

Humanity 721

Chapter 721 The Big Array Shows Its Power

The Soaring Dragon World was not as vast as the Nine Provinces, but it still hosted a considerable number of powers, both large and small.

This time, nine hundred eighty-four clans participated in the encirclement and suppression of the Sky Ravine Sect, led by the Three Great Overlord Sects, gathering tens of thousands of cultivators.

However, the battle below Sky Ravine resulted in more than half of them wounded or dead. Those still alive were fleeing in panic, like dogs that had lost their homes.

The powerful members of the Blood Race, along with the remnants of the Sky Ravine Sect who had joined the Blood Race, were relentlessly pursuing from behind.

In Lu Ye's field of vision, multicolored lights rapidly streaked towards Medicine Valley.

In a moment, they were upon him.

"Is that Young Friend Ye Liu up ahead?" shouted a man leading the group, dressed in a long robe and wearing a scholar's headscarf, who at first glance appeared quite scholarly.

It was Yuen Changcun, the current Dean of the Haoran Academy.

He had already learned about the situation at Medicine Valley from Huang Liang, and naturally knew of Lu Ye's existence, and also that the survival of the Allied Forces depended on Lu Ye's power.

He had come forward to ensure proper communication with Lu Ye.

"Indeed!" Lu Ye replied.

During the conversation, Yuen Changcun had already reached Lu Ye, sizing him up and down. Noticing Lu Ye's calm demeanor, as if not even a mountain crumbling before him would change his expression, he secretly admired him and thought, indeed, heroes were often young.

He had heard of Tyrannical Saber Villa, and Ye Ying's Tyrannical Saber Technique was fairly famous throughout the Soaring Dragon World. However, he hadn't expected Ye Ying's sixth son to be so capable.

From information exchanged with Huang Liang, he regarded this young man highly, almost seeing him as a savior.

Whether he was a savior or not, Yuen Changcun had no time to care at that moment. Surviving the day was the only qualification to discuss future matters.

"From now on, we will need Young Friend's help!" Yuen Changcun said to Lu Ye with a slight nod.

"Let them enter the valley!"

Yuen Changcun immediately turned around and shouted, "Quick, into the valley!"

As his words fell, batches of people streaked past the two, over their heads, rushing into Medicine Valley and blending into the vivid colors within.

Most cultivators were unaware of the mysteries within Medicine Valley. Having witnessed the supernatural transformation under Sky Ravine and seen the Blood Race's strangeness and strength, they were all uneasy. Even entering Medicine Valley did not provide them much sense of security.

Yet all the cultivators had received word that there was a miraculous Great Array shrouding Medicine Valley, their last hope. Whether they could escape their plight would depend on the ensuing battle.

"Young Friend, go prepare. I will cover our retreat!" Yuen Changcun said, holding his longsword.

Lu Ye nodded and turned to retreat deeper into the valley.

During the chase, many cultivators were relentlessly pursued and killed by the Blood Race and Sky Ravine Sect remnants, leaving a trail of bodies and spilled blood.

Fortunately, with the large numbers of the Allied Forces, although the Blood Race was formidable, exterminating them completely was not so easy.

After a short time, all the Soaring Dragon cultivators who had fled here had entered the valley, and the pursuing Blood Race and remnants of the Sky Ravine Sect also broke in in large numbers.

Suddenly, the once tranquil valley echoing with birds and fragrances erupted into combat.

Only after all the Blood Race had stormed in did Lu Ye activate his spirit force, channeling it into the Great Array Jade Cluster in his hand.

Suddenly, the valley was enveloped in swirling clouds, a thick sea of mist formed out of thin air, sealing the valley tightly.

"There's a Formation!" It was only then that the Blood Race realized, and an exclamation rang out.

Many from the Blood Race instinctively rose into the air, attempting to escape the area covered by the Formation.

But they had only flown a few feet when it felt as if a mountain was pressing down from above, preventing them from flying any higher.

"A Great Sky Prohibition Array!" The Blood Race who had charged in ferociously were finally shaken, having never expected such a thing in a place like the Soaring Dragon World.

The fog veiled them, making it impossible to discern directions. With illusions abounding and unable to fly, they became the trapped ones!

As the Array shifted, the Soaring Dragon cultivators were also somewhat at a loss, as their enemies suddenly disappeared into the thick fog, leaving no trace.

The scenery all around them vanished as well, and the noises of fighting nearby also faded into silence, as if they were the only ones left in the world...

In the midst of the fog, Lou Yichuan panted heavily. In the recent battle, many of his brothers had died, and though he was relatively fortunate to have escaped death, he was also injured. After battling a member of the Blood Race, he had almost died by his opponent's hand.

The Soaring Dragon World had never dealt with the Blood Race before, so they were completely unaware of their tactics. Their defeat under Sky Ravine was partly due to this.

The Blood Race's various secret techniques were extremely tricky, and their blood Qi was highly corrosive. Whether it was the spirit of a Spiritual Artifact or protective spirit force, that blood Qi could corrode it all, causing many Soaring Dragon cultivators to suffer losses in their encounters with the Blood Race.

As the fog swirled, the enemy suddenly disappeared from sight, and everything around vanished, leaving only a dense sea of mist floating unstably by their sides.

Lou Yichuan heaved heavily, feeling somewhat at a loss when suddenly, a pathway about three feet wide opened up as the fog before him surged to both sides.

This pathway was only several meters long. At its end, the figure of a Blood Race member, as red as blood, spun in place like a headless fly.

It was the Blood Race member who had almost killed him!

Lou Yichuan's heart clenched, and he almost instinctively wanted to flee, but he quickly realized something was off about this Blood Race member's condition.

He had already discovered him, so logically, the other should have noticed him as well.

However, it seemed as though the Blood Race member was under some influence, completely unaware of his presence just a few meters behind.

Someone was secretly helping him!

Lou Yichuan immediately realized that such maneuvers could only be executed by the master of the Great Array.

He gripped the Spiritual Artifact in his hand and silently approached the Blood Race member. When he got close, his spirit force burst forth violently and he brutally attacked the unsuspecting Blood Race member.

"Die!"

It was only when Lou Yichuan made his sudden move and the sharpness of his Qi came bearing down did the Blood Race member react; but by then, it was too late. As Lou Yichuan swung his Spiritual Artifact, the protective blood aspect on the surface of the Blood Race member violently trembled. The powerful force made the Blood Race member vomit blood repeatedly, severely weakening his vitality.

Originally, Lou Yichuan was no match for this Blood Race member, but now that his opponent was grievously injured, the situation quickly turned around.

Fueled by a surge of anger, Lou Yichuan used everything he had learned to overpower the Blood Race member, who had no strength to fight back, and promptly killed him.

In another part of the mountain valley shrouded in fog, Pu Hui was relentlessly battling another Blood Race member. Monks from the Vajra Temple indeed possessed robust physiques and vibrant blood Qi, but such advantages hardly played any role against the Blood Race.

The physical strength of the Blood Race was not remarkable, but their blood Qi energy was insidious and intensely corrosive. The once resilient body of Pu Hui showed signs of severe corrosion, even breaking through his protective golden aspect.

Pu Hui was formidable, but so was this Blood Race opponent. Without any accidents, Pu Hui was likely not his match.

In fact, had it not been for Pu Hui intermittently employing the sound of Zen chanting to unsettle the enemy's mind, he would probably have died already.

While the two figures struggled in combat, suddenly, a dull peal of thunder exploded above, and a lightning bolt as thick as a baby's arm descended from the sky, striking the Blood Race member on the top of his head by sheer coincidence.

The formidable Blood Race member instantly trembled uncontrollably, his body covered in creeping lightning serpents, and his vitality noticeably weakened.

"Perfect opportunity!" Pu Hui's eyes lit up.

He stepped forward and threw a fierce punch at the Blood Race member who appeared immobilized.

The punch, powerful enough to split gold and break stones, landed heavily on the Blood Race member's chest. Visibly, the chest caved in, the clothes on the back burst open, revealing a round hole, and the position of the back heart protruded momentarily.

"Wow!" the Blood Race member vomited blood, and the blood mist he spat out, seemingly sentient, enveloped Pu Hui.

Having suffered from this before, Pu Hui was prepared; a shake of his spirit force dispersed the blood mist. He followed with three more punches, directly killing the Blood Race member on the spot.

Throughout the mountain valley, experiences like those of Lou Yichuan and Pu Hui were common.

The Great Array in Medicine Valley could be said to be the strongest measure Lu Ye had employed since he began his cultivation. Previously, when the Sky Ravine Sect chasers reached this place, they were trapped in the Great Array, and he alone killed several Level 9 elders, which left Huang Liang somewhat incredulous.

But at that time, Lu Ye could not fully activate the power of this place's Great Array because there was no one to coordinate with him.

To truly utilize the power of this location's Great Array should be like now.

He hid in the dark, controlled the might of the Great Array, and cooperated with other cultivators entering the array to eliminate the enemies.

However, this consumed a tremendous amount of mental power because there were too many cultivators entering the valley's Great Array, along with those Blood Race members chasing them. Over tens of thousands of beings were fighting inside Medicine Valley.

Even if his mental power was incredibly strong, he couldn't oversee every location but only tried to work with the cultivators from the Soaring Dragon World to save many who would otherwise have died, helping those who were losing to turn defeat into victory and gradually shift the situation.

The strength of the mental power is directly related to the power of the psyche. Lu Ye's psyche was strong hence his mental power was also strong.

As time passed and his mental power continued to be depleted, when Lu Ye felt fatigue, he would decisively take out soul water to consume, replenishing himself.

Yiyi and Amber moved through the Great Array under his direction, accurately locating severely injured cultivators from the Soaring Dragon World on the brink of death and transporting them to Little Miracle Healer for treatment.

This, indeed, saved many lives.

However, there was only one Little Miracle Healer, and while the few attendants under her were also exceptional healing cultivators, their ability to make a significant impact was severely limited under these circumstances.

More cultivators perished from severe injuries throughout Medicine Valley, which was fraught with a blood-soaked, body-littered landscape.

This was no longer merely a battle between cultivators; it was a confrontation between two worlds, a war!

Facing the fierce invasion of the Blood Race, the Soaring Dragon World could neither retreat nor afford to retreat.

Chapter 722 The Retreat of the Blood Race

While controlling the big array to assist Soaring Dragon cultivators in killing the enemy, Lu Ye was also observing the Blood Race.

Just like the Soaring Dragon cultivators, this was his first encounter with this peculiar race, so naturally, he took the opportunity to observe them closely. After all, they were invaders, and it was inevitable that conflicts would arise in the future. Knowing the enemy as well as oneself was the only way to be ever-victorious.

The physical stature of the Blood Race was generally taller and more slender than that of humans, with the most noticeable characteristic being their exposed skin shining with a bloody luster, as well as a pair of pointed ears.

Their blood Qi had an extremely strong corrosive nature, which probably wasn't due to cultivation techniques, as every member of the Blood Race had this trait.

It was likely an innate ability of their race.

And such an ability, undoubtedly, posed a great challenge for cultivators.

Lu Ye personally witnessed cultivators whose protective spirit force was corroded and destroyed, and then they were killed. He also saw many cultivators' Spiritual Artifacts being eroded, greatly diminishing their spirituality and thereby reducing their combat effectiveness.

The Insect Race lacked spiritual intelligence, bringing only destruction and slaughter.

In comparison, the racial talents of the Blood Race seemed to be specifically designed to counter cultivators.

Furthermore, these Blood Race members were proficient in various Blood Path Secret Techniques, which were incredibly unpredictable and difficult to guard against.

This race was indeed powerful, but it seemed to have conspicuous weaknesses as well.

The chanting of the Buddhist scriptures by the monks from Vajra Temple had a profound impact on their minds. Therefore, the Blood Race often didn't have the upper hand when clashing with the great monks.

Another point was that lightning techniques seemed to cause great damage to the Blood Race.

Not to mention the multiple Lightning Attracting Arrays he had set up in the valley that had worked wonders, there were many magic cultivators in the Soaring Dragon World who cultivated lightning techniques. When these magic and spells were unleashed, the attacked Blood Race often suffered severe injuries.

After lightning, fire techniques seemed to be the second most damaging to the Blood Race, although they didn't have the same degree of restraining effect as lightning techniques, they still inflicted significant harm.

This was undoubtedly valuable intelligence that could provide some assistance to the Soaring Dragon World in its future resistance against the Blood Race.

However, what caught Lu Ye's attention the most was not these aspects, but the fact that among the Blood Race who had broken into the valley, there were about a dozen who seemed particularly powerful.

The strength they displayed was indeed at the Peak Cloud River Realm, but their foundations did not seem to be something the Cloud River Realm could possess.

So even with Lu Ye's secret help, the cultivators who faced these Blood Race members did not have a good outcome.

Lu Ye could only activate the array to trap them, preventing them from coming into contact with the Soaring Dragon cultivators.

These dozen or so Blood Race members... posed a massive problem.

This sensation couldn't help but make him think back to the scene when Sect Master Weh Ying, on Golden Light Peak, massacred her enemies!

Back then, Weh Ying, with her True Lake Level 9 cultivation, forcefully entered the Spirit Stream battlefield. Although the balancing forces of Heaven's Augury only allowed her to exhibit the strength of the Peak Spirit Stream Realm, she inherently had the foundations of the True Lake Realm, so no one was her match.

At this thought, Lu Ye suddenly understood.

The Blood Race members he had been paying attention to were indeed not at the Cloud River Realm level; they were very likely from the True Lake Realm!

But the Soaring Dragon World was no longer capable of supporting cultivators above the Cloud River, so after they invaded this realm, they could only display the strength of the Peak Cloud River Realm.

In other words, it was the entire domain of the Soaring Dragon World that was suppressing the exercise of their strength.

Had it not been for this, the cultivator alliance forces would have likely been utterly annihilated by now.

This was both good news and bad news.

The invaders could only exert the strength of the Peak Cloud River Realm, but with their foundation laid out, they were beyond the capacity of ordinary Cloud River Realm cultivators to contend with.

If these Blood Race members were already so powerful, what about Blood Owl?

From various indications, the Blood Race that had invaded the Soaring Dragon World were led by Blood Owl, and it goes without saying that he was the strongest among them.

"Hm?" Just as Lu Ye's thoughts were swirling, he suddenly caught sight of the dozen powerful Blood Race members simultaneously making an unusual move.

Lu Ye was not sure what wonderful technique they were using, but they suddenly burst open, transforming into clusters of flowing Blood Water.

Then, as if guided by something, the dozen clusters of Blood Water began to draw towards each other.

Lu Ye immediately realized that these dozen powerful Blood Race members had detected something was amiss and were not hesitating to activate some potent Secret Technique to break free.

Naturally, he would not sit idly by and allow such a thing to happen. He immediately channeled the power of the big array to separate the clusters of Blood Water, while simultaneously triggering the might of various killing arrays.

Thunderous booms resonated, and the sea of mist tumbled even more fiercely.

However, no matter what Lu Ye did, he couldn't stop the gathering of the dozen clusters of Blood Water; they seemed to be able to sense each other's locations even within the layers of the big arrays.

What mysterious technique this was remained unknown.

In just a short while, those dozen balls of Blood Water converged into one, transforming into a gruesome, writhing Blood Dragon.

The Blood Dragon swept across all directions, moving nimbly within the valley's big array; even as Lu Ye unleashed the power of many killing arrays, it was difficult to trap its edge.

Wherever the Blood Dragon passed, the flowers and grass withered away, the vigour of life dissipated, and those Soaring Dragon cultivators who could not avoid it in time were engulfed, dying without a chance to utter even a single cry before they perished.

To Lu Ye's relief, such a secret technique seemed to be only within the capabilities of the dozen or so strongest members of the Blood Race, while the others did not possess this ability.

However, the Blood Dragon was formidable, and one by one, the trapped members of the Blood Race were rescued and merged into the Blood Dragon, disappearing from sight. As those Blood Race members joined it, the Blood Dragon's size also expanded gradually.

Lu Ye's expression grew solemn.

He hadn't anticipated that the Blood Race would have such a countermeasure; in his original plan, he actually had the potential to capture all the Blood Race members who broke into the valley.

Now, watching the Blood Dragon slithering and winding its way through Medicine Valley, Lu Ye knew that he could no longer stop them on his own.

But no matter what this secret technique was, it must have caused great damage to the Blood Race, otherwise they wouldn't have waited until now to use it.

After weighing his options, Lu Ye sighed helplessly and waved his arm, causing the sea of mist inside the valley to swirl incessantly.

In front of the Blood Dragon, the sea of mist actively parted, revealing a pathway that led straight out of the valley!

Lu Ye certainly could force the Blood Dragon to stay, but by doing so, he feared that the number of Soaring Dragon cultivators that would die would significantly increase. The opponent had already shown a do-or-die attitude; if Lu Ye wanted to preserve the lives of Soaring Dragon cultivators, he had no choice but to let them go.

The Blood Dragon seemed to have sensed Lu Ye's intentions, so as soon as the pathway appeared in the sea of mist, it did not hesitate to flee outward, saving many more of the Blood Race along the way.

Only when it burst out of Medicine Valley did it let out an extremely angry and unwilling roar, shaking its head and tail as it quickly vanished into the distance.

Moments later, around a hundred miles away, the gruesome, wriggling Blood Dragon suddenly dispersed, with pools of Blood Water squirming and transforming, revealing the figures of Blood Race members one by one.

However, not all those who merged into the Blood Dragon managed to escape; some Blood Race members were completely turned into Blood Water and couldn't revert to their original form.

Even those Blood Race members who had regained their original form appeared greatly weakened, with their originally blood-red skin now considerably dimmer.

Lu Ye's guess was correct; that race-specific secret technique of the Blood Race, while ferociously powerful when unleashed, also resulted in severe backlash. The Blood Race would not resort to this secret technique unless it was absolutely necessary.

About a thousand of them had escaped Medicine Valley, but now, only around seven hundred were still alive.

The leader, a somewhat elderly Blood Race member, glanced back toward Medicine Valley with some lingering fear: "I didn't expect such a powerful array to exist in this domain."

Another Blood Race member who seemed to be a woman held her chest and said, "After all, it's a place that once produced a Divine Sea Realm cultivator. Even after eight hundred years of depletion, the essence of heaven and earth has diminished, but the record of those higher mysteries undoubtedly remains."

The elderly Blood Race member shook his head: "Even so, there shouldn't have been such a big array. This is not something a Cloud River Realm cultivator could have arranged."

"Talking more is useless. Let's go back and report. Let's just hope that the Blood Owl is not too angry."

At the mention of Blood Owl, the group of Blood Race members shuddered uncontrollably; even to them, Blood Owl was a terrifying existence.

In Medicine Valley, with the strongest batch of the Blood Race having broken free and left, Lu Ye's pressure greatly decreased, and he was better able to focus his attention on harnessing the full potential of the big array.

With his assistance, the Soaring Dragon cultivators also became fearlessly aggressive, killing one Blood Race member after another until the Blood Water pooled into a river.

Half a day later, as the fog blanketing Medicine Valley dispersed, all the surviving Soaring Dragon cultivators looked around. The whole valley had been dyed red, with the corpses of the human race and the Blood Race lying strewn across the land. The number of cultivators still standing was noticeably smaller than when they had first fled into the valley.

But, to everyone's relief, all those who were alive were human race cultivators!

They had won!

What was originally a certain death situation turned into a miraculous reversal after escaping into this valley. The multitude of cultivators couldn't help but acknowledge that their survival, their ability to slaughter the enemy, was all due to the power of this big array and to the merit of the person who had arranged it.

Pairs of eyes looked toward the center of the valley, where, hovering several feet above the ground, Lu Ye landed his figure with a pale face.

Huang Liang hurried over in a rush, his voice filled with concern: "Young friend, are you alright?"

After this battle, he was more certain than ever that Lu Ye was the one bearing the luck of all the world's qi, the savior. Thus, immediately after the battle ended, he sought out Lu Ye, fearing that he had suffered some misfortune.

Lu Ye slowly shook his head: "I've just expended a great deal."

"You should rest for now. I will handle the rest," he said.

Lu Ye nodded his head and then added, "I've captured a group of Blood Race members and have them imprisoned within an array. Please, Sect Master Huang, make sure someone keeps watch over them so they don't escape."

As he said this, he pointed with his hand, revealing a concealed array where the silhouettes of seven or eight captured Blood Race members could be seen. These Blood Race members were clearly severely injured, all of them languishing weakly, and with the array enveloping them, they had no chance of breaking free.

To probe the intelligence of the Blood Race, it was natural to start with the Blood Race themselves. In the later stages of the battle, Lu Ye had the capacity to capture some members of the Blood Race.

As for what information he could extract from these captives, that was up to his own methods. At the very least, he needed to understand what Sky Ravine was all about, how deep the Blood Race's foundation ran, so that he could make targeted plans.

Chapter 723 The Peril of the Soaring Dragon

Medicine Valley had never been as bustling as it was today, with cultivators shuttling and bustling about in haste.

The aftermath of the battle required cleaning up.

It might have been different had it been some wilderness, but this was Medicine Valley, and furthermore, it was secured by a monumental Formation. No one knew if the Blood Clan would attack again, so before they had a chance to strike anew, the Soaring Dragon cultivators were contributing their strength.

Corpses were moved out one after another to be laid to rest.

Those with minor injuries voluntarily tended to those more seriously wounded.

Little Miracle Healer and her attendants were so busy they could hardly catch their breath, but fortunately, this time the cultivator alliance forces included many healing cultivators, significantly alleviating her burden.

Some cultivators sat in a daze on the open ground, their expressions hollow.

To many ordinary cultivators, the experiences of this day were practically surreal.

It had started as a mere joint operation by the cultivator alliance forces to root out the inner threat of the Sky Ravine Sect, yet somehow it had escalated into a war against the external threat of the Blood Race!

Beings from beyond the heavens, invading the domain; such things would be hard to believe if not experienced firsthand.

And the pathway of this foreign invasion was none other than the massive Sky Ravine that had appeared in the Soaring Dragon World eight hundred years ago.

If not for the monumental Formation at Medicine Valley today, the entire cultivator alliance might have been slaughtered to a man.

Had this elite force been butchered, the Soaring Dragon World would have been left without any power to resist the Blood Race, left at their mercy to be devoured.

Now, although the Soaring Dragon cultivation world had suffered heavy losses, they had at least preserved a main force, giving them capital to resist the Blood Race.

The news quickly spread throughout the domain via Medicine Valley.

Everyone receiving the message could hardly believe it, but as more and more people received the same news, and with the Three Great Overlord Sects issuing a joint declaration to the world, this unbelievable event had become a fact.

In just half a day, the news of the Blood Race's invasion of the Soaring Dragon World had reached even the most remote corners.

Anxiety and unease spread among the people, with both cultivators and mortals alike at a loss.

Moreover, numerous rumors started flying about, some apocalyptic, and lawlessness began to spread unchecked. In these times when external threats had not subsided and internal troubles were rising, the entire domain found itself in a state of turmoil.

In these turbulent times, the Three Great Overlord Sects stood up once again. On one hand, they worked together with sects big and small, using thunderous methods to purge all internal threats; on the other hand, they called upon the Soaring Dragon cultivation world to raise arms and head north, to unite against the Blood Race!

There is no intact egg under an overturned nest; every cultivator who had achieved something in their cultivation knew this rule.

Thus, when the Three Great Overlord Sects called to arms, cultivators from all directions responded. In less than two days, a vast number of cultivators from all over the Soaring Dragon World had set off, heading north.

Many sects even found themselves emptied overnight as everyone, old and young, went north together.

In these stormy times, the Soaring Dragon cultivation world demonstrated an unimaginable ability to act and to unite, which must be acknowledged as fortunate amidst crisis.

In Medicine Valley, Lu Ye was followed by a group of array cultivators who, regardless of whether they were older or more knowledgeable in years, treated him with the utmost respect.

In the cultivation world, strength is most honored, and among array cultivators, those with higher attainments in the Array Path naturally command respect.

These array cultivators following Lu Ye had personally experienced the formidable power of the big array in Medicine Valley. They knew that with their own abilities, they would never be able to set up such a Formation in their lifetime. Now facing its master, how could they not be reverent?

At the moment, Lu Ye was not teaching them about the Array Path but instead instructing them on how to control the big array of Medicine Valley.

Through the previous battle, Lu Ye had identified a problem.

When setting up the big array in Medicine Valley, he hadn't given too much consideration; he simply utilized what he had learned. This caused the Formation of Medicine Valley to be exceptionally complex and cumbersome.

Therefore, the problem was clear: he couldn't perfectly control the big array alone.

Otherwise, the battle at Medicine Valley wouldn't have resulted in so many deaths among Soaring Dragon cultivators. If he had been able to perfectly control the power of the big array, not a single Soaring Dragon cultivator would have died. Instead, the Blood Race cultivators who broke in would not have been able to escape.

To solve this problem, one solution was for his cultivation to suddenly increase to a level far surpassing his current one, at the very least to the standard of the True Lake Realm.

The other solution was to borrow the hands of others.

For instance, the native array cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World.

Having each of them be responsible for a different area, with him coordinating at the Central Hub, would allow for the big array's power to be utilized, albeit not to its fullest due to the need for coordination, but unleashing seventy to eighty percent of its capacity should be feasible.

The situation with the Blood Race was unknown to the Soaring Dragon World, and although they had repelled them once, no one knew whether they would return. Therefore, Medicine Valley had to be always ready for another grand battle.

Furthermore, more cultivators were already hurrying over from all over the Soaring Dragon World. Eventually, Medicine Valley would surely become the camp for the Soaring Dragon cultivators and the frontline stronghold where the Soaring Dragon cultivators relied on to resist the Blood Race; the stronger it was, the better.

Array cultivators followed Lu Ye's lead, and the deeper their understanding of Medicine Valley's big array became, the deeper their awe of Lu Ye grew.

Everyone was astounded, unable to imagine how a young man, no more than twenty years old, with a cultivation of only Cloud River Level 6, could possess such profound mastery of the Array Path, leaving those well-known, seasoned Array Masters far behind.

It was not until the last region was properly set up and the array cultivators were left to preside over their respective areas that Lu Ye walked back with an unhurried gait.

"Brother Ye Liu," Ye Liuli greeted him in front of the thatched cottage. The young girl's face was somewhat pale and visibly, she was enveloped by a blood Qi that felt strikingly similar to that of the Blood Race.

"Why did you come out? Didn't the Little Miracle Healer want you to rest more?" Lu Ye reached out to touch her head, glancing at Yiyi who stood next to Ye Liuli.

Yiyi shook her head, indicating that it was the girl's own insistence to come out.

Ye Liuli, enjoying her older brother's indulgent gesture, broke into a smile, "Staying in the room all the time is so boring." She held onto Lu Ye's arm as she did when she was little, not minding that she had grown up, her eyes curving into crescent moons, "And Brother Ye Liu has become a big hero!"

During the battle at Medicine Valley, she had still been unconscious, only learning of the war from Yiyi after waking up. She couldn't believe that her Brother Ye Liu had become a key figure in saving the Soaring Dragon Allied Forces. Only after stepping out of the cottage and seeing the cultivators coming and going did she believe it.

It was a shared moment of glory.

"If our parents and brothers knew of this beneath the springs, they would surely be very happy," Ye Liuli said, her smile growing even brighter.

After the tragedy at Tyrannical Saber Villa, the little girl had seldom laughed, but now, she was genuinely happy.

"There's no great hero, it was just a fortunate coincidence."

When he had been setting up the array in Medicine Valley, he had not anticipated it to have such an effect. Moreover, his main reason for coming to Medicine Valley was to seek medical help for Ye Liuli.

Everything that happened subsequently was both a series of coincidences and guidance from an invisible hand.

"I don't care, Brother Ye Liu is a great hero." Ye Liuli turned her head towards Yiyi, "Sister-in-law, you agree, right?"

Yiyi, no longer correcting her address, smiled with pursed lips, "Yes, your Brother Ye Liu is the greatest hero. Now, you should go inside. If the Little Miracle Healer finds out, she'll scold you again."

"Oh." Reluctantly, Ye Liuli let go of Lu Ye's arm and followed Yiyi back into the cottage.

After the two girls had left, several figures who had been waiting on the side came forward, they were Huang Liang, Yuen Changcun, and Monk Guangjing.

Yuen Changcun and Monk Guangjing had already met Lu Ye through Huang Liang's introduction before.

"Young friend," Huang Liang greeted him with a bow, "Thank you for your hard work."

He knew what it meant for an Array Master to share their big array setup so openly—it was akin to completely revealing one's Array Path expertise for other Array Masters to observe and learn from, without reservation.

While the sect rivalries in the Soaring Dragon World were not too severe, such breadth of mind was still rare, especially since Lu Ye was such a young man under twenty years old.

With those array cultivators managing the regions, the defense of Medicine Valley would be even more robust. Even if the Blood Race were to attack again, they would now have the means to fight back.

"Soaring Dragon is fortunate to have a young friend like you," said Monk Guangjing, placing a single palm vertically against his chest with a slight bow.

Yuen Changcun also joined in, "If a person like young friend could come from Tyrannical Saber Villa, Fellow Daoist Ye beneath the springs should rest in peace. If Soaring Dragon can survive this calamity, Haoran Academy would like to help young friend rebuild Tyrannical Saber Villa. Whatever young friend wishes, Haoran Academy will comply."

Simply the big array in Medicine Valley would not have been enough to make Yuen Changcun hold Lu Ye in such high regard.

However, over the past few days, Huang Liang incessantly instilled in him and Monk Guangjing the idea that Lu Ye was a savior, which led them to somewhat believe in it as well.

Huang Liang and Monk Guangjing also expressed their willingness to assist Lu Ye in rebuilding Tyrannical Saber Villa.

Lu Ye shook his head, "Tyrannical Saber Villa has been destroyed, there will be no more of it. My sister and I have no intention of rebuilding the villa. I appreciate the kind offer from the seniors, and I take it to heart."

After a pause, Lu Ye suddenly asked, "Dean Yuen is a sword cultivator, isn't he?"

Yuen Changcun nodded, "Indeed."

"The swordsmanship Dean Yuen used when fighting in the great array was truly exceptional, quite an eye-opener," said Lu Ye.

Yuen Changcun chuckled, "That's the Words and Sword Theorem from Haoran Academy. If young friend is interested, I can have someone send over an inscription rubbing for your perusal."

As an old and astute man, how could Yuen Changcun not hear the implied interest in Lu Ye's words?

Despite finding it odd that Lu Ye, a blade user, would be interested in the Sword Dao, Lu Ye had generously allowed many array cultivators to comprehend the mysteries within the great array. Yuen Changcun, as Dean of Haoran Academy, surely would not be outdone by a youth, would he?

In the face of such a monumental crisis, old rules about not transmitting secret techniques could be disregarded. If they couldn't survive this calamity, there would be no Haoran Academy left, rendering secret techniques worthless.

"In that case, I thank the Dean," said Lu Ye.

Yuen Changcun was unexpectedly agreeable, which saved Lu Ye the effort of persuasion.

He wanted the Words and Sword Theorem not because he intended to cultivate it; he was a blade user and the theorem would be of no use to him.

However, his fourth senior brother was a sword cultivator, and this material might be of some use to him.

Chapter 724 Interrogation

"The three seniors sought me out because of those captured Blood Race members, right?" Lu Ye spoke up.

Huang Liang nodded, his expression grave, "In the past two days, the Blood Race from the Sky Ravine has shown no activity, but the quieter it is, the more uneasy I feel in my heart."

Although it was the first time they had encountered this extraterrestrial race, just from the fact that they would invade other domains, it was clear that they were not to be trifled with.

Having suffered a major setback at Medicine Valley, Huang Liang and the others had been constantly worried that the Blood Race would return with a vengeance. Yet, surprisingly, there had been no movement from the Blood Race over the course of two days.

Anomalies usually spelled trouble, hence Huang Liang and the others had been monitoring any developments from Sky Ravine.

However, when facing such unfamiliar foes, mere surveillance could not yield much intelligence. The best course of action was naturally to start with the Blood Race itself.

The few Blood Race members Lu Ye had previously captured could undoubtedly play a crucial role. As long as their mouths could be pried open, a lot of intelligence regarding the Blood Race could be obtained.

Since the prisoners were captured by Lu Ye, it was only natural to inform him about the matter.

"The three seniors may do as you wish; my original intention in capturing them was for this very moment."

"Then thank you, young friend," Huang Liang expressed his gratitude.

"However, I would request the seniors allow this junior to listen in." Lu Ye was also very interested in the Blood Race. Everyone was facing this race for the first time, and no one knew more about them than the others.

"There is no harm in that!" Huang Liang agreed on behalf of the group.

A moment later, Lu Ye, together with the three others, arrived at the trap array where the captured Blood Race members were held.

Despite two days passing, those Blood Race members were still exceedingly weak, and with Soaring Dragon cultivators guarding nearby, there was no hope for them to escape.

Seeing Lu Ye and the others, the captured Blood Race members immediately became alert.

During the past two days, they had been simply held captive here, neglected by everyone. The sudden arrival of people clearly indicated that something was about to happen.

As prisoners, the several Blood Race members had already anticipated the worst-case scenario.

Standing outside the trap array, Huang Liang swept his gaze over the Blood Race members and spoke indifferently, "I am Huang Liang, Sect Master of the Imperial Heaven Sect from the Soaring Dragon World, wishing to inquire about certain matters. Is there anyone who would like to speak?"

"Pah!" A Blood Race member spat at Huang Liang through the big array. Some of them chuckled coldly, and the more acerbic ones shouted, "Want to pry into the secrets of our Blood Race? Wishful thinking! If you have the guts, just kill us!"

These Blood Race members, although each was extremely weak, still seemed incredibly fierce and stubborn.

Huang Liang was not surprised by this response. Without a word, he signaled with his eyes to one side. Immediately, a Soaring Dragon cultivator charged into the trap array and pulled out the most vociferous of the lot.

Once outside the trap array, the seemingly frail Blood Race member suddenly lashed out wildly, attempting to break free. However, the Soaring Dragon cultivator holding him was also strong and well-prepared; there was no chance for the captive to succeed.

After a few punches and kicks, the Blood Race member was beaten to the ground.

In the trap array, the other Blood Race members watched with bulging eyes full of rage, shouting incessantly but were ignored by everyone.

Huang Liang stood with his hands behind his back, looking down at the Blood Race member in front of him, and asked indifferently, "What is your name?"

Although he was not versed in the ways of interrogation and torture, his experience taught him not to rush these matters. Instead of pressing for intelligence about the Blood Race and Blood World right away, he sought to get the Blood Race member to speak. As long as he could get him to open his mouth, there might be hope for progress.

"Call me grandpa!" The Blood Race member raised his head, his eyes filled with a bloody gleam as he glared fiercely at Huang Liang. His breath was weak, but his demeanor was aggressively unyielding.

Huang Liang nodded lightly, not wasting words with him. He simply raised a finger towards the Blood Race member's forehead. At the tip of his finger, there was a flicker of lightning.

A hint of wariness and fear flashed through the fierce Blood Race member's eyes.

Lightning techniques had a profound suppressive effect on the Blood Race, a fact that the cultivators in the Soaring Dragon World had come to understand. Regardless, the battle at Medicine Valley had given them at least some basic understanding of the Blood Race.

As Huang Liang's finger neared, the Blood Race member wanted to resist, but how could such a weakened body manage to do so?

The moment his fingertip touched the Blood Race member's forehead, lightning surged, enveloping the entire body of the captive.

The crackling sound of electricity filled the air as lightning serpents roamed over the Blood Race member, flickering and vanishing unpredictably. The captive blood race member seemed to endure immense torment and agony, screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Amitabha, amitabha," Great Monk Guangjing murmured, with his eyes lowered, fidgeting with a string of Buddhist beads, murmuring some sutra under his breath.

The lightning abruptly converged, and the tormented Blood Race member collapsed on the ground like a broken doll.

"What is your name?" Huang Liang asked the same question quietly once more.

"I... am... your... grand... father!" The Blood Race member responded deliberately, gritting his teeth with each word.

Huang Liang pointed his finger at him again, and lightning surged once more.

After a short while, he withdrew his hand and asked the same question again.

After more than ten such scenarios, the already weakened Blood Race member had not a hint of life left, having been tortured to death.

But even in death, he did not yield to Huang Liang's will. His resolve was beyond imagination.

The Soaring Dragon cultivators guarding the area were chilled to the bone as they watched. They silently reflected that if placed in the same situation, they might not possess the Blood Race's fortitude and might have confessed under such brutal torture.

This has nothing to do with the height of one's morality, nor with the fear of life and death, it's simply that when the torture exceeds one's limits, the will collapses.

A member of the Blood Race was tortured to death, and Huang Liang did not care; from beginning to end, his expression was as calm as still water, giving the Blood Race the impression that "this person kills without blinking, with a fierce nature."

But in fact, Huang Liang had never done such a thing in his long life.

In the past, even if he encountered the most odious of people, he would just kill them outright, never bothering to torture them.

But the Blood Race was tied to the future of the Soaring Dragon World, so even if he was displeased internally, even if he had never done this before, he had to adapt and show no flaws on his face.

Only like this could he make the Blood Race fear him, dread him, when his image in their minds turned into someone even more ferocious than they were, the psychological defenses of the Blood Race would crumble without being attacked.

The process of torturing the Blood Race was also a psychological game, and Huang Liang, who was as sly as they come, would not fail to understand this.

Another Blood Race was brought out, his expression still fierce, but his eyes, when they looked at Huang Liang, clearly hid a tinge of fear.

Seeing their companions tortured to death by the lightning technique, even if their Blood Race bones were exceptionally tough, they could not remain indifferent.

Same method!

Huang Liang posed a question, then granted the Blood Race another jolt of the lightning technique.

However, no matter what kind of torture these Blood Race faced, they never loosened their lips, there were those who cursed Huang Liang loudly, those who attacked Huang Liang hoping for a swift death, and there were Blood Race who clenched their teeth from beginning to end, not making a sound, even biting their teeth to pieces...

After such an hour, there were four more corpses of the Blood Race.

However, not a single piece of information about the Blood Race had been obtained, not even the names of these Blood Race members.

The expressions of everyone became grave.

If one Blood Race was so resolute, it might be due to individual temperament, but if every Blood Race was like this, then it was a trait of their race.

These outsiders were not only extremely aggressive, with cunning methods, but also had extremely tenacious wills, facing such an enemy was undoubtedly a nightmare.

After the fourth Blood Race died, Huang Liang turned to look at the remaining few, his expression becoming hesitant.

It wasn't a matter of moral burden; as a cultivator of the Soaring Dragon World, and Sect Master of the Imperial Heaven Sect, he would have not a shred of sympathy for these invaders, because sympathy for the enemy is cruelty to his own people.

If he could extract information about the Blood Race, he might be able to prevent a lot of casualties in the Soaring Dragon World.

But he saw that, given the current situation, even if he tortured all the Blood Race here to death, he might not be able to extract any useful information.

Capturing members of the Blood Race alive was difficult, and missing this chance might mean never finding another way to obtain intelligence.

The few Blood Race clearly saw his hesitation and started to taunt and shout provocatively.

"Ah," Huang Liang sighed. Momentum is such that once you hesitate, it weakens. His momentary hesitation had undoubtedly made all his previous efforts futile. He turned his head to look at Yuen Changcun, "Does Haoran Academy have anyone skilled in interrogation and torture methods?"

He didn't ask Great Monk Guangjing, as the monks of Vajra Temple have always been compassionate and would not possess such methods.

Yuen Changcun spoke leisurely, "Everyone in the academy is a scholar!"

How could scholars engage in interrogation and torture? That would be beneath their dignity.

In the end, the Three Great Overlord Sects were all superior sects, and none had expertise in such unspeakable methods. It was only when the need arose that they realized there was no one suitable.

"From a distance, I heard the screams over here, and wondered what you were doing."

A gentle voice suddenly came from behind.

Everyone followed the gaze to find Little Miracle Healer walking slowly over. She stood beside Lu Ye and spoke, "Have you found out anything?"

Huang Liang shook his head with a wry smile, "Nothing at all."

Little Miracle Healer's demeanor was gentle, "Let me try, shall I?"

Huang Liang was astonished, "Fellow Daoist can certainly try, but these Blood Race have very tough mouths."

Little Miracle Healer smiled amiably, "Trying won't hurt, and just because their mouths are tough... doesn't mean they can't be pried open."

Lu Ye narrowed his eyes, instinctively increasing the distance between him and Little Miracle Healer.

Noticing this, Little Miracle Healer looked at him, "What's the matter, young friend?"

"Nothing much, just reminded of an old acquaintance," Lu Ye replied, his eyes twitching slightly.

Both healing cultivators, with the same features and showing the same kind smile, it was inevitable that Lu Ye would recall some rather unpleasant memories.

"Your acquaintance must be quite an interesting person to be so memorable," said Little Miracle Healer with a light and beautiful smile. She looked at the guards, "Please bring them all out."

The guards looked at Huang Liang, their eyes seeking direction. After a moment of contemplation, Huang Liang gave a slight nod.

Chapter 725 Characteristics of the Blood World

The remaining members of the Blood Race were all brought out, and under the direction of Little Miracle Healer, the guard cultivators each took charge of one, maintaining a firm grip so they couldn't budge.

Looking at the woman in front of them, beautiful as a flower with a full figure, the Blood Race all revealed expressions of disdain.

Huang Liang's cruel methods had not been able to subdue them, so what could such a woman, gentle as water, possibly do?

Little Miracle Healer strolled up to one of the Blood Race, softly beginning, "These past two days, I've taken some time to study the corpses of some members of the Blood Race. I've discovered that the bodies of the Blood Race aren't much different from ours, the Soaring Dragon cultivators. They are flesh and blood just like us, they bleed when injured, and they die when the wounds are severe. Although they arrive from beyond the skies, it now seems they are just another race, very similar yet slightly different, born from a world different from the Soaring Dragon World."

As she spoke, she suddenly raised her hand and aimed a point at the Blood Race before her.

A flash of cold light vanished in the blink of an eye.

Lu Ye and the others standing by had a clear view: the fleeting cold light was a fine needle smaller than a strand of hair.

Little Miracle Healer's fingers trembled as she flicked the needle into various spots on the Blood Race's body, one after another.

The Blood Race's expression did not change, frowning deeply, "What have you done?"

He could feel the presence of foreign objects inside him, yet no discomfort, so he truly did not understand what Little Miracle Healer was doing.

"Don't rush." Little Miracle Healer smiled faintly at him, then walked to the second Blood Race.

Her dexterous hands trembled once more, and soon many fine needles were also lodged inside the second Blood Race's body.

She continued in this manner, each of the living Blood Race members had been subjected to her mysterious methods.

It was only then that Little Miracle Healer stepped back, her eyes curved in a pure and innocent smile, and she said to the Blood Race members, "Whichever of you speaks first will have an easy death."

The Blood Race members each sneered coldly, the first one even spoke with mockery, "Delusional thinking!"

"Don't speak so absolutely." Her soft tone didn't sound like a threat, but rather like she was teasing.

As her words fell, the face of the first Blood Race who had been subjected to her methods suddenly changed. He seemed to endure unimaginable torture and pain and let out a terrible scream.

His screams were so wretched they startled the Soaring Dragon cultivator who guarded him.

The Blood Race member then clutched his head, kneeling on the ground as his eyes quickly filled with blood, his screams incessant.

Another scream followed, coming from the second Blood Race member who had been subjected to her methods.

Then came the third's, the fourth's...

Even the likes of Huang Liang, who had gone through great tumults, felt a chill run down their spines at this sight.

Earlier, Huang Liang had used lightning techniques to torture these Blood Race members, and yet they didn't seem to react as intensely. This Little Miracle Healer, known for her healing and renowned for saving lives throughout the world, what kind of method had she employed to silently inflict such agony upon the Blood Race?

For a moment, the gaze of the elders watching her changed.

Lu Ye had been mentally prepared, and thought to himself, as expected... Such beautiful women, ample and rounded, usually gentle as water, all have another side to their humanity!

Frightening!

Horrible!

This faction of healing cultivators, indeed they all keep their capabilities hidden, they know how to save lives, therefore they naturally understand how to hurt others better than anyone else.

Lu Ye inwardly warned himself, in the future, when encountering enemy healing cultivators in the Nine Provinces, never to take them lightly, who knows what unknown methods they possess.

The screams grew louder and louder, causing many passing cultivators to look over, none understanding exactly what was happening.

However, upon seeing the figures of Huang Liang and others, they vaguely realized something and did not come to interfere.

In front of the trap array, Little Miracle Healer's voice rang out again, "Remember what I just said, I won't tell you a second time."

As her words ended, two of the Blood Race started to speak over each other, "I'll talk, I'll talk!"

Since Little Miracle Healer had acted, it only took the time it takes to brew half a pot of tea for her to break down the psychological defenses of these Blood Race members whom Huang Liang had been at a loss to deal with, causing them to collapse in boundless torment and agony!

Huang Liang and the others all had looks of shock on their faces! At the same time, they felt relieved, thankful that it was Little Miracle Healer, that it was a Soaring Dragon cultivator. Had the Blood Race possessed such methods, it would have been too terrifying.

"Then you go ahead and speak." Little Miracle Healer pointed to the first Blood Race member who had spoken, "Tell us everything about the Blood Race, the Blood World, and everything else you know, and don't leave anything out!"

While speaking, she suddenly pressed down towards the Blood Race's chest. When she withdrew her hand, there were over a dozen fine needles on her palm—it wasn't from compassion but rather because under such torture, the Blood Race simply couldn't speak coherently.

The unbearable pain quickly dissipated, but the continuous screams of his companions were still echoing. Recalling his recent ordeal, that Blood Race member couldn't help but shiver, no longer daring to hesitate, his voice hoarse as he began, "The Blood World is a flowing domain that sustains itself by plundering..."

As his other Blood Race companions wailed endlessly, this one recounted everything he knew without daring to hide anything.

His companions beside him were listening; if he hid anything, surely a companion would interject, and then he would have to endure that torment again.

Time passed, and as they continued to gain understanding of the Blood World and the Blood Race, the expressions of Huang Liang and others became as serious as still water.

Because the intelligence revealed by the Blood Race was truly incredible.

This vast Void was not limited to just the Soaring Dragon domain, a fact everyone was mentally prepared for.

Before the Blood Race, the Soaring Dragon World had already encountered extraterrestrial entities like the Dragon Throne.

If there were extraterrestrial entities, then there must be other domains.

The Blood World was one such domain in the vast Void, but unlike most domains that would be fixed in a certain position in the Void, the Blood World was a mobile domain.

And the entire characteristic of the Blood World was plunder!

In the process of its movement, if it encountered other domains, the Blood World would attach itself to them, plundering and sucking the essence of those domains to strengthen itself.

Every world had its own essence, and the strength of this essence directly influenced the strength of the beings living within that domain.

This kind of essence could also be described as the foundation of the world, the Origin of the world.

For instance, the secret realm of the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain that Lu Ye once entered, its essence was not very strong, because the strongest cultivator living there was only at the Cloud River Realm.

However, the secret realm of the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain was not the domain with the weakest essence. Perhaps in that vast and boundless Void, there were even weaker domains where no civilization had been born, or perhaps they lacked the group of cultivators, merely consisting of ordinary mortals.

The essence of the Soaring Dragon World was undoubtedly stronger than that of the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain, equal to that of the Nine Provinces, for it had given birth to Divine Sea Realm cultivators.

If things had remained this way, the Soaring Dragon World wouldn't have changed much.

But ever since 800 years ago, when the Blood World drifted near the Soaring Dragon World, drastic changes occurred.

A never-disappearing Sky Ravine appeared in the Far North Territory.

The reason for the Sky Ravine's emergence was precisely the attachment of the Blood World, the power of the Blood World that had torn a rift in this domain of the Soaring Dragon World.

It was like a leech attaching itself to a person.

During these 800 years, the Blood World, this leech, had been continuously sucking and plundering the essence of the Soaring Dragon World, causing its foundation to continually erode.

Hence, the cultivation limit of the Soaring Dragon cultivators kept decreasing, from the Divine Sea Realm to the True Lake Realm, from the True Lake Realm to the Cloud River Realm.

If this went on for a few hundred more years, perhaps there would only be the Spirit Stream Realm left...

The sucking and plundering of a world's essence was never a simple matter, often taking hundreds or even thousands of years.

Even if they just had to wait a few hundred or thousand more years, the Blood Race still invaded because their invasion could accelerate the plundering process.

This had always been the standard procedure for the Blood World and the Blood Race when plundering other domains.

First, the Blood World would attach and suck the essence, weakening the strength of the beings in the plundered domain. Then they would invade forcefully, speeding up the process. By the time they chose to invade, the plundered domain usually had no strength left to resist.

In fact, if it hadn't been for Lu Ye setting up a big array in Medicine Valley, saving the allied forces of Soaring Dragon cultivators, everyone should have perished in the previous battle, and once those cultivators died, what strength would the Soaring Dragon cultivation world have to resist the Blood Race?

However, it was not an easy task for the Blood Race to invade other domains.

The Heaven and Earth are sentient, especially in domains like Soaring Dragon that could nurture a community of cultivators. The Will of Heaven and Earth was omnipresent. Perhaps this Will did not have spiritual intelligence, but when Heaven and Earth suffer severe damage and are on the brink of extinction, there will inevitably be some reactive responses.

This is the root of heroes emerging from troubled times, these heroes all bear great fortunes, a manifestation of Heaven and Earth's Will to address great calamities.

The disasters between Heaven and Earth themselves can provoke reactive responses from the Will of Heaven and Earth, and if there is an invasion by foreign enemies, the response might be even more intense.

So, if the Blood Race wants to invade other domains, they must have an inside connection! Without an inside connection, they can't forcibly descend.

In the Soaring Dragon World, the Sky Ravine Sect played such a role.

The Sect Hierarchy of the Sky Ravine Sect, Celestial Saint, had been comprehending the secrets of the Sky Ravine for decades, which led to some unknown connections with the Blood Race.

The Blood River Great Array was precisely passed down by the Blood Race, used to facilitate the descent of the Blood Race into this world.

Even so, after the Blood Race descended into the Soaring Dragon World, they were still affected by this world. Even Divine Sea Realm Blood Race members could only exert the strength of Peak Cloud River Realm upon arriving here.

This was similar to the rules imposed on the Nine Provinces' Spirit Stream battlefield.

The suppression of Heaven and Earth couldn't be contended by individuals; only the Heaven and Earth of the same level could counteract it.

Now that the Blood Race had invaded, the reason they had taken no action over these two days, nor come back with a vengeance, was not because they did not want to avenge their dead kin, but because they had more important matters to attend to.

They were constructing a special altar, drawing the complete descent of the Blood World. Once the Blood World fully descended, the essence of the Soaring Dragon World would be plundered in an extremely short time.

By then, any grudge could be avenged.

Chapter 726 The Sky is Broken, How to Mend It?

The Blood Race's target had always been the Soaring Dragon World itself and not its cultivators.

Their previous pursuits were merely aimed at weakening the resistance in the Soaring Dragon World. Having failed to catch their targets and endured heavy losses, the Blood Race simply stopped bothering.

Furthermore, traversing between worlds is not as easy as one might imagine, even with the Blood River Great Array set up by the Sky Ravine Sect as a bridging mechanism, the number of Blood Race members who could enter the Soaring Dragon World in the first wave wouldn't be too many.

Thus, what the Blood Race needed to do now was to quickly construct the Bridging Altar to not only facilitate the arrival of the Blood World but also bring more of their people over.

Once the Blood Race completed their plan, the fall of the Soaring Dragon World would be imminent.

Amidst the anguished cries of several Blood Race members, the one pointed out by Little Miracle Healer revealed everything he knew clearly.

The situation was much more serious than anticipated!

Based on the limited intelligence in their possession, people like Huang Liang merely thought the arrival of the Blood Race was a foreign invasion, which could be repelled by defeating the invaders.

But now, it seemed that the crisis was not merely an invasion by the Blood Race, but a larger danger from the descent of the Blood World.

This was a disaster targeting an entire domain.

Moreover, the situation had arisen so suddenly that the Soaring Dragon World was completely unprepared.

Although news had spread through various channels and virtually all cultivators were aware of the foreign enemy, only a few present here knew the true extent of the situation.

"This matter is of great importance, it must be announced to everyone," Yuen Changcun said gravely.

It was crucial for the cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World to understand what enemy they were facing and the situation they were in. Only then could the cultivators realize that there was no retreat against the Blood Race—any withdrawal would lead to utter destruction.

In the past few days, a massive number of cultivators from the Three Great Overlord Sects had headed north to prepare to defend against the foreign enemy, but there were also others with ulterior motives who wished to join the Blood Race.

In their view, if the Sky Ravine Sect could ally with the Blood Race, they could too. The Blood Race had already demonstrated formidable strength, and the way out found by the Celestial Saint for the Soaring Dragon World might not be as bad as imagined.

However, if these people knew the true plan of the Blood Race, they might not think the same.

Huang Liang and Monk Guangjing both nodded in agreement. With such critical intelligence at hand, the two naturally would not conceal it; on the contrary, they aimed to spread it as widely as possible.

"We need to act quickly," Huang Liang said with a grave look, "Our actions must be faster than those of the Blood Race. We absolutely cannot allow them to complete that so-called Bridging Altar. Once it's finished, the Soaring Dragon is doomed!"

Originally, with the big array from Medicine Valley, the Soaring Dragon World had a natural frontline defense against the Blood Race, but now it seemed that the big array in Medicine Valley could no longer play a significant role.

The Soaring Dragon side didn't have the luxury of defensive passivity; they had to take the initiative, even if it meant sacrificing lives to prevent the Blood Race from completing their plan to build the Bridging Altar.

As the three discussed, there seemed to be another anomaly in the distant Void.

Sensing something, everyone looked toward the direction of the Sky Ravine, only to see a massive Blood Ravine across the Void, thick with crimson blood, as if a river of blood was pouring down.

A Blood Race member, still howling in agony, suddenly let out a piercing laugh, "The reinforcements for my Blood Race have arrived, you... are doomed!"

Little Miracle Healer turned her head to look at him, raising her hand to shoot several flying needles into his body, making his already pitiful scream even more excruciating.

Observing this, the other Blood Race members felt a deep fear, thinking this human woman was more terrifying than any creatures they had encountered.

The group was still unclear about the exact nature of the anomaly at Sky Ravine, but after hearing the words of the Blood Race member, they immediately realized that a dire situation had worsened.

The first batch of Blood Race members that descended into the Soaring Dragon World was not very numerous. After the heavy casualties in the battle at Medicine Valley, it was possible for the Soaring Dragon World to muster the strength to attack hard and potentially repel the invaders had they known at that time.

But now with the reinforcements for the Blood Race, achieving that goal had become difficult.

Huang Liang and others were exceedingly frustrated at that moment.

But upon further thought, knowing this information beforehand might not have been useful since gathering forces on the Soaring Dragon side required time, and they simply couldn't launch such a large-scale battle so suddenly.

In fact, the cultivators of the Soaring Dragon were still en route, with the quickest possibly arriving in Xuezhou in one or two days, while the slowest might take three to five days.

Huang Liang and others hastily left, needing to spread the newly acquired intelligence quickly to get the incoming supportive cultivators to speed up.

Only Lu Ye, Little Miracle Healer, and the cultivators guarding the Blood Race members were left at the scene.

Little Miracle Healer looked at the Blood Race member who had disclosed the information, giving a slight smile, "I keep my word."

The Blood Race member heaved a sigh of relief, but then a bright flash of a blade swept in front of him.

As the blade flashed again, the few still screaming Blood Race members were silenced one by one.

Lu Ye sheathed his blade.

Little Miracle Healer looked at him surprised, "Why kill them all?"

Hadn't they agreed that the first to speak would be granted a swift death? This action seemed to show her as dishonest.

"With the intelligence secured, keeping them was useless and their noise was grating," Lu Ye explained nonchalantly, actually calming his mind and checking his battlefield marking.

In the section of his battlefield marking that recorded battle merit, it boldly marked: 29,718 points!

Worth almost the quantity of two gold-hued spirit fortune sticks in battle merits!

When Lu Ye entered the secret realm of Soaring Dragon World, he was full of expectations, because of his previous experience in the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain's secret realm, he knew that in such secret realms that use a domain as the background, it was very likely to obtain things like battle merits.

Last time, in the secret realm of Tianyuan City, he had obtained a massive amount of battle merits, but before they even got warm, he exchanged them all for soul water.

It was indeed a worthwhile trade, after all, there are other channels to obtain battle merits, but soul water can only be obtained from Tianyuan City.

It was precisely because of his harvest in Tianyuan City that he could recklessly challenge the Hundred Arrays Pagoda and gain even more.

But ultimately, there was some regret because, for him, the most urgent task at the moment was to exchange battle merits for spirit fortune sticks to improve his cultivation.

Only by doing so, would he have enough self-protection power on the Cloud River battlefield.

He originally thought that the Soaring Dragon World was an opportunity.

However, the result greatly disappointed Lu Ye, who had killed some people front and back, let alone battle merits, not even his merit had increased in the slightest.

But surprises always come unexpectedly.

The Blood Race forcefully invaded, attacking Medicine Valley, and he, stationed at the Central Hub of the big array and cooperating with Soaring Dragon cultivators to kill the enemy, became famous in one battle and also obtained a large amount of battle merits!

In the battle of Medicine Valley, not a single member of the Blood Race died directly at the hands of Lu Ye; instead, they were mostly slain by Soaring Dragon cultivators with Lu Ye's assistance.

Even so, in the battle of Medicine Valley, his contribution was indelible, Lu Ye guessed, this was also the source of those copious battle merits.

The methods for obtaining battle merits and merits are not quite the same.

Merit can only be obtained by killing enemies, depending on what kind of enemy you kill, you can gain a corresponding amount of merits.

But battle merits do not necessarily require killing the enemy personally—in a battle, contributing any amount of strength can also earn battle merits, Heaven's Augury has its own standards for judgment.

In the battle of Medicine Valley, even if Lu Ye did not personally slay any member of the Blood Race, his role was pivotal in winning the battle, which is why he could obtain a large amount of battle merits.

Vaguely remembering, after the secret realm of Tianyuan City, he had only 836 battle merits left, but now he had nearly 30,000, showing how rich the gains from the battle of Medicine Valley were.

For Lu Ye, the Blood Race equaled battle merits, and now that it was an easy time to obtain them, why would he hesitate or be lenient?

Mosquito meat is also meat, what's more, four Blood Race members had brought him nearly two hundred points of battle merits, worth a white spirit fortune stick.

While he was investigating, suddenly a message came through the battlefield marking, Lu Ye hurriedly checked it, then immediately grabbed Little Miracle Healer's arm and leaped towards the cottage, "Liuli's illness has flared up again!"

There was a disturbance at Sky Ravine, Blood Race reinforcements arrived, once again manifesting on Ye Liuli's physical body!

Quickly arriving at the cottage, Little Miracle Healer stepped forward to treat, and it took quite an effort to stabilize Ye Liuli's condition.

Stepping out of the cottage, he saw Lu Ye looking intently towards the horizon where the Sky Ravine was located and asked, "What are you thinking about?"

Lu Ye slowly said, "A torn garment can be sewn up, but how do you mend a broken sky?"

Although it was a question, Lu Ye already had the answer in his mind.

All signs indicated that to truly rid Ye Liuli of her ailment, the Sky Ravine needed to be completely eradicated.

The formation of the Sky Ravine was directly linked to the absorption by the Blood World, so to mend the sky, the Blood World had to know its difficulty and retreat, separating on its own from the Soaring Dragon World.

Without the attachment and sucking of the Blood World, the Sky Ravine could naturally and slowly repair itself.

Thinking of achieving this, there was one prerequisite.

Repel the invading Blood Race! Let the Blood Race dare not invade the Soaring Dragon World along the Sky Ravine again.

At this moment, Lu Ye could faintly feel that the ultimate goal of his journey in the Soaring Dragon World secret realm was only one.

Mend the Sky!

If he could accomplish this, then he would undoubtedly earn battle merits far greater than those from the battle of Medicine Valley.

He probably understood why the entrance to this secret realm was a damaged teleportation array.

That entrance was clearly a test.

Only by repairing the broken teleportation array was one qualified to enter this secret realm, qualified to undertake the great task of mending the sky.

With a vague plan in mind, but to implement this plan, he still needed many leveraging efforts.

What made him relieved was that the Soaring Dragon cultivation world responded quickly in the face of such a calamity, united as one, which was inseparable from the long-standing tradition of the Three Great Overlord Sects.

And people like Huang Liang had been extremely friendly towards him in the past few days, which invisibly reduced many obstacles for his plan.

The news of the Blood Race and the Blood World continued to ferment among the cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World, with even richer and more daunting news coming from the Three Great Overlord Sects.

Chapter 727 The Building is About to Collapse

The origin of Sky Ravine, the reason behind the gradual decline of the cultivation world, was only revealed today.

Instantly, the entire Soaring Dragon cultivation world was electrified with excitement.

In eight hundred years, how many heroes had emerged in the Soaring Dragon cultivation world? Yet, due to the anomalies in nature, their path of cultivation was greatly hindered. Previously, not knowing the reasons was bearable, but now, learning that it was all due to the parasitic draining by the Blood World, how could anyone not be furious?

And the ultimate goal of the Blood World was shockingly to devour the foundation of the entire Soaring Dragon World completely. If this were true, Soaring Dragon would surely perish!

When the nest is overturned, no eggs remain intact; all cultivators are from the Soaring Dragon, and if Soaring Dragon perishes, they too cannot possibly survive.

To live, they had to exterminate all of the Blood Race!

Instantly, the cultivators of Soaring Dragon exhibited an extremely intense hatred towards this suddenly emerged enemy, determined to eradicate them completely.

Under the Sky Ravine, a large number of the Blood Race gathered, causing the blood Qi to surge to the heavens.

Within the Blood River Great Array, which covered a range of tens of miles, the fresh blood had already dried up, yet dark red stains still lingered within those cracks.

The location which originally held the 1,000 feet altar was now replaced by a massively occupying altar.

That altar was shaped like a hexagram, its surface featured mysterious and complex patterns constantly transforming, making the entire altar seem like a living being, with the flickering lights as its breaths in and out.

There was no doubt about the efficiency of the Blood Race.

Since their invasion into the Soaring Dragon World, only a few days had passed, yet they had already constructed such a complex altar, the materials for which were all brought from within the Blood World by the Blood Race.

They were clearly not new to this ordeal, so they were extremely proficient; some Blood Race were specifically tasked with pursuing the native enemies, some were assigned to defend, while some were dedicated to constructing this altar.

The moment the altar was completed, blood light surged into the sky, entering into Sky Ravine, which subsequently bled like a river overturning, and a large number of the Blood Race descended into the Soaring Dragon World.

Xing Mo and one-armed Cheng Hefeng followed behind Celestial Saint, looking at this scene from a distance, their feelings extremely complicated.

Having survived the earlier conflict, they were undoubtedly very fortunate.

But with the current situation, they did not know whether to feel fortunate or angry.

They had been implanted by the Blood Race with an extremely peculiar secret technique, described by Blood Owl as the Blood Slave Seal; those marked with this seal became Blood Slaves of the Blood Race.

Slave...for them, who stood at the pinnacle of a realm, it was undoubtedly a term of disgrace.

Yet, they dared not speak of their anger.

Not to mention the terrifying strength displayed by the Blood Race that drove people to despair, the Seal itself was enough to easily control their life and death.

They could feel that, with the Seal, any member of the Blood Race, even those far weaker than them, could easily kill them.

They were so, Celestial Saint was so, and the surviving Sky Ravine Sect cultivators were the same.

Currently, they had completely become slaves of the Blood Race.

"Celestial Saint, is this the way out you've found?" Xing Mo spoke softly, his heart bitter.

Having paid such a great price, even if they truly had found a way out, what significance did it hold?

Celestial Saint remained silent, but both Xing Mo and Cheng Henfeng could feel his inner turmoil.

When Blood Race members passed by, the three of them hurriedly bowed and showed extreme humility.

Having already suffered, they knew how to maintain a proper attitude in the presence of the Blood Race.

"Hierarchy, save me!" A piercing scream rang out; Xing Mo turned his head and saw a fair-skinned beautiful woman being held in the air by a member of the Blood Race, screaming in terror.

That was the thirty-first elder of the sect, a rare female powerhouse in the Sky Ravine Sect, usually a woman of very firm character, yet now she appeared so helpless.

Celestial Saint remained bent over, as if he heard nothing.

Xing Mo and Cheng Henfeng nearly crushed their teeth in anger, their rage brewing, yet they dared not make any rash movements.

The Blood Race member laughed wickedly, biting into the long neck of the thirty-first elder, the gulping sounds resonating as the screams of the elder gradually faded before disappearing altogether after a moment.

Once the Blood Race member left satisfied, the once beautiful thirty-first elder had turned into a withered corpse, casually discarded on the ground.

Many Sky Ravine Sect cultivators survived the earlier battle, yet did not survive the rampage of the Blood Race; in these few days, countless Sky Ravine Sect cultivators perished at the hands of the Blood Race.

To the Blood Race, these Blood Slaves were like livestock, to be taken and used at will, with no member of the Blood Race caring for their opinions.

What was more horrifying was that these Blood Race actually consumed human blood!

The Sky Ravine Sect was a mix of dragons and snakes, with all kinds of wicked characters emerging endlessly; Xing Mo and Cheng Hefeng were also well-traveled and knowledgeable, but the evil of the Sky Ravine Sect cultivators had a limit.

Consuming human blood...such a thing was beyond their wildest imagination.

And from what they had observed so far, it seemed that every member of the Blood Race had such a preference, or ability, to restore their formidable bodies by consuming human blood.

In the past few days, Xing Mo and Cheng Hefeng had more than once felt the greedy gazes of the Blood Race lingering on them.

Luckily, they had always been following behind Celestial Saint, who was personally marked with the Blood Slave Seal by Blood Owl, so ordinary members of the Blood Race did not dare to treat them like that for the time being.

But who could guarantee that they would always be safe?

"Hmm?" Xing Mo suddenly sensed something and looked up towards the distance. He saw the outlines of huge ships on the horizon, on which, and also on their sides, were figures of cultivators moving back and forth.

"They've finally arrived!" Cheng Hefeng exhaled deeply.

The Blood Race's invasion like this, the Soaring Dragon cultivation world couldn't possibly remain indifferent.

Previously, the Soaring Dragon had been caught off guard, suffering heavy casualties, then chased by the Blood Race and forced to flee...

What happened afterwards was unknown, but it led to the near annihilation of the Blood Race, with only a few hundred managing to escape back.

Now, several days had passed, and the Soaring Dragon cultivation world must have gathered quite a bit of intelligence. Facing such a world-ending disaster, they were bound to take action.

Looking around, countless spirit ships filled the view, far surpassing the scale of the Soaring Dragon cultivation world's encirclement of the Sky Ravine Sect a few days earlier.

No matter what, last time it was merely an internal strife, but today it was about expelling an external threat. The Soaring Dragon was also giving it their all.

Destroy it quickly!

Cheng Henfeng thought fiercely, almost feeling a sense of relief.

The Soaring Dragon cultivation world's grand commotion had naturally been noticed by the Blood Race, but far from being afraid, they were all brimming with the desire to fight.

The ones from the Blood World, how could they take cultivators, whose cultivation was at most at the Cloud River Realm of the human race, seriously?

A domain like Soaring Dragon, the Blood Race had destroyed more than one or two. In the long history of existence in the Blood World, no one knew how many domains like Soaring Dragon had been sucked dry into empty shells, turned into barren lands by the slaughter of the Blood Race.

They had not made a move before, not because they feared the Soaring Dragon cultivators, but because they had been otherwise occupied.

Now that the Soaring Dragon cultivators had come to them willingly, wasn't it exactly what they wished for?

As a race fundamentally rooted in invasion and plunder, the Blood Race's belligerence and savagery were something the cultivators of Soaring Dragon could not even begin to compare with.

Without needing orders from the Blood Owl, a large number of Blood Race members started to mobilize.

Even though their desire to battle was boiling, the Blood Race did not launch an offensive but instead took up a defensive stance, forming a dense and solid defensive line.

Their most pressing task at the moment was not to strike down the enemy but to guard the Bridging Altar well.

With the altar completed, the connection between the Blood World and the Soaring Dragon World would grow increasingly strong. As time passed, more of the Blood Race would arrive in this world.

If they could construct more altars, they would greatly accelerate this process. The more altars there were, the less time it would take for the Blood World to devour the Soaring Dragon World.

"Do whatever you want to do, just don't be an eyesore around me." The Celestial Saint, who had been silent these days as if he had gone mute, suddenly spoke.

Xing Mo and Cheng Henfeng were both startled, then promptly bowed in unison, "Thank you, Sect Hierarch!"

The events of the past few days had taught them that they would one day become Blood Food for some member of the Blood Race. The Celestial Saint had the protection of a connection with the Blood Owl. The Blood Race might look down on him, but not a single one dared to casually treat him as Blood Food.

But the two of them were not so fortunate.

So, to stay alive, they needed to find a way to escape from here.

The massive attack by the Soaring Dragon cultivators was undoubtedly an opportunity.

The Celestial Saint's words clearly showed that he had seen through the intentions of the two.

After thanking him, the two turned to leave.

However, just at that moment, the Celestial Saint suddenly reached out, spirit force surging, and delivered a palm strike to each of their backs.

The two figures flew up high like kites with their strings cut, each spewing fresh blood.

Xing Mo spat out chunks of his internal organs, and upon turning back in shock, he only saw Celestial Saint's cold face, and was immediately overwhelmed by grief and anger, "Celestial Saint, you will not die a good death!"

Cheng Henfeng, however, did not curse but fiercely drew his sword, the sword light harsh and biting, covering a few nearby members of the Blood Race.

With this last sword in his life, Cheng Henfeng gave it his all. The space around him seemed to be sliced open, and the unprepared members of the Blood Race were instantly turned into chunks of severed bodies, the cuts neat and smooth.

But that was the end!

The next moment, the figures of Xing Mo and Cheng Henfeng suddenly stiffened, their skin turning bright red as if their blood was boiling.

Some of the Blood Race had activated the Blood Slave Seals within them.

The nearby members of the Blood Race swarmed them, enveloping them completely.

Through the dense crowd, Cheng Henfeng saw the flash of blood in the eyes of the Celestial Saint for the last time, then understood that the Celestial Saint had long been corrupted in mind by the Blood Race's secret technique, utterly loyal to the Blood Race, unlike them who had the Blood Slave Seals but were disloyal in heart.

At the same time, all the surviving members of the Sky Ravine Sect nearby sprang into action.

Screams echoed continuously, and in just a few moments, everything fell silent.

The Blood Race dispersed, and numerous dried-up corpses were added to various spots.

As if a Blood Sacrifice had just taken place, the combat spirit of the Blood Race rose even higher!

Chapter 728 Giant Ant Shakes the Tree

Xuezhou is located in the northern territory of Soaring Dragon, where the land is barren and the climate harsh. Not only is the population sparse, but the environment is also more severe than in other parts of Soaring Dragon.

The sky of Xuezhou is almost always shrouded in thick clouds, seldom allowing the sunlight to pierce through.

However, on this day, as the fleet of giant spirit ships continued to advance, the perennial clouds began to dissipate, and wherever the fleet went, sunlight streamed down.

In the midst of this, nearly all Soaring Dragon cultivators felt as if fate itself had descended upon them.

Aboard the leading enormous tower ship, several figures stood erect, including Huang Liang, Yuen Changcun, and Guang Jing, who gazed solemnly at the scene toward Sky Ravine.

The earlier battle had already made them witness the strength and cunning of the Blood Race. This time, the Soaring Dragon cultivation world could almost be said to have left the nest; if they could not emerge victorious in a single battle, then Soaring Dragon would have no future to speak of.

It wasn't that they didn't want to learn more about the Blood Race, but that there was no time to do so.

Based on the limited intelligence available, the only way for the Soaring Dragon domain to drive out the foreign enemy was to strike swiftly and decisively; there was no room for delay—the longer the delay, the less favorable the situation would be for Soaring Dragon.

Thus, despite the extremely hasty approach to this battle, Soaring Dragon had no choice but to bite the bullet and press on.

As the three observed the situation at Sky Ravine and continuously exchanged their opinions, the cultivators of the Three Great Overlord Sects nearby conveyed their commands down the line.

Lu Ye stood not far from the trio.

About half a day earlier, the Soaring Dragon cultivators from Medicine Valley, led by Huang Liang and others, had set out to converge with the Allied Forces coming from various places and pressed toward Sky Ravine.

Lu Ye naturally followed them.

Not to mention that he had Insight into the ultimate goal of his journey into the Soaring Dragon secret realm, making it impossible for him to stay in Medicine Valley and take care of himself alone. Even the prospect of earning battle merit for slaying members of the Blood Race meant he couldn't possibly remain idle.

His current cultivator rank was only at Cloud River Level 6, and to advance to Level 7, merely relying on his current battle merits of less than thirty thousand points was not enough.

He needed more.

In such a battle that could determine the existence of a domain, if managed well, battle merits would undoubtedly be plentiful. Perhaps after this experience, he would have sufficient capital to attempt to advance to Level 7 and even Level 8...

Huang Liang and the others had already discussed their strategy thoroughly. Looking forward again, bloodlight soared into the sky around Sky Ravine, and even from tens of miles away, the intense fighting spirit of the Blood Race could be felt.

Apart from the cultivators who had previously fled into Medicine Valley, none had ever encountered the Blood Race. However, in recent days, everyone had heard news about the Blood Race, aware of the trickery of their Blood Race secret techniques, so many were visibly nervous.

On each towering ship, instructors comforted their disciples, stoking their fighting spirit, and the impassioned cries rose and fell.

"Young friend, the battle will inevitably be chaotic once it begins; you must be careful," Huang Liang turned to Lu Ye and cautioned.

Having already decided that he was the savior, Huang Liang naturally cared about Lu Ye's safety more than anyone else.

Initially, he did not want to bring Lu Ye to such a dangerous place, but upon further thought, if Lu Ye truly was the savior, he would inevitably be caught up in this storm no matter where he was.

Rather than letting him stay in Medicine Valley, it was better to keep an eye on him, so that if there truly was any danger, he could lend a hand.

"I will keep that in mind," Lu Ye nodded.

After a brief silence, Huang Liang cautioned softly, "Do not use the Dragon Throne rashly!"

If Lu Ye truly was the savior, then the Dragon Throne must be the means of salvation, the Soaring Dragon's response to a great disaster. However, the Dragon Throne, a divine object, was too dangerous to wield.

He clearly remembered Zhuang Bufan's fate; Lu Ye, who was just at Cloud River Level 6, would likely die immediately if he used the Dragon Throne.

Lu Ye nodded.

In his mind, he couldn't help but recall previous events.

Zhuang Bufan had entrusted the Dragon Throne to him before his death. Lu Ye had naturally not been idle and spent the days researching this divine object.

Vaguely, he felt the Dragon Throne had an innate affinity for him.

He didn't know if Zhuang Bufan had felt the same when he possessed the Dragon Throne, and now there was nowhere to ask, but it was highly likely that he hadn't.

Little Miracle Healer had said that Zhuang Bufan had not received the Dragon Throne's acknowledgment, therefore unable to wield it, and forcibly doing so inflicted tremendous harm on himself.

But what if one could gain the Dragon Throne's acknowledgment? Could it then be controlled?

Lu Ye hadn't dared to try, fearing that things were not as he assumed, and any rash attempt would only worsen his situation.

The reason Zhuang Bufan ended up on the verge of exhaustion was that he had activated the power of the Dragon Throne after obtaining it to see its true nature. That time, he did not use it in battle...

Whenever Lu Ye had the chance over the past few days, he attempted to refine the Dragon Throne, and the progress was remarkably smooth. This divine object showed no resistance to his spirit force, but rather seemed eager to accept it.

By today, Lu Ye had fully refined the Dragon Throne, ready to unleash its power at any moment.

This was undoubtedly good news for him; no matter how dire the situation, he ultimately possessed a trump card he could use.

The fleet continued to journey forward, and the distance of tens of miles was quickly covered.

There were no pre-battle mobilizations; everything that needed to be said had been addressed before departure. Faced with an invading enemy like the Blood Race, the only thing Soaring Dragon cultivators needed to do was one.

Kill!

Exterminate all of the Blood Race, and Soaring Dragon's crisis would be lifted.

The distance drew closer, and with it, the unique visages of the Blood Race came clearly into view for the Soaring Dragon cultivators.

Accompanied by a deafening buzzing sound, the building ship that Lu Ye was on suddenly shook, and a thick beam of light, like roaming thunderbolts, blasted forward.

It was the Formation on the spirit ship unleashing its power.

In the Nine Provinces, there were Flying Dragon Ships used for sieging and attacking forts, and naturally, Soaring Dragon had them too.

However, because the upper limit of Soaring Dragon cultivators was not high, these spirit ships had much less power compared to the Flying Dragon Ships, and they were extremely difficult to construct.

In the entire Soaring Dragon World, there were only ten such battleships, each controlled by the Three Great Overlord Sects.

A few days ago, one had been lost in a big battle, leaving only nine remaining.

Now, all nine of these battleships were deployed, arrayed in a line. As the first buzzing sounded, the other eight also resounded almost simultaneously.

The beams of light that streaked forth were not solitary, but a total of nine!

A thousand feet of distance vanished in the blink of an eye. Nine extremely powerful attacks that Level 6 cultivators from the Cloud River Realm couldn't possibly defend against struck directly toward the massive ritual altar.

Destroying the Blood Race was important, but destroying the Bridging Altar was even more so.

As long as they could destroy this Bridging Altar, they would be able to delay the arrival of the Blood World and leave the Blood Race in front of them isolated and without reinforcements.

If they could achieve this, Soaring Dragon would be able to secure an invincible position in this battle.

This was also the plan that Huang Liang and others had previously discussed.

Pair after pair of eyes converged, each person's heart lifted with anticipation.

The nine beams of light, carrying a force that could destroy and pull down all in its path, tore through the Void, leaving behind clear imprints in their wake.

Some of the Blood Race who were setting up an array in the front were inadvertently hit by the beams of light. They didn't even have time to react before they directly turned into blood mist and disappeared.

With such terrifying might, no matter what material the altar was constructed from, once hit, it would surely be wiped from existence.

However, just as the nine beams of light were about to hit the altar, a thick blood-colored light screen suddenly appeared out of nowhere, enveloping the entire altar.

Boom, boom, boom...

As the loud noises spread, ripple after ripple emanated on the blood-colored light screen, spreading outwards like concentric circles.

Witnessing this scene from afar, Huang Liang and the others clenched their teeth tightly.

Although they had anticipated it, actually seeing the Blood Race set up a protective array next to the Bridging Altar left them nonetheless reluctant to accept it.

"How ludicrous,"

Within the Blood Race camp, Blood Owl looked on at this scene with a calm expression, unfazed.

The Blood Race had invaded countless domains and were thoroughly familiar with how to deal with the current situation. So no matter how the Soaring Dragon responded, it was all within the Blood Race's expectations.

How could something as important as the Bridging Altar not be protected by a Formation, they thought?

And the array set by the Blood Race was certainly not something the Soaring Dragon World could decipher.

In other words, it wasn't Soaring Dragon, but the Blood Race, who stood on invincible ground in this battle!

"Again!" Huang Liang roared lowly.

Boom, boom, boom...

Another round of simultaneous attacks followed, and nine thick beams of light struck toward the altar like thunder dragons, but apart from causing ripples on the blood-colored light screen, they had no effect whatsoever.

The power of this protective array had surpassed the limits of what the Soaring Dragon cultivators could handle.

"Again!" Huang Liang shouted once more.

He refused to believe the protective array could continue like this indefinitely.

Boom, boom, boom...

But when the beams of light dissipated and the spirit force settled, the scene that came into view was one of despair.

"Damn it all!" Huang Liang's angry beard trembled. He was about to give another order when Yuen Changcun stopped him: "We can't continue like this."

After three consecutive powerful strikes in a short period of time, the Formation on the spirit ship could barely withstand the load. If they were to attack one more time, regardless of whether the other side's protective array could withstand it, their own spirit ship definitely would not.

Guang Jing sighed softly on the side. If they had known this would be the outcome, they might as well have targeted the Blood Race camp. At least that way, the Blood Race would have sustained some damage.

But then again, such attacks required a long period to build up and lacked flexibility, so they were generally used for storming cities and forts. To use them against individual cultivators would be futile; by the time the attack was ready, any cultivator sensing danger would likely have already fled.

So even if they did so, the impact on the Blood Race wouldn't have been significant.

If the spirit ship was ineffective, then they could only charge through and engage in battle.

In this battle, who knew how many Soaring Dragon cultivators would lose their lives.

With a heart full of sorrow, Huang Liang raised one hand. Under the watchful eyes of all, he swung his hand down fiercely: "Charge!"

In the next instant, the cultivators from the Three Great Overlord Sects rose to travel through air first, valiantly charging toward the Blood Race's lines. Closely following behind the cultivators of the Three Great Overlord Sects, numerous cultivators from all forces within Soaring Dragon surged forward.

The great battle began!

Chapter 729 Picking Up Leftovers

On the battlefield that spanned dozens of miles, cultivators from both races fought to the death, shedding blood and dissipating their life forces.

In the Soaring Dragon World, no cultivator had ever experienced a scene so grand.

The battles between cultivators usually didn't involve too many people. The biggest event in the Soaring Dragon cultivation world was nothing more than a power struggle between a few sects, which, too, never reached the point of fighting to the death.

However, the number of cultivators involved in the current battle was incomparable to just a few sects' dispute — over a hundred thousand cultivators from the Soaring Dragon World had gathered.

Although the number of the Blood Race was less than that of the Soaring Dragon side, it was not by much—there were about seventy to eighty thousand of them.

This was no longer a conflict.

This was a true war!

On the battlefield, life forces vanished almost every moment. The situation was tense and critical; it was impossible to tell which side had the upper hand.

Lu Ye was amidst the ranks of the Soaring Dragon cultivators, cooperating with the cultivators beside him to kill the enemy.

Cultivators of the Soaring Dragon had never experienced such a grand scene, and neither had Lu Ye.

The biggest event he had encountered was the last time in the mine, where he alone faced two million Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators. Yet, that situation couldn't compare to the current one.

One side was the invading enemy, and the other was the self-defending warriors. The collision between the two sides of cultivators was like the clash of two colossal waves. Caught in the middle, individuals were like the splashes from the collision, only able to be carried along by the waves, utterly unable to control their fate.

Lu Ye was trying to minimize his own consumption.

He didn't know how long the battle would last, but such a massive scale war would not end quickly. Therefore, how to kill the enemy effectively while conserving his spirit force was crucial.

Moreover, unlike the native cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World, he was earning battle merits while killing the enemy.

So, he abandoned the combat cultivator's usual style of confronting the enemy. On the battlefield, he looked for opportunities everywhere, moving through the throng—never directly colliding with the Blood Race but focusing on one thing.

Opportunistic strikes!

Every time the Boulder Mountain Saber was swung, it reaped rewards; he not only earned battle merits by killing enemies but also helped alleviate the pressure on the cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World—it was a win-win situation.

With this mindset, he continuously earned battle merits for a while.

Amber crouched on his shoulder, her blood Qi melding with his, allowing him to continually borrow strength.

Yiyi weaved underground, closely following his footsteps, never showing herself easily, only appearing when Lu Ye was in danger. She would strike like Thunderbolt, coordinating with Lu Ye to kill enemies.

As time passed, Lu Ye moved around various parts of the battlefield, not knowing how many of the Blood Race he had killed. His entire being was dyed red with blood; the relentless sounds of combat rang in his ears, and everywhere he passed, there were severed limbs and flesh from both races' cultivators.

While killing enemies, he also constantly paid attention to the movements around the Bridging Altar.

To win this battle, killing all of the Blood Race was one option; another was to destroy the Bridging Altar.

Whether he could annihilate the Blood Race wasn't something he could influence in such a large-scale battle—his individual role was too insignificant.

But he could play a key role in destroying the Bridging Altar.

The Blood Race had set up a protective array around the location of the Bridging Altar. That was why the attacks from the spirit arks of the Soaring Dragon World were ineffective. However, if he could break that protective array, then the attacks from the spirit arks could hit the altar directly.

In such a case, even if not all Blood Race members were killed, the Soaring Dragon World could still emerge victorious.

Right when the Array outside the altar was triggered, he had been observing its nodes and flaws. For him, breaking this Formation wasn't too difficult, but the real challenge was how to break through the many defenses of the Blood Race and reach the altar's location.

If he could just get close to the altar, given a dozen or so breaths of time, he would have the chance to break the Formation!

Yet, up to now, he had not found a good opportunity.

In this extremely chaotic battlefield, the Blood Race's defense of the altar was extraordinarily attentive. Should he rashly approach the altar, he would definitely draw the attention of the powerful Blood Race members, and at that time, even ten lives would not be enough for him to escape death.

He needed more time!

Lu Ye suppressed the thoughts in his heart and continued to wander and kill enemies on the battlefield.

As time slipped away, the situation gradually became clear.

Contrary to expectations, it was the Soaring Dragon cultivators who began to gain the upper hand on the battlefield.

Before the great battle began, cultivators from Soaring Dragon had learned much about the Blood Race from various sources, initially fearing them like tigers. But once the actual fighting began, they discovered that although the Blood Race looked different from the human race and possessed many strange Blood Path secret techniques, they too were made of flesh and blood—they felt pain when injured and would die if beheaded. This realization swiftly dispelled much of the fear in their hearts.

Furthermore, in the days leading up to the battle, the Three Great Overlord Sects continuously publicized the crisis facing the Soaring Dragon World and the true intentions of the Blood Race, making every cultivator participating in the battle understand the dire consequences of defeat.

The Blood Race was indeed fierce in battle and fearless in the face of death, but how could the Soaring Dragon cultivators, who had no path of retreat and who were not afraid to die, be easily overcome?

With a sheer cliff behind them, the unity and fighting spirit that cultivators display when pushed to the brink is truly terrifying.

Moreover, even in terms of numbers, the Soaring Dragon cultivators greatly outnumber the Blood Race.

If it weren't for the heavy losses at Medicine Valley, the outcome of this battle would be uncertain. However, the Blood Race had suffered greatly during the battle at Medicine Valley, and the supposedly cornered Soaring Dragon cultivators received reinforcements. With their roles reversed, Soaring Dragon now had the capital to resist the Blood Race.

Beneath the Sky Ravine, Blood Owl hovered in the air, looking indifferently at the chaotic and brutal battlefield, and hummed lightly, "Those are some decent ants."

When the Blood Race invades various domains, they often crush the opposition with overwhelming force, but there are rare instances when they encounter fierce resistance from local cultivators.

Even rarer are the cases where the local cultivators still manage to have the upper hand in direct confrontation.

But such instances have indeed occurred before.

Blood Owl spoke in a calm tone, but his expression carried a hint of annoyance, as if the bravery of the Soaring Dragon cultivators was a slight to his pride.

As the leader of the Blood Race's invasion of this world, the effort and gains he made in Soaring Dragon would become his assets in vying for status within the Blood World. Naturally, excessive losses would be detrimental to him.

Such situations might be rare, but why wouldn't the Blood Race have a way to deal with them?

"Ultimately, it's all pointless!" Blood Owl's voice, amplified by spirit force, spread to every corner of the battlefield. No matter how noisy the clamor of battle was, it couldn't mask his scorn.

As his words fell, an abrupt change occurred throughout the vast battlefield.

Somewhere on the battlefield, Yiyi emerged from the ground, frantic and panicked, beside Lu Ye, and said urgently, "Lu Ye, the Blood Race has set up some kind of Formation here."

Before Lu Ye could react, he saw thick blood mist rising from the ground and spreading in all directions.

The source of the blood mist was, astonishingly, the blood that had flowed from the cultivators who had fallen in battle.

He even saw not far from him the body of a dead member of the Blood Race emitting blood mist as well. As the blood mist surged out, the corpse, which he had only beheaded recently, quickly withered as if it had been left to dry for countless years.

Previously, Celestial Saint used the power of the Blood River Great Array to stand firm against the joint attack of Huang Liang and two others with his own strength. He could also fully activate the Blood River Great Array using the fresh blood of the fallen Sky Ravine Sect and Soaring Dragon cultivators, summoning the Blood Race to descend.

These methods were all taught to him distantly by the Blood Race.

What Celestial Saint could perform was merely the basics.

The true essence of the mysteriously triggered great array that the Blood Race was now activating was far more profound.

Even the bodies of the dead could serve the Blood Race, as long as there was blood within them!

In just a dozen breaths, the entire battlefield was shrouded in blood mist. The thick stench of blood almost materialized, making one feel nauseated just by smelling it.

The envelopment of blood mist was just the beginning.

When the blood mist filled the entire battlefield, all members of the Blood Race became excited, breathing greedily. The blood mist flowed into their bodies through their mouths and noses, pores all over their bodies, darkening the crimson in their eyes even further.

The Soaring Dragon cultivators were horrified to discover that after devouring the blood mist, the Blood Race seemed to be invigorated, their strength significantly enhanced.

If that was all there was to it, it would be bearable.

Within the shroud of blood mist, many Soaring Dragon cultivators began to experience illusions and restlessness in their hearts and minds.

The blood mist not only strengthened the Blood Race's power but also had a strong disturbance effect on the Soaring Dragon cultivators' minds!

Yiyi, who had been hiding underground, had emerged in a hurry precisely because of this.

Ordinary powers truly posed no threat to her hidden form, but a pervasive entity like the blood mist was everywhere, and even a Spiritual Body like Yiyi could be affected. Sensing something wrong, she hurriedly retreated into Amber's body.

With the situation worsening and an oversight in their vigilance, countless Soaring Dragon cultivators met untimely deaths. Moreover, the fresh blood within the bodies of the fallen Soaring Dragon cultivators was rapidly extracted by some force and added to the thickening blood mist.

The original advantage of the Soaring Dragon cultivators was being lost at an alarming rate, and without intervention, they would likely collapse completely in less than the time it took for one incense stick to burn.

At the critical moment, it was the Three Great Overlord Sects that stood out.

When the resonant Buddhist chanting filled the air, when the inspiring aura of righteousness spread, and when the Imperial Heaven Sect displayed the Mysterious Secret Technique, all Soaring Dragon cultivators felt as though their souls were being cleansed by an extremely gentle force, sweeping away all disadvantages.

Their minds instantly became peaceful, and the rampant illusions vanished.

In peaceful times, who knows how many sects were unwilling to acknowledge the status of the Three Great Overlord Sects. After all, in terms of individual cultivator strength, nearly every notable sect had Level 9 Cloud River cultivators presiding, with the only difference being in their numbers.

Within the Soaring Dragon World, there were several sects whose power could rival that of the Sky Ravine Sect, and these sects had always sought to replace the Three Great Overlord Sects.

If others could sit as Overlords, why couldn't they?

But it was not until this moment, during this pivotal war that would determine the future of the Soaring Dragon, that the cultivation world of Soaring Dragon truly recognized what it meant to be an Overlord Sect and what a millennium of heritage entailed!

Chapter 730 Opportunity

Upon the battlefield, spirit force surged chaotically, figures crisscrossed in a blur, the conflict was intense, and cultivators of both races unleashed secret techniques in rapid succession, each countering the other.

Suspended midair, the Blood Owl, who had been observing the battle, finally lost his composure. The secret techniques that the Blood Race prided itself on failed to have the expected effect, making him realize that Soaring Dragon World was not so easily gnawed upon.

"How truly... stubborn!"

As his words fell, he had already transformed into a streak of blood light, rushing towards a specific area of the battlefield.

That place was where the monks of Vajra Temple were gathered. As they fought valiantly against their enemies with wrathful expressions, the resounding chant from their lips dispelled the influence of Blood Race's secret techniques on the minds of Soaring Dragon cultivators.

The Blood Owl could easily see that among all, it was precisely the secret techniques of these bald monks that posed the most severe restraint on the Blood Race's secret techniques, so they were his first target when he intervened.

The blood light streaked across the sky, crashing into Vajra Temple's ranks, and in an instant, wrought boundless slaughter.

Even as the monks of Vajra Temple possessed astonishing physical strength, they were like paper in front of the Blood Owl. Wherever the Blood Owl passed, he was unstoppable, no one able to withstand even a single blow from him.

Subject to the suppression of Soaring Dragon World's domain, the Blood Owl could only exert the strength of the Peak Cloud River level, but he himself was a strong cultivator from the Divine Sea Realm.

He was also the only one from the Divine Sea Realm that participated in the Blood Race's invasion of Soaring Dragon World this time.

With the profound background of Divine Sea Realm, even though he could only mobilize the strength of Cloud River Realm, this was not something that ordinary Cloud River cultivators could withstand.

Moreover, many Blood Path secret techniques he employed were particularly oppressive against those who had abundant blood Qi, such as the monks of Vajra Temple.

Facing an opponent like the Blood Owl, the people of Vajra Temple, at best, could only muster about seventy percent of their strength. That was the fundamental reason behind the Blood Owl's unstoppable momentum.

"Evil creature, cease your presumptuousness!" Accompanied by a furious shout, sword lights flooded the sky, sweeping towards the Blood Owl. Those sword lights crisscrossed like the strokes of a character, cutting through the void, and enveloped the Blood Owl from above.

More sword lights approached swiftly.

It was Haoran Academy's Yuen Changcun leading people to support the cause.

He had been closely watching the Blood Owl's movement, as the Blood Owl was known to be the strongest among the Blood Race according to the intelligence reports, and Soaring Dragon could not afford to ignore him.

The task assigned before the battle was, should the Blood Owl join the fight, it would be Haoran Academy's responsibility to restrain him and find an opportunity to kill him!

Cloud River killing Divine Sea, such a feat was deemed impossible a thousand years ago. The gap between two major Cultivation Realms, the advantage of numbers already meant nothing.

But today, a thousand years later, there was viable space for operation.

The pressure of the Heavenly domain, once strong cultivators from the Divine Sea Realm like the Blood Owl entered Soaring Dragon World, they had to abide by the rules of this world.

Surrounded by strong cultivators of Haoran Academy, numbering more than a dozen, each at the Peak Cloud River strength, they arrived by Sword Control, scattered in various directions. Each one's Sword Intent soared to the sky, all emanating from the same source and practicing the same secret technique. Their Sword Intents intertwined, and in an instant, they laid out an astonishing Sword Array.

Within the Sword Array, sword light flowed like the ocean, its shimmering waves glimmering. An ordinary person falling into it would be sliced into numerous pieces without even needing these sword cultivators from Haoran Academy to act. However, the Blood Owl remained indifferent, with his eyes downcast and a low voice emitting, "You ants jumping around, are truly... annoying!"

"Kill!" Yuen Changcun did not waste words with him. At his command, the Sword Array erupted, trails of sword light shuttling back and forth, interweaving and turning a vast area into a land of death.

Yet the might of the flying swords, enough to challenge any Cloud River Realm cultivator, could hardly cause much damage to the Blood Owl.

Although his Cultivation Realm was indeed restricted by the heavens and earth, limiting him to only exhibit the strength of the Peak Cloud River, his body remained of the Divine Sea Realm.

The slender build of the Blood Race did not imply weakness; on the contrary, their physical strength could be tremendous.

In fact, during earlier clashes, Soaring Dragon cultivators had noticed this issue; the physical strength of the Blood Race generally surpassed that of Soaring Dragon cultivators, with some even outmatching the monks of Vajra Temple.

Merely based on the robustness of his body, the Blood Owl was almost invincible, the infinitely sharp sword light at most only leaving minor cuts on his body.

And thanks to his formidable physique, such wounds could heal in the blink of an eye.

There was nothing more despairing than this, but Yuen Changcun's expression remained as calm as still water. A sword cultivator like him naturally had an extremely strong will and mind; the scene before him was something he had foreseen.

Therefore, upon witnessing the formidable prowess of the Blood Owl, he knew killing the opponent was not realistic, but he could do his utmost to trap him and prevent him from causing more casualties to Soaring Dragon.

Elsewhere on the battlefield, Lu Ye moved nimbly, steadily making his way towards the Bridging Altar.

As the Blood Owl made his move, the Blood Race members guarding the Bridging Altar also began to take action, joining the melee.

This caused the defenses near the Bridging Altar to become unprecedentedly weak!

For Lu Ye, this was undoubtedly an opportunity.

He had been contemplating how to get close to the Bridging Altar but had yet to find a clue; unexpectedly, the chance had suddenly presented itself.

He was acutely aware of how precious this opportunity was. It was the turning point earned through the bloody battles of Soaring Dragon cultivators, the concerted efforts of the Three Great Overlord Sects, and the oversight of the Blood Race.

Perhaps the Blood Race believed that in a place like Soaring Dragon World, it was impossible for anyone to break the Formation they had laid out.

Furthermore, given the current situation on the battlefield where the Blood Race was at a disadvantage, if they continued to remain near the Formation rather than joining the battle, the situation would only worsen for the Blood Race.

Little did they know, amidst the chaotic battlefield, a pair of eyes that did not belong to Soaring Dragon World had long since set its sights on their altar.

The path ahead turned out to be unexpectedly smooth, for wherever Lu Ye went, there would be Soaring Dragon cultivators bravely rushing out in front of him and to his left and right, restraining the nearby Blood Race.

With a sense spurred in his heart, he turned his head to look in a certain direction and saw Huang Liang, covered in blood from fighting, nodding slightly towards him.

He understood that this was Huang Liang secretly assisting him!

Having always regarded Lu Ye as the savior and having witnessed his expertise in the Array Path, Huang Liang knew that if there was anyone in the world who could break through the Blood Race's protective array, it had to be Lu Ye. Therefore, he had been paying close attention to his movements in secret.

When Lu Ye began to move, the excitement in Huang Liang's heart was indescribable. He immediately ordered the cultivators of the Imperial Heaven Sect to secretly assist Lu Ye and by all means help him reach the Bridging Altar.

Lu Ye and Huang Liang had not previously communicated about this matter, but at this moment, they coordinated seamlessly.

With the Imperial Heaven Sect cultivators' relay protection, Lu Ye barely exerted any effort before easily breaking through the Blood Race's multiple defensive lines and arriving at the outskirts of the Bridging Altar.

Even without the Blood Race guarding this place, the blood-colored barrier-like protective array continued to operate ceaselessly, firmly enveloping the Bridging Altar within.

With the existence of this blood-colored light curtain that even spirit ships couldn't contend with, the Soaring Dragon cultivators had no hope of threatening the altar.

Standing before the blood-colored light curtain, surrounded by many Imperial Heaven Sect cultivators, Lu Ye stimulated his Insight Spirit Runes to enhance his eyes.

With one glance, he discerned the nodes and weaknesses of the protective array before him.

Immediately, he raised his hand to throw out many array banners, his hands forming spells, spirit force surging, driving the array banners into the nodes and weaknesses of the blood-colored light curtain like threading a needle.

In the distant sky, Huang Liang, noticing this scene, vibrated with excitement, already sending orders for the spirit ships to prepare, ready to attack the Bridging Altar at any moment.

His feeling was right.

Ye Liu of the Tyrannical Saber Villa indeed turned out to be the prophesied savior. In this intense and urgent moment, he stepped forward, using his power alone, bringing a glimmer of hope for victory to the Soaring Dragon cultivation world!

In front of the blood-colored light curtain, Lu Ye's figure moved agilely, with numerous Imperial Heaven Sect cultivators closely following. Wherever he went, array banners were planted into the light curtain.

Breaking such a massive protective array was naturally not an easy feat.

Of course, if the goal was merely to enter covertly, it wouldn't be so troublesome.

The nearby Blood Race evidently sensed Lu Ye's intentions and attacked en masse, but were all blocked by the Imperial Heaven Sect cultivators.

In the span of mere ten breaths, Lu Ye had planted hundreds of array banners into the blood-colored light curtain.

Affected by those banners, the flow of spirit force in the light curtain became extremely sluggish. Although not completely stilled, its defensive capabilities were greatly reduced.

It was almost enough!

Lu Ye could feel a chill on his back, that feeling of being enveloped by a tremendous danger.

The source of the danger was the spirit ships brought by the Three Great Overlord Sects this time!

The attack from the spirit ships had been fully charged and locked on the direction of the altar.

"Go!" Lu Ye shouted lowly, leading the Imperial Heaven Sect cultivators beside him to flee to one side.

And almost the instant they left, on the spirit ships that were ready, the Array hummed, and a massive column of light, like roaring thunder, suddenly struck down.

In that moment, the hearts of all cultivators witnessing the scene stopped, even those who were fighting in a bloody battle spared part of their attention to watch what was unfolding near the Bridging Altar.

Not to mention Huang Liang, who had been fixating his mind on this place all along.

He had lived for many years but had never been as anxious and nervous as he was today...

Under the gaze of countless pairs of eyes, the first beam of light that arrived struck the blood-colored light curtain.

The light curtain, originally as solid as a golden soup, upon enduring this blow, suddenly developed a dense spiderweb of cracks.

Yet before this, this blood-colored light curtain had withstood the combined assault of three rounds from spirit ships without taking harm.

The second column of light followed closely behind.

With a "whoosh"...

The sound of shattering echoed deep within everyone's soul as the blood-colored light curtain enveloping the altar fragmented like a broken mirror!

In that instant, Huang Liang, overjoyed, could barely contain his urge to cheer and leap for joy!

It was a success!

It actually succeeded!

The protective array was broken, leaving no more obstacles outside the Bridging Altar; this abominable creation from the heavens was about to meet its destruction!