

Humanity 731

Chapter 731 The Center of Heaven and Earth

More light pillars ruptured space, bombarding the Bridging Altar above.

The massive impact swept in all directions, and even though Lu Ye and the others had left early, they were still overturned by the shockwave, with some of the pursuing Blood Race meeting their death on the spot.

Barely stabilizing his form, Lu Ye hurriedly looked up towards the altar.

What he saw made him pause in shock.

"How can this be?" Huang Liang's complexion changed drastically as he hovered mid-air, watching the scene unfold.

The scene before his eyes was unbelievable: the Bridging Altar constructed by the Blood Race, having lost the protection of its protective array, had withstood a coordinated attack from the spirit ships without a scratch!

The greater the hope, the greater the disappointment.

Just moments ago, Huang Liang wholeheartedly believed that since Lu Ye had broken the protective array, the guarded Bridging Altar would surely be destroyed.

But in reality, the sturdiness of this altar was beyond imagination!

All the Soaring Dragon cultivators paying attention to the altar were at a loss for words.

"You ants... what are you hoping for?" Blood Owl's chilling voice rang out as he swept up a layer of blood light and charged at the nearest Haoran Academy cultivator.

Caught in a trance, the cultivator could not defend against Blood Owl's attack, having his chest pierced and his beating heart forcibly ripped out.

"Junior Brother Qi!" Cries of alarm sounded as over ten powerful cultivators from Haoran Academy immediately refocused their minds and attacked with their swords.

However, with a corner of the Sword Array broken and facing a powerhouse like Blood Owl, how difficult was it to stabilize their formation? In no time, the Sword Array of Haoran Academy was on the brink of collapse.

Yuen Changcun suddenly understood.

All of this was nothing but a ruse!

The reason Blood Owl and the Blood Race cultivators guarding the altar joined the battlefield so recklessly was not because the situation demanded it, nor was it due to carelessness, but because the altar itself was indestructible!

This was an altar constructed with materials the Blood Race brought from the Blood World; it was not so easily destroyed.

The existence of the protective array was one layer of security and also a guise, leading the Soaring Dragon side to mistakenly believe that destroying the protective array would allow them to destroy the altar.

In reality, the greatest despair lay after the protective array was broken.

In that moment of spiritual lapse, countless Soaring Dragon cultivators perished or were wounded. Furthermore, with the unknown big array the Blood Race had set up here, any advantage the Soaring Dragon had initially built up was now gone.

And this was not even the most despairing part.

What was even more desperate was the foreign presence coming from the Sky Ravine above the altar, where vague figures were faintly visible, moving uncertainly as if they could break through the void at any moment.

The altar was constantly pulling the Blood World closer, blurring the boundary between the Blood World and the Soaring Dragon World. Although it was impossible to completely pull the Blood World down in a short time, the next wave of Blood Race reinforcements was already prepared and would likely take little time for more Blood Race to descend upon Soaring Dragon.

If such a thing were to happen, the Soaring Dragon cultivators would be left without the strength to resist, and the only thing waiting for Soaring Dragon would be annihilation!

"Attack again!" Huang Liang roared in anger.

As his voice fell, the arrays on the spirit ships moored outside the battlefield hummed to life again, and moments later, beams of light streaked toward the Bridging Altar, striking it forcefully.

The towering altar merely swayed slightly, still completely unharmed.

The resilience of this altar exceeded the imaginations of the Soaring Dragon cultivators.

Huang Liang's eyes were filled with bloodshot veins.

This time, without his command, the third wave of coordinated attacks from the spirit ships had already arrived.

From the high altitude, bolts of lightning-like light pillars swept in at intervals, striking the altar with a grandiose force.

After such five rounds...

Finally, Huang Liang saw hope—the altar now showed clear dents and cracks where it had been struck.

The altar was indeed sturdy, but it was not indestructible; with enough force, it could still be destroyed.

However, just as hope rose in his heart once again, a series of explosive booms came from outside the battlefield.

Shocked, Huang Liang looked up to see the spirit ships blowing up one after another.

It was not that they had been destroyed by the Blood Race, but rather the arrays on the ships could no longer withstand the constant triggering of such siege-like power.

The explosions of the arrays led to the destruction of the spirit ships one by one.

"Heaven has forsaken Soaring Dragon!" Huang Liang felt as if his heart had turned to ashes, a surge of blood rising to his throat, and with a spray of blood mist, his vitality rapidly weakened.

Just when hope had arisen once more, that sliver of hope was cruelly extinguished. The repeated emotional turmoil was something even someone like Huang Liang found difficult to bear.

"Hahaha!" Blood Owl's ghastly laughter echoed as he gripped the head of a Haoran Academy sword cultivator like holding a small chicken, his mocking voice spreading across the battlefield: "I must admit, the human race of this domain is worthy of becoming our Blood Race's Blood Food; struggle all you want, for soon you won't have the opportunity!"

As he spoke, he exerted force in his hand, crushing the head of the Haoran Academy sword cultivator.

He looked up at Yuen Changcun, knowing that killing this man would completely break the troublesome Sword Array.

At this moment, Yuen Changcun was also heavily wounded, with a large indentation in his chest as if struck by a powerful punch. When Blood Owl's gaze fell on him, he distinctly felt the shroud of death looming over him.

With no thoughts of escape, Yuen Changcun simply stood his Longsword in front of him, his aura and the sword merging as one.

As a sword cultivator facing the disaster of world's end, Lu Ye had no reason to shrink back, nor was it possible for him to do so.

Death in battle here was his only choice!

As the spirit force stirred, just when the Blood Owl was about to attack, a fierce and violent aura suddenly burst forth from the direction of the altar.

It was as if an ancient ferocious beast, trapped for tens of millions of years, had suddenly broken free from its cage.

The noisy and boundless battlefield suddenly fell into a moment of quietude, whether it was the Blood Race or the humans from Soaring Dragon, both felt a spine-chilling sensation arise in their hearts.

It was as though an invisible beast crouched behind them, sticking out a long tongue and licking their necks.

The Blood Owl, which remained indifferent even when trapped within the Sword Array, finally changed its expression at this moment.

"Hmm?"

Turning its head to look in the direction of the altar, it saw that at some point, a crimson and slender figure had appeared in the sky there.

That figure was unmistakably a set of Scale Armor, about thirty feet tall, its surface covered with piece after piece of finely detailed scales, and two backward-growing bone spurs on the elbows, flashing with a cold and chilling light.

The head of the Scale Armor was angular and clearly crafted by a top master, exuding a cold metallic luster, and those red eyes on its face reflected a terrifyingly chilling light.

Rigid, wild, and fierce, the aura spread unabashedly, and for a moment, that crimson and slender figure seemed to become the center of the entire world.

"Dragon's Breath..." The Blood Owl frowned.

Coming from the Blood World, his knowledge was far broader than that of the cultivators from the Soaring Dragon World.

Soaring Dragon cultivators could only sense from that crimson and slender figure an aura so wild and overbearing that it seemed as if it would destroy everything, but the Blood Owl perceived something else.

Dragon's Breath!

It was the aura of a True Dragon!

The aura of supremacy, of soaring the skies and delving into the earth, unmatched by all!

"Scale Armor?" The Blood Owl was somewhat in turmoil.

The appearance of an object with the Dragon's Breath in such a world was already astonishing enough, although not entirely impossible, since a powerful being like a True Dragon could roam the Void and potentially appear in any domain.

What shocked him was not merely the Dragon's Breath, but the sudden appearance of that set of Scale Armor!

It was a set forged from the body of a True Dragon!

Who could have slain a dragon, and who would have been able to use the body of a True Dragon to craft such Scale Armor?

Such a treasure, let alone the mere Soaring Dragon World, even in the Blood World, was extremely rare.

This clearly wasn't something that belonged to this world; even if this world had once given birth to cultivators of the Divine Sea Realm, they had no qualification to craft such a divine object.

On the other side, Huang Liang stared blankly at the sudden appearance of the crimson figure, sighing inwardly.

Finally... he was forced to use this object.

He knew that Lu Ye had the Dragon Throne, and if his judgment was correct, that Lu Ye was the person destined to save the world from this calamity; then the Dragon Throne was the object to save the world, the means this world had against the catastrophe. Otherwise, why would the Dragon Throne appear at this time and coincidentally fall into Lu Ye's hands?

But from his standpoint, he did not wish for Lu Ye to use this object.

The end of Zhuang Bufan was vivid before him; using such a divine object, how could there be any good outcome?

However, when Soaring Dragon had exhausted all its trump cards and had no more means to confront the disaster, the Dragon Throne also became the last hope.

Therefore, he could understand Lu Ye's choice at this moment.

At the center of heaven and earth, Lu Ye, enveloped in that crimson and slender figure, felt his mind and spirit soaring without limit.

To use the Dragon Throne or not was ultimately a choice.

Having witnessed the outcome of Zhuang Bufan using the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye was well aware of the burden such a divine object could place upon himself.

But, compared to Zhuang Bufan, Lu Ye had more confidence in himself.

This confidence came from his experience while refining the Dragon Throne; the entire process was without any hindrance, smooth to the extreme, as if he was refining not a divine object but an ordinary Spiritual Artifact.

Additionally, he had always felt a mysterious affinity with the Dragon Throne.

So he had always thought, perhaps Little Miracle Healer was right.

Zhuang Bufan bore such a heavy burden and eventually perished precisely because he did not receive the Dragon Throne's approval, he could not control it, and forcibly urging the power of the Dragon Throne naturally did not bode well.

But if one could obtain the approval of the Dragon Throne, the situation might not be so dire.

Though he said that, Lu Ye didn't dare to test it lightly, so he had kept the Dragon Throne in his storage space all this time.

Until this moment!

All the spirit ships of Soaring Dragon had exploded, and there was no longer any means to threaten the Bridging Altar, under whose influence the next batch of Blood Race reinforcements could arrive at any moment.

Soaring Dragon World had been driven into a corner, indeed reaching the critical juncture that would determine life or death.

Lu Ye no longer hesitated, took out the Dragon Throne, and spurred his spirit force into it.

Chapter 732 Come

The moment the Dragon Throne enveloped him, Lu Ye understood why Zhuang Bufan had only activated it once before he had exhausted himself completely.

At this moment, his whole body was enclosed within the Dragon Throne, and he felt a stabbing pain everywhere.

It was not an illusion, but real pain!

It was as if countless invisible tiny spikes had grown inside the Dragon Throne, piercing through various parts of his body.

In an instant, Lu Ye felt as if he was undergoing the most intense torture in the world, his sweat pouring out like pulp.

The pain was not only affecting his physical body but also his soul.

He could clearly feel the Dragon Throne greedily drawing out everything from him, his spirit force, physical strength, Psyche Force...

All his innate accumulation was uncontrollably draining away at an alarming rate, filling Lu Ye with terror.

During this process, his mind also ascended limitlessly, seemingly transcending the physical confines in a more mystical manner on this earth.

Everything in his view changed.

The Soaring Dragon cultivators around him and the approaching enemies from the Blood Race suddenly seemed insignificant.

He knew it was not that they had become smaller, but that he had grown larger!

He had indeed seen it when Zhuang Bufan used the Dragon Throne, that thirty-foot-tall, oppressive figure.

He could also see myriad colors flowing before his eyes, just like when he activated the Insight Spirit Runes to enhance his vision. These colors were clearly the hues of Spiritual Energy from various element signs.

But this time, he hadn't activated the Insight Spirit Runes; he was merely observing with his naked eyes, yet he could see even more details than when he had the runes' enhancement.

The movements of the figures stirring around him also became incredibly slow. He clearly saw a myriad of expressions of amazement, shock, and disbelief in their eyes, even clearly discerning the dilation and enlargement of their pupils.

With the Dragon Throne added to his body, besides the stabbing pain everywhere, there was no discomfort. He and the Dragon Throne perfectly merged; at this moment, he was the Dragon Throne, and the Dragon Throne was him!

He finally understood why the cover armorer sect relied so heavily on external power.

He also finally realized why Zhuang Bufan's final moments in life were so powerful.

The Dragon Throne, as a divine object, could bring an unimaginable all-around enhancement to any cultivator.

At this time, Lu Ye felt an overwhelming power filling his body, a power far beyond what his cultivation level should be able to harness.

And...

Suddenly, he looked up in a southeast direction; intuitively, he felt that in that direction, there was something deeply linked to him.

Or rather, deeply connected to the Dragon Throne!

He slowly reached out a hand towards that direction and made a grasping motion, uttering a single word.

"Come!"

To the southeast of Soaring Dragon lay Ganzhou, where one of the Three Great Overlord Sects, Vajra Temple, was located.

Vajra Temple had a long legacy, filled with numerous ancient temples and pagodas.

Monk Fahua's former place of meditation housed a thirty-three-story tower that had been there for so long that the current cultivators of Vajra Temple had long forgotten its purpose.

Each generation, only the abbot and a few key elders knew the secret of this tower.

Many monks of Vajra Temple might never visit this place in their lifetimes and thus were unaware of the tower's existence.

At this very moment, a young novice monk was sweeping the dust in the open space in front of the tower. The young novice, with rosy lips and white teeth, had been in the temple for two years and was of weak cultivation.

Therefore, he had not followed the monks of Vajra Temple northward, because a cultivator like him would be of no use there.

The young novice was meticulous in his sweeping, yet his face bore some sadness.

He remembered seeing the ancestral master emerge from seclusion here a few days ago, but soon after, he had heard the tragic news of the master's demise in Xuezhou.

Subsequently, more news came from Xuezhou about the invasion of the Blood Race and the descent of the Blood World. All the capable monks of the temple had gone to fight.

Now, in the vast Vajra Temple, only these weak young novice monks remained.

He did not know what the future held, nor did he know whether his senior monks could conquer the demons. He could only do what he was capable of.

Keeping the place clean, for he was sure his seniors would praise him upon their return.

Almost the moment Lu Ye raised his hand, the area around Vajra Temple suddenly shook violently.

The young novice looked up in alarm, only to see the thirty-three-story tower swaying continuously.

"Oh mother!" The young novice, shocked, fell to the ground, trying to flee, but suddenly froze as an incredibly ferocious aura emerged from beneath the tower. In a daze, the young novice seemed to see a pair of crimson eyes glancing at him.

"Oh no!" Having never experienced such an ordeal, the young novice couldn't endure it. With a bizarre cry, he fainted on the spot.

The next moment, a heaven-reaching blood light burst forth from the base of the ancient tower, as if breaking free from ages of confinement. The light, like a long sword piercing the sky, split the tower in two.

In the booming noise, the blood-red light soared into the sky, transforming into a Blood-Colored Thunderbolt and streaking northward.

That day, countless beings of Soaring Dragon witnessed the bizarre scene of the blood light piercing the sky.

In Vajra Temple, only the young novice monk, who remained unconscious, and the ancient pagoda, reduced to ruins, were left.

...

Xuezhou, beneath Sky Ravine.

A Blood Race warrior charged fiercely toward that three zhang tall crimson figure, until he was only three zhang away, Lu Ye still showed no reaction.

This Blood Race cultivator's strength was comparable to someone of the True Lake Realm; although he could only exert the power of the Cloud River Realm now, he was by no means ordinary.

He recognized the Dragon Throne's extraordinariness, but what of it?

Divine objects are fine, but one must be able to control them, relying on the low cultivation of the beings in this world; how could they bring out the divine power of such an object?

As long as he killed the human inside the cover armor, that divine object would belong to the Blood Race!

He held a bone spike carved from an ancient beast's leg bone, his body radiated with a bright blood light, evidently using the Blood Path Secret Technique, as he directly stabbed toward the head of the Dragon Throne.

Seeing that his enemy in front did not move at all, he couldn't help but cheer inwardly.

He had succeeded!

Suddenly, his vision whirled dizzily, and before he could react, he lost the strength to resist.

Within the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye looked indifferent as he caught the legs of this Blood Race cultivator like catching a small chicken and hoisted him up in his hand.

The Blood Race's figure was relatively taller and more elongated than that of the human race, much like the difference between a small grass and a big tree when compared to the Dragon Throne's towering three-zhang body.

Slow!

Too slow!

Enhanced by the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye's senses had reached an unprecedented level of exaggeration; even someone as powerful as a True Lake Realm Blood Race would, at best, reach a stalemate with people like Huang Liang.

But he simply reached out and caught the enemy in his hand, the motion relaxed and effortless as if he were catching a mosquito.

The many restless Blood Race members around saw this scene and were all deeply terrified.

The captured Blood Race members had strength unknown to the Soaring Dragon cultivators, but it was clear to the Blood Race.

How could such a powerful being be caught without reacting?

However, that was the reality laid out before them.

Following that, a more horrifying scene occurred; Lu Ye simply shook his hand, and the Blood Race powerhouse he held emitted a series of bone-crushing snap sounds, turning as limp as noodles.

Zhuang Bufan was forcing the Dragon Throne's powers when he was slaughtering the elders of Sky Ravine Sect like chickens and dogs.

Now, with a partial recognition from the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye could wield a portion of its power, making him even stronger than Zhuang Bufan had been that day.

What of a Blood Race powerhouse with the foundation of True Lake Realm? Let alone that he could only exert the power of Cloud River Realm now, even if there were no natural limits and he could use all his power, he might not match Lu Ye as he was now.

The enhancement the Dragon Throne brought to a cultivator was horrifically unimaginable; one could only understand the divine object's power when it was worn personally.

After casually tossing aside that Blood Race powerhouse, his life force quickly dissipated.

Near the Dragon Throne, creatures of both races fell silent.

The difference was that the Blood Race displayed frank terror, while the Soaring Dragon cultivators burst with hopeful radiance.

That three zhang tall crimson figure was like a long knife, slicing through the gloom over their hearts, showing them the light of victory.

"Destroy the altar!" From high above, Huang Liang bellowed in anger.

However, after killing that suicidal Blood Race, Lu Ye just stood there motionless, as if he hadn't heard Huang Liang's call at all.

"Destroy the altar! Destroy the altar!" Huang Liang screamed hoarsely.

Lu Ye remained indifferent.

He wasn't deaf to the call, nor was he unaware that the altar needed to be destroyed now, but... the Dragon Throne was consuming too much!

Merely wearing this cover armor, he had used up about eighty percent of his strength, including but not limited to his spirit force, blood Qi energy, and psyche force...

Moreover, as time passed, his own strength continued to drain, though not as terrifyingly as before.

His previous action was out of necessity and served as a deterrence!

Benefiting from having seen Zhuang Bufan exhibit the Dragon Throne's powerful effect right before his eyes, Lu Ye had swallowed a large amount of elixir pills and Five Drops of Soul Water before activating the Dragon Throne.

At this moment, his belly hummed, and the Bestial Gluttony Feast operated at an unprecedented efficiency, turning the medicinal effect of the elixir pills into spirit force, replenishing the psyche force consumed by the Soul Water.

He could barely keep up with the Dragon Throne's consumption, plus slightly more.

But he still dared not make any rash moves; merely standing here, the consumption was bearable, but acting would greatly increase it.

He was now conserving his own strength and waiting for an opportunity, an opportunity to ensure he could destroy the altar in one strike!

He inwardly shuddered—gaining recognition from the Dragon Throne came at such a terrifying cost; it was understandable why Zhuang Bufan ended up in such a state while forcefully controlling the Dragon Throne's power.

Chapter 733 Support from the Blood Race

In front of the altar, a three-meter-tall crimson figure stood tall, surrounded by a wild and fierce aura, like a sleeping dragon in a haze.

Huang Liang's roar echoed across the entire battlefield, yet upon seeing that Lu Ye made no move, he realized something was amiss.

There must be some problem on Lu Ye's side!

Almost at the same time this thought crossed his mind, another fierce voice rang out, "Kill him! Quickly kill him!"

The tone was filled with urgency.

It was Blood Owl!

As a powerful cultivator of the Divine Sea Realm, he had never regarded the cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World lightly, even if he was trapped by the Sword Array of Haoran Academy, he managed with ease.

But when Lu Ye donned the Dragon Throne, a strong sense of alarm suddenly surged in his heart.

That piece of crimson cover armor posed a huge threat to him.

This threat was not merely about deciding his life or death, but it also posed a threat to the existence of the altar!

As a member of the Blood Race, he did not fear death, but the altar could not be destroyed, as it was related to the descent of the Blood World. If the altar were destroyed, all his previous efforts would be in vain and the timing of the Blood World's arrival would be significantly delayed.

With such a sin, even if he were still alive at that time, he would inevitably face a fate worse than death.

Therefore, it was imperative to quickly kill that Soaring Dragon cultivator wearing the cover armor!

Huang Liang noticed some problem with Lu Ye's situation; naturally, Blood Owl saw it too, otherwise, there was no reason for him to stand there motionless after employing such a divine object.

This was undoubtedly the best opportunity to kill Lu Ye.

He wanted to go himself, yet led by Yuen Changcun, the powerful sword cultivators of Haoran Academy fiercely entangled him. Even though he used various mysterious Blood Path Secret Techniques, he still could not break loose unless he completely annihilated Yuen Changcun and the others first!

At the command of Blood Owl, many members of the Blood Race awoke from a dream, rushing towards the direction where Lu Ye was.

Lu Ye, who had been quietly standing there without moving, finally made a move. With a casual lift of his hand and a kick of his foot, several fierce and powerful members of the Blood Race were killed instantly.

His moves seemed extremely simple, yet none of the Blood Race could avoid them.

From afar, it looked like a group of mischievous children provoking a tall and mighty adult; no matter how the children bared their teeth and clawed, it was all in vain, making the scene both comical and bloody.

Every member of the Blood Race who charged forward either exploded and died or flew backwards like arrows released from their bows, their muscles torn and bones shattered.

Within the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye silently felt everything.

Though he was wearing a three-meter-tall cover armor, making him seem to have transformed into such a colossal figure, he felt not much discomfort, his movements as natural as an extension of his own limbs.

With the Dragon Throne upon him, he was the Dragon Throne, and the Dragon Throne was him.

Every part of the three-meter-tall cover armor was an extension of his body!

The only thing he was slightly unused to was that something seemed missing in his hand...

All this time, when facing enemies, he always held the Boulder Mountain Saber. Rarely did he fight empty-handed, naturally making it feel a bit awkward.

While he could have wielded the Boulder Mountain Saber, holding it in a three-meter-tall figure seemed somewhat improper, better to fight barehanded.

Fortunately, combat skill, once mastered, gets etched deep in the psyche, so even without a saber in hand, he merely felt a bit empty, but it didn't affect him much.

"Hold the fort!" Huang Liang's furious shout rang out again; he personally led a group of Soaring Dragon cultivators, surrounding Lu Ye to alleviate the pressure on him.

Previously, when Lu Ye did not respond to his shouts, he thought there was some problem on Lu Ye's side, but now it seemed that Lu Ye had no issues, otherwise, he wouldn't be able to counterattack the coming Blood Race.

But Lu Ye's method of killing the enemy made him understand the root cause.

Because Lu Ye had always used the simplest methods to eliminate the Blood Race, none of his movements were excessive; evidently, he did not want to waste his own strength.

Huang Liang had his suspicions, but was not entirely sure.

At this moment, there was no time to inquire, since Lu Ye wanted to conserve strength, he could only contribute his effort to match.

In an instant, the area where Lu Ye stood became the focal point of conflict between the human race and the Blood Race, spirit force chaotic and turbulent, barrages of killing moves overlapping.

The sudden shift in the center of the war was something neither of the two races' powerhouses had anticipated.

Here and now, the place where Lu Ye stood truly became the center of heaven and earth.

One side attacked, and the other defended, both giving their all, as living beings within this vast expanse fell like withered leaves, and corpses flew out, turning into severed limbs and smashed flesh.

Within Sky Ravine, the blood-colored light intensified, its utterly foreign aura continuing to pervade.

Lu Ye stood in place, not engaging in the conflict between the two races of cultivators. In the moment he adorned the Dragon Throne, and his psyche soared limitlessly, he sensed the origin of that aura—it was the aura of another world, the aura of the Blood World!

Filled with a malicious sense of invasion!

Within the Sky Ravine, countless figures churned uncertainly amid the bloodlight, those were even more powerful members of the Blood Race, influenced by the Bridging Altar, possibly descending upon Soaring Dragon at any moment.

We must hurry, even faster!

As if sensing his intention, the bloody light that had set out from Vajra Temple and sped northward suddenly increased in speed, leaving a distinct, lingering trail in the mid-air long after it passed.

In chaotic times, human lives are as trivial as weeds.

Even cultivators who have accomplished much in their cultivation cannot escape this fate.

Every moment, Soaring Dragon cultivators fall in battle around Lu Ye, even top-tier fighters like Huang Liang, despite their severe injuries, still bathed in blood, fighting enemies without leaving Lu Ye's side.

The Blood Race's repeated assaults failed to breach the defensive line of the Soaring Dragon cultivators, and the furious shouts of the Blood Owl kept sounding, no longer possessing his previous calm.

In the Void, the Blood Race is exceedingly arrogant, disregarding all other races especially the inherently weak human race, which they consider the most inferior of races.

However, after witnessing the gathered strength of the Soaring Dragon cultivation world, even the Blood Race had to acknowledge that the inherently weak human race sometimes could display unbelievable resilience and tenacity.

This was a trait many races in the Void did not possess, and also one that many envied.

"Is it not ready yet?" Huang Liang shouted amidst the chaos of battle.

"Almost!" From within the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye's response came, as he could clearly sense the distance of that northbound stream of bloodlight from his position.

With Lu Ye's reply, Huang Liang felt greatly relieved, knowing his previous guess was correct.

Lu Ye was not showing much activity, just conserving and saving energy, waiting for that thing.

That thing suppressed by Vajra Temple for two thousand years!

With many fears and insecurities swept away, Huang Liang felt a great hope rising in his heart, his heavily wounded body notwithstanding, and he couldn't help but be full of anticipation.

However, this anticipation shattered in the next moment.

He abruptly looked up, only to see the bloodlight within the Sky Ravine churning, and once again the scene of Blood River tilting downwards emerged, with figures of the Blood Race emerging from it...

The reinforcements for the Blood Race had arrived!

Huang Liang was not the only one to witness this scene; every Soaring Dragon cultivator who saw it couldn't help but feel despair.

Even with the current forces of the Blood Race, they had no assurance of victory, and with the Blood Race gaining reinforcements, what strength was left for Soaring Dragon to resist.

Many Blood Race members surged out from the Blood River in the Sky Ravine, each one exuding a powerful aura. They charged down wordlessly, joining the battle on the ground.

One of them, an elder-looking Blood Race member, stood in mid-air with hands behind his back, scanning the battlefield and lightly harrumphed, "Blood Owl, you are still so useless!"

The infuriated Blood Owl, harried by Yuen Changcun and others, snarled back, "Less nonsense, get that cover armor first, it's the variable!"

The elder Blood Race member calmly said, "I don't need your instructions on how to handle things!"

He shifted his gaze towards Lu Ye, who was adorned with the Dragon Throne, and softly said, "Kill him!"

His tone was indifferent, as if the one to be killed was merely a mosquito or fly.

With the heavy backup arriving, the defensive line formed by the Soaring Dragon cultivators around Lu Ye instantly became precarious, immediately tearing several gaps open.

Many members of the Blood Race seized these gaps and rushed toward Lu Ye.

Lu Ye, who had been standing still, minimizing unnecessary movement, suddenly slowly lifted a hand, and as his hand rose, the sky changed color, clouds churned wildly, and lightning roamed, a terrifying heavenly might shrouding the earth.

The entire chaotic and noisy battlefield, regardless of whether anyone was watching this spot, regardless of whether they were human or Blood Race, could clearly see that raised hand.

"Hmm?" That recently arrived elder member of the Blood Race felt a sudden jump in his heart, sensing an extremely fierce breath swiftly sweeping toward him from a certain direction.

He quickly looked up, and in an instant, he saw an extraordinary sight.

From the southeast, a streak of bloodlight tore through the sky, cutting a lingering mark across it.

"What is that?" The elder Blood Race member frowned, exerting his Ocular Power to look in that direction, and in the next instant, his expression drastically changed.

He seemed to have seen a fierce Dragon Shadow, fangs bared and claws flailing, charging in his direction.

And the aura within that bloodlight unmistakably originated from the same source as the aura from the cover armor below.

Though the elder Blood Race member did not quite understand what exactly was happening, he knew he absolutely could not allow this blood-colored light to near the battlefield. Immediately, he leapt up, heading straight for the incoming blood-colored light. Before he even arrived, his body emitted a mist of blood, turning into a sea of blood. The Blood Sea, as if sentient, surged and wrapped around the incoming bloodlight, instantly enveloping it tightly.

This secret technique of the Blood Race, intensely corrosive to the spirit of the Spiritual Artifacts and the protective spirit force of cultivators, the elder Blood Race member did not hesitate to activate it at his own expense, convincing himself that whatever was coming, as long as it had spirit force, it would inevitably fall under his control and would be corroded.

However, the next moment, a scream sounded from within the Blood Sea...

Chapter 734 - Capable of Slaying

The blood-colored light that swept in from the southeast of Soaring Dragon plunged into the Blood Sea without any pause, directly piercing through the sea and creating a vacuum zone.

Screams erupted as the vast Blood Sea suddenly contracted, revealing the figure of the ancient vampire. However, this elder of the Blood Race, who had been so arrogant only moments ago, now seemed to be severely injured. A gash in his waist and abdomen had his flesh rolling and blood pouring out, rendering his face pale and his eyes trembling.

"What is this thing?"

The ancient vampire was filled with disbelief.

Like Blood Owl, he was a strong cultivator of the Divine Sea Realm. Although his power was limited by this world and could only manifest the strength of the Peak Cloud River, he believed that nothing in a domain like Soaring Dragon could harm him with the profound foundation of the Divine Sea Realm.

This confidence was why he dared to intercept the blood-colored light.

Yet, to his utter surprise, he had just made his entrance and was already heavily injured. If he had not reacted quickly, he might have been killed.

How could such a dangerous being exist in this domain?

When he looked up, he finally saw the true form of the blood-colored light.

A saber!

A saber about one zhang and six chi long, looking as if it were cast from fresh blood. The blade was not smooth; every chi, there was a node slightly bulging. The blood-colored light flowed over the saber's body, menacing as if the saber had its own life, breathing in and out with the light.

During this breathing, an endless fierce aura rampantly filled the air.

And this saber, at this moment, was held by that tall and slender figure, whose cover armor seemed to blend seamlessly with the saber, forming a whole.

Even those who saw them for the first time could clearly tell that these two divine objects shared the same origin.

"Dragon Spine!" The ancient vampire was shocked, his face changing color. When he descended to this place, he only cared about mocking his old enemy Blood Owl and didn't pay much attention to the Dragon King Armor.

It wasn't until now, with the saber meeting his gaze, that the ancient vampire felt its profound mystery.

Within the tall, crimson figure, pure dragon's breath permeated, evidently crafted from a True Dragon's body. And the saber with its nodules was made from an entire Dragon Spine, the nodes simply the spine's own joints.

A blast echoed in his mind, and the ancient vampire's complexion drastically changed as he finally understood why Blood Owl had been defeated in such a domain.

"Dragon Spine Saber!"

Yuen Changcun, covered in wounds and desperately entangled with Blood Owl along with several fellow disciples, stole a glance at the blood-colored saber in Lu Ye's hand. Recognizing its match with the records in the academy, he instantly realized that this dangerous artifact had also emerged.

On the other side of the battlefield, Guang Jing chanted Buddhist scriptures with complicated expressions in his eyes.

The Dragon Throne had two pieces, one was the Dragon King Armor and the other was the Dragon Spine Saber. In the entire Soaring Dragon World, no more than ten people knew this secret. The world assumed that the Dragon Throne was the Dragon King Armor, which was a misconception.

Over two thousand years ago, when the Dragon Spine Saber emerged, it was sealed by the Vajra Temple of that era, up until today.

Now that the Dragon Spine Saber had appeared and was summoned at such a crucial moment, it was clear that the Dragon Throne had recognized its master!

Next to the altar, as soon as the saber was in hand, an endless and wild fierce aura powerfully filled the air.

If before, Lu Ye clad in the Dragon Throne seemed like a dragon in daze, half-asleep and half-awake, then the moment the Dragon Spine Saber was grasped, that dragon had completely awakened.

Members of the Blood Race who had just broken through the defenses of Soaring Dragon cultivators and pounced towards Lu Ye hadn't even reacted when they were hit with the almost tangible fierce aura.

It was like hitting an invisible wall; figures were hurled back even faster than they came.

The impact affected even the Soaring Dragon cultivators guarding Lu Ye.

In an instant, within a hundred zhang around the Dragon Throne, there was nothing left.

Relying solely on the power of the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye wasn't confident he could destroy the altar with one strike, which was why he hadn't made significant moves before—even as Huang Liang shouted himself hoarse, Lu Ye remained inactive.

He was waiting for the arrival of the Dragon Spine Saber!

And now, the moment had finally arrived.

With the saber in hand, everything felt different, as if he himself had become complete.

Lu Ye turned around and raised the Dragon Spine Saber high. He stimulated all his strength like mad. At that moment, he felt as if he were chosen by fate, as if the entire Soaring Dragon World stood behind him, backing him up.

The wind changed, the gathered clouds in the sky turned denser, and amidst the lightning and thunder, deafening claps sounded.

The raised saber resonated strangely with this piece of the world. Lu Ye knew it wasn't an illusion but a reality unfolding.

The Soaring Dragon World sensed that the outcome of this battle hinged on this moment and thus lent him its power without reservation.

Lu Ye's psyche rose boundlessly once again.

He felt an immense confidence emerging within him.

He could cut through anything! Everything in this world would shatter beneath this saber strike!

Countless eyes were fixed as the blood-colored saber swung down heavily toward the altar!

It's hard to describe the might of this saber.

When the saber fell, it was silent, but it seemed as if everything in the world had been cleaved apart.

The world paled, and all fell silent...

Sound, color, perception, all vanished without a trace, and every view reflected the unadorned simplicity of that single strike.

It seemed a mere instant, yet also like eons.

Boom...

When a loud bang sounded, a burst of blood-colored saber light suddenly exploded forth, cutting through the Blood Race's Bridging Altar. The altar, which appeared solid and impregnable, split in two as easily as a piece of tofu.

The momentum of the blood-colored saber light did not diminish as it shot straight into the sky, slashing toward the inclined Blood River below the Sky Ravine.

At this moment, a massive number of the Blood Race were still swarming out of the Sky Ravine, but when the saber light struck, no matter how profound their foundations, they dispersed like smoke in the wind.

The cascading Blood River completely evaporated under the might of this saber light.

The saber light plunged into the Sky Ravine, cutting into the Blood World itself.

Faintly, a muffled groan seemed to emanate from within the Blood World!

It was uncertain who had been injured by the saber light.

The dark clouds in the sky dissipated, leaving the blazing big sun high in the firmament.

When the dust settled, cultivators of both clans were unable to recover their senses for a long time, still immersed in the terrible power of that single strike. Before this moment, no one knew that someone in this world could wield such a strike.

The Sky Ravine was still there, but the strange presence emanating from it had become much fainter.

This undoubtedly indicated that the Blood World's reliance on the Soaring Dragon World had weakened.

"Kill the enemy!" A furious roar sounded, and it was Huang Liang who was the first to snap back to reality.

In a desperate situation, they saw light once more, and this time, it was indeed an undying light.

The altar was destroyed, the supporting Blood Race suffered heavy casualties under that strike; whether Soaring Dragon could hold on through the day depended on the upcoming fight.

Many Soaring Dragon cultivators roared and desperately charged toward the nearby Blood Race, utterly disregarding their own expenditure and injuries.

With the altar destroyed and their reinforcements cut off, the Blood Race finally fell into chaos. With the Blood World as their backing, they had been unscrupulous, but at this moment, they distinctly felt their connection with the Blood World growing extremely weak.

This was the fundamental reason for their panic.

In front of the altar, Lu Ye stood still, holding his saber.

That strike had not only drained his own strength but also emptied the spirit force accumulated in the spirit energy-storing ring on his hand.

He could even feel a significant waning of his own life force...

The Dragon Throne Saber was ferocious, and this ferocity was not only manifested in its power against enemies but also in its exploitation of the wielder.

Under normal circumstances, when a cultivator wields a Spiritual Artifact, it consumes the cultivator's own power. Once that power is exhausted, the artifact's might can no longer be unleashed.

But the Dragon Throne Saber was different. Even if the user's power ran dry, it would continue to draw upon anything it could, such as vitality, such as Psyche Force...

If Lu Ye had not been holding back before, conserving his strength, even if he could have unleashed that strike, he would surely have perished from depletion.

However, such a sacrifice was ultimately worthwhile.

The altar was destroyed, the Blood Race that came in support died or were injured in untold numbers, and the reliance of the Blood World had weakened...

The Soaring Dragon World now had the capital to confront the Blood Race.

Temporarily setting aside the benefits for the Soaring Dragon World, Lu Ye himself had numerous profound insights flooding his mind.

If he were to enter seclusion for contemplation at this moment, his saber skills would surely make considerable progress.

Furthermore, he perceived something even clearer.

This world... had its own will!

Perhaps that will was still nebulous, but it was indeed a will. He could distinctly feel that the entire world was lending its strength to him when he unleashed that strike.

Otherwise, his strike might have broken the altar, but it could not have possibly weakened the Blood World's hold on the Soaring Dragon.

It was the assistance from the Heaven and Earth's Will that gave that strike such terrifying might. To put it metaphorically, when Lu Ye swung that saber, it was as if an invisible figure stood behind him, gripping the Dragon Spine Saber with him and delivering that earthshaking strike.

And that invisible figure was the nascent will of this particular world.

Before this, Lu Ye had only some speculations about such bewildering phenomena.

But now, his speculation had been confirmed.

This revelation provided explanations for many things that he had previously found incomprehensible.

Such as the Heaven's Augury of the Nine Provinces...

If the Soaring Dragon's world had its own nebulous will, then what about the Nine Provinces? Heaven's Augury was ubiquitous, affecting the survival and cultivation of every cultivator in the Nine Provinces, and it even evolved into marvelous entities like merit and battle merit.

The will of the Nine Provinces' world must be much more mature than that of the Soaring Dragon. If one were to make a comparison, it would be like the difference between an adult and a fetus.

Refocusing his mind, Lu Ye looked up and saw the tragic battle scene between the cultivators of the two worlds.

Although he had shattered the altar and weakened the Blood World's attachment to the Soaring Dragon World, significantly delaying the Blood World's descent and leaving the Blood Race without the support of reinforcements, the current battle was far from over.

Chapter 735 - Victory

With that strike from Lu Ye, the Soaring Dragon world only gained the capital to fight against the Blood Race; from how the scene looked, the Blood Race still held some advantages.

He looked up and saw Guang Jing in a one-on-one battle with Celestial Saint, evenly matched. The great monk had a furious expression, his kasaya torn open to reveal a robust physique, his blood Qi boiling over as he demonstrated his abilities to subdue demons and exorcise evil.

He saw the sword cultivators of Haoran Academy struggling to hold on, with Blood Owl weaving in and out amidst their Sword Array.

He also noticed the old Blood Race who had descended upon the Soaring Dragon world looking over with a fearful face from a great distance.

In a single glance, the various scenes spread over dozens of miles on the battlefield were all captured in his eyes.

Although extremely exhausted, his strength nearly depleted, and wishing nothing more than to collapse into sleep, Lu Ye knew he could not rest yet.

Having come this far, it would be too regrettable if he could not finish the fight.

Inside the Sword Array of Haoran Academy, Sword Qi crisscrossed violently; Blood Owl, grinding his teeth in rage, acknowledged his invasion of the Soaring Dragon had utterly failed. No matter what decisions were made by the Blood World after this, his defeat was irrefutable, and he had no face to return to the Blood World. Dying here was his only, and best, choice.

With such a thought in mind, Blood Owl completely abandoned his defense, causing Yuen Changcun and several other sword cultivators to be in a sorry state.

If they had a hard time dealing with Blood Owl when they numbered over ten, how could the few remaining ones, each wounded, withstand him now?

In the face of Blood Owl's desperation, they simply could not last much longer.

Yet no one retreated; sword cultivators would rather break than bend. Faced with such a formidable enemy, they had only to fight with their lives!

"All of you are going to die!" Blood Owl roared furiously, and seizing a good opportunity in his frenzied attack, he rushed close to Yuen Changcun with incredible speed that no one had the chance to block.

Blood Owl reached out, his sharp fingers piercing Yuen Changcun's chest and grasping his heart.

"Dean!" The nearby sword cultivators were all shocked and pale, wanting to come to the rescue, but was it not already too late?

Just as Yuen Changcun was about to lose his life, Blood Owl's body suddenly stiffened. An indescribable sense of crisis enveloped him, and amid that thick and sticky feeling of danger, he found it exceedingly difficult to even move a finger.

Before he could even react to what was happening, a slight pain crossed his neck, his senses faded, and his hand, which held Yuen Changcun's heart, went limp.

Seizing this opportunity, Sword Qi surged around Yuen Changcun, and the sharp Sword Qi sliced Blood Owl into countless pieces. Blood splattered in all directions, sprinkling down.

Looking at the crimson figure who had quietly swung that strike from behind Blood Owl, Yuen Changcun's face showed gratitude.

He knew that had it not been for Lu Ye's timely support, he would be dead by now.

Blood Owl, with his back to Lu Ye, did not see clearly what had just happened, but Yuen Changcun, facing Lu Ye, hadn't seen it clearly either, because at that critical moment between life and death, everything before his eyes seemed to blur, and Lu Ye in the Dragon King Armor appeared out of nowhere.

That supernatural speed had surpassed the limits of the cultivators of this world, something a Cloud River Realm cultivator couldn't possibly capture.

With another blink, the crimson figure had already vanished, as if he had never appeared.

But from a distant part of the battlefield, there suddenly came Celestial Saint's cry of shock.

Yuen Changcun turned his head and saw the cause of the Soaring Dragon world's crisis being cut in two. The long crimson figure was visible for a fleeting moment before disappearing once more.

Tens of miles away from the battlefield, the old Blood Race was fleeing desperately, having even activated the Blood Race's life-saving secret technique, burning his own Essence Blood recklessly.

That heavenly strike that split the Blood River had indeed frightened him.

If he could still exhibit his Divine Sea Realm cultivation, he reckoned he could try to contend with such a strike, but now he was only endowed with the foundation of the Divine Sea Realm, how could he withstand such a strike?

In his perception, the connection between the Blood World and this world was weakening.

Thus, he made the decision on the spot to activate his secret technique to escape.

But the sense of crisis in his heart did not diminish as he moved away from the battlefield. On the contrary, it grew increasingly intense. He felt a chill all over his body, a response triggered by the terror in his psyche.

Even though he knew he should not look back at such a time, he could not help but turn his head.

At that glance, the old Blood Race's face showed despair.

In his field of vision, the crimson figure was approaching at a speed beyond his imagination. It seemed distant at first glance, but after a blink, it was halfway there. In one more breath...

It was up close.

"I'm fighting you to the death!" The old Blood Race was resolute too, realizing escape was futile. He turned around, his power surging as his blood Qi spread and wriggled, suddenly splitting into three.

Clearly, it was an extremely mysterious doppelganger technique. To the naked eye, the three old Blood Races were exactly the same, even their auras were indistinguishable.

It was as if he truly could split into three.

Each of the three old Blood Races possessed his full strength; one charged straight at Lu Ye while the other two flanked from the left and right.

Facing such a tactic from the old Blood Race, Lu Ye who was swiftly advancing, simply swung the Dragon Spine Saber in his hand lightly.

A Dragon's Wail seemed to echo between heaven and earth as a blood-red arc of saber light cleaved through the Void, bursting forth from the Dragon Spine Saber and explosively spreading outward.

Three figures rushing in for the kill had no capability to resist or dodge, and were sliced in two by the arc of saber light.

Two of them dissipated into blood Qi and vanished into thin air, leaving behind the one on the right--the true form of the ancient Blood Race member.

The neatly severed lower half of the body fell to the ground, while the upper half still hung suspended in mid-air, with organs and blood spilling out from the wound into the sky.

Gazing at the crimson, elongated figure, the ancient Blood Race member let out a slight sigh, "An innocent victim of war!"

This Blood Race invasion of the Soaring Dragon was not ill-prepared.

Eight hundred years of parasitic leeching had gradually brought the Soaring Dragon cultivation world to a decline. With the internal support from the Sky Ravine Sect, the invasion was progressing perfectly. In theory, it wouldn't have been long before the Blood Race could take over the Soaring Dragon World, and the Blood World could completely devour the essence of this entire domain.

But who could have expected that a completely unreasonable monster would suddenly emerge!

Cultivators are limited by the heavens and earth and can only exert strength accordingly, but artifacts like cover armor face restrictions not from the heavens and earth but from the cultivators themselves.

Moreover, the cover armor in question was made from the body of a True Dragon, and the long saber was forged from Dragon Spine. Such artifacts should not have appeared in the Soaring Dragon World, nor should anyone be able to wield them.

The ancient Blood Race member died. The distant battlefield was still in fierce combat, but Lu Ye, who had slain the ancient Blood Race member, was completely drained.

His consciousness was dimming, and he could faint at any moment.

With a thought, the Dragon King Armor that draped over him quickly receded, as the Scale Armor converged and shrunk, detaching from Lu Ye and reforming into the inconspicuous ball the size of an infant's head, falling to the ground.

Hiss... The Dragon Spine Saber too plunged into the ground, hilt-deep.

In the very last moment of his sinking consciousness, Lu Ye reached into his spirit beast sack at his waist and released Amber before slipping into unconsciousness.

Prior to using the Dragon Throne, Lu Ye had already informed Yiyi and anticipated what might happen afterwards.

So when Amber appeared, and Yiyi dashed out only to see Lu Ye's current state, she knew Lu Ye's predictions had come true.

Though panic-stricken, Yiyi still quickly picked up Lu Ye, gathered the Dragon Throne, and, summoning her spirit ark, she sped toward Medicine Valley with Lu Ye and Amber!

In the current Soaring Dragon World, only the Little Miracle Healer could save Lu Ye.

As for the distant war, its outcome was no longer Yiyi's concern.

Lu Ye had nearly given half his life, destroying the altar, ruining the Blood River, weakening the connection between the two worlds, and finally, killing the two strongest members of the Blood Race at the very end. If, on this basis, the Soaring Dragon World still lost, it could only mean that this world was beyond salvation.

Yiyi had never pushed the speed of her weapon control to such an extent, yet even so, she felt it was too slow.

In her arms, Lu Ye's vitality was faint, like a candle flame in the wind, ready to be extinguished at any moment.

It would have been bad enough on its own, but Lu Ye's symptoms at this moment were clearly very similar to those of Zhuang Bufan before. Compared to Zhuang Bufan's condition at that time, Lu Ye's was even more severe.

Even though the Dragon Throne had recognized its master, allowing Lu Ye to wield some of its power, what he did today was far more draining than Zhuang Bufan's trial.

Zhuang Bufan had merely tried the Dragon Throne once and was at death's door. What would be Lu Ye's situation now?

In the distance, Medicine Valley came into view, with two figures seemingly waiting at the mouth of the valley—it was the Little Miracle Healer and Ye Liuli who had stayed behind.

Yiyi descended her fleeing light, pleading with an unprecedented fragility in her voice, "Senior, please save Lu Ye!"

In her urgency, she completely forgot the status Lu Ye held in this world.

"I'm already aware," nodded the Little Miracle Healer. She was waiting here for Lu Ye.

Ye Liuli, seeing Lu Ye's current state and recalling Zhuang Bufan's final moments, couldn't help but cover her mouth with her hand, tears streaming down her face.

The Tyrannical Saber Villa had been annihilated; she and Lu Ye were all that remained of the family. If anything happened to Lu Ye, she would truly be left alone in the world.

A wave of profound grief surged from her heart, nearly overwhelming her.

Amid the intense turmoil of emotions, it seemed as if a seal within her was broken, and a torrent of incomprehensible information surged into her mind, assaulting her not-so-robust psyche. With a soft cry, Ye Liuli collapsed to the ground.

The sudden turn of events astounded Yiyi, yet she instinctively caught Ye Liuli and followed the Little Miracle Healer into Medicine Valley.

Under the Sky Ravine, the battlefield had seen several days and nights of fierce combat. When the dust settled, the ground beneath the Sky Ravine was stained red with blood, and the bodies of cultivators from both races littered the field.

Every survivor was covered in wounds, every pair of eyes veiled with fine bloodshot lines, but their weary expressions could not hide the exhilaration in their hearts.

"We've won..." came a soft whisper from somewhere on the battlefield.

"We've won." More voices responded.

Then the murmurs swelled into earth-shattering cheers and roars.

"We've won!"

In this battle, the Soaring Dragon cultivators emerged with a pyrrhic victory. Of those who fought, hardly one in ten survived.

Chapter 736 - Heaven Envis the Talented

Medicine Valley, where cultivators were coming in and going out constantly. Many cultivators looked exhausted, bearing injuries, yet they still couldn't afford to rest.

Those who could walk on their own like them were still considered lucky.

There were even more who were missing arms or legs, or were so gravely injured that they couldn't leave their beds.

Below the Sky Ravine, a fierce blood battle had taken place, wherein the invading Blood Race was nearly wiped out, but the Soaring Dragon World also paid an unimaginable price.

In the recorded history of the Soaring Dragon World, there had never been such a large-scale battle with such heavy casualties.

In front of the thatched cottage, on the chair where Zhuang Bufan once sat, Lu Ye sat weakly, covered with a thick beast skin blanket, occasionally coughing lightly.

The Little Miracle Healer was right beside him, examining his injuries.

In that day's battle, after slaying the venerable Blood Race, Lu Ye had fallen into a coma, only barely awakening yesterday, and even that was the result of the Little Miracle Healer's efforts; otherwise, he might have slept longer, or even passed away in his sleep.

Although he had now awoken, his physical condition was extremely poor. While he had no serious injuries on his body, Lu Ye could feel an unprecedented weakness, as if his whole being had been drained.

He was a youth not yet twenty, but his face suddenly bore traces of age, and large patches of his hair had turned snow-white.

Yiyi, Ye Liuli, and Huang Liang stood by the side, waiting anxiously.

After a long time, the Little Miracle Healer finally withdrew her jade hand from Lu Ye's wrist and tucked his hand back into the beast skin blanket.

"Senior, how is he?" Yiyi asked nervously.

Huang Liang also looked over with concern, his heart in his throat.

The Little Miracle Healer glanced at Lu Ye, and Lu Ye said weakly, "There's no harm in speaking; I'm well aware of my own body."

Only then did the Little Miracle Healer nod and said, "His life, for the time being, has been saved."

Yiyi felt more anxious rather than relieved, detecting the implication in the Little Miracle Healer's words, "For the time being?"

"His body has suffered severe depletion, so although his life is saved for now, it's hard to say what might happen later," the Little Miracle Healer explained.

In fact, in her diagnosis, Lu Ye's condition was so severe that he might not even survive a month.

And this was after Lu Ye had taken a large amount of elixir pills and the Five Drops of Soul Water before wielding the Dragon Throne. Without these preparations, the strike he launched while donning the Dragon Throne would have completely drained his lifeforce in one go.

The cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World are limited by the heavens and the earth and can only cultivate up to the pinnacle of the Cloud River Realm. Even invaders like the Blood Race cannot exert power beyond this realm after arriving here.

However, external forces like the Dragon Throne are not subject to this constraint. The only limitation it faces is the cultivator himself. Under the Sky Ravine altar, the blow Lu Ye struck far exceeded the standard of the Cloud River Realm, and such an act cannot be without consequences.

And now, the cost seems unbearable.

"If his body is depleted, can't it be nourished back?" Yiyi asked urgently, "We have many elixir pills that nourish the body, and we also have real dragon scales and soul water, all of which can be used!"

Dragon scales replenished blood Qi, and soul water replenished the psyche. In Yiyi's view, since Lu Ye's body was depleted, they just needed to find a way to replenish it.

The Little Miracle Healer sighed and shook her head: "There is an Origin to the world, and there is an Origin to a person. Just as this domain, with the Blood World leeching off of it for eight hundred years, the Origin of Soaring Dragon has drastically diminished, leading to a continuous decline in the upper

limit of cultivators' cultivation. Unless the Origin of this realm is replenished and restored, the glory of eight hundred years ago cannot be revived. Ye Liu's current physical condition follows the same principle; the depletion he's suffering from isn't something that can be replenished by ordinary means."

"Senior, is there really no way?" Yiyi was close to tears.

"I... am powerless."

If it were possible, Zhuang Bufan would not have had to meet his end that day. Now, Lu Ye's situation is exactly like Zhuang Bufan's; the life force that remained could only barely sustain him for a short while, and it would not be too long.

After the Little Miracle Healer left, Yiyi lay down in front of Lu Ye, wailing. Yet, as a Spiritual Body, even with all her sorrow, not a single tear fell, her heartache unable to be vented.

Amber's mood was also unprecedentedly gloomy, squatting on one side, her tiger eyes dim.

Seeing this scene, Huang Liang heaved a sigh: "Young friend, you should take good care of yourself for now. I will come visit you later."

He wasn't mistaken in his feeling before; the young man before him truly was the savior destined to confront the calamity. In the most desperate moment of the Soaring Dragon cultivation world, it was he who donned the Dragon Throne, and with a heaven-shaking strike, cut through the gloom, bringing light to Soaring Dragon.

However, looking at Lu Ye's current state, Huang Liang was full of unease.

Should the savior really pay such a heavy price?

He was still a young man of not yet twenty. He saved the world, but who could save him?

Even the Little Miracle Healer was at a loss; in this wide world, there probably wasn't anyone else who could do anything for him.

"Senior, please wait," Lu Ye said gently, patting the trembling shoulders of Yiyi and looking towards Huang Liang, "I would like to know the current situation at the Sky Ravine."

Huang Liang hesitated slightly: "Young friend..."

"Having paid such a great price, I think I still have the right to care," retorted Lu Ye.

Unable to help sighing, Huang Liang gave in since Lu Ye had put it that way; refusing further would appear unkind.

He then recounted what he knew of the situation.

In the battle that day, the invading Blood Race from the Blood World was routed and annihilated, and the Bridging Altar had been destroyed. Thanks to the borrowed power of the heavens and earth in that strike, even the attachment of the Blood World to the Soaring Dragon World had greatly weakened.

But the matter wasn't over yet.

The Sky Ravine still existed, and the Blood World still clung to the outside of the Soaring Dragon World, so the root of the problem had not been resolved.

For now, the Blood Race has no way to invade the Soaring Dragon World, but as time elapses, once the connection between the two worlds becomes even more intimate, the Blood Race will surely rise again.

Furthermore, during the process in which the Blood World attaches to the Soaring Dragon World, it is constantly siphoning the foundation of the Soaring Dragon World, which is the Origin that Little Miracle Healer mentioned.

Therefore, even if there are no future invasions from the Blood Race, without resolving the issue of the Blood World's attachment, Soaring Dragon will gradually march toward its doom.

"To prepare for a possible invasion by the Blood Race, we Soaring Dragon cultivators are urgently setting up a big array beneath Sky Ravine. In this way, even if the Blood Race appears again, they will be walking into their own demise."

The Blood Race is indeed powerful, but if everything is well-prepared on the Soaring Dragon's side, they will perish in as great numbers as they dare to come.

Once a Formation is properly set up, the power it can unleash is extremely formidable.

But that's about it...

It's the only thing that Soaring Dragon World cultivators can do now, specifically against the Blood Race.

They have no means to deal with the Blood World itself.

There's nothing more sorrowful in this world than knowing that a guillotine is hanging overhead, slowly descending, yet no one can stop it!

When the day comes that the guillotine falls, Soaring Dragon will certainly vanish into nothingness, and the living beings of this world will cease to exist - it will be a true disaster of world destruction and domain obliteration.

After listening to Huang Liang's narration, Lu Ye flicked his finger, and a jade slip flew out.

"I've organized some information on Formations, hoping it could be of some help to my Fellow Daoists."

Huang Liang was taken aback for a moment, then showed a look of respect and gave Lu Ye a formal bow, "Thank you, my young friend!"

He felt moved, realizing that the savior who should combat the calamity was still concerned about the state of the Soaring Dragon World, despite his own predicament - such breadth of mind truly deserved his admiration.

The profound expertise Lu Ye had in the Array Path was something Huang Liang had already heard about from his array cultivators, so the materials Lu Ye had prepared would undoubtedly be of great use.

"Sect Master Huang, please go about your business," Lu Ye said somewhat weakly, waving his hand.

Huang Liang nodded, "I will come to visit you later."

With a look of regret on his face, Huang Liang left, lamenting the jealousy of the heavens toward the talented.

Yiyi continued to sob incessantly.

Lu Ye stroked her head, silently comforting her.

Suddenly, as if she remembered something, Yiyi looked up and said, "Lu Ye, let's go back to the Nine Provinces!"

Given Lu Ye's current condition, even Little Miracle Healer was at a loss, and the entire Soaring Dragon World was helpless, but that did not mean there was no one in the Nine Provinces who could heal him.

After all, the Nine Provinces had Divine Sea Realm cultivators, whose level of cultivation was much higher than that of the Soaring Dragon World.

Perhaps the conditions that left Little Miracle Healer helpless could be easily resolved by those of the Divine Sea Realm?

Lu Ye shook his head, "We can't go back."

If Yiyi could think to find a solution by returning to the Nine Provinces, had he never considered it?

But... how could they return to the Nine Provinces?

In the secret realm of Xianyuan City, he was sent out by the City Lord.

In the secret realm of Ten Thousand Beasts Domain, once the crisis there was resolved, a passage to the Cloud River battlefield opened up at the military supplies department.

What about the secret realm of the Soaring Dragon World?

Not to mention whether there's a place like the military supplies department here, even if there is, as long as the crisis of Soaring Dragon World is not completely resolved, a passage back to the Nine Provinces would be impossible.

This was also the fundamental reason he resolutely used the Dragon Throne despite knowing its tremendous risks.

He was not the type of person to easily take the world to heart or to willingly die for others as an Unparalleled Righteous Man.

From the beginning, he was clear about one thing: the moment he entered the Soaring Dragon World, his fate was tied to the survival of this domain.

To survive, he needed to protect the Soaring Dragon World first.

Unfortunately, even if he fought desperately, he could only delay the demise of the Soaring Dragon World; he couldn't completely solve the disaster facing this world.

Perhaps once the problem of this world was truly resolved, there would be a way for him to leave this domain, but until then, it would be impossible for him to return to the Nine Provinces.

The situation in the Soaring Dragon World was different from that in the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain.

In the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain, many Nine Provinces cultivators entered and could join forces and work together in unity.

But here, he was alone, without the opportunity to collaborate or discuss with other cultivators.

"What should we do then?" Yiyi asked, seeming to be at her wits' end as she watched Lu Ye in such a state; her heart ached, yet she was powerless to help.

She resented her lack of talent in the path of healing cultivators. If she had chosen that path, she might have been able to help Lu Ye more in many situations.

At the beginning, she actually wanted to pursue the path of a healing cultivator and even studied with Second Senior Sister Shui Yuan for a long time. However, she did not exhibit any special talent and instead found a smooth journey on the path of a magic cultivator.

Chapter 737 Liuli's Decision

Looking back now, Yiyi increasingly regretted not persevering on the path of a healing cultivator.

However, the path of cultivation is not easily altered, especially since she was now a cultivator of the Cloud River Realm; at most, she could only practice being a healing cultivator in addition.

She silently resolved that if she could make it back alive this time, she would definitely ask Second Senior Sister to teach her more about healing.

"Where's Liuli?" Lu Ye turned his head and looked around, but he did not see Ye Liuli.

Yiyi shook her head, indicating that she didn't know.

Her mood was mournful, and she had no extra energy to pay attention to others.

In the thatched cottage, Little Miracle Healer was mixing medicinal ingredients while Ye Liuli stepped in.

As if expecting her, Little Miracle Healer didn't even look up, "You're awake?"

The question was oddly put, as Ye Liuli hadn't awoken from sleep or a faint.

"Sister," Ye Liuli called out softly.

If Lu Ye heard this, he would certainly be surprised.

Since arriving at Medicine Valley, Ye Liuli and Yiyi had addressed Little Miracle Healer as senior, so this sudden call of "sister" was undoubtedly abrupt.

What was more astonishing was that Little Miracle Healer showed no unusual response to it.

"Thank you, sister, for taking me in and caring for me. If not for sister, I might have disappeared long ago, and I couldn't have possibly awakened my spiritual intelligence." While speaking, Ye Liuli gave Little Miracle Healer a deep bow.

While continuing her task, Little Miracle Healer's gentle voice arose, "We're connected by fate, no need to thank me... Have you made your decision?"

Ye Liuli nodded, "Brother Ye Liu... he's done well, he's the person I've been waiting for, he will surely succeed."

Little Miracle Healer sighed, "I hope your obsession can be resolved."

"It will!" Ye Liuli nodded forcefully.

"Go then."

Ye Liuli crouched on the ground, bowed respectfully to Little Miracle Healer, then stood up, and with a smile, said, "Take care, sister!"

When she turned around, it was a farewell forever.

Watching in the direction of the door, Little Miracle Healer remained silent for a long time, her heart inevitably ending in a sigh.

In the cottage, Lu Ye was lying in bed, being fed medicine by Ye Liuli.

Thanks to Lu Ye harnessing the Heaven and Earth Force with that strike, thrusting into the Sky Ravine, the dependence of the Soaring Dragon World on the Blood World was weakened, and after the blood battle at Sky Ravine, Ye Liuli's condition had rapidly improved, showing no signs of her chronic ailment flaring up again.

"I can take these myself."

Being looked after like this, Lu Ye was somewhat unaccustomed.

Ye Liuli pursed her lips and smiled lightly, "Before it was Brother Ye Liu who took care of me; now it's my turn to take care of Brother Ye Liu, this is..." She thought hard for a moment, "a favor returned!"

Yiyi, who was nearby, was amused, Lu Ye could not help but laugh as well, and Amber lifted its paw to cover its eyes, as if it couldn't bear to look.

Ye Liuli, annoyed, exclaimed, "Brother Ye Liu, sister-in-law is laughing at me!" The little girl's face was full of pouty anger, thoroughly acting spoiled.

Even if she no longer wanted to correct Ye Liuli's way of addressing her, Yiyi couldn't help but blush a bit each time she heard it.

She stole a glance at Lu Ye, who seemed unresponsive, as if he hadn't heard.

"Aren't you going to scold her!" Ye Liuli pouted and fed the spoonful of medicine into Lu Ye's mouth.

The bowl of medicine was quickly finished, and Ye Liuli set down the medicine bowl, gently wiped the corner of Lu Ye's mouth, and spoke softly, "Brother Ye Liu, let's go!"

Lu Ye, puzzled, asked, "Go where?"

"Anywhere," the little girl said with a longing and expectant expression. "I always stayed in Fengzhou before, but since coming out with you, I've realized how marvelous the outside is. Let's just walk around, take in the sights of various places, and try some famous local snacks. It's certainly better than staying in this thatched hut all the time."

As she spoke, an idea struck her, "Perhaps going out could even improve your condition?"

Yiyi, listening by her side, was initially inclined to stop them as Lu Ye was not in a state to travel about, but she swallowed her words after hearing Ye Liuli's last statement.

Lu Ye pondered for a moment, moved by Ye Liuli's words.

It wasn't that he found Ye Liuli's words particularly logical.

It was that he recalled these past few years, ever since being rescued by the Haotian Alliance from Evil Moon Valley and embarking on the path of cultivation, he had been constantly striving to enhance his cultivation, always outwitting cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge.

No matter how much he grew, he always felt it wasn't enough, constantly living with a pressing urgency on his mind and body.

His footsteps had trodden all over the Spirit Stream battlefield and he had traveled to many places in the Cloud River battlefield as well, but every place he passed through was filled with strife and slaughter.

He hadn't even had the chance to truly appreciate the beautiful scenery of these battlefields.

Even more so... within the Nine Provinces, he had never left the sect headquarters of the Righteous Blood Sect, not really experiencing the true essence of the Nine Provinces.

If he were to die like this, it would inevitably be a regret.

At life's final moments, although he could not admire the scenery of the Nine Provinces, taking a look at the Soaring Dragon World seemed... not bad either?

Perhaps his own deteriorating health had altered his mindset. Lu Ye suddenly realized, what was the rush in cultivation?

It was a pity that he hadn't thought of this before, but realizing it now was not too late.

"Shall we... go?" Lu Ye raised an eyebrow.

Saying they would go and then going, without telling anyone, that night Yiyi and Ye Liuli quietly took Lu Ye away from Medicine Valley. They started from the extreme north and headed south because Ye Liuli said that the south of Soaring Dragon was a place of scenic mountains and clear waters, a land of outstanding people and remarkable spirits, where the scenery was most beautiful.

A party of two people, one spirit, one tiger, left Medicine Valley like thieves.

In the following days, they traveled at an unhurried pace, entering the busiest cities of every place they visited, admiring the most beautiful scenery, leaving extremely wonderful memories all along the way.

For the convenience of Lu Ye's travel, Ye Liuli and Yiyi personally crafted a wheelchair for him. Once they were in the bustling urban centers, they would push him forward to observe all walks of life and taste the warmth and coldness of the world.

The previous war at Sky Ravine had a huge impact on the Soaring Dragon cultivation world but didn't affect the mortals much. Although many mortals had also heard some rumours, those matters were too far removed for them to intervene in.

Their lives completely depended on the cultivators' efforts. If the Soaring Dragon cultivators succeeded, they would live; if they failed, they too would perish.

One might say it was sad, but sometimes ignorance was also a kind of blessing.

Lu Ye felt an unprecedented calmness. After leaving Medicine Valley, he no longer considered matters of cultivation, which actually seemed to greatly enhance his state of mind.

Correspondingly, the condition of his body gradually worsened.

As the Little Miracle Healer had said, the world has its Origin, and so do people. His Origin was too significantly depleted, so no matter what methods were employed, it was difficult to replenish it.

The deterioration of his body made him increasingly sleepy, often falling asleep without any apparent reason.

Occasionally, when he woke up, he could hear Yiyi's suppressed crying.

Back in Fengzhou, inside the Tyrannical Saber Villa, Ye Liuli was pushing Lu Ye's wheelchair, walking in the familiar environment.

Though not much time had passed, this once-renowned villa across the province had already become dilapidated.

The night was charming. On the small island in the center of Saber Lake, Ye Liuli spread her arms wide, as if to embrace the entire stellar space, her cheerful voice rising: "Brother Ye Liu, do you still remember the things from our childhood?"

"Which one?" Lu Ye asked.

How could he remember his childhood? After arriving in this realm, the information he had was actually quite limited.

"You and big brother and second brother stole a scroll from father, not knowing what it recorded. Father found out and then hung us and beat us here."

Lu Ye imagined the scene, and couldn't help twitching the corner of his eye: "There was such a thing?"

Ye Liuli chuckled lightly: "I brought food to you, elder brother and second brother ate, but you, stubborn as you were, refused to eat. As a result, you fainted from hunger. Father was so scared, and since then, he never treated you harshly again."

Lu Ye listened quietly. He had never experienced the affection among siblings. However, now, listening to Ye Liuli's narrative and imagining such scenes, he found it quite interesting.

"Brother, what exactly was recorded on that ancient scroll?" Ye Liuli asked.

"I didn't see it, I'm not sure." Lu Ye shook his head, telling the truth.

"Okay..." Ye Liuli no longer pursued the matter, raising her hand gently, her tone becoming more ethereal: "The wind is rising."

The wind carried a killing intent; in the darkness, figures from all directions converged, quickly surrounding the small island.

Lu Ye's expression remained calm; Yiyi appeared indifferent, and even Ye Liuli showed no sign of panic.

The leader, a beefy guy, seeing this, instinctively felt a surge of foreboding, but with things having reached this point, there was no turning back.

"Xiong Tieshan?" Lu Ye looked at the beefy guy, immediately understanding who had come.

Sect Leader Xiong Tieshan of God's Will Sect!

He was also the one who had killed Ye Ying.

The war under the Sky Ravine, the entire Soaring Dragon cultivation world had been swept into it; no sect was spared, and God's Will Sect was naturally involved as well.

In that battle, God's Will Sect suffered heavy losses, nearly wiped out by the Blood Race, with Xiong Tieshan barely surviving.

These days he had been constantly uneasy because he recognized Lu Ye's identity. This person, who had shone brightly on the battlefield and could even be said to have single-handedly saved the young generation of the Soaring Dragon, was actually Ye Ying's sixth son!

How could this be tolerated?

He and Ye Liu had an unquenchable enmity of father killing.

After that battle, Ye Liu had clearly become the Savior of Soaring Dragon and was even a guest of honor among the Three Great Overlord Sects—such a person, if wanting to kill him, Xiong Tieshan, might only take a flick of his tongue.

Xiong Tieshan tossed and turned, unable to sleep more than once, thinking of striking first to kill Lu Ye.

However, the Medicinal Valley with its frequent cultivator traffic was not a convenient place to start.

Who would have imagined that Lu Ye had left the Medicine Valley so quietly and without hiding his tracks, thus giving him a chance.

He had gathered a group of men, trailed him all the way here, and could not hold back any longer.

"Indeed, it is I, Xiong!" Xiong Tieshan did not intend to hide, openly admitting it, his gaze as sharp as a hawk's as he stared at Lu Ye: "Ye Liu, hand over the Dragon Throne!"

Chapter 738 A Timely Rain After a Long Drought

Killing Lu Ye was to eliminate a hidden danger, getting his hands on the Dragon Throne would provide him the capital to protect himself; otherwise, once the news of Lu Ye's death by his hands spread, he wouldn't be able to get past the obstacle of the Three Great Overlord Sects.

The prestige of the Dragon Throne had already deeply ingrained itself in people's hearts; that earth-shattering strike was a height unattainable in a lifetime of cultivation for cultivators in the Soaring Dragon World.

Thus, even if the peril of the Dragon Throne was broadcast along with the news of Lu Ye's severe injuries, it still couldn't stop some people's covetous views.

Xiong Tieshan was one such case, and so was this batch of cultivators he tangled with.

With the Dragon Throne in hand, it's not to say they could command the Three Great Overlord Sects, but at least within the expanse of the Soaring Dragon World, it was unlikely again that anyone would dare threaten their safety.

"You want it?" Under the night sky, Lu Ye's eyelids slightly lowered, his voice also deepened, and immediately he flicked his finger, "Take it yourself!"

With that flick of his finger, it was a blood-red ray of light that emerged.

The light spun and landed in front of Xiong Tieshan, hissing as it embedded into the ground, exposing only the topmost part.

Dragon Spine Saber!

Xiong Tieshan was somewhat dumbfounded, never expecting Lu Ye to react like this; his stance suggested an attitude of 'if you want it, here it is.'

For a moment, Xiong Tieshan was filled with doubt and suspicion, unsure of what Lu Ye was truly plotting.

On the contrary, the people he brought with him, many had eyes blazing with fervor staring at the huge saber hilt exposed on the ground.

The Dragon Spine Saber, used in tandem with the Dragon King Armor, which stood three Zhang high; the Dragon Spine Saber was also one Zhang six Chi long, just the hilt alone was over three Chi—definitely not something ordinary cultivators could swing with their physical bodies.

So while their hearts burned with desire, no one rashly moved forward to touch it.

Who knew if there was deceit hidden within.

"Ye Liu, what are you trying to do?" Xiong Tieshan ground his teeth and questioned sharply, his tone hiding a trace of fear.

Lu Ye slowly shook his head, his face displaying a look of disappointment, "Being cautious is not wrong, but someone like you, wavering and looking around all the time, even with high cultivation, cannot ascend to the grand hall of elegance!"

Xiong Tieshan was left somewhat agitated and angered, about to retort, but Ye Liuli, following Lu Ye's gesture, pushed the wheelchair and slowly moved forward.

One with depleted Origin, severely injured and near dying, the other intact, robust and healthy; yet as the wheelchair drew closer, Xiong Tieshan stepped back.

Finally, in front of the Dragon Spine Saber, Lu Ye reached out and gripped the hilt; a hint of abnormal crimson passed over his face, and under the watchful eyes of all, he drew the blood-like long saber from the ground.

"I gave it to you, yet you dare not take it. Why trouble yourself in seeking me?"

From the time Lu Ye decided to take Ye Liuli northward for medical treatment, he had abandoned plans to seek vengeance against the God's Will Sect; firstly, he was not truly Ye Liu, and secondly, it was Ye Liuli's wish, for she feared her only Brother Ye Liu might meet misfortune in the process of revenge.

For Ye Liuli at that time, whether revenge was taken or not was no longer important as long as Brother Ye Liu was by her side.

Hence, Lu Ye never had the intention to trouble Xiong Tieshan; if he hadn't appeared before him today, Lu Ye might not even have noticed him.

"Thank you, senior," Lu Ye softly said, stowing away the Dragon Spine Saber.

"What are you talking about?" Xiong Tieshan, hearing this inexplicable phrase, couldn't help but feel a tightness in his chest.

"Young friend, proceed on your way. I'll handle the rest,"

A voice, causing Xiong Tieshan and his companions' faces to drastically change, suddenly erupted, and following the sound, a figure abruptly burst into the scene.

The man was clad in a scholar's headgear and a cyan robe, appearing as a scholar, yet his posture was as straight as a sword, and his eyes as sharp as a blade. Between the opening and closing of his eyes, there flickered a glint of sword light.

"Yuen Changcun!"

Xiong Tieshan's complexion drastically altered, and the other cultivators with him also exhibited expressions of fear, as all looked around, feeling icy in their hearts and bodies.

For Yuen Changcun had not come alone; from all directions, shadows had unknowingly gathered around.

They had originally surrounded Lu Ye, but now they themselves were encircled.

With their abilities, logically, such an event should not have occurred, but when Lu Ye drew the Dragon Spine Saber and casually tossed it out, their minds were completely drawn to it, making their perception of the outside world extremely weak.

It was at that moment that Yuen Changcun's men took advantage of their distraction.

"Is this a trap?" Xiong Tieshan clearly misunderstood; he thought Lu Ye had not hesitated to leave Medicine Valley, using himself as bait to draw out those harboring malicious intents.

Little did he know, ever since his time at Medicine Valley, numerous powerful individuals from the Three Great Overlord Sects had secretly guarded him outside his thatched cottage, because Huang Liang deeply understood the unpredictability of human nature, knowing that even a Savior like Lu Ye, in the face of the enormous temptation of the Dragon Throne, might still attract those with ill intentions.

Throughout Medicine Valley, many cultivators had come and gone, but the area surrounding the thatched cottage had only been accessed by few who were qualified.

It appeared Lu Ye had stealthily left Medicine Valley, but actually, with his severe injuries, relying on Yiyi and Ye Liuli's tactics, how could he have escaped the notice of people like Huang Liang?

No one stopped him because it was unnecessary.

A dying Savior, whose last wish was just to see the great landscapes he had protected with his life, who could stop him? Who would have the heart to stop him!

But the secret protection provided by the Three Great Overlord Sects for Lu Ye had never slackened, and Yuen Changcun, the Dean of Haoran Academy, had personally followed him in secret.

All this, they thought Lu Ye was unaware of.

But in fact, Lu Ye had seen through it all long ago.

Under the night sky, the wheelchair gradually moved farther and farther away, soon swallowed by the darkness, and throughout, Xiong Tieshan and the others did not dare to make any rash moves.

Although he was also of the Cloud River Level 9, in front of a top expert like Yuen Changcun, there was simply no comparison.

"A trap?" Yuen Changcun said coldly, "You think too highly of yourselves!"

With a light wave of his hand, he uttered words colder than the chilling wind: "Kill!"

Sword light erupted in all directions, crisscrossing and shattering the peace of the small island, blood instantly pervaded the air.

"How ignorant the world is!"

Yuen Changcun's heart was filled with melancholy, it had been only a few days since the Soaring Dragon World had recovered from the brink of extinction. Yet faced with Lu Ye, a Savior, not only were people ungrateful, but some even dared to plot against him, despite his position as Dean of the Haoran Academy. He truly could not understand how there could be such ungrateful people in this world.

Fortunately, such scheming individuals were few, and thanks to this opportunity, they had been completely eradicated. There should be no one daring to target Lu Ye anymore.

Looking in the direction of Lu Ye's departure, Yuen Changcun sighed. He hoped that in the few remaining days, this young friend could live in peace.

Leaving Tyrannical Saber Villa, they set off towards Huayan Mountain.

This was where Lu Ye had first entered this domain.

And it was perhaps by a curious twist of fate, that it would also be where it ended.

Huayan Mountain had Wangyang Peak, the highest peak of the Huayan Mountain Range. From halfway up the mountain, clouds and mist swirled, and the sea of clouds churned.

At the top of the peak, they stopped and looked towards the east.

The rising sun emerged, casting its radiant light.

Sitting in the wheelchair, Lu Ye squinted at the vibrant new sun, filled with some regrets and reminiscences.

Yiyi clearly also sensed something, squatting by Lu Ye's side, her little face resting against his hand, without fear, without sorrow, just quietly gazing at Lu Ye, as if to imprint his face forever into the depths of her soul.

She and Amber were bound to Lu Ye by life or death; if Lu Ye died, they could not live alone.

"Liuli," Lu Ye called out softly.

The girl beside him choked in response.

"Brother Ye Liu can only walk with you this far; you must continue the rest on your own."

Ye Liuli turned her head silently, her face already drenched in tears.

Parting at life and death is always the most heartbreaking, no matter when or where.

She shook her head repeatedly, seemingly unable to accept this cruel reality.

Just as Lu Ye was about to speak words of comfort, Liuli had already crouched down, grasping one of his hands, "Brother Ye Liu, I'm so grateful to have had you by my side all this time, Brother Ye Liu, I've been waiting for you for many years, and I'm almost unable to hold on anymore..."

His face astonished upon hearing these incomprehensible words, but immediately his astonishment turned into shock.

"You..."

Yiyi also sensed something, straightening her upper body, staring stunned at Ye Liuli, and nearby, Amber also widened his eyes.

In those profound tiger eyes, reflected a body that was glowing!

It was as if her entire being had ignited, yet the flames engulfing her entire body didn't feel unpleasant at all, but rather very warm.

The flame spread, enveloping Lu Ye completely.

The next moment, Lu Ye's eyes filled with disbelief, as an incredibly gentle force flowed from Ye Liuli's palm into his body, rapidly replenishing his Origin that had been depleted by using the Dragon Throne.

It was like a drought meeting sweet rain, or like an old tree sprouting new branches.

Lu Ye could clearly sense an inexplicable, transformative change occurring in his body.

In these past days, his appearance had gradually aged, despite being barely twenty, anyone who didn't know him might think he was in his forties or fifties.

Even his hair had turned completely white.

But now, the traces of years on his face were rapidly disappearing, and the white hair was also turning back to black. He was like the new sun rising above the sea of clouds, becoming vibrant once again.

Yiyi covered her mouth with her hand, completely clueless about what was happening.

Lu Ye himself did not understand; he had never known that Ye Liuli had such abilities.

And as that mysterious power flowed from Ye Liuli's body into his, Lu Ye suddenly felt an indescribable closeness to this domain, and he had a faint Insight.

"Liuli, what are you doing?" Lu Ye asked in astonishment.

While the changes occurring to him were highly desirable, he could feel that Ye Liuli had paid a very heavy, perhaps even devastating, price.

His Origin was depleted, and even the Little Miracle Healer was at a loss; how could Ye Liuli possibly replenish it? The scene unfolding before him was simply inexplicable.

Chapter 739 The Vessel of Will

Indescribable sorrow enveloped Lu Ye's body and mind, that feeling was as if he was about to lose something extremely important.

This feeling did not stem from his own heart, but from the identity of Ye Liu.

He wanted to withdraw his hand, yet no matter how he tried, he couldn't pull it away.

Ye Liuli held his hand without using much strength, yet their palms seemed inseparably bound.

"Let go!"

Ye Liuli looked up at him, her little face covered in tears, but she just shook her head gently, a smile on her face, "Brother Ye Liu, I can't hold on any longer. I'm so glad to have waited for you, and this is the last thing I can do for you. You have a long road ahead of you, Brother, you must keep going!"

The flames enveloping the two of them slowly retracted and gradually disappeared.

And as the flames dissipated, Ye Liuli's entire figure became ethereal and transparent.

She stood up, slowly turned around, and looked at the rising sun, sighing softly, full of nostalgia.

The upper part of her clothing gently slid off, revealing a translucent and smooth back.

Lu Ye raised his eyes, and his eyelids twitched, to see that the birthmark on Ye Liuli's back had undergone an unusual change. At first glance, the birthmark looked like a centipede with fangs and claws resting on her skin, similar in shape to the Sky Ravine in the Far North Territory, only differing in size.

But at this moment, around the birthmark, many mystical patterns had emerged. These patterns were in harmony with the heavenly laws, which gave Lu Ye a profound shock the moment he looked at them.

"Is this..." Lu Ye had a vague Insight.

Ye Liuli's gentle voice came, "I believe Brother Ye Liu's abilities should make it possible."

She suddenly turned her head, casting a smile back at him: "Brother Ye Liu, thank you!"

As her words fell, her already somewhat ethereal body quickly became transparent, and then it turned into specks of light, scattering into the heavens and earth.

Lu Ye stepped forward, reaching out to grab her, but caught only air, with only the warmth of her clothing remaining in his hand.

"Liuli!" Yiyi also exclaimed in shock.

Since various changes had occurred in Ye Liuli, she had been somewhat at a loss. She never expected the young girl who had been accompanying herself and Lu Ye since their arrival in the Soaring Dragon World to vanish into the cosmos in such a manner.

"What happened to Liuli? What in the world is going on?" Yiyi turned to look at Lu Ye, her eyes suddenly widening, filled with disbelief: "Lu Ye, you..."

In her vision, Lu Ye no longer bore his previous aged and declining appearance. Now he was brimming with vitality, his white hair returning to black. His condition seemed better than ever before.

Formerly, when flames covered Lu Ye and Ye Liuli, Yiyi couldn't see clearly what happened inside. Ye Liuli's abnormalities then captured her attention, causing her not to notice the changes in Lu Ye.

Until now...

"Lu Ye, are you alright?" Yiyi's voice trembled, fearing what she saw was merely an illusion.

Ye Liuli's disappearance filled her with sorrow, but Lu Ye's sudden recovery flooded her with joy. The two powerful and conflicting emotions clashed within her, bringing both grief and happiness simultaneously, which almost overwhelmed Yiyi.

What puzzled her the most was...

Even the Little Miracle Healer was helpless about Lu Ye's condition, so who in this world could have saved Lu Ye?

Although she had suggested earlier that Lu Ye should find a way to return to the Nine Provinces, she knew that with Lu Ye's condition, even if he really could return to the Nine Provinces, the situation wouldn't be optimistic.

The vast vacancy in the Origin was not something that could be resolved by high cultivation.

Recalling the previous anomalies, Yiyi was clear now that Lu Ye's recovery was directly related to Ye Liuli's disappearance.

She had many questions in her mind, but this was obviously not the time to ask them.

Atop Wangyang Peak, Lu Ye held the last piece of evidence of Ye Liuli's existence in this world in his hand, never imagining that this little girl who had always called him Brother Ye Liu possessed such an unimaginable essence.

He had never noticed this before.

Not until the moment Ye Liuli took his hand, infusing her gentle strength into his body, replenishing his depleted Origin, did he suddenly awaken to the truth.

For accompanying that gentle force was a myriad of indescribable mysteries.

Ye Liuli was not only the Princess Ye Qi of Tyrannical Saber Villa, not just Ye Liu's sister.

Her other identity was shockingly the carrier of the Soaring Dragon World's Heaven and Earth's Will!

No wonder the birthmark on Ye Liuli's back and the shape of the Sky Ravine matched perfectly.

No wonder every anomaly that occurred at the Sky Ravine was perfectly reflected in Ye Liuli.

Because she was the carrier of the Soaring Dragon World's will.

Many previously inexplicable events were clarified in this moment.

His own condition, due to activating the Dragon Throne and the gigantic deficiency in his Origin, was such that not even the Little Miracle Healer could help, let alone returning to the Nine Provinces would anyone be able to save him. That's why he didn't try to return to the Nine Provinces; if he really went back, he would only add to the anguish of his Second Senior Sister and the sect master.

The only thing that could save him was a force of the same nature as his Origin.

For instance, the Origin of this world itself!

The last of the world's Origin, through Ye Liuli's hands, entered Lu Ye's body, filling the void within him, and brought him back from the brink of death.

Looking back now, when in the Medicine Valley, Ye Liuli's suggestion to leave and see the world was not for Lu Ye, but for herself.

She had long prepared herself for this moment, aware that her time was running out. Thus, before she departed, she wished to take a last look at the splendid rivers and mountains of this world.

In the end, she could proceed no further, unable to fulfill her duty...

At the peak, the morning sun had fully risen.

The affectionate calls of "Brother Ye Liu" seemed to still echo in her ears, yet the petite shadow clinging to her like a shadow was no more to be seen.

It turns out that the one to travel alone from now on...

"Is me!"

Lu Ye carefully packed up Ye Liuli's clothes and softly called out, "Yiyi, back to Medicine Valley!"

Yiyi responded.

Shortly after, a streak of light left from Wangyang Peak, heading straight for the direction of Medicine Valley.

On their way, Lu Ye shared everything he knew about Ye Liuli with Yiyi.

There was no need for secrets between the two of them. Compared to himself, over the course of his time in the Soaring Dragon World, it was Yiyi who had spent the longest time with Ye Liuli. The two young girls of similar ages had already developed a profound affection for each other.

"If Liuli is the bearer of the will of this world, is she still Liuli?" Yiyi asked with a choked voice.

"Naturally she is herself. The cultivators of the Soaring Dragon World might not have known about the Blood World and the Blood Race, but the will of this world surely had awareness long before. Yet the will of the world is not a creature that harbors many thoughts and ideas—it merely has a instinctive response to crises. Thus, it imbued its will in Ye Liuli, accompanying her birth into this world."

When Lu Ye swung that earth-shattering slash beneath Sky Ravine, he felt keenly that this part of the world possessed its own will.

It's just that the will wasn't clear-cut, but rather in a nebulous state, incapable of making judgments like humans.

Yet, by choosing Ye Liuli as its vessel, growing and being born with her, Liuli was able to do those things.

Such as exhausting all she had to save Lu Ye.

So Ye Liuli is Ye Liuli, even if she bore the will of Heaven and Earth, her existence cannot be denied.

However... why she was chosen, Lu Ye couldn't figure out.

These profound and mystical matters were new to him; after all, he was but a mere cultivator from Cloud River Realm.

Moreover, something Ye Liuli said before she left weighed on Lu Ye's mind.

She said she had been waiting for many years, and that she was almost unable to hold on any longer.

Lu Ye had a faint guess in his heart but had no one to resolve his doubts, which inevitably led to regret.

After listening, Yiyi felt an overwhelming gratitude for Ye Liuli and a deep reluctance to part with this companion whom she had not known for long.

However, Ye Liuli had made her choice, and what was past was past.

...

Medicine Valley, Huang Liang and Yuen Changcun stood side by side, gazing in the direction of Sky Ravine.

Yuen Changcun narrated the recent events of Tyrannical Saber Villa, Huang Liang listening with a face full of anger, grinding his teeth, "Those ignorant fools, truly deserve to die!"

Saved from a calamity that could have ended the world, yet showing no gratitude and even attempting to harm Lu Ye, seeking the Dragon Throne. Though he had long understood how unpredictable human hearts could be, anger was unavoidable when such events truly unfolded.

Indeed, there are many undeserving ingrates in the world.

"Young friend Ye has suffered," Huang Liang sighed deeply.

"Suffering always ends. At this moment, young friend should be free." When he was at Tyrannical Saber Villa, he had observed Lu Ye's vitality, which was like a flame in the wind, potentially extinguishing at any time.

In his view, Lu Ye's condition was such that he might not have survived even one night, and now several days have passed, Lu Ye must have departed from this world.

Hearing this, Huang Liang's expression grew dim: "In the end, it is we of Soaring Dragon who have failed him. If we survive this great calamity, we must construct a monument for him, so that future generations may remember young friend Ye's sacrifices for this realm."

"Of course," Yuen Changcun also had no objections.

The title 'Savior' is something that always existed only in legends; no one anticipated that in this generation, a savior would emerge.

It was just a pity that the savior, in the end, could not have a long life.

A streak of light approached swiftly from afar. Huang Liang and Yuen Changcun paid little heed, assuming it was one of the many cultivators who had been coming and going to Medicine Valley lately, returning from the direction of Sky Ravine.

A quick glance, and both suddenly stilled, then turned their heads again to look towards the luminous streak.

Huang Liang's eyes widened in disbelief.

Yuen Changcun, the accomplished sword cultivator, also opened his mouth slightly, with the sound of sword cries emitting from within him, betraying his inner unrest.

The radiance swiftly approached, its light dissipating to reveal two figures.

Lu Ye stepped forward, greeting, "I pay my respects to the two seniors."

Huang Liang, pointing at Lu Ye, stammered, "You... you..."

He almost blurted out, "Aren't you dead?", but quickly realized that such a remark seemed impolite. The shock within him, however, prevented him from speaking coherently.

Chapter 740 Sky-mending Platform

The Lu Ye before them no longer had the frail breath and dim vitality he once did, the young man standing in front of them even seemed in better condition than when they first met.

Moreover, Huang Liang couldn't tell whether it was an illusion or not, but standing here, Lu Ye seemed to have become the center of heaven and earth!

"Is it Ye Liu, young friend?" Yuen Changcun tentatively asked.

He had just said that Lu Ye had been freed, yet here the other party was, appearing before him, sweeping away his previous state of decay, burgeoning with vitality like a lively dragon.

If there were others who looked like him, it might be understandable, but with Yiyi and Amber accompanying Lu Ye, who else could this person be if not the savior Ye Liu?

"It's me. The details are too complex for brief words, but I fortuitously stumbled upon some opportunities during my travels that allowed me to survive by luck."

Lu Ye casually explained without going into much detail.

Huang Liang couldn't help but rejoice, "Good, very good!"

He had deeply regretted Lu Ye's predicament, feeling such a person should not meet an early demise. Now that Lu Ye had safely returned, he naturally felt happy.

Once again certain in his heart, this Ye Liu was surely the person blessed by the fortune of heaven and earth, the savior. Such injuries could not kill him, and even a trip taken on the verge of death had brought about a chance for revival—who else could have such extraordinary fortune?

The fortune of the entire Soaring Dragon World must be bestowed upon him.

"Such a fortunate event must be celebrated grandly!" Yuen Changcun also smiled broadly, wishing he could perform a set of the Words and Sword Theorem right there and then to relieve the overwhelming joy in his heart.

"Two seniors, please gather all existing sect leaders and array cultivators of the Soaring Dragon to convene at Medicine Valley. I may have a solution to the crisis of the Soaring Dragon," Lu Ye said.

Upon hearing this, both Huang Liang and Yuen Changcun were shocked.

"Really?"

Though the battle under the Sky Ravine had bought the Soaring Dragon World a breath of life, as long as they were under the influence of the Blood World, the utter destruction of Soaring Dragon could not be averted.

Currently, beneath the Sky Ravine, the array cultivators of Soaring Dragon had already laid down several big arrays. The Blood Race dared not rashly descend, but even without their descent, the Blood World's consumption of Soaring Dragon continued relentlessly. As time passed, the essence and origin of the Soaring Dragon World continued to drain, inevitably leading to its eventual demise.

Faced with this situation, Soaring Dragon could only await its end helplessly.

How could they not be thrilled and overjoyed upon suddenly hearing such great news from Lu Ye?

"It is worth a try!" Lu Ye did not speak with complete certainty, as he himself was unsure of success, having never done it before.

Even though Lu Ye spoke without full assurance, when this news spread, the entire Soaring Dragon cultivation world was abuzz.

Accompanied by the call of the Three Great Overlord Sects, the sect leaders and their array cultivators from various sects rapidly made their way towards Medicine Valley.

In the aftermath of the battle under the Sky Ravine, the name of Ye Liu of Tyrannical Saber Villa had become known to all.

Setting aside the identity of the Soaring Dragon Savior, merely as the Lord of the Dragon Throne was enough to place Lu Ye among the very top echelon of the entire Soaring Dragon cultivation world.

His mastery of the Array Path was unparalleled in ancient and modern times, far surpassing the current standards of the Soaring Dragon cultivation world.

His willingness to attempt to end the crisis of the Soaring Dragon World naturally earned the unconditional cooperation of all major sects.

"Lu Ye, everyone has arrived."

Outside the straw hut, Yiyi's voice arose.

Inside the straw hut, Lu Ye slowly opened his eyes, the bright light in his pupils fading away.

He had been back in Medicine Valley for two days now, and in just that time, Soaring Dragon had managed to prepare everything perfectly, a testament to their efficiency.

During these two days, he had stayed in the straw hut, pondering over some profound mysteries.

Those mysteries were the final gift from Ye Liuli!

Before she disappeared, his seventh sister had once again revealed the birthmark on her back, but by that time, the appearance of the birthmark had changed somewhat from what Lu Ye had previously seen.

Around the birthmark, there were conspicuously many more mysterious patterns.

Those patterns involved some extremely profound secrets of the Array Path!

With Lu Ye's perceptive eyesight, having seen them once, he could not possibly forget. On his way back to Medicine Valley, he had been reflecting on the mysteries within those patterns.

This was where his confidence in speaking those words to Huang Liang and Yuen Changcun came from.

His cultivation in the Array Path indeed surpassed the entire Soaring Dragon World, but even he alone could not completely resolve the crisis of the Soaring Dragon.

However, with the final gift from Ye Liuli, the impossible might be achieved!

Even before the battle at the Sky Ravine began, Lu Ye had asked the Little Miracle Healer a question.

If clothing can be mended, how do you mend the heavens when they are torn?

At that time, he realized that the ultimate purpose of his journey to the Soaring Dragon World was to mend the heavens.

All along, he had no clear idea how, until the last time he saw Ye Liuli's birthmark.

This body of his seventh sister bore the Will of Heaven and Earth; the extra patterns on that birthmark were the self-evolution and derivation of Heaven and Earth's Will, the very source capable of mending the heavens!

The Soaring Dragon World had once had an era where the Divine Sea Realm existed. It seemed that the present cultivators had forgotten the splendor of that age, but Heaven and Earth itself would not forget.

This was the confidence with which the Will of Heaven and Earth could derive means to mend the heavens.

However, with the current level of Lu Ye's cultivation, trying to turn this confidence into a tangible method was far beyond his ability alone.

He needed the power of the entire Soaring Dragon World.

Stepping out of the thatched cottage, the outside was already crowded with people. Eyes converged on him, and upon seeing Lu Ye, all bowed in unison, including figures like Huang Liang, Yuen Changcun, and Monk Guangjing.

This was out of respect for his previous battle under the Sky Ravine.

Lu Ye returned the gesture. His eyes swept over the crowd and briefly settled on Little Miracle Healer standing to one side.

This woman... was highly problematic!

From the first sight of her, Lu Ye felt something was off. It was bad enough that she bore Hua Ci's face, but even her voice and tone were nearly identical.

When he had returned a few days ago, upon seeing Little Miracle Healer again, she showed no trace of surprise, as if she had known all along that Lu Ye could come back from death.

She even mockingly said in a tone all too familiar to Lu Ye, "Still alive, huh?"

This made Lu Ye think he had really encountered Hua Ci.

Although he was certain there was something off about her, Lu Ye could also confirm another thing: this woman posed no threat. If she were a threat, both he and Ye Liuli would have been dead long ago.

Putting aside these thoughts, Lu Ye spoke, "Fellow Daoists, I have called you all here today for one purpose, to discuss how to resolve the crisis of the Soaring Dragon World! Over these past days, I believe you all have come to understand, though we indeed won over the Blood Race in one battle, as long as we remain dependent on the Blood World, Soaring Dragon will not have peace, and the Blood Race will eventually return. Should that time come, whether Soaring Dragon's current strength can withstand them remains in question."

There were many cultivators, yet all listened quietly, with no one interrupting.

Only after Lu Ye finished speaking did Huang Liang say, "Fellow Daoist Ye, since we are here, we will trust you unconditionally. If you have a good strategy, please do not hesitate to teach us, and all in Soaring Dragon will fully cooperate."

Yuen Changcun also nodded, "Indeed, at this critical juncture of life and death, I believe that all Soaring Dragon cultivators can work together to overcome this difficulty."

The many cultivators below voiced their agreement as well.

Lu Ye nodded in satisfaction, "If that is the case, then I will not shirk my duty. The only way to resolve the crisis in the Soaring Dragon World is to rid it of its dependency on the Blood World!"

"Eight hundred years of dependency have greatly sapped the foundation of Soaring Dragon. Eight hundred years ago, it was not able to rid itself of the Blood World's dependency, and even less so today, so what we need to do is to bolster the might of Heaven with human effort, thus there lies a chance of success!"

"How can we bolster the might of Heaven with human effort?" someone couldn't help but ask.

"Base it on formations and mobilize the great trends of Heaven and Earth!"

Lu Ye raised his hand, and promptly, a prepared cultivator leaped forward and set up a large jade tablet in front of him. On that tablet were complex patterns, unevenly embossed, with meandering crisscross lines.

This was clearly a topographic map of the entire Soaring Dragon World.

The uneven parts were the mountains and valleys, the meandering intersecting lines were the great rivers.

This was something he had tasked the Imperial Heaven Sect to craft before.

Lu Ye placed his hand on the jade tablet, his spirit force activated, and in an instant, sixty-four points of light shone on the tablet.

Those sixty-four points were distributed across various states of Soaring Dragon. If these points were connected in sequence, they would form an intricate pattern enveloping the entire Soaring Dragon World.

"I need Fellow Daoists from various states to build a big array platform at designated locations. I will give you the layout and construction method of the big array platform later, and you just need to follow the map to locate them."

The scene remained silent for a long time; everyone's eyes were drawn to the points of light on the jade tablet.

Anyone could see that this was a major operation, an unprecedented move in the history of the Soaring Dragon World. If such a big array were successfully built, it would cover the entire Soaring Dragon World.

Previously when Lu Ye spoke of basing it on formations and mobilizing the great trends of Heaven and Earth, they did not quite understand, but seeing this scene before them, many suddenly realized.

If successful, it indeed could mobilize the entire great trend of the Soaring Dragon World to counteract the dependency on the Blood World. As to whether it would have the chance to rid itself of the Blood World, that would only be known when the time came.

But this kind of massive formation covering the entire world was not something the current cultivators of Soaring Dragon could think of, and even if it were successfully set up, who could activate such a formation?

Such a big array, even if someone from the Divine Sea Realm were reborn, could they manage it?

"The magic platform in Ganzhou will be built by my Vajra Temple!" In the silence, Monk Guangjing spoke, his voice resonant as a large bell.

"This one in Lizhou is the responsibility of Haoran Academy!" Yuen Changcun quickly followed up.

"Then my Imperial Heaven Sect will take responsibility for the one in Yuanzhou!"

Following the voices of the Three Great Overlord Sects, the rest of the small and big sects responded in kind, though their strength was not as formidable as the Three Great Overlord Sects, so several of them together took responsibility for one magic platform.

Within moments, all sixty-four magic platforms had been claimed.

"Fellow Daoist Ye, does this magic platform have a name, and how shall we call it?" someone below asked.

Lu Ye's gaze deepened as he looked towards the far north Sky Ravine, and he softly uttered, "Sky-mending Platform!"