

Humanity 1031

Chapter 1031 Sacred Master

On the spirit mountaintop of Central Island in the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, Jian Guhong and others returned to report their mission, recounting in detail what they did and saw.

After Jian Guhong finished speaking, the ghost cultivator elder opened his mouth and said, "It's truly a pity that we didn't manage to kill that Star Moon Saintly Venerable this time. I originally had a chance to succeed, but the guy was too alert and reacted at the moment I struck. In the end, I only wounded him, alas."

The Sacred Master shook his head and said, "The Sacred Seeds of this realm are all blessed by the heavens and earth. They can be said to be the Destined Ones of this realm. They are not so easily killed. It's already remarkable that Senior Wuchang could injure him."

Everyone present understood the prowess of the Sacred Seeds, which were not something ordinary of the Blood Race could be compared to. Take Wuchang, for instance; he mentioned having an opportunity to succeed, yet, in reality, not succeeding is still not succeeding. Even if given the same opportunity again, it would still be impossible to succeed.

Jian Guhong had also faced a Sacred Seed in direct confrontation. With the powerful foundation of a sword cultivator, he could only fight that Sacred Seed to a draw.

This shows the strength of the Sacred Seeds. It can be said that the Blood Race Sacred Seed does not have a single one weaker than these people here.

Yet even such powerful Sacred Seeds have been known to be beaten to death alive.

And the one who achieved this was none other than the Sacred Master in front of them!

It was precisely that battle that made top experts like Jian Guhong and Wuchang willingly acknowledge the middle-aged man's identity and status as the Sacred Master.

It should be understood that whether it was Jian Guhong or Wuchang or that female magic cultivator, they were all formidable figures renowned across the domains, considered the top combat power of the human race. Each was proud and unruly, each capable of shaking the heavens in anger, each had dominated an era, and getting such people to submit was not something just anyone could achieve.

Before the emergence of the middle-aged man, Jian Guhong and others were like loose sand scattered throughout the Blood Refinement World, opposing the Blood Race because they were strong enough, and because none of them accepted the other.

It was the appearance of the middle-aged man that brought these scattered sands together, establishing the Righteous Blood Sacred Land in the Empyrean Sea and providing a Pure Land for the human race.

Standing strong until today!

But now, Righteous Blood Sacred Land has reached its most perilous moment.

"This time, the Blood Race's forces are more numerous than ever, seemingly intending to achieve victory in one fell swoop," the Sacred Master spoke slowly. "Messages have been sent back from the east, south, and west. Each battlefield has multiple Sacred Seeds stationed, with hundreds of thousands of soldiers each. In total, the Blood Race's forces number at least 1.3 million or even more from all four directions."

Jian Guhong and others furrowed their eyebrows.

This number is much greater than before. Though the Blood Race had repeatedly waged war, they had never reached a million in numbers before, and thus the Righteous Blood Sacred Land had been able to hold them back.

But the Righteous Blood Sacred Land has also paid an extremely heavy price for this.

When Lu Ye arrived this time, he saw the Righteous Blood Sacred Land with its outer oval-shaped islands scattered around a central Big Island, but initially, the terrain was not like this at all.

Originally, the Emyrean Sea's center was filled with many scattered islands, at least four times as many as now.

Through battle after battle, those islands on the far outside had been smashed and sunk, leaving only the inner layer of islands intact.

If this time even these innermost islands cannot be preserved, the Righteous Blood Sacred Land will be left with only the central Big Island, and then there will be no natural defenses left.

So this time, the Sacred Land's critical point is whether they can preserve the outer islands, whether they can withstand the strong assault of the Blood Race. If they can fend off everything, then all will be well; if not, once the Blood Race lands on the islands, they will surely destroy the islands immediately, breaking a hole in the Sacred Land's defense line.

Judging from the Blood Race's deployment this time, it is undoubtedly difficult for the Sacred Land to hold off the Blood Race and keep the enemy outside.

"In the worst case, we go out and fight them. The Blood Refinement World is vast; we can fight the Blood Race wherever we go," Wuchang said.

Jian Guhong shook his head. "It's easy for us to fight our way out, but what about the others on the island? They will undoubtedly be subjected to the Blood Race's wrath, and then I'm afraid no one will survive."

The number of humans on the island is vast, as they were moved to the Sacred Land from a hundred thousand miles around the Emyrean Sea early on. Decades of accumulation have led to humans living in peace, and the population has grown even larger. It is precisely due to this substantial human base that the Sacred Land receives a constant supply of cultivators to become a force to resist the Blood Race.

Cultivators and ordinary mortal people have always been interdependent, sharing honor and disgrace. This remains the same whether in the Nine Provinces or the Blood Refinement World.

Wuchang said, "We can't possibly perish with them; there's no logic in that."

Though he spoke so, should it truly come to that point, it's uncertain how many of the top human experts would be willing to flee alone.

The female magic cultivator who had remained silent spoke, "What can our homelands provide?"

These people are not without roots or sources; they all have backgrounds.

The Blood Race has never understood how, under the circumstances in the Blood Refinement World, so many powerful human beings suddenly appeared. If it were just one or two, it might be excusable; with such a large human population, there would inevitably be one or two lucky ones with certain opportunities. But there aren't just one or two such powerful humans; there are dozens or even hundreds!

This is the fundamental reason why the Righteous Blood Sacred Land has stood firm under repeated Blood Race assaults, as the number of top experts there is sufficient to repel the Blood Race armies, inflicting heavy losses each time.

The Sacred Master shook his head, "This is precisely where my doubts lie. Recently I tried contacting our homeland, and the feedback was that they had already provided us with aid."

But he hadn't seen any aid.

"Already provided?" The female magic cultivator frowned, suddenly thoughtful, "Could it be..."

Jian Guhong evidently realized something as well and was about to speak when the Sacred Master suddenly looked down the mountain, his face puzzled, and in the next instant, his form flashed, disappearing on the spot.

When he reappeared, he was at the foot of the mountain, in front of a stone monument.

Lu Ye stood in front of this stone monument, looking at the line of characters on it, gently reciting: "Righteous Blood Flows Forever..."

This shocked him greatly because beneath the mountain gate of the Righteous Blood Sect, there was also a stone monument with this very line carved on it.

However, the stone monument at the Righteous Blood Sect can only be considered half, with the other half at the Loyal Heart Sect side. The two monuments combined are the complete one.

It is said that decades ago, the Sect Leader of the Loyal Heart Sect personally carved them, and then divided them into two, sending one to the Righteous Blood Sect and leaving one at the Loyal Heart Sect, symbolizing the friendship between the two sects.

Yet, over a mere few decades, the friendship between the two sects has split into two just like the original complete monument, invoking much lament.

Lu Ye didn't expect to see something similar to his sect here.

After reciting one sentence, he could not help but recite the next one.

"Loyal Heart Illuminates Ten Thousand Years."

He couldn't help but frown; his sect was the Righteous Blood Sect, and here was the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, along with a similar stone monument to his sect's base. This coincidence was quite astounding.

Suddenly, Dao Thirteen's aura surged, and the Divine Sea Realm's pressure spread.

Lu Ye was shocked, his thoughts interrupted, and he instinctively pressed his hand on the Boulder Mountain Saber at his waist. When he turned his head, he saw a middle-aged man with hands behind his back, standing not far from him.

He hadn't noticed when this person arrived; if not for Dao Thirteen's reaction, he might not have noticed at all.

Swish, swish, swish, several figures swiftly approached and stood in front of the middle-aged man; they were Jian Guhong and the others.

At the same time, Lu Ye clearly sensed numerous powerful Mental Consciousness emanating from various parts of the Central Island, focusing on this area, obviously detecting what was happening here.

But soon, these consciousnesses withdrew.

Lu Ye broke into a cold sweat, realizing that he had underestimated the depth of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land's foundation; just from the trace left by the rush of consciousness a moment ago, it appeared there were dozens of Divine Sea Realm cultivators gathered on the island now.

And these were just those who had revealed their presence, what about those who hadn't?

He steadied his mind, scrutinizing the middle-aged man closely. At first glance, he strangely felt that this person seemed somewhat familiar, as if he had seen him somewhere before.

Yet Lu Ye knew he had never met this person before.

As for the identity of the newcomer... just by Jian Guhong and others' positions, he could guess that this must be the Sacred Master of Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

"Dao soldier?" The middle-aged man didn't observe Lu Ye first but instead looked towards Dao Thirteen, with powerful Mental Consciousness surging, thoroughly examining Dao Thirteen's details.

The spiritually naive Dao Thirteen was undoubtedly enraged by his unrestrained probing, roaring angrily, he charged forward and swung a punch at the middle-aged man.

Lu Ye's expression changed, hastily shouting: "Stop!"

But he ultimately shouted a bit late.

With a boom, the middle-aged man remained motionless, merely raising one hand to effortlessly block Dao Thirteen's full-power attack. Visible shock waves spread out, blowing his hair and clothes into a flutter.

He suddenly raised another hand and pointed at a certain spot on Dao Thirteen's chest.

His actions weren't fast, even Lu Ye could see them clearly, yet there was an ineffable grace about them.

What astonished Lu Ye was that Dao Thirteen didn't evade this strike.

With a finger point, Dao Thirteen seemed to be struck by lightning, his entire body rigid, and his head drooped downward, falling into a sitting position on the ground.

Lu Ye's pupils shrank to the size of pinpoints, an endless chill washing over his body, his hand on the Boulder Mountain Saber, unsure whether to draw or not.

Lu Ye knew Dao Thirteen's strength. He wasn't considered the strongest in the Divine Sea Realm, but certainly not weak either, yet he was subdued so effortlessly by the person before him?

Lu Ye didn't even know what he had done.

This guy... possesses a terrifying degree of cultivation.

"Relax, he's just asleep." The middle-aged man seemed to notice Lu Ye's concern, proactively stating.

Lu Ye quickly looked at Dao Thirteen, finding that he indeed appeared to be merely asleep, even snoring a bit, leaving him speechless for a moment.

"The crafting method of this Dao soldier is flawed, resulting in low spiritual intelligence." The middle-aged man raised his head to look at Lu Ye, "How is Mount Tai?"

Chapter 1032 My Name is Feng Wujiang

"Mount Tai... who is that?" Lu Ye gazed at the middle-aged man in front of him.

"You don't recognize him?"

Lu Ye shook his head. He truly hadn't heard of the name Mount Tai, nor did he know why the man in front of him would suddenly bring up this person.

The middle-aged man frowned. The young man's expression didn't seem fake, and under his strong Mental Consciousness scrutiny, a True Lake Realm couldn't possibly lie in his face. So it appeared that the young man truly didn't know Mount Tai.

But not knowing didn't mean he hadn't seen him.

Because the method for crafting that Dao soldier was only known by him and Mount Tai. Years ago, he had studied this method alongside Mount Tai.

At that time, he found this crafting method morally questionable and therefore discarded it.

It now seemed that Mount Tai had already utilized this method, and the Dao soldier sitting in meditation before him was undoubtedly crafted by Mount Tai. That's why he could easily subdue Dao Thirteen. Otherwise, no matter how strong he was, it wouldn't be possible to make Dao Thirteen fall asleep with a single finger.

For people like them, killing an enemy was easy, but subduing one often required several times the effort.

With a Dao soldier crafted by Mount Tai by his side and having recited the next line of "Righteous Blood Flows Forever," the young man's origin was now unmistakably clear.

It was just that his cultivation... seemed a bit low. Was this the aid provided by their homeland?

"Where are you from in the Nine Provinces?" the middle-aged man asked.

Lu Ye's pupils contracted, his eyes filled with disbelief as he stared blankly at the middle-aged man in front of him. He almost thought he had misheard and uncertainly asked, "What did you say?"

The middle-aged man smiled and asked again, "Which province and sect are you from in the Nine Provinces?"

Even though Lu Ye had a steady disposition, he was quite shocked this time.

He never thought he would hear someone mention the Nine Provinces in this Blood Refinement World. Numerous thoughts swirled in his mind, and he instantly realized: "Senior... are you from the Nine Provinces?"

The middle-aged man nodded, "Not only am I from the Nine Provinces, but all of them are as well."

Behind him, Jian Guhong and others looked at Lu Ye with narrowed eyes.

Lu Ye's origin from the Nine Provinces was something they had already suspected. Because in the Blood Refinement World, such existence as a Dao soldier was impossible, let alone a Divine Sea Realm Dao soldier.

Only the Nine Provinces could produce such a Dao soldier.

They hadn't confirmed this earlier, so they didn't tell Lu Ye. They planned to take him back and question him carefully.

Now seeing Lu Ye's reaction, they knew their guess was correct.

The young man truly was from the Nine Provinces.

In this unfamiliar land, suddenly seeing fellow people from his homeland, despite the significant age and cultivation difference between Lu Ye and them, he couldn't help but feel a sense of kinship, his emotions fluctuating.

Thinking carefully, if the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury could send him to the Blood Refinement World, they could naturally send others.

It now seemed that before him, there were already Nine Provinces cultivators sent here. Only a cultivator from the Nine Provinces would have the courage and boldness to establish a human force in this Empyrean Sea, constantly resisting the Blood Race.

Lu Ye finally released his grip from his sword's hilt, exhaled deeply to calm his excitement, and cupped his fists in salute, "Lu Ye from the Righteous Blood Sect of Bingzhou, greets all the seniors."

At these words, Jian Guhong and the others were stunned, simultaneously looking at the middle-aged man.

The middle-aged man was also taken aback. He stepped forward and grabbed Lu Ye's arm: "You are from the Righteous Blood Sect in Bingzhou? The Righteous Blood Sect of Mount Ao?"

"Yes." Lu Ye noticed the person in front of him had an exaggerated reaction.

Logically, with his cultivation level, firm in mind, even if the sky fell, he should maintain composure. However, in that instant just now, his breathing was somewhat unsteady, a clear sign of emotional turmoil.

"Who leads the Righteous Blood Sect now?" the middle-aged man asked, his voice slightly trembling.

"Our sect master, Thang Yifeng!"

"Is the venerable well?"

"Well, well." Lu Ye slightly frowned; the grip on his arm hurt a little.

The middle-aged man also seemed to realize this and immediately released Lu Ye's arm, continuously nodding, "As long as well, as long as well!"

Lu Ye felt puzzled and faintly guessed the person in front of him might have some connection with his sect, or else why would someone of such cultivation get so emotional over Ma sect and the sect master?

"Senior, who are you..."

The middle-aged man took a deep breath, a warm smile appearing on his face, "I am Feng Wujiang, I wonder if you've heard of me."

Lu Ye was momentarily stunned, then blurted out, "Impossible!"

Feng Wujiang, what a renowned name.

Almost since his early days in cultivation, he had heard this name, and as he grew, he continually understood the weight of this name.

It can be said that Feng Wujiang represents an era, not only for him but for the entire Nine Provinces today, who doesn't know?

The Righteous Blood Sect rose because of Feng Wujiang and fell because of Feng Wujiang.

Back in the day, the sect was able to rise to the status of a 1st grade sect under the leadership of this Master Brother. After his death, the sect gradually declined, and the remnants of its influence linger to this day. On the Spirit Stream battlefield and the Cloud River battlefield, Lu Ye was often targeted and besieged by the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. Even after joining the Bingzhou guard, he was suppressed by his own Divine Sea cultivators because of Feng Wujiang.

Lu Ye's feelings towards this Master Brother were complex. There was admiration, naturally, but more of a disappointment for not living up to expectations.

He was not clear on the specifics of what happened back then, as no one had explained it to him in detail, but the current state of the sect could not be separated from this Master Brother.

In fact, before he joined the Righteous Blood Sect, it almost got removed from the records by Heaven's Augury.

With thoughts rolling in his mind, Lu Ye frowned at the person in front of him and said, "My Master Brother has been dead for nearly forty years. Don't lie to me."

Jian Guhong opened his mouth and said, "In front of you are all former dead people."

"What do you mean?" Lu Ye looked at him.

Jian Guhong said, "I'm the fifth-generation sword master of the Beixuan Sword Sect."

A female magic cultivator beside them pursed her lips and smiled, "I'm Lady Moon, the seventh-generation sect master of the Myriad Magic Sect in Leizhou."

Even the physique cultivator who had been silent all this time spoke up, "I'm Mong Jie, the third-generation sect leader of the Righteousness Sect in Bingzhou."

Spectral cultivator Wuchang chuckled, "I'm not any kind of sect leader; I'm an independent cultivator. Even if I told you, you wouldn't know." It's unclear if this statement was true, but spectral cultivators were usually low-key and secretive, purposely hiding their origins.

Lu Ye was mentally shaken by these few simple words.

He didn't know when the third, fifth, or seventh generations were, but the current sect leaders of these major sects in the Nine Provinces evidently had far more than a few generations of lineage. In other

words, no matter who these people were before him, they were ancient figures, probably at least several hundred years old, maybe even longer.

Beixuan Sword Sect and Righteousness Sect, Lu Ye was familiar with them as they were 1st grade sects of the Haotian Alliance in Bingzhou.

Lu Ye had also dealt with the Myriad Magic Sect in Leizhou. Back in the Spirit Stream battlefield, which sect from the Core Circle of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge hadn't he extorted?

The Myriad Magic Sect belonged to the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge!

In the Nine Provinces World, the two major factions fought against each other, but in the Blood Refinement World, top-tier cultivators from different factions could coexist peacefully, serving under the same leader—which was quite bizarre.

But it was also natural.

Because this wasn't the Nine Provinces; this was the Blood Refinement World dominated by the Blood Race. Whether it was the Haotian Alliance or the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, in the Blood Refinement World, they shared only one identity.

Human race cultivators!

No wonder both Jian Guhong and Wuchang, as well as Mong Jie, appeared somewhat aged, because they had been alive for who knew how many years. Only Lady Moon was a woman skilled in maintaining her youthful appearance, showing no signs of age, though her real age might not be any less than the others.

These people were undoubtedly sent here by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury.

And they were definitely not sent at once but likely at different times, one by one.

This indicates that the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury had long located the Blood Refinement World and had been using methods to rescue the human race here, achieving some results yet unable to change the dominance of the Blood Race in this world.

There was one matter that Lu Ye always found puzzling.

That was the lifespan of Divine Sea cultivators, which was generally very long, easily spanning over a thousand years. Even if this longevity was slightly decreased due to various reasons, living several hundred years was typically easy.

In the frequent confrontations between the two major factions of the Nine Provinces, it's true that Divine Sea cultivators often fell, but it wasn't to the extent that every era's Divine Sea cultivators all perished completely.

Especially those who could lead their era like the Master Brother.

If they hadn't died, where did they go?

Perhaps some were in closed-door cultivation, comprehending the mysteries beyond the Divine Sea.

But it's also possible they were selected by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury and sent here!

Lu Ye suddenly realized, no wonder Jian Guhong and the others were so powerful; just a few of them could slaughter through the tens of thousands strong army of the Blood Race.

Because they were not ordinary Divine Sea cultivators. Each of them had once been a powerhouse who subdued an era and dominated over others.

Only such individuals were qualified to be sent here by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury.

Although Lu Ye didn't know what price needed to be paid to send someone from the Nine Provinces to here, it surely wasn't small, so not just anyone could be sent here.

No one ever knew any of this; everyone assumed they had already died.

Looking again at the person claiming to be Feng Wujiang, Lu Ye finally understood why he had felt some familiarity upon first seeing him.

Because of Feng Yuechan.

Feng Yuechan was his daughter, naturally bearing some resemblance.

While he was lost in thought, Lady Moon suddenly pointed to the side, "Look over there."

Lu Ye turned his head to see an old woman with white hair hunching over with a cane, stumbling by from not far away, her form shaky as if she might fall at any moment.

"Don't be fooled by her appearance. That's Granny Jiew, the second-generation Valley Master of the Medicine King Valley, the oldest among us, having lived over a thousand years. Never offend her, or you won't even know how you died. Even I grew up listening to her infamous exploits."

Chapter 1033 A Conversation Between Brothers

Lu Ye's eye twitched, unsure whether what Lady Moon said was true or not.

Because from the look of Granny Jiew, she seemed like an ordinary old woman at the end of her life, exuding no aura whatsoever.

Suddenly, Granny Jiew turned her head and looked over, her wrinkled face breaking into a kindly smile, "Talking behind someone's back is not good. Little Yue'er, you need to change this habit."

Lady Moon gave a respectful salute, "Granny, your teaching is right, I will certainly change."

Granny Jiew nodded slightly and walked away with a quivering gait.

Lu Ye felt that this Righteous Blood Sacred Land truly concealed remarkable characters.

"Just now you called me Senior Brother," Feng Wujiang looked at Lu Ye.

Lu Ye came back to himself and saluted solemnly, "Grateful for the sect master's acceptance, led me into the sect years ago. Lu Ye greets Senior Brother."

It could be basically confirmed that the person in front of him was his legendary Senior Brother. Lu Ye did not believe there was a need for these people around to deceive him; these were all top figures of the Divine Sea Realm, giants who could shake a provincial state in the Nine Provinces with a mere stomp. What benefit would they gain by deceiving him in this foreign land?

Yet, Lu Ye could not have imagined that his Senior Brother, rumored to have been dead for nearly forty years, was still alive, and was even sent to this Blood Refinement world by Heaven's Augury.

This was indeed somewhat bizarre.

"Good." Feng Wujiang nodded with satisfaction, "The old man's judgment has never been wrong. Now it seems, Junior Brother, you indeed have great potential."

Lu Ye blushed. "Compared to Senior Brother and the predecessors, I am nothing."

Jian Guhong smiled slightly, "You are still young, no need to belittle yourself. To be chosen by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury and sent here, none are ordinary people. Given time, you may not surpass your Senior Brother and rise to prominence." He turned to Feng Wujiang, "It is a joyous occasion for Sacred Master brothers to reunite in foreign lands, but this is not the place to talk."

Feng Wujiang patted his forehead, "Got a bit muddled from happiness, Junior Brother, follow me!"

Saying so, he affectionately held Lu Ye's arm, soared into the air, and flew toward the peak.

The others remained where they were. After Feng Wujiang and Lu Ye left, Lady Moon puzzledly asked, "Surely, he can't be reinforcement sent from the homeland, can he? What can a True Lake Realm accomplish?"

"One cannot judge a book by its cover, nor the sea with a bucket. Since Heaven's Augury sent him, there must be a reason. Heaven's Augury is inscrutable, inscrutable indeed. Let's wait and see."

At the peak, in a pavilion, Feng Wujiang brought Lu Ye there, let him sit down, and sat across from him.

It was evident that Senior Brother was very happy, for the smile on his face never faded.

"I know you have many things you wish to ask, but I too have many questions. Let me ask first, may I?" Feng Wujiang looked at Lu Ye.

Lu Ye nodded, "Please, Senior Brother."

"How has the sect been faring in recent years?"

"Not very well." Lu Ye slowly shook his head, briefly explaining what he knew.

Feng Wujiang's smile gradually disappeared, replaced by heaviness and self-reproach.

When hearing that the sect had almost been erased by Heaven's Augury, the self-reproach deepened.

"In those years, disciples of the sect suffered much oppression. The sect master, in despair, almost dissolved all the surviving disciples to protect the remaining members. Before I joined the sect, only the sect master and Sister Shui Yuan were left. Third Senior Brother Xiao Xinghe was sent to White Emperor City, Fourth Senior Brother Li Baxian went to the Loyal Heart Sect, but now they have both achieved cultivation, advanced to the True Lake Realm, and work for the Bingzhou guard's Justice Department, which is quite good."

Lu Ye paused and then said, "Although the sect master has never mentioned you in front of me over the years, I know he always keeps you in mind. Since you, Senior Brother, are not dead, why didn't you give a word to the sect master before coming here, to let him and Sister Shui Yuan know you were still alive?"

Feng Wujiang gave a bitter smile, "There wasn't an opportunity. Under normal circumstances, I was doomed to die, but at the last moment, it was Heaven's Augury that swapped death for life, letting me narrowly escape death. After that, I was directly sent here. How could I have the time to greet the old man?"

Lu Ye understood.

Just like this time when he came to the Blood Refinement world, he thought he was escaping from an unknown small secret realm, only to be transported here without a moment's notice.

Heaven's Augury acts without negotiating with you.

"How is the situation in the Nine Provinces now?" Feng Wujiang calmed his mind and asked.

"Same as always, the two major factions contend ceaselessly, the Nine Provincial States wage unending battles. In these decades, there hasn't been someone like Senior Brother who can resolve everything single-handedly."

"Actually, the path I took back then was wrong," Feng Wujiang sneered, "The two factions have opposed each other for so long they are like fire and water. Simply relying on brute force to subdue one side is impossible; the more you suppress, the more fierce the backlash. I am a cautionary tale. Junior Brother should take heed."

Back in the day when Feng Wujiang was in command, the situation was very favorable for the Haotian Alliance. But as Feng Wujiang said, the more fiercely you suppress, the more ferocious the backlash will be. In the final battle, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side launched a desperate counterattack. Countless Divine Sea Realm powerhouses besieged him fearlessly, and even someone as strong as him was overwhelmed by the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's human wave tactics.

Feng Wujiang wanted him to take this as a warning. Lu Ye didn't really know how to respond, because at the end of the day, he was just a True Lake Realm cultivator. In the grand scheme of things, he was just one among the masses in the Nine Provinces, with hardly any say even in Bingzhou, let alone the entire Nine Provinces.

"Let's not talk about that. Tell me about the matters of the sect." Feng Wujiang sat cross-legged on the chair without a care for appearances, facing Lu Ye, looking very interested.

Having been here for nearly forty years, he knew nothing about the Nine Provinces over there, and was particularly concerned about the sect. Now that Lu Ye had arrived, he naturally wanted to inquire thoroughly.

"What does Senior Brother want to know?"

"I want to know everything." Feng Wujiang chuckled, "Start with yourself. How did you join our sect? Did the old man see through your extraordinary talent at a glance and decide to take you in?"

Lu Ye was somewhat embarrassed and proceeded to recount the circumstances of how he joined the Righteous Blood Sect.

Feng Wujiang listened intently, expressing amazement from time to time.

He had never expected his junior brother's experience to be so twisty and complicated, not at all like the script where the old man recognized Lu Ye's extraordinary talent; rather, it was various strokes of luck and coincidence that led to it.

In fact, when the sect master initially took in Lu Ye, he intended to send him to a friendly sect for cultivation after some time and had no real plans to keep Lu Ye.

After all, at that time, the Righteous Blood Sect was in decline, and neither the sect master nor Senior Sister Shui Yuan had any intention of maintaining the sect.

Then, when Lu Ye mentioned the Battle of Golden Top, describing how Senior Sister Weh Ying courageously fought her way to rescue him from a dire situation, and how Li Baxian's sword came from the west, with senior brothers and sisters united to protect the newly inducted junior brother, Feng Wujiang had not a trace of his Divine Sea Realm prestige, feeling as if he were there himself, wishing he could kill all those Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who made things difficult for Lu Ye.

It was only after the Battle of Golden Top that Lu Ye truly became a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect and returned to the sect headquarters to recover from his injuries.

Afterward, on the Spirit Stream battlefield, he practiced cultivation while developing and expanding the sect, finally preserving the Righteous Blood Sect.

Although the grade of the Righteous Blood Sect isn't high right now, its prospects are very bright with both the sect master and Senior Sister Shui Yuan being Divine Sea Realm cultivators, and Lu Ye himself having hopes of reaching the Divine Sea. The sect has gained many Cloud River Realm cultivators. In the next sect grade evaluation, becoming a 3rd grade sect shouldn't be a problem.

"Wait a minute, Junior Brother, how many years has it been since you embarked on the path of cultivation?" Feng Wujiang keenly sensed something unusual.

"It's been nearly five years." Lu Ye replied.

During these five years, he spent most of the time in the Spirit Stream Realm, which took him nearly two years. On the contrary, in the Cloud River Realm, it only took him a year, because the Spirit Stream Realm is a foundational realm for cultivators, where each spiritual orifice needs to be opened gradually. There are no shortcuts, just steady progress.

In the Cloud River Realm, because of the spirit fortune stick, the cultivation speed increased significantly, and it took just over a year for Lu Ye to ascend to the True Lake Realm.

Now it's been more than a year and a half since he ascended to the True Lake Realm. Mainly after entering the Blood Refinement World, his cultivation progress slowed. If he had stayed in the Nine Provinces during this time, he might have already ascended to Divine Sea by now.

Feng Wujiang couldn't help but show a shocked expression: "In just five years, Junior Brother, you've cultivated to the True Lake Level 8?"

What kind of cultivation speed is this?

Even if Feng Wujiang himself was favored by Heaven's Augury, he was deeply shocked.

He recalled it took him nearly twenty years to cultivate from scratch to True Lake Level 8...

Of course, he was a late bloomer who didn't show exceptional talent at the start of his cultivation journey.

At this rate, it's only a matter of time before his Junior Brother ascends to Divine Sea.

No wonder he was chosen by Heaven's Augury to be sent here.

Still, cultivation speed aside, Lu Ye's cultivation level is ultimately not high. In the upcoming battle where the Blood Race will encircle the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, individual cultivation level might not play a significant role.

Lu Ye went on to talk about Shui Yuan's ascension to Divine Sea, and how the sect master was often bullied by Madam Yun...

Feng Wujiang was delighted and laughed heartily hearing this.

Lu Ye didn't have a complete narrative but spoke of whatever came to mind. Nevertheless, no matter how small the matter was, as long as it was related to the sect, Senior Brother listened with great relish.

Upon learning that the sect master had now reached Haotian City and was a member of the Elder Council, Feng Wujiang sighed deeply: "Junior Brother, it's been tough on you these years."

The sect master became disheartened because of him, and then revitalized due to Lu Ye's rise. Whatever the reason, he felt he owed Lu Ye a deep gratitude.

Thinking about this, Lu Ye felt a bit worried: "The sect master is probably very worried about my safety right now."

He was captured by Yu Daiwei in front of the D-9 squad, and even the sect master later rushed to rescue him. However, Yu Daiwei used the teleportation array to escape from the sect master's pursuit. Now, it's been nearly a year since it happened and he's been without a trace since. The sect master is bound to be anxious.

Chapter 1034 The Wonderful Use of the Array Disc

But being in this foreign land, there's no way to communicate with the sect master.

Fortunately, as long as I'm not dead, the battlefield marking will not dissipate, and the sect master and others can use this to judge my safety.

"What's with that Dao soldier?" Feng Wujiang asked again.

Previously, Jian Guhong and others saw Dao Thirteen, which led them to speculate about Lu Ye's origin.

Similarly, Feng Wujiang also saw the Dao soldier and confirmed that Lu Ye was a cultivator from the Nine Provinces.

"This matter is quite convoluted." Lu Ye then detailed how he was captured by Yu Daiwei and taken to a secluded secret realm.

Feng Wujiang raised an eyebrow after listening: "What does that Venerable Lord look like?"

"His appearance is quite ordinary, nothing particularly special, but his cultivation should be very high. As for his height... about this tall." Lu Ye described simply.

"Mount Tai!" Feng Wujiang immediately understood, discerning the Venerable Lord's identity.

"Does Senior Brother know him?" Lu Ye couldn't help recalling that the first thing Senior Brother asked after seeing him was "How is Mount Tai?".

Looking back now, he probably thought I was one of Mount Tai's people, otherwise, why would I have a Dao soldier nearby?

"I know him more than just well." Feng Wujiang showed a reminiscing expression, "Mount Tai and I were acquainted during hard times. He was the most capable subordinate under my command back in the day. He also comprehended the methods of crafting Dao soldiers, so he naturally knows how to create them."

"You just said he had a round disc-like thing?"

"Yes, he showed it to me at the time, as if he wanted me to do something with that disc, but I looked and looked, and couldn't figure out what was special about it."

Feng Wujiang's expression became slightly somber.

Lu Ye didn't know what the round disc was, but he did. After all, he was the one who found it back then, but at that time, even if he used it, he couldn't make the world submit, so he hid it with Qiu Min.

Unexpectedly, this thing ended up in Mount Tai's hands. It seems that in the decades since I haven't been in the Nine Provinces, Mount Tai has not been idle.

How it got into Mount Tai's hands, Feng Wujiang didn't know. The only certainty is that it must have been obtained from Qiu Min. According to his understanding of Mount Tai, there was probably some coercion involved.

As he pondered, Lu Ye asked, "Senior Brother, what exactly is a Dao soldier?"

Dao Thirteen said he was a Dao soldier, but Lu Ye never figured out what exactly a Dao soldier was. However, since Senior Brother could recognize Dao Thirteen as a Dao soldier at a glance, he must know something about it.

"It's a human-shaped artifact crafted using a secret technique. Under this technique, a Dao soldier can grow at an astonishing speed, but the price is the squeezing of their potential. So, while a Dao soldier may have a decent cultivation, there's no room for further advancement, and that technique greatly damages the Dao soldier's spiritual intelligence. For instance, the one by your side probably has the cultivation of Divine Sea Level 5, but will never advance further in this life. You should have noticed that his spiritual intelligence is low."

Lu Ye nodded slightly, finally understanding what a Dao soldier is.

As Senior Brother said, Dao Thirteen's spiritual intelligence is low, at most slightly better than a real fool.

Slightly startled, he realized that under Mount Tai's command, there was not just Dao Thirteen, and the sequence of "Thirteen" explained a lot of problems.

"That Dao soldier was crafted by Mount Tai. How did you make him obey you?"

"Senior Brother, I used a small means to manipulate his mind."

Feng Wujiang's expression brightened: "Manipulate the mind? Like the Blood Race's Blood Seal?"

Lu Ye said, "I've never seen what the Blood Seal looks like, and I don't know its effect, but my method is probably stronger than the Blood Seal. My control over Dao Thirteen is absolute, and he won't disobey my orders."

"Is there a limit?" Feng Wujiang asked again.

"What do you mean?"

"The number of people you can manipulate, is there a limitation?"

"There shouldn't be." Lu Ye thought for a moment. Along the way, he had enslaved many of the Blood Race, and so far, he hadn't felt anything amiss.

After all, the Soul Taming Divine Runes is planted in the soul slave's Divine Sea, and as long as Lu Ye can break through others' psyche defense, he can plant Soul Taming.

Of course, if someone has a much stronger psyche, this would also be difficult, as the target would resist when planting the Soul Taming Divine Runes.

Just like Jian Guhong and others, Lu Ye estimated that even if they opened their psyche defense, he still couldn't plant the Soul Taming Divine Runes on them. The disparity in psyche power was too vast; such mighty figures could make his divine runes fail to form with just a slight struggle.

"Good!" Feng Wujiang's expression was somewhat excited, as if he thought of something, and he patted Lu Ye's shoulder: "Junior brother's arrival is truly timely."

Lu Ye looked at him in confusion.

Feng Wujiang then smiled and said, "You just arrived, so rest for now, we'll talk about this later." He continued, "You mentioned having many questions earlier, you can ask them now."

Lu Ye indeed had many questions, but didn't know where to start for a moment. After a pause, he asked, "Was senior brother sent here after the last battle back then?"

"Yes, it's been almost forty years."

"What about Jian Guhong and the others?"

"They arrived earlier." Feng Wujiang laughed, "And they weren't sent in groups; they came one by one over a significant span, spanning hundreds of years. Junior brother, you were also sent by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury, you must have experienced cultivation being sealed, right?"

Lu Ye nodded, "Yes." It seems now that all the human race cultivators sent to the Blood Refinement World by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury were sealed in cultivation and had to gradually recover; it wasn't just him.

"Have you thought about why Heaven's Augury would send us here, yet seal our cultivation?"

"Heaven and Earth have a will, Heaven's Augury is the will of the Nine Provinces. This realm should also have a nascent will, albeit not as intense as the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury. Being sent from the Nine Provinces here is akin to invading this realm, and without concealment, this realm's Heaven and Earth's Will might react, placing us at a disadvantage."

Feng Wujiang looked at Lu Ye in surprise, "Junior brother, your ability to consider this shows your quick mind. We've hypothesized about why Heaven's Augury would seal our cultivation, and our thoughts align with yours."

He sighed, "However, this situation has led to many predecessors being at a disadvantage as soon as they appear, costing us quite a few people."

Even those like Jian Guhong with deep foundations can only exert limited power if their cultivation is sealed. If unlucky enough to be discovered by a Blood Race expert, their fate is grim.

"Why did the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury send so many top experts here? To save the human race of this realm?" Lu Ye asked.

"Probably. We've been exploring this tirelessly over the years, but have never found a precise answer. Almost everyone was sent here unknowingly. When I came, the Righteous Blood Sacred Land didn't exist, and those predecessors had little contact with each other; they were all strong enough to dominate an era. Junior brother, you understand, no one yields to anyone else, and with both major factions present, unity was naturally difficult."

"It took me about ten years to contact many predecessors and create the Righteous Blood Sacred Land in this Empyrean Sea. Then I migrated a large number of the human race from ten thousand miles around the Empyrean Sea, forming the current scale of the Sacred Land. But by doing so, we've also become the target of the Blood Race. For decades, the Blood Race has launched attacks every few years. Some predecessors have perished in battle, and the Sacred Land's defenses have been gradually worn down. This time, the forces of the Blood Race far exceed those before, and intelligence gathered by those predecessors indicates a large number of experts, possibly with many Sacred Seeds hidden among them, making the situation very unfavorable for the Sacred Land."

"What does senior brother want me to do?" Lu Ye asked.

"Indeed, there are tasks for you, but there's no rush. The Blood Race forces are still gathering, and such a large formation isn't easy to cross the Empyrean Sea. We have at least two months to prepare. However, the fact that the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury sent you at this time means you have the ability to enhance the Sacred Land's strength, although I'm not sure how. You probably know yourself."

Lu Ye thought for a moment and retrieved an array disc from his storage space, handing it to his senior brother.

With suspicion, Feng Wujiang accepted it and tried channeling spirit force into the array disc. Instantly, the disc activated, releasing an invisible force that enveloped both Lu Ye and Feng Wujiang.

Feng Wujiang's expression changed, "This is..."

Under careful perception, he could clearly sense the effect of that invisible force. It seemed to easily connect his and Lu Ye's spirit auras, and he also felt that he could borrow power from Lu Ye at will, as long as Lu Ye didn't resist.

Likewise, Lu Ye felt something similar.

In his perception, his senior brother's body harbored power of extreme terror, something Lu Ye dared not borrow.

Recklessly borrowing would mean his own body couldn't withstand it.

Steadying his mind, Lu Ye spoke, "As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc, containing a spirit rune called As-Close-As-Siblings. Within the effect range of the spirit rune, everyone can easily borrow strength from one another."

Lu Ye had improved this array disc many times. Currently, the activation of the disc covers a greater range and has practical application significance, unlike his first creation, which could only cover a one-zhang range. Now, the array disc can cover a range of about five zhang.

A five-zhang range isn't small, and it can be life-saving in critical moments.

In Feng Wujiang's eyes, a bright light flashed, quickly recognizing the disc's profound use: "Borrowing strength is secondary; if this disc is used to form an array..."

Lu Ye nodded, "I've considered this too."

Different arrays require different numbers of cultivators to form. Generally speaking, only those familiar with each other, who consistently cooperate over years and trust each other, have the possibility of forming an array, and it requires significant practice.

Hence, in the battlefield confrontation between the two major factions, arrays are rarely seen; most cultivators only coordinate simply with each other.

Because not just anyone can join with others to form an array to face the enemy.

Chapter 1035 What Was Forgotten

For different cultivators to form an array, the first thing is to have interconnected qi.

This qi is invisible and shapeless, differing for everyone, making it naturally difficult to connect with each other.

Therefore, in many big sects, there is usually a group of people specifically responsible for practicing array formations. Such individuals usually do not have poor aptitudes—if they were, their cultivation wouldn't be high, making array formations pointless. But neither are they too high, as cultivators with high aptitude might find solo cultivation and strengthening their cultivation a better use of time than practicing arrays.

Generally speaking, these are tasks for those who are neither too high nor too low in their sects. After forming an array, they can exert power beyond their capabilities, enhancing the foundation and strength of the sect headquarters.

Within the Nine Provinces, at the frontline mountain pass of the two opposing camps, it is rare to see array formations because there are frequent casualties at the front. Once a war results in damages, all the previous practice becomes meaningless.

Thus, despite its usefulness, forming an array often requires a lot of manpower, energy, and even time. As a result, not many cultivators within Nine Provinces strive to practice arrays.

But what if there was something in this world that could aid cultivators in connecting their qi effortlessly, without long practice or deep trust in each other?

Then forming an array to defend against enemies would be easy.

The As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc serves as such an auxiliary tool.

Undeniably, Feng Wujiang's experiences are broader than Lu Ye's. Initially, Lu Ye crafted the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc to let those within its range borrow power from each other, only later realizing it could be used to form an array.

But Feng Wujiang immediately recognized its greatest utility.

It's not for borrowing power but to aid cultivators in forming arrays. When used for array formations, it might yield better results than simply forming arrays, as cultivators can borrow power from each other within the formation.

If cultivators are considered individual components, the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc can easily integrate these into an indivisible whole.

It's safe to say that such an object can play a role in large-scale wars that is immeasurable!

With enough As-Close-As-Siblings Array Discs, the overall power of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land could increase by at least thirty percent, if not more.

This is immensely crucial to the current plight of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

In several decades, the Righteous Blood Sacred Land hasn't cultivated many particularly powerful strong cultivators. However, due to the large population base, human race cultivators have emerged in numbers, including those in the Cloud River Realm and True Lake Realm. The As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc suits them perfectly.

"Is crafting such an object difficult?" Feng Wujiang asked intently.

"Not difficult." Lu Ye shook his head.

The crafting of the array disc isn't challenging, and inscribing the As-Close-As-Siblings Spirit Runes within it is even easier.

"I'll take it for further study first." Feng Wujiang stood up, "You take a rest, and I'll find you later to discuss it."

The appearance of the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc undoubtedly excited Feng Wujiang greatly, prompting him to quickly have his people craft more for the upcoming battle preparations.

After these words, he soared into the sky and flew in a certain direction.

Lu Ye swallowed back the words he wanted to say, regretting not being able to tell his senior brother that crafting it isn't difficult for him, but others may not find it so.

Since the core of the object isn't the array disc but the spirit runes, which are complex and not something just anyone can inscribe during crafting.

Shortly after his senior brother departed, a man in a green robe approached, saluted, and said: "Sir, the Sacred Master instructed me to lead you to rest."

Lu Ye nodded slightly, "Lead the way then."

Moments later, under the lead of the man in green, he entered a large hall and was properly accommodated.

Over the past six months, he had been traveling tirelessly. If he hadn't encountered Jian Guhong and others, he might have had to continue for over a month to reach the Empyrean Sea.

Indeed, he was somewhat fatigued.

While meditating in the quiet room for a while, Lu Ye suddenly opened his eyes.

He felt like he had forgotten something, but after careful thought, he couldn't recall what it was, so he decided not to worry about it. It would come to him naturally when the time was right.

At the foot of the mountain, Dao Thirteen, with his head hung, was sleeping soundly. Upon awakening, he found no trace of Lu Ye nearby, stood up, scratched his head, and didn't know what to do, so he stood there like a wooden stake, waiting.

His thoughts were simple—he couldn't find Lu Ye, but Lu Ye would always come for him. There's something to be said for having low spiritual intelligence; it's not necessarily all bad. At least it brings worry-free days.

Meanwhile, somewhere beneath the Sacred Mountain, the clanging sounds echoed, mostly from burly men with bare torsos working hard, sweating profusely. The surrounding environment roiled with heat waves, occasionally spewing scorching flames.

This is the Sacred Land's artifact crafting workshop, specially tasked with creating spirit treasures for those strong cultivators in the Divine Sea Realm.

Feng Wujiang stood beside a skinny old man. Like Jian Guhong and others, the old man's hair and beard were white. Despite his skinny frame, the muscles on his bare torso were well-defined, and he held a hammer larger than his head in one hand.

In the other, he held the array disc Feng Wujiang had brought from Lu Ye, simultaneously activating his Mental Consciousness and Spiritual Artifact to silently perceive the structure within the array disc.

The skinny old man's name was Ouyang Zi. He didn't come from any Sect Master lineage; three hundred years ago, he was the chief Artifact Refiner of Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, having crafted countless exquisite spirit treasures in his lifetime.

Not only did he come from Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, but many of the Artifact Refiners gathered here did as well. While they all possessed extraordinary cultivation, they had practically never engaged in combat.

After perceiving for a long time, Ouyang Zi finally opened his eyes, a serious expression on his face.

Feng Wujiang immediately asked, "Senior, is it possible to mass-produce this item?"

Ouyang Zi glanced at him, weighed the hammer in his hand, silently calculated the skill disparity between himself and Feng Wujiang, and gave up the idea of hitting him. He frowned and said, "Where did the Sacred Master find this thing?"

How could such an item be mass-produced? In the whole artifact crafting workshop, he might be the only one capable of crafting it, and even then, the probability of success was extremely small.

"Is there something wrong?" Feng Wujiang noticed that Ouyang Zi's expression was off.

"The technique used to craft this array disc is somewhat immature, but it's clear that there is a legacy behind it. The person who refined it must have been taught by an extraordinary master. What confuses me is that with such artifact crafting skills, it should be impossible to imprint such complex spirit runes into the array disc."

Ouyang Zi, having spent a lifetime in artifact refining, naturally had a keen eye.

Lu Ye's artifact crafting technique was indeed immature. Such an array disc appeared to him as a defective product, with many flaws, but it was still a usable item. Purely from the perspective of refining technique, the artifact crafter must have received guidance from a very skilled Artifact Master.

But the key to this item wasn't the array disc itself, but the spirit runes embedded within it.

During his earlier perception, he was truly shocked by the complexity and intricacy of those spirit runes.

He had never heard or seen such runes before and had no idea what they were used for. If he were simply asked to mobilize spirit force to construct those runes, a conservative estimate would give a thirty percent chance of success.

However, if he had to imprint those runes into the array disc while refining it, there would be no chance whatsoever, not even half a percent, of success. It was almost impossible.

"Who crafted this array disc?" Ouyang Zi asked, feeling curious as no one in the Sacred Land should have been able to craft such an item.

"It was crafted by my junior brother."

"The Sacred Master's junior brother?" Ouyang Zi was puzzled, having never heard of the Sacred Master having a junior brother.

"From the Nine Provinces."

Ouyang Zi suddenly understood: "The Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury sent people over again?" And at such a time.

For a moment, his thoughts traveled far and wide.

"Your junior brother has remarkable talent in the Path of Artifact Refining. If it's convenient, could the Sacred Master introduce me to him? There's much I wish to learn from him."

He mainly wanted to personally see how the Sacred Master's junior brother managed to successfully imprint those spirit runes into the array disc.

Feng Wujiang was astonished: "If you wish to see him, Senior, I'll bring him to you later. It's a good opportunity for you to teach him a thing or two as well."

It was quite unbelievable. In the Path of Artifact Refining, Ouyang Zi was the most skilled person Feng Wujiang had ever seen. Ouyang Zi was also highly self-confident in this field and had never mentioned seeking advice from anyone.

"Senior, this item can't be mass-produced?" Feng Wujiang asked again, sensing something unusual in Ouyang Zi's tone.

Ouyang Zi couldn't help but heft the hammer in his hand: "I cannot refine this thing, let alone mass-produce it."

Feng Wujiang was astonished: "Even Senior can't refine it?"

Ouyang Zi said, "Crafting the array disc is simple; it's the spirit runes inside that I can't imprint."

They are too complex, requiring a significant amount of time to study and practice, and even then, the success rate would not improve much.

As he walked out of the artifact crafting workshop, Feng Wujiang frowned deeply.

This isn't right; his junior brother clearly said that this item wasn't difficult to craft. Why did Senior Ouyang Zi say he couldn't craft it?

There's no reason for his junior brother's artifact crafting skills to surpass Ouyang Zi's.

He wanted to find out immediately but considered that Lu Ye, having traveled all this way, was probably resting. So there was no rush to pursue it at that moment.

It wasn't until the next day that Lu Ye suddenly realized he was missing someone.

He hurriedly went downhill to search.

He saw Dao Thirteen standing there, motionless.

Sensing Lu Ye's presence, Dao Thirteen immediately looked up, a look of grievance on his face.

Lu Ye gave him a look, and Dao Thirteen followed suit, keeping step with him.

Returning to the peak, he wasn't quite sure how to find his senior brother, as there weren't many buildings on the peak, just a few halls and side rooms, and it seemed that the cultivators from the Nine Provinces weren't staying here.

The man in the green robe from the previous day was still there, and Lu Ye stepped forward to inquire, "Where is the Sacred Master?"

The man in the green robe replied, "The Sacred Master has gone to investigate the defensive structures on the surrounding islands. Before leaving, he instructed that if you are rested, you should wait for him on the Sacred Mountain."

Chapter 1036 Rotten on the Outside, Gold and Jade on the Inside

Lu Ye wandered around the Sacred Mountain, though there wasn't much to see. There were just a few main halls and some side rooms, all visible at a glance.

But as he was new here, it wasn't appropriate for him to roam carelessly, so he could only spend his time like this.

Passing by a main hall, Lu Ye glanced casually, then suddenly stopped, and next he stepped inside the hall.

The hall was empty, with only a single pillar standing in the center.

Lu Ye approached the pillar with a slightly excited expression, his face full of reminiscence.

It had been a long time since he last saw this thing.

The creatures of the Blood Refinement World might not recognize this thing before him, but among Nine Provinces cultivators, who wouldn't know it?

This was a Heaven's Augury Pillar!

Actually, after arriving in the Blood Refinement World, while pondering the purpose of the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury sending him here, Lu Ye also considered how he could return to the Nine Provinces.

He couldn't possibly stay here forever. Since the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury could send him here, they must have a way to bring him back.

However, this situation differed from the previous time he entered the Unparalleled Continent. Last time, he carried four Heaven's Augury Pillars with him, allowing him to connect with the Nine Provinces. This time he had none.

Unexpectedly, there was one on this Sacred Mountain. With a Heaven's Augury Pillar, there's no need to worry about returning; he could use it to complete the transfer.

It would be good to buy some cultivation resources from the Heaven's Augury treasure vault. He's been lacking in cultivation resources recently, which is the fundamental reason for his slow progress in cultivation.

He placed his hand on the Heaven's Augury Pillar, his mind stirring, attempting to connect with the heaven's augury.

Lu Ye frowned. No response!

He tried to connect again, yet still no response.

This was something he encountered for the first time. Every Nine Provinces cultivator can connect with the heaven's augury using the Heaven's Augury Pillar, a right granted by the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury. There's no reason for no response.

But despite several attempts, it was still useless.

"Junior Brother." Feng Wujiang's voice came from behind.

Lu Ye turned and asked, puzzled, "Senior Brother, why can't this Heaven's Augury Pillar be used?"

Feng Wujiang explained, "Junior Brother might not know, but unlike in the Nine Provinces, the Heaven's Augury Pillar here can only be activated once every five years, lasting about the time it takes to burn a stick of incense, after which substantial resources are transmitted from the Nine Provinces, and then it goes silent."

Lu Ye was surprised, not having expected this.

Previously, he was wondering how human race cultivators could cultivate in the Blood Refinement World without suitable materials, like Spirit Stones.

They couldn't solely rely on absorbing nature's spiritual energy.

It turns out that resources are sent over from the Nine Provinces.

"There's still about a year until the Heaven's Augury Pillar activates next, so you naturally can't use it now."

"Why is it like this?" Lu Ye asked, puzzled.

"I'm not sure of the specific reason either, but I guess it's related to the will of heaven and earth of this world. When the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury sent us over, it used some concealment methods so that the will of heaven and earth of this world wouldn't detect our invasion. The silence of the Heaven's Augury Pillar is likely for the same reason. If it remained active continuously, the will of heaven and earth here would inevitably trace back to the presence of the Nine Provinces, which is why it only activates once every five years, and the time it stays active is also not long."

Lu Ye appeared thoughtful.

"What did Junior Brother come over here to buy?" Feng Wujiang asked.

"I'm short on cultivation resources, and I thought about exchanging for some."

Feng Wujiang laughed, "If that's the case, I'll have some sent your way later. There are still some reserves from the last transmission."

"Alright." Lu Ye nodded, then asked, "By the way, Senior Brother, does the Sacred Land have any Blood Crystals?"

"Yes, Junior Brother wants them?"

Over the decades, the Blood Race has besieged the Sacred Land numerous times, and each time a vast number of Blood Race members died. Although most fell into the Empyrean Sea, leaving no remains, some died on the surrounding islands.

The Blood Crystals from these Blood Race members were collected by human race cultivators.

The Sacred Land originally intended to study using the energy of Blood Crystals for array setups, but the energy in Blood Crystals is somewhat corrosive, making it unsuitable for array setups, so they've been kept instead.

After each great battle, the Sacred Land collects a large number of Blood Crystals, but they're not practically useful, so they've been accumulating more and more.

Now, the Sacred Land has a dedicated storeroom for storing Blood Crystals. Inside, there's a mound of large and small Blood Crystals of varying quality.

"Yes, I do." Lu Ye nodded without hesitation. To the other human race cultivators, Blood Crystals might be like poison, but to him, they are a good elixir. With enough Blood Crystals, he could advance to True Lake Level 9 and even challenge the Divine Sea.

"I'll have someone deliver it to you later." Feng Wujiang said, beckoning, "Follow me, there is someone who wants to meet you."

Lu Ye followed behind Feng Wujiang.

After a while, inside the artifact crafting workshop, Lu Ye met Ouyang Zi.

Feng Wujiang briefly introduced them to each other, and upon learning that Ouyang Zi was the chief Artifact Refiner of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union from a few hundred years ago, Lu Ye felt a deep respect.

The Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, being such a colossal entity, boasts a plethora of talents. Ouyang Zi's ability to become the chief Artifact Refiner naturally signifies an exceedingly high level of skill in artifact refining, incomparable to someone like him, who is still learning.

In the end, he had merely followed Khong Khong in the Sword Weapon Sect's secret realm, learning the Path of Artifact Refining for just two months. Even if he had some talent in this field, artifact refining requires years of immersion to achieve profound mastery.

On the other hand, Ouyang Zi was more astonished, mainly because Lu Ye was so young.

Yesterday, upon hearing from Feng Wujiang that the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc was refined by his junior disciple, Ouyang Zi thought that being Wujiang's junior could imply someone just over fifty.

Yet the young man in front of him was clearly in his early twenties...

"Did you refine this?" Ouyang Zi held the array disc in his hand, his eyes somewhat red, apparently from not having rested well the previous night.

"Yes, I refined it." Lu Ye nodded.

"Would you refine another for me to see?" Ouyang Zi appeared skeptical, mainly because it was hard to believe that, at Lu Ye's age, even if he had started learning artifact refining from the womb, he should not be able to inscribe such complex spirit runes completely onto an array disc.

Lu Ye turned to look at Feng Wujiang, the senior brother nodded: "Go ahead, junior brother, refine one."

With senior brother's permission, Lu Ye naturally didn't refuse and took out some materials from his own storage space, channeling his spirit force into a blazing flame to wrap and refine the materials.

With his current cultivation at True Lake Level 8, he could already refine some simple artifacts out of thin air, as he had done with previous array discs.

Under his manipulation, impurities were constantly separated, and a nascent array disc slowly took shape.

A short while later, Lu Ye withdrew his spirit force, and a brand new As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc was freshly made, which he then handed to Ouyang Zi.

Ouyang Zi took it, channeling spirit force and mental consciousness to probe inside the disc, his face full of disbelief: "That's unreasonable."

He had watched Lu Ye's refining method, which indeed appeared quite clumsy. The array disc in his hand, judging solely by its quality, just barely passed muster. With such artifact refining skills, how could he imprint such complex spirit runes completely?

This array disc truly had an appearance of decay outside but was strikingly generous inside. It appeared unremarkable from the outside, but the treasures were all within.

Knowing what Ouyang Zi was marveling at, Lu Ye explained: "Senior, I am a spirit runes master; constructing spirit runes isn't much of a challenge for me."

Even as he said this, Ouyang Zi still looked amazed: "Truly incredible."

Though he had seen spirit runes masters before, none he had met had such extraordinary skills.

"Young friend, could you teach this old man how to construct that spirit runes?" Ouyang Zi's attitude had obviously become more polite. Although he could perceive the complete structure of the As-Close-As-Siblings Spirit Runes through mental consciousness and spirit force, constructing a spirit rune varies in difficulty depending on the method. He wanted to know how Lu Ye constructed these runes, hoping to learn something from it.

He studied the array disc for a whole day yesterday and naturally recognized its wonders. In large-scale warfare, it can be seen as a strategic weapon, playing an irreplaceable role in the Sacred Land's defense against the Blood Race army.

He was naturally inclined to refine this for the human race cultivators in the Sacred Land to be equipped with.

"Of course, no problem." Lu Ye readily agreed.

Immediately, the old and the young conversed quietly, with Lu Ye demonstrating the construction of the spirit runes to Ouyang Zi from time to time.

Feng Wujiang stood silently by their side waiting.

Alongside stood Dao Thirteen, like a wooden stake.

After several hours, Feng Wujiang led Lu Ye away from the artifact crafting workshop, leaving behind an Ouyang Zi with a distressed face.

He discovered that Lu Ye constructed those spirit runes with ease, as simple as eating and drinking, yet when it came to him, he frequently made mistakes, often falling short after coming quite far.

Constructing spirit runes is just like that; the entire process must be flawless to successfully form a spirit rune. Even a single discrepancy in Yin-Yang Dual Origins could lead to total failure.

This is also why genuine spirit runes masters are scarce within the Nine Provinces.

Although those Array Masters, Artifact Refiners, and even Pill Masters are adept at constructing some spirit runes, aiding their array setup, artifact refining, or Alchemy processes, the runes they specialize in are clearly defined within specific fields. They usually construct the few spirit runes they use most frequently.

Unlike true spirit runes masters, who can effortlessly handle any type of spirit runes.

"Seems we can't rely on Senior Ouyang for this..." Feng Wujiang noticed something as well. In the field of artifact refining, Ouyang Zi was second to none. Even in today's Nine Provinces, very few could match

his level in artifact refining. But with specialized skills, the intricate As-Close-As-Siblings Spirit Runes are undoubtedly a hurdle he can't overcome.

Perhaps in the future, he could gradually improve the success rate of constructing this spirit runes through practice and apply it to artifact refining, but the Sacred Land is currently pressed for time.

Within two months, the Blood Race army is certain to invade, so relying on Ouyang Zi is not feasible.

Chapter 1037 Blood Race Dao Soldier

"Junior Brother, can you take charge of refining that array disc?" Feng Wujiang spoke.

"No problem, I had that intention to begin with."

"Good, I'll have someone send all the necessary materials to you later." Feng Wujiang said delightedly. Just now, he saw Lu Ye refining the array disc with ease, not spending much effort, and successfully producing one. At this rate, he could refine at least 200 pieces a day, saving plenty of time.

Following Feng Wujiang, they walked in another direction, and before long, they reached an entrance at the foot of the Sacred Mountain. Several cultivators were stationed at the entrance, and upon seeing Feng Wujiang, they all saluted: "Sacred Master!"

Feng Wujiang nodded and led Lu Ye inside.

Initially, they proceeded straight ahead, then spiraled downwards, reaching a deep underground cavern a hundred feet below. The cavern's surroundings flickered with firelight, casting a clear yet not dim glow.

Lu Ye gazed around, seeing that at every several distances within the cave, there was a large container resembling a water vat, and inside each vat were round objects.

At first, he couldn't see clearly what those round objects were, but when his vision focused, he couldn't help but be slightly startled: "Senior Brother, these are..."

"Dao soldiers!" Feng Wujiang replied softly, standing beside Lu Ye with hands clasped behind his back.

"So many!" Lu Ye exclaimed.

The number of vats in this cavern was nearly a hundred, and the round objects he saw were actually heads!

The key point was that beside each of those heads were long, pointed ears, indicating these Dao soldiers were clearly not from the human race, but from the Blood Race!

Over the decades, the Sacred Land had fought the Blood Race several times. Each time, the Blood Race suffered heavy losses, and naturally, many Blood Race members were captured alive by the Sacred Land.

These captured Blood Race individuals were refined into Dao soldiers by Feng Wujiang, as Lu Ye saw before him.

The method of refining Dao soldiers was something Feng Wujiang obtained from a place in the Nine Provinces years ago. Mount Tai also learned to refine Dao soldiers from him, so if Mount Tai could do it, he naturally could as well.

However, he felt that creating Dao soldiers was against the will of heaven, so he never did it.

But he clearly wasn't someone inflexible or unwilling to change. Using the human race to refine Dao soldiers would be against the will of heaven, but using the Blood Race was not a problem at all.

In these years, from the many captured Blood Race individuals, he selected those with good aptitude to start refining into Dao soldiers.

Yet, the casualty rate for refining Dao soldiers was absurdly high, with a success rate of only one in a hundred. Over decades, only a hundred or so Dao soldiers were created.

Lu Ye stepped forward to inspect the nearest vat, finding that it was filled with a peculiar liquid with a strong medicinal aroma, its composition unknown. A Blood Race member sat inside, eyes closed, with only their head above the liquid surface.

Their breathing was barely discernible, but Lu Ye could sense they weren't dead.

"These are considered finished Dao soldiers. However, since they're Blood Race members, even if successfully refined, they have an innate rebellious nature. Under normal circumstances, it's not a problem, but if attacked or in too much pain, they might defect during battle, so they remain sealed here."

Lu Ye immediately understood: "Senior Brother, do you want me to enslave them?"

Feng Wujiang nodded: "Initially, I thought these Dao soldiers wouldn't be of much use, but since you have the ability to control minds, perhaps these Dao soldiers could be turned over to you."

Having learned yesterday about Lu Ye's ability, Feng Wujiang immediately thought of these stored Dao soldiers. It's a pity that these arduously refined Dao soldiers couldn't be used due to concerns.

"No problem," Lu Ye agreed readily.

"But junior brother, are you sure your method will work on these Blood Race members? This matter cannot be taken lightly. Each of these Dao soldiers is beyond your cultivation; if they devour their master, it won't be a joke."

"They're at the Divine Sea realm?" Lu Ye was astonished.

Feng Wujiang nodded: "All of them are at the Divine Sea realm!"

The Blood Race members he selected were exceptionally suitable for refining Dao soldiers, with secret techniques to catalyze and maximize their potential. Over decades, they naturally advanced to the Divine Sea, but the cost was damage to their spiritual intelligence, leaving no room for further improvement, just like Dao Thirteen.

Lu Ye raised his eyes to observe; a hundred Dao soldiers meant a hundred at the Divine Sea realm, and even if these Dao soldiers were not high-level within that realm, Divine Sea was Divine Sea.

Deploying such a force would undeniably be a significant aid to the Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

"Therefore, I need to be sure that your method, junior brother, will not go wrong."

"Absolutely not," Lu Ye guaranteed, "You may not know, Senior Brother, but my method is actually a divine rune. If dealing with a fully intelligent Divine Sea realm, there might be a risk of rebellion, but with these soldiers having damaged spiritual intelligence, I have absolute command and suppression."

"A divine rune?" Feng Wujiang was astonished, "Isn't that..."

Though not a spirit runes master, Feng Wujiang knew what divine runes were, something only constructible with Mental Consciousness, yet Lu Ye was clearly just at the True Lake realm.

Mid-sentence, Feng Wujiang sensed a Mental Consciousness diffusing from Lu Ye.

"Junior brother, you actually have Mental Consciousness!" Feng Wujiang was genuinely shocked, for he had never seen something so extraordinary.

How could someone at the True Lake realm develop Mental Consciousness, even if the junior brother had reached True Lake Level 8, there was no precedent in the world for a True Lake cultivating a soul body.

"I once had the fortune to obtain a good amount of Soul Cleansing Water, and after long-term consumption, my psyche became solid. Later, through a fortuitous coincidence, I nurtured a soul body and developed Mental Consciousness."

There was no need for too much concealment in front of his own senior brother, as both the Second Senior Sister and Nian Yuexian were aware of it.

Moreover, when employing the method to enslave these Dao soldiers later, the senior brother would be able to sense it.

Feng Wujiang was at a loss for words. He thought his life's experiences were extraordinary, but Lu Ye's were even more so.

Feng Wujiang steadied his mind and said, "Then let me see my junior brother's methods."

Lu Ye smiled, raised his hand, and tapped on the Dao soldier's forehead, urging his mental consciousness.

The Dao soldier was in a deep sleep, evidently sealed by Feng Wujiang's methods, similar to how he had incapacitated Dao Thirteen with a single touch the previous day, causing him to sleep on the spot.

Against Lu Ye's technique, there was naturally no resistance, and given the Dao soldier's lack of spiritual intelligence, the Soul Taming Psyche was successfully established without a hitch.

In the span of a few breaths, Lu Ye withdrew his hand.

Feng Wujiang turned to look, his expression inquiring, and Lu Ye said, "It's done, Senior Brother, you can awaken him now."

Feng Wujiang then stepped behind the Dao soldier, raised his hand to press on the back of the soldier's head, and though it was unclear what he did, the spirit force surged, and the sleeping Dao soldier awoke suddenly.

In the dim environment, the opened eyes were like two beams of blood-red light; then, standing up, his spirit force surged uncontrollably, shattering the vat that held him, spilling the medicinal syrup all over the ground.

Feng Wujiang watched quietly, ready to take action and suppress him if there was any inappropriate behavior from the Dao soldier.

However, the Dao soldier merely glanced around before obediently standing in front of Lu Ye, head lowered in a respectful manner.

The chaotic spirit force also gradually settled down.

Once Feng Wujiang confirmed there was no issue with the Dao soldier, he relaxed his guard.

Lu Ye moved toward another large vat, repeating the process.

Along the way, vat after vat shattered, and one by one, the sleeping Dao soldiers awoke.

It took less than an hour for all the Dao soldiers to have the Soul Taming Psyche implanted by Lu Ye.

Almost every Dao soldier, upon waking, experienced some disorder in their spirit force. This was an aftereffect of waking from a long slumber, causing them to instinctively operate their inner forces.

As a result, their cultivation levels became distinct in Lu Ye's eyes.

Senior Brother was right; all these Dao soldiers were of the Divine Sea Realm, not a single one below it.

The cultivation levels were fairly uniform, mostly between Divine Sea Level 2 and Level 4, with very few at Level 5, only a handful of five in total.

Dao Thirteen was also Divine Sea Level 5.

Thus, while this method of crafting Dao soldiers is effective, it has significant flaws with a high failure rate, where failure means death.

Judging from the number of Dao soldiers present, even though Lu Ye did not know how many of the Blood Race Feng Wujiang had captured over the years, only about a hundred stood before him in total.

"I'll leave these Dao soldiers in your care, junior brother," Feng Wujiang said.

"Rest assured, Senior Brother, I will ensure they fulfill their potential," Lu Ye replied.

"Let's head out," Feng Wujiang suggested.

Three people entered, but they left in a grand procession.

Feng Wujiang had other business to attend to, so he left first.

Lu Ye led a large group of the Blood Race back to the peak of the Sacred Mountain, startling the green-robed attendant. Mistakenly, he thought the Blood Race had invaded.

In the room, the green-robed attendant walked in, quivering with several storage sacks in hand, "My Lord, these are the items the Sacred Master instructed me to give you."

Lu Ye reached out to accept them, "Thank you for your trouble."

"It's no trouble," the green-robed attendant forced a smile and, mustering his courage, backed out quickly and disappeared in a flash.

There was no help for it; there stood over a hundred Blood Race Divine Sea Realm cultivators at Lu Ye's door, each as silent as gold, with grim faces, truly intimidating.

In the room, Lu Ye checked the contents of the storage sacks. Two of them were filled with various materials for refining array discs, and the remaining two sacks were filled with Blood Crystals.

Lu Ye emptied one of the bags of Blood Crystals, and immediately a small mountain formed beside him.

Gazing at these Blood Crystals, Lu Ye let out a long breath; now, he wouldn't lack the resources to advance to True Lake Level 9.

Not only were these Blood Crystals numerous, but their quality was also quite good. Lu Ye picked one up, feeling the powerful energy within, and instantly determined that it was a Blood Crystal from a Divine Sea Realm Blood Race member.

He had never obtained a Divine Sea Realm Blood Race Crystal before.

Many Blood Race members had perished on the archipelagos surrounding the Sacred Land, naturally including some Divine Sea Realm ones.

He directly tossed it into his mouth to chew it.

The taste was still the same, crunchy and full of crispness, though not very flavorful.

Feeling the energy within the Blood Crystal, Lu Ye felt extremely satisfied.

He leaped upward and landed on top of the mountain-like pile of Blood Crystals, activating the power of the Talent Tree. Invisible roots extended out, penetrating the nearby Blood Crystals and began absorbing without restraint.

Chapter 1038 Preparing for Battle

In the days that followed, Lu Ye was busy channeling the power of the Talent Tree to absorb Blood Crystals for cultivation while also refining array discs.

Nearly two hundred array discs were produced each day.

Feng Wujiang would come every two days to collect the array discs that Lu Ye had refined.

Although he stayed in his room without venturing outside, Lu Ye still felt an impending sense of urgency, like a storm brewing on the mountain.

He knew that the time left for the Sacred Land was running out.

The Blood Race's army of over a million troops must already be on their way, and won't take long to besiege the gates; the fate of the Sacred Land hangs in the balance of a single night.

In just one month, time slipped away quickly.

During this period, Lu Ye had refined as many as five to six thousand array discs and absorbed countless Blood Crystals.

There's no need to continue refining array discs, as they are already sufficient for use.

This opportunity allows him to fully devote himself to cultivation.

After another ten days or so, the spirit force within him purified even further; the spirit force turned nine times, sweeping through like an invisible wave, and Lu Ye opened his eyes slowly.

He had reached True Lake Level 9.

Only a step away from the Divine Sea.

Time is limited, preventing him from cultivating to the Divine Sea Realm, and with the impending battle against the Blood Race, he has no mind to continue cultivating.

He didn't get up immediately; instead, took two days to consolidate his cultivation.

Only then did he step outside, searching for the green-robed attendant who remained at the Sacred Mountain, instructing him to acquire some materials.

The green-robed attendant readily complied, having been ordered by Feng Wujiang to satisfy all of Lu Ye's needs.

Two hours later, the green-robed attendant brought the materials Lu Ye required, and Lu Ye began preparing them.

Curious, the green-robed attendant asked, "Master, what are you making?"

Lu Ye explained, "For rune tattooing."

"Rune tattooing?" The green-robed attendant was puzzled, not knowing what it was.

"You'll see," Lu Ye didn't explain, casually asking, "How's the enemy situation?"

The green-robed attendant's expression turned solemn, "Earlier, I heard the Sacred Master say that the Blood Race army has begun crossing the Emyrean Sea. They could attack us in as little as six or seven days, or as long as ten days to half a month."

Lu Ye nodded; there was still enough time.

A few hours later, all materials were prepared, and Lu Ye beckoned to Dao Thirteen standing nearby, who obediently walked over.

"Take off your shirt and lie down," Lu Ye instructed, pointing to the wooden bed in front of them.

Dao Thirteen complied without question.

Everything was ready, and only then did Lu Ye take out the set of tattoo needles gifted by his mentor, beginning to tattoo spirit runes onto Dao Thirteen.

The rune tattooed was naturally the As-Close-As-Siblings Spirit Runes.

Though they already had the As-Close-As-Siblings array disc, allowing those within its range to easily link with allies and form an array.

This approach has a flaw, however, as the array disc might be captured by the enemy and used against them.

Moreover, during a battle, if the array disc is shattered, the array would collapse automatically; after all, the array disc isn't particularly sturdy.

But rune tattooing is different; there's no possibility of being captured or broken unless one dies!

Lu Ye intends to tattoo the As-Close-As-Siblings rune on Dao Thirteen and his Blood Slaves so they themselves act as an array disc; they each become one, connecting with others' energies at will.

These rune-tattooed soul slaves can also be thrown into the human race cultivator army to act as substitutes for array discs, perhaps playing a pivotal role at critical moments.

It's been a long time since Lu Ye studied the Rune Tattoo Path. The last he did was at the Great Reversal Valley Spirit Ground on the Cloud River battlefield, tattooing runes onto a pack of wolves.

Since embarking on his cultivation path, using the Path of Spirit Runes as his foundation, he has encountered numerous disparate paths, including the Array Path, Rune Tattoo Path, Path of Artifact Refining, and more; possibly he will explore even more in the future, but one cannot master everything.

Being a jack of all trades leads to mastering none.

Cultivation is his most essential task. Perhaps when his cultivation reaches its peak, he'll research more different paths, but for now, he won't.

Though his proficiency in the Rune Tattoo Path is average, the Talent Tree greatly assists him, making rune tattooing no real challenge.

He thus didn't hesitate to choose Dao Thirteen first.

The green-robed attendant, watching aside, saw Lu Ye's hand dancing like a phantom, weaving tattoo needles, and a complex spirit rune pattern gradually emerged on Dao Thirteen's chest, marveling in awe.

Before long, Dao Thirteen got up, redressed, and Lu Ye called over another Blood Race soul slave, following the same method.

Not all Blood Race soul slaves had their runes tattooed on their chests.

Some of the Blood Race members were female, so the only choice was to tattoo on their backs, as uneven chests would hinder the application of his Rune Tattoo Path.

It took Lu Ye two days to inscribe rune tattoos on all the Blood Race soul slaves.

Only then did he begin to drill them.

This so-called drilling was merely to familiarize them with the transformations of formations.

Lu Ye had long obtained many formations' drills from Senior Brother, all in preparation for today. There were the Black Tortoise Moon Gazing Array, which leaned towards defense, the White Tiger Sky Smashing Array, which focused on offense, and the unpredictable Blue Dragon Seven Stars Array.

The names of these formations sounded incredibly powerful, and it seemed that they would perform quite well in actual combat.

Furthermore, the formations that could be formed varied with the number of people.

If only two people were available, they could create a Two Dragons Surfacing Array. Above that was the Heaven and Earth Three Talents Array, the Four Level Doushuai Array, up to the Nine-Person Nine-Melody Chain Array.

Over the past few centuries, the Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury sent many people to the Blood Refinement World, each one seeing much and gaining vast experience. These formations were provided by those old seniors, encompassing at least a thousand years of the essence of the Nine Provinces.

Under normal circumstances, mastering the changes of formations in such a short time is almost an impossible task, no matter how familiar the people forming it are with each other.

Not to mention beings like dao soldiers, whose spiritual intelligence was deficient, would never understand the concept of formations.

But with the assistance of the As-Close-As-Siblings Spirit Runes, the dao soldiers were able to drill in an organized manner.

The biggest challenge in cultivators forming an array was in linking their qi dynamics. Each person's qi dynamic was different, and linking them required them to accommodate and mesh with each other, just like the Yin-Yang Dual Origins in constructing spirit runes.

Each spirit rune is made up of numerous Yin-Yang Dual Origins combined in different ways, forming a complete whole.

The As-Close-As-Siblings Spirit Runes perfectly solved this biggest challenge, making the remaining aspects naturally simpler.

After several days of drilling, Lu Ye finally led the group of dao soldiers, flying out of the Sacred Mountain with great vigor.

Having inquired about Senior Brother's location, Lu Ye proceeded straight in that direction.

Before long, on a smaller outer island, he saw Senior Brother's figure.

There was a city on the island, but it was not for habitation. All human race inhabiting the Sacred Land were concentrated on the central Big Island. The outer smaller islands and even the cities on the islands were purely defensive structures.

Within the city, many human race cultivators were bustling around, doing their final preparations before the great battle.

Feng Wujiang stood on the city wall, surrounded by figures standing or sitting, numbering seventy to eighty at least. Senior Brother was evidently assigning defense tasks, and those qualified to stand beside him now were all top-tier experts from the Nine Provinces.

Although, over decades of development, quite a few Divine Sea Realm cultivators were born locally, their cultivation wasn't high enough to qualify for such assemblies.

As Lu Ye arrived, pairs of eyes immediately turned toward him.

There was no pressure exerted, yet Lu Ye still felt pressure as heavy as a mountain.

Scanning upward, he saw that nearly everyone was white-haired, with a rare few middle-aged figures.

However, there were a few female cultivators, like Lady Moon, who maintained their appearance well, looking youthful and vibrant, standing out among such a group truly like a crane among chickens.

Among the crowd, Lu Ye saw Jian Guhong, Wuchang, Mong Jie, Granny Jiew...

Landing his form, a large group of dao soldiers followed suit, everyone expressionless, their eyes vacant.

In comparison, Dao Thirteen appeared much more normal.

"Sacred Master, is this the elusive junior brother of yours?" a white-haired elder inquired as others looked Lu Ye up and down with great interest.

Feng Wujiang laughed heartily, affectionately draping his arm around Lu Ye's shoulder, "That's right, this is my junior brother. How do you all view him? Isn't he like the waves pushing forward in a river?"

Lu Ye promptly performed a full circle salute, "Lu Ye from the Righteous Blood Sect in Bingzhou, greets all the seniors."

His attitude was extremely respectful.

There was no choice; these were truly venerable seniors, each having dominated their era and stirred the currents of the Nine Provinces, regardless of whether they were from the Haotian Alliance or Ten Thousand Demons Ridge; they were all allies now.

Lu Ye truly enjoyed this kind of atmosphere, where everyone worked together for a common goal, without any barriers or disputes among each other.

Unlike in the Nine Provinces, where even within the same faction, there were many open and hidden struggles.

Not to mention different factions, even if they had no personal feuds, merely opposing alignments provided a reason to draw their blades.

The white-haired elder stroked his beard and smiled slightly, "Indeed, outstanding talents emerge in every era."

Lu Ye's cultivation of the True Lake Level 9 Realm wasn't much in the eyes of these people, but the techniques he had demonstrated recently were well-known to every person here.

Initially, the Sacred Land had little hope in repelling this Blood Race siege, as the limited intelligence gathered indicated this time the Blood Race had dispatched far superior forces compared to before, and their army concealed many Blood Race powerhouses, certainly including a significant number of Sacred Seeds.

Clearly, the Blood Race also knew that this time, as long as they could breach the Sacred Land's outer defenses, they would have a chance to remove this malignant tumor from the Empyrean Sea, eliminating this massive threat from their hearts.

To this end, the Blood Race spared no effort.

This led to a very low original chance of victory for the Righteous Blood Sacred Land. Before Lu Ye arrived, the senior predecessors of the Sacred Land were even divided into two factions, one advocating for extracting the current human race cultivators from the Empyrean Sea and relocating them elsewhere for future planning.

However, this plan was too challenging, hence it was not carried out.

After all, this was the Blood Refinement World, ruled by the Blood Race. When Feng Wujiang found the Empyrean Sea here to establish the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, it was fortunate enough; there was no other Empyrean Sea in the world offering such advantageous terrain for the Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

Chapter 1039 Light in the Darkness

In the end, it was Feng Wujiang who insisted against the majority, deciding to stay at the Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

It's not that they intended to coexist with the Sacred Land through its demise, but simply fleeing without a fight would greatly damage the prestige of these Nine Provinces elders.

Moreover, even if the Blood Race truly had the capability to conquer the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, these people still stood a significant chance of breaking through the siege.

Just as the Sacred Land was making intense preparations for the battle, Lu Ye arrived.

He brought along the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc, which alone increased the overall strength of the Sacred Land by thirty percent, not to mention his ability to control the sealed Blood Race Dao soldiers.

These past few days, Lu Ye had been busy with various tasks, without much interaction outside. However, the Nine Provinces elders had all been observing him in secret, now seeing him in person, naturally scrutinizing him closely.

"Everyone, carry out your tasks as per the previous allocations," Feng Wujiang instructed.

The elders didn't speak much, their spirit force surged, as they swept away in all directions.

Only Feng Wujiang, Mong Jie, and Lady Moon remained.

"Senior Brother, what should I do?" Lu Ye asked.

Feng Wujiang replied, "Eleven islands surround the Sacred Land, forming its defensive line. This defensive line must not be breached, or the Sacred Land would be lost. Junior Brother, I need you to stay on this island, working alongside Senior Mong Jie and Lady Moon to ensure this island is held."

Lu Ye nodded, "No problem." After pausing, he spoke again, "What's our chance of winning this battle?"

Feng Wujiang smiled slightly, "Success depends on our efforts, we'll only know after fighting."

He patted Lu Ye's shoulder and soared into the sky, presumably for a final inspection.

Lu Ye watched him leave, then turned to Mong Jie and Lady Moon, "For this battle, I rely on you, two elders."

Lady Moon smiled softly, "Ultimately, Mong Jie and I are just two individuals. You are the main defender in this battle, which is why your senior brother placed you here. But don't be too tense, if truly formidable Blood Race members appear, Mong Jie and I will take action to resolve them."

While the two elders had profound cultivation, their numbers were limited. Moreover, if experts like them engaged in battle, they would inevitably be targeted and tangled with by Blood Race elites. In such scenarios, the main defenders would still be the Blood Race Dao soldiers under Lu Ye's command.

Over a hundred Divine Sea Realm cultivators, able to form arrays among themselves at any moment, such a force is not to be underestimated.

"Our chances of winning this battle are around sixty percent," Lady Moon answered Lu Ye's earlier question on behalf of Feng Wujiang, "But in war, there are always unexpected changes, so it's not definitive, we just need to give our best."

Currently, the Sacred Land's odds stand at only sixty percent, suggesting how low their chances were before Lu Ye arrived.

It's not that the elders were lacking in strength; it's simply due to their small numbers.

Despite decades of development for the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, with an immensely large human base group, the number of cultivators isn't numerous.

Taking the island Lu Ye needs to cooperate in defending as an example, it has merely one or two thousand human race cultivators.

The situation on other islands isn't much different.

The total number of human race cultivators is around tens of thousands, while the Blood Race army reaches millions.

Even with the defenders having a geographical advantage, it's hard to offset the immense numerical disparity.

This indeed is a battle between vastly disparate forces.

Lady Moon and Mong Jie both conserved their strength to face the upcoming battle, while Lu Ye instructed Dao Thirteen to keep an eye on the Blood Race Dao soldiers, as he inspected the island's fortifications alone.

It must be said, the logistical support from the Nine Provinces was remarkable, each segment of the city walls has imposing and large killing weapons visible everywhere, each accompanied by formations, defended by varying numbers of cultivators.

Moreover, Lu Ye keenly noticed numerous formations laid across the city, including the As-Close-As-Siblings Great Array.

He provided the Sacred Land countless As-Close-As-Siblings Array Discs, enabling array cultivators with some proficiency to easily establish the As-Close-As-Siblings Great Array.

One could say the city is now armed to the extreme.

Lu Ye felt slightly regretful, if he had enough fire spirit stones, he could have supplied the Sacred Land here with one more war-suited killing weapon.

But he had used up all the fire spirit stones he previously accumulated, and the Blood Refinement World itself doesn't produce any Spirit Stones. The material aid from Nine Provinces also didn't contain enough fire spirit stones.

Thinking about these things now is futile, as the Sacred Land has made every effort, and the outcome of the impending battle, whether success or failure, is a matter of fate.

Lu Ye also started conserving his strength.

At some point, dark clouds loomed over the horizon, rapidly rolling in this direction.

"They're coming," came Lady Moon's gentle voice beside him.

Lu Ye opened his eyes and looked ahead, only to see dark clouds covering the sky at the edge of his vision, with more lightning and thunder within the clouds, below which countless figures were either traveling through the air or riding spiritual artifacts.

The Blood Race has little need for combative spiritual artifacts, as few of them employ such, their blood techniques highly corrode the spiritual essence of artifacts.

However, this doesn't mean the Blood Race lacks flying spirit artifacts.

The island Lu Ye was tasked with defending was located north of the Sacred Land, meaning it faced the forces of the Blood Race's northern front, led by the Star Moon Saintly Venerable.

When tens of thousands of Blood Race members gathered under the Star Moon Sacred Land, it wasn't too noticeable, but now as the army pressed in, the pressure felt was indescribable.

Blood Race forces crossed the Empyrean Sea on the northern front, advancing forward, and at the same time, from the eastern, southern, and western directions that Lu Ye couldn't see, armies were similarly advancing.

There was no concealment over the ocean; besides, such large-scale marching couldn't be hidden, and the Blood Race had no need to hide anything.

Arriving so openly, if not for the Righteous Blood Sacred Land here having repulsed the Blood Race several times, perhaps many people would have lost their sanity.

Compared to the oppressive feeling brought by the Blood Race armies, Lu Ye was more concerned about another matter.

In the depths of his mind, he sensed a faint malice surging from all directions, as if an invisible eye was spying on him, wanting to harm him.

The Origin of the Soaring Dragon World within him was throbbing.

It was a phenomenon never experienced before.

Lu Ye immediately understood that the unseen, intangible malice came from the Heaven and Earth's Will of this realm!

The Heaven and Earth's Will here is amorphous, imperfect, incomparable to the intense clarity of the Nine Provinces; previously, Lu Ye didn't feel it because Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury had made some concealments when sending him here. Furthermore, relative to the vastness of the Blood Refinement World, he, just a True Lake Realm, wasn't worth much attention from this realm's Heaven and Earth's Will.

But now the situation was different; the Blood Race armies were mounting pressure, enveloping the entire Blood Refinement World, invisibly making this realm's Heaven and Earth's Will much clearer.

To the Blood Race, the Righteous Blood Sacred Land is a tumor; Blood Refinement World is the domain of the Blood Race, so naturally, the Heaven and Earth's Will of this realm stands with the Blood Race.

But that's all.

Unlike Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury, which can directly interfere with cultivators' actions, the Heaven and Earth's Will of the Blood Refinement World doesn't have such power; it can only instinctively create momentum for the Blood Race armies, psychologically pressuring the human race.

Just like the dark clouds accompanying the Blood Race armies.

The reason the Origin of the Soaring Dragon World was throbbing is that the Soaring Dragon World was annihilated by the Blood World.

The relationship between the Blood World and the Blood Refinement World is unknown, but the existence of the Blood Race in both is a common point. Faced with this Heaven and Earth's Will seemingly linked to its own world's destruction, the Origin of the Soaring Dragon World naturally had some unusual reactions.

Blood Race armies mounted pressure at the borders.

On eleven small islands, the human race was ready and waiting.

The distance between was continually closing, faintly hearing the thunderous cries for battle from the Blood Race armies.

The sky-covering dark clouds quickly advanced with the Blood Race armies, until they overshadowed the Righteous Blood Sacred Land and its surrounding islands.

The sky showed no trace of light, plunging the entire world into gloomy darkness, an oppressive atmosphere weighing down like having ten layers of quilts on one's body.

Roaring sounds emitted, as intricate Dao Runes rapidly lit up, piercing the oppressive darkness, transforming into the brightest light in this world.

It was the human race cultivators on the city walls responsible for formations who activated the big array.

In an instant, a profoundly intricate Formation covered the entire city, everyone within shook with a sensation born from the depths; instinctively feeling they could infuse their power into the Formation beneath their feet for others to borrow, or withdraw power others had infused.

The As-Close-As-Siblings Great Array was the first to activate.

Eleven small islands, eleven As-Close-As-Siblings Great Arrays, like eleven lamps lighting up the vast Empyrean Sea.

Buzzing sounds kept occurring, followed by the activation of defensive arrays in sections of the city walls.

A crunching sound resonated.

Standing on either side of Lu Ye, Lady Moon and Mong Jie both turned their heads towards Lu Ye, their eyes twitching at a glance.

Lady Moon couldn't believe her eyes: "What are you eating?"

Lu Ye handed her the half-eaten Blood Crystal: "Would you like some, senior?"

Even with Lady Moon's wide experience, she couldn't help being deeply shocked: "You eat this... is it okay?"

"I have a good appetite, good digestion." Lu Ye smiled slightly, swallowing the Blood Crystal and continuously channeling his spirit force into the array beneath, facilitating it for others within.

Lady Moon somewhat stiffly shifted her gaze away.

Without the intention to persuade, despite Lu Ye's youthful face, he was, after all, of the True Lake Realm, without needing her guidance on what to eat.

"Monster!" Even the usually silent Mong Jie couldn't help but comment.

Having come to the Blood Refinement World for so many years, he had not seen the human race capable of consuming Blood Crystals.

Is this even human?

It's hard to understand what kind of prodigies are emerging from the current Nine Provinces, Feng Wujiang aside, though immensely powerful, he still resides within a normal range; his junior brother, however, is evidently anomalous.

Suddenly, violent vibrations sounded, followed by a light beam erupting from the city wall, the beam straight and sharp as a sword, fiercely shooting into the advancing Blood Race armies ahead.

Wherever it passed, the Blood Race turned to dust.

The battle had begun!

Chapter 1040 Proceeding According to Plan

With the burst of the first light pillar, the power of the arrays on eleven small islands were activated, and in an instant, a vast stream of light surged towards the enemy ranks, endlessly.

Blood Race suffered casualties instantly, with dismembered limbs and blood rain flying everywhere.

This wasn't the first time battling with the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, the Blood Race was already experienced in handling such situations. The best response to this kind of assault was to disperse and never gather together.

But even so, they still suffered significant casualties under the human side's concentrated onslaught.

However, the subsequent Blood Race showed no hesitation, continually charging forward.

At the array's cores were powerful Magic Artifacts specifically used for attacking and destroying fortresses. Amplified by the array's power, a single strike was not quite world-destroying but far surpassed ordinary Magic Artifacts, nearly reaching the burst level of spiritual treasures.

From the high skies, the overall elliptical outer island formation seemed like a radiant hedgehog, with the intermittently glimmering sharp spikes being the manifestations of the arrays' power on the islands.

Many Blood Race transformed into blood rain without even a scream, and the lucky survivors who fell into the Empyrean Sea eventually fell silent among their wails.

The Empyrean Sea was a natural barrier, to the ordinary Blood Race, the Blood Water in the Blood Sea was akin to boiling oil; falling into it was essentially a situation with a slim chance of survival.

This was also the fundamental reason why Feng Wujiang chose the Righteous Blood Sacred Land in this location. Without the natural barrier of the Empyrean Sea, even with dozens of elder predecessors guarding it, the Righteous Blood Sacred Land would have long been submerged under the human sea offensive of the Blood Race.

No Blood Race could approach within a thousand feet of the islands, they were all intercepted beyond that distance.

The casualties continued to grow, yet the Blood Race forces were inexhaustible.

Lu Ye slowly began to understand the situation.

The vanguard of the Blood Race consisted mostly of those with relatively low strength, primarily in the Cloud River Realm. Even with large numbers, Blood Race of this cultivation level were evidently incapable of accomplishing the task.

But it was clear the Blood Race did not expect these Cloud River Realm individuals to storm the islands; their sole purpose was to deplete the human race's strength.

In short, they were cannon fodder.

Only when the human side's strength had been sufficiently depleted would the real core forces of the Blood Race make their move.

In past battles, this was always the Blood Race's strategy, so don't be deceived by the millions in their army, more than half of them were intended as cannon fodder.

The Blood Race also understood that the biggest drawback of the human side was their numbers. Although the human defense was flawless at present, given enough time, their defensive strength would gradually wane.

To this end, the Blood Race had to pay a certain price, but it was unavoidable.

Fortunately, the Blood Race grows easily, so even though they suffer heavy losses each time, they return anew in a few years.

Through repeated wars, the Blood Race gradually gnawed away most of the outer islands of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land. Now, only the defensive line consisting of the last eleven small islands remained. This time, if they could breach this defensive line, they had hopes of conquering the Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

For the human race, therefore, the eleven defensive islands must not be lost.

The fierce battle continued, the attack and defense persisted for a full three days and nights.

Throughout this period, the Blood Race's assaults never ceased, nor did the counterattacks from the human-held islands. The thousand-foot outer boundary of the islands was the line between life and death, and all Blood Race who crossed it perished.

Yet even so, new forces kept surging forward.

Undoubtedly, the Blood Race was a highly belligerent race, this madness lay deep in their bones. The deaths of numerous clansmen could not deter their resolve to advance.

Perhaps also because they couldn't see any corpses.

All the fallen Blood Race either turned to dust or fell into the Empyrean Sea, from sight there was not a single visible corpse.

If the bodies had remained, piled like mountains, perhaps it might have imposed some degree of intimidation upon the Blood Race, but unfortunately, this did not occur.

On the northern battlefield, atop a massive command ship at the center, the Star Moon Saintly Venerable stood at the bow with his hands clasped behind him, watching quietly.

Despite the heavy casualties of his Blood Race underlings, he did not frown, nor would he feel any remorse. To him, those fallen Blood Race had fulfilled their duties; there was no need for lament.

A Divine Sea Realm observer returned from the forward positions to report, "Saintly Venerable, three days have passed. Please, give your instructions."

The Star Moon Saintly Venerable replied indifferently, "Proceed according to plan."

"Understood!" The Divine Sea Realm Blood Race immediately retreated.

At the same time, on the walls of the small islands, Mong Jie, who had been silently observing the battle, spoke, "Three days have passed."

"Then proceed according to plan," Lady Moon replied.

Mong Jie slowly raised a hand and gently clenched it.

Lu Ye looked at them, puzzled.

Lady Moon explained, "According to the rhythm of past wars, three days are when our human side starts to run out of fuel."

After all, long-term control of formations and spiritual artifacts at the array's core placed significant burden and drain on human cultivators. In previous battles, the first three days were a time node, after which the human defense would sharply decline.

And this change was precisely the opportunity the Blood Race had been patiently waiting for.

During these three days, Blood Race suffered enormous casualties, but the humans hadn't incurred any loss since all enemies were annihilated beyond a thousand feet; it was virtually impossible for the humans to have any casualties.

Lu Ye instantly understood, "Feigning weakness to lure the enemy."

If he had not brought the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc to the human race of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, this timing would indeed have been the opportunity the Blood Race had long awaited. However, with the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc, the situation was different.

During these past three days, the human race cultivators responsible for controlling the defensive fortifications had indeed expended a great amount of energy, yet they were continuously borrowing power through the As-Close-As-Siblings Great Array. So although the depletion was considerable, they had not yet reached the point of exhaustion.

Over these three days, Lu Ye also consumed a large quantity of Blood Crystals, channeling all the refined power into the big array. It wasn't just him; those hundreds of Blood Race Dao soldiers were also ingesting Blood Crystals, allowing the human race cultivators to borrow strength.

You must know they are at the Divine Sea Realm and can provide significant assistance.

With a signal from Mong Jie, the counterattack strength on the island began to gradually diminish.

It couldn't be too obvious, otherwise the Blood Race would notice the flaw. Such a trick could only be used once by the human race, so naturally, the effect had to be maximized.

Not only was the island where Lu Ye was located like this, but all other ten islands were the same.

Time passed, and the intensity of the counterattack weakened further.

Looking down from high above, one could see that the spines on this porcupine of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land had become fewer and much shorter.

After observing for most of the day, the Blood Race confirmed that the human race cultivators had now become fatigued, prompting their first counterattack.

Among the large number of cannon fodder Blood Race, the presence of many True Lake Realm Blood Race became evident. By activating their own power and using the cannon fodder as cover, they quickly charged toward the archipelago.

The human race's counterattack persisted but could hardly hold back the Blood Race assault.

The thousand-zhang life-and-death boundary line continually shrank.

Nine hundred zhang, eight hundred zhang, seven hundred zhang...

In less than four hours, the Blood Race's front line had pushed within five hundred zhang of the archipelago.

The Blood Race could finally retaliate, no longer just sitting ducks.

Beams of blood light shot out from the Blood Race's encampment, flooding the sky and covering the archipelago.

The big array buzzed, the protective array activated, enveloping the archipelago.

The blood light hit the protective light screen, leaving crimson marks as if it were splashing blood-red dye upon it.

A harsh sizzling sound emerged continuously, and the light of the protective array quickly dimmed.

The Blood Race's Blood Techniques were extremely restraining against the protective array.

Bear in mind that the arrays currently on the archipelago were personally arranged by an array cultivator elder leading his apprentices, with protective strength not inferior to the mountain protection array of the top sects of the Nine Provinces.

Even so, the first layer of the protective array was broken in less than one hour.

During this time, while the Blood Race suffered continuous casualties, the emergence of many True Lake Realm Blood Race allowed the Blood Race's front line to advance an additional hundred zhang.

The second layer of the protective array activated.

In less than one hour, it was broken again.

The Blood Race's front line pushed to within three hundred zhang of the archipelago.

The third layer of the protective array cloaked the archipelago.

This was also the last protective array on the archipelago; if it were broken, the Blood Race's Blood Techniques could wantonly fall upon the archipelago.

At that moment, all defensive fortifications would be destroyed in a very short amount of time. If this scenario unfolded, given the Blood Race's current military strength, the Righteous Blood Sacred Land would be on the brink of defeat.

Within the Blood Race's army, the aura of Divine Sea Realm has appeared. Although their numbers were few, the Blood Techniques they executed were incomparably corrosive to the protective array, much more so than those from the True Lake and Cloud River Realms.

Two hundred zhang!

This was an extremely dangerous distance, and the Blood Race's army seemed to glimpse the hope of victory, driving forward even more ferociously.

Compared to the Blood Race's overwhelming momentum, the human race on the various islands appeared visibly withered, and the counterattack was sparse, no longer as majestic as at the start.

At the moment the last layer of the protective array was broken, all the Blood Race who witnessed it had their eyes gleaming, their speed surged, and in the rush, numerous exquisite secret techniques were swiftly brewed.

Nearly all the Blood Race saw a scene of obliterating the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, eradicating this thorn, and joy bloomed in the eyes of many of the Blood Race.

However, in the next instant, joy turned into terror.

As the array buzzed, countless streams of light erupted from the island's walls, mercilessly bombarding the Blood Race's army.

In an instant, the porcupine of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land shot out the spikes it had retracted within itself before.

Many of the Blood Race still had joyful expressions on their faces, yet their bodies fell incomplete, plunging downward into the Empyrean Sea, creating splashes.

The sudden change swept over the Blood Race encampment like a violent wind. In a heartbeat, countless Blood Race were slain on the spot, and even those Divine Sea Realm Blood Race saw many fall.

The Blood Race within five hundred zhang of the archipelago were cleared out in an extremely short amount of time, and this distance continued to expand.

Most Blood Race didn't know what had happened and dispersed like smoke during their rush. A few Blood Race, seeing the situation was turning bad, hurried to dodge and evade, but even if they evaded once, they couldn't avoid the second or third attacks.

The bodies of the Blood Race fell like raindrops to the ground below.