

Humanity 1041

Chapter 1041: Ferocious Beast Released

On the northern front's building ship, the expression of the Star Moon Saintly Venerable changed for the first time: "Impossible!"

The Blood Race had besieged the Righteous Blood Sacred Land many times before. In the numerous wars against the human race, they were already familiar with the rhythm of the human side. Three days was a dividing line, marking the beginning of the human defense's weakness, which had been repeatedly proven in previous wars.

But why this time...

Even though he was indifferent to the death of those cannon fodders, his expression was somewhat hideous at this moment.

Previously, the deaths of the cannon fodder were necessary and valuable. Their deaths wore down the human forces and paved the way for the later counterattacks, but this sudden change was unexpected for all the Blood Race.

In just that one instance, tens of thousands of Blood Race under his command had died or were injured.

Since when did the human race become so resilient?

His large hand gripped the ship's guardrail with such force that it crumbled to pieces.

In an instant, the Star Moon Saintly Venerable found himself in a dilemma.

At this moment, only two paths lay before him. One was to order a retreat, but if he did so, the efforts and sacrifices of the past three days would be in vain, rendered meaningless.

The second path was to keep pressing hard, gambling that the human race's counterattack wouldn't last long, that this outburst was just an anomaly. If he bet right, the destruction of the Righteous Blood

Sacred Land was within reach. If wrong, not many of his hundreds of thousands of Blood Race troops would survive.

There wasn't much time on the battlefield to ponder, and with a hideous expression, he shouted: "Continue!"

He chose the second path!

Although he didn't know why previous intelligence was wrong, he firmly believed that the human race's outburst just now couldn't last. They had already suffered huge losses, and retreating in disgrace was unacceptable.

The main point was that he wasn't distressed by the deaths of his subordinates.

As the order was given, the Blood Race army continued to press hard.

Facts proved that he had bet correctly.

In just less than an hour, the counterattack from the human side began to weaken.

This was inevitable. Although the As-Close-As-Siblings Great Array covered each small island, allowing the cultivators controlling the formations to continuously borrow power without worrying about personal depletion, they could barely hold on. However, the formations set up on the city walls couldn't withstand it.

After more than three days of continuous activation, each formation was under great strain, and after that fierce outburst just now, many formations began to malfunction.

Even with a large number of array cultivators pacing along the city walls, attempting repairs, they couldn't maintain the previous power.

The oppression of the Blood Race army replayed, and this time the advance was even quicker because the proportion of strong individuals in the Blood Race army had increased.

The distance was continuously closing.

For the human side, although they had the advantage of defensive terrain, once the Blood Race army got too close, the human race's strong individuals would have to intercept.

The Blood Race must not be allowed to set foot on the island.

The current outer eleven archipelagos were the last line of defense for the Righteous Blood Sacred Land. Not a single one could be destroyed. The human race understood this, and so did the Blood Race. Thus, if the Blood Race set foot on the island, their first act wouldn't be to kill— but to destroy the island.

Destroying just one small island would rip open a breach in the human race's defense line.

The human side had no choice but to keep the enemy at bay.

Two hundred zhang was the maximum distance; any closer and they couldn't intercept in time.

Intercepting at this distance meant that the defensive installations on the rear islands could provide some level of support.

Speaking, Mong Jie slipped a string of stones off his wrist.

This string looked plain and ordinary, threaded with only seven or eight colorful stones. Lu Ye had noticed it before but hadn't paid much attention, merely assuming it was a small hobby of the elder.

But now, it was evident that wasn't the case. Mong Jie took off the string at this moment, clearly intending to take action.

He raised his other hand and picked a stone bead from the string. Although called a bead, it wasn't actually round but rather an irregularly shaped small stone.

He weighed the small stone in his hand, like a playful child, before tossing it forward.

In an instant, a violent burst of spirit force and blood Qi erupted, sending an invisible shockwave that made Lu Ye's clothes rustle and his hair fly back.

In his line of sight, a sound wave erupted from behind the small stone, swelling rapidly as it flew forward, transforming in the blink of an eye into a massive rock the size of a house.

Where the rock passed, it forcefully blasted a vacuum in the Blood Race army's formation; whether Cloud River Realm cannon fodder, True Lake Realm, or Divine Sea Realm Blood Race, touching it was death, brushing it was ruin. Even the Blood Rivers stirred by the Blood Race's strong individuals were cut in half, with pitiful screams echoing from within the Blood Rivers.

Mong Jie struck out with both hands, tossing pebbles one after another.

In an instant, seven or eight vacuum zones originating from him stretched across the battlefield, causing countless casualties among the Blood Race.

Lu Ye watched, his eyelids twitching in shock.

Although he had seen Divine Sea Realm physique cultivators before, Dao Thirteen was one such cultivator, he definitely didn't have Mong Jie's terrifying methods.

Those little pebbles were obviously not ordinary stones; they seemed more like exotic treasures. It was unclear whether Mong Jie had refined them himself or obtained them from somewhere.

If he refined them himself, he could make more in the future; if obtained from elsewhere, today's display of prowess couldn't be replicated.

Regardless, just this one move caused heavy losses to the Blood Race.

One large stone was clearly aimed at the rear building ship. However, along its path, it killed too many Blood Race members and was hindered by several Blood Rivers, losing most of its power before reaching the ship.

A ray of blood light burst forth from the building ship like an arrow, colliding with the stone and smashing it to powder.

Across a distance of over ten miles, the gaze of Star Moon Saintly Venerable and Mong Jie met briefly. The former's face was gloomy, while the latter seemed indifferent.

"Take care of yourself!" Mong Jie said out of nowhere, then leaped forward, charging solo into the fray. The explosive burst of spirit force and blood Qi made the Void tremble.

Like a tiger among sheep, wherever his figure charged forward, death followed, and the Blood Race's strong experts couldn't withstand even a single blow.

This was the profound strength of an elder from the Nine Provinces, having reached the pinnacle of physique cultivation, only limited by certain reasons from taking that crucial step forward.

Almost at the moment Mong Jie charged forward, numerous human race cultivators who had been on standby atop the small island's walls also leaped out in unison.

They formed groups, typically of five or six people, and some had seven or eight members.

They showed no signs as they left the walls, but during their assault, each one's spirit force activated, linking their energies.

In an instant, spirit forces converged and formed into different arrays.

Different arrays manifested in different forms, like the Black Tortoise Moon Gazing Array, which took the form of a giant Black Tortoise gazing at the moon, with the array's members positioned at its limbs, head, and back, their spirit forces merging, making the Black Tortoise appear lifelike.

Or the Tiger's Roar Mountain Forest Array, which manifested as a roaring tiger in the mountains, its roar shaking the heavens.

And the Sky Piercing Battle Dragon Array, which manifested as a dragon soaring through the Nine Heavens, its dragon's wail boosting morale.

In the view of many Blood Race members, those charging out from the small island were not familiar human race members; they resembled ancient ferocious beasts breaking free, leaving them stunned and at a loss.

The human race cultivators forming arrays ignored this, carrying the might of their formations as they charged fearlessly into the enemy ranks, causing blood rain to scatter everywhere.

Lu Ye also charged out.

His task this time was to cooperate with Mong Jie and Lady Moon in defending the small island. After observing for several days, the moment had finally arrived for him to exert force, and naturally, he wouldn't be left behind.

The lineup on his side was luxurious; over a hundred Blood Race Dao soldiers, after days of practice, were well-versed in various array transformations. Before the battle, Lu Ye had made detailed arrangements, so at this moment, there was no need for him to issue further instructions. Those Blood Race Dao soldiers swiftly formed arrays according to prior arrangements as they charged forward,

Lu Ye himself formed the Nine-Melody Chain Array, accompanied by Dao Thirteen and seven carefully selected Blood Race Dao soldiers, each possessing cultivation at Divine Sea Level 4.

They plunged into a Blood River spanning the sky.

In the Blood Refinement World, underground Blood Rivers are fundamental to the Blood Race, serving as cradles for nurturing Blood Race Blood Embryos. However, the Blood Race could also use Blood Techniques to condense their own Blood Rivers.

The Blood Rivers condensed in this way naturally couldn't compare to true Blood Rivers but had their own mysteries, especially effective for trapping enemies.

In the past, Dao Thirteen was trapped in a Blood River within the Thousand Streams Blessed Land and couldn't escape for a long time, even though that Blood River was created by True Lake Realm Blood Race members.

Of course, this was also related to Dao Thirteen's low spiritual intelligence. If he had sufficient intelligence, a Blood River created by True Lake Realm Blood Race couldn't have trapped him; his strength was evident.

Trapping enemies is only one aspect. The Blood Race hidden in a Blood River has concealed bodies, difficult to spot, and those trapped must constantly guard against their attacks, making them extremely troublesome.

If Lu Ye were alone, he would never recklessly charge into such a Blood River. The Blood River is the Blood Race's territory, so why would he flaunt his weaknesses?

But with the formation, especially with seven Blood Race Dao soldiers in the array, it didn't matter.

Blood Race Dao soldiers were highly familiar with Blood Rivers despite never receiving instruction in such matters, as the Blood Race naturally excels in all their secret techniques.

Leading the Dao soldiers into a Blood River, cries of alarm and screams echoed immediately from within, followed by corpses falling from the Blood River into the Empyrean Sea.

The Blood River's size diminished steadily until it finally disappeared.

Strictly speaking, Blood Race Blood Rivers can also form arrays because different Blood Race members can fuse their Blood Rivers, thereby increasing the size and power of the Blood River, enabling them to trap and kill enemies within. The larger the fused Blood River, the greater its power, though it doesn't enhance the Blood Race itself.

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Therefore, this formation unique to the Blood Race, to some extent, cannot compare with the various formations of the human race.

Once the various formations of the human race are activated, they can enhance the strength of the people forming the array to varying degrees.

The first Blood River shattered, revealing Lu Ye and Dao Thirteen along with the Dao soldiers, surrounded by a large number of Blood Race members.

The sword gourd at his waist vibrated, unleashing beams of sword light that swept across, accompanied by screams.

On such a chaotic battlefield, where enemies were everywhere, the role a True Lake Realm combat cultivator could play was indeed limited. Especially since the Blood Race's blood techniques were highly corrosive to Spiritual Artifacts, the only saber skill suitable for this battlefield was the Crescent Moon.

But the consumption of Crescent Moon was significant, so Lu Ye simply refrained from drawing his saber and instead took out the sword gourd.

Inside the sword gourd was still a large reserve of Sword Qi, perfectly suited for the current situation.

Not all Blood Race members could manifest their own Blood River; this was a skill only True Lake Realm Blood Race members possessed. Those in the Cloud River Realm could not; they could only generate blood mists to envelop themselves, greatly reducing both concealment and threat levels.

As Sword Qi raged from the sword gourd, Lu Ye's Mental Consciousness surged, leading his Dao soldiers to plunge headfirst into another Blood River.

On the side of Righteous Blood Sacred Land, the distribution of the human race cultivators' strength was somewhat awkward.

There were many top-tier strongmasters, dozens of elders, who were pillars of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land. The number of grassroots and mid-level cultivators was also quite large; this would be the case anywhere, including in the big sects of the Nine Provinces.

However, in the orthodox sense, strongmasters between the Divine Sea Level 5 realm and the Level 9 realm were quite scarce.

This was something unavoidable. Ever since the founding of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, it had only been about thirty years. Even though Feng Wujiang once relocated a large number of humans from ten thousand miles around the Empyrean Sea, and with the Nine Provinces as a strong backing providing a massive amount of resources, with the elders personally teaching cultivation to the human race, time was ultimately too short to allow the Sacred Land humans to grow beyond the Level 5 realm.

This was also the human race's biggest disadvantage every time there was a great battle with the Blood Race.

The elders could indeed reap havoc among the Blood Race armies, but in confrontations at the strongmaster level, the human race consistently faced crushing defeats. If not for the elders holding the front lines, the human side would have collapsed long ago.

The appearance of the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc largely evened out this disparity.

Even if a few Divine Sea Level 1 or Level 2 realm human cultivators formed an array, they still had the capital to contend with a Divine Sea Level 5 realm enemy, and most likely had the advantage.

By this, the Dao soldiers under Lu Ye's command became even more precious.

So, in this war, his task was not to kill those Cloud River and True Lake Realm Blood Race members; these enemies could be left to human cultivators of equal strength. He needed to seek out and cut down Divine Sea realm Blood Race members, so as to continuously reduce the pressure on the human side.

Of course, for those enemies that could be easily dispatched, Lu Ye would not hold back—it's just incidental, so why not?

Although the battlefield was chaotic, with Lu Ye's mental senses probing, finding Divine Sea realm Blood Race members was not difficult; there were indeed many strongmasters among the Blood Race.

Under the Nine-Melody Chain Array, many Divine Sea realm Blood Race members fell at the scene, and since Lu Ye started cultivating, he had never experienced such exhilarating slaughter of Divine Sea realm.

Of course, he also knew this was not solely his own ability; it was the combined strength of him and his Dao soldiers.

But when you walk too many night roads, you eventually encounter ghosts.

His performance attracted the attention of many Blood Race members, mainly because they couldn't figure out why he had powerful members of their own race assisting him.

The existence of Dao soldiers had never appeared on the battlefield of the two races' confrontation, and its sudden emergence left the Blood Race at a disadvantage.

After slaying a Divine Sea realm Blood Race in one of the Blood Rivers, as he escaped, another Blood River enveloped him and Dao Thirteen along with a group of Dao soldiers.

As the blood light flickered, it seemed a figure flashed past him, and Lu Ye instinctively drew the Boulder Mountain Saber and cleaved forward.

A clanging sound rang out, and immense power swept over, causing Lu Ye's arm to go numb and his chest to churn with blood Qi. Without the array's assistance, he would have surely suffered a loss.

It was a Divine Sea Level 8 realm Blood Race! Lu Ye instantly judged the opponent's cultivation.

Among the Blood Race he had previously slain, the highest cultivation level was only Divine Sea Level 6 realm, making this the strongest Blood Race he had encountered so far.

It wasn't that there weren't any Divine Sea Level 9 realm members; with an army of hundreds of thousands, they were everywhere. However, those top-tier Divine Sea realm strongmasters were currently all surrounding and restraining the human elders.

Each level of Blood Race had its battlefield.

Relying on the Blood Race Dao soldiers around him, Lu Ye could clearly discern the enemy's position. This is how he had always done it; the ones who knew the depths of the Blood River were always the Blood Race themselves.

As long as he could locate the position of the Blood Race's true form, killing them wasn't hard.

However, this time was different; the enemy's cultivation was too high, their movements too fast. Even if Lu Ye could detect their position, he couldn't keep up with their speed.

In a flash of thought, Lu Ye activated the power of the Talent Tree.

Before the battle, he had considered such scenarios, contemplating what to do if he really encountered such a strong enemy.

Utilizing the power of the Talent Tree was undoubtedly the best solution.

Invisible roots stretched out, burrowing into the four corners of the Blood River... absorb at will!

The real power in the Blood River could be absorbed, not to mention the secret techniques activated by the Blood Race.

Moreover, the Blood River driven by the Blood Race didn't come from nowhere; it was an embodiment of their entire strength, containing extremely rich energy.

In this way, when Lu Ye activates the Talent Tree to devour the Blood River, it's equivalent to consuming the foundation of that powerful Blood Race member.

With the Nine-Melody Chain Array, the Divine Sea Level 8 Blood Race has no way to deal with Lu Ye for the moment, and although Lu Ye also can't do much to him, they can't remain in a stalemate forever.

Eventually, it's the Blood Race that will suffer a loss.

As time goes on, the Blood River will disintegrate even without an attack, and the Blood Race's own strength will be diminished.

The changes in the Blood River couldn't escape the Blood Race's notice, as it was after all the manifestation of all his power. The moment he sensed something wrong, he screamed in rage, "What kind of thing are you?"

It had always been the Blood Race that devoured the blood of the human race, never did he imagine that one day he would witness a human capable of devouring the Blood Race.

While shocked internally, he saw Lu Ye biting a Blood Crystal in his mouth, crunching it with a loud snap.

After battling for so long, his spirit force was quite depleted, so this was the right opportunity to replenish a bit.

However, upon witnessing this, the Blood Race was inevitably terrified in his heart.

Feeling the Blood River's power quickly diminishing, he dared not maintain this secret technique any longer. His figure rolled, and the Blood River rapidly merged back into his body.

Lu Ye saw the light of day again, unfolded the wings spirit runes on his back, and with Move-Like-The-Wind as his support, surged like thunder and lightning towards the Divine Sea Realm Blood Race in front of him. Dao Thirteen and other Blood Race Dao soldiers followed like shadows, instantly trapping the enemy in the array.

The Boulder Mountain Saber was lifted in front, and piercing out with a wave, spots of starlight flickered uncertainly.

Tyrannical Saber 1st Movement, Myriad Stars!

Facing this strike, the Blood Race was undaunted. With his Divine Sea Level 8 cultivation, he had reason to be fearless. His Mental Consciousness surged towards Lu Ye while reaching out a hand, sharp fingernails glinting with cold light as they aimed for Lu Ye's chest.

If this pierced him, even with the Crimson Dragon Battle Suit's protection, Lu Ye might not be spared.

But at that moment, the spirit force around the Blood Race suddenly became chaotic, and a petal appeared out of nowhere.

The petal was enormous, and under the Blood Race's astonished gaze, it instantly wrapped him tightly. The Blood Race's sharp fingernails halted at Lu Ye's heart, but Lu Ye's saber strike had already descended.

Specks of blood light splattered, rendering the Blood Race's figure even more rigid. At the same time, Dao Thirteen's fists punched out, while other Blood Race Dao soldiers extended their hands like claws.

One-on-one, no one could be his opponent, but under the array's cover, who would engage in a one-on-one fight? It was all about the gang assault strategy.

Lu Ye sheathed his saber and immediately headed in the direction where another Divine Sea Realm Blood Race was located.

Behind him, that Level 8 Blood Race had turned into a shattered mess.

There was no time to even dig out the Blood Crystal.

Two hundred feet away, on top of the city wall, Lady Moon smiled faintly, retracting her raised jade-like finger, her spirit force slowly subsiding.

On this side of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, among the elders from the Nine Provinces still alive, there were about seventy people, and on average, each small island could have six or seven stationed as guardians.

But on the small island where Lu Ye was, there were only Mong Jie and Lady Moon. The arrangement was such because of the Blood Race Dao soldiers under Lu Ye's command.

With over a hundred Blood Race Dao soldiers, this side didn't need too many elders.

Mong Jie had already charged out earlier, with Lu Ye and the Dao soldiers following closely, but Lady Moon remained here.

She wasn't just watching the show; being one of the top magic cultivators from the Nine Provinces, even just standing here, any Blood Race targeted by her wouldn't meet a good end.

But because precautions were necessary, she couldn't intervene frequently.

Nonetheless, she could lend Lu Ye a hand at critical moments.

The petal that wrapped around the Blood Race earlier was her handiwork.

When the Blood Race was hiding in the Blood River, she might not have had a good way to deal with it, but once it revealed itself, it became a target for her.

The battlefield was chaotic; Lu Ye could feel earth-shattering energies clashing incessantly. Those were the elders from the Nine Provinces displaying their might.

Almost every elder was surrounded by a large number of Divine Sea Realm Blood Race members. They were fearless, using their bodies and lives to restrain these elders.

There were also single combat duels, with Blood Race Sacred Seeds taking the field.

Although the elders' strength was formidable, the Sacred Seeds were also extraordinary, with almost every one of them possessing power to rival those elders.

Previously, Lu Ye thought that the Star Moon Saintly Venerable was the only Sacred Seed on the northern front, but now he realized his mistake. There were not only Star Moon Saintly Venerable, but at least five Sacred Seeds. Previously, they stayed hidden, keeping their presence concealed, but now that they showed up to fight, their immense power was unmistakably clear.

The Blood Race army's assault never ceased; the human race had its concerns, so they could only maintain the battle line a few hundred feet from the small island.

They couldn't advance because they wouldn't receive support from the rear, and they couldn't retreat because it would allow the Blood Race to break through the defense line.

This few hundred feet range had starkly become a death zone. The Blood Race suffered heavy casualties, and the human race also paid a considerable price in terms of dead and injured.

This war, like previous ones, was just as relentless.

Chapter 1043 The Defense Line is Broken

On the chaotic battlefield, Lu Ye felt surrounded by enemies from all directions. This had one advantage: he didn't have to worry about accidentally hurting his own people. However, the downside was that he was constantly engaged in combat, without a moment's respite.

Fortunately, it was simple for him to replenish his own energy consumption, but other human race cultivators were not so fortunate. Over time, the human race would inevitably weaken. Of course, the Blood Race faced the same issue, and their situation was even more severe because they had no aid from the rear.

On the human side, the formation support from the small island never ceased. Although not as intense as at the beginning, it continued to have an effect, killing numerous Blood Race members.

The battle had reached a point where it became a test of endurance for both sides.

The Blood Race had arrived with an overwhelming force of over a million troops, intending to capture the Righteous Blood Sacred Land in one fell swoop. They had the capital and the confidence for this.

If it had been the Sacred Land of more than two months ago, the chance of withstanding the Blood Race's attack would have been less than thirty percent.

However, the widespread use of the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc and the deployment of the As-Close-As-Siblings Great Array on various small islands became the greatest support for the human side.

This enraged many Blood Race powerhouses.

Lu Ye was unaware of the situation on other small islands because the battlefield was too vast and chaotic. With his limited Mental Consciousness, he couldn't investigate positions too far away.

As far as the current situation was concerned, the defense of the small island he was responsible for seemed adequate.

There was no need to worry about the situation on other islands, as each island had several older masters in charge, and they would only do better than himself.

As Lu Ye was thinking this, a sudden warning arose in his heart, and an invisible terror lingered in his mind. Soon after, a massive pressure assaulted from afar.

Looking up, he saw a streak of blood light rapidly approaching from the distance, weaving deftly through the battlefield, closing in within three miles in the blink of an eye.

Star Moon Saintly Venerable!

Lu Ye realized who had targeted him.

Since the start of the great battle, the Star Moon Saintly Venerable had been stationed at the rear, never involving himself in the combat until now when he had no choice but to engage.

Lu Ye didn't expect this guy to target him first.

Was it the presence of the Blood Race Dao soldier that drew the other's attention to him? It was possible.

This was the first time Dao soldiers appeared on the battlefield between the two races, and while other Blood Race Dao soldiers formed their arrays separately, only his side had additional human race figures, making them quite noticeable.

The Star Moon Saintly Venerable probably wanted to understand the mystery of the Dao soldiers, which was why he approached Lu Ye directly.

However, Lu Ye was not panicked at all and had no intention of retreating.

He knew someone was watching the Blood Race's Saintly Venerables. If Star Moon made a move, it was no longer up to him to step forward.

With his small arms and legs, finding and killing some Divine Sea Realm Blood Race members was the right course.

Sure enough, when a sonorous sword hum resounded, a streak of sword light diagonally attacked the Star Moon Saintly Venerable, intercepting him three miles away. A fierce battle ensued, and the Empyrean Sea seemed to boil.

The two figures entwined, spinning like a top as they rose into the sky, rapidly distancing themselves from the main battlefield. Lu Ye glanced up, vaguely recognizing the figure of Jian Guhong within the sword light.

High above, many small battlefields opened up separately. These were where the Sacred Seeds and older masters exchanged blows.

The aftermath of their duels was too terrifying, and only by staying far from the main battlefield could they avoid engulfing the cultivators of both races.

The Blood Race Saintly Venerables certainly didn't care about such things. To them, the number of Blood Race deaths was irrelevant. If a Blood Race death could take down a human race cultivator with them, it was still considered a gain. But once up against the older masters, they had no choice in the battlefield selection. The elders from the Nine Provinces had the means to teleport the battlefields away.

"Lu Ye, fall back!"

At that moment, a gentle voice reached Lu Ye's ears.

Without any hesitation, he led his eight Dao soldiers to retreat to the rear.

On landing on the wall of the small island, there was no trace of Lady Moon nearby.

Lu Ye frowned, knowing something was off.

Lady Moon was the strongest defender on this small island. She needed to remain stationed here to prevent the Blood Race powerhouses from taking advantage. But at this moment, she was nowhere to be seen, clearly indicating an unexpected situation.

Before disappearing, she had used audio transmission to tell Lu Ye to fall back and take over her position.

Under normal circumstances, Lu Ye didn't have this capability, but by forming an array with the Dao soldiers, he could barely manage for a while.

Looking around, he still couldn't see Lady Moon's figure.

Lu Ye immediately focused his gaze below the Blood Sea. There was no reason a living person would disappear into thin air, much less a powerhouse like Lady Moon. Since she was not in sight, there was only one place to go.

Lady Moon had ventured into the Blood Sea!

Almost at the same time Lu Ye looked into the Blood Sea, massive bubbles burst from its depths, accompanied by violent spirit force fluctuations.

The small island hummed and shook, like an earthquake.

Lady Moon was fighting someone.

And the only ones capable of fighting her were the Sacred Seeds.

A Sacred Seed secretly dived from beneath the Blood Sea.

In the Blood Refinement World, the Blood Race's feelings toward the Blood River are quite complicated. Before reaching adulthood, they absorb nutrients in the Blood Sea to grow stronger, but after adulthood, the Blood River becomes forbidden territory that they cannot easily touch.

No one knows why this is, but it's been this way for countless years.

Blood Race members have the chance to delve into the Blood River to cleanse their bloodline and become stronger. Of course, the risk is extremely high.

In the past, Zhang Julai wanted to dive into the Blood River to cleanse his bloodline and continue to serve Lu Ye, but unsurprisingly, he failed.

However, for the Sacred Seeds, the Blood River is a place they can freely enter. They even cultivate within the Blood River, continually growing rapidly until their cultivation reaches its peak, with no further progression possible.

The Righteous Blood Sacred Land uses the vast Empyrean Sea as a barrier, which certainly causes headaches for countless ordinary Blood Race members, but there is also a drawback.

That is, the Sacred Seeds can use the Blood Sea as cover to silently approach.

The fall of the peripheral islands in the past has generally been related to this.

For this reason, the elders of the human race take many precautions. This is why each small island has an elder stationed there, to prevent such occurrences.

Now, Lady Moon is fighting with a Sacred Seed beneath the Blood Sea. Lu Ye doesn't know who is stronger or weaker, he only knows that if Lady Moon doesn't find a way to relocate the battlefield soon, this island is in danger.

The island trembles non-stop, Lu Ye can barely stand firm, and numerous cracks have appeared on the city walls, looking as though they will collapse at any moment.

Fortunately, Lady Moon did not disappoint Lu Ye's expectations. About ten breaths later, waves surged in the Blood Sea, and two figures emerged one after the other, one of which was Lady Moon.

It's unclear what wonderful technique she used, but the Sacred Seed had no choice but to obediently follow behind her, rushing into the sky and in the blink of an eye, becoming two dots of light.

The shaking of the island did not stop, powerful energy waves fluctuated beneath the seawater.

Another figure flashed over, expression grave, and directly plunged into the Blood Sea.

Lu Ye didn't recognize this elder, but he was evidently also from the Nine Provinces.

Soon, this elder rushed out from the Blood Sea, but no sign of any Sacred Seed was seen.

Lu Ye was puzzled.

He thought there was another Sacred Seed causing trouble beneath the sea, but looking at it, it didn't seem that way?

Noticing Lu Ye's gaze, this elder looked up and sighed softly, "We can't hold on."

Lu Ye immediately understood, it was the previous Sacred Seed who left some special means under the sea, perhaps Lady Moon didn't notice, or more likely, she noticed but was powerless.

The best she could do was take that Sacred Seed away.

The island's tremors grew more intense, the walls of the city continuously collapsed, the ground began to crack open, and blood water flooded in.

Amidst exclamations, numerous human race cultivators soared into the sky from the island.

In just a moment, the island sank more than ten zhang, seemingly about to be submerged by the blood-red seawater.

With no further support from the island's defensive structures, the situation on the battlefield for the human race cultivators quickly became dire.

Originally, with the support from behind, the human side couldn't be said to have a great advantage, but maintaining the situation was not a problem, but with the island shattered and sunk, the defenses destroyed completely, losing the support from the rear, the pressure at the front increased dramatically.

Blood Race members kept joining the battlefield endlessly.

Beside Lu Ye, that elder transformed into a long rainbow and charged into the enemy group, while issuing an order: "Retreat!"

The human race's power is limited, they cannot waste their troops in such entanglements.

With a single order, many human race cultivators fought and retreated, quickly moving to the spot where the island was originally located in the sky, with more and more cultivators gathering, almost every one of them was injured, but their eyes were determined, forming formations in mid-air.

The island was gone, but they remained.

Their bodies also served as a defense line!

Among Lu Ye's Blood Race Dao soldiers who charged back, about a hundred Blood Race Dao soldiers, more than twenty were lost, over seventy survived.

It shows the intensity of the battle.

The human race cultivators retreated, yet the fierce battle continued, where that elder was, a large number of Blood Race members were surrounding him, from a distance, the elder's figure could no longer be seen.

Suddenly a point of light erupted, immediately shining bright as day, under the glow, countless Blood Race members turned to nothingness, revealing the elder's figure, his spirit force surged, within a hundred zhang, no one was left alive.

However, only a moment of silence, and Blood Race members from all directions continued to rush upon him.

More Blood Race members were swarming toward the direction where Lu Ye and the others were, overwhelming and densely packed.

The outer defense line of the Righteous Blood Sacred Land has been torn open, an opportunity for the Blood Race, naturally, they would not let it slip by.

Facing the swarm of Blood Race members, Lu Ye's Mental Consciousness surged, giving an order to all the Blood Race Dao soldiers.

The next moment, the over seventy Divine Sea Realm Blood Race Dao soldiers had their blood Qi surging around them, converging and condensing into a massive Blood River.

Chapter 1044 Blood Race Retreats

A massive Blood River suddenly appeared above the original location of the small island. It could no longer be called a Blood River; it should be called a Blood Sea.

Of course, compared to the true Blood Sea below it, it was still a small affair, yet it unfolded into an impressive defensive line.

This was the gathering of more than seventy Divine Sea Realm Blood Race secret techniques, combined with the help of the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc, and the aura of the Blood Sea became unified, showcasing immense power.

The Blood Sea surged and writhed, as if it were a living creature.

The Blood Clan army approached, and one Blood Race secret technique after another bombarded it, creating waves of ripples.

Beside the Blood Sea that spanned the sky were numerous human race cultivators who had lost their footing. Each one was using their means to clash against the Blood Race, resulting in a chaotic scene with lights intertwining.

But ultimately, the human race side had fewer numbers, and in this back-and-forth, they were easily at a disadvantage. In just a moment, they were nearly overwhelmed, suffering significant casualties.

At that moment, the Blood Sea wriggled and suddenly expanded, enveloping all the human race within.

Without the trace of the human race cultivators, the advancing Blood Race recklessly charged into the Blood Sea. Instantly, spirit force surged unceasingly within the Blood Sea.

Within the Blood Sea, Lu Ye and the Dao soldiers formed a formation, their auras closely linked, maneuvering through this chaotic environment, leaving a trail of bloodshed and chaos wherever they passed.

The Blood Sea was formed by seventy Blood Race Dao soldiers using secret techniques. This was their home ground, and they were under Lu Ye's command. What end could the Blood Race army, crashing into it, expect?

Lu Ye just kept swinging and slashing, and nearly every slash had its reward. He didn't need to deliberately seek out targets; the Blood Race Dao soldiers would guide him, even delivering Blood Race members falling into the Blood Sea right to him.

The many human race cultivators enjoyed the same treatment. One could say that in this vast Blood Sea, each of them had an invisible helper aiding them in slaying enemies and avoiding risks.

The Blood Race suffered continuous casualties, and the blood of the fallen Blood Race only served to expand the scale of the Blood Sea. From the outside, the massive Blood Sea writhed and morphed, appearing like a rapidly growing monster.

Still, Blood Race members poured into the Blood Sea unceasingly.

There were also Blood Race members attempting to bypass the Blood Sea by attacking from the air.

But the Blood Sea, as if it had eyes, periodically split out blood-colored long whips, pulling these upstart Blood Race cultivators in, where they were either killed or injured.

For the moment, it seemed no Blood Race member could break through the defensive line formed by the Blood Sea.

Reinforcements from small islands on either side were also drawn in to help, as everyone knew that under no circumstances could the Blood Race break through from here, or the mortals on the islands would suffer great casualties.

Though it could be said that a gap had been torn in the defensive line, now replaced and made more flexible and versatile by the secret techniques of the Blood Race Dao soldiers, this was an opportunity for the human race.

Inside the Blood Sea, Lu Ye no longer bothered to search for targets. He stood with Dao Thirteen, chewing on Blood Crystals to constantly replenish his own depletion. The Boulder Mountain Saber in his hand was ready to strike, and any Blood Race daring to appear before him was greeted by a deadly duo—one master, one servant, one saber, one fist.

Hardly any Blood Race could withstand them.

It's not that no Divine Sea Realm Blood Race entered here, but those Divine Sea Realm Blood Race could only fight alone. How could they contend with this massive Blood Sea? Within it, any intruding Blood Race was greatly suppressed. Even a Divine Sea Level 7 Blood Race could only exert the power of Levels 4-5.

The slaughter had not stopped since it began.

Every moment, the sound of life withering could be heard—not just from the human race, but the Blood Race as well.

Lu Ye didn't even know which side was prevailing at this point. In such large-scale battles, individual strength seemed so insignificant; he could only do what he needed to do.

Kill the enemy! Kill as many enemies as possible!

He trusted it was the same for the others.

Time passed exceedingly slowly, and Lu Ye had no idea how many Blood Race members he had killed. Initially, enemies were continuously sent to him, but gradually the frequency dropped, until finally, Lu Ye stood still, waiting for Blood Race members that never came. He had to take the initiative, yet reaped little.

He didn't know why this was the case. Perhaps most of the Blood Race had already been slaughtered, or maybe the Blood Race had broken through the defensive line of the Blood Sea and entered the Righteous Blood Sacred Land.

He hoped it was the former.

Until a certain moment, a gentle voice suddenly entered his ears from an unknown direction: "Come out, the Blood Race has retreated!"

Lu Ye was stunned for a moment, then soared up, bringing Dao Thirteen with him, making his way upwards. After a moment, he broke free from the confines of the Blood Sea, turned, and surveyed his surroundings.

As far as the eye could see, there were no more Blood Race figures around the islands, but in the distance, there were glimpses of blood light from retreating Blood Race.

The sound of deafening cheers came to his ears—it was the surviving human race cultivators celebrating, venting their emotions.

Lu Ye panted heavily, his face pale as paper, his body almost boiling over with killing intent that was hard to calm.

"Are you alright?" Lady Moon asked with concern.

Lu Ye shook his head somewhat dazedly.

He suddenly looked down at the Blood Sea below. This was the Blood Sea gathered by seventy-some Blood Race Dao soldiers under his command, but at this moment, its state was clearly not quite right.

It was more than five times larger than at the start, swelling and shrinking violently, appearing extremely unstable.

Lu Ye's Mental Consciousness surged, issuing orders to all Dao soldiers to cancel the secret technique, but it was futile.

The Blood Sea squirmed even more violently, seemingly wanting to split but was unable to do so.

This is the peculiar nature of the Blood Race secret technique. Although the Blood Rivers cast by the Blood Race can merge and support each other against the enemy, they cannot maintain this for too long. Otherwise, they will find it difficult to split, as the Blood Rivers of different Blood Races will truly fuse together if too much time passes.

Especially this time, over seventy Blood Race Dao soldiers were involved in the fusion, and the "As-Close-As-Siblings" was employed, making the fusion even more thorough.

Any great power comes at a price.

This part of the Blood Sea became a defensive line after the island shattered, creating a massive strategic advantage, helping the human race resist the Blood Race's army attack. But the cost was that they could no longer separate.

Figures of human race cultivators followed Lu Ye, tumbling out from the Blood Sea. Each was in a sorry state, injured, with some severely losing limbs.

The brutality of large-scale warfare was displayed before Lu Ye for the first time.

The number of surviving human race cultivators was not many, less than thirty percent of the original number. It was foreseeable that if the Blood Race's attack was a bit more intense, it would be tough to defend this side.

By that time, the Blood Race army could penetrate through this breach, with unimaginable consequences.

The Blood Sea squirmed more violently, and from within it, emotions of panic and helplessness transmitted—it's the struggle of the Blood Race Dao soldiers.

Lu Ye sighed, raised a hand, and slowly pressed downward, delivering his final command to the Dao soldiers.

The struggle ceased. The vast Blood Sea descended gradually with Lu Ye's pressed hand, eventually merging into the actual Blood Sea.

Waves surged, and the two became one, inseparable.

The greatest contributor to this battle met a bleak end, even though they were all of the Blood Race, leaving Lu Ye deeply moved nonetheless.

A figure descended from the sky, landing in front of Lu Ye—it was Feng Wujiang. Seeing Lu Ye, a look of surprise flashed across his face: "Junior Brother, how are you?"

"I'm fine." Lu Ye shook his head slightly.

That shake was not trivial, as it brought a fleeting sensation of dizziness. He stumbled momentarily and reached out to grab Dao Thirteen's arm: "I feel a bit dizzy."

Jingling...

A clear bell rang as a slender jade finger touched Lu Ye's forehead, and Lady Moon's voice resounded: "If you're tired, have a good rest."

Her voice was soft, like a murmur in a dream. Lu Ye glanced at her, then finally closed his eyes and instantly fell asleep.

Dao Thirteen grabbed his collar, preventing him from falling.

"He's spent too much energy." Lady Moon looked at Feng Wujiang.

In this battle, Lu Ye continuously replenished his strength amid exhaustion. Both his spirit force and soul power were consumed like never before.

For an ordinary cultivator in a great battle, the strength they can exert is ultimately limited to what their physical body can endure, but Lu Ye was different. Because he replenished his expended power easily, he maintained maximum intensity from start to finish.

While killing enemies, his spirits were high, observing nothing unusual. However, once the battle ended and his tense nerves relaxed, the overwhelming fatigue hit him like tides, and he could no longer hold up.

Feng Wujiang scanned with his Mental Consciousness and understood Lu Ye's current state.

His life was not in danger, he just needed some time to recuperate: "Send him back and ask Granny Jiew to heal him."

Lady Moon nodded: "Of course."

The breach in the defense line could be held entirely thanks to Lu Ye's Blood Race Dao soldiers. Though fundamentally, it wasn't considered Lu Ye's merit, the dazzling performance of the "As-Close-As-Siblings" in this battle was undeniable.

Judging from the troops and formation displayed by the Blood Race this time, without the As-Close-As-Siblings Array Disc, Righteous Blood Sacred Land would have a hard time surviving. By then, the elders would lead a group of people to break through the siege, but the Sacred Land would be destroyed, the human race slaughtered, and decades of effort would turn to dust.

Wave after wave of cheers still echoed endlessly, celebrating the day's success in repelling the Blood Race army again.

Amidst the waves of cheers, Feng Wujiang sighed slightly.

This time, they managed to repel the Blood Race army and hold Righteous Blood Sacred Land, but what about next time?

In this war, the human race indeed won, but also lost.

One of the eleven archipelagos surrounding the Sacred Island was destroyed, leaving a breach open. Next time, the Blood Race will surely concentrate their forces in this direction, making it difficult for the human race to defend.

As the master of the Sacred Land, Feng Wujiang had to look further, inevitably worrying.

It was well-known that the Blood Race grows quickly, and even if they suffer heavy losses this time, it won't take many years for them to recover and stage a comeback.

However, the human race does not have such convenience.

Chapter 1045 The Secret of the Divine Sea

The sound of slapping kept echoing, and Lu Ye awakened from his slumber, immediately sensing something was off, for he was lying face down on a bed, with someone frantically tapping his back.

Just as he was about to react, a voice came to his ear: "Fellow Daoist has battled for a long time, flesh torn, temporarily do not move recklessly."

Lu Ye turned his head and saw a young man in white giving him a warm smile. From the fluctuations of spirit force on his body, he clearly possessed True Lake Realm abilities, and his spirit force was of the wood element. With each slap, a gentle force imprinted itself into his body, mending the torn flesh.

Lu Ye felt soreness all over, especially his right arm, which felt powerless at the moment.

He immediately understood the young man's words were correct; his previous battle had lasted too long, and maintaining the strongest force had caused damage to his flesh.

The young man was obviously healing him.

"Healing cultivator?" Lu Ye asked.

"Fellow Daoist is perceptive; I am indeed a healing cultivator." The young man replied with a smile, his hands not stopping.

"Much appreciated." Lu Ye then contentedly enjoyed it.

Though if a female cultivator were doing this, he would be more comfortable, since the young man was healing him, it was inappropriate to say much.

Lu Ye wasn't one to talk much, but the young healing cultivator was lively, chatting while healing Lu Ye: "Granny said, in this battle, Fellow Daoist achieved great success, slaying countless enemies, truly admirable, and quite enviable." The granny he spoke of was probably Granny Jiew.

Both in Nine Provinces and here, healing cultivators generally did not partake in killing; their skills were all about healing, so while they had some means of self-protection, their combat power was generally not impressive.

Of course, some poison doctors were exceptions; their combat power might not be very strong, but their methods of killing were more hidden and subtle, making them hard to defend against.

"Each field has its expertise, healing cultivators have their own duties; I am a combat cultivator, assigned to kill enemies. What we do is our duty, not better or worse."

The young man immediately took a liking to Lu Ye.

Chatting casually while healing Lu Ye.

Only after one hour did the young man finish, saying: "I see Fellow Daoist's physique is strong; such injuries will not affect much. A few days of rest will suffice for complete recovery."

Lu Ye got up from the bed, stretched his muscles, feeling the soreness had reduced greatly, his body feeling comfortable: "Junior brother's skills are good."

The young man smiled: "Should senior brother have any instructions in the future, just call for me; I am at the city's medical pavilion. For now, let senior brother rest, I should take my leave."

Lu Ye escorted him to the door, then turned and walked back.

Glancing at Dao Thirteen, seeing his aura as before, knowing the previous battle had little impact on him; physique cultivators have strong recovery abilities, a small injury can be completely healed in a few days.

"How long did I sleep?" Lu Ye asked.

Dao Thirteen thought for a moment, leisurely raised a middle finger to him.

Only a day?

Lu Ye was slightly surprised, sleeping so deeply, mainly due to fatigue from the battle, along with this being senior brother's territory, there was no need for any precautions.

Sitting cross-legged on the bed, he closed his eyes and focused, examining himself.

The physical injuries were nothing much; he had good recovery ability, and with the healing cultivator's treatment, could easily recover.

But Lu Ye quickly noticed something unusual.

His Divine Pool... seemed to have expanded slightly.

This was indeed an unexpected joy.

The problem with the Divine Pool had troubled him for a long time; it was something birthed by chance when he was at True Lake Level 1.

In the history of Nine Provinces, no True Lake Realm cultivator had ever birthed mental consciousness or nurtured a soul body, so there was no precedent to follow.

However, for Lu Ye, until now, he hadn't encountered any issues; the birth of mental consciousness gave him stronger perception and allowed him to activate and construct divine runes, bringing many benefits.

But his Divine Pool, compared to a real Divine Sea, was still different; it could only be considered an incomplete version of a Divine Sea.

Lu Ye once naively thought that as his cultivation realm advanced, the Divine Pool would slowly expand, eventually evolving into a real Divine Sea.

Yet over time, the growth of the Divine Pool was extremely limited, basically only after consuming Soul Cleansing Water, did the Divine Pool have some imperceptible changes.

This caused his mental consciousness to never be very strong, even the newly ascended Divine Sea blood race Heavenly Venerate's mental consciousness was stronger than his.

This was a problem that had constantly troubled Lu Ye.

However, because he was still in the True Lake Realm, he didn't waste too much energy on it.

Unexpectedly, today brought an unexpected joy, as the Divine Pool inexplicably expanded a bit, not much but noticeably.

His Mental Consciousness was also stronger than before.

Is it because he was already at True Lake Level 9? Lu Ye wasn't very sure.

When a cultivator's cultivation reaches his level, they generally need to prepare for advancement to the Divine Sea, but this is a significant hurdle for any cultivator. Crossing it means vast horizons; failing to do so means being forever stuck in the True Lake Realm.

Warlord Geng had been trapped in the True Lake Level 9 for many years. It wasn't that his aptitude was lacking, but advancing to the Divine Sea depends not only on cultivation aptitude but also significantly on luck.

Of course, the supply of resources is indispensable. If one can obtain treasures that nourish the psyche, like Soul Cleansing Water, advancing to the Divine Sea would be much simpler and easier.

What Lu Ye didn't understand was why the Divine Pool expanded so noticeably this time.

After some exploration, he still couldn't grasp the reason.

Nevertheless, it indeed seemed time for him to begin preparing for advancement to the Divine Sea. Such matters shouldn't be done in isolation; he needed to consult with someone.

In cultivation, some things require one's persistence, but other matters indeed need communication with others.

Initially, he intended to seek his senior brother for advice, but with the recent battles just settling down, and the various affairs entangling the Righteous Blood Sacred Land, Lu Ye couldn't find any trace of his senior brother and had to wait a little.

The issue of the Divine Pool couldn't be studied for the moment, so Lu Ye could only reflect on what he gained from the recent battle.

In this battle, he maintained his utmost exertion from start to finish because many of the enemies he faced were stronger than himself, including many Blood Race Divine Sea level enemies. How many times he swung his saber under such life-and-death encounters on the battlefield—those experiences and insights garnered far surpassed what his daily saber skills practice could achieve.

It can be said that the harvest from such a battle far exceeds the painstaking closed-door cultivation of ordinary days.

What Lu Ye needed to do now was imprint the various gains from that battle deep within his soul, savoring the spirit lights that burst in his mind between those life-and-death moments, and discerning what methods to apply when facing similar situations next time for better resolution.

That's how cultivators grow step by step; the more life-and-death crises they experience, the stronger their methods become.

Perhaps two cultivators have comparable cultivation and strength, but a life-and-death struggle could be decided at a glance, just because one has encountered similar scenes more often and knows how to effectively combat the opponent.

In this way, several days quickly passed.

Until this day, when Lu Ye was amidst comprehension, he heard the sound of flying through the air. He quickly released his Mental Consciousness to explore and indeed found it was his senior brother returning.

Earlier, he had been busy outside and was nowhere to be seen.

Lu Ye hurriedly got up and went to the senior brother's quarters to state his purpose.

Feng Wujiang nodded slightly: "Junior Brother, now that you're at True Lake Level 9, indeed, you should start preparing for advancement to the Divine Sea. If there's anything you don't understand, feel free to ask."

Feng Wujiang was very willing to guide Lu Ye in cultivation.

Lu Ye said, "Senior Brother, look, I'm currently at True Lake Level 9, and I've already nurtured a soul body and developed Mental Consciousness, but I feel like I'm not truly at the Divine Sea Realm. What kind of situation is this?"

Feng Wujiang said: "This situation is indeed unheard of, but Junior Brother, do you know why cultivators develop Mental Consciousness only after reaching True Lake Level 9?"

Lu Ye naturally shook his head.

Feng Wujiang explained: "Mental Consciousness is a manifestation of psyche power. In fact, everyone has their psyche power, but the strength varies. Before the Divine Sea Realm, the psyche power you utilize is usually called mental power, which Junior Brother should have experienced."

Lu Ye nodded.

"When you summon power, when you wield Spiritual Artifacts, you are not only consuming your spirit force but also your mental power. Before reaching the Divine Sea Realm, continuously exercising mental power is also a form of tempering for the psyche. Therefore, as a cultivator's realm improves, mental power grows, and the psyche strengthens. But these are intangible and imperceptible changes. Over time, at True Lake Level 9, there is the opportunity for a qualitative change—mental power transitions to Mental Consciousness, leading to the birth of the Divine Sea and nurturing of a soul body."

Lu Ye was greatly enlightened. Although he had vaguely sensed these things before, no one had ever explained them in detail to him. Hearing the senior brother's words now, he felt a sudden clarity.

"Before the Divine Sea Realm, your mental power is sufficient to control the power within your body, so you don't need something like Mental Consciousness. But that's the limit in the True Lake Realm. The level above requires power beyond the capacity of mere mental power, so at this stage, cultivators try

to find ways to convert mental power to Mental Consciousness. Only Mental Consciousness can wield higher levels of physical power. Ultimately, it's a transformation driven by the cultivator's own pursuit of change."

Lu Ye understood Feng Wujiang's meaning: as mental power starts to fall short of controlling physical power, the cultivator's subconscious seeks breakthroughs and changes, resulting in the birth of Mental Consciousness and the Divine Sea.

"The reason you could develop Mental Consciousness in the True Lake Realm is entirely because your mental power was exceptionally strong and encountered certain external stimuli, leading to the coincidental birth of Mental Consciousness. That was your subconscious's protection, but you're not genuinely at the Divine Sea Realm, because your physical power hasn't met the standard yet. Having only Mental Consciousness is not enough."

Lu Ye's eyes lit up: "So, I should now accumulate physical power."

Feng Wujiang nodded: "Only when your physical power reaches the standard will you have the opportunity to break through to the Divine Sea."

It's merely an opportunity.

Chapter 1046 Tofu Lady

Among the Nine Provinces, there are quite a few cultivators at the True Lake Level 9 Realm. These people have immersed themselves in this realm for years, elevating their foundation to the utmost, reaching the standard for physical strength, yet they still find it difficult to break through to the Divine Sea.

Thus, not everyone with the opportunity to break through to the Divine Sea can fulfill their wish. Only a few can transform the strength of their mental consciousness, nurturing the soul body, and transforming it into mental consciousness.

Lu Ye had long since taken this step, but it was due to a fortuitous circumstance, a protection from his subconscious under the stimulation of an external force.

Because his physical strength was still at the True Lake Realm level, and his mental consciousness was sufficient to control it, his mental consciousness hadn't grown much. According to the Senior Brother, only when one's physical foundation reaches a point where it becomes difficult for the mental consciousness to manage it, the subconscious will seek change. Only then will the opportunity for advancing to the Divine Sea arise.

Therefore, what Lu Ye needs to do now is very simple: continue cultivation to constantly enhance his physical foundation.

"Of course, while increasing your physical strength, you also need to temper your mental consciousness... Only by progressing in tandem can you achieve the best results. However, Junior Brother, your situation is unique. Where others face barriers in advancing to the Divine Sea, your path will likely be smoother."

After all, having already nurtured the soul body, there are no obstacles to speak of. As long as the strength accumulates adequately, the advancement will happen naturally.

"How do I temper my mental consciousness?" Lu Ye humbly asked for guidance.

Feng Wujiang smiled slightly: "For the average True Lake Realm cultivator, the best method to temper mental consciousness is visualization."

"Visualization?"

"During serene cultivation, visualize the structure of certain objects in your mind, striving to recreate them as completely as possible. Initially visualize simpler things, and once you become proficient, increase the difficulty. This process consumes mental power during the visualization. As your mental focus becomes fatigued, let it recover slowly, and through repeated consumption and recovery, your mental consciousness can be tempered," Feng Wujiang explained, looking at Lu Ye, "Cultivators from big sects usually start preparing for this even by the True Lake Level 7 or earlier to lay a good foundation. Each sect has its visualization techniques, with their own strengths and weaknesses, which are part of the sect's heritage and cannot be generalized. If you were in the Nine Provinces, the sect master would likely teach you these methods."

Lu Ye nodded; in this regard, his situation was a bit unsatisfactory, primarily because his cultivation progress was too rapid.

He hadn't heard of such matters before, probably because the sect master and the Second Senior Sister thought his cultivation was too low to utilize it at the time, so they hadn't mentioned it, fearing it would disturb his mindset.

As it turned out, by the time he could use such techniques, Yu Daiwei had captured him, and he ended up in the Blood Refinement World.

Today, if not for hearing it from the Senior Brother, Lu Ye really wouldn't know about these secret techniques.

The Senior Brother shifted the topic, "Of course, that's for the average True Lake Realm tempering their mental consciousness. Since you already have mental consciousness, it's much simpler; just continuously consume your mental consciousness, then let it gradually recover."

"Can any auxiliary recovery items be used?" Lu Ye asked, "Like Soul Cleansing Water?"

If that's possible, the effect of tempering his mental consciousness would be countless times better than normal.

"It's best not to," Feng Wujiang shook his head, "This period is crucial for you, and any behavior that is like pulling up the seedlings to help them grow is discouraged. It's best to let things proceed naturally. There's still a year's time, and I believe you can do it, Junior Brother."

"A year?" Lu Ye was puzzled, "What will happen after a year?"

Feng Wujiang smiled, "You don't plan to stay here forever, do you? In a year, the Heaven's Augury Pillar will be activated."

Lu Ye's expression was invigorated, "Senior Brother, do you mean..."

Feng Wujiang said, "Your situation is different from ours. We've all reached the end of the road in our cultivation journey, and the Nine Provinces' Heaven's Augury sent us here. On one hand, it's to help save the human race here and plan for their future. On the other hand, it's probably also because leaving us in the Nine Provinces could cause disturbances."

Over the years, those qualified to be sent to the Blood Refinement World by the Nine Provinces' Heaven's Augury were always the top figures of their times. Having reached the pinnacle in their cultivation path, there was no further advancement. Keeping such individuals in the Nine Provinces could ultimately be a factor of unrest, so the Nine Provinces' Heaven's Augury sent them here to shine and contribute.

Lu Ye was the first to be sent here with True Lake Realm cultivation, and as an aid.

It was precisely because of his presence that the Righteous Blood Sacred Land could resist the Blood Race army's siege this time.

"It's uncertain, but I estimate you have a great chance of returning to the Nine Provinces."

"Senior Brother, you and the elders can't return?" Lu Ye asked.

Feng Wujiang shook his head, "I tried when the Heaven's Augury Pillar was activated before, but it was impossible to proceed."

Lu Ye steadied his mind and remarked, "I understand."

Advancing to the Divine Sea and returning to the Nine Provinces within a year are the tasks ahead.

Lu Ye feels quite confident about this. Throughout this cultivation journey, though fraught with dangers, the least of which, on the path of self-improvement, he hasn't faced too many hurdles. He has long accumulated a mentality and momentum to move forward unabated.

He believes it will be no exception this time.

After bidding farewell to Feng Wujiang, Lu Ye didn't rush into cultivation but took Dao Thirteen down the Sacred Mountain to wander and explore on the Sacred Island.

A year's time is still long; there's no need to rush. Moreover, he's just healed from his injuries, so it's not suitable to immediately enter a state of cultivation.

The entire Sacred Island is a huge gathering place for the human race, with no distinction between cultivators and ordinary people. They live together in harmony. Perhaps it's because they recently repelled the Blood Race army, the Sacred Island is filled with joy and excitement. The atmosphere is relaxed, and everywhere one can see scenes of lanterns and decorations.

On the streets, people are bustling shoulder to shoulder, with numerous shops lining both sides, filled with the breath of mundane human life.

This kind of scene is something Lu Ye rarely sees. Perhaps some cities in the Nine Provinces where ordinary people gather look like this, but since he embarked on the path of cultivation, he's rarely encountered such a large number of ordinary people, making him inevitably curious and intrigued.

As Lu Ye walked and looked around, he saw a candy hawker approaching, shouting loudly, with skewers of crystal-clear candied hawthorns stuck onto the straw target he carried.

Lu Ye stopped the vendor, asked about the price, and was just about to buy two skewers to try when he suddenly remembered he didn't have the local currency.

He didn't have any Spirit Stones or elixir pills either. Back when he advanced to the True Lake Level 8, he had already used up all his stored cultivation resources.

A lady selling tofu not far away then spoke up, "Give him two skewers of candied hawthorns, I'll pay for them."

Lu Ye turned his head to look upon hearing this, and his eyelids twitched.

A moment later, Lu Ye and Dao Thirteen each held a skewer of candied hawthorns, standing beside the tofu lady. Lu Ye still couldn't quite believe his eyes, "Senior, in these clothes, I almost didn't recognize you."

Lady Moon raised her hand and knocked him on the head, "Speak properly."

Lu Ye also knew he misspoke, mainly because he didn't expect to see Lady Moon here, dressed like this.

Previously, Lady Moon always wore sheer veils, her graceful figure tantalizingly visible, arousing one's bloodline. Now, she was wearing coarse cloth garments, with a square scarf on her head and sleeves rolled up to her elbows, looking every bit like a farmwoman.

"Senior, what are you doing here?" Lu Ye was truly puzzled.

"Selling tofu," Lady Moon replied matter-of-factly, "I have to make a living somehow."

Lu Ye couldn't help but laugh, thinking that the renowned seventh sect master of the Myriad Magic Sect in Leizhou, a peak Divine Sea Realm figure, came to the Blood Refinement World to sell tofu. If the disciples of the Myriad Magic Sect saw this, how would they react?

Moreover, a senior and powerful figure like Lady Moon wouldn't need mundane items to make a living, right?

Lu Ye realized she was just playing a game with life. Powerful figures' actions always seemed unfathomable.

"Can't I sell tofu?" Lady Moon glanced at him sideways.

"You can, you can!" Lu Ye wouldn't dare utter a single word of disagreement.

"I made a living selling tofu when I was young. Later, I was noticed by a cultivator from the Myriad Magic Sect and taken in as a disciple, and now I'm just returning to my old trade. What's there to be surprised about?" Lady Moon said, pointing across the street, "See that old man over there?"

Lu Ye looked in the direction she indicated and saw an old man dozing in the sun near a small shop. A few children gathered around him, poking his nose with dog-tail grass. He didn't open his eyes, just occasionally waved them away, causing the children to giggle quietly.

Beside the old man was a flag planted in the ground, with a large character for "fortune-telling" prominently displayed.

"He looks familiar..." Lu Ye said, thinking for a moment, wasn't he one of the seventy-plus senior figures?

"Is he... fortune-telling?" Lu Ye was speechless.

"Just a little hobby," Lady Moon chuckled, "For people like us, neither able to die nor finding life interesting, we can only find some amusements for ourselves."

"Senior, your words..." Lu Ye didn't know how to respond.

But perhaps it was true, the seniors still had longevity, but no path forward. For any cultivator who has spent their life pursuing higher realms, this is akin to torture.

If there truly was no path it's one thing, but the key is that every one of them can clearly sense that there is a path ahead, they just can't find it.

That's why they have no complaints that Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury sent them to this Blood Refinement World. At the very least, here they've found things they want to do, unlike back in the Nine Provinces, where they had to maintain the airs of seniority and hold their status.

"Is it tasty?" Lady Moon suddenly asked.

Lu Ye handed the half-eaten candied hawthorn skewer over, "Would you like to try it?"

Lady Moon rolled her eyes, "Hurry up and eat, then help me call out."

Lu Ye almost choked, struggling to swallow the candied hawthorn, "Senior, that's a bit much, isn't it? Two skewers of candied hawthorns don't cost much; I'll pay you back later."

"Less talking!"

A moment later, the crisp shout echoed at the tofu stall, "Selling tofu, fresh and tender tofu..."

Chapter 1047 Accumulation

After helping Tofu Lady sell tofu for three days, Lu Ye returned to the Sacred Mountain.

Pushing open his own door, the room was filled with blood crystals of varying sizes and qualities, evidently sent by the senior brother's orders.

Blood crystals come from the Blood Race. In this recent war, the human race didn't collect many blood crystals because almost all of the invading Blood Race were slain outside the defense line, their bodies falling into the Empyrean Sea, making it impossible to collect any blood crystals.

These blood crystals were collected from previous battles and stored, in significant quantities.

Lu Ye smiled knowingly and went into the room, sitting cross-legged.

He activated the power of the Talent Tree, and invisible roots spread out, plunging into the nearby blood crystals, devouring them to their heart's content, transforming them into his own foundation.

The cultivation in the True Lake Realm is for cultivators to refine their own spirit force. Every advancement in a level involves a transformation of spirit force, and the True Lake Level 9 involves nine transformations of spirit force.

Theoretically, the disparity between each minor level in the True Lake Realm causes the spirit force quality and quantity to differ by a factor of two. However, in reality, the difference is not that vast.

Nonetheless, each level's advancement in the True Lake Realm significantly boosts a cultivator's strength.

This is why as cultivators progress in their cultivation, it's increasingly difficult to defeat enemies across levels. Those talented elites who could fight across levels in the Spirit Stream Realm and Cloud River Realm may not have such an ability in the True Lake Realm.

Lu Ye is an exception.

In the True Lake Level 1, he developed Mental Consciousness, which, when supplemented by Mental Consciousness, often allowed him to defeat enemies across several levels. Back when he was at True Lake Level 3, he killed Tan Shu, who was several levels above him, at the Dark Moon Forest Pass, causing a major stir. The name of Li Taibai resounded throughout Dark Moon Forest Pass overnight, even being once recognized by the small pass chief, Lin Yue, as someone who could rival Lu Yiye of the Righteous Blood Sect.

Unfortunately, heaven is jealous of geniuses, and the rising star soon encountered calamity, leaving Lin Yue lamenting.

Of course, even without Mental Consciousness, Lu Ye could defeat enemies across levels mainly because his spirit force was extremely pure.

From the start of his cultivation journey, he had the Talent Tree by his side, and it can be said that his spirit force was entirely free of impurities, something unmatched by any other cultivator.

Cultivators inevitably need to take elixirs in their cultivation. Even if a cultivator has unique means to dissolve pill poison, it's nothing compared to the Talent Tree's relentless burning.

The purer foundation of spirit force compared to Lu Ye would gradually widen after the first, second, third... up to the ninth transformation.

In the same cultivation realm, Lu Ye could always exert more power.

Now, he is already at True Lake Level 9, with his spirit force at the pinnacle of purity; what he can do now is increase his spirit force reserve and enhance the foundation of his physical body.

According to what senior brother said, it's about accumulating the physical body's power to a degree that the mind cannot control, thus creating a subconscious need for change, which is the opportunity to advance to the Divine Sea Realm.

Using the Talent Tree for cultivation doesn't require much effort—simply maintaining it is sufficient. Of course, this process also consumes mental power.

For him now, it's a good thing because, as the senior brother mentioned, while enhancing the body's foundation, one also needs to refine one's mental power. Progressing together this way will achieve the best results.

Lu Ye complied.

He split some of his Mental Consciousness, continuously activating the power of the Talent Tree, and then used his Mental Consciousness to construct Soul Taming Divine Runes.

This is his advantage.

Other cultivators at this stage need to rely on various Visualization Techniques to consume their mental power, which is cumbersome and inefficient.

But he doesn't need any Visualization Technique; he only needs to construct divine runes to continually consume his Mental Consciousness.

Of course, this construction is done out of thin air, without an object to apply to, nor expecting to control anyone.

But soon, Lu Ye discovered a problem.

If he continued like this, wouldn't his mental power only get stronger? As mental power strengthens, so does Mental Consciousness, and it becomes even easier to control the physical body's power. Even though he's continuously enhancing the body's foundation, when would the physical body meet the standard to provoke his subconscious demand for change?

Stopping his actions, Lu Ye quietly pondered.

Such cultivation, although both the body and Mental Consciousness are growing, the physical body's growth rate will definitely far exceed Mental Consciousness. After all, from True Lake Level 1 to now, his Divine Pool hasn't changed much, and the strengthening of Mental Consciousness has relied entirely on consuming Soul Cleansing Water, indicating that enhancing Mental Consciousness is still quite difficult.

The recent slight expansion of the Divine Pool is likely the result of long-term accumulation.

So this cultivation method is fine; as long as his physical body's foundation enhances rapidly enough, the opportunity will eventually come.

In fact, because he already possesses Mental Consciousness, he can accumulate a more significant foundation at this True Lake Realm level.

Other True Lake cultivators don't have such an advantage.

If other True Lake cultivators need to accumulate the physical body's foundation to a certain level at this stage to have the chance to advance to the Divine Sea Realm, then the foundation Lu Ye needs to accumulate is several times, even ten times, or more than that of a typical True Lake cultivator.

If it's like constructing a house, where others have only one thin layer of foundation in the Divine Sea Realm, he has several layers...

In this way, when he truly advances to the Divine Sea Realm, the strength he can unleash will naturally be more robust than a typical Divine Sea Realm cultivator.

Of course, Lu Ye could anticipate that due to his special circumstances, the difficulty of this promotion to the Divine Sea was unmatched by most.

He had already prepared himself mentally.

A year was enough time!

Probably...

One Soul Taming Divine Rune after another was constantly constructed. When he started to feel a bit tired, Lu Ye would stop to rest, sit quietly, and meditate to slowly restore his mental power.

This process was directly visible.

The manifestation was seen at the Divine Pool. The pool was not empty but contained some water, which was the manifestation of his Mental Consciousness.

With excessive Mental Consciousness depletion, the pool water would decrease; when his Mental Consciousness was full, the pool would also be full.

Restoring Mental Consciousness was very cumbersome, as there was no elixir pill or miracle cure for it. Especially for someone like Lu Ye, whose Mental Consciousness wasn't strong, he used to simply use Soul Cleansing Water to recover with ease and speed, but now that's not possible.

The eldest brother had stated that at this critical juncture, any action akin to forcing growth was inadvisable.

So Lu Ye could only let his Mental Consciousness recover on its own slowly.

And so the cycle continued.

In the room, Lu Ye sat cross-legged, continuously activating the power of the Talent Tree. Blood Crystals turned into powder; when the Divine Pool was full, he'd construct Soul Taming Divine Runes; when it was depleted, he'd rest and wait with peace of mind.

He wasn't in complete seclusion all the time, as he didn't have the nature for it.

After all, he was still young and energetic, unlike those elders who had cultivated for hundreds of years and could sit still.

Every once in a while, he would go down the mountain for a walk, go to Tofu Lady to eat some tofu pudding, get his fortune told by an old fortune teller, play a few games of chess with an elder, or even plant rice seedlings with Mong Jie in the fields...

It's hard to imagine the third generation Sect Leader of the Righteousness Sect wearing a straw hat, trousers rolled up, busy in the muddy fields.

However, Lu Ye slowly got used to the temperaments of these elders, who had reached the Transformation Realm in cultivation and didn't need to cultivate, always finding something to pass the time.

It isn't accurate to say that immersing themselves in worldly pleasures is what they love most to do.

Of course, not all of the elders were like this; some maintained the demeanor of reclusive sages, living in seclusion in remote and desolate places.

He didn't intentionally seek these elders out, mainly because there were dozens of them scattered around the Sacred Island, and he could always encounter one or two while wandering.

Considering his identity as the Sacred Master's junior brother, and his significant contribution in fighting against the Blood Race army in the previous great battle, the elders naturally viewed him differently and were more than happy to interact with him.

No one was teaching him cultivation techniques since, with their keen insight, the elders could see that he was currently at a critical point in breaking through to the Divine Sea Realm. It was not advisable to give too much guidance at this stage because the more they taught, the more confusion would arise, and they knew the Sacred Master must have already provided instructions on this matter.

The Sacred Master might not be as old as them, but in terms of cultivation, age doesn't matter. Since the Sacred Master had given orders, why should they overstep their bounds?

Lu Ye also wouldn't proactively seek their advice. He now had his own goals and just needed to progress steadily towards them.

Having no utilitarian interactions was the most comforting.

If it were in the Nine Provinces, every one of these elders would be well-known throughout the region, and if they appeared, they would undoubtedly be surrounded by disciples and followers, leaving no time for leisure like this.

After more than half a year, Lu Ye had interacted with almost all the elders.

He was unclear about which ones were from the Haotian Alliance or the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, and didn't even know the names of many of them.

He only knew a limited few by name.

In a place like this, it was entirely unnecessary to distinguish between the Haotian Alliance and the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

However, in private interactions, the elders would still point out each other's shortcomings. One would say someone wasn't a good person and advised Lu Ye to watch out, while another would say someone was vicious and told Lu Ye to avoid them.

It seemed that speaking ill of those they looked down upon in front of Lu Ye was their greatest amusement. They never had this opportunity before, but now they did.

Every time it happened, Lu Ye would nod repeatedly in agreement, appearing as an eager-to-learn youth, making the elders feel Lu Ye was a talent worth cultivating.

Recently, however, Lu Ye noticed that the number of elders on the Sacred Island had somehow decreased, and often he couldn't find the elders at their usual spots, not even his eldest brother.

Beside the tofu stall of Tofu Lady, Lu Ye squatted with Dao Thirteen, each holding a large bowl, eating smooth tofu pudding while asking, "Senior, where has my eldest brother gone?"

Lady Moon, while attending to customers, responded without turning her head, "He's gone to look for Blood Crystals for you."

"Hmm?" Lu Ye was dumbfounded.

"The Sacred Master said your cultivation consumes a lot, and the currently stored Blood Crystals might not meet your needs, so he took a group out to sea to scavenge for Blood Crystals." She didn't hide it, mainly because there was no need to.

Chapter 1048 Entering the Blood Sea

Lu Ye felt a warmth in his heart.

Lady Moon was curious: "How can you cultivate with Blood Crystals?"

"I have an extraordinary talent?"

"Use one and let me see." Lady Moon's curiosity deepened.

Lu Ye took out a Blood Crystal and tossed it into his mouth, biting down with a crunch. The Blood Crystal was crimson, while the tofu brain was snow-white. The intense visual contrast even made someone like Lady Moon turn her gaze away, muttering, "Little monster."

There was no intent to investigate further. Those who were blessed by Heaven's Augury each had their small secrets. It could be said that the seniors sent to the Blood Refinement World by Heaven all had their secrets.

The cultivation continued.

The Blood Crystals in the room had been replenished many times, all personally brought by Senior Brother.

However, Lu Ye could sense that the Blood Crystals brought by Senior Brother were decreasing each time.

Even if the Sacred Land had a store of Blood Crystals, there was always a limit. After all, the Sacred Land had only been collecting them for a few decades.

Lu Ye felt as if he were swelling.

Not in his state of mind, but truly swelling.

His body hadn't changed, but the spirit force within him was accumulating more and more, growing increasingly potent as he cultivated during this time.

Simply by the waves of spirit force, his current energy was not inferior to the level of the Divine Sea Realm.

But in fact, he hadn't advanced to the Divine Sea Realm because his Mental Consciousness was strong enough to control the power within him, and subconsciously, he didn't feel the need for change yet.

The biggest challenge in advancing to the Divine Sea had arrived, as Lu Ye had expected.

The True Lake Level 1 had created Mental Consciousness and enjoyed the conveniences of the Divine Sea Realm, but nothing in this world is gained without cost. Ultimately, a price must be paid.

By logic, the body of someone in the True Lake Realm should not be able to accumulate such a vast power. At this point, a typical True Lake cultivator would either have the opportunity to advance to the Divine Sea, making the final effort, or be unable to manage the continuously accumulating power due to insufficient mental strength, making it hard for spirit force to gather any further. But Lu Ye defied the norm.

He could continually accumulate, leading to an increasingly strong foundation.

Another month passed, and the spirit force accumulating in Lu Ye's body grew even denser, causing all his spiritual orifices to pulse constantly. It was the pressure from the immense spirit force within him.

He faintly felt he was touching that opportunity.

Lu Ye was delighted. At this crucial juncture, he stopped running around and focused on his cultivation.

After several days, the room's restriction was suddenly activated. Lu Ye raised his hand to open the restriction, allowing Senior Brother to burst in.

Seeing Lu Ye's state, Feng Wujiang asked with concern, "How's the cultivation going?"

"It should be soon."

Feng Wujiang nodded, shook out a few storage sacks, and the ground immediately filled with Blood Crystals, along with some elixirs and Spirit Stones.

"Cultivate well then. There's still time, no need to rush." He could also see the challenge Lu Ye was facing, but there wasn't much he could do to help. Lu Ye had to handle it himself.

"Senior Brother, there's no need to search for more Blood Crystals."

The Blood Crystals Senior Brother brought back recently were fewer and fewer. This time, he even brought some elixirs and Spirit Stones, suggesting that resources in the Sacred Land were running low.

Moreover, it made Lu Ye uneasy to have Senior Brother and a group of seniors running around collecting Blood Crystals.

"Hmm?" Feng Wujiang looked at him puzzled, "Do you have sufficient resources?"

Lu Ye shook his head: "I don't have any, but I have a good place to go. Rest assured, Senior Brother."

Feng Wujiang pondered for a moment, then nodded, "In that case, be careful, and let me know if you need anything."

"I understand," Lu Ye replied.

The resources brought by Senior Brother this time were not many. It took Lu Ye less than ten days to consume them all.

He no longer had any cultivation resources available, but Lu Ye could vaguely grasp that breakthrough opportunity. The long cultivation had accumulated his body's foundation to a terrifying degree, and even with his Mental Consciousness, he felt a little overwhelmed.

Just a little more!

He stood up, pushed open the door, and leapt out.

Soon he reached the edge of the Sacred Island, looked at the Blood Sea before him, and without hesitation, dived in, splashing up a flower of blood.

This was the good place he mentioned to Senior Brother.

For other human race cultivators, besides the nature's spiritual energy in the Blood Refinement World, there were no usable cultivation resources.

But not for him.

The ever-present Blood River was the largest cultivation resource. Of course, cultivating with the Blood River required a price, and unless it was absolutely necessary, Lu Ye was reluctant to take this step.

Because once he took this step, it meant the final sprint. He must advance to the Divine Sea before the fuel of the Talent Tree ran out, or the horrors of the Blood Sea would be unbearable.

As he disappeared, figures flew in from all around the Sacred Island, gathering quickly into dozens of seniors.

Being able to gather here so quickly clearly indicates they were all paying attention to his movements.

"Sacred Master, what is your junior brother planning, daring to delve into the Blood Sea?" an elderly man with a youthful appearance asked.

The others all wore expressions of curiosity.

They certainly wouldn't think Lu Ye lost his mind; if Lu Ye dared to venture into the Blood Sea, he must have the ability to withstand its erosion. While they had such capability, none of their cultivation levels could be compared to Lu Ye's.

Moreover, even they were reluctant to linger in the Blood Sea for too long due to the massive consumption of spirit force.

Feng Wujiang shook his head, saying nothing, a faint concern visible on his face.

"Sacred Master, don't worry," Lady Moon spoke, "Since he can cultivate using Blood Crystals, the Blood Sea likely can't do much to him either. You might not know, but he eats Blood Crystals, crunching them like crispy snacks."

A twitch ran through the corners of the eyes of the gathered elderly, this was indeed the first time they'd heard of such a matter.

The elderly gathered here couldn't perceive what was happening below the Blood Sea, as the suppression of Mental Consciousness by the Blood Sea was too strong; even figures like them couldn't probe too deeply.

Deep within the Blood Sea, Lu Ye relaxed his body and mind, sinking all the way down several thousand feet, finally reaching the sea floor.

In this place, immense pressure from all directions pressed in indescribably, causing discomfort throughout the body and further increasing the burden on the physical form.

Lu Ye suddenly realized that this was indeed a fitting place to ascend to the Divine Sea.

Internally, there was pressure from the immense spirit force, externally from the Blood Sea, working together, making the faint crucial opportunity clear.

With a tingling spirit, he immediately activated the Talent Tree's power, devouring the surging energy from the surrounding Blood Water.

On the Talent Tree, large swaths of grey mist burned and rose, a much greater commotion than when devouring Blood Crystals.

He was uncertain if he could successfully ascend to the Divine Sea on this trip. If unsuccessful, he'd have to find a way back in the Nine Provinces, assuming he could return to the Nine Provinces at all.

The master's prior statement was speculative, without definitive proof that he'd be able to transport via the Heaven's Augury Pillar.

So, there's a possibility he might not return.

If that were truly the case, there's nothing to be done—Heaven's Augury might be unreliable.

However, considering the various contacts with Heaven's Augury thus far, it wasn't likely to abandon him here in the Blood Refinement World without any care; his situation with those older figures was essentially different.

His body quickly transformed into a vortex, drawing the seawater from all around.

Time passed.

The foundation of his physical form continued to strengthen; the sensation of difficulty in managing the body's power became increasingly clear, as Lu Ye suddenly entered an unexpected, wondrous state.

It was as if his mind wandered outside, observing his breakthrough and ascent silently as a spectator.

This feeling was extraordinarily peculiar; Lu Ye couldn't discern if it was good or bad, but he had little choice; ever since deciding to ascend to the Divine Sea, he was doomed to follow this singular path with no turning back, either ending in failure with a head-on collision or achieving success and renown.

Though his mind wandered, Lu Ye's awareness of his own state remained present.

He could clearly feel his physical form increasingly swelling, his spirit force fluctuations becoming extremely unstable, sometimes as fierce as a tide, sometimes calm as the sea.

This was a clear sign of difficulty in mastering the body's power.

The opportunity for a breakthrough was already prominent; in his mind, the Divine Pool seemed to have its life of its own, continuously expanding and contracting.

Yet, still unable to transcend that step.

Lu Ye anticipated that ascending to the Divine Sea would be challenging—a foresight due to the early development of his Mental Consciousness, but he hadn't expected the challenge to be so great.

Currently facing a predicament: can the opportunity be seized before the body gives out?

It felt as if only a tiny difference remained...

However, in life's encounters, that slight difference often translated into a gap as vast as heaven and earth.

He could only endlessly absorb energy from the Blood Sea, pushing his limits.

Luckily, his body's strength was adequate; if it were an ordinary combat cultivator here, the accumulated foundation within would likely burst their body.

Even so, fine cracks appeared on his skin's surface, like a shattered mirror, from which fresh blood flowed.

The breakthrough opportunity became even clearer, the frequency of the Divine Pool's expansion and contraction grew ever more rapid; at this point, it was truly down to the final kick.

If successful, all would be well; if failed, everything would be lost.

Yet Lu Ye felt an unprecedented calm, devoid of anxiety.

He understood well; he had done all he could, cultivation was nothing more than this: do one's utmost, leave the rest to fate.

At this crucial moment, Lu Ye suddenly sensed something unusual, as if a light flickered before him; though he kept his eyes closed, he could sense the obvious light.

Slowly opening his eyes, he immediately beheld a peculiar scene.

Amidst the scarlet Blood Water, a mass of golden light whirled towards him.

It was evidently drawn by the vortex beside him.

Chapter 1049 Advancing to Divine Sea

Upon seeing this cluster of golden light, Lu Ye was momentarily stunned. He hadn't expected such an unusual thing beneath the Blood Sea.

But he quickly realized what this was.

This was clearly the origin of the Blood Race's achievement of the Sacred Seed!

Lann Qiyue had previously told him that the reason she became a Sacred Seed was because she caught a cluster of golden light beneath the Blood Pool, which led to her transformation from a human race to the Blood Race, even becoming one of the Sacred Seeds among the Blood Race.

At that time, when Lann Qiyue told him about this, Lu Ye had a kind of suspicion.

Perhaps, there wasn't originally a Blood Race in this world? Was it the eerie nature of the Blood Pool that led to the birth of the Blood Race Sacred Seed? Thus propagating the Blood Race as a subsequent lineage.

Just as on the Unparalleled Continent, there originally was no Corpse Race, all the Corpse Race members were transformed from the human race.

But this was merely suspicion, not backed by any concrete evidence, and Lu Ye didn't want to delve into the reasons for the Blood Race's birth, as it had nothing to do with him.

Yet he never expected that he would stumble upon such a cluster of golden light in the Blood Sea himself.

The original location of the golden light was impossible to ascertain. During this period, Lu Ye had continuously wielded the power of his Talent Tree to devour the surroundings, turning the area into a vortex, and the golden light was evidently drawn in by the movement of the surrounding Blood Water.

From within that golden light, Lu Ye perceived an extremely dense and overwhelming force, far beyond comparison to the surrounding Blood Water.

It was like a bright moon suddenly illuminating a cluster of fireflies.

And this was precisely what Lu Ye needed at the moment!

Without hesitation, Lu Ye reached for the golden light, clutching it in his palm.

It was as if he had grabbed a scorching piece of iron, sending a sharp pain through his palm, but Lu Ye refused to let go.

The golden light seemed to possess its own intelligence, directly burrowing into Lu Ye's hand, disappearing from sight.

Lu Ye's body trembled, immediately channeling his Mental Consciousness to examine himself.

Suddenly, his whole being radiated, encompassed by golden light, the surface of his skin twisted with vivid, throbbing veins through which gold coursed visibly.

Lann Qiyue turned from human race to Blood Race's Sacred Seed with this cluster of golden light.

Lu Ye, however, was not worried about any such transformation, because he possessed the Talent Tree capable of incinerating all foreign forces detrimental to him, preserving only the energies beneficial to him.

And, indeed, as soon as the golden light entered his body, the Talent Tree began to sway, an unprecedented phenomenon.

Even more surprisingly, the Talent Tree began to emit smoke!

It was really smoking.

In the past, no matter what he was refining, even extremely toxic substances, the most that could be seen on the Talent Tree was the rising of gray mist.

But this time, the Talent Tree was smoking, even the burning leaves on the Talent Tree flickered unpredictably.

Lu Ye suddenly realized that although this cluster of gold light contained an overwhelming force, it was also rife with impurities, or harmful elements towards him.

With the smoking of the Talent Tree, Lu Ye clearly perceived the storage of fuel within the Talent Tree rapidly depleting.

Ever since completing its metamorphosis, Lu Ye could somewhat sense the fuel storage situation within the Talent Tree. Currently, the fuel in the Talent Tree mainly came from the Sword Weapon Sect secret realm, where Lu Ye had wielded the Talent Tree to devour the Earth Core Fire for two full months, directly causing the collapse of the Sword Weapon Sect secret realm, with the gains being immeasurable.

Even though he had been in the Blood Sea for such a long time, the Talent Tree's fuel remained about halfway unused. However, the accelerated depletion now could exhaust all fuel in less than five days, at which point the Talent Tree would lose its ability to incinerate impurities, preventing Lu Ye from staying safely in the Blood Sea, even affecting his future cultivation.

Lu Ye, however, had no time to pay attention to the Talent Tree as, with the infusion of the golden cluster, countless cryptic insights exploded within his mind, leaving Lu Ye unsure where they stemmed from, as if appearing out of nowhere.

He quickly realized these insights originated from the golden cluster!

It wasn't merely an overwhelming force but also a unique inheritance.

The inheritance of the Blood Race!

The Blood Race's Blood Embryo is nurtured from the Blood River, lacking parental care, without elder guidance, yet naturally understanding cultivation and Blood Path Secret Techniques, originating from this bloodline inheritance, inscribed into their very bones.

The Blood Water flowing through the Blood River served as the Blood Race's teacher.

The essence of the golden cluster was also a drop of blood, containing many intricate inheritances, far superior to ordinary Blood Water in the Blood River.

The immense amount of information threatened to burst the mind, the dense and overwhelming energy flowing through the body exacerbating physical burdens.

Lu Ye found himself oscillating between ecstasy and torment, wishing he could faint on the spot, puzzled at how Lann Qiyue managed to endure it.

What he didn't realize was that Lann Qiyue, when devouring that golden cluster, was already rapidly transforming towards the direction of the Blood Race Sacred Seed. For the Blood Race itself, this bloodline inheritance was imprinted deeply within her blood and would gradually awaken as her cultivation increased. Thus, although Lann Qiyue's situation was urgent at the time, she could remain unaffected after enduring the initial phase.

Lu Ye was different.

With the Talent Tree burning impurities and all things harmful to him, the golden cluster couldn't transform him into a Blood Race Sacred Seed, and he retained his human race foundation.

And yet, the Talent Tree's incineration preserved things useful to him, such as the bloodline inheritance contained within the golden cluster.

While Lann Qiyue needed a lifetime to gradually awaken this legacy, it burst forth for him all at once.

Such an impact on his mind is beyond what an ordinary person could bear.

Even a Divine Sea Realm would face complete destruction of Mental Consciousness at this moment, the obliteration of the Divine Sea.

The feedback to Lu Ye's situation was even more direct and apparent.

The dragon's wail from the gold and silver flood dragons' phantom hovering near the Divine Pool dissolved into specks of light, disappearing.

Twin Dragons Guarding the Sea was a method granted by the Hall of Battle Merits' gold and silver flood dragons to protect Lu Ye's psyche, repeatedly proving its worth against Divine Sea Realm combatants, finally today being utterly broken, with no hope of restoration.

The impact, almost imperceptible to the naked eye, barreled towards Lu Ye's Divine Pool.

Cracks appeared on the barrier of the Divine Pool. In the past, even facing the impact of Divine Sea Mental Consciousness, the water within the pool remained undisturbed due to the suppression of the Soul Suppressing Pagoda, a Soul Device.

But this time, even with the Soul Suppressing Pagoda, the water in the Divine Pool was turbulent and restless.

Lu Ye's head felt like it was splitting apart.

The influx of immense information brought him constant epiphanies, yet both his body and psyche were overwhelmed. It was a complex sensation beyond mere words.

Time seemed to flow exceedingly slowly.

Lu Ye had no idea how long had passed, not even aware whether he was dead or alive, until suddenly, all the suffering vanished cleanly, as if everything he had just experienced were mere illusions.

Unable to help himself, Lu Ye shook his head, feeling as though his very brain was shaking.

Still alive...

That was a good thing.

Hastily, he examined himself, and to his great joy, he discovered something astonishing in his heart.

Without even realizing it, he had successfully ascended to the Divine Sea!

The once small Divine Pool had now expanded significantly, truly worthy of the name Divine Sea. However, due to the excessive consumption of Mental Consciousness, the seawater was as thin as mist, leaving him somewhat lacking in vigor.

Yet his body's vitality was boundless.

The power within his body had been accumulating since more than half a year ago.

The most direct manifestation was the spirit force surging within him, becoming as thick as paste.

In fact, after the nine transformations of spirit force, with the ascension to True Lake Level 9, the spirit force within him had already shown tendencies of changing in this direction.

But it was only a tendency.

During this time, no matter how much Lu Ye accumulated his own spirit force, it was merely a quantitative change, not leading to a qualitative one.

The breakthrough of ascending to the Divine Sea undoubtedly elevated his spirit force to new heights.

With his Mental Consciousness drained and his body powerful, Lu Ye felt slightly out of control of himself.

It was as if a three-year-old child were trying to wield a giant iron hammer, an impossible feat no matter how hard one tried.

He wanted to raise his hand, but it felt heavy as a mountain.

He wanted to stand up, but it was as though a star were pressing upon his back.

Lu Ye felt quite helpless.

He could only continue sitting cross-legged at the seabed, silently cultivating, waiting for his Mental Consciousness to slowly recover.

He didn't seek complete restoration but at least wanted to regain simple control over himself.

It must be said, after ascending to the Divine Sea, the speed of Mental Consciousness recovery had significantly increased. Clearly visible, the thin fog sea became denser, then transformed into a water-like substance, beginning to accumulate.

Two hours later, Lu Ye could move his arms. Awkwardly, he retrieved a drop of Soul Cleansing Water from his storage space and consumed it.

The speed of psyche recovery abruptly accelerated.

Another hour passed, and only then did Lu Ye stand up, mobilizing his spirit force and leaping up, soaring upwards.

The consumption of the Talent Tree's fuel was too great, and Lu Ye naturally didn't want to linger long in the Blood Sea. Previously, the lack of cultivation resources left him no choice, but now that he had ascended to the Divine Sea, it was naturally time to make a swift exit.

In a mere moment, he ascended several thousand feet.

Emerging from the Blood Sea and standing mid-air, with sunlight bathing him, Lu Ye couldn't help but feel a mistaken sensation of returning to life.

From now on, he could also be considered a member of the Divine Sea Realm.

"Congratulations, Junior Brother, on ascending to the Divine Sea."

A voice suddenly came from the side.

Turning his head, Lu Ye saw Feng Wujiang standing by the Blood Sea, smiling and looking towards him.

He had been waiting here all along.

When others ascended to the Divine Sea, even if they failed, they would only have their path forward severed. If fortune were on their side, they could attempt it again in the future.

But Lu Ye's breakthrough beneath the Blood Sea was extremely dangerous, adopting a stance of achieving success or martyrdom. Feng Wujiang couldn't help but worry.

He had been waiting here for many days. Now, seeing Lu Ye return safely, having succeeded in his breakthrough, naturally filled him with joy.

Feeling the deep care from his senior brother, Lu Ye turned and solemnly bowed. "I'm sorry for making Senior Brother worry."

Feng Wujiang smiled slightly. "Are you ready?"

"For what?" Lu Ye was puzzled.

"Then here I come!" Suddenly, Feng Wujiang clenched a fist, and as his fingers closed, the surrounding Void seemed to twist faintly.

In the next moment, he transformed into a long rainbow, pouncing towards Lu Ye.

Startled, Lu Ye exclaimed, "Senior Brother, let's talk this through!"

Chapter 1050 Tempered Through a Thousand Trials

A moment later, Lu Ye returned to his residence with a bruised face. Under the curious gaze of Dao Thirteen, who was guarding the door, he sat down silently.

Senior Brother is so unreasonable!

He had just been promoted to the Divine Sea and hadn't had time to consolidate his cultivation or get familiar with his suddenly increased power, yet Senior Brother had already given him a beating.

Although Senior Brother only used Divine Sea Level 1 strength throughout the process, it was still Senior Brother. How could he be a match?

Of course, Lu Ye had no complaints about this. He knew that Senior Brother did this for his own good. Such trials, though a bit embarrassing, would allow him to grasp his own power more quickly, which was much better than working behind closed doors.

He had a premonition that Senior Brother's trials were just beginning!

If he didn't want to be so embarrassed, he needed to quickly get familiar with his power.

Sure enough, the next day, just as Lu Ye was sitting and meditating, he heard two loud bangs from outside the door, followed by the angry roar of Dao Thirteen, whose voice quickly faded away.

Lu Ye's ears twitched. Although he didn't witness it, he could imagine the scene outside the door. Someone must have tried to force their way in, Dao Thirteen blocked them, but ended up getting thrown away.

And to so easily throw Dao Thirteen, a Divine Sea Level 5, there were dozens of such figures on Sacred Island.

The door was violently pushed open, and Mong Jie, wearing a straw hat, barged in like a bandit.

Judging by his appearance, he must have been planting seedlings in the spirit fields, as his pants' legs were still rolled up, and his calves were covered in mud and water.

"Senior, what is this..."

Mong Jie looked at him calmly. "The Sacred Master asked me to come and put you through some training."

Saying this, he reached out his big hand to grab Lu Ye.

Lu Ye had no choice but to allow himself to be carried like a chick and thrown into the air by Mong Jie. With arms crossed, Mong Jie said, "I will only use the power of Divine Sea Level 1; attack with all your might. If within two hours I take a single step, consider you passed the test. If not, you come work for me."

"That's what you said." Lu Ye immediately drew his Boulder Mountain Saber and surged forward with a complete burst of spirit force against Mong Jie, truly holding nothing back.

Lu Ye knew it was impossible to be a match for someone like Mong Jie, this senior, but at the same cultivation level, he might just force him to move a step in two hours.

Instantly, spirit force stirred and saber light raged.

Two hours later, Lu Ye, now even more bruised and swollen, was led by Mong Jie like a dead fish into a spirit field to plant seedlings all afternoon...

The next day, the door was suddenly pushed open, and a fragrant scent instantly filled the room.

Lu Ye looked up to see Tofu Lady smiling at him.

This time Dao Thirteen didn't even issue a warning.

"Ready to go?" Lady Moon smiled happily.

"Let's go!" Lu Ye stood up.

That afternoon, Lu Ye didn't help her sell tofu because it was already sold out; instead, he helped her grind soybeans.

The days went by.

Each day, a well-meaning senior would come to find Lu Ye, forging him in different ways, both physically and mentally.

Lu Ye suffered yet found joy in it.

Because he knew such opportunities were simply too rare.

Those seniors, were any of them not the top strongmen in this world? Without Nine Provinces Heaven's Augury, it was impossible to gather them together. Regular people wouldn't have a chance to have them hone them; it would be overqualified.

But in this Blood Refinement World, with the request and guidance of Senior Brother, this opportunity presented itself to Lu Ye.

How could he not seize it?

Although he was tormented every day to the point of feeling like going through divine ecstasy, Lu Ye's progress was obvious, swiftly consolidating his Divine Sea realm, and consistently familiarizing himself with his current power with every beating.

Yet this wasn't the main point, because even if it wasn't for these seniors, Lu Ye could accomplish these things himself with some time.

The more important aspect was that the seniors' factions were different, their methods varied, which opened Lu Ye's eyes to the sophisticated techniques of the Nine Provinces' top experts, and through repeated confrontations, he also learned how to utilize his power more effectively.

No one deliberately taught him anything; everything depended on his own understanding, using his own pain and body to feel.

What can be taught are always others' things; what you comprehend is your own.

If one were to describe it, Lu Ye was like a piece of stubborn iron, each senior hammering it over and over again into a piece of well-tempered steel.

Each day, the confrontation time with these seniors was incredibly short; a set time like Mong Jie's two hours was actually the longest, most were no more than half an hour.

The remaining time, sometimes Lu Ye would follow their requests, help them with chores, but more often, he would reflect on himself. Having taken a beating, there should be some worth to it; the brief pain in his body was converted into combat experience, a tremendously beneficial thing the average person could only yearn for.

Lu Ye took it all in stride.

Additionally, he acquired a new skill.

Blood Technique!

When breaking through to the Divine Sea Realm under the Blood Sea, he devoured a golden orb, which was something that could enable the Blood Race to transform into a Sacred Seed, hence it's called Sacred Blood.

The mysterious nature within the Sacred Blood that allowed beings to transform into Sacred Seeds was burned away by the Talent Tree, but the bloodline inheritance of the Blood Race was preserved, precisely the vast information that exploded into Lu Ye's mind at that time.

In other words, Lu Ye, as a member of the human race, acquired the bloodline inheritance of the Blood Race!

This is quite bizarre.

Blood Techniques are mysterious and have a very strong corrosive attribute towards anything with spirit, a fact proven in numerous battles against the Blood Race.

If such benefits were obtained by a magic cultivator, they would surely be delighted, because no matter how Blood Techniques evolve, at their core they're a type of magic and spells.

But Lu Ye is ultimately a combat cultivator, and he can't abandon his current cultivation in saber skills to switch to Blood Techniques.

Fortunately, he doesn't need to abandon saber skills, because the inheritance of the Blood Race is imprinted deep into the bloodline. As long as one's power is sufficient, it can be easily deployed. Although the inheritance Lu Ye received was incomplete due to the burning by the Talent Tree, it's still an intangible asset.

Moreover, Lu Ye himself is quite proficient in the path of magic and spells.

The reflections of the Soaring Dragon World's Origin have allowed him to achieve progress across various factions. His disguise as a magic cultivator, Niu Meng, was convincingly executed; as a sword cultivator, Li Taibai, even Lin Yue couldn't spot the flaws. If he wishes, he can even disguise himself as a ghost cultivator.

Now, with the inheritance of the Blood Race Blood Techniques, it will only enrich his methods.

Among those numerous Blood Techniques, he favors three specific ones.

One is the Blood River Technique, which is a type that only Blood Race members in the True Lake Realm and above can manifest. This technique can create an environment conducive to one's advantages anytime, anywhere, and at critical moments, it can be used to avoid fatal damage.

This is a very practical technique.

The second is the Blood Escape Technique.

In the Nine Provinces, there are many versions of the Blood Escape Technique, but they are mostly similar. Ying Wuji once used it back in the day; it's a Secret Technique for escape.

However, once deployed, it leaves one in a weakened state for a short period.

Lu Ye hasn't practiced any Blood Escape Techniques nor does he know how the ones in the Nine Provinces work, but there's no denying that the Blood Race has unique insights into such techniques, and Nine Provinces' Blood Escape Technique probably can't compare with the Blood Race's version.

If used well, this technique can be life-saving when encountering an unbeatable foe.

The third is the Blood Refining Technique.

Through Secret Technique, refine one's blood Qi, transforming it into Essence Blood.

Essence Blood has infinite uses; if integrated into the Blood River, it can amplify its power significantly, and if used to drive Blood Techniques, it can greatly enhance their potency.

Take the Blood Escape Technique as an example; using the Blood Escape in its normal state compared to using it with Essence Blood yields completely different results, with the latter allowing for much faster escape.

Moreover, if Essence Blood is refined to its utmost depth, it can even lead to Drop of Blood Rebirth.

Lu Ye felt that this was a bit far-fetched.

But the Blood Race's bloodline inheritance records it this way, so it's hard to tell whether it's true or false.

Ninety-nine percent of Blood Techniques don't require him to exert effort in cultivation. Since he has received the Blood Race's bloodline inheritance, the deployment of these techniques is ingrained in his very bones, easily accessible. Of course, limited by cultivation level and familiarity, the power displayed varies.

The Blood Refining Technique, however, requires active participation because it consumes one's blood Qi to refine Essence Blood.

Lu Ye has been engaged in this process these past days.

He has already achieved some results, storing a drop of Essence Blood in his heart chamber, containing immense and potent power within.

Moreover, he discovered that the Blood Refining Technique was exceptionally compatible with him.

Ordinary members of the Blood Race need continual supplementation during the Blood Refining process because their blood Qi is being heavily consumed.

Although Lu Ye also requires it, it's not as serious because his vitality is abundant.

The remnants of the Soaring Dragon World's Origin gifted him formidable vitality, and over time, it continually transforms his physique.

In terms of physical stature alone, he is in no way inferior to physique cultivators of the same realm, thanks not only to the early refining of dragon scale but also due to the subtle transformations of the Soaring Dragon World's Origin.

Even if it's a fragmented Origin, it remains an Origin of a domain, and its benefits when bestowed upon one person are beyond imaginable.

With such a vast and endless source of vitality, the loss of blood Qi in Lu Ye's Blood Refining can be quickly replenished. As long as it's done with some moderation, the consumption from Blood Refining doesn't really impact him.

Yet, ultimately, Lu Ye only refined three drops of Essence Blood.

It's not that he doesn't want to refine more, but that he's not capable of doing so.

The Blood Refining Technique also has its limits; the higher the cultivation, the more Essence Blood can be refined.

Having just ascended to the Divine Sea Realm, three drops of Essence Blood represent his current limit.

For him, these three drops of Essence Blood serve as three killer moves. By activating Essence Blood, his explosive power can experience a massive surge instantly, and he even feels that he might employ burning Essence Blood to activate Bloodstain Spirit Runes and even Beast Transformation!

If this is true, it would be excellent news for him.

Both Bloodstain and Beast Transformation are his trump cards, but both have inherent drawbacks that are hard to overcome: the inability to achieve instantaneous bursts and instead requiring continuous buildup.