

SAGE OF HUMANITY

Chapter 9 7: Escaping the Bitter Sea (Thanks to the Alliance Hierarch, Ren Dao Da Huo, for the reward)

Lu Ye had no idea how high Zhou Cheng's cultivation was, but it was certainly much stronger than his own.

Even though Zhou Cheng was injured, he wasn't someone a cultivator at the initial stage of cultivation could handle casually. A killing intent required corresponding means to be realized, and Sharpness was Lu Ye's mean!

In his leisure, he had experimented before. The spirit rune of Sharpness could not only be imbued in his own palms, but also in weapons, and was even more effective.

The flash of light that burst forth in that instant caused Zhou Cheng to be lost in thought unexpectedly. He didn't realize when Lu Ye had become a cultivator!

When their swords clashed, a crisp crackling sound echoed. Zhou Cheng was surprised to find that his own longsword had been cut in half.

This scared him quite a bit. To have one's weapon break first during combat was undoubtedly a huge blow.

While Zhou Cheng was still in shock, Lu Ye's second sword had already arrived.

After cutting through Zhou Cheng's sword, he immediately lunged at Zhou Cheng's neck with the sword.

He didn't know any sword techniques, nor had he mastered any profound moves. He could only use this simplest form of chopping.

Zhou Cheng was beside himself with fear. At such close distance, it was too late to escape. He could only fully activate the little remaining spirit force in his body for protection.

In theory, with his cultivation, he should have been able to withstand an attack from a cultivator at the initial stage, even with a weapon in the opponent's hands, he shouldn't be able to break through his spirit force protection.

However, the reality was that when the longsword came down, Zhou Cheng's protective spiritual energy did not perform as it should. The longsword first broke through the protective layer, then landed directly on Zhou Cheng's neck.

The sound of a sharp blade entering flesh rang out. Lu Ye felt several drops of warm blood splatter onto his face.

"Bastard!" Zhou Cheng cursed in anger. He hadn't been vigilant and was injured by Lu Ye, a mining slave, to such an extent. He raised his hand and slapped toward Lu Ye.

But Lu Ye had already let go of the longsword, then ran toward the depths of the mine without looking back.

With the sounds of Zhou Cheng chasing behind him, Lu Ye ran even faster.

Gradually, he stopped hearing any noise from behind, and only then did he slow down.

After waiting for a while, he turned around and retraced his steps. Halfway there, he saw Zhou Cheng's body sprawled on the ground. He wasn't sure if the other party was dead, so he picked up a few stones and threw them over. Zhou Cheng showed no reaction.

Mustering his courage, he approached Zhou Cheng. Looking down, he saw a large amount of blood had stained the ground beneath Zhou Cheng, and the longsword was still stuck in his neck. Zhou Cheng was already lifeless.

Lu Ye's second sword did not directly claim Zhou Cheng's life but had nearly severed his neck. With such a severe injury, there was no way Zhou Cheng could have survived.

It was a fight to the death, and in the end, Lu Ye was the victor! He exhaled deeply, increasingly aware of the perils of this world.

He stepped forward and gripped the hilt of the longsword, ready to pull it out. But out of the corner of his eye, he noticed something odd and looked up to find himself chilled to the bone.

For there stood a person in front of him, and Lu Ye hadn't noticed him at all.

The gap in cultivation between himself and the other person was vast! For some reason, Lu Ye had this thought in his mind. If such a person wanted to kill him, perhaps it would only take a flick of the finger, even with Sharpness imbued, it wouldn't help.

Clenching his teeth, he suppressed the panic in his heart, and pulled out the longsword in one swift motion, holding it in front of himself in a defensive posture, his body shivering slightly from the tension.

The newcomer sensed his hostility and couldn't help but laugh: "I sensed the fluctuation of spiritual energy here and came to investigate. No need to be nervous."

As he said this, he stepped forward, came to Zhou Cheng's side, and looked down, nodding slightly. "A remnant of Evil Moon Valley." Then he looked up at Lu Ye: "Which sect's disciple are you?"

They were only about ten feet apart, and Lu Ye could see the newcomer's appearance clearly—a ruddy-faced middle-aged man with a large build and a

slightly deep and husky voice, yet there was an indescribably friendly quality to him.

Combining the middle-aged man's question with his own guess, Lu Ye answered: "Xuantian Sect!"

"Xuantian Sect?" The middle-aged man looked a bit surprised. "The Xuantian Sect that was destroyed a year ago?"

"Yes!" Lu Ye gave a definitive answer.

The elderly man couldn't help but look him up and down, "Does that mean you were captured and brought here as a mining slave?"

"Mmm." Lu Ye nodded.

The elderly man was immediately astounded, a mining slave actually killed a cultivator from Evil Moon Valley, such an event would not be believed if not witnessed with one's own eyes.

"What cultivation level are you at?" the elderly man asked.

"I've opened one orifice," Lu Ye responded, realizing the implication behind the elderly man's question, he proactively explained, "He was injured, and I launched a surprise attack on him."

The elderly man looked at him with a smile, "Quite brave indeed."

"Old sir, are you from the Haotian Alliance?" Although Lu Ye had his suspicions, it was still essential to confirm such matters.

The elderly man stroked his beard, "Indeed, I am from the Haotian Alliance."

Lu Ye was overjoyed, it seemed just as Manager Yang had worried before; the Haotian Alliance had launched an attack, and Evil Moon Valley couldn't hold onto this mineral vein at all, which was evident from the fact that this elderly man had made his way into the mine.

By now, the Haotian Alliance was probably in charge of the mine.

As for whether the elderly man was deceiving him, there was simply no need for that, the disparity in strength was too great, if he really wanted to harm him, a single slap would be enough to kill him.

"I implore you, sir, to save me from this life of suffering!" Lu Ye said urgently.

He wanted to leave this mining tunnel, unsure whether he would encounter any dangers along the way. Having finally met such a powerful figure, it was natural to cling to his coattails for safety and security.

The elderly man nodded, "Then follow me, I'm on my way out as well."

"Thank you so much, old sir!" Lu Ye expressed his gratitude.

After speaking, the elderly man led the way ahead, but Lu Ye didn't follow immediately, instead squatting down and searching Zhou Cheng's body.

He quickly found a storage sack.

A storage sack was something almost every cultivator possessed; it didn't seem to be a particularly expensive item.

Lu Ye, feeling elated, hurriedly caught up with the elderly man.

The elderly man glanced back at him with a smile and extended a hand, "Hand it over!"

Lu Ye suddenly felt as uncomfortable as if he had swallowed a fly, but considering his current situation, he obediently handed over the storage sack.

The elderly man took the storage sack, ran his hand over the opening, and a flash of light passed by.

Just as Lu Ye was silently grumbling to himself, the elderly man tossed the storage sack back to him, "I'll gladly accept this bottle of Dragon-Tiger Pill as a gift; it's too potent for you, lad. Consider it a token of respect for your elder!"

Lu Ye caught the returned storage sack and realized that the man wasn't trying to rob him of his spoils of war but knew that he was too weak in

cultivation to unlock the restrictions on the storage sack and simply helped him out.

This old man, he's rather nice!

That's what Lu Ye thought to himself, while he said thanks, "Many thanks."

He felt elated once again...