

Humanity 691

Chapter 691 Ye Xiong

The room was sealed tight; Lu Ye sat grandly in a Taishi Chair with the Boulder Mountain Saber casually placed beside him, eyes closed as he rested his spirit.

The girl standing beside him bore some resemblance to Ye Liuli.

Corpses were strewn about the room, the stench of blood so strong it induced nausea, yet the girl showed no fear. The presence of Young Master Ye Liu gave her a great sense of security.

After stealing a few glances at Lu Ye, the girl suddenly spoke up, "Young Master Ye Liu, it was the Second Manor Master who caused the death of the Great Manor Master."

Lu Ye opened his eyes and turned to look at her, asking in surprise, "How do you know that?"

A commoner who had never cultivated, even a servant of the Tyrannical Saber Villa, shouldn't know too much of the secrets. After all, even the previous Lu Ye and Ye Liuli weren't completely clear on the details.

Pointing at the corpses on the ground, the girl said, "He was talking nonsense earlier, telling this servant some things."

Lu Ye understood.

Ye Lang was abnormal; thinking this girl was Ye Liuli, it was indeed possible he would blurt out various secrets when overexcited, which let the girl in on some secrets.

"What did you hear?"

Though Lu Ye wasn't terribly interested in the affairs of the Tyrannical Saber Villa, understanding more wouldn't be bad, and he still needed to give Ye Liuli an explanation.

The girl organized her words before speaking, "The root of the issue should lie with him. Even when the Great Manor Master was around, he frequently misused his status to engage in unsightly deeds. However, with the restraint of the Second Manor Master, it wasn't too excessive. It wasn't until a few days ago, when he committed a grave atrocity—the specifics of which this servant is unclear. Though the Second Manor Master tried to conceal it, the Great Manor Master eventually found out."

"Furious, the Great Manor Master ordered his imprisonment... actually, the Great Manor Master knew of his misdeeds long ago but refrained from punishing him due to considering his status as the Second Manor Master's only son. Several days ago, when the Great Manor Master journeyed out, the Second Manor Master conspired with people from the God's Will Sect, leaking the Great Manor Master's location, leading to his unfortunate end. Following that, the God's Will Sect's forces came attacking the villa, and the later events unfolded."

As she spoke, she suddenly recalled something, "That's right, Young Master Ye Liu, there seem to still be people from the God's Will Sect within the villa."

"I'm aware," Lu Ye nodded slightly.

His information, obtained from pursuers, wasn't much different, only more detailed. The downfall of the Tyrannical Saber Villa was indeed sparked by discord between brothers. To protect his only son, Ye Xiong colluded with the God's Will Sect, setting off a chain of events.

His doubts were cleared; previously, Lu Ye couldn't understand why Ye Xiong would do such a thing, but if it was for the sake of Ye Lang, it made sense.

Ye Xiong was extremely concerned about his only son. Despite having many wives and concubines, he ended up with only one child. Compared to Ye Ying's prosperous offspring, Ye Xiong must have felt troubled early on.

Moreover, his only son was sickly, and it was uncertain whether he'd extend the family lineage, especially when all of Ye Ying's six sons and one daughter were exceptional.

Human nature is indeed complicated.

Unfortunately, the Ye Lang whom he had painstakingly protected now lay like a dead dog on the ground, his body long since cold.

"Shh!" Lu Ye suddenly held up a finger.

The girl promptly clamped her mouth shut, her expression becoming tense.

Outside, a figure made his way over—it was the Second Manor Master of the Tyrannical Saber Villa, Ye Xiong, who looked solemn and serious with a somewhat helpless expression on his face.

To collude with the God's Will Sect was akin to seeking a tiger's skin, but he had no choice.

In the past, Ye Ying overlooked many faults for his sake, only asking him to teach his son rigorously, but this time, the son committed an errant crime too vile—he reportedly raped and killed several virtuous women!

Which incensed Ye Ying greatly.

He had to strike first; otherwise, his only son's life would have been doomed.

Now, though he had saved his son's life, he found himself embroiled in a turmoil he couldn't escape.

From here on, Tyrannical Saber Villa would cease to exist, and this place would only become a branch of the God's Will Sect, which left him feeling choked with frustration.

In Tyrannical Saber Villa, although Ye Ying was above him, they were still brothers, but in the future, serving the God's Will Sect, life would not be as carefree as before.

All because of that damned son of his!

With this thought, Ye Xiong, filled with rage, prepared to come over and discipline his son.

His steps suddenly halted, and Ye Xiong sniffed lightly, his complexion changing instantly.

A faint smell of blood lingered around.

With a bound, he rushed into the courtyard and saw the bodies of two guards lying outside the door at a glance.

Inside the house, there were two breaths; one heartbeat was rapid as if nervous—an ordinary person, not worth worrying over, but the other...

"How can this be?" Ye Xiong, shocked, stepped forward, shoving open the room door, and his pupils contracted at the sight!

Inside the room, on the Taishi Chair, sat an individual he could never have imagined—a person gazing indifferently at him, and at the feet of whom lay a familiar form, dead for who knows how long.

"Ye Liu!" Ye Xiong gritted his teeth and roared; in an instant, his spirit force and blood Qi boiled over, and the rage in his chest erupted like a volcano.

It was beyond his imagination that Ye Liu, who should have been dead long ago, would appear in the Tyrannical Saber Villa and had even killed his only son!

Though his son was a troublemaker, though he was bothersome, he was still his son, his hope for continuing the family line.

But now, he was dead!

He died just like that, silent and unremarkable, like a dead dog!

How could he not be furious?

"You deserve to die!" roared Ye Xiong as he lunged at Lu Ye without any hesitation or delay, and without uttering a word of nonsense.

Ye Xiong wanted to execute his own son, so Ye Xiong sought ways to kill Ye Ying. Ye Liu killed his own son, so now he had to join him in death!

With his hair and beard standing on end, Ye Xiong unleashed an unprecedented furious onslaught, and as he charged forward, a long saber was already in his hand.

As he made his move, Lu Ye also dashed out.

With an ordinary person at his side, he naturally couldn't let Ye Xiong come killing his way, for even the mere residual shockwaves of the clash could shatter the young girl to pieces.

He had already set up a protective array around the girl, ensuring her safety as long as the battle did not take place inside the room.

In the blink of an eye, their figures collided, and the two almost identical long sabers pressed against each other, sending sparks flying and producing a resonating clangor.

Lu Ye felt a massive force incoming that made his saber-hand tremble.

With this move, Ye Xiong's cultivation realm was crystal clear.

Cloud River Level 8.

In the Soaring Dragon World, there were many cultivators from the Cloud River Realm, but the proportion of Level 9 cultivators was not high; much lower than in the Nine Provinces.

It's unclear if it was related to the unique environment of this world, but after reaching the Cloud River Realm, cultivators' progress became extremely slow, especially when advancing from Level 8 to Level 9, which seemed to be a daunting threshold.

In the Nine Provinces, however, there was no such issue. From Level 8 to Level 9, as long as one accumulated enough spirit force, the breakthrough would come naturally.

Therefore, within the major powers of the Soaring Dragon World, there might be many long-standing Level 8 cultivators, but the number of Level 9 would always be limited.

This was also why Tyrannical Saber Villa, a family-based power, could occupy a place in Fengzhou.

Ye Ying was a Cloud River Level 9 powerhouse, while Ye Xiong, the Second Manor Master, was only at Level 8.

However, due to the difficulty of breaking through, Cloud River Realm cultivators in this world, assuming the same level of cultivation, were generally stronger than those from the Cloud River Realm in the Nine Provinces.

This was because they accumulate more time within this realm, refining and perfecting their cultivation more thoroughly.

Therefore, upon engaging in combat, Lu Ye immediately perceived some differences.

If he hadn't entered the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, facing a Level 8 cultivator like Ye Xiong would have likely required a bitter fight.

But his journey through the Hundred Arrays Pagoda had resulted in a minor increase in his cultivation, which, for any other cultivator, even if it improved their strength, would still be within normal limits.

But for someone with a foundation as profound as Lu Ye's, a minor increase was enough to cause a huge surge in power.

There was pressure indeed, but it was not significant! Ye Xiong's power fell within expectations.

In contrast to Lu Ye's composure, Ye Xiong was genuinely taken aback. His rage-fueled attack, to his astonishment, had been blocked!

How was this possible?

He felt it clearly; the young man opposite him was at Level 6, a full two minor levels below himself. He had thought that even if his attack didn't kill Lu Ye, it would at least seriously injure him. Yet, it had accomplished absolutely nothing.

What was going on with this kid?

Ye Liu was rarely at Tyrannical Saber Villa, traveling most of the time and only returning once or twice a year, so Ye Xiong didn't know much about his grand-nephew's background.

It was only at this moment he realized that his grand-nephew was much stronger than anyone had imagined, with a foundation that far surpassed that of his own brothers.

An overwhelming fury suddenly subsided as he abruptly remembered the tranquil image of Lu Ye sitting serenely before his arrival.

No wonder he was so confident, as it turned out, he had something to rely on.

However... so what!

Ye Lang was dead, and someone had to join him in death!

"Die!" Ye Xiong bellowed as he drew his saber and slashed again.

Instantly, within the small courtyard, two figures fought at close quarters, sabers flashing. Invisible bursts of energy rampaged, bringing down the walls and houses of the yard with a thunderous crash.

From the collapsing house, a cry of alarm from the girl could be heard. Thankfully, protected by the protective array, she was unharmed; however, she was buried under the rubble along with the light screen of the array, vanishing from sight.

The ringing clashes and the massive commotion of the fight rang out, startling the entire Tyrannical Saber Villa. But with the disturbance so great, no one dared to investigate. Only one figure flew swiftly from a corner of Saber Lake, radiating the unmistakable aura of the Cloud River Level 9.

Aside from Ye Ying, there were no other Cloud River Level 9s in Tyrannical Saber Villa, but now that Ye Ying was dead, suddenly this powerful stranger appeared, clearly an outsider.

Vice Sect Leader Pang Wanhai of God's Will Sect.

He had come to Tyrannical Saber Villa not for anything else but for the Tyrannical Saber Technique because he too was a cultivator of saber skills.

Chapter 692 Tyrannical Saber Technique

Tyrannical Saber Villa and God's Will Sect both belonged to Fengzhou, and naturally, there were some frictions between them, especially since Ye Ying and God's Will Sect Leader Xiong Tieshan had a grudge from their younger days.

That's why Ye Xiong chose to collude with God's Will Sect, for he knew that as long as he leaked Ye Ying's whereabouts, God's Will Sect would definitely take action.

Indeed, the God's Will Sect did not disappoint his expectations. Xiong Tieshan personally took action, leading eight elders in an ambush that killed Ye Ying in one fell swoop.

After that, things became simple. While the Sect Leader of God's Will Sect took action, Vice Sect Leader Pang Wanhai also led a group attacking Tyrannical Saber Villa, resulting in the death of all of Ye Liu's older brothers, leaving only Ye Liu and Ye Liuli to desperately escape.

In the following days, Pang Wanhai did not rush to leave. Instead, he stayed to comprehend the Tyrannical Saber Technique, gaining some insights. Tonight, he sensed intense fighting coming from somewhere within the villa and, surprised, came to investigate.

Swiftly approaching the battlefield, he looked up to see two figures darting and weaving among the ruins, with the flickering light of a Saber flashing intermittently.

One of them was Ye Xiong, whom he had just parted with not long ago, and the other was unexpectedly Ye Liu, who should have fled long ago.

This surprised Pang Wanhai. In his view, Ye Liu clearly only had the cultivation of Cloud River Level 6, yet now he was evenly matched with Ye Xiong.

He had some idea of Ye Xiong's strength; he was stronger than the elders of God's Will Sect. Among the entire God's Will Sect, only he and Sect Leader Xiong Tieshan could suppress Ye Xiong. What was the deal with this Ye Liu, to be so powerful?

While observing, he noticed that although Ye Liu's Cultivation Realm was lower than Ye Xiong's, his speed and strength with the saber were not a bit inferior, and perhaps due to his youth, his reaction speed was even faster than Ye Xiong's. This was the key to his ability to fight above his weight class.

This child cannot be left alive!

This thought immediately popped into Pang Wanhai's mind. If Ye Liu was this outstanding at Level 6, allowing him enough time to advance to Level 8 or Level 9 would spell endless trouble.

Although he was unclear why this youngster had returned to Tyrannical Saber Villa, this was a good opportunity to kill him.

With that thought, a murderous intent surged within Pang Wanhai.

On the other side, Ye Xiong, who was fighting Lu Ye, grew more and more shocked. He found that with his own strength, he was unable to do anything about his nephew, which made him feel both shocked and angry.

He sensed Pang Wanhai's arrival and the murderous intent surging on him.

But his only son had died at the hands of Lu Ye; he wanted to personally kill Lu Ye to avenge his son. If Pang Wanhai interfered, even if Lu Ye were killed, it would not appease his heart.

Therefore, upon sensing Pang Wanhai's murderous intent, Ye Xiong's expression became resolute. In the end, it was necessary to use that particular saber technique!

With a swiping slash of his saber, Ye Xiong launched an all-out strike. Accompanied by a crisp clanging sound, both he and Lu Ye shook slightly and drifted back.

Just then, a sense of danger suddenly arose in Lu Ye's heart. The source of the alarm was not the watching Pang Wanhai but the continuously battling Ye Xiong.

He looked up to see Ye Xiong not far ahead, half-crouching with his hands raised—a saber unwavering in one hand and the other hand wiping vigorously across the blade, pouring spirit force into it. The saber erupted with dazzling brilliance at that moment, and its clear, mirror-like surface reflected Ye Xiong's cold gaze.

Tyrannical Saber Technique!

Lu Ye's heart tightened. Despite having no understanding of the so-called Tyrannical Saber Technique, by watching Ye Xiong suddenly change his momentum dramatically, he instantly realized what this guy was about to do.

Although the Tyrannical Saber Technique was an ancient legacy obtained by Ye Ying, as the Second Manor Master of Tyrannical Saber Villa, Ye Xiong had naturally cultivated it as well.

Now, unable to gain the upper hand in this prolonged battle, he had no choice but to decide the victory with the Tyrannical Saber Technique.

As these thoughts raced through Lu Ye's mind, Ye Xiong already thrust his saber forward. With this strike, Ye Xiong's Essence Qi reached its peak and seemed to be completely vented with the move.

"Kill!" The roar sounded.

Pang Wanhai, who was preparing to join the fight and take down Lu Ye alongside Ye Xiong, couldn't help but halt and stared unblinkingly at Ye Xiong's actions.

He had been comprehending the Tyrannical Saber Technique during the past few days. Though he had made some progress, there were still things he did not understand. Ye Ying was dead, and almost all of the younger members of the Ye family had perished. Now, it seemed that the only ones who knew the Tyrannical Saber Technique were these two Ye-named individuals before him. Being able to witness the execution of the Tyrannical Saber Technique firsthand was naturally beneficial for him.

A point of cold light bloomed, a chilling intent to kill enveloped everything.

Then, specks of starlight burst forth as if suddenly finding oneself under the moonless night sky with the stars above twinkling.

The world was quiet, only the sounds of insects and frogs remained—a picture of natural harmony.

Yet abruptly, the twinkling stars in the sky started to fall, cascading down with the might to destroy heavens and earth.

Tyrannical Saber 1st Movement, Myriad Stars!

Even Pang Wanhai, who was observing from the side, was captivated by the cold saber light, feeling chills on his skin, and tension inside. Yet, he was dazzled, unwilling to even blink.

Rumor had it there were three movements to the Tyrannical Saber. Aside from the first movement, Myriad Stars, known to the public, no one knew what the other two movements entailed.

It seemed that even Ye Ying had never performed the other two movements in public.

But even just this one movement of the Tyrannical Saber was enough to establish his reputation in Fengzhou and found Tyrannical Saber Villa, renowned and formidable.

Ye Xiong's strength paled in comparison to Ye Ying's; from the perspective of a bystander, this saber move seemed not quite smooth, but even an unrefined strike was immensely powerful.

This heightened Pang Wanhai's interest in the Tyrannical Saber Technique, and he made up his mind to have Ye Xiong practice the saber with him after dealing with the youngster.

He reckoned Ye Xiong wouldn't dare refuse.

In his view, with that strike, Lu Ye was doomed, because even he himself, faced with such a strike, could only dodge temporarily. If he chose to meet it head-on, he would either die or be seriously injured.

However, the next moment, a scene that shocked him unfolded.

Facing the strike head-on, Lu Ye didn't retreat but advanced instead, charging into the midst of the Myriad Stars. In that instant, Lu Ye suddenly burst forth with a power stronger than before.

Since that girl had warned Lu Ye that there were people from the God's Will Sect inside the villa, how could Lu Ye not be prepared?

So in his previous exchange with Ye Xiong, he had not used his full strength.

Only at this moment did he go all out, without any reservations.

Stars flickered and burst; in just an instant, the Myriad Stars vanished without a trace.

"What?" Pang Wanhai's eyelids twitched.

He saw clearly that, facing Ye Xiong's Tyrannical Saber strike, that youngster called Ye Liu managed to unleash more than a dozen strikes in an instant, nearly blocking all the attacks.

A figure was sent flying, blood scattering across the sky—it was the previously imposing Ye Xiong.

In the battlefield, Lu Ye stood alone, his spirit force and blood Qi blending. Especially on the arm that held the saber, his blood Qi surged.

If it hadn't been for the cultivation of the Blood Moving Technique, which allowed him to explode with a speed and power far beyond his normal state in an instant, he truly couldn't have blocked that strike.

Even so...

Lu Ye looked down at his abdomen, where his clothes were dyed with fresh crimson blood, and a gaping hole pierced through his lower belly, wounding his internal organs.

With spirit force driving, he locked the flesh around the wound, and Lu Ye exhaled lightly.

He came to Tyrannical Saber Villa for revenge; one reason was to act according to Master Ye Liu's identity, and another was his interest in the Tyrannical Saber Technique.

But previously, he hadn't thought too much of it, feeling that a saber technique of this world, even if profound, might not be that extraordinary, and perhaps not even comparable to what he had extorted from the Mad Saber Sect.

However, after clashing with Ye Xiong, Lu Ye realized he had underestimated the Tyrannical Saber Technique.

This saber technique might be something incredibly remarkable.

This made his interest in it even stronger.

Looking across the whole Nine Provinces, with his current strength, absolutely no one at Level 8 could force him to go all out and still leave him injured.

But Ye Xiong had done it, relying not on his cultivation realm, but on that strike.

That kind of saber skills had already surpassed the category of normal saber skills, even giving Lu Ye a wondrous feeling.

Saber Intent...

This intangible thing, Lu Ye had always heard of it but never paid much attention to, because he always believed that saber skills were just techniques for fighting enemies. Quite simple, how could there be too much vagueness?

But that one strike from Ye Xiong made him sense the existence of "intent."

This was indeed marvelously strange.

If he were to go into secluded meditation and ponder on it now, perhaps his saber skills could progress. But clearly, this was not a good time.

"Ah..." A scream tore through the night sky, it was Ye Xiong, who had been flung away, shouting desperately.

It was true he had cultivated the Tyrannical Saber Technique, but this was the first time he had used it against an enemy. Due to his insufficient skills in saber arts, he was not yet capable of unleashing that strike. Forcing it would only burden himself immensely.

At this moment, his apparent injuries were only from Lu Ye's saber slash to his body, but in reality, his flesh all over was fissured.

When that strike was executed, his Essence Qi had already been completely drained. Now, he was utterly without any reserve strength.

He had thought he could kill Lu Ye with that strike, but ultimately his cultivation was inadequate. Not only had he failed to slay his enemy, but he was also wounded by Lu Ye.

Recalling Ye Ying's previous teachings, Ye Xiong remembered being told his comprehension of that move was lacking. It was fine against those weaker than him, but against someone stronger, not only would the strike be ineffective, it would rather put him in an even more disadvantageous situation.

And since the opponents weaker than himself would not warrant the use of such a technique, even though he had cultivated the Tyrannical Saber Technique, this was the first time he unleashed it against an enemy, resulting in his current state.

Full of unwillingness...

"Brother Pang, please lend a hand!" Ye Xiong, lying on the ground, looked towards Pang Wanhai.

Since he was unable to take revenge himself, he had to borrow someone else's hand.

With Ye Liu already injured, there would be no problem if Pang Wanhai made a move.

"It should be so!" Pang Wanhai, having enjoyed a fierce battle, was in a good mood. So, faced with Ye Xiong's request, he agreed promptly.

Raising his hand in the Void, he clenched and a long saber appeared. His fighting spirit surged as he looked at Lu Ye, his eyelids drooping, he said, "Kid, take my three strikes, and I'll spare your life!"

Chapter 693 Unethical in Martial Arts

Pang Wanhai had some dissatisfaction with the arrangements previously made by Sect Leader Xiong Tieshan.

As a cultivator who had spent his life practicing saber skills, what he desired most was to have a great battle with a peer of equal strength, preferably another adept in saber skills. Such a life-and-death fight might take his own saber skills to the next level.

In the entire Fengzhou, Ye Ying was undoubtedly the best candidate.

When the plan to ambush and kill Ye Ying was made, Pang Wanhai had volunteered to take the lead, only to be rejected by Xiong Tieshan.

He certainly knew why Xiong Tieshan had refused him—it was nothing more than a fear that he might gain something from a duel with Ye Ying. Furthermore, Xiong Tieshan believed that the secrets of the Tyrannical Saber Technique must be personally kept by Ye Ying, and just like Pang Wanhai, he was interested in it.

Whoever could kill Ye Ying would have the chance to acquire that secret technique.

Xiong Tieshan was the Sect Leader, and Pang Wanhai was only the Vice Sect Leader; when the Sect Leader gave an order, Pang Wanhai, despite his dissatisfaction, could only comply.

But as it turned out, the secret of the Tyrannical Saber Technique was not carried by Ye Ying on his person but left at the Tyrannical Saber Villa, eventually falling into the hands of Pang Wanhai.

This was also why Pang Wanhai had lingered in the Tyrannical Saber Villa in recent days and had not returned to the God's Will Sect—if he returned, he certainly could not hold onto the secret technique.

He still wanted to delve into it for a few more days...

A fortuitous coincidence led to him obtaining the secret technique, but not being able to fight a saber expert like Ye Ying was ultimately a regret.

Yet unexpectedly, aside from Ye Ying, even his sixth son turned out to be so powerful.

This could not help but please him.

Seeing Ye Xiong defeated, Pang Wanhai raised his saber and pointed from afar, his fighting spirit surging, "Boy, take my three strikes and I'll spare your life!"

Having personally witnessed Lu Ye's strength, Pang Wanhai certainly didn't think that three strikes would be enough to kill his opponent. However, Lu Ye had just been through a big battle and was injured; how much strength he could muster was questionable, and this gave Pang Wanhai full confidence.

Besides, what if he really did survive his three strikes? Words are just words—if you truly believe them, that would be far too naive.

If a casually spoken phrase could make the opponent take it as truth, then this Ye Liu was not worth considering at all.

Before the killing move was unleashed, the verbal assault had already begun.

As he finished speaking, Pang Wanhai launched himself forward, his spirit force churning around him, the formidable power of a Cloud River Level 9 cultivator on full display.

Then he saw Lu Ye suddenly drift backward, wielding a small flag in his hand that appeared out of nowhere. With a light wave...

This is...

Pang Wanhai's heart skipped a beat, immediately sensing danger.

When he tried to retreat, it was already too late.

A layer of light, visible to the naked eye, suddenly materialized out of thin air, like a transparent large bowl coming down, capturing him tightly within.

"A Formation!" Pang Wanhai's eyes nearly burst with anger.

This Ye Liu could set up a formation? And he was clearly prepared!

This is bad...

While previously waiting here, Lu Ye hadn't just been idly waiting; although his strength was not bad now, he wouldn't underestimate the enemy's power.

During the wait, he had already set up many formations within this small courtyard.

Ye Xiong and Pang Wanhai, both combat cultivators, knew nothing about Arrays, failing to notice any abnormalities and discovering no clues.

When fighting Ye Xiong, Lu Ye had not activated the power of the formation, because Ye Xiong didn't pose a great threat to him.

This moment, using it against Pang Wanhai, was just the right opportunity.

While he too wished to have a battle against a Level 9 cultivator to test his current strength, this was clearly not a good time.

Using a formation to deal with him was the best choice.

Pang Wanhai reacted very quickly, attempting to flee once he realized something was wrong, but the trap formation had already been set. Even as a Level 9, he was unable to break directly out of the trapping formation's scope – he smashed against the transparent screen, rippling it intensely.

Lu Ye's hand then forcefully waved the array banner downward.

The next instant, within the trapping formation light screen, various killing arrays erupted.

Thunderbolts slithered like snakes, the Golden Arc Slash rampaged, fire pillars burst forth like dragons, and within a mere few feet, the spirit force was chaotic, and the spectacle terrifying.

Finally, with a loud explosive noise, a huge firelight shot up into the sky.

Before his time at the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, Lu Ye could not have set up such a complex combination of formations, at least not within such a confined space. But the experience in the Hundred Arrays Pagoda greatly enhanced his Array Path knowledge, making this feat no longer a difficult task.

The powerful impact caused the trapping formation light screen to collapse.

Amidst the sky-high firelight, a silhouette darted out, fleeing away without looking back.

It was Pang Wanhai, who had endured the might of many killing arrays within such a confined space, and yet had not died instantly.

However, compared to his imposing arrival, he was now in extreme disarray.

His clothing was tattered, his face blackened, covered in countless wounds from which blood flowed freely, and even his Cloud River Level 9 aura was greatly weakened.

Such injuries, though not fatal, were definitely severe.

A single thought kept swirling in his mind.

The damn kid doesn't follow the code of honor! Shouldn't a true combat cultivator engage the enemy in close combat? How come he's resorting to array setups, something a combat cultivator shouldn't dabble in?

Combat cultivators are known for their brute force approach – such beings have nothing to do with formations.

No one had ever heard that the sixth son of the Ye family was skilled in array paths.

Escape! Escape from this place quickly, his current condition was not suitable for engaging with anyone.

Despite his severe injuries, Pang Wanhai's heart harbored only resentment and poison, no fear. Given his speed, a Level 6 cultivator wouldn't dream of catching up. As long as he survived this disaster, he would repay it a thousandfold.

As he was thinking this, he suddenly felt a chill in both body and mind. His senses detected a piercing presence approaching him at an extremely fast speed.

He turned to look back, his pupils shrinking abruptly.

How is this possible!

How could this Ye Liu have such incredible speed!

And what's with those fiery red wings?

Before he could understand, a bright saber light was already spreading out before his eyes.

Pang Wanhai gritted his teeth and turned around to raise his saber.

Boom...

The violent collision caused Lu Ye, who was in pursuit, to briefly come to a halt, while Pang Wanhai's body, like a meteorite falling from the sky, plummeted straight down.

With a flap of the wings behind him, Lu Ye followed closely after.

Determined to pursue to the bitter end!

After a short while, Lu Ye walked out of a pile of ruins, casually flicking the Boulder Mountain Saber in his hand before sheathing it.

Behind him, Pang Wanhai was half-kneeling on the ground, his eyes still brimming with shock and disbelief but his aura had completely dissipated.

He never imagined that he would meet his end here.

Just a short while ago, he was enthusiastically comprehending the Tyrannical Saber Technique...

Within the courtyard, inside a protective array, the girl who bore a resemblance to Ye Liuli was as white as snow, yet her eyes were bright.

With the protective array there, the aftermath of the previous battle didn't harm her. Even though the house she was in had collapsed, it was all blocked by the light curtain of the protective array.

Having never cultivated, she was unaware of the peril of the previous battle, but she saw Lu Ye beating Ye Xiong like a dead dog, she witnessed the imposing Pang Wanhai fleeing in a sorry state, now his life and death unknown.

Her heart was exhilarated. So, Young Master Ye Liu was this powerful!

The thick clouds in the sky cleared away, bright moonlight spilled down, mirroring the girl's mood at the moment. Never again would anyone bully her.

The battle on this side erupted suddenly and ended quickly.

The confrontation between Lu Ye and Ye Xiong lasted only about twenty breaths, and Pang Wanhai's fight from start to death was about the same duration.

So it was only at this moment that the other cultivators in the villa who heard the commotion began to rush over.

One figure after another gathered around. As they looked around, they saw the corpse of Pang Wanhai kneeling on the ground, they saw Ye Xiong lying on the ground like a dead dog, his Essence Qi drained and looking many years older at once.

They also saw a figure who should never have appeared here.

"Young Master Ye Liu..." someone muttered.

These cultivators who had arrived could all be considered disciples of the Tyrannical Saber Villa.

Although the Tyrannical Saber Villa was a family-run power, a few members of the Ye family alone couldn't support such a vast enterprise, so over the years, Ye Ying and Ye Xiong had taken in quite a few disciples.

Many had died in battle when the Tyrannical Saber Villa was breached, some had fled, but many others had survived by the skin of their teeth.

Those who remained in the Tyrannical Saber Villa were basically those who were loyal to Ye Xiong.

But even if these people had cultivation, there were few in the Cloud River Realm, and their cultivation levels weren't high.

At this moment, these disciples looking at Lu Ye and Ye Xiong sprawled on the ground had mixed feelings.

When the Tyrannical Saber Villa was breached, many of them had no idea what had happened until the dust settled and they began to have some vague realizations.

No matter what, colluding with outsiders wasn't something to be proud of, and many of the surviving disciples had been tormented for days, feeling lost about their future.

The events of this night made them feel even more lost.

"Kill him..." A weak voice rang out, it was Ye Xiong lying on the ground, "Kill him quickly!"

Having exhausted all his strength performing the Tyrannical Saber, Ye Xiong was truly spent. The once-reliable Pang Wanhai was dead, and his only hope for survival was to rely on these disciples to take action.

Although these disciples weren't outstanding, if they swarmed him, perhaps there was a chance.

No one moved.

Let alone being profoundly shocked by the death of Pang Wanhai, even Ye Liu's identity as Young Master was enough to prevent them from acting.

After a good while, a disciple saluted Lu Ye with a fist and said, "Young Master Ye Liu, take care!"

As he spoke, he turned and walked away.

Acting against Lu Ye was out of the question and staying did not seem right either. After considering it, he decided it was best to leave.

Given the upheaval faced by the Tyrannical Saber Villa, it was questionable whether it would exist in Fengzhou in the future.

With someone leading the way, others followed suit.

Seeing that Lu Ye showed no sign of asking them to stay, those indecisive disciples knew they wouldn't be well-received if they stayed, so they too left one after another.

In a short while, all the cultivators who had come here had left without a trace.

Only Ye Xiong's resentful and powerless roars echoed in the night sky.

Chapter 694 Revenge

Lu Ye stepped forward, overlooking Ye Xiong from a higher position.

The indifferent gaze finally made Ye Xiong panic.

"Young Master Ye Liu, I am your second uncle, you can't kill me. You're still young, you don't want to live with the guilt of killing a relative, do you?" Ye Xiong spoke with difficulty, his innate desire to survive still present even in such dire circumstances.

What responded to him was only a flash of saber light.

What does Ye Xiong, Young Master Ye Liu's second uncle, have to do with me, Lu Yiye!

Ye Xiong died, his eyes wide with disbelief that his nephew would strike so decisively.

In the depths of the night, Tyrannical Saber Villa descended into chaos.

The news of Pang Wanhai and Ye Xiong's deaths spread rapidly; the disciples who had stayed behind hurriedly left, and Ye Xiong's wives fled in all directions, fearing Lu Ye would come and eradicate them all.

Lu Ye had no such inclination.

Although he needed to act according to the identity of Ye Liu, killing Ye Xiong and Ye Lang was sufficient. As for the wives of Ye Xiong, most were ordinary people without cultivation, and the few who were cultivators had low cultivation levels.

Coming to the young girl, he deactivated the protective array and said, "You should leave, too. Live well from now on. Take anything you fancy from the villa."

After today, Fengzhou would no longer have the Tyrannical Saber Villa. The treasures within the villa weren't of much concern to Lu Ye, as those useful to ordinary people held little value for cultivators.

The girl knelt before Lu Ye, heavily kowtowed three times, and then hurriedly left.

Lu Ye raised his hand to tap on the battlefield marking, sending a message to Yiyi.

As dawn approached, Lu Ye remained alone in the vast villa.

At the center of Saber Lake, there was a small island with a few simple wooden huts, with an acre of green bamboo in front, which contrasted sharply with the formal atmosphere of the Tyrannical Saber Villa yet brought its own distinctive mood.

Lu Ye moved a chair and sat in front of a wooden hut, toying with a piece of black stone in his hands, his eyes flashing with contemplative colors.

Even with his discernment, he could not identify the material of the black stone.

This was actually the secret transmission of the Tyrannical Saber Technique!

It was also an opportunity Ye Ying had stumbled upon in his early years.

Lu Ye had not expected it would fall into his hands this easily.

The main reason he had come to Tyrannical Saber Villa for revenge, was largely due to this Tyrannical Saber Technique. He hadn't held out much hope, however, since Ye Xiong had colluded with the God's Will Sect, and any good items would certainly have been plundered by them, especially the secret transmission of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, which should not have been left in Tyrannical Saber Villa.

He had thought it would only be possible to retrieve it after dealing with the God's Will Sect in the future.

Yet to his surprise, he found it in Pang Wanhai's storage sack.

This was truly an unexpected delight.

Little did he know, the secret transmission was also an unexpected delight for Pang Wanhai, who had stayed in Tyrannical Saber Villa instead of returning to the God's Will Sect because he wanted to understand more about the Tyrannical Saber Technique.

As a result, he lost his life, which goes to show, fate dictates when it's your time, and one cannot force it when it's not.

The gains were not just this secret transmission.

Ye Ying, having founded Tyrannical Saber Villa for many years, had also collected many saber skills, among which were insights from many powerful figures, all placed in the Bibliotheca of Tyrannical Saber Villa; now they had been swept into Lu Ye's storage sack.

He had casually checked them earlier and found that the gains were much richer than he had imagined.

In this world, limited by heaven and earth, the upper limit of a cultivator's cultivation is the Cloud River Realm. However, it is precisely for this reason that cultivators, unable to advance their cultivation further, shift their focus to refining their own skills.

This has led to a phenomenon where cultivators of Cloud River Realm in this world generally have better combat techniques than those from the Nine Provinces, especially those at Cloud River Level

9, whose depths are unknown unless engaged in life-and-death battles.

Pang Wanhai died somewhat aggrievedly; he judged Lu Ye's abilities based on his fixed perceptions, but ended up disoriented and killed by the Formation Lu Ye had set up in advance.

Who would have thought that a combat cultivator who wielded a saber would also be an expert in formations?

If there had been a fight to the death, it would have been a bitter battle.

The items in the Bibliotheca were not only the saber techniques and insights of Cloud River Realm cultivators. The Soaring Dragon World had once had cultivators of the Divine Sea Realm, and although hundreds of years have passed, many things have been passed down.

The secret transmission of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, the gains from the Bibliotheca, just these items alone made Lu Ye's trip here worthwhile.

And these things were all what he, as a cultivator in the Nine Provinces cultivation world, desired but could never obtain.

Through the sky, a Liu Guang soared overhead, and quickly descended nearby, revealing two figures with similar appearances.

It was Yiyi and Ye Liuli.

Last night, after dealing with Ye Xiong, Lu Ye had sent a message to Yiyi, but at the time Ye Liuli was still unconscious, so Yiyi did not disturb her.

It wasn't until Ye Liuli woke up on her own that Yiyi brought her over.

After a night's rest, Ye Liuli's spirit had recovered quite a bit.

"Brother Liu..." Ye Liuli called out softly, looking around.

The wooden house on the small island was built by her own hands, and it was her favorite place. In the entire Tyrannical Saber Villa, apart from herself, no one else could come here on ordinary days.

The familiar place, the familiar scenery, yet many familiar figures were no longer there, the young girl felt an inward pang of sorrow.

"Ye Xiong is dead, and there was another God's Will Sect cultivator at Level 9, I don't know his name, they were both killed by me." Lu Ye spoke up.

Ye Liuli didn't know how her Sixth Brother managed to pull this off, but the enemies being killed was undoubtedly a joyous matter. However, with a sudden rush of emotions, her nose tingled, her eyes reddened, and tears began to fall.

"The chief culprit of this incident was Ye Xiong. It was he who revealed our father's... our father's whereabouts, leading us to be encircled and attacked by God's Will Sect."

Now acting as Ye Liu, Lu Ye still couldn't get used to calling someone else 'father'.

"Rest well for now, I'll think of a way to get revenge later."

Ye Liuli shook her head, her tears spilling over: "It's enough, Brother Liu."

All her relatives were dead, leaving only Brother Liu. Since the mastermind had been punished, she could consider the great vengeance avenged. She didn't want to see Brother Liu confront God's Will Sect again; if anything were to happen to him, she would truly be left alone.

Lu Ye naturally didn't mind, as he had already obtained what he wanted. Since Ye Liuli said so, he went along with her wishes, nodding slightly: "Rest first, you haven't had good rest these past few days."

He knew, though, that when a tree longs for peace, the wind does not stop. Even if he did not go to God's Will Sect, they would come looking for him.

After all, Pang Wanhai died here. The death of a Level 9 cultivator would definitely be a severe blow to God's Will Sect, and they would react in some way.

Unless he took Ye Liuli away from Fengzhou, escaping the reach of God's Will Sect.

But right now, he was eager to comprehend his recent gains and had no inclination to tire himself with travel.

God's Will Sect was strong, and if he took the initiative to strike at their headquarters, he might not have a guarantee of victory. Yet, if they dared to come to him, they certainly wouldn't have a good outcome.

What array cultivators excel at is fortifying and defending against the enemy. Provided enough time and space to work, an array cultivator can become an army unto himself.

Ye Liuli followed his instructions and went to rest in the wooden house next door, while Lu Ye had Yiyi stay to look after her, and he himself began setting up a big array around the island.

In the Cloud River battlefield, he was targeted by all manner of schemes from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, yet came out unscathed; God's Will Sect, powerful as they were, was not as formidable as an entire faction.

As Lu Ye busied himself, God's Will Sect indeed received some news.

Many people left Tyrannical Saber Villa that day, and naturally, various pieces of news spread immediately.

The incident at Tyrannical Saber Villa had already drawn considerable attention from the Soaring Dragon World's cultivation community. After all, the Villa was considered a major power. The subsequent events were even more astounding.

Master Ye Liu went back alone to Tyrannical Saber Villa, executed Ye Xiong, killed Pang Wanhai, and avenged the blood feud with his own strength.

If it weren't for multiple sources sharing this news, nobody would dare to believe it.

Ye Xiong's Level 8 cultivation could be dismissed, but who was Pang Wanhai? That was the Vice Sect Leader of God's Will Sect, a Level 9 cultivator. Ye Liu seemed to be only at Level 6; how could he have killed these two men?

No one knew the specifics of the fight, only the outcome was clear, forcing people to believe it.

Unlike other cultivators who treated the incident indifferently as gossip, the reaction from God's Will Sect was vehement.

The Vice Sect Leader died in Tyrannical Saber Villa—this was unacceptable. Even if the rumors claimed that Ye Liu had the ability to slay Level 9 cultivators, God's Will Sect would not let it go so easily.

Over the past few days, quite a few cultivators from God's Will Sect were ordered to secretly infiltrate Tyrannical Saber Villa to find out the truth.

However, the entire Tyrannical Saber Villa seemed like a bottomless abyss, with all the cultivators who entered vanishing without a trace, their fates unknown.

This included even a Level 8 elder from God's Will Sect!

This sent a shiver through God's Will Sect.

They secretly speculated whether there was some mysterious and powerful figure behind Ye Liu; otherwise, how could a Level 6 cultivator achieve such feats?

Could it also have been that mysterious and powerful figure who killed Ye Xiong and Pang Wanhai?

After losing some of their people, God's Will Sect dared not make further moves and only left some people to monitor Tyrannical Saber Villa from a distance.

An unknown enemy is the most fearsome, and God's Will Sect had the courage to lay hands on Ye Ying and assault Tyrannical Saber Villa because all of its strengths were clear for all to see.

But now, the entire Tyrannical Saber Villa seemed enveloped in a veil of mystery. Without probing its reality, who dared to act rashly?

This saved Lu Ye a lot of trouble.

Those cultivators from God's Will Sect who infiltrated and disappeared had simply fallen into the formations he had set up.

With the formations he had arranged, nobody in the whole Soaring Dragon World could discern anything. Once trapped within the formation, not to mention those God's Will Sect disciples, even God's Will Sect's Sect Leader coming in person would not fare any better.

Over these few days, he did not rush to cultivate the Tyrannical Saber Technique, nor did he contemplate the numerous saber skill insights brought out from the Bibliotheca.

He was meditating calmly, relieving the pressure on his psyche.

Chapter 695 Secret Transmission

The gifts Lu Ye received from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda were truly enormous. After leaving the Pagoda, his psyche was under immense pressure at all times.

Originally, he had planned to find a quiet place or go directly to Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union to close off from the world after leaving the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, but unexpectedly, he arrived in the secret realm of the Soaring Dragon World.

Afterwards, he faced assassination attempts, and then went to Tyrannical Saber Villa for revenge, and only now could he be considered somewhat calm.

The gifts from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda were not easily digested. The gifts he received in the Hundred Arrays Pagoda of the Tianyan Sect took him one or two years to fully assimilate.

The gifts he received this time from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda on the Cloud River battlefield were more than ten times greater than the last.

However, the time required wouldn't be ten times longer. Firstly, Lu Ye's psyche was now much stronger than before, and secondly, his mastery of Array Path had also improved significantly, making the digestion process faster.

Still, it wasn't something that could be completed in a short time.

Lu Ye didn't need to fully assimilate all the gifts; he only needed to digest part of them to relieve the immense pressure on his psyche.

He seldom sat in meditation for cultivation; trying it occasionally was indeed a different experience.

Five days later, in the wooden hut he resided in, Lu Ye slowly opened his eyes, a spark of brilliance fleetingly visible within them.

After five days of introspection and organization, the pressure on his psyche had completely vanished, but the deeper he delved, the more he could feel the profound immensity of that gift.

Ever since his visit to the Tianyan Sect, Lu Ye had been curious about one thing.

Who exactly had constructed the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, and why did it have such miraculous effects?

And how was it divided into three parts?

Such an artifact must surely surpass the understanding of the entire Nine Provinces cultivation world. If it were in its complete form, who knows what it would be like.

Unfortunately, of the Hundred Arrays Pagoda in the Nine Provinces cultivation world, only two parts existed; the third part was missing.

He didn't ponder too deeply; the Nine Provinces cultivation world harbored many unrecognized secrets. Not just Lu Ye, a cultivator from the Cloud River Realm, even those from the Divine Sea Realm couldn't possibly comprehend everything. Perhaps even they couldn't fully discern the true nature of the Hundred Arrays Pagoda.

The pressure on his psyche was temporarily relieved, but completely digesting and settling that enormous gift wasn't a matter for the short term. There was no rush; he would gradually work through it when he had free time in the future.

Lu Ye had a vague feeling that if he could completely assimilate and settle all the benefits he had gained this time, he wouldn't dare claim to be the best in all of ancient and modern times in Array Path, but at the very least, he would be among the top in the entire Nine Provinces.

This wasn't arrogance on his part, but a certainty about one thing: no array cultivator in the Nine Provinces had ever received such massive benefits in the Hundred Arrays Pagoda as he had.

However, on the other hand, although the gifts from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda could significantly enhance Lu Ye's Array Path expertise in the short term, after all, it was a kind of sudden enlightenment method, and what he obtained wasn't truly his own.

If someday he could attain it from the Pagoda and surpass the Pagoda, only then would he truly forge his own path.

Of course, that's a matter for the distant future. Lu Ye now had only a vague idea of this, and he didn't yet qualify to attempt it in the short term.

With the pressure on his psyche eased, Lu Ye then took out an unknown black stone from his storage space.

The black stone was the size of a chicken egg, completely pitch-black. At first glance, it looked unremarkable, but upon closer inspection, it seemed like a black hole, capable of swallowing even one's gaze.

The secret transmission of the Tyrannical Saber Technique!

Where Ye Ying had obtained the black stone was now untraceable, with only rumors suggesting that he had found it in some ancient ruins.

It was also because of this black stone that Ye Ying had created the Tyrannical Saber Technique and established the Tyrannical Saber Villa, so it could be said that this small black stone was the root of Tyrannical Saber Villa.

Tyrannical Saber Villa was indeed destroyed, and there would no longer be a Tyrannical Saber Villa, but as long as this black stone existed, the Tyrannical Saber Technique would not be lost.

Lu Ye gazed intently at the black stone, and even his powerful psyche trembled slightly; he faintly felt as if he were being sucked into the darkness.

He stimulated his spirit force, pouring it into the black stone, and in an instant, the small black stone turned into a bottomless pit, continuously devouring Lu Ye's spirit force.

The darkness on the surface of the black stone deepened, seeming almost tangible, as if it were about to flow out of the stone.

Until a certain moment, a visibly black mist burst forth, and the sentient mist curled back, enveloping Lu Ye.

Lu Ye was not panicked.

He had killed Pang Wanhai here while waiting for Yiyi and Ye Liuli, and had activated the black stone before, so he knew this was a normal phenomenon.

Enshrouded in the black mist, Lu Ye immediately lost all sensation of his surroundings, as if he had entered another world.

This world was a dull gray; looking ahead, he could faintly discern three blurry figures.

Although he couldn't see the faces of the figures clearly, from their silhouettes, they seemed to be the same person, each representing a different stage of one's life.

The figure on the left was full of youthful energy and vigor.

The figure in the middle was mature and steady, as solid as a mountain.

The figure on the right had a long beard reaching his chest. Although his frame seemed slightly stooped, his aura was as profound as the ocean and as vast as the stellar space.

Youth, middle age, old age!

Lu Ye guessed that this must be the imprint left in the black stone by the creator of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, intended to pass down his saber skills.

Each figure corresponded to a movement of the Tyrannical Saber, and with three figures, there were three movements.

This was undoubtedly an extremely ingenious way of passing down heritage, much more intuitive and visual than using jade slips or books, but such a method wasn't something just anyone could achieve.

At the very least, Lu Ye had never heard of any cultivator in the Divine Sea Realm within the Nine Provinces who could accomplish this, perhaps due to his limited knowledge, or perhaps because such methods were beyond the reach of the Divine Sea Realm.

The previous time Lu Ye came here, he had activated the figure of the young boy on the far left, but after only three breaths, he had to leave the place.

This time, on a whim, he wanted to try the other two figures.

As for how to activate them, it wasn't a hassle, it could be done with a mere thought, after all, it was just a transmission of heritage, and the spirit force he poured into the black stone was the key to unlocking this heritage.

However, just as Lu Ye was about to do so, he suddenly felt a chilling sensation sweeping across his body, as if an unseen ferocious beast, with its long tongue, was licking his psyche.

Lu Ye stiffened suddenly, a realization dawning deep within him.

With his current strength, he couldn't rashly activate the figures of the middle-aged and the elderly, or he would really die here!

The powerful psyche not only brought strong perception but also a foreseeing sense of danger...

Lu Ye suddenly understood.

No wonder even Ye Ying had never performed the Tyrannical Saber 2nd Movement and 3rd Movement...

People always thought he didn't need to use those two movements against enemies, but in fact, he had never cultivated them!

Because Lu Ye was sure that, with Ye Ying's foundation, he too was not capable of activating the figures of the middle-aged and the elderly, unless he wished to die.

This made Lu Ye burst into wry laughter.

However, this also further proved how extraordinary the Tyrannical Saber was.

Just by relying on the 1st Movement of the Tyrannical Saber, Ye Ying had achieved such greatness—should he truly learn the 2nd Movement or even the 3rd Movement, he would likely be unrivaled across the Soaring Dragon World.

Since he couldn't rush into activating the figures of the middle-aged and the elderly, Lu Ye turned his gaze back to the figure of the young boy on the left.

As a cultivator, maintaining sufficient curiosity was necessary, but sometimes one also needed to know one's own limits, otherwise, it was simply courting death.

With a thought,

the figure of the young boy came to life.

In his hands appeared a long saber, its body pitch black just like his figure, and apparently not made of any material substance.

The youth slightly squatted down, holding his hands level, the long saber positioned horizontally in front of his eyes, as his other hand gently brushed across the blade.

This stance was identical to the starting position of Ye Xiong's Tyrannical Saber Technique.

Although it looked similar, the moment the young boy moved, it gave Lu Ye the sensation of a slumbering giant dragon abruptly awakening. It felt as if a giant dragon head was emerging from its lair, overlooking all beings.

Under that boundless oppressive force, Lu Ye couldn't move, and his thoughts nearly came to a standstill.

If Ye Xiong's might back then had even a tenth of this young boy's figure, Lu Ye would have died a hundred times over.

It seemed like an instant, yet like countless years had passed as the young boy made his strike.

A plainly ordinary thrust, slow in speed.

Such a strike, even an ordinary person untrained in cultivation would have seen it clearly.

But as the long saber advanced, something unthinkable occurred.

It was as though clouds had parted revealing the sparkling starlight across the sky, countless in number.

Each speck of light was the glimmer of a saber.

A cascade of stars fell down with the forward motion of the saber, rushing towards Lu Ye and engulfing him.

Tyrannical Saber 1st Movement, Myriad Stars!

Ye Xiong had induced such an illusion when he performed this technique, but while Lu Ye had quickly shaken off that feeling then, now, he could not escape it no matter what.

It was as if countless stars were truly falling from the sky, enveloping the entire firmament and crashing down upon him.

Under such divine force, who could withstand it? Possibly an entire domain could be annihilated.

In that moment, Lu Ye's psyche suffered immense pain, causing him to involuntarily groan, feeling as though countless sharp short swords were slicing through his psyche.

Yet, he didn't dare blink, fixating on the young boy's movements, opening his mind wide, enduring the excruciating pain in his psyche, keenly sensing the mysteries hidden in this strike.

Each slash of saber light that struck Lu Ye gave him deeper insight.

Each moment stretched to its limit, seeming to last endlessly, but it was, in fact, only five breaths, after which the starry sky shattered explosively, the surrounding darkness swept away.

The scenery inside the wooden hut reappeared in Lu Ye's field of vision. He gasped for air as if he had nearly drowned, his clothes soaked with sweat.

Even though he knew that what he experienced in that environment wasn't real, just an illusion induced by the heritage, but... it was too realistic, as if he had truly been buried under that myriad of stars.

Chapter 696 Cultivation

Death was not unfamiliar to Lu Ye.

Ever since he obtained the Breath Fruit Core, he had died countless times within the Mirage Realm, and he had long since become unflinching and calm.

Because he knew that death in the Mirage Realm was not real, he could face it fearlessly.

However, in the environment where the Tyrannical Saber secret technique was activated, when the figure of the young boy wielded his saber, the breath of death that Lu Ye felt was all too real.

Even though he had died numerous times within the Mirage Realm, he could not help but feel his heart palpitate with fear.

In only three breaths, merely three breaths' time, his spirit had already withdrawn from the black stone.

This did not mean he could truly withstand the might of that saber strike for three breaths; had such a strike been made in reality, it's likely that the moment the saber light flashed, he would have already been dead.

The reason he could last three breaths was mainly due to the method of legacy impartation; every time the saber light struck him, a multitude of mysteries about the Tyrannical Saber Technique surged through his mind, allowing a clearer insight into the secrets of that strike.

Unlike the blunt gift-giving method of the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, this kind of legacy was more meticulous.

The length of time one could persist was probably related to the strength of their psyche. The stronger the Psyche Force, the longer one could endure, and the greater the benefits gained.

Lu Ye was able to hold on for three breaths, but he estimated that Ye Ying would not have been able to last as long.

Indeed it was so; when Ye Ying first received this Tyrannical Saber secret technique, he could not even hold on for a moment, and even after his cultivation had advanced to the Cloud River Level 9 and he accumulated years of experience, he could barely last less than two breaths.

As for Pang Wanhai, he hadn't managed to persist for even a single breath during his previous comprehension attempts.

That Lu Ye could endure for three breaths on his first attempt was already a very good performance.

In that mysterious legacy space, he was actually able to move; however, at the moment the young boy executed his strike, Lu Ye had no room to resist and could only stand still, bearing the might of that Tyrannical Saber movement.

He had a vague feeling that he could only be considered to have fully mastered this form of the Tyrannical Saber Technique and qualified to touch the second movement of the Tyrannical Saber once he could block that strike.

The first movement of the Tyrannical Saber was already so mighty, what would the second look like? He couldn't help but wonder.

But food must be eaten one bite at a time, and the journey must be walked step by step, without accumulating small steps there can be no thousand miles; Lu Ye understood this principle.

This was the true art of the saber.

In comparison, what Lu Ye had practiced before could, at best, be considered some special techniques, including the Single Flash and Repeated Slashing he created himself; these were merely techniques for facing enemies. In the face of such saber art, they were as insignificant as the glow of fireflies compared to the bright moon, not worth mentioning.

However, that said, the person who left behind this Tyrannical Saber secret technique must have an unfathomable level of cultivation. How long had Lu Ye practiced for? Given enough time, he might not be able to grow to that extent, or even surpass it.

Thus, he wouldn't belittle himself.

It is right to respect the strong, but striving forward is the true path.

Moreover, looking at it now, the execution of the first movement of the Tyrannical Saber by Ye Xiong probably didn't even touch the true essence of the Tyrannical Saber, and even so, it had given Lu Ye a sense of crisis at the time, and he had even been injured by it.

Lu Ye didn't know how skilled Ye Ying was in this movement, but he should be stronger than Ye Xiong, as for how much stronger, that was hard to judge.

Gathering his spirit, he quietly contemplated.

Within the legacy space, every saber light that descended was a transmission of legacy, a teaching that spanned countless years.

Just like at this moment, Ye Ying was dead, Tyrannical Saber Villa was no more, and from then on, there would be no Tyrannical Saber Villa, but the legacy of the Tyrannical Saber Technique did not end.

The intricacy of the Tyrannical Saber Technique was not just in those three saber movements; the many philosophies of this saber path were perfectly hidden within the techniques.

Ye Ying was able to establish Tyrannical Saber Villa based on one movement of the Tyrannical Saber because he had contemplated and sorted out many things that belonged to himself from that movement.

What Lu Ye needed to do now was to follow the path that Ye Ying had taken back then, to sort out, summarize, and contemplate.

It must be said that this saber technique is very compatible with his temperament; when he faced enemies, he was fearless and invincible. Even cultivators with higher cultivation than his often felt significant pressure.

The Tyrannical Saber Technique required such aggressiveness; only then could the essence of this saber path be fully displayed.

After sitting for a long time, Lu Ye suddenly stood up, walked out the door, and came to an open area on the small island in the lake. He drew the Boulder Mountain Saber from his waist and gently swung it.

His movements were not fast, in fact, they were very slow, and there was no particular might in his sabre strikes; he looked like a beginner, with nothing noteworthy.

But amazingly, his entire aura gradually became Sharpness itself, much like a saber about to be drawn from its sheath, his essence merging seamlessly with that of the saber.

Man and saber as one, Lu Ye had achieved this proficiency already when he advanced to the Cloud River Realm.

For cultivators, Spiritual Artifacts are strictly an extension of their own body, especially for combat cultivators. The reason Lu Ye did not change his Spiritual Artifact when he advanced to the Cloud River Realm but chose to upgrade the Boulder Mountain Saber instead was because the sword had accompanied him throughout the entire Spirit Stream Realm.

He was familiar with the Boulder Mountain Saber, and correspondingly, the saber was familiar with him. Rashly changing to another Spiritual Artifact, even if it were of higher quality, might not allow Lu Ye to exert his full strength unless he was willing to spend a lot of time nurturing it.

The process of a cultivator refining a Spiritual Artifact is not only for the artifact to exert greater power but also to make the connection between oneself and the artifact closer, to be able to use it as if it were part of one's own body.

Starting from Spirit Stream Level 5, the Boulder Mountain Saber had always followed Lu Ye, for him, it was a part of his body.

But after all, it was merely a Spiritual Artifact.

At this moment, however, the aura of both man and saber gradually synchronized, and without using the naked eye, one could hardly differentiate between the two.

During the dance, Lu Ye suddenly lowered his waist and twisted his body, thrusting the saber straight ahead.

On the pitch-black blade, a pinpoint of cold light burst forth, even the Void emitted the sound of tearing silk, leaving a trace of bright saber light that vanished in a flash.

A trace of pallor crossed Lu Ye's face, but it quickly dissipated; he stood in place, pondering the gains and losses of this thrust. After a moment, he slowly shook his head.

The Tyrannical Saber 1st Movement, Myriad Stars, in the strictest sense, is just a straightforward thrust.

Every streak of light that seems to cascade down from the sky like a canopy is a flickering blade light; thus, this thrust appears to be just one, but in fact, it contains countless thrusts. To completely execute such a thrust, a cultivator needs absolute control over their long saber, only then can they thrust out a myriad of twinkling saber lights in an instant.

The thrust Lu Ye just performed, purely in terms of might, was not inferior to Ye Xiong's burst, but in terms of the Tyrannical Saber Technique itself, it was still not as good as his.

After all, no matter how one put it, Ye Xiong had cultivated the Tyrannical Saber Technique for a very long time, while Lu Ye had only just started his cultivation.

Not enough, far from enough! Lu Ye closed his eyes again and continued to swing the long saber.

The consumption from that thrust was not small, but it was within an acceptable range; he would not be left like Ye Xiong, vulnerable after performing a single movement of the Tyrannical Saber.

Of course, this was also because Lu Ye had not truly executed Myriad Stars.

If he were to cultivate such a saber technique to even a minor success, let alone Final Achievement, Lu Ye felt he would be invincible in the Cloud River Realm.

With his current foundation, even cultivators from Level 9 could be killed with a single stab.

He had not forgotten his situation on the Cloud River battlefield, where he was treated like a rat crossing the street, attacked by everyone.

A secret realm is, after all, a secret realm, and there will always come a time to leave. If he could cultivate the Tyrannical Saber Technique to a minor success here, when he returned to the Cloud River battlefield, he would inevitably bring a surprise to the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators.

Xia Liang and Tan Sheng, those persistent shadows, were always around. Lu Ye had long wanted to kill those two bastards.

There are many things to comprehend and understand...

The enormous gift from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda needs to be comprehended, the Tyrannical Saber Technique needs to be comprehended, but this does not impede Lu Ye's own cultivation. Every day he consumed many elixir pills, pondering various profound mysteries, living days more fulfilling than ever before.

In his free moments, he practiced his saber skills in the open area at the center of the small island.

To master the subtleties of the Tyrannical Saber more quickly, Lu Ye even used the Soul Cleansing Water.

The saber lights from the Tyrannical Saber in the legacy space also caused a great consumption of his psyche.

When Ye Ying and Ye Xiong were practicing the Tyrannical Saber Technique, they could only comprehend it once every half a month or even a month. Otherwise, if the Psyche Force was depleted too quickly, they would undoubtedly suffer sequelae, and the psyche could be damaged.

Lu Ye didn't have such concerns, with plenty of soul water in hand. Although he used some in the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, there was still a lot left.

When his psyche felt weary, he would nourish it with soul water.

On average, he could comprehend it four to five times a day, nearly equivalent to several months of progress for the Ye brothers.

Under such circumstances, Lu Ye's proficiency in the Tyrannical Saber Technique could be described as advancing by leaps and bounds.

Although his cultivation hadn't increased much, his saber skills were growing at an unimaginable rate.

Lu Ye had also observed some of the saber skill cultivation insights brought out of the Bibliotheca. Compared to the Tyrannical Saber Technique, these insights obviously didn't amount to much, but there was no denying that these seemingly insignificant things were very beneficial to Lu Ye, fitting well with his current level of skill.

During his half-month stay at the Tyrannical Saber Villa, he was like a bottomless abyss, consuming everything absorbable, making tremendous progress in his own saber skills.

If the Lu Ye from half a month ago stood before him now, just in terms of saber skills alone, Lu Ye was confident he could settle the fight within ten strikes.

While he cultivated madly, Ye Liuli also gradually emerged from her gloom.

Mainly due to the daily companionship of Yiyi and Amber.

Although Yiyi also knew that this was a secret realm, that everything experienced here might just be a reenactment of events from this world's past, Ye Liuli may not even exist, but Yiyi still couldn't help but feel pity for the girl who was similar in age and stature to herself.

Perhaps it has something to do with her own past.

Yiyi's memories started when she was transformed into a minion spirit by Amber; before that, who she was and where she came from, she knew nothing.

With Amber, with Lu Ye, they were her only family.

Isn't Ye Liuli in a similar situation now?

Chapter 697 Old Problem

"Lu Ye!"

A cry of alarm suddenly emanated from the wooden cabin.

Lu Ye, who was deeply immersed in practicing his saber skills at the center of the island, snapped back to reality in an instant and turned his head toward the direction of the sound.

He had never heard Yiyi's voice so panicked before, causing his own heartbeat to involuntarily slow in response.

With a Single Flash, he appeared inside the wooden cabin and looked around, only to see Yiyi supporting Ye Liuli in a state of panic, while the latter had already fallen into a coma, pale as paper, her body convulsively trembling uncontrollably as if she were in the throes of hysteria.

Their companionship over the past half-month had quickly warmed the feelings between the two girls, Yiyi and Ye Liuli. With Lu Ye busy understanding saber skills and the gifts from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, having no time to accompany them, they would play together to pass the time.

Deep down, Yiyi had already considered Ye Liuli one of her few friends. She even entertained the whimsical thought of how wonderful it would be if she could take her out of this secret realm.

But she knew it was impossible.

Just moments ago, the two of them were still chatting and laughing together, but in the blink of an eye, Ye Liuli suddenly became like this, truly frightening Yiyi.

She had never encountered such an incident before.

Lu Ye stepped forward and took the convulsing Ye Liuli from Yiyi's hands, his brow furrowing the instant he touched her.

He originally thought Ye Liuli was having some sort of hysteria, but it now seemed unlikely, because her body was strangely alternating between hot and cold.

It's worth noting that although this young lady's cultivation was not particularly high, she was still a Cloud River Realm cultivator.

Suddenly, he remembered something.

Ye Liuli had had a similar condition since she was young, occasionally erupting without warning. The intervals were unpredictable—sometimes it wouldn't happen for years, other times several times within a few months.

This information had mysteriously appeared in his mind when he entered this secret realm, most likely due to the machinations of Heaven's Augury.

He quickly laid Ye Liuli flat on the bed and had Yiyi hold down her limbs, with one hand clutching Ye Liuli's mouth to prevent her from biting her own tongue, while his other hand directly removed the storage sack from her waist.

If he remembered correctly, there should be medicine inside Ye Liuli's storage sack!

There was a restriction on the storage sack, but to the current Lu Ye, restriction locks were practically non-existent, easily unlocked with a thought. He then quickly rummaged through and found a wooden box.

Opening the box, he took out a pill the size of a cherry and promptly stuffed it into Ye Liuli's mouth, stimulating his spirit force to help her swallow it.

As the medicinal effect dissipated, Ye Liuli's symptoms slowly improved. However, her pale face still showed no hint of color, her whole being frighteningly cold as if she were a block of ancient, unmelting ice.

"What has happened to her?" Yiyi asked worriedly.

"It's an old problem she's had since childhood," Lu Ye replied, his gaze unwaveringly fixed on Ye Liuli.

Although her condition was improving, her aura was clearly not quite right. Lu Ye placed a hand on her wrist and allowed his spirit force to circulate, carefully probing her condition.

Even though he was not a healing cultivator and had not practiced the healing arts, a simple inspection was still no issue for him.

Upon inspecting her, he indeed sensed something abnormal.

He turned Ye Liuli over, so her back faced him, and quickly fashioned his fingers into a sword, stimulating his spirit force to tear open a slit in the back of her clothing.

As her gown split, the young girl's pale back came into view.

However, Lu Ye's brow furrowed even more deeply.

Amidst the expanse of whiteness, there was a hideous mark that at first glance resembled a brown centipede.

This was a birthmark.

Ye Liuli had been born with this mark on her back, but only Ye Ying and his wife knew of it. No matter what, having such a birthmark on a young woman's body inevitably affected her beauty, even though it was located on her back.

If it were merely a common birthmark, it would not be so concerning, but the so-called birthmark was now undulating violently as if something was trying to break out from inside it.

"Ah!" Yiyi gasped behind her hand in shock.

Lu Ye pointed a finger at the birthmark that was writhing intensely, his spirit force and thoughts surging together.

His frown deepened further.

Initially, he thought Ye Liuli might have been invaded by some foreign object, but upon close examination, there was nothing abnormal inside her; the movement of the birthmark was not triggered by any external force. It seemed, rather, as if the birthmark itself had come to life.

Everything was shrouded in strangeness.

But for now, it was certain that Ye Liuli's condition was caused by the changes in her birthmark, and even the issues she had had since childhood likely originated from it.

After a thorough examination and finding nothing particularly abnormal, Lu Ye withdrew his hand.

If Hua Ci were here, with her expertise in healing, perhaps she could have detected something.

The birthmark's agitation gradually subsided, and the icy chill on Ye Liuli's body slowly dissipated as well, her pale face gradually gaining a touch of color.

The crisis was over, it must have been the effect of that medicinal pill.

"Change her clothes," Lu Ye said before stepping out of the room.

He didn't return to his saber practice but stood not far away, deep in thought.

Ye Liuli's anomaly reminded him of some scattered information, like an old ailment she had since childhood, the medicines in her storage sack, and also... Medicine Valley, the Little Miracle Healer.

All this information had been received when he entered the secret realm, but he hadn't remembered them until Ye Liuli's incident sparked his memory.

The medicinal pills in Ye Liuli's storage sack certainly didn't appear out of thin air; they came from Medicine Valley, provided by the hand of the Little Miracle Healer.

The Soaring Dragon World also had the faction of healing cultivators, and the Little Miracle Healer of Medicine Valley was the most famous and powerful of them all.

When Ye Liuli was young, Ye Ying once took her to Medicine Valley for treatment, and the medicinal pills were something they brought back from there.

But there weren't many because they were difficult to preserve, so Ye Ying had to visit Medicine Valley every few years to replenish the medicine.

The last time he left Tyrannical Saber Villa was to get medicine for Ye Liuli, but Ye Xiong leaked his whereabouts, ultimately leading to him being surrounded and killed by the God's Will Sect.

And on Ye Liuli's body was now only that last medicinal pill.

It seemed fated, Lu Ye sensed some guidance, all signs indicating that he needed to take Ye Liuli to Medicine Valley.

Otherwise, when Ye Liuli had another episode, there would be no medicine left.

After half a month of cultivation, his gains had been substantial, but cultivation was not about working behind closed doors, hence many cultivators would seek to reflect amidst tranquility and venture out into the world.

Remaining in Tyrannical Saber Villa, with the many formations he had set up previously, even if the God's Will Sect were to truly attack in great force, they might not be able to do much against him. However, having come to such a secret realm, it was ultimately impossible to stay here forever.

"Brother Ye Liu..." came the feeble voice of Ye Liuli from inside the room—she was waking up.

Lu Ye turned and walked back inside, seeing her lying on the bed weakly, her clothes already changed by Yiyi.

Lu Ye sat beside her, and Ye Liuli's hand reached out and grasped his clothes, appearing helpless and fragile.

"Is there any discomfort?" Lu Ye asked. He raised his hand to feel her forehead's temperature, which was still a bit cold but within the normal range, not as severe as before.

Ye Liuli shook her head gently and whispered, "Don't worry, Brother Ye Liu, I'll get better soon."

Ye Liu, usually absent from Tyrannical Saber Villa, had never seen such an incident personally. But Ye Liuli knew her condition best; the old ailment was excruciating during its flare-up, yet she would recover unscathed afterward.

"Get some sleep, and you'll be fine when you wake up."

Ye Liuli followed the advice, gently closing her eyes, yet her small hand still clutched Lu Ye's clothes as if she wasn't just holding onto her only relative in the world but also her last hope.

After a while, Ye Liuli's breathing became steady, and Lu Ye picked up her hand and placed it back under the covers before signaling to Yiyi with a glance.

Understanding his intent, Yiyi followed him out of the room.

Lu Ye took out a Great Array Jade Cluster and handed it to her, instructing, "When it's possible to leave, I will notify you, and you bring her to find me."

Yiyi instantly discerned Lu Ye's plan and was not too worried. Having survived many grand scenes at the Cloud River battlefield, it was unlikely for him to capsize in the small Soaring Dragon World.

Still, she couldn't help but urge him, "Be careful."

Lu Ye raised his hand and playfully ruffled her hair, then turned and walked away.

Having decided to leave, the first thing naturally was to deal with the God's Will Sect's cultivators outside. Otherwise, fleeing with Ye Liuli in such a state, while being chased, would be no easy task.

Since the last time a God's Will Sect Elder fell into Tyrannical Saber Villa, no one dared to intrude recklessly. However, that didn't mean they had left.

The sudden upheaval at Tyrannical Saber Villa, with even the Vice Sect Leader Pang Wanhai killed, meant the God's Will Sect would not let the matter rest.

The God's Will Sect's cultivators who did not dare to intrude were all just watching the movements here from the periphery.

Because no one could hide indefinitely without showing themselves. As soon as Lu Ye dared to appear, they could all attack together.

In a pavilion on the periphery of the villa, Pei Yuanhua, the third Elder of the God's Will Sect, stood with his hands behind his back, gazing at the quiet Tyrannical Saber Villa.

In the God's Will Sect, there were two Cloud River Level 9 cultivators, one Sect Leader Xiong Tieshan and one Vice Sect Leader Pang Wanhai. The Elders below them were all Level 8, about a dozen or so in number.

Such a foundation was quite impressive throughout the entire Soaring Dragon World, though there was still a considerable gap compared to the truly top forces.

The difference lay in the number of Cloud River Level 8-9 cultivators. In those top forces, which one didn't have at least dozens or hundreds?

In a sect like God's Will, although quite respectable, they only dominated in Fengzhou.

As the third Elder, personally dealing with the affairs of Tyrannical Saber Villa showed the importance the God's Will Sect placed on the matter.

They had to take it seriously. A Vice Sect Leader had died, and the ninth Elder had fallen in the villa last time, missing and likely dead, leaving only three others in the entire sect who were stronger than him.

The Sect Leader and the Great Elder had been injured by Ye Ying during the last attempt to kill him and were currently healing. With the second Elder needing to stay at God's Will Sect's helm, it fell to him as the third Elder to step forward.

Chapter 698 You're Definitely Dead Either Way

Pei Yuanhua was of advanced years, but due to his achievements in cultivation, he looked only in his forties or fifties, his face ruddy and healthy.

Logically speaking, with Ye Ying dead and nearly all of the Ye family's youngsters perished, Tyrannical Saber Villa should have fallen.

But now, the silent villa appeared to him like a slumbering beast, ready to burst forth and bare its fangs at any moment.

The strength of the Great Elder was almost on par with his own; however, a single investigation into Tyrannical Saber Villa resulted in his disappearance without a trace, which made him deeply wary.

He couldn't comprehend how the situation had developed into its current state.

No one knew how Pang Wanhai had died, although many had fled from Tyrannical Saber Villa on that day, nobody had witnessed the battle.

Yet from all the intelligence currently available, it seemed likely that there was a powerful figure behind Ye Liu, one with profound expertise in the Array Path.

At the very least, this figure was far superior to the Great Elder.

Since the Great Elder was also an array cultivator, he had volunteered to probe Tyrannical Saber Villa for weaknesses some days ago but had ended up disappearing without a trace.

"I refuse to believe you can keep on hiding inside!" Pei Yuanhua gritted his teeth as he looked in the direction of Tyrannical Saber Villa.

Although a powerful array cultivator was to be feared, their own cultivation was typically not that great; as long as they weren't given room to utilize their skills, they were not much of a concern.

God's Will Sect suffered heavy casualties this time, and they hadn't even secured the Tyrannical Saber Technique. Xiong Tieshan was furious, and if it weren't for his need to heal, he probably would have come in person.

However, before that, he had given Pei Yuanhua an ultimatum to kill the two youngsters of the Ye family. Having cultivated in the Soaring Dragon World for many years, he was well aware of the need to eliminate the roots when cutting down weeds.

As long as the two lads from the Ye family lived, he would never have peace.

Suddenly, screams and fluctuations of spirit force came from a direction, and Pei Yuanhua immediately turned to look, only to see several miles away fierce saber light flashing. The God's Will Sect cultivators who had been monitoring Tyrannical Saber Villa were being slaughtered, their blood flowing like rivers.

Among the flashing saber lights, there was the figure of a youth dodging and weaving.

"How daring!" Pei Yuanhua roared in anger, flinging his sleeves like an eagle diving from the sky, and he lunged in that direction.

He had been worried about how to draw out those youngsters from the Ye family, but now his opponent had surprisingly shown himself, and even dared to attack his God's Will Sect disciples.

Before this, no one had noticed how he had left Tyrannical Saber Villa.

Several miles away, Lu Ye stood with a saber in hand, surrounded by several fallen corpses.

The God's Will Sect thought he had a hidden mastermind behind him, but little did they know that the formations of Tyrannical Saber Villa were actually his own doing.

Not only was he proficient in formations, but he also excelled in stealth and assassination.

The Ye Liu of today was no longer the original one from the Soaring Dragon World, but rather "Lu Ye the Sect Destroyer," the "Three Calamities of Spirit Stream," renowned on the Spirit Stream and Cloud River battlefields.

The cultivators of God's Will Sect were not highly cultivated to begin with, so how could they have stood a chance after he quietly approached them?

In fact, if Lu Ye wished, he could have even ambushed Pei Yuanhua.

But his goal wasn't simply to kill the enemy; he wanted to draw the people from God's Will Sect away, which was why he had deliberately revealed his whereabouts.

Looking up, he saw a figure rushing towards him from miles away, exuding a presence characteristic of Cloud River Level 8, and he immediately understood that this must be one of the high-ranking members of God's Will Sect, possibly an elder.

From afar, Pei Yuanhua could see Lu Ye standing over a God's Will Sect disciple who was not dead yet, struggling in vain under Lu Ye's restraint.

Pei Yuanhua bellowed, "Stop your insolence, junior!"

As if in response to his shout, Lu Ye pressed down with his foot, and the disciple's chest caved in, spewing out blood mixed with pieces of his internal organs, his life slipping away.

"You're courting death!" Pei Yuanhua grew even angrier.

He didn't much care about the life and death of a disciple; what infuriated him was Lu Ye's attitude—the young man was clearly provoking him.

In the blink of an eye, there was only half a mile between them, and only then did Lu Ye calmly leap into the air, fleeing into the distance.

In an instant, around Tyrannical Saber Villa, streaks of glinting light soared into the sky like a meteor shower, chasing after Lu Ye.

On the small island at the center of Saber Lake, Yiyi listened to the noises coming from outside, knowing that Lu Ye had made his move. Yet she didn't act rashly. Instead, she instructed Amber to stay put and watch over Ye Liuli while she quietly sneaked out to reconnoiter the periphery of the villa.

She indeed found a few remaining God's Will Sect disciples, but their cultivation levels were not high. After Yiyi's sudden sneak attack, they had no chance to fight back and were swiftly killed.

One incense stick's time later, a snow-white big tiger bounded out of Tyrannical Saber Villa, with the figures of two young girls sitting on its back.

They headed north.

About 30 miles to the east of Tyrannical Saber Villa lay a narrow valley.

Under Lu Ye's deliberate yet surreptitious actions, and after the relentless efforts of God's Will Sect's cultivators, he was finally "cornered" there, with no apparent escape.

"You scoundrel, now let's see if you can die!" Pei Yuanhua roared.

Lu Ye slowly drew his saber, the sound of the blade sliding from its sheath long and raspy, an uncomfortable sensation as if ants were crawling over one's heart.

His eyelids drooped slightly as he spoke in a faint voice, "I don't know about dying, but..."

Suddenly, his figure transformed into a blur, and in the blink of an eye, he lunged at Pei Yuanhua with such speed that it made Pei Yuanhua's face turn pale.

Was this youngster playing dumb to catch a cunning beast?

A ridiculous thought suddenly popped up in his mind, and his body had instinctively responded, producing a spiritual artifact in the shape of a measuring rod in his hand. Spirit force poured into it, splitting into several shadows of the ruler, and striking towards Lu Ye's head.

However, the next instant, he felt as though he had fallen into an ice cellar.

It was clearly broad daylight, yet in his perception, the night seemed to suddenly descend, followed by twinkling stars blooming in his field of vision.

An indescribable sense of aggression and pressure bore down on him like a mountain, causing his figure to suddenly stiffen.

Tyrannical Saber Technique!

Pei Yuanhua's mind was greatly shocked, for the might of this saber strike far exceeded his imagination.

He had been involved in the battle to kill Ye Ying, and during his dying moments, Ye Ying had unleashed this saber strike. Under that strike, Xiong Tieshan of the Great Elder sect suffered injuries alongside the Great Elder himself. Pei Yuanhua was unharmed mainly because Ye Ying's strike had not targeted him.

Yet having personally felt the power of that strike, he remembered it vividly.

Compared to Ye Ying's strike, the one Ye Liu was executing now seemed only slightly less powerful, though it was hardly distinguishable in terms of strength.

How could this young kid have cultivated the Tyrannical Saber Technique to such an extent? There was never any mention of him having such profound mastery in the Tyrannical Saber Technique before!

What he didn't know was that Ye Ying could only enter that legacy space once every half-month to a month, but recently, Lu Ye had been entering it four or five times a day.

What he gained in half a month was roughly equivalent to what Ye Ying gained in seven or eight years.

In the cultivation of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, Lu Ye had already reached the entry level, managing to exert a trace of the first movement's might.

It likely wasn't as good as Ye Ying, but compared to what Ye Xiong displayed that day, it was much more powerful.

What was expended along with this saber strike was his essence, qi, and spirit.

There was no need for Lu Ye to use the Tyrannical Saber Technique against a Level 8 opponent; the technique's might was terrifyingly powerful, but not without significant cost to oneself.

But Lu Ye chose to use it anyway, mainly to test the results of his recent cultivation.

One must have an object for testing to know one's gains and losses; otherwise, with mere practice alone, many deficiencies would remain unnoticed.

In Pei Yuanhua's view, a night sky laden with stars seemed to plummet down, but in the eyes of the other God's Will Sect disciples, the world lost its color, overshadowed by the dazzling saber light.

The ruler shadows shattered, and Lu Ye's figure passed by Pei Yuanhua with a brush, the second half of his sentence then leisurely spoken.

"After all, you are certainly dead!"

Behind him, Pei Yuanhua stood motionless as if he had been struck by a lightning-attracting talisman, his body rigid and his facial skin twitching, his eyes rapidly filling with horror.

How could this sixth son of the Ye family be so strong?

The Tyrannical Saber Technique was indeed formidable, but it required matching cultivation to unleash its full potential. Ye Liu was just a mere Level 6, and even if he could wield the Tyrannical Saber Technique, he shouldn't be able to kill him.

But in reality...

An epiphany dawned on him; this youngster had indeed been playing a deception. The God's Will Sect had always underestimated him. If this boy remained alive, the sect would face catastrophe.

Drops of deep red seeped out, quickly staining Pei Yuanhua's garments.

From the outside, Pei Yuanhua appeared unharmed, but in reality, his heart had been pierced through.

The first movement of the Tyrannical Saber was a straightforward thrust.

Thump...

Along with Lu Ye's long sigh, the corpse heavily fell to the ground.

A group of God's Will Sect disciples were terrified out of their wits.

Under the leadership of the third elder, they had finally cornered Ye Liu here, thinking it would be an easy fight, but the battle had barely begun before their own third elder fell first.

Nobody present could clearly see what had happened.

"Third Elder?" someone called out tremulously, fantasizing that the third elder might suddenly stand up and continue to lead them, but there was no response.

"Ah!" A chorus of shouts erupted.

If their strongest third elder had been killed by Ye Liu with a single strike, how could they stand a chance?

Among them were some with braver hearts and keener minds, who, seeing many of their companions terrified, shouted loudly, "Attack together, he is after all just one person!"

This situation couldn't be handled by fleeing separately; that would only give the enemy the chance to defeat them one by one. By attacking together, there was still a glimmer of hope for survival.

It was a wake-up call for those in a daze, and other agitated God's Will Sect disciples suddenly came to their senses.

Indeed, Ye Liu might be formidable, but in the end, he was only one person. There were more than thirty of them from the God's Will Sect present. How could they fail if they attacked together?

Furthermore, it was said that the consumption of the Tyrannical Saber Technique was enormous. Perhaps after that outburst, Ye Liu might already be at the end of his rope...

However, this fantasy was quickly shattered, because just as the words of that person fell, Lu Ye moved.

Ye Xiong was exhausted after one use of the Tyrannical Saber Technique because his cultivation of it was inadequate. For Lu Ye, although the technique's consumption was indeed significant, it was still within an acceptable range.

At that moment, he had the reserves to continue fighting.

Chapter 699 The Way

Lu Ye's inherent combat style had always exuded an aggressive aura, which was more about his experiences than his temperament.

His temperament was actually quite mild, not at all domineering.

But before he began cultivating, he was a mining slave in Evil Moon Valley, a place where people devoured each other. In such an environment, if one wasn't ruthless enough, survival was impossible; sometimes, the conflicts among mortals could be even more brutal than those among cultivators.

Luck would have it that he was taken in by the sect master Thang Yifeng of Righteous Blood Sect after being rescued. However, before he even saw the sect, he was sent to the Spirit Stream battlefield alone and unsupported, facing various enemies with no other choice but to overpower them; retreat was not an option.

Thus, in battle, he always adhered to a philosophy, or perhaps a habit—fiercely unparalleled, with overwhelming aggression, never showing weakness in spirit whether he could win or not.

His fighting style undoubtedly matched the essence of the Tyrannical Saber Technique quite coincidentally.

This was also why, in just a mere half-month, he had achieved such proficiency in the Tyrannical Saber Technique; it wasn't just because he could use soul water to relieve the pressure on his psyche, but more importantly, the technique was compatible with his temperament.

If it were any other cultivator with weaker temperament, even with an abundance of soul water, they might not have experienced such growth.

If the temperaments were incompatible, even spending a lifetime in pursuit would be futile.

Inside the secrets of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, though only three moves were passed down, and Lu Ye had only cultivated the first move, the technique encompassed more than just these three moves.

This was in itself a complete system of saber skills.

Throughout the process of cultivating the first move of the Tyrannical Saber, Lu Ye had gained an exceptionally deep understanding and insight into this set of saber skills.

In this moment, as he moved to strike, the sense of oppression was much more intense than before; to many of the disciples from God's Will Sect, could Lu Ye even be considered human at this point? He was clearly a fierce tiger descending a mountain, a flood dragon emerging from the sea, looking to devour his enemies.

No cultivator could withstand his saber and live.

As the saber glow flickered, cries of agony spread, and one body after another fell, their blood dyeing the ground red.

In just less than 20 seconds, over thirty disciples of the God's Will Sect had fallen, more than ten lay dead.

Lu Ye remained completely unharmed!

In the Soaring Dragon World, those Level 8-9 cultivators whose cultivation had stagnated indeed spent a lot of time polishing their combat skills, making them generally stronger than those of the same levels in the Nine Provinces.

But this definitely did not include the present disciples of the God's Will Sect.

The highest among these people were only at Level 7, and there were only three of them, while the others were all below Level 7, with some even at the Level 1-2 of Cloud River Realm.

With Lu Ye's current strength, slaughtering such opponents was as simple as slicing vegetables—literally, a figurative walk in the park.

Glide through the battlefield, feeling the Boulder Mountain Saber in his hand, perceiving the might of every slash, Lu Ye's understanding of the Tyrannical Saber Technique deepened. His drive only grew stronger with each battle.

"Ah!" Eventually, a disciple from the God's Will Sect couldn't bear it any longer; he cried out loudly and turned to run.

They had thought that even if the elder perished, their group of over thirty would be sufficient to take down Lu Ye.

They had also thought that after Lu Ye executed a move from the Tyrannical Saber Technique, he would be at the end of his rope, even if not completely spent.

But indeed, it was only what they thought...

After more than half had died or were injured, fear finally took hold of their minds, following the basic instinct to survive.

Yet no sooner had they started to flee than a humming sounded. Several streaks of light chased and assailed swiftly, breaking through their protective spirit forces. The light pierced through their bodies,

dragging trails of hot blood. With the forceful momentum, the corpses were propelled several meters forward, falling to the ground.

"Split up and flee!" someone roared.

What do you do when you can't defeat your enemy? Obviously, you run.

What if you can't outrun them? Just make sure you run faster than your compatriots.

Everyone thought the same; following that shout, only eight living disciples from the God's Will Sect remained, each running in different directions, activating life-saving secret techniques, and for a moment, various colored lights flashed.

Lu Ye couldn't chase everyone. The weapons in his supply box hummed, slashing toward two of them while he himself pounced towards another.

After killing this one, he quickly changed direction, lunging at another.

While the idea of dispersing to escape was good, and might have worked against another opponent, it proved meaningless if their speed wasn't fast enough.

A half an incense stick later, Lu Ye chased for thirty miles, cutting down the last fleeing disciple from God's Will Sect.

With this, all enemies that had pursued him were annihilated.

Sheathing his saber, Lu Ye's expression was calm, his eyes flickering as he contemplated the gains and losses of this battle.

It must be said that the half-month of cultivating the Tyrannical Saber Technique had significantly boosted his strength. Compared to half a month ago, his cultivation might not have increased much, but his mastery in saber skills had grown immensely.

Most importantly, he now had a system of his own.

He had one previously too, but it was all rather scattered; during combat, he didn't have the ability to synthesize and summarize his techniques.

Now, with the Tyrannical Saber Technique, he had an intuitive understanding of his own system of saber skills.

This was very beneficial.

Simply put, previously, Lu Ye's cultivation in saber skills was akin to a blind man walking, going wherever chance took him. Occasionally, he might even run into a wall. Although he had extorted quite a few insights on saber skills from the Mad Saber Sect, allowing him to avoid some detours, he was still fundamentally blind.

Things were different now; this blind man, his eyes now had light, and before him lay a path, the path of saber skills. As long as he continued to follow this path of cultivation, he could continually elevate his mastery of the saber skills.

This was a path that belonged to him, not like the advancement of his cultivation realm.

The enhancement of the cultivation realm was a grand avenue shared by all cultivators, where as long as one cultivated step by step, all cultivators could keep advancing further on this grand avenue.

But no matter which cultivator, each should have a path of their own.

It was not easy.

Having cultivated until now, for about two or three years, it was only today that he had finally seen clearly the path before him.

Lu Ye could not help but feel a sigh of emotion.

After consuming several elixir pills, Lu Ye then began to contact Yiyi, confirmed the direction, and started heading north.

One day later, at the border between Fengzhou and Jiazhou, Ruyi City, Tai'an Restaurant.

This was the largest and most luxurious restaurant in Ruyi City, bustling with guests every day.

On the third floor of the restaurant, Lu Ye, Yiyi, and Ye Liuli sat beside a table, enjoying some of the restaurant's signature dishes.

Lu Ye rarely entered places like restaurants; looking back at his life since he had started his cultivation journey, he was either cultivating or being hunted—hardly the leisurely or refined life.

The reason they came here was at Ye Liuli's suggestion.

She remembered that as a child, when she followed Ye Ying northward, they passed through Ruyi City and had a meal in this restaurant. However, she was young at the time, and many details were now unclear.

Now with Ye Ying gone, an elder brother as a father figure, led by Lu Ye, she retraced the steps of her childhood and revisited the dishes she once enjoyed.

Lu Ye was indifferent and simply let her lead.

There were many cultivators in the restaurant, and even more common folk.

This was the general atmosphere throughout the Soaring Dragon World, where the lines between cultivators and common folk were blurred, making Lu Ye feel somewhat intrigued.

Since entering the Spirit Stream battlefield, he had not seen a single common person; all he had encountered were cultivators, whose cultivation was not much different from his own.

He wasn't even sure what the atmosphere was like in the native Nine Provinces.

Many guests were feasting heartily, while a traveling storyteller nearby was narrating fascinating tales with great emphasis, and others engaged in spirited discussions.

Restaurants, teahouses, and brothels have always been places where all kinds of people mix.

"Have any of you heard, three days ago, Li Sa of Imperial Heaven Sect passed away." Suddenly someone raised their voice. As this voice sounded, the noisy restaurant fell silent for a moment, many displaying surprised expressions, evidently unaware of this news.

The transmission of information in the Soaring Dragon World was not as convenient as in the Nine Provinces; such significant events would not take even a half a day to spread to any corner where cultivators dwelled in the Nine Provinces.

Imperial Heaven Sect, that was a very ancient lineage.

The current situation in the Soaring Dragon World was peculiar; the cultivators' upper limit of cultivation was very low. No matter how they cultivated, they couldn't break through the shackles of the Cloud River Realm. Hence, almost all minor and major sects were seated by Level 9 cultivators.

If one's cultivation wasn't up to Level 9, they would hardly dare to establish a sect.

What was different was the quantity.

The more Level 9 cultivators a sect had, the stronger its force naturally became.

Looking over the entire world, Imperial Heaven Sect was undoubtedly one of the recognized overlords, the other two being Vajra Temple and Haoran Academy.

The three overlords stood divided across three domains of the Soaring Dragon World, each dominating a domain.

In this world, there were many sects that ostensibly matched the strength of these three, but only these three were publicly recognized as overlords.

This wasn't only because of their strength but more importantly because of their legacy.

These three, all big sects existing since a thousand years ago, were already the overlords of the Soaring Dragon World back then.

In the Nine Provinces, a sect with a thousand years of inheritance was common, even quite numerous.

But the Soaring Dragon World was different.

With such a low upper limit for cultivators, it was quite easy to encounter generations where no suitable successors were found. One or two instances might damage the essence of a sect, and with more occurrences, it was inevitable for a sect to weaken and finally perish.

Just like Tyrannical Saber Villa, which lasted only twenty years before it disappeared.

Sects like Tyrannical Saber Villa that emerged and perished are countless in the Soaring Dragon World.

Big sects in the Nine Provinces wouldn't suffer such a fate; as long as there was a strong cultivator of the Divine Sea Realm, even if one or two generations lacked outstanding individuals, there would always be someone in the third or fourth generation to rise again.

The Sacred Fire Order, Golden Clouds Tower, and Hundred Refinement Valley were three sects that were demoted from 1st grade to 4th grade but showed no signs of collapse, all due to their profound foundations.

If a sect in the Soaring Dragon World faced such a blow, it likely would have vanished long ago.

Compared to the two realms, the sustainability of sects in the Soaring Dragon World was undoubtedly much weaker, so keeping their overlord status since a thousand years ago was indeed extraordinary.

Chapter 700 Heading North

The three Overlords, who have inherited their legacy since a thousand years ago, signify that those three families once had cultivators in the Divine Sea Realm and the True Lake Realm.

They also possessed the secrets to breaking through the shackles of the Cloud River Realm.

That's something other sects in the Soaring Dragon World do not have.

But even for the cultivators of these three sects, ever since the emergence of Sky Ravine, their cultivation has been declining generation after generation.

Li Sa of the Imperial Heaven Sect reached the peak of the Cloud River Realm and the brink of the Transformation Realm over two hundred years ago. He had been comprehending the secrets of the True Lake for many years, striving not just for himself but also seeking a path for the cultivation world of the Soaring Dragon World. But ultimately, he fell short.

As of today, his lifespan has come to an end, and he has forcibly succumbed to sitting meditation until his death, a cause for immense grief. News of his demise has shaken all the major sects in the Soaring Dragon World.

"Elder Li Sa is gone; that Monk Fahua from Vajra Temple probably won't last much longer either," someone sighed sorrowfully.

In terms of age, Monk Fahua was even older than Li Sa. He was someone who had actually witnessed the might of a True Lake Realm cultivator. When he was born, there were True Lake Realm cultivators in the Soaring Dragon World.

The reason he lived longer than Li Sa was mainly because the cultivation technique of Vajra Temple focuses on tempering the body, which, with robust blood Qi, tends to extend one's lifespan a bit more.

However, it seems he too is approaching his end.

The passing of such elderly predecessors is not just a temporary loss for the cultivation world; it also represents the fading foundation of the Soaring Dragon World.

The Imperial Heaven Sect had such a person, Vajra Temple had such a person, and Haoran Academy also had such individuals. It's truly sad for cultivators to reach the end of their path, limited by heaven and earth, without having reached their own limits.

If the Soaring Dragon World continues to undergo such strange changes, perhaps one day there will no longer be any cultivators.

"To Elder Li Sa!" someone stood up, holding a cup of wine, and bowed deeply in the direction of the Imperial Heaven Sect, pouring the wine onto the ground.

"To Elder Li Sa!" others followed suit, and for a time, the mood in the tavern turned heavy.

Setting other things aside, just the fact that he sat in meditation for two hundred years trying to find a future path for the cultivation world of the Soaring Dragon World is enough to command deep respect, even though he ultimately failed.

The heavy mood didn't last long as the cultivators' hearts were largely open-minded. With someone's voice breaking the silence, the once somber tavern became lively again.

"Have you heard? Half a month ago, Tyrannical Saber Villa in Fengzhou was breached. Ye Ying was killed, and the entire Ye family, from old to young, was nearly wiped out. What a tragedy," someone said.

"Who did it?" someone asked.

"That's not very clear, but it is said to be the handiwork of the God's Will Sect."

"They've always had grievances with each other, so it's not surprising that the God's Will Sect made a move. It's just a pity that the Tyrannical Saber Technique might be lost to the world now that the Ye family is gone," someone lamented.

The topic suddenly shifted to Tyrannical Saber Villa. Lu Ye quietly listened while Ye Liuli showed little reaction.

From what they heard, people only knew that Tyrannical Saber Villa was destroyed, but were unaware that he, Ye Liu, and Ye Liuli, were still alive; nor did they know that God's Will Sect had suffered heavy losses there, with the death of Vice Sect Leader Pang Wanhai and two other elders.

This was not surprising since God's Will Sect had more enemies than just Tyrannical Saber Villa. With such a heavy loss this time, they naturally would not make a big fuss about it. Lu Ye certainly had no intention of spreading the news, and so these events were temporarily concealed.

The cultivators chatted about topics far and wide, the conversation rapidly changing as these sorts of idle talks were mostly not their personal experiences. They just treated them as talking points.

After they finished talking about Tyrannical Saber Villa, they moved on to mention a recent natural phenomenon in Nanzhou, suggesting the emergence of a Divine Weapon, which led to countless cultivators fighting violently, turning rivers to blood. It was said that even Haoran Academy was alerted by this event.

Ultimately, no one knew whose hands that emerging Divine Weapon had fallen into.

Then they talked about some unusual activities near the far north Sky Ravine in recent years, where someone claimed to have seen tumbling shadows...

Rumors about Sky Ravine have never ceased since it mysteriously appeared in the Soaring Dragon World eight hundred years ago.

The changes in the Soaring Dragon World began with the sudden appearance of Sky Ravine. Over eight hundred years, the upper limit for cultivators has declined from Divine Sea to True Lake, and now to Cloud River, as if the spiritual essence of the entire world has been draining away with the appearance of Sky Ravine.

Although Sky Ravine has been around for eight hundred years, lying across the northern sky without major changes, it has attracted countless cultivators to go and gaze at it, giving rise to a force called the Sky Ravine Sect.

The headquarters of Sky Ravine Sect, located not far from Sky Ravine, amidst the snow-covered lands of Xuezhou, is where its cultivators all believe in one truth: Sky Ravine is a gift from heaven. Comprehending its secrets can help cultivators find the path beyond Cloud River.

Most cultivators in the Soaring Dragon World scoff at this belief, yet numerous cultivators who reached their limits see it as an opportunity to try and understand the mysteries hidden within Sky Ravine.

Because of this view, Sky Ravine Sect is a mix of all kinds of cultivators, but it's undeniable that the sect is filled with powerful individuals, many of whom are aging Cloud River Level 9 cultivators. Some even believe that in terms of foundation, Sky Ravine Sect is now on par with the other three Overlords.

While the cultivators in the tavern continued their animated discussions, Lu Ye had already paid for his food and drinks. He left with Yiyi and Ye Liuli through the northern city gate, summoned the spirit ark, and continued heading north.

...

In midair, a streak of light flitted across at high speed, a shuttle-shaped Flying Spirit Artifact. Atop the artifact, a short man sat cross-legged, his complexion pale as paper. Judging by the fluctuations of his aura, he was surprisingly a Cloud River Level 9 cultivator.

But the man seemed to have suffered a grievous injury; his aura was extremely weak, and as he flew, he would occasionally expel a mouthful of Blood Water. The Flying Spirit Artifact would wobble perilously, almost as if it might fall out of the sky.

"Damn it all! Damn it all!" the man spat out the blood, cursing through clenched teeth.

He never anticipated that what he thought was an enormous opportunity would turn out to be such a disaster for himself; it was not a chance at all, it was a sinister ghost demanding his life!

Several times, he considered discarding the treasure he had risked his life to obtain from the fires, for it was that very item that had caused his current state.

But each time he took it out, intending to throw it away, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

After all, despite its peril, he could truly sense the terrifying power contained within; a power that certainly could not be wielded by a cultivator of the Cloud River Realm.

It was indeed a miraculous treasure. How could he just throw it away willingly?

These days, he had searched far and wide for well-known healing cultivators, but not a single one was able to alleviate his injuries.

Now, he was left with only one hope.

The Medicine Valley of Xuezhou, Little Miracle Healer.

He headed north!

...

In the Imperial Heaven Sect, the atmosphere had grown somber over the past few days. The death of Li Sa was undoubtedly a heavy blow to the sect. Cultivators, by nature, are open-minded, and life and death are commonplace to them. They would not go to the extent of wearing hemp and filial piety for the death of one individual, nor were there any grand funeral ceremonies. Some of the higher-ups in the sect discreetly placed Li Sa's body in a hidden location to rest in peace.

Over the past few days, Huang Liang, the current Sect Master of the Imperial Heaven Sect, had been busy with this matter. It wasn't until today that he finally finished.

Stepping out from the mausoleum where Li Sa's body was placed, Huang Liang softly said, "I'll be setting off now. I leave everything in the sect to all of you."

Vice Sect Master Kui Yuanshan replied, "Sect Master, allow me to make the trip instead."

The other high-ranking cultivators also volunteered one after another.

No one knew why Huang Liang suddenly wanted to visit the Sky Ravine.

Huang Liang shook his head, "I will only be at ease if I see it with my own eyes."

He did not say much more.

At the time of Li Sa's passing, he had been by his side because, in terms of status, he was Li Sa's direct disciple.

At that moment, Li Sa had already felt that his time was nearing its end and had some last words to pass on.

But, as he was imparting his last words, he suddenly froze, staring towards the north with a look of terror in his eyes, and subsequently breathed his last.

Recalling the scene of that day, Huang Liang faintly felt that at the brink of life, his master must have seen something.

To the north, only an entity like Sky Ravine could have caught the attention of his master. Therefore, after taking care of Li Sa's affairs, Huang Liang decided to visit the Sky Ravine to see for himself.

He wanted to know what his master saw before his death.

With those words, he summoned his Spiritual Artifact and soared into the sky.

...

Vajra Temple resounded with the chanting of sutras and the crisp sound of the wooden fish, befitting the grand solemnity of a sect with a thousand-year legacy.

In the most secluded forbidden land of Vajra Temple, a young novice monk was sweeping the fallen leaves when he suddenly sensed something and looked up, startled.

Before him, a gaunt figure had appeared out of nowhere. The figure was so emaciated that he seemed to be nothing more than skin and bones, with heavily wrinkled and blemished skin, but his eyes shone bright like stars.

This shadowy figure had appeared without notice and now stood before the young monk, silently gazing towards the north, furrowing his brow as two long, snowy eyebrows trembled.

"Ancestor... Master?" The young novice monk finally recognized the identity of this figure and hastily bowed in respect.

This was none other than Monk Fahua, who had been sitting in meditation in the forbidden land of Vajra Temple for three hundred years. The young novice monk had never seen him before, but who else could appear in the forbidden land if not the master of the temple?

But by the time the young novice monk looked up again, there was no one in sight.

The frail old man who had just been before his eyes had vanished.

"Have I... seen a ghost?" The young novice monk gasped, his face draining of color. He hurriedly dropped his broom and ran outside, crying out, "There's a ghost! There's a ghost!"

In no time, a group of burly monks arrived in response, each robust and full of vitality.

After a thorough search, they confirmed that their master had disappeared.

The monks were baffled; none could comprehend why their master had left retreat so silently nor where he had gone.