

Humanity 151

Chapter 151 - Cherish the Fragrant and Pity the Jade?

As Lann Yudie killed an enemy, Amber had already sprinted to a position ten yards from the group, a magic and spell thrown towards it. Amber suddenly slid sideways, agilely dodging it. Simultaneously, Lu Ye leaped into the air, stepping on the tiger's back, and charged straight at a red-robed female cultivator.

Lann Yudie wasn't wrong; this woman had a nice figure, especially around her chest, which was... weighty.

She was a magic cultivator, the one who had cast magic and spells at Lann Yudie and Amber earlier.

She was also Lu Ye's target!

In midair, Lu Ye raised his hand to draw his sword, unleashing a cut that shattered an incoming magic and spell, causing the spirit force to burst.

Another magic and spell came his way. Though her casting speed wasn't as fast as Dong Shuye's, it was still not slow.

Lu Ye had no way to avoid it.

A flush of excitement appeared on the woman's face; she had hit her target. Given his Level 5 realm of cultivation, this attack would either kill him or severely injure him!

She was getting rich! She seemed to see mountains of Spirit Stones, an amount she could never use up in her entire life...

Many sects from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had put a bounty on Lu Ye. Anyone who killed Lu Yiye could claim rewards from these sects, and those rewards, if combined, were a fortune enticing even to the True Lake Realm.

Therefore, seeing her magic and spells strike home, the red-robed woman became exhilarated.

However, in the next instant, Lu Ye had closed the distance to her. His longsword, enveloped in blazing red spirit force, chopped down.

As the sword light flickered, the woman instinctively activated a spirit force barrier in front of herself.

With a crisp sound, the robust spirit force barrier shattered. The sharp longsword cleaved downward from above the woman, effortlessly slicing through her slender neck.

"Hmm?" The woman's final thought flashed through her mind—how had Lu Yiye gotten to her so quickly?

Her vision inverted, her large eyes blinked twice, and her consciousness sank into darkness. The last sight she saw was Lu Yiye stabbing another disciple from behind!

The battle had begun abruptly and ended just as quickly. After Lu Ye had slain the Level 6 magic cultivator, he also killed a Level 5 combat cultivator, and then... that was it.

Although both the red-robed woman and Dong Shuye were Level 6 magic cultivators, her skills were far inferior to Dong Shuye's, who had fallen from the Level 7 realm. His cultivation might have been gone, but his techniques remained.

Furthermore, under the rush of her emotions, she let Lu Ye get too close—what chance did she stand?

Even Dong Shuye, after getting close to Lu Ye, doubted his own life. Hence, her fate was no different...

Among the scattered limbs and flesh, Lu Ye and Lann Yudie exchanged glances, both slightly startled.

This guy, such a rapid killing speed! Both thought simultaneously.

Among this group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were five individuals: two Level 6 and three Level 5. Lann Yudie initially planned to have Lu Ye briefly hold off that female magic cultivator while she dealt with the others, but Lu Ye quickly dispatched her with just a few slashes, even taking care of one extra for her.

"I underestimated you." Lann Yudie's expression was undoubtedly pleased, sighing inwardly that a camel starved to just skin and bones was still bigger than a horse. The very last disciple recruited by a colossal entity almost at its end turned out to be so impressive.

If the people from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge saw his performance just now, they would only be more determined to remove him. Currently, killing Lu Ye was related merely to the survival of the Righteous Blood Sect. If Lu Ye were killed, the Righteous Blood Sect would be removed from records in two months.

If they knew that this disciple from the Righteous Blood Sect could kill enemies above his level so easily, they would undoubtedly be more uneasy, as such an individual would become a nightmare for any power within Ten Thousand Demons Ridge once he matured.

As for showing mercy due to beauty... that was nonexistent; the beautiful female cultivator's eyes were still wide open.

"Let's go!" Lann Yudie called out, and Amber ran over cheerfully. It had wanted to help earlier, but the fight ended too quickly, leaving no chance to participate.

The two set off again!

Lann Yudie felt a heavy heart, the recent skirmish although brief, subtly indicated one thing—the people from the inner circle were probably close by, and more powerful enemies lay ahead. If the inner circle was moving in, then the Core Circle couldn't be too far behind, meaning situations were arising that she might not handle.

"Which sect were those from just now?" Lu Ye asked.

"Who knows!" Lann Yudie replied, "Why?"

"Remember them."

Lann Yudie smiled, "Ambitious!" She paused then said, "If we both survive this mission, I'll find out more for you."

"Thanks," he said.

"No problem!"

They continued their journey, occasionally facing fierce battles, but the cultivators they now had to deal with were not very strong, so Lu Ye and Lann Yudie together could hold their ground.

On the way, Lann Yudie occasionally sent out messages or gathered information, communicating with someone.

Two days later, she sighed softly, a trace of sadness in her eyes, and sent out a message before saying to Lu Ye, "Qi Xin and his team have used up too much energy, they can't catch up."

"Should we wait for them?"

"We can't wait," Lann Yudie shook her head. "There'll be others ahead to meet us."

Lu Ye nodded.

For the rest of the day, she was rather silent, as if in a bad mood, having possibly encountered something unsettling.

As evening approached, she suddenly looked up, pointing in a direction for Lu Ye, "Run in that direction, don't stop no matter what you encounter, and try to avoid clashing with people from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge."

Then she crouched on the tiger's back again.

"Where are you going?" Lu Ye frowned.

"There are many from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge ahead. I'll go and distract them," she turned her head and looked deeply at Lu Ye, "You better not die!"

After speaking, her figure darted out like a cheetah.

Amber continued moving in the direction she had indicated.

Shortly, spirit force fluctuations transmitted from the front left, likely where Lann Yudie was clashing with the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

The noise from the clash escalated, and Amber, carrying Lu Ye, quickly distanced themselves.

In the jungle, several corpses were strewn on the ground with blood and severed limbs scattered about; the battle had cleared a battlefield in the dense woods. In the midst of this battlefield, Lann Yudie, hands wielding two daggers, danced gracefully. Three Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were fiercely battling her.

Judging by the spirit light, the one leading them was astonishingly from Level 7, with another from Level 6 and one from Level 5.

The three coordinated their attacks with the Level 7 cultivator as the main and the other two supporting, their assaults ceaseless. Lann Yudie had already sustained several wounds, her clothing stained with blood.

Under such circumstances, even if she wanted to escape, it likely wouldn't be possible.

Not to mention, there was a Level 6 magic cultivator lurking nearby, occasionally launching magic and spells that caught Lann Yudie off guard.

Her state appeared frenzied, purplish streaks unknowingly marking her cheeks, lending her visage both a beautiful yet demonic look.

Though outnumbered, Lann Yudie exuded a stronger aura. Her two daggers whirled, casting a storm of blade lights, frightening her three opponents who couldn't understand her madness.

The Level 7 cultivator was particularly miserable since about eighty percent of her attacks focused on him, as if determined to take him down even if she went down too.

In the midst of the fierce battle, suddenly a tiger's roar echoed from the side, startling everyone involved. The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators looked up just in time to see a white tiger bursting forth and charging towards them.

A white tiger? Their expressions lifted, and one of them shouted, "That's Lu Yiye nearby!"

No wonder this woman was fighting so desperately; she was covering for Lu Yiye!

While everyone's attention was drawn to Amber, a figure had already silently climbed onto the back of the magic cultivator standing outside the melee. Feeling a sudden heaviness, the cultivator instinctively sensed danger as a sharp scream reached his ears.

A moment of stupor ensued, and an attack he was about to launch at Lann Yudie was disrupted.

A gust hit from behind, and a slight pain in his neck came as he caught a glimpse of someone swiftly passing by from the corner of his eye. He tried to raise his hand but found he could no longer control his body.

Facing him, Lann Yudie immediately intensified her assault, her twin daggers becoming a blur of shifting lights.

Lu Ye rushed to the edge of the melee within a few steps, striking down with his sword at the Level 6 cultivator.

The opponent, originally maneuvering at the edge, binding Lann Yudie's focus, had his attention drawn away by Amber. Facing this swift strike, he couldn't react in time.

The sword slashed a huge wound across his back, severing his organs.

He cried out in agony, which then abruptly stopped as the longsword pierced through his chest, protruding from the front.

The remaining two turned pale with shock as they previously held the absolute advantage, and although many had died, those were due to Lann Yudie's surprise attacks. A surprise attack from a Level 7 ghost cultivator wasn't easy to defend against.

Fortunately, they had stabilized the situation and could take Lann Yudie down by simply dragging out the battle. But at this critical moment, Lu Ye suddenly emerged, striking down two from Level 6 in a flash of lightning.

Two against two!

Lann Yudie suddenly slowed her assault, which the two Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators found themselves unprepared for...

Lu Ye, sword in hand, targeted the Level 5 cultivator, striking twice. The opponent paled, realizing that although they were both from Level 5, Lu Ye's speed and power were beyond his ability to counter.

Barely blocking the third strike, he staggered backward, leaving himself wide open.

The man was quick-witted. Having sensed something amiss, he had already reached into his storage sack and just managed to slap a Golden Body Talisman onto his body.

Under the golden light, he felt a surge of safety...

With a crash, the golden light shattered, and his body was cleaved with a huge wound, blood gushing out as he fell backward.

Amber pounced at that moment, biting his neck. With a snap, his neck broke, and Amber's mouth was filled with blood.

At this time, the Level 7 combat cultivator swiftly retreated several meters, planting his longsword before him and spewing a mouthful of blood. The longsword instantly transformed into a streak of light, shooting directly at Lu Ye and arriving in a blink.

"Sword Control!" Lann Yudie's face drained of color.

Chapter 152 - I Want to Live

When Lann Yudie screamed, the dagger in her hand had already flown out, aiming directly at the sword light, but the speed of the sword light was astonishingly fast, and the dagger missed completely.

The sharp sword light swept in front of Lu Ye in an instant, and an unprecedented sense of crisis sprouted in his heart. At that moment, his whole body turned ice-cold, feeling the breath of death enveloping him.

At the critical moment of life and death, a larger and more solid Defense Spirit Rune appeared in front of him, and almost at the same time, the sword light struck.

Crack...

The sturdy Defense Spirit Rune only slightly hindered the sword light before it shattered thunderously, and despite Lu Ye's desperate efforts to stimulate his spirit force, he could not stabilize it.

Fortunately, that momentary blockage allowed him to shift his body slightly aside.

The sword light flew past close to his body, and Lu Ye felt a slight stinging pain at his neck.

Without pausing or hesitating, he was about to lunge forward with his dagger when a strong gust struck him from behind.

He hurriedly stimulated the Defense Spirit Rune again, positioning it behind him.

Crack...

As the spirit rune shattered, he rolled on the ground and felt a surge of energy pass over his head. When he looked up, it was that same sword light.

Hum...

The sword light buzzed, changing direction and attacking him for the third time. Lu Ye focused his attention intensely, aware that its lethality was the strongest he had ever faced. If he carelessly got hit by it, he would undoubtedly die!

Just as Lu Ye was staring at the sword light, preparing to stimulate the Defense Spirit Rune at the right time, a sudden scream came from the side. Along with the scream, the sword light converged, reverting to its original longsword form, and fell to the ground.

Lu Ye looked up following the sound and saw Lann Yudie, dagger in hand, stab into the heart of the Level 7 combat cultivator. The opponent, not yet dead and with a fierce look, said through gritted teeth, "You... can't escape!"

Lann Yudie reached out, and the dagger she had thrown earlier flew back to her. With a clean and decisive backhand stroke, she severed the man's neck, and his blood spurted out, which she promptly avoided.

The Level 7 cultivator knelt on the ground, clutching his throat, then thudded to the ground. A red light burst from the man's body and landed on the back of Lann Yudie's hand.

The faint purple lines on her face gradually receded. Lann Yudie staggered a few steps and seemed somewhat unstable. Lu Ye quickly stepped forward to support her.

"Hurry!" Lann Yudie urged.

Spirit force fluctuations came from nearby, probably stirred by the commotion of the fight here. It was unclear which camp's cultivators were approaching, but judging from Lann Yudie's earlier solitary engagement, it was most likely from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp.

Lu Ye, supporting her body, leaped onto Big White, and Amber immediately broke into a sprint.

As the spirit force fluctuations slowly faded behind them, Lu Ye's expression remained extremely solemn because he felt something was off with Lann Yudie. She must have employed some secret technique at a great cost, as, after the fight, her breath had become much weaker, and her body was feverish.

Yiyi was already scouting ahead, looking for a suitable place to hide.

As night fell, Lu Ye and Lann Yudie hid in a cave found by Yiyi.

After lowering Lann Yudie from Big White, Lu Ye frowned deeply because the woman had many injuries that had not been previously attended to. What troubled him more was that she had passed out...

Her injuries were more severe than they appeared.

"Yiyi, heal her," Lu Ye instructed as he took out the medicinal powders and clean cotton cloth Hua Ci had given Yiyi earlier.

Yiyi promptly emerged.

During her time on Mount Ying, she had learned quite a bit about medicine from Hua Ci and Ruan Lingyu. Although she lacked special medical techniques, basic dressing was still manageable.

The medicinal powders, specially prepared by Hua Ci, were extremely effective for treating injuries like cuts and stabs.

As Yiyi busied herself, Lu Ye sat cross-legged, taking an elixir pill to replenish his spirit force.

In the latter part of the night, Lann Yudie slowly woke up, sat up cautiously, and surveyed her surroundings before letting out a sigh of relief.

Lu Ye threw her a piece of dried meat, which she caught and began to chew on. After eating something and regaining some strength, she spoke hesitantly, "I was careless, I thought I could escape."

If Lu Ye hadn't abruptly sought her out during the day, she would have surely died there.

"Did Qi Xin and the others die?" Lu Ye suddenly asked.

Lann Yudie looked at him in astonishment, not knowing why Lu Ye would suddenly ask this since she had never talked to Lu Ye about the life and death of their fellow disciples.

"Two have died." Lann Yudie's eyes dimmed.

Lu Ye was silent, he didn't even know which two had died.

Lann Yudie spoke up, "Just go by yourself, having me with you will slow you down. With my injuries, it won't heal anytime soon, and if we encounter enemies, I won't be much help either."

"Let's go together."

Lann Yudie was somewhat irritated, "I told you going together will slow you down, don't you understand?"

"I understand."

"If you understand, then go by yourself."

Lu Ye looked up at her, insisting, "Let's go together."

Lann Yudie said sternly, "I think you really don't understand human language! Do you know that because of this damn mission, I lost two junior brothers and sisters? I never even knew you before, coming to find you was just following the sect's orders. You're not my son, why should I fight to death for you? Why should we, the younger generation, bear the grievances of the past?"

But do you know, in places you can't see, many others are entangled with the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, just to stop them from coming to find you? Just during this time, the declarations of war among the sects have increased by dozens of times! What are we doing all this for? What are they doing it for? It's still for you to survive, so...Hurry up and go, and live.

Don't let those two junior brothers and sisters die in vain, don't let those who worked in the shadows die in vain!"

She rattled on and on, thinking Lu Ye would take it in, but he just sat there unmoved, then looked at her, "Are you done?"

"Huh?" Lann Yudie was at a loss for words for a moment, finally squeezing out, "I really want to beat you up!"

Lu Ye sighed and said, "Half a year ago, I was just a mining slave from Evil Moon Valley, saved by Haotian Alliance, instructed and taken as a disciple by the Righteous Blood Sect, but before the sect master could bring me back to the sect, I was ambushed on the way, and the sect master was forced to send me into Spirit Stream battlefield. I don't even know what Righteous Blood Sect looks like.

All these days, my only goal has been to get to the Righteous Blood Sect's station."

"Just as you said, why should we, the younger generation, bear the grievances of the past? Including you and me, we don't even know what happened with the previous generation. But...I think, since I've been taken in by the sect and bear the sect's mark, naturally, I must take on the sect's grievances, unavoidable for anyone."

"At Spirit Stream battlefield these six months, although I have attained a Level 5 cultivation, what is that in comparison to this vast battlefield? What capabilities do I, Lu Ye, have, and how could this small body withstand the struggle between the two big camps? Why should they center this conflict on me?"

But now that I'm caught in this dispute, there's no way to stay out of it, and I just found out, many people have been helping me in secret, many have died because of it."

"I don't want to say their deaths have nothing to do with me, whether it's because of the sect's orders or because of relations with the Righteous Blood Sect, they were helping me. This kindness, I hold dear in my heart!"

Lann Yudie quietly looked at him.

Originally, she had quite some grievances about this mission for the sect. After all, they didn't know Lu Ye before, but they had come to protect him following the sect's orders, and even people had died because of it, those who died out in the wilderness, how pitiful and sad.

But now, it seems that the most pitiful and tragic one is this young man in front of her.

Yes, with only a Level 5 cultivation, yet he became the center of the struggle between two big camps, with many cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge wanting to take his life, including powerhouses from the Core Circle. The pressure he must bear is enormous.

This isn't the situation he wanted, it was just a twist of fate that turned into a vortex of strife, she probably couldn't have endured it herself had she been in his place.

"So...what are you trying to say?"

"So!" Lu Ye smiled at her, "I have to survive. I don't care about the grievances of the past generation, or why the sect is targeted, since there are so many people helping me in secret, dying because of me, then I must live! You're right, we can't let those people die in vain.

Although my current cultivation is still low and I'm not in a position to talk about revenge, just by surviving, I have that chance! It would be best if those people from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could take my life before I make it back to Righteous Blood Sect, otherwise, one day, I will make all those forces that targeted me this time pay a price!"

Lann Yudie stared at him dumbfounded, listening to this naive and almost irrational rant, and finally managed to squeeze out, "You must be sick!"

After all, he is still young, occasionally saying some impulsive and arrogant words. In the past few days interacting with Lu Ye, Lann Yudie had thought he was a shy character, but now, she realized she was wrong.

"I won't leave you behind." Lu Ye's next words made Lann Yudie almost spit blood, "If I left, you probably wouldn't live long either. Rest well tonight, and we will set off tomorrow morning."

Lann Yudie looked at him annoyed, while Lu Ye calmly met her gaze.

After a long moment, Lann Yudie shifted her gaze, knowing she probably couldn't persuade him.

Suddenly, her expression tightened, "The clothes you changed for me?"

Only now did she realize that her clothes had been changed, Into a set of men's clothing that seemed to fit the young man in front of her, and the wounds had been properly treated, with some medicine applied and carefully bandaged, a tingling sensation coming from the wound.

"Not me!"

Lann Yudie's face flushed red instantly, "You...you saw everything?"

"I said it wasn't me!" Lu Ye defended.

Lann Yudie's face turned even redder, "If not you, could it have been Big White who changed me?"

Amber looked up at her with a touch of displeasure!

Chapter 153 - Lu Ye Is Here

The sky had not yet lightened when the two set out again.

All along the way, hiding and sneaking, Lu Ye did not know what method Lann Yudie used, but she seemed to have the ability to detect the surrounding environment. Under her guidance, the two were able to avoid many potential dangers.

That was because Lu Ye often felt the spirit force fluctuations of cultivators fighting nearby, and those fluctuations were clearly very strong.

Lu Ye understood in his heart that the cultivators from the inner circle had already arrived and were engaged in confrontations with each other.

One day later, under Lann Yudie's guidance, Lu Ye entered a valley.

Lann Yudie, seated in front of Lu Ye, fiddled with her battlefield marking, and soon, about a dozen people rushed over from one direction. The group appeared to have gone through numerous battles, with many among them bearing wounds.

"They're our own people, no need to worry," Lann Yudie hastily said, noticing Lu Ye's tension.

The group then rushed over, and before they got close, Lann Yudie raised the back of her hand and loudly called out, "Are those who come from the Beidou Sect, brothers?"

The beefy guy with a beard at the front also showed Lann Yudie his marking and replied, "Indeed!"

Very quickly, that dozen or so people charged over, led by the bearded beefy guy. Lu Ye observed the group,, two Level 7s, three Level 6s, the rest were at Level 4-5.

Their overall strength was quite formidable.

Lann Yudie dismounted from the tiger, looked up at Lu Ye, and showed a hint of apology on her face, "I can only accompany you this far. You'll have to walk the rest of the way on your own; others will come to find you."

A day earlier, she had told Lu Ye to leave her and go by himself, but Lu Ye didn't agree. With no other option, she contacted nearby Alliance Sects, resulting in the current situation.

Lu Ye was unwilling to leave her behind to escape alone, fearing that she might encounter some unforeseen danger. Ever since the previous great battle, Lann Yudie had become somewhat weak. If she met a strong enemy alone, she surely would not be able to withstand it.

Hearing her words, Lu Ye grasped her intention and nodded, "Understood."

"Are you Lu Ye?" the bearded beefy guy looked at Lu Ye on the tiger's back.

Lu Ye nodded, meeting the gazes of the dozen or so people in front of him.

The bearded beefy guy grinned and said, "Our cultivation may not be high, and we can't be of much help, but the people of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge thinking they can bully us is not going to happen. We'll hold off the pursuers for you; just go, survive. The flag of the Righteous Blood Sect must not fall!"

Lu Ye looked at the group with a complex expression. Before this moment, he had never seen them, nor had he ever had any exchanges with these people. Yet here and now, they had all come for him.

They were doing this, the people of Zixia Mountain were doing this, and so were those fighting with the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators in places unknown to him.

A whirlwind of thoughts stormed through Lu Ye's mind.

He suddenly discovered that although he was just a Level 5 junior cultivator, who had always been cultivating alone, he was not alone; behind him stood the lineage of the Righteous Blood Sect and the colossal entity that was the Haotian Alliance!

No matter what grudges the previous generation had, no matter why they chose to put the struggle's vortex on him, many had died because of it.

The name "Righteous Blood Sect's Lu Ye" was not just his name now but a symbol.

This symbol was enough to make a group of people like the bearded beefy guy trust their lives to each other after a few simple words.

Survive, he must survive!

Never had his will to live been so strong.

Lu Ye sat on the tiger's back, bowed solemnly to the people below, "If I survive, I will surely join my brothers in a toast!"

The crowd returned the salute, and the bearded beefy guy grinned, "Then we'll wait for you!"

Lu Ye turned direction, and Amber dashed away like the wind.

Soon, the sounds of combat followed from behind.

Climbing to the top of a nearby peak, Lu Ye looked back only to see the dozen or so people from the Beidou Sect being attacked by a large group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. As more cultivators from all around converged upon hearing the commotion, a skirmish involving more than fifty or sixty people erupted in just a moment, and the number was still increasing.

But the people from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge clearly outnumbered the Haotian Alliance, surrounding them in the middle as the power of their magic and spells continuously bloomed.

Some were beaten to the ground, charging at their enemies with severe injuries, managing to take down a Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator before dying.

Some roared as they rushed into the enemy ranks, somehow set off an explosion, leaving the enemies bewildered and disoriented.

He saw the bearded beefy guy get stabbed several times, blood splattering, but he didn't retreat.

He saw Lann Yudie dance again among the enemies, her twin blades turning into a sky full of sword light.

Amber paced restlessly.

Lu Ye forcefully suppressed the urge to rush back into the fray, took a deep breath, and bellowed to the skies, "Righteous Blood Sect's Lu Ye is here!"

"Lu Ye is here!"

"Here!"

The mountain valley echoed with this thunderous roar, unceasing.

Accompanied by Amber's bellowing.

Many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, who were heading towards the battlefield, turned their heads to look this way, just in time to see the figure of a young man riding a snow-white big tiger atop the mountain.

As the sun set in the west, the young man's silhouette was particularly striking.

"Lu Ye is over there!" someone shouted.

"Quick, go kill him!"

Some Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators withdrew from the battle and rushed towards Lu Ye, while many others who had not yet joined the fray hurriedly made their way in this direction.

Even nearby Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, hearing the noise, turned in this direction.

Below the mountain valley, Lann Yudie and others felt the pressure decrease instantly. She retreated back into her camp, covered in thick blood, and looking in Lu Ye's direction, she cursed through clenched teeth, "Bastard!"

The bearded man burst into hearty laughter, "Suddenly I feel, even if I die here, it would be worth it!"

By the time the numerous Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators climbed the peak, Lu Ye had already run off without a trace.

He wasn't foolish enough to wait there for death. Yelling out was mainly to relieve the pressure on Lann Yudie and the others, otherwise they would have more ill-fated than fortunate in such a siege.

He didn't know how effective his action had been. Riding on Amber's back, he turned to look, only to see figures rising and falling in the sky, those were Level 7 cultivators capable of short glides.

He was greatly reassured. With so many Level 7s coming this way, Lann Yudie and the others were probably not in much danger anymore.

The pursuers behind him, relying only on gliding, were still somewhat unrealistic in their pursuit of Lu Ye. Compared to when Dong Shuye had chased him for the second time, Amber's speed had increased a bit more, the Scale Armor's Bloodline Body Tempering had greatly helped it.

So Lu Ye wasn't worried at all about being caught by these people. What he dreaded were those powerhouses emerging from the Core Circle, those who could engage in weapon control-flying.

However, as the saying goes, what you fear comes to pass. Not long after running away, Lu Ye felt an intense killing intent closing in fast from behind.

He quickly looked back and indeed saw a fleeing light rushing towards him from behind, judging by that person's speed, it was probable a Level 9!

"Amber, run fast!" Lu Ye urged urgently.

Amber summoned all its strength, but still couldn't shake off the pursuer. Their distance was fast closing, and at the same time, a somewhat familiar voice came, "Kid, you're dead meat!"

Han Zheyue? Lu Ye instantly recognized the voice; it was actually Han Zheyue of the Tailuo Sect.

Thinking about it, it wasn't surprising. Xie Jin had previously messaged him, indicating that the news had spread to Mount Qingyu. If Mount Qingyu could receive the news, naturally the Tailuo Sect could too.

During the Dragon Spring Meet, the Tailuo Sect suffered heavy casualties because of Lu Ye, and in that Central Peak hall, Han Zheyue had already made no secret of her hostility and killing intent towards Lu Ye.

After Dragon Spring Body Tempering, to prevent Han Zheyue from assassinating Lu Ye, Tang Wu from Mount Qingyu personally escorted Lu Ye to Yi'an City.

Thus, even if Han Zheyue wanted to kill him, she wouldn't know where to look, and it was unlikely that she, a Level 9, would keep her eyes on Lu Ye all the time, so it was highly probable the matter would end there.

However, when the information about Lu Ye started to spread uncontrollably, Han Zheyue immediately realized an opportunity had come!

After the failure at the Dragon Spring Meet, she was severely rebuked by the elders in her sect, harboring even deeper resentment towards Lu Ye in her heart. Upon learning that the guy was actually a Righteous Blood Sect Disciple, she immediately set out from the Tailuo Sect's base and arrived nearby just in time to hear Lu Ye shout, "Righteous Blood Sect's Lu Ye is here!"

This was truly like being handed a pillow when feeling drowsy. She immediately gave chase.

Suspended mid-air, watching the fleeing figure below, Han Zheyue's lips curved into a smile. Her delicate hand raised, she pinched a feather-like object between her fingers. Judging by the spirit light on the feather, it was clearly a Spiritual Artifact!

Just as she was about to unleash the Spiritual Artifact, out of nowhere a loud boom erupted from a mountaintop below and a figure soared high like an arrow released from a bow, colliding with her Flying Spirit Artifact.

Han Zheyue's face changed, she quickly dodged but was still hit by the strong impact, sending her tumbling through the air.

A figure surrounded by a surge of heat appeared above her. The man punched out, "Get down!"

The overpowering attack bore down on her, and Han Zheyue, caught off guard, failed to evade. She hastily activated her spirit force barrier to block the punch, but her figure was sent plummeting down at an angle.

With a loud crash, she hit the ground, climbing up covered in dirt and dust, screaming madly, "Tang Wu, I'll never forgive you!"

"As if we ever got along before!" Tang Wu sneered coldly, clenching his fist and charging at Han Zheyue, "Save the talk, take my punch first!"

One a physique cultivator, the other a magic cultivator, both at Level 9, and also old rivals, they immediately engaged in a fierce battle.

However, being slightly stronger than Han Zheyue and having the advantage of the first move, it didn't take long for Tang Wu to batter her into confusion, her loser demeanor extreme, her hair disheveled. She yelled, "Mount Qingyu has no business with Righteous Blood Sect, what madness has possessed you?"

Tang Wu snorted coldly, "I'm not here for the sake of Righteous Blood Sect!"

Han Zheyue instantly realized this beefy savage brute wasn't here for the Righteous Blood Sect, but for her!

In this clash between the two big camps, some came due to old ties with the Righteous Blood Sect, some out of personal enmity, and some to temper themselves by throwing themselves into the tides of this struggle.

Chapter 154 - You Don't Save, I'll Save!

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As Tang Wu and Han Zheyue, these two old nemeses, were fighting fiercely, one by one, hidden cultivators of Level 8 and Level 9 appeared.

Lu Ye had no idea when so many powerful individuals had been lurking near him!

Whenever a cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge of Level 8-9 stepped forward, there would always be a Haotian Alliance cultivator ready to meet the challenge.

He pressed on, and one battle group after another appeared behind him. In those battle groups, cultivators from the two camps clashed fiercely, neither side willing to back down.

All these people had rushed over from the inner circle. They might have been old adversaries, or they might have never met before, but because of the antagonism between their factions and their differing stances, they naturally regarded each other as sworn enemies.

This was a feast for the strong.

In the Spirit Stream battlefield, although the two camps were inherently opposed and attacked each other, with battles breaking out daily large and small, ever since that massive creature had fallen, many years had passed without an outbreak of such a sweeping melee across the entire battlefield.

The three words "Righteous Blood Sect" deeply irritated the nerves of the older generation of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. They could not easily come to the Spirit Stream battlefield themselves, so they had issued death orders to their respective sect disciples.

No matter what, the disciple named Lu Yiye from the Righteous Blood Sect had to die!

No matter what, the Righteous Blood Sect had to be eradicated in two months!

In addition to the generous rewards offered by the major Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sects, countless cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge rushed towards Lu Ye, all hoping to kill him for a lifetime's worth of cultivation resources.

After a great battle, Lu Ye stood breathing heavily amidst the devastated field, fresh blood dripping from the long knife in his hand. He stuffed a healing pill into his mouth and, with Yiyi's help, swiftly bandaged his wounds, then climbed onto the tiger's back and continued forward.

The strong ones rushing over from the inner circle restrained and targeted each other, so Lu Ye had not encountered too many formidable enemies along the way. This was his luck and also the result of the efforts of the entire Haotian Alliance side.

But without the methods of Lann Yudie, he inevitably crossed paths with some Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators and couldn't avoid some battles.

If an enemy was of Level 7 realm, he would ride Amber to flee; if not, and their numbers were few, he would charge and slaughter them.

Lu Ye couldn't remember how many waves of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators he had killed, those fellows' cultivation varied greatly, including all kinds of demons and monsters.

Both he and Amber were very tired, but they dared not stop to rest, for his whereabouts were now completely exposed. Should he stop, he could be surrounded, and by then, escape would be impossible.

He didn't know if he could survive, but he would not give up easily.

The impurities in his spirit force had become very apparent, almost affecting his combat capabilities. To recover quickly, he had to consume elixir pills, he had no choice.

In the Nine Provinces World, in Bingzhou, spanning thousands of miles, lies the domain of Mount Ao. This was once the territory of a colossal being and the most conspicuous flag of the Haotian Alliance. However, ever since the incident that occurred decades ago, this colossal being had gradually declined until today.

What was once the pride and symbol of the Haotian Alliance has now become a 9th grade sect, at risk of being expunged at any time.

Decades without maintenance, the buildings on the spirit mountaintops are in ruins. The hustle and bustle, and the prosperity of yesteryear, have long turned to deadly silence. Mount Ao now projects the impression of an aging old man on the verge of decline, ready to decay at any moment.

Only at Central Peak does a grand hall remain intact, and in front of that hall, the banner of the Righteous Blood Sect flutters. It is a flag with a blood-red base, the red color coming from the blood of generations of Righteous Blood Sect disciples, dyed with their fresh blood. Embroidered upon the flag is a blazing golden flame, as if to burn away all the evil spirits of this world.

Decades ago, wherever this red and gold banner waved, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would retreat without exception.

But now, who in the younger generation still recognizes this banner? And even among the older cultivators, who remembers this banner?

This is the sorrow of the times.

In the great hall, Thang Yifeng, the Sect Master of the Righteous Blood Sect, sat in a chair, his expression showing the weight of years. Compared to half a year ago, the Sect Master seemed to have aged decades.

Before him, a delicate-looking girl knelt down, her forehead touching the ground, pleading, "Sect Master, please save my junior brother!"

The Sect Master spoke in a hoarse voice, "Life and death are up to his own fate; I am powerless to help." As a Divine Sea Realm powerhouse, he couldn't even enter the Spirit Stream battlefield. Even knowing that Lu Ye was in dire straits, he was unable to offer any assistance.

"The junior brother knows nothing, he is suffering only because he joined the Righteous Blood Sect. If the Sect Master doesn't intervene to save him, it would be too unfair to him."

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The Sect Master let out a bitter laugh, "How could I not know that, but under such circumstances, how can I intervene?"

The woman said, "I have investigated Junior Brother's current location, which is not far from Cangming Mountain's residence. When Cangming Mountain faced the crisis of annihilation, it was our Righteous Blood Sect that helped them resolve the crisis.

If the Sect Master can restore the Alliance Sect pact with Cangming Mountain, then Junior Brother only needs to hurry to Cangming Mountain's residence, and he can use the Heaven's Augury Pillar there to return to the Nine Provinces. He would thus be able to escape!"

At the height of the Righteous Blood Sect, it had Alliance Sect pacts with many sects throughout the Nine Provinces. However, since that incident, many sects cut off ties with the Righteous Blood Sect. Over the past few decades, the Sect Master has also annulled all Alliance Sect pacts, completely severing ties with other sects.

If two sects want to establish an Alliance Sect pact, both Sect Masters must use their Sect Master Seals as a basis and request the testimony of Heaven's Augury to become each other's allies. They would then be able to support one another when necessary.

With an Alliance Sect pact, the disciples of both sides can use each other's Heaven's Augury Pillar for various conveniences, such as spending a certain amount of merits to teleport between the two sects.

The sects in the Nine Provinces, both large and small, have close ties, maintained by the Alliance Sect pacts. The core Circle big sects have such pacts with many medium and minor sects because their disciples, when their cultivations are not high, need to gain experience in the outer and inner circles of the battlefield, and it is naturally more convenient to do so at an allied sect's residence.

The Cangming Mountain mentioned by the woman is a 7th grade faction and also one of the forces in Bingzhou, once on good terms with the Righteous Blood Sect. Even Cangming Mountain's rise can be attributed to the Righteous Blood Sect's support back in the day.

At its zenith, Cangming Mountain was a newly established 9th grade faction with only a few Cloud River Realm members. But now, Cangming Mountain has several cultivators in the True Lake Realm, and there is even hope that during the sect grade evaluation, they could aim for the 6th grade.

If the Righteous Blood Sect can establish an Alliance Sect pact with Cangming Mountain, then Lu Ye can go to Cangming Mountain's residence on the Spirit Stream battlefield. Once he enters the residence, he can return to Bingzhou using Heaven's Augury Pillar there, and the crisis will resolve itself!

It can be said that this is the only way for Lu Ye to escape because he is too far from the Righteous Blood Sect's residence at the moment. Even with many cultivators from the Haotian Alliance to escort him, it would be impossible to reach it safely.

"If we do this, Cangming Mountain will become the target of public criticism. If anything goes wrong with Cangming Mountain, wouldn't it be unjust to involve Righteous Blood Sect? Where is the fairness for Cangming Mountain?"

The Sect Master had of course thought of the woman's proposed method. But if it were really implemented, ... no, the news would definitely spread, and then Cangming Mountain's residence will become the focus of contention between the two camps. Even as a 7th grade sect, Cangming Mountain would be in danger of destruction.

With such considerations, the Sect Master couldn't act in such a manner. The disciples of his own sect are human, are the disciples of other sects not human as well?

The woman still knelt on the ground, her voice filled with sorrow, "Forming an Alliance Sect pact with Cangming Mountain does indeed put them in a dangerous position. But if we do nothing, Junior Brother will surely die. What fairness is there in this world? As a Level 5 realm cultivator, Junior Brother has become a pawn in the games of two powerful camps.

This is the poison left by the previous generation; why should Junior Brother bear it? How can he bear it?"

"The sect would have been nothing more, and I had accepted that over these decades. But suddenly you took in a new Junior Brother... I was very happy when I heard the news because after so many years, I finally saw this day. I have never met him; I don't know what kind of person he is, but since he is your disciple, he is my Junior Brother. I will not allow him to die before me!"

As she spoke, she slowly stood up, a strange light flickering in her eyes.

"!" The Sect Master was startled, looking at his female disciple, he suddenly had a bad premonition.

"Old man, you took him in. If you won't save him, I will!" She suddenly seemed like a different person, stepping forward, heading outside while speaking, "If Junior Brother and I both die, you can live alone for the rest of your life. No one will be there to attend you in your last moments!"

"Shui Yuan!" The Sect Master panicked, because he knew what would happen next. His disciple was a cultivator at the True Lake Level 9 realm. She intended to forcibly enter the Spirit Stream battlefield.

A True Lake Realm cultivation level was naturally not supposed to appear on the Spirit Stream battlefield; forcibly entering required a large payment of merits, and even then, the cultivator's abilities would be heavily suppressed, with only the capacity to use techniques of the Spirit Stream Realm.

While a True Lake Realm cultivator can forcibly enter the Spirit Stream battlefield, once the cultivation reaches the level of the Sect Master, there is no way to do so.

Therefore, even though powerful cultivators can forcibly enter the Spirit Stream battlefield, most don't choose to do so. If one carelessly got killed by younger generations, wouldn't that be a loss?

The woman named Shui Yuan was clearly ready to risk everything.

The Sect Master quickly blocked Shui Yuan's path, speaking with a heavy voice, "You cannot go!"

Shui Yuan looked at him firmly, her petite figure unwavering, her eyes ablaze with defiance, she retorted, "I insist on going! You with your old arms and legs, better get out of my way, otherwise it'll be unseemly if I cause you to take a tumble."

The Sect Master was so angry he nearly spat blood, "You disrespectful rebel! I should have kicked you out of the sect a long time ago!"

"Just like you kicked out several Junior Brothers?"

The atmosphere suddenly stilled, and the Sect Master's face seemed to age decades in moments.

After a long pause, the Sect Master finally sighed, "Fine, I'll put my old face on the line and make a trip to Cangming Mountain myself!"

Chapter 155 - Cangming Mountain

Half a day later, at the peak of Cangming Mountain, the bell tolled nine times, and the mountain gates swung wide open. Led by Sect Master Meng Dancheng of Cangming Mountain, a procession of Cangming Mountain's elders, protectors, and officers stood neatly on both sides, waiting respectfully.

When the sect master appeared with a woman named Shui Yuan, everyone promptly performed salutations.

Without any dilly-dallying, Meng Dancheng got straight to the point, "Veteran Thang, everything is ready. Please, this way!"

The sect master, with a complex expression, nodded, "You all have worked hard."

Meng Dancheng shook his head with a smile, "Cangming Mountain has been waiting for this day."

Moments later, as the Heaven's Augury stirred, the sect masters of both great sects forged the Alliance Sect Pact under the witness of Heaven's Augury. Despite Cangming Mountain's efforts to contain this news, under the watchful eyes of those with vested interests, the message still uncontrollably spread outward.

In a concealed area of the Spirit Stream battlefield, Lu Ye was sitting cross-legged, consuming pills to recover, while Amber lay beside him, its blood-stained belly rapidly rising and falling. Despite the exhaustion, it ate the beast meat voraciously, knowing only by being well-fed could it find the energy to flee.

Not having taken much time to rest, Lu Ye soon mounted Amber and continued on his way.

But they hadn't gone far when a fleeing light circling in mid-air suddenly swooped down. Without getting too close, the figure revealed their battlefield marking to Lu Ye—it was a Haotian Alliance cultivator.

"Get on!" The man parked his Flying Spirit Artifact in front of Lu Ye, who hesitated slightly.

Since parting ways with Lann Yudie, he had been helped by several Haotian Alliance cultivators along the way; otherwise, with just his current cultivation level, he would never have made it this far.

However, those cultivators who came to his assistance couldn't accompany him for long. Along the way, they would encounter obstructions and interceptions from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side. At those moments, those people would have to go face the enemy, and Lu Ye would once again set out alone.

Previously, a Level 9 cultivator had lifted him for a stretch on a Flying Spirit Artifact. It had indeed been fast, but it didn't get very far before people from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge spotted them, nearly knocking them out of the sky.

If they had truly fallen from such a height, the man might have survived, but neither Lu Ye nor Amber would have made it.

So hearing that he was being asked to board now, Lu Ye had some psychological shadows. Although traveling by Flying Spirit Artifact was indeed fast, it also made him an obvious target, and more susceptible to being ambushed.

However, he had no other choice at the moment but to steel himself and, along with Amber, step onto the other's Flying Spirit Artifact.

The man pinched a magic spell and shouted low, "Rise!"

The Flying Spirit Artifact, shaped like a small boat, lifted off into the air. The man was clever—flying not too high, so that even if they were struck, there wouldn't be any danger to their lives.

While vigilantly watching all around, he spoke hastily to Lu Ye, "Righteous Blood Sect has now forged an Alliance Sect Pact with Cangming Mountain, so there's no need for you to head to Righteous Blood Sect's camp anymore. As long as you can make it to Cangming Mountain's camp, you'll be safe."

"Cangming Mountain?"

"Cangming Mountain!"

Lu Ye quickly took out the ten-part map and searched. He did not know what the Alliance Sect Pact was, but from the information disclosed in the other party's words, it seemed to be the key to his escape.

He found the location of Cangming Mountain's camp soon enough—it was a 7th grade sect located at the boundary between the outer and inner circles. Although not too far from his current location, it certainly wasn't close either.

But it was much closer than traveling to the Righteous Blood Sect's camp.

He immediately understood that it must be the result of the sect master's efforts; otherwise, Righteous Blood Sect would have no reason to form an Alliance Sect Pact with Cangming Mountain at such a critical moment.

"Several forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge surrounding Cangming Mountain have already declared war on it. Remember, the closer you get to Cangming Mountain, the more dangerous it becomes. Do not let your guard down on your way there!"

"Understood!" Lu Ye nodded heavily, turned his head back, and saw that cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had discovered him, setting off in pursuit with fleeing lights. However, there were also Haotian Alliance members intercepting them.

"There's no escape. Head in the direction of Cangming Mountain, there will be someone up ahead to meet you." With those words, the man descended his fleeing light and, after Lu Ye and Amber jumped off, he immediately turned around to confront the approaching Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. In an instant, the two fleeing lights collided, and spirit force buzzed fiercely.

Lu Ye didn't look back. Such clashes between cultivators of that level were not something he could help with. Riding on Amber, he headed at full speed toward Cangming Mountain.

The Spirit Stream battlefield became even livelier.

The news of Righteous Blood Sect and Cangming Mountain forging an Alliance Sect Pact had spread, with the purpose being self-evident. This turned Cangming Mountain into the focal point of the struggle between the two major factions. From all directions, countless cultivators from both factions converged toward it, with the area for a thousand miles around Cangming Mountain in complete disarray.

Despite the fact that Cangming Mountain had already recalled all its disciples, the successive declarations of war from the nearby sects still left them without the capability to strike back.

Now, many disciples of Cangming Mountain were forced to huddle within their sect's protective array. Despite this, they had no peace; numerous cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge gathered outside Cangming Mountain, incessantly assaulting the array, with the intention of seizing Cangming Mountain's camp.

Upon receiving the news, many Haotian Alliance cultivators also started converging toward Cangming Mountain's camp. They needed to protect Cangming Mountain at all costs. If the camp was breached, it would signify a total loss for their faction in this grand game of strategy.

In just one day, the area near Cangming Mountain had become a bloodbath, with countless cultivators meeting their demise.

Even more desperate news reached the Haotian Alliance side: many cultivators from the Sacred Fire Order were en route, amassing a large number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, setting up defenses layer upon layer between Lu Ye and Cangming Mountain's camp!

Although the Sacred Fire Order was only a 4th grade sect, it used to be a 1st grade sect decades ago. Its fall in rank was all thanks to the Righteous Blood Sect. During that era, not only the Sacred Fire Order suffered continuous drops in grade due to the Righteous Blood Sect's aggression.

The Hundred Refinement Valley, which found its gates blocked by Feng Yuechan, was another, along with several other sects.

Their enmity with the Righteous Blood Sect was far greater than that of other sects.

In the era of the Righteous Blood Sect's splendor and strength, they shivered in the shadows, daring not to show themselves; but after decades, the Righteous Blood Sect had completely declined. As long as they killed that Lu Ye, in the next sect grade evaluation, the Righteous Blood Sect would be struck off the register.

It could be said that those sects which had once suffered greatly at the hands of the Righteous Blood Sect had been waiting for this day to come.

How could they let Lu Ye easily enter the territory of Cangming Mountain?

This was also the reason why the sect master was reluctant to hastily form an alliance with Cangming Mountain, for he knew that by doing so, it would inevitably push Cangming Mountain into the storm; even now, as Cangming Mountain was a 7th grade sect, it might not emerge unscathed from the tide of conflict between the two camps.

In the Nine Provinces, at the main hall of Cangming Mountain, in front of the Heaven's Augury Pillar, Shui Yuan raised her hand to touch the pillar.

Sect Master Meng Dancheng spoke with solemnity, "Sister, be extremely careful."

Shui Yuan smiled, "The Righteous Blood Sect's matter shouldn't be shouldered by you alone."

The sect master, standing aside, also spoke with a serious tone, "If it comes to the point where it cannot be done, do not force yourself!"

"Yes!" After Shui Yuan respectfully responded, she activated the battlefield marking.

The next moment, her figure blurred and quickly vanished from sight.

On the Spirit Stream battlefield, within the Cangming Mountain's territory, the protective array continuously rippled outwards. Many Cangming Mountain cultivators hurriedly reported the emergency, struggling to maintain the array, but the attacking Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were too numerous this time, including strong individuals from the Core Circle.

Even though the Governor personally operating the array had pushed its defensive power to the extreme, the strength of the protection was rapidly weakening.

"How much longer can we hold on?" the Governor asked in a grave tone.

Looking at the current situation, it won't take four hours before the array is broken," the Deputy Governor replied.

"Four hours!" the Governor exclaimed, "This could be troublesome. Pass down the order for everyone to prepare for a fight to the death!"

The Deputy Governor's expression changed, "Brother!" In such a situation, shouldn't they abandon the territory before the array is broken and return to the Nine Provinces? Staying here for a fight to the death, who knows how many fellow disciples will die in this place, and if things go wrong, Cangming Mountain could be decimated.

Nonchalantly, the Governor said, "This is an order directly from the sect master! Regardless of whatever grievances our elders have with the Righteous Blood Sect, since it's the sect master's command, we must follow it! You personally take charge of the Heaven's Augury Pillar, and anyone who dares to flee in cowardice shall be executed without mercy!"

Grinding his teeth, the Deputy Governor replied, "Yes!"

Before the Deputy Governor could turn and head to the Heaven's Augury Pillar, unusual activity transmitted from the protective array.

The Governor furrowed his brow, "Who opened the array?"

The commotion just now was clearly because the array had been briefly opened.

Together, the two of them dashed out of the hall, looking up to witness a scene that left them standing agape.

They saw a black streak of fleeing light weaving back and forth outside the array. Accompanying the streak of light, one after another, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators screamed as they fell from the sky. The black fleeing light was like a scythe of death, spreading the breath of demise wherever it swept across.

Even those strong individuals from the Core Circle, who had cultivated Heaven Rank techniques, could not withstand this deadly assault.

"Who is this?" the Governor was stunned, for there was no one this fierce in their own sect...

The Deputy Governor was also shocked, suspecting whether it might be the Spirit Stream Ranking's top contender, Feng Yuechan, who had come to kill. However, Feng Yuechan was a magic cultivator and didn't match the person before them.

In just a short moment, more than a dozen cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side had been slain, all of whom were strong figures that had rushed here from the Core Circle.

For a time, the pressure on the Cangming Mountain's protective array significantly decreased.

A pale purple thunderbolt force began to emerge near the black fleeing light. Instantly, the Governor understood, "Which senior is forcefully breaking in?"

Only cultivators of the Spirit Stream Realm could safely enter the Spirit Stream battlefield. Those beyond the Spirit Stream Realm could force their way in at a great cost, but their strength would be suppressed to the level of the Spirit Stream Realm, allowing them to only use techniques of that realm.

Moreover, once such a person killed in the Spirit Stream battlefield, the omnipresent Heaven's Augury would administer some form of punishment.

The pale purple thunderbolt force was a symbol of that punishment! The more people killed, the more intense the thunderbolt force would become. If this accumulated, there would come a moment when the intruder would no longer be able to withstand it and would perish under the onslaught of the purple lightning.

Chapter 156 - Golden Light Peak

As the black streak of Liu Guang wreaked havoc, the pressure on the side of Cangming Mountain suddenly decreased. The governor of Cangming Mountain immediately saw an opportunity and shouted loudly, "Activate the array, kill the enemy!"

It's not good to always be beaten without fighting back; it was the perfect time to counterattack.

The big array opened, and the cultivators of Cangming Mountain, filled with pent-up resentment, thundered out and charged. Simultaneously, many Haotian Alliance cultivators nearby, who had been observing the situation, swarmed over, attacking from both front and back.

Within half a day, they had driven back the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who had come to attack the Cangming Mountain stronghold.

With the aid of Cangming Mountain, numerous Haotian Alliance cultivators entered the Cangming Mountain stronghold, and the protective array was reactivated. For a time, the defensive strength of the stronghold greatly increased.

This way, should Ten Thousand Demons Ridge attempt another attack on the stronghold, Cangming Mountain would now have the strength to resist.

However, not long after the battle had started, that black streak of Liu Guang, wrapped with purple Thunderbolt forces, swiftly departed.

Up until now, the two governors of Cangming Mountain still did not know who had come.

After some inquiries via messenger, they finally got their answer.

"Could it be her?" The governor was bemused. "But... isn't she a healing cultivator?" He remembered, a few years ago, he had been seriously injured. The sect master had hurriedly taken him to the Righteous Blood Sect to seek her help for treatment. Her healing skills were extremely effective; she had restored him in just three days.

It was said that her medical skills were highly esteemed throughout the cultivation world of Bingzhou, and her life-saving medical techniques had saved countless lives.

He was truly puzzled!

Within the black Liu Guang, a graceful figure beside it, purple Thunderbolts continuously flashed, transforming into countless tiny lightning whips, lashing at her physique.

Although she had been trying her best to reduce the number of people she killed, the punishment from Heaven's Augury was not to be taken lightly. The purple Thunderbolt was highly destructive and corroding; ordinary cultivators would be in unbearable pain just by touching it. Yet, she was enveloped in Thunderbolt, seemingly unaffected, showing no sign of pain.

She looked ahead, fleeing at full speed, faster, even faster!

Far ahead of her, Lu Ye was desperately fleeing on an Amber wolf, with a figure soaring in pursuit. Midair, this person pointed a finger in the direction where Lu Ye was.

The pursuer's demeanor was nonchalant, as if he was squashing an ant.

A massive spirit force finger appeared above Lu Ye's head and swiftly pressed down; he was the ant being squashed!

Amber darted left and right, still unable to escape the range of the attacker. As the spirit force finger pressed down, Lu Ye roared, activating the Defense Spirit Runes above his head.

Even as he continued to stimulate his spirit force to maintain the Defense Spirit Runes, he couldn't withstand the attack. A cracking sound was heard, and the defense shattered.

Lu Ye felt instantly as if he were being crushed by a mountain, and Amber below him let out a roar before kneeling on the ground with a thud.

Unable to breathe, the pressure on his chest was suffocating. Just as Lu Ye thought his death was certain, he suddenly heard the sound of swords clashing. Immediately afterward, an angry roar erupted, "Beixuan Sword Sect's Sword Madman?"

The pressure above his head instantly disappeared. Lu Ye turned his head to look and saw that a man in blue clothes had appeared beside him at some point. He couldn't see the man's face as he was turned away from Lu Ye, holding a longsword.

"Is Beixuan Sword Sect also getting involved?" The pursuing Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator bellowed, his voice clearly wary.

"Let's go!" The man in blue was clearly not one for many words, murmuring softly to Lu Ye.

"Thank you, Senior Brother!" Lu Ye said gratefully and hurriedly fled.

Beixuan Sword Sect, if he remembered correctly, was one of the top ten 1st grade sects in Bingzhou, Yu Xiaodie had mentioned this to him before.

He hadn't run far when intense sounds of a fight erupted behind him, the sounds of swords whistling constantly filling the air!

Checking the ten-part map, the distance to the Cangming Mountain stronghold was getting closer. However, the closer he got, the greater the resistance he encountered. Lu Ye didn't know if he would be able to safely reach the Cangming Mountain stronghold, but he had no other choice. Even if there were a mountain of swords and a sea of flames ahead, he would have to muster the courage to break through.

Fortunately, the Haotian Alliance was very powerful; whenever a formidable opponent appeared that Lu Ye couldn't handle, there would always be someone from the Haotian Alliance to take over the defense.

Half a day later, Lu Ye was forced to stop at a mountain peak. This mountain was extremely strange, as if someone had sliced it in half with a knife. The entire peak was flatly cut, barren on top with no

vegetation; all the trees and flowers grew only up to just below the peak, as if an invisible boundary stopped all life from growing any further.

On the ten-part map, this place was marked as Golden Light Peak.

This was a mountain with a name. Mountains like this in the wilderness were numerous and usually uncounted; they typically only had a name for an entire mountain range, like Qingyun Mountain where Lu Ye first settled, which actually had many peaks, as did the Hundred Peaks Mountain he passed through.

By this comparison, such a distinctive peak appeared somewhat extraordinary.

Legend had it that the terrain here was created by a peerless strongman who used a blade. But the strongest in the Spirit Stream battlefield were those who cultivated the Heaven Rank techniques to the Level 9. Even if these people were ten times stronger, they would still be unable to create such a spectacular scene.

The origin of Golden Light Peak had always remained a mystery.

At this very moment, more than ten Haotian Alliance cultivators surrounded Lu Ye, and from all corners, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were gathering around them.

There was no way out, no escape possible.

Although the strength of the Haotian Alliance cultivators was not weak, the overwhelming numbers of the opposition posed a severe disadvantage. The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had surrounded the area and, rather than attacking immediately, were continuously sending messages outward.

As the information spread, the news of Lu Ye of the Righteous Blood Sect being trapped at Golden Light Peak traveled far and wide. Cultivators from nearby camps hastened towards the location, but battles erupted even before they could arrive.

"Fellows, we can wait no longer. Any further delay and no one may get out," a burly physique cultivator roared.

"Then let's break through!" someone echoed.

"Breaking through itself isn't difficult, but protecting this young fellow from the Righteous Blood Sect might not be feasible."

"So what do we do, sit here and wait to die?"

"Waiting to die is out of the question—before death, we would surely take a few down with us."

"Kid, are you afraid of dying?" someone asked Lu Ye.

"Afraid!"

The questioner was momentarily lost for words, unsure how to continue the conversation due to Lu Ye's response.

"But I'm even less inclined to sit here waiting to die." Lu Ye slowly drew his sword, "I'm deeply grateful for the protection from all the senior brothers today. Ten Thousand Demons Ridge is targeting me specifically; please break through, and I will try my best to keep up. If I can't, please do not concern yourselves with my survival."

A palm slapped down on the back of Lu Ye's head, the burly physique cultivator said, "A Level 5, acting so brashly—before we die, it's not your turn yet!"

He took a deep breath, and his already imposing body swelled even larger. His muscles clearly defined and bulging, blood Qi boiling, and heat waves rolling off him as he expelled two streams of hot air from his nostrils, "We're breaking through, stay close!"

Someone admonished Lu Ye, "Don't you dare die. If you do, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge will have won this battle, and by god, I'll not rest even in death."

This quarrel had persisted till today, with many Haotian Alliance cultivators losing interest in the old grudges of the past generations. In their view, the only thing that mattered was not allowing Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to emerge victorious, regardless of the cost... Who wasn't dying on the Spirit Stream battlefield every day?

Even without this conflict, Haotian Alliance and Ten Thousand Demons were fighting fiercely every day.

"Charge!" A roar echoed, and under the leadership of that physique cultivator, everyone charged in one direction. The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators in that direction immediately retreated, while simultaneously, various magic and spells struck from that side.

The leading physique cultivator, tanking the barrage of magic attacks like a frenzied bull, charged forward. The cultivators from Haotian Alliance followed close behind, employing various techniques in a desperate attempt to break through.

However, their breakout ultimately failed as the forces were not only facing pressure from the front but from other directions as well.

Moments later, after advancing several dozens of meters, the group was pushed back, nearly every one of them injured. Ironically, Lu Ye, who was in the middle of the group, remained unscathed.

"Again!" the physique cultivator roared, choosing a different direction for the breakout. In that direction, a group of Haotian Alliance cultivators was fighting its way towards them. If they could meet up with that group, there was a good chance they could escape.

However, as time went on, more and more Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators converged, and the group of Haotian Alliance cultivators was split apart, forced to fight separately!

Lu Ye and the others were pinned down, unable to move. From the original dozen or so, fewer than ten remained!

Great flames blazed as several healing cultivators hovered in midair, deploying their magic and spells. These magic cultivators, though dressed differently, each had a blazing flame on their foreheads, clearly from the same faction.

With their actions, several fire dragons descended from the sky, targeting the leading physique cultivator, who struggled to defend but was still scorched and wounded all over.

The others showed a look of despair. With the physique cultivator seriously injured, their hopes of breaking through diminished even further.

As the fire dragons rose again, fierce and threatening, those magic cultivators clearly intended to finish off the physique cultivator. Without him to shield them, Lu Ye and the others would be like fish on a chopping block.

"You... what do you think you're doing to my little junior brother...?"

At this critical moment, a suppressed, furious voice suddenly rang out. Even amid the chaotic battlefield, it clearly reached everyone's ears.

At the beginning of the sentence, the voice was somewhat distant, but by the time the last word was spoken, the speaker had already killed his way to the front.

Black radiance surged, wrapped in the pale purple power of thunderbolt, directly confronting the magic cultivator who had deployed the fire dragon technique, the speed astonishingly fast.

The magic cultivator's face changed, hurriedly redirecting, casting a fire dragon at the newcomer.

Chapter 157 - I am your senior sister

With a thunderous crash, the newcomer did not dodge or evade, and forcefully smashed the fire dragon into a sky full of sparks, with a hint of black brilliance flashing past. The magic cultivator suspended in mid-air swayed slightly, blood spurted from his neck, and he plummeted towards the ground.

Meanwhile, the black fleeing light wrapped around the thunderbolt dove into the battle, leaving behind a trail of screams and limbs and flesh flown into the air, instantly turning the already chaotic and bloody battlefield into a veritable Asura Purgatory.

In the crowd, Lu Ye watched the dancing black fleeing light. Although he did not know who was coming, nor could he clearly see their movements, the black fleeing light gave him an inexplicably familiar feeling.

It was an inexplicable sense of closeness.

Lu Ye looked down at his battlefield marking, which emanated a slight warmth, a feeling of originating from the same source flowing from the black fleeing light.

Could this be... someone from the Righteous Blood Sect?

The Righteous Blood Sect still has disciples?

He was not aware of the exact situation of the Righteous Blood Sect, assuming from the current information that his sect, which hadn't recruited disciples for thirty years and was on the verge of being removed, had only the sect master left besides himself.

But it appeared that this was not the case; the Righteous Blood Sect still had disciples, at least one anyway.

"Don't mind her, kill that Lu Ye!"

Within the crowd, someone suddenly shouted.

No sooner had the voice fallen than the black fleeing light had already pounced in front of him, followed by a head flying high into the air.

Various magic and spells fell from the sky, with fire-type spells being the most numerous, especially those ferocious fire dragons, which twisted and distorted the air with their fiery breath.

The black fleeing light, now wrapped in purple thunderbolt, flicked in front of Lu Ye and grabbed a piece of emerald-green leaf, which immediately enlarged and shielded overhead.

Boom, boom, boom...

The spells hit the leaf but could not break the leaf's protection. Lu Ye stared blankly at the figure standing before him.

This woman had a tall figure, wearing a somewhat ill-fitting dress that outlined her graceful curves beautifully, her body surged with spirit force alongside the purple thunderbolt, braving the attacks of numerous spells, she turned back to Lu Ye with a smile, "Little Junior Brother? I am your Senior Sister, Weh Ying."

In that instant, the sky and earth seemed to lose their color.

Lu Ye hastily greeted, "I've met Senior Sister!"

His own Senior Sister was so formidable?

And also breathtakingly beautiful and curvaceous...

"I am late, mainly because that old man at home is too stubborn."

Old man? Lu Ye was startled before he realized she was talking about the sect master... and he dared not continue the conversation.

At the same time, the Haotian Alliance cultivators, previously blocked outside, had killed their way in, it was Weh Ying who had opened a gap for them.

She had just arrived, but she quickly grasped the situation in the field, knowing that it was unrealistic to save Lu Ye from the predicament on her own, if she wanted to fully protect Lu Ye, she still needed the strength of others.

This was why she let the outside Haotian Alliance cultivators in at the first place, only with more people could they protect Lu Ye.

In an instant, the number of cultivators surrounding Lu Ye swelled to over a hundred. While these people banded together, they resisted the spells attacking from all sides, although they were safe for the moment, they would eventually run out of strength.

"Everyone, protect my Junior Brother!" Weh Ying suddenly spoke up.

Immediately, many voices responded eagerly, "We shall follow the senior's orders!"

Their attitude was extremely enthusiastic.

Weh Ying had charged back into the fray, her tall figure once again transformed into the black fleeing light. The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, who were still casting spells in midair, panicked at the sight, scrambling to escape like avoiding a plague, yet anyone she fixed her gaze on hardly survived beyond three breaths.

One figure after another screamed as they fell from the sky, followed by a second, and a third...

The black fleeing light only needed a few back and forth sweeps before the air was clear of people, those who were lucky enough to survive promptly suppressed their fleeing light and obediently landed on the ground.

They had no choice, as Weh Ying made it quite clear: whoever dared to stand in midair, she would kill.

When Weh Ying returned, the noisy battlefield suddenly quieted down. All fluctuations of spirit force settled, and Weh Ying's hands held a giant battle scythe as tall as herself, from which black qi continuously drifted, giving off an extremely ominous aura.

"Those who do not wish to die, get lost!" Weh Ying said indifferently, and wherever her gaze landed, cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge retreated.

However, one person stood out, a mark of raging flames on his forehead as if it was burning. He looked at Weh Ying, "For the scuffle among us juniors to disturb such a powerful figure as Senior is truly an honor. However, Senior forcibly entering the Spirit Stream battlefield and killing so many, the taste of Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning isn't pleasant, right?

Now that the Divine Lightning has turned dark purple, how many more can Senior kill?"

Weh Ying turned to look at him, her figure suddenly became a shadow, directly pouncing in front of him. She pointed at his chest, and with an unknown method invoked, his body suddenly stiffened. The giant battle scythe swung down, and his head, still bearing an astonished expression, flew high.

After killing, Weh Ying flashed back to stand in front of Lu Ye, snorted coldly, "The Sacred Fire Order wants to stand out? I can't kill many, maybe three or five more at most, who wants to try?"

"What skill is it for a Senior to bully the younger?" someone in the crowd muttered indignantly, the voice elusive, apparently not wanting to let Weh Ying pinpoint their location.

Weh Ying looked in the direction of the voice and said, "Who exactly is bullying the weak here?"

"After all, this is a matter of the Spirit Stream battlefield. It seems a bit out of line for a senior to forcefully barge in like this. If every sect were to act as the senior does, wouldn't the Spirit Stream battlefield be thrown into chaos?"

"If they dare, let them come and see if I can't kill them!"

"Utterly nonsensical!" The speaker was filled with indignant frustration and continued loudly, "Everyone, she is now entangled with the Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning and can't kill many more. Don't be afraid of her. Let's all attack together. If she dares to make a move, she will certainly be destroyed by the Divine Lightning."

"Found you!" Weh Ying's lips curled into a smirk as she extended her battle scythe forward, and when she retracted it, the scythe had pierced through the chest of a thin man, lifting him high as blood poured from the wound, the severe pain eliciting a scream from him.

The cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were silenced, as no one saw exactly how she had made her move.

Looking up at the thin man, her dark brows furrowed, "A person from Golden Clouds Tower? Decades have passed, and you still haven't improved, always hiding in the shadows, sowing discord."

"It wasn't me!" The thin man struggled.

With a casual swing of her scythe in Weh Ying's hand, a mist of blood exploded around them.

She turned to look at Lu Ye, "In the future when you are on the Spirit Stream battlefield, if you encounter people from the Sacred Fire Order or Golden Clouds Tower, don't waste words with them, just kill them first. We have a deep-seated grudge with those two."

"Yes!" Lu Ye responded respectfully.

"Right, there's also Hundred Refinement Valley. If the Sacred Fire Order and Golden Clouds Tower are here, it wouldn't make sense for Hundred Refinement Valley to be absent. Where are they?" she looked around, as if hoping to find someone from Hundred Refinement Valley to kill, but with so many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, she couldn't tell them apart.

Under her piercing gaze, a cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge timidly spoke, "The ones from Hundred Refinement Valley are blocked in their quarters by Feng Yuechan..."

"Yuechan..." Weh Ying's expression softened a bit. "The little girl has grown up."

She twirled her scythe and held it up, shouting, "I am taking my junior brother with me. Does anyone object?"

A person from the Sacred Fire Order stepped forward from the crowd, his expression solemn, "As long as the heart fire is not extinguished, there is nothing to fear even in death!"

He stood not far from Weh Ying, watching her with a neutral expression.

Weh Ying swung her scythe, and the man from the Sacred Fire Order was instantly split into two.

Another stepped forward, chanting, "As long as the heart fire is not extinguished, there is nothing to fear even in death!"

Weh Ying struck again, without a moment's hesitation.

A third person from the Sacred Fire Order stepped forward, shouting the same phrase.

This time, Weh Ying did not strike but simply smiled and pointed skyward, "I won't kill you, but someone else will!"

A clear sound of a sword's chime suddenly rang out. When the crowd looked in the direction she pointed, they saw a streak of sword light falling from the sky, splitting the man from the Sacred Fire Order in two without him uttering a sound.

The sword light subsided, and a longsword embedded in the ground came into view. A man with white hair, wearing a long red and white robe, stood lightly on the handle, as insubstantial as a piece of willow catkin, swaying gently with the motion of the sword handle.

He held a wine gourd in his other hand, tilting his head back to take a drink, then belched, "I'm late!"

"Li Baxian!" someone cried out in horror.

In the camp of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, many cultivators stirred.

Even those who had never seen Li Baxian on the Spirit Stream battlefield had heard of him, as he was ranked tenth on the Spirit Stream Ranking.

Being ranked tenth alone was not enough to incite fear; however, the fact that he had achieved this rank with the cultivation of Spirit Stream Level 8 was noteworthy.

The entire Spirit Stream Ranking lists only a hundred people, all of whom are Level 9 cultivators who have cultivated Heaven Rank techniques.

There is one exception, and that is Li Baxian, ranked tenth!

The exact number of Level 9 cultivators in the Spirit Stream battlefield is hard to estimate, as it attracts cultivators from all over the Nine Provinces, with people advancing to Level 9 and even breaking their limits to ascend to the Cloud River Realm every day, and some being killed in clashes.

It is safe to say that the number of Level 9 cultivators is constantly changing.

Nevertheless, there is always a total of ten thousand.

To be listed on the Spirit Stream Ranking, one must truly be among the elite of the elites.

Li Baxian's ranking at tenth with the cultivation of Spirit Stream Level 8 partly owes to him having fallen from Level 9, similar to the condition of Dong Shuye, whom Lu Ye had previously fought.

Before Feng Yuechan dominated the top of the Spirit Stream Ranking, he was the leader.

However, due to an accident that damaged his spiritual orifice, he fell a level in cultivation.

Another reason, and the main one, is that he is a sword cultivator!

Chapter 158 - Kill Some People to Cheer Up the Junior Apprentice Brother

Sword cultivators were among the most extreme group of combat cultivators, known by the world as Sword Madmen. It can be said that every true sword cultivator was capable of defeating enemies beyond their own level.

Take the Beixuan Sword Sect of Bingzhou, for example. This sect actually didn't have many members compared to other 1st grade sects, possessing only about one-third or even fewer of the cultivators of other sects, due to their very strict recruitment criteria.

But every member of the Beixuan Sword Sect was a sword cultivator. They dedicated their lives solely to the sword, and thus, despite their small numbers, they consistently secured a position among the top ten 1st grade sects.

Among the nearly a hundred 1st grade sects on the Nine Provinces continent, if one were to say which 1st grade sect was the most formidable, it would undoubtedly be the Beixuan Sword Sect. Even other 1st grade sects would not dare to provoke them lightly.

The saying, "Eight hundred sword cultivators descend from Mount Tian," was not merely an expression but a reality that had occurred.

Li Baxian had a complex background. In his youth, he was a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect, later switching to the Loyal Heart Sect. He also had the opportunity to endure years of rigorous training at the Beixuan Sword Sect, hence he had a very good relationship with them.

The sword master of the Beixuan Sword Sect even personally visited the Loyal Heart Sect, intending to take Li Baxian as his disciple, but was refused. However, this shows how highly the sword master regarded Li Baxian.

Although he wasn't taken as a disciple, the sword master generously imparted all he could to Li Baxian, except for some secret sword techniques of the sect that could not be passed on due to ancestral rules.

Li Baxian did not disappoint. In the first year after advancing to Level 9, he defeated that year's leader of the Spirit Stream Ranking.

If his spiritual orifice hadn't been damaged, he would have reached the Cloud River Realm or even the True Lake Realm by now.

After lingering in the Spirit Stream Realm for over a decade, unable to advance his realm, his enigmatic swordsmanship had made incredible progress.

In the realm of Spirit Stream, as far as swordsmanship was concerned, he acknowledged himself as second best, and no one dared claim first, not even those stiff and dry cultivators from the Beixuan Sword Sect, who would respectfully address him as Master Uncle Li.

That was the confidence that placed him in the tenth position in the Spirit Stream Level 8.

At that moment, this renowned battlefield sword cultivator burst forth alone with his sword, sending shivers through the cultivators of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Weh Ying was indeed powerful, but she forcefully entered the Spirit Stream battlefield with the cultivation of the True Lake Realm. The more she killed, the more dense the Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning wrapped around her became. If she dared to kill another two or three people, she would inevitably be devoured by the Divine Lightning.

Even with her True Lake Realm foundation, she could not escape death.

This was also why the cultivators of the Sacred Fire Order repeatedly provoked her. Facing Weh Ying's assaults, several of those cultivators did not even resist, clearly adopting an attitude that allowed her to kill them because the Sacred Fire Order wanted to eliminate the threat of Weh Ying sooner.

But Li Baxian was different. This fellow was a genuine Spirit Stream Level 8 cultivator, and killing did not carry any penalties for him.

Many cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were panic-stricken, but Li Baxian turned around, revealing a sunny smile, "Which one is the junior brother?"

There was no need to wait for an answer. Lu Ye's conspicuous features of Level 5 cultivation, surrounded by the members of the Haotian Alliance, were too apparent.

Their eyes met, and Li Baxian said, "I am your fourth senior brother!"

"Greetings to the fourth senior brother!" Lu Ye saluted, thinking that the Righteous Blood Sect had not just Weh Ying as a senior sister but Li Baxian as the fourth senior brother, hinting that there were surely a second and third senior brother above him.

"Good." Li Baxian nodded with a smile, "The old man finally became enlightened and began to accept disciples, commendable!"

He then turned to look at Weh Ying, complaining, "Sister, you didn't even mention such a big event. If it hadn't been for Yuechan telling me, I wouldn't have known we got a new junior brother."

"The old man forbade it." Weh Ying explained.

"His damn temper!" Li Baxian snorted lightly, leapt lightly from his longsword, drew it out, his lips curling into a smile that left countless female cultivators infatuated. It must be said, this fourth senior brother truly possessed an extremely handsome and dashing appearance.

"Seeing junior brother today brings me great comfort. I didn't prepare any gift, so let's kill a few people to brighten your spirits!"

With that, he gently shook the sword in his hand, transforming it into gleaming sword light that streaked away like thunder, weaving through the enemy ranks.

"Be careful!" someone shouted.

"Ah!" someone else screamed.

As the sword light began its rampage, the camp of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was thrown into chaos, the sizzle of flesh being cut by a sharp weapon incessant. Spirit force became disrupted, each cultivator hurriedly mobilized power to resist or dodge. However, the sword light was unimaginably fast and sharp, disassembling anyone in its path.

The flames of life dwindled, and blood flowed like rivers.

In an instant, more than twenty people horrifically died under the sword light, and it was only the beginning.

A strong cultivator from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge bravely charged at Li Baxian, thinking it an opportunity to kill him, for sword cultivators are most vulnerable during sword control.

The person was also a sword cultivator, but he didn't opt for sword control, instead charging directly at Li Baxian, his longsword flickering a curtain of sword flashes toward him.

Lu Ye, watching anxiously, saw his fourth senior brother remain calm, even leisurely catching a wine gourd for a sip.

As the curtain of swords enveloped him, he spat out a tiny sword flash from his mouth.

Despite its small size, the sword flash contained terrifying power, instantly piercing through the curtain of swords, entering through the chest of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator, and exiting from the back.

That man stood frozen before Li Baxian, his eyes filling with disbelief.

"You think you're worthy of using a sword?" Li Baxian's face was icy cold.

The sharp sword flashes that killed the man did not disappear. Instead, like the first sword that flew out, they transformed into streaks of flowing light, weaving back and forth, large and small, causing more casualties among the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

"Don't kill all the merit earners," Weh Ying suddenly spoke up to remind him. Although Li Baxian was only at Level 8, he actually had the foundation of Level 9, and he had cultivated a Heaven Rank technique to reach Level 9.

According to the rules of the Spirit Stream battlefield, he at least needed to kill those ordinary Level 9s, who had cultivated Earth-class techniques, to avoid penalties in merit. If he killed a Level 8 who cultivated an Earth-class technique, his merits would certainly be deducted due to the vast difference in cultivation levels.

The cultivators' merits were hard-earned and extremely valuable; no one would squander them lightly.

Li Baxian, having killed so many people, would definitely have a significant deduction in his merits.

"I have my measures," Li Baxian responded and, with a raise of his hand, the two streaks of light flew back—one into the wine gourd and the other he caught in his hand.

The slaughter had stopped; the ground was covered with the stench of blood and scattered limbs and flesh.

Surrounded by the crowd in the center, Lu Ye watched with surging emotions.

That his own eldest martial sister was so fierce was one thing, but to see that this Fourth Senior Martial Brother was also this formidable made him wonder... what kind of mythical sect was the Righteous Blood Sect?

Although he wasn't out of danger, he smiled, feeling immensely relieved.

The feeling of having someone at your back is truly wonderful!

He suddenly remembered what Lann Yudie had told him earlier; she mentioned that someone had already set out and that as long as he could coordinate with that person, keeping him alive wouldn't be a problem.

Previously, Lu Ye didn't know who she was referring to, but now he knew.

The person she referred to was Li Baxian!

"Quick, take Junior Martial Brother away!" urged Weh Ying.

Li Baxian shook his head, "It's no use, someone has been waiting here for me." If it had been possible, he would have taken Lu Ye away when he first arrived. Under the current circumstances, it was crucial to send Lu Ye to the Cangming Mountain stronghold; killing people was secondary.

Had Li Baxian not sensed his old rival's aura lurking nearby, would he engage in such meaningless acts?

He killed so many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. Was it really just to boost Lu Ye's spirits? His main goal was to alleviate some pressure for his own side, even if it meant losing a lot of merits.

The person arrived earlier than him, but he had not shown himself because Weh Ying was there. If he dared to show himself, Weh Ying would slay him immediately.

"I could smell that stench from you from miles away, come out now!" Li Baxian suddenly turned his head to look in one direction and with a downward slash of his longsword, a sword flash struck towards that area.

The cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge hurriedly dodged, but still, a few were killed, yet the sharp sword flash was destroyed by a long saber!

Behind the long saber, a young man with disheveled hair and a tight band around his head stared at Li Baxian with cold, fierce eyes, as ferocious as a starving wolf.

"Yanh Xing!" a cultivator from the Haotian Alliance recognized the newcomer and exclaimed in shock.

In the Nine Provinces continent, there was a saying about the southern sabers and the northern swords. Northern swords referred to the Beixuan Sword Sect of Bingzhou, while southern sabers referred to the Mad Saber Sect of Dingzhou.

Both these sects were 1st grade and full of talented individuals.

Historically, saber practitioners looked down on sword practitioners, and sword practitioners scorned those who practiced the saber. The two despised each other no matter how you looked at it. Although these two sects were not located in the same province, their bases on the Spirit Stream battlefield were adjacent, leading to frequent conflicts.

Years of grievances had accumulated, with countless disciples from both sects killed or injured, resulting in a sworn enmity with both sides aiming to completely eradicate the other.

Yanh Xing came from the Mad Saber Sect and ranked even higher than Li Baxian on the Spirit Stream Ranking, occupying the second position.

Not to mention the rankings on the Spirit Stream Ranking, Yanh Xing had a personal vendetta against Li Baxian.

Years ago when Li Baxian was cultivating at the Beixuan Sword Sect, he participated in an operation against the Mad Saber Sect. During that battle, Li Baxian killed a woman.

That woman was Yanh Xing's childhood sweetheart...

Since then, Yanh Xing had sworn to kill Li Baxian, to avenge his woman.

The battle where Li Baxian's spiritual orifice was damaged was also his doing, yet unfortunately, that battle did not end conclusively, allowing Li Baxian to escape a fatal fate.

With his spiritual orifice damaged, Li Baxian was unable to advance to the Cloud River Realm, costing him over a decade.

Yanh Xing, like Feng Yuechan, deliberately stalled his advancement, staying on the Spirit Stream battlefield just to personally kill Li Baxian.

The strong members of various big sects on the Spirit Stream Ranking felt bitter about this, as both the first and second ranks were held up due to Li Baxian, leaving them only able to hold the third spot...

As time passed, those strong cultivators stopped caring about this matter. Anyone who could advance to the Cloud River would do so as soon as possible, eager to leave this place of constant strife.

Unfortunately, over the years, Li Baxian had never given Yanh Xing a chance since he had mostly stayed near Eagle Flight Rock at the Loyal Heart Sect's headquarters, seldom venturing out.

Chapter 159 - I Have Something to Say

This time, when he heard that Li Baxian had left the Loyal Heart Sect's base, Yan Xing knew the opportunity had come. He arrived early at the location, hid his presence, and indeed, Li Baxian showed up.

He didn't care about the game between the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge and the Haotian Alliance. His mission was simple, kill Li Baxian and end the grudge of several decades!

"I'll take him on! You protect the junior brother," Weh Ying spoke up.

Li Baxian shook his head, "Big sister, you know, I'm good at killing, not protecting. And besides... it's not just Yan Xing who's come from the Spirit Stream Ranking."

"You mean..." Weh Ying's expression changed slightly. Her perception had drastically decreased due to the impact of the Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning.

Li Baxian snorted coldly, "They are all hiding in the crowd, observing the situation, each of them hoping to reap the benefits of the fishermen." His eyes flashed, "I'll create an opportunity for you to take the junior brother and leave. While the chances are slim, we must still try."

"Be careful!" Weh Ying admonished.

Li Baxian took his wine gourd, took a gulp without swallowing, and instead spewed it towards the front. In an instant, more than a dozen sword lights frantically lashed out, and his own body was wrapped in a sword light, rushing towards Yan Xing.

As he made his move, Weh Ying also sprang into action. A cluster of green leaves enveloped Lu Ye, and she grabbed Lu Ye's collar, soaring into the sky, clearly intending to take Lu Ye away amidst the chaos stirred up by Li Baxian.

Wrapped within the leaves, Lu Ye couldn't see what was happening outside, only feeling waves of spirit force fluctuating around him, with frequent strong impacts.

With a muffled grunt from Weh Ying, Lu Ye regained control over himself and took a look to find that he was back where he started, clearly Weh Ying had not managed to take him away successfully.

Although Weh Ying had appeared mighty and fierce, effortlessly killing those Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, the real powerhouses had not yet made a move. They all sensed that Weh Ying was not to be provoked and were waiting for an opportunity.

After all, Weh Ying had forcefully entered the Spirit Stream battlefield, and the more she killed, the more dangerous her situation became. If Weh Ying dared to kill a few more, they wouldn't need to lift a finger; the punishment from Heaven's Augury would eradicate her body and psyche.

Now, as Weh Ying attempted to forcibly take Lu Ye away, those people couldn't just stand by and watch. With simultaneous attacks, Weh Ying had no choice but to retreat. Had she not, Lu Ye would likely have died.

Because of the actions of Li Baxian and Weh Ying, the Golden Light Peak, which had calmed down, once again erupted into chaos. Many Haotian Alliance cultivators were surrounded in the middle, desperately fending off attacks from all directions.

Fortunately, Weh Ying and Li Baxian had just killed many of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge forces, greatly relieving the pressure on the Haotian Alliance. Otherwise, they might not have been able to withstand the siege.

Weh Ying stopped attacking and instead guarded beside Lu Ye, her battle scythe blocking the onslaught of magic and Spirit Talismans.

With her there, Lu Ye wouldn't be in danger.

But despite her repeated attempts to take Lu Ye away, each time she had just risen, she was forced back down. In that dense barrage of attacks, she might survive, but Lu Ye definitely could not withstand it.

More Haotian Alliance and Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators arrived. The news of Lu Ye being trapped on Golden Light Peak had spread long ago. Cultivators from both camps were rushing over, and as time passed, the number of cultivators gathered there gradually exceeded a thousand, with more still arriving.

With Golden Light Peak at the core, numerous small and large battlefronts formed, with cultivators from both sides locked in combat, turning the entire Golden Light Peak into a complete slaughterhouse.

The battle raged from daylight into the night, and then from night back into daylight, with cultivators on both sides falling one after another, while new blood continuously replenished from the outside.

Over a dozen powerful individuals from the Spirit Stream Ranking arrived, each one engaging in their own fierce battles, making the scene extremely tense.

Nobody expected that this ambush aimed at a Righteous Blood Sect disciple would evolve into this situation. Originally, in the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's plans, Lu Ye of the Righteous Blood Sect was just a Level 5 realm cultivator. If they found an opportunity, anyone with a bit of strength could kill him. If they killed him, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would win.

But the response from the Haotian Alliance was unexpectedly tough. With the protection of one powerful Haotian Alliance cultivator after another, Lu Ye had made it all the way here.

Now, although trapped, it would be very difficult for them to kill Lu Ye as long as the people from the Haotian Alliance didn't all die.

A dilemma indeed!

The Spirit Stream battlefield had never seen such a large-scale and ferocious battle in the outer circle since its existence. At this point, neither Ten Thousand Demons Ridge nor the Haotian Alliance could easily back down, as both had lost too many lives.

In the center of the swirling struggle, Lu Ye, shielded by the crowd, looked down at his long knife, feeling an ever-growing sense of powerlessness and anger within his heart.

This feeling of life and death not being within one's control was indeed very bad.

Weakness is indeed the greatest sin.

To the weak, cries fall on deaf ears, but for the strong, even a gentle whisper resonates deep within the heart. So, regardless of the game between the two great camps, even if it meant death, one should choose their own way to die, not just stand around foolishly, waiting for the battle to conclude with a winner.

With a loud bang, a figure fell in front of Lu Ye. Li Baxian was beaten back to him, covered in wounds from head to toe, with a considerable disparity between the tenth and second of the ranking.

"That bastard is not having an easy time either!" Although Li Baxian was in a sorry state, his spirit was undefeated, and he grinned at Lu Ye. "Don't worry, Junior Brother, I will go and chop off that dog's head right away!"

As he said this, he attempted to stand up for another fight. As a sword cultivator, he never feared engaging with someone stronger than himself. Although he was not quite a match for Yanh Xing at the moment, if they really were to fight to the death, he was confident he could perish together with Yanh Xing.

Lu Ye raised his hand and pressed it on Li Baxian's shoulder.

Li Baxian looked at Lu Ye in surprise.

"Enough!" Lu Ye gently said. "It's enough, Elder Brother."

"Hmm?"

"Stop fighting," Lu Ye smiled at him and then lifted his head to look at the chaotic battlefield. He took a deep breath, and as spirit force surged, he bellowed, "Everyone, stop fighting!"

Though he was only at the Level 5 realm in cultivation, this angry shout, bolstered by spirit force, was like thunder exploding, carrying across all directions.

The battling sides, upon hearing such a cry, had many cultivators who were already struggling to continue, immediately cease fighting and begin stepping back. The first to stop were the cultivators near Lu Ye. This rippled outward like waves, and the fighting on the outskirts gradually subsided. After thirty breaths, all combat had ceased, and the chaotic battlefield became calm.

The disorderly fluctuations of spirit force also gradually faded away.

Pair after pair of eyes, from all directions, fixed on Lu Ye. Only now did everyone realize that the one who just called for a cessation was this very person.

"Junior Brother?" Weh Ying, who had been protecting Lu Ye, looked at him in confusion and then at Li Baxian, who shook his head, indicating that he also didn't know what their Junior Brother intended to do.

"I have something to say." Lu Ye spoke, this sentence directed at Weh Ying, before he looked around him and loudly declared, "I have something to say!"

This second sentence was addressed to the many cultivators surrounding them.

"Although my cultivation is not high, since all of you have come here for me, I believe I am still qualified to speak a few words. Does anyone object?"

"Fellow Daoist, feel free to speak your mind."

"Indeed, indeed, we have no objections!"

Immediately, a group of Haotian Alliance cultivators echoed their agreement. Lu Ye, by interrupting the fight between the two sides at this moment, though abrupt, gave both sides a sigh of relief, as they might take this rare chance for a respite. Prolonged battle, especially of this scale, was more than most could bear.

"Speak!" a Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator spoke up. This person was ranked in the top twenty of the Spirit Stream Ranking, from a 1st grade sect. Without Yanh Xing speaking up, this cultivator's attitude represented the whole of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

As for Yanh Xing, his eyes only had Li Baxian in them, paying no heed to others.

Lu Ye nodded and said, "Half a year ago, I joined the Righteous Blood Sect. On my way back to the sect, I encountered an assassination attempt, and the sect master sent me to the Spirit Stream battlefield. Frankly speaking, I don't even know what the Righteous Blood Sect is truly like. I don't know who my sect brothers and sisters are, and I am clueless about the grudges of the previous generation.

It was only when people came looking for me that I discovered I had become the center of conflict between two great factions. I, Lu Ye, merely at Level 5, what do I have to deserve such influence? But since matters have come to this, I am powerless to resist and can only accept. Ten Thousand Demons Ridge wants me dead, and my journey here has been fraught with peril.

Thanks to the protection of many Elder Brothers and Sisters from the Haotian Alliance, I have managed to survive until now. Many have died, some in front of me, and others in places I could not see. I don't even know the names of those who have perished. Today, here, many more have died, and continuing the fight will only lead to more deaths. Do you still wish to continue?"

No one answered.

"Continuing like this, the casualties will only escalate. Is this the outcome you wish to see?" Lu Ye asked again.

The previously speaking strong cultivator from the Spirit Stream Ranking gave a cold snort. "According to you, should we just leave it at that?"

"Of course not," Lu Ye shook his head. "So many have already died; neither Ten Thousand Demons Ridge nor Haotian Alliance could possibly let this go. If we were just to leave it at that, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would not be able to explain themselves to their own sects."

"At least you're clever," the man sneered. "If you truly don't want to see so many from the Haotian Alliance die for your sake, then commit suicide. Once you're dead, this conflict will naturally end!"

"That's right, just die, kid. You can't escape anyway!"

"Committing suicide will at least leave you a whole corpse. If you get cut down by someone else, your face will be beyond recognition."

Several Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators began shouting loudly.

Standing next to Lu Ye, Weh Ying wore a dark expression, barely holding back the urge to draw her weapon and slaughter those shouting individuals.

Lu Ye slowly shook his head. "There have been so many from the Haotian Alliance who died because of me. If I died now, how could they rest in peace? Besides, I'm still so young, I don't want to die yet!"

"If you're not willing to die, why bother saying all this nonsense?" The man's face darkened with rage.

Lu Ye's eyelids drooped as he slowly began to speak. "Being protected feels good, but as a cultivator, when it comes to personal matters, one must bear some responsibility!"

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"It's a pity I'm not strong enough in cultivation to take on too much." He slowly drew the long sword from his waist, pointing it towards the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp. "Disciple of Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye, hereby challenges the great sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. To those of the same realm of cultivation who wish to kill me, come and fight!"

Chapter 160 - Proposal

"Righteous Blood Sect disciple Lu Ye hereby challenges the various sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. Those with equal cultivation who wish to kill me, come and fight!"

The deep and sonorous voice, driven by spirit force, spread outward, drawing pairs of eyes towards Lu Ye, filled with surprise, confusion, and more shock than anything else.

To challenge so many sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge single-handedly was indeed a display of imposing arrogance, but in reality, it was the height of folly. Human strength has its limits. Nearly a thousand from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were present here, and even if only a fraction of them were in the Level 5 realm like Lu Ye, there would still be over a hundred.

To put it unpleasantly, they could drown Lu Ye in their spit.

However, there was no denying that his courage truly turned heads.

The strong warrior from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge raised an eyebrow, "Can you represent Righteous Blood Sect, represent the Haotian Alliance?"

Li Baxian's expression was stern, "The child speaks nonsense; don't take him seriously, everyone!"

Lu Ye turned his head, giving him a smile, then looked towards the speaker from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, "I cannot represent anyone but myself. But isn't everyone here for me? The strife has reached a point where it cannot be resolved normally, unless you wish for more deaths! I'm only providing a method to solve the problem. Moreover, I have some demands.

If Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cannot agree to them, then forget everything I've said. You can continue fighting, and I'll watch quietly!"

"Speak!" the warrior from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge said gravely.

"Each big sect, I will only fight one battle, and only against one person at a time! If I am defeated, I have nothing to say. But if, by luck, I win, then that sect must withdraw from this strife. Let Heaven's Augury be the witness!"

As he finished speaking, Li Baxian's eyebrows rose. He had thought his junior brother was acting recklessly out of anger, not thinking clearly, but now it seemed he had some strategy. However, the only issue now was how strong his junior brother was and whether he could handle so many battles.

If his junior brother indeed had the strength, then this plan could settle the strife. But if he lacked the strength, then he would surely become a stepping stone for someone else's rise to power. The bounty for killing Righteous Blood Sect's Lu Ye was not small.

He turned his head to look at Weh Ying, his eyes seeking her opinion. Weh Ying shook her head slowly, indicating she didn't know either about her junior brother's strength. Neither of them had interacted with Lu Ye before. Although Weh Ying had known about a junior brother being taken in by the sect master, she had only met him in person yesterday and had no idea about Lu Ye's capabilities.

"How about it? Isn't there anyone in the vast Ten Thousand Demons Ridge willing to fight?"

On the smooth, mirror-like Golden Light Peak, both groups of cultivators were silent, with only Lu Ye's voice echoing.

Suddenly, a woman said, "You, Lu Ye, can kill beyond your level. With the same cultivation level, how many can be your match? It seems you are playing a clever game!"

At the sound of the voice, a woman walked out from the crowd with a cold face, staring at Lu Ye. It was none other than Han Zheyue from Tailuo Sect.

Lu Ye had been pursued by her before, but fortunately, Tang Wu had been hidden nearby, blocking her. Now, with no sign of Tang Wu, this Han Zheyue actually came out again.

"This kid can kill beyond his level?" The powerhouse within the top twenty of the Spirit Stream Ranking frowned upon hearing this. That's why this Lu Ye from Righteous Blood Sect was so arrogant—he had such confidence.

Han Zheyue saluted this person with cupped fists and continued staring at Lu Ye, "Indeed, when he was at Spirit Stream Level 4, he killed several of our Tailuo Sect's Level 5 realm cultivators. Now he's in the Level 5 realm. To kill him, you'd need at least someone from Level 6 to do it."

"Oh? Quite the talent, no wonder Righteous Blood Sect took him in."

"And you may not know that this kid is also proficient in using a type of defensive spirit runes in combat, so breaking through his defense is very difficult," Han Zheyue continued to reveal Lu Ye's secrets, her face alight with satisfaction and a look that seemed to say, 'Let's see if you die now.'

As these words came out, the whole place was in uproar.

Spirit runes were familiar to any cultivator as an indispensable part of their life and cultivation. The Nine Provinces even had a group called spirit runes masters, most of whom weren't very skilled in combat because they devoted too much of their effort to the study of spirit runes and rarely engaged in fighting.

Yet among the spirit runes masters, an extremely small portion were the ones you should never provoke. They were known as combat spirit runes masters, or battle runes masters for short. Compared to the terrifying lethality of sword cultivators, their methods were unpredictable and varied. Those who opposed them often died without knowing how it happened.

The study of spirit runes was complex and intricate. Under normal circumstances, cultivators began studying spirit runes only after a certain level of cultivation, and even then, it was just the beginning. To integrate spirit runes into combat required years of accumulation.

The Nine Provinces continent was vast with countless cultivators, yet the well-known battle runes masters were less than a hundred. These individuals were highly esteemed guests of the big sects.

A Level 5 realm cultivator capable of using spirit runes in battle was unheard of, let alone seen. This was outright a promising seedling for a battle runes master, and if those renowned battle runes masters knew about him, they would probably fight to take him as a disciple.

"So, everyone, don't be fooled by him. If you let someone of the same cultivation level fight him, as many who go, that many will die," Han Zheyue looked at Lu Ye with a mocking face. When he had made his declaration, she had seen through his intentions.

"Is Sang He your senior brother?" A faint voice suddenly sounded in Han Zheyue's ear.

Her smile immediately stiffened on her face, looking timidly at Li Baxian, who had asked her, she denied, "No, not at all!"

Li Baxian said indifferently, "Good, be ready to collect his corpse then."

Han Zheyue cursed inwardly, "The people of Righteous Blood Sect are being unreasonably protective. All I did was speak a few truths, yet I'm threatened like this. Brother Sang He, you must run quickly if you ever encounter Li Baxian in the future—being slow means death!"

And also, it wasn't on purpose!

The powerful cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge suddenly smiled and said to Lu Ye, "Your suggestion just now was good, but regarding the cultivation level, I think it should be limited to no higher than Level 6. What do you think?"

Lu Ye's face turned ashen, silent, the picture of someone whose scheme had been exposed yet who was powerless to do anything about it.

The powerful cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge indifferently said, "Just now you talked about responsibility when it concerns yourself, about having the courage to bear that responsibility. So, is this all the responsibility you can bear? The people of Righteous Blood Sect are just like this after all!"

"Fine!" Lu Ye's forehead bulged with veins, seemingly provoked.

Li Baxian and Weh Ying, however, chorused, "Junior brother must not!"

The powerful cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge quickly said, "The person involved has already agreed; yet, you two are trying to interfere. Why, do you really want the people from the Haotian Alliance to continue fighting to the death for your Righteous Blood Sect? A sect that's almost been expelled still struggling—what for!"

Li Baxian was at a loss for words by his remark and, after glaring at the man, he turned to Lu Ye, "Junior brother, you are being rash; he's clearly provoking you. How can you agree to such a thing so easily?" Even if Lu Ye truly had the ability to kill opponents of a higher realm, pitting himself against cultivators of the same cultivation level was already risky enough.

He was not facing just one person, but a group. If it were against Level 6, there would be no hope at all.

Lu Ye turned his head to look at him and said, "Brother, I can do it!"

Li Baxian wanted badly to say you can't do anything, rashness is something every young man experiences, but it often comes with a terrible price.

Even at Level 5, he wouldn't have dared to take on such a fight. It was truly life-threatening. But meeting Lu Ye's gaze, he found no anger or struggle in his eyes, only a sort of eager anticipation...

Lu Ye's eyelids dipped briefly as he looked towards Li Baxian's hand. The latter instantly understood, flicked his finger on the back of his own hand, and sent a blue light floating towards Lu Ye.

He then messaged telepathically, "Junior brother, how capable are you? Give your brother some details."

"I've killed a few of Level 6. Never killed a Level 7, but if I fight with all my might, perhaps there's a chance!"

"!" Li Baxian was shocked. This wasn't just overcoming an opponent of a higher realm, this was skipping two levels! Was his junior brother really this fierce? The old head may be stubborn, but his insight is as sharp as ever!

He showed no sign of this on his face, instead looking genuinely worried as he continued to message, "Was it intentional just now?"

That act of being so humiliated and provoked into agreement had seemed so real; he hadn't spotted even a single flaw.

"Just going with the flow," Lu Ye replied. He hadn't expected to encounter Han Zheyue here and hadn't noticed her previously. With his secret uncovered by Han Zheyue, challenging cultivators of the same cultivation level was no longer possible.

"If you really go through with this, it's going to be a continuous battle! There must be thirty sects here from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge if not fifty. Can you handle it?"

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"I will do my best! Brother, continuing to fight won't benefit anyone. If this matter can be settled, then it's the best solution to the problem."

Li Baxian fell silent, for how could he not know this?

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was also aware of this fact. The current situation had spiraled beyond anyone's control because more and more cultivators from both sides involved in the conflict concerning Lu Ye were joining. The battles that would follow would become even more chaotic.

Yesterday, there were only a thousand people on Golden Light Peak, but today that number had nearly doubled and would only further increase.

Did Ten Thousand Demons Ridge really wish to take advice from a Level 5 cultivator? If they weren't in a difficult position, they would've dismissed whatever Lu Ye said.

One could say that Lu Ye made a suggestion that was to the benefit of both sides when they needed it the most. That was the biggest reason why Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was willing to agree to his proposal.

Furthermore, with things progressing to this point, many from the Haotian Alliance would hope for the situation to move in this direction. If he refused, it would only make Righteous Blood Sect lose its appeal with the masses...

Especially after Ten Thousand Demons Ridge made that statement about the Haotian Alliance fighting to the death for Righteous Blood Sect.

The people from the Haotian Alliance came here mostly under orders, but it was different for those from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge; they stand to gain immensely by killing Lu Ye.

Thus, whether he liked it or not, once Lu Ye put forward the suggestion, it was bound to be carried out.