

Humanity 331

Chapter 331 Desirable

Crimson Blood Valley was a 5th grade sect, and there were no Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators within it, the strongest being of the True Lake Realm. This Third Elder's strength ranked extremely high among all of Crimson Blood Valley's True Lake Realm cultivators.

At this moment, however, his tattered corpse was tossed down from the sky like garbage.

This undoubtedly had a great impact on the morale of Crimson Blood Valley, especially since they were already at a disadvantage.

If Lu Ye could kill the Third Elder, he naturally had the ability to kill the remaining four as well.

A great crisis loomed over the four, making them dare not hesitate any longer, and a woman shouted sharply, "Go!"

At her command, the people of Crimson Blood Valley fought and retreated, fleeing toward the Heaven's Augury Hall.

The cultivators of the Tianyan Sect and Canglan Mountain pursued relentlessly, with the power of magic and spells bursting forth in layers.

Bodies continuously fell along the way.

By the time the people of Crimson Blood Valley had retreated into the Heaven's Augury Hall, dozens more had died.

The cultivators of Crimson Blood Valley who retreated into the Heaven's Augury Hall took advantage of the Heaven's Augury Pillar to return to the Nine Provinces sect headquarters, and as their numbers decreased, their resisting power continuously weakened until at one moment, cultivators from both sects surged into the Heaven's Augury Hall like a tsunami of beasts.

The cultivators of Crimson Blood Valley who failed to escape had no way to survive. Even the woman who had given the command earlier was left behind forcibly because she was responsible for covering the retreat. She fought fiercely, killing several people, but the purple thunderbolts that surged over her body caused her to scream in agony.

The cultivators from both sects overwhelmed them...

A moment later, the battle calmed down.

There were no cheers, no exhilarations. This was the second stronghold at Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to be taken over by the combined forces of the two sects, and the death toll this time was undoubtedly much higher than the last.

The same procedure followed, clearing the battlefield and collecting the spoils of war.

On the plaza of the Heaven's Augury Hall, Lu Ye sat cross-legged, with a healing cultivator attending to his injuries.

The injury was left by an elder from Crimson Blood Valley; Lu Ye had hurriedly bandaged it, but it wasn't very effective. Now, under the treatment of the healing cultivator, the wound felt ticklish.

His physique might not match that of Giant Armor, but compared to other physique cultivators of the same level, he was not at all inferior, and even stronger. This was naturally thanks to the scale armor he had obtained from Dragon Spring.

One advantage of having a strong body was that injuries healed quickly, especially with a healing cultivator treating them.

Zhao Li and Song Yin came over together to check Lu Ye's injuries, and only relaxed after confirming they were not serious.

While the cultivators from both sects were busy, news of Crimson Blood Valley's stronghold being taken over spread rapidly once again.

After Qingfeng Gate's stronghold was taken over, the gaze of the entire Spirit Stream battlefield and all the cultivators of the Nine Provinces converged on the group led by Lu Ye, constantly monitoring their movements and combat situation.

Thus, less than a time of a single cup of tea after Crimson Blood Valley's stronghold was taken over, the affair was already creating a huge uproar, almost universally known.

What shocked everyone was that in this battle not only had Crimson Blood Valley lost its stronghold, but two strong practitioners from the True Lake Realm had also perished.

It was said that in order to save their stronghold, five warriors surpassing the Spirit Stream Realm had forcibly entered the Spirit Stream battlefield, intending to emulate the actions of the Seal Envoy from Righteous Blood Sect.

As a result, two of them died, and the remaining three were in excruciating pain as they fled back to the Nine Provinces, tormented by the Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning.

Indeed, even though these three had left the Spirit Stream battlefield, the punishment of the Soul-Destroying Divine Lightning did not cease but continued, depending on the number of people they had killed in the Spirit Stream battlefield, and this period of suffering also varied in duration.

One can imagine that in the coming month or two, these three would likely live a life worse than death.

This was also why the powerful cultivators of the Nine Provinces were reluctant to enter the Spirit Stream battlefield easily—the punishment from Heaven's Augury was simply too strong.

Among the two who died from Crimson Blood Valley was a Third Elder from True Lake Level 8.

When the news broke, the Nine Provinces were in an uproar.

Compared to losing their stronghold, the real shock was that two True Lake Realm strong practitioners had fallen on the Spirit Stream battlefield.

It had been many years since any cultivator surpassing the Spirit Stream Realm had died there, let alone those two from the True Lake Realm.

Messages traveled towards Crimson Blood Valley one after another, and powerful Divine Sea Realm cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge even personally visited Crimson Blood Valley to inquire about the situation.

Eventually, it was learned that the Third Elder had intended to kill Lu Yiye from Righteous Blood Sect. Somehow, he was killed by Lu Yiye instead, not only losing his own life but also bringing great disgrace to Crimson Blood Valley.

And that Lu Yiye, was now merely an ordinary Level 9 cultivator.

An ordinary Level 9 cultivator killing a Level 8 practitioner, even if it was the outstanding Lu Yiye at Golden Light Peak, would not be possible, let alone against an opponent with the backing of a True Lake Realm.

There must have been some aspects that the side of Crimson Blood Valley had not noticed, and that was the reason a True Lake Realm practitioner was killed.

But as for what exactly happened, no one was clear.

At that time, Yiyi activated the Nine Worlds map to take Lu Ye and the Third Elder into the Nine Worlds map and led the map away from the battlefield, which led to the side of Crimson Blood Valley not seeing the exact situation.

Qingfeng Gate's stronghold was gone, Crimson Blood Valley's stronghold was gone, and next, it was inevitably going to be Lightning Order's turn.

For a moment, all eyes converged on the Lightning Order.

However, upon inquiry, it was revealed that the cultivators of the Lightning Order had already withdrawn from their station and returned to the Nine Provinces sect headquarters.

There was no choice but to retreat. On their way to support Crimson Blood Valley, the Tianyan Sect had killed more than three hundred of their people, leaving only a hundred or so to hold their station. How could they possibly defend themselves?

So when Lu Ye, accompanied by cultivators from two sects, rushed to the station of the Lightning Order, the place was already empty, even the foundation of the Sect Protection Array had been dug up and taken away by the people of the Lightning Order.

The people were gone, the Heaven's Augury Pillar could not escape, nor could the various blessings on it.

Zhao Li and Song Yin gladly divided the various blessings from the Heaven's Augury Pillar, while Lu Ye continued to heal.

Since Lu Ye had returned, within merely three to four days, he and a group of hundreds of cultivators had consecutively broken through the stations of three sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, a terrifying record unparalleled in history.

Even when Lu Ye had previously acted with the Surreptitious Palace and Soaring Cloud Palace, they had only broken through two stations.

Before departing from the Tianyan Sect, Lu Ye had fulfilled Bai Qian's promise; the blessings on the Heaven's Augury Pillars of the three Ten Thousand Demons Ridge forces were now mostly in the hands of Tianyan Sect, comprising about seventy percent. Despite several losses during the plunder, it was enough to compensate for the losses from their station being breached, and then some.

In the Spirit Stream battlefield, the Tianyan Sect and Canglan Mountain had not been having an easy time, especially the Tianyan Sect, which was sandwiched in a triangular formation by three forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. Sect disciples felt insecure venturing out, often suffering from surprise attacks by enemies.

But now, all three Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sects were severely crippled, with heavy casualties among their cultivators. A full recovery would take at least ten to twenty years.

If Tianyan Sect and Canglan Mountain were to cooperate and exert further pressure, it could take even longer.

After dividing the blessings from the Heaven's Augury Pillar, Zhao Li and Song Yin, now in good spirits, approached Lu Ye, who was still healing for advice, and decided to first withdraw to Canglan Mountain's station.

Shortly thereafter, two large ships ascended and set off towards the direction of Canglan Mountain's station.

Upon arrival at Canglan Mountain's station, they were warmly welcomed by the cultivators stationed there; Song Yin had already instructed preparations be made for a victory celebration.

That night, nearly a thousand cultivators from Canglan Mountain's station gathered, and the celebration was held in the plaza of the Heaven's Augury Hall. Tables were laid out with abundant food and drink, making merry as they feasted and toasted each other, creating a lively atmosphere.

If Lu Ye hadn't excused himself due to his injuries, he would definitely have been made drunk by those enthusiastic cultivators from both sects.

The next day, while Lu Ye was still washing up, Zhao Li and Song Yin had already arrived together.

After asking them to sit for a while, Yiyi served them tea. Lu Ye tidied himself up and came out to meet them.

Once seated, Zhao Li asked a thought-provoking question, "Brother Yiye, what are your plans going forward?"

Song Yin also looked at him expectantly, no longer displaying his previous mature and steady demeanor.

Lu Ye sipped his tea and countered, "Brother Zhao, what are your plans?"

Zhao Li chuckled, "What plans can I have? If Brother Yiye has any plans, the Tianyan Sect would naturally be more than willing to follow your lead. After all, there's no rush to rebuild our station."

His words were clearly suggestive, having enjoyed the taste of success.

For years in the Spirit Stream battlefield, no one had found an effective way to break a protective array. Attacking a sect's station had always depended entirely on overwhelming them with numbers. So all this time, whether it was the Haotian Alliance or Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, although they all wanted to conquer their neighbors' stations, they lacked the capability.

Now it was different—the battlefield had Lu Ye, who broke protective arrays as easily as eating and drinking; his array-breaking methods made the protective arrays as fragile as paper.

Zhao Li saw an opportunity and, having tasted the benefits, naturally wished for more of the same.

Breaking the stations of three Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sects was nothing; it would be better to break thirty, three hundred...

Although Song Yin said nothing, by coming along with Zhao Li, it was clear he shared Zhao Li's thoughts.

"A lot of people have contacted you, haven't they?"

Zhao Li and Song Yin exchanged glances, not hiding anything, Song Yin said, "Starting last night, people have continuously contacted me. Learning that Brother Yiye is residing here, they all want to come and visit."

The visits were a pretext; the reality was asking for Lu Ye's aid. As long as they could enlist Lu Ye's help, any sect could conquer their neighboring station.

Not only were Zhao Li and Song Yin being contacted by many, but many others were also reaching out to Lu Ye himself, some even contacting Hua Ci.

For the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp, the breach of the stations of Qingfeng Gate, Crimson Blood Valley, and Lightning Order was a disaster; yet for the Haotian Alliance camp, this was extremely uplifting news.

That night, messages passed between the two major camps like snowflakes in winter, countless and unending.

At this moment, some governors from the Haotian Alliance were already en route to Canglan Mountain's station and would probably arrive in less than half a day.

Overnight, Lu Yiye of the Righteous Blood Sect had become a highly coveted figure in the entire Haotian Alliance, with everyone desiring to get close to him.

"Without Brother Yiye's approval, I dare not respond to others at will, so I came to inquire about Brother Yiye's intentions,"

"Let them all come."

With this response, Zhao Li and Song Yin were overjoyed beyond measure.

Chapter 332 Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer

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They say the protruding beam gets rotted first, and Lu Ye has indeed stuck his neck out, further displaying his terrifying prowess in Array Path. Therefore, no matter what he decides to do next, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge will certainly not let him off the hook.

Just like before, as soon as he arrived at the Tianyan Sect's base, he was poisoned by an undercover agent from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Since Ten Thousand Demons Ridge has set their sights on him, there's naturally no need for him to shrink back in fear.

Moreover, his initial purpose for entering the inner circle was to seek revenge. The pace of taking down one family at a time was too slow. With the situation evolving like this, he might as well go all out and make a big move.

Days earlier, when Lu Ye departed from the Tianyan Sect, he had a premonition about this moment, so it came as no surprise to him.

In fact, it was the scene he had hoped to see.

Because he needed lots of lots of merits—if he didn't attack the base of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, where would he get so many merits?

After receiving Lu Ye's confirmation, Zhao Li was the first to express his position, stating that the Tianyan Sect would provide full support.

After all, their base had been occupied for over two months. They were like those who walk barefoot and are not afraid of wearing out their shoes—with hundreds of cultivators coming in great numbers and leaving just as mightily, with ease and comfort.

It was the first time they discovered that there actually were benefits to their base being occupied.

A moment later, Zhao Li and Song Yin took their leave. Now that Lu Ye had made his stance clear, they had no more worries.

By noon, the first visitor arrived at the Canglan Mountain base. By night, four or five more had come, with many others still on their way.

Introduced by Song Yin, Lu Ye met with these people in a secret chamber. After a long discussion, they all left one after another.

After a brief period of calm, two days later, two tower ships rose from the Canglan Mountain base and sped towards a direction.

The news spread, and Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's side was probably seething with anger.

The thing they feared most had still happened.

That Lu Yiye, after leading cultivators from two sects to take down three families from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, clearly did not plan to stop there. Instead, he wanted to continue acting so recklessly.

Facing such an almost unsolvable method, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's side was truly powerless to respond.

For a while, the forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge near Canglan Mountain panicked because they were definitely the first to be attacked. But who would be attacked first? No one knew, making it impossible for them to make accurate and effective responses.

Only after half a day later, news came that a force from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge called Jingyue Sect became the target of this attack. It wasn't just because Lu Ye's two tower ships headed in that direction, but also because cultivators from the Shangqing Sect were converging towards this area.

The Shangqing Sect and Jingyue Sect were hostile towards each other, located in proximity, and not far from Canglan Mountain. There had been many clashes and oppositions between the two sects before, and the grudges were not small; unfortunately, neither could do anything about the other.

When the two tower ships from the Haotian Alliance approached the city, the governor of Jingyue Sect felt darkness fall before his eyes, and he nearly fainted.

But then something strange happened. Those two tower ships just floated there ten miles away without any further action. Even the cultivators from the Shangqing Sect who were gathered nearby just waited there quietly.

Shortly after, another piece of news arrived. Another force from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge called the Xuanming Sect, not far from Jingyue Sect, had its base breached, with heavy casualties among the cultivators, and even Xuanming Sect's governor died in that battle.

It was only at this point that Jingyue Sect realized that the two big ships were just a diversion; the cultivators led by Lu Ye hadn't come at all, but had instead turned to attack the Xuanming Sect. There was also another Haotian Alliance sect that lent a hand.

This can be said to have caught Xuanming Sect completely off guard.

There was a false alarm on Jingyue Sect's part, but before they could breathe a sigh of relief, the inevitable still arrived.

The day after Xuanming Sect's base was taken, a large group of Haotian Alliance cultivators arrived outside the great array of Jingyue Sect.

Seeing this scene, the governor of Jingyue Sect didn't hesitate for a moment and immediately ordered his disciples to retreat to the Nine Provinces, not daring to engage the enemy in combat.

Although he gave the order decisively, retreating hundreds of people back to the Nine Provinces still took some time. After Lu Ye breached the great array, several factions of Haotian Alliance cultivators joined forces and charged in, still causing tens of casualties to Jingyue Sect.

After breaching Jingyue Sect's base, the forces of Haotian Alliance cultivators led by Lu Ye had grown to four families, with Tianyan Sect still being the main force. Tianyan Sect had no base, so there were no concerns holding them back. All the cultivators who could be mobilized followed Lu Ye closely.

Next was Canglan Mountain, which had slightly fewer people—just over two hundred—with many more left behind to guard the base.

As for the Shangqing Sect and another Haotian Alliance force, there were only about a hundred each.

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They also wanted to deploy more manpower because the more people involved in the offensive, the more spoils they could divide after seizing the stronghold. Judging by the current situation, capturing the strongholds of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would soon become commonplace.

It was Lu Ye who did not allow them to deploy too many people, not just because they needed to keep some people to defend their own stronghold, but also because they needed to restrain those forces from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge whose strongholds had been broken.

Take Jingyue Sect as an example, their stronghold within Ten Thousand Demons Ridge might have been breached, but they had not suffered significant personnel losses, with only a few dozen casualties.

If no one restrained them, they would undoubtedly seek revenge.

One force from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge might not be a concern for the Allied Forces of the Haotian Alliance led by Lu Ye, but what about ten, or twenty?

Their situation was the same as that of the Tianyan Sect; their strongholds had been broken, leaving them with no worries about their rear and only burning hatred, with each force able to deploy at least five hundred troops; ten forces meant five thousand, twenty meant ten thousand...

Once these forces gathered together, it would not only be trouble for the Allied Forces but also a tough challenge for the entire Haotian Alliance to deal with.

Therefore, it was very necessary to leave enough manpower behind. Only by doing so could they prevent the forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge from consolidating their scattered strength and allow the Allied Forces not to worry about threats from the rear.

The Allied Forces, comprised of four sects, had roughly a thousand people. Such a force, coupled with Lu Ye's methods, was enough to breach any stronghold within the inner circle.

Not to mention, when attacking a stronghold of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, the neighbors of the target would not stand idle and were bound to render assistance. These neighbors would certainly not be lenient, with at least three to four hundred troops ready to act.

That night, another force from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was overrun.

On the third day, the fourth Ten Thousand Demons Ridge force's stronghold was taken.

A farcical scene ensued where, wherever the Allied Forces of the Haotian Alliance went, forces from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would avoid them by a wide berth. Once targeted for attack, those from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would withdraw their people back to the Nine Provinces as quickly as possible, taking everything they could and destroying what they could not as they retreated.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had no other choice; their humiliating concession of strongholds without fighting was better than sending their people to certain death.

Every day thereafter, one or two forces from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would suffer. And with each stronghold taken, the strength of the Allied Forces grew as more Haotian Alliance cultivators, including independent cultivators and more from nearby Haotian Alliance sects, joined their ranks.

Facing these Haotian Alliance sects wanting to join, Lu Ye welcomed all comers because the more people there were, the greater the chance of achieving their goals. Even though it meant sharing some of the spoils, they also had to make contributions.

What Lu Ye needed them to do was the same as the initial task he gave to Shangqing Sect: to restrain the forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge whose strongholds had been captured.

Throughout the entire process, Lu Ye adhered to one principle: each new Haotian Alliance sect joining the Allied Forces could deploy no more than a hundred people.

Even so, the forces of the Allied Forces kept expanding. In just ten days, their numbers swelled to a contingent of three thousand, with as many as eight ships taking to the skies.

Unprecedented chaos played out on the Spirit Stream battlefield. Wherever the Allied Forces passed, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge strongholds fell, surrendering without any resistance. There were those from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who tried to resist, but Lu Ye broke through the big arrays in just tens

of breaths. By the time the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators realized something was wrong and tried to escape, it was already too late.

The sight of thousands of cultivators pouring through the vast breach of an array into a stronghold was spectacular, but for the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, the experience was far from pleasant.

With such a clear lesson before them, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge did not dare to smash eggs against rocks anymore. Regardless of the force, once they learned they were the next target, they would immediately abandon their stronghold.

Even if the Allied Forces were still about thirty miles away...

In the wake of the Allied Forces, the forces from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who had lost their strongholds seethed with rage, wanting revenge. However, when they returned from the Nine Provinces to their strongholds, they were greeted not by their homes but by ceaseless raids and harassment from their neighbors, leaving them exhausted by the constant assaults.

The downside of not having a protective array for their strongholds became apparent.

Haotian Alliance cultivators could come and go as they pleased. If the forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge dared to pursue, they would surely encounter ambushes. Even if they had a momentary advantage, the Haotian Alliance could retreat to their own strongholds and utilize the protective arrays for defense, leaving them helplessly frustrated.

Lu Ye's previous arrangements were effective. If he had not instructed the Haotian Alliance sects to contain the forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge with captured strongholds, then the Allied Forces would surely have a large number of enemies pursuing them.

As stronghold after stronghold of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge forces was overrun, the title "Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer" spread far and wide.

No one knew where this appellation originated from, but it was probably cast by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge as they were being suppressed. After all, Lu Ye was only there to break the protective arrays and had nothing to do with destroying entire sects.

Even if a Ten Thousand Demons Ridge stronghold had all its Spirit Stream Realm cultivators killed, it was still far from an annihilation.

But when this title spread, it was unanimously recognized by the Haotian Alliance camp, which caused Lu Ye a great deal of frustration.

Back when he set out from Qingyun Mountain and passed through Xuanmen, he had once earned the nickname "mountain tiger." Now, that had faded into a memory, replaced by "Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer."

In just half a month, the situation had escalated to the point of no return. Countless Haotian Alliance sects eagerly awaited Lu Ye's arrival with the Allied Forces near their strongholds, ready to repay old grievances with their neighbors.

Chapter 333 A Spark that Starts a Prairie Fire

Looking back now, when Lu Ye was at Spirit Stream Level 5, his true identity was exposed. It was a stroke of genius that the countless sects of the Haotian Alliance relayed him to safety. Without that move back then, Lu Ye would have long been dead, and where would the Haotian Alliance find the morale that surges like a rainbow today?

It can be said that for everything there is a fixed destiny. Looking back, Lu Ye's current actions seem like he's repaying the favor from back then.

While many powerful cultivators of the Haotian Alliance sighed with emotion, within the camp of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, the various big sects were clouded with worry, deeply anxious.

Surveying the entire Spirit Stream battlefield, if one were to connect the forces of the two opposing camps, it would resemble two great dragons entwined in battle on a chessboard. In the past, these two dragons had their wins and losses, each seemingly matched in strength, with neither able to subdue the other.

However, now it seems that at a certain area within the inner circle, the dragon spine of the side belonging to Ten Thousand Demons Ridge has been broken.

Each broken stronghold represents a shattered bone, not only including those at the 5th and 6th grades but also many near the Core Circle from the 4th grade sects, causing those from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side to feel the pain deeply.

Indeed, these breached sects didn't suffer many casualties, for they had already evacuated early upon seeing the Haotian Alliance army approaching, not daring to confront them head-on. But without the augmentations from the Heaven's Augury Pillar, the results of several generations' hard work and efforts were gone.

What enraged them even more was that Lu Yiye showed no signs of stopping, but seemed intent on continuing this onslaught.

With the Haotian Alliance's momentum set to rise, if no countermeasures were devised, the Allied Forces led by Lu Yiye would not need a few months to conquer all the stronghold territories of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge within the inner circle.

By then, even the Core Circle might not be spared.

At this moment, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side deeply experienced the terror of one person dominating an entire battlefield.

This was an unprecedented event.

The sparks of war ignited by the Tianyan Sect and Canglan Mountain had rapidly spread like a prairie fire.

The many Divine Sea strong cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge hurriedly gathered to discuss countermeasures, soon formulating a plan.

With a full moon hanging high, the Allied Forces set up camp in the wilderness. The number of troops had now surpassed five thousand. Along the way, they had conquered several dozen stronghold territories of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

With so many people, any single sect's stronghold would be insufficient to accommodate them. Therefore, a few days prior, the Allied Forces had begun to camp and regroup in the wilderness.

Tents of various sizes dotted the valley. In the largest tent at the center, brightly lit, Lu Ye led a discussion with more than a dozen Governors about the next offensive plan.

Short while later, they reached a consensus, and everyone dispersed.

In the tent, only Lu Ye and Giant Armor, who was sitting cross-legged, remained, along with Amber who was fast asleep on the side.

As the night deepened, the surrounding noise gradually subsided, leaving only the sound of patrolling cultivator squads moving back and forth.

Under the moonlight, several figures silently approached Lu Ye's tent without revealing any trace of their presence. Even with the naked eye, no flaw could be seen in their locations.

These individuals were clearly extremely skilled ghost cultivators who had managed to infiltrate unnoticed by the patrolling cultivators, which undoubtedly indicated certain issues.

The current situation on the Spirit Stream battlefield was far too unfavorable for the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side, and the root cause lay with Lu Ye. Eliminate him, and the predicament of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would dissolve on its own.

This was the most effective and direct method.

These ghost cultivators were drawn from some of the most elite sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge; they could be said to be the strongest ghost cultivators Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had to offer, and much was expected of them.

Assassinating Lu Ye within the camp of an army more than five thousand strong was no small feat, and the likelihood of these ghost cultivators surviving afterward was slim.

But when they received the mission, there was not a single complaint among them.

From the standpoint of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, Lu Yiye of the Righteous Blood Sect was the source of sin on the Spirit Stream battlefield. Because of him, dozens of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge forces had lost their strongholds, and tens of thousands of miles had been dragged into ceaseless war. If he did not die, the forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge within the inner circle would likely be plowed through one by one by the army he led.

No cultivators were guarding the outside of Lu Ye's tent, which gave the ghost cultivators a sense of unease.

Putting themselves in the enemy's shoes, if someone like Lu Ye emerged from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, the Allied Forces would ensure his security at all costs. His tent would certainly be heavily guarded.

Yet the tent in front of them was left unguarded, which made the ghost cultivators suspect that it might be a trap.

However, having come this far, even if it was a trap, they had to take the risk. These were powerful ghost cultivators, and as long as they could enter the tent, a combined strike would surely end Lu Ye's life. What would happen to them after killing Lu Ye was no longer within the scope of their concern.

As time passed, the ghost cultivators lay in wait, showing no signs of impatience.

Patrolling cultivators passed back and forth continuously, and even some cultivators traveled through air overhead to scout the area, but none could detect their presence.

The gap in cultivation was apparent. If these ghost cultivators lacked even this level of ability, how could they dare to undertake such a critical mission?

Finally, in the late hours of the night, an opportunity arrived.

A tall figure inside the tent lifted the curtain and stepped out. The ghost cultivators recognized him as Giant Armor, the physique cultivator who was always by Lu Ye's side.

Rumors had it that Giant Armor had extraordinary talents, with an exceptionally strong body, capable of taking on ten men alone.

Previously, they had only heard about him, but witnessing him in person, the ghost cultivators were all shocked. They could clearly sense the blood Qi energy within Giant Armor's body, so vigorous that it was almost monstrous, a physical strength that should not exist in an ordinary Level 9.

Giant Armor seemed to have come out for some unknown reason, standing at the tent's entrance and looking up at the sky, then scratching his head.

He was feeling rather dejected at the moment, sitting in meditation when Lu Ye sent a message asking him to come out for a walk, and particularly instructed him not to show any reaction, no matter what he saw.

Giant Armor wanted to pretend he didn't see anything...

But the silhouettes of several figures not far in front of him were so conspicuous that he could only lower his head, not look in that direction, and just stand there, holding up the tent curtain without moving.

The ghost cultivators only hesitated for a moment before the leading man led them into the large tent with a flash.

The entire process was silent, not even a breeze stirred.

Only after all the ghost cultivators had passed under his armpit did Giant Armor let go of the tent curtain and take a step forward, as instructed by Lu Ye, because Lu Ye said it would be very dangerous on his side later.

Inside the large tent, several ghost cultivators stood still, raising their eyes to look ahead.

They saw Lu Yiye of the Righteous Blood Sect at first glance.

At that moment, Lu Ye was sitting on a chair, one leg crossed over the other, an arm resting on the armrest, one hand propping his cheek, staring expressionlessly at the leading ghost cultivator.

As their gazes met, the ghost cultivator's heart skipped a beat. Had they been discovered? Impossible! He had confidence in his Path of Concealment; he had once assassinated a strong cultivator at the 9th Heaven level with it. How could Lu Yiye, who hadn't even transitioned to a Heaven Rank technique, possibly see him?

"Does Ten Thousand Demons Ridge really like breaking rules so much?"

A faint voice of questioning rose, and the ghost cultivators all held their breath and remained silent, not knowing whether the young man opposite was bluffing.

"After the battle at Golden Light Peak, Fourth Brother told me that the Spirit Stream battlefield has its own rules, that the affairs of the outer circle are to be settled by people of the outer circle, and those of the inner circle by the inner circle. I thought that, after last time's events, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge might have learned a lesson. Now it seems, you don't remember pain once the wounds heal."

The ghost cultivators could no longer contain themselves. No matter how one looked at it, their whereabouts had been exposed, especially since Lu Ye was scanning them while speaking, as if assessing their cultivation levels.

The leading ghost cultivator made the first move, closely followed by his companions.

A boiling killing intent surged within the large tent.

With the sound of a swish, a fiery red spirit force burst out from behind Lu Ye, wings unfolded, and he soared into the sky, avoiding the ghost cultivators' assassination attempt. At the same time, a banner flag appeared in his hand, which he waved lightly.

The scene before the ghost cultivators suddenly twisted and changed. Thick fog enveloped them from all directions, making it difficult to discern directions for a moment.

"A Delusion Array!" a ghost cultivator shouted.

The group quickly acted, dispersing the fog around them. However, they immediately felt a chill down their spines.

That was because the surge of chaotic spirit force from all around them brought a barrage of magic and spells and the might of weapon control, striking right where they were.

The large tent was shattered instantaneously, and even though the cultivation of the ghost cultivators was strong, they could not transcend the scope of the Spirit Stream Realm. Under such a concentrated assault, how could they possibly survive?

Several lifeforces were extinguished right away, leaving only the leading ghost cultivator, who, by virtue of a defensive spirit artifact, barely escaped death. However, before he could catch his breath, the next wave of attacks had arrived.

The ghost cultivator revealed a look of despair and was torn to pieces in the blink of an eye.

Lu Ye's figure slowly descended, and numerous governors gathered around, checking that he hadn't been injured before easing their worries.

"What was their cultivation level?" Zhao Li asked.

These ghost cultivators had infiltrated Lu Ye's tent without detection; they obviously weren't from the inner circle but must have come from the Core Circle.

"Five at the 9th Heaven level!"

The group drew in a sharp breath.

Ten Thousand Demon Ridge was truly stopping at nothing to eliminate Lu Ye.

Cultivators at the 9th Heaven level were first-class strong cultivators even in the Core Circle and were capable of advancing to the Cloud River Realm at any time.

Now they all perished here in an assassination attempt on Lu Ye, one could only wonder which sect they belonged to; those sects were probably grieving deeply by now.

"Is Ten Thousand Demons Ridge truly disregarding the rules now?" someone frowned.

"It's not the first time they have disregarded the rules."

Last time, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had already broken a rule, also targeting Lu Ye, but mainly to disqualify the Righteous Blood Sect.

The current situation was somewhat different.

The Righteous Blood Sect's base was now developing prosperously, making disqualification impossible, so this time they targeted Lu Ye himself.

A few governors received messages and suddenly spoke, "Confirmed news just came in, at the same time, ranks thirty-nine and eighty-two on the Spirit Stream Ranking were disqualified."

As five 9th Heaven level ghost cultivators perished here, ranks thirty-nine and eighty-two on the Spirit Stream Ranking were disqualified simultaneously. This was obviously no coincidence.

Chapter 334 Wei River Confrontation

The Spirit Stream Ranking is a list spontaneously generated within the Spirit Stream battlefield, selecting only the top hundred. Every cultivator who makes it onto this list is among the most exceptional talents.

It can be said that as long as they don't die, they are destined to advance to the Divine Sea Realm in the future.

Yet such talents died in a confused state during an assassination attempt.

Even though Li Baxian had previously informed Lu Ye about the rules of the Spirit Stream battlefield, having already been targeted once himself, how could he be completely unprepared?

Once the Allied Forces under his command reached a certain scale, he had always been on guard against an ambush from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

To kill him amid the encirclement of thousands of cultivators, they could only employ ghost cultivators.

For Lu Ye, this faction of ghost cultivators wasn't a huge threat. Setting aside the fact that his psyche was powerful and his perception far exceeded that of the Spirit Stream Realm, even without this strong perception, he also had methods of the Array Path at his disposal.

There were no defenses set up outside his main tent because there was no need for them.

Inside the tent, he had long since arranged a Formation. Should anyone dare to sneak in, all Lu Ye needed to do was to activate the Formation, and he could trap the intruder. If he hadn't had such confidence, he wouldn't have allowed Giant Armor to let someone inside before.

With Lu Ye's current strength, he was no match for a 9th Heaven level cultivator, let alone five of them.

However, with the auxiliary function of the Formation and advanced preparations, those five powerful ghost cultivators were killed before they could even make a sound, including two strong cultivators from the Spirit Stream Ranking.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was undoubtedly anxious because the Allied Forces led by Lu Ye posed too great a threat to them.

When it was learned that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had dispatched five 9th Heaven level ghost cultivators for the assassination, the thousands of members of the Allied Forces were filled with indignant fury.

Lu Ye gave the order in response, and the Allied Forces set sail for the next target.

In an instant, a fleet of dozens of large ships sailed grandly away.

At the same time, within the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge camp, messages were passed among the Divine Sea strong cultivators. Once confirmed that the five highly anticipated ghost cultivators had failed, even these Divine Sea level beings felt disheartened.

In the cultivation world of the Nine Provinces, there had never been a Spirit Stream Realm cultivator who so preoccupied the Divine Sea level cultivators, preoccupied to the extent that they wished they could capture him and tear him to pieces.

With the failure of the operation targeting Lu Ye, despite not knowing why the five ghost cultivators failed, this attempt had alerted the quarry. Lu Yiye was now on guard, rendering similar tactics impossible to implement again.

Unable to target Lu Ye specifically, they could only face him head-on!

This was the contingency plan devised by the Divine Sea cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge and was not to be put into effect unless it was absolutely necessary because implementing this plan would mean that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would have to willingly abandon many sect territories.

But without doing this, it was simply impossible to contain the movements of the Haotian Alliance Allied Forces, which would lead to even greater losses for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Orders were passed down one after another.

In the direction of the Haotian Alliance's offensive, sect after sect of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's forces abandoned their territories, and all cultivators retreated to the rear in advance.

Thousands of miles away, similarly, more forces of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge abandoned their own territories and headed forward, converging with each other.

The large commotion caused by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge couldn't be concealed from the Haotian Alliance's reconnaissance, and soon, the Allied Forces understood Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's intentions.

It had to be said that this was the best response that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could muster, and the only method capable of halting the Allied Forces' advance.

However, at this time, the news of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge deploying five 9th Heaven level ghost cultivators to assassinate Lu Ye also spread, and the Haotian Alliance was naturally greatly enraged.

It's like two children fighting—a side that is completely outmatched suddenly calls over several adults. How could the Haotian Alliance tolerate such blatant disregard for the rules?

The last time Ten Thousand Demons Ridge broke the rules like this, the Haotian Alliance quickly responded.

This time was no different; the conflict that started within the inner circle thus spread to the Core Circle, and more and more strong cultivators from the Core Circle began to join the Allied Forces.

Seeing this, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge naturally would not show weakness, and a large number of Core Circle strong cultivators began to mobilize and gather.

The number of cultivators gathering on both sides grew explosively.

After ten days, the two armies faced each other across the Wei River.

The Wei River is a large river that cuts across the Spirit Stream battlefield; it is one hundred yards wide, with murky and yellowish water, turbulent flows, and it also serves as a natural barrier.

On normal days, a distance of one hundred yards could be easily traversed by cultivators through weapon control-flying.

However, at this moment, neither army on the riverbanks dared to make any rash moves.

Because the number of people gathered on both sides was simply too many.

The Haotian Alliance had over eighteen thousand people—these were all those who had joined from various places in recent times, among them not lacking 8th Heaven and 9th Heaven level strong cultivators who had rushed over from the Core Circle.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had even more, with over twenty thousand people.

This scale of conflict between cultivators had never been seen on the Spirit Stream battlefield, as it involved too many sects.

With so many people gathering on the Haotian Alliance's side, over a hundred sects were involved.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had fewer, about forty sects gathered together—the difference being that they had moved out completely. Forty sects had given up their territories well in advance, and all their forces had assembled here.

This was tantamount to Ten Thousand Demons Ridge gathering the strength of forty sects ahead of time into one place.

This was the backup plan devised by the Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Since the Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces couldn't defend their territories wherever they went, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge simply chose to abandon them in advance and concentrate all strength in one place to counter the enemy.

One has to admit, this desperate measure was quite effective. At the very least, for now, the Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces had been stopped at the Wei River and could no longer advance.

The entire Nine Provinces cultivation world's focus was now on this area, with a vast amount of information being transmitted at every moment.

Moreover, as time passed, more and more cultivators from both camps who heard the news were rushing over to bolster their respective sides.

Lu Ye truly had not expected things to develop to this point!

His initial intention was just to capture a few more Ten Thousand Demons Ridge power's bases with some people and earn more merit. However, step by step, the situation had gradually spiraled out of his control.

This wasn't good news because once a large-scale confrontation broke out, it would be a huge loss to both the Haotian Alliance and Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. In a chaos involving tens of thousands of fighters, who could guarantee victory?

Moreover, with the Wei River between them, the side making the initiative to attack was at a great disadvantage. Right now, no one dared to take the offensive. To cross the river, one must resort to weapon control-flying, and if the Flying Spirit Artifacts were destroyed, the casualties would be severe.

Under such circumstances, the cultivators from both sides were at a deadlock across the Wei River.

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side took a deep breath.

It had not been easy, but they finally stopped the Haotian Alliance's advancing forces. Looking across the entire Spirit Stream battlefield, ever since they left the Canglan Mountain base, the Allied Forces were like a greedy caterpillar, devouring every Ten Thousand Demons Ridge base they encountered.

One to two hundred Ten Thousand Demons Ridge sect bases had already been breached, with incalculable losses.

During the standoff, the cultivators were not idle; they hurled insults across the Wei River, and with everyone's keen hearing, even amidst the roaring river waves, the shouting could be heard clearly.

But it was all bark and no bite; everyone was waiting for the other side to lose patience and make the first move. Yet, no one was a fool, and no one would make such a foolish choice.

What a mess.

Amid the cursing, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side paid special attention to Lu Ye since he was the root cause of the incident.

Before the arrival of Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer, the Spirit Stream battlefield had been stable and orderly. But with him, everything turned chaotic. Now the strong cultivators from the Core Circle were fleeing into the inner circle, and who knew if they might soon flee to the outer circle?

From the perspective of those on Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's side, Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer was the greatest disaster in the world.

On the third day of the stalemate.

Inside the large tent where Lu Ye was, dozens of people gathered.

His eyes swept over the crowd, Lu Ye spoke slowly, "I believe everyone should have received the messages from our sect elders by now. The Divine Sea Realm of our Haotian Alliance has agreed to Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's demands and is preparing to discuss how to resolve this matter."

I received a message from Shui Yuan a stick of incense's time ago, informing me of this news.

If it weren't for having no other choice, the Divine Sea Realm of both camps wouldn't be willing to sit down and negotiate. With years of deep-seated hatred, why talk if they could fight?

Everyone has a short temper; it's possible that during the talks, things may fall apart, leading to a bloody battle.

Moreover, the Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators generally don't bother with the matters of the Spirit Stream battlefield. To them, the Spirit Stream battlefield is a place for youngsters to practice and not worth too much of their attention.

But the issue with the Spirit Stream battlefield has become too grave this time, grave to the extent that the young cultivators of the Spirit Stream Realm can no longer cope with it, forcing the Divine Sea Realm to intervene.

If the two large armies across the Wei River were to battle, it would be a genuine war! By then, regardless of which side, they would have to endure tremendous losses.

All nodded in agreement, evidently having received messages from their sects.

"What are Brother Yiye's plans?" asked a strong 8th Heaven level cultivator who had come from the Core Circle to reinforce the troops.

Lu Ye had convened them at this juncture, evidently with an intention to take some action.

Lu Ye's face was calm, "Based on the current trend, negotiation is the eventual outcome, and it's what both sides are leaning toward. Perhaps the seniors of our Haotian Alliance will make Ten Thousand Demons Ridge bleed a little, but our Allied Forces' offensive will have to stop here."

The crowd fell silent. Despite their unwillingness, they had to admit Lu Ye was right.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge wouldn't be able to withstand the consequences of a war breaking out between the two sides, and the Haotian Alliance wouldn't either. In such a scale of conflict, even the strong cultivators from the Core Circle wouldn't have too much of an advantage.

Thus, the only outcome was for both sides to cease fighting and withdraw their troops.

However, as Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was the side being attacked, the Divine Sea Realm of the Haotian Alliance would certainly propose some demands that weren't too excessive and that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could accept.

For example, compensation of some resources to give the Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces an explanation. This process would certainly not be short; they would likely need to haggle for a while.

"So I am going to open up another battlefield!"

Everyone raised their heads, looking at Lu Ye in astonishment, not immediately grasping the meaning behind his words.

After thinking for a moment, some had an epiphany.

Zhao Li said, "Does Brother Yiye mean... to start afresh elsewhere?"

Chapter 335 Brother Yiye is Coming

In the big tent, Lu Ye's voice arose.

"With the scale of the Allied Forces as it is, my presence makes no real difference."

In fact, ever since the number of the Allied Forces exceeded three thousand, Lu Ye's role within them had become very limited because with three thousand people, even a strong assault would suffice to break through any of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's defensive arrays.

The main role Lu Ye could play in the Allied Forces was cohesion, as the alliance initially formed around him. Subsequent sects joined under the same understanding. It could be said that although Lu Ye's cultivation was not the highest within the Allied Forces, he was the most capable of commanding respect from all.

Apart from him, even if another strong cultivator from the Core Circle were to take his place, it would be very difficult to unite the Allied Forces as one entity.

Now that the scale of the Allied Forces had nearly reached twenty thousand, one more or one less of him made no difference.

A negotiation between the Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators of both camps had become an irreversible trend, and the Allied Forces would undoubtedly disband on the spot, but Lu Ye did not plan to stop there.

He did not know how much merit he had plundered along the way, but he was sure there was still some distance from his goal, so he had to conquer more forces from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge no matter what.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had given him the title 'Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer', but in reality, he was more like a wildfire; wherever he went, as long as he was within the Spirit Stream battlefield, he could spread the flames of war in all directions.

"What about us, then?"

A Governor asked.

"Wait here, to put pressure on Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. That will make it easier for the Haotian Alliance elders to demand more from them. When the time comes, everyone will benefit more."

The crowd fell into deep thought.

After a short while, the 8th Heaven level cultivator nodded, "Brother Yiye's plan seems good. Do you need any assistance from us? We can send some people to follow you, lest Ten Thousand Demons Ridge mobilizes more people from their Core Circle to target you."

"There's no need. Everyone's merit has come hard-won. I'll just take Giant Armor with me."

If Lu Ye wanted to open up a new battlefield, he would have to make use of the Heaven's Augury Pillar to be transported to a different location within the Spirit Stream battlefield. Such a teleportation consumed a significant amount of merit. It wouldn't matter much for just one or two people, but it would be uneconomical if too many people were to do it together.

The Allied Forces had gathered around Lu Ye as their source and core; now that he was leaving, everyone had no objections. Although they wouldn't be able to continue reaping benefits with Lu Ye, hadn't they already gained a lot during this period?

Especially those first few sects that followed Lu Ye on his campaigns in all directions, they had gained the most benefits.

Moreover, with both armies currently facing each other, unable to commence battle, it would be better to create more panic and pressure for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge instead of just wasting time.

After the time it took an incense stick to burn, a large ship ascended, swiftly heading towards the nearest Haotian Alliance station.

At the same time, on Silver Light Island, tens of thousands of miles away from that location, Luo Fu excitedly sought out Qih Shi: "Brother Yiye is coming here."

Qih Shi's spirits soared: "Really?"

"Absolutely true, just received the news."

Recently, the commotion caused by the Haotian Alliance Army under Lu Ye's command had been buzzing in the Spirit Stream battlefield, drawing everyone's attention; how could Luo Fu and Qih Shi not know?

Thinking back to when Lu Ye first arrived in the inner circle, he had needed the help of a quasi-flood dragon to attack the Sky Supporting Sect's station. At that time, he hadn't had the capability to break through others' protective arrays, so after attacking the Sky Supporting Sect's station, Lu Ye had left.

In less than half a year, Lu Ye had, by his own efforts, pulled together an army of nearly twenty thousand cultivators, waging war inside the inner circle, and proving to be an unstoppable force, making Ten Thousand Demons Ridge suffer immensely.

Luo Fu and Qih Shi were green with envy.

If Lu Ye had possessed such prowess when he first visited their Silver Light Island, then it wouldn't have been Tianyan Sect or Canglan Mountain reaping benefits by following Lu Ye.

Within the inner circle, it was they who had first made contact with Lu Ye, and they were the first sect to establish an Alliance Pact with the Righteous Blood Sect.

If their Silver Light Island station weren't located so far away from where the Allied Forces were, Luo Fu would have even considered leading his people to offer support.

Whenever he thought of this, Luo Fu felt more wronged and led a group of people to find trouble with the Cloud Mist Cult.

Ever since the Sky Supporting Sect's station was breached and most of its cultivators were killed or wounded, the Sky Supporting Sect had become like a turtle withdrawing into its shell. Under the pressure of Silver Light Island, it still had not been able to rebuild its station in peace.

Naturally, the Cloud Mist Cult, which once could have relied on the Sky Supporting Sect, became a primary target for Silver Light Island. However, the difference in strength between the two sects was negligible, and it wasn't easy for Silver Light Island alone to suppress them, so every time they went to cause trouble for the Cloud Mist Cult, Luo Fu would call allies from the nearby Fa Hua Sect to join in.

For the recent period, Luo Fu had been anxiously anticipating, just waiting for Lu Ye and his Allied Forces to come near their station so he could join the fray.

But when he learned that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge also had assembled twenty thousand cultivators at the banks of Wei River to confront the Haotian Alliance Allied Forces, Luo Fu knew that he probably wouldn't get the chance to meet Lu Ye after all.

His heart was full of disappointment.

Unexpectedly, Lu Ye took the initiative to send a message, informing him of his impending arrival at Silver Light Island station.

At such a time, Lu Ye abandoned the Allied Forces under his command and instead traveled tens of thousands of miles away to Silver Light Island; his intentions were already clear without saying.

Luo Fu and Qih Shi were not fools; they could naturally guess Lu Ye's intentions.

"Junior Brother, the time for Silver Light Island to rise has come!" Luo Fu exclaimed with a face full of excitement.

Qih Shi was somewhat more subdued, but he circled around several times before saying, "Contact the Fahua Sect!"

Luo Fu slapped his head, "Right, right, contact the Fahua Sect!"

No sooner had they messaged the Fahua Sect's governor than a cultivator from below came to report, "Senior Brothers, Senior Brother Lu has arrived."

"Which Senior Brother Lu?" Luo Fu frowned.

"It's Lu Yiye from the Righteous Blood Sect, Senior Brother Lu."

Luo Fu and Qih Shi exchanged a glance, both surprised by how quickly Lu Ye arrived; news had just been passed, but he was already there. They hurriedly made their way towards the Heaven's Augury Hall, and upon arrival, indeed, Lu Ye had come, accompanied by a huge physique cultivator.

When old friends met, it was naturally a series of warm greetings. Silver Light Island had already sensed Lu Ye's purpose, but under Lu Ye's direction, the news of his arrival at the Silver Light Island base was quickly sealed. The few cultivators who knew about this were placed under a gag order and were secretly led by Luo Fu into a secret chamber.

Four hours later, the Fahua Sect's governor rushed over in a hurry. On his way there, he had pushed his weapon control to the limit, not daring to delay even a moment, and when he arrived at the Silver Light Island base, his complexion was slightly pale.

However, upon seeing Lu Ye, the governor's face instantly became ruddy with excitement.

Just as Luo Fu had thought, he also realized that the time for the Fahua Sect to rise had come!

At this moment, at the sect headquarters of the Righteous Blood Sect, Sect Master Thang Yifeng transformed into a streak of light and shot into the sky, heading in a certain direction.

The speed at which strong cultivators of the Divine Sea Realm travel through the air is not something a Spirit Stream Realm cultivator can compare to. Previously, when Lu Ye was poisoned by a spy from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge at Tianyan Sect, in one night, the sect master, along with Shui Yuan, had crossed the expanse between two provinces, hastening from Bingzhou to Wuzhou.

Sometime later, another streak of light approached, and a voice called out from that direction, "Veteran Thang!"

The sect master turned his head to look and, recognizing the comer, stopped to wait.

The streak of light soon neared, revealing his identity as Pang Zhen of the Righteousness Sect.

The sect master complained, "With my old arms and legs, why must I make this trip? Couldn't you just represent us in Bingzhou?"

Pang Zhen chuckled, "This matter was instigated by a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect. Without Veteran Thang's presence, what is there to discuss?"

"Is it a request from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge?"

"That's right."

"Then I must have a good talk with them later. Every single one of them is too unreasonable, not knowing how to respect the old and love the young at all."

"Veteran Thang, feel free to speak your mind. Bingzhou stands behind you, and so does the Haotian Alliance."

The sect master's eyes flashed with understanding, "Let's walk and talk."

"After you, Veteran Thang," Pang Zhen gestured with an extended hand.

The two of them instantly transformed into streaks of light and flew off shoulder to shoulder. Along the way, Pang Zhen couldn't help but feel nostalgic and emotional, "The young people nowadays are truly formidable, much more energetic than I was at their age. The future of the Righteous Blood Sect is promising, Veteran Thang."

With a smile that was more radiant than flowers, the sect master replied, "The kid is a bit too reckless, acting without knowing the consequences. I'll have to discipline him when I get back."

"It's good for young people to be spirited. There's no need to be too harsh. This time, he also brought glory to the Haotian Alliance. It's rare for the young generation of the Haotian Alliance to have such a talent. A while ago, Veteran Xsu of the Qingyu Sect even told me that it's a pity that a promising seedling slipped through the fingers of the Qingyu Sect."

"That old man just can't stand to see others do well. Besides, what does my Righteous Blood Sect disciple have to do with his Qingyu Sect?"

"Veteran Thang might not be aware, but back in Evil Moon Valley, it was the people from Qingyu Sect who were responsible for reviewing Lu Ye and even had the intention to recruit him. However, after testing and finding out that his talent was merely Yiye, they gave up on the idea."

"Was there such an event?" The sect master, who evidently only found out about this then, burst into laughter, "Serves the Qingyu Sect right for looking down on someone."

"Yes, who could have imagined that a Yiye talent could achieve such accomplishments? But then again, Veteran Thang, haven't you tested his talent again? Logically, with Yiye talent, his cultivation progress shouldn't be so rapid. Back in Evil Moon Valley, the testing conditions were basic, and there might have been some oversight."

The sect master waved dismissively, "Yiye or two leaves, it doesn't matter much. My talent wasn't very good either. When tested back in the day, I only had thirty-four leaves, but what of it? Cultivation isn't solely dependent on talent. At our age, there were many with better talents than us, but where are they now? They've all become a handful of loess."

"Well said, Veteran Thang."

"However, the youngster is quite concerned about his title of 'Yiye'. I remember it was that kid called Yue Shan from your Righteousness Sect who spread the nickname. Tell him to advance quickly when you go back. Otherwise, when Lu Ye enters the Cloud River battlefield, Yue Shan will have to suffer quite a bit."

"Hahaha, I am aware of that. If that day truly comes, Yue Shan will only have himself to blame," Pang Zhen laughed heartily.

Chapter 336 Divine Sea Realm Negotiations

The Nine Provinces are Tianzhou, Dingzhou, Qingzhou, Leizhou, Bingzhou, Yunzhou, Wuzhou, Youzhou, and Cangzhou.

Among them, Qingzhou and Wuzhou are entirely under the control of the Haotian Alliance while Yunzhou and Leizhou belong to the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. As for the rest of the five provinces, the sects of both camps coexist, with no clear ownership; occasionally the east wind overpowers the west wind and at times it's the other way around, making these regions a contested battleground between the two sides.

The negotiation was initiated by the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, and naturally, the Haotian Alliance determined the location.

At the border between Qingzhou and Yunzhou, there is a continuous mountain range, like a giant dragon lying across the land, separating the two provinces with its undulating peaks.

Sleeping Dragon Mountain was the chosen site for the negotiation by the Haotian Alliance.

When the sect master and Pang Zhen arrived at the prearranged location, there were already over a dozen figures waiting.

All of the arrivals were strong cultivators from the Divine Sea Realm, and moreover, they were among the top tier of that realm.

Contrary to what most would imagine, these top-tier warriors from both factions gathered together not only without conflicts but even appeared cheerful and convivial, each chatting and laughing.

If an uninformed person saw them, they might think they all were from the same camp.

Was it that there were no grudges between them?

Of course not. Each of them had advanced through a path strewn with corpses and blood, with countless lives lost under their hands.

It was because everyone knew that the purpose of this meeting was to negotiate a solution to the dispute at the Spirit Stream battlefield, and it was not possible to start a fight; since they couldn't start a fight, why put on a cold face?

When the two from Bingzhou arrived at the location, the laughter and chatter among the others paused.

"Sorry for being late," Pang Zhen apologized, although he and the sect master hadn't been slow—it was that people from the other provinces had arrived too quickly.

From this, it could be seen just how eager the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was for negotiation.

The leader of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, an old man with a sallow complexion, spoke up, "Since everyone is here, let us begin."

No one disagreed.

Pang Zhen immediately flicked a jade slip towards the old man.

The jade slip contained nothing but the various demands proposed by the Haotian Alliance side, which had been agreed upon during the journey here in communications with the Divine Sea Realm cultivators from various states.

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge wanted negotiations; sure, the current situation was at a stalemate, and the Haotian Alliance also didn't want to see the young lads at the Spirit Stream battlefield go to war. However, since it was the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge that was being attacked, they definitely had to pay some price.

The old man caught the jade slip and sent his Mental Consciousness inside to check it, then he passed the jade slip to someone next to him without expression.

After all the Divine Sea Realm cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had inspected it, their expressions varied.

The old man said, "Pang Zhen, the Haotian Alliance seems to have opened their mouths quite wide this time."

Although they had anticipated that the Haotian Alliance would not start with a low ask, they still had underestimated the Alliance's determination to heavily penalize them. The terms in the jade slip were beyond their psychological limits to bear, and they absolutely couldn't agree to them.

You should know, this time the Haotian Alliance wasn't only demanding material compensation but were also seizing the opportunity to demand half a province of land.

Just the material compensation alone was staggering enough, let alone the demand for half a province's land, which was something the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could never agree to.

This offer bordered on being insincere, as it was excessively high.

Pang Zhen laughed lightly, "If you gentlemen are dissatisfied, then let's continue negotiating."

"We can continue to talk, but the youngsters at the Spirit Stream battlefield cannot slow down. They are all spirited youths full of vigor. If they impulsively start fighting, many will die," the old man said, a hint of Mental Consciousness stirring as he handed back the jade slip, "This is the sincerity of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, if the Haotian Alliance finds it sufficient, then let both sides stop here."

Pang Zhen took back the jade slip, checked it briefly, and slowly shook his head, "I don't see any sincerity."

He handed the jade slip to the sect master next to him, who waved his hand, "I'm too old for this, I won't look. Just discuss it among yourselves."

This affair was triggered by Lu Ye, so no matter what the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge ends up compensating, the Righteous Blood Sect side of the Haotian Alliance won't lose out, and naturally, the sect master couldn't be bothered.

The jade slip circulated among the Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators of the Haotian Alliance; by the time it returned to Pang Zhen's hands, it contained some extra content, which he then proceeded to append further.

Thus, the small jade slip was passed around from one Divine Sea Realm cultivator to another, its contents being added and subtracted, yet they were never able to reach a consensus.

The Divine Sea Realm cultivators of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge verbally mentioned the urgency, but when it came to negotiating terms with the Haotian Alliance, they did not show any hastiness; they meticulously examined each term for potential cuts.

After most of the day had passed, when the jade slip returned to him once more, the old man helplessly discovered that the content of the jade slip seemed to have hardly changed from when Pang Zhen first handed it to him.

Unable to help it, he looked up at Pang Zhen, who had a smile on his face.

"Pang Zhen, the Haotian Alliance should also show some sincerity," he said.

"That depends on you all," Pang Zhen replied.

With one side demanding too much and the other cutting too much, reaching a consensus was indeed an oddity.

The sect master's eyelids were lowered as he rested with closed eyes, subtly sensing that this matter wouldn't yield any results within ten days or half a month.

As for the Spirit Stream battlefield, there actually was no need to worry. With Wei River acting as a barrier, neither side of cultivators dared to make the first move. Moreover, those youngsters were actually waiting for the results of the negotiations here.

While cultivators in the Divine Sea Realm were here bargaining over every little thing, on the Spirit Stream battlefield, cultivators from Silver Light Island and the Fahua Sect had already reached the outskirts of the Cloud Mist Cult's territory and began their forceful attack on the great array.

The group of cultivators from the Cloud Mist Cult were extremely frustrated.

Ever since the Sky Supporting Sect was crippled, they had been constantly bullied like this every now and then by Silver Light Island and the Fahua Sect staging such acts.

It could be said that the Cloud Mist Cult had grown somewhat accustomed to it; aside from those in charge of watching over the great array, the other cultivators of the Cloud Mist Cult went about their usual tasks.

After all, with the manpower of Silver Light Island and the Fahua Sect, it was fundamentally impossible to break through the great array; at most, it would cause their own side to lose a batch of Spirit Stones.

Then the governor from the Cloud Mist Cult, who was in charge of controlling the great array, saw a somewhat familiar young man step out of the crowd, followed by more than thirty people.

He didn't react at first, not until the group led by that young man brought out their array banners...

"Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer!" The governor's face suddenly turned pale, his voice trembling.

His mind went blank, almost thinking he had seen wrong, because according to rumors, Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer, who was leading the Allied Forces of the Haotian Alliance, was currently tens of thousands of miles away at the Wei River facing over twenty thousand Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

Logically, this person shouldn't be here.

But if the other side didn't care about the loss of merit and used the transportation of the Heaven's Augury Pillar of the Alliance Sect, then despite the vastness of the Spirit Stream battlefield, he could go wherever he wanted.

Was Lu Ye short of merit?

Definitely not, as countless Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had died by his hands during this time; otherwise, he wouldn't have been titled as Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer.

"Return to the Nine Provinces!"

It only took a moment for the Cloud Mist Cult's governor to figure out the cause and effect, and he immediately ordered his cultivators to retreat to the Nine Provinces.

However, the Cloud Mist Cult's cultivators were not gathered together. Accustomed to the attacks from Silver Light Island and the Fahua Sect, they did not take this attack seriously, which led to the cultivators of the Cloud Mist Cult being scattered throughout their territory.

By the time everyone received the order, they had already missed the best opportunity to retreat.

The great array was broken, and cultivators from Silver Light Island and the Fahua Sect swarmed in. Lu Ye, along with Giant Armor, took the lead, and in an instant, the territory of the Cloud Mist Cult was a river of blood.

After seizing the Cloud Mist Cult's territory, Lu Ye immediately entered the Heaven's Augury Hall and plundered the enhancements of the Heaven's Augury Pillar, took his share, and without waiting for Luo Fu and others to clean up the battlefield, he and Giant Armor controlled their weapons and soared up, turning into a streak of light and disappearing in an instant.

Luo Fu's shouts rang out: "Hurry up, everyone, hurry up."

Lu Ye did not wait for Luo Fu's side because time was pressing.

The Divine Sea Realm cultivators from both camps had already begun negotiations, and it might not be long before an order came from above. He had to seize more of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge forces before those in the Divine Sea Realm made a decision. On one hand, he needed to gather merit for himself, and on the other, it would add bargaining chips to his side's negotiations.

While Silver Light Island and the Fahua Sect jointly attacked the Cloud Mist Cult's territory, nearby forces from the Haotian Alliance had also gathered enough manpower and were rushing to another Ten Thousand Demons Ridge territory.

By the time Lu Ye got there, he was just in time to coordinate with them in breaking the sect's protective array.

Sleeping Dragon Mountain, atop the spirit mountaintop.

The negotiations among the strong cultivators in the Divine Sea Realm were still ongoing, and the atmosphere at this point was no longer as amicable as before. Though they refrained from arguing out of consideration for face, passive-aggressive remarks were continuously emerging.

Until suddenly, an elder from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge received a message, submerged his mental consciousness to explore it, and then, without showing any expression, he handed the jade slip to Pang Zhen, "This is the last bottom line of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, if the Haotian Alliance thinks it's acceptable, then let's sign the Heaven's Augury Pact."

Pang Zhen accepted it and was slightly surprised after checking, because this time Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had indeed shown not a small amount of sincerity, the terms in the jade slip had not been cut down much, and this result was a bit better than he had expected.

Negotiations are just like doing business; one party parks the high price while the other cuts it down, and then they slowly negotiate a result acceptable to both sides.

Previous negotiations had obviously been very unsmooth, but suddenly Ten Demons Ridge had taken such a big step back...

There is always a reason for anomalies, and Pang Zhen, having been around for a long time, vaguely sensed that something was wrong, necessarily due to some reason that had prompted Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to make such a decision, but what that reason was, he did not yet know.

His eyes flickered as he handed the jade slip to the sect master, "Veteran Thang, take a look."

The sect master, who had been resting with closed eyes, opened them. He had previously stated he would not participate in this negotiation, and yet Pang Zhen still wanted him to see the contents of the jade slip, which obviously indicated that some unexpected event had occurred.

The sect master took the jade slip, briefly explored it, and was equally surprised, as Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had indeed taken a major step back.

The sect master then looked up towards the elder from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Pang Zhen did the same.

The elder's eyes twitched, knowing the secret couldn't be kept any longer, so he directly said, "The Cloud Mist Cult's territory has been taken over, and right now, as of just now, the Miluo Sect's territory has also been taken over."

He turned to look at the sect master, "The Righteous Blood Sect has produced a remarkable youngster."

Chapter 337 They Started Fighting

As soon as cultivators from the Haotian Alliance who were at the Divine Sea Realm pulled out the ten-part map of the Spirit Stream battlefield and made an inquiry, they discovered the Cloud Mist Cult and the Miluo Sect were tens of thousands of miles away from the Wei River, leaving them momentarily speechless.

They knew that the young cultivator from the Righteous Blood Sect must have spent a lot of merit to teleport via Heaven's Augury Pillar, because otherwise, it wouldn't make sense for him to cross such a vast distance so quickly.

For other cultivators in the Spirit Stream Realm, this method of teleportation would be considered highly uneconomical. After all, merit is not easily gained, and each teleportation costs thousands of merit points.

But to Lu Ye, it was different; even though he did spend a lot of merit, as long as he occupied another's territory, he would earn it back.

First, it was the Cloud Mist Cult, and now the Miluo Sect. Who would be next?

Clenching one's teeth, one could predict that Lu Ye, the wildfire, was about to spread the flames of war far and wide once again.

Just as he had rallied a Haotian Alliance army before, he could surely do so again now.

That was the main reason Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had taken a big step back because that elder knew that if Lu Ye's actions were not promptly curtailed, with his capabilities and methods, he really could turn the entire inner circle into chaos.

"This boy, too reckless. I'm going to scold him right now," said the sect master, starting to send a direct message to Lu Ye.

At this moment, Lu Ye, who was weapon control-flying with Giant Armor towards the next battlefield, checked his battlefield marking and saw the sect master's message, which was short and simple, comprising only four characters.

All is well with me!

Comfort surged in Lu Ye's heart.

Atop the spirit mountaintop, Divine Sea Realm cultivators from the Haotian Alliance became busy, relaying messages to inquire about the Spirit Stream battlefield. The feedback they received matched the intelligence provided by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, and they also received news that Lu Ye had left the Miluo Sect's base soon after capturing it and was already on his way to the next Ten Thousand Demons Ridge power's base.

The elder leading Ten Thousand Demons Ridge wanted to continue negotiating with Pang Zhen several times but was always stopped by Pang Zhen raising his hand; he appeared very serious and extremely busy, but inwardly, he was already overjoyed.

The elder sighed deeply, "Pang Zhen, delaying is pointless. If Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could stop that young man once, we could do it again—it's just a matter of giving up a few bases."

Pang Zhen incessantly nodded, "We've seen the resolve of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge."

The elder was exhausted, "State the conditions of Haotian Alliance."

Pang Zhen suddenly was no longer in a rush, his gaze fixed steadily on the elder as he calmly stated, "In addition to the previous conditions, add half a province base. As for which half province, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge can discuss that themselves. This matter is not urgent; take your time."

Honestly, the conditions Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had agreed to initially had already exceeded his expectations. If there hadn't been new information, that would have been the best outcome from the negotiations.

But now the situation was different. Lu Ye had single-handedly established a second battlefield. The stand-off at the Wei River became insignificant, and if Pang Zhen couldn't recognize the value of this move, he wouldn't deserve to be the Vice Alliance Hierarch of the Haotian Alliance.

As he said, the Haotian Alliance was not in a rush; it was Ten Thousand Demons Ridge that should be anxious. Because the longer the delay, the greater the loss for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, with every occupied base meaning a substantial drain of merit and resources.

If the elder thought he could stop Lu Ye a second time, let him try.

If Lu Ye could open up a second battlefield, then he could open a third, a fourth... As long as he lived, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge couldn't hope for peace!

Pang Zhen now needed to consider how to maximize the benefits of negotiations by using their advantage.

And as Lu Ye made more trouble on the Spirit Stream battlefield, the pressure on Ten Thousand Demons Ridge only grew.

"Pang Zhen, do not overstep your bounds!" the elder's tone was no longer as cordial, almost no one could remain calm in such a situation. The Haotian Alliance had clearly adopted an attitude of putting

pressure on Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, and Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could neither afford nor dare retreat too much.

"So you can discuss it slowly, come up with a plan you can accept," said Pang Zhen, smiling.

The elder looked at him deeply and didn't say more; he sent out a message and communicated telepathically with the Divine Sea Realm cultivators beside him.

Before long, another message came from the Spirit Stream battlefield. Following the Cloud Mist Cult and the Miluo Sect, the base of a third Ten Thousand Demons Ridge power was captured.

By now, Lu Yiye's forces had already consolidated the power of six sects, with over a thousand cultivators under his command, spirited and on their way to the next Ten Thousand Demons Ridge base.

In this region, upon hearing the news, forces of the Haotian Alliance were all ready to act, each leading people to join.

Meanwhile, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was also urgently adjusting its arrangements, just as before. In the direction of this allied army's advance, one after another, the bases of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge powers were voluntarily abandoned, and all hands were gathered at one location.

Two days later, two armies of cultivators, each consisting of three to four thousand members, faced each other standing about three kilometers apart.

However, unlike the encounter with the first allied army, there was no significant natural barrier between these two massive armies of cultivators, making the situation much more critical.

Because one careless move could indeed trigger a large-scale war.

Only then did the strong cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side breathe a slight sigh of relief.

This time the losses for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge weren't too severe, mainly because they had the experience to deal with this situation and had made timely arrangements. Thus, Lu Ye's second rallied army had only captured over a dozen bases of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge powers along the way.

Still, looking around the battlefield, another dragon bone representing Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was broken.

Atop the spirit mountaintop of the Sleeping Dragon Mountain, the elder from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge looked grimly at Pang Zhen: "Can we talk now?"

During these two days, both sides had been waiting, with no communication taking place until now when Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had managed to contain the advance of the second allied army.

Pang Zhen appeared surprised, "Ten Thousand Demons Ridge has made a decision? Let's hear it."

The elder said, "The conditions remain unchanged."

"Then what's there to discuss? If you keep delaying like this, that young man might just go out and open up a third battlefield!"

The eyes of the group of Divine Sea Realm cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge couldn't help but twitch, this was also their most worrying and uncomfortable issue.

Now, a strange situation had emerged on the Spirit Stream battlefield, where all cultivators from the various big sects of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had been called back to defend their positions. Every sect was jittery, fearful at the approach of any Haotian Alliance cultivator, dreading that among their ranks might suddenly appear Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer.

"No matter what, half of the state's land cannot be given away!"

"I'm hungry." Pang Zhen, rubbing his stomach, looked towards the others on his side, "Does anyone have food with them?"

The elder turned his head towards the sect master and said, "Brother Thang, Lu Yiye is a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect..."

Before he could finish, the sect master waved his hand and said, "Our Righteous Blood Sect, being merely a 9th grade sect, should not speak on such significant matters, our sect follows the lead of the Haotian Alliance."

Merely 9th grade...

Merely...

How stinging those words sounded.

But that was the reality.

A monstrous talent emerged from a 9th grade sect, now hammering the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge so badly, and there was still not much that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could do about him.

The True Lake Realm had intervened already, resulting in two deaths, and they had also sent ghosts at the 9th Heaven level to assassinate him, only to be wiped out in one fell swoop.

If that young man had been in the Nine Provinces, these Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators could have easily crushed him, but he was in the Spirit Stream battlefield.

Never before had these Divine Sea Realm cultivators so detested the balance and suppression of Heaven's Augury.

"The fight has started!" Suddenly, a strong cultivator from the Divine Sea Realm exclaimed with a trembling voice.

"What?"

All those present, whether from the Haotian Alliance or Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, were profoundly shocked. Pang Zhen was no longer hungry and hastily began gathering intelligence about the Spirit Stream battlefield through their various channels.

They hadn't yet come to a definite conclusion on this side, so how had the fight started already?

Which side had the fight started? If it was the second allied force currently led by Lu Ye, it wouldn't matter much, as the number of people there was relatively small after all. But if the fight had started on the Wei River side, it would be unmanageable.

A moment later, everyone received exact news.

Indeed, the fight had started. Luckily, the Wei River side was safe and sound; after all, it had natural defenses, and tens of thousands of people dared not act rashly.

The fight was initiated by the second allied force led by Lu Ye.

Six to seven thousand inner circle cultivators mixed into the melee, and then... Ten Thousand Demons Ridge suffered a massive defeat.

The reason for this outcome was mainly because a powerful reinforcement had arrived from the Righteous Blood Sect.

The Divine Sea Realm cultivators of the Haotian Alliance looked at each other, reaching their level of cultivation and state of mind, being thrown into such emotional turmoil by a group of Spirit Stream Realm cultivators was indeed unprecedented.

They couldn't help but reflect that the young ones these days were indeed too troublesome. If every one of them was like that young fellow from the Righteous Blood Sect, these elderly fellows would probably live a hundred years less; these days were too thrilling.

In contrast, the faces of the Divine Sea Realm cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were gloomy, and their looks towards the sect master were extremely unfriendly.

The sect master stared back and said, "Why look at me? It wasn't my command; further reprimanding him would simply be disgraceful!"

At this moment, in the midst of the Spirit Stream battlefield, thousands of Haotian Alliance cultivators were in hot pursuit of fleeing Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, among them a giant eagle was particularly conspicuous.

The giant eagle was none other than Little Gray from the Righteous Blood Sect's station.

Originally, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had tried their old trick, assembling thousands of cultivators to block the front, and Lu Ye had already planned to leave this area to open up a third battlefield elsewhere.

But before he could make his move, a message came through the battlefield marking.

Hua Ci is coming!

As early as when Lu Ye had first mustered the first allied force to wage battles in various places, Hua Ci had wanted to help. After all, she was also a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect and a healing cultivator; Lu Ye often got injured in the major battles, and she could just help him heal.

It was just that the journey was really too long.

Who would have thought that Lu Ye would leave the Wei River and run over to Silver Light Island.

This distance was not too far from the Righteous Blood Sect, so Hua Ci immediately set out with Little Gray. When she had sent a message to Lu Ye, she was already almost there.

Knowing that Hua Ci had brought Little Gray over, Lu Ye timed his command for the allied forces to attack.

This second allied force, although only comprised of a little over three thousand people and recently formed, had become invincible under Lu Ye's leadership in these past days. Hence, even when facing an enemy of nearly equal numbers, when Lu Ye gave the command, over three thousand Haotian Alliance cultivators charged without hesitation.

Chapter 338 Behind the Scenes

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators arranging their array were instantly dumbfounded. No one anticipated that the Haotian Alliance would actually launch an attack like this. They thought the situation here would be like at the Wei River, where both sides would be deadlocked in a standoff, especially since both parties had so many people. Once the battle started, there would definitely be casualties, and no one could guarantee that they would surely win.

Yet the Haotian Alliance really did attack!

Hastily finishing their array setup, a gigantic figure in the sky rapidly approached, passing over the charging Haotian Alliance cultivators. With a flap of its wings in midair, a sky full of Wind Blades assaulted down, immediately tearing a gap in Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's defensive line.

Such as Little Gray and that quasi-flood dragon, they are Overlord-class demon beasts that dominate the Spirit Stream battlefield.

An Overlord-class beast signifies a power level that has reached the limits of what the Spirit Stream battlefield can endure, an existence that can claim kingship and dominion over the entire battlefield.

Such existences are even incomparable to the cultivators on the Spirit Stream Ranking.

The quasi-flood dragon was initially attracted by the blood Qi within the Scale Armor and almost broke through the Sky Supporting Sect's residence by itself. Despite the desperate resistance of the Sky Supporting Sect cultivators, it still killed over a hundred people.

As a demon beast of the same level as the quasi-flood dragon, Little Gray could not possibly be inferior.

Moreover, compared to the quasi-flood dragon, Little Gray which is naturally capable of flying poses a greater threat to cultivators because of its agility.

After several dives, the Wind Blades swirled down, and one after another, cultivators were cut, their limbs flying and blood scattering everywhere. The well-guarded defensive line of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was torn apart through several massive gaps.

In the midst of the chaos and disarray of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, the assault from the Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces, led by Lu Ye and Giant Armor, was already upon them. Like a hot knife through butter, the Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces easily split the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's lines apart.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge did try to resist and fight back, but their lines were already in disarray, how could they hold on? Often by the time they had just brought out their Spiritual Artifacts, a barrage of attacks would greet them, and without so much as a grunt, they would fall into a pool of blood.

The battle lasted only the time it takes an incense stick to burn, and the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's line was completely broken.

After that, things were simple. The Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces split into two groups, one led by Lu Ye with over a thousand men, the other led by Luo Fu with more than two thousand men, chasing the fleeing Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

In this battle, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators suffered over a thousand casualties, while the Haotian Alliance lost fewer than three hundred.

When the news spread, the world was shocked.

The Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators of both sides repeatedly ordered the governors on the Wei River side to absolutely not act rashly.

Lu Ye's side could triumph largely due to Little Gray; an Overlord-class demon beast's deterrence and lethality to cultivators is too terrifying.

The situation at the Wei River is different; starting a fight there would benefit no one.

One day later, the two pronged Allied Forces regrouped once again, continuing their advance after sweeping through several abandoned Ten Thousand Demons Ridge strongholds along the way.

On the large ship, Lu Ye was sitting cross-legged, shirtless, with crisscrossing scars, both old and new, on his body, a ghastly sight to behold. Hua Ci was sitting next to him, her gentle spirit force flowing from her palm, healing the wounds newly added to Lu Ye's body.

She let out a slight sigh in her heart. When she first met Lu Ye, his body was also covered with vicious scars. So much time had passed, and it was still the same.

"Why push yourself so hard," Hua Ci said leisurely. "If you keep going like this, one day you might really end up with me burning paper money for you."

She glanced over at Yiyi beside her: "You also don't stop him at all."

Yiyi stuck out her tongue.

When Lu Ye charged into battle to fight the enemy, how could she have stopped him?

All she could do was to stay close by Lu Ye's side, blocking some of the sneak attacks meant for him.

"How is everything back at the residence?" Lu Ye asked.

"It's very good. Hearing about your situation in the inner circle, they all clamored to come help. Originally, Chen Yu was also going to come, but I stopped him."

"Chen Yu has reached Level 8, hasn't he?"

"He reached it two months ago, but there were too many trifles at the residence, so he has not left."

"With you here, doesn't that mean there's no one left in charge at the residence?"

"Before leaving, I transferred the position of Deputy Governor to Guk Yang, and Second Senior Sister agreed to this as well."

"Guk Yang... not bad, his temperament is comparatively more stable than others. Second Senior Sister is never wrong about people."

As they were chatting, the battlefield marking suddenly fluttered, and Lu Ye quickly checked it to find a message from the sect master.

"We're close to being unable to hold out here. If you have any demands, you can make them. I'll try to get them agreed to on this side."

Seeing this message, Lu Ye knew that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was in a hurry. After pondering briefly, he sent a message back.

Meanwhile, at the Spirit Stream mountaintop of Sleeping Dragon Mountain, the atmosphere among the Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators of both sides was becoming tense.

The elderly man from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge said gravely, "Pang Zhen, you don't want things to end in mutual destruction, do you? Admittedly, we can't contain Lu Yiye's means right now and can only passively resist. But if you let him continue like this, it might lead to a full-scale war in the Spirit Stream battlefield."

Upon hearing these words, the expressions of the Divine Sea Realm beings from the Haotian Alliance grew much more solemn.

A full-scale war in the Spirit Stream battlefield means that all the sects in the Nine Provinces would be swept into it.

Never underestimate the courage and determination of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. They have already suffered significant losses and are being pushed to the brink. If Lu Ye continues his actions, it could indeed provoke a full-scale war in the Spirit Stream battlefield.

Since I'm already having a hard time, then nobody else should think about having it easy.

It can be anticipated that the Spirit Stream battlefield will inevitably run red with blood, and no sect will be able to live in peace.

"Half a state's land..."

"Do not bring this up again. You know that Ten Thousand Demons Ridge could never agree to such a condition. Aside from this, other terms can be discussed further."

Implicit in these words was the suggestion that more compensation could be given in the form of materials or such.

Then the elder looked towards the sect master, "If the young friend Yiye from your sect has any demands, he may state them separately. Ten Thousand Demons Ridge will consider them as a priority."

The genesis of the matter lay with Lu Ye, and although Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was negotiating with the party represented by Pang Zhen of the Haotian Alliance, they still had to take into account the feelings of the Righteous Blood Sect as well as Lu Ye.

"Yiye does indeed have his own demands," the sect master began as everyone looked in his direction.

The sect master's eyelids drooped slightly, "Three months ago, Yiye went to the Tianyan Sect's territory and was poisoned and nearly lost his life on the spot..."

It would have been better if he hadn't mentioned this; as soon as he did, the Divine Sea Realm cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were infuriated.

The few people from the Righteous Blood Sect made such a ruckus back then; they all thought Lu Ye had been poisoned to death and were overjoyed for a while. But what happened then? Two months later, that guy sprang back to life, appearing vigorously on the Spirit Stream battlefield. With his improved Array Path cultivation, he even dragged an Allied Force of the Haotian Alliance into the fray, making waves and causing great harm to over a hundred powers within Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

When they heard of Lu Ye's revival from death at that time, everyone at Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was stunned, utterly confused about how he had survived. That poison was aimed not just at the physical body, but also at the psyche. Once a Spirit Stream Realm cultivator was afflicted, there was no chance of survival.

As the Divine Sea Realm cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's expressions fluctuated, the sect master changed the topic: "Fortunately, he has great luck and a strong fate. He narrowly escaped death several times, but ultimately was saved."

As for why Lu Yiye could escape from death's clutches, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge still had no consensus, because only a few knew the details. However, pondering over this now was of no help.

"However, he has always been preoccupied with the person who poisoned him."

If it hadn't been for the timely arrival of Shui Yuan, and if Lu Ye hadn't possessed a treasure like the Soul Cleansing Water, both Giant Armor and Zhao Li would have died.

Every debt has a debtor, and every grievance has a head. Lu Ye didn't know which power from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had taken action, but could Ten Thousand Demons Ridge be unaware?

This vengeance had to be exacted.

"Hence, Yiye wants to know, which power made the move."

The elder from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge waited silently for more, but there was none. He frowned, "Is that it?"

The sect master replied, "What else could it be?"

After a brief pause, the elder named a sect.

"Swear on Heaven's Augury!"

The elder's expression darkened, "Brother Thang, we have been dealing with each other for so many years..."

The sect master said unapologetically, "It is precisely because we have been dealing with each other for so many years that I am well aware of your character. Pulling out a random 6th grade sect, how can I know whether it's true or false? If it's true, what harm is there in swearing on Heaven's Augury?"

The elder remained silent.

"Oh no, another one of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's strongholds has been captured," the sect master suddenly said with a schadenfreude chuckle.

"Golden Clouds Tower!" The elder named another sect, "To my knowledge, this was masterminded by Golden Clouds Tower."

The sect master immediately burst into curses, "I knew it was those damned people scheming secretly. They should have been exterminated years ago!"

This time he didn't ask the elder to swear any oath on Heaven's Augury, because he could feel that the elder was not lying to him.

A message was sent out, informing Lu Ye of this matter.

Amidst the ruins of a conquered stronghold, Lu Ye checked the information sent by the sect master.

Golden Clouds Tower, Lu Ye pondered thoughtfully.

This power's name, he had heard before.

Atop Golden Light Peak, his savior and senior sister Weh Ying had specifically mentioned three sects to him: one was the Sacred Fire Order, one was Golden Clouds Tower, and the other was Hundred Refinement Valley.

These three forces were originally considered frontline sects, either 1st grade or 2nd grade, but they were demoted after being defeated by Righteous Blood Sect, with their Divine Sea Realm cultivators nearly annihilated, and they have not recovered their vitality to date. Currently, they are only of the 4th-5th grade.

Lu Ye was familiar with the Sacred Fire Order; his final opponent at Golden Light Peak was a Saintess from the Sacred Fire Order who chose to fight him even after self-destroying her spiritual orifice, and he killed her.

The Sacred Fire Order's territory had already been breached. As for this group of magic cultivators whose brains seemed fried by their own sacred fire, Lu Ye had a significant impression. So, when he led the first Allied Forces in their campaigns, he targeted the Sacred Fire Order's territory, not out of specific vindictiveness, but simply taking advantage of the momentum.

Hundred Refinement Valley was a power Lu Ye had not dealt with. He checked the ten-part map; it was very far away from his current location.

Next, he checked the position of Golden Clouds Tower...

It seemed not too far away. Given the rate of advance of his allied troops, they could hit Golden Clouds Tower's stronghold in no more than three days. He raised his hand and pressed it on his own battlefield marking.

Chapter 339 Golden Clouds Tower

Atop the Spirit Mountaintop of Sleeping Dragon Mountain, the sect master received another message from Lu Ye with an exasperated demeanor, "He's rebelling, this boy is rebelling against the heavens!"

Pang Zhen hurriedly said, "Veteran Thang, calm down, what happened?"

The sect master said, "This boy actually told me to give him three days to break through the Golden Clouds Tower stronghold; otherwise, he won't have peace of mind! What nonsense is this, completely disrespectful. Alas, my Righteous Blood Sect hasn't taken in disciples for decades, perhaps forgetting how to teach them, I neglected my duties in disciplining."

He looked utterly heartbroken, but anyone with clear eyes could see his intentions.

Pang Zhen found it difficult to respond, as he couldn't simply continue the act, given his position as the Haotian Alliance Deputy Leader and his need for face.

The elder from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, with a darkened face, took a long time to squeeze out a sentence through clenched teeth, "Tell him to directly assault the Golden Clouds Tower, and along the way, if he dares touch any other Ten Thousand Demons Ridge stronghold, I swear Ten Thousand Demons Ridge and Haotian Alliance shall have a fight to the death, so let Heaven's Augury witness this!"

Pang Zhen's expression turned solemn.

The sect master nodded, "I will make it clear to him to prioritize the bigger picture."

In the midst of the Spirit Stream battlefield, Lu Ye reviewed the message from the sect master, realizing that things had escalated to a point where they couldn't continue further.

Since his re-emergence from the Tianyan Sect, he had drawn together two Haotian Alliance armies in the past month, consecutively overtaking over a hundred Ten Thousand Demons Ridge strongholds, with substantial gains for his side and devastating losses for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

Now, as both sides' Divine Sea Realm cultivators were in negotiations and had essentially reached some agreements, continuing the conflicts would make it impossible to conclude the matter.

Indeed, with his methods and capabilities, he could continue to open more battlefields, conquer more Ten Thousand Demons Ridge strongholds, but doing so would only force Ten Thousand Demons Ridge into a fight to the death with his side.

Seizing this opportunity to retreat bravely and gain some advantages from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge seemed like a good strategy.

Upon this contemplation, Lu Ye instructed Luo Fu to summon the governors to discuss the matter.

These governors had clearly already received advice from the elders in their respective sects, so almost no one needed further explanation from Lu Ye to understand the current situation.

They felt some regret but were inevitably helpless.

The confrontation between the two factions had always been like this, even if one side held a significant advantage that could severely hurt the other, they could not push them to a point of hopelessness, because a side without hope would ignore all consequences.

The lessons from over thirty years ago had cost the Haotian Alliance dearly, when under the leadership of Feng Wujiang, they pursued the annihilation of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, but fate was not with them, leading to the decline of the Righteous Blood Sect and substantial weakening of the Haotian Alliance.

Shortly after, everyone dispersed, preparing to gather their cultivators and head back to their sects.

A little while later, the Allied Forces departed, retracing their route.

In the occupied Ten Thousand Demons Ridge stronghold, left behind were only Lu Ye, Hua Ci, Giant Armor, and Yiyi.

"Fourth Brother."

Suddenly, Lu Ye turned his head and softly called out.

The faces of Hua Ci and others displayed surprise.

What astonished them more was that moments later, a figure shone forth from that direction, face like a bejeweled crown, eyes starry and eyebrows like swords, his white hair dazzling and a wine gourd hanging at his waist — if not Li Baxian, then who?

"How did you know I was here?"

Li Baxian was somewhat astonished, believing that he had not revealed his whereabouts, yet he was still seen through by Lu Ye.

"Brother, since joining the unified army as an independent cultivator from Wei River half a month ago and following up to here, if I hadn't noticed you, wouldn't I be a fool?"

Ever since Lu Ye led the first allied force into battle, Li Baxian had quietly followed, always concealing his tracks.

Considering the timing, it was after the incident where Lu Ye was attacked by the 9th Heaven specters.

Clearly, he was concerned for Lu Ye's safety and came to provide protection.

Not revealing his whereabouts wasn't because he didn't want to meet with Lu Ye; rather, he felt that staying hidden was more convenient for taking action.

Since Lu Ye's transport from Wei River to Silver Light Island via Heaven's Augury Pillar, Li Baxian rushed over as well, silently eliminating a significant number of core circle powerhouses during this period.

"Good!"

Lu Ye appreciating such sharp awareness made Li Baxian undoubtedly pleased, and he finally understood why Lu Ye had dared let the allied forces retreat first while he stayed behind with a few from the Righteous Blood Sect, as he had known about his proximity all along.

With the third-ranked on the Spirit Stream Ranking by his side, as long as they didn't encounter too many enemies, they were largely safe.

Moreover, at this time, no one would likely dare attack Lu Ye, as Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was more eager for him to stop, not wanting to provoke further conflicts.

"Heading to Golden Clouds Tower?" Li Baxian asked.

He apparently had received some accurate information.

Lu Ye nodded.

"Let's go." Li Baxian gestured, and a large Spirit Sword appeared in front of him. He leapt onto it, and with his manipulation, the sword greatly expanded in size.

Lu Ye and the others flashed onto the surface.

The next instant, sword light surged into the sky.

If Little Gray were still here, everyone could naturally ride it to the Golden Clouds Tower residence, but Little Gray had always obeyed the command left by Feng Wujiang, guarding the Righteous Blood Sect residence, using it to travel was not a problem, but it would never linger outside, so after the previous battle, Little Gray had already flown back to the Righteous Blood Sect residence.

The scenery swiftly receded all around, and Lu Ye marveled inwardly, having long heard that the speed of sword cultivators was extraordinarily fast, only to truly understand that it was well deserved at this moment.

Of course, this also had a lot to do with Li Baxian's own formidable background.

While flying through air by Sword Control, Li Baxian faced the fierce wind, drinking wine and chanting in a low voice, appearing in a pretty good mood.

Although he was no longer a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect, he nonetheless originated from there, and now that the sect had produced a Lu Ye, he felt honored as well.

Occasionally encountering some cultivators traveling through air along the way, but upon catching sight of Li Baxian's sword light from afar, all hastily dodged, clearly sensing that the owner of that sword light was not to be trifled with.

What was originally a three-day journey, thanks to Li Baxian's Sword Control Technique, took less than a full day to arrive.

Golden Clouds Tower residence, shrouded with the light screen of a protective array, hundreds of Golden Clouds Tower cultivators gathered within the residence, each of their expressions extremely unsightly.

They had already received the sect's transmission and knew of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge's decision, telling them to abandon the residence to appease Lu Yiye's rage.

However, how could they willingly accept such a decision.

The residence and everything in it was fought for by successive generations of Spirit Stream Realm cultivators of Golden Clouds Tower, forged through the blood and lives of their forebears.

Thus, even though higher orders were given repeatedly, before the deadline arrived, none of the Golden Clouds Tower cultivators had evacuated.

No one had expected that Lu Yiye, who was supposed to arrive here in three days, would actually arrive in just one day.

As the news spread, a group of Golden Clouds Tower cultivators were both shocked and enraged. Soon, hundreds of cultivators gathered inside the protective array, facing Lu Ye through the layer of light screen.

Seeing no Allied Forces of Haotian Alliance but only Lu Yiye leading a few people, the Golden Clouds Tower cultivators suddenly became restless, thinking that if they made a move now, maybe they could kill this Lu Yiye.

But upon seeing the white-haired young man beside Lu Ye, the restless thoughts quickly subsided considerably.

Li Baxian, ranked third on the Spirit Stream Ranking, was well-known to everyone. The signature white hair and the wine gourd at his waist identified him clearly.

Outside the array, Lu Ye's gaze shifted and finally settled on a man in black.

"Are you going to open the array, or should I break it?"

The man in black was undoubtedly Golden Clouds Tower's Governor or Deputy Governor, as the jade cluster that controlled the array hung at his waist.

Upon hearing Lu Ye's question, the man in black merely stared back expressionlessly.

Lu Ye said no more, raising his hand, he promptly cast out a few array banners, directing them at the nodes of the array.

As he acted, spirit force began to surge, and in just a dozen breaths, the solidified big array was torn open, creating a not so large breach.

In the past, he had used the same method when taking over the Illuminating Sun Mountain residence. Now, his knowledge of the Array Path was so much more advanced than before, tearing such a breach was incredibly easy.

Under the shocked gazes of a group of Golden Clouds Tower cultivators, Lu Ye led the few people behind him into the array through that breach.

The breach behind them quickly closed, as if it had never appeared.

The atmosphere suddenly tensed up, the friction sound of Spiritual Artifacts slowly unsheathing echoed, as spirit force quietly surged in cultivators from all directions, ready to strike at any moment.

Li Baxian grabbed his wine gourd, took a big gulp with great satisfaction, burped contentedly, then smiled as he looked around.

That sharp gaze like a sword swept over each Golden Clouds Tower cultivator's vital areas, every one glimpsed by him felt an icy chill run through their bodies, death like an invisible savage beast, clung to their necks, licking at their psyche, making their bodies tremble.

Under the silent pressure, slowly some cultivators could not bear the torment anymore, their faces began to turn red, and their hands holding the Spiritual Artifacts trembled violently, on the verge of erupting.

The man in black suddenly spoke, "Li Baxian, if you dare kill one of our Golden Clouds Tower people, Golden Clouds Tower will not rest today until you are dead!"

As soon as his words fell, a transparent cutlass only a foot long suddenly pressed against his forehead, no one saw how Li Baxian made his move.

That silent and swift transparent cutlass attacked right in front of a 7th Heaven level cultivator, the light from the cutlass slightly pulsing as it penetrated the man in black's skin.

Bright red blood streamed down from his forehead, splitting at the bridge of his nose, marking his face with two blood-red streaks.

"Threatening me?" Li Baxian tilted his head, looking at him. "Try saying another word and see?"

The man in black's face turned ashen, but he truly dared not speak again.

For he knew that sword cultivators never take well to threats, and if he dared to speak again, his next moment would be as a corpse.

He wasn't afraid of death, but if he died, a great battle would be inevitable, and at that time, who knows how many from Golden Clouds Tower would perish; a top-tier sword cultivator's attack was not to be taken lightly.

Chapter 340 No Regrets in My Heart

Even saying so, Li Baxian was intentionally provoking. If the Golden Clouds Tower truly couldn't restrain themselves from taking action here, it would lead to endless future troubles.

Unless they had absolute confidence that they could kill Lu Ye!

If that were the case, they would be the heroes of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

But to kill Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer under the protection of Li Baxian was an extremely difficult task.

The man in black had no such confidence, and therefore he didn't dare to make any rash moves.

He regretted deeply; had he known this would happen, he would have led his disciples back to the Nine Provinces. Greed for those extra day or two has resulted in Golden Clouds Tower being in an awkward situation now.

With a faint ringing of a cutlass, a sword light slashed diagonally, shattering the jade cluster hanging by the man in black's waist.

As the jade cluster was destroyed, the big array ceased operating. Though there was still a light screen enveloping it, it had lost all the might of the big array.

"Giant Armor, clear the way!"

Lu Ye ordered.

Giant Armor stepped forward immediately, undeterred by any Golden Clouds Tower cultivators blocking his path, bulldozing straight through them.

From time to time, muffled groans and even the sounds of snapping bones could be heard.

With Giant Armor's formidable body, not to mention nobody within the inner circle able to match his physical strength, even amongst the physique cultivators in the Core Circle, only a few could contend with him.

How could those Golden Clouds Tower cultivators blocking the way possibly stop him?

Following closely behind Giant Armor, Lu Ye walked with his hand on his cutlass.

The several hundred cultivators of Golden Clouds Tower watched, grinding their teeth in humiliation and anger. Yet without the governor's order, no matter how unwilling they were, they didn't dare to be the first to strike. Everyone knew what the consequences of acting first would be.

The Divine Sea Realm beings from both camps had already agreed upon terms. Golden Clouds Tower was Lu Ye's last stop—it was imperative to send this plague god away as quickly as possible. As for losing some face or the empowerment from Heaven's Augury Pillar, those were not concerns; Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would compensate Golden Clouds Tower afterward.

This was also why Li Baxian did not wreak havoc here.

Today, here, whoever acted recklessly would break the peace talk of the Divine Sea Realm beings, and the consequences that would ensue would be too much for any at the Spirit Stream Level 9 to bear.

Giant Armor forcefully cleared a path through the crowd, heading straight to the Heaven's Augury Hall.

Lu Ye entered the Heaven's Augury Hall and, leveraging his authority as the Governor of Righteous Blood Sect, began to plunder the enhancements of Heaven's Augury Pillar belonging to Golden Clouds Tower.

Above the plaza, the cultivators of Golden Clouds Tower closed their eyes in agony. The cracking sounds coming from the hall were like the breaking of their own backbones.

As various enhancements were plundered, the spiritual energy of nature in the station swiftly thinned; the range the station could emanate was continuously shrinking, and even the barely maintained protective array also shattered thunderously.

Shortly after, he stepped out, nodding slightly to Li Baxian who was guarding outside the hall.

Once again, Li Baxian took out his broad flying sword.

Several people climbed onto it one after another, and with a hearty laugh from Li Baxian, who then controlled the sword to rise, they turned into a streak of Liu Guang. For so many years, he had never felt so carefree. With his prowess, on the battlefield of the Spirit Stream, apart from those few strong individuals on the Spirit Stream Ranking, he could kill almost anyone he wished.

But he had never experienced this feeling of a mere few people breaking into a sect's residence, openly plundering the Heaven's Augury Pillar's blessings surrounded by hundreds of enemy sect cultivators. The frustrated and stifled expressions of those Golden Clouds Tower cultivators, unable to voice their rage, indeed brought great satisfaction.

Almost at the same moment Li Baxian took Lu Ye and the others away, atop the spirit mountaintop of Sleeping Dragon Mountain, a group of beings in the Divine Sea Realm each received the news.

During those brief moments just now, these beings in the Divine Sea Realm were on pins and needles.

Because they received a message that sent shivers down everyone's spine.

Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer took only a few people with him and headed to Golden Clouds Tower's residence. As a result, the Golden Clouds Tower's cultivators still hadn't drawn back to the Nine Provinces, and the two sides encountered each other at Golden Clouds Tower's residence!

No one knew what would happen next.

If the Golden Clouds Tower's cultivators couldn't hold back and took action, not only would the Spirit Stream battlefield become thoroughly chaotic, but they, the Divine Sea Realm beings, would also have to engage in a grand battle here.

Luckily, Golden Clouds Tower was sensible.

The losses of Golden Clouds Tower definitely needed to be well compensated, but this was something for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to consider.

The elder from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge looked at the sect master and said, "Brother Thang, the matter has been satisfactorily resolved, but let's not have a second incident like this."

The sect master nodded incessantly, "I will confine him as soon as we return!"

The several Divine Sea Realm beings from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge glanced coldly at the sect master, understanding all too well the old fox's intentions. In name, it was to confine Lu Yiye, but in reality, it was a disguised protection, allowing the young man to avoid the limelight.

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This time, the incident was too significant, and events from the Spirit Stream battlefield rarely affected the Nine Provinces, as the Spirit Stream Realm is considered a rather low level. However, this time, the incident on the Spirit Stream battlefield has led to the gathering of Divine Sea Realm cultivators from both sides to discuss a resolution.

This was unprecedented.

It could be said that Lu Ye, the Sect Destroyer, did many things that one at the Spirit Stream Realm simply could not achieve. A once orderly Spirit Stream battlefield had become a mess due to his involvement.

If he dared to show himself on the Spirit Stream battlefield now, he would surely be targeted in various ways.

The elderly man turned to Pang Zhen, "The agreed compensation will be prepared within a month."

Pang Zhen nodded slightly. He wasn't worried that the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would default on their agreement, or it's better said that they wouldn't dare to. If they did, it would only be looking for trouble.

A short while later, the Divine Sea Realm cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge left under the leadership of the elderly man, flying away through the air.

Pang Zhen took a deep breath, the tension in his heart somewhat relieving. To deal with the matter of the Spirit Stream battlefield, the Divine Sea Realm cultivators had stayed here for quite a few days, attentively monitoring the changes on the battlefield and living in constant fear, which was a rare experience.

"Let's go," Pang Zhen called out, and the group ascended into the sky before quickly dispersing in different directions, as they all hailed from different provincial states.

Midway, Pang Zhen said, "Veteran Thang, now that the boy is at Level 9, he should go to the Core Circle after he switches to a Heaven Rank technique."

"What do you mean?"

"If he's willing, he can cultivate at the Righteousness Sect's location."

The sect master nodded, "I'll talk to him and see what he wishes."

The sect master understood that this was not Pang Zhen trying to recruit their disciple or the Righteous Blood Sect, but rather a form of protection.

Lu Ye had caused such a commotion on the Spirit Stream battlefield this time that all the forces of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge saw him as a thorn in their side. Even though his cultivation in the Spirit Stream Level 9 was considered outstanding in the inner circle, once he switched to a Heaven Rank technique and entered the Core Circle, he wouldn't be all that special.

Once he entered the Core Circle, the cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would certainly target him. It was foreseeable that once he entered the Core Circle, attacks from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would commence.

The situation in the Core Circle was different from the inner circle, with many powerful beings and quicker responses. Even if Lu Ye had the means to break arrays, it would be much harder for him to act as recklessly in the Core Circle as he did in the inner circle.

The Righteousness Sect, after all, is a 1st grade sect, and if Lu Ye were to cultivate at the Righteousness Sect's location, he would be somewhat safer.

As fellow Bingzhou cultivators, they ought to help each other.

However, the sect master couldn't promise this without consulting with Lu Ye first.

Seven or eight days later, a sword light descended from the sky, landing within the territory of the Righteous Blood Sect.

The reason it took so long was mainly that even with Li Baxian's cultivation level, it was somewhat strenuous to carry several people and control their weapons. They had to take turns controlling the weapons on their way back, which naturally slowed them down quite a bit.

However, the journey back was peaceful, and they didn't encounter a single cultivator from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. Recently, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had truly been beaten into submission, their sects' territories breached, their once-reliable Sect Protection Arrays rendered useless.

Now the people of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were still engulfed in the atmosphere of that terrifying domination. Even though there were messages that Lu Ye, the Sect Destroyer, had ceased his actions, they did not dare to let down their guard. All cultivators stayed on full alert within their territories, ready for any emergencies.

On the plaza of the Righteous Blood Sect's residence, hundreds of cultivators who had received the news were waiting. Seeing the sword light descend, led by Chen Yu, Guk Yang and others, they all saluted, "Welcome back Brother Five to the sect!"

As Hua Ci mentioned before, when word spread that Lu Ye was leading the Haotian Alliance's Allied Forces to conquer the inner circle, the cultivators of the Righteous Blood Sect were clamoring to help, but the distance was too great, and their cultivations were not high enough, so they settled down.

Only after learning that Lu Ye had mobilized a second Allied Force did Hua Ci, as a representative, go to assist.

Now that Lu Ye had returned triumphant, the Righteous Blood Sect naturally welcomed him warmly. Their governor had accomplished such great deeds outside, and even though these disciples hadn't participated in them, they couldn't help but feel proud.

With different standings come different identities.

To the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer was a calamity, a devil that everyone deemed unforgivable and sought to slay. But to the Haotian Alliance and the Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye was a boon, a hero.

A crowd bustled with excitement, and many were curious about the Giant Armor that Lu Ye had brought back. They had always heard that Lu Ye was accompanied by an extremely powerful physique cultivator, but it wasn't until they saw Giant Armor with their own eyes that they understood how vigorous its blood Qi was.

He Xiying, also a physique cultivator, even couldn't resist stepping forward and hammered two fists on Giant Armor's solid chest. Giant Armor was unscathed, but she ended up hurting her hands. The difference in cultivation was one thing, but the disparity in their physiques was the main reason.

Watching the lively crowd, Li Baxian stood to the side feeling gratified. He sensed endless vitality from these younger brothers and sisters.

He once dreamed that the residence of the Righteous Blood Sect would be as bustling as other sects, but in the end, it seemed the Righteous Blood Sect was on the verge of being expelled.

Until this day, he saw what he longed for.

After a long while, everyone began to disperse gradually.

"Junior brother, I'm leaving now," Li Baxian suddenly spoke.

He had once resented having to join the Loyal Heart Sect because he was from the Righteous Blood Sect, but now that knot in his heart was untied. As long as the Righteous Blood Sect still had Lu Ye, it would never decline. He could even envision the Righteous Blood Sect's rapid rise under the leadership of his junior brother.

His junior brother had accomplished what he had wanted but couldn't do himself. What regrets could he have left in his heart?

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