

Humanity 131

Chapter 131 Clean Plate

The cultivator from Tailuo Sect, who was at the Level 5 realm, knew that this time, death was certain. Since that was the case, he had to drag someone down with him to the grave, no matter what.

On the other side, Qiao Qiao'er did not receive a response from Lu Ye and, assessing the situation on both sides, decisively chose to support Song Xie and Tao Tiangang. She felt that these two were somewhat unmatched by the Level 5 cultivator, and if she didn't help now, Song Xie might manage with minor issues, but the injured Tao Tiangang would surely die.

At the central peak's grand hall, Han Zheyue had lost her previous pride, and her pretty face was so gloomy it seemed almost to drip water. As she watched the two hunting teams clash, the extinguishing of each black dot felt like a heavy slap to her face, making her mind reel and her eyes see stars.

"Hahaha!" Tang Wu, who normally kept his emotions from showing, now laughed heartily, continuously patting the Shadow Moon Disc.

He truly hadn't expected that Tailuo Sect's well-preplanned encounter battle would develop into the situation at hand. Nor could he understand how his own hunting team had managed this feat, but the fact was that two Level 5 cultivators and one Level 4 cultivator from the enemy side were dead, and it seemed likely that the remaining two Level 5s wouldn't live much longer either.

The result was that his hunting team won! This was what delighted him the most. He had a vague feeling that this had something to do with the Level 4 cultivator named Yiye, because no one else was capable of this.

He increasingly felt that recruiting Yiye was the most correct decision he had made during this Dragon Spring Meet.

Tang Wu's laughter made Han Zheyue even more furious, her body shaking violently with anger. Her eyes were fixed on the scenes in the Shadow Moon Disc, and seeing another black dot symbolizing a Level 5 cultivator extinguished, she couldn't help but close her eyes.

Out of sight, out of mind!

The Disciples of the current generation were declining one after another, all her meticulous arrangements were in vain!

Qin Wanli shifted his body to the side, slightly distancing himself from Han Zheyue, as he was afraid that this woman might take her anger out on him later.

The battle continued, but now it was five against one.

Lu Ye had earlier joined forces with Xie Jin to kill his opponent and then immediately rushed over to support Qiao Qiao'er and the others.

This was the last Level 5 cultivator. He had thought about running away, but even as a Level 5 cultivator, it wasn't easy to escape when faced with three Level 4 cultivators working together. In such a situation, showing one's back to the enemy meant seeking death.

Now, facing five enemies alone, there was no chance of survival.

A few breaths later, the Level 5 cultivator, cursing angrily, tried to drag the injured Tao Tiangang to mutual destruction, but in the end, he failed to do so. As he deployed his last Spirit Talisman, he slowly fell into a pool of blood.

The great battle finally came to an end, with their side paying the price of severe injury to Tao Tiangang and a minor injury to Song Xie, in exchange for slaying four Level 5 cultivators and one Level 4 from the enemy side.

Against two teams with a huge disparity in strength, it was the weaker side that emerged with a complete victory, which was somewhat unbelievable.

For a moment, the way the four looked at Lu Ye changed.

They all knew very well that it was Lu Ye who had single-handedly turned the tide, it was he who had first slain the enemy's Level 5 physique cultivator, and then swiftly killed a Level 5 magic cultivator. Without Lu Ye, they would most likely have already died in battle here.

"We still need to support the assault team!" Xie Jin said.

Lu Ye turned to look at Tao Tiangang. The man was seriously injured, having lost a lot of blood, and his face was extremely pale. He leaned against a large tree, gasping for breath, looking as if he might die at any moment.

"Junior brother!" Xie Jin looked at him, with a hint of guilt in his gaze.

With a strained smile, Tao Tiangang said weakly, "Don't worry about me; I'll make my own way back."

"I've already sent a message for someone to come and fetch you."

"You must win!" Tao Tiangang said with emphasis.

Xie Jin nodded emphatically.

When the five Tailuo Sect cultivators died, two of their mounts also perished, bitten to death. This was, of course, Amber's doing. Compared to the mounts they had seen in the past few days, Amber was the most powerful, which gave it an absolute advantage when fighting other people's mounts.

The remaining three demon beasts vanished without a trace as their masters perished.

The four mounted their beasts and, under Lu Ye's lead, charged towards the peak, where cultivators of both sides had been fighting for half a day already.

In terms of the situation, Mount Qingyu's side held some advantage. This was part of Han Zheyue's calculations, as it allowed her side to conveniently send the hunting team for support.

In her mind, her own hunting team could dispatch Lu Ye and his companions with ease and then go on to support her own mountaintop defense squad. They didn't have many people, but there were four Level 5 cultivators among them, including one magic cultivator. Once they joined the battlefield, they could instantly turn the tables, catching Mount Qingyu off guard.

But the reality was that her hunting team had been decimated, making an already bad situation even worse.

When Lu Ye and the others entered the battlefield, a group of mountaintop defense cultivators from Tailuo Sect was visibly stunned. They had received messages that if they held on for a little longer, their own hunting team, including several Level 5 cultivators, would come to assist them, potentially turning defeat into victory.

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But to wait half a day only to see someone else's reinforcements arrive was truly disheartening.

After enduring a fierce battle for life and death, the four riders were each greatly exhausted. Charging headlong into the battlefield would bring limited effectiveness, so under Lu Ye's lead, the group of four merely skirted the edges of the battlefield, thundering in and out, distracting the enemy while seeking opportunities to strike.

Qiao Qiao'er enjoyed this mode of combat the most, as the Spiritual Artifact in her hand was a long whip, having the longest attack range. An inattentive enemy cultivator could easily get caught by her whip, either dragged to the ground in utter disarray or pulled close to be jointly killed by Xie Jin and Song Xie.

Lu Ye didn't vie for kills since he was skilled in magic and spells. One after another, his fiery birds plummeted into enemy ranks—when lucky, he'd score some kills, and even when luck wasn't on his side, he could still harm a few unfortunate souls.

With such a strategy, the already faltering Tailuo Sect cultivators were suddenly under increased pressure.

More and more cultivators were slain, with Mount Qingyu's advantage growing bit by bit.

In the main hall, Han Zheyue watched the battlefield with a powerless gaze, witnessing those black dots being extinguished one by one.

She had also sent off her hunting team for reinforcement, but not to mention that it would take some time for those teams to support, Tang Wu wouldn't allow these hunting teams to move unhindered.

Each hunting team sent for reinforcement was stopped in its tracks.

Pulling people from nearby mountaintops was even less realistic, as Qing Yu's attack wasn't only directed at a single mountaintop; at least five or six peaks were embroiled in fierce battles.

While none had shown a clear difference in strength, with the situation still at a stalemate and the casualties not particularly heavy, this was true everywhere except for the peak where Lu Ye and his group were fighting.

She had already ordered a retreat, for if they didn't pull back now, her worthless juniors might all end up perishing on that mountaintop.

But retreating from a life-and-death struggle was easier said than done. Exposing one's back to the enemy amidst the chaos of battle often led to an even faster death, especially with Lu Ye's group roaming and hunting around.

The battle lasted until nightfall. On the contested peak, the stench of blood was so thick it seemed almost impossible to dissipate, with severed limbs and shredded flesh everywhere—a scene resembling Asura hell. The corpses of Tailuo Sect cultivators, scattered from the summit to the foot of the mountain, were testimony to those killed while fleeing.

In this battle, Qing Yu emerged with a complete victory.

Lu Ye and the others were totally exhausted. Their fight was over, and under Xie Jin's lead, they were now retreating to the valleys in the rear.

Yet the contest between the two sects was not over.

After taking down that mountaintop, Qing Yu didn't even bother to leave anyone to guard it. Instead, those with fighting power left flocked to the nearby peaks, where the battle was still in a deadlock.

In the great hall, Han Zheyue was so angered she almost smashed the Shadow Moon Disc. Turning her head, her eyes bloodshot, she stared at Tang Wu: "Are you truly intent on annihilating us?"

Tang Wu snorted: "I didn't see your Tailuo Sect show any mercy to Qing Yu. Our factions are fundamentally opposed. Speaking such trivial-hearted words is meaningless; it would be embarrassing if it caused laughter amongst the subordinates."

Han Zheyue gritted her teeth and looked up at Qin Wanli.

Qin Wanli avoided her gaze, knowing that the Qin family's days ahead would probably not be easy. It wasn't that he refused to help Han Zheyue; he simply did not dare to risk further losses.

If he dared to send support to Tailuo Sect at this time, Qing Yu would "educate" them tomorrow—a bloody lesson learned at the cost of hundreds of Disciple lives.

If not for the frightening intensity in Han Zheyue's gaze, he would have even wanted to comfort her not to overexert herself...

Offending Tailuo Sect was indeed unfavorable, but his foremost concern had to be the lives of his Qin family members.

"Very well!" Han Zheyue laughed bitterly in extreme rage, recognizing that she was powerless to turn the tide at this Dragon Spring Meet. Reflecting on her previous strategies and the battle of wits with the vile Tang Wu, it was just a single misstep that had led to this catastrophic defeat!

She closed her eyes, raising her hand to her battlefield marking and issued an order that pained her heart.

The next moment, numerous black dots on the various mountaintops began their retreat, including those still engaged in battle.

Each extinguished black dot represented the life of a Tailuo Sect cultivator. She dared not look, fearing she might relent and rescind her order.

The last remnants of her rationality told her that amputation was necessary at this juncture, or Tailuo Sect would only sink deeper into this quagmire.

At this time, Lu Ye and the others were crossing mountains and ridges. After Xie Jin inquired about the situation behind, they learned that Tao Tiangang had received medical attention and was out of mortal danger, a piece of news that finally allowed them to breathe a sigh of relief.

Though they had only known each other for a few days, the life-and-death struggles had undoubtedly forged a strong friendship among them.

Xie Jin continued to relay the latest battlefield situations to everyone. Hearing about Tailuo Sect's large-scale retreat and Qing Yu's relentless pursuit, both Song Xie and Qiao Qiao'er cheered loudly.

Lu Ye was currently checking on Yiyi's condition.

Yiyi had been injured by a Level 5 physique cultivator while trying to help him. He had seen this kind of injury before—it was similar to the first time they met when Yiyi went for the Barrier-breaking Fruit. After that ordeal, her aura had dimmed significantly, and it took her a month of recuperation to slowly recover.

Chapter 132 - Ending Early

After investigating, Lu Ye confirmed that Yiyi was not seriously harmed, just in need of some rest. Moreover, Amber's strength had become much greater than before, so Yiyi's recovery time wouldn't be too long.

It wasn't until late at night that the group of four returned to the valley.

Lu Ye's tent was still up, and Mhu Ling was waiting; she took care of Yiyi attentively.

However, halfway through her treatment, Lu Ye had already fallen into a deep sleep.

After several days of moving around and battling continuously, he was truly exhausted.

When he awoke, the sky was already bright. A blanket was laid over him. Lu Ye sat up, looked around with a somewhat blank gaze, and did not see Amber, but he heard Qiao Qiao'er's voice coming from outside the tent, "Here, eat this, it's something good, really fragrant. You'll know once you try it. Hey, don't bite if you're not eating, let go of my hand!"

After dressing, Lu Ye walked out to see Amber's massive mouth clamping down on one of Qiao Qiao'er's arms. Qiao Qiao'er's body twisted strangely, as she tried to pull her arm out of the tiger's mouth without using too much force, resulting in a stalemate.

They locked eyes, and Lu Ye frowned, "What are you doing?"

Only then did Amber release her arm and rubbed against Lu Ye.

In Qiao Qiao'er's hands was a piece of bloody beast meat, which she held high, "I was just feeding it, and it bit me. Yiye, your beast pet is too unreasonable."

Amber immediately let out a growl.

Lu Ye looked from it to Qiao Qiao'er, his gaze gradually becoming unfriendly, "Don't drug it!"

Qiao Qiao'er wore a bewildered expression, "What drug? What do you mean by drug? Who's drugging it?"

Lu Ye had already turned and entered the tent, with Amber following him. Outside the tent, Qiao Qiao'er looked around and, feeling guilty like a thief, tucked the piece of beast meat into her storage sack, muttering softly to herself, "So alert?" She wasn't referring to Lu Ye, but to Amber.

She turned away, whistling nonchalantly as she walked off as if nothing had happened.

Sitting on the bed, Amber fetched a storage sack with its mouth and placed it beside Lu Ye's side—it was compensation from Mount Qingyu.

Earnings from the daily battles were promptly delivered by Xie Jin each time they regrouped for rest. Over the past few days, Song Xie, Qiao Qiao'er, and the others could be said to have made a fortune.

Lu Ye picked up the storage sack and upon checking it, found nearly one hundred and eighty Spirit Stones inside, undoubtedly more generous than the previous day's spoils. However, considering Lu Ye's contribution to the entire battle, it was natural for Mount Qingyu to express its gratitude accordingly.

Including his previous savings, he now had over five hundred and sixty Spirit Stones. This wasn't just a reward for his merits; it also included the spoils from processing the vanquished Tailuo Sect and Qin family cultivators.

Their storage sacks had all been collected by Mount Qingyu, priced at five Spirit Stones each, the same rate as the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, in addition to some low-level spirit artifacts. These spoils of war were divided equally among the five members of their squad.

He checked his battlefield marking.

Name: Lu Ye

Identity: Righteous Blood Sect Disciple.

Cultivation: 53rd orifice.

Location: Spirit Stream battlefield.

Merit: Three hundred and sixty-eight.

When he had arrived here a few days ago, his spiritual orifice had already reached the 52nd orifice. Over the past few days, he had opened another one; mainly because he was constantly in battle, the consumption was too great. The elixir pills he took were all used to replenish his own exhaustion, which slowed the speed of opening orifices.

Compared to his departure from Mount Ying, his merit had greatly increased from one hundred and seventy-four to three hundred and sixty-eight points, nearly doubling. It was evident how many Tailuo Sect cultivators had perished at Lu Ye's hands recently.

However, it was no surprise thinking about it. On his first day breaking into Hundred Peaks Mountain, he had already killed over a dozen men. Later, following Xie Jin's squad's moves, they often completely annihilated the opposing teams, especially in yesterday's final battle, where the fleeing cultivators couldn't escape their hunting team.

The expenditure on elixir pills was significant. These days, to replenish spirit force, as well as to feed Amber, the great pill consumer, he had started with over four hundred elixir pills but was now left with just over three hundred.

Although consuming a lot, the gains were undoubtedly greater. Overall, participating in the Dragon Spring Meet had been very profitable.

After taking inventory of his resources, Lu Ye took a bath, changed into clean clothes, and took Amber to find something to eat. Not to mention anything else, the food provided by Mount Qingyu was very good, and available all day, with no need to wait when you wanted to eat.

On the way, he happened to meet Xie Jin. After a conversation, he learned that Mount Qingyu had won a great victory the day before, with Tailuo Sect cultivators retreating from peak after peak, contracting their defenses. Now, in the Hundred Peaks, Mount Qingyu freely held over fifty, an unprecedented achievement.

Moreover, looking at the situation, the Dragon Spring Meet might very well maintain the status quo until the end because neither Qin family nor Tailuo Sect had enough manpower to capture more peaks after their heavy losses in previous encounters. Maintaining the status quo was the best choice.

Since the Qin family had joined the Dragon Spring Meet, Mount Qingyu had never seen such a remarkable victory. Xie Jin mentioned that Senior Brother Wu had sent a message, praising him greatly.

As Lu Ye stuffed chunks of tender meat into his mouth, he said, "So, does this mean we won't have to fight anymore?"

"Most likely," Xie Jin nodded. The battle from the previous day had effectively prefaced the end of the Dragon Spring Meet.

Lu Ye understood. If that was the case, then he needed to consider leaving this place.

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The Dragon Spring Meet usually lasts for a month, but this time it had only begun for a little over ten days, and he certainly couldn't just sit around doing nothing.

Seeming to have sensed Lu Ye's thoughts, Xie Jin glanced around before leaning in and whispering, "Junior Brother Yiye need not to hurry off. Senior Brother Tang Wu said that after the end of the Dragon Spring Meet, our squad can all enter Dragon Spring."

Lu Ye raised his brows, is there such a good thing?

Xie Jin then smiled and said, "Our victory yesterday was all thanks to Junior Brother turning the tide. Mount Qingyu has always been one to honor our word. If such a significant contribution doesn't earn Junior Brother a spot, then there is no need to recruit any independent cultivators to bolster our ranks in the future!"

This was a case of buying a horse's bones for a thousand gold pieces.

In the jade slip that Xie Jin had handed him earlier, it indeed stated that independent cultivators who made significant contributions to Mount Qingyu could be allocated a spot to enter Dragon Spring.

Lu Ye had also heard Song Xie and Qiao Qiao'er casually mention this matter before; usually, the spots allocated to outsiders were scarce, with only one or two outsiders getting the chance to enter Dragon Spring with the disciples of Mount Qingyu during each Dragon Spring Meet. However, this time there were three.

The spots to enter Dragon Spring were actually very precious. Not only did the disciples of Mount Qingyu need them, but many mid to large sects on good terms with Mount Qingyu also had demands for them.

Their disciples with outstanding aptitude would often come to Mount Qingyu to await the outcome as soon as the Dragon Spring Meet began, though they could not intervene in the Dragon Spring Meet due to previous contracts.

Thus, the allocation of spots to independent cultivators was extremely rare.

After all, for a low-level cultivator, entering Dragon Spring to temper the physique just once is more beneficial than consuming many heavenly materials and earthly treasures. No matter what path one takes later, having a strong physique is always right.

Xie Jin patted Lu Ye's shoulder, "Junior Brother need not worry, this Dragon Spring Meet is very likely to end early. After all, the time of Senior Brother Tang Wu and the others is very precious, and it's not interesting to keep being deadlocked there."

In the Central Peak Hall, in front of the Shadow Moon Disc, Tang Wu crossed his arms in front of his chest and suggested, "It can end now. What do you two think?"

Qin Wanli turned his head to glance at Han Zheyue but did not dare to make a sound.

Han Zheyue coldly snorted, "We're only halfway through, what's the rush?"

She wasn't oblivious to the fact that Tang Wu was speaking the truth. At the moment, Tailuo Sect dared not make any rash moves, and continuing the stand-off was merely wasting time, but she just didn't want to let Tang Wu have his way. Regardless of what Tang Wu said, she couldn't care less to listen.

Tang Wu indifferently said, "What's the point in wasting time here?"

Han Zheyue laughed and retorted, "I find it quite interesting!" What did it matter to her; she wasn't the only one wasting time. This woman was the type to harm others without any benefit to herself.

Tang Wu turned his head to look, "Do you think that by shrinking your defenses like this, Tailuo Sect can rest easy?"

Han Zheyue provocatively said, "Then come and attack, can you even take it down?"

By contracting their line of defense, Tailuo Sect meant that their defensive strength increased. Conversely, for Mount Qingyu, occupying fifty peaks meant that their manpower became more scattered. Fortunately, they had recruited a significant number of independent cultivators, or else they really couldn't have managed to defend. However, launching another attack would be somewhat difficult.

Han Zheyue was banking on this fact, which is why she was so brazen. It could be said that neither side, including the Qin family, could push any further without reaching their own limits.

Tang Wu turned and stared at Han Zheyue for a while before commands were passed down.

Shortly after, the blue dots on the Shadow Moon Disc started to move.

At the forefront, cultivators from Mount Qingyu who were defending a peak rapidly evacuated. Soon, that peak became unclaimed territory.

At the same time, several blue dots scattered from nearby peaks converged at the base of a Tailuo Sect peak, forming a sizeable team. Not only that, from the valleys in the heartland of Mount Qingyu, five blue dots advanced forward at high speed.

Seeing this, Han Zheyue's brow twitched, realizing that Tang Wu had pulled out that hunting team.

Half a day later, the five blue dots that set off from the valley met with Qingyu's cultivators at the forward positions and gathered at the base of the Tailuo Sect's mountain peak, forming a cluster of no less than fifty glimmering blue dots.

Her chest heaving, Han Zheyue's face turned unsightly.

Tang Wu turned to look at her without speaking.

Qin Wanli didn't know what kind of tacit game the two were playing, nor did he understand why Mount Qingyu would give up a peak and then assemble troops at the base of a Tailuo Sect peak.

In the silence, Han Zheyue sighed deeply and reached out to tap her battlefield marking. A message was sent.

Quickly, several black dots began to move across from the unclaimed peak, rushing to occupy it. However, considering their sluggish pace, it was clear they were quite anxious.

But even after they ascended the peak and took control, there was no attack.

"A wise choice!" Tang Wu's mouth curled up.

As if drained of strength, Han Zheyue spoke up, "This Dragon Spring Meet ends here for now. What does the Qin family think?"

What else could Qin Wanli think but applaud loudly! It was not until this moment that he slowly realized what had happened.

Chapter 133 - The Bet

Tang Wu's seemingly flashy and confusing tactical movements were actually presenting Han Zheyue with two choices.

The first choice was for Mount Qingyu to yield a peak to the Tailuo Sect, thereby concluding the Dragon Spring Meet!

If Han Zheyue chose this option, then naturally everything would be fine for everyone, but if Han Zheyue did not accept this gesture, then the second choice would come into play.

The Mount Qingyu disciples, who had gathered earlier, would immediately attack the peaks held by the Tailuo Sect. With that hunting team involved, even if they could not take the peak, they would definitely cause the Tailuo Sect to suffer losses.

With more than ten days left until the end of the Dragon Spring Meet, as long as they had that invincible hunting team, Mount Qingyu could always maintain the initiative.

With two choices laid before him, if Han Zheyue had any sense left, he would know which to pick.

In the end, Han Zheyue did not persist stubbornly and dispatched several cultivators to occupy the unclaimed peak.

Do not underestimate the significance of a single peak, having one more or one less makes a difference. If Mount Qingyu gains another peak, that's a total domination of fifty percent. Losing one would reduce their hold to just over forty percent...

Such an outcome, once made public, would also save some face for the Tailuo Sect.

It was not until this moment that Qin Wanli finally understood the intricacies involved, immediately feeling a shiver down his spine. These two sly old foxes were matching wits in such a battle of stratagems, and he realized he had indeed been too naïve...

Since they had reached a consensus, there was no need to waste more time; soon, the three people announced the end of this Dragon Spring Meet.

Once the news spread, the disciples from the three families felt various emotions; for Mount Qingyu, the experience of this Dragon Spring Meet was like a roller coaster.

Initially, they were no match, losing peaks continuously, but in the end, under Senior Brother Tang Wu's varied strategic arrangements, they turned the situation around, not only suppressing the Tailuo Sect and the Qin family in the fight but also achieving greater military feats than in any previous encounter.

With these achievements, Tang Wu's status within Mount Qingyu was bound to skyrocket. Provided he did not make any major mistakes, a high-level position was just a matter of time.

Lu Ye, who was meditating in his tent, also received the news from Xie Jin, silently praising the high efficiency of Mount Qingyu. Xie Jin had only told him that morning that the Dragon Spring Meet would likely end soon, and by afternoon, this news was confirmed.

Although the Dragon Spring Meet was over, entering the Dragon Spring to temper their physiques would have to wait for another day since Mount Qingyu needed to arrange the names of those entering. Moreover, disciples from other factions waiting at Mount Qingyu's base also had to travel here, which would take some time.

Lu Ye decided not to concern himself with the bustling activity outside and focused on cultivating in his tent.

The excitement of others is ultimately theirs alone; cultivation is what truly belongs to oneself.

The next day at dawn, Xie Jin came to find Lu Ye, informing him that the list of those entering the Dragon Spring had been finalized. Their entire squad was on the list, and they were to head to the Central Peak immediately to gather and wait for entry.

A moment later, the group of five, led by Xie Jin, rode towards the direction of the Central Peak, traversing mountains and valleys.

Unlike their previous mission-oriented demeanor, the team was now full of laughter and chatter. Tao Tiangang, still recovering from severe injuries, laughed so hard that he aggravated his wounds, wincing in pain for a long while...

The speed of those with mounts was quite fast. Within just half a day, the five of them arrived at the Central Peak, scaled its top, and an ancient hall immediately came into view.

This hall must have been old, as the Dragon Spring Meet had started a hundred years ago.

There were already many Mount Qingyu disciples waiting outside the hall. Upon seeing Xie Jin and the others arrive, they warmly greeted them, to which Xie Jin nodded in reply.

Upon reaching the front of the hall, the five dismounted their steeds.

Xie Jin led everyone to the front of the hall and clasped his fist, "Senior Brother, everyone is here."

"Come in!" a robust voice called from inside.

Xie Jin then led Lu Ye and the others into the hall.

As he entered the hall, Lu Ye immediately saw the Shadow Moon Disc placed at the center, but before he could take a closer look, he felt a very sharp gaze fixed on him.

Lu Ye looked up and met the eyes of a woman. This woman was very seductive. Even though she looked at him with murderous intent, she exuded a strange allure.

This must be that Level 9 from the Tailuo Sect! Lu Ye thought, immediately going on guard and quietly summoning his spirit force.

Although he knew he was no match for a Level 9, if she attacked him, he would not just wait to be killed.

Why had Tang Wu called them here? Was it to provoke hostility? Lu Ye frowned slightly. In the past few days, a number of Tailuo Sect cultivators had died at his hands, and in the last battle, it was their hunting team that foiled all of Han Zheyue's arrangements. It would not be an exaggeration to say this woman wished she could hack Lu Ye and his team into a thousand pieces.

With Mount Qingyu victorious, bringing them here now to provoke others was quite unwise.

"Don't glare so hard. It might scare the children," Tang Wu said lightly, maintaining a calm exterior but inwardly feeling pleased. He then turned to Lu Ye, "Show your battlefield marking."

Not knowing what he intended, Lu Ye still raised his hand and activated his battlefield marking, causing a pale blue light to emerge on the back of his hand.

"That's fine," Tang Wu nodded.

Xie Jin then led everyone out.

Inside the grand hall, Tang Wu said, "You saw it with your own eyes this time, didn't you?"

"What?" Han Zheyue glared at Lu Ye's retreating figure, temporarily lost in thought before suddenly realizing, and angrily cursed, "You bastard!"

Tang Wu had asked her for the bet several times, and she had always evaded by claiming she hadn't seen it with her own eyes. But now, Lu Ye had revealed the glow of the battlefield marking in front of her, leaving no room for her to create further trouble.

"Heaven's Augury bears witness, a bet must be honored!" Tang Wu extended his hand towards her.

Han Zheyue was fuming, but under the surge of Heaven's Augury, she, though reluctant, had no choice but to swipe her hand over her own battlefield marking. A streak of red light flew towards Tang Wu as she gritted her teeth and cursed, "Hope you choke on it!"

Two hundred merits! Heartache almost convulsed Han Zheyue.

"Heh..." Tang Wu collected the red light, his face disdainful, then turned to Qin Wanli, "And you!"

Qin Wanli was stunned, "Me? What does this have to do with me? I'm just here to watch the excitement."

"Less nonsense. Twenty merit points, not one less, or I'll twist your head off!" Tang Wu growled fiercely, not nearly as polite with Qin Wanli.

Qin Wanli chuckled bitterly, recalling that initially when Han Zheyue made the bet on which faction the young man belonged to, he indeed placed a bet of twenty merit points, but he was betting with Han Zheyue, not Tang Wu. It was totally unreasonable for Tang Wu to come after him for the bet now.

Sighing, Qin Wanli also swiped over his battlefield marking, a red light flying towards Tang Wu, thinking it better to lose some wealth than cause disaster. Although both were in the Level 9 realm, he really couldn't afford to provoke these two.

The people from Mount Qingyu had all arrived, as they were already gathered at Hundred Peaks Mountain, and it was quick to muster them once the quota was confirmed.

Less than two hours later, a large group of cultivators thunderously ran up from the base of the mountain.

Each of these cultivators had a mount, and each mount looked extraordinarily fine. Not only that, their attire was undoubtedly more splendid.

Seeing this, Lu Ye immediately realized that these people must be cultivators from sects friendly with Mount Qingyu. They had already been waiting at Mount Qingyu's base since the beginning of the Dragon Spring Meet. Now that the meet was over and the Dragon Spring was about to open, they had gathered here.

This group was quite large, about thirty to forty people.

The mounts thundered by, their formidable presence filling many of the Mount Qingyu disciples with envy. The depths of external, inner, and core circle sects were incomparable, clearly evident from the comparison of these low-level cultivators.

The cultivators arrived in front of the grand hall, dismounted, and gathered in groups of threes and fives, chatting amongst themselves. It seemed that many were acquainted with each other.

Lu Ye noticed a strange phenomenon: "Senior Brother Xie, why can't I see any cultivators above the Level 5 realm here?"

Not only the Mount Qingyu cultivators, but also those from the external sects, there wasn't a single one above the Level 5 realm.

Xie Jin explained, "The Dragon Spring has little effect on cultivators above the Level 5 realm, which is one of the reasons why the cultivation of participants in the Dragon Spring Meet is limited to the Level 5 realm. As for why this is so, I am not sure, but it has been confirmed in the past."

Lu Ye then understood.

Qiao Qiao'er was a bit worried, "What about our mounts when we go in later?"

With so many demon beasts gathered, it would be easy to cause chaos without their owners to control them, and it wouldn't be good if a few mounts died accidentally.

Xie Jin smiled and said, "Don't worry about that. Someone will soon guide your mounts to a beast cage to be properly looked after."

The Dragon Spring Meet was not held for the first or second time; each time there were many cultivators who came riding their mounts, and Mount Qingyu would naturally arrange accommodations.

Soon enough, those responsible for the mounts came over and, with Lu Ye's company, Amber was placed in one of the beast cages. There were nearly a hundred cages there, more than enough to accommodate the cultivators' mounts.

Everything was ready, and as night was about to fall, a thunderous rumbling suddenly came from below the mountain, followed by an earth-shaking tremor.

Just as everyone was baffled, Tang Wu's figure emerged from the grand hall, looked around at everyone, and said loudly, "The Dragon Spring has opened. Fellow disciples will enter in order one by one. The Dragon Spring is open for nine days, three days for each of the three families. Please measure your capabilities and do not be overbold.

I'll say it ugly upfront: if any mishap occurs during the refinement, Mount Qingyu bears no responsibility..."

After a brief speech, and at Tang Wu's gesture, the cultivators from other sects entered the grand hall in order.

After they went inside, it was then Mount Qingyu's cultivators' turn.

During the previous Dragon Spring Meet, Mount Qingyu won forty-nine peaks, so ninety-eight people were arranged to enter this time. However, after distributing more than thirty quotas, their own remaining quotas were only about sixty.

This number wasn't small, but relatively speaking, it wasn't nearly enough for the entire sect's Spirit Stream Realm. Therefore, the quotas that could be assigned to recruit independent cultivators had always been very few—this time, having three was truly because Lu Ye's squad had made a significant contribution.

Chapter 134 - Dragon Spring Body Tempering

The great hall had unknowingly opened a dark tunnel leading underground, and cultivators one by one entered into it, their hollow footsteps echoing from the depths below.

Everyone followed the secret path spiraling deeper, walking for about one incense stick's time before reaching a large bronze door.

The door was heavy and ancient, exuding a sense of time-worn decay, and a lifelike dragon was carved on it, as though it were alive.

The door was already open, with a faint red mist swirling behind it.

The cultivators who arrived here did not pause, but surged into the red mist and disappeared, making the open bronze door and swirling red fog seem like an invisible beast dwelling within, swallowing the cultivators one by one.

Lu Ye was right behind Xie Jin, following him into the red mist.

However, as he stepped inside, he suddenly felt weightless. The sensation came quickly and faded just as fast. By the time Lu Ye regained his bearings, Xie Jin's figure had vanished, not just him but all the cultivators who had entered before were nowhere to be seen.

Lu Ye did not panic. On the way here, Qiao Qiao'er had asked him some questions about Dragon Spring, and Xie Jin, not being secretive, had shared quite a bit. However, since his cultivation was not very high, what he knew was mostly hearsay.

One point he did share was the peculiar experience upon entering this place—everyone who entered appeared in a solitary chamber with no one else.

As to why this was the case, Xie Jin could not explain. He mentioned that some senior members of the door speculated it might be related to the secrets of space.

Lu Ye turned to survey his surroundings. The faint red mist was not thick enough to completely obscure the environment. After observing for a while, he found himself seemingly inside a chamber, at the center of which was a spring the size of a bowl gushing water. The gushing water did not flow outward but quickly seeped into the ground, and with the spring's gushing, faint red mist dispersed.

This chamber was not large, with each side roughly ten meters in length, and aside from the mist-enthused spring, there was nothing else.

The current situation struck Lu Ye as novel. He did not know where the others had gone but assumed they were like him, each confined within a solitary chamber.

This place must be hiding some secrets. Lu Ye had no interest in exploring; the local powers that had occupied this area for many years surely must have already unearthed any secrets.

Time was of the essence. Lu Ye walked to a corner of the chamber, took out a meditation cushion from his storage sack, and sat down cross-legged, calming his breath and focusing his spirit.

Xie Jin had mentioned that one only needed to meditate normally here. As one breathed, the faint red mist would temper the cultivator's body.

Lu Ye somewhat worried. His entire path of cultivation had never been normal.

After trying, indeed, meditating brought no effect; the faint red mist swirling around his body was not drawn inside at all.

This mist was the crucial factor for tempering the cultivator's body. Without pulling it inside, naturally, it would not have the desired tempering effect.

He was prepared for this. Lu Ye began creating Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes in his spiritual orifice...

Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes could transform into a tiny funnel, bringing nature's spiritual energy into his spiritual orifice. If he regarded the faint red mist here as nature's spiritual energy, then the Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes should work similarly.

Soon, a Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Rune was formed, and Lu Ye immediately felt different. Under the rune's influence, the mist gathered, passed through the funnel-shaped spirit rune, and surged into his spiritual orifice.

The sensation was unlike normal cultivation; when the mist entered his spiritual orifice, Lu Ye immediately felt a slight pain. It was not intense—it felt as though someone had gently poked him with a needle.

That reassured him because Xie Jin had mentioned this was a normal phenomenon. Body tempering was not a pleasant experience; everyone would feel pain here.

This was also why Tang Wu had warned everyone to measure their own abilities. The higher the cultivation talent, the greater the benefits received here, but correspondingly, the more intense the pain they had to endure.

As the Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Rune continued to operate, the faint pain persisted.

This pain was almost negligible to Lu Ye, who began constructing a second Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Rune; after waiting for a moment, a third, a fourth...

Until he had formed thirty Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes, Lu Ye lightly grunted.

By that point, as the faint red mist continued to surge in, the pain became quite noticeable. It no longer felt like gentle pinpricks but as though several long needles were continuously moving through his limbs and body.

Lu Ye temporarily stopped constructing spirit runes, feeling that he could not keep up much longer.

The pain grew increasingly intense until it reached a peak, and Lu Ye suddenly felt an all-encompassing heat, as if his entire body had caught fire. His muscles bulged alarmingly, and veins popped on his forehead, giving him a fierce look.

The intense pain caused his sweat to pour forth, soaking his clothes.

But then, the pain began to subside, though it did not disappear completely, it was much better than before.

Lu Ye steadied his spirit and began constructing Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes again.

Thirty-one, thirty-two... He stopped at forty.

He reached another limit, and the same sensation came again: his body started burning internally, the pain lessened...

He constructed spirit runes for the third time.

Until all his spiritual orifices were enhanced with Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes, totaling fifty-four.

Pale red mist swarmed around him, engulfing Lu Ye as he clenched his fists, enduring the ordeal with great difficulty; his body trembled continuously.

Suddenly, two huge blood-red pupils appeared in his mind, staring at him from mid-air. The sight of those blood-colored eyes filled with chaos and a murderous aura made Lu Ye feel bone-chillingly cold.

It seemed like an instant, yet also like eons had passed when Lu Ye suddenly opened his eyes to find nothing in front of him.

His expression uncertain, he didn't know whether it was just an illusion or something else, but under the gaze of those blood-colored eyes, he distinctly heard an ancient voice saying something that Lu Ye couldn't clearly hear.

At some point, the pain in his body had completely vanished, and a rumbling sound came from his stomach—a feeling of intense hunger he had never experienced before.

Pfft...

A strange noise sounded as Lu Ye looked carefully and saw something flat being expelled with the spring water from the fountain at the center of the chamber.

His expression unsure, he watched for a moment and attempted to retrieve it, but just a few steps out, he felt something was off.

His body... seemed imbalanced, not the dizzy type of unbalance, but one where he couldn't quite control his own body.

He wanted to walk towards the spring, yet within a few steps, he had crossed over it to the other side of the chamber, nearly colliding with the wall.

He hastily stopped, closed his eyes, and silently examined himself.

His blood Qi felt more than twice as abundant as before, and his flesh had become stronger and more powerful; he felt a massive force surging just from gently clenching his fist.

His physique had gained a tremendous boost! This was the root of his inability to control his body, as his strength and speed had increased too much in such a short time, yet his mind had not yet adapted to these enhancements.

When he calmed his mind, even the surroundings seemed to slow down.

Could the Dragon Spring Body Tempering really have such great benefits? Lu Ye was somewhat skeptical.

It shouldn't be, if the Dragon Spring Body Tempering really had such significant benefits, then the top big sects would have long monopolized this place, and there would be no chance for Qingyu Mountain and Tailuo Sect to host the Dragon Spring Meet. Although the top big sects' residences are in the Core Circle, they only needed to send some people over.

Xie Jin had mentioned that tempering in the Dragon Spring indeed had benefits, but they were not substantial enough to transform a person completely. As compared to the Body Refining treasures monopolized by the top big sects, the Dragon Spring was significantly inferior, so he advised Lu Ye and the others not to have too high expectations but simply to do their best.

Besides the body tempering benefits, the Dragon Spring had another function, which was the reason why the big sect disciples came to share its benefits.

But at this moment, Lu Ye distinctly felt a transformation akin to being reborn.

He took a deep breath, slowly calming his mind, and then turned around to start walking slowly around the chamber.

It wasn't easy at first, and he resembled a toddler learning to walk, occasionally bumping into walls, but after several rounds, he adapted to the change in his body and things got better.

Only then did he see that the pale red mist that had previously filled the area had completely disappeared; the spring still gushed water, but no mist was drifting out.

The hunger grew even stronger, as if he hadn't eaten in many days.

Lu Ye temporarily ignored the mysterious object ejected from the spring and continued walking around the chamber while taking some dried meat from his storage sack to eat.

After eating more than ten jin of dried meat, he finally felt full.

Clang...

A clear sound resonated, Lu Ye was startled at first, then he realized what it meant.

Clang, clang...

The sound picked up in urgency.

Xie Jin had said that when the bell rang three times, it signaled that time was up and everyone had to leave.

Three days had passed? Lu Ye was somewhat surprised; he felt as if he had only spent half a day here.

Before the final bell rang, he quickly walked to the spring, grabbed the object that had earlier erupted from it, and stuffed it directly into his storage sack without even having time to check what it was.

That feeling of being weightless came again, and Lu Ye only saw a blur before he was standing in front of the great bronze doors.

The area was bustling with people, clearly everyone had been sent out; a foul smell spread, making Lu Ye involuntarily frown as the intensely pungent odor seemed to come from several sources, even causing a number of women to emit retching noises.

"Get out, get out, it stinks!" someone shouted, leading the way back the way they had come.

Chapter 135 Farewell, Escort

Cultivators had many impurities inside their bodies, which would be expelled during the Body Refining process, not only impurities but also pill poison.

Those disciples from big sects came here, utilizing the Dragon Spring for Body Tempering was one aspect, but the main purpose was to expel the accumulated pill poison within their bodies.

Before coming here, they would consume large amounts of elixir pills to increase their cultivation without paying attention to the accumulation of pill poison.

A trip through the Dragon Spring and the pill poison would be cleared, thus allowing them to greatly enhance their cultivation in a short period of time.

This resulted in a crowd of people who all smelled unbearably bad... Ninety-eight people gathered together in an unventilated underground space, the sour and refreshing odor was imaginable, no wonder the beauty-loving female cultivators were nauseated by the smell.

Upon arrival, everyone was leisurely, but the return was as fast as thunderbolts, and in no time they walked into the great hall on the mountain.

Immediately, people from Mount Qingyu led everyone to a nearby mountain spring for bathing, which had almost become a standard procedure after Body Tempering; the springs were plentiful, and naturally, men and women bathed separately.

One hour later, Lu Ye had cleaned his body and changed his clothes, feeling much fresher.

Xie Jin came over with a smile, "Junior Brother, how was your gain?"

"Not bad."

"That's good, but the effect of this Body Tempering seemed not as good as before. I wonder if you noticed, Junior Brother, that the mist inside the secret chamber noticeably lightened a lot in the last two days, and by the time we came out, it was almost gone."

"Isn't that normal?" Lu Ye was somewhat guilty.

"It's not necessarily abnormal, but it's just that it's different from what I heard. The reason why the Dragon Spring is only opened once every three years is because the light red mist needs time to accumulate.

Consuming too much at once means those who enter later won't be able to undergo Body Tempering." As he said this, he smiled somewhat schadenfreudely, "The Tailuo Sect probably doesn't even know what's happening. The group going in three days later will probably return empty-handed."

"That's tough for them."

Xie Jin laughed, "Anyway, we from Qing Yu have finished our part here, and whatever comes next doesn't concern us."

Lu Ye nodded, then said, "Thank you, Senior Brother Xie, with matters here concluded, I must take my leave." He was merely passing by and got involved in the Dragon Spring Meet, gaining many benefits, not to mention the merits and Spirit Stones, but just the Dragon Spring Body Tempering alone was a significant opportunity.

Although it took ten days, overall, it was worth it.

He still needed to hurry to the Righteous Blood Sect's location and didn't wish to stay here any longer.

Xie Jin looked around and said, "Junior Brother, don't rush off. It might not be safe for you to leave at this moment."

Lu Ye thoughtfully said, "The Tailuo Sect and the Qin family?"

Xie Jin nodded, "You need not worry about the Qin family; the key is that woman from the Tailuo Sect named Han. Junior Brother, you put in too much effort during the Dragon Spring Meet, and if you leave now without protection, how could that woman named Han let you go?"

Earlier, Senior Brother Tang specifically instructed me to ask Junior Brother to stay with me for a while until he finishes up his business and can personally escort Junior Brother away."

Lu Ye felt slightly reassured; his hurry to leave was precisely because he was wary of the female cultivator from the Tailuo Sect. He hadn't forgotten the way she looked at him when he entered the great hall.

At this moment, the disciples of the Tailuo Sect were undergoing Body Tempering at the Dragon Spring, and she couldn't leave her duties, so Lu Ye felt if he was going to escape, he needed to do it quickly. Otherwise, once she was free, he wouldn't be able to leave even if he wanted to.

However, Qing Yu had also considered this, which was why Tang Wu had instructed Xie Jin accordingly.

"Qiao Qiao'er and Song Xie, those two independent cultivators who fought alongside me..." Lu Ye then remembered the two cultivators who had fought alongside him.

Xie Jin just laughed, "Junior Brother need not worry about those two. Senior Brother Tang has already asked the sect, and after we return this time, they will be taken under the sect's wing."

Lu Ye inwardly praised Mount Qingyu for their shrewd calculation. In this way, the only outsider to split the benefits from the Dragon Spring Body Tempering was himself. However, even though Qiao Qiao'er and Song Xie were of independent origin, they were in no way inferior to the cultivators from Qing Yu.

Their performance at the Dragon Spring Meet was also quite remarkable, making them deserving of being accepted by Qing Yu; they would no longer be unaffiliated independent cultivators but would be members of a sect.

Qing Yu hadn't extended any invitation to Lu Ye, because in their view, Lu Ye was definitely a disciple from a big sect who had ventured out to temper himself; they assumed a mighty big tree was backing him, so why would he consider Qing Yu, a minor sect?

As the two chatted for a while, the disciples of Qing Yu began to gather; the Dragon Spring Meet had ended, and they were to return to the sect.

In the great hall, Han Zheyue looked unwillingly at Tang Wu, "Eight hundred Spirit Stones and three hundred merit points, personally from me, unrelated to the sect!"

Qin Wanli stood by, looking down at his feet, as if deaf to everything around him.

Tang Wu's expression was mildly furious, "Are you trying to insult me or pick a fight?" His gaze sharply glared at Han Zheyue, "Another word and don't blame me for stripping you of your dignity!"

With that said, he strode out of the great hall, not giving Han Zheyue a chance to continue talking. Reaching the door, he tossed out an object, stepped on it, leapt into the sky, and swept away in an instant.

Watching him leave, Han Zheyue clenched her teeth, "Bastard!"

She wouldn't have offered Tang Wu so many benefits for no reason; eight hundred Spirit Stones and three hundred merit points were essentially hush money, paid for Lu Ye's life!

Unfortunately, Tang Wu refused her. The Dragon Spring Meet wasn't just this one time. Tang naturally wouldn't do something like 'a cornered rabbit, a cooked dog.' If he really did that, how could he recruit independent cultivators to work for them in the future?

From Central Peak to the Mount Qingyu residence took two days; the journey was neither too far nor too close. The grand procession moved forward, and halfway through, Xie Jin received a message. After a brief check, he looked up at Lu Ye, "Junior Brother Yiye, please wait here for a moment; Senior Brother Tang will be here shortly."

Lu Ye nodded.

Everyone knew that it was time to part. Qiao Qiao'er rode forward on her massive wild boar, smiling as she looked at Lu Ye, "Junior Brother Yiye, remember to think of your sister and come visit me when you miss me."

Before Lu Ye could respond, Amber beneath him let out a low growl. Qiao Qiao'er immediately scowled, backed away, and conceded, "I can't provoke this one."

Song Xie sat cross-legged on his scorpion, passing by and cupping his fist towards Lu Ye, "Take care!"

Lu Ye returned the gesture, "Take care!"

Xie Jin and Tao Tiangang also bid him farewell one by one.

Soon, the team from Mount Qingyu crossed the mountaintop and disappeared from sight.

Lu Ye waited briefly with Amber in place until a streak of fleeing light approached from the horizon, the intense spirit force fluctuations highly conspicuous.

When the light drew near, its true form was revealed as a flat boat, with Tang Wu standing at the front with his hands behind his back, looking very debonair. He slightly raised his eyebrows and commanded, "Get on!"

Lu Ye thanked him and led Amber onto the flat boat.

"Rise!" Tang Wu formed a hand seal with one hand, his spirit force surged, and the flat boat soared into the sky. Amber, experiencing such a spectacle for the first time, immediately roared and crouched low, fearing he might fall off.

Lu Ye soothed him a bit before he settled down.

"Where does Junior Brother wish to go?" asked Tang Wu.

Lu Ye really wanted to ask how far he could take him. If possible, he would, of course, like Tang Wu to drop him near the Righteous Blood Sect, so he wouldn't have to journey there on his own.

But that was obviously impossible. There was a long way to go to the Righteous Blood Sect, and Tang Wu was offering a ride merely out of kindness, to prevent him from being targeted by Han Zheyue. Given Tang Wu's good intention, Lu Ye naturally had to be sensible.

"Please wait a moment, Senior Brother," said Lu Ye, taking out the ten-part map to check.

Seeing this, Tang Wu smiled slightly and said, "I can transport Junior Brother for the next two days; after that, I have an appointment I need to keep to." He added this precautionary note, fearing Lu Ye might point him to a far-off location.

Lu Ye passed the ten-part map to him straightforwardly, "Head west, Senior Brother, follow wherever it leads us."

Tang Wu laughed, received the map to check it briefly, and suggested, "How about Yi'an City, Junior Brother? What do you think?"

After returning the map, Lu Ye found the direction to Yi'an City and nodded, "Let's follow what Senior Brother suggests. Thank you, Senior Brother."

"It's nothing," Tang Wu waved his hand, feeling somewhat nostalgic. Indeed, the origins are not ordinary; a map worth several hundred Spirit Stones is always at his disposal. He remembered when he was venturing out; he couldn't even afford a three-part map, let alone a ten-part map. Now at his level of cultivation, he wouldn't covet a ten-part map, but he couldn't help feeling a bit of sentiment.

In terms of value, Tang Wu's flat boat was much more precious than the ten-part map.

Cultivators at the Spirit Stream Realm level are incapable of flying through air by their bodies alone; only those at the Cloud River Realm have such capability.

However, with sufficient strength in cultivation, one could fly using Spiritual Artifacts, though it's quite the energy drain. Still, it makes traveling much more convenient.

Lu Ye didn't know exactly what level of cultivation was required for weapon control flying, but Level 7 clearly wasn't enough because the last time Dong Shuye chased him, he hadn't used any Spiritual Artifact and had glided over, which was far inferior to flying.

Both unfamiliar and not particularly outgoing, their journey was marked by silence.

Every four to six hours, Tang Wu would descend to rest and build up his spirit force.

Lu Ye didn't think Tang Wu would deplete all his spirit force. This method was to keep his combat strength up since walking through the Spirit Stream battlefield, one never knew when danger might strike. Keeping his spirit force at optimal levels would prepare him for any sudden incidents.

With someone alongside, Lu Ye refrained from consuming too many elixir pills for cultivation, and relying on Spirit Stones was futile, so he could only construct Gathering Spirit Spirit Runes within his spiritual orifice and pretend to cultivate while seated cross-legged.

Two days later, their fleeing light landed in front of a city—Yi'an City had arrived.

Lu Ye stepped down from the flat boat with Amber and turned to bow, "Thank you, Senior Brother for the escort along the way."

Tang Wu smiled, "It was no trouble. Let's part here then, may we meet again!"

"May we meet again!"

Watching the fleeing light speed away, Lu Ye felt envious, wishing he too could be that carefree someday. But roads are traveled one step at a time, and meals are eaten one bite at a time. Compared to other cultivators, he was already progressing at a fast pace.

Just about five months after entering the Spirit Stream Battlefield, he had already opened fifty-four orifices—an achievement nearly impossible for cultivators in the early stages.

Turning around, he gazed at the city ahead, mounted Amber, and given it was already late and he was unfamiliar with the place, decided it was best to enter the city for the night's rest. Besides, he needed to stock up on some supplies.

Chapter 136 - Where Can't We Meet in Life

Compared to the marketplaces Lu Ye had previously visited, Yi'an City was truly a large city. Lu Ye did not know who had built such a grand city, but its bustling atmosphere was something a mere marketplace could not match.

The city walls stood twenty zhang high and were majestically imposing. A single city gate was several zhang tall. According to the ten-part map, Yi'an City had twelve gates, and Lu Ye entered through the Southeast Gate.

As far as the eye could see, the road where several carriages could travel abreast stretched straight forward, seemingly endless, lined with shops on both sides selling all kinds of goods.

People were coming and going, shoulder to shoulder.

Although it was nighttime, the city was still brilliantly lit, displaying a scene of prosperity.

As Lu Ye walked around, he indeed broadened his horizons. However, he soon noticed something peculiar—many of the city's residents seemed to be ordinary people...

Initially, he thought they were cultivators who had performed the Breath-concealing Technique or wore Spiritual Artifacts that concealed their spirit light. But upon further thought, this seemed unlikely because there were so many such people, until a drunkard suddenly collapsed on the ground, making Lu Ye realize that these were not cultivators; they were indeed ordinary people.

Ordinary people in the Spirit Stream battlefield?

Naturally, ordinary people were present in the Spirit Stream battlefield. Those belonging to sects could return to the Nine Provinces anytime via the Heaven's Augury Pillar at their sects' bases within the battlefield. However, it was different for independent cultivators. Although they could do the same, reentering would then depend on others' approval.

Therefore, many independent cultivators who entered the Spirit Stream battlefield chose not to return to the Nine Provinces.

They would settle down there, marry, and have children, perpetuating their lineage. The descendants of cultivators were not necessarily guaranteed to become cultivators themselves. Over the years, many ordinary people had accumulated in the Spirit Stream battlefield.

Relatively speaking, it was easier for ordinary people in the Spirit Stream battlefield to open their orifices because the environment was better. Thus, many sects preferred to find suitable candidates here to recruit as disciples.

However, since the Spirit Stream battlefield was not safe, teeming with fierce beasts and frequent conflicts among cultivators, ordinary people's presence was hardly noticeable in the wilderness. Generally, only in well-established cities would ordinary people have the space to live, unlike in the marketplaces Lu Ye had visited before, where ordinary people were absent.

The city also had a small river flowing through it. Under the night sky, several small boats drifted on the water, carrying young men and women enjoying the night by boating.

After wandering around the city for more than two hours, Lu Ye gathered the supplies he needed.

Food and clothing were what he purchased the most.

Food goes without saying. Both he and Amber had hearty appetites; a single meal would hardly be satisfying without twenty or thirty jin of meat. The amount of food he bought this time wasn't much, as there was already a lot of demon beast meat stored in his storage sack, which Amber had killed during the Dragon Spring Meet.

The meat of demon beasts was more nutritious than that of regular beasts and was Lu Ye and Amber's favorite, especially the meat of snake demons, which was exceptionally tasty... Unfortunately, ever since leaving Qingyun Mountain, he had enjoyed it only a few meals and had not had such luck since then.

As for clothes... he generally needed a new set after each battle, either stained with the enemy's blood or his own, always ending up unclean.

After asking for directions, Lu Ye rode Amber straight to the local Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

Although there were inns in the city, Lu Ye still preferred staying at the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union. At the very least, it was safer, and the nightly cost of one Spirit Stone was not expensive considering his current financial state.

...

Under the dim lights, a woman's scream pierced the air as she covered her back with her hands, tears swirling in her eyes. She had been molested by a brocade-clad young man while wandering the night market.

The young man, evidently of noble birth, dressed in fine clothes and adorned with gold and jade, bore a sleazy smile on his face and sniffed his fingers under his nose, exclaiming, "Fragrant!"

The woman's husband, who was with her, inquired about the situation and stepped forward to confront the young man but was knocked to the ground by a thug accompanying the young man, screaming in pain.

Seeing this, a cultivator nearby could not stand by idly and made to intervene to discipline this spoiled young man. However, just as he stepped forward, another figure suddenly appeared in front of the young man.

Looking closely, the newcomer was enveloped in intense spirit light, evidently a cultivator of the Level 6 realm.

In the outer circle of the battlefield, a Level 6 cultivator was a rare sight. Having one act as a guardian for this spoiled young man showed the young man's extraordinary background.

This person originally wanted to stand up for justice, but who dares now? He himself was merely at the Level 3 realm.

"What disgrace!" he muttered under his breath, turned away, and walked off. Out of sight, out of mind.

There was always injustice in the world, and it was not something he could possibly remedy.

"Alright, that's enough. Don't kill him," said the spendthrift young master, and his thugs dispersed with those who recognized them shaking their heads in resignation.

The wronged woman flung herself onto her husband, crying inconsolably, while the young master sighed deeply, turned around, and patted the Level 6 cultivator's chest: "Not interesting at all, Old Dong."

Old Dong...

The Level 6 cultivator's eye twitched fiercely as he looked up at the full moon in the sky, thinking: What misfortune is this!

He had defected from his sect, his third orifice had been destroyed, and his future prospects were bleak. To escape the pursuit of his sect, he had traveled day and night to this place and, using his previous connections, joined a 9th grade family.

He had thought that with his cultivation at the Level 6 realm, even if he wasn't put to significant use, he could at least have a respectable status. After all, cultivators of his level were rare in the outer circle, and someone like him could have easily held the position of a Deputy Governor.

He used to be a Governor, after all.

When the family he joined received him, they were extremely enthusiastic. But once he truly joined, to his dismay, they assigned him the task of personally protecting their young master!

This job can be summed up in two words, which is guarding!

A Level 6 cultivator like himself was actually supposed to guard a mere mortal? When he heard this news, he felt like he was going to split apart.

He consoled himself that this was just a test, after all, he had a past of betraying his sect, so being accepted by someone at this time was not too bad.

The young master he was supposed to guard was just like all the other spoiled brats in the world, gallivanting around the city with a few malicious servants, causing public resentment with his outrageous behavior. He did nothing good and got up to all kinds of mischief. He had even been beaten up before, nearly losing his life.

Although the young master was a mortal and not favored by the Family Head, his enchanting mother was the apple of the Family Head's eye. What mother doesn't love her own son? Under that wretched woman's instigation, he, the person who sought refuge, ended up being assigned to guard the young master.

After a few days of interaction, he found that the young man's character was exceptionally terrible, just like earlier, he wasn't necessarily trying to do anything to that young lady; this guy was just mischievous...

Throughout the day, if he didn't touch ten or eight people, he couldn't stay still. Many in the city recognized him, and most of the young women who suffered dared not speak up, and thus the matters would be dropped quietly.

However, this guy had some sense of propriety in his actions, never daring to provoke cultivators. He only bullied ordinary mortals. It was unclear how a mortal like him developed the ability to discern cultivators.

One has to say that everyone has their own talents.

He also would not easily cause any fatalities, just like earlier, he only had a few malicious servants beat someone up and left it at that. This was probably the biggest reason he had survived up to now, of course, another reason was that the family he belonged to was strong enough.

"Let's go, Old Dong!" the young master called out, leading his few malicious servants away nonchalantly.

Old Dong followed, his face gloomy, feeling as if life was bleak.

At the Southeast Gate, a carriage stopped, and a young man with two people entered the city, the clusters of city flowers dazzling those who had never seen such sights before.

The leading young man had the cultivation of the Level 5 realm, while the other two only possessed Level 2, one male and one female.

"There are many people in the city, do not run off, if you get lost, you won't be able to find us," the young man instructed.

Among the two Level 2 cultivators, the female obediently responded, following her senior brother, while the male laughed and said, "Sister, don't listen to Brother scare you, we have the battlefield markings, even if we get separated, we can still contact Brother."

"Oh, right," the woman realized and turned to look at her senior brother with hopeful eyes.

The senior brother felt a bit of a headache and sighed, "Alright, go take a look around by yourself, remember to find me at the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, we will stay here tonight and leave tomorrow!"

"Got it, Brother!" The woman was thrilled and darted into the crowd along with the Level 2 male, disappearing from sight.

The young man sighed helplessly and walked toward the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

...

In a guest room on the third floor of the mercantile union, Lu Ye sat cross-legged, with fifty-four spiritual orifices enhancing his Gathering Spirit, and nature's spiritual energy constantly flowing in from around him.

He was not in a hurry to cultivate, as there was something he had been unable to investigate earlier.

He reached into his storage sack and pulled out a flat object from the sack, which had been ejected from Dragon Spring.

At that time, he had only had time to put the object into his storage sack, and later, because Tang Wu was around, he couldn't investigate it until just now.

"Ah woo..."

What Lu Ye hadn't expected was that as soon as he took the object out, Amber growled softly, crouched low, and stared fiercely at the object in his hand.

This was a display of Amber's hostility.

Lu Ye, puzzled, looked at Yiyi, who quickly soothed Amber and exchanged words with Amber before explaining, "Amber couldn't say clearly, it was just an instinctive reaction."

"Instinct?"

"Yes," Yiyi nodded.

Lu Ye looked down at the object in his hand, palm-sized, oval-shaped, and at first glance, it resembled something like a fish scale, but on closer inspection, it didn't quite seem so.

Snake scale?

Suddenly, Lu Ye remembered the flying dragon pattern on that bronze door, which had scales very similar to the one in his hand.

Could it be a dragon scale?

But how could Dragon Spring spray out a dragon scale? Moreover, such a thing had never been mentioned by Xie Jin. If Dragon Spring had previously ejected dragon scales, it surely could not have been concealed, as more than just Qing Yu Mountain went there for Body Refining.

Lu Ye then recalled the two huge blood-red pupils that had surfaced in his mind during the body refining process.

What was that, and what was this?

Chapter 137 - Coincidental Meeting

Was it a coincidence that I obtained this thing? It doesn't feel like it. Lu Ye recalled the scene at that time. After he had reinforced all fifty-four of his spiritual orifices with Gathering Spirit Spirit Runes, a massive blood-red pupil suddenly appeared in his mind. He also faintly heard an elderly voice but didn't catch what it said clearly.

Immediately after that, dragon scales spewed out from the Dragon Spring.

This doesn't quite seem like a coincidence, but rather like some force deliberately delivered these dragon scales to him.

It seems that there are some secrets hidden beneath the Dragon Spring, secrets even the Tailuo Sect of Qing Yu Mountain was unaware of. Lu Ye didn't think too deeply about it; such considerations were pointless now since his cultivation was still too low.

Examining the object that resembled a dragon scale in his hand, Lu Ye found it to be blood red, as if blood were flowing within it.

A familiar aura emanated from this scale, sharing the same origin as the pale red mist near the Dragon Spring.

The reason the Dragon Spring could refine a cultivator's physique was precisely because of that pale red mist. Cultivators would sit in meditation and breathe in the mist into their bodies, enhancing their physique.

So this scale...

Lu Ye's thoughts raced. If it was as he suspected, then this scale was a treasure beyond measure.

The Dragon Spring was stationary, opening once every three years, and one had to attend the Dragon Spring Meet and fight for life and death to enter. But this scale was on his person, available for use at any time.

But how exactly to use it, that was a problem for Lu Ye.

He had been able to refine his physique in the Dragon Spring because, under the guidance of the Gathering Spirit Runes, the pale red mist continuously entered his body. If the mist were regarded as a special kind of energy, then the energy on the scale had already condensed into a solid state.

In this case, the Gathering Spirit Runes naturally couldn't function. Right now, all fifty-four of his spiritual orifices were reinforced with Gathering Spirit Runes, and if they were of any use, they would have acted by now.

Just as he was at his wit's end, Amber suddenly came over, pushing her big head into Lu Ye's embrace, and fiercely sucked on the scale armor in his hand.

A bloodline visible to the naked eye streamed from the scale and into Amber's mouth. She immediately stiffened and fell over, stark still.

"Amber!" Yiyi exclaimed in shock.

Lu Ye also hurriedly got up to check her condition.

A moment later, human and beast exchanged glances, putting their minds at ease. Amber wasn't seriously harmed; she seemed to have fallen into some nightmare. Although she lay on the ground in a deep sleep, her throat still emitted low growls. Not only that, there was a faint blood light flickering continuously on her body.

"Lu Ye, Amber is alright, isn't she?" Yiyi was still worried.

"She should be fine," Lu Ye thought back to his own experience with Dragon Spring Body Tempering. "She probably inhaled too much and couldn't withstand it, fainting away."

During his Body Refining in the Dragon Spring, he had endured great pain. That was just the pale red mist, but Amber had just sucked up a streak of bloodline, evidently much stronger than the mist.

Both forms of energy had Body Refining effects. Having suddenly endured immense pain, Amber had fainted.

And the red light flickering on her body, if he wasn't mistaken, was probably refining her physique.

With Amber as a cautionary example, Lu Ye dared not get any reckless ideas. To harness the energy within the scale armor, he needed to come up with a safer method.

Pocketing the scale armor, Lu Ye continued to observe Amber with Yiyi for a while, ensuring that there indeed was no significant issue. Moreover, from Yiyi's perception, Amber's blood Qi energy was rising at a very clear rate. With the increase in blood Qi energy, her physique naturally grew stronger.

Just as Lu Ye had guessed.

The scale armor was a fabulous item, whether it was a dragon scale or not!

Lu Ye carefully placed the scale into his storage sack, ate something, and then stood up to practice his sword techniques.

This time, practicing with the sword felt unlike any previous session; having grown stronger in physique, he definitely noticed his speed and strength had significantly increased, at least by thirty percent.

This improvement was terrifying. He didn't know how much others had improved, but it likely wasn't as much as him, because he had ingested too much of the pale red mist in the Dragon Spring, which resulted in the complete dissipation of the mist in that small space by the end.

His thoughts drifted to Hua Ci. If this woman saw him again, she might doubt whether he was following the path of a physique cultivator yet again.

Lu Ye felt that his current physique and blood Qi were even stronger than those of the Level 5 physique cultivators he had seen at the Tailuo Sect.

All night long, Lu Ye did not engage in cultivation practice but continued practicing with his sword, using this as a way to familiarize himself with his suddenly enhanced body.

At dawn, Amber gradually awoke. After a thorough examination by Yiyi and finding nothing abnormal, Amber's blood Qi energy had even increased significantly, and her snow-white fur had become even more lustrous.

...

Diagonally opposite the mercantile union was the Drunken Spring House, which conducted the business of pleasures of the flesh. However, the women here were not only mortals but also included some independent cultivators, which made for extremely brisk business.

Having indulged himself through the night, an exhausted young master of indulgence staggered out with disheveled clothes. Waiting outside, Old Dong stood with his hands behind his back, as immovable as a wooden stake, resting with his eyes closed. He performed his duties as a guard quite well.

If it hadn't been for the young master's outburst the previous night, he probably would have had to stand by the bedside all night, truly providing close protection.

"Let's go, Old Dong!" The young master called out, savoring the memories of the previous night's delights and feeling utterly satisfied. To the common folks, cultivators were esteemed beings, but he was not an ordinary mortal. He didn't bother with human women because he had better options.

Compared to mortal women, female cultivators were undoubtedly more to his taste, which allowed him to derive a sense of superiority from his leisure pursuits.

So what if she's a cultivator? Piling up Spirit Stones can still make them yield to my desires!

The dandy young master led the way, followed by the escort Old Dong, while the brothel madam sent them off with warmth, and the evil slaves were sent somewhere unknown.

...

Two figures hurried towards the mercantile union, with the man in front wearing a mournful expression on his face, clueless as to what he had done wrong.

The young girl following him also had an ugly look on her face.

Two junior cultivators who had never seen such a bustling city were so fascinated by everything that they roamed forgetfully until a message from their senior reminded them of their duties. They rushed towards the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, preparing to meet up with him.

Thinking of the forthcoming reprimand from their senior, the two junior cultivators felt extremely nervous.

"We're here." Arriving at the entrance of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, both were panting heavily, but neither dared to stop and hurried inside.

A massive tiger head appeared suddenly, startling the girl into a scream, as the boy instinctively protected her.

However, the big tiger merely glanced at them before striding away.

The girl patted her chest, realizing that this was not the wilderness. Many cultivators in the city had beast pets, but it was rare to see one as majestic and imposing as this.

The boy also scrutinized the snow-white big tiger and suddenly let out a light gasp, widened his eyes for a closer look, and after confirming he wasn't mistaken, he quickly followed and stepped to the side of the person next to the big tiger, blocking his path. His finger pointed at him, his expression deep in thought, "You are..."

Lu Ye's hand rested on the hilt of his knife, looking indifferently at the boy who had blocked his way, his spirit force gathering in his eyes.

At the Spirit Stream Level 2, he could chop down several with a single swing!

But... why did he seem familiar?

Dozens of feet away, at the breakfast stall outside the Drunken Spring House, the dandy young master was heartily enjoying his delicious dumplings when he suddenly expressed joy, pointing in a direction, "Old Dong, Old Dong, that snow-white big tiger is really beautiful. Ask that person how many Spirit Stones he wants for it; let's buy it!"

Old Dong's face was stern as he suppressed the rage in his heart. He looked up in that direction, and slowly his eyes widened significantly as he almost doubted whether he was seeing things correctly.

On closer inspection, he found that he wasn't mistaken, the kid who should have died at his hands was still alive!

How could he not be dead? At that time, he had indeed been deducted merit, and there were pieces of a corpse and blood that had floated up from under the pond...

No, that's not right. He had been in a rush to return to the sect at the time and had not gone down to check the water. If there was another Level 3 cultivator underneath at that time...

Could there really be such a coincidence?

Many coincidences do occur in the world, such as Old Dong accompanying the dandy at the breakfast stall, the young master spotting the snow-white big tiger, and the boy blocking Lu Ye's way...

"You are that Lu Yiye!" The boy finally remembered, a few months was not too long ago, and the title Yiye was indeed too memorable, "Right, you are that Lu Yiye!"

Lu Ye frowned; he recognized the other party as well.

He was one of the mining slaves rescued by the Haotian Alliance along with him, albeit he had arrived at the mine later, and since Lu Ye had always kept to himself and avoided others, the two had only met twice before and had never spoken a word.

How could he run into this person in this place? Lu Ye felt utterly depressed. Could the world really be so coincidental?

"Yes, it's me, Woo Hua, who joined Burning Moon Mountain. Don't you recognize me?" Woo Hua seemed very enthusiastic, regardless of whether he had a relationship with Lu Ye or not. It was fate to encounter someone he knew here.

"You've mistaken me for someone else."

Lu Ye did not intend to speak further with him, turned around to mount the tiger's back, and left directly.

"Mistaken?" Woo Hua was puzzled, "Impossible!"

As he contemplated pursuing, a voice suddenly sounded behind him.

"What are you two doing?"

Woo Hua and the girl stiffened, turning around to see their Senior Brother standing behind them with a displeased expression.

"Senior Brother!" The two hurriedly greeted him.

Seeing that their Senior Brother seemed about to erupt, the girl quickly said, "Woo Brother met an acquaintance."

Woo Hua paused for a moment, then nodded, "Right, right, it was the one riding the white tiger." He pointed with his hand.

The young man looked up and saw Lu Ye's figure blending into the crowd. However, in that fleeting glance, he clearly noticed the spirit light on Lu Ye's body.

"But he said I got the wrong person," said Woo Hua, somewhat confused, "I didn't mistake him, he is indeed that Lu Yiye."

The girl chimed in, shifting the focus of their Senior Brother, "Lu Yiye, that's an odd name."

Woo Hua smiled and explained, "His real name is Lu Ye, but because he had only the talent of a single leaf when his aptitude was tested, someone gave him that nickname, and it quickly spread."

Chapter 138 - Dong Shuye is After Us Again

"Someone you know from Evil Moon Valley?" the young senior brother asked. He was quite aware of his junior brother's background, so when he heard him mention the past, he thought of Evil Moon Valley.

"Yes," Woo Hua nodded, "I was fortunate enough to be accepted into the sect that day. This guy, because of his poor talent, nearly didn't get accepted by any sect, but somehow, in the end, he managed to join Righteous Blood Sect. I haven't seen him for several months, and he's changed so much!"

At first glance just now, he had almost failed to recognize him.

In the mines, everyone was disheveled and wore tattered clothes. Now, having become cultivators, they naturally looked different from before. Not only did Woo Hua fail to recognize Lu Ye at first glance, but Lu Ye also had not recognized him.

"You're saying it's Yiye's level of talent?" the young senior brother furrowed his brows, "What was his cultivation back then?"

Woo Hua thought for a moment and said, "It seems like he had just opened his spiritual orifice."

"Then you must be mistaken," the young senior brother said, "That person is now at the Spirit Stream Level 4."

"No way?" Woo Hua exclaimed. He hadn't paid attention to checking Lu Ye's cultivation just now, but if his senior brother said so, it must be true.

Yiye-level talent was too low; it was impossible for him to have grown to Level 4 within a few months. To think he had only just advanced to Level 2 himself.

Had he really been mistaken? Woo Hua scratched his head.

Behind the group, a figure slowly passed by, his gloomy eyes flickering with sharpness.

Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Yiye?

The mountain tiger, Yiye?

The name matched, which meant he hadn't recognized the wrong person.

But could a few months' time allow someone who had just experienced an orifice-opening to grow to the Spirit Stream Level 4? Was this guy's talent really at the level of a Yiye?

What was undeniable was, the man's cultivation had indeed increased quickly. When he had been chasing him, the man was at Spirit Stream Level 3, and now, in just a couple of months, he had already reached Spirit Stream Level 4.

This guy was definitely more than just Yiye-level talent!

However, for him, there was not much difference between Level 3 and Level 4. Last time he had let him escape due to his own carelessness, but this time, he absolutely couldn't let him get away again.

His current predicament was all thanks to this mountain tiger; if he had not killed the Young Master, Nine Stars Sect would not have accepted the declaration of war from Xuanmen, there would not have been such heavy losses, and he would not have left his post to chase the murderer personally, leading to the subsequent breach of their defenses!

If he had been stationed at his post then, would Wang Yeang have dared to act so boldly?

The source of everything was this man; he had to be killed!

And Righteous Blood Sect... If his memory served him right, that was the famous sect from Bingzhou, known even among the youths of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who grew up hearing stories about events several decades ago from their elders. Righteous Blood Sect's reputation still resonated with Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's younger generation!

"Who's that murderous look for?" At the breakfast stall, the young master glared at Old Dong who had returned, "Where's the big tiger I asked you to buy?"

Dong Shuye turned his head to look at the young master and grinned, "Did the Young Master really want that big tiger?"

"Of course, wasn't it for sale?" the young master nodded.

"Why buy if you can just take it? I'll snatch it for you!"

The young master was stunned for a moment, then burst into a gleeful smile, "Old Dong, Old Dong, you really get me. Right, right, why buy when you can take by force? Come on, let's go!"

Old Dong shook his head, "You stay here and wait for me."

"That won't do, how can I miss such a thrilling event? If you don't take me along, I'll go and complain to my mother. Don't think I don't know what you're after. If you want to make a name for yourself, you'll need mother's support."

Old Dong looked at him deeply and said indifferently, "I didn't see it coming, Young Master is quite insightful."

The young master beamed with pride, "I just lack cultivation aptitude, otherwise, I would've turned the cultivation world upside down by now. Old Dong, you mustn't treat me as a clueless playboy. We have a deal, if you can snatch that big tiger for me, I'll say a few good words to mother on your behalf."

"Since the Young Master insists, let's go together," Old Dong turned and walked away.

The young master quickly stood up, leaving a Spirit Stone on the table, and followed excitedly. He had never been involved in a feud between cultivators and was somewhat thrilled by the prospect. As for safety, he wasn't too worried because his mother had told him that Old Dong was very strong, a force to be reckoned with even in the outer circle of the battlefield.

Thus, she had urged him to maintain a good relationship with Old Dong.

Lu Ye rode out of the city on Amber, heading straight ahead.

Although Tang Wu had only accompanied him for two days, he had saved him at least a month's journey, which showed how fast Tang Wu was. Unfortunately, Tang Wu could only escort him this far.

Lu Ye was very satisfied with this. The journey to the Righteous Blood Sect's base was long, but now that he was at Spirit Stream Level 4, there was no need to be as cautious as when he first left Qingyun Mountain. He could protect himself much better.

It could be said that as long as nothing unexpected happened, he would generally be safe traveling in the outer circle of the battlefield.

With abundant resources on hand, he could cultivate while traveling at ease. Silently calculating, at this pace, by the time he returned to the Righteous Blood Sect's base, he might already possess the cultivation of Level 7 or 8, provided that the supply of elixir pills kept up.

While comfortably on his way, he suddenly felt a tightness in his chest, as a premonition of being targeted by someone emerged from the unknown.

This feeling he had experienced once before, when Dong Shuye was hunting him down—it was like a thorn in his back.

Had the people from Tailuo Sect caught up here? Lu Ye's first thought was this possibility. He looked around but didn't find any suspicious traces.

Faint cries of agony and loud shouts came from far behind. Lu Ye quickly looked in that direction and saw a figure rushing towards him at high speed.

Lu Ye hastily gathered spirit force in his eyes, and when he saw the true face of that figure, he could hardly believe his eyes.

Dong Shuye?

How could this guy be here?

The last time he saw this guy in Liusu Place, Lu Ye hurriedly took Amber and ran away, firstly to prevent being discovered by him, and secondly to avoid dragging Hua Ci and the others into trouble. But he never expected to encounter Dong Shuye here, and just like the last time, the guy was chasing him down again!

For a moment, Lu Ye's mood was so terrible it was beyond words. If he had known Dong Shuye was in Yi'an City, he would have never entered the city.

It seemed that Dong Shuye had spotted him in the city earlier, which was why he had chased after him so soon after Lu Ye had left the city.

He was with Amber, who looked too eye-catching. Even strangers would take several glances, let alone Dong Shuye, who harbored a grudge against him. As soon as he saw Amber, it was inevitable that he would discover him.

However, what surprised Lu Ye was that Dong Shuye didn't seem to be pursuing alone; he was carrying someone with him, and the cries and shouts were coming from that person.

There was no time to ponder what was actually going on. Lu Ye patted the tiger's back, "Amber, run fast, Dong Shuye is after us again." With that said, he slapped a Move-Like-The-Wind Talisman on Amber.

The Move-Like-The-Wind Talismans given by the sect master had been used up last time when Dong Shuye chased him. These were new ones he had bought—twenty-five Spirit Stones for each talisman, which was not cheap. Talismans for attack were the cheapest, those for defense were next, and supportive talismans were the most expensive, especially Move-Like-The-Wind ones.

Fortunately, he had plenty of Spirit Stones now. When he came out of the mercantile union that morning, he had bought three more for backup.

He hadn't expected they would be needed so soon.

The wails continued unceasingly from behind, and Dong Shuye, sliding in pursuit, felt like his ears were going deaf from the noise and couldn't help yelling, "Shut up!"

"This is so thrilling, Old Dong!" The Young Master was being carried by him; despite appearing miserable, he was actually enjoying the sensations of being jolted up and down—a thrill that no cultivator had ever provided before.

He increasingly felt that Old Dong was a wonderful man. He leaned in close to Dong Shuye's ear and shouted, "Faster!"

Dong Shuye's ears buzzed, and slightly retracting the spirit force that protected the Young Master, a gust of wind swept over him, immediately distorting the Young Master's features and eliciting weird, burbling noises.

Within three breaths, the noisy Young Master's head drooped, and he fainted.

Only then did Dong Shuye once again protect him with spirit force, regretting bringing him along since the spoiled young man was too noisy.

But now he couldn't just abandon him. There were many dangers outside, and if he really left him behind, something unfortunate might happen, and then he would have no way to explain to the family.

What infuriated Dong Shuye even more was that in two months, the snow-white big tiger had become even faster...

Two months ago, even if the other side had the boost from a talisman, he could keep closing the distance until he caught up. But now, no matter how hard he tried, he could only manage not to be shaken off entirely; catching up seemed like a distant dream.

This was undoubtedly related to the drop in his cultivation level, but the other party had clearly become stronger.

The Young Master, who had been blown unconscious by the fierce wind, slowly came to, and started shouting again.

Dong Shuye, suppressing the urge to choke him to death, withdrew his protective spirit force...

And the Young Master fainted again...

One chasing, the other fleeing, they quickly left Yi'an City behind.

Dong Shuye knew this couldn't go on. The other had a mount and talismans for aid, and he could only use his spirit force to glide, which was too consuming. If the other had two more Move-Like-The-Wind Talismans, it would be impossible for him to catch up.

He looked up at the direction in which Lu Ye was fleeing and immediately had an idea. That direction fell within the scope radiated by the family he had joined. Using the Young Master's name, with a bit of luck, he might be able to gather some help.

With that thought, he activated the battlefield marking, sending out a message.

Astride Amber, Lu Ye felt a bit more at ease. It had been two months since the last chase, and both he and Amber had grown in that time, especially Amber, who had just had his physique tempered by Scale Armor the night before, to great effect. Amber was running faster than before.

If things continued like this, Dong Shuye was unlikely to catch up to him. That was if he had Move-Like-The-Wind Talismans; without them, Amber's speed would drop significantly.

But Dong Shuye's mode of travel was also hugely draining, and besides, Lu Ye wasn't sure if it was an illusion, but it seemed like Dong Shuye's cultivation level wasn't at Level 7.

It appeared to be only Level 6. Compared to their last encounter, Dong Shuye's spirit force seemed much weaker.

With the distance too great, Lu Ye couldn't be sure if he was seeing things correctly, but he didn't want to confront this man. The consequences of their last encounter remained vivid in his mind—it was better to flee with respect.

Ahead, the sky was covered with dark clouds, and thunder rumbled ominously.

Accursed magic cultivator, you are indeed the bane of my life, Lu!

Chapter 139 - Battle in the Rain

Torrential rain poured down, and lightning flashed across the sky with thunder rumbling.

Above the swamp, Amber's silhouette flashed like the wind, both it and Lu Ye covered in a faint layer of spirit light. Although it couldn't completely block the rainwater, it at least allowed them to see more clearly and prevented their vision from being obscured by the rain.

Behind them, Dong Shuye relentlessly pursued, the distance between them rapidly closing. He was like a leech that had caught the scent of blood, stubbornly latching onto Lu Ye's trail.

The gap closed not because Amber was slower, but rather because the swamp was particularly unfriendly to it. It had just stepped into a quagmire; if not for its swift speed, it would have struggled to escape. Additionally, the terrain affected their speed, allowing the distance to narrow.

The power of the Move-Like-The-Wind Talisman gradually exhausted, and just as Lu Ye was about to take out another one to use, a fluctuation of spirit force came from ahead. As two figures leapt into the air, a large net fell from above, flashing with spirit light—clearly a Spiritual Artifact.

Moreover, it was a Spiritual Artifact designed specifically for capturing demon beasts!

In this swamp, there were many demon beasts similar to crocodiles, half-wild and half-domesticated, which were part of the industry owned by the Young Master's family. Therefore, family members often came here to hunt, selling their catches for a high price.

These two cultivators were originally here to hunt crocodiles, but upon receiving Dong Shuye's message, they immediately laid an ambush, fortuitously intercepting Amber in its flight.

As the net descended, Amber was leaping over a pond, with no solid ground to leverage for evasion. It was caught firmly by the net and plummeted downward.

They did it! Both cultivators were overjoyed. The big tiger was the demon beast the Young Master wanted. Capturing it this time would surely earn them a reward from the matriarch.

While they were thinking this, a figure suddenly pounced from below the thick curtain of rain, and a blade shone brightly.

It was Lu Ye who had already jumped off Amber's back when the net approached, using the broad expanse of its back as a stepping stone to launch an attack on one of the cultivators.

If he couldn't slice through the spirit net, even he would be ensnared, which would prevent him from fighting effectively. Hence, the safest course of action was to separate from Amber. He couldn't allow himself to also get trapped, no matter what.

His attack came with overwhelming momentum. The targeted cultivator, being of the Level 4 realm himself, was not thrown into disorder. Dong Shuye had already informed them of this, so with equal cultivation levels, he was not afraid of Lu Ye. Moreover, he had an accomplice by his side and Dong Shuye was quickly joining the pursuit.

All he needed to do was delay him briefly...

But his thoughts were interrupted. With a loud clang, his hastily raised weapon to meet the blade was sent flying, his right hand trembling uncontrollably, and his body staggered backward under an enormous sweeping force.

Such strength? The Level 4 cultivator was shocked; he had only felt such power from Level 5 physique cultivators in his own clan.

Before he could take any action, another bright blade light flickered down.

Blood mixed with the rain and splattered. The man stumbled, then fell headlong into the mire.

Lu Ye struck down a cultivator of his own level with two blows and immediately turned to attack the second person. That man had just been about to offer assistance when he witnessed the gruesome death of his fellow clansman, causing his resolve to falter. Unsure whether to retreat or attack, as he hesitated, Lu Ye was already upon him, his long blade creating a swirl of blade light.

The sound of metal clinking echoed as the man parried Lu Ye's three strikes, but he couldn't withstand the fourth. After undergoing the Dragon Spring Body Tempering, both the speed and strength of Lu Ye's strikes had greatly increased. Although his cultivation hadn't improved much, his overall strength had indeed become stronger since his time at Hundred Peaks Mountain.

The fourth strike landed on the man's chest; that was the result of him taking a quick step back. Otherwise, the blade would have decapitated him.

The protective spirit force was useless; as the blade passed, the spirit light shattered, and his chest burst open.

Lu Ye kicked out, sending him flying away, an abrupt scream from his mouth silenced shortly after impact.

Two flickers of red light approached from both sides; Lu Ye took a few steps toward the trapped Amber, hurriedly lifted the spirit net off, and was about to leave when it was already too late.

With a thunderous crash, as mud and water splashed around, a figure filled with killing intent stood twenty feet away, his eyes fiery as he looked at Lu Ye.

Even the rain couldn't dampen the hatred in his eyes.

Dong Shuye had arrived!

Lu Ye gripped his long knife tightly.

Trying to escape from a magic cultivator at such close quarters was undoubtedly unwise. If he wanted to survive now, he had no choice but to fight.

The disparity between the Level 4 and Level 7 realms was akin to three minor levels; the difference in spiritual orifices amounted to around fifty to sixty. Dong Shuye's spiritual orifices were at least twice as numerous as Lu Ye's.

Dong Shuye was also holding a commoner; Lu Ye only glanced briefly, then paid no more attention. Although it was strange for Dong Shuye to pursue with a commoner in tow, now was not the time to think about such matters.

"So cold..." The Young Master hugged his arms, shivering from the cold yet still fixated on Amber. He shouted at Lu Ye, "Hey kid over there, I said I wanted to buy your big tiger, but Old Dong insists on snatching it. Don't blame me if you die."

He ran behind Dong Shuye a few feet away and yelled, "Old Dong, kill him! I'm here to back you up!"

He knew that, as a mere commoner, he could not aid Dong Shuye, so he ran away before the fight began to avoid hindering Dong Shuye.

Whose young master is this? Upon hearing his self-title, Lu Ye had a strange expression.

He remembered the Young Master of Nine Stars Sect...

Young master, Young Master, they were both people of similar status; the difference was that the one he slaughtered last time was a cultivator, this one was a mortal.

Why was there always some young master or Young Master causing trouble for him?

"How do you want to die?" Dong Shuye looked at Lu Ye in front of him and grinned viciously.

Lu Ye remained silent, simply squinting his eyes at what was ahead.

Twenty zhang was too far, and it would be difficult to succeed if the opponent was on guard. Lu Ye let out a light breath, gripped the long knife in his hand, and stomped his foot. A circular splash zone immediately appeared on the ground as he lunged towards Dong Shuye.

Amber didn't charge forward; under Yiyi's command, she quietly retreated and disappeared into the curtain of rain.

Dong Shuye's brow furrowed slightly, vaguely feeling that Lu Ye's burst of power at Level 4 was somewhat unusual, seemingly exceeding the scope of what one at Level 4 should possess.

However, that was it. As a former Level 7 magic cultivator, there was no way he would allow Lu Ye to get close that easily.

He didn't even think about moving; with a raise of his hand, a crescent-shaped Golden Arc Slash was launched at Lu Ye. He didn't use fire-type techniques like last time because the timing wasn't right. In this ghostly weather, invoking a fire-type technique would only invite ridicule.

The Golden Arc Slash was incredibly fast—it had barely formed before it was already slashing toward Lu Ye.

Spirit force gathered in Lu Ye's eyes. He originally intended to discern the fall point of the Golden Arc Slash, and then activate Defense Spirit Runes to withstand it.

However, as his attention became highly focused, everything around him seemed to slow down a lot...

He could vaguely make out the trajectory of the Golden Arc Slash coming towards him and had a feeling he could dodge it. Following that sensation, he lowered his body, and a fierce wind immediately passed over his head. The powerful slash pushed the rainwater aside, creating a vacuum and several strands of cut hair fluttered in the air.

He had dodged it!

But the second Golden Arc Slash was already on its way. Lu Ye raised his knife to counter; spirit force exploded, shattering the Golden Arc Slash. Lu Ye's figure staggered back slightly, and his palms tingled faintly.

The third strike was already coming. Dong Shuye was determined to kill Lu Ye here and now, so he spared no mercy with each attack.

Lu Ye drew back his steps, standing straight, chest out and stomach in, and clearly saw the Golden Arc Slash graze past the tip of his nose.

A realization dawned on him; the benefits of Dragon Spring Body Tempering were not limited to simply making his physique stronger and his knife strikes more powerful and swift, but it also significantly quickened his reactions, allowing his eyes to catch things they couldn't before.

That's why it felt like the entire world had slowed down.

This unexpected discovery made Lu Ye more confident in his plan.

He was originally planning to rely on the Defense Spirit Runes to withstand the opponent's attacks, but using Defense would mean not being able to absorb some of the impact, which was highly likely to cause internal injuries.

Under the cover of the rain, Lu Ye's shadow constantly closed in on Dong Shuye, dodging and slicing through the successive Golden Arc Slashes that were thrown at him, using Defense to block when he couldn't dodge or counter in time.

Occasionally, he would be forced back, but overall, he was closing in on Dong Shuye with difficulty.

Dong Shuye frowned; if someone had told him before that a Level 4 cultivator could advance while withstanding his magical attacks, he would have thought the person was sick.

Although he currently only had the realm of Level 6, he had the foundation of Level 7. It's just that some spiritual orifices couldn't form a Minor Circumambulation cycle anymore, so his strength had indeed decreased a lot.

Yet, to a Level 4, he could kill with just a few casual techniques!

But now, this supposedly impossible event was taking place right before his eyes, and the one achieving this was the person he hated the most in his life.

Dong Shuye was completely enraged. With the surge of spirit force, a current gathered in front of him, and a long spear made of spirit force slowly took shape, turning into a streak of golden light that shot towards Lu Ye in an instant.

Lu Ye felt a sense of crisis. This attack was too fast; he couldn't dodge it at all, and it was immensely powerful. Ordinary Defense Spirit Runes probably couldn't stop it!

In the blink of an eye, a basin-sized Defense Spirit Rune appeared in front of him, robust and flickering with spirit light.

With a boom, the spirit force spear hit the Spirit Rune, and Lu Ye was almost blown away by the rebounding force. He bent his body, lowering his center of gravity, but still, he couldn't stop sliding backward.

Moments later, the spirit force spear and Defense Spirit Rune dissipated together. Dong Shuye launched another technique towards Lu Ye, who rushed forward hurriedly, taking advantage of the gap in the opponent's technique to close the distance between them.

Chapter 140 - The Crazy Dong Shuye

In his body, the four Minor Circumambulations circulated dynamically, and spirit force surged within his spiritual orifice, gradually closing the distance between them!

Ten zhang, nine zhang, eight zhang...

Repelled and then charging forward again.

Lu Ye's lips bled and his chest felt stifled. He had thought that the closer he got to Dong Shuye, the better, but he soon realized that it was easier said than done.

The closer the distance, the harder it was to dodge the opponent's magic and spells. Beyond ten zhang, with his current level of perception, Lu Ye could grasp the trajectory of the spells, but within ten zhang, it became much more difficult.

If not for frequently activating the Defense Spirit Runes, he would have already been unable to keep up.

Eight zhang was the limit, just barely manageable!

When he once again pushed forward to a point eight zhang away from Dong Shuye, he roared, "Amber!"

"Roar!" Amber, who had hidden in the rain curtain before the battle started, suddenly bellowed from behind Dong Shuye.

Dong Shuye had been wary of Amber, so when the tiger's roar sounded, he quickly turned his head and swung a Golden Arc Slash in that direction. The golden crescent-shaped attack sliced through the rain curtain, hitting nothing. Amber, being clever, had already moved away from the spot after creating the disturbance.

Dong Shuye did not linger on it; he roughly understood Lu Ye's intent was to probably use his beast pet to take down the young master to threaten him.

Such a childish tactic was bound to fail. If that tiger dared to come within ten zhang of him, he could slay it in an instant! A beast wouldn't activate spirit runes to defend itself, and the young master stood just three zhang behind him, well within his ability to protect while dealing with Lu Ye.

So, after forcing Amber back, he immediately turned to confront Lu Ye. However, before he could activate his spells, a surge of spirit force descended from above.

Looking up, he saw a large bell shimmering with spirit light crash down, rapidly obscuring the light in front of him.

It was the Mystic Spirit Bell!

The protective Spiritual Artifact of the Nine Stars Sect's young master—how could he not recognize it? As the Mystic Spirit Bell fell, he thought to dodge, but had already missed the best moment; the light before him was blocked, and he was covered tightly!

His expression darkened as he realized he had been too careless and finally understood why Lu Yiye was persistently closing the distance, not to attack, but purely to shorten the distance. If it were too far, the Mystic Spirit Bell might not be able to trap him.

A moment of carelessness had him trapped by the Mystic Spirit Bell; however, this artifact was mainly for protection and its trapping effect was not significant. In terms of understanding the Mystic Spirit Bell, Dong Shuye surpassed Lu Ye by far.

Just as he was about to use his magic and spells to break free from the bell's constraints, the Mystic Spirit Bell unexpectedly flew up again.

Following the direction in which the Mystic Spirit Bell retreated, Dong Shuye looked up, his expression grim.

There, Lu Ye had grabbed the young master by the neck, his long knife against his throat, with his entire body sheltered behind the young master, only one eye showing, glaring fiercely at him.

Defeat Dong Shuye by leaping two or three levels? Lu Ye had never considered such a thing. Although he had killed some Level 5 realm cultivators, Dong Shuye was much stronger than those at Level 5, and the recent clash had proven this; Lu Ye couldn't even get within eight zhang of Dong Shuye.

Unable to even get close, how could he kill him? By using his fat bird spell that could only make his enemies die of laughter? The weather was also not suitable for fire type spells.

From the start, Lu Ye's goal had been very clear—the mortal young master brought by Dong Shuye!

He did not know the exact identity of the young master, but from the manner the latter had addressed Dong Shuye, it was clear he held significant status. To win his freedom, he could only succeed by capturing this individual, thus holding leverage over his enemy.

Amber had coordinated perfectly with him, clearly Yiyi's doing. Though they had not agreed on any specific plan beforehand, Yiyi understood Lu Ye's intention from the start of the battle.

That tiger roar had created the opportunity for Lu Ye to deploy the Mystic Spirit Bell.

As their gazes met, Lu Ye saw the fury in Dong Shuye's eyes, and Dong Shuye saw the ruthlessness in Lu Ye's.

The young master, already chilled to the bone with tears and snot mixed together, suddenly felt the cold blade at his throat and became somewhat agitated, "You guys fight your fight, why drag me into this!"

All along, he had lacked the proper reverence for cultivators because, backed by his family's power on the fringes of the battlefield, he could do as he pleased as long as he did not go too far, with those beautiful female cultivators as his playthings.

He just thought that cultivators were nothing special.

However, he quickly realized the seriousness of his situation as a chill and pain spread from his neck, becoming slightly panicked, "Old Dong, save me!"

Dong Shuye only stared at Lu Ye, the fury in his eyes intensifying.

"Tell him to leave, or you die!" Behind the young master, Lu Ye spoke sternly.

"This gentleman, calm down a bit, you're hurting me."

"Tell him to leave!"

"Okay, okay, Old Dong, please step back!"

Dong Shuye spoke, "If I leave, you will undoubtedly die!"

The young master suddenly realized, "Right..."

"If he doesn't leave, you die now; if he leaves, I won't trouble you!"

"You promise?"

"Enough talk!"

The pain in his neck grew more intense, and the dandy young master felt warm liquid flowing down his neck. Without further hesitation, he said, "Old Dong, you better go, I'll be safe if you leave."

Dong Shuye stared at Lu Ye, his face unwilling, remembering his recent ordeals. His expression twisted ferociously, and his heart burned with a desire to kill, but he ultimately restrained himself and said sternly, "Swear by Heaven's Augury! Without the vow, you won't be able to leave today!"

Lu Ye looked into his eyes for a moment before speaking, "I respectfully invoke Heaven's Augury, if Dong Shuye ceases to trouble me, I will spare this mortal, and return his freedom in three days!"

Amidst the obscurity, Heaven's Augury descended.

Though Dong Shuye's heart was not pacified, this was the best outcome at the moment. He gave Lu Ye a deep look and said, "Remember what you said."

He took steps toward the curtain of rain.

One step, two steps, three steps...

He stopped, looked up at the sky, and let the rain drench his face, suddenly laughing derisively at himself, "How pathetic!"

Two months ago, he, with his Level 7 cultivation, had pursued someone of Level 3; he was careless and didn't complete his mission. Two months later, him of Level 6 came to kill one at Level 4, and still hadn't succeeded.

His spiritual orifice had been damaged, his cultivation had plummeted, leaving him hopeless. Furthermore, he had defected from his sect, and had reluctantly become a bodyguard for a mundane person.

The other's cultivation had improved too fast. Missing this chance, would there be another? He had fallen into such a state all because of this man; how could he not avenge such deep and grievous hatred!

Spirit force started to surge, and he suddenly pointed a hand toward Lu Ye, sending a Golden Arc Slash slicing through the air toward him.

Almost the instant he stopped, Lu Ye sensed something amiss. As the Golden Arc Slash approached, he grabbed the dandy young master in front of him and dashed forward, covering several yards in a few steps. His other hand had been holding the Mystic Spirit Bell, which he now summoned instantly.

The sharp strike ripped the dandy young master apart, spattering blood everywhere, and striking the Defense Spirit Runes on Lu Ye's chest. The runes shattered, and Lu Ye was thrown backward in disarray.

The Mystic Spirit Bell fell, once again encompassing Dong Shuye, but the next moment, violent sounds came from within, and the outer surface of the bell began to flicker with spirit light.

"Roar!" Amber charged out of the rain, rushing to Lu Ye's side. Lu Ye climbed onto the tiger's back and simultaneously slapped a Move-Like-The-Wind Talisman onto Amber.

"Go quickly!"

Damn it, Dong Shuye has gone mad!

He didn't know who the dandy young master really was, but since the man could command Dong Shuye around, he obviously had significant influence. Dong Shuye had apparently reached an agreement with him earlier, but then suddenly turned hostile, intent on killing him, even at the cost of that mortal young master's life!

Lu Ye felt Dong Shuye's determination to kill him. At the moment, his spiritual force was greatly depleted, and he was internally injured, leaving him no option but to flee, not even daring to retrieve the Mystic Spirit Bell.

Just as Amber carried him away for about ten breaths, the Mystic Spirit Bell suddenly exploded. Dong Shuye, furious and slightly disheveled, appeared, having finally freed himself.

He glanced around swiftly, identified the direction in which Lu Ye had fled, and soared into the air in pursuit. This time, without the encumbrance of the young master, his speed was visibly faster.

The rainfall began to lighten, and two hours later, the rain stopped. A rainbow hung across the sky like a bridge. Several cultivators arrived at the previous battleground and discovered three corpses, along with traces of the fight.

Recognizing one of the bodies, the cultivators felt a chill, knowing that their own dandy young master was dead, a catastrophe indeed...

Before long, the news spread. The family of the dandy young master immediately issued a wanted order against Dong Shuye. However, by then, Dong Shuye had already followed Lu Ye out of reach.

Night fell, and Amber, carrying Lu Ye, rushed into a chaotic stone forest. Here, massive stone pillars stood tall, each over sixty feet high, a countless number densely packed together.

Amber was out of strength, having used up all three Move-Like-The-Wind talismans. Fortunately, Dong Shuye hadn't pursued them for the past two hours, leading Lu Ye to guess that his spiritual force was also nearly exhausted.

After all this time, even if Dong Shuye had a higher cultivation level than him, he couldn't endure it.

On the other hand, Lu Ye not only hadn't exhausted his spiritual force, but had also fully replenished it while Amber was fleeing.

Although Lu Ye knew Dong Shuye wouldn't give up so easily, he needed to put as much distance between them as possible, but Amber really couldn't run anymore. The Move-Like-The-Wind enhancement made it run faster, but it also greatly increased its exhaustion.

He didn't need to rest, but Amber did.

There were natural shelters under the stone pillars, and Yiyi found a relatively hidden spot where Amber went and lay down on the ground, its chest heaving and tongue hanging out like an exhausted dog.

Yiyi looked on with pity, cursing Dong Shuye for his cruelty, while she fed and watered Amber.

Lu Ye checked his injuries; there were no serious external wounds, just some internal injuries from clashing with Dong Shuye during the battle, nothing severe. Taking a healing pill would suffice.

Considering Dong Shuye's actions during the day, he would never give up the pursuit. They couldn't keep fleeing forever, but his Level 4 cultivation was only barely sufficient to face him.

If he could reach Level 5, Lu Ye felt he might stand a chance in a fight against Dong Shuye!