

Sage of Humanity - Chapter 66 - 64: Release the person! [1,453 words]

Lu Ye speculated that this was related to the recent enhancement of his strength. The stronger he was, the more powerful the spirit runes he could activate were. Ultimately, spirit runes existed on the basis of his spirit force.

Moreover, the long knife in his hand barely qualified as a Spiritual Artifact, no longer the mundane iron sword he had used before. With the same spirit runes bolstered on a Spiritual Artifact and on a mundane iron sword, the effects were distinctively different.

A single Fire Serpent Talisman and a slash aided by Sharpness allowed Lu Ye, at Spirit Stream Level 2, to cut down a physique cultivator at Level 3.

His figure hardly paused as he crossed the fallen bodyguard and immediately attacked the well-dressed Young Master.

The Young Master was clearly scared stiff, mainly because the series of disasters had occurred too quickly. He was still contemplating the Spiritual Body trapped by the Mystic Spirit Bell when, following Brother Zharng's strike, a snow-white big tiger leaped out, followed by a ferocious cultivator.

Before he could make sense of the situation, the bodyguard in front of him had collapsed, clutching his throat...

At the brink of life and death, the Young Master instinctively pushed the woman in his arms, pushing her, defenseless, towards Lu Ye's blade.

The woman's expression was one of panic, as she stared helplessly at a bright flash of the knife passing before her eyes, managing only to summon her protective spirit force before her vision started to flip, and she rapidly lost consciousness.

Taking advantage of the brief moment the woman had bought him, the flustered Young Master fumbled in his storage sack for a spirit talisman and immediately channeled his spirit force into it, tossing it out with a throw.

The ferocity of Lu Ye truly terrified him; he seldom fought opponents head-on, usually having his brothers capture or severely wound their targets before he made a move. He had never experienced such a dangerous and thrilling encounter.

He even forgot to recall his Mystic Spirit Bell to protect himself for a moment.

In contrast, Lu Ye was consistently calm from start to finish, with a clear target, his Spirit Stream Level 2 cultivation allowed him to strike with the momentum of a Level 9!

Temperament is related to one's past experiences, and a Young Master who had lived in luxury from birth naturally could not compare to a mining slave who had fought for survival in the cracks of society.

In the blink of an eye, a whip-like slash appeared in front of Lu Ye, which didn't surprise him.

If that solid man had a Golden Body Talisman for protection, this one called Young Master certainly also had one.

With his spirit force raging and roaring, his Minor Circumambulation system working at its limit, Lu Ye's eyes filled with spirit force, clearly identifying the target of the slash.

An object resembling a shield with a complex network of intricate patterns flowing like water, triangular in shape, appeared over Lu Ye's chest—it was a Defense Spirit Rune.

Almost at the moment the spirit rune formed, the talisman's slash arrived, and Lu Ye felt a powerful force strike his chest, leaving him short of breath.

He didn't know how much impact that slash had on him, as he had no time to focus on it; already, he had pounced in front of the Young Master, and with the latter's confusion clear in his eyes, Lu Ye thrust his knife forward.

The Young Master's hastily summoned protective spirit force was as if made of paper, pierced by the long knife, and its sharp edge passed through his shoulder blade, blood splattering.

A scream pierced the air as Lu Ye withdrew his knife, pivoted, and moved behind the Young Master, placing his blade against the man's neck!

The Young Master's scream abruptly ceased, his body stiffened with the cold sensation at his neck, frozen in place.

From the moment big tiger revealed its presence to now, it had been merely 5 breaths of time. Lu Ye had broken through the solid physique cultivator's resistance, cut down the woman at Level 2, and now had the Young Master captive in front of him. In the process, he unleashed three Sharpness spirit runes and one Defense rune.

The entire sequence happened so swiftly he didn't even have time to think. Drawing his knife, killing, the actions were fluid, faster than a startled hare.

"Ao wu!" The big tiger's low growl rang out as its hefty form was sent flying, crashing against a nearby rock wall, sliding down. It wasn't a match for the Level 4 cultivator at all, quickly overtaken after only a brief struggle.

However, the victor had not a shred of joy, turning his head to look at the chaotic battlefield, his eyes full of disbelief...

Junior Brother Sun clutched his throat as he collapsed to the ground, his eyes wide. His body convulsed repeatedly, and though he wasn't dead yet, such a wound was beyond saving.

Junior Sister Yuen's headless body fell nearby, her neck spurting blood, hissing as it sprayed, while her delicate head rolled to the side, a look of terror still etched on her face.

The Young Master had blood pouring from his shoulder blade, a long knife resting against his neck. Behind him, a shadowy figure was concealed, revealing only one eye that watched him like a lone wolf — fierce and resolute!

What was happening?

Brother Zharng felt his scalp go numb. He had only exchanged blows with the snow-white big tiger for a moment, so how had his three fellow disciples ended up with two dead, one injured, and captured?

And who had come?

The big tiger that had been thrown off got up and walked over, step by step, but it didn't rashly attack Brother Zharng again. It realized it was no match and, since Lu Ye had already captured one of them, there was no need to rush anymore.

"Release him!" Lu Ye stared at Brother Zharng and shouted low.

"Who are you?" Brother Zharng asked through gritted teeth, as he couldn't match Lu Ye with any notable opponent he knew.

Lu Ye withdrew the long knife and thrust it viciously into the Young Master's thigh. A scream echoed, the Young Master nearly knelt, only steadying himself with Lu Ye's support.

As the knife was pulled out, blood spurted, and Lu Ye placed it back against the Young Master's neck, repeating the previous words to Brother Zharng, "Release him!"

"You..." Brother Zharng's eyes were about to pop with rage. He had underestimated how decisive and vicious Lu Ye was, and his idle comment had resulted in the Young Master getting cut again. The message was clear: waste any more words, and another cut would follow. And the next one might not be to the thigh.

The Young Master, though restrained and possessing the cultivation of Level 4, didn't dare move forward rashly, which was truly frustrating.

Ensuring the Young Master's safety was now imperative. Otherwise, he couldn't explain himself to his superiors. With a darkened face, he said, "This Mystic Spirit Bell is a Spiritual Object bestowed by the elders of my sect. Once triggered, it's not easily undone; it requires some time!"

Whoosh...

The knife flashed, and an arm flew off in response. The Young Master held captive in front of Lu Ye was initially stunned, then his body began to tremble violently. He screamed loudly but dared not make any sudden moves, aware that the blade on his neck could slit his throat at any moment.

He bellowed, "Zharng Wu, are you trying to get your Young Master killed? Damn your entire ancestry!"

"Release him!" Lu Ye's voice was deep, clearly out of patience.

"Release, release, release!" The Young Master's face streamed with snot and tears. Pain was driving him to the brink of madness, and the only reason he hadn't passed out was that he was, after all, a cultivator of Level 3. Barely lifting his remaining arm, he formed a magic spell with his hand, and the inverted Mystic Spirit Bell immediately rose from the ground.

The bell spun swiftly, shrinking rapidly and flying back to the Young Master's hand.

Lu Ye was taken aback, now realizing that the Spiritual Artifact was under the Young Master's control...

Yiyi, once trapped, freed herself and rushed towards the big tiger, diving into its body and disappearing from sight.

Although Brother Zharng wanted to make a move, he also didn't dare act recklessly. He looked at Lu Ye, who was hiding behind the Young Master, and slowly began, "Release the Young Master, and we will drop the matter here today. I shall swear on the Heaven's Augury."

"Fine!" Lu Ye agreed and pushed the Young Master from behind.

Stumbling forward a few steps, the Young Master had not even begun to relish surviving the ordeal when a warm fountain burst from his neck.

"How dare you!" Brother Zharng roared in fury.

Sage of Humanity - Chapter 67 - 65: Combination Punch[1,379 words]

The battle came suddenly and without warning, Lu Ye didn't even know who his opponent was, but from the moment he followed Big Tiger to charge forward, it was destined that the outcome of this struggle would be either your death or my demise!

In the cultivation world, there's no reason to argue, cultivation realm is the reason itself. Him being at Spirit Stream Level 2 and trying to reason with others would definitely not work, and he might even end up losing himself in the process.

After making his move, he killed two of the opponents consecutively, and it had become a fight to the death.

Although Brother Zharng was willing to swear by Heaven's Augury that if Lu Ye released the Young Master, he would let the matter go, that was just his own oath!

It must be known that the one Lu Ye captured was a sect's Young Master. Such a person, who had suffered a great setback, would hardly let the matter rest, even if Lu Ye forced him to make an oath to Heaven's Augury, he still had an entire sect behind him! Others would not be bound by the oath to Heaven's Augury.

In the end, the most likely outcome would be Lu Ye being hunted down by an entire sect.

To avoid this outcome, there was only one solution.

Eradicate them all, leave none alive!

Four cultivators: two dead, one severely injured, and the Young Master's throat was slashed open by a long knife, blood spurting like a fountain as he futilely covered the side of his neck with his hand.

And as Brother Zharng's roar fell, Lu Ye had already kicked the Young Master in the back, sending him flying straight towards Zharng Wu.

"Save me!" As the Young Master was mid-air, he screamed frantically, clawing at the air.

Seeing the Young Master hurtling towards him, and vaguely aware of Lu Ye swooping in from behind the Young Master, Zharng Wu momentarily lost his composure.

Not catching the Young Master at this time meant he would definitely fall to the ground, and his injuries would worsen, possibly beyond saving. Although the Young Master's throat had been slashed, the attacker had measured his stroke well, and timely medical help might still save him.

But if he caught the Young Master, he would be unable to block the incoming attack!

A moment's hesitation allowed Zharng Wu to sense the enemy's cunning.

Ultimately, he didn't dare let the Young Master fall. Although he had failed in his guard duty and could not avoid punishment, as long as he could save the Young Master's life, at least he wouldn't have to die.

But if the Young Master died, then he too would have no way out.

Zharng Wu held two curved knives in reverse grip, stepping forward to catch the flying Young Master while simultaneously activating his protective spirit force.

He had seen the opponent's cultivation, merely Spirit Stream Level 2. With his own strength at Level 4, he was much stronger and confident that even if the opponent attacked, his protective spirit force could withstand it.

Pfff...

The sound of a long knife penetrating flesh was heard, and the Young Master's eyes widened in horror as his mouth opened in a scream of intense pain.

Zharng Wu's pupils contracted to their limits, as he witnessed a long knife piercing through the Young Master's chest, stabbing directly towards him.

He exerted all his strength to activate his protective spirit force.

If he had seen how Lu Ye had breached the physique cultivator's defense, he wouldn't have been so blindly confident. Unfortunately, he had been fighting Big Tiger at the time and hadn't clearly seen how that physique cultivator had died.

The shining blade flashed, boosted by Sharpness spirit runes, and even the Level 4 protective spirit force could not withstand this sharp blow; the protective spirit force barely slowed down the thrust of the long knife before being pierced through.

Zharng Wu felt pain in his chest. At this life-threatening moment, he abruptly bent his body to avoid the knife penetrating further.

At the same time, he released the Young Master he was holding in his arms, crossed his curved blades, and parried the long sword.

The blade penetrated three inches into the flesh, unable to push any further, Zharng Wu took a deep breath, just as he thought he had blocked the opponent's strike, a strong gust of wind suddenly hit him from behind.

"Trouble!" Zharng Wu immediately realized what was happening. Although there was only one person, there was also a snow-white big tiger which undoubtedly had pounced from behind.

Just as he was about to respond, something heavy suddenly weighed down on his shoulder, and at the same time, a fierce roar sounded by his ear, making his spirit slightly dazed.

The Young Master, held at bay by Lu Ye's long sword, was not yet dead. Facing the direction of Zharng Wu, he opened his mouth wide, staring as the delicate porcelain-doll-like Spiritual Body pounced onto Zharng Wu's back, screaming into his ear.

Suddenly, the robust form of the big tiger pounced, its two front paws landing heavily on Zharng Wu's back.

The overwhelming force straightened Zharng Wu's bowed body instantly, and he took several steps forward as the long sword passed through his chest, emerging from the other side!

Successful with his strike, Lu Ye immediately withdrew his sword and leaped backward, not just him, but the big tiger that had struck him rapidly retreated a few dozen feet as well.

Almost simultaneously with the big tiger's retreat, Zharng Wu swung two blades into thin air.

Unable to stop his staggering backward steps, his body weakened and he quickly propped himself up with his curved swords, thus avoiding collapsing onto the ground.

Lu Ye observed the wound on his chest, frowning. His strike had been aimed at the opponent's heart, but from the outcome, it had not gone as planned. The blade had deviated, failing to immediately end his opponent's life.

As Lu Ye withdrew his blade and Zharng Wu staggered back, the Young Master held between them also collapsed to the ground, his blood staining the dirt beneath him, his body twitching slightly before growing still.

At this moment, Zharng Wu could no longer afford to check whether the Young Master was alive or dead, knowing only that he was likely to die here today!

He, a Spirit Stream Level 4 cultivator, had been thrown into disarray in just a dozen or so breaths by a Spirit Stream Level 2 cultivator and a big tiger using a combined assault...

If he hadn't experienced it himself, he would have found it hard to believe if told.

What sort of quality was the Spiritual Artifact in the opponent's hands? It could slice through his protective spirit force with one strike!

Feeling his injuries, Zharng Wu knew he was done for. Although he wouldn't die immediately, such wounds, if not treated right away, would only worsen, and given his opponent's ruthless style, it was clear they wouldn't let him leave alive.

He gasped for air, raising one hand to press on the back of the other hand, which then emitted a faint red glow.

Lu Ye watched him warily, thinking that since Zharng Wu was already severely injured, there was no need for him to engage in a fierce fight, but could simply outmaneuver him, eventually leading to his death.

But when he saw the red glow on the back of his opponent's hand, he suddenly felt an ominous premonition!

"Amber!" Lu Ye shouted low, charging at Zharng Wu with his sword.

Zharng Wu quickly got up, unsteady, blood pouring from his chest, yet he grinned ferociously: "The Nine Stars Sect won't let you off, you're as good as dead!"

Lu Ye's sword came slashing down, and Zharng Wu raised his twin blades to block the strike, but he couldn't prepare for the big tiger that seized the opportunity to pounce from the side. The tiger brutally bit into Zharng Wu's thigh, tearing off a large chunk of flesh.

Yiyi also emerged, clinging onto Zharng Wu's back, shrieking fiercely, doing her best to play her part.

The big tiger, after biting off a chunk of flesh, was kicked flying by Zharng Wu, and Yiyi clinging to his back was sent flying by the protective spirit force. Zharng Wu's blades crossed, causing Lu Ye to

shift his balance. Although he steadied himself quickly, a streak of bright blade light had already caught his eye.

Sage of Humanity - Chapter 68 - 66 Nine Stars Sect and Xuanmen[1,337 words]

Zhang Wu, at the Spirit Stream Level 4 cultivation, had much more combat experience than Lu Ye. With dual blades in hand, he dazzled onlookers with his movements. Lu Ye could only manage to block the attack with his longsword, but Zhang Wu's other curved blade was already slicing toward him at an extremely fast pace.

At this point, it was clearly too late to draw his sword to block again. Just when Zhang Wu thought he was about to succeed, a triangular shield-like object suddenly appeared on the surface of Lu Ye's body.

With a clang, the curved blade struck the Defense Spirit Runes, blocking this vicious strike.

Lu Ye shifted his center of gravity, sidestepped, and made a diagonal slash with his longsword!

The sharp blade pulled a long wound across Zhang Wu's arm, flesh flapping open.

Big Tiger also took the opportunity to pounce forward, his tiger roar shaking the heavens while Yiyi's figure flitted about like a specter on the sidelines, distracting Zhang Wu.

Three against one!

Moments later, Lu Ye gasped for air, and his longsword once again pierced through Zhang Wu's chest, this time targeting the heart. Zhang Wu's head drooped lifelessly, his arms hung by his sides, and his weapons fell to the ground.

This grueling battle finally ended with Lu Ye victorious.

However, he also paid a significant price. Not only was most of his spirit force consumed, but he also suffered four deep, bone-exposing wounds, blood nearly soaking his clothes completely red, the area thick with the smell of blood.

The Defense Spirit Runes indeed blocked the opponent's attack, but many times, Lu Ye simply didn't have the chance to activate them in time due to the enemy's rapid strikes, a disparity brought by cultivation level and combat experience. Fortunately, none of the injuries were fatal.

For a cultivator at Spirit Stream Level 2 to battle someone at Level 4, and even then only barely managing to succeed after having severely injured the opponent first, made Lu Ye deeply aware of his own shortcomings.

Not only was he seriously injured, but Big Tiger and Yiyi were also not unscathed. Big Tiger's half body was blood-soaked, and Yiyi's figure had dimmed considerably.

Hurriedly tidying up the battlefield, Lu Ye collected their storage sacks and didn't forget the Young Master's Mystic Spirit Bell. He mounted Big Tiger's back and barked, "Let's go!"

Big Tiger's figure leapt forward, rushing toward the Sky-Splitting Gorge.

Midway, Lu Ye's vision began to blur, his body nearly collapsing from exhaustion. He felt he might not hold on much longer. He managed to caution Yiyi and Big Tiger, "If you encounter a fork in the road, do not stray. Find a place to hide, and we'll talk about everything else when I wake up."

Before Yiyi could react, Lu Ye's body swayed, almost falling off Big Tiger. She quickly moved forward to support him.

Just half an hour after Big Tiger carried Lu Ye away, a figure suddenly appeared at the earlier battlefield. After surveying the remnants of the battle, he looked up and shouted, "Found them!"

In an instant, two more figures arrived from close by.

Seeing the wrecked battlefield, all three knew that something serious had happened.

"What should we do?"

"Let's notify Senior Brother Cao Ye."

One of them said this and sighed, activating his battle imprint to send out a message.

After waiting a moment, a tall figure descended, surrounded by intense spirit light, his aura even more powerful than the Spirit Stream Level 5 realm cultivators Lu Ye had previously encountered.

"Senior Brother Cao!" The three of them greeted.

Cao Ye stepped forward, examining the bodies of the four fellow sect members, his face gradually darkening.

From the remnants of the battlefield, it seemed that Junior Brother Sun had been beheaded, bleeding to death in a short time, while Junior Sister Yuen had been decapitated, the Young Master had injuries on his thigh, shoulder blade, side of the neck, and had an arm severed, with the fatal wound in the chest.

As for Zhang Wu, he had numerous wounds on his body, clearly having undergone a fierce battle, with the fatal wound also in the heart.

"Useless!" Cao Ye gritted his teeth and cursed.

He was truly baffled by how the Young Master, protected by the Mystic Spirit Bell, could have died! Given that the Mystic Spirit Bell was a low-grade Spiritual Artifact, it had strong defensive capabilities.

In a dangerous situation, just activating the Mystic Spirit Bell for protection could fend off an attacker from the Spirit Stream Level 7 for a moment, and those below Spirit Stream Level 7 would struggle to breach its defense in a short time.

At the outermost circle of the battlefield, not to mention Spirit Stream Level 7, it was even rare to encounter Level 6. Cultivators at Levels 6 and 7 were dominant here, normally stationed at their own sect's base and seldom venturing out. He wouldn't have come here if he hadn't received a message from Zhang Wu.

Protected by the Mystic Spirit Bell and accompanied by Zhang Wu, at Level 4 Realm, these were the reasons he and Dong Shuye felt reassured to let the Young Master wander outside.

Moreover, this location was still within the reach of the Nine Stars Sect's base...

Yet the Young Master was slain right on his own sect's territory!

How could he explain this to the Sect Master? It could be said that the prestige of the Nine Stars Sect was utterly destroyed overnight. Cao Ye could almost imagine the rage of the old men in the sect when they heard this news.

"Send a message back, lock down the area within about 30 miles, search for a young man with a White Tiger. The opponent is around Level 3-4 of Spirit Stream Realm, uses a bladed Spiritual Artifact, background irrelevant. Thirty Spirit Stones for providing clues, five hundred for killing him, and a thousand for capturing him!" Cao Ye's deep voice rose.

The three cultivators were all invigorated, hurriedly accepting the command.

Although Zhang Wu only sent back a simple message before his death, which was the young man with the White Tiger at Spirit Stream Level 2.

But Cao Ye had pieced together more details.

Zhang Wu had fought a fierce battle with the assailant before being killed, so Cao Ye deduced that the opponent's cultivation wasn't just at Spirit Stream Level 2, it was very likely at Level 3-4, otherwise, they couldn't have managed to kill Zhang Wu. As for the use of a blade, that was even more obvious, as the wounds on the Young Master and Zhang Wu clearly indicated so.

The opponent likely possessed a rather decent Spiritual Artifact; otherwise, it made no sense for the weaker to triumph over the stronger and slay Zhang Wu.

While deep in thought, Cao Ye suddenly turned his head toward a certain spot and shouted, "Who's there!"

As his words fell, a handsome man dressed in a blue robe and exuding grace walked out from the darkness. The man wore a longsword at his waist, his hand resting casually on the hilt, as he walked out calmly, much like a sovereign inspecting his own territory.

At the sight of this man, Cao Ye felt like he faced a daunting enemy, his spirit force quickly stirring up, as he gritted his teeth and shouted, "Wang Yeang!"

No wonder he was so tense. Although he was at Spirit Stream Level 6, the opponent was at Spirit Stream Level 7. Though it was just one level apart, in the Spirit Stream Realm, the gap between Level 4 and Level 7 was a watershed, crossing which greatly boosted one's strength.

In past confrontations, Cao Ye had suffered under Wang Yeang's hands, so seeing this guy appear gave him quite a headache.

He did have the confidence to escape, considering he was a physique cultivator with resilient body, and while he could not defeat Wang Yeang, fleeing was still an option. However, the three fellow sect members with him did not possess such skills.

That bastard, instead of staying put at Xuanmen's base, why had he also come out? Cao Ye cursed inwardly, knowing that the noise on their side must have attracted Xuanmen's attention.

Sage of Humanity - Chapter 69 - 67 The Hunt Begins[1,417 words]

The Nine Stars Sect and Xuanmen's base of operations were close neighbors, and given their different allegiances, friction was inevitable. It could be said that over the years, their brains had all but turned to those of dogs, and their deep-seated hatred was absolutely irreconcilable.

Despite the Nine Stars Sect being an 8th grade sect, one grade higher than Xuanmen, at the Spirit Stream Realm level, Xuanmen had the upper hand. Hence, over the years, the 8th grade Nine Stars Sect had suffered many losses at the hands of the 9th grade Xuanmen.

In particular, this Wang Yeang, as one of the most extreme among combat cultivators, his martial prowess was beyond question. In the entire Nine Stars Sect, only Dong Shuye, who stayed behind to guard their base, could cross swords with him.

Cao Ye admitted to himself that he was no match for him.

Behind Wang Yeang followed a young girl who was not very old. With her hair done up in twin buns, her figure was graceful and she looked pure and cute. She followed closely behind Wang Yeang, looking for all the world like his maidservant.

And indeed, that was exactly the case. Wang Yeang was born into a wealthy common family, and this girl had grown up with him from a young age as his slave. When Wang Yeang joined Xuanmen, he brought his maidservant with him, and surprisingly, both of them possessed exceptional cultivation aptitude and talent.

Now, they were both Xuanmen disciples, nominally senior brother and sister, but in reality, master and servant.

Acting as if they had not seen Cao Ye and the others, the master and servant pair walked straight to the edge of the battlefield. Wang Yeang looked around and, with a raise of his eyebrow, expressed surprise, "Who killed your Young Master?"

So that explained why the Nine Stars Sect was lively tonight—it turned out such a big incident had occurred.

He had also received a message, which had prompted him to come out and investigate. Otherwise, being at Spirit Stream Level 7, he would not have left the sect's base without a good reason.

Cao Ye stared intently at him, trying not to miss any shift in expression on his face, yet he saw nothing out of the ordinary.

"I told Dong Shuye before to keep an eye on that trash, but he wouldn't listen. And now, look, someone has chopped him down." Wang Yeang wore a gleeful expression as he turned to look at Cao Ye, "Do you know who did it?"

Cao Ye didn't want to answer, but he had to, "A young man with a White Tiger."

Wang Yeang stroked his chin. "Never heard of him. An independent cultivator? Or a disciple out from a big sect to gain experience?" After thinking for a bit, he shook his head, "Forget it, it's none of my business anyway."

"Run!" Cao Ye shouted fiercely all of a sudden, and at the same time, the ground beneath his feet exploded as he shot away into the distance.

"Hehe..." Wang Yeang chuckled lightly, his longsword ringing as it came out of its sheath. A streak of sword light, like a whip, slashed towards Cao Ye.

At the same moment, the seemingly harmless young girl following behind him had spirit force surging all over her body. With a lift of her hand, magic and spells were ready, as her delicate fingers pointed towards those three Nine Stars Sect disciples.

Moments later, Wang Yeang, who had been in pursuit of Cao Ye, returned with the same nonchalant expression.

"Young Master, one got away." Xiaozhu approached to report the results of the battle. In front of Wang Yeang, she was the obedient and cute maidservant, but to the disciples of the Nine Stars Sect, she was a formidable cultivator at Spirit Stream Level 6.

The three Nine Stars Sect disciples were generally at Level 3-4, no match for her. But they were smart and scattered in different directions. Xiaozhu only managed to kill two, and by the time she pursued the last one, they had vanished without a trace.

"Let them run," Wang Yeang responded nonchalantly. With Cao Ye also having escaped, he couldn't help but remark, "Physique cultivators are indeed tough."

"And remember to call me senior brother!" Wang Yeang lightly knocked on Xiaozhu's head.

Xiaozhu immediately covered her head with her hands, pouting.

"How many people do we have that can be deployed?" Wang Yeang asked another question.

"Less than three hundred," Xiaozhu replied. "But if we include those independent cultivators, there are about five hundred people."

"And at Level 5 Realm?"

"Only six."

"Tsk..." Wang Yeang curled his lip, "A bunch of dogs, they all ran out to scrape up the benefits, leaving me here alone to guard an empty sect, it's too much."

The number of cultivators in the Spirit Stream Realm of Xuanmen naturally far exceeded three hundred.

But these people couldn't all stay near their base of operations, for if they did, no one would gain any benefits. The cultivators would spread out to explore and travel, especially those above Level 5 Realm, who practically never operated in the outer circle because the gains there were too minimal. After growing to Level 5 Realm, they would choose to enter areas closer to the inner circle.

Correspondingly, the low-level disciples of the medium and big sects would venture into Xuanmen territory for experience, receiving some protection from Xuanmen while also accepting a certain degree of mobilization.

Not just Xuanmen, all the big sects in the outer circle acted this way. On the Spirit Stream battlefield, the connections between the various sects were very close, and the interactions between their disciples were extremely frequent.

However, for this reason, the cultivators of Level 5 Realm that Xuanmen could deploy were only a mere six... Among these six, two had only recently advanced to Level 5 Realm and hadn't had the chance to leave yet, while the remaining four were all those who were over forty and had little room for improvement in their cultivation.

Within the Spirit Stream Realm, the age range of cultivators was vast, from young cultivators who hadn't practiced for long like Lu Ye, to old slickers who have cultivated for decades. Without exception, their cultivation aptitude was very low, and their cultivation was hard-earned over time.

"Young Master is thinking..." Xiaozhu looked at Wang Yeang.

Wang Yeang bared a grin, "Send the message out, the hunt has begun! Stir up the little ones! Also, keep an eye on that boy with the White Tiger. Report back the moment there's news!"

"Oh!"

...

At the Nine Stars Sect base, Dong Shuye looked at Cao Ye, who was covered in wounds, and frowned, "What happened?"

Cao Ye's mouth twitched slightly, "Ran into that maniac Wang Yeang!"

Hearing the name Wang Yeang, Dong Shuye also couldn't help but have his face twitch. After a pause, he said, "Which means the news has spread?"

Cao Ye let out a sigh, "With the commotion we caused, it's impossible to hide."

"Do you think the death of the Young Master has anything to do with Xuanmen?"

Recalling Wang Yeang's expression, Cao Ye shook his head, "Not likely. Wang Yeang sensed activity on our side and came out to investigate. He also looked surprised when he saw the Young Master's body. Besides, with his pride, if the Young Master really was killed by Xuanmen, he wouldn't deny it. Instead, he would flaunt it."

Dong Shuye nodded slightly, "That's true." Deep-seated hatred like theirs, if they really had killed the Young Master, there would be nothing secretive about it.

"I have sent messages to lock down the area within about 30 miles. Whoever killed the Young Master should not be of high cultivation. They won't be able to leave the area quickly. The moment they show themselves, they'll have no chance of escape."

"I'm just worried Xuanmen might interfere," Dong Shuye frowned.

"Xuanmen making a move is certain, but the death of the Young Master must be explained to the elders of our sect, otherwise you and I will be unable to report back on our duties."

Dong Shuye exhaled, "I must stay at the base and can't leave. Everything outside is up to you."

"You can rest assured, Senior Brother," Cao Ye nodded. Although he was injured by Wang Yeang, the wounds were only superficial. Given the quality of his physique, he could recover considerably after a night's rest.

"Also, there's the issue of the Young Master's body..." Dong Shuye suddenly remembered another matter.

Cao Ye braced himself, "Tomorrow I will bring the Young Master's body back." He prayed that Wang Yeang wouldn't take away the Young Master's body. Given that person's character, he probably wouldn't do something so unscrupulous.

Sage of Humanity - Chapter 70 - 68

Situation[1,385 words]

In the darkness, Lu Ye slowly came to and immediately felt pain at the site of his wound. Beside him was the heavy breathing of Amber.

He opened his eyes and saw the environment he was in.

He was in a dark and deep corridor, where the sound of wind whined by his ears. The corridor was not dead-ended, but transparent on both sides.

Realizing this, Lu Ye immediately understood that he must still be within the Sky-Splitting Gorge.

He didn't know how long he had been unconscious, but it couldn't have been too long. Amber hadn't taken him through the Sky-Splitting Gorge; it seemed there had been an accident.

The ten-part map indicated that the Sky-Splitting Gorge was an extremely complex terrain.

Upon entering the Sky-Splitting Gorge, it began as an ordinary canyon with steep terrain on either side. But further in, the canyon was divided by isolated peaks, one path turning into two, and then those two into four, and four into eight...

In the end, there were dozens of paths within the Sky-Splitting Gorge, and these paths were not completely isolated. The bottoms of the mountains that separated them were filled with corridors that passed through to both ends, allowing one to travel between the various paths via these corridors.

The constantly splitting paths, along with the countless corridors connecting them, turned the depths of the Sky-Splitting Gorge into an enormous natural maze.

This was also why Lu Ye had chosen to travel through the Sky-Splitting Gorge. With such complex geography, it was difficult for cultivators who didn't frequent the area to find their way.

With the highly valued ten-part map in his possession, he didn't have to worry about getting lost. As long as he followed the directions on the map, he could make it through the Sky-Splitting Gorge.

He just hadn't anticipated encountering some unexpected events outside the gorge, which had led to his current predicament.

The corridor he was currently in seemed to be inside a mountain peak, which meant he was in the maze within the Sky-Splitting Gorge.

Sitting up, Lu Ye was a bit startled to find that his outer clothing had been taken off and torn into strips, which were then used to bandage his wounds. Judging by the clumsy method, it must have been the work of Yiyi. Clearly, Amber didn't have the ability to do this.

"Lu Ye, you're awake?" Yiyi floated over from the side, and exclaimed happily.

Amber also lifted its head to give him a look.

Lu Ye responded and felt the extent of his injuries. He had taken two healing pills before slipping into unconsciousness, and now there were clear signs of improvement, though it would take several more days to fully recover.

Zhang Wu had inflicted severe injuries, but the most dangerous wound on his body was the one left by the Young Master using the Spirit Talisman. At that moment, Lu Ye had promptly activated the Defense Spirit Runes; however, the results showed that the strike had pierced through the protection and left a one-inch deep wound at the position of his heart.

Zhang Wu's attacks had not been able to break through the Defense Spirit Runes, but the Spirit Talisman had. Clearly, the Spirit Talisman the Young Master sacrificed in a critical moment was extremely lethal. Without the defense, that one strike could have ended Lu Ye's life.

Assured that there was no serious issue with his injuries, save for feeling a bit weak, Lu Ye took out a set of clothing from his storage sack to put on. Then, he got out a water bladder and some food, tossed some to Big Tiger, and started eating as well.

"How long did I sleep?" Lu Ye asked while eating.

"A day and a night," Yiyi replied softly, sitting across from him.

"What happened?"

"There are many people around, probably looking for us. We almost revealed our whereabouts several times, and now we are lost..."

Lu Ye nodded, as this was within his expectations.

After using the Young Master's injury to severely wound Zhang Wu, he had not planned to directly confront him. Such injuries would weaken Zhang Wu over time. Waiting until Zhang Wu was exhausted before looking for an opportunity to kill him was undoubtedly a better strategy.

But when he saw the red light flashing on the back of Zhang Wu's hand, he knew that his original plan was no longer feasible.

The battlefield markings on the backs of cultivators' hands not only recorded some information but could also be used for communication. At that time, Zhang Wu was obviously calling for help, so Lu Ye had to make quick work of him.

After killing Zharnng Wu, his plan was to quickly cross the Sky-Splitting Gorge. Once he crossed the gorge, he would be out of the Nine Stars Sect's sphere of influence, and at that point, they would have no way to deal with him.

But now it seemed that the reaction from the Nine Stars Sect was faster than he had anticipated, with a large number of cultivators already pouring into Sky-Splitting Gorge, searching for his trace.

After all, the death of a Young Master was a major incident, so it was within reason that the Nine Stars Sect's reaction was particularly intense.

At the moment he was still safe, but the situation was definitely not good. Facing a sect alone, even an 8th grade one, was not something Lu Ye could withstand. After all, he was just a small cultivator at Spirit Stream Level 2, and it had been only three months since he entered the Spirit Stream battlefield.

He ate while lost in thought.

Relying solely on his own abilities was no longer an option. Xuanmen was near the Nine Stars Sect, and these two forces belonged to different camps. Being so close to each other, they must have some disputes and grievances.

With the Nine Stars Sect stirring up such a commotion, it was very likely that Xuanmen wouldn't turn a blind eye. If his guess was correct, Xuanmen might take some action.

In that case, Xuanmen might be able to help alleviate some of the pressure off him.

But he couldn't possibly take the initiative to seek cooperation with Xuanmen. Firstly, he couldn't reveal his identity as a disciple of the Righteous Blood Sect, and secondly, as someone at Spirit Stream Level 2, he simply didn't have the status to cooperate with them.

Of course, this was the ideal scenario. Whether Xuanmen would intervene was something Lu Ye was unclear about.

"I'm sorry!" Yiyi suddenly apologized, sensing that Lu Ye seemed a bit angry.

Lu Ye looked up at her, his words muffled: "Have you done something wrong?"

Yiyi said, "I'll be more careful next time and won't expose our tracks so easily."

Trapped inside the Mystic Spirit Bell, all she felt was an engulfing darkness without a glimpse of light until she faintly heard Lu Ye's voice, which soothed her.

Honestly, Yiyi was very surprised that Lu Ye had come to her rescue, as it had involved four cultivators, nearly all of whom were of higher cultivation than Lu Ye.

In that situation, even if Lu Ye had abandoned her, she wouldn't have blamed him. After all, their relationship was merely one of cooperation, which hadn't lasted long, and they hadn't established much deep camaraderie. Lu Ye had no obligation to risk his safety for her.

But Lu Ye still came...

She couldn't entirely blame herself for what happened. While scouting the area, she had discovered the four Nine Stars Sect cultivators and had tried to stealthily check out the situation. Unexpectedly, they had already set up the spirit bell, trapping her inside.

But ultimately, the incident was due to her lack of care. If she hadn't approached too close, the spirit bell would not have been activated.

Latterly, when Lu Ye was seriously injured and fell unconscious, Yiyi felt even more self-reproach.

After swallowing the food in his mouth, Lu Ye said to Yiyi, "It was me who asked you to scout the surroundings. It's not your fault you were trapped, and it was right for me to rescue you. My injury is a sign of my inadequate cultivation. You don't have to feel sorry for anyone."

Yiyi looked at Lu Ye with a touched expression, feeling that he was the kindest person in the world.

Yet, Lu Ye changed the subject: "However, if you can't discipline Amber properly, I think it's better for us to part ways!"

"What about Amber... What's wrong with Amber?" Yiyi was bewildered.