strips and numerous talismans.

"What is that?" Mei Changqing watched intently.

"Facing such a terrifying spiritual flame head-on, for us, it means certain death," Junior Brother Chen said with evident reluctance. "The commonly used method is 'artifact sealing', and it entails taking on tremendous risk..."

"Sealing the spiritual flames?" Mei Changqing and Jiang Ping exchanged glances but could not discern any flaws.

After all.

The tier of the True Fire Spirit Flame was indeed too high.

Within the Bone Demon Palace faction, it seemed only the Absolute Yin Ancestor possessed a powerful Yin attribute True Fire Spirit Flame.

Then.

Under the cover of the Forest Black Wind Array, Lu Zhuo slowly approached those glazed blood flames.

During this time.

Lu Zhuo quickly unsealed the black box's strips and spell papers.

Buzz!

The black box opened, revealing a profound blood essence vortex that emanated a strange suction force.

Hmm~

As if summoned by a kindred call, the Blood Crystal Flame at the edge of the blood pool transformed into fine streams of tiny flame light, swiftly pouring into the black box.

"Hehe, Lord Xue Feng is indeed far-sighted. This box is specially prepared for the Blood Crystal Flame."

The dark-skinned youth felt a rush of elation.

Within the dusky light and mist, he glanced at the disciples of the Bone Demon Palace, his lips curling into a sneer.

The Blood Crystal Flame here was of excellent quality and purity; in terms of real value, it was not much inferior to the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

Buzz!

On the surface of the pitch-black box, intricate blood patterns began to emerge, slowly transitioning from dim to bright, and even somewhat dazzling.

Seeing that.

The Blood Crystal Flame continued to be attracted into the pitch-black box from the blood pool.

The disciples of the Bone Demon Palace wore expressions of delighted surprise.

During this time.

The Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower in the blood pool unleashed a beautiful and translucent blood radiance, stirring a semi-transparent blood froth that swept across dozens of yards around it.

"Block it!"

The dark-skinned youth exclaimed in a low voice, standing firm next to the black box, using the Forest Black Wind Array to block the brunt of its power.

Form the array!

Mei Changqing and the other Bone Demon Palace disciples entered the grand array, joining forces to help share the burden of the blood froth.

They hoped to rely on Lu Zhuo's coordination to temporarily deal with the Blood Crystal Flame, this most significant threat, and then plot to obtain the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

At the edge of the array and blood pool.

Lu Zhuo sat cross-legged in front of the black box, facing round after round of assaults from the blood froth.

After enduring it for some time, even a common Postnatal Qi Transformation might feel overwhelmed.

However.

Lu Zhuo seemed unaffected, with some ripples hitting the enchanted beast hide armor on his body, dissipating like they had plunged into a vast ocean.

"Damn, this kid must be someone sent by that brat Xue Feng. If we let him seal the Blood Crystal Flame, we will be at the mercy of others."

Within the beautiful Blood Soul Flower, a haunting feminine voice resonated.

"But we can do nothing to him. He has the array for protection, his mind and spirit are extraordinary, and the beast hide armor he wears is also of excellent defense."

A milky voice said.

"We should stop infighting and join forces to launch an attack against him."

The female voice said.

"Alright!"

Two voices came to an agreement.

Buzzing crash!

The glittering and beautiful Blood Soul Flower, along with many blood-colored stems within the blood pool, shone in unison, forming a violent surge of blood fury.

Its power far exceeded the previous onslaught by double!

"Not good!"

The Bone Demon Palace disciples within the grand array descended into chaos.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

The entire dark misty grand array shook violently, with black lightning flashing intermittently.

In just a breath or two.

Boom!

The whole Forest Black Wind Array shattered instantly, with many disciples of the Bone Demon Palace immediately coughing up blood or collapsing unconscious on the ground.

"The 'Flower Spirit' of the Blood Soul Flower is at play!"

Lu Zhuo's expression darkened.

He retreated slightly, and a peculiar fluctuation surged through his body as a purple and green ancient beast phantom emerged on his enchanted beast hide armor, resembling a black iron giant pig.

Pong hmm~

The ancient beast phantom enveloped his entire form, shielding him from a brief onslaught of the blood surge.

At that moment.

The intricate blood patterns on the surface of the black box in front of him shone to an unbearable intensity, blinding to the eyes.

The Blood Crystal Flame from the blood pool had been almost entirely absorbed.

"Seal!"

Lu Zhuo bit his finger, spitting a mouthful of vital blood onto the box.

Click!

The box snapped shut, and Lu Zhuo hastily reapplied the seals, finally affixing several spell papers seriously.

Quickly.

A box decorated with floating crystal blood patterns slowly became silent in Lu Zhuo's hand.

Whisk swoosh!

After completing all this, the dark-skinned youth hastily withdrew, with the ancient beast phantom on his body "cracking" and disappearing.

However.

Lu Zhuo did not notice that at the bottom of the sealed box, a tiny crack appeared on one of the strips.

"We've succeeded!"

The Bone Demon Palace group, including Mei Changqing and Jiang Ping, showed an elated expression.

"Brother Lu, thank you for helping to seal this flame."

Mei Changqing's handsome face revealed a gentle smile.

"Yes, Brother Lu, you took such a great risk to seal the Blood Crystal Flame, which truly is no small feat..."

The Demon Clown revealed a fierce smile.

The atmosphere on the field became suddenly oppressive to the extreme, so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Several elite disciples moved swiftly, encircling Lu Zhuo tightly.

"Hand over the box! I'll spare your life."

Mei Changqing said coldly.

"Alas, good people really don't get good returns..."

Lu Zhuo shook his head, sighing deeply.

At the same moment.

A silver-spotted little black insect, hiding in a nearby corner, blinked its tiny eyes, blankly staring at the scene unfolding before it.

Chapter 157: Unstoppable

Blood Sky Hall, on an open plaza.

The air seemed to have fallen into stagnation.

An atmosphere of severe killing intent and bone-chilling coldness permeated the entire area, making it suffocating to breathe.

Several secret disciples of Bone Demon Palace, led by Mei Changqing, including Jiang Ping, Pang Tiancheng, a cold-faced man, and the armored Yuan Li, formed an encircling formation.

All of these individuals were secret elite disciples who were at the Late Stage of Organ Refining or beyond!

An intense, bone-piercing killing intent, along with the invisible pressure of the Qi Transformation Realm, locked onto the dark-skinned youth. Moreover, the pressure was accompanied by the oppressive force of the Qi Transformation Realm.

If it were any ordinary Disciple in the Refining Organ Stage, they would probably have a mental breakdown and lose the ability to fight.

Even a general Postnatal Qi Transformation expert would face tremendous pressure and have difficulties getting out unscathed.

Some injured disciples of Bone Demon Palace on the outskirts looked at Lu Zhuo with the eyes of someone watching a dead man.

Under such a dire situation,

The dark-skinned youth remained as if oblivious, showing not the slightest hint of panic.

"Ah, good people really don't get good rewards..."

Lu Zhuo, calm and unhurried, put away the small box sealing the "Blood Crystal Flame."

"This person..."

Mei Changqing's pupils contracted sharply.

Seeking death!

Demon Clown, Jiang Ping, and others, a gleam of cold light flashed in their eyes, and they made their move.

Whoosh boom!

Demon Clown swung his Wolf Fang Club, unleashing a massive shadowy black edge, overwhelming with a yin cold and domineering heavy Qi Force, bearing down.

The might of that one strike was very close to the Postnatal Qi Transformation level.

Swoosh!

A flash of red sand sparked between Jiang Ping's eyebrows, and with a flick of her slender hand, another "Black Profound Silk" appeared, transforming into a sharp-edged red and black thread, cutting towards Lu Zhuo a step ahead.

Faced with the preemptive red and black thread, Lu Zhuo's expression changed ever so slightly.

At the same instant.

Attacks from the cold-faced man, the armored man, and other Late Stage Organ Refining opponents lunged at him from all directions.

Hiss pop!

The sharp-edged red and black thread grazed past Lu Zhuo's body, causing his figure to suddenly shatter.

Everyone's vision blurred for a moment, witnessing only a flickering shadow.

"Be careful!"

Mei Changqing's complexion changed.

Among all the people present, only he had a clear view of Lu Zhuo's movement technique.

The opponent had utilized an almost magical method to instantly shift his position the moment the red and black thread was about to make contact.

From utter stillness to explosive motion, in the blink of an eye, it was like teleportation.

Such an explosively changing movement technique was not only mysterious but also beyond what an ordinary person's body could withstand.

Swoosh!

A black shadow flashed, darting next to Demon Clown for close-quarters combat!

Demon Clown's Wolf Fang Club, being a heavy weapon, was at a disadvantage when outmaneuvered up close.

"Seeking death!"

Demon Clown decisively threw away the Wolf Fang Club, and his fist swung furiously, blasting out a huge thick black Qi shadow the size of a water vat.

He was born with immense strength and truly didn't fear close-quarter combat.

A hint of mockery flashed in Lu Zhuo's eyes. Black iron-like patterns emerged on his dark-skinned arm, emitting an ancient bloodline aura.

"Get out of the way quickly!"

This scene made both Mei Changqing and Jiang Ping simultaneously shout out.

But their warnings were far too late.

Lu Zhuo's sudden approach and the advantage in speed left Demon Clown with no chance to dodge.

In fact.

Demon Clown's decision to discard the cumbersome Wolf Fang Club and engage in close combat with his fists would typically be considered very wise.

Boom bang!

The iron-like fist obliterated Demon Clown's fist, arm, and shoulder into a pulp in an instant.

The scene was akin to a steel hammer rolling over a baby's body.

"Ah..."

Demon Clown screamed as the remaining part of his arm, including half of his shoulder, was reduced to mush.

With a "bang," his mutilated body was blasted away.

Before everyone could recover from their shock,

Boom bang!

Black Qi patterns flared up on Demon Clown's body, and as he exploded mid-air, his body burst into an unrecognizable mess of blood and flesh.

Hisss!

The injured Bone Demon Palace disciples who weren't participating in the battle all gasped in shock.

Including Mei Changqing and others, their faces were a picture of horror.

Pong ding ding!

Attacks from the cold-faced man, the armored man, and others landed on Lu Zhuo.

No matter how strong Lu Zhuo was, there would definitely be a pause in the fight with Demon Clown, leaving him unlikely to escape from the encirclement.

However.

What chilled everyone to the bone was that two bladed lights that struck Lu Zhuo seemed as if they had hit an iron pillar.

Sparks flew everywhere!

The dark-skinned youth, whether it was his hide armor or the exposed black rock-like skin, remained completely undamaged.

"Such defensive power..."

The armored fighter Yuan Li, amidst his shock, suddenly thought of someone.

Chen Yu!

Similar formidable physical strength was only seen in Chen Yu of the Yunyue Sect.

And.

This Lu Zhuo's fighting style was very much like Chen Yu's, both excelling at close-quarter combat.

Including in terms of movement technique.

Both Lu Zhuo and Chen Yu could increase their speed explosively in an instant, the difference being that the former's method of increasing speed was even more skillful and refined.

Zing swoosh!

After killing Demon Clown and enduring the blows from two Late Stage Organ Refining, Lu Zhuo's figure once again flashed.

"Where do you think you're going!"

An overwhelming pressure of the Qi Transformation Realm suddenly descended.

Whoosh whoa!

A gust of faint, ghostly black Qi had already enveloped Lu Zhuo ahead of time.

"Truly worthy of being the top genius of Bone Demon Palace."

Lu Zhuo chuckled, and once more, a layer of black iron-like patterns emerged on his skin, even more intricate than before.

Buzz whoosh!

This time, his arm covered in black iron patterns swelled slightly and also manifested a layer of dark and dense Qi glow.

This Qi glow resembled inner breath but also echoed the fluctuations of Postnatal True Qi.

Poom ka!

The black iron arm dragged a dark and dull Qi blade, fiercely tearing through the swirling faint black mist.

Not only that.

A glint of excitement flashed in Lu Zhuo's eyes, like a wild iron boar charging through the black mist before leaping into the air, pouncing to kill Mei Changqing.

In mid-air.

Mei Changqing's black hair danced as he enshrouded his palm with a compressed layer of gloomy black Qi, exuding a frightening pressure.

Lu Zhuo's swollen black arm stirred up a dark Qi blade, giving off an ancient and savage aura.

Poom hong!

The forces of the Qi Transformation Realm clashed several times, causing violent gusts of black wind to sweep across five or six zhang, pushing back disciples of the Bone Demon Palace nearby.

"Ah!"

A disciple of the Bone Demon Palace at the Mid-stage of Organ Refining was caught in the blast of the Qi wave, screaming as his body shattered to death.

At the same moment.

Screech! Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Another series of figures appeared in the open square.

It was the disciples of the Three Sects Camp, numbering twenty or thirty people.

From the Yunyue Sect side, there were stalwarts like Chen Yu, Huangfulin, and Chang Xuan.

From the Iron Sword Sect side, there were Fei Letian, the Yellow Robed Girl, Gao Feng, and others.

From the Water Moon Sect side, there were disciples like Li Bingyue, Senior Sister Yi, and Chen Ying'er.

"Who is that dark-skinned youth, standing in contest with Mei Changqing?"

"Look quick! That seems to be Demon Clown's corpse..."

The disciples of the Three Sects Camp stared at the scene before them with shock and awe.

At this moment.

The disciples of the Bone Demon Palace were besieging a dark-skinned youth, seemingly without avail.

Boom poom!

Lu Zhuo and Mei Changqing clashed in mid-air once more.

Wa!

Mei Changqing spat out a mouthful of blood, his figure swayed, and he stumbled back two or three zhang.

Ding ding poom!

In the meantime, the attacks from the people of the Bone Demon Palace landed on Lu Zhuo, with sparks flying off but mostly ignored.

Only Jiang Ping's attack made Lu Zhuo dodge slightly.

"Mei Changqing has lost!"

"The number one talent of the Bone Demon Palace, actually defeated by a nobody!"

The entire place erupted in chaotic surprise.

Especially the disciples of the Bone Demon Palace, they were shocked and panicked, unable to believe it.

"This Lu Zhuo, actually standing against all the secret disciples of the Bone Demon Palace by himself, Demon Clown died by his hand."

Chen Yu took a sharp intake of breath.

At that instant.

He remembered Liu Xin'er's warning before she left, to never provoke Lu Zhuo!

Could it be.

That Liu Xin'er and this Lu Zhuo were from the same camp?

"How is it possible... Your cultivation hasn't reached the Qi Transformation Realm."

Mei Changqing wiped away the blood, his face full of disbelief.

The clash just now was entirely a head-on collision, without the slightest trickery.

As a result.

He, a legitimate Qi Transformation Realm expert, was defeated by a newcomer at the Peak of Refining Organ, even though the latter was supported by an ancient bloodline.

"Heh heh, half a year ago, I could have advanced to the Qi Transformation Realm, but I deliberately held back to ensure I could enter the Blood Burial Garden," Lu Zhuo said with a hint of schadenfreude, his body surrounded by a circle of dark and simple Qi blade.

This aura, although at the Refining Organ Stage Cultivation, had condensed elements of Postnatal True Qi, its power was not inferior.

"Is it like my 'Cloud Evil Fist', which has a chance to condense Cloud Evil True Qi in advance?" Chen Yu pondered.

"Why didn't you advance?" Mei Changqing's complexion grew even uglier.

If the other party won with the cultivation of the Qi Transformation Realm, it would have been somewhat more acceptable to him.

"If I, Lu Zhuo, had advanced to the Qi Transformation Realm, would Master Fu, the Palace Master, have easily allowed me to enter the Blood Burial Garden?"

Lu Zhuo said with a sneer.

Everything was within Lord Xue Feng's calculations.

If he had appeared with the cultivation of the Qi Transformation Realm, the Bone Demon Palace would not have readily allowed him to enter the Blood Burial Garden.

Or even if he managed to enter by force, he would be subject to various schemes and targeting.

"You don't need to make excuses for yourself. Just with this ancient bloodline of mine, even if I hadn't condensed True Qi, I could still defeat you."

The dark-skinned youth proudly claimed.

Lu Zhuo's gaze swept over the disciples of the three sects and the Bone Demon Palace, and a hint of superiority crept into his look.

That look was like a city dweller casting a glance at a villager from a small, rural place.

"Brother Mei, this Lu Zhuo's bloodline heritage seems to be much higher than both mine and that of the Shangguan Family," Jiang Ping said gravely, communicating silently.

During the recent clash, her bloodline force had constantly quivered uneasily, suppressed by the opponent.

Whoosh!

The dark-skinned youth's figure flashed again, going from utter stillness to extreme motion, essentially without warning.

Within a few quick moves.

Lu Zhuo had already reached the edge of the blood pool.

At this time.

The greatest threat inside the blood pool, the "Blood Crystal Flame", had been sealed, cutting its threat by more than half, but it was still not a place ordinary people could intrude.

"The Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower!"

The disciples of the Three Sects Camp stared at the dazzling and translucent blood-colored flower in the blood pool.

"Brother Mei, are we really going to just let him take the Blood Soul Flower?"

Jiang Ping and the others showed a reluctance on their faces.

Indeed.

Even if all the people of the Bone Demon Palace attacked together, they could not handle Lu Zhuo.

However, now that many strong fighters had arrived on the scene, they could potentially stop him.

"Wait until he enters the blood pool and picks the Blood Soul Flower. He will be attacked and retaliated by the Blood Soul Flower Spirit, and that will be the best time to make our move," Mei Changqing said, his eyes flickered, yet he retained his cool.

At his words.

The people of the Bone Demon Palace nodded in agreement, holding their breath.

"I feel that Lu Zhuo's strength might not have reached its limit. To defeat him, relying on just myself as the main force would have small chances of success. We need someone who can engage him in close combat, at least someone who can restrain him," Mei Changqing adjudged.

"Someone who can engage Lu Zhuo in close combat, does such a person actually exist?"

The disciples of the Bone Demon Palace remembered Lu Zhuo's terrifying close combat and shivered instinctively at the thought.

"If it's just about close-quarters restraint, it seems there really is someone who can do it," Yuan Li, the armoured man, seemed to realize something.

Chapter 158: Interception

"If it's just about getting close and restraining him, there seems to be one person who can do it."

Upon thinking this, War Armor Yuan Li seemed to recall something.

In his mind, suddenly appeared the figure of someone who had once withstood his slash with a robust physique and remained unscathed.

Almost simultaneously.

Mei Changqing and Yuan Li's gazes turned toward the Yunyue Sect side.

"Be careful!"

Feeling Mei Changqing's gaze, the Yunyue Sect disciples showed faces filled with panic and dread.

Huangfulin, Chang Xuan, and others felt a sudden heaviness in their hearts.

Although Mei Changqing had been defeated by Lu Zhuo, his full strength at the Qi Transformation Realm was enough to sweep through any side of the Three Sects Camp.

But soon.

Huangfulin and the others realized that Mei Changqing's gaze was fixed on Chen Yu.

"It's said that Chen Yu offended Mei Changqing and was pursued by him. It seems true."

Huangfulin felt somewhat gleeful about this.

Given the current presence of a formidable enemy, Mei Changqing would not likely initiate a massacre.

This should be targeted personally at Chen Yu.

"Brother Mei, unharmed I see," Chen Yu said with a calm smile, feeling Mei Changqing's gaze.

Before achieving Copper Bone Mastery, he was quite wary of Mei Changqing.

However.

After achieving Copper Bone Mastery, his physical strength, especially his defense, had significantly enhanced.

Even if he couldn't defeat Mei Changqing, he believed he could protect himself.

Chen Yu's composed demeanor surprised the people of the Three Sects Camp.

Any one of them, facing Qi Transformation Realm Mei Changqing, would be uneasy and dare not be so presumptuous.

"Brother Chen, let's set aside past grievances for now. With such a formidable enemy before us, shouldn't you contribute?" Mei Changqing sent a message.

"Oh? Brother Mei, you want me to get close and restrain this person?" Chen Yu thought for a moment and understood the crux.

In the Bone Demon Palace camp, there was no one capable of engaging closely with Lu Zhuo.

Whether in terms of physical strength or speed, they fell far short.

Although Mei Changqing could confront Lu Zhuo directly, when it came to close combat, his efforts seemed insufficient.

"As long as we can join hands to defeat this person, then, a small portion of the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower will be given to Brother Chen," Mei Changqing promised solemnly.

"Haha! Thank you for your kindness, Brother Mei. I will decide based on the situation," Chen Yu neither refused nor agreed.

On the way into the Blood Sky Hall, he had heard from Huangfulin and others about the uses of the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

This flower had one particularly mysterious and special effect—it could create a "Blood Soul Clone."

Once successful.

In addition to the original body, one could have a second body.

Moreover, the "Blood Soul Clone" was a special kind of energy clone, immune to most physical attacks.

Being an energy clone, and crafted from a ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower, it possessed vast energy, nearly immortal; even if cut into pieces, it would not die.

Just this effect alone was almost defying the natural order, enough to entice anyone at the Sky Sea Realm.

Of course.

This capability had no significance below the Guiyuan Realm as they lacked the divine skills required.

However, besides this ability, the flower itself also contained pure and vast life essence and Blood Soul Power.

If consumed in the Guiyuan Realm, it could increase the chances of breaking through to the Sky Sea Realm.

For disciples like Chen Yu just entering the realm, even consuming a small piece could strengthen life potential, nourish the soul, and comprehensively enhance the "quality" of life!

In simple terms.

It could enhance the potential of life and spirit.

For example, if a person's normal potential allowed cultivation to Postnatal Qi Transformation at most, this would be their limit.

But if life and spirit potential were increased, it might be possible to break this limit and advance to Innate Qi Transformation or higher levels.

"Junior Brother Chen, you're not really going to agree to help Mei Changqing fight for the Blood Soul Flower, are you?" Chang Xuan frowned slightly, showing a bit of concern.

Just now.

The silent exchange between Chen Yu and Mei Changqing, with smiles on their faces, had caught the attention of the disciples from the Three Sects.

Huangfulin's expression alternated between light and darkness, vaguely realizing something.

"Senior Brother Chang, rest assured, I know what I'm doing. The Blood Soul Flower is a hot potato; if we actually obtained it, it would be more of a curse than a blessing for our Yunyue Sect," Chen Yu sent a message back.

He had no delusions of monopolizing the Blood Soul Flower and did not trust Mei Changqing's promise.

...

At this moment.

The dark-skinned youth reached the edge of the blood pool, standing there for a moment, his face contemplative.

Glancing back at the people behind him, Lu Zhuo looked cold.

With a swoosh!

He leaped into the middle of the blood pool directly toward the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

A humming sound~

In the blood pool, many blood-colored stalks lit up simultaneously, forming a fierce blood-colored torrent, accompanied by waves of blood that struck directly at the spirit.

Even a typical person at Postnatal Qi Transformation might not be able to withstand such ferocious impacts.

"Charge!" the dark-skinned youth shouted, his body surfacing a layer of iron-like patterns that flashed a metallic luster.

"This Bloodline Power has reached an effect similar to my 'Copper Statue Technique,'" Chen Yu admired enviously.

The Bloodline Power on Lu Zhuo's body, compared to others like Shangguan Qi, was of much higher quality and more awakened.

With his cultivation at the Peak of Refining Organ, combined with this bloodline, he could contend with Postnatal Qi Transformation.

A dark, murky aura then condensed around Lu Zhuo, mixed with inner breath and True Qi.

Apparently, due to the power of his cultivation technique, this force was comparable to Postnatal Qi Transformation.

The Bloodline Power, along with this dark murky aura, had already exceeded the protective capability of a typical Postnatal Qi Transformation.

But that wasn't all!

"Activate!"

The beast-skin armor on the dark-skinned youth, merging with the dark murky aura, surfaced a layer of ancient and dense purple-black membrane.

That layer of purple-black membrane not only covered the body but also protected the head and limbs.

"High Grade Treasure Armor!" Huangfulin, Fei Letian, and others couldn't help exclaiming.

"A refining organ stage being able to activate the protective power of a High Grade Treasure Armor. This seems related to his bloodline," Chen Yu was astounded.

That piece of beast-skin armor was very consistent with the dark-skinned youth's bloodline aura.

Involuntarily.

Chen Yu felt a mix of envy, jealousy, and resentment—this Lu Zhuo truly had exceptional natural gifts.

The crimson torrent and ripples that burst from the blood pool, along with some residual inhibitory powers, struck the dark-skinned youth.

However,

The protective power of the dark-skinned youth at that moment was immensely strong, surpassing the Qi Transformation Innate.

His body's purple-black membrane film suddenly dimmed, and the black iron patterns on his skin flickered uncertainly.

Eventually,

Lu Zhuo successfully reached the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower, stretched out his hand to grab the stem, and gave it an upward tug.

Pluck!

With the blood-colored soil, the exquisite Blood Soul Flower, like a piece of art, was pulled up by him.

"No good! The Blood Soul Flower has been obtained by him..."

There was a sudden uproar within the crowd.

Whether it was the Bone Demon Palace or the Three Sects Camp, many disciples felt strongly unwilling.

The Blood Soul Flower, capable of enhancing life potential, was truly a priceless treasure.

Everyone present desired it.

"Strike!"

Mei Changqing's eyes flashed with a cold glint, and two reddish-black orbs appeared in his hand.

Those were the Yin Fire Pearls!

Not just him, Jiang Ping, War Armor Yuan Li, and the cold-faced man, each took out a Yin Fire Pearl.

A total of five!

Chen Yu's heart shuddered.

It seemed that the Bone Demon Palace was also being desperately pushed, realizing that Lu Zhuo had reached a level difficult to confront head-on.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...

Five Yin Fire Pearls, transformed into five black spots, quickly smashed in front of Lu Zhuo.

Trouble!

Lu Zhuo's expression changed, and he immediately stimulated his Bloodline Power to its utmost, causing the black iron patterns on his skin to flicker with a metallic brightness.

At the same time,

On his beast skin armor, the phantom of an ancient purplish-green beast appeared.

Bang!

His entire body, like a cannonball, shot towards the outside of the blood pool.

Boom!

A deafening explosion, accompanied by a roaring crimson red phantom flame like a tornado, engulfed the area within tens of meters.

At that moment, the Blood Sky Hall where everyone was located slightly shook.

The explosion of the five Yin Fire Pearls unleashed a terrifying power, probably surpassing that of a regular Qi Transformation Innate.

The crimson red phantom flame covered an area of tens of meters, quietly burning.

Silence fell over the field.

Many eyes were fixed on the swirling crimson red phantom flame.

After a moment,

Outside the crimson red phantom flame, a disheveled dark-skinned youth emerged, his beast skin armor bearing some scorch marks.

"Humph, five Yin Fire Pearls, that's almost all you have left, right?"

Lu Zhuo held the Blood Soul Flower in one hand, his smile revealing a trace of malice.

It seemed that Lu Zhuo's complexion was a bit off, but he was certainly not severely damaged.

"This couldn't kill him, and didn't even inflict serious injuries..."

The many disciples present couldn't help but be alarmed.

Tricked!

Mei Changqing and Jiang Ping exchanged looks, their hearts sinking.

Clearly,

Lu Zhuo had anticipated the Yin Fire Pearls, intentionally leaving this vulnerability.

Although the Yin Fire Pearls were powerful, they needed to be within the core area to achieve maximum lethality.

At that moment,

Lu Zhuo, being on guard, hadn't endured the maximum force and only received some minor injuries.

A slight injury, for a powerful bloodline physique like Lu Zhuo's, was nearly negligible.

"Gentlemen, let us stop this man together!"

Mei Changqing called out, holding a dark green bamboo rod, and swept up a vast expanse of dark bamboo shadows that exploded continuously along its path.

At the same time,

Fei Letian, Li Bingyue, Chen Yu, Chang Xuan, and other strong combatants all made their moves.

"Hehe, with so many of you, how dare I resist forcibly."

Lu Zhuo's figure flickered.

Swoosh!

Black afterimages continuously darted among the crowd. Lu Zhuo's burst of speed was terrifyingly fast, nearly impossible to catch with the naked eye.

Ding ding pong!

Aside from a rare few individuals, Lu Zhuo completely ignored the many attacks, emerging unharmed.

"Break!"

Lu Zhuo's black iron arm suddenly expanded, releasing a deafening dark black air column, clashing mightily with Mei Changqing.

Clang!

Mei Changqing staggered back several meters, almost losing his grip on the dark bamboo rod, his heart greatly shocked: "He was still holding back during our previous engagements."

The powerful airwave from their clash forced the surrounding crowd to retreat.

Taking this opportunity,

Lu Zhuo leaped towards an exit on one side of the plaza.

"Stop him!"

"If he escapes, we will lose our chance."

Disciples from Bone Demon Palace and the Three Sects Camp cried out in alarm.

Bang bang boom!

Lu Zhuo, holding the Blood Soul Flower, charged like a black iron wild boar, brutally crushing everything in his path, unstoppable.

Most attacks couldn't even breach his defense.

"Ah ah..."

In the wake of the black afterimages, heaps of human flesh and blood were left behind.

In a few breaths, the Bone Demon Palace and the Three Sects Camp sustained nearly ten casualties.

Ah! Run!

Many disciples present felt a chilling fear, retreating rapidly.

"Hahahaha! My bloodline power fears no strategy of numbers, which is why Lord Xue Feng chose me..."

Seeing that Lu Zhuo was nearing the plaza exit after a long howl,

If he passed through this exit, it would be freedom wide and vast.

The space of Blood Burial Garden was not small.

Once he left the Blood Sky Hall, he would be like a stone thrown into a lake, difficult to effectively chase and kill again.

Just then,

Lu Zhuo, holding the Blood Soul Flower, rushed to the exit at the corner of the open-air plaza.

Huh?

At the entrance stood a tall and upright youth.

Buzz!

The youth's body radiated a layer of ancient copper patterns deep in his bones, glowing with a brilliant metallic copper light. His physique slightly expanded, resembling a solemn Copper Statue.

Chapter 159: One Man Guards the Pass

Lu Zhuo was unstoppable as he bulldozed his way towards the only exit.

But at the exit, there stood only one person.

A tall and upright youth with an ordinary expression.

"It's you..."

Lu Zhuo's smirk faded, revealing a trace of solemnity.

Suddenly, he felt a profound physical aura, and even the power of his bloodline felt a slight suppression.

"Chen Yu!"

Disciples from the Bone Demon Palace and the Three Sects Camp exclaimed in unison.

This was the last person standing in Lu Zhuo's way from both camps.

Victory or defeat would be decided in the next instant.

"Ha! You ultimately chose to be my enemy."

Lu Zhuo's expression turned cold.

He slowed down and suddenly pushed off the ground with force.

Vibrating roar!

Lu Zhuo's fist, with black iron patterns fluctuating on it, charged at Chen Yu amidst a burst of dark and yelling energy.

At that moment.

It seemed like a vague, dark beast's silhouette ferociously pounced towards Chen Yu.

Under unprecedented pressure, Chen Yu pushed the Copper Statue Technique to its limit.

Creak creak!

From deep within his bones and muscles surged immense strength, stimulating his formidable physique to its peak.

Hmph!

On Chen Yu's copper-patterned arm, a coil of dark green serpent-shaped Evil Qi condensed to its extreme, emitting a thunderous roar.

"What intense Evil Qi!"

The numerous disciples behind him were terrified, not daring to meet Chen Yu's gaze.

Under tremendous pressure, Chen Yu's "Cloud Evil Inner Breath" ascended to a new level, barely touching the Postnatal Qi Transformation Realm.

"This fist technique almost parallels the Postnatal Qi Transformation."

Mei Changqing was slightly startled.

At that moment.

The evil intent in Chen Yu's eyes merged with the might of his fist technique, producing a power that, even without the Copper Statue Technique, nearly reached the Postnatal Qi Transformation Realm.

"Boom!"

Two tyrannical forces collided in mid-air, creating a turbulent gust that swept across several meters.

Wham! Whoosh!

In the midst of the raging wind, two figures clashed fiercely, sending a terrifying shockwave through the air.

Boom! Bang bang—

Suddenly, the two figures separated amid the roaring wind.

Thud thud!

One dark-skinned figure stumbled back two steps, his form wavering with shock.

It was Lu Zhuo!

"He's stopped!"

"We did it!"

The disciples from both camps behind were exhilarated, nearly shouting out loud.

From the moment Lu Zhuo took the Blood Soul Flower to breaking through to the end, it was the first time someone managed to block him.

Bang!

Another tall youth was knocked back several meters, stumbling upon landing.

Chen Yu's form swayed, a trace of blood leaking from the corner of his mouth, his face alternating between red and white.

"His physical power is almost equal to mine. But his cultivation technique is significantly more refined than mine."

Chen Yu steadied his circulation.

Just one strike had caused him some internal injuries.

Thump thump! Thump thump!

As his mysterious heart pulsed, the injuries inside Chen Yu healed by more than half in an instant.

"Earlier on, I had an intuition that you would be an opponent in the Blood Burial Garden, but I didn't expect you could contend with me in close combat," Lu Zhuo said, his expression stern.

That strike.

Although he had won and injured the other, his unchallenged momentum had been blocked.

Just then.

Swoosh! Swoosh, swoosh...

Top disciples like Mei Changqing, Jiang Ping, Chang Xuan, Li Bingyue, and Fei Letian came rushing from behind.

A cold glint flashed in Lu Zhuo's eyes as he stared at the youth at the exit.

If he could not break through in the next moment, he would be surrounded by numerous top talents.

"Next, I'll unleash the peak strike of my bloodline power," declared Lu Zhuo.

His arm shone with a metallic gleam on the black iron patterns that coiled around a column-like dark aura.

An ancient, majestic aura surged from Lu Zhuo.

Thump thump! Thump thump thump!

Chen Yu's heart charged up, reaching its critical point.

"Sir, prepare to receive my stronger strike."

Chen Yu let out a long howl, generating a formidable burst of power from within his physique.

Psh!

In that instant, his speed and strength increased by forty to fifty percent.

The afterimage flickered.

A gigantic copper fist, emitting a thunderous dark green Evil Light that resembled a giant python swallowing the sun, engulfed Lu Zhuo one step ahead.

It was a preemptive strike!

"This strike..."

Top disciples rushing to the scene gasped in shock.

Even Mei Changqing, who was in the Qi Transformation Realm, was moved.

It should be noted.

Chen Yu's first punch, without charging his heart and relying only on the Copper Statue Technique and the Cloud Evil Fist, had managed to contend against someone in the Postnatal Qi Transformation Realm.

This strike.

With his heart fully charged, his speed and strength had increased dramatically by forty to fifty percent!

Forty to fifty percent might seem minor, but as one progresses further in cultivation realms and volume, even a ten or twenty percent enhancement is substantial, often deciding life and death in a split second.

Hoo! Bang—

The entrance hall's walls slightly trembled.

Immediately, a black whirlwind burst forth from the clashing figures.

Except for Mei Changqing, several disciples at the Late Stage of Organ Refining and Peak stage struggled to stand firm and could hardly advance.

Bang! Stomp stomp!

A dark-skinned figure was forcefully knocked back in fury and stumbled several steps after landing.

On the other side.

Chen Yu's form landed and steadied, blocking the exit once more.

Hiss!

Chen Yu's body was wrapped in black patterns and his high-grade treasure armor exploded into tatters, yet there were no visible wounds on the surface of his skin.

"This boy's burst of power is actually above mine."

Lu Zhuo finally lost his composure, his mind reeling with shock.

He possessed an ancient and noble bloodline inheritance, which gave him unmatched physical strength among his peers.

In this confrontation,

Lu Zhuo found himself slightly suppressed by Chen Yu in terms of strength.

"I've sustained some internal injuries, and my armor is shattered."

Chen Yu took a deep breath.

Although he had the upper hand in terms of prestige this time, he still suffered a minor loss.

The opponent's bloodline power was very special, enhancing his combat capabilities while also sending shock waves into the enemy's body.

In terms of defense, the two were similar.

Chen Yu had a slight advantage in strength.

But in terms of cultivation technique maturity and attack power, Lu Zhuo was still stronger.

Unless

Chen Yu could fully enter his explosive mode, further enhancing his strength and speed.

"Hehe, stay put!"

As Lu Zhuo steadied himself, a light laughter was heard.

Whoosh snap!

Mei Changqing's hand wielded a dark green bamboo staff, casting a shadow of splintering dark bamboo, enveloping Lu Zhuo.

Go!

Jiang Ping's forehead shimmered with red sand, her bloodline activated, her black thread transformed into a dark red sharp line and "whoosh," it struck Lu Zhuo's lower body.

At the same moment,

Chang Xuan, Li Bingyue, Fei Letian, and other top talents launched their attacks from afar.

Each of these top talents' attacks approached the Postnatal Qi Transformation Realm, or even touched the Qi Transformation Realm.

Led by Mei Changqing, the multitude of attacks all enveloped Lu Zhuo.

Yin Fire Pearl! Ice Split Ball!

Among them were some killer moves from the various sects, all capable of threatening those in the Qi Transformation Realm.

Mmhm!

In the midst of the radiant waves of energy, a purple-green ancient beast phantom immediately "crack," shattered.

From within, came Lu Zhuo's furious roar, seeming to thunder with rage.

Wow!

After a round of attacks, Lu Zhuo spat a mouthful of blood, finally injured.

"You country bumpkins... you actually hurt me!"

Lu Zhuo growled, his body's black iron patterns noticeably dimmed.

"Attacks from many top disciples of both sides only caused him light internal injuries."

Chen Yu was astounded.

With his bloodline power, Lu Zhuo's defense was not much inferior to Chen Yu's, but the former also had high-grade treasure armor.

And,

Chen Yu noticed a detail.

From breaking out to fighting now, Lu Zhuo had been clutching the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower in one hand, even protecting it.

This surely affected Lu Zhuo's combat performance.

He estimated that Lu Zhuo's real combat capability could only reach eighty to ninety percent.

It's not that he didn't want to store the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower in a storage bag, but he couldn't.

Within the Blood Soul Flower, a Blood Soul Flower Spirit had emerged, almost demon-spirit-like in existence, even considered a sort of living being.

Similar to the "Blood Sun Pearl," ordinary storage bags could not contain it.

"Kill!"

The disciples from both camps didn't care so much, attacking frenziedly.

Boom, ding ding, whoosh boom!

The numerous attacks once again overwhelmed Lu Zhuo.

"Activate!"

Suddenly, a metal sphere appeared in Lu Zhuo's other hand, which he threw to the ground.

Be careful!

Mei Changqing hurriedly cautioned.

Unexpectedly, when the sphere hit the ground, it did not explode like the Yin Fire Pearl or Ice Split Ball.

Click,

The metal sphere unfolded, a flash of light revealing a mechanical puppet about a zhang tall, clad in armor, wielding a shield and a giant sword.

Ding ding dang...

The mechanical puppet used its shield, as large as a millstone, to protect Lu Zhuo from the front.

The numerous attacks hit the puppet, sparking a shower of sparks, especially the shield, which remained unmovable.

"What is this thing!"

Disciples from the Bone Demon Palace and the Three Sects Camp exclaimed in shock.

For the majority, it was their first encounter with such a device.

"This is a puppet!"

"It's a Postnatal Qi Transformation puppet!"

Only a few like Mei Changqing and Jiang Ping recognized the origin of this device.

Shh!

The puppet swung its giant sword, casting a dazzling blood-red arc light two to three zhang wide, sweeping past several top disciples nearby.

Clang,

Mei Changqing, struck head-on by the giant sword, was forced to retreat about a zhang.

"Ah..."

Screams and moans were heard.

The Iron Sword Sect's Yellow Robed Girl, struck by the blood-red arc light, was cut into upper and lower halves.

Hiss!

Yunyue Sect's Chang Xuan, his shoulder bearing a deep bloody mark, his high-grade treasure armor almost completely shattered, narrowly survived.

At the same moment.

Several other disciples also sustained varying degrees of injuries.

Instantly, the area was deathly silent.

The many disciples gasped in shock, staring at Lu Zhuo and the shield-and-sword puppet beside him.

Lu Zhuo himself was already slightly superior to an average Postnatal Qi Transformation.

Now, with a powerful Postnatal Qi Transformation puppet as well, how could he be stopped?

"Humph, you country folk from a small place are seeing such a powerful puppet for the first time..."

Lu Zhuo thought with a sense of superiority.

His cold gaze swept over Mei Changqing and the others, then returned to fix on Chen Yu.

Chen Yu still blocked the exit, standing as if he were the sole guardian.

Thump, thump thump! Thump thump thump!

Chen Yu's heart raced to the extreme, ready to burst into explosive mode at any moment.

"Chen Yu, I respect such an opponent as you. I don't want you to become a body trampled and passed over. Step aside."

Lu Zhuo's expression turned strange, followed by a faint smile.

"Hahaha..."

Chen Yu glanced over the puppet and Lu Zhuo, a flash of sharpness in his eyes, and suddenly burst out laughing, a hint of mockery curling at his lips.

Chapter 160: The End of the Strong Crossbow

The deadly silent open square.

"Ha ha ha..."

Chen Yu's laughter was especially loud, like a booming bell, full of vigor and genuine, not just an empty display.

The disciples of both the Three Sects and the Bone Demon Palace felt their repression and fear somewhat alleviated by the laughter.

"What are you laughing at!" Lu Zhuo responded coldly.

"Ha ha ha... You're at the end of your rope, and yet you dare to spout grand statements!"

Chen Yu's laughter was filled with mockery.

His gaze did not linger on the puppet but was fixed on Lu Zhuo.

"Pretending to be mysterious! Since you are seeking your own death, you can't blame me..."

Lu Zhuo's expression subtly changed, a murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

Whoosh!

The mechanical puppet beside him swung its greatsword, pointing it toward Chen Yu who stood at the exit.

"Come on then! I alone can block your way."

Chen Yu stood proudly at the exit, fearless.

He held the Xuan Heavy Sword steadily in one hand, calm and confident.

What!

One man to stop Lu Zhuo?

A great shock ran through the disciples of the Three Sects and the Bone Demon Palace.

"That's too arrogant!"

"Why do I feel like he's actually capable?"

Disciples exchanged bewildered looks.

Mei Changqing, Jiang Ping, and others, showed a hint of surprise as they exchanged glances.

But they had to admit.

At a moment when many disciples were panicking and almost giving up, this young man alone dominated the gate, his loud laughter stunning and powerful.

"Slice!"

Chen Yu roared, leaping into the air, his heavy sword tracing a dark silver arc like a rainbow.

At that moment.

His heart accumulated power to the extreme, and both massive physical strength and Cloud Destructor internal energy were fused into his heavy sword.

This sudden strike caught Lu Zhuo off guard.

Clang!

The puppet's greatsword met the strike, and a blood arc flashed.

Boom!

Chen Yu was thrust back a few yards by the explosive blood-colored arc, nearly spitting blood.

Crack!

The [Green Scale Armguard] on Chen Yu's arm shattered, blocking the residual impact of the blood arc.

After this exchange, Chen Yu was suppressed and driven back, even losing a treasured armguard.

However.

His face showed not shock but joy.

"As expected! If just now you and this puppet had burst forth with full strength, I might have already been defeated."

Chen Yu's smile grew even more composed.

"You..."

Lu Zhuo finally showed a change in color, a look of anger spreading across his face.

"I get it now!"

Mei Changqing, Jiang Ping, Huangfulin, and others suddenly realized.

"I vaguely remember reading that controlling a puppet needs spiritual power. With Your Excellency's Mid-stage of Refining proficiency, controlling a Postnatal Qi Transformation puppet to exhibit peak power is indeed inappropriate."

Mei Changqing said with a smile.

"That's right! While controlling the puppet, one's own strength can't be fully utilized; after all, it's hard to multitask."

Many agreed.

"Heh, that's probably a secondary reason. I feel like this person isn't having too much trouble controlling the puppet."

Chen Yu shook his head with a smile.

A secondary reason?

The crowd couldn't help but look at Chen Yu in surprise, while Lu Zhuo's expression fluctuated unpredictably.

"The most important thing is. Your Bloodline Power, in a prolonged battle, including the extraction of the Blood Soul Flower, consumes quite a lot. I believe this special power, granting power beyond one's level, certainly cannot last long."

Chen Yu's eyes bore into Lu Zhuo.

At this moment.

The black iron patterns on Lu Zhuo's body were not as pronounced as initially and had even dimmed somewhat.

"I should have thought of this earlier."

Jiang Ping couldn't help but feel annoyed.

She also possessed Bloodline Power, but its grade and activation were far inferior to that of the other.

Also, given the opponent's formidable combat capability and the appearance of the puppet, she had almost lost the courage to fight full-out without seriously considering this factor.

"How much of Your Excellency's Bloodline Power is left now. Thirty percent, twenty percent, or even less?"

Chen Yu smirked.

He could perceive these facts partly because of his mysterious heart's sensitivity to various power fluctuations.

Additionally.

He had not truly lost his fighting spirit and courage, nor had he lost his cool.

Especially.

After Lu Zhuo showcased the puppet's might and even tried to convince him to step aside, calling his avoidance "out of respect," not wanting him to die a vain death.

Putting himself in their shoes.

If Chen Yu had seized the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower and was just about to break through, but was specifically stopped by "someone" and fell into a dangerous situation of being mobbed.

He would certainly detest the person blocking his way.

If truly possessing unparalleled ability, he would definitely crush this "someone" without a word, why the nonsense!

Lu Zhuo hadn't done so, indicating he didn't have the capability.

On the contrary.

He was even worried that Chen Yu, in a desperate counterattack, would use up his remaining Bloodline Power.

Once deprived of the boost from his Bloodline Power, Lu Zhuo's own combat power would fall to the level of Mei Changqing, and if he was distracted by controlling the puppet, he might even drop to the ranks of Jiang Ping and Chang Xuan.

"Chen Yu! I regret not killing you the first time we met!"

The dark-skinned young man gritted his teeth, his eyes emitting a bone-chilling chill.

Seeing one more step would lead to freedom, yet being blocked by Chen Yu.

How could he not hate him?

And at the very last moment.

He deployed the puppet to intimidate both the factions of the Three Sects and the Bone Demon Palace, eyeing a successful turnaround.

However.

His last arrows in the quiver were exposed by Chen Yu.

He longed to devour Chen Yu's flesh, drink his blood, skin him and pull out his tendons...

"What are you all standing there for!"

Chen Yu's eyes flashed fiercely, his hand gripping the[Xuan Heavy Sword], sweeping it toward the exit.

His strategic significance now surpassed his actual strength.

By blocking this exit, the dark-skinned young man would face a mob from everyone.

"Charge!"

Disciples from the Three Sects and the Bone Demon Palace rallied again and mobbed Lu Zhuo.

Lu Zhuo gave a grim smile.

The mechanical puppet in front of him swung its greatsword, a blood-colored arc sweeping across and blasting away a few disciples.

At the same time.

The huge shield of the puppet blocked most of the attacks for Lu Zhuo.

"My puppet, made from very unique materials, has an attack power that can compare with the Postnatal Middle Stage, yet its defensive power can compare with the Qi Transformation Innate."

Lu Zhuo remained calm and composed.

"Ah ah..."

Instead, two disciples at the Mid-stage of Refining were swept by a bloody arc of light, losing arms and legs as they flew out.

Ding ding chi!

Mei Changqing's dark green bamboo rod swept across the body of the puppet, sparking a shower of sparks, yet it remained undamaged.

After stabilizing the situation.

Lu Zhuo's gaze flickered, sweeping over Chen Yu at the exit.

As long as he did not get too close to the exit, then Chen Yu would not pursue relentlessly.

Because.

Once he broke through the exit, Lu Zhuo would be the big winner. Both parties clearly understood this bottom line.

Thump thump! Thump thump thump!

Chen Yu's heart was silently gathering strength.

He was waiting for Lu Zhuo to approach again, then he would activate the "Explosion Method."

Lu Zhuo's gaze surveyed every corner of the area.

With a sharp intuition, Lu Zhuo sensed a crisis emanating from Chen Yu and subconsciously did not approach.

Suddenly.

His gaze swept over the dome of the open plaza, and his eyes lit up.

Above the dome was the sky.

The entire open plaza was actually built on top of the Blood Sky Hall, and the dome above was hollow, but shrouded by a light silver blood curtain.

"Go!"

Lu Zhuo's figure flickered, using the puppet's cover to charge in the opposite direction.

"Ahhhh..."

Together with the puppet, he was invincible.

Clang chi!

Lu Zhuo, with his diminishing bloodline power, joined forces with the puppet, pushing Mei Changqing back with injuries.

"What's that guy doing running back?"

Chen Yu felt something was amiss.

Suddenly, his gaze swept towards the dome above his head.

Not good!

Chen Yu no longer guarded the exit, his body darting swiftly away.

However.

In terms of movement technique speed, Chen Yu was still not as fast as Lu Zhuo bolstered by the bloodline power.

"I was too foolish before. Insisting on clashing with that guy, I've used up quite a bit of bloodline power."

Lu Zhuo regretted in his heart.

However, now that he had come to his senses, it was not too late.

"Breaking through the barrier on the dome, I would be the big winner. Bone Demon Palace, the three sects, and Chen Yu... In this Blood Burial Garden, you all are just my background."

Lu Zhuo's heart surged with excitement, and he could not help but howl.

Whoosh!

Bolstered by the bloodline power, he crossed the blood pool, reaching the wall near the other end of the plaza with a speed that defied competition.

Scurry scrabble!

Lu Zhuo retracted the puppet, his figure leaping by pushing off the wall.

A height of several dozen feet was no challenge for him.

In a flash or two, Lu Zhuo neared the silver pattern blood curtain above the dome, hooking his foot on the wall's edge.

Break!

Lu Zhuo channeled his bloodline power, his palm forming a blade, glowing with a dazzling black iron pattern, swirling with a dark aura, and he chopped down fiercely.

Pong chi!

The nearby area of the silver pattern blood curtain suddenly trembled, opening a crack about a foot long, but not wide enough for a person to pass through.

The prohibitions of the Blood Sky Hall were slightly different from those of the ancient inheritance halls, protected on both the inside and outside.

Bang bang pong!

Lu Zhuo sped up his attacks, seeing the barrier hole getting bigger and bigger.

Scuffle whoosh whoosh whoosh!

At this moment, the top disciples from the three sects and Bone Demon Palace came chasing.

Pong pong chi! Pop!

But the hole in front of Lu Zhuo was almost wide enough for one person to pass through.

Whoosh!

Suddenly, a purple blur at an incredible speed, climbed up from the blood hall wall, drawing close to Lu Zhuo.

That purple shadow's speed was no less than Lu Zhuo's, and it was even more agile.

What is that?

Lu Zhuo felt a blast of wind come at him, his eyes catching a fleeting outline of a purple fox.

At this moment.

He was hanging upside down from the wall's edge, one hand holding the Blood Soul Flower, the other attacking, leaving no room to dodge.

But unexpectedly.

That purple fox did not seem intent on striking his vital points.

Plop!

Its claws swept across, accompanied by a sharp purple glint, grabbing onto the wrist holding the Blood Soul Flower.

"Ah!"

Lu Zhuo shrieked.

His bloodline power was already low, those claws extremely sharp, the force of the strike nearly comparable to the Postnatal Qi Transformation.

Bang!

The dream-like Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower fell from the sky.

At the same moment.

The hole in the barrier in front of Lu Zhuo was just wide enough for one person to get through.

"No..."

Lu Zhuo screamed in fury, only one step away from having the world at his feet, being the big winner.

Zip whoosh!

That purple fox, agilely somersaulting mid-air, grabbed the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower.

"Isn't that fox Chen Ying'er's Spirit Pet?"

Chen Yu was taken aback.

At this moment.

Everyone at the scene was a bit stupefied, not catching on.

Just as Lu Zhuo was about to succeed, everyone had nearly lost hope.

Unexpectedly, a purple fox, with a surprise attack, snatched the Blood Soul Flower.

Whoosh slash!

The agile purple fox leapt, sweeping toward the other end's entrance.

"Stay!"

Mei Changqing and others reacted, chasing after it.

"Where will you run..."

Lu Zhuo, nearly overwhelmed by anger and blood, turned into a faint black trail of wind, overtaking most people, chasing after that Purple Fox.

Zip whoosh~

The purple fox, with the Ten-thousand-year Blood Soul Flower in its mouth, landed next to a man and a woman, exactly Chen Yu and Chen Ying'er.