

Humanity 751

Chapter 751

If he were in the Great Reversal Valley Spirit Ground, or at the sect headquarters of the Righteous Blood Sect, Lu Ye might consider studying this protective array.

But he was currently in the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, and there were many cultivators queuing behind him, waiting to use the Heaven's Augury Pillar.

If he lingered here too long, it would certainly cause displeasure.

So, despite some reluctance, Lu Ye gave up the idea of comprehending the mysteries of this Formation.

Since he now had the qualifications to enter the Hall of Battle Merits, there would be other opportunities to study it later.

He glanced at the gold-hued spirit fortune stick shrouded in the light screen, thought for a moment, and raised his hand to press it.

The Heaven's Augury treasure vault itself allowed for the exchange of gold-hued spirit fortune sticks for battle merit, and surprisingly, the Hall also had them; this inevitably made him wonder if there were any differences between the gold-hued spirit fortune sticks in these two places?

Looking at it wouldn't cause any loss anyway.

As Lu Ye's hand touched the light screen, just as the information from the Hall of Battle Merits appeared before, another piece of information emerged in his mind.

"Exchange for a gold-hued spirit fortune stick, 14,580 battle merits."

Lu Ye couldn't help raising his eyebrows.

He naturally knew the specific prices of spirit fortune sticks of various colors by heart.

White costs 200 battle merits, followed by green, blue, purple, gold.

Each spirit fortune stick was three times more expensive than the previous one.

The price for one gold-hued spirit fortune stick should be 16,200 battle merits.

Yet here, it only required 14,580 battle merits, a full 1,620 less.

Is this... a discount at ninety percent of the price?

It turned out that the distinction between the gold-hued spirit fortune sticks of the Hall of Battle Merits and the Heaven's Augury treasure vault was here!

At a ten percent discount, each gold-hued spirit fortune stick could save him over 1,600 battle merits; with his more than 280,000 battle merits, he could originally only exchange for about seventeen in the Heaven's Augury treasure vault. But in this Hall, he could get nineteen, gaining two more gold-hued spirit fortune sticks!

It was like finding free treasure!

Are there really such bargains in this world?

Lu Ye almost burst out laughing.

Even for him, obtaining two gold-hued spirit fortune sticks wasn't easy, especially since battle merits aren't always readily obtainable like merit points.

If cultivators need merit points, they could kill some cultivators from enemy camps or sell items to the Heaven's Augury treasure vault.

But acquiring battle merits undoubtedly had much stricter conditions.

Two gold-hued spirit fortune sticks might be the entire haul from a secret realm for a Cloud River Level 9 cultivator.

Just like the gains made by Pang Dahai and others in the Ten Thousand Beasts Domain.

And that involved significant risks.

But here in the Hall of Battle Merits, it really was akin to finding something for nothing.

The Hall of Battle Merits... truly a marvelous place!

No matter for what reason he had obtained entrance here, such a qualification could greatly accelerate his growth.

Lu Ye suppressed the impulse to exchange for a gold-hued spirit fortune stick and moved onto the next pedestal.

Given how affordable the first pedestal was, he was keen to see what other treasures were here.

He might find something he needed more, so he mustn't spend all his battle merits at once.

Standing before the second dark pedestal, which was also covered by an extremely delicate protective array, inside the light screen was a jade vial.

"Is this an elixir pill?" Lu Ye thought to himself.

Touching the light screen, information immediately flowed through his mind.

"Exchange for an orifice repair pill, 2,000 battle merits!"

This was an orifice repair pill!

There were orifice repair pills in the Heaven's Augury treasure vault; Lu Ye had once spent 300,000 merit points to buy two for his fourth senior brother, which allowed him to repair his damaged spiritual orifice and advance to Cloud River.

However, the stock of orifice repair pills in the Heaven's Augury treasure vault was extremely scarce. After Lu Ye bought those two pills, there were only a few left, and it seemed that they sold out not long after.

But Lu Ye saw the orifice repair pill again in the Hall of Battle Merits, and it could be exchanged for only 2,000 battle merits, which was obviously much more affordable compared to what he had paid before.

Yet it was not something Lu Ye needed, so even though it was incredibly valuable, he gave it no further regard.

At the third pedestal, Lu Ye raised his hand to touch it.

"Exchange for one drop of soul water, 13,000 battle merits."

Lu Ye was astounded.

In Xianyuan City, he had obtained more than 300 drops of soul water, exchanging them at the price of 1,000 battle merits per drop. However, in this Hall of Battle Merits, it required 13,000 battle merits, a staggering thirteenfold difference.

How much had he benefited!

And now it seems peculiar that his battle merits had depleted so strangely back then because he had not intended to exchange battle merits for soul water at that time; his battle merits just disappeared along with the collection of soul water.

Lu Ye faintly realized that his great gain in Xianyuan City was probably aided behind the scenes by the Xianyuan City Lord; otherwise, with the high price of soul water in the Hall of Battle Merits, it would be illogical to have exchanged so much soul water at such an affordable price in Xianyuan City.

Having checked only three pedestals, each item on them was either extremely attractive to Lu Ye or a scarce and precious commodity.

This piqued Lu Ye's interest even more for the upcoming investigation.

At the fourth stone platform, Lu Ye halted, his eyelids involuntarily tightening.

Because he saw something familiar on this platform.

A gold-hued Token!

The Golden Body Token!

There were actually Golden Body Tokens available for exchange here.

Having personally experienced the powerful effects of the Golden Body Token, Lu Ye naturally understood its value.

It was a boon from Heaven's Augury, and within the Nine Provinces, no one could break its protection before its power fully dissipated—not even a strong cultivator from the Divine Sea Realm!

Having a Golden Body Token was equivalent to having a means to preserve oneself in any dire situation.

Despite his previous investigations, Lu Ye was full of anticipation for the treasures inside the Hall of Battle Merits, but he had never expected to find Golden Body Tokens here.

He just didn't know how expensive it would be... probably very, right?

If it were not too expensive, he could completely afford to exchange one for self-defense.

Pressing his hand against the light screen, Lu Ye couldn't help but twitch, immediately retracting his hand and walking toward the next stone platform without looking back.

A Golden Body Token for two hundred thousand battle merits!

With his current wealth, he could afford it, but spending two hundred thousand battle merits on a single Golden Body Token seemed too extravagant.

Right now, he was more eager to enhance his cultivation swiftly.

How could it be so expensive!

A spark of indignation flared in Lu Ye's heart. But then, he thought about it, this after all was something that could invoke the protection of Heaven's Augury, a defensive means even strong cultivators from the Divine Sea Realm were powerless against—expensive, naturally, had its reasons.

Even if it hurt, it was worth the cost!

In the hunting field, he was forced to use a Golden Body Token and had been unaware of its value until just now. Learning that it actually cost two hundred thousand battle merits in the Hall of Battle Merits, he felt so distressed his face twitched.

Xia Liang, Tan Sheng...

Damn it!

Calming his emotions, he proceeded to investigate platform by platform.

Indeed, as Lu Ye had thought earlier, the treasures on display in the Hall of Battle Merits, if taken outside, would all be covetable objects that many cultivators would scramble for.

All kinds of unimaginable elixir pills and miracle cures, many spirit flowers and rare herbs nearly extinct in the Nine Provinces, and materials for refining Spiritual Artifacts, as well as a collection of exotic treasures with peculiar effects, were all available here.

For example, the combat arena that Huo Liaoyuan of the Sacred Fire Order had once used against him was available for exchange here, and the price was not too steep—just over ten thousand battle merits.

However, Lu Ye did not exchange for this thing. Over ten thousand battle merits might not seem like a lot, but it was nearly enough to buy a gold-hued spirit fortune stick.

The combat arena was of little use to him. If he ever encountered an overpoweringly strong adversary, his greatest advantage would still be his Wings combined with Move-Like-The-Wind. He would flee for his life, not stick around for a fight to the death with the enemy.

Among the many platforms, there were some items that he could directly see. These visible items were ones he could attempt to exchange for with battle merits.

But there were many more that he couldn't make out clearly. When he placed his hand on these platforms, he got no information whatsoever.

Lu Ye surmised that he probably didn't yet qualify to exchange for these treasures.

It wasn't too disappointing; the many visible treasures had already dazzled him, making it difficult to choose. If he could see those invisible ones too, it would only make his heart itch even more.

After a while, Lu Ye arrived at another platform and the item exhibited there took him by surprise—it was not an object, but a marking.

A battlefield marking, glowing red!

Next to this platform was another with a battlefield marking, but this one glowed with a blue light.

In the Nine Provinces, the red battlefield marking signified Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, while blue represented the Haotian Alliance. The battlefield marking of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union was yellow.

The sudden appearance of two battlefield markings with different colors here...

Lu Ye couldn't help but feel puzzled. What use were these things?

If he exchanged for one, could it change his faction allegiance?

But even if that was true, what would be the significance?

A cultivator begins his cultivation journey within his own circle, making friends with like-minded companions and incurring numerous enemies. Even if he changed his faction allegiance, his friends and foes would not change, unless he changed his entire identity.

With such doubts in mind, Lu Ye pressed his hand on the light screen in front of him.

Many insights immediately dawned on him.

He realized that he had misunderstood the use of this battlefield marking; it was not something to change one's faction allegiance.

"Exchange for Ten Thousand Demons Ridge battlefield marking for eighteen thousand battle merits," the screen read.

Lu Ye's mind stirred, and he confirmed the exchange.

There was a brief warmth on his own battlefield marking, a sign that the battle merits had been deducted.

At the same time, the light screen obstructing his large hand disappeared, followed swiftly by the red battlefield marking flying out and striking his forehead.

Taken by surprise, Lu Ye's head jerked back, and then, he felt a scorching sensation on the back of his other hand.

Looking down, Lu Ye saw a crimson glow enveloping his hand, which soon faded, and with it, the red battlefield marking also vanished from sight.

Chapter 752 18 Gold-Hued Spirit Fortune Sticks

After exchanging for a battlefield marking from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, Lu Ye's camp affiliation did not change, and he quickly arrived at the first stone platform, raising his hand to press down on it.

He had spent quite some time inside the Hall of Battle Merits, and he no longer wanted to continue looking. The many treasures were indeed tempting, making it hard to resist the urge to exchange for several kinds.

However, what he most urgently needed now was to swiftly enhance his own cultivation.

Even if he exchanged for these treasures, they couldn't become part of his own foundation; at most, they were external forces. He naturally understood what was more important.

Soon, a gold-hued spirit fortune stick was taken out by him, with fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty battle merits deducted from his account.

But after he took out that gold-hued spirit fortune stick, another one appeared on the stone platform out of thin air.

This was as he had expected.

The supply of gold-hued spirit fortune sticks in the Hall of Battle Merits was certainly not limited to a single one, but it was impossible to exchange for too many at once; they could only be exchanged one by one. Although this was somewhat troublesome, it did not matter much.

He repeated this process eighteen times!

He couldn't exchange for any more.

Lu Ye checked his remaining battle merits.

Three thousand two hundred and thirty-two points...

Only a small amount was left.

In a short amount of time, more than two hundred and eighty thousand battle merits had been spent, making Lu Ye feel deeply moved once again.

Battle merits are truly never enough, no matter how much one has.

He is currently only in the Cloud River Realm—if he were to reach the True Lake-Divine Sea, his craving for battle merits would probably be even greater.

Having secured the eighteen gold-hued spirit fortune sticks, he stepped out of the Hall of Battle Merits.

"To actually withstand temptation," began the flood dragon on the left side of the wide-open gates of the Hall of Battle Merits. "Boy, you are not bad."

They had been guarding the Hall of Battle Merits for many years and had seen prodigies of various eras come here. Even some of those prodigies, in their younger and weaker days, might not have been able to resist the temptations within the Hall of Battle Merits, often impulsively exchanging for many seemingly precious items that they could not put to immediate use.

Lu Ye only exchanged for two items within the Hall of Battle Merits. Just this ability to resist strong temptation already surpassed many of his predecessors.

"True strength is fundamental, senior flatters me too much," Lu Ye, not clear about the origins of these two flood dragons, nevertheless knew that they were not to be provoked, so he always tried to be as cautious and careful as possible when interacting with them.

However, from the words of this flood dragon, his choices just now were probably correct.

"Hmm." The flood dragon on the left responded indifferently and then lost interest in speaking. As it slowly rotated in sync with its companion, the massive gates of the Hall of Battle Merits closed once again with a thunderous rumble.

Lu Ye bowed in farewell, his thoughts stirred, and his consciousness returned.

Whether in the Heaven's Augury treasure vault or in the Hall of Battle Merits, Lu Ye's consciousness had never been completely absorbed in them, always leaving a trace to guard his surroundings so that he could be prepared for any crises that might arise.

Many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators held unrelenting hostility towards Lu Ye, and within the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, he had many enemies. Although there were powerful individuals keeping the peace within the Mercantile Union and anyone who acted rashly would not end well, who could tell if there were those who cared not for their own lives and would rather die to take him with them.

If Lu Ye had entirely immersed his consciousness in the treasure vault, and someone took that opportunity to make a sudden attack, he would have no chance to defend himself.

Therefore, he had perceived the reactions of the cultivators queuing behind him quite early on.

Many people were growing impatient, as he had indeed stayed a bit too long in the Hall of Battle Merits this time.

It seemed that if he had another chance, he would still prefer to accomplish this in the spirit grounds of Great Reversal Valley or at the sect headquarters of Righteous Blood Sect; conducting such transactions in the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union was ultimately somewhat inappropriate.

Ignoring the reactions of the cultivators behind him, Lu Ye continued on his way.

He quickly returned to his room on the third floor.

On the large bed, Hua Ci and Yiyi sat talking, hand in hand—a vision of a gentle big sister and a mischievous little sister. He didn't know what they were discussing, but Lu Ye entered just in time to hear Yiyi's bell-like laughter.

Noticing the movement, Hua Ci turned her head and glanced at him, "You're back?"

She appeared as usual, as if she had already forgotten about the incident before.

"Yeah," Lu Ye responded, asking casually, "What's so funny?"

Immediately, Hua Ci said, "Woman's talk, stay out of it."

Lu Ye glanced at her dismissively, thinking that if she didn't want to say, then he would just ask Yiyi. In front of him, the little girl never had any secrets or things to hide.

"Are we not returning to the Nine Provinces?" Hua Ci asked.

In her view, given the current situation, only by returning to the Nine Provinces could they avoid disaster.

Although she had always stayed in the room and was unclear about the outside situation, now that Lu Ye's whereabouts had been exposed, Ten Thousand Demons Ridge would surely not let it go.

So, without needing to check, Hua Ci knew that within this Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union there must be many enemies eyeing Lu Ye.

Not to mention that earlier she had activated her secret technique, poisoning many cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge. If they wanted to cure the poison, they would have to find a healing cultivator.

The Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union was the best choice.

But judging from Lu Ye's stance, he clearly had no intention of returning to the Nine Provinces.

"Go back for what?" Lu Ye answered offhandedly as he took the storage sack hanging from Amber's neck and placed the demonic pills he had bought from the Heaven's Augury treasure vault into it, which made Amber extremely excited and happy.

During the month and a half in the Soaring Dragon World, Amber had been frugal when it came to her rations, fearing that if she ate too quickly and ran out, she would have nowhere to replenish them.

Now that there were new supplies, she could finally indulge herself in a satisfying meal.

"It's up to you," Hua Ci said indifferently.

"Here you go." Lu Ye casually tossed another storage sack to Hua Ci.

"What's this?" Hua Ci caught it, looked inside, and found it was full of demonic pills. Unlike the ones Lu Ye gave to Amber, these were either radiating a purple aura or exuding green vapors – clearly toxic stuff.

"A token of our engagement," Lu Ye quipped.

Somehow, being around Hua Ci, he just couldn't act serious.

Hua Ci didn't mind at all, carefully put away the storage sack, and bashfully said, "Then you'd better come to claim me soon."

Her eyes curved like crescent moons; she was obviously in a great mood.

So many toxic demonic pills, clearly not bought in one go — Lu Ye must have been collecting them with her in mind all along.

The feeling of being cherished was, of course, delightful.

"If you're willing, we can make it tonight!" Lu Ye couldn't let his momentum wane.

"You wouldn't dare!" Hua Ci retorted boldly.

"I wouldn't?" Lu Ye scoffed with a laugh. He was a man who cultivated the Tyrannical Saber Technique; his Saber Intent was unrivaled and fearless. What would he not dare to do? He waved his hand grandly, "Yiyi!"

"I'm here." Yiyi, who had been enjoying the scene, quickly responded.

"Take Amber out to play!"

"Eh? Oh!" Yiyi snapped to, scooping up Amber, who was busy counting the demonic pills in her storage sack, preparing to leave but was caught by the arm by Hua Ci.

She absolutely couldn't let Yiyi go!

Although Hua Ci knew what kind of person Lu Ye was and that he wouldn't actually do anything indecent to her, if she really pushed him with her words, she wouldn't be able to escape a beating.

Her butt was still sore from before... She did not want to endure a second slap.

"Pfft..." Lu Ye chuckled, sitting down cross-legged like a Great General after a victorious battle, his demeanor triumphant.

Hua Ci was left breathing heavily, her chest heaving with indignation.

And so that little episode passed.

Ignoring the whispers of Hua Ci and Yiyi, in a corner, Lu Ye took out the various uncanny fires and pill fires he had bought from the Heaven's Augury treasure vault, stimulating the Talent Tree to engulf them.

Simultaneously, he immersed his mind and began to operate the Great Sun Glazed Glass Method.

Since returning from the Soaring Dragon World, he had managed to break out and escape with the guidance of Hua Ci.

During the escape, he felt some changes in his body compared to before and vaguely sensed something more, but he didn't have the time to verify it.

Until now.

As the Cultivation Technique activated, the spirit force within his body flowed faster, rumbling like a river bursting its banks.

Following that, Lu Ye experienced a feeling that was both foreign and familiar.

Spiritual Energy from all directions seemed to be drawn to him, pouring into his body and merging with the spirit force as it cycled through the technique, becoming his own strength.

Foreign because Lu Ye had never cultivated like this before.

A cultivator's methods mainly fell into a few categories.

Inhaling nature's spiritual energy, consuming elixir pills, Essence Refinement-Qi Conversion.

Any cultivator seeking to improve their cultivation would inevitably rely on these three methods as their primary means.

Until now, Lu Ye's main cultivation methods had been consuming elixir pills and Essence Refinement-Qi Conversion.

It wasn't that he didn't want to inhale nature's spiritual energy, but rather... he couldn't!

Whether it was because of his supposedly poor cultivation aptitude or something else, his body wasn't capable of inhaling nature's spiritual energy.

It was as if there was a barrier on his skin preventing the entry of spiritual energy.

So he had to find a workaround.

Creating a small spirit energy gathering funnel at the surface of his body, allowing its tip to pierce through the barrier that separated him from nature's spiritual energy, he could harness its effects. With the help of the funnel, whether it was nature's spiritual energy or the purified energy drawn through spirit fortune sticks, it could be directly injected into his spiritual orifice and the river of spirit force.

But now, Lu Ye was genuinely inhaling nature's spiritual energy for the first time without the aid of any device.

Moreover... the efficiency seemed not too low.

He could sense an affinity with the surrounding spiritual energy of nature, which rushed eagerly into his body with each breath he took, becoming the capital for his strength.

There was no reason for his body to suddenly undergo such a change.

It had to be due to the Heaven-Earth Origin of the Soaring Dragon World!

Lu Ye realized that this transformation must be attributed to the Heaven-Earth Origin of the Soaring Dragon World.

He had already felt it, the last of the Soaring Dragon World's Origin had provided him with more than just a miraculous recovery. It had revitalized his vigor and had many subtle effects he had yet to discern.

At this moment, another thing became clear.

The Origin of the Soaring Dragon World had altered his cultivation aptitude!

Chapter 753 Unknown Spirit Runes

In the Nine Provinces cultivation world, the categorization of a cultivator's aptitude has sixty-four tiers, represented by sixty-four leaves, the higher the number, the better the cultivation aptitude.

This represents a cultivator's affinity with nature's spiritual energy, and the efficiency with which they absorb and release nature's spiritual energy.

After all, for the vast majority of cultivators, absorbing and releasing nature's spiritual energy is the primary and safest method of cultivation, while consuming elixir pills is merely a supplementary measure.

Therefore, cultivation aptitude becomes particularly important.

The origin of Lu Ye's nickname 'Yiye' stemmed from the results of his aptitude test in Evil Moon Valley.

Yiye's talent was barely better than those who couldn't cultivate at all, mere common folk.

All along, Lu Ye had been troubled by this nickname, and what made him feel utterly helpless was that it seemed even Heaven's Augury had acknowledged this nickname.

Originally, the battlefield marking had his name as Lu Ye.

But at some point, it had changed to Lu Yiye!

On the Spirit Stream battlefield and in the Kills Ranking within the hunting grounds, what was displayed was all Lu Yiye!

Now, Lu Ye had finally shed the aptitude of Yiye!

Although he wasn't sure of his current level of talent, it was definitely not just one leaf!

This efficiency of absorbing and releasing nature's spiritual energy, at the very least, was grounded at forty leaves, with the possibility of fifty leaves.

The change in talent could undoubtedly make his future cultivation efficiency much faster, which pleased Lu Ye, prompting a laugh from him.

Hua Ci, who was speaking with Yiyi at the side, couldn't help but glance at him and muttered, "He looks like a fool!"

Ignoring him thereafter, she continued talking with Yiyi.

Lu Ye had already faintly sensed the change in his talent while he was in the Soaring Dragon World, but because much essence had faded away there and the spiritual energy of nature wasn't dense, it wasn't very noticeable.

It became more apparent after returning to the Cloud River battlefield.

By this moment, it was finally confirmed!

Lu Ye hadn't expected that the origin of the world could change a person's cultivation aptitude, but on second thought, since it was the origin of a world capable of reviving the dead, what was changing cultivation aptitude in comparison?

He then let go of his concerns.

Shortly after, Lu Ye stopped the operation of his Cultivation Technique.

He immersed his mind and looked towards the Talent Tree.

The uncanny fire and pill fire he had purchased from Heaven's Augury treasure vault had been completely devoured, and he didn't know if there would be any gains this time.

Every time the Talent Tree devoured flames, when he checked it, he was hopeful because, since he started cultivating, the many spirit runes carried on the Talent Tree had brought him immense help.

Activating various spirit runes in combat could enhance his combat power and self-preservation ability.

To the extent that he had such high accomplishments in the Array Path today was also due to the foundation laid by the Path of Spirit Runes.

Having reached his current level of cultivation, Lu Ye realized one thing.

The Path of Spirit Runes touched on various aspects of cultivation; the deeper his mastery in the Path of Spirit Runes, the more multiplication of efforts in cultivating other aspects.

Whether it was magic and spells, the Array Path, or even the Path of Artifact Refining, all could be said to be an extension and branch of spirit runes.

In one word, the Path of Spirit Runes can be considered the foundation of all peripheral and external paths.

Looking at it, Lu Ye was startled.

At this moment, more than twenty leaves on the Talent Tree were emitting a red glow, evidently due to changes triggered by the devoured flames.

But these leaves had not combusted.

Only leaves that had entirely combusted would allow Lu Ye to examine the information they carried.

The fact that they hadn't completely combusted undoubtedly indicated one thing: the flames devoured by the Talent Tree were insufficient to ignite these leaves.

Furthermore, the similar response from more than twenty leaves implied that they carried the same spirit rune!

Lu Ye was overjoyed.

This type of spirit rune, which required more than twenty leaves to carry, must be extraordinarily complex. Fire Phoenix, Sky Prohibition, Wings, Bewitchment, were all of this type; although it consumed much more than ordinary spirit runes when activated, its effects were also much greater.

What kind of spirit rune was it?

Lu Ye looked carefully, but the leaves had not fully ignited and the patterns within were blurry and unclear. No matter how much Lu Ye tried to investigate, he could not discern any specifics.

This only added to his anticipation.

But the current situation was somewhat awkward, as he didn't have many flames left for the Talent Tree to devour.

Or perhaps... to devour his backup of Earth's Core Fire?

He had always kept around twenty portions of Earth's Core Fire on hand, mainly as a precaution for when the fuel for the Talent Tree ran out, and he needed the power of the Talent Tree to burn off an external force invading his body.

For instance, if he was severely poisoned, it would be dangerous if the Talent Tree's fuel was exhausted without timely replenishment at such a critical moment.

These twenty portions of Earth's Core Fire were normally not to be used.

The thought had just arisen when he dismissed it.

It wasn't that he was reluctant to use them, but since they were meant for emergencies, it was better not to use them lightly.

Moreover, according to his observations, even if he swallowed those twenty portions of Earth's Core Fire, it probably wouldn't be enough to fully ignite those leaves.

There were indeed many more uncanny fires for sale in the Heaven's Augury treasure vault, but each of these fires was exorbitantly priced, often costing tens to hundreds of thousands of merits for just one portion.

For some cultivators, maybe they needed those uncanny fires to cultivate some secret technique.

But for Lu Ye, who just wanted to feed them to the Talent Tree, spending such a large amount was hardly cost-effective.

Let's wait a bit longer...

There will always be a chance to buy cost-effective uncanny fires in the future. He still had many things to do now, and wasn't in a hurry to produce this spirit rune whose effect was unknown.

Having made up his mind, Lu Ye suppressed the urgency in his heart and looked up to call Yiyi, "Come, let's cultivate, and Hua Ci, join us!"

Hua Ci blinked her innocent big eyes and asked incredulously, "Both of us together?"

Otherwise, why would he invite them to cultivate together?

"Nonsense in front of the kids!" Lu Ye glared at her, raising his hand to take out the gold-hued spirit fortune stick he had exchanged from the Hall of Battle Merits.

Hua Ci's eyes lit up as she approached and bent down to pick up the fortune stick, flipping it over to inspect it, "So this is a spirit fortune stick?"

She had heard that in the Cloud River battlefield, there was such a special item called a spirit fortune stick, which could help cultivators rapidly increase their cultivation, and there was even the Heaven-bestowed spirit fortune stick which was an opportunity all cultivators had a chance to encounter.

However, she had only been in the Cloud River battlefield for a month, so she had never seen a real spirit fortune stick, let alone the highest tier of gold-hued ones.

Looking at it, she saw it was dazzling with golden light, its surface had various intricate and complex patterns, and the light flowed beautifully.

However, she soon put down the spirit fortune stick, "Spirit fortune sticks are hard to come by, you don't need to include me..."

Before she could finish, she saw Lu Ye pull out one gold-hued spirit fortune stick after another.

A moment later, there were as many as eighteen laid out in front of him!

Hua Ci exclaimed, "Are these things so easy to obtain?"

It seemed somewhat different from what she had heard.

"Wow, we've struck it rich!" Yiyi watched from the side with glowing eyes, looking at Lu Ye with admiration, "Lu Ye, you're amazing!"

Although she knew that Lu Ye had gained a lot from his time in the Soaring Dragon secret realm, she hadn't expected him to obtain so many gold-hued spirit fortune sticks.

Up till now, the highest number of spirit fortune sticks Lu Ye had acquired was the first-place reward from the Kills Ranking, but even that was only nine, and he had to share those with Li Baxian and Feng Yuechan.

He had only gotten three from that batch himself.

Compared to this moment, it was a world of difference.

Not to mention Lu Ye himself, looking throughout the entire Cloud River battlefield, no one in the past could have possibly attained this many gold-hued spirit fortune sticks at once.

Hua Ci still shook her head, "My cultivation method is different from yours, nature's spiritual energy isn't so important to me, I don't want to delay your cultivation speed."

She had inquired, the duration of a spirit fortune stick is fixed, a cultivator cultivates for that fixed period, but if two people cultivate together, then that time is reduced to half, meaning the two people share the duration of the spirit fortune stick's effect.

Amber was Lu Ye's pet beast, and they had a pet contract, so the duration of the spirit fortune stick wouldn't be affected, and Yiyi was Amber's minion spirit, which similarly wouldn't affect it.

But if she joined in, then she would take half of the duration that belonged to Lu Ye.

This was undoubtedly not cost-effective, especially since nature's spiritual energy really wasn't that important to her, her cultivation relied more on various poisons.

With the many poison pills Lu Ye had previously given her, she already had enough for a long period of cultivation.

Moreover, she had accumulated a large amount of Ten Thousand Poisons Pills in the Spirit Stream battlefield, she also needed to refine and integrate them back into her body to enhance her cultivation.

Lu Ye was about to continue persuading when an inexplicable sense of warning rose in his heart.

Suddenly recalling, the flood dragon guarding the door of the Hall of Battle Merits had told him that everything in the hall was for personal use only and could not be disclosed to anyone.

Previously, he was caught up in enjoying Yiyi's admiring gaze, thinking of quickly improving Hua Ci's cultivation, he had forgotten about this matter.

This meant, those gold-hued spirit fortune sticks really could only be used by him alone.

With this thought, Lu Ye no longer attempted to persuade, instead, he crushed a gold-hued spirit fortune stick with his hand.

Golden dust swirled and flowed, turning into a vortex, and from that vortex emerged an extremely vast and rich spiritual energy, enveloping the figures of Lu Ye, Yiyi, and Amber.

The spiritual energy gathered without dispersing, revolving only around the three figures without spilling out even slightly.

Hua Ci stood by and watched, clicking her tongue in amazement.

It being her first time seeing a gold-hued spirit fortune stick, naturally it was also her first time seeing someone cultivate with the help of one.

The purity and richness of that spiritual energy were truly astonishing, the nearly mist-like power didn't require any refining and could be directly absorbed by the cultivator's river of spirit force, enhancing the cultivator's own power.

Understanding this, no wonder people say that Cloud River Realm is a miraculous realm.

In this realm, because the foundation laid by the cultivators in Spirit Stream Realm is different, there are often instances of defeating higher-level opponents. Moreover, with spirit fortune sticks, as long as one's luck is good enough, advancing in cultivation in Cloud River Realm is much simpler compared to Spirit Stream Realm.

Indeed, it seemed to be the case.

Chapter 754 History is About to Repeat Itself

The Spirit Stream Realm is the first realm of cultivation and the foundational stage, so one should not rush through it hastily.

This is also why spirit fortune sticks, these wondrous items, do not appear on the Spirit Stream battlefield.

But once a cultivator reaches the Cloud River Realm, what they need to do is to enhance their strength as quickly as possible, and thus the spirit fortune sticks come into being.

After entering the Cloud River Realm, a cultivator's life is inevitably intertwined with spirit fortune sticks.

Seeing that Lu Ye and Yiyi had already immersed themselves in cultivation, Hua Ci walked to the other side of the room and sat down cross-legged.

When she first met Lu Ye, her cultivation was somewhat higher than his, but now the situation had completely reversed.

Currently at Cloud River Level 1, Lu Ye had reached Cloud River Level 6, and with eighteen gold-hued spirit fortune sticks in hand, his cultivation would see a significant increase.

"I need to improve my cultivation too," Hua Ci thought to herself.

Otherwise, the gap between them would only widen, and one day, she might not even be able to see Lu Ye's figure from behind.

However, when it comes to improving cultivation, she still had full confidence.

Ordinary cultivators, even with the help of spirit fortune sticks, must follow a set progression.

But she had a different way of cultivation.

Lifting her hand, a Ten Thousand Poisons Pill appeared in her palm, and she swallowed it, silently refining it, feeling the surging power erupting within her body, strengthening her foundation.

The Ten Thousand Poisons Pill was a condensation of her own cultivation. Because she had always been in the Spirit Stream battlefield, she was constrained by the rules of the battlefield, so her cultivation could only reach the 9th Heaven level at most. Any further advancement would mean ascending to the Cloud River and leaving the Spirit Stream battlefield.

But with a treasure like the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest under her guard, how could she willingly leave?

So, every time her cultivation reached the 9th Heaven level, she would expel her own cultivation and condense it into Ten Thousand Poisons Pills to store away, which in turn would cause her cultivation to drop back to the 8th Heaven level, and then she would start cultivating again.

Thus, she was trapped in an endless cycle!

This led to a long period of hardship for Hua Ci in the Spirit Stream battlefield!

The cultivators of this generation in the Spirit Stream battlefield truly suffered.

In the previous decade or so, there were Feng Yuechan, Yanh Xing, and Li Baxian, these three scourges, who firmly occupied the top three spots on the Spirit Stream Ranking, immovable as mountains.

Just when they finally rid themselves of these three, not waiting for the Spirit Stream Realm to celebrate with drums and gongs, Lu Yiye from the Righteous Blood Sect emerged and surpassed them all.

During those few months when he ruled the Spirit Stream battlefield, even the Core Circle big sects were so suppressed they couldn't raise their heads, and the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were always fearful when venturing out.

Luckily, after only a few months, Lu Ye advanced to the Cloud River and left the Spirit Stream battlefield.

Everyone thought the dark clouds over the Spirit Stream battlefield had finally dispersed, and brightness would arrive.

But unexpectedly, out of nowhere came Hua Ci from the Righteous Blood Sect!

This woman, unknown and seemingly emerging out of thin air, turned out to be an even darker cloud than Lu Yiye, casting a long shadow over the Spirit Stream battlefield, devoid of sunlight for a long time.

What made it unbearable for everyone was that the Spirit Stream Ranking marked her as a healing cultivator!

A healing cultivator!

The Spirit Stream Ranking was not without healing cultivators, but there were always few of them, and they ranked quite low, almost always beyond the fiftieth place.

A healing cultivator who could make it into the top fifty was impressive enough, not to mention the first place.

And she occupied it for nearly a year, even longer than Lu Yiye had ruled the Spirit Stream Ranking!

For the cultivators of the Haotian Alliance, it was more bearable because, after all, the Righteous Blood Sect was part of the Haotian Alliance. Hua Ci occupying the first place could be seen as bringing honor to the Haotian Alliance.

But for the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, it was unbearable. Every time they checked the Spirit Stream Ranking, seeing that elevated name and faction felt like an invisible slap to their faces.

During this year, it was not that no strong cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge challenged Hua Ci for the first place. But after each battle, they often couldn't even catch a glimpse of her before they were bewilderingly poisoned, forced to concede defeat.

In the three months after Lu Ye left the Spirit Stream battlefield, Hua Ci faced many challenges from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, but as her fame grew, no one dared to openly provoke her anymore.

This also allowed her ample time to cultivate in peace at the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest.

When she emerged from the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest, this forbidden land, which had existed in the Spirit Stream battlefield for who knows how long, had become a common woodland.

All the essence of the Ten Thousand Poisons Forest was turned into Ten Thousand Poisons Pills in Hua Ci's hands.

This resulted in her having nearly a hundred of these pills!

Each Ten Thousand Poisons Pill was the essence condensed from the 8th to the 9th Heaven level.

In Lu Ye's hands, the Ten Thousand Poisons Pill could only be used to kill enemies, but in her hands, the effect was in no way inferior to the gold-hued spirit fortune sticks, and might even surpass them!

As long as she refined these Ten Thousand Poisons Pills anew, Hua Ci was confident that, even if she couldn't catch up to Lu Ye's cultivation, she would not fall too far behind.

The room was silent, with two people, a spirit, and a tiger all engrossed in their cultivation, unable to extricate themselves.

Lu Ye did not use up all eighteen gold-hued spirit fortune sticks in one go.

One gold-hued spirit fortune stick could last a little over a day, roughly thirteen to fourteen Shichen.

To use up eighteen gold-hued spirit fortune sticks, even if he did not stop for a moment, it would take twenty days.

Although he was eager to improve his cultivation, he also understood a principle: too rapid or too fierce an increase in cultivation is not necessarily good. His body needed time to adapt to the increase in

strength; otherwise, if his realm increased without being able to control the acquired power, it would also be futile.

Appropriate consolidation can make the increase in cultivation more solid.

So every time he exhausted three gold-hued spirit fortune sticks, he would rest for two days before continuing his cultivation with the help of the sticks.

Even during his rest, he was never idle.

He had many things to do.

He needed to comprehend the secrets of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, assimilate the gifts from the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, stimulate the Breath Fruit Core to enter the Mirage Scene for tempering, and adapt to the changes in his own strength.

During this time, he noticed another benefit that the Origin of the Soaring Dragon World had brought to him.

His aptitude for understanding seemed to have improved a lot compared to before.

Because after re-comprehending the secrets of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, he could see many things he couldn't see before and comprehend what he had never comprehended before.

The secrets of the Tyrannical Saber Technique were not just those three sabers; it was a complete and flawless saber legacy, everything encompassed within the earth-shattering might of the three sabers.

Currently, Lu Ye could only observe the first strike, yet he had already learned many useful things from it.

And these insights could enhance his combat skills and methods of killing enemies.

The one who left this legacy must have been a mighty cultivator.

The Dragon Throne was not originally from the Soaring Dragon World; it came from beyond the heavens, and Lu Ye suspected the Tyrannical Saber Technique was as well.

In this way, the days passed uneventfully.

A month blinked by!

When the power of the last gold-hued spirit fortune stick was exhausted, the golden vortex in front of him disappeared, and the thick spirit mist enveloping his body also vanished completely, Lu Ye slowly opened his eyes and exhaled gently.

One had to say that after his cultivation aptitude improved, the efficiency of his cultivation indeed saw a significant increase, which undoubtedly made the gold-hued spirit fortune stick even more valuable to him.

The river of spirit force within his body surged, the sound of its waters buzzing, but as Lu Ye breathed out, it gradually calmed down.

The undulating waves of spirit force around him also slowly receded.

And the fluctuation of the spirit force he emanated, astonishingly, belonged to the Cloud River Level 8!

After a month of arduous cultivation, he had broken through from Cloud River Level 6 to Level 8, leaping over an entire level—a pace that was simply breathtaking.

Moreover, Lu Ye had reached Level 8 not just recently, but three days ago.

The cultivation of these three days had allowed him to accumulate and settle significantly at the Level 8 realm.

The fluctuations of spirit force and demonic power around Yiyi and Amber were by no means inferior to his own. In other words, just in terms of cultivation, neither Yiyi nor Amber had been left behind by him.

All of this was not only due to the mysterious effect of the gold-hued spirit fortune stick, but also partly because of the special cultivation methods of the spirit and the tiger.

Lu Ye's efficiency in cultivation was naturally far higher than Yiyi and Amber's, but the cultivation of this spirit and tiger was always mutually reinforcing; the combination of the two allowed them to keep pace with Lu Ye.

The three of them had grown tremendously, but compared to Hua Ci's growth, it seemed not worth mentioning.

Lu Ye looked up towards Hua Ci, who was still cultivating.

She was enveloped in a faint green mist all around her, clearly a highly poisonous substance, yet under her control, not a trace spread out—if it had, the room would have been uninhabitable.

A month ago, Hua Ci was at Cloud River Level 1, but now, the fluctuation of spirit force from her had astonishingly reached Level 6!

In one month, she had crossed five minor levels.

Looking back through history, this was probably unprecedented.

Even if other cultivators used gold-hued spirit fortune sticks continuously for a month, the speed of their cultivation progress could not compare to Hua Ci's advancement.

All this, of course, could be attributed to her Ten Thousand Poisons Pill.

This pill was a condensation of her cultivation at Level 1, and re-refining it back into her body was naturally extremely easy.

So although Hua Ci stayed in the Spirit Stream battlefield for nearly a year, the impact on her cultivation was only temporary; she had simply stored her own cultivation in a way others could not understand.

Once in the Cloud River battlefield, there was a terrifying progression of accumulated thickness and sudden thinness.

Withdrawing his gaze, Lu Ye rose to his full height.

"Are we leaving?" Yiyi discerned his thoughts.

"Yes, some matters need to be settled," Lu Ye replied.

Yiyi naturally knew what he was referring to.

Ever since the animosity began with those few people in the hunting ground, they had continuously pursued him relentlessly, bent on driving him to his death.

Over this long period, from being completely outmatched by Lu Ye to being able to turn defeat into victory with the help of formations, and then being able to hold his ground slightly...

But such entanglements would eventually come to an end, as no one wants to be the target of relentless pursuit.

Once in the Spirit Stream battlefield, the cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge targeted Lu Ye in various ways, but as soon as Lu Ye acquired sufficient strength, he killed them in droves, causing rivers of blood and making the Core Circle's big sect encampments unable to hold their heads high.

Yiyi had a strong premonition.

History... seemed destined to repeat itself!

The Lu Ye of today, just as back on the Spirit Stream battlefield, now had the capital to turn the tables.

Chapter 755

Across from the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, inside a tavern.

At a table near the window on the second floor, two people sat opposite each other, Xia Liang and Tan Sheng.

Not far from them at another table sat Chu Yun and Zhou Pei from the Sacred Fire Order.

The two from the Sacred Fire Order sat motionless, one closed his eyes to rest while the other kept his gaze firmly fixed on the entrance of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

This had been their state for an entire month!

In other words, since Lu Ye had hidden himself in the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, they had been waiting here.

It was not just the four of them; in this tavern and the nearby buildings, there were shadows of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators hiding as well.

Unlike the calmness of Chu Yun and Zhou Pei, both Xia Liang and Tan Sheng were filled with melancholy at this moment.

The delay had been too long!

From their first encounter with Lu Ye in the hunting grounds, they had wanted to kill him. Nearly ten months had passed, but they still hadn't succeeded.

Under normal circumstances, either of them should have advanced to True Lake by now, but they were still wasting time here.

And looking at the current situation, how familiar was this scene?

The last time Lu Yiye had poisoned and killed two million Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators in that mine, he hid in a branch of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, while these people stayed outside to keep watch.

The same thing had happened again.

It was somewhat unimaginable.

The endless frustration and oppression all turned into profound sorrow.

On the table were several dishes, where Xia Liang and Tan Sheng drank to drown their sorrows.

Putting down his cup, Tan Sheng glanced towards the direction of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union and sighed, "Brother Xia, in ten days, whether Lu Yiye shows up or not, I will have to leave."

Xia Liang's action of picking up food paused, and he looked up at him, "Brother Tan intends to give up just like that?"

Tan Sheng shook his head, "Of course I don't want to, but I have no choice. The Cloud River struggle is about to begin, and I need to calm my mind and rest for a few days. Such a grand event might only happen once in a Nine Provinces cultivator's life, and since we've encountered it, we should give it our all." As he spoke, he looked at Xia Liang and persuaded, "Brother Xia, you should also learn to let go, don't be too obsessed with things."

Xia Liang remained silent.

Tan Sheng and Lu Ye actually didn't have such a deep-seated grudge, making it easy for him to let go, but it wasn't that simple for him.

How could he kill Li Baxian if he didn't kill Lu Ye? How could he avenge Yan Xing?

After spending so much time together, Tan Sheng knew why Xia Liang was so obsessed, and seeing that he couldn't persuade him, he said no more.

"One last time!"

Moments later, Xia Liang spoke.

"What?" Tan Sheng didn't understand.

Xia Liang said, "I have a premonition that we only have one last chance."

"You mean..."

"That guy's power is growing too quickly!"

Even though the Cloud River Realm was known for rapid progression in cultivation, Lu Ye's growth rate was terrifying enough.

If it were only his cultivation that was increasing, that would be one thing.

Being at Level 6 of the Cloud River Realm, he was still a considerable distance from them at Level 9.

Yet, the power that Lu Ye had shown was truly shocking.

Killing a Level 8 cultivator as if slicing through melons and vegetables, if he were to advance to Level 7, wouldn't he have the capability to kill those at Level 9?

"He disappeared for over a month previously, surely using that broken teleportation array to go to some secret realm, likely gaining some benefits. This past month he's been hiding in the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, mostly to enhance his own cultivation," Xia Liang said with a serious expression, not even realizing that at this moment, he already had quite a bit of trepidation towards Lu Ye.

"He's very likely already reached Level 7!"

Tan Sheng's movements paused slightly, and after a moment of contemplation, he realized Xia Liang's words could very well be true.

"So, Brother Tan," Xia Liang said seriously as he looked at Tan Sheng, "we only have this one chance. If we can't succeed this time, there probably won't be a next time!"

The next time they encountered him, it would probably be them hiding from Lu Ye.

"Moreover, it shouldn't be long before he shows himself," Xia Liang said with certainty.

If it were any other Haotian Alliance cultivator facing this situation, naturally, using the Heaven's Augury Column of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union to return to the Nine Provinces sect headquarters would be the safest.

But that Lu Yiye... that wasn't likely!

He hadn't done so in Great Reversal Valley, he hadn't done so the last time, and it was even less likely he would do so this time.

If he really was enhancing his strength in secret, once he emerged, he would certainly reappear and stir up storms.

And this was what Xia Liang had been waiting for, the last opportunity.

"Brother Xia, how confident are you?" Tan Sheng asked.

If that were the case, this one and only opportunity really couldn't be missed!

"Eigh..." Xia Liang had just uttered a word when suddenly his eyelids twitched, his sharp gaze locking onto the entrance of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, where a figure memorable enough to be engraved in his bones slowly walked out.

Seeming to sense his gaze, he looked up in this direction.

As their eyes met, Lu Ye's eyes were as calm as water, while Xia Liang's blazed like torches.

"Complete success!" Xia Liang drained his cup and slammed it down, suddenly standing up.

As he rose, Chu Yun and Zhou Pei also moved simultaneously. Not only that, the entire tavern became noisy in that instant, the commotion spreading to several nearby buildings.

"There are really a lot of people!"

In front of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, Lu Ye muttered softly, summoned his spirit ark, stepped onto it, and soared into the sky, rushing towards the distance.

No sooner had he left than a large group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators followed.

Hua Ci, looking out the window of a third-floor guest room of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, was puzzled. "Why is it always so lively wherever he goes?"

Turning to look at Yiyi beside him, "Aren't you worried?"

Yiyi smiled, "Lu Ye is very confident... there's nothing to worry about."

Having been by Lu Ye's side, following him through the south and north, facing various life and death crises, Yiyi had already gotten used to such dramatic ups and downs. If she were anxious every time, she would be exhausted to death.

This time, Lu Ye didn't even bring Amber with him, clearly very confident, so she had even less reason to worry.

In the sky, under the scorching sun, a stream of light in front leads, with a large group of lights chasing incessantly, making for a lively scene.

Leading at the front, naturally, were Xia Liang and Tan Sheng, the powerful cultivators of the Cloud River Level 9 and Level 8.

While in pursuit, Tan Sheng felt the fluctuations of spirit force from Lu Ye's body, using this to gauge his current level of cultivation.

Xia Liang's earlier comments had made a lot of sense, so Tan Sheng also felt that Lu Ye's cultivation must have improved, otherwise, he wouldn't have suddenly appeared like this.

He sensed covertly, but could never be certain.

Because Lu Ye seemed to be intentionally concealing his own aura and spirit force fluctuations, it was very likely he was using something like a Breath-concealing Talisman.

"Brother Xia, can you tell what his current cultivation level is?" Tan Sheng asked during the chase.

"Definitely Level 7!" Xia Liang replied.

Even though Lu Ye was very likely using something inside the Breath-concealing Talisman to hide his true strength, such weapon control-flying could not completely conceal it. This led to his fluctuations in aura and spirit force being erratic, sometimes appearing to be Level 5-6 and other times like Level 7.

Of course, it was also because of the distance.

Lu Ye wasn't flying too fast, and they dared not follow too closely, fearing that Lu Ye would turn around and rush back to the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union; the two sides thus maintained a tacitly agreed speed.

"I think so too," Tan Sheng nodded.

Heart shocked, truly already at Level 7.

How long had it been?

This Lu Yiye, how does he always have so many opportunities and encounters?

Just as Xia Liang had said before, this was indeed their last chance. If they couldn't eliminate him root and branch this time, it was hard to say who would kill whom the next time they met.

As they were discussing, Chu Yun and Zhou Pei not far away had almost reached the same conclusion.

Normally, a cultivator cannot hide their cultivation level once they stimulate their own spirit force, as the fluctuations will surge out. Experienced cultivators can easily judge another cultivator's strength based on the intensity of these fluctuations.

The fluctuations and even the aura from Lu Ye were variably unstable, and even the following cultivators from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge failed to detect his true level, relying on nothing other than one thing.

Breath-concealing Spirit Runes.

To be able to stimulate Breath-concealing Spirit Runes while controlling a weapon to fly was no easy task for Lu Ye.

This led to the erratic fluctuations in his spirit force, making it seem like he had just advanced to the Cloud River Level 7 and hadn't even stabilized his own level.

Luckily, they were not very close to each other, otherwise, it really would have been easy to give himself away.

The people from the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge hadn't pursued too closely; Lu Ye naturally knew what they were worried about; clearly, they feared he might duck back into the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union if things looked bad.

Curiously enough, Lu Ye had such plans too.

This matter just got more interesting.

As time passed, they moved farther and farther from the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union.

Until a certain moment, unable to contain his eagerness any longer, Xia Liang shouted, "It's about time!"

The moment the words fell, his speed surged, instantly darting forward like an arrow released from a bow.

But in the next instant, he suddenly halted his movement, standing solemnly in mid-air.

The large group of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators chasing after him also abruptly stopped.

No other reason, Lu Ye had suddenly descended towards the ground ahead.

Just standing there plainly, he turned his body around, quietly watching them.

What was he about to do?

That question arose in every Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator's mind.

It was unavoidable to be suspicious, being on the run yet suddenly stopping like that; it was just too eerie.

"Is there an ambush?" someone suddenly asked in alarm.

This immediately threw many of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators into disarray.

Though the question was asked, it sounded to those nearby like a confirmation.

The scene became chaotic for a moment, many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators scrutinizing their surroundings, but no trace of an ambush could be seen there. The area was completely open, devoid of any cover or hiding spots.

On the ground below, Lu Ye looked up, his expression revealing a hint of disappointment. "A rabble!"

Chapter 756 No Match for the Enemy

The tone was light, but everyone present was a cultivator of the Cloud River Realm, with exceptional hearing and Ocular Power; how could they not hear clearly? Instantly, all were indignant.

Despite their anger, they also knew that Lu Ye was not wrong.

After all, they did not come from the same sect, and their relationships were not that close. Although they joined forces to deal with Lu Ye, each harbored their own ulterior motives and lacked detailed planning and unified command.

It was for this reason that Lu Ye had repeatedly managed to escape from being hunted down.

So despite the discomfort, no one retorted.

What could be confirmed now was that there were no ambushes here, and as for the Formation that Lu Yiye relied on the most... he likely didn't have time to set it up either.

So, what was the composure of the opponent based on? A sense of astonishment and suspicion inevitably rose in everyone's hearts.

The scene suddenly became somewhat eerie, as it was clearly the cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who had come out to hunt Lu Ye, yet at this moment, it was the larger group from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge who were hesitating, as if Lu Ye was the one who had the upper hand.

"Aren't you going to make a move?" Lu Ye asked softly.

No one answered, only the howling wind passing by, creating a deadly atmosphere.

Lu Ye took a deep breath, his chest visibly heaving once, his figure slightly crouching, his footsteps shifted, his hand resting on the hilt of his Boulder Mountain Saber at his waist.

He lowered his eyelids, and the black hair on his forehead cast a shadow, covering his captivating eyes.

"If you're not going to make a move, then I will... charge!"

The moment the last word fell, there was a thunderous explosion, and the ground shattered like a broken mirror, leaving behind two deep footprints at the original spot.

Using the force of the rebound, Lu Ye rocketed into the air like an arrow released from its bowstring, hurtling towards his numerous enemies.

That instant emanated a presence as if unleashing an ancient ferocious beast or a flood dragon surging from the raging waves, a wild and brutal aura so intense that it shook the heart, causing quite a few cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge to panic.

The cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, who had been pursuing Lu Ye, had been speculating about what trick he was up to, but nobody expected him to lunge forward like this.

Though the number of their pursuers wasn't large, it was about two hundred or so.

One man against over two hundred, and still, he took the initiative to strike, how audaciously bold was this?

It truly made them feel disregarded.

All were furiously incensed, instinctively launching attacks.

In an instant, streaks of weapon control and the Liu Guang of magic and spells blasted forward, with colorful lights interweaving brilliantly and dazzling the eyes.

Among many spells, two that resembled fire dragons were particularly striking.

These were techniques cast by Chu Yun and Zhou Pei, who, although from the current 4th grade Sacred Fire Order, once had a 1st grade foundation. The disciples they taught naturally weren't inferior, especially since both were of the Cloud River Level

9, making their attacks even more extraordinary.

Even if Lu Ye was fast enough to avoid most spells and controlled weapons, facing such an overwhelming assault, it was impossible to dodge everything.

The sound of cracking began to rise, indicating the shattering of the Defense Spirit Runes activated by Lu Ye.

When Lu Ye plunged into the stormy sea of spells and controlled weapons, in just a brief moment, the Defense Spirit Runes protecting him shattered, along with his protective spirit body being pierced through.

Blood spurted out, tracing a crimson line along the path Lu Ye advanced.

At the same time, the two formidable fire dragons, under the control of Chu Yun and Zhou Pei, were closing in on Lu Ye, who was covered in blood, from both sides.

The fire dragons roared, swinging their heads and tails; amidst the roaring flames, they instantly engulfed Lu Ye's figure.

Witnessing this scene, many cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge shook inside, almost unable to resist cheering out loud.

They had succeeded!

Although they did not understand why Lu Yiye was so presumptuous as to launch an attack against so many of them alone, it was ultimately an unwise move.

The only regret they had was that since they all attacked together, even if they really killed that Lu Yiye, they would likely have to divide the bounty amongst themselves later, not gaining much benefit.

"Be careful, he's not dead!"

From the crowd, an alarmed shout suddenly rang out, though it was unclear who issued the warning.

No sooner had the words left their mouth than Lu Ye's familiar figure had already charged out from the flaming onslaught.

Looking over, Lu Ye's clothes were torn and ragged, presenting a sorry sight, but there was not a single trace of being scorched by the fire-type technique.

The two most powerful fire dragons seemed not to have inflicted any damage on him.

Chu Yun and Zhou Pei were both taken aback. They knew full well the strength of the techniques they had deployed; even a cultivator of Level 9 stature shouldn't be able to receive their joint attack unscathed, but Lu Yiye... had done just that.

Moreover, this was after his defensive measures had been broken, and his protective spirit force had been penetrated.

In other words, he relied solely on his unprotected physique to withstand their attack unharmed.

This... how is that possible?

The explosive emergence of the two fire dragons obscured the vision and perception of many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, leading them to make an incorrect judgment about the current situation.

When Lu Ye's figure reappeared, no one had time to react.

A tyrannical and violent aura burst forth from the flesh and blood body, enveloping an indescribable aggressiveness and pressure that instantly seized the minds of the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators standing at the forefront, leaving them dazed for a moment.

Immediately after came the brilliant light of a saber, whipping up a storm of death.

Blood splattered, limbs were severed, and amidst the screams, figures that once stood tall in the sky were dropping like dumplings toward the ground.

Wherever Lu Ye passed, none were his match.

In just a moment, he had carved a bloody path through the crowd, killing his way to Chu Yun and Zhou Pei.

Only at this moment did these two magic cultivators from Sacred Fire Order manage to regain their senses, both shaken to the core, with a look of alarm in their eyes.

Lu Ye had specifically targeted the two of them.

When in a group fight, one should prioritize dealing with those with extended reach, a common sense in the Nine Provinces cultivation world.

Magic cultivators like them, once given the distance and space to perform, could unleash their full power, and compared to combat cultivators and physique cultivators who were accustomed to close combat, magic cultivators were more fragile and easier to kill.

There were quite a few magic cultivators gathered here, especially Chu Yun and Zhou Pei, who were the most outstanding. Who else would Lu Ye focus on if not them?

They never expected Lu Ye to get so close to them so easily, realizing that their Fire Dragon Technique had caused trouble—but they had never imagined that Lu Ye would remain unharmed under such a spell attack.

A magic cultivator being approached closely by a combat cultivator naturally has to quickly widen the gap.

So, seeing Lu Ye's saber slashing down, without thinking, both of them simultaneously channeled their spirit force, a huge repelling force sweeping in all directions, as their figures rapidly drifted backwards.

Around them, several unprepared Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were pushed into disarray, creating chaos on the scene.

Lu Ye seemed to have been pushed several meters back as well.

However, Chu Yun could clearly see that Lu Ye had voluntarily moved back, not being pushed away.

This guy... had plenty of experience fighting against magic cultivators and must have been troubled by magic cultivators in this way before!

But as Chu Yun saw the situation behind Lu Ye, his panicky heart immediately steadied.

For in that brief moment, nearby Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had already come to support, especially Xia Liang and Tan Sheng, who attacked from left and right, their powerful spirit force surging, blood Qi boiling, not holding back their attacks.

"Die!" Xia Liang roared.

His saber aimed at Lu Ye's back, coming down, while Tan Sheng and a few other quick-reacting Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators also made their moves.

Lu Ye's back seemed to grow eyes; as his spirit force surged, a solid formation of spirit runes suddenly took shape, forming a barrier.

Many attacks hit the barrier formed by the Defense Spirit Runes, shattering it.

Then those many attacks landed on Lu Ye's body, slashing his back with fresh wounds.

Xia Liang's brow immediately furrowed...

The sensation transmitted from the spiritual saber in his hand felt somewhat off.

In theory, even if his saber's power was diminished by the Defense Spirit Runes, it should have been enough to break open Lu Ye's back, and with the attacks from Tan Sheng and the others, Lu Yiye would undoubtedly be dead.

But the feeling from that strike told him that the damage it did to Lu Yiye was not as severe as he had expected.

He had once cut a Level 9 physique cultivator from Haotian Alliance, whose powerful physique meant that his strikes couldn't inflict effective damage, resulting in mere superficial wounds.

In that battle, he fought the enemy for a whole half-day, grinding the opponent to death in the end!

The feeling he had when cutting into Lu Yiye was even clearer and more intense than that time.

This guy's... physique is so strong?

With no time to think further, Xia Liang's expression changed. "Not good!"

It was Lu Ye, using the force of their attacks, moving forward with the speed of thunder and lightning.

In the blink of an eye, he had gotten close to Zhou Pei.

Zhou Pei turned pale with fright. She had just joined forces with Chu Yun to push Lu Ye away with their technique, and even as Level 9 cultivators, they needed a moment to settle the fluctuating spirit force within their bodies.

In this moment, she was at her most vulnerable.

And yet, Lu Ye had arrived in front of her just at this critical time.

Feeling the oppressive and violent aura looming over her, she sensed the call of death and desperately rallied her own spirit force, without maintaining her own defenses, because she felt that such protection would be utterly meaningless.

Tiny sparks of light spread out from her body, booming and expanding, enveloping a vast area.

Every spark carried an extremely dangerous aura.

The prelude to Prairie Burning Explosion Burial!

Once, on the combat arena, Huo Liaoyuan had used this secret technique from Sacred Fire Order against Lu Ye, possessing great power. If Huo Liaoyuan could execute it, so could Zhou Pei.

It must be said that this woman from Sacred Fire Order was extremely decisive and cruel-natured.

Not only harsh on her enemies but also on herself, because once such a technique was activated, if Lu Ye were to be swept up in it, she would not be able to avoid it herself; who would survive and who would perish would then depend on their respective methods.

Chapter 757 Mental-lashing Whip

Zhou Pei, since she had chosen to activate such an indiscriminate secret technique at this moment, naturally had a certain degree of confidence.

After all, this secret technique was actively cast by her, and she could exert a degree of control to minimize the impact and damage on herself.

Tiny sparks of fire dispersed in all directions; the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who intended to come to her aid also sensed the danger and no longer dared to approach even slightly, instead retreating rapidly backwards.

Staring at the ferocious figure so close at hand, Zhou Pei looked panicked, but her beautiful eyes shone with malice.

"Explode!"

With the sound of her voice, the inconspicuous sparks suddenly brightened, and in the sky, in the blink of an eye, there appeared many mini suns.

A searing, destructive aura swept through the place with the rise of the mini suns, twisting the Void itself. The thunderous rumblings were continuous, deafening to all who heard it.

"Junior Sister Zhou!"

Chu Yun, not far away, looked at the immense light and the chaotic flow of spirit force, his expression showing worry.

But soon enough, his gaze steadied.

Since Junior Sister Zhou had made this choice, he could only trust her.

However, the next moment, his complexion drastically changed.

For within that visually incomprehensible chaos, a breath of life suddenly faded away.

And that breath was none other than Zhou Pei's, who had been his constant companion!

The breath belonging to Lu Ye, however, showed no change whatsoever!

Chu Yun's eyelids twitched, his heart instantly overwhelmed by immense grief. He didn't want to believe it and had not seen what exactly had happened, but the only certainty was that Junior Sister Zhou had fallen!

Chu Yun was not the only one who sensed this; not far away, Xia Liang and Tan Sheng also changed expression simultaneously.

As the afterglow of the mini suns dissipated, the dazzling light converged, and a blurry figure gradually appeared in everyone's sight. Considering the height, considering the build, if not Lu Ye, who else could it be?

There he stood, amidst the raging inferno, still and unmoved as a mountain, his figure distorted like a demon in the scorching air.

Another figure suddenly plummeted silently from mid-air to the ground; it was Zhou Pei. As far as the eye could see, Zhou Pei's eyes were bulging, as if she had seen something incredibly unbelievable just before her death, and her chest was stained with blood—the clear sign of a blade having pierced her heart, resulting in instant death!

Almost as soon as Chu Yun instinctively looked toward Zhou Pei's corpse, a fiery red light suddenly shot out from that twisted space and struck directly at Chu Yun.

Immediately coming back to his senses, Chu Yun looked up and saw the fiery red light was actually a spirit force long whip. The other end of the whip was firmly grasped in Lu Ye's hand.

What is this...

Chu Yun was shocked, instinctively feeling that this must be some exotic treasure, but it also appeared to be some type of magic or spell...

With no time to ponder, and sensing the might of this whip, he moved to retreat.

But the long whip, like a spirit snake, lashed out at him from the air and upon a twist, bound him tightly.

Normally, Chu Yun, as a Cloud River Level 9 cultivator, wouldn't be so careless, but the shock of Zhou Pei's death was too great, coupled with the fact that he didn't expect Lu Ye to be able to use such a bizarre technique, he was caught off guard and fell for the ploy.

The moment he was bound, a huge pulling force came from the other end of the whip, and no matter how Chu Yun struggled, he could not break free. He was uncontrollably dragged over.

What was even more horrifying was that the long whip not only restricted his physical body, but it also suppressed his spirit force to some extent, leaving him without the strength to resist.

In a trance, Lu Ye's cold face had already come into his field of vision, immediately followed by a flash of a bright blade.

All was silent in heaven and earth!

Chu Yun stood before Lu Ye, silently watching him.

Xia Liang and Tan Sheng did not act rashly either, but their eyes were filled with dread.

The other Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, most still recovering from the chaos, weren't quite clear about what had just happened.

Only now did the residual might of the Prairie Burning Explosion Burial Secret Technique that Zhou Pei had used before her death slowly fade away, the twisted space regained tranquility, and the figures of Lu Ye and Chu Yun, so close at hand, became clearly visible.

"What magic is this?" Chu Yun suddenly asked.

At this point, he finally confirmed that the fiery red long whip that bound him was a technique, not the power of some exotic treasure.

He had seen Lu Ye's information and knew that Lu Ye, a combat cultivator who wielded a blade, not only had profound accomplishments in Array Path but also cultivated some magic and spells.

But the information had never mentioned such a technique, and as far as he knew, the Nine Provinces cultivation world seemed to have no such bizarre technique.

As someone who had personally experienced the power of this technique, he naturally felt its strength. This technique could bind enemies effectively, but it could also kill.

"Mental-lashing Whip!"

Lu Ye answered flatly.

This technique did not come from the Talent Tree, nor was it one he had cultivated; it was from Qin Zhao, who had once stirred a storm in the Soaring Dragon World.

Toward the end of his journey in the Soaring Dragon World, he glimpsed the Origin Power of the Soaring Dragon World. In it, he saw countless stars, some bright, some dim, each a mark left by powerful beings who had once lived in the Soaring Dragon World, a testament that they had once lived and existed there.

Lu Ye probed into one of the marks, having an extremely mystical experience. In that experience, he possessed Qin Zhao's body, was born with him, entered the same sect, cultivated together, fell into despair together, rose again together, and dominated all directions together...

Although only a short two days had passed afterward, the time Lu Ye had spent in that dream-like experience was certainly more than just two days.

Important moments in Qin Zhao's life were imprinted in his heart, and he experienced Qin Zhao's cultivation as if it were his own. One could say that during the time he accompanied Qin Zhao in growth, whatever Qin Zhao had comprehended, he could fully accept.

The residual Origin Power of the Soaring Dragon World was in itself an undeveloped colossal treasure!

As a magic cultivator, the varieties and intricacies of magic and spells that Qin Zhao could cast were naturally diverse and profound.

The Mental-lashing Whip was a Dao technique created by Qin Zhao himself and was also his most skillful one. Thus, even without having cultivated it himself, Lu Ye was able to cast it with ease at the moment.

Of course, confined by his cultivation level, he couldn't unleash the full power of this Dao technique. But to deal with cultivators of the same realm, it was more than enough.

The world only knew that Lu Ye was highly accomplished in the Array Path, but no one knew that, on the path of magic cultivation, he had gone further than other magic cultivators of the same realm. If he truly wished, the magic and spells he could cast were absolutely incomparable to those of the same level.

"Incredible!"

Chu Yun praised, and as a magic cultivator who had personally experienced the power of this Dao technique, he naturally discerned its subtlety. Such a Dao technique, if cultivated to a profound level, could be almost inescapable once activated.

He nodded slightly.

But with that simple motion, his head had already fallen off, and blood gushed out from the neck, the cut clean and even.

It turned out that Lu Ye had already beheaded him with a single stroke!

Fear reigned in all directions!

Dead!

Two Level 9 magic cultivators from Cloud River had died just like that!

How Zhou Pei died, they hadn't seen clearly, because during the Prairie Burning Explosion Burial, the scene was too chaotic, with both Lu Ye and Zhou Pei swept up in it.

How Chu Yun died, however, they did see a glimmer of the truth.

But precisely because of this, they found it somewhat unbelievable.

At Level 9, Chu Yun represented the limit of what Cloud River battlefield could accommodate. Someone of his stature could command wind and rain wherever he went and was not someone people would dare to provoke casually.

But in that brief moment just now, two strong Level 9 magic cultivators of Cloud River were slain right under their eyes.

And with them, more than a dozen cultivators from Level 7-8 realms also perished!

How long had it been?

Since Lu Ye lashed out, it had been no more than ten breaths of time.

"Cloud River Level 8!"

Xia Liang's pupils shrank to the size of needle points, disbelievably staring at Lu Ye, who stood tall in the sky.

He had previously speculated that Lu Ye had obtained an opportunity in that secret realm and had hidden away in the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union for a month to improve his cultivation. Therefore, he boldly guessed that Lu Ye was now at Cloud River Level 7.

This was already a great overestimate of Lu Ye's speed of growth.

After all, when he entered the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, he was at Cloud River Level 5, and his cultivation increased by one level upon coming out of the pagoda.

How much time had passed for him to ascend again to the limit?

But Level 8... How could such an absurd thing happen? Was Heaven's Augury too partial to this guy?

When he was at Level 5, Lu Ye was able to assassinate those at Level 8, and even had a record of slaying Huo Liaoyuan, a Level 9 combatant, on the combat arena.

As a Level 6, he managed to escape unscathed from the joint attack of four Level 9 cultivators.

Xia Liang felt that if Lu Ye was promoted to Level 7, he might not even be his match. If Lu Ye was at Level 8... he dared not contemplate it.

What common cultivators dreamed of, defeating opponents above their level, was about exceeding one or two minor levels. Xia Liang himself was such a person.

But Lu Ye seemed to use them as stepping stones, basing their power to defeat opponents of a higher level.

How terrifying that was.

With such a foundation and now such a cultivation level, how could ordinary cultivators be his opponent? The fact that over a dozen people died under his blade at first contact just now was the best proof.

It truly was a self-fulfilling prophecy; this was definitely the last chance to deal with Lu Ye.

Xia Liang was shocked, as was Tan Sheng, his eyelids twitching violently.

As for the other Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, startled beyond measure, they couldn't help but retreat, trying to put distance between themselves and Lu Ye, seeking a sense of security.

On the scene, Lu Ye was now surrounded by many cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, but in terms of momentum, it was as if he alone had surrounded them instead.

"So he deliberately led us here," Tan Sheng, with a shaking mind, finally realized the problem.

There were no ambushes here, nor any formations. Lu Yiye flew here at a leisurely pace, far away from the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union, to prevent them from escaping!

Chapter 758 Slaughter in All Directions

The deaths of two powerful Cloud River Level 9 cultivators began to spread panic.

Mainly because Chu Yun and Zhou Pei had died too quickly, in front of Lu Ye, they seemed to have no power to fight back at all.

This was undoubtedly a great shock to the many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who had pursued.

"What are you hesitating for, let's attack together and kill him!" Tan Sheng suddenly bellowed.

Lu Ye's performance was indeed shocking, and his growth in strength seemed unbelievable, but after all, he was just one man—how much could he do alone?

He could kill a dozen people, but could he really kill dozens, or hundreds?

Even so, there were about two hundred Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators gathered here—they could grind him to death!

The saying 'two fists are no match for four hands' was exactly this situation.

The advantage in numbers was the greatest strength of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge side.

It must be said that although the cultivation levels of these Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were uneven and they hailed from all corners, they each had a fierce temperament.

So even though the scenes just now had shaken them, following Tan Sheng's words, many cultivators attacked together.

Having witnessed Lu Ye's slaying of Chu Yun with that saber strike, no one dared to approach him carelessly anymore—everyone mobilized their own weapon control or magic and spells to bombard Lu Ye.

Lu Ye's spirit force and blood Qi surged around him, intertwining into a solid defense, exuding a crimson color. At a glance, he seemed to be ablaze.

Facing attacks from all directions, he focused on one and with a pair of fiery spirit force wings unfurled behind him, his figure flickered, charging in that direction.

Through thousands of troops, I shall forge ahead!

His bold and peerless momentum subtly aligned with the essence of the Tyrannical Saber Technique, and though amidst fierce battle, Lu Ye still found profound insights flowing through his mind. There was no time to ponder them, since in the midst of such a fray, there was no chance to focus on anything else.

As Lu Ye charged, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators in this direction naturally scattered quickly; however, inevitably, some reacted too slowly and couldn't avoid him even as Lu Ye pounced nearby.

With a momentum of fearless advance, the Boulder Mountain Saber cut a brilliant arc of light, and as the figure wielding it tore through the crowd on winged flight, blood splashed, screams rang out, and figures tumbled from the air.

With one slash, several perished; although the fallen few were not the highest in cultivation, to achieve such feats amidst such a situation showed the viciousness of this single strike.

It wasn't over yet. Lu Ye fixed his gaze on a fleeing Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator, and his unarmed left hand suddenly reached out slowly.

In his palm, a condensed ball of fiery red spirit force was grasped.

That visible mass of spirit force writhed and shifted, and under his exquisite control, it was etched with intricate and complex runes, growing swiftly like bamboo after the rain, and in the blink of an eye, turned into a long whip.

The Mental-lashing Whip reappeared.

The whip lashed out, striking fiercely at the fleeing figure's back.

That one strike almost whipped the cultivator's psyche out of him, his wails of agony and bitter resentment echoing simultaneously, his innermost being crying out, "Why me!"

With so many fleeing in all directions, why was he the target?

And in that instant, when the Mental-lashing Whip struck him, he finally understood what Chu Yun had felt before, and why such a powerful Level 9 magic cultivator had been powerless to resist in front of Lu Ye.

Because with that whip strike, the spirit force within him scattered, almost causing him to lose control of his form.

He was given no time to resist; the Mental-lashing Whip had already wrapped him up, immobilizing him on the spot. Lu Ye's figure streaked by, the Boulder Mountain Saber carving a fine arc as it passed, not bothering with him any longer.

Left behind, the man fell stiffly to the ground, his life force fading away.

Chasing after those Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators scattering in all directions, Lu Ye's Mental-lashing Whip continued to sweep out, each time taking down more enemies. In a short time, over a dozen more had been killed.

Among those of the same realm, he killed enemies with the ease of chopping vegetables—something the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators once thought was an exaggeration, just rhetoric to describe someone's strength.

But today, they witnessed it with their own eyes.

Every single one of them was terrified!

In terms of speed, they were not as quick as Lu Ye, unable to escape, and moreover, Lu Ye could also bind his foes with the Mental-lashing Whip.

In the midst of fierce combat, a vigorous cultivator with abundant blood Qi saw an opportunity and shouldered his way, charging at Lu Ye from the flank.

Facing such a fierce enemy, only the physically powerful physique cultivators had the courage at such a moment.

This physique cultivator, who suddenly intervened, had been hiding in the crowd all along, low-key until this moment when he burst forth, exposing his cultivation to Lu Ye.

Cloud River Level 9!

It must be said, having such a physique cultivator stand up at this time, gave all Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators a sense of relief and reassurance.

That physique cultivator held a spirit artifact big shield in one hand and in the other a spiritual artifact resembling a Wolf Fang Club, bolstered by his already burly figure, he exerted a tremendous oppressive force.

At this moment, Lu Ye's Mental-lashing Whip was just wrapping up someone not far away, and seizing this chance, the physique cultivator struck while Lu Ye was preoccupied, pushing his spirit artifact big shield forward fiercely!

Like a mountain collapsing and the sea surging, it slammed heavily into Lu Ye.

Yet Lu Ye remained immovable, leaving the physique cultivator aghast. The moment his spirit artifact big shield struck, it didn't feel like hitting a person, but like crashing into an ancient tree rooted deep into the earth for a myriad of years.

Shocked, he raised his other hand high, slamming his spiritual artifact down toward Lu Ye's head and shouted, "Die!"

The smash came like a mountain's crushing force, accompanied by the full burst of his strength, confident that no one of the same realm could possibly withstand it.

Even if it didn't make Lu Yiye's head bloom, it would certainly leave him severely injured.

Once that happened, the people surrounding them would strike, and his death would be inevitable.

The numerous thoughts that flashed through his mind were suddenly overwhelmed by boundless terror, because in the face of his fierce strike, Lu Ye counterattacked with his saber without hesitation.

Striking later but arriving first...

The collision of their spiritual artifacts and spirit force erupted with a loud bang.

The mountainous force pressing down dissipated abruptly, and the Wolf Fang Club was steadfastly held off.

The physique cultivator's eyes shrank to the size of needlepoints, crying out involuntarily, "You..."

How can you, a combat cultivator, possibly possess such immense strength?

Yet before he could finish, an even more formidable force burst forth.

As if an earth dragon had turned over, the overwhelming power came surging from the front. The combat cultivator had no time to react and was cleaved and sent flying.

Luckily, his spirit artifact big shield protected him in front; otherwise, that saber slash would've split him in two.

"Lu Yiye!" Xia Liang's roar resounded, his chilling Saber Intent sweeping across, saber light flickering, enveloping Lu Ye who stood his ground.

At the same time, Tan Sheng also joined the attack from the side.

Ever since Lu Ye began to fight, the two of them had been looking for an opportunity, but as Lu Ye was chasing down those Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators scattering in all directions, and they were in pursuit of Lu Ye, they found no chance to strike.

Only now, when a physique cultivator suddenly intervened and delayed Lu Ye for a moment, did they find their good chance to strike.

Especially since Lu Ye was now with his back toward them, even though Xia Liang didn't want to take advantage of someone in peril, the fact that it was Lu Yiye meant there was nothing to hesitate about.

As the spontaneously appeared Defense Spirit Runes were shattered by his slash, he watched helplessly as Tan Sheng, who came charging over, was sent flying back even faster than he had arrived.

Before he could truly harm Lu Ye, Lu Ye suddenly turned around and countered with a slash of his saber.

Xia Liang's mind flashed a warning, and he instinctively raised his saber to block.

With a deafening boom...

As if struck by a meteorite, Xia Liang turned into a streak of light, plunging straight toward the ground, creating a crater upon impact.

Struggling to his feet, he felt blood Qi churning in his chest and a metallic taste in his mouth.

So strong!

Xia Liang's eyes trembled violently. When he realized that Lu Ye had reached Cloud River Level 8, he was prepared mentally not to be his opponent.

But only by truly facing him could one comprehend his terror and might.

Compared to before, when he along with Tan Sheng, Chu Yun, and Zhou Pey together had managed to strike Lu Ye into the forbidden land outside the Hundred Arrays Pagoda, the current Lu Ye seemed to have undergone a transformation.

What was even more horrifying and distressing for him was that after repelling him, Lu Ye chose not to pursue but to attack where the crowd was thickest...

It seemed to imply that he, who once had chased Lu Ye all over the mountains and fields, was no longer worthy of being his opponent.

"Damn it!" Xia Liang nearly crushed his back teeth in anger, barely managing to calm the blood Qi in his chest before soaring into the sky again.

As the Core Disciple of this generation from the Mad Saber Sect, bearing the responsibility to shine for his sect, when had he ever been underestimated and scorned like this?

On the other side, Tan Sheng was feeling the same and made the same choice as Xia Liang.

The cultivators of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge were in a terrible plight. At this moment, the battlefield seemed as though they were surrounding and killing Lu Ye, but in reality, it was more like an ancient ferocious beast taking from them at will. Wherever Lu Ye pounced, he brought the stench of death.

Severed heads and limbs chopped off by his long saber kept falling from the sky.

Of the over two hundred who had chased him from Heaven's Augury City, only a little more than one hundred remained, with a casualty rate of around forty percent.

"Hang in there, he's almost done!" Amidst the despair, someone bellowed, trying to bolster morale.

In such a chaotic battle, even with Defense Spirit Runes shielding him, Lu Ye couldn't possibly remain unharmed. Until now, his clothes were soaked red with blood, some his own, some his enemy's.

The upper part of his clothing was nearly torn into ribbons, just hanging off his body. Through the tattered gaps, one could vaguely make out the wounds on his body.

This was also why, despite Lu Ye's ferocious behavior and the multitude of enemies he had killed, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators still hadn't retreated.

Lu Ye's strength was indeed terrifying, but there are limits to human endurance. Having sustained so many injuries, he must be at the end of his strength.

If they gave up now, all their previous efforts would be wasted!

The battle had come this far, and even if it wasn't for the gargantuan reward, even if they had no prior grudges with Lu Ye, they wished to witness the outcome with their own eyes.

An outcome everyone anticipated, the fall of a genius!

Chapter 759 Why Aren't You Dead Yet?

The battle raged fiercely. In midair, numerous figures manoeuvred wildly, their colorful aura lights intertwining and weaving through each other.

Besides a few Cloud River Level 9 cultivators, none of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators were a match for Lu Ye.

Whether they were Level 7 or Level 8, once he found an opportunity, one slash of his saber would either kill or injure them. Even those few Cloud River Level 9 cultivators couldn't withstand his berserk and indescribable slashing, all of them in total disarray.

The number of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators continued to decrease.

However, looking at Lu Ye, although his appearance was miserable, his morale seemed to grow stronger with the battle, as if there was no end in sight.

The shouting of the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators rose and fell, cheering themselves on while simultaneously inspiring others, but they couldn't avoid their inevitable fate of death, one by one.

Everyone was astounded.

A huge question inevitably arose in their hearts.

This Lu Yiye... why won't he die?

What is it that allows him not to die?

Up to now, many Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators had inflicted at least a hundred wounds on him. Normally, he should have lost his fighting capability, but how could he become even fiercer as the battle progressed?

Once again, after an intense clash, Lu Ye stood alone in midair.

Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators surrounded him from all sides.

Lu Ye didn't strike again, and those from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge didn't dare move recklessly. Both sides, highly cautious, were channeling their spirit force secretly, creating a tense situation.

Scanning the faces before him, Lu Ye casually twirled his Boulder Mountain Saber, then grabbed the tattered remains of his upper garment and tore it off violently.

What was almost reduced to strips of cloth and stained with blood, his upper garment was torn away, revealing Lu Ye's upright and muscular upper body.

His upper body was dyed red with fresh blood, and under the blazing sun, it appeared as though he was adorning a crimson armor.

But at this moment, the gaze of every Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator turned to one of shock, finally understanding why Lu Ye kept on surviving.

Because across his body were numerous wounds large and small, but not a single one was bleeding. Some of the wounds even seemed to be healing.

What kind of recovery ability was this?

And how frighteningly tough was this physique?

Before this, everyone thought that after enduring so many injuries, Lu Ye must be on his last legs, but only upon seeing the true nature of his injuries did they realize that everything previously was just their wishful thinking.

In their perception, Lu Ye's vitality was like a fireball burning fiercely, robust and terrifying.

The immense vitality naturally made his physique stronger and also enhanced his healing abilities.

Before his journey in the Soaring Dragon World, Lu Ye's physique could match those of the same level of physique cultivators. The journey in the Soaring Dragon World let him obtain the Soaring Dragon World's ultimate Origin, and amidst coming back to life, his vitality was vast as the sea.

This was also the reason Hua Ci perceived his vitality could almost compare to that of Shui Yuan when Lu Ye burst forth from the Soaring Dragon World.

The benefits of vast vitality were not limited to just strong recovery abilities.

It could also make his physique stronger. While it wouldn't reach the levels of the Divine Sea Realm, Cloud River Realm cultivators would already find it difficult to inflict any real harm on him.

This was the confidence that allowed him to bravely face over two hundred Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators alone.

To the people of Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, he might have seemed to be at the end of his strength, but in reality to Lu Ye, the injuries he suffered were mere superficial wounds, despite looking grievous.

Even those superficial wounds were healing rapidly under his immense vitality.

Xia Liang's sense was not wrong.

Compared to before entering the secret realm of the Soaring Dragon World, Lu Ye had indeed undergone a metamorphosis!

And in this moment, seeing the real condition of Lu Ye's wounds, all the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who still harbored hopes felt a chilling despair.

They had struggled for so long, sacrificing so many lives, only to inflict some superficial wounds on their enemy?

What a ludicrous and tragic sight it was!

Frustration, anger, and stifled feelings surged in their hearts, causing many to lose the desire to continue opposing Lu Ye.

Such an enemy was no longer something they, the Cloud River cultivators, could handle!

This was simply a monster!

In the group of cultivators, there had never been a shortage of the daring. Previously, despite heavy losses, they still continued to fight Lu Ye relentlessly. Now that they faced the reality and recognized that their enemy was invincible, some naturally made the right choice.

"Run!"

A low shout was issued, and the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivator who spoke immediately turned into a streak of light, fleeing into the distance.

To fight against the invincible was not courage, but foolishness.

In the cultivation world, where talent abounds, no one can claim to be invincible. Retreating when defeated is not shameful; preserving one's life is what counts.

When one took action, others immediately followed, and within moments, more than ten cultivators surrounding Lu Ye had fled.

In the next instant, even more chose to flee, causing the tight encirclement to immediately show gaps.

Unity is an atmosphere; once it's disrupted at such a critical moment, it's impossible to maintain.

More and more began to flee.

Lu Ye frowned.

He hadn't expected that merely taking off his shirt would lead to such a situation.

In the midst of the battle, his shirt had been torn into strips, and continuing to wear it hindered his performance, so removing it was naturally more convenient.

But it had led to this outcome.

However, he soon understood why.

He did not pursue the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who fled in every direction because there was no need. Among this group, he only needed to kill four.

Two of them were already dead, leaving only two left!

He turned his head and immediately fixed his gaze on Tan Sheng beside him.

The moment their eyes met, a chilling murderous intent erupted, causing Tan Sheng's heartbeat to slow down. Without a moment's hesitation, he swiftly retreated and loudly yelled, "Run!"

His shout was clearly directed at Xia Liang.

The fact that he had caught Lu Ye's attention, along with Lu Ye's demonstrated abilities, made him feel that his chances of survival were slim.

Even if Xia Liang was willing to stay and help him, neither of them was a match for Lu Ye at this moment. In such a case, it was better to save whoever could be saved!

He would try his best to delay Lu Ye to give Xia Liang a chance to live!

With this thought in mind, a cloud of blood mist burst from his body as he fled backward at the fastest speed in his life. However, what he saw was that Lu Yiye, with the fiery red wings on his back, merely flapped them gently and pursued him even faster.

Their distance rapidly closed.

He couldn't escape as expected!

Tan Sheng felt a dismal chill in his heart. In this moment between life and death, he was unusually calm. He desperately mobilized his spirit force, burning his blood Qi, just to increase his speed even slightly and delay Lu Ye a bit longer.

One breath, two breaths, three breaths...

The distance between them was now within ten yards.

The figure of Tan Sheng fleeing backward suddenly stopped, then, in a way difficult to comprehend, shifted from extreme stillness to extreme motion, ferociously lunging at Lu Ye with his spear thrusting forward.

Time seemed to freeze in that instant, and Tan Sheng suddenly had various realizations. This spear thrust, fueled by all his strength, astonishingly surpassed his own limits.

In moments of life and death, there was great terror but also great opportunity.

The spear thrust, driven by a determination to die with his opponent, unexpectedly allowed Tan Sheng to gain insight into the secret essence of the Great Holy Dragon Spear, the hidden technique of his school.

So he had been practicing it wrong all along!

In the instant of Tan Sheng's transformation, Lu Ye faintly noticed, and when the spear thrust at him, Lu Ye involuntarily felt a trace of danger.

In a daze, what he saw was not the spear thrusting at him but a large dragon swaying its head and tail.

With its huge mouth open, as though to swallow him whole.

The Spear Intent!

This spear thrust by Tan Sheng undoubtedly touched the realm of intent. If he survived this encounter, his strength would surely leap forward tremendously, aspiring him to be among the strongest in the Cloud River Realm.

Tan Sheng and Xia Liang had been inseparable these days, and both of their cultivations were at Cloud River Level 9. However, compared to Xia Liang, Lu Ye had always felt a greater threat from Xia Liang, and Tan Sheng had always been slightly inferior.

Now, it was clear, one should never underestimate anyone; perhaps those who seemed inferior might surpass others with a sudden realization.

Facing this formidable spear thrust, Lu Ye quickly raised his saber, thrusting it directly forward.

Tan Sheng was still immersed in his numerous insights, fully engaged in his spear thrust. Suddenly, the scene before him changed.

Even though the sun was shining brightly overhead, he seemed to see the myriad stars twinkling unpredictably, and then those twinkling stars, along with the sky, cascaded down.

Myriad Stars fell, submerging the dragon's figure, no matter how much the dragon struggled and roared, it was helpless.

All the sceneries shattered as if they were illusions.

Tan Sheng was suspended in mid-air, holding his spear, gasping heavily, quietly watching Lu Ye before him.

Looking downward, he saw his spear stabbed into Lu Ye's waist and abdomen, but it had penetrated only three inches deep and had not completely pierced through him.

This physique of Lu Yiye's... truly enviable!

"What kind of saber skill is this?" Tan Sheng asked.

"Myriad Stars."

As Lu Ye answered, he raised his hand and pulled the spear that had penetrated his body, spurting out a burst of fresh blood, but soon, the wound began to heal, and no more blood flowed out.

"True to its name, indeed formidable!" Tan Sheng praised unreservedly, then switched his tone and added, "My school's Great Holy Dragon Spear cannot compare to your Myriad Stars. It's a failure of my cultivation, skill inferior to yours!"

After saying this, his head suddenly drooped. The vital aura locking his body dissipated, and his body, like a balloon punctured with numerous holes, streamed jets of blood that plummeted towards the ground below.

Tan Sheng, dead!

Even in the face of death, he earnestly upheld the prestige of his school's secret technique.

Lu Ye could understand somewhat, but since they were on opposing sides, and the other party had troubled him multiple times before, he naturally did not show mercy.

Chapter 760 This Is Where It Ends

Previously, with insufficient cultivation and strength, facing the pursuit of these people, I could only try to escape and preserve myself. Now with enough power to retaliate, naturally, I will have my revenge for grievances and grudges.

Turning my head to look, the remaining cultivators from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge had long since fled without a trace, with even Xia Liang leaving only a figure in the distance.

He was also smart, knowing to flee in the direction of the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union; it seemed clear to him that only by escaping back to the Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union would he have a chance to survive.

The previous two times had been when Lu Ye was being hunted, making the same choice. Now, as fate would have it, Xia Liang had made the same choice. One couldn't help but note the great irony.

Not in a hurry to pursue and kill, Lu Ye instead landed, gathering his spoils of war.

The possessions of a Cloud River Realm cultivator were not small, especially since this time there were over a hundred Cloud River Realm cultivators who had died at the hands of Lu Ye. Even if he was not lacking in cultivation resources, it would be a waste to let them go to waste.

Moments later, he soared into the sky again, chasing back the way he had come.

Far ahead, Xia Liang was fleeing desperately, his heart filled with desolation.

Earlier at the tavern, he had told Tan Sheng that this might be their last chance because Lu Ye's strength was increasing too rapidly. If they couldn't succeed this time, by the next time they met, they might not be a match for Lu Ye.

But in reality, Lu Ye didn't even give them this chance.

What was expected to be a Level 7 had turned out to be a Level 8, and the terrifying strength displayed by Lu Ye had made it hard for him to look back, utterly crushing them with his absolutely formidable power.

Before this, he could not believe that a cultivator of the Cloud River Realm could be so powerful.

The presence of Tan Sheng had already disappeared behind him, and he knew clearly—Tan Sheng was dead!

Having spent so much time together, continually joining forces to hunt down Lu Ye, it was impossible to say there were no sentiments. This spurred in him a pang of sorrow like that of a rabbit grieving for a dead fox.

Stealing a moment to glance back, he saw no sign of Lu Ye pursuing, but he didn't relax his guard. Instead, he continued to propel his spirit force, fleeing desperately.

Determined in his heart, if he could escape this calamity, he would immediately return to the Nine Provinces sect headquarters and advance to the True Lake.

At the Cloud River Realm level, he was no longer a match for Lu Ye; only by advancing to the True Lake did he have a hope of defeating him.

As many thoughts flashed through his mind, suddenly a sharp aura struck from afar.

Xia Liang was alarmed, turning his head to look back. In his field of vision, a red light appeared, enveloping a vague yet familiar figure, seemingly unhurried yet in reality rapidly closing in on him.

So fast!

Xia Liang gritted his teeth and continued to stimulate his power, but his current speed was already his limit, impossible to increase further.

Fortunately, Heaven's Augury City was already in sight. Estimating the gap between Lu Ye's speed and his own and then looking at Heaven's Augury City ahead, Xia Liang's heart surged with hope.

There's a chance!

He still had a chance to escape into Heaven's Augury Mercantile Union!

A fierce desire to live like never before welled up from his heart, igniting all his blood Qi as if on fire.

As the distance to Heaven's Augury City dwindled, Xia Liang was about to take a deep breath of relief when Lu Ye's flat voice came from behind him.

"Do you think... you can really escape?"

As the words sounded, Lu Ye's speed suddenly increased, and the distance between them closed swiftly.

Indeed, when Lu Ye was at Level 5 in the Cloud River Realm, his all-out speed was almost on par with Xia Liang's. Now that he was at Level 8, in terms of flying speed alone, probably no one in the entire Cloud River battlefield could surpass him.

Xia Liang then realized that the speed Lu Ye had been showing was not his limit at all.

But why was he chasing him so leisurely...

As if in a trance, Xia Liang understood.

Lu Ye... not only wanted to kill, but also to crush the spirit!

He had deliberately let him see a glimmer of hope for survival, only to personally extinguish that hope at the most crucial moment.

How utterly ruthless!

The aura locked onto him became denser, and Lu Ye's presence approached closer from behind.

Looking at Heaven's Augury City, which was clearly not far away, Xia Liang knew he couldn't make it in.

His eyes suddenly filled with resolve. He abruptly turned around, his eyes flashing with determination and ferocity, and charged at Lu Ye.

If he was destined not to escape, then he would fight to the death!

Instantly, the two figures rushing towards each other collided, and both long sabers were drawn simultaneously, descending towards the other with a thunderous clash.

Their spirit forces erupted at that instant, and looking from afar, it was as if two small suns had burst in the sky.

The standstill lasted only a moment before one figure was sent flying, spewing blood, with the spirit light greatly dimmed, revealing Xia Liang's disheveled form.

Previously, when he had joined forces with other Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators to besiege Lu Ye, he had clashed with Lu Ye several times. However, he had suffered great losses every time, which meant he was already at a disadvantage even now.

In such a state, how could he stand a chance in a head-on collision with Lu Ye?

In mid-air, Xia Liang struggled to stabilize his form, but Lu Ye had already caught up, and his long saber slashed down once more.

Xia Liang, the core disciple of the Mad Saber Sect, was indeed formidable; even in such an adverse situation, he had not given up resistance.

The Spiritual Artifact long saber in his hand was lifted to accurately block Lu Ye's strike, but before he could even catch his breath, Lu Ye's other hand was already reaching out, covering his face.

In the palm of his hand, a surge of violent power suddenly erupted.

Xia Liang felt as if he had been punched squarely in the face, his already unstable figure uncontrollably plummeting downward like a meteorite crashing to the ground.

With a loud crash, he struck the area thirty feet in front of Heaven's Augury City, creating a large crater in the ground, dazing and softening his entire body, as if all his bones were broken.

At this moment, many cultivators were coming and going in and out of the city, and upon seeing this scene of conflict, they all stopped to watch.

"Lu Yiye!" someone exclaimed, recognizing Lu Ye's identity at a glance.

Following this exclamation, more people spotted Lu Ye's figure, and instantly, the crowd was agitated with almost everyone struggling to restrain themselves from taking action.

However, soon another cry of surprise rang out.

"Mad Saber Sect, Xia Liang?"

The cultivator who recognized Xia Liang was filled with disbelief, almost thinking they had misidentified the person.

Mad Saber Sect was a 1st-grade sect, and Xia Liang was a standout of his generation, having made a significant name for himself in the Spirit Stream Realm. His fame on the Cloud River battlefield was no small matter—he was considered one of the strongest among his peers there.

In the Cloud River Realm, there weren't many who could defeat him.

And yet, such a mighty warrior was now being beaten like a dead dog? And by the infamous Lu Yiye, no less?

What exactly was happening?

Lu Ye, holding a saber, calmly descended step by step as if there were invisible stairs beneath his feet, but his body was wrapped in a horrifyingly savage aura.

He had seen those Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators who were itching to move against him, but he simply didn't care.

Just as he had been able to make two hundred enemies flee in disarray by himself earlier, he was naturally capable now—anyone who dared to make a move would die!

He didn't mind slaughtering his way through in front of Heaven's Augury City.

In the crater, Xia Liang shakily rose to his feet, a mouthful of blood surging up to his throat that he couldn't suppress, spraying out a mist of blood.

With his vision blurred, he looked at the figure standing in front of him—both familiar and strange, knowing that in this nearly year-long entanglement and confrontation with Lu Yiye, he was utterly defeated.

And the price of defeat was immensely heavy.

Heaven's Augury City was just thirty feet behind him, but he no longer had the chance to break through.

He coughed out the blood water from his mouth, held his saber with one hand, and his weakening aura suddenly flared up, with reluctance and memories in his eyes, but no trace of regret.

A glimmer of memories flashed, as if something had come to mind, followed immediately by Xia Liang's thunderous roar.

"Kill!"

He was fearless and resolute, attacking aggressively even with a crippled body.

Because his life or death wasn't just about himself, it was also about the honor of Mad Saber Sect!

Lu Ye charged toward him as well.

The two figures crossed paths.

Lu Ye stopped, shook the blood from his Boulder Mountain Saber, sheathed it, and said with a faint voice that reached Xia Liang's ears, "Our grudge ends here!"

Xia Liang stood motionless, his head gradually drooping, his vitality swiftly fading away.

His saber planted in the ground, propping up his body to prevent it from falling.

Silence fell upon the entire scene.

Every cultivator who witnessed this, whether from the Haotian Alliance or Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, was left in disbelief, unable to comprehend what had happened.

They didn't see what happened earlier.

But they clearly saw the final moment, Xia Liang of the Mad Saber Sect dying by Lu Ye's hand.

The once eager Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators extinguished the thought of confronting Lu Ye, who seemed to be covered in wounds and blood, yet the ferocious aura emanating from him was like the blazing sun in the sky, blinding and unnerving.

Everyone felt that if they made a move at this time, they would probably be the ones to die.

In full view of everyone, Lu Ye walked towards Heaven's Augury City. Not until his figure disappeared did anyone dare to obstruct or cause trouble.

He didn't bother to collect any spoils of war, as Xia Liang had no storage sack, and Lu Ye guessed he had a Void Rune Tattoo, just like himself.

For a cultivator of Xia Liang's background, surely there were spirit runes masters in his sect, and it wasn't difficult to inscribe a Void Rune Tattoo.

Long after Lu Ye's departure, the Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators finally approached and took care of Xia Liang's body.

Half a Shichen later, a shocking piece of news spread swiftly.

More than two hundred Ten Thousand Demons Ridge cultivators, led by Xia Liang of the Mad Saber Sect, Tan Sheng of the New Moon Sect, and Chu Yun Zhou Pei of the Sacred Fire Order, pursued Lu Yiye. In response, Lu Yiye, with a formidable force of his own, killed them, causing rivers of blood to flow.

Chu Yun Zhou Pei was slain on the spot, and the rest of the group suffered heavy casualties, leaving less than sixty percent alive. Soon after, Tan Sheng was killed, and Lu Yiye chased Xia Liang all the way to the front of Heaven's Augury City.

In plain sight of the city, he defeated the core disciple of the Mad Saber Sect, Xia Liang.

According to the memories of the survivors from Ten Thousand Demons Ridge, the strength displayed by Lu Ye in this battle had surpassed the expected level of the Cloud River Realm. Coupled with his strong physique and vitality, all the injuries he received were merely superficial and did not affect him at all, which allowed him to achieve such an unbelievable victory.