

Humanity 161

Chapter 161 - Heaven's Augury Pact

Li Baxian suddenly realized that although his junior brother, Lu Ye, was only at the Level 5 realm and had always been protected by others, his heart was always clear as a mirror.

With a long sigh, he looked at Weh Ying and asked softly, "Can it be exchanged?"

The question seemed nonsensical, but Weh Ying shook her head, "She's asleep."

"Then we can't rely on the power of others," Li Baxian muttered to himself.

Since the direction of the situation was already predetermined, the details had to be thoroughly discussed.

He raised his hand and wiped his face, showing a look of worry, "My little junior brother has a kind heart and does not wish to see others die for him anymore. If Ten Thousand Demons Ridge thinks his previous proposal is feasible, then let's all discuss the details together!"

Implementing such a battle would definitely require the discussion of many aspects; it was not something that Lu Ye could push forward with a mere statement like "Whoever wants to kill me, feel free to come and fight."

Naturally, the discussion would be conducted by the strong cultivators from both sides. Even though Lu Ye was the cause of this event and the center of the conflict, he had no right to participate. His cultivation was too low, and his experience was limited.

However, with Li Baxian overseeing the matter, there was no need to worry that the outcome of the discussion would be unfavorable to him. Lu Ye had deeply experienced how protective his brothers and sisters from Righteous Blood Sect were, especially his eldest sister.

It was unclear what cultivation she possessed, yet she had withstood the punishment of Heaven's Augury and charged into the Spirit Stream battlefield, staying by his side without leaving an inch.

As Li Baxian spoke, he signaled to a sword cultivator in the crowd. The sword cultivator immediately came over with a flash, cupping his fists and saying, "Master Uncle Li!"

Although they appeared to be about the same age, Li Baxian's seniority was actually higher. It could be said that 99% of the cultivators mingling in the Spirit Stream battlefield were of a lower generation than he was.

This was something helpless; he didn't want to stay in the Spirit Stream battlefield forever, but his spiritual orifice was broken, and he could not advance, which made him feel quite desperate.

This sword cultivator came from the Beixuan Sword Sect and was also a strong contender on the Spirit Stream Ranking.

"Protect my junior brother well," Li Baxian instructed.

The sword cultivator immediately replied, "Master Uncle, rest assured."

Although Weh Ying was constantly protecting Lu Ye, her current state was not right. With the Thunderbolt Divine Lightning entwined around her, if one or two more people died by her hand, she would surely be destroyed by the Divine Lightning.

On the side of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, there was the Sacred Fire Order, whose members had their wits burned away by their own sacred fire; they were not normal people, and it was unclear if they would take risks.

This sword cultivator was an extra precaution.

Li Baxian darted out with a flash, accompanied by several other strong contenders from the Spirit Stream Ranking. Similarly, a few individuals from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge took flight. More than ten strong contenders from the Spirit Stream Ranking gathered to discuss the various details of the battle.

It didn't take long before their discussions became heated and confrontational, particularly with Li Baxian, whose spirit force fluctuated wildly, with Sword Qi rampaging all around him.

Watching the scene, Lu Ye nervously thought, "They're not going to start fighting, are they?" If a fight broke out, there would be no talking at all.

Weh Ying glanced over and reassured him, "They won't fight. It's all for show."

Watching for a while longer, Lu Ye noticed the situation seemed increasingly like it was about to escalate into a fight, yet no one made a move. He immediately understood Weh Ying was right...

He raised his hand and patted the shoulder of the sword cultivator standing in front of him, "Thank you, Senior Brother, for before."

This sword cultivator was the one who had blocked a powerful enemy for him earlier.

"The matters of Master Uncle Li are also the matters of Beixuan Sword Sect. Junior brother need not be so formal," the sword cultivator replied indifferently.

So now he was their junior brother? Lu Ye thought about his own age... Seniority was indeed a curious thing.

Weh Ying squatted down to play with Amber, who slightly raised her head, squinting her eyes, appearing very comfortable as Weh Ying scratched her chin.

It was strange to say, the dark purple Thunderbolt on Weh Ying seemed extremely fierce, but others who touched it felt nothing at all.

From other people's conversations, Lu Ye had learned that this thing was called Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning and seemed to be related to his eldest sister forcibly entering the Spirit Stream battlefield and killing people. The more people she killed, the greater the damage to her from this Divine Lightning.

But now, his eldest sister seemed completely unaffected, acting as if nothing was wrong. She allowed the dark purple lightning to leap about on her body, and Lu Ye didn't know whether she was really fine or just pretending to be.

"All the Managers of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sects, come over here!" Li Baxian's loud call suddenly came from not too far away.

After hesitating for a moment, several figures flew in that direction. Lu Ye observed with a cold eye and noticed that at least forty people were going there!

In other words, there were that many sects from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge gathered here.

A little while later, a series of whispers suddenly came from over there. It sounded like Li Baxian's voice, although Lu Ye didn't hear it clearly. As the whispers sounded, a golden vortex appeared in the sky, and from within the vortex, a milky white beam of light fell straight toward Li Baxian.

Before the milky white pillar of light had completely descended, Li Baxian raised his hand to grab something, and astonishingly he seized an ancient-looking beast hide.

The pillar of light dissipated, and the golden vortex disappeared without a trace.

"What is that?" Lu Ye asked, seeing such a thing for the first time, he couldn't help but be curious.

"Heaven's Augury Pact!" Weh Ying explained, "This kind of contract that requires many people to sign together can be cumbersome if everyone makes vows separately, so you can use the Heaven's Augury Pact instead. However, it requires the expenditure of some merit points."

Lu Ye was quite amazed. Heaven's Augury seemed to be a mysterious and lofty existence in this world, one that watched over all living beings from above, yet with the expenditure of merit points, one could actually communicate with Heaven's Augury in some wondrous ways.

Li Baxian held the Heaven's Augury Pact, carefully reviewing it. He bit the tip of his finger, pressed a blood seal onto it as the leader, followed by a succession of cultivators doing the same.

Soon, the Heaven's Augury Pact was marked with dozens of bloody fingerprints.

Li Baxian's face shadowed with severity as he held the Heaven's Augury Pact and walked back.

A little while later, the powerhouses from the two camps started to clear the area. Under the restraint of those powerhouses, the bustling center of Golden Light Peak was emptied, even the bodies of the previously fallen were taken away.

The cultivators from both sides took their positions on opposite ends, while in the center, a makeshift arena spanning twenty zhang in area was demarcated—this was where Lu Ye would confront the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge!

At this very moment, Lu Ye and Weh Ying were together inspecting the various clauses on the Heaven's Augury Pact, which had been drawn up by the strong from both sides, witnessed by Heaven's Augury itself, no one was allowed to break them.

The contract was comprehensive, with over thirty clauses considered in great detail, completely eliminating any chances of exploiting loopholes.

It included a clause that the highest cultivation level of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who would face Lu Ye was limited to those who cultivated Earth-class techniques or below at the Level 6 Realm.

This specification was clearly made because cultivating at Level 6 with a Heaven Rank technique, who had opened the 180th orifice, and cultivating the Earth-class technique, who had only opened the 81st orifice, were entirely different beings, with a huge gap between them.

This was the advantage of having support from powerful allies; Lu Ye had not considered this before, but Li Baxian had.

Moreover, no external forces were allowed to be used during the battle. Spiritual Artifacts that had already been refined by the individual were not restricted, and the use of Spirit Talismans was not permitted, among other restrictions.

Under the constraints of these clauses, to win the victory, one must defeat Lu Ye in direct and fair combat!

Many of the clauses were not very favorable to Lu Ye, but some were advantageous to him.

For instance, in each battle, Lu Ye was allowed the right to rest for the time it took one incense stick to burn—a concession that Li Baxian had fought hard for. To a cultivator, the time for one incense stick to burn was incredibly short for recovery. Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sided had refused to agree to a longer time no matter what, and even Li Baxian was helpless to change their minds.

However, because of this, he had managed to secure another term even more beneficial to Lu Ye.

That was to limit this battle to three days; if Lu Ye was still alive after three days, then the side of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge must retreat!

Or, Lu Ye could kill all the cultivators from the sects listed in the Heaven's Augury Pact that took their turn fighting him!

Lu Ye looked over each clause, memorizing them in his heart.

Weh Ying gazed at him with a worried expression, "Little junior brother, you don't have to do this. If Senior Brother Xie and I risk our lives to protect you, we might stand a chance of getting you out of here!"

Even though Li Baxian had tried his best, the likelihood of surviving three days under the relentless tag-team assault of the enemy, with just a Level 5 realm of cultivation, was almost non-existent. Dozens of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sects each sending out a Level 5-6 cultivator would wear Lu Ye down to his death.

Hearing Weh Ying's words, Lu Ye shook his head, "Everyone has done enough for me, and so many have already died. I cannot always hide behind others. Big Sister and Fourth Senior Brother are willing to risk their lives to protect me, but as the junior brother, I wouldn't feel right accepting this. This battle started because of me; it's my duty to end it!"

Weh Ying felt choked up by emotions, having waited so many years only to finally have a junior brother, someone to hope for the continuation of their sect's lineage, only to be caught up in the power struggle between two great alliances.

Even she, who had forcefully made her way onto the Spirit Stream battlefield, found it hard to make much impact amidst such raging currents, let alone a junior brother at the Level 5 realm.

She cursed the injustice of the heavens and lamented her own insufficient cultivation level.

"Big Sister!" Li Baxian suddenly called out sharply.

Weh Ying's somewhat disordered aura slowly calmed, and her dilated pupils refocused.

"I won't die!" Lu Ye said with a steady tone, "I still want to see what the Righteous Blood Sect is really like. I have no home or family in this world. Since the sect master took me in, the Righteous Blood Sect is my home, and you and Fourth Senior Brother are my family! So, I will not die!"

He stepped forward, walking step by step to the center of the battle ring. The area between the two great alliances had already been set up as a simple stage. He stood firm, gazed at the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp, and spoke softly, "Who is ready to die?"

From Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, pairs of mocking eyes looked over, viewing Lu Ye as one would a dead man.

To them, this disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect must have lost his mind to make such a proposal before, daring to challenge the entire camp of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge with nothing more than a Level 5 realm. How utterly overreaching!

Now that the Heaven's Augury Pact had been agreed upon, the Haotian Alliance had no room left for regrets. Any who dared to interfere with the ensuing battle would be jointly eliminated by the powerhouses from both sides who had signed the pact, under the binding terms of the Heaven's Augury Pact.

So even someone like Yanh Xing could not dare to make any rash moves at this time. He could only watch from a distance, across Golden Light Peak, glaring fiercely at Li Baxian on the opposite side.

Chapter 162 - The Next One

Fortunately, before this, Li Baxian had already promised Yanh Xing to give him a chance to settle grievances after this matter was resolved!

This was also the reason Yanh Xing could sit here calmly.

The gazes of the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators held mockery mixed with eagerness as they looked at the man standing on Golden Light Peak—a Level 5 cultivator was like a living treasure vault!

If they could kill him, the rewards they would gain would be inexhaustible.

Almost the moment Lu Ye shouted out his challenge, a burly man jumped out: "I'll do it!"

Though this guy was only at Level 5, he was clearly a physique cultivator. Relying on his thick skin and robust body, he wanted to test Lu Ye's abilities and also held onto a stroke of luck that if he could kill Lu Ye, he would become rich overnight!

"Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye!" Lu Ye spoke.

"White Wolf City, Shi Lei!" After saying this, he reached into his storage sack to pull out his defensive spirit artifact. With the defensive spirit artifact, he would be invincible; however, as he barely reached into his storage sack, his face changed drastically, because Lu Ye was rushing towards him with extreme speed.

In just a few steps, Lu Ye had charged up to him. This physique cultivator named Shi Lei had only just pulled out his defensive spirit artifact—an artifact shaped like a small shield. He hurried back while simultaneously pouring spirit force into the artifact.

The long blade was unsheathed, red spirit forces clung to it, and a flash of brilliance passed by.

Shi Lei stood there, his eyes filled with terror as he looked at Lu Ye, a line of blood appearing at his throat. The line quickly widened, and then a fountain of blood gushed forth, his head flying up high under the impact of the fresh blood.

Behind the headless corpse, many of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators looked on in shock at the scene, stunned beyond belief.

Despite what Han Zheyue had said earlier about Lu Ye being able to kill across levels, the speed at which he had slain a cultivator with the same cultivation was still astonishing. After all, that was a thick-skinned physique cultivator, and the combatants had barely finished stating their names before the duel ended.

"Foolish!" A strong cultivator from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, listed on the Spirit Stream Ranking, scoffed coldly. He was speaking about that person named Shi Lei, who knew how tough his opponent was yet still underestimated him. Without proper preparation before entering combat, only then trying to retrieve a defensive spirit artifact—it was destined that such a person would achieve nothing.

Even if he didn't die today, he would eventually meet his end.

On the other side, the Haotian Alliance camp burst into cheers after a brief moment of surprise, with Li Baxian shouting the loudest, and Weh Ying's tense face also relaxed a bit.

Lu Ye collected Shi Lei's small shield and storage sack, turned around, and tossed them out. Weh Ying caught them; these were his spoils of war, his first!

Killing the enemy and collecting spoils of war was a wonderful tradition that should never be abandoned, no matter when.

The first battle was a loss for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. Many cultivators felt they had lost face, but most knew this was just the beginning. They were facing Lu Ye with successive challenges, with each sect having a turn to fight. They could fail, they could die, but there would always be someone else with the chance to succeed.

Lu Ye, however, could not afford a single defeat; if he failed once, he was doomed.

With a three-day time limit, there would be at least dozens of battles or even more. How could a Level 5 cultivator withstand that?

"Next!" Lu Ye retreated in front of his own camp and lightly shook the blood from his blade.

After a brief discussion amongst the managers of the various big sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, another person stepped forward—a woman of decent looks and a full figure. The key was that the woman was scantily clad, attracting many gazes the moment she appeared.

With just one look, Weh Ying's face darkened: "Flirty vixen!"

Li Baxian also frowned, worried that faced with such a beauty, it would be difficult for a young man full of vigor to mercilessly kill her. It had to be said that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's second choice was quite targeted.

Turning his head to look at Lu Ye, he saw that Lu Ye was calm as he again announced his affiliation: "Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye!"

The woman glanced at the corpse not far away, shrank her neck as if frightened, and with a seemingly timid expression that was pitiable, responded to Lu Ye's voice with a delicate tone: "Fenghua Courtyard, Choo Xue!"

With a loud bang, mud and stones flew up from the ground. Lu Ye had already pounced towards her, moving with incredible speed.

"Don't be hasty, junior brother!" the delicate Choo Xue spoke softly, but her action was extremely ruthless. With a raise of her hand, a burning Fireball emerged, followed by a pale green Wind Blade.

The key was that as the woman made her move, her thin clothes hardly concealed anything, giving the many spectators a feast for their eyes.

"Shameless hussy!" Weh Ying was about to explode with anger, wishing she could rip off the head of that wretched woman!

"No good!" Li Baxian's face changed.

In the arena, Lu Ye raised his blade towards the Fireball. This Fireball was inferior even to the one used by Dong Shuye; he wasn't afraid of it.

However, before he could hit the Fireball, the Wind Blade trailing behind it suddenly exploded. A smug smile appeared on Choo Xue's face as she whispered to herself, "I got him!"

Wild winds rose, fueling the fire, and the Fireball suddenly turned into a mass of Raging Flames. Its power surged far more than threefold, descending onto Lu Ye's head.

As a Level 6 magic cultivator, Choo Xue didn't underestimate Lu Ye, who had one level less cultivation than her—after all, the corpse of the previous physique cultivator was right by her feet. Hence, her first attack was her trump card, intending to eliminate Lu Ye in one fell swoop.

However, her smile had barely blossomed on her face when it froze solid; amidst the roaring flames, Lu Ye burst forth, his already swift speed suddenly surging even more.

Chu Xue's face drained of color, and she quickly spurred her magic and spells in defense.

But it was already too late. Lu Ye advanced, slicing off one of the arms she had raised and cleaved through the spirit force barrier in front of her, following through with a slash across her abdomen.

A piercing scream sounded as the disrobed woman stumbled backward, tears blurring her vision, with the last thing she saw being a flash of the bright blade.

In front of the woman's body, Lu Ye stood somewhat disheveled; he had taken a bit of a disadvantage in that last exchange, but fortunately, when he sensed something was wrong, he quickly activated his

protective charm to block, which prevented him from suffering severe damage, though some of his hair and clothing were singed.

This time he didn't return to his original position but stood at the forefront of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp, slowly lifting his long knife: "Next!"

The tip of the knife seemed to be pointing at every Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator...

Behind him, the Haotian Alliance cultivators fell silent, many wearing bittersweet smiles. This lad from the Righteous Blood Sect was perhaps too arrogant, but the scene before them... truly was invigorating.

"Well killed!" Weh Ying's eyes curved into crescents; her little junior brother's ruthless display evidently matched her taste perfectly. Whatever snow-white, full, and toned legs there might have been—before the face of the faction, they were but a pile of rotting flesh!

The corner of Li Baxian's eye twitched: "Why does he act just like the third brother? And they both use knives too!" He suddenly felt a touch of madness, "Why a knife, of all things!"

The third fight began swiftly.

According to the terms agreed upon in the Heaven's Augury Pact, after each fight, Lu Ye had the option to rest for the duration of one incense stick, but since he didn't choose to do so, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side naturally wasn't going to give him any time to catch his breath.

On the arena, Lu Ye was almost chasing the Level 6 cultivator as he hacked away, and in just a short amount of time, he had his opponent on the ropes with no power to fight back.

Seeing this, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators secretly rejoiced; it was fortunate that they had known in advance that the lad from the Righteous Blood Sect could kill beyond his level. Otherwise, had they agreed to his initial proposal, perhaps no Level 5 would have dared to step forward to their death.

Even a Level 6 was no match for him, what more a Level 5?

The knife gleamed, blood sprayed, and Lu Ye pressed forward, about to deliver a killing blow, when his opponent suddenly cried out, "I admit defeat!"

Lu Ye's long knife stopped just before the other's throat, the sharp edge nicking the skin, blood trickling out.

"I admit defeat!" the man hastily retreated, touching his neck with a look of after-fright.

Moments ago, had he been just a fraction of a second slower, he would have certainly been beheaded. Admitting defeat was humiliating, sure, but it was much better than losing his life.

Lu Ye sheathed his knife and did not pursue a relentless slaughter—not that he didn't want to, but because the Heaven's Augury Pact stipulated that the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side had the opportunity to admit defeat.

This chance was solely granted to the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge; Lu Ye didn't have it. If he lost, it meant death!

One could say that the fight was unfair from the very start.

But then, where in the world is there so much fairness?

The man withdrew dispiritedly, reflecting on the brief skirmish and couldn't help but shiver; he had never encountered such an aggressively offensive Level 5. During their fight, he'd even intermittently felt like he was the one with lower cultivation.

"Another one!" Lu Ye looked ahead.

Someone stepped out, and the fourth fight began!

In the Haotian Alliance camp, several strong individuals from the Spirit Stream Ranking gathered around Li Baxian, one frowning, "While it's good to break the enemy's spirit, this method consumes too much. I'm afraid he won't last very long."

"Indeed, and while his fighting is fierce, his moves lack finesse. Facing an enemy with superior skills could be troublesome," another added.

As strong contenders on the Spirit Stream Ranking, their insights were exceptionally keen. Although Lu Ye had only fought three bouts, they had already spotted the disadvantage: Lu Ye was fighting too ferociously.

If Lu Ye were facing a small number of enemies, such ferocity would be the best approach, often scaring his adversaries. But he faced too many, and steady, systematic fighting was the correct path to follow. Moreover, with those powerful individuals from the Spirit Stream Ranking present, the enemy wouldn't be intimidated, no matter how savage Lu Ye was—they would face him regardless.

Moreover, Lu Ye's attacks indeed lacked finesse. Each slash was aimed to kill—as convenient for killing as possible, that's how he swung his blade.

This was his approach to combat, developed over numerous battles, as no one had ever taught him how to wield a knife.

While such a method was fierce, it also left him open to taking advantage of it, making it easy for someone to seize the opportunity

Chapter 163 - Seems to Hold a Grudge

The experts of the Haotian Alliance could see that, so how could those from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge fail to notice?

Therefore, for the fourth match, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sent out a cultivator who was skilled in combat skills. This person wielded a longsword which, propelled by spirit force, seemed to come alive in their hands. Stabbing, pointing, flicking, lifting... A variety of techniques were displayed, truly dazzling the onlookers.

However, after Lu Ye hacked down a few times, the swordplay of this person transformed from dazzling to disordered. They barely managed to spot an opening and thrust their sword toward Lu Ye's chest, only to have it blocked by a swiftly vanishing spirit rune.

Since Han Zheyue had already exposed the Defense Spirit Runes, Lu Ye naturally didn't consider hiding them. He had not activated them before because there was no need. However, facing such a skilled opponent, the Defense Spirit Runes became very important. He had encountered such a skilled foe in the battle where he rescued Amber, knowing how to deal with them.

That is, not to compete in skill. No matter how high your skills are, eat a few of my slashes first. In short, you fight your way, I kill my way!

The determined thrust failed to hit its mark, and as the broadsword chopped down, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator's eyes revealed terror. He opened his mouth to shout, "I concede..."

But before the last word could be uttered, the head had already fallen to the ground.

Lu Ye stood still, his blood Qi churning, his killing intent surging.

A realization dawned on him; as long as my slashes are fast enough, the enemy won't have the chance to concede!

He was aware that fighting this way would consume a lot of his strength, and he also knew he should be dragging out the fights, but after all, he was just one person, unsure of how many battles he'd have to face. Only by first instilling fear in the enemy would the subsequent situations turn for the better.

Staring at the corpse lying on the ground, Lu Ye suddenly discovered that such skilled opponents didn't seem so difficult to deal with. At that time, when he rescued Amber, he nearly perished along with the enemy. Although he ultimately killed his foe, he was also gravely injured and had to be taken back by Amber for treatment by Hua Ci, enduring that conniving woman's mockery.

He slowly realized that it wasn't that the enemies were easy to deal with, but that he had gained richer combat experience. The repeated life-and-death struggles and battles, the bloodshed and scars, not only brought about an increase in strength but also enhanced his experience and judgment.

Indeed, he killed without a set formula, but every slash he delivered was the most fluid and perfect one. Compared to rigid techniques, this was the best skill of all.

This was a killing skill!

"Little junior brother!" The voice of Li Baxian suddenly came from behind him. After killing that person, Lu Ye had stood still as if fixed by an immobilization spell. His opponent had already made a move, yet he remained indifferent.

Lu Ye came back to his senses, realizing that unconsciously he had gained many things that he hadn't noticed before.

A gust of wind brushed the back of his head, and he immediately turned around, slashing out with his sword, colliding with the incoming Spiritual Artifact, sparking a shower of sparks!

Only then did Lu Ye see clearly what his opponent looked like—a burly fellow wielding a broadsword as wide as a finger, leaping from mid-air and chopping down fiercely.

The moment the weapons collided, Lu Ye's body sank slightly, shifting his center of gravity to stabilize his stance, and then he immediately countered with a slash.

The piercing sound of friction arose when disbelief flashed in the burly male cultivator's eyes. An irresistible force came from the front, sending him flying.

This scene dumbfounded everyone.

Whether in terms of size or the size comparison of their weapons, Lu Ye and his opponent were completely different. His opponent was obviously a mightily powerful type, someone with abundant blood Qi by nature and suited for the path of the physique cultivator. But it seemed this person wanted to be a combat cultivator, hence the choice of such an exaggerated weapon to dominate with sheer power.

His choice wasn't wrong, for on this journey, no cultivator of the same realm had been able to compare with him in strength. Even those with comparable strength were chopped into doubting their lives by his exaggerated broadsword.

Until now...

What was even harder for him to accept was that his opponent, with just a single hand wielding a knife, had sent him flying! Now it was his turn to question life.

"Such strong power!" Next to Li Baxian, a Spirit Stream Ranking expert exclaimed in a low voice. And it wasn't clear if it was just an illusion, but he felt that there was some change in Lu Ye!

If previously Lu Ye was still holding back somewhat, now he had completely let loose...

Li Baxian's eyes flickered. He too noticed something different.

"You have yet to introduce yourself!" At the ring, Lu Ye had already followed up quickly as he sent his opponent flying. Before the man could land, he delivered several slashes, leaving multiple wounds on his body and causing blood to spurt. The man twisted his features in pain and raised his sword in defense when he landed.

However, his approach was to fight with wide and powerful swings, not particularly agile. Compared to him, Lu Ye was like an elegantly fluttering butterfly, extremely flexible.

In the blink of an eye, the man was covered in wounds. Fortunately, the cuts weren't deep, which gave him the illusion that he could continue fighting.

However, those watching clearly saw that the only reason he could still stand in the ring was that Lu Ye had not struck to kill. It seemed he was deliberately tormenting his opponent.

"Which sect do you belong to?" Lu Ye asked again, simultaneously forcing his opponent back with a strike.

The burly male cultivator gasped for air, knowing he was no match yet still retorted with determination, "Ninghe Fort!"

Having gotten the answer he wanted, Lu Ye nodded slightly, and with dirt and stones flying beneath his feet, he instantly appeared before his opponent. His speed was so fast that the burly male cultivator couldn't react in time. By the time he saw Lu Ye swinging his blade, he could only hurriedly raise his greatsword to block in front of him.

Lu Ye immediately pulled back his blade and thrust it straight forward, the blade entering through the chest and exiting out the back, impaling his opponent cleanly.

As he withdrew his blade, blood gushed out, and Lu Ye kicked the man away with a swift strike of his foot.

Lying on the ground, the man felt his life fading away, and until his death, he couldn't understand one thing: why had his enemy, who clearly could have finished him off quickly, not done so before?

From the Haotian Alliance camp, Weh Ying murmured softly, "Our little junior brother seems to hold grudges deeply."

Li Baxian nodded in agreement. Asking the opponent about their origin twice during combat was not a sign of empathy but rather to remember the sect behind them, especially since he promptly disposed of his opponent as soon as he got the answer he wanted...

He couldn't help but crack a smile. If the junior brother had the leisure for such thoughts, it meant he had some confidence. If he couldn't survive this fight, there would be no point in remembering the enemy's sect.

No wonder before each battle began, he would announce his own sect. He had thought it was because the child knew proper etiquette, but as it turned out, he was merely making a mental note of his adversaries.

On the stage, Lu Ye raised a hand, "I need to recuperate!"

He didn't proceed with the killing. After consecutively defeating five men in the initial battles, four dead, with only the first being from the Level 5 realm and the rest from the Level 6, his initial display of might was already sufficient.

His spirit force was somewhat depleted, but not by a significant amount, since each battle ended rather swiftly. But as this was a battle of endurance, he needed time to recuperate in order to ensure that his spirit force remained abundant.

It was his right, and it was also stipulated in the Heaven's Augury Pact. Naturally, nobody from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could refuse.

Soon, Lu Ye returned to his own camp where, under the protection of Li Baxian and Weh Ying, he swallowed an elixir pill and pretentiously took out two Spirit Stones to hold in his palms.

He hadn't constructed the Spirit Energy Gathering Spirit Runes near his spiritual orifice because the recuperation time was too short. Even though the consumption of the runes was minimal, it wasn't worth the cost.

He merely switched his Cultivation Technique to Bestial Gluttony Feast to speed up the refinement of the elixir pill.

While he was recuperating, several strong individuals from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge gathered together and discussed their tactics against him in secret.

Han Zheyue was called over, and a strong cultivator from the top twenty of the Spirit Stream Ranking asked, "The strength and speed of this youngster from the Righteous Blood Sect are extraordinary, not something typical of a Level 5 realm cultivator. Was he always like this?"

From the recent few battles, they deducted that Lu Ye's ability to defeat those stronger than him was not primarily due to his Defense Spirit Runes; after all, he rarely used them throughout the fights.

So even if their cultivation was one realm higher and they weren't as fast or as powerful, they were still no match for him.

That question stumped Han Zheyue; she didn't actually know what Lu Ye was like before, as she had only been stationed at the Central Peak hall during the Dragon Spring Meet and hadn't witnessed how Lu Ye slaughtered their sect members herself.

After pondering briefly, Han Zheyue said, "This may have something to do with his undergoing the Dragon Spring Body Tempering."

"Dragon Spring Body Tempering?" The inquirer furrowed his brows, evidently having never heard of it. The Spirit Stream battlefield was vast, and every place had its resources. The Dragon Spring was not bad, but it was only considered for low-level cultivators, and in the grand scale of the battlefield, it didn't have much fame.

Han Zheyue then briefly recounted the events of the Dragon Spring Meet and added, "This time, there was an issue with the Dragon Spring. When our disciples from the Tailuo Sect entered, the power of Dragon Spring was almost negligible. Upon verification later, those from Mount Qingyu didn't gain much either."

She was irritated when talking about it.

The Dragon Spring Meet was a competition for disciples from the three sects to fight for the chance to enter Dragon Spring, as well as a contest between the sects' power. Tailuo Sect lost so many disciples for a few spots, only for their disciples to gain little from it, which was tantamount to dying in vain.

Anyone would be upset in her position, so upon hearing about Lu Ye, Han Zheyue hurriedly came to pursue him.

"It seems that it doesn't have much to do with that Dragon Spring!" the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator frowned. "It appears that he has exceptional talent?"

No wonder he had the confidence to act so arrogantly, even daring to challenge the entire Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

However, he wasn't panicked. The round-robin battle had just begun, and although they had lost five men, many had not yet joined the fight. With proper arrangements, Lu Ye would be exhausted and dead within three days.

Chapter 164 - Scared to Death

One incense stick's time quickly passed, and Lu Ye stood up, walking towards the battlefield that was his own.

A tall man with a bare chest and densely packed chest hair immediately came forward from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side, what's more eye-catching was the pair of ox horns on his head.

This was a demon cultivator!

With a burly frame and vigorous blood Qi energy, many demon cultivators share these traits, making them very suitable for the path of physique cultivators. Big sects also liked to take in such demon cultivators, for with a little polishing and nurturing, they could become formidable disciples.

In one hand, the demon cultivator was also holding a round shield the size of a washbasin, exuding spirit light that indicated it was a fine Spiritual Artifact.

The response from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was clear, since Lu Ye, who was at Level 5 realm, had strength and speed surpassing those in the Level 6 realm, they would not let combat cultivators take to the field.

Since combat cultivators couldn't match Lu Ye's strength and speed, merely being one cultivation level higher would mean nothing—as had been proven by the combat cultivators who had fought before.

Combat cultivators were not an option, ghost cultivators were rare and not suited for head-on combat, so the only choices left were physique cultivators and magic cultivators.

Lu Ye's offensive was undeniably strong, so the best response was with robust defense. Having witnessed Lu Ye's previous battles, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge did not expect to take him down within just a few bouts, but he would eventually reach his limits, and at that moment, it would be their time to reap the fruits of victory.

"Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye!" Lu Ye greeted as usual with impeccable manners.

The demon cultivator mumbled something, not really wanting to respond, but not responding seemed as if he was afraid of Lu Ye, so he buzzed out, "Baiman Mountain, Niu Meng!"

As his words fell, he raised the shield in his hand, channeling spirit force into it. The protective force of the shield expanded, forming a barrier that enveloped an area of ten feet in front of him.

His blood Qi energy also began to boil, converging spirit force around his body to form a second layer of defense, taking up a defensive stance.

This was the plan set by his own senior brother just before he got ready to enter the field. Defending against other people's attacks was his forte, but offense, not so much. His speed couldn't compare, which was a fatal flaw. Thus, his senior brother had instructed him to focus on defense immediately upon entering, without needing to do much.

All he had to do was fend off the Righteous Blood Sect's assaults, stalling for as much time as possible and wearing down the opponent's physical strength and energy.

And so he did!

Yet, the expected attack didn't come. He lifted his eyes, peered through his own Spiritual Artifact, and looked ahead, only to find that Lu Ye wasn't charging at him as in the previous battles; instead, he was standing there quietly, looking at him indifferently.

Niu Meng scratched his head and looked back at his own senior brothers and sisters, clearly wanting to ask how he should respond to this situation.

Those fellow disciples were a bit dumbfounded too, not expecting Lu Ye, who had been so aggressive and full of offensive fervor before, to suddenly change his typical approach.

A cultivator, who also bore demon cultivator characteristics, in the Level 8 realm said, "If he doesn't come to you, you go to him and force him to engage with you!"

Stalling was clearly advantageous for Lu Ye. The Heaven's Augury Pact stated a limit of three days, so the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side, under no circumstances, wished to drag out time. They yearned to keep fighting Lu Ye continuously. If it hadn't been for Li Baxian fighting for it fiercely, Lu Ye wouldn't have been granted the one incense stick's time to rest after every battle.

"Oh!" Niu Meng acknowledged and, holding his Spiritual Artifact, charged towards Lu Ye. Although his speed wasn't fast, his aura was remarkably intimidating, giving the impression of a wall hurtling towards him.

In all the time he had spent in the Spirit Stream battlefield, Lu Ye had never encountered an opponent who was already so well defended before the fight had even begun. He hadn't charged forward right away, instead looking for the opponent's weak point, but looking around, there didn't seem to be any weaknesses to exploit.

As the other was rushing over, he had to take action. The distance between them closed rapidly, and at the right moment, Niu Meng slightly retracted his arm holding the shield before pushing it out fiercely.

In that instant, the spirit force barrier, emanating from the Spiritual Artifact on his arm, also expanded outward as if truly a wall was hurtling towards Lu Ye!

Had that hit connected, Lu Ye might not end up with broken bones, but he would at least be left disoriented for a while.

Fortunately, Lu Ye sensed the danger and leaped up, vaulting over Niu Meng's head. While in mid-air, he slashed down at his head with a knife.

Niu Meng raised his hand, using the protective force of the Spiritual Artifact to block the blow. He did not wait to turn around before the sound of a blade cutting through the air came from behind him.

The flash of the blade passed, and Niu Meng felt his protective spirit force and blood Qi energy directly severed, with pain emanating from his back. He hurriedly turned around, swinging a fist.

However, Lu Ye had already flashed back, and the punch hit nothing but air.

An instant clash concluded with the demon cultivator named Niu Meng sustaining a gash on his back.

"It hurts!" Niu Meng exhaled hot air from his nostrils, his eyes reddening somewhat. The intense pain flooded his not-so-sharp mind with rage, and all he wanted was to crush this enemy before him.

The trouble with demon cultivators was this, at lower levels of cultivation, their spiritual intelligence wasn't high, and they could easily be influenced by their beastly instincts. Normally, this would only improve upon reaching the Cloud River Realm.

With that thought, he reached out to grab Lu Ye, his large palm unfurling to almost completely block Lu Ye's field of vision.

Lu Ye ducked low and slid under his outstretched arm, getting behind him once more. In the same spot, he delivered another slashing blow!

Niu Meng staggered, blood pouring from his back, dyeing the ground a crimson hue.

He turned around, wanting to continue the fight, when a thunderous voice rang out, "Concede!" It was that Level 8 senior brother who couldn't stand to watch any longer, knowing that if the fight continued, his fellow disciple Niu Meng was sure to die. He intervened and pulled Niu Meng back by his horns into the crowd.

Niu Meng was utterly bewildered...

Lu Ye did not pursue further. He felt that this opponent was somewhat naive, but demon cultivators were indeed formidable. The other had taken two of his blade strikes and still not perished. One should know that each of his blows were reinforced with Sharpness spirit runes.

Normally, a Level 6 cultivator would likely have been cleaved in half, yet Niu Meng, though seriously injured, was certainly not in mortal danger.

It made him realize that if he were to face demon cultivators as enemies in the future, he would have to strike several more times to ensure their defeat.

"Junior Brother, do you need to rest?" Li Baxian asked with concern.

"No need!" Lu Ye shook his head and looked towards the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp.

Another burly physique cultivator stepped forward, his expression one of tragic determination.

Twenty breaths later, the physique cultivator lay in a pool of blood, a massive wound at his neck gushing blood, his body spasming...

Although this guy was also a physique cultivator, he didn't possess Niu Meng's naturally strong physique and couldn't escape death.

Battle after battle continued without end unless Lu Ye needed to recuperate. After every fight, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side would always send up a new challenger.

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp initially planned to wear Lu Ye down using physique cultivators, but after several battles, they were forced to admit that this strategy was good in theory but utterly impractical in execution, as even physique cultivators couldn't withstand Lu Ye's cleaving strikes!

The Spiritual Artifact in the hands of this Righteous Blood Sect disciple was excessively sharp!

The defense and physique that physique cultivators relied upon seemed incredibly fragile before his long saber, as evidenced when Lu Ye shattered a physique cultivator's defensive spirit artifact with just three strikes!

That was a defensive spirit artifact, and even if it was low grade, it was still a defensive spirit artifact, to be shattered with mere three strikes; had one not witnessed it with their own eyes, they would scarcely dare to believe it.

Out of desperation, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp sent out several magic cultivators in a row, only to find the situation even worse, because the arena imposed restrictions, allowing magic cultivators to be no more than twenty yards away from Lu Ye.

A distance of twenty yards, with Lu Ye's full burst of speed, took only three breaths to cover. What would become of a magic cultivator once a combat cultivator closed in could be easily imagined.

As night fell, the Haotian Alliance side was engaged in lively discussions, with some even cooking wine and playing the zither, creating an intensely celebratory atmosphere.

In contrast, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp was enveloped in a gloomy ambiance, akin to the mist of a cloudy day, each of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators sporting an ugly expression as if they had lost their parents.

The reason was simple: Lu Ye had been waiting on the stage for half a Shichen, but no one came forward to fight!

Throughout the entire day, more than a dozen had been slain by Lu Ye. The best performing among the Level 6 cultivators couldn't even withstand thirty breaths before him, with most being incapacitated or killed after just a few strikes. Those who called out quickly might admit defeat and save their lives, but those who were slow met their end right there on the spot.

In short, the people of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were killed until they were frightened!

No one dared to step forward lightly to fight, even though the person standing there was like a living treasure vault.

Moreover, with each successive victory, Lu Ye himself was experiencing some marvelous changes. His blood Qi and killing aura gathered around him, forming an indescribable aura that seemed like a manifestation of his own conviction, unstoppable and invincible!

"Brother Li, if your Junior Brother survives this, his future will be boundless," a Spirit Stream Ranking powerhouse commented beside Li Baxian within the Haotian Alliance.

Li Baxian's smile almost reached his ears as he laughed heartily, "My Junior Brother? Naturally."

"You know what I mean, Brother Li."

Li Baxian's gaze flickered, he remained silent as the comment was difficult to respond to.

"An invincible posture, bestowed by Heaven's Augury!" Li Baxian did not reply, but someone else spoke up; it was another Spirit Stream Ranking powerhouse, who clearly recognized what was occurring.

Li Baxian smiled faintly, "It's too early to say this now."

"The signs are already there," the person said, shaking his head slowly.

Heaven's Augury Bestowment was the stuff of legends. In the Nine Provinces, on the Spirit Stream battlefield, the Heaven's Augury was omnipresent. Legend had it that those with an invincible posture could receive Heaven's Augury Bestowment and undergo a complete transformation.

An invincible posture was a concept, an aura, and more so, a conviction. To form such conviction required accumulation through numerous battles. When it reached a certain limit, it could invoke the Heaven's Augury and receive its blessing.

Throughout history, although there were many cultivators in the Nine Provinces, few had received the Heaven's Augury Bestowment. The last occurrence was decades ago.

And the man bestowed by Heaven's Augury back then was called Feng Wujiang!

Coincidentally, this man was also a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect back in his day.

Chapter 165 32 games

The strong on the Spirit Stream Ranking all have some discernment and naturally could make out what was going on.

This time, Lu Ye proactively stepped forward to challenge the big sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, albeit reluctantly after being cornered, but in reality, it was also an opportunity, a chance to build an invincible reputation.

It was just that he himself didn't realize this.

Of course, to accumulate such reputation, he needed to survive first.

Don't think that Lu Ye, after killing enemies from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge during the day and causing their side to be too scared to even fight, was actually in a much better situation; in fact, it had worsened somewhat.

Because of a day's battle, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had basically figured out Lu Ye's capabilities, which meant they could come up with better strategies against him.

The reason no one was coming forward now was that there was some dispute and divergence among the big sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge; several of the powerful figures on the Spirit Stream Ranking were mediating.

In the end, one of the top twenty powerhouses said, "Then let's decide like this. Whoever kills that Lu Ye gets to keep two-tenths of the spoils for themselves, and the rest will be split among the sects who have contributed. Does anyone have any objections?"

As he said this, he looked around coldly at the managers of various forces.

The main disputes and disagreements on the side of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had to do with the rewards after killing Lu Ye. Everyone had seen the day's battle, and few who went up against him survived. Since each sect could only take the field once, if the disciple they sent out died, they would miss out on the chance of reward.

This led to everyone wanting to be at the back of the line to pick up an easy win...

Without solving this problem, it would be difficult for the side of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to work together; after all, the sum of the rewards was too considerable, and nobody wanted to be a stepping stone for others.

The decision to let the one who kills Lu Ye keep two-tenths of the rewards while the rest would be shared among the contributing sects was endorsed by everyone.

This way, even if their own disciples couldn't kill Lu Ye, as long as they contributed, they could still get a share of the spoils.

"If there are no objections, then make your own arrangements. Find a way to break his barghest fangs. Whoever breaks his barghest fangs will get an extra one-tenth afterward!" the strong one declared coldly.

The strength Lu Ye had shown had made the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side give up on the idea of taking his life in one battle; this was unrealistic. Though he was only at Level 5, he was much stronger than an average Level 6, and without a Level 7 stepping in, it was impossible for him to meet his match. Thus, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge came up with a two-step plan to kill Lu Ye.

Moments later, Lu Ye, who had been sitting cross-legged on the platform eating strips of dried meat, slowly stood up, gulping down the piece in his mouth.

Eating was for replenishing his strength and also for Essence Refinement-Qi Conversion. The consumption of spirit force couldn't be completely relied upon elixir pills. Since the Talent Tree had lost the ability to burn pill poison, taking too many elixir pills would make his spirit force murky and affect his combat strength.

His spirit force was already not as pure as before because he had taken quite a number of elixir pills during his flight.

Although Essence Refinement-Qi Conversion was much less effective, it was better than nothing, and with the Bestial Gluttony Feast technique to aid his digestion, he was actually digesting the food quite quickly.

Another person from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sprang out, and Lu Ye focused his gaze to see a combat cultivator wielding a long spear.

As usual, they exchanged sect affiliations before the opponent charged at him, spear flashing with spirit light, thrusting spear flowers swiftly towards various vital points around Lu Ye.

Several dozen breaths later, the combat cultivator was chopped down to the ground...

Lu Ye didn't continue to fight one match after another because he realized the effect of establishing his might during the day wasn't very clear. He simply didn't waste the energy, noticing that those from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who sprang up seemed not too afraid of dying.

This might have something to do with the special environment of the Spirit Stream battlefield, a place where both camps have been in constant conflict for years. Every cultivator who reached Level 6 had fought their way through life and death battles, so facing to-the-death fights against enemies was routine for them.

Reflecting on those he had killed from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, he recalled that very few pleaded for their lives before death. Instead, most spoke tough last words. For example, Dong Shuye had said he would wait for Lu Ye on the road to Hell as he lay dying, even though it was pointless...

Because everyone knew that if you were defeated by an enemy cultivator and couldn't escape, pleading was useless.

This bred a ruthlessness among Nine Provinces cultivators, a "disregard for life and death, if you don't submit, fight" attitude that was more pronounced the higher the level of cultivation.

Resting, killing enemies, resting again, killing more enemies...

It went on and on in a cycle, with many lively beings stepping forward and most ending up as corpses, with only a few escaping certain death.

Dawn approached, and Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's losses kept growing, but this didn't seem to affect the newcomers much. They might be afraid when they stepped forward, but that fear didn't stop their determination to fight.

Another night fell.

The arena floor was saturated with blood, and the pungent smell of gore filled the air, so heavy it seemed impossible to dissipate.

Near the Haotian Alliance camp, Lu Ye was sitting cross-legged, clutching a Spirit Stone in each hand, with a piece of jerky in his mouth that he hadn't swallowed yet, his head drooping, taking a brief rest.

Having fought for two days and one night in a row, he was very exhausted, so now after every battle, he had to rest and recuperate, seizing this rare opportunity to snatch a brief moment of respite.

As for recovery... With the Bestial Gluttony Feast working on its own, after swallowing an elixir pill, he didn't need to pay it any more mind.

Weh Ying was watching him nearby with eyes full of distress. After such a long period of battle, it was inevitable for Lu Ye to get injured. Under normal circumstances, Weh Ying could easily tend to these wounds, but due to the constraints of the Heaven's Augury Pact, Lu Ye couldn't rely on any external help, and he had to bandage the wounds himself.

His clothes had long been stained red with blood, which he had discarded. Now, his bare upper body was wrapped with some cotton bandages, and the injury sites were all applied with Healing Medicine powder concocted by Hua Ci.

"How many battles now?" someone asked Li Baxian.

Li Baxian moistened his dry lips: "Thirty-two!"

"Thirty-two!" The person who asked inhaled sharply and looked at Lu Ye, whose head hung low, with a complicated expression. What a remarkable record this was.

Keep in mind that these thirty-two battles were fights where he was outclassed. Based on the current frequency, by dawn, he should be able to complete forty battles!

When the Heaven's Augury Pact was signed, only forty-three sects had left their names on it.

No one believed Lu Ye could fight in forty-three battles. Even Li Baxian hadn't thought about that. What he considered was if Lu Ye could hold out for three days, he would win the victory.

If Li Baxian had not thought of such a thing, then the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side would naturally have thought even less about it. What kind of person could fight in forty-three battles outclassed without being defeated? Such a thing had never occurred in the Nine Provinces cultivation world.

To those senior cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who spearheaded this matter, Lu Ye was as good as dead.

But everyone had underestimated Lu Ye's killing speed. Those who came to fight him at Level 6 realm were often cut down by Lu Ye very quickly.

The three-day deadline had just passed the halfway mark, yet he had already fought thirty-two battles. On the Heaven's Augury Pact, only eleven sects had not yet fought.

Even now, as more and more cultivators from both alliances came upon hearing the news, swelling the numbers on Golden Light Peak to over four thousand, as long as Lu Ye stayed alive after completing forty-three battles, he would win.

Later Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, no matter how reluctant, dared not make any moves, for under the constraints of the Heaven's Augury Pact, if they attacked Lu Ye, not only would they face the joint force of the Haotian Alliance side, but those forty-three sects who had signed on the pact, as well as some powerhouses of the Spirit Stream Ranking, would all have to take action against them.

This was the fairness of the Heaven's Augury Pact, which tolerated no challenge from anyone.

Only eleven battles stood between him and the final victory, yet Li Baxian's heart grew more uneasy by the moment. He didn't know if his junior brother could hold on because the spirit light on his junior brother's body was becoming obscured. It was due to swallowing a large number of elixir pills, which undoubtedly had a great impact. The obscurity of spirit force would affect his strength.

The most obvious sign was that Lu Ye had slowed down in killing his enemies. His sword was no longer as sharp, and his speed no longer as swift as before.

Each battle required more and more time, and the longer the fight lasted, the more he consumed, necessitating further use of elixir pills which could lead him into a vicious cycle.

When the time of one incense stick's duration was up, Weh Ying, with an unwilling heart, still gently prodded Lu Ye: "Junior brother."

Lu Ye jerked his head up, his eyes full of fatigue. He first looked confused and then realized the situation. He swallowed the unchewed jerky in his mouth, got up with the support of his long knife, and faced the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, uttering the phrase he had said over thirty times already, "Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye!"

The great battle resumed, and on the platform, the knife light flickered, figures dashed forward, and blood flew wildly.

Battle after battle commenced and then quieted as the sky brightened once more.

On the platform, a petit figure zipped around like thunder and lightning next to Lu Ye, moving with incredible speed.

Lu Ye gained numerous wounds on his body, flesh torn and rolling – these were caused by his opponent in this battle. He stood still, holding his long knife, wordlessly.

After so many consecutive fights, he had finally encountered the first opponent who posed a real challenge.

It was a demon cultivator with two fuzzy ears on his head that made him look like a cat. If he only looked like a cat, that would have been fine, but the key was that this individual was as nimble as an actual cat.

In terms of speed alone, Lu Ye, even at his peak, probably couldn't have outrun this individual. Such an opponent was surely one of the trump cards prepared by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. They had not let her engage because Lu Ye was in good condition earlier. Now that Lu Ye was so depleted, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge likely thought it was time for this cat demon to make an appearance.

Now that this trump card had been played, Lu Ye indeed entered a passive state. Without matching the opponent's speed, his slashes failed to kill the enemy and instead exposed him, leading to the wounds on his body.

Another round of blindingly fast clashes ensued, and as Lu Ye's long knife fell, it cleaved through an afterimage while pain shot through his waist and abdomen.

He lashed out with a kick, which the cat demon blocked with both hands, taking the opportunity to leap up and land gracefully.

Lu Ye staggered back, supporting himself with his long knife and nearly collapsing to the ground, prompting a cry of alarm from Weh Ying.

Chapter 166 - Has the Barghest Fang Broken?

The blood-stained arena bore witness as Lu Ye looked up, to see the cat demon crouched low with one hand pressed against the ground, the other bringing it up to her mouth. She wore claw gloves on both hands, extraordinarily sharp. Licking the fresh blood from her claws, a strange light shone in her eyes, and she let out a soft meow, seemingly in provocation.

With a faint smile playing at the corners of her mouth, she had discerned Lu Ye's weakening state and the beckoning victory.

Her fluid movements and sharp claws revealed her true nature; she was no mere cat but a fierce leopard in disguise.

The figure on the ground suddenly rushed forward, taking a sharp turn as it neared. As Lu Ye's gaze shifted to his side and he rose to his feet, his saber thrust straight ahead!

A grating sound of friction filled the air, accompanied by sparks. The cat demon's figure came into view, and the saber's tip grazed her cheek, leaving a fine cut on her soft skin. Yet, she was smiling because at that moment, she had caught Lu Ye's long saber with her claw glove!

Lu Ye tried to withdraw his saber but failed.

The cat demon's other claw glove came swinging down, spirit light flashing upon it.

With a crack, the Spiritual Artifact long saber that had been with Lu Ye for months broke in two, leaving only half of the blade.

This Spiritual Artifact was obtained by him in Qingyun Mountain after killing a fair-skinned cultivator; it contained only a single restriction to reinforce the blade, and was considered the worst quality among Spiritual Artifacts. The fair-skinned cultivator's cultivation wasn't high, so he couldn't afford a better Spiritual Artifact.

Even though the quality was not high, the long saber had inflicted unimaginable damage in Lu Ye's hands because he could enhance it with Sharpness spirit runes.

Throughout his journey, at least fifty to sixty Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had perished under this blade, and counting the executions in this very tournament, the number had already surpassed a hundred.

Today, the long saber that had accompanied Lu Ye on his travels was slashed apart!

Many cultivators from the Haotian Alliance turned pale, as the breaking of a cultivator's Spiritual Artifact undoubtedly compromised his strength, especially for Lu Ye, whose ability to defeat higher-level opponents was partly due to his own foundation and partly due to this Spiritual Artifact.

In contrast, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side all let out sighs of relief, particularly those strong contenders on the Spirit Stream Ranking who all smiled broadly.

Victory was assured!

Both the Haotian Alliance and Ten Thousand Demons Ridge believed that the long saber in Lu Ye's hands was a high-quality Spiritual Artifact, as evidenced by the way those Level 6 cultivators had been chopped down with no power to retaliate—it was Lu Ye's lethal fang!

Therefore, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side had always been seeking ways to clip this lethal fang. Once it was broken, they would be in an invincible position. The cultivators who had faced him before had chosen to exchange blows with Lu Ye, not because they believed they could defeat him, but in attempts to destroy his saber!

Unfortunately, no one had succeeded until now, when the cat demon, with her swift speed and a pair of claw gloves, managed to break that blade stained with the blood of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators!

With his lethal fang broken, this disciple from the Righteous Blood Sect named Lu Ye no longer had any possibility of resistance.

In the moment the long saber shattered, the cat demon excitedly lunged at Lu Ye, her sparkling eyes filled with excitement. She seemed to see a bounty of rewards calling her, and she also noticed Lu Ye swinging the broken saber towards her!

In the past, she would have avoided such a strike, as her defense was not strong despite her speed—a cut from Lu Ye would surely spell disaster.

But now she didn't avoid it; instead, she barrelled into Lu Ye's chest with the claw glove on her right hand reaching straight for his heart.

Thud...

Blood splattered as the cat demon's claw glove pierced Lu Ye's chest, but she froze in place, lifting her head to look at Lu Ye with puzzlement on her face, "How did you..."

Lu Ye kicked out, sending the cat demon flying before her. Mid-air, she raised her hand to cover her throat, and when she stumbled upon landing, a rush of blood spilled from between her hands, with more blood spilling from her mouth and nostrils. She gurgled as if trying to speak but couldn't make a sound. After struggling for a moment, the light quickly faded from her eyes.

Lu Ye then covered the wound on his chest, taking a deep breath. After checking, he found the injury was not severe; it hadn't touched his heart.

In that instant, he could have activated the Defense Spirit Runes for protection, but his spirit force was depleting rapidly with each battle, and as he consumed more elixir pills, the flow of his spirit force also became more sluggish. So, when possible, he preferred conserving his spirit force, and taking a minor injury didn't bother him much.

In the ensuing silence, he walked in front of the Haotian Alliance's camp with his broken saber, sat down cross-legged, and from his storage sack, took out Healing Medicine powder and applied it to his chest wound.

Weh Ying watched him, fists clenched, barely resisting the urge to rush forward and bandage his wounds...

"Idiot!" A Spirit Stream Ranking powerhouse from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cursed through clenched teeth. The moment Lu Ye's weapon broke was the closest they had been to victory. The cat demon should have been more vigilant, which would have given her a great chance to kill Lu Ye. But she had been too complacent, getting her throat cut open, dying ignominiously—a sheer act of stupidity.

The fortieth battle ended, leaving only three to go, and the sky was already bright!

But it no longer mattered, for Lu Ye's long saber was broken, and his power was surely greatly diminished. Surely the last three battles would see him defeated.

The Spirit Stream Ranking powerhouses exchanged glances and took a long breath.

Before signing the Heaven's Augury Pact with Li Baxian, none of them had expected the situation to unfold this way. They had thought that in such a relentless series of battles, Lu Ye, no matter how powerful, wouldn't be able to withstand ten rounds.

Yet now, not merely ten rounds—it had been forty!

By this time, they were most grateful for the information provided by Han Zheyue. Otherwise, having agreed to his challenge without any knowledge, they might have already been slaughtered through the forty-three sects, which would have been the biggest joke of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Before the platform, three Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators looked at each other. They were the last three sects' challengers. One of them belonged to the Sacred Fire Order, with the shape of a raging flame on his forehead as if it were burning—an emblem of their Sacred Fire. The other two were disciples from mid-sized sects of either 3rd or 4th grade.

They had been arranged to fight last because of their backgrounds. Those who had gone before them were from less powerful sects, hence they had been placed earlier in the lineup.

The previous forty had paved the path to victory with their blood and deaths. Whoever entered the fray next would stand a great chance to reap the fruits of victory.

This was not just about rich rewards but also about their own future prospects, so all three were eager to be the next one in the arena.

However, as the Sacred Fire Order was only 4th grade, a step behind the other two, he hesitated for a moment before taking a step back, clearly yielding the opportunity to the others.

"Brother Hu Ping, what do you say?" one of them spoke up, his eyes filled with eagerness.

"Brother Zih An really has posed me a dilemma," Hu Ping lowered his voice, "If I say I'll go first, you surely won't agree, but if I let you go first, I won't be happy either. At such a critical moment, we can't possibly decide a winner between us first."

"Indeed, but there still has to be a sequence," Zih An nodded.

"How about this, let him choose his opponent!"

"That way... very well!"

After a brief discussion, the two stood waiting in place, their gazes now turned toward Lu Ye who was making adjustments on the platform, as if looking at a dead man.

Near the Haotian Alliance side, Lu Ye silently assessed his own condition. It was poor; even with the time of burning one incense stick for recovery, his spirit force had not restored much. Continuing to fight like this, he had only about thirty percent of his spirit force left.

Though he had many injuries, they were not too severe. The healing medicine powder prepared by Hua Ci was highly effective for external wounds. Still, the symptoms of blood loss made him feel slightly dizzy.

He did not know how many people he had killed, nor did he know how many more battles he had to fight, but what he did know was if someone else entered the ring, then he had to stand out and fight.

This was the path he had chosen for himself. As he had said before, he did not fear death, but he refused to wait for it.

The incense candle beside him burned down, signaling the end of the recovery period.

Lu Ye pushed himself up with the broken saber, taking steps forward.

Weh Ying opened her mouth as if to say something, but in the end, she held back.

She had wanted to tell Lu Ye that he needed to win just three more rounds, but she feared her words might affect Lu Ye's condition. Sometimes, knowing the future's course may not be beneficial.

On Golden Light Peak, the crowd that surrounded the area swelled to over five thousand as cultivators of both the big camps gathered here. When Lu Ye was resting, there had been a buzz of conversation, the scene messy and unstructured, but as he stepped out, the whole world fell silent.

Thousands of gazes focused on him, even the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators putting aside their previous disdain and mockery. The look in everyone's eyes became intensely solemn.

A Level 5 realm cultivator, who had fought forty battles without suffering a single defeat, such a proud record did not allow desecration by anyone, enemy camp cultivators included, all showing him substantial respect.

One could predict that for a long while into the future, the image of him carrying a broken saber and walking step by step onto a bloodstained platform would haunt many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators' nightmares.

On the platform, Lu Ye stood firm as mountain winds howled in.

From Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side, two figures stepped forward. The next moment, thousands of sharp gazes from Haotian Alliance side bore down on them. Included were strong practitioners from the Spirit Stream Ranking, and the air suddenly filled with the impending threat of violence.

The two Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators nearly retracted in fear—this atmosphere... was too terrifying.

Realizing the peril, Hu Ping hurriedly explained, "We do not intend to gang up two against one; we just wish for Fellow Daoist Yiye to choose his opponent."

Zih An nodded repeatedly, implying that engaging in such dishonorable behavior was beneath them.

Lu Ye lifted his broken saber and pointed at Hu Ping, his expression calm, "Then it will be you."

Hu Ping's eyebrows rose in unexpected delight.

Although Zih An was reluctant, he still backed away.

Hu Ping took a deep breath and was about to formally introduce himself to Lu Ye when he suddenly heard a thud beside his ear, and as he looked over, he saw dirt splattered with blood flipping through the air. Lu Ye, like an arrow shot from a bow, lunged toward him.

Hu Ping was shocked; this guy always introduced himself before a fight, so why was he not even giving him a chance to speak this time? Had he gone mad?

Chapter 167 I'm Lu Ye!

Lu Ye, deviating from his usual passivity, took the initiative to attack, something that caught everyone by surprise and raised suspicions among many from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, making them wonder if his desire to die emanated from the broken Spiritual Artifact...

In the blink of an eye, the two contestants had clashed, with the clinking and clanking of weapons. Their Spiritual Artifacts constantly collided.

Hu Ping, a combat cultivator himself, wielded a saber as his Spiritual Artifact, but it was broader and somewhat shorter than Lu Ye's, a traditional machete.

As a disciple from a 3rd grade sect, Hu Ping's own strength was not meager. Although he had no achievements in defeating opponents beyond his own cultivation level, few cultivators of the same level could match him.

Especially when he employed his wide-open saber skills, a sense of a strong wind sweeping fallen leaves emerged. If Lu Ye's saber represented sharpness and aggression, then his embodied ferocity and force.

However, once he engaged with Lu Ye, who was at the Level 5 realm, he shockingly realized that he couldn't fully utilize his saber skills. Despite the opponent's Spiritual Artifact being broken, the speed and power were beyond his ability to contend with.

After exchanging a few strikes, he found himself unable to withstand the sharp onslaught, continually retreating backward, with his palms nearly splitting open. In his perception, the one he was facing was not a Level 5 realm cultivator, but a savage beast, brimming with blood Qi.

The oppressive feeling was too strong!

With a clang, Hu Ping's figure reeled backward, his Spiritual Artifact nearly flying out of his grip. He tried to steady himself, but his feet slipped.

Too many had died on this platform, their blood staining the entirety of Golden Light Peak a crimson red. Hu Ping, who was fighting on the platform for the first time, suffered greatly from this.

A bright flash of a saber passed by; Hu Ping forcefully steadied his stance and tried to block with his saber. Yet, the slashing blow bypassed his Spiritual Artifact and struck savagely.

By the time he thought of defending, it was too late. With ample experience in life-and-death battles, Hu Ping steeled his heart and slashed at Lu Ye's throat.

The battle had lasted just ten breaths, and already the opponents were in a life and death face-off, causing a collective gasp from the crowd.

There was no panic in Hu Ping's eyes because he knew that Lu Ye's broken saber couldn't do much harm to him. Although the opponent's Spiritual Artifact was indeed of good quality, since it was broken, it couldn't unleash its original power, and hence didn't pose a great threat to him.

But his own strike was different; aiming for Lu Ye's throat, it would be a matter of life and death if the opponent didn't activate any Defense Spirit Runes!

As expected, when his Spiritual Artifact reached Lu Ye's throat, it was blocked by a spirit rune. However, rather than ceasing his attack, he continued to exert pressure, using this to deplete his opponent's spirit force.

Yet, the pain in his chest caught him off guard, blood spurted out, and Hu Ping could no longer care for anything else, hastily leaping backward using the force of the strike.

Looking down, he saw a foot-long wound sliced across his chest, his treasure armor completely sundered, devoid of any spirit light!

A chill ran down Hu Ping's scalp, unable to comprehend what had just happened.

The reason he dared to meet Lu Ye's saber head-on was firstly, Lu Ye's Spiritual Artifact was broken, greatly diminishing its might, and secondly, he had treasure armor for protection. Although not of the highest quality, the armor did offer some defense and had saved him numerous times from perilous situations.

However, this time, the treasure armor was breached and failed to provide any protection.

Wasn't the opponent's Spiritual Artifact supposed to be broken? How could it still be so sharp?

Various thoughts churned in his mind, but there was no time to ponder, as Lu Ye had already closed in taking advantage of his momentary distraction, thrusting with his saber.

Fire-red spirit force clung to the broken length of the saber, imbued with an unstoppable might, and with a roar, Hu Ping raised his saber to block.

The clinking and clanking filled the air once more, and in an instant, the two exchanged blows relentlessly, but now Hu Ping, having lost his composure, found himself completely overpowered, feeling the opponent's assault to be not only sharp but also relentless and continuous.

A dozen breaths later, Hu Ping suddenly stood rigid in place, his large saber raised high but no longer having the strength to bring it down. He looked down at his chest with eyes full of horror.

At his chest, the broken saber had pierced unimpeded through the damaged part of his treasure armor and into his torso.

Up close, eyes locked, Lu Ye gazed at his foe with a calm expression, "My name is Lu Ye! Righteous Blood Sect's Lu Ye!"

With a kick, Hu Ping was sent flying far, crashing to the ground, motionless.

Lu Ye, panting heavily, with a staggering gait, returned to his original spot, sat down cross-legged, tossed an elixir pill into his mouth, and lowered his head.

Above Golden Light Peak, silence still reigned.

It took a good while before Hu Ping's senior brother stepped forward to check and found that Hu Ping was dead beyond any doubt!

Murmured whisperings began to spread, gradually growing into a loud buzz...

Hu Ping was defeated as well! In this battle where victory was so close for the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side, Hu Ping was killed!

It should be noted that this battle was intended by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to end the conflict, and in everyone's eyes, Lu Ye, with his Spiritual Artifact broken, could not possibly be Hu Ping's match.

Yet, Hu Ping died after only two strikes from Lu Ye.

Lu Ye also took two hits from him, but both were dissolved by Defense Spirit Runes.

Some cultivators had already seen the problem – it was still that Spiritual Artifact. Although it was broken, it seemed to have not affected its might.

...

Zih An, the cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, had a grave expression on his face, which had turned slightly pale. He secretly felt relieved that Lu Ye had chosen Hu Ping; otherwise, it could have been him who fell in this bout.

Everyone thought that once Lu Ye's "barghest fangs" were snapped, he would be rendered harmless—how wrong they were, as those broken fangs proved no less Sharpness!

Looking at the figure sitting quietly with his head lowered, as if he could collapse at any moment, Zih An let out a quiet sigh of relief.

Although Hu Ping's death would not affect him too much, he would be the next to fight. If he were to lose... then only the people from Sacred Fire Order would remain, and the fellow from Sacred Fire Order was weaker than both him and Hu Ping, without any hope of success.

Therefore, no matter what, he could not lose this battle!

To win, he must not let his opponent's blade reach him. The killing power of that Spiritual Artifact was too terrifying, but as a combat cultivator who excelled in close combat, it was impossible to avoid such confrontations.

He was troubled!

Before he could come up with a strategy, someone from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's side reminded everyone, "Time's up!"

Li Baxian glared fiercely in their direction!

The incense that had been lit when Lu Ye began his rest period had burned out. The figure of Lu Ye, who had been resting with his head lowered, lifted his head once again. With thousands of eyes watching, he

stood up just as he had before, leaning on his broken saber. His body swayed, and his steps were unsteady.

A group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators watched with twitching eyelids. Lu Ye seemed like he could collapse at any moment, but as proven time and again, once he engaged in combat, he became as ferocious as a dragon and a tiger.

If not for witnessing his continuous battles through more than forty bouts, everyone might have thought he was just putting on an act.

No one knew what kind of conviction and willpower sustained this mere Level 5 realm cultivator, who hadn't fallen and continued to be invincible on that blood-stained arena.

Zih An stepped forward as both parties reported their affiliations as usual.

A buzzing noise echoed by Lu Ye's ears, a result of overexertion, and he wasn't quite able to make out what the others were saying. But it didn't matter—his senior sister would remember.

Boom...

The moment the spirit force burst forth, two figures charged at each other. This cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was not intimidated by Lu Ye's terrifying battle record; he did not take a defensive stance. Instead, he actively met the challenge, knowing well as a combat cultivator that offense is the best form of defense.

The clash of Spiritual Artifacts rang out, and the two figures constantly shifted and interweaved on the arena, sparks flying with each collision.

Every cultivator from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had their hearts in their throats because they understood the stakes: if they lost this battle, there would be no chance left. Although there was one more from Sacred Fire Order, his strength was no match for either Hu Ping or Zih An, and against Lu Ye, he would only face a certain death.

Three breaths, 5 breaths, ten breaths, twenty breaths, fifty breaths...

The warriors of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge finally breathed a sigh of relief as the tide of the battle steadied.

All quietly praised their performance. Truly deserving of a cultivator from a 2nd grade sect, that foundation was indeed stronger than the others. None of those who had faced Lu Ye before could match him in a head-on clash for such a long time without showing signs of defeat.

While some were able to endure under Lu Ye's onslaught for a considerable amount of time, they were simply being chased around, intent on draining Lu Ye's spirit force to lay the groundwork for a victory for their successors. It was unprecedented for someone to hold their own against Lu Ye for so long in a head-on confrontation.

Such strength clearly possessed the potential for fighting beyond one's own rank.

At this very moment, the more Lu Ye fought, the clearer his mind became. Although his ears still buzzed and his vision occasionally blurred, the pressure from his opponent confirmed that he faced someone whose strength and speed were by no means inferior to his own.

Against such an opponent, he could only seek a swift victory.

Lu Ye was aware of his situation; his spirit force was severely depleted. Continuing the battle like this, he would surely be the first to falter. If his spirit force ran out before he could defeat his opponent, then all that awaited him was death.

As the thought crossed his mind and faced with his opponent's incoming blow, he did not attempt to block or dodge but instead struck out with his saber.

The attack startled the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator. While Lu Ye dared to take his strike, he did not dare to take a hit from Lu Ye's saber. The deaths of so many had taught him a lesson: the Spiritual Artifact in Lu Ye's hands was absurdly strong; it was not something a low-level cultivator should possess.

He hastily dodged.

The rhythm was instantly disrupted. Originally, his exchanges with Lu Ye were evenly matched, but as he started to defend, the initial Sharpness in his heart faded, and he became hampered.

With every retreat and advance, Lu Ye had already sliced with his saber seven or eight times. Although he hadn't fully achieved his aims, the situation began to turn. On the stage, Lu Ye gradually gained the upper hand, slowly overpowering his opponent.

The man was clearly aware that continuing like this was not an option. As he contemplated his next move, a cracking sound rang out, and his weapon suddenly felt light in his hand.

Looking up, he saw a sight that chilled him to the bone—his own Spiritual Artifact had been severed!

Lu Ye had fought over forty bouts, and except for having his own long saber broken by the persistent efforts of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side, he had never before broken an opponent's Spiritual Artifact.

While the Defense Spirit Runes were indeed powerful, the Spiritual Artifacts themselves were also robust. His previous opponents either died under his saber within a few strikes or avoided direct confrontation, so he never had the opportunity.

But it was different with the man before him, who had exchanged blows with him, with their Spiritual Artifacts colliding time and again. Even if Lu Ye didn't activate the Sharpness spirit runes every time, the opponent's Spiritual Artifact couldn't withstand it any longer.

The long saber fell with the momentum, drawing a spray of blood!

Chapter 168 - Self-Destruction of the Spiritual Orifice

On the stage, Zih An rapidly retreated, but still sustained a wound across his chest and abdomen. Opposite him, Lu Ye closed in for another strike with his saber.

Zih An rolled away like a ground gourd, narrowly avoiding the attack. When he got up, his body was covered with mud dyed red with fresh blood, an extremely sorry sight.

Barely stabilizing his stance, a gust of wind struck from behind. He threw himself forward like a rabid dog, feeling a chill on the top of his head as a large patch of his scalp was sheared off.

Struggling to fall to the ground, Zih An knew he was doomed this time.

He truly couldn't understand; the opponent's Spiritual Artifact was broken, yet it didn't affect its power. His own Spiritual Artifact, once broken, was as good as a decoration in hand...

He couldn't dodge the next strike no matter what, but the pride of hailing from a 2nd grade sect bit back his cry for those two words.

He didn't cry out, but someone did it for him: "I concede!"

It was one of Zih An's Senior Sisters from the Haotian Alliance who, seeing that the situation was dire, knew that if she didn't shout out, her fellow disciple would be dead. Even if she was unwilling and knew that after this shout, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would have no more chances, she couldn't watch her fellow disciple die like this.

Lu Ye, who was in pursuit, halted his advance, looking at Zih An as he struggled to his feet.

Deafening cheers erupted from the Haotian Alliance camp. The clamor and laughter of thousands converged, making the entire Golden Light Peak tremble.

Dizzy and confused, Lu Ye walked back with his broken saber in hand, looking at Li Baxian and Weh Ying, "Is it over?"

The Haotian Alliance's side was jubilant, like they were celebrating the New Year, so his confusion was understandable.

Li Baxian chuckled, "Not yet."

Lu Ye then sat down cross-legged, threw an elixir pill into his mouth, and switched his Cultivation Technique to the Bestial Gluttony Feast to accelerate the refinement of the pill energy.

What's there to be happy about if it's not over yet!

"There's one last match!" Li Baxian's voice came from behind Lu Ye, "See that guy over there with the Raging Flames mark on his brow? He's from the Sacred Fire Order, your only opponent left. But don't worry, everyone from the Sacred Fire Order are magic cultivators!"

In a wild encounter outside, a Level 6 magic cultivator would pose some threat to Lu Ye, but in this limited arena of the stage, the threat to Lu Ye from magic cultivators was greatly diminished.

Li Baxian was extremely relieved that when he made the Heaven's Augury Pact with Ten Thousand Demons Ridge before, they had agreed on the size of the stage.

The magic cultivators sent out by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge before were the ones who died the quickest; with Lu Ye's speed, he could reach them in a few steps. Those magic cultivators often only managed to cast one or two spells, and the more powerful ones could cast three or even four. But Lu Ye had Defense Spirit Runes; and as long as he had sufficient reflexes, he could easily block those spells.

Once he got close, those magic cultivators could only wait to die or concede.

Lu Ye glanced towards Ten Thousand Demons Ridge and indeed saw a Level 6 magic cultivator with the Raging Flames mark on his forehead, standing there and waiting.

It looked like this was his last opponent.

He did not take this lightly, silently checking his own condition. His spirit force was not much left, just over ten percent. Even with one incense stick's time to recover, he could barely get back to twenty percent. Conserving it, this should be enough to cope with the last battle.

"Senior Brother, can we go home after I finish?" Lu Ye quietly asked.

"When it's over, we'll go home!" Li Baxian replied.

"Understood!" Lu Ye lowered his head to recover his strength as much as possible.

The Haotian Alliance side remained jubilant. After Hu Ping and Zih An, both disciples from 2nd-3rd grade sects, were either killed or conceded, the remaining cultivator from the Sacred Fire Order simply could not be Lu Ye's opponent. In the eyes of the Haotian Alliance, Lu Ye had effectively secured the victory beforehand.

In contrast, the atmosphere on Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's side was gloomy, with everyone wearing an unsightly expression.

No wonder they were like this. Throughout these two days of rotational battles, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had already enjoyed far too many advantages. Besides the first round when a Level 5 physique cultivator went up to test the waters, the rest were all Level 6.

Yet in just two days, this Righteous Blood Sect's Lu Ye had cut through their ranks, leaving only the last remaining member of the Sacred Fire Order, destined to achieve nothing.

It could be said that in this contest between the two big camps, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was utterly defeated. The deaths of those people were actually secondary; competing with the Haotian Alliance was sure to result in casualties. The main issue was that they couldn't explain it to their sects backing them.

Almost all of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators present could imagine the uproar and rage that would follow when the news got back to their sects.

Several powerful figures on the Spirit Stream Ranking from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge now approached the Sacred Fire Order cultivator who was about to fight, quietly asking him something. The Sacred Fire Order cultivator slowly shook his head, making the moods of the inquirers turn even more somber.

An incense stick's time seemed to pass in the blink of an eye.

Atop Golden Light Peak, Lu Ye stood up for the last time, saber in hand, and walked towards the stage step by step, silently observing the cultivator from the Sacred Fire Order.

The other party stood in front of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's camp, with his head down and not making any move.

This situation elicited a constant stream of jeers from the people of the Haotian Alliance, some loudly urging Lu Ye to go up and kill him, others telling the Sacred Fire Order person to quickly admit defeat and go home to farm sweet potatoes...

Undaunted in defeat, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, with their more hot-tempered members, began trading insults with the Haotian Alliance, making the scene chaotic.

If not for the constraints of the previously signed Heaven's Augury Pact, the two sides might have engaged in an all-out melee to decide the winner.

Just when Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was growing increasingly impatient, finally, someone slowly made his way onto the stage.

The clamor suddenly died down, and thousands of eyes fixated on the cultivator ascending the platform, yet the person was not the disciple from the Sacred Fire Order originally prepared to fight, but another female cultivator!

Li Baxian's gaze immediately sharpened as he demanded, "What does Ten Thousand Demons Ridge mean by this?"

Without questioning, one could tell this female cultivator, although also a member of the Sacred Fire Order, was not a Level 6 cultivator simply by observing the spirit light on her body.

She was a Level 7 cultivator!

Several strong contenders from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge on the Spirit Stream Ranking were clearly not expecting such a development. The terms of the Heaven's Augury Pact had already stipulated that the highest cultivation level for those accepting the challenge was Level 6, so a Level 7 cultivator stepping forward undoubtedly broke the rules.

Overtly challenging the Heaven's Augury Pact was an audacious act; once Heaven's Augury began to mete out punishment, all the strong fighters who had left their blood fingerprints on the Heaven's Augury Pact and the sects behind them would have to collectively attack the Sacred Fire Order, regardless of whether Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was willing or not.

Ever since the creation of the Spirit Stream battlefield, no one had dared to defy the justice of Heaven's Augury.

Even if the people from the Sacred Fire Order had lost their minds, they should not have committed such an unwise act, as it was tantamount to joking with the fate of their entire sect.

Although Li Baxian's gaze was fierce and his tone frosty, he actually felt a secret sense of joy, because if the Sacred Fire Order really played such a game, it would be advantageous for his side.

He muttered to himself, wondering if these folks had indeed had their wits burned out by their own sacred fire.

The strong fighters from the Haotian Alliance had the same thought, which was why they remained seated quietly here without moving. They would have stopped her the moment the Level 7 female cultivator took the stage.

"What are you trying to do!" On the side of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, a top twenty strong fighter glared at the manager from the Sacred Fire Order and demanded fiercely through clenched teeth.

Even if the Level 6 magic cultivator was no match, they absolutely could not break the Heaven's Augury Pact, or else the consequences would be unimaginable.

Just as his words fell, thunder seemed to rumble in the sky, and dense clouds appeared out of nowhere, gathering above the Golden Light Peak and obscuring the sunlight.

Heaven's Augury had begun to churn...

Everyone from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was shocked, while the cultivators near the Sacred Fire Order scattered in all directions, vacating a large area around the Sacred Fire Order people in an instant.

A sense of impending death pressed down, and the group from the Sacred Fire Order appeared calm and collected. Regardless, such courage to face Heaven's Augury directly did win them some admiration, but it did not change the impending fate that they were about to die.

"Mighty sacred fire, burn my body; as long as the heart's fire endures, even in death I shall not fear!"

The Sacred Fire Order manager with the highest cultivation was bowing his head, softly chanting these words.

On the platform above, the Level 7 female cultivator also bowed her head, chanting the same words, "Mighty sacred fire, burn my body; as long as the heart's fire endures, even in death I shall not fear!"

While she was chanting, she lifted her right thumb and pressed it below a spot on her chest, pushing down fiercely.

"This is..." Li Baxian suddenly realized something, his expression changing slightly.

Thump... A muted pop sounded, akin to a balloon being punctured, followed by that sound, the female cultivator's figure staggered slightly as violent air waves emanated from her center, sweeping out in all directions.

The female cultivator let out a muffled grunt as a flash of pain crossed her eyes; at the same time, her aura weakened drastically.

"Self-destructing her spiritual orifice!" Li Baxian clenched his teeth and exclaimed softly.

All who saw the female cultivator's actions, whether from the Haotian Alliance or Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, were visibly shocked.

Self-destructing one's spiritual orifice was easy to say but hard to do. Once a spiritual orifice was destroyed, it was bound to mean a hopeless future, stuck at the Spirit Stream Realm level forever. Just looking at Li Baxian, one could see how outstanding he was, a figure even the sword master of Beixuan Sword Sect admired.

But with his orifice damaged, he had already been stagnant in the Spirit Stream Realm for over a decade, and his cultivation had also stalled at Level 8 because a damaged orifice made it difficult to form a complete Minor Circumambulation system, preventing the advance to Level 9.

Of course, a damaged spiritual orifice could be repaired, but the cost was tremendous, and few were willing to try.

Right then, in full view of thousands of cultivators from both camps, the female cultivator from the Sacred Fire Order, without changing her expression, disabled one of her spiritual orifices. The act was as casual as plucking a single hair out...

The decisive nature of her self-cruelty made the skin of thousands of cultivators crawl; the fanatics of the Sacred Fire Order were indeed capable of such an act.

After a brief moment of shock, everyone raised their heads to look at the crisis brewing in the sky.

As soon as the female cultivator stood on the platform, Heaven's Augury started to surge rapidly, seemingly on the verge of delivering punishment, with the lightning and thunder within the heavy clouds causing unease and trepidation.

However, as the female cultivator destroyed one of her spiritual orifices and her cultivation fell to Level 6, the dark clouds hovering over Golden Light Peak rapidly dispersed, and the churning Heaven's Augury also vanished without a trace.

Sunshine poured down, and the sky was clear and blue.

The side of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was all smiles.

Chapter 169 - Saintess

"Good!" A loud shout came from a strong practitioner within the top twenty in the Spirit Stream Ranking of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

When that female cultivator took her stand on the arena, he had thought the Sacred Fire Order's mad bunch had lost their minds, wanting to provoke Heaven's Augury—little did he expect them to play such a divine stroke of crippling their own spiritual orifice!

This was undoubtedly taking advantage of a loophole in Heaven's Augury Pact, but from Heaven's Augury's reaction, it was a loophole exploited so flawlessly that no one could raise an objection.

By crippling a spiritual orifice, the female cultivator had fallen from a Level 7 cultivator to Level 6, naturally meeting the terms set in Heaven's Augury Pact. Now with Heaven's Augury himself stepping back, even if the Haotian Alliance had a bellyful of grievances, they had nowhere to vent them.

A cultivator who had just dropped from Level 7 to Level 6 would naturally be stronger than an average Level 6! This was the last hope of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Boom...

As the word "good" from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge strong practitioner fell, Lu Ye, covered in blood Qi, had already pounced toward the Sacred Fire Order's female cultivator, as murderous as ever.

He had slain a Level 6 magic cultivator who had fallen from Level 7 when he himself had just advanced to Level 5. Despite being in a poor state now, and not even sure of what exactly had happened, since the opponent had stepped into the arena and stood before him, then... slaughter!

The twenty-zhang distance was rapidly closed as Lu Ye charged forward like a frenzied beast, exuding immense pressure.

His bloodshot eyes were clear as they reflected the silhouette of the woman opposite him.

Ten zhang, five zhang—the crimson spirit force began to climb up his long saber. Even though Lu Ye's spirit force was no longer as pure, even though his Spiritual Artifact was now broken, the enhancement from the Sharpness spirit runes still made the saber unstoppable.

The Sacred Fire Order's female cultivator didn't dodge because she knew she couldn't compete with Lu Ye in terms of speed. She had willingly crippled her own spiritual orifice and lowered her cultivation to confront Lu Ye in battle precisely because she had her own way to cope.

Raising both hands, the surge of her spirit force triggered a heart-shaped pendant at her chest to slightly float, radiating a fiery red glow. As she madly infused her own spirit force into it, the pendant suddenly unfolded a layer of protection, which explosively expanded and enveloped her within it.

This protection was colored fiery red, resembling magma flowing over it, concealing the woman's figure. Its appearance caused the temperature atop Golden Light Peak to soar rapidly, the blood-soaked ground drying up and emitting a pungent odor.

"Heart of Smelting Fire!" someone from the Haotian Alliance exclaimed, recognizing the origin of the pendant.

This was a unique defensive spirit artifact of the Sacred Fire Order. Only five could be forged each generation, and only their Saints or Saintesses were entitled to possess them. Boasting immense protective power, in a contest of peers, the protection it granted would not break as long as the wearer's spirit force didn't run out.

Only a great disparity in strength could shatter the protective layer in a single blow, but if an enemy that strong appeared, no defensive spirit artifact would be of use.

Having the Heart of Smelting Fire indicated that the female cultivator sent into battle held the status of a Saintess within the Sacred Fire Order.

A bunch of Haotian Alliance cultivators cursed internally, affirming that everyone in the Sacred Fire Order was indeed mad—to win a battle, even their Saintess was willing to cripple her spiritual orifice and degrade her cultivation!

At this very moment, Lu Ye had reached the protective layer. The blistering heat hit him full in the face, parching his mouth and tongue. Without hesitation, he brought his saber down.

In the previous fights, some had sacrificed defensive spirit artifacts, but those often didn't play a significant role and were quickly broken by a few slashes from him.

However, this time, when his saber struck the fiery red protection, he instantly noticed it was different. The defense was not hard but incredibly tough. His Sharpness-enhanced blow felt as if it had struck rubber.

Without hesitation, his second saber strike followed, then the third, the fourth...

His saber-wielding hand was scorched, but as if he didn't feel it, Lu Ye hacked wildly under the gaze of thousands of onlookers.

"This is bad," Li Baxian's expression turned solemn. Although he couldn't see what exactly the Sacred Fire Order's Saintess was doing inside the fire barrier, he was certain she was preparing a powerful and wide-ranging magic spell.

The grizzly deaths at the hands of Lu Ye of previous magic cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge made one thing clear: on this stage, magic cultivators found it hard to threaten Lu Ye because he possessed a kind of defensive spirit rune that could be activated at will, offering outstanding protection that easily blocked every spell.

If this Sacred Fire Order's Saintess engaged Lu Ye in battle like the previous magic cultivators had, even if she was a fallen Level 7, she would not last long.

To win against Lu Ye with magic and spells, one had to resort to a wide-ranging spell, something that Lu Ye's defensive spirit rune could not anticipate and guard against.

A typical Level 7 magic cultivator wouldn't have the qualifications to practice such large-scale spells, which required at least the cultivation of Level 9. But this was a Saintess of the Sacred Fire Order, who undoubtedly possessed exceptional talent.

That's why she'd directly activated the protective strength of the Heart of Smelting Fire, to ensure she wouldn't be disturbed while casting her spell.

Atop the stage, Lu Ye also faintly realized this, so he sped up his saber strikes significantly.

Meanwhile, within the fire protection, the Sacred Fire Order's Saintess, who had calmly crippled her spiritual orifice, showed a faint trace of concern on her face.

Because she felt the spirit force within her body rapidly depleting, which caused a ripple in her usually undisturbed composure, inwardly astonished by the strength of her opponent's attacks.

One must understand that although her Heart of Smelting Fire's protection was exceptional, it had a clear drawback—it was immensely draining.

This expenditure was directly linked to her spirit force. It wasn't that the layer of protection couldn't be broken, rather it continuously mended itself under attack, drawing the power to do so from her spirit force.

The stronger the attack she bore, the faster her spirit force was depleted!

She had fought to the death with a Haotian Alliance cultivator of Level 7, and the rate at which her spirit force was consumed by the opponent's attacks on her Heart of Smelting Fire defenses seemed to be even slower than this time!

Each slash from the opponent could make her reserve of spirit force vanish into thin air, and after a few strikes, a tenth of her spirit force was gone.

That broken saber... indeed had incredible sharpness.

Fortunately, she had no intention of engaging in a protracted battle with Lu Ye. She only had one move, one magic spell, to use against him!

Her reserve of spirit force continued to plummet, and in just a short ten breaths, she was down to barely more than sixty percent of her spirit force.

The outcome was decided!

She exhaled softly and gently pushed her hands outward; as she did so, a hot, violent aura blasted out, and the remaining sixty percent of her spirit force gushed out like floodwaters from a breached dam, draining away madly!

At the same time, beyond that molten lava-like layer of protection, Lu Ye rapidly retreated. Since the very beginning, a strong sense of crisis surged in his heart, as if a voice in his ear was frantically shouting, "Retreat now, or die!"

Almost at the instant he retreated, the protection in front of him shattered—not by his own slashing, but torn apart by some ferocious force from within.

A fiery red filled Lu Ye's field of vision in an instant, accompanied by a breath that seared everything. It embraced him, shrouding him completely.

The twenty-zhang arena was almost instantly engulfed by raging flames, which were no ordinary fire but more like diluted magma. The sudden turn of events forced the nearby spectating cultivators to retreat hastily; for a moment, no one could see clearly what was happening on the arena.

But it was undeniable that a Level 5 realm cultivator enveloped by such a spell could not possibly survive, no matter what.

Li Baxian was about to take action when Weh Ying grabbed him: "Don't be impulsive, little junior brother isn't dead!"

Although she couldn't see the situation clearly, she could feel that on that arena, the aura belonging to her little junior brother had not been extinguished. Her perception of the vigor of life was extremely sensitive. As long as it wasn't extinguished, she could save him!

But if Li Baxian rushed out at this moment, he could indeed rescue his little junior brother, but the subsequent situation would not be optimistic.

Hearing Weh Ying's words, Li Baxian forcefully suppressed the urge to intervene.

The scorching power on the arena was slowly dissipating, and the muddy Golden Light Peak was now dry, even producing crystal-like glaze.

The vague situation began to clear.

On one side of the arena, the Sacred Fire Order's Saintess looked deathly pale without a hint of color, and even fresh blood streamed from her seven orifices; her aura was feeble to the extreme, as if she could fall down at any moment.

Her consumption was too great. The defenses of the Heart of Smelting Fire had drained three or four tenths of her spirit force, and that one wide-ranging spell had nearly drained her dry.

Strictly speaking, that spell wasn't something a cultivator of her realm should even be casting. She couldn't control it perfectly, and there was a high chance it would backlash against her, but to deal with Lu Ye, she had no other choice.

Fortunately, her will was strong enough to barely complete that spell. It left her somewhat drained and caused her some severe injuries without a strong backlash.

At this moment, every spiritual orifice in her was being scorched by the power of the Sacred Fire. If she didn't receive timely treatment, she would either die or be crippled.

She raised her listless eyes, looking ahead to see her opponent's fate.

Through the twisting heatwave, a figure covered with heat and steam violently rushed out. His bare upper body was littered with rotten burn wounds, even his hair was burnt to a mess, and his lower

clothing was likewise, clinging to his flesh. With every step he took, a fresh, red footprint appeared on the ground, which quickly dried up due to the high temperature.

The face of the Sacred Fire Order's Saintess finally changed!

He's not dead!

How could he possibly not be dead?

Indeed, the enemy had defensive spirit runes, but even with those, he shouldn't have been able to withstand her spell. As long as he was still in the arena, his death was certain.

At that instant, the Saintess almost suspected someone had secretly aided Lu Ye.

But since her own powerful backers had not spoken up, that meant such a possibility was not likely.

The enemy was not dead and was charging towards her. Although his speed was slow, and his figure staggered, the distance between them was rapidly closing. It was clear to see that when he reached her, it would be her time to die!

Chapter 170 - Magic Cultivator Wields a Sword, Combat Cultivator Casts Spells

The Saintess of the Sacred Fire Order clenched her teeth, stretching her small hand forward as she stimulated the scant spirit force remaining in her body, immediately manifesting a cluster of red light above her palm.

That was a gathering of her spirit force.

As this cluster of red light appeared, the dissipated energy from the previous extensive magic and spells swiftly coalesced towards it.

The scorching temperatures at Golden Light Peak swiftly dropped.

In the blink of an eye, a figure formed entirely of flames appeared before her.

"Fire Giant!" a cry of alarm came from the Haotian Alliance's side, clearly recognizing the name of the spell cast by the Saintess of the Sacred Fire Order.

This was also a spell that should not have been cast by a Level 7 magic cultivator, which showed how exceptional the Saintess's talent was.

However, perhaps due to insufficient cultivation, the Fire Giant, which should have been imposing and at least several zhang tall, was now only the size of an ordinary human. This Fire Giant had no legs, its lower half purely composed of flowing flames, and even its facial features were not quite distinct.

Nonetheless, its frame was burly, and it instantly appeared, positioning itself in front of the female cultivator.

After releasing this spell, the Sacred Fire Order's Saintess collapsed to the ground with a thud, truly exhausted.

It must be said, she was a clever woman.

In these final moments, instead of casting something like the Fire Serpent Technique with her last reserves of spirit force, she summoned a Fire Giant. Spells were easy to dodge, and had Lu Ye evaded her last attack, all she could do was await death.

Her mind pained as if pricked by needles, the blood flowing from her orifices turned dark red. Although she knelt on the platform in utter disarray, she still looked up directly at Lu Ye, rushing toward her, her mind controlling the Fire Giant to meet him.

As the heat wave surged towards him, Lu Ye instinctively raised his broken saber to strike.

Having survived the previous spell's assault thanks to the Defense Spirit Runes, when that spell's power attacked, he activated a rune that could envelop his entire body.

This nearly depleted his already scarce spirit force.

Fortunately, the opponent's spell didn't last long, or he truly would have been burned alive.

Currently, he could still activate one last spirit rune, intended not for this inexplicable entity, but for his own opponent.

His vision was a sea of red, almost too blurry to discern anything. The Sacred Fire Order's Saintess was drained, but so was Lu Ye, both at the end of their tether.

On the platform, the powerful members of both camps watched the final battle with solemn expressions, none having anticipated that a fight between those of merely the 5th and 6th levels could be so ferocious.

At the moment, the two battling figures on the platform looked rather comical and ridiculous. Lu Ye lacked his previous sharp ferocity; each slash he made seemed feeble, and his every step was staggering, as if he might collapse at any moment.

The Fire Giant appeared equally sluggish and foolish, slow to react, which was due to the Saintess of the Sacred Fire Order beginning to lose clarity in her consciousness. Though she had summoned the Fire Giant with her powers, it had no mind of its own and required her control.

This resulted in the battle on the platform resembling a children's scuffle...

Nobody laughed, instead they were silently shocked by the fighters' tenacious will.

A group of powerful cultivators from the Spirit Stream Ranking considered if, at the 5th or 6th level of cultivation, they could do the same? If not killed today, these two combatants would surely appear on the Spirit Stream Ranking in the future.

The childish fight continued, not fierce, but as time passed, the Fire Giant, summoned by magic and spells, gradually became unstable, even its form slowly shrinking.

Anxiety grew among the members of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Having gotten this far, it would be terrible to fail now.

"Great sacred fire, consume my body!"

A deep chanting voice arose, initially just one person, but soon, many cultivators from the Sacred Fire Order joined in, elevating their voices together.

On the platform, the Saintess, already delirious, suddenly burst out her last energy, tears of crimson blood flowing from her eyes. The Fire Giant battling Lu Ye suddenly swelled, swinging a fierce punch.

With a cracking sound, the half-piece of broken saber in Lu Ye's hand completely shattered, and he himself was blasted away, falling to the ground.

Falling with him were the hopes of the Haotian Alliance.

After striking Lu Ye away, the Fire Giant also burst apart suddenly, turning into specks of light and vanishing, having exhausted its own strength.

The Saintess of the Sacred Fire Order gasped heavily, struggling to get up from the ground, step by step moving towards the motionless Lu Ye on the ground, softly reciting the doctrines of the Sacred Fire Order, her pained expression gradually calming.

Li Baxian's expression turned grave and tense, Weh Ying also covertly stimulated her spirit force; at the same time, the gaze of the powerful cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge fixed on the two, ready to strike at any sign of irregularity.

In that moment, the atmosphere turned extremely tense.

On the platform, halfway to her target, the Saintess slowly drew a longsword from her storage sack. Just that action seemed to drain all her energy. It should have been only a normal mundane sword, as it emitted no spirit light, but it was enough.

Too weak to lift the sword, she dragged it over to where Lu Ye lay, wobbling a bit before stabilizing herself.

As she looked down at her opponent who had suffered burns all over, the Saintess, who had never shown a smile since she began her cultivation, revealed a slight smile.

She very much wanted to tell her opponent: I won!

Though she could open her mouth, she found herself unable to make a sound.

Her hands gripping the hilt of the sword in reverse, the tip aimed at Lu Ye's chest, she slowly lifted it.

The already tense atmosphere around the arena escalated to its peak in that instant, with countless people silently gathering their spirit force.

Lying motionless on the ground, Lu Ye suddenly lifted one hand, palm facing the woman standing beside him, as if to block the impending thrust of her sword.

His dry, cracked lips moved, and a faint voice emerged.

"Fire... Phoenix..."

Red spirit force surged in his palm, and the Saintess's smile instantly stiffened, as she lunged with all her remaining strength, thrusting the sword downward.

A flapping sound rang out, and a phoenix, large as a quail, burst forth from his hand, slamming into the Saintess's chest and exploding violently.

A scream echoed as the Saintess was blasted away, her chest charred black, falling to the ground lifelessly.

Everyone was rendered speechless by this abrupt turn of events, the side previously assumed as certain to die had retained the power to counterattack, and with a magic and spell...

In that final moment, the magic cultivator lifted the sword, the combat cultivator cast a spell.

The winner was decided, life and death determined!

Almost simultaneously, two figures charged onto the arena. The sound of swords clashing resounded in an instant as Li Baxian stood in front of Lu Ye, with hundreds of sword lights swarming and weaving behind him, each one a flying sword.

Sword Qi soared into the heavens, the sword cultivator's killing intent awakened!

Anyone daring to make a move would be met with the onslaught of a hundred flying swords.

Weh Ying cradled the horribly injured Lu Ye in her arms, examining his wounds.

Suddenly, a powerful surge of spirit force rose from the rear of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side like a tide, alarming everyone as they turned their heads in shock, only to see a figure rising tens of meters high into the sky, blocking out the sun with its immense form.

That was the form of a Cloud Giant, a magic and spell.

On the whole Spirit Stream battlefield, there were no more than three people capable of casting the Cloud Giant spell on such a grand scale.

"Everybody, don't move about carelessly; it can be deadly!" a crisp voice called from the direction of the Cloud Giant, and it was only then that the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side noticed a woman sitting on

the shoulder of the Cloud Giant, her tiny figure stark against the massive Cloud Giant, but nobody dared underestimate her.

For she was Feng Yuechan, the leader of the Spirit Stream Ranking and a monster who had dominated that position for more than a decade!

"Feng Yuechan!" some Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators gnashed their teeth and muttered.

Nobody knew when she had been lurking nearby, though there had been rumors that she was blocking the gateway at the Hundred Refinement Valley, but now it seemed she had long since left that area. After all, even as the leader of the Spirit Stream Ranking, she couldn't block a 4th grade sect's residence indefinitely.

"Senior Brother, I'm here to help you!" Feng Yuechan raised her hand and greeted Li Baxian warmly.

At this moment, there was no time to correct her address, and Li Baxian nodded in acknowledgment, "Whoever dares to move, kill them!"

"Okay!" Feng Yuechan crisply responded.

On the arena, Weh Ying had already administered an elixir pill to Lu Ye and fed him some unknown medicinal syrup to sustain his life force.

Lu Ye's lips moved slightly, and Weh Ying, unable to hear clearly, leaned closer and whispered, "What are you saying, Junior Brother?"

"Is it over?" Lu Ye asked with difficulty.

"It's over!" Weh Ying nodded.

One of Lu Ye's eyes was completely shut, and the other was barely a slit. He tried to smile but couldn't, letting his tense mind relax. His head tilted, and he passed out decisively.

Alarmed, Weh Ying hurriedly checked on him, and upon confirming that Lu Ye was just overwhelmingly exhausted, she calmed down and looked up at Li Baxian's figure, "Let's return to the sect!"

Li Baxian called out, "Yuechan, take the senior sister and junior brother to Cangming Mountain!"

"Yes!" Feng Yuechan responded, and the tens of meters tall Cloud Giant leaned down, extending a hand toward the arena. Under its massive shadow, many of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators scattered like birds.

The giant hand touched down beside the arena, and Weh Ying carrying Lu Ye jumped aboard, gently setting him down. Suddenly, she noticed something nearby and turned to see a white big tiger.

Recognizing it as Lu Ye's beast pet, and seeing the worried look in the big tiger's eyes, she unexpectedly reassured, "Don't worry; with me here, he won't die."

The Cloud Giant's hand lifted gently, holding the two and the tiger in its palm, then under Feng Yuechan's control, turned its huge form toward the direction of the Cangming Mountain residence and sped off at an incredible velocity!

"Fellow Daoists of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, please wait here for the time it takes one incense stick to burn. After that, you may do whatever you wish, but if there are any rash actions before then, don't blame me, Li Baxian, for a massacre!"

Li Baxian's voice came faintly, but the hundred circling flying swords behind him told all the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators that this man was not joking.

Watching Li Baxian intensely, Yanh Xing's expression grew solemn, realizing only today that Li Baxian's Sword Control Technique had reached such a terrifying level. In their prior encounter, this man had not been fighting with his full strength.