

Humanity 631

Chapter 631 Strong Attack

Coming from the same sect, Senior Brother Qin and the others had some understanding of the capabilities of Spectral Shadow. This ghost cultivator junior brother had a perception for potential dangers that ordinary people could not match.

Take the recent encounter in the mine tunnel for instance; had Spectral Shadow not suddenly become alert and warned them in time, the injuries sustained by Senior Brother Qin, who was at the forefront, would not have been so minor.

"What did you sense?" Senior Brother Qin asked.

The blood color in Spectral Shadow's eyes grew denser as he shook his head, "I don't know, but it's very dangerous!"

Since starting his cultivation journey to this day, this talent had allowed Spectral Shadow to avoid many lethal dangers. In the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest of the Spirit Stream battlefield and the hunting grounds of the Cloud River battlefield, it was always Spectral Shadow who sensed the dangerous aura in advance and left in time. In fact, it was precisely such caution that allowed him to escape from one calamity after another, navigating through each with his meager cultivation. Those who liked to crowd around and watch the excitement, those with higher cultivation than him, had long become grass over their graves.

But never before had the alarms in Spectral Shadow's heart been so strong!

This made him faintly feel that if they truly entered the mine tunnel, the crisis they would encounter this time might be more ferocious than any before!

Senior Brother Qin was still hesitating, and Senior Sister Hu was also undecided.

Spectral Shadow advised, "Senior Brother, with so many people involved in this matter, even if we succeed afterwards, the benefits that fall on us won't be much. It's not worth taking risks for such a small advantage! Even if I'm wrong, we will only lose a bit of supplies... but what if I'm right?"

If he was right, it would mean they had avoided a disaster in advance.

This argument undoubtedly moved Senior Brother Qin, who patted Spectral Shadow's hand and nodded, "Alright, then we'll wait outside."

Only then did Spectral Shadow breathe a sigh of relief. Frankly speaking, if Senior Brother Qin had ignored his advice and insisted on going in, there wouldn't have been much he could do. At most, he could only ensure that he didn't participate, as he couldn't force others to do anything, even if they were his fellow sect brothers...

Fortunately, his fellow sect brother was also willing to listen to advice.

Senior Sister Hu asked, "Should we also warn the others?"

Senior Brother Qin shook his head, "Who would believe us?"

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators gathered here were all rushing into the mine tunnel like cats that had smelled fish. They themselves were not going in, so at this time, warning others would only invite ridicule. Worse yet, others might even think they had ulterior motives.

The number of cultivators outside grew fewer and fewer until at last, only Senior Brother Qin's team of five remained. The previously noisy environment suddenly became quiet, making it somewhat uncomfortable for them.

Dull sounds continued to emanate from deep within the mine tunnel, where Song Zhui and others had already caught up with Si Nan at the forefront and witnessed an astonishing scene.

Si Nan kept moving forward, with explosion arrays being triggered continuously in front of him, causing the surrounding rock walls to loosen and pebbles to fall down in fits and starts.

They immediately came to the same conclusion as Si Nan had earlier—the person who set up the arrays must have realized that they could no longer stop Si Nan, so they tried to collapse the mine tunnel with these arrays to buy some time.

Yet the power of the arrays ultimately fell short. Therefore, although the mine tunnel was now covered with rubble, it was still relatively stable. As long as no more external force was applied, it wouldn't collapse anytime soon.

Moreover, since everyone present was a cultivator of the Cloud River Realm, barring being buried alive on the spot, they were unlikely to be in any real danger. With some time and effort, they would eventually be able to clear a path.

The winding mine tunnel had to have an end somewhere.

When the humming of the explosion arrays ceased and the last flame extinguished, an emptied mine shaft was revealed to everyone's sight.

Si Nan was the first to step in, followed closely by Song Zhui and the others, and then by the grand, unending stream of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

The mine shaft was pitch black, but Song Zhui and the others still immediately felt a familiar aura, and they all looked toward that direction.

Someone cast a magic spell that wasn't particularly lethal, but it was incredibly bright, ascending slowly like a sun rising, its light enveloping the entire mine shaft and revealing the whole scene clearly at a glance.

The mine shaft was littered with rocks and had ample space. At the deepest part of the shaft, a figure sat cross-legged, dressed in a blood robe. The fresh blood on the robe had long dried, making the blood-red garment stiff.

He sat there quietly, watching the group of unexpected intruders who had suddenly burst in.

"Lu Yiye!" a low shout came from the crowd, followed by a flurry of commotion.

Although prior to this, many cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had almost confirmed that the person hidden inside was Lu Ye, no one had actually seen him with their own eyes.

Now, the person they had been eagerly thinking about finally appeared before their eyes.

As the words fell, streams of magic spells and weapon controls tore through space, targeting Lu Ye's location all at once.

However, the distance was ultimately too far. Although Lu Ye's position was within the range of their attacks, by the time the attacks reached him, their potency had greatly reduced.

A layer of light suddenly appeared in front of Lu Ye, which was actually a protective array.

The weakened offensive magic and weapon control hit the protective array, causing ripples to spread out, but they couldn't harm him in the slightest, not even breaking the protective array.

The cultivators who took action did so with reluctant hearts, finally understanding why Lu Ye had kept such a distance.

Someone roared in anger, "Lu Yiye, come out and face your death immediately."

Another shouted, "Lu Yiye, I'd like to see where you can flee to this time!"

In such a confined environment, with such a disparity in power, it seemed to everyone that Lu Ye had no hope of escape—unless he could once again call upon the Heaven's Augury Pillar and use its mighty power to flee back to the Nine Provinces.

Yet at this moment, there was no sign of the Heaven's Augury Pillar beside Lu Ye.

However, these people were merely shouting and didn't dare to advance rashly. Lu Ye had set up so many Formations in the mine tunnel previously; who knew if there were any Formations within this cave?

There definitely were. Until the Formations were broken, no one dared to act precipitously.

"Brother Si Nan, Lu Yiye knows how to set up teleportation arrays. Take a look around him, see if there's a teleportation array," Song Zhui approached Si Nan and whispered.

Back in Great Reversal Valley, Lu Ye had indeed escaped by using a teleportation array.

Now, although they hadn't seen anything like the Heaven's Augury Pillar, if Lu Ye had set up a teleportation array here in advance, he would still be able to escape.

Yet the likelihood of this was small. According to the information he had received, Lu Ye was inadvertently discovered and had been hiding here to heal his injuries. It didn't make sense for him to set up a teleportation array unless he had foreseen this scene and prepared an escape in advance.

Si Nan observed carefully for a good while before shaking his head, "I don't see any traces of a teleportation array, but that doesn't rule out the possibility that he's intentionally concealing it."

The distance was a bit too great for Si Nan to see very clearly.

Song Zhui said, "At this point, if he really had set up a teleportation array, he would have already used it to escape. What would be the point in concealing it now? Since we don't see it, then it must not be there."

In such a desperate situation, Lu Yiye, the fellow, was ultimately going to die. It's just a pity that during the incident in Great Reversal Valley, Ying Wuji had failed; otherwise, he wouldn't have to worry about his cultivation resources in the future.

"Killing him won't be easy; he's set up a lot of Formations in this cave. Would you prefer that I break the Formation, or should we attack by force?" Si Nan inquired.

A hint of doubt suddenly emerged in his mind.

Logically, if the enemy were truly set on resisting to the end, the best place to set up Formations would be at the entrance of the cave. However, there were inexplicably no Formation remains there, as if the enemy had deliberately left a space for the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators to stand firm.

But Si Nan didn't dwell on it, simply assuming that the enemy didn't have enough array banners.

The number of Formations set up in the mine tunnels and the cave was excessive, hence the number of array banners used must also have been immense.

At this very moment, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were still steadily emerging from the mine tunnel, stepping into the cave. With nearly two thousand people, it took some time for everyone to enter due to the tunnel's narrowness.

Song Zhui said, "Breaking the Formation is indeed the safer approach, but it also takes more time. Lu Yiye is cunning by nature; therefore, we should not delay too long. Let's opt for a direct attack. What do you all think?"

His last question was directed to the other Level 9 cultivators.

Ning Zizai said, "Whatever Brother Song decides."

Wei Zhong, as well as the other two Level 9 cultivators, had no objections.

Song Zhui then nodded, "Then it's a direct attack!" With this decision, although there might be some casualties, as long as they were cautious enough, there shouldn't be too many problems.

With this thought in mind, Song Zhui raised his arm and shouted, "Fellow Daoists, Lu Yiye is just ahead. Those who wish to share in the reward, follow me to strike, break his Formation, and take his life!"

As he spoke, he took the lead and launched an attack towards the empty space ahead.

He truly lacked the means to break Formations like Si Nan could, nor could he discern where Formations had been placed. But as long as he could maintain a powerful enough force, everything ahead could be leveled, and any hidden Formations would be rendered useless.

By himself, he couldn't achieve this, but if all the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators worked together, no matter how many Formations Lu Ye had set up here, they would eventually be destroyed.

As Song Zhui made his move, the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators also took action simultaneously. In an instant, the cave was in turmoil, with spirit force clashing and colorful lights constantly blooming.

The multifarious bursts of spirit force plowed the ground over and over, not even giving the hidden Formations a chance to activate before forcibly breaking them through.

Some of the more impatient Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators leaped up, trying to fly over to strike at Lu Ye. However, just as they flew less than thirty feet high, a tremendous pressure descended from above, so crushing that they struggled to breathe.

Indeed, even this cave had been equipped with a Great Sky Prohibition Array.

The continuous rumbling sounds were incessant. The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who had poured into the cave formed a curved line, persistently attacking and pushing forward, gradually closing in on the direction where Lu Ye was located, bringing with them an aura of despair.

Chapter 632 Who Lives and Who Dies

In the deepest part of the mine, Lu Ye sat alone. Near the entrance, the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were distributed in an arc, continuously attacking and pushing forward layer by layer.

Within the vast mine, the spirit force was in utter chaos.

Song Zhui no longer made a move, as so many people had gathered, he found it unnecessary to act.

He was secretly observing Lu Ye's reactions, what puzzled him was that, even when faced with such a desperate situation, Lu Ye's expression remained as calm as still water, without a hint of panic.

This made his heart skip a beat, wondering if Lu Yiye, that fellow, might really have set up a teleportation array in advance. Otherwise, why would he be so calm? Or perhaps he knew there was no escape and thus had no intention to resist?

But if the other party had set up a teleportation array in advance, they should have fled by now. Why bother staying and taking the risk?

Quietly estimating the efficiency of his own cultivators, it would take less than the time it takes to brew a pot of tea for them to progress fifty zhang. Once they reached that distance, even if they only used some long-range methods, it would be enough to doom Lu Ye. He certainly set up a Protective Array, but how long could it last?

As Song Zhui's thoughts raced, Lu Ye, who had been sitting still, slowly stood up. He rested his long saber in front of him and gazed across the air at Song Zhui.

Their eyes met, and Song Zhui was startled to see a faint smile on Lu Ye's lips. Then a mild voice followed, "Quite a lot of you have come. Very good!"

Song Zhui frowned and shouted, "Lu Yiye, what tricks are you trying to play now?"

He had been played by him once before at Great Reversal Valley, which left Song Zhui holding a grudge. Now that Lu Ye suddenly made such a remark, Song Zhui didn't know what gimmicks he was trying to play.

Under the current situation, unless he had set up a teleportation array in advance, there was no chance of survival.

Yet the opponent's stance didn't seem quite right.

"With so many of you and only me alone, what tricks could I possibly play?" Lu Ye responded indifferently.

Someone from the crowd began to shout, "Lu Yiye, if you're sensible, you'll end yourself quickly to suffer less pain. Otherwise, when we get to you, dying won't be so simple."

"Who lives and who dies... who can say for sure?"

The one who spoke burst into loud laughter, "You don't think you still have a way out today, do you?"

A large group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators joined in the laughter.

"Whether I have a way out today is not your concern, but for you today... I'm afraid there is no way out."

This arrogant statement prompted even more laughter from the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge; for a while, the atmosphere inside the mine became jovial.

Some laughed so hard they clutched their stomachs, pointing in Lu Ye's direction, "I can't take it anymore, we've always heard how remarkable Lu Yiye is, turns out he's just tough-talking."

"Braggart!" someone shouted angrily, "Then I shall see how we have no way out!"

As if in response to this person's challenge, a violent surge of spirit force suddenly emanated from the mine tunnel behind them, accompanied by a loud humming sound.

This sudden change left all the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge in shocked confusion, as they all turned their heads to look back. They all changed color at the sight; somehow, the tunnel they had come through had collapsed. At a position ten zhang from the entrance of the mine, large chunks of rock sealed the tunnel tightly.

The intense fluctuations of spirit force continued to surge, as if someone inside the tunnel was frantically attacking. With each attack, the range of the collapse grew bigger and longer, and the continuous roaring sounds gradually moved further away.

At this moment, in the tunnel, Yiyi was casting her spells. Powerful magics repeatedly struck the fragile walls of the tunnel, causing them to crumble and rocks to fall, sealing it off.

With her current level of cultivation, it would have been difficult to collapse a completely intact tunnel.

But this tunnel had already been weakened by the explosion magic arrays triggered by Lu Ye, with the surrounding walls being more fragile than usual, and many areas even showing small-scale collapses.

What Yiyi was doing now was simply pushing a little further on the existing basis, making it easy to collapse the tunnel.

All the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had by now poured into the mine, leaving no one in the tunnel, and all their attention was drawn by Lu Ye. Earlier, when Yiyi revealed herself from the tunnel, no one noticed.

It wasn't until she began attacking all around and the tunnel started to collapse that the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were startled, but by then it was too late to stop her.

Seeing the collapse of the tunnel, all the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge stopped their attacks. Ning Zizai even teleported into the tunnel to check the situation. Looking up, they could see that the passage they had come through was completely blocked, and judging by those noises, the range of the collapse was clearly spreading, extending a mile or two.

Such a large-scale collapse wouldn't be fixed in a short time. Even with the large number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, it would take at least half a day to clear the passage.

Luckily, despite the tunnel's collapse, the inside of the mine was not greatly affected, only the violent shaking caused some loose rocks to fall from above.

This great commotion naturally reached the outside as well.

Persuaded by Spectral Shadow to wait outside, Senior Brother Qin and the others also noticed something was amiss at once. Looking up, they saw the mountain in front of them shaking violently.

"What's happening?" Senior Sister Hu asked.

Senior Brother Qin frowned and said, "Judging by that noise, it seems like there's been a collapse."

"How could a cave-in occur all of a sudden?" Senior Sister Hu was puzzled.

"Maybe it was caused by the spread of the aftermath of a battle inside." As soon as Senior Brother Qin finished his sentence, he realized something was wrong. Lu Yiye was alone, and more than two thousand had entered Ten Thousand Demons Ridge this time; the battle couldn't be that intense. As long as the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators found Lu Yiye's whereabouts, they should be able to kill him quickly.

While the two were talking, a violent gust of wind suddenly swept out from the depths of the mine tunnel, gushing from the entrance and stirring up dust everywhere.

"It really is a cave-in," Senior Sister Hu said with a face full of fear. Such a large-scale collapse, even a cultivator of the Cloud River Realm wouldn't dare to ignore it. Once buried inside, death was almost certain.

She wondered if anyone had been affected.

"Is this the crisis that Junior Brother sensed?" Senior Sister Hu turned to look at Spectral Shadow, unable to deny that her Junior Brother indeed had an exceptional ability to sense danger. Just now, if he hadn't persuaded everyone to hold back, they might have been caught in this disaster.

Spectral Shadow's expression was grave as he slowly shook his head, "It shouldn't be that simple."

A mere cave-in could not elicit such an intense sense of crisis in him. Even now, as he recalled that feeling, he felt a chill in his heart.

But he truly couldn't understand what kind of danger could be inside. No matter how you looked at it, Lu Yiye seemed to be doomed this time.

Inside the mine, as the noise of the collapse kept coming, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators also stopped what they were doing, but their expressions remained calm.

Unless the entire mine collapsed, it wasn't a big problem.

A collapsed tunnel merely meant that they couldn't leave for a short time. After killing Lu Yiye, with so many people working together, they would surely clear a way out. They wouldn't be trapped to death in here.

"He actually has an accomplice!" Song Zhui's brows furrowed.

The recent incident wasn't an accident, but a deliberate act.

Lu Yiye had a hidden accomplice who, after everyone had entered the mine, caused the tunnel to collapse from behind.

But what that accomplice looked like, no one saw.

If it were just that, it would have been fine, but the unusual signals coming through made Song Zhui feel uneasy.

He recalled following Si Nan, watching as Si Nan marched forward with boundless authority, seemingly with the power to dispel the explosion magic arrays that Lu Yiye had set up.

At the time, he thought Lu Ye knew those explosion magic arrays couldn't stop Si Nan, so he deliberately triggered them in advance, trying to collapse the tunnel and buy himself some time to cling to life.

But now it seemed that things weren't so simple...

The prematurely triggered explosion magic arrays didn't collapse the tunnel. Instead, they loosened the surrounding rock walls, making it easier for a collapse to occur after being attacked...

Lu Yiye had arranged for another accomplice to hide at the rear and create the current situation where no one could leave the mine.

The current situation wasn't the result of coincidence, but seemingly part of some plan.

What is he trying to do? Song Zhui's brow was tightly furrowed, truly unable to guess Lu Ye's intentions.

All he could think of now was that Lu Ye had arranged a teleportation array in advance and would find an opportunity to use it to leave the place. If that were the case, then this operation would end in failure once again.

But the opponent hadn't left yet, and it was highly likely there was no teleportation array.

He also had an accomplice secretly collaborating, creating the current situation in which everyone was trapped in the mine.

Suddenly, someone in the crowd laughed, "Lu Yiye, you don't intend to make this mine collapse and have everyone buried with you, do you? If that's the case, you'll be disappointed. Only the tunnel has collapsed."

The emptied mine, despite being affected by the recent shaking, was still mostly undamaged and sturdy.

"A burial with you?" Lu Ye's gaze remained calm as he looked at the dense crowd of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. "You're not qualified yet. I said, the only ones without a way out today... are you!"

As he spoke, Lu Ye raised one hand and curled his middle finger, the tip holding a green orb.

In the Root Spiritual Orifice, a large swathe of grey mist ignited on the Talent Tree at this moment.

Lu Ye channeled spirit force into it, targeting the direction where the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were, and flicked his finger.

"Stop that thing!" someone shouted.

Despite not knowing exactly what Lu Ye had flicked out, in such a critical moment, any of his actions were highly suspicious.

As the words were uttered, a multitude of attacks targeted the green orb.

A myriad of colored lights enveloped the green orb as if a flood had submerged it, but in the next instant, a dense green light burst through the blockade of colors, exploding like a green mist, and swept in all directions.

The Ten Thousand Poisons Bead, destined to become notorious throughout the Nine Provinces, terrifying countless cultivators, unveiled its domineering power for the first time on this day.

Chapter 633 The Terrifying Ten Thousand Poisons Bead

The emerald poison cloud exploded, instantly enveloping a vast area, filling that space with a dense green toxic miasma so thick that one couldn't see their own fingers within it—a hue deeper than pitch black, seemingly capable of swallowing all light.

Everyone thought that what Lu Ye flicked from his fingers was a Spiritual Artifact meant to kill the enemy, who would have imagined it to be such a thing.

Caught off guard, many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators found themselves enveloped in the poison miasma.

The next moment, cries of alarm rose, "It's poison!"

"Hold your breath quickly!"

"Take a Detoxification Pill fast."

"Damn you, Lu Yiye, I'll tear you to pieces!"

...

The cultivators who were not affected by the poison miasma all revealed looks of panic on their faces, retreating one after another, trying to avoid the oncoming toxic miasma, while those affected quickly stimulated their protective spirit force, held their breath, and frantically took out elixir pills from their storage sacks to swallow.

In the midst of this chaotic environment, another emerald Ten Thousand Poisons Bead shot out from the miasma, flying over the heads of the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators; this time, without waiting for them to make a move to intercept it, the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead exploded with a boom.

The massive poison cloud spread out, enveloping the figures of a large number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

Right after, in another direction, the third Ten Thousand Poisons Bead exploded!

When Lu Ye last returned to the Spirit Stream battlefield to see Hua Ci, he had taken a total of three Ten Thousand Poisons Beads from her, and this time he used them all up, not sparing a single one.

The result was that almost all Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were wrapped in the poison cloud, and as the spirit force of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators stirred, the poison cloud spread even more throughout the entire mine.

Within the dense green fog, violent coughing sounds soon transmitted, accompanied by strenuous breathing and cries of alarm.

The cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were horrified to discover that even with their protective spirit force in place, they couldn't resist the corrosive effects of the poison fog; even though they held their breath, the ubiquitous poison fog seemed to penetrate their bodies through their pores.

In just a short dozen breaths of time, everyone exhibited various symptoms of poisoning.

Some felt a numbing sensation all over, some experienced unbearable itching, others felt dizzy and staggered, their faces showing unnatural shades of green...

But without exception, almost everyone felt that the spirit force within their bodies had become sluggish, the flow of their spirit force slowing down, and this sign became more pronounced as time passed.

Thud, thud sounds echoed from all directions—the sound of cultivators with lower cultivation collapses to the ground, unable to hold on any longer.

Those who could still hold on fled desperately in all directions, yet by now the poison fog had spread throughout most of the mine; even the position where Lu Ye was located seemed no longer safe. No matter where they fled to, where could they possibly escape?

Originally, leaving through the mine tunnel was an escape route, but just now, the tunnel had completely collapsed, turning this place into a completely sealed environment!

Curses, shouts of anger, and screams of those being trampled resounded.

The scene was in utter chaos!

In a part of the crowd, Song Zhui felt his body weakening at a visibly rapid rate, his eyelids twitching intensely.

If he, a Level 9 cultivator from a 1st grade sect, could hardly resist the poisonous fog's assault, what about the others?

Just a short while ago, he believed that Lu Ye, apart from having prepared a teleportation array in advance, had no other way out. Yet in the blink of an eye, the situation had deteriorated to such an extent.

The opponent had never thought of fleeing. Remaining here was nothing but a trap; he intended to use the strength of one man to slaughter two thousand cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge!

What audacity!

Originally, this was something utterly impossible to achieve, but with step by step inducement and planning by the opponent, the impossible now seemed to have some possibility of coming true...

That's right, at this point, how could Song Zhui not understand that all of this was part of Lu Ye's plan?

It was true he had exposed his whereabouts, but perhaps it wasn't unintentional at all, but rather a deliberate exposure, drawing over a large number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators to this place.

As for his serious injuries... that must also be a deception; at the very least, Song Zhui had seen no signs of injury on Lu Ye, whose breaths were very steady.

He had set numerous explosion magic arrays in the mine tunnel, not so much to stop the deep probe of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, but more to loosen the rocks within the walls of the tunnel in preparation for its collapse!

Once he attracted the numerous cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to this place, his hidden ally made a move, the tunnel collapsed, and everyone was trapped here, unable to escape in the moment.

In such a sealed environment, the power of the poison fog would undoubtedly be exerted to the maximum!

He hadn't been devoid of doubts before, such as why Lu Ye was seriously injured, who had injured him?

Why was Lu Ye able to move stealthily and remain undetected for several days deep within Great Wilderness Mountain, only to expose his tracks on the periphery?

Even after revealing his whereabouts, he shouldn't have chosen such a place without an escape route to hide.

But all such doubts were explained away by some possible answers he thought of himself.

Moreover, who could have imagined that a cultivator at the Level 5 realm of Cloud River would be so audaciously bold as to lay a trap while being hunted and searched for by the entire force of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators instead of trying every possible means to hide? And to lure so many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators into it at once?

Wasn't he afraid of messing up?

Thinking about this now is meaningless.

In this enclosed environment, the potency of the poisonous fog was gradually taking effect, and Song Zhui already felt his strength rapidly declining... Although he had taken a Detoxification Pill immediately, the effect of the Detoxification Pill was extremely limited. If he didn't quickly find a way to leave this place, it was possible that all two thousand cultivators would be annihilated.

Thinking of this possible terrible outcome made Song Zhui shiver involuntarily.

For a cultivator of the same level to annihilate two thousand people in one fell swoop, looking through the history of the Nine Provinces cultivation world, such an event had never occurred and was not likely to occur.

He had previously heard that in the Spirit Stream battlefield, directly or indirectly, thousands of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators died at Lu Ye's hands, but that was just hearsay, and those killed were just numbers to him.

But when those numbers turned into living lives, even Song Zhui, who had killed many people, could not remain indifferent.

He stimulated his spirit force and yelled loudly, "What's the panic! Those below the Level 3 realm, hurry up and clear the mining tunnel; those above Level 3, quickly flatten the Formation and kill Lu Yiye!"

It must be said that to be able to quickly arrange a plan at such a time, Song Zhui had indeed seen some ups and downs, and undoubtedly, his arrangement was the right remedy.

As long as they could quickly clear the passage they came through, they would have a way out. Then no matter how severe the poison they were affected by, as long as they didn't die immediately, there would always be a solution.

At the same time as clearing the passage, killing Lu Ye was the only way to address the root of the problem. Although killing Lu Ye wouldn't detoxify them, at the very least, it would ensure they wouldn't face any threats in such an environment.

In this closed environment, Lu Ye was their only enemy.

In such a chaotic situation, someone like Song Zhui needed to stand out and take charge of the overall situation.

With his loud shout, the panic-stricken Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators immediately found their backbone and began to take action.

Colors of various shades bloomed again as many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators continued their previous actions, constantly pushing forward and trying to break through the Formation set up by Lu Ye.

Those below the Level 3 realm also turned back in unison, rushing towards the mining tunnel to prepare to clear the rubble, yet many cultivators stumbled, collapsing to the ground after only a few steps.

They did not die immediately, but their bodies had lost all strength and the rivers of spirit force within their bodies had nearly ceased flowing, unable to summon even a trace of spirit force.

A cultivator unable to summon spirit force is merely a being slightly stronger than the average person.

In the end, only a mere dozen or so managed to stagger into the mining tunnel, but even they did not know how long they could hold on.

Boom boom boom...

The violent sounds continued to erupt, the fluctuations of the spirit force utterly chaotic.

At this moment, the entire mining cave was filled with the poisonous fog, and even the location where Lu Ye stood had not been spared.

He continued to stand there holding his long knife, letting the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators inch closer and closer to him, his expression calm and undisturbed, even leisurely immersing his mind to check on the Talent Tree's reaction.

He soon discovered that the poison potency of the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead he had used this time was much greater than the last time, reflected by the more intense reaction of the Talent Tree. This undoubtedly indicated that the toxicity was stronger this time.

This discovery left him somewhat surprised.

So far, Lu Ye had only used the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead once, which was in the secret realm of the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain while facing the Sect Master of the Black Tortoise Sect in his beast transformation state, Niu Meng.

The situation at the time was truly desperate. Although they had several cultivators at the Cloud River Level 9 on their side, they stood no chance against the beast-transformed Niu Meng, who had also become the core of an insect hive.

Pang Dahai, who had disguised as a magic cultivator but was actually a physique cultivator, was almost beaten to death by Niu Meng, and Zhou Hai, a famed sword cultivator renowned for his lethal skills, likewise could not inflict effective damage on Niu Meng.

Finally, having no other choice, Lu Ye used the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead in a move that harmed both enemy and ally, which managed to weaken Niu Meng's strength, allowing him and Zhou Hai to find an opportunity to break his Beast Transformation Secret Technique.

That use of the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead was a last resort since Lu Ye himself was immune to all poisons, while others were not.

The beast-transformed Niu Meng was undoubtedly very strong, and after witnessing the power of the Berserk Giant Ape, Lu Ye felt that the beast-transformed Niu Meng was almost at the Overlord level.

And yet even so, he was still weakened by the power of the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead.

If even an Overlord-level being could not resist the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead, what of these Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who had charged into the mining tunnel?

Moreover, the poison of the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead this time was even more potent than the last.

Lu Ye was unaware that the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead was a concentration of Hua Ci's entire cultivation, which could not only be used against opponents but also serve as a reserve of cultivation for Hua Ci herself.

In other words, when Hua Ci later advanced to Cloud River, the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead she had refined now could be reabsorbed by her to enhance her cultivation again.

Chapter 634 The Messenger of Soul Snatching

Hua Ci was currently at the Spirit Stream battlefield, and her cultivation had reached her own limits with no way to improve further, which is why she repeatedly lowered her own cultivation to refine the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead.

The potency of the Ten Thousand Poisons Beads' toxicity was not only related to the amount of cultivation Hua Ci had expended during their refinement but also connected to the potency of the poisons she ingested.

The first time Hua Ci gave Lu Ye the Ten Thousand Poisons Beads, she was not yet familiar with this technique and considered it practice, and to prevent Lu Ye from detecting anything suspicious and becoming unnecessarily worried, she did not expend too much cultivation.

But as the number of Ten Thousand Poisons Beads she refined increased, she became more proficient in the process.

This time, the Ten Thousand Poisons Beads that Lu Ye received had undoubtedly involved the expenditure of much more of Hua Ci's cultivation than before.

Furthermore, Hua Ci had now located the source of the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest and even created a poisonous pond at its deepest part. When Lu Ye last went back to see her, the woman was leisurely soaking in it.

That was the manifest source of the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest's poisons, many times more potent than the simple poisonous fog she had ingested at the beginning.

All these reasons combined to produce one result.

The three Ten Thousand Poisons Beads that Lu Ye threw this time were more than double the toxicity of the previous ones!

This was something Lu Ye had not anticipated. If he had known, he would certainly not have been willing to use up all three beads and would have at least kept one.

However, now that he had already used them, thinking about these matters was already meaningless.

Poisonous fog filled the entire mine, and no one was spared. Within Lu Ye's body, on his Talent Tree, vast swathes of grey fog continuously rose.

With the Talent Tree by his side and immune to all poisons, as long as there were enough fuel for the Talent Tree, he did not have to worry about being affected by the deadly poison. The cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, however, were not so fortunate; even though they all had Detoxification Pills on hand, they still could not withstand the ravaging toxins.

The lower the cultivation of the cultivator, the more violent their reactions were.

Initially, those below Level 3 realm began to fall one after another. They did not die immediately, but the rivers of spirit force within them came to a complete standstill, unable to muster even a trace of spirit force, leaving them weak and powerless. In such a situation, without finding a way to detoxify quickly, death was certain.

Gradually, even cultivators at Level 4 and Level 5 started to collapse, and while those with higher cultivation could still hold on for a moment, everyone felt their strength greatly diminished...

Fear and horror spread rapidly, and to quickly flatten the Arrays in front, the cultivators were all ferociously stimulating their spirit force and deploying various methods, which further accelerated the toxins' impact on their bodies.

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had never anticipated that so many of them would come rushing in to besiege Lu Ye, and they would encounter such an unbelievable situation.

It wasn't that they had never encountered poisons before. After reaching the Cloud River Realm and experiencing some trials and tribulations, they had been exposed to various strange poisons, but this was their first time facing such an overbearing and unreasonable deadly toxin.

As the scene at the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side descended into chaos, Lu Ye, who had been standing still, started to move. He casually took out an array banner and waved it gently.

Crack...

A clap of thunder exploded, incessantly reverberating in the enclosed mine, deafeningly loud.

Accompanied by the sound of the thunder, a bolt struck down from above, smashing into the crowd.

"Ah!"

With the descent of the bolt, a scream rang out, not knowing which unlucky person was hit.

The strike of the bolt seemed to be a signal. After the first bolt, countless more thunderbolts fell from the sky, bright lightning piercing through the greenish poisonous fog and playing the symphony of death.

The cackling sound was incessant. Looking up, it seemed as though innumerable lightning serpents were descending, and atop the mine, an enormous Formation was radiating light, with its complex spirit runes flashing continuously. With every strike of thunderbolt came accompanying screams, wave after wave.

The Lightning Attracting Array!

The killing array Lu Ye arranged the most was the explosion magic array, because it was sufficiently simple and its lethality quite formidable. Once anyone stepped into it, it could deal the enemy a certain level of damage.

But that did not mean he only knew how to arrange explosion magic arrays.

The many spirit runes he mastered, if used as the core of an Array, could form corresponding Formations.

The Formation with Lightning Attracting Spirit Runes at its core was the Lightning Attracting Array.

The Formation with Golden Arc Spirit Runes at its core was the Golden Arc Array.

The Formation with Fiery Flames Spirit Runes at its core was the Fiery Flames Array.

He had arranged the Formations in advance on the rock walls above, an unexpected move to everyone. The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side was only focusing on breaking the Array in front, never considering that a great crisis could attack from above their heads.

For a moment, as Lu Ye activated the power of the Formations, the scene became even more chaotic.

The blazing white Thunderbolt, the golden arcs, and the fiery red fire serpents rained down like a torrential downpour as each Formation operated.

The potency of these Formations was not considered too powerful. Under normal circumstances, even a cultivator of the Level 5-6 realm could withstand them, but at this moment, the multitude of cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was hindered by the poison fog, each of them severely weakened, making the onslaught of the Formations particularly lethal...

The smell of burnt flesh and blood wafted through the air, as multiple lives were extinguished amidst the emerald poison fog, one after another, seemingly without end.

The dense emerald poison fog filled every corner of the mine, making it impossible for the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to see Lu Ye's figure, and likewise, Lu Ye could not see where they were.

But this did not affect him. At this point in the mine, except for himself, everyone else was an enemy, so he just needed to direct the Formations' might to the areas most saturated with the vitality of life.

"Break the Formations above us, quick!" someone finally reacted and shouted loudly.

In an instant, numerous attacks bombarded the rock walls above, causing debris to fall and Formations to collapse one after another.

During this time, the Formations that Lu Ye had set up in the mine were almost completely destroyed by the forces of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. Although many cultivators were laid out on the ground, some of stronger cultivation managed to continue enduring.

However, when those angry cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge arrived at the location where Lu Ye was originally, they found no trace of him.

Naturally, Lu Ye would not just stand in one place, waiting.

In this chaotic environment, where one couldn't see, he had the perfect room to maneuver, even without needing to distinguish between friends and foes. Wherever his form went, wherever vitality and breath were detected, he would swing his blade, and screams along with blood splatters would follow.

Song Zhui's voice rose amid the chaos, "Gather together immediately in small groups, watch for ambushes, and report Lu Yiye's position promptly!"

Yet his voice was quickly drowned out by a cacophony of chaotic shouting.

Realizing that Lu Ye was moving around hunting, all the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge grew tense. Anyone who dared come close was instantly met with a lethal move, which led to many incidents of friendly fire and even more disputes and cursing.

The scene became utterly chaotic.

Song Zhui cursed them secretly as a group that couldn't pull themselves together, but he knew that under such circumstances, everyone would become tense. And, to his horror, he realized if things continued down this path, the prospect of Lu Yiye singlehandedly annihilating two thousand was not impossible.

Not to mention others, but now the cultivators below Level 4 were essentially powerless, collapsed on the ground. He had ordered some Level 3 cultivators to clear the collapsed mine tunnels earlier, but even they did not last long and now lay there.

The scent of blood grew increasingly intense, and the screams that had started from the beginning had not ceased. Life force after life force was snuffed out within each individual's perception, and within the blinding fog of poison, Lu Ye moved like an agent of death, leaving a trail of carnage and bodies as the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had no power to resist.

Moreover, as time went by, the influence of the poison fog on the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators grew, weakening their strength further, making it easier for Lu Ye to kill.

Until, at a certain moment, Lu Ye encountered a tricky opponent.

After the Formations he had set at the top of the cave were destroyed, he began to move around and kill enemies. Regardless of the original cultivation of his opponents, most were finished with a single blow.

But at this moment, when he swung his sword at a burly physique cultivator, the opponent's originally weakened aura suddenly erupted with powerful momentum. Using an armguard-like Spiritual Artifact on his arm to block Lu Ye's attack, his other hand, as large as a fan, shot out towards him, his teeth clenched as he shouted, "Found you!"

Lu Ye immediately realized that this guy's weakness was either an act or he had used some sort of secret technique to stimulate his own strength.

The moment the opponent made his move, his Level 9 realm was also revealed.

Among so many cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, there had to be those at Level 9, not to mention Song Zhui who was Level 9 himself, and there were certainly others.

So even as Lu Ye moved through the hunt, he remained vigilant.

He had a slight impression of this burly man, who had been standing not far from Song Zhui just before.

A Level 9 physique cultivator was naturally Wei Zhong.

He, along with a few other Level 9 cultivators, though shocked by Lu Ye's methods and ruthlessness, were not overly panicked faced with this situation but were lying in wait for an opportunity.

Lu Ye attacking him was exactly what he was hoping for, as it would expose Lu Ye to him. Even if he wasn't able to take down Lu Ye right away, a bit of entanglement would allow Song Zhui and the others to react. Together, they could easily capture Lu Ye, despite their currently weakened state.

If they could capture Lu Ye, then the crisis would be over, and what remained would be to clear the mine tunnels and leave the place.

That's what he thought, but as he reached out his hand toward Lu Ye, he grasped at nothing.

Lu Ye's response was undoubtedly a bit quicker than he had anticipated.

The moment he sensed something amiss, he used it as leverage to retreat. At the same time, he raised his left hand—a concealed exotic treasure in his grasp, poised and ready—transforming into a streak of Liu Guang, it shot towards Wei Zhong.

In that instant, Wei Zhong's whole body felt a chill, a primal sensing of mortal danger, and before he could react, a streak of Liu Guang was already upon him, effortlessly piercing his body, drawing out a spray of hot blood.

Chapter 635 - Could There Be an Accomplice?

Amidst the emerald poison fog, Wei Zhong looked down at his chest, where a faint scar had unexpectedly appeared—a fatal wound!

For his heart had been pierced through.

In the final moments of his life, Wei Zhong felt the weak and faltering beats of his shattered heart, and as his strength drained from his body, he collapsed to the ground with a thud.

He had not expected Lu Ye to possess something in his hands that could take his life in a single strike! Even though his strength had diminished, he was still a robust physique cultivator, so how could he be so vulnerable?

What he didn't know was that the exotic treasure summoned by Lu Ye's hand was capable of instantly piercing through even Giant Armor's defense.

This treasure was the very broken arrow that Wei Que had once used!

Though Giant Armor was now only of Level 5 cultivation, both his physique and defensive strength were not inferior to the Level 9 Wei Zhong; if the broken arrow could break through Giant Armor's defense, it could naturally break through his as well.

Moreover, Lu Ye had taken him by surprise, so such an outcome was to be expected.

However, the broken arrow was indeed powerful, but its only flaw was that it consumed too much spirit force.

Fortunately, Lu Ye had a spirit energy-storing ring on his hand, which after such a long time, had already been filled with stored spirit force. After using the broken arrow treasure, Lu Ye clearly felt the spirit force inside the ring disappear by more than half.

In other words, even with the backup of the spirit force stored in the ring, he could only unleash the power of the broken arrow once in a short period of time. To trigger it a second time, he would need to completely exhaust the remaining spirit force in the ring, in addition to consuming some of his own spirit force.

Aside from the high consumption, the biggest issue with the broken arrow was the number of times it could be used.

The functions of exotic treasures are varied, but without exception, all have a limit on the number of uses, and most are consumable items meant for one-time use.

The tracking disc is like this, the Golden Body Token is like this, and the Deathmatch Arena is like this as well.

Although the broken arrow is not a one-time consumable, the number of times it could be used would not be many. When Lu Ye first acquired it, there was already a crack on it. Now that it had been used once, the crack had noticeably enlarged. If Lu Ye had time to observe, he would surely notice that the broken arrow could only be used one more time.

But at this moment, he didn't have the time to inspect the condition of this exotic treasure. After killing Wei Zhong, under his control, the broken arrow flew back to his hand.

Though he now held a large advantage, with many low-level cultivators merely lambs awaiting slaughter, there were still a few who could resist. Decimating a Level 9 physique cultivator with the force of a thunderbolt was enough to hold immense deterrence against a few powerful individuals and facilitate his actions thereafter.

Therefore, he would not use the broken arrow again unless absolutely necessary.

Indeed, the very instant Wei Zhong made his move, Song Zhui, Ning Zizai, and a few other Level 9 cultivators sensed something was amiss and swiftly moved to support. However, in the next moment, Wei Zhong collapsed to the ground, his life force vanishing.

Under the cover of the poison fog, they could not clearly see what had exactly happened, but their senses perceived the disappearance of Wei Zhong's presence, undoubtedly causing great shock among the Level 9 cultivators.

All of them turned pale, halting their movements abruptly. Song Zhui tentatively called out in a low voice, "Brother Wei?"

There was no response!

Swallowing hard, Song Zhui realized... the situation was growing increasingly dire.

He had not expected that Lu Ye could even kill Wei Zhong! Even though the poison fog had impacted Wei Zhong, diminishing his full strength, he was still a robust physique cultivator...

Actually, before this, Song Zhui had been calm. Although the current situation was bad and Lu Ye was persistently hunting throughout the area, the sheer number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators and the presence of several Level 9 cultivators had always led him to believe that Lu Ye could not possibly escape alive from this place—unless Lu Ye could kill all of them.

But when Wei Zhong died, his certainty wavered.

If even Wei Zhong could not withstand Lu Ye's attack, could they withstand it?

"Let's go!" Song Zhui shouted, leading his fellow disciples towards the direction they had come from. The low-cultivation Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were unreliable. They could only clear the collapsed mines themselves and hurry away from this place.

Sudden screams came from behind, seemingly Junior Brother Yan's voice... Song Zhui dared not look back, knowing that even if he did, he would not discern anything.

Upon reaching the mouth of the mine, Song Zhui realized—many shared his thoughts. By then, numerous cultivators had already struggled to arrive at the collapsed mine, attempting in various ways to clear the rubble. However, the crowd was congested with everyone fleeing, lacking effective organization. Little of the mine was cleared; instead, many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were attacking each other, rushing desperately into the mine.

Amidst the poison fog, Lu Ye was still hunting.

His blood robe, which had already dried, became sticky and damp again.

The cries of shock and agony from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators came from various directions... a significant portion of the cultivators died from their own mistakes.

At this time, outside the mine entrance, some Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, who had heard the news and came later due to delayed information and in smaller numbers, gathered.

By the time they arrived, most of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had already entered the mine. Under the actions of Yiyi, the mine had collapsed for about two miles.

Now, these cultivators stood at the entrance of the mine, listening intently, their expressions changing.

The hearing of Cloud River Realm cultivators was quite keen, especially in an environment like a mine where slight noises could often be magnified. Thus, even through a distance of several miles, they could faintly hear some unusual noises.

"How come there are quite a few screams coming from inside?" One cultivator wondered if he had misheard, "Did you hear it too?"

Two thousand cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge surged in to ambush Lu Yiye; the battle should have ended quickly, so why were there ongoing screams coming from within?

Judging from these noises alone, it seemed as though a fierce battle was erupting inside?

"Indeed, there are screams," someone nodded in agreement, indicating that they had heard them too, and speculated, "Could it be that Lu Yiye had some reinforcements hidden inside?"

If that were the case, then those screams would likely be coming from Lu Yiye and his helpers, who were undoubtedly being besieged by the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators at this moment.

Senior Brother Qin's team was also at the entrance, listening intently; all had serious expressions as they looked at each other.

Whether Lu Yiye had help inside, they did not know; all they knew was that this situation was completely different from what they had expected. Combined with the earlier warning from Spectral Shadow, each of them felt a heavy weight on their hearts as if something very bad was happening.

The unthinkable thoughts that sprang to mind were quickly quashed by the group, instinctively feeling that such things could not be happening.

But what if... it really was happening?

That would undoubtedly correspond with Spectral Shadow's warning, and they had saved themselves by not rushing in with the flow.

Just then, two streaks of light rapidly approached from not far away, their formidable aura unmistakably that of Level 9 cultivators.

They landed directly at the entrance, revealing themselves to be two men.

If Lu Ye had been there, he would have recognized these two as Xia Liang and Tan Sheng.

After being killed in the Sacred Universe Spirit Ground at Huo Liaoyuan, these two had left the Great Reversal Valley early, for Xia Liang had deduced that Lu Ye and his companions, facing an insurmountable crisis, would surely use the Heaven's Augury Pillar to flee back to the Nine Provinces, so he did not waste time staying behind.

They had originally planned to wait a month and then, when Lu Ye re-entered the Cloud River battlefield, to find a way to trace his whereabouts.

But to their surprise, the developments were completely different from what Xia Liang had anticipated...

Lu Ye had not fled back to the Nine Provinces; instead, he made a deal with the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge attacking the Great Reversal Valley, then hid in the shadows to ambush the invading enemies in the Great Wilderness Mountain.

Eventually, he was exposed here and cornered by the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators in the mine.

Xia Liang and Tan Sheng, having already left this area, had rushed here upon receiving the news and finally arrived.

Sweeping their gazes around, Xia Liang asked, "Is Lu Yiye inside?"

A cultivator nodded, "It's said that he is inside."

"What's the situation now?"

The cultivator shook his head, "We've just arrived too, so we're not very sure."

"Does anyone have clear information?" Tan Sheng asked from the side.

Senior Brother Qin thought for a moment, stepped forward, and said, "About half a day ago, nearly two thousand Fellow Daoists led by Brother Song Zhui from Yuanhong Hall entered, but for some reason, the mine tunnel suddenly collapsed. Now, people inside are trapped, and those outside can't enter. Moreover... it seems that a fierce battle has erupted inside, and many have died."

As Senior Brother Qin spoke, Xia Liang and Tan Sheng also heard faint screams coming from deep within the mine tunnel.

The two couldn't help but find it strange. Xia Liang frowned and asked, "How many people does Lu Yiye have with him?"

Senior Brother Qin replied, "It's said that he is alone, but whether that's true, I'm not sure."

It was tough to gather any useful information from this side. Xia Liang and Tan Sheng exchanged glances and swiftly entered the mine tunnel.

Seeing this, others hurriedly followed suit.

Only Senior Brother Qin's team remained outside, unmoved.

They had not followed the crowd before, and it was too late to go in now. Plus, with the prior warning from Spectral Shadow and all these changes, they dared not venture too deep rashly.

The main reason they stayed was to find out what the ultimate outcome of this incident would be.

However, in the eyes of Senior Brother Qin and his peers, no matter what the outcome, Lu Ye was doomed; in such a situation, it was impossible for him to survive.

Inside the mine, Xia Liang and Tan Sheng hurried less than two miles when they found the way ahead was indeed blocked. At this point, the cries of agony and shouts of alarm also became clearer.

Something was wrong!

Just from the sounds, the battle inside was evidently intense. If Lu Yiye was alone, he couldn't possibly manage such a feat.

Could it be that guy had many reinforcements hidden inside, and they were now engaged in a relentless battle with the people from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge?

Chapter 636 The Last Batch

In the mine, blood flowed like rivers, bodies scattered everywhere.

The cultivators who actually died under Lu Ye's saber were only a part of them.

Some died from the initial Formation, some from accidental injuries inflicted by their own side, many more succumbed to the erosion of the poison fog...

This time, the fierceness of the three Ten Thousand Poisons Pills that Lu Ye had unleashed exceeded his expectations, and the lower the cultivator's level, the weaker their resistance to the intense poison.

Especially those below Level 5 realm, even if they took a Detoxification Pill, had no resistance against the poison fog.

And those below Level 5 realm were the majority.

At first they only felt their spirit force stagnate, their bodies weak and powerless, dizzy and blurry-eyed, but as time passed and the toxicity manifested, their vitality rapidly drained away, eventually and silently turning into corpses.

Those who could still stand were all above Level 5 realm, but no matter how high their cultivation was, all felt deeply fatigued and weak.

Gradually, the screams and exclamations in the mine grew sparse, not because Lu Ye had ceased his actions, but because there were fewer and fewer people left alive.

The dense poison fog also gradually thinned, allowing one to slowly discern the scenes a few meters away.

In a part of the mine, Ming Zhe's face was covered with a layer of greenish hue, and behind him were several cultivators from the Sacred Universe Spirit Ground.

Originally, there were dozens of them, but now only a few remained... the others were all lying on the ground, some slain, some poisoned to death.

Although still alive, each of them displayed a look of panic, with one extremely terrified female cultivator gently sobbing.

Ming Zhe couldn't figure out how things had developed to this state... just as he had never expected Huo Liaoyuan to die by Lu Ye's hand, it seemed that as long as it involved this star of disaster from the Righteous Blood Sect, all kinds of unbelievable and unimaginable things would naturally happen.

The location of the Great Reversal Spirit Ground was revealed by Tu Guanyong stirring up the situation, with a large group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators gathering before the Great Reversal Valley. Ming Zhe brought back the remnants of the Sacred Universe Spirit Ground, initially wanting to witness Lu Ye's death, but failed to do so.

Afterwards, Lu Ye used the teleportation array to leave the Great Reversal Spirit Ground and hunted Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators deep in the Great Wilderness Mountain, causing further losses to the Sacred Universe Spirit Ground people.

Later, hearing that Lu Ye was hiding in this place, Ming Zhe had led the people to rush over again.

He thought this time he would finally witness Lu Ye's demise, but in the end, the prey turned into the hunter, and the strong and numerous side of the Ten Thousand Demons suffered gravely.

Why?

Lu Yiye was only at Level 5 realm, how could he achieve such a feat?

With the poison fog swirling ahead, accompanied by a shrill and brief cry, a figure broke through the fog. Although his face was unclear, Ming Zhe could never forget that familiar silhouette.

Lu Yiye!

The figure clearly spotted them too and didn't hesitate to charge over with his saber.

Ming Zhe roared in anger and stepped forward to meet him. Their figures crossed paths, and fresh blood sprayed from Ming Zhe's neck as he collapsed to the ground. In the last moments of his life, the screams of those few Sacred Universe Spirit Ground cultivators who had always hidden behind him echoed in his ears.

If it were his heyday, Ming Zhe, with his Level 8 cultivation, would have been able to contend against Lu Ye, but the potency of the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead had halved his strength, not even allowing him to withstand a single blow from Lu Ye.

From this point on, not a single one of the cultivators who had left Sacred Universe Spirit Ground remained alive.

In the Sacred Universe Spirit Ground, Tu Guanxiong felt the battle sigils disappearing one after another, his face ashen...

Just a short while ago, Ming Zhe had informed him of the situation over here, and he could never have imagined that what was originally just using others to seek revenge on Huo Liaoyuan would bring even greater losses to the Sacred Universe Spirit Ground!

Ning Zizai concealed himself behind a large rock, desperately concealing his aura, feeling nauseous from the intense poison, yet dared not make any sound.

He was not a ghost cultivator and couldn't hide his presence, but in this poison-fog-filled mine, reducing his exposure was undoubtedly the safest bet.

He even felt that as long as he was careful enough, Lu Ye would not discover him.

However, he ultimately thought too much.

In the poison fog, everyone's vision was greatly affected, relying solely on perception; and perception was something Lu Ye excelled at.

Even a ghost cultivator like Ying Wuji couldn't easily approach him, let alone others who weren't ghost cultivators.

While Lu Ye was killing his enemies, some who thought themselves clever lay on the ground pretending to be dead, hoping to deceive him.

But vitality was something that couldn't be hidden; those who pretended to be dead ended up actually dead.

The sporadic screams gradually moved towards his location, and eventually, Ning Zizai saw a figure emerge from the green fog and pounce directly towards him.

He knew he had been exposed!

Without hesitation and not a trace of hope for luck, he summoned his Spiritual Artifact and confronted Lu Ye. However, just three breaths later, his vision began to tilt, and the last scene that imprinted on his eyes was a headless corpse.

Lu Ye discovered that among the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who came this time, there were indeed several at Level 9, and not just the few that had appeared on the surface.

There were at least three or four more people who had hidden their cultivation levels, blending in with the crowd.

Initially, they probably had some plans, but after the outburst of power from the Ten Thousand Poisons Bead, all their plans fell through.

They couldn't reach Lu Ye in time, and as time passed and the poison intensified, the strength they could muster grew weaker, and eventually, Lu Ye killed them one by one.

The vast mine, which was noisy just four hours ago, was now eerily silent except for the heavy breathing of Lu Ye.

Although most of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators didn't die by his sword, the fatigue from even just a part of them depleted the spirit force in his spirit energy storing ring completely, leaving him with only about thirty percent of his internal spirit force.

One could imagine, had there been no spirit energy storing ring, Lu Ye wouldn't have had the resources to eradicate all Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, even if a hundred Ten Thousand Poisons Beads had been activated.

Compared to the depletion of spirit force, physical exhaustion was even more severe; his right arm, wielding his saber, had gone numb, and his whole body felt indescribably weak, as if he might collapse at any moment.

This wasn't the toughest battle Lu Ye had faced, as from start to finish, the enemies he killed had hardly any resistance to offer. The only slight threat had been from a Level 9 physique cultivator, who was still killed in one hit by the exotic treasure, the broken arrow.

Because the mine was filled with toxic fog, Yiyi couldn't help, and Amber had been safely placed inside the spirit beast sack by Lu Ye earlier. If Amber had been there, he might have been able to borrow some strength from her, which could have made the situation a bit better.

Only the last batch of people was left!

Lu Ye gripped the long saber and step by step, headed towards the mine tunnel.

At this moment, dozens of people were gathered inside the mine tunnel, frantically clearing the rubble to escape. However, the tunnel was narrow, at most accommodating only a few people side by side. Coupled with the severe poisoning, their efficiency was low.

By this moment, they had only cleared less than fifty yards.

When they heard the steady footsteps slowly approaching, everyone's faces drastically changed; looking back, they indeed saw Lu Ye's blood-stained figure step by step entering the tunnel, bringing with him a cold and endless murderous aura.

The cultivators who were still alive all felt their scalps tingle...

Were the people in the mine all dead?

That was two thousand people! How could they all be dead already?

But listening carefully, there was indeed no sound inside the mine...

Now with Lu Ye approaching, escape seemed hopeless, what could these severely weakened, poisoned people use to resist?

What puzzled them even more was why Lu Ye wasn't affected by the deadly toxic fog, which even the Cloud River Level 9 couldn't withstand.

At the back of the crowd, a figure stood in the tunnel, not particularly burly and clearly not a physique cultivator. He too was poisoned, his exposed skin a sickly green, but standing there, he exuded the spirit of one man standing as a steadfast guard against thousands, not showing the slightest fear against Lu Ye who had just slaughtered recklessly, he even seemed... eager?

Lu Ye saw this man's anomaly, not knowing what this fellow was up to, but he also had no interest in pondering too much. All the surviving Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were right before his eyes; if he could kill them, then this plan would be perfectly completed!

He believed that after this, he could enjoy a long period of peace.

Once his cultivation had improved after some time, he would be able to do as he once did in the Spirit Stream battlefield, traversing the Cloud River battlefield unrestricted.

With a burst of strength from his legs, he leaped forward, his fiery red saber light cutting through the poisonous fog, targeting the cultivator blocking the way with the Boulder Mountain Saber.

Suddenly, a layer of light curtain appeared before Lu Ye, and his charged strike hit the protective light, making only a slight dent but failing to break through.

Protective array!

Lu Ye stepped back two steps and observed the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator enveloped by the protective array. He remembered Yiyi mentioning that a highly skilled array cultivator had come from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, who had individually broken all the explosion magic arrays he had set up in the tunnel.

It seemed to be this person!

"Brother Si Nan, well done!" From deeper within the tunnel came Song Zhui's somewhat weak cheer. He hadn't really expected that in such a crisis, Si Nan would stand at the end of the tunnel and stop Lu Ye with a protective array; he hadn't even noticed when the other party had set up the array.

The tunnel was narrow, and with the protective array active, it was packed tight. Unless Lu Ye could break this array, there was no way he could get past.

This was an unexpected boon; as long as Si Nan could hold out long enough, they could focus on clearing the tunnel and escape from this place.

The assumption was that they didn't die from the poison beforehand.

So Song Zhui added a cautionary note: "Brother Si Nan, you must hold out!"

Within the light of the protective array, Si Nan's face also overflowed with weakness, yet his expression was brimming with confidence. He spoke calmly, "Don't worry, with me here, he can't get through!"

Chapter 637 One Man Kills 2000

In the mine, Si Nan stood alone in front of Lu Ye, the light of the protective array forming a barrier as solid as gold, which isolated Lu Ye's murderous intent and brought a rare sense of safety to Song Zhui and the others.

Lu Ye observed the protective light screen in front of him, his expression still indifferent.

The protective array hastily set up like this did not provide a very high degree of protection because it lacked sufficient accumulation of spirit force. Generally, the longer the setup time of a protective array, the more spirit force it accumulates, and the stronger the protection becomes.

Furthermore, the area covered by this protective array was too small; its natural upper limit was not very strong.

However, with Si Nan in charge of the formation, it was not easy for Lu Ye to forcibly break through the array, and his current condition was not suitable for forcing a breakthrough.

But breaking arrays had never relied on brute force for Lu Ye.

A faint glimmer flashed in his eyes as Insight Spirit Runes enhanced his vision, allowing him to observe the nodes and flaws of the formation in front of him.

The scenery within his sight transformed, with colorful traces of spirit force flow clearly visible. The protective light screen, which appeared smooth as a mirror to the naked eye, revealed subtle flaws under the examination of eyes enhanced with Insight Spirit Runes.

It had to be said, this person named Si Nan possessed high expertise in the Array Path. So far, Lu Ye had not encountered any array cultivator of note, but Si Nan definitely counted as one.

Just then, Si Nan spoke, "I've long heard that Fellow Daoist Lu's expertise in the Array Path is exceedingly high. However, the formations you setup seem rather ordinary. I've already deciphered your arrays. My formation, can Fellow Daoist possibly break it?"

Although he had never directly fought with Lu Ye, for an array cultivator, setting up and breaking arrays was already considered combat.

He had deciphered so many of Lu Ye's explosion magic arrays in the mine, and in the end, had even "forced" Lu Ye to trigger those arrays prematurely. From his perspective, Lu Ye's expertise in the Array Path was probably not as good as his own, which was why he dared to stand in his way here.

Because he was confident that he could stop Lu Ye with his own protective array.

Almost simultaneously as he finished speaking, Lu Ye raised his hand and threw out an array banner.

The array banner swept out, embedding itself precisely within the protective light screen.

Si Nan looked on in utter astonishment at this scene because he felt clearly that the position where the array banner embedded was exactly a node of his protective light screen, a location where the protection was weakest. It could also be said to be the weak point of the entire array's light screen.

Others might not know the nodes of a formation, but how could he not, as the person setting up and overseeing the formation?

In formations like protective arrays or trap arrays with a light screen, using nodes to break the array was the most effective method. However, even for an array cultivator with high mastery, finding a node of a formation wasn't easy. It required direct contact with the formation's light screen and a slow and meticulous search, and only then might one be able to find it.

And that was just a possibility; the discovered node might even be the wrong one.

Especially now, with the formation under his control, he could alter the speed of the spirit force flowing on the light screen to conceal the node's position.

Was it a coincidence?

Otherwise, how could it be so precise?

The moment he thought this, he instinctively controlled the large array, and the speed of the spirit force flowing across the light screen suddenly increased several times. Consequently, the position of the formation's nodes rapidly shifted.

Another array banner flew out, embedding once more into another node of the large array.

Then the third banner, and the fourth...

Si Nan's eyes bulged out, his face showing an expression as if he had seen a ghost, as he exclaimed in disbelief, "Impossible!"

By this point, he finally realized that the scene just now was no coincidence... Could it really be coincidence if it happens twice, three times, four times?

Could Lu Yiye discern the positions of the formation's nodes? But how could someone of the Cloud River Level 5 realm possess such incredible ability?

What he was witnessing had already surpassed his understanding.

At this moment, he finally realized something was terribly wrong. Regardless of whether Lu Ye's array setting skills were inferior to his, at the very least in breaking arrays, he was incomparably inferior.

The irony was that just a few breaths ago, he still thought that with him overseeing the protective array, it would be as solid as gold.

Four array banners embedded into the nodes of the large array, Lu Ye took a strong step forward and raised his hand to press on the array's light screen. Spirit force surged around his body and from the center of his palm, a fiery red spirit force flowed out, and under his delicate control, traces of Yin-Yang Dual Origins rapidly spread out.

Si Nan's expression turned to one of horrified despair because, as the Yin-Yang Dual Origins spread, the spirit force flowing on the large array's light screen became more and more sluggish, creating a massive resistance as if obstructing his control of the large array.

Si Nan clenched his teeth, waving the array banner in his hand while simultaneously driving the spirit force to counter Lu Ye.

However, within just the span of 5 breaths, the spirit force on the large array's light screen had nearly ceased flowing, and an array without flowing spirit force was like a stagnant pool, no longer able to function at all.

Lu Ye pushed hard on the light screen with his large hand.

With a loud crash, the large array's light screen shattered, his expression in that instant became distraught, as if his spirit had also shattered along with the light screen.

When the bright gleam of the saber flashed by, Lu Ye had already surpassed Si Nan, holding a blood-stained long saber, and step by step, he advanced into the mine tunnel.

The sound of Si Nan's body falling echoed from behind.

He was a Level 8 magic cultivator, not particularly strong physically and was more severely affected by the potent poison compared to other Level 8 cultivators. Once his arrays became ineffective, he had no choice but to face death at the hands of Lu Ye.

He collapsed to the ground with his eyes wide open, dying with his eyes unshut, seemingly unable to believe that the array he set up was so easily shattered. He couldn't comprehend how someone could so effortlessly break it, and in his last moments, he greatly doubted his own mastery over array setups...

But he thought too much.

In terms of mastery over arrays, Lu Ye indeed surpassed him slightly. However, breaking the arrays conventionally shouldn't have been so easy.

But Lu Ye broke the arrays with the help of Insight Spirit Runes.

There aren't too many spirit runes masters capable of constructing Insight Spirit Runes in the world, but among them, only Lu Ye dared to enhance his eyes with Insight Spirit Runes.

Even the most experienced spirit runes masters wouldn't guarantee that their constructed spirit runes would always succeed. Eyes are a cultivator's vulnerability; even physique cultivators known for their robust bodies teem with fragile eyes.

To enhance one's eyes with Insight Spirit Runes is good if successful. However, failure would invariably cause irrevocable damage to the eyes.

Thus, historically, no spirit runes master has ever dared to do so.

Lu Ye dared because the Insight Spirit Runes were granted by the Talent Tree, creating them held no risk of failure. As his thoughts shifted, the spirit runes would naturally form.

Deep inside the tunnel, a semblance of safety had just begun to form within Song Zhui and his companions when a chill crawled over their entire bodies.

Just moments earlier, Si Nan had boasted arrogantly, "Can you possibly break my array?" And in the blink of an eye, the array was broken, and he was killed...

Amidst profound shock, the surviving Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators couldn't help but feel a desire to laugh at Si Nan's overestimation of his abilities.

It felt as if an ant stood before an elephant asking, "Can you crush me?" And the moment the elephant stepped down, the ant perished just like that.

"Lu Yiye!" Song Zhui gritted his teeth and shouted fiercely, "You truly are a disaster!"

More than two thousand people, in the span of four hours, only a few dozen of them were left, and the enemy they faced was merely one person! Even Si Nan's protective array failed to slow him down for a moment.

A single person annihilating over two thousand individuals is unheard of in the Nine Provinces cultivation world, it's not only unprecedented, it's unthinkable.

But today, right now, such an event unfolded right before their eyes.

Song Zhui cursed Ying Wuji's incompetence!

Previously in Great Reversal Valley, had Ying Wuji been more careful and not been discovered prematurely, perhaps he could have assassinated Lu Yiye, preventing all the subsequent trouble.

Now look, a single operation to surround and kill Lu Yiye resulted in countless deaths of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators while Lu Yiye himself remained unscathed.

"Fellow Daoists!" Song Zhui raised his arm and shouted, "We have nowhere to retreat. If we wish to live, follow me and let's slay this barghest!"

He didn't speak any words meant to deceive, as they were meaningless now. In the current situation, they had no retreat, and only one side between them and Lu Ye could survive.

Even though they were all afflicted with severe poison and substantially weakened, their numbers were still a factor, and with the concentration of the poison fog decreasing—it wasn't as blinding as before—there might still be a chance.

As he finished speaking, Song Zhui was the first to charge forward. It wasn't that he was fearless in the face of death, but among those present, he was the strongest. If he didn't set an example, the situation would only worsen.

Only if he took the lead would the others gain the confidence to fight against Lu Ye.

However, quickly following a muffled grunt, Song Zhui was sent flying, blood spraying wildly in mid-air.

Shocked, he couldn't believe he couldn't even withstand a single strike from Lu Ye. Even though he was poisoned and supposed to possess strength comparable to a Level 6 realm, Lu Ye was just a Level 5 realm cultivator and appeared to be on his last breath. How could he still burst forth with such incredible strength?

The narrow confines of the mine shaft limited the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators' performance, allowing, at most, three or four people to simultaneously attack Lu Ye.

Lu Ye steadily walked forward, the Boulder Mountain Saber continuously sliced out blazing red saber lights.

Screams and shouts of alarm occasionally pierced through, leaving behind only corpses in pools of blood where he passed.

In just the time it took to finish a cup of tea, the few dozen who resisted had dwindled to only a handful, each of them wounded and wearing a look of despair.

From the waist-mounted supplies box, nine trails of light streaked out, and with accompanying grunts, the few struggling cultivators each collapsed onto the ground.

Only Song Zhui still clung to life, though grievously injured. After two strikes at Lu Ye, both had sent him flying, and a huge gash on his chest barely concealed his beating heart. Now he leaned on the cave wall, his face filled with despair as he watched Lu Ye steadily approaching him.

Chapter 638 As If Hell

Strolling forward, Lu Ye looked down on Song Zhui from a higher position.

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Song Zhui said to Lu Ye, "Sooner or later, someone stronger than you will kill you. I'll be waiting for you on the road to Hell!"

Abandoning all schemes and deceptions, Song Zhui was quite courageous; even facing death, he showed no hint of fear, his expression calm and resolute.

With the long saber pressed against his chest, Lu Ye said in an even tone, "Don't talk as if I am some kind of great evil. I just wanted to cultivate peacefully in the Great Reversal Valley. It was you who forced me into this. All of this is your own doing!"

As he spoke, he suddenly bent down, whispered into Song Zhui's ear, "After I kill you, I'll return to the Nine Provinces and enter the Spirit Stream battlefield again to eradicate your Yuanhong Hall base. From now on, I will enter the Spirit Stream battlefield every two months."

At the brink of death, Song Zhui was fearless. However, upon hearing Lu Ye's words, he suddenly became agitated, "You dare..."

The long saber pierced into his body, slowly penetrating deeper, rupturing his heart. Song Zhui's eyes bulged, his hands gripping the blade, regardless of the sharp edge slashing his hands to a bloody mess.

"Guess whether I dare or not," Lu Ye straightened up, his slightly narrowed eyes filled with contempt.

As the saber was pulled out, blood spurted from Song Zhui's chest, and his body slumped down limply, the light quickly fading from his eyes.

Shaking the blood off the Boulder Mountain Saber, Lu Ye sheathed the blade and continued walking deeper into the mine, searching the cave. After ensuring there was no living person left, he took a deep breath and sat down on the ground, lying flat on his back in a spreadeagled fashion.

Spirit force and physical strength were severely drained, although not yet to the point of complete exhaustion, it was getting close.

When he decided to leave the Great Wilderness Mountain previously, he had not expected such a development to unfold. However, the discovery of this mine had sparked some plans in his mind.

Although the process was somewhat tricky, it was still under control. Now, the mine was littered with the corpses of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators; there were as many as seven or eight of Level 9 alone, including cultivators from 1st grade sects like Song Zhui.

It can be said that the losses of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge this time were enormous. Once this news spread, it would surely shock the entire Cloud River battlefield and even the whole Nine Provinces.

Lu Yiye's name, unfortunately, was going to catch the attention of those Divine Sea Realm strong cultivators again, and he would inevitably face even crazier suppression and targeting.

There were no regrets. Even without this incident, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had been constantly trying to suppress him without ever succeeding. Instead, it was he who had been growing rapidly through the continuous suppression and targeting. It could be said that if not for the targeting by Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, his growth might not have been so rapid.

In a sense, he should actually thank Ten Thousand Demons Ridge for their targeting.

Though exhausted, this was not a place to linger.

The main issue was the poison mist filling the mine tunnel. Although Lu Ye was immune to all poisons, the Talent Tree needed to consume fuel to purify and burn the toxins invading his body.

Therefore, the longer he stayed here, the greater his loss would be.

So, even though Lu Ye very much wanted to collapse and sleep, he only rested for less than one incense stick's time before quickly standing up.

With so many from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge dead, each had at least two or three storage sacks, not to mention the various Spiritual Artifacts they had been wielding—this was a huge fortune.

Lu Ye moved through puddles of blood and numerous corpses, collecting one storage sack after another and the scattered Spiritual Artifacts on the ground.

As he was busy, a message came from the battlefield marking. Lu Ye hastily checked and discovered it was from Yiyi.

Some people were clearing the rubble in the mine tunnel on the other side, and the two leading the efforts were none other than Xia Liang and Tan Sheng...

Lu Ye couldn't help but lament that these two wretches really had lingering spirits, and their luck was astoundingly good.

If they had entered with the other two thousand cultivators earlier, they would have certainly died here, but they were clearly late. The collapsed mine tunnel had blocked their way, and paradoxically, they had survived.

The cultivators outside the mine tunnel were unaffected by the poison mist, so their efficiency in clearing was rapid. According to Yiyi, it would likely take less than half a shichen for them to completely clear the tunnel.

With little time to spare, Lu Ye's actions grew even more swift.

In less than half a shichen, Lu Ye had collected all the loot he could, and although there were surely some items missed, there was no longer time to search thoroughly.

He dashed into the mine tunnel, arrived at the collapse, and listened intently, indeed hearing voices and the sounds of rubble being cleared on the other side.

The sounds meant the cultivators on the other side were indeed not far from him.

Lu Ye quickly took out Amber from the spirit beast sack; Yiyi appeared just in time to rush into Amber's body, then Lu Ye put Amber back into the spirit beast sack, before shouldering a huge bundle and heading back into the mine.

The Great Sky Prohibition Array had already been deactivated by him. He leapt up, heading straight towards a part of the cave's deep wall.

Soon, the array runes on the wall activated, space twisted, and Lu Ye's figure disappeared.

Song Zhui was right in his thinking; Lu Ye had indeed set up a teleportation array in advance, but not on the ground—it was set on the side wall.

In his plan to poison the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, while the chances of success were not small, he also had to prepare for the worst, the advance setup of the teleportation array was his escape route.

If the effects of the Ten Thousand Poisons Pill had not met his expectations, he would have used the teleportation array to leave immediately.

The effects of the Ten Thousand Poisons Pill turned out to be even better than he had anticipated; it could be said that for this particular demise of two thousand Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, the three Ten Thousand Poisons Pills contributed to seventy percent of the work, with many cultivators of lower cultivation hard-killed by the poison.

One must know that this was the Ten Thousand Poisons Pill refined by Hua Ci at the Spirit Stream Realm... and it already possessed such formidable potency; it was hard to imagine the horror of the enhancement to the pill's potency once Hua Ci advanced to Cloud River, and subsequently to True Lake, Divine Sea, right?

If she really had the chance to advance to the Divine Sea in the future, then within the Nine Provinces, there might be no one she could not poison to death.

Lu Ye had long known that Hua Ci must have received an incredible inheritance, but only after this battle did he realize that the inheritance Hua Ci had was even more terrifying than he had imagined.

In the mining tunnel, Lu Ye's figure vanished with the activation of the teleportation array, and three breaths later, the explosion magic array that had been activated in advance exploded, turning the location of the array into a complete mess.

The intense vibrations and noises alarmed the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who were clearing rubble at the other end of the mining tunnel, with both Xia Liang and Tan Sheng showing expressions of shock and uncertainty.

Ever since half an hour ago, the noises from inside the mining tunnel had gradually thinned out until there was no sound at all.

No one knew what the situation was inside the tunnel, but both Xia Liang and Tan Sheng felt an unsettling premonition.

A good while later, an astonished cry suddenly rang out: "We've broken through!"

Accompanying the excited shouts of the cultivator, the sealed mining tunnel indeed revealed a gap, but before anyone could rejoice, a greenish mist poured out from the opening.

A few cultivators near the gap, unobservant for a moment, inhaled some of the mist and immediately felt dizzy and weak.

"It's poisonous!" a cry of alarm went out, and the cultivators quickly retreated.

"Stand back!" Xia Liang bellowed, brandishing his saber and slashing forward, sending out a saber light that destroyed the final barrier ahead. The debris scattered and the passageway was completely cleared, but more poison mist surged out with the airflow, forcing the group of cultivators who had come to inspect the situation to keep retreating in a sorry state.

Eventually, having no alternative, the cultivators were forced to muster their spirit force to blow the spreading poison mist back.

Gradually, the scenes deep inside the mining tunnel came into everyone's view.

The sight made everyone's color change in horror.

Deep in the mining tunnel, bodies lay strewn haphazardly, with blood spilling all over the ground, forming streams, dyeing the ground blood-red.

"That's... Senior Brother Song Zhui!" someone recognized the figure of Song Zhui leaning against the cave wall, his voice trembling as he spoke.

This person had seen Song Zhui outside of Great Reversal Valley before, and he naturally recognized him at a glance after not much time had passed.

However, the Level 9 strong cultivator who had been full of vigor outside of the Great Reversal Valley now appeared like a lump of mud, slumped there with his eyes wide open, a look of death with unshut eyes, and even the expression on his face still showed panic and unwillingness, as if he had heard something that terrified him just before dying.

Song Zhui was dead, many more were dead not far from his body, and the mining tunnel was silent.

Everyone felt a chill, and an uncontrollable thought surfaced in their minds.

Someone called out in a shaky voice, "Is anyone in there?"

Only echoes responded, no answer came.

The sound of swallowing saliva was heard, unbearably hard to perform.

"I'll go in and take a look," Xia Liang felt something was awry inside, but hearing that two thousand members of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had entered this mining tunnel, he couldn't believe they could all be dead.

"Be careful!" Tan Sheng cautioned.

Xia Liang nodded, charged his spirit force to protect himself, swallowed a Detoxification Pill, and then dashed into the tunnel.

However, just a dozen breaths later, he rushed back out, his expression as grave as it could possibly be, and a faint greenish color appeared on his face.

"What's the situation?" Tan Sheng asked.

Xia Liang shook his head: "All dead!"

Even though Tan Sheng had some guesses, when Xia Liang uttered those words, he still found it unbelievable: "All... dead?"

That was two thousand people! Not two thousand pigs, how could they possibly all be dead?

He suddenly remembered another matter: "Did Lu Yiye also die?"

"Not sure." Xia Liang shook his head.

Although the poison mist inside the tunnel was thinning out, it still wasn't safe enough for people to stay, and even as a Level 9 cultivator, Xia Liang could not stay inside for too long. During the dozen breaths he stayed, he only had a quick glance, and the scene that met his eyes was like purgatory!

Despite not having examined closely, he was certain that all of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who had entered the tunnel were dead!

Chapter 639 The Trouble with Too Many Spoils of War

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If one hadn't seen it with their own eyes, it would be hard to imagine what kind of scene it would have been for over two thousand people to die in a single mine.

Moreover, these were two thousand cultivators of the Cloud River Realm, among which were no shortage of powerhouses of Level 8-9.

The Cloud River battlefield hadn't witnessed such a major event in a long time, so even though at first only the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators knew about the news, it hadn't taken more than half a day for the entire Cloud River battlefield to become aware of it.

The Cloud River battlefield was in an uproar.

The Nine Provinces were in an uproar!

As time passed, more and more details were revealed.

The gathering of those two thousand cultivators was no accident; they were on a manhunt for Lu Yiye of the Righteous Blood Sect. They had received information that Lu Yiye was seriously injured and hiding in that mine to heal. They believed they would overwhelmingly corner him, but somehow, over two thousand Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators died an unnatural death.

Furthermore, considering the situation left at the scene, many cultivators had died from poisoning. Those with obvious external injuries were also found with signs of poisoning.

In other words, Lu Yiye somehow had gotten hold of some potent poison and released it in that confined environment. The mine was sealed off, leaving the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators with no hope of escape, and in the end, they were completely annihilated.

In fact, before Xia Liang and Tan Sheng led people to investigate the inside of the mine, numerous messages had already been sent out.

Many cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, such as Ming Zhe from Sacred Universe Spirit Ground, had informed their fellow sect members of what happened inside the mine before they died.

Combining the post-event intelligence gathered from the scene, everyone could nearly imagine the despair of those two thousand at that time.

With the deadly poison spreading, over two thousand people were trapped in a confined space, slowly losing their strength to resist. The weaker cultivators were directly poisoned to death, and the stronger ones with higher cultivation were killed by Lu Yiye one by one, ultimately creating that hellish scene.

Lu Yiye again!

Back when he was in the Spirit Stream Realm, he had already caused quite a storm on the Spirit Stream battlefield, even alarming the strong cultivators of the Divine Sea Realm multiple times, particularly after his cultivation reached 9th Heaven, almost bringing the entire Spirit Stream battlefield under his overshadowing influence.

After advancing from Spirit Stream to Cloud River, he had been relatively quiet for some time, except for the last hunting grounds event which had caused some commotion.

But that commotion was nothing compared to this time.

Two thousand Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators poisoned to death by a single person, how bizarre, how terrifying!

Along with the news, many questions also spread.

Where did Lu Yiye get such deadly poison from? Looking across the Nine Provinces, there indeed are many poisons that can kill a Cloud River Realm cultivator, but there aren't many that could kill so many at once. Plus, those items are simply not accessible to an ordinary Cloud River Realm cultivator. Even the Heaven's Augury treasure vault wouldn't sell them, because these are things that could disrupt the balance, and Heaven's Augury is known for its fairness and justice, so such balance-disrupting items would certainly not appear in their vault.

Moreover, with so many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators dead, was Lu Ye dead or not?

Many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were directly poisoned, but there were also many with higher cultivation and strength, still capable of fighting. Even if their powers were greatly diminished, Lu Ye, alone, should not have been their match.

But soon, conclusive news came through.

In the mine, no trace of Lu Yiye's corpse was found!

In other words, the guy must still be alive, only now hiding who knows where.

Considering his ability to set up teleportation arrays, it's likely that after killing the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, he made his escape from the mine using a teleportation array. Furthermore, the storage sacks of those dead cultivators were nearly all cleaned out.

This guy killed so many people and even had the time to collect the spoils... it's simply outrageous.

The Ten Thousand Demons Ridge was in an uproar, with more cultivators from the ridge gathering around the outskirts of Great Wilderness Mountain, vowing to find Lu Ye and kill him to avenge their fallen fellow cultivators.

Although Lu Ye had caused quite a few disturbances before and had killed many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, never had he killed so many at once.

It can be said that such an outrageous event had never occurred in the history of the Nine Provinces.

Previously, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge targeted Lu Ye more due to differences in stance and the temptation of a huge bounty. But now, it's different. Many people's sect members, friends, and even family members had died at Lu Ye's hand. Their enmity with Lu Ye wasn't just about a clash of factions; it ran as deep as the sea of blood.

It can be said that since the news of the battle in the mine had spread, the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge became more eager and intensely determined to kill Lu Ye than ever before.

Naturally, the cultivators of the Haotian Alliance, upon hearing the news, would not sit idly by. They also converged on the area, not to watch the excitement, but because the large gathering of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators presented an excellent opportunity for covert strikes.

For a time, in this vast area, storms brewed and clouds surged.

In East 56 Heaven's Augury City, the clamor of voices echoed; cultivators coming and going jostled each other. A group of five people entered the city, heading straight towards the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

The cultivation of these five people wasn't high, generally ranging from Level 3 to Level 5. In the Cloud River battlefield, such team compositions are very common.

This five-member team included Spectral Shadow, with Senior Brother Qin leading it.

"Junior brother, we owe our lives to you this time. Come on, senior brother is treating you to some good food today. Let's not return until we're drunk!" Senior Brother Qin patted Spectral Shadow's shoulder, laughing heartily.

...

Reflecting on the events from three days ago, Senior Brother Qin and the others still felt a lingering fear.

If Spectral Shadow hadn't advised them otherwise, they would have surely charged into the mineshaft alongside the many cultivators, and only death would await them.

More than two thousand cultivators, dead to the last one! Even Song Zhui of Level 9 had died...

The few of them from Level 3 to 5 realms, how could they hope to survive amidst such formidable circumstances.

When accurate information from inside the mineshaft emerged, they all felt like they'd narrowly escaped death, and their respect for Spectral Shadow grew.

They didn't stay in that place for too long, they had only stayed before to await a result, and now that the result had come—a result that shocked the entire Nine Provinces—they naturally had no reason to linger.

The group then made their way to this location, planning to rest and recover for a few days.

"Junior Brother, how come your sense of danger is so acute? Teach your Senior Sister, please," said Senior Sister Hu with a smile in her eyes, standing on the other side of Spectral Shadow.

Spectral Shadow shook his head and said, "It's not that I'm hiding my skills. It's just that it seems to be a natural instinct for me, I can't teach it. But if you trust me, Senior Brother and Senior Sister, please remember one thing."

Senior Brother Qin and Senior Sister Hu's expressions grew serious.

Spectral Shadow spoke gravely, "Anything that has to do with Lu Yiye is bound not to be good. In the future, if you encounter places where Lu Yiye has been, even if there's a great advantage to be gained, you must retreat a good distance!"

"Is it that ominous?" Senior Sister Hu raised her brows slightly.

Spectral Shadow said with a sigh, "I have been involved in matters related to him three times now, and each time many cultivators died tragically, especially this time..." Speaking of which, he couldn't help but shiver.

Senior Brother Qin nodded and said, "We'll remember your words. Wherever there's Lu Yiye, we'll take a detour. Isn't that simple?"

Laughing and talking, they all entered the nearby tavern together.

Usually busy traveling around outside, they would never have the chance nor willingly indulge themselves in a place like this, but this time, having narrowly escaped great disaster, a little indulgence to ease their minds wasn't a problem.

In the same city, within a room on the third floor of Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

Lu Ye lay sprawled on the ground in the shape of a big character, looking like he was in utter misery.

Amber lay beside him, glanced at him, then reached its paw into the storage sack hanging from its neck, pulled out a demonic pill, and crunched on it satisfyingly.

Yiyi sat not far from Lu Ye, taking out items one by one from the storage sacks, organizing them neatly, and seeing Lu Ye so listless, she said, "If you're tired, take a rest."

"I'm not tired!" Lu Ye leaped up.

He had never thought that having too many spoils of war could also become a hassle.

He had acquired quite a few storage sacks before but never as exaggerated as this time.

More than two million Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, with an average of two or three storage sacks each or even more, even if he missed some during the search, the number of storage sacks collected this time also reached over five thousand.

If all these storage sacks belonged to cultivators of the Spirit Stream Realm, there'd be no need for concern; selling them all to the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union was a decent income since there wouldn't be many valuables in storage sacks belonging to Spirit Stream Realm cultivators.

But all these storage sacks belonged to Cloud River Realm cultivators, which made them not so easy to handle casually.

Who knows what kind of treasures might be inside.

They had no choice but to open each one individually. Although Lu Ye was very efficient at unlocking restriction locks, the sheer number still numbed him somewhat.

Three days ago, he had left that bloody mineshaft through a teleportation array he laid down earlier. Without delay afterward, he dragged his weary body to this Heaven's Augury City, knowing that the longer he waited, the less advantageous it would be for him. The cultivators who died in the mineshaft were not the only ones; definitely, more were converging in that direction.

If he lingered too long, he might end up surrounded again.

If it weren't for so many gains, he could still rely on concealment and Breath-concealing Spirit Runes to hide outside, but with so many spoils of war, it was not realistic to think of hiding; for him, entering the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union to rest was the safest and most secure option.

He arrived without incident and then asked for a room to rest peacefully for a day.

It was only today that he truly recovered. Encouraged by Yiyi, he began unlocking restriction locks.

But there were far too many...

Looking at the mountainous pile of storage sacks before him, Lu Ye would have preferred to engage in a battle of wits and bravery against the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

But after all, this was a huge fortune, so even though he felt irked, he had to patiently unlock each restriction lock.

Yiyi, meanwhile, was responsible for checking the contents of the storage sacks and organizing the useful items accordingly.

Chapter 640 Outside the Mercantile Union

The aftermath of the battle in the mines continued to ferment, with a large number of cultivators entering the area, searching everywhere for traces of Lu Ye.

Although more than twenty million cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge died at his hands, including powerful ones from Level 8-9, those were all poisoned deaths, which had little to do with Lu Ye's own strength.

In the eyes of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, Lu Ye was merely at Cloud River Level 5, so even though the results of the battle in the mines were horrifying, it did not extinguish their enthusiasm and determination to find Lu Ye's whereabouts.

Moreover, having gone through such a battle, the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge believed that even if Lu Ye had not died, he could not possibly be unscathed, so he definitely couldn't have fled far and was likely hiding nearby.

As for the potent poison he had used, though daunting, such a substance capable of killing two thousand people must be incredibly rare, and Lu Ye might not have any left. Even if he did, it wouldn't matter much, as long as they weren't in an enclosed environment like the mine with him, it wouldn't pose much of a problem.

It could be said that after the battle in the mine, the determination of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators to target Lu Ye did not wane; on the contrary, it intensified significantly.

In East 56 Heaven's Augury City, a cultivator sat quietly waiting in a teahouse directly opposite the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, on the second floor.

Shortly after, two figures silently arrived and sat down opposite him.

The two newcomers, one male and one female, were handsome and beautiful, respectively—paired together, they made a striking couple. However, each had a fiery flame mark on their forehead.

Such conspicuous signs could only belong to the disciples of one power throughout the Nine Provinces.

Sacred Fire Order!

"Senior Brother Chu, Senior Sister Zhou," the cultivator who had been waiting quickly rose to greet them.

Chu Yun nodded slightly, his gaze drifting to the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union across the way, and he spoke, "Are you sure it's Lu Yiye?"

The cultivator replied, "I didn't see his face, for he was wearing a fiendish mask. However, judging by his build, there's no difference from Lu Ye, and he was carrying a huge bundle on his back."

Zhou Pey's gentle voice sounded, "Lu Yiye always has a white creature with him. Did you see it?"

"I haven't seen that," he admitted, puzzled. Lu Ye always had a white creature with him, which had become nearly a trademark of his, but he didn't see any white creature that day. Therefore, he wasn't entirely sure if the person he saw was Lu Ye. Still, as a precaution, he passed the message on.

The two individuals who had come were at Cloud River Level 9, indicating the importance that the Sacred Fire Order placed on this matter.

After all, Huo Liaoyuan was slain by Lu Ye, and there existed an irreconcilable enmity between the Sacred Fire Order and the Righteous Blood Sect. If there was one sect within Ten Thousand Demons Ridge that wanted to exterminate the Righteous Blood Sect the most, it would certainly be the Sacred Fire Order.

Both of them had rushed here from the Nine Provinces sect headquarters. With Huo Liaoyuan dead and numerous disciples killed or injured, the Sacred Fire Order was bound to seek revenge. Upon receiving the message, they arrived here at the first opportunity, only to be met with such an answer.

Chu Yun, gazing in the direction of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, tapped his fingers on the table surface lightly and slowly said, "Having escaped from the mines, Lu Yiye cannot be in good condition. He must find a place to recuperate, and the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union is a good choice."

Zhou Pey asked, "Do you believe that's Lu Yiye?"

"Almost certainly."

"But there was no sign of the white creature."

"Recently, a new Secret Technique appeared in the Heaven's Augury treasure vault that could change the layout of the beast-taming faction. There's also a new item, called the spirit beast sack, which seems to have originated from a secret realm. The function of the spirit beast sack is to store demon beasts inside."

This matter was not a secret. By now, many cultivators from the beast-taming faction across the Nine Provinces, as long as they had enough merit, had purchased that Secret Technique from the treasure vault, although to date, no cultivator had managed to fully display it.

Zhou Pey had a realization, "Do you think Lu Yiye has a spirit beast sack on him?"

"Spirit beast sacks are indeed rare and expensive, but Lu Yiye could afford them considering his worth. And about the large bundle... Sister must remember, two thousand cultivators died in the mines, and before leaving, Lu Yiye took all of their storage sacks."

"So the bundle contains storage sacks!"

When Lu Ye walked into the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, he did indeed attract quite a bit of attention. After all, cultivators usually equipped themselves with storage sacks and rarely carried items in big and small packages, let alone a huge bundle.

So even though he stayed for only a short time on the first floor of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, he caught the eye of many.

At first, no one thought much of it, but as time passed, some began to realize something.

The ones watching the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union from the shadows were not only Zhou Yun's group; even on the second floor of this teahouse, several pairs of eyes were covertly watching over there.

Lu Ye had not overlooked that the big bundle could potentially expose him, but the situation at the time left him with no choice unless he was willing to give up the spoils of the battle.

If it were just a hundred or two hundred storage sacks, he might have let them go. But faced with thousands, Lu Ye simply couldn't bear to.

"We can almost confirm that it's Lu Yiye," Chu Yun made a final judgment.

"Fighting isn't allowed inside the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union. He's hiding in there, and we can't do much about him."

"He will definitely come out," Chu Yun said while glancing around. Coincidentally, his eyes met with a familiar face looking his way. Their eyes locked, and they nodded to each other, understanding everything without words.

Currently, a large number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were scattered in search of Lu Ye, but a small fraction who had received some vague information had gathered at East 56 Heaven's Augury City, hiding in various places, covertly watching the exits of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

The regular cultivators of the city soon sensed something odd, for in these recent days, the number of powerhouses in the city seemed to have increased significantly.

Inside a guest room of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, Lu Ye and Yiyi were working together, one opening the restriction locks of the storage sacks, the other organizing the items from inside.

With more than five thousand storage sacks, even with Lu Ye's high efficiency in opening the restriction locks, it would take at least seven to eight days to finish.

This left the watching powerhouses of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge quite frustrated.

Whether Lu Ye had really entered this branch of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union was not witnessed by anyone; it was merely a suspicion. They had sent people inside the union to search, but they hadn't found much.

Now, as the days passed by without any sign of Lu Ye, a number of people began to harbor doubts.

Could it be that Lu Ye had not come here at all?

If he didn't come, then continuing to wait here was just a waste of time. Even if he did come, who knew when he would leave?

The accommodation fee of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union was indeed not cheap, but that after all was Lu Yiye, a big spender who could casually host events at the Heaven's Augury Pillar, and had done so twice. The mere cost of accommodation was nothing to him, a mere drop in the bucket.

If he were to stay in the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union for a year or even longer, would they really have to wait that long?

In an instant, many people became irritated, yet they were helpless to do anything about it.

In the guest room, Lu Ye continued his painstaking work of opening restriction locks, and the pile of storage sacks before him finally reduced by nearly half.

However, he had not discovered anything particularly valuable. The storage sacks of most cultivators contained items like elixir pills, Spirit Stones, Spiritual Artifacts, Spirit Talismans, and many were filled with an assortment of materials, such as mined ores or spirit flowers and Spirit Grass.

While the items were miscellaneous, their accumulation certainly amounted to a considerable fortune.

Lu Ye's own supply of elixir pills had been running low, but this had provided a valuable replenishment.

It was worth mentioning that a large number of demonic pills from demon beasts were also confiscated. These were Amber's staple food. Ever since Amber had tasted demonic pills, it had lost interest in elixir pills. After all, consuming demonic pills could boost its growth much faster.

For Lu Ye, the only piece of good news was that constantly opening restriction locks had not delayed his own cultivation.

The Bestial Gluttony Feast continued to operate, and he occasionally popped a few elixir pills into his mouth. Although the spiritual energy in the guest room was not as dense as it was near the spirit ground, it did not have a significant impact on his cultivation.

He had made contact with his fourth senior brother a while ago and learned that everything was stable in Great Reversal Valley. Giant Armor had found the wolf pack, and no one from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge dared to cause trouble; they were all cultivating in peace.

This gave Lu Ye quite a bit of relief.

Although he had made a statement before leaving Great Reversal Valley, whether it could deter the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators was still uncertain, especially after the battle in the mine. It was possible that someone, blinded by rage, might cause trouble at the spirit ground.

But now it seemed that his words had indeed been effective. As long as he was not dead, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators would certainly not dare to target the spirit ground of Great Reversal Valley.

As for his claim about returning to the Spirit Stream battlefield to destroy Yuanhong Hall's garrison after slaying Song Zhui... that was just a casual remark he made and naturally, he would not really do so.

The main reason was that Song Zhui's ironclad appearance was annoying. It was the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who kept causing trouble, and he had never actively sought conflict, simply wishing to quietly cultivate on the spirit ground. In the end, it was almost as if he were some sort of villain capable of every conceivable evil.

He had said those words just to scare Song Zhui before his death...

And they did have an effect; the iron-boned Song Zhui died somewhat unwillingly, which was probably what was meant by 'destroying both the body and soul.'

"Lu Ye, Lu Ye!" Yiyi suddenly called out, interrupting the chaotic thoughts in Lu Ye's mind.

He looked up to see Yiyi holding something in her hand, saying with some surprise, "What do you think this is?"

Lu Ye's gaze focused, and his expression changed.

A sound came from the storage sack he was working on, and suddenly the entire sack burst apart, turning into pieces all over the ground.

He had inadvertently applied too much force, triggering the restriction within the restriction lock.

The storage sack burst, and everything stored inside turned into powder. Lu Ye didn't mind, as it was just one storage sack.

With enthusiasm, he took the item from Yiyi's hands, "Where did you find this?"