

**Chapter 191 - 189: Astral Tribulation - Elemental Star (2)**

The sky vanished. His pupils, irises, and sclera all reflected a single image that overtook his vision: a Nine-Colored Sun. It wasn't simply nine-colored because of its light or just arbitrary. This hunk of mass that seemingly blotted out the starry sky, the clouds, the light, was different than other stars. It was constructed from tangible, animated elements!

On its colorful surface, there were red searing flames that flowed beautifully through the world, emitting scorching heat that felt hotter than everything in existence; There were blue liquid that formed endless tsunamis and monsoons; there were teal-colored wind that formed hurricanes, tornados, and twisters that ravaged without end; there was brown-colored earth that filled the surface, forming mountains and hills; there were silver-colored spikes protruding from the world, reaching as high as the heavens; there were yellow lightning that crackled and erupted with vigorous thunderous sounds from time to time; there was green trees that pierced into the sky and beyond; there were orange and black viscous fluid that scorched all it touched; there was cyan-colored mountains made of ice with endless snow falling.

This was the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation for his Divine Elemental Natal Soul!

Wei Wuyin's heart grew unfathomably calmer, eerily so, as he faced this star that seemed to consume his visual sense. This was because he could see! With his Celestial Eyes, he saw that truth of this tribulation!

It was merely an illusory manifestation that was constructed from the energies of the world it contaminated. It was gathering the energies that perfectly adhered to his Natal Soul, and this energy was undergoing a phenomenally miraculous change, as if it was being refined and evolved into a higher state of existence.

In fact, a smile tugged at his lips. His fear was obliterated and was replaced by surging anticipation. From the beginning, he felt that the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation was a gate that served to hinder cultivators from advancing, but his eyes saw the truth. Within this enhanced energies were the secrets it wished to instill into his Natal Soul, to evoke its transformation, to allow it to create this type of higher energy form!

It wasn't a gate; it was a teacher!

Those who were incapable of handling its lesson simply meant they were unworthy, insufficient to comprehend and reach the next level. Cultivation was difficult. This was the story, the mantra of the cultivation world, and it seemed it was true! It was difficult to truly see, to truly understand.

His elemental qi started to surge around him, various elements manifested around his body as he decided to face this tribulation entirely. All his preparations before were thrown away. With his ability or permanence, he had prepared over the course of three years an ocean's worth of elemental qi that could be sent to protect or defend.

With it, he could have brought thousands of Astral Core Realm cultivators to their deaths, and he felt certain that he could overcome any restrictive, destructive tribulation that came and survive! However,

that was not the purpose of this tribulation, of this trial. If he did that, he would be utterly unable to absorb all of these lessons it wished to teach! The secrets of Elemental Energies!

He allowed the qi to thoroughly invigorate his physical body. He withstood the oppressive aura, and awaited its arrival.

His intentions were felt by the Divine Elemental Natal Soul, and it brightened up considerably within his dantian. In its current pseudo-Astral Soul state, it started to spiritedly palpitate causing waves and waves of elemental energies to flow.

Wei Wuyin felt an abrupt sensation of desire and epiphany from the Divine Elemental Natal Soul. "You want to?" He asked with a wisp of disbelief in his eyes. All he felt in response was boundless yelping of desire and want.

"Alright!"

*「Externalized Art: External Soul of Permanence」*

He had renamed his Externalized Qi Heart Method, narrowing it down to a single artful act as he executed it, giving the Divine Elemental Natal Soul to externalize from his body! For the last three years, he had tried to thoroughly improve this art, and he had succeeded, somewhat! By utilizing the Zenith Mortal State, and the profound power of permanence, he could create a permanent link between it and him, allowing it to externalize for an indeterminate amount of time.

Unfortunately, it still needed one thing!

*「Avatar Art: False Mortal God Avatar」*

From his robe, a strand of white mist flowed and hurriedly transformed into a perfect doppelganger of his own. It even had its own storage ring that connected to a unit of his Sky Palace, so the moment it formed, it dressed itself in his alchemist robes! Within a blink, the Divine Elemental Natal Soul zipped into the Avatar, forming an imperceptible yet perfect connection with it.

When it opened its eyes, its eyes were without pupils, irises, and its normal sea of water was taken over by illusory and colorful manifestations of the nine elements!

*「Avatar Art: False God Elemental Avatar」*

The two arts conjoined, becoming one, yet tied entirely to himself. With a thought, the Elemental Avatar looked up above and shot off with billowing wind.

"It's entering the star?" While the star was illusory, it contained the essence of the next realm within. The star seemed to start to undulate, as if it was about to attack, but this wasn't an attack. It was a deliverance of information directly to the Natal Soul! However, it was no longer obstructed by his fleshy body, and was exposing itself entirely as it seemingly vanished within the Mortal Star!

Wei Wuyin saw it enter like a rock entering water. While he knew it was an illusory, the various forces and energies within this illusion was true!

"Ya! Ya! Ooooooooooh!!!" - Divine Elemental Natal Soul.

"..." Wei Wuyin's expression darkened as he heard that sound. It sounded like...a moan? While the Divine Elemental Natal Soul was within the Avatar, it was still fully connected to him. Just as he was about to scold the Divine Elemental Natal Soul for playing around, his body stiffened as he looked below.

His eyes bulged slightly as he noticed the considerable tent that formed on his pants.

His expression became unfathomably dark as the various sensations of the Divine Elemental Natal Soul was transmitted. He was just about to sever this specific connection when his eyes glowed with various multicolored lights! These lights were violently combating each other for superiority, melding and breaking away, but they were determined in their intent!

Intent!

Their INTENT!

He felt a wave of elemental truth course through his sea of consciousness, and they contained the basis of each element, like the pieces of a complete puzzle that was oddly cut. This odd cut lacked something so that each puzzle piece could seamlessly fit.

It needed a hand. A hand that could guide each one to each other.

Various memories surfaced of the characters written in the book he obtained from at the Martial King's Dao Pavilion—Elemental Origin Intent - A Guide of Nine into One. This detailed literary manual with these puzzle pieces allowed his hand to move in a profound manner, like a guide that could solve this puzzle!

He knew it wasn't just him completing the puzzle. The Divine Elemental Natal Soul was obtaining the pieces! The multicolored lights were vigorous and relentless in their crushing collisions, but soon...one plus one made one, dropping the total number of remaining strands of light into eight!

Eight into seven! Seven into six! Six into five!

It continued as the pieces of this puzzle were being placed one by one until finally, all the lights vanished as an unfathomably pure white light that seemed to embody all colors in existence emerged!

From within his eyes was an Intent formed from nine basic elemental intents! Elemental Origin Intent! Wei Wuyin felt his heart throb in excitement, and at the last moment, his entire body shivered in orgasmic pleasure!

"Ahh! O.. Oh!... Aghh! AHH!!!" The moment the moan was fully left his throat, his sense of self and clarity returned, the excitement dispersing immediately as he regarded his pants that were now soiled. His eyelids twitched, feeling very conflicted at the moment. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Fortunately, when he finished, so did the Divine Elemental Natal Soul as the Mortal Star that was thriving above started to dissipate abruptly, as if it had performed its job. It seemed to be returning to wherever it should.

Taking several deep breaths, he calmed his mind as he ignored everything and explored this new Intent that was circulating within his Sea of Consciousness! According to the manual, the Elemental Origin Intent can merge all elements into elemental origin energy that can exhibit freely any, all, or a mixture of qualities of each element. Furthermore, it can amplify each other in mutual benefit. In this way, his Elemental Origin Fire Qi would be nine-fold stronger than Elemental Fire Qi.

If he wanted, he could allow fire to freeze, ice to scold, earth to solidify with the density of metal, or metal to become as fluid as water. This interchangeable state was exceptional, however, as he explored further, he realized this wasn't supposed to be his limit.

There were missing pieces, and while he could complete the smaller puzzle, he couldn't complete the larger one. *'Heart of the World, World of the Elements Intent? Elemental Heart Intent!'* He immediately realized what he was missing.

If water, fire, earth, and wind could be considered basic Elemental Intents, then so could metal, lightning, wood, magma, and ice; however, he lacked advanced Intents for the four elements! He had Steel Metal Intent, Violet Lightning Intent, Life Meadow Wood Intent, Blazing Inferno Magma Intent, and Absolute Zero Ice Intent, but he lacked the appropriate pieces for the other four.

His eyelids twitched for a moment, but he quickly settled down. This wasn't a concern.

Woosh!

His Avatar returned, and immediately dispersed into grey mist as it lost its connection to the Divine Elemental Natal Soul, and in a flash, the Natal Soul returned to his dantian.

It was currently undergoing a transformation! A transformation into becoming an Astral Soul, forming an Astral Core, building a World Sea, and filling it with Astral Force!

### **Chapter 192 - 190: Astral Tribulation - Saber**

While the Divine Elemental Soul underwent its qualitative transformation, Wei Wuyin cleaned himself up, replaced his pants, and pondered about the events that had just transpired. With his Celestial Eyes, he had observed it all from beginning to the end and realized what the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation truly was, and why his Natal Souls were capable of overcoming them with ease.

When the Divine Elemental Soul entered the illusory star, that was actually the condensed form of energies and some profound laws of cultivation related specifically to his Divine Elemental Soul, it had directly absorbed and refined all of it. This elicited an extraordinarily peculiar response from it, and therefore him, but it enlightened it regarding the intricacies of elemental energies which was similarly sent to him.

Not only did he obtain the quintessential key to unlocking Elemental Origin Intent, but he even obtained the designs to construct the Elemental Heart Intent.

Lifting his hand up, palm facing the sky, his elemental qi was conjured. It floated as a small orb of undefined power, but with a single thought, it became solidified with metallic properties and exuded metal energies. The orb of Elemental Metal Qi was quite normal, and even contained a silver sheen to it. He plunged his thoughts into his sea of consciousness as he brought forth the Elemental Origin Intent from his mind into action.

He simply exerted a hint of will: "Metal to liquid." This was a basic thought, and normally, his Elemental Metal Qi would simply change to Elemental Water Qi, but as he watched it liquify into a silver liquid form of Metal Qi, still exuding metal energies, his eyes narrowed.

"It still has the inherent abilities of metal...but has become a liquid?" With another thought, the liquid metal qi became like a flowing stream that circled around him several times like water until it returned to his palm, solidifying once more until it became the solidified metallic orb.

He was stuck in thought for several minutes. This might seem useless to the basic-minded individual, but this ability was fundamentally magical! It defied the basic limits of certain elemental qi. If he was to execute a trapping art with Metal Qi in the form of water, then encapsulate and solidify an individual, it would be a thousand times harder to escape than water qi due to its inherent durability and properties.

Retrieving his qi, he created a spark which was ignited into an animated flame that flickered beautifully between his palms. He breathed out slightly and frosty cold air, visible to himself, was expelled. This flame wasn't a normal flame, but an icy-blue flame with ice qualities.

Instead of emitting heat, it emitted a frighteningly cold chill, consuming heat.

He tested more, such as wind that froze, burned, or shocked. This wasn't a simple application of merging elements, this was the inherent change of elemental property, fusing it with another one entirely. While he realized that there were some limitations, like how advanced elements were more difficult to gain the qualities of other advanced elements, the possibilities were essentially boundless.

After all this, he finally calmed down and focused. Since the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation was not an inherently destructive tribulation, and his Natal Souls had the unique ability of directly bypassing its difficulties, it was time to have his other Natal Souls experience this.

He interacted with the Divine Saber Natal Soul and asked if it was ready, and while it responded with just 'Tch', he felt its excited emotions. With a nod, he initiated the second tribulation!

Once more, the speck within the bright sky mysteriously manifested within the sky, and all of his senses seemed to unnaturally fixate on its existence. While it wasn't noticeable by any means, and so insignificant that it could be largely ignored, he couldn't help but notice it.

His Divine Saber Natal Soul started to condense, gathering its lifetime of cultivation whilst simultaneously receiving energies from its fellow brethren. The only difference was that the transforming Divine Elemental Soul hadn't given it any type of support. It seemed to enter a similar state as an insect pupa within a chrysalis.

This speck within the sky continued to enlarge before it once more overtook his senses. While he knew that he, the cultivator facing this tribulation, was the only one who could visually observe this illusory phenomena, it still felt surreal to the extreme.

This Mortal Star was wildly different than the one before. It was a star with a translucent surface and the shadow of an ever-moving saber constantly twisted and turned, slicing and gliding within. It seemed this saber was its core and stabilized its existence. However, unlike before, he didn't feel the elemental energies of the world gather. Instead, it was converting the worldly essence and mana to establish saber qualities within.

As he observed the surface, he realized that there were a near infinite amount of saber light as thin as gossamers as they crisscrossed, collided, and formed all sorts of miraculous arcs and shapes. His heart raced as he witnessed this with his Celestial Eyes.

Almost immediately, his eyes became dazed and glossy. He was plunged into a mysteriously profound state of enlightenment. Within his sea of consciousness was tracings of each line, arc, and movement of that saber. In moments, he felt different. The puzzle pieces that were scattered were gathered to him as natural as thought itself.

Raising his right index finger, the essence of the world gathered with merely his will towards its tip. It formed a swirling mass of dense astral essence and then with a swipe of his finger, that astral essence transformed into highly concentrated saber essence. It contained an innate sharpness and splitting oppressive force, seeking to slice through the world and bring all things beneath its sharp edge to a clean end.

Woo!

His eyes soon regained their normalcy and he realized that the strike he had done was based purely on Intent. His eyes became slightly dignified as he observed within his heart the various changes within his mind. Saber Intent was exceptionally potent, capable of being used to refine essence into saber essence, but that essence was refined by his meridians and became his own.

Never had he experienced something like this; this experience of controlling the world's essence and externally converting it into something else. It was as if the world's essence was subjugated to his will, and Intent had become his meridians. Was this the potentiality of Intent?

Heart of the World, World of the Saber Intent!

"Hm!" Wei Wuyin smirked slightly as he regarded the Mortal Star above that seemed to possess boundless might. With a wave of his hand, he felt a profound connection to it that seemed to eclipse all things currently present, and this illusory manifestation that size seemed to be larger than his visual perception could gauge was shaken. It trembled ceaselessly as its inherent saber energies started to twist and turn, its size began to rapidly shrink as if under the orders of its god.

"So I can!" He exclaimed as he slowly clenched his hands into a tight fist and the Mortal Star shrunk abruptly until it became the size of a child's marble. With a soft wrenching motion of his hand, this marble flashed before him and his Celestial Eyes could see it clearly. Its energies were influenced by his Intent, under his complete and utter control.

"I see. I see! The Mortal Star Formation Tribulation's purpose is to help cultivators. It's not only to facilitate the growth of an Astral Soul, but to help develop and deepen one's understanding of Intent and energies." Considering his Divine Elemental Soul had grasped the principles of Elemental Origin Intent, then this made sense.

"If that's the case, Intent has to be incredibly vital for future cultivation. I wonder when it'll play a part." His eyebrows furrowed as he recalled the Nine Phases of the Astral Core Realm. None of these phases required Intent to advance, causing him to be slightly confused as to when it'll matter.

"The realm after?" Upon further thought, it seemed like the purpose was to assimilate what one could and slowly develop their Intent. Fortunately, he obtained one Intent via absorption and the other by his own talents.

However, he was still somewhat confused. From what he could recall, amongst the five million Astral Core Cultivators, very, very, very, very few developed Intent. While he felt he was talented in regards to comprehension, he wasn't so arrogant to believe his talent would exceed the hundreds of trillions of cultivators that have existed for the last millennia.

"Could it be the Zenith Mortal State? Could the 4th Mortal State, the minimum, have incomplete information about Intent? This and them fighting it instead of accepting it would...it'll make sense." As he thought more and more about it, he came to this realization. Those of a lesser Mortal State formed less helpful Mortal Stars, severely hindering them from comprehending Intent. In his heart, he felt somewhat melancholic, reminded of the phrase: Cultivation is difficult.

Inhaling and exhaling out all of his emotions, he realized that Intent was definitely vital to his and everyone's future cultivation path. His plan to focus on recruiting those with Intent for his faction was definitely the correct choice.

"Tch!" - Divine Saber Natal Soul.

He heard a harsh sound before his Divine Saber Natal Soul externalized and directly devoured the marble. In a huff, it returned back to his dantian. It was obviously in a bad mood as its opportunity to venture into that star was robbed from it.

Unfortunately or fortunately, depending on how you see it, when it returned to his dantian, Wei Wuyin's eyes widened. Spontaneously, he felt a wave of euphoric and orgasmic pleasure that sent his entire body into overdrive.

He viciously stifled his moan, but couldn't halt his body's involuntary reaction as his legs shook and his lips twitched.

"..."

Another perfectly clean pair of pants...ruined.

### **Chapter 193 - 191: Astral Tribulation - Eden & Void**

"Now, the last two." Wei Wuyin pouted his lips slightly as he said to the Alchemic Eden Natal Soul and the Draconic Void Natal Soul. However, the next set of events that he thought would be wildly different and a struggle due to their differences from normal Natal Souls was completely unexpected.

When he initiated the Alchemic Eden Natal Soul's Astral Tribulation, the speck didn't appear within the world, but within his sea of consciousness directly. This sent him into shock as he was pulled away from his bodily connections and forcefully formed a Mental Incarnation.

As he floated above his sea of consciousness, he observed below and saw the Alchemic Eden Natal Soul that was entrenched within his sea of consciousness remain unmoved. However, it was slowly crystalizing. When he saw this, his Mental Incarnation trembled as he attempted to communicate with it.

Unfortunately, it seemed to have become dormant. Its roots, branches, and trunk and its image that resembled the Tree of Eden back in the Myriad Yore Continent was becoming crystal and solid, but there was a ghastly seven-colored mist emanating from every surface it had.

He frowned as he noticed this roiling mist was alchemical energy. When this thought echoed, he used his senses to attempt to fixate on the speck that should be the Mortal Star, but after searching for a while, he discovered he had no such sensation. While he had felt it briefly in the beginning, it seemed to have vanished the moment he was forcefully wrenched into becoming a Mental Incarnation in his own sea of consciousness.

*'It seems the tribulation was completed.'* He wasn't slow on the uptake. The Mortal Star must've been one that emerged in his sea of consciousness, likely due to the Eden connection to the Mind Dao. Taking this into consideration, he felt enlightened.

The Elemental Mortal Star affected the world's energies, dominating what already existed, while the Saber Mortal Star converted its will on others, making essence into saber essence. This didn't just relate to the Mortal Star's exertion of force on the world, but reflected in their respective Intents. The Heart of the World, World of the Elements Intent allowed internal energies to be altered and changed, while Heart of the World, World of the Saber Intent converted and controlled external essence into saber essence.

All elements are a part of the Material Dao; All weapons are a part of the Weapon Dao.

*'However, I don't feel any Intent of the Mind Dao. Is this normal?'* As he pondered this briefly, he realized that the Alchemic Eden Soul was currently undergoing its transformative changes into an Astral Soul. This caused his thoughts to swirl lightly, but he kept these thoughts within his heart. With a thought, his Mental Incarnation dispersed.

After a deep breath, he regained himself and control of his body. Lifting his head, his silver eyes flashed with wondrously mysterious light that contained a heavy light of contemplation. After a long moment, he finally said: "The last one."

The third went completely against his expectations, but he wasn't completely ignorant as to what happened and why. However, this matter was slightly complicated, so he didn't pursue it. Instead, he kept his focus on fully completing all his Astral Tribulations.

"...My...It'll be difficult." - Draconic Void Natal Soul.

Wei Wuyin frowned as he heard this message within his mind. The other three tribulations were simple and easy, so how difficult could this one be? In the end, couldn't it just externalize and absorb the Mortal Star?

Oh, how wrong this thought was.

The moment he initiated his Draconic Void Natal Soul's Astral Tribulation, his mind froze and he felt an all-consuming darkness wrap around his consciousness slowly. It was as if death was slowly gripping his mind, body, and soul, but it was slightly different. How different? He didn't really know how to describe it.

-----



A glaringly bright light pierced into his eyelids, causing his eyes to hurt somewhat as he strenuously lifted them. When he did, he was accompanied by the sight of a young woman. Her facial features were delicate, gorgeous as the moon, as brilliant as the sun, and beautiful as the night sky. If fairies existed, she was the queen of them.

Those silver eyes that smiled as they met his own. All he saw lacked any form of vibrant color, being black, white, and shades of grey yet those silver eyes were completely clear as day, like a lighthouse seen after a struggling journey.

He reached out, only to notice his fingers were stubby and short, his reach unable to grasp onto that face that made his heart erupt with emotions he had long since suppressed in life.

With all his might, he wanted to speak, not caring about his shortened reach or stubby fingers. He wanted to tell this woman everything, to see her smile, to have her hold him as he cried.

*'M-mother...?'*

He heard a voice from her lips. It was like a cold drink on an unbearably hot day, refreshing to the utmost that one can forget about all their worries and pain in life.

"You're...are you him from the..." As the woman's warm smile was overtaken by a trace of confusion, her eyes abruptly went blank. Then, when she looked at him, she lost that warm feeling and only confusion remained. It was like looking back at a stranger.

"Not again! Not again!" A manly voice ran into the room with harsh steps, his voice reverberating with sorrow.

Before Wei Wuyin could catch a glimpse, he already knew who this voice belonged to, but his vision started to be engulfed by that familiar feeling of darkness. He tried to fight it, but besides a whimper and a tug at the air, his struggles accomplished nothing.

-----

His lower body felt a pressure that was rhythmic and vigorous. His eyes slowly regained its light as he regarded the two mounds of ample flesh that were rising and falling in the most alluring fashion. He saw the raw, naked body of a woman and her moans were vivid and lively.

He was laying on his back while she sat on him and seemingly losing herself to the exceptional pleasures of the flesh. He slowly lifted his gaze and realized whose face it was. His eyes quaked slightly as he bit his lower lip.

The woman, her violet skin, thin body, and her youthful face and vibrant eyes with a smile noticed his change. She slowed the pace of her rise and fall, "I-is there something wrong?" Her voice and face was mixed with a rushed flush of activity.

Wei Wuyin realized something. With a slight smile, he shook his head. "No. Nothing's wrong, Yue'er. Absolutely nothing is wrong."

She gave an enchantedly lovely smile that could snare the hearts of many as she leaned forward, her lips seeking his own. Closing his eyes, he felt the warmth on his lips, and the flowing tears that unstoppably followed on his cheeks before the darkness enveloped him once more.

-----

"When you use a saber, you must ensure you always follow through. You should never unsheathe your saber unless you're intending to take a life with it or protect a life with it!" A stern voice resounded.

Wei Wuyin was met with the tall, broad back figure of a young man that sliced his saber through the air as if he was claiming lives. Wei Wuyin didn't say anything, merely watched and listened. Only a slight smile brightened his young, baby fat still having face.

-----

Wei Wuyin was met with several events of his past, as if he had projected his consciousness of the present into the past. It was strange and odd, but as he recalled the Dao of Void, he immersed himself through the process as he realized each event had exceptional significance in his life.

These events ranged from his birth, his first time, his first lesson with a saber, the first time he killed, the first time his elaborate plan was successfully enacted, or various other events, generally surrounding his first time experiencing one thing or another. It didn't include all of his important events, just his firsts.

After nine of such events, he returned back to his present. His silver eyes opened to regard the familiar Sky Layer foundation and astral essence mist that was within his view. He had returned back to his courtyard, but his eyes were wet with tears.

It took him several moments before he calmed his beating heart and asked the Draconic Void Soul: "What was that?" His voice was eerily calm.

"...Dao of Void. The past." - Draconic Void Soul.

Evidently, it was undergoing its transformation, but it still struggled out this explanation. Wei Wuyin knew that it was connected to his emotions and vice versa, so it could feel the true depths of his emotional upheaval within. That's why it responded and delayed its process.

"Was it...real?" Wei Wuyin asked in a voice that was little more than a whisper. He hadn't even considered why he felt it or what happened while he was immersed in these events. While the Draconic Void Soul seemingly succeeded, he truly wasn't paying attention to that fact.

"...I don't...know." - Draconic Void Soul.

"..." Wei Wuyin closed his eyes, tightly adhering his eyelids together as if hoping the darkness would engulf him once more.

Unfortunately, it never came.

He realized he had paradoxically confusing memories within his mind at the moment. It was split into two events, the one where he acted normally, and the other where he acted differently, including the continuous memories regarding the consequences of such differences until a certain point. For example, his memory of his mother going blank wasn't how it was originally.

Instead, she smiled and kissed his forehead with unfathomable warmth. Her incident only happened a year later. Yet, the events of both timelines and their consequences, he could remember it all.

How was that possible?

HOW WAS THAT POSSIBLE?!?!

He had two full sets of memories!

While they blended in after a while and inevitably led to the same point: here, they were still independent sets of events.

"Did I change the past? Was it an illusion? How can it be true? It's not true; it can't be." Wei Wuyin clenched his fists to the point his nails dug into his skin and his hand bled profusely. With his exceptionally powerful body, this was a very, very difficult feat.

"..." - Draconic Void Soul.

It soon descended into its transformation process, unable to further respond to any further inquiry.

"Can I go back?" Wei Wuyin softly spoke, even lower than a whisper at this point. But he realized that...right now, it wasn't possible.

#### **Chapter 194 - 192: World Sea Phase**

The events of the Astral Tribulations had disturbed Wei Wuyin immensely, and while he was calm outwardly, he was deeply emotional within. He sealed himself off for an entire month as he poured himself into trying to understand what had happened. Unfortunately, he came up with nothing.

He originally believed he would be joyous and excited for assailing the Astral Core Realm, for succeeding; instead, he was drowning in his memories, and things that he had long since suppressed was brought up to the surface.

As a cultivator, he had heralded himself as strong and even if the sky crumbled and collapsed atop him, he would be able to stand upright and stable, facing the shattered world with his intellect and saber. Yet, the event of returning to experience his firsts, seeing people that he loved, that he lost, and feeling as if they were the truest things...it wasn't something any could articulate in words.

However, he still maintained his strong heart for cultivation, and needed merely a few times to thoroughly search for the truth of the matter. While he might not be able to figure it out today, there will be a day he does. If there was a way to venture to another time, he would grasp it to his utmost.

This month wasn't just a mission to search, but to obliterate hope. If he contained hope, then he'd easily lose himself to desperation, and as he looked at the far-off possibility of the future, he'd lose sight of the immediate present and near future. Those who typically hoped oftentimes couldn't do, and he wasn't a hope and struggle-type of individual.

His fate was his own.

At the moment, he sat cross-legged in a meditative posture with his eyes closed. His mind was interacting with each of his Astral Souls. That's right! They had fully completed their evolution and fully

entered the Astral Core Realm, becoming Astral Souls. As Astral Souls, they could convert the four qualities that made up Qi and evolve it into the advanced version: Astral Force.

Metaphysical Astral Force.

While that was exceptional, perhaps the greatest change was the names he designated each Astral Soul. After much deliberation and argument with his four Astral Souls, they finally accepted their new names.

Divine Saber Soul: King.

This was a little back and forth as originally Wei Wuyin wanted to name him "Tch" but it threatened to self-destruct, so he went with King. Although it couldn't actually detonate without his will, the threat nearly caused Wei Wuyin's expression to drain of blood. It seems it couldn't take a joke.

Divine Elemental Soul: Orianna(Ori for Short).

This caused Wei Wuyin's expression to darken. He didn't want to name it a feminine name, but it was intent on being called such. As for where it obtained that name? Hell if he knows.

Alchemic Eden Soul: Eden.

That was the easiest to decide, and it held absolutely no objections.

Draconic Void Soul: Kratos.

It was between Draco or Kratos, and Kratos came out on top. Unfortunately...Wei Wuyin wanted Draco.

However, the legend of Kratos was grand, fascinating, and exceptionally interesting. When he was younger, he was often told the stories of Kratos. Supposedly, Kratos was a demon who embodied strength, victory, force, and zeal. It dominated the world with absolute strength, ruling it for countless years until his demise. There were rumors that he was the result of the Dragon God and the Demon Goddess having an illicit affair, creating someone who could topple suns and eat moons.

However, in the end, he fought against the Demon God and killed him by biting off his head. While it was merely an exaggerated story, there were religious groups on the Myriad Yore Continent, while minor, who believed this.

In fact...this name has special significance. It was the first name he intended to give his child.

Regardless, he accepted Kratos's desires.

As they each had names, he would no longer need to refer to them as simply souls of cultivation, and he could already feel their vivid excitement as they animatedly conversed amongst themselves, calling out each others' names like children who've discovered magic words. This scene dispelled a large majority of his fog.

At the moment, all of his Astral Souls were lively. They all have spherical orbs that encapsulated their forms, and this orb was the Astral Core, and it would hold the World Sea. This World Sea was the converted reserves of mental, physical, spiritual, and essence energies that would be fused and refined through the Astral Core itself.

Astral Force was the sea in 'World Sea' and it filled the core to its brim, but their sizes were exceptionally small. He was shocked to find out that his Astral Cores were the size of half a millimeter. This was infinitesimally small in comparison to what he expected. Furthermore, in his Sea of Consciousness that contained the crystallized Tree of Eden's form that pierced into it, there was a Astral Core too, but it was embedded at the center and was like a speck of dust in comparison to its size.

In his fleshy heart, the Astral Core was similarly at the center, but when compared to his heart that was already three times the average size of a normal human, it too was exceptionally tiny. His dantian could hold thousands or even tens of thousands of Astral Cores.

Fortunately, he was an alchemist and there were ways to enlarge the Astral Core, allowing it to expand. According to various records, not only did this Astral Core determine one's Astral Force reserves, but it can even be a direct correlation to the quality of produced Astral Force.

When he found this out, he did a little digging and learned that the average Astral Core was the size of ten thousandth of a meter, that was nearly five times smaller than his Astral Cores, regardless of which.

Despite its tiny size, when he examined the sheer amount of astral force it contained, his mind became shattered with disbelief. If he were to fill a pool, he could completely fill one half a mile long and five feet deep. That was immense! The size discrepancy likely was due to its metaphysical nature, and how it didn't adhere to basic compression laws.

Furthermore, astral force was energy, and if used properly, a single trace can destroy a small mountain. Cultivators were truly god-like existences. He sighed in his heart as he reflected on the power that he yielded by default just by being at the Astral Core Realm.

As for his mental, physical, and spiritual energies, he realized they were all being replaced to a higher state. If what he used was low-level energies, then now he was controlling high-level energies. His thoughts were hyperfast, his body felt like it was imbued with endless stamina and strength, and his spiritual sense could reach beyond a few dozen kilometers.

Just from a brief sweep, if he were to go full broad, he could observe 3.6 megameters! That was about 2200 miles! With his current cultivation, he could've inspected the entire Scarlet Solaris Domain within a few minutes.

While he could reach that limit, if he did use it to that extent, his senses would be blurry and not as detailed, as well as consumed immense spiritual energies, so doing broad searches or constant awareness in that area was extremely strenuous and nearly impossible to effectively do.

Now that he fully stepped into the Astral Core Realm, getting a taste, he was quite expectant of the future. The Astral Core Realm, like the Qi Condensation Realm and Foundation Realm (is condensed into three, but has nine) has nine separate phases.

The Astral Core Realm's Nine Phases:

World Sea Phase, condensing an Astral Core which generates Astral Force. It is a qualitative change in cultivation, as one's innate energies and overall cultivation base will undergo immensely beneficial transformations.

Sky Ruler Phase, those at this phase gain control of the ambient mana while simultaneously enhancing one's astral force. This control enabled flight and suppression, capable of using the ambient mana to release a force called Sky Pressure.

Soul Idol Phase, a condensation of spiritual power into a Soul Idol that can be manifested. This Idol has up to nine rings that defines its inherent quality, and it is birthed naturally depending on the effectiveness in overcoming the Astral Tribulation. At this level, spiritual strength, aura, and sense was amplified to a higher level, depending on the foundation of the Soul Idol.

Spatial Resonance Phase, by overcoming the astral tribulation, one's body and astral force becomes adaptable to spatial energies, capable of absorbing, deploying, or refining spatial energies. Those at this level were renowned for their Spatial Prison and Spatial Mark abilities. Similar to the Soul Idol Phase, it can be divided into nine levels that determine the cultivator's strength and quality of their spatial energies.

Light Reflection Phase, a cultivator can absorb and refine natural Yang Light energies into their bodies and astral force. This amplified their speed of astral force circulation, spiritual sense, and increased their lifespan by three to five hundred years.

Wei Wuyin couldn't understand the other phases, as they were like the False Reality Phase, and their information was of little help in understanding their abilities or how to ascend. All he knew was their names: Gravity Emission Phase, Realm World Phase, Temporal Eye Phase, and Star Core Phase. They were the sixth to ninth phases respectively, and those at the Seventh Phase, the Realm World Phase, were considered Realm Lords.

They could breach the Sky Layer and fly across the dark void without dying from its volatile environment. They were the strongest cultivators in the current era.

After contemplating all this, his Celestial Eyes observed the ambient mana. Unfortunately, he didn't have a feeling to invoke the next tribulation. This meant his understanding of mana hadn't reached that level, and while he could observe, he hadn't touched upon the principles of controlling it.

In the end, now that he's fully entered the Astral Core Realm, he decided to focus his attention elsewhere.

The Soul Sealing Cube.

### **Chapter 195 - 193: The Spirit In The Ring**

"It's about time to see who's in here." Now that his cultivation base had not only reached the Astral Core Realm, but consolidated within the World Sea Phase, he was finally confident enough to tackle the issue of Long Chen's unassuming black ring. Since the Myriad Monarch Sect, Wei Wuyin had always been abnormally cautious against this object and what resided within.

Fortunately, he could satiate his curiosity and discover Long Chen's secrets. During his time in the Myriad Monarch Sect, others constantly sought out reasons for his abrupt rise in cultivation, attributing it to a cultivation treasure, and while that wasn't true for him, he couldn't say the same for Long Chen.

While there wasn't an absolute certainty that the ring was a reason for his success, it at least provided crucial protection to him. For example, his clash with Ji Yu, an Astral Core Realm cultivator, had ended in

his favor. Wei Wuyin knew this was due to the ring, and it was similarly due to this power that he was hesitant to kill or take action against Long Chen. Otherwise, Wei Wuyin could easily cause a non-Astral Core Realm expert to disappear.

°A Blessed with exhausted luck value isn't worthy of my attention, but I wonder...° Wei Wuyin had a sneaky suspicion that Inheritors of Sin weren't the only ones capable of regaining or earning Karmic Luck Value. He had a theory he wanted to test on the clear devoid of sufficient luck Long Chen. Therefore, he wanted to experiment; will Long Chen somehow earn Karmic Luck Value?

If so, how?

Unfortunately, while he was a Blessed and an Inheritor of Sin, details regarding them were incredibly insufficient. In fact, he not only was largely ignorant of Blessed capabilities but his own Bloodline of Sin's abilities. Since the beginning, he's been learning as he went, only capable of using the Scripture of Sin as a reference to build off assumptions, theories, and conjectures.

After outfitting himself in his black alchemist robes, he gained a very regal air that seemed to sweep the world with a calm authority and wealthy power. He soon arrived in one of his many rooms, which were altered by elite Array Masters. The cubical room with a square feet of two thousand and largely empty.

The only noticeable object was a podium that reached about four feet high and on its flat top was a small cube with various esoteric markings etched onto its surface that glowed with an spiritually oppressive light from time to time.

Wei Wuyin closed to door, executed a few handseals, and his astral force poured outwards and interfaced with the rooms nine hundred and ninety-nine Spiritual Formations and the three Astral Arrays that drew power from various spiritual-based items that were unfathomably rare.

While each formation and Array had a name, their purpose was simple: to suppress and restrict. As an Alchemist, and a wealthy one at that, it wasn't hard to have numerous elite Architects work around the clock to devise the best cage for an undefined spiritual existence during these three years.

Since the beginning, he'd always intended to make a play for Long Chen's ring at the right time, but when he did, he needed cards to play to further enhance his certainty in coming out on top, and this room was just one of many.

After sealing the room so tightly that not even air could escape or enter, he brought out five clear bottles that each contained four pellets of different colors and visual emissions. Each bottle seemed to contain an astrological phenomena within, mostly varied aurora borealis. With a thought, each bottle was uncorked and the world was exposed to these lights as they shot out from them.

The room was drenched in multicolored light as various aurora borealis and starry glimmers beautifully consumed it. These were the phenomenal manifestations that were conjured by eight-grade alchemical products. It was the dense medicinal efficacy and immense energies stored within, enhanced countless times by alchemical energies. Furthermore, they were all high-quality pellets.

When he first discovered this manifestation, even he was taken aback and awed, but after three years, he'd long since gotten used to this scene.

CRUSH!

With a wave of his palm, the pellets flew out and entered his powerful palm before they were clenched, crushed and mixed into the finest of powder. He continued to squeeze until it became so fine that it was nearly like dust particles. This immediately caused the various manifestations and lights to abruptly vanish.

"Woo!" He opened his hand and lightly blew, causing the various pellet dust to litter the world and float about like literally dust. In moments, these particles seemingly vanished from physical, spiritual, and mental perceptions.

After a while, the room regained its normalcy, as if his actions had never taken place. With a nod, he walked towards the Soul Sealer Cube and waved his hand slightly above its surface, causing it to open. With a strand of astral force, so thin that it was like a string of fabric, he sent it within the tiny hole and brought out an black ring.

When he saw this, he took two steps back, and regarded the ring with a calm gaze. As it floated there, seemingly dead, Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes saw its hidden activity as it seemingly inspected the ring with exceptional stealth. If Wei Wuyin hadn't cultivated out the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity, he would've easily missed this flicker of activity.

He might even believe the spirit was indeed dormant.

After a long moment, Wei Wuyin finally spoke. "I don't want to waste your or my time. So I'll be direct: Reveal yourself or I'll send the order to have Long Chen executed." His voice held the utmost calm and serenity yet was absolutely chilling to hear.

"You have three seconds."

"..." The ring remained inactive.

"One," Wei Wuyin calmly declared.

"..."

"Two."

"..."

"Thre-" Before his words could finish, he felt the world quake slightly as an abnormal force seemed to exert itself on the world. His pupils shrunk slightly, but his heart remained unfazed and calm, simply observing this force.

It was as if a figure was descending onto the world, and this figure seemingly contained the might to engulf and dominate heaven and earth, carrying a tyrannical air and imperious authority that could not be questioned. In its presence, only obedience and reverence could be felt. It carried a truth of hegemony and how they ruled supreme through creation.

Wei Wuyin was briefly disturbed, but nine-hundred and ninety-nine Spiritual Formations started to brightly glow inside the room, and this aura was suppressed to its limits. An unfathomably conjoined and vigorous spiritual suppression was fully focused on the ring, causing a faint exclamation of shock to resound within the enclosed room.



This broke off its influence towards Wei Wuyin, and while it was small to begin with, it still severed it thoroughly. Wei Wuyin's silver eyes regarded the ring with a brilliant brightness effusing interest. If he hadn't reached the Astral Core Realm, and had his new high-level mental, physical, and spiritual energies thoroughly enhance his body, mind, and senses, this aura could've overtaken his everything.

Even if he was an average Astral Core Realm expert, he might've been subjected to its will. Fortunately, Eden sat protectively over his Sea of Consciousness and continuously empowered his mental energies to an even higher quality than normal cultivators, and Kratos sent vigorous bloodline power and physical energies to ensure a stable, firm, and exquisitely powerful body.

This coupled with four Astral Souls, his spiritual energies were numerous times greater than normal.

Taking a deep breath and exhaling, Wei Wuyin said: "Now that that's over, shall we have a proper discussion, spirit in the ring?"

As he said this, the ring's aura that it tried to emanate receded and it became ordinary. It was only after a long moment did it vibrate slightly and a cyan-colored, blurry, indistinguishable silhouette manifested. It was in the shape of a six foot and seven inches tall man with a muscular physique and upright back. Wei Wuyin couldn't distinguish any other feature besides being male and its height.

However, when he saw the outline of the figure, his Celestial Eyes were capable of observing things to the smallest detail and his heart shook.

"No...no. No way. It's...him?" His thoughts stilled for a moment as a picture that every elite expert in the Myriad Monarch Sect should know, and he felt immense disbelief for a mere moment before regaining his calm.

Now it made sense.

It all made sense.

"Talented Junior, you're quite resourceful and scheming for your age." The spirit's voice was exceptionally powerful and ancient, giving off a natural sense of being before a Monarch or Sovereign of the world. Even it was shocked by the suppressive might exhibited by the numerous formations. Most of its safeguards and confidence was blotted by this move.

While it obviously wasn't truly sealed within the Soul Sealer Cube, the cube did limit its perceptions, so it was unaware of what was happening besides its limited connection to Long Chen. Considering that connection was still lively, and faintly even thriving, it was safe to say Long Chen wasn't harmed. However, it never expected to get itself into this predicament, and even be noticed by this young man.

"Coming from you, that's a compliment that I'll take to my grave with joyous pride," Wei Wuyin gave off a faintly respectful bow and clasp of his hands together, causing the spirit that stood before him to slightly reel in shock.

"...you know who I am?" The spirit disbelievably asked, clearly feeling unsure if this was a probing tactic. In truth, this junior before him was frighteningly terrifying, and even he couldn't gauge his limits. However, this feeling of all his secrets and concealments being teared down and discovered truly left him, a figure that dominated his portion of creation for so long, to feel a wisp of unexpected fear in his heart.

Wei Wuyin briskly nodded. "Of course; Wu Yu, founder of the Myriad Monarch Sect, and the first Grand Monarch. It is my honor, Grand Monarch Wu."

### **Chapter 196 - 194: Grand MonarChapter Wu**

The title Grand Monarch was the most respected and powerful position possible within the hierarchical system of the Myriad Monarch Sect. Due to its unique structure, there was no typical Sect Leader or Sect Master, simply a Grand Monarch. Unfortunately, since the third Grand Monarch, the lineage was cut off.

This was due to the strict requirements adhered to the title of the Grand Monarch, and with its lineage cut, how could there be another? Firstly, a Grand Monarch candidate must cultivate a specific cultivation method: Imperial Heaven Qi Method.

This Qi Method was similar to Divine King Han Xei's Divine Element Formation Qi Method in that it transformed the Spirit fundamentally. For the Divine Element Formation Qi Method, one cultivates nine elemental essences to birth Elemental Qi while one's Spirit was enhanced and interconnected with it, allowing it to be easier to control.

Those of the 'Divine' Heart had greater spiritual abilities, such as strength, reserves of energies, aura, and sense. This enabled one to have exceptional control over the difficult to conjure and control Elemental Qi.

However, the Imperial Heaven Qi Method was lost in the chaos of the past, and merely its name was known. It was said that even during the Grand Monarch Era, the abilities and characteristics of the Spirit who cultivated this method was uncertain and concealed. He had done his own research and it was indeed the case. Not even Tuo Bihan, the Grand Imperial Sage of the Extreme Creation Mountain, knew of its abilities.

It was lost long, long ago.

The second was an object that the sect still possessed, but was unable to use as only those who cultivate the Imperial Heaven Qi Method could interface with it, and this legitimized their status as a candidate for Grand Monarch.

The Myriad Monarch Canon.

It was a book that detailed the profound secrets of the three Realms—Foundation Establishment, Qi Condensation, and Astral Core Realm, and was classified as an item that exceeded the Astral Core Realm in power when used. Supposedly, it could transform into any object or weapon to be wielded by the Grand Monarch as it pleased.

Not only did this canon supposedly contain the secrets of cultivation, it was renowned as a cultivation treasure and could help one overcome Astral Tribulations. It was a miraculous item with many rumored uses, but it was unable to be used. Without the Lineage of Grand Monarchs, this canon that could cause the inevitable rise of the sect was rendered useless.

Wu Yu, the founder of the Myriad Monarch Sect and the first Grand Monarch was actually the spirit within the ring! This exceeded Wei Wuyin's expectations, and his heart and mind flickered with all sorts of intentions and thoughts.

After his identity was clearly revealed, the spirit remained silent for several seconds as if unsure how it was discovered. There should've been no evidence of its existence. Unfortunately for Wu Yu, Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes honed all of his senses into one, and he saw the exact outline of this man in a portrait before. Even if he disguised his facial features, he seemed to be unable to not reflect his physical body, or perhaps he hadn't thought that this would expose him.

Regardless, Wu Yu seemed to no longer hide his physical form. He started to shimmer before his cyan-colored body started to gain definition in its facial features and clothing. A handsome middle-aged man with a magnificent beard, sword-like brows, serene and unfathomable eyes, and a head full of fine hair was revealed.

His entire aura seemed to become naturally exuded as a king's crown was situated on his head, and his upright and stable posture revealed a majestic demeanor before the eyes of others. While merely being a spiritual form, Wei Wuyin could still sense the innate imperial authority imbued into his existence over years of reigning supreme within his portion of creation.

Wu Yu was an exceptional man worthy of respect, so Wei Wuyin didn't slight him despite their current situation. Instead, he once more gave the appropriate bowing gesture to show his respect.

Wu Yu's calm eyes regarded Wei Wuyin. "I didn't want to believe it was true, but it seems like it is."

"...?" Wei Wuyin exclaimed slightly in confusion. Those words were spoken with a tinge of unexpected yet reluctant acceptance. His silver eyes fixated on Wu Yu as he asked, "What do you mean, Grand Monarch Wu?"

Wu Yu shook his head and scoffed a little, as if shocked by the audacity of fate. "You haven't seen him, right? Right...most records were expunged on his orders. It's likely only a select few who've had stories passed down to them would know."

As Wu Yu continued to vaguely speak like this, Wei Wuyin's curiosity was utterly stoked. The embers of interest were fluttering about as he listened.

Wu Yu slightly shook his head. How could Long Chen not only meet Wei Wuyin, but swear to kill him? Even today, the hatred he felt for this young man before him was still there, and the feeling of being threatened and a tinge of inferiority couldn't help but thrive in the presence of Wei Wuyin. As someone who followed Long Chen since his beginning, he knew this much.

"Your eyes. Have you seen others with silver eyes like yours?" Wu Yu didn't satisfy Wei Wuyin's curiosity directly and asked this question.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "My mother."

"..." Wu Yu was silent for a moment. After that moment he said, "In this grand world, you must've met numerous people, demons, beasts, humans, or other creatures, yet you've never met another with silver eyes outside of your mother? Those eyes that glimmer with vibrant brightness that seemed to light the world before it. I guess it makes sense after all."

Wei Wuyin frowned for a moment, then he recalled Tuo Bihan's words. His silver eyes were special and it led to him believing he could cultivate the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity. He didn't know why, and

even after some investigation during those three years, he hadn't found out any useful information, but Wu Yu's words were very telling.

"I guess its best not to tell you. You'll find out when its time," Wu Yu said profoundly.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes never left Wu Yu. He hated when others said words like this, thoroughly hated it. However, he wasn't an idiot that would simply accept that answer. His mind circulated swiftly and after some thinking, he came to a possible answer:

"The King of Everlore has silver eyes. You think I'm his descendent?" Wei Wuyin asked flatly. Since arriving here, he had heard countless stories of the well-regarded, legendary King of Everlore, but he had never seen a single picture of him or description that went into his features. Instead, it was like religious depictions of some elusive god that came and went.

Wu Yu's spirit form trembled with the tiniest of movements at Wei Wuyin's words, but this was accurately captured by Wei Wuyin. Wei Wuyin shook his head. While he found this information interesting, it was completely irrelevant to his future, only his past. Having never met the King of Everlore, or know the origins of his mother, he wouldn't waste time seeking answers to a question that held no benefit to himself.

However, perhaps this was one of the reasons his talent in the Dao of Alchemy was so unfathomably high, and everything came naturally to him. If the King of Everlore felt the same way he did, minus the benefits of the Mind Dao, but adding the Celestial Eyes, his overwhelming success could be thoroughly explained.

With this, he nodded with full acceptance of this possibility, but it wouldn't change his life. Therefore, after thanking his ancestor for his natural endowment, he swiftly moved on.

Wu Yu commented, "Frighteningly intelligent."

Wei Wuyin gave off a smile that wasn't a smile. "Now that that is out of the way, shall we discuss other things, Grand Monarch Wu?" In truth, Wei Wuyin was deeply desirous of the Myriad Monarch Canon and wished to possess it. As it was rumored to carry the secrets of cultivation, how could he not? An item that exceeded Astral Core Realm limits? How could he not?!

Wu Yu seemingly knew of Wei Wuyin's objective and shook his head. "You shouldn't let greed cloud your mind. The Myriad Monarch Canon can only be safely refined and wielded by those of the Grand Monarch Lineage." Those words caused Wei Wuyin to frown slightly.

"Then, I'll be direct. Give me the Imperial Heaven Qi Method and I'll find a decent successor and nurture them to the best of my ability." Wei Wuyin didn't need to be explained that a Qi Method like this needed to be cultivated at the Qi Condensation Realm, maybe even the Foundation Establishment Realm, so he didn't have any thoughts of cultivating it himself. As long as he had a puppet that could harness its information and power, it was no different than his own.

Since the Myriad Monarch Canon was already within the sect, he simply needed the missing piece.

"No." Wu Yu declared.

"..." Wei Wuyin felt a burning desire to activate his arrays and torture this spirit, but considering it was Wu Yu, the founder of the sect, he didn't want nor dared to push it too far. He didn't know what cultivation was required to be able to cultivate out such a spirit form or why it could stay in the ring for thousands of years after his reported death, but he wasn't idiotic to think he didn't have certain trump cards.

While he had prepared several things such as the pellets and Astral Arrays, who knew if Wu Yu could call forth the Myriad Monarch Canon or activate the hidden arrays of the planet with his will.

In truth, while he didn't know it, his lack of haste to seek gains had inadvertently saved his life. This wasn't due to Heavenly Daos influence or anything, simply his desire for caution. Because Wu Yu did have a trump card that even his eighth-grade pellets could only turn to dust before!

Wu Yu said calmly, "I've chosen the candidate for Grand Monarch."

"...Long Chen." Wei Wuyin's eyes narrowed. How lucky must one be to obtain the guidance and protection of an ancient cultivator that definitely exceeded the Astral Core Realm? Especially in a dwindled era where there existed only two Realm Lords and no Timelord or Starlord.

He had always had the most blazing want to kill Long Chen, but this threw several wrenches into his plans. Fortunately, he had never let his emotions or desires trump his caution. Otherwise, his corpse would've been long since buried and returned to mortal dust.

Taking a deep inhale and unfathomably forceful exhale, he looked to Wu Yu and said, "He cultivates the Imperial Heaven Qi Method?"

Wu Yu slightly nodded.

This explained his ability to exhibit the ability of a Sky Ruler Phase cultivator while at the Qi Condensation Realm. Rubbing the corners of his eyes slightly, Wei Wuyin started to think of various matters yet none of them was sufficiently applicable with his current strength. At least, none of his plans had an absolute certainty for success with the variable called Wu Yu.

He asked as if it was a random question that just popped into his mind from frustration, "So you and Long Chen have already forged a connected bond?"

Wu Yu nodded slightly without much thought. "All those who cultivate the Imperial Heaven Qi Method are connected by a formless worldly bond. They can sense the others, especially those that directly helped the other cultivate the method."

While he revealed a hint of frustration on his face, as if he lost a great opportunity, but in his heart he groaned massively. *'Fucking Blessed...how much karmic luck did this cost?!'*

To obtain the guidance of an ancient expert that once dominated a portion of creation was...

He didn't even finish that line of thought, and merely calmed his heart, considered a few things, and moved on in his heart. He had to, or being bogged down by these thoughts would affect his mind and cause him to grow bitter.

"Grand Monarch Wu, then...do you mind answering some questions for me?" Wei Wuyin asked with a hint of a smile.

Wu Yu seemed unbothered, but what he said next caused Wei Wuyin to truly groan in his heart. "I can, but after...return me to Long Chen. He is my inheritor. I must guide him properly."

While this is what he said, Wei Wuyin felt a sense of bullshit from his words. It's likely that he was seeking a way to revive. This was his most earnest belief at this moment, and Long Chen was his tool. While he wasn't sure if it was to possess Long Chen's body, or if Long Chen needed to cultivate to the point he could obtain a certain item to do so, this was what his heart and instincts were telling him. However, if this was planned by the Heavenly Daos and Wu Yu had ill-intentions, Wu Yu might change his intentions along the way or end up inevitably benefiting Long Chen at a critical moment.

He could only sigh in his heart.

### **Chapter 197 - 195: News Before Departure**

Wei Wuyin wasn't willing to simply end the matter like this. He decisively shook his head and said, "I went through quite a bit of trouble to resolve your inheritor's issues. All of which, he had caused. All to obtain the ring, you, and I'm not someone to simply surrender without obtaining some gains in return." A tinge of arrogant stubbornness suffused his words.

It would truly be an unfortunate outcome if he were to simply return this protective amulet and supreme expert to the hands of someone who wanted to kill him. While he knew that likely all of his plans were dust before a desperate Wu Yu within his own sect, he didn't relent to his will.

Wei Wuyin wasn't a saint; he would never act to benefit another without first calculating his own reasonings, desires, and subsequent gains. While he could be selfish, acting on his own desires, this was a rare occurrence that typically occurred when he was emotionally invested into something or someone.

Wu Yu wasn't entirely unreasonable and briefly considered the matter before nodding in agreement. Long Chen had caused quite a mess. At first, he wanted him to experience struggles to better build his character, who would've thought one of his women would suffer such a horrific plight. This was slightly his fault for pretending to be weak so that Long Chen's arrogance and reliance on him would be curbed.

Witnessing this, Wei Wuyin exhaled a breath of relief. "Before we negotiate, I have a question: Why don't you reveal yourself to the Grand Imperial Sages? If you did, they would use the entire sect's resources to support him, especially since he holds the key to the Myriad Monarch Canon." This question had tugged at his mind the moment he learned of Wu Yu's identity. Wu Yu seemed to desire his identity to be kept a secret, even going through great lengths to exert his powers and conceal himself before Wei Wuyin.

This was a mind-boggling conundrum, especially considering Long Chen was the Inheritor of the Grand Monarch Lineage and rightful candidate that could push the Myriad Monarch Sect into new heights after claiming the Myriad Monarch Canon. It seemed unnecessary to have him go through all this struggle for little reason.

While those smart would think Wu Yu was weak at the moment and might make a move to capitalize on it, those who were truly intelligent would never consider an ancient expert that devised a way to survive after his rumored death to be weak at any moment, simply lacking for that moment. And this was the truth, because Wu Yu had immense means and power while within the, no, his sect, enough to sweep the world. Of course, this cost was massive.

However, any cost he would have to pay was insignificant to the importance of one's own life. Even if Wu Yu had to die to do so, it still wouldn't be worth it. Wei Wuyin would never give his life foolishly for someone else's.

Wu Yu was silent for a moment. This imperious figure that seemed to have once dominated heaven and earth had been very slow in this conversation, constantly taking moments of silence as if shocked by Wei Wuyin's questions or words.

In the end, Wu Yu briefly explained: "This is his trial by fire. I'm using this to properly test his candidacy to officially claim his right as the Grand Monarch."

"..." Wei Wuyin shook his head. While this might have some truth in it, he smelled the avoidance within, and it definitely wasn't the core reason for his concealments. He didn't press, as knowing the answer wouldn't change the outcome of his life. After all, he was only mildly curious.

"Fine. You've reached a realm beyond the Astral Core Realm, correct?" Wei Wuyin asked, and this question would lead to his next set of desires.

Wu Yu had a tinge of pride within. Just from this, one could only fathom a hint of the utter difficulty to ascend beyond the Astral Core Realm. After all, tens of trillions of cultivators currently, and likely quadrillions of cultivators throughout the thousands of years since the King of Everlore Era, yet not a single cultivator had reached that fabled realm since.

Cultivation was difficult; these three words never ceased to hold truth.

"I have."

"Good. Have you heard of the Realm of Sages?" Wei Wuyin's eyes focused and paid rapt attention to Wu Yu. Honing to his fluctuations, he saw the confusion and uncertainty in his eyes as he recalled various memories. At the end of his thoughts, he shook his head and said: "I haven't."

"Tch!" Wei Wuyin clicked his tongue, aggravation deep within his eyes and teeth as they brushed against each other, nearly in a grinding fashion. It took several breaths before he calmed down, nodding as he accepted this result. The next realm wasn't the Realm of Sages, but there's also a possibility the Realm of Sages wasn't a specific cultivation realm, but a specific phase of cultivation.

Such as how Realmlords, Timelords, Starlords or Mortal Gods, Godlords, and Godkings were titled. If it denoted a specific cultivation phase, then it could still be in the realm beyond the Astral Core Realm, but in a higher phase. His eyes glowed, but he swiftly suppressed this budding hope. Hope brought about desperation and desire, and what he needed was a firm heart of cultivation to take each step solidly and with sufficient preparation.

Regardless if he never reached the Realm of Sages, he would never willingly give up his goal for surviving—never again!

"What do you want?" Wu Yu asked. These questions weren't things he knew or could answer, so he felt somewhat frustrated, especially seeing Wei Wuyin's agitation as if he was useless.

Wei Wuyin responded, "I can give you back to Long Chen. However, I need a few things in return." As he said this, a calm, gentle smile replaced his calm yet slightly agitated expression.

"..." Wu Yu.

-----

Three days and three nights swiftly came and went as an ancient spirit and man stayed within a sealed off room, discussing and negotiating matters of the utmost importance. After these days, Wei Wuyin walked out of the room with a ring that was carried by a string of astral force several meters away from him.

After exiting his Sky Palace, he looked at the ring and inevitably sighed in his heart before dropping it. It flickered with dim light and passed through the Sky Layer Foundation, its descent controlled as it was obviously making its way back to a certain someone.

"I wasted twenty eighth-grade pellets, such a waste of wealth. Haaaa..." If the spirit wasn't Wu Yu, he was fully prepared to torture and dissect it. However, there's no way he could comfortably take action against Wu Yu while on his planet. That would be daring and brazen beyond the word 'foolish'.

While he definitely obtained sufficient benefits, it simply did not, and could not, compare to the protective amulet and guidance of an expert that ascended beyond the Astral Core Realm.

"Mystic Ascendant Realm, huh?" After a bit of muttering, he shook his head as he sent a message to Su Mei. It's been quite a long time, and it was about time to venture out and recruit the other members he had his eyes on. While three years have passed, he kept tabs on them throughout.

-----

Several hours later, Su Mei stood before Wei Wuyin with a calm expression but solemn gaze within the lounge of his Sky Palace. Her eyes that were unusually pure and clear were filled with something extra and abnormal today.

"Lord Wei, during your secluded cultivation, several events happened." Su Mei said, briefly pausing before explaining.

Firstly, and likely the most important, was the Alchemist Association news. Three weeks ago, the Alchemist Association had revealed an exceptional talent within their sect. It was a female and she had an Alchemic Heart of Qi. While this wasn't much, what came after was shocking!

This female, with the joint efforts of eight Emperor Alchemists of the Alchemist Association, was capable of concocting an Everlore Ascension Pill after a full two years! This was a ninth-grade pill. No, this was THE ninth-grade pill!

It was the very pill that the King of Everlore concocted and later used to overcome the Astral Tribulation to assail the Astral Core Realm, being the first and only to have an Alchemic Astral Soul! Well, my mistake, the first, not only, as this woman had ascended!

She reached the Astral Core Realm with the support of the Everlore Ascension Pill and obtained an Alchemic Astral Soul! Unlike Wei Wuyin, who was widely considered as an abnormal genius without an Alchemic Spirit, this woman followed the exact path of the King of Everlore.



She was even dubbed as the Princess of Everlore! And this was an official title conferred to her by the Alchemist Association, unlike Wei Wuyin's rumors. All of Wei Wuyin's prestige and renown was viciously snatched by this Princess of Everlore.

When Wei Wuyin heard this, he couldn't help but be somewhat shocked—but only somewhat. He had an Alchemic Eden Astral Soul and Celestial Eyes; there was not a single trace of feeling threatened or concerned in his eyes. Even if this Princess of Everlore was naturally talented and could produce products faster, of a higher quality, and of a better variety, he didn't care.

It's not like she'll be able to affect his status in the Myriad Monarch Sect or stop those seeking to buy seventh-grade products from him. She was likely a servant to the Alchemist Association, and her work will likely primarily benefit the association, but he had his own freedom and raked in the benefits himself. It was utterly pointless to compare the two.

It was like comparing a caged eagle to a free flying hawk.

Therefore, he placed that in the back of his mind. As for the other news, there was a little here and there, but nothing of much importance. There was a training trial designed for Qi Condensation disciples, and those who did exceeding well were rewarded various things. Supposedly, Long Chen and Qing Qiumu had entered the top three.

Besides that, there wasn't anything significant.

"Have all the preparations been made for the Bloodforge Continent?" Wei Wuyin asked. He had been preparing to enter the Bloodforge Continent for three years now. There, two potential candidates for his faction—Ascendants, were situated and awaited his arrival. Despite the twists and turns, he still intended to follow through with his original goal.

Su Mei briskly nodded, "All preparations have been made. We can leave on your word."

With a handsome grin, he said: "Then, let's go."

### **Chapter 198 - 196: The Act Of Wen Mingna**

A little over three years ago at the Myriad Nascent Dao Pagoda.

Amongst the gathered young elites of the Myriad Yore Continent, there was a woman sitting alone while tending to her wounds. Just earlier, she had challenged the Pagoda and survived, receiving recognition and an emblem that allowed her to enter the Myriad Monarch Sect as a Null Disciple. While this was the equivalent of an honorary disciple or a servant, the lowest ranked existence in any sect hierarchy, it was a ticket to a grander sky.

Currently, everyone was making their decisions on whether to challenge the pagoda or seek their own path elsewhere, likely trying to find a way to return home. They all willingly chose this, but quite a few regretted it. This was especially so for the subsequent failure to survive the trial or merely obtained a Null Disciple Emblem.

They gritted their teeth, as she once did, and weren't willing to reconcile with their insufficient talent. In the Myriad Yore Continent, they were treated with the utmost respect, never wanted for food, had

profound strength amongst their peers, but now they were forced to face that they were ants who lacked skill and talent.

There were a few who threw the emblems away, and dragged their injured bodies away with others in tow, seeking to settle their own footholds elsewhere. They were naturally proud existences, and becoming a servant was above their belief of dignity, regardless if it belonged to a hegemonic force. Those that remained earned and kept the qualifications as a Null Disciple or qualified to be a Nascent Dust Disciple.

Many were ignorant to the utter scope of difficulty of cultivation after being spoon fed resources, methods, teachings, exceptional environmental factors, and bestowed riches.

However, Wen Mingna was not like them. A few of those leaving for their own paths had come and invited her to take another path with them, appreciating her talent and will, but she refused them all without exception. Many of those who offered were men, and she saw the blazing glint in their eyes of lust and desire. While it wasn't openly displayed, her fate with them would be relegated to a woman rather than a cultivator.

She was a cultivator first.

While she also had their background, receiving the best resources and environmental factors of the Myriad Yore Continent, she was more realistic in her thinking and felt that starting off lowly was better than venturing into the unknown abyss that was fraught with dangers.

After her wounds completely healed, she once more regained her exceptional beauty and the more than a hundred young elites had been reduced to merely twenty-seven. The rest had either perished or left before or after taking the trial.

She took out a small mirror from her storage ring, slightly shocked that she could still connect to it from millions of miles away. Observing the reflection, she saw a young woman that had full, oval-shaped pink lips, light brown-hair styled in a blonde layered crop with highlights, an impeccable skin clarity, and bright complexion. Her beauty befitted her status as a princess as her eyes contained an innate nobility and her aura contained pride that seeped into her bones.

However, in her heart, she understood the consequences of such looks. She stood up beneath the curious gazes of others and retreated a fair distance away. After sweeping her spiritual sense around, she established a concealment spell that shrouded her in spiritual mist. With a gentle wave of her hand, she brought out a pair of scissors and cut her hair.

Snip! Snip! Snip!

Her gorgeous brown hair was shortened until it became a masculine pixie cut. With bandages, she wrapped them around her ample breasts, legs, and buttocks. Particularly, she tightly wrapped them around her butt, causing it to lose its plump form and become flat. Her overall appearance was severely reduced in quality from this tactic, allowing her to be more or less below average in feminine physique.

After settling this, she looked at her mirror once more. However, she bit her lips to the point blood started to seep out of the corners of her mouth. She grabbed the pair of scissors with both hands and

brought it to the right edge of her forehead. Her hand trembled slightly but abruptly, it became firm and her eyes reflected unfathomable determination.

*'I have to do this. I must do this!'*

Puusch!

She cut diagonally across her face, splitting a portion of her lips and causing crimson blood to flow. With her qi, she hurriedly stopped the bleeding and started to make surface repairs, leaving a ghastly scar on her face. She looked particularly unappealing, even horrific as well, but her soft skin and complexion was quite difficult to cover-up. So she had to use make-up to lightly dampen the luster of her skin.

To disfigure herself was a challenge that took her everything, maiming the looks she once adorned with complete pride. Even the pain of the horrific gash was little compared to her losing her identity as a gorgeous member of a female species, yet she withstood it all quietly within her heart.

After once more seeing herself in the mirror, she no longer recognized herself and while she was still a beautiful woman, this would not be the first assumption others would make. With a heavy sigh, she returned back to the group and cloaked herself with a hooded robe. The others gave her even more curious glances after her return, but remained silent.

Wen Mingna swept her eyes over the remaining elites and saw over a dozen beautiful females amongst them, this included Long Chen's group of girls. However, she didn't engage with any of them. In fact, it was best if she was the only one to take precautionary actions so that a pattern couldn't be spotted and brought about investigative eyes. Instead, she quietly cultivated in this essence rich environment as she awaited the arrival of the mentioned transportation to the sect.

After a month, she felt a notable increase in her cultivation base, approaching the Seventh Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, the Sublime Qi Phase. It was as if she had absorbed three full essence stones in this month-long period. At this pace, a decade would be enough for her to reach the Seventh Stage. This excited her. While she had numerous essence stones in her possession, the natural ambient essence was several times easier to absorb than the concentrated state in essence stones.

Woosh!

From afar, the shadow of an aerial beast with the features resembling a hawk yet had a wingspan that exceeded eighty meters appeared. It soared through the skies accompanied by a small figure on its back.

The youths looked at this new arrival and were shocked at the fierce aura of the beast. When it batted its large wings and landed, gusts of wind caused them to lose their footing and some fell directly on their asses. Wen Mingna hurriedly braced herself, those eyes of hers were bright as she focused on the figure riding the hawk.

"All those who have Null Disciple and Nascent Dust Emblems, step forward now." An aged, male voice echoed as an elderly looking man with mutton chops and a bald head appeared. "My name's Dai Qui, I'll be taking you all to the Myriad Monarch Sect."

As he spoke, his lazy gaze swept the youths. He had a multicolored attire similar to Xiang Ling and embroidered on it was the titled rank of Mortal Captain. His cultivation base was merely at the First

Stage of the Astral Core Realm, but he was still one of the five million that existed in the starfield, so he was an exceptional expert regardless of his age or appearance.

He didn't release a hint of his aura, so no one here could properly determine his strength. They all looked to each other, and Long Chen was the first to step forward alongside his group. When Dai Qui saw them, his eyes brightened slightly. However, it soon dimmed as he recalled Xiang Ling's warning before he took off. These girls and this man were not to be touched as they had some connection with her disciple.

He could see that these women had a relationship with this young man, and this young man seemed to have the aura of two Natal Souls within him. He pouted his lips and shook his head slightly, feeling as if it was a pity. The hawk lowered itself and allowed these youths to climb atop its back.

Wen Mingna similarly brandished her emblem and followed along. Dai Qui glanced at her momentarily and sighed inwardly. While she kept her face concealed beneath the shadow of a hood, he could clearly see her features. *'Poor girl.'* Was his only thought paid to Wen Mingna before he looked elsewhere.

There was a particular girl, a young princess of a country, that was at the Sixth Stage of the Qi Condensation and she held similar status, beauty, and exquisite bodily assets as Wen Mingna. Her eyes were filled with stubborn pride and blazing flames of a yearning to prove herself before an unknown world. When Dai Qui saw her, his eyes flashed and he smiled kindly when she arrived.

Soon, the hawk took off. Wen Mingna stayed in her own isolated corner of the hawk while Dai Qui smilingly familiarized himself with the others like a harmless elder seeking conversation, but his heart held all sorts of ill-intentions. And while he seemed harmless, his eyes were on a particular individual.

Later that year, that proud woman who was a highly doted on princess with praised talent in the Myriad Yore Continent, and another girl within their group was relegated to the 93rd & 94th Concubines of Dai Qui.

### **Chapter 199 - 197: The Work Of Wen Mingna**

Arriving at the Myriad Monarch Sect and witnessing the Quintuple Extreme Imperial Mountains in all its grand and awe-inspiring glory was like truly entering an entirely new world.

However, the cruelty and reality of this new world was quick to set in for the new arrivals, including Wen Mingna. The hierarchical rules of Power of Authority situated in ranks and power was truly unsettling to the unaccustomed. While one could seek protection, secure resources, and establish something of themselves easier with these rules, it was easy to lose everything with a single wrong choice.

Whether that be joining a faction or deciding which of the three Extreme Mountains one would join.

For example, the Extreme Creation Mountain was highly competitive, time-consuming, and a lack of innate talent could lead to many years wasted. These years wasted training in a profession was not spent cultivating, so one's lifespan and potential would be severely hindered.

The Extreme War and Origin Mountain were relatively active mountains that often ventured out and struggled for resources against each other and everyone else, both inside the sect and outside. In these mountains, combat prowess and cultivation was king, and without sufficient strength, you're bound to be relegated to an 'ordinary' life.

However, ordinary was quite subjective. After all, the Myriad Monarch Sect was one of the top five hegemonic powers of the starfield, and all their official disciples were Astral Core Realm experts, filling in the five million number. They held considerable strength and prestige.

When Wen Mingna learned that there were tens of trillions of individuals spread across multiple planets and continental flat earths, yet only five million Astral Core Realm was totaled within that number, she nearly vomited.

She wasn't the only one. Amongst the youths, they all were shocked into gaped mouths and bulging eyes. The Myriad Yore Continent had less than ten Astral Core Realm experts within, but they didn't think it would be just as rare in this new world.

Furthermore, they learned that the title 'Mortal Gods' were truly simply a joke within the eyes of true experts. A single Astral Core Realm could dominate millions of 'Mortal Gods' with utter ease. The difference was like comparing the dirt to the clouds.

Furthermore, only factions with Astral Core Realm could establish themselves and dominate a region of the planet. All those beneath this realm were often under the thumb of these experts, and they could only serve as subordinates.

Wen Mingna and the others were soon exposed to the sect's various rules and statuses, and were even given the option to immediately join a faction. Wen Mingna didn't dare to take that choice carelessly, and this was true for the majority of those present. Dai Qui, their ride, simply smiled and told them all that it would be best to make a decision soon.

A faction was more than just protection but an avenue to obtain cultivation resources. While one could use the ambient resources to cultivate, they would never be able to reach the 4th Mortal State before their lifespan ran out, regardless of how incredible their absorption and refining talent towards essence was.

They needed alchemical products, materials of heaven and earth that were compatible with their cultivation technique to expedite their cultivation, and an area that they could carve out comfortably.

"If you desire to reach the Astral Core Realm in your lifetime, and enter the ranks of true experts that could dominate a piece of the sky, then you should join a faction as soon as possible." Was all Dai Qui said before telling several others that he could give them a 'further' tour.

Several individuals accepted, while only Wen Mingna and Long Chen's group refrained. They decided to explore on their own and register within a mountain suitable for them. When she stood out like this, Wu Baozhai gazed at Wen Mingna curiously.

While she understood Long Chen's choice, as he was a Nascent Dust Disciple, Wen Mingna was a mere Null Disciple and wouldn't be able to choose a mountain per se. Wherever she was, she would be an honorary disciple. Furthermore, she had to earn sufficient Imperial Merits to stay. It would be best if she followed Dai Qui and sought out opportunities.

Wu Baozhai found her decision odd, but she didn't question it nor her. Everyone had their own thoughts, and Wen Mingna was a princess just like herself, and she didn't seem to lack intelligence or confidence in herself.

Wen Mingna watched Dai Qui lead the others away, and her eyes flashed with various thoughts. After ruminating on the matter, her eyes focused on a specific mountain and decided to venture there to work. With this goal in mind, she left.

Long Chen's eyes were drawn away as she looked towards Wen Mingna's back. "Her figure's changed, no? She seems more manly."

Lian Yu answered, without looking towards Wen Mingna, "It's her choice."

Long Chen shrugged. They traveled for a while before a young man arrived and saw their group of beauties. Realizing that all of them were Null Disciples, his eyes lit up as a nefarious thought entered his mind. With that, he approached the group with a cool smile.

"Hey!"

This was the start of their troubles.

-----

Three months later.

"Hurry up and deliver this! You better not be slow this time, or else! Hmph!" A voice filled with impatience and anger resounded. It was all targeted towards a middle-aged woman garbed in the Null Disciple attire. She nodded profusely before the yell and left with a relatively large metal box in tow. With a dash, she left the building. Outside, she rode a hawk with a wingspan of ten meters, and far smaller than Dai Qui's. It seemed capable of only carrying a few people.

The one who shouted was a short middle-aged human male with a Nascent Dust Disciple, and a cultivation base at the Ninth Stage of the Qi Condensation. In the Myriad Yore Continent, this man could be considered a powerhouse that could dominate tens of millions, but in the Myriad Monarch Planet, he was merely a delivery manager.

He ran a business for human-delivered packages that supplied the first to third levels of the Extreme Imperial Mountain.

Wen Mingna was efficiently cleaning the nearby area, sweeping the dust with a broom that lit with various formations. These formations used water, fire, and wind energies and cleansing liquids to swiftly wet, dry, and clean areas.

She was fully exposing her scarred face, and carried on with her day. The manager glanced her way and humphed before leaving into the backroom. As she swept, she heard faint pounding of flesh and heavy moans, but thoroughly ignored this as she continued about her day.

After arriving, she took various temporary jobs in the Extreme Imperial Mountain. While most would choose to pick one of the three main mountains to settle themselves, it seemed like the location with all sorts of complex relations and likelihood of abuses of power. Therefore, to avoid being a victim, she surrounded herself with those who held power yet cared about their reputation.

Astral Core Realm Elders.

She has cleaned buildings, delivered packages, helped feed and care for beasts, and provided her energies to help support some basic formations. In return, she avoided joining a faction and enjoyed a quiet life. Furthermore, with her disfigured face, unappealing body and quiet temperament, she was often pitied and left to her own devices. She could gather Imperial Merits in the easiest manner without disturbance.

After she finished her shift, she left the delivery service and returned to her own residence. While it was small, it held an essence concentration formation. She cultivated diligently in her free time, and saved up her Imperial Merits for alchemical products that could rapidly promote her cultivation base.

It was fortunate that alchemical products at the fifth and sixth-grade were rather common in this world, and she had already procured a few dozen cultivation pills at the fifth-grade that cut several months off her training. While the Myriad Yore Continent had alchemical products at the fifth-grade, even she, as a Princess, had to go to great lengths to compete for it, and these were merely low-tier and low-quality.

However, here, they were abundant and the main sources of income for many alchemists in the starfield.

'*Heavenly King Wei...*' Recently, the name Wei Wuyin was widespread, especially after his abrupt status jump, killing a Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm while at the Qi Condensation Realm, quite brutally in fact, and annihilated a faction with a few words. He displayed a level of dominance that she didn't think was possible after just a few days of arriving.

Furthermore, he was an alchemist too. Back in the Myriad Yore Continent, she hadn't understood the importance of sixth-grade and seventh-grade products in this new world. When she saw him casually give away these products, she believed that this new sect likely had more experienced and talented alchemists, but she was severely wrong.

While there were King Alchemists, obtaining a seventh-grade product was a struggle that many Astral Core Realm experts struggled to obtain. '*I wonder if I had talked to him that time, could things be different? No, I can't think like that. Step by step, breath by breath, and I'll reach my goal without failure.*'

The concept and well known saying of the Myriad Yore Continent: To rise to the skies, one can ride the lap of a dragon. It meant to use a man or woman, someone of exceptional status and talent—the dragon, to rise. It was the basis of Imperial harems and standard ones, and this method was employed mostly by women.

However, this might seem exceptionally satisfying at the beginning, but soon one would be too high and at the mercy of the dragon. They would share its fate and its limits. They would also be relegated to never dissatisfy the dragon, or else it could send you off and allow you to fall.

She would rather form a Dao Companionship with someone of equal talent than to be someone who sought gains in such a fashion.

"Did you hear? Mortal Common Ji Yu was challenged by a Nascent Dust Disciple! It's a battle to the death!" These words spurred the immediate crowd, and even Wen Mingna was startled.

"Really? You're lying; who would be so stupid?"

"I don't know, but his name is Long...Long something. My friend is there about to watch the fight, shall we go too?"

"Of course! If we're late, we might miss this massacre. How boring would that be?"

"Who knows, this Nascent Dust Disciple might be another Wei Wuyin."

"Pfft, please. Let's go and stop spouting crap!"

The discussion in the background was quite interesting, but in the end, Wen Mingna continued on her way. What she needed was not to lose herself in the drama and situations of the world, but fight for each second and opportunity she had.

She had work to do.

### **Chapter 200 - 198: The Future Of Wen Mingna**

It's been a little over three years since Wen Mingna's arrival. Her adjustments thus far were impeccable as she regulated her schedule and adapted to the unique environment of the Myriad Monarch Sect. Unlike most sects, the Myriad Monarch Sect's internal competitions weren't fierce and allowed those of lower rankings, like herself, to earn stable earnings and resources with hardwork and dedication.

In the Myriad Yore Continent, sects, clans, palaces, or countries adopted a much crueler and vicious environment that bred scheming and conflict. Countless cultivators would meet their untimely end at the hands of others, or even their allies, seeking wealth and resources.

While this was still commonplace outside of the Myriad Monarch Sect, especially its continental flat earths and two planets, Wuyu and Junia, it wasn't as prevalent in the sect with its fierce rules and clear punishments. Therefore, she hankered down and diligently cultivated while simultaneously improving her Qi Control.

Keeping her relations and presence to a minimum, she truly skirted through the radar and set-up her own place. At the moment, she worked consistently as a secretary to a female human Mortal Captain Elder. The job was demanding, but the rewards were sufficient and easily covered the required earnings of her daily quota and cultivation needs. Furthermore, she slid easily beneath the protective wing of this elder.

Her moves were praise-worthy for someone without backing or family, etching out her own reputation as a reliable worker.

Wen Mingna was currently out acquiring a meal for the elder. She wore a white mask that covered her scar, adding an allure to her appearance, but she wasn't entirely unknown. Many knew from rumors and word-of-mouth, that she herself spread, that she was horrifically disfigured beneath her mask.

*'It's been three years, and I can feel myself approaching the Seventh Stage of Qi Condensation. Just a little more.'* She set herself a series of goals, training her qi control and cultivation base simultaneously to one day take the trial to become a Nascent Dust Disciple. After obtaining this status, her jobs will reward her with a raise in salary. This meant more resources and wealth in her pocket.

Null Disciples and Nascent Dust Disciples were often seen doing the same jobs, however, Nascent Dust Disciples received a stipend of resources and wealth automatically by the sect monthly, and the pay for



each job was nearly three times bigger. This was the main driving force for Null Disciples to seek discipleship, official discipleship.

Moreover, they were considered disciples with the Power of Authority. This provided a form of protection and power to themselves, allowing them to order around Null Disciples freely and live an easier life.

After picking up the meal, she rode a hawk back to her boss's home. While cultivators at the Astral Core Realm could substitute sustenance with essence, these meals weren't normal. They were meals made with alchemical products, such as elixirs, paste, or crushed pills. With these meals their cultivation basis and physical bodies standard functions such as digestion, blood circulation, and essence intake can be enhanced. This could similarly promote skin and hair care, rejuvenate appearances, and energize the mind.

They were beneficial meals to the utmost limits. They were quite expensive as well, with each costing several hundred thousand essence stones. That was in the price range of a full sixth-grade product! Only Astral Core Realm experts or those of exceptional backings could afford such a thing.

If she wanted to, she would have to expend a full year's salary for a single meal; it was simply too much. However, one day, she promised that she'll be able to enjoy three-courses every day for the entire year! It was merely a small goal of hers, but one she carried in her heart to overtake the envy.

When she returned, entering the building that her boss operated out of, who regulated permissions to use the Void Gate, she noticed that there was a visitor in her closed-door office. She quietly sat outside, using the light heat from fire qi to slowly keep the food warm.

After several minutes, the door opened and a figure garbed in black martial robes slowly walked out of the office. Her eyes beneath the mask shifted and her pupils shrunk slightly. The person who arrived was a young man of unearthly quality. His silver eyes were resplendent like the stars in the night sky, drawing in one's attention fully, and his faint smile was suffused with exceptional confidence and a bit of alluring attractiveness.

She gulped slightly.

This figure and those eyes that seemed capable of piercing through all the secrets of the world was unmistakable. She had heard his name countless times, even mentioning it to those she was acquaintances with herself in idle conversation. That calm gait, that aura of boundless charisma, and his tall, imposing, and impressive figure.

He punctured a hole in the sky and was given permission to do so! With a single sentence, it was said he rooted out traitors in the sect and annihilated clans. With a mere declaration, factions fell and kneeled before him. She heard rumors mixed with facts that he had the Knights of Enforcement within his pocket, and he even had the backing of the Grand Imperial Sages behind him.

Wei Wuyin!

The last time she physically saw him, it was over three years ago. He had summoned nine elemental dragons to dominate the scene, taken the arm of an Astral Core Realm cultivator while telling him to scam out of his sights forever lest he take his head, and revealed his talent as a King Alchemist! Before,

she was merely mildly impressed, but largely ignorant to the immense significance of these actions. At the time, she believed she would be able to reach such heights in time with the opportunity of joining a higher-tiered force.

As she became aware of the cultivation disparity, difficulties, power differences, and vast scope of the starfield, she swiftly and harshly realized how wrong she was. He was an unprecedented talent that established himself in under four years.

When he walked in front of her, her fire qi went somewhat out of control, and she unintentionally caused the food she held to burn into ash in that momentary lapse of focus. While it was made from exceptional materials, it was incredibly fragile. The smell of burnt meat, wood, and plastic instantly wafted out.

"Fuck!" She realized her mistake and tried to save what she could, but it was useless. As she watched the food burn, she also saw all her efforts to establish herself as a reliable person vanish into the thin air. This was a year's salary gone just like that!

"Woah, don't burn yourself naked." A voice resounded as a hand appeared at her arm and seemingly created a gentle watery force that doused the burning flames on her right sleeve that she had completely ignored in her moment of despair.

While the voice contained a series of chuckles, they held no malice or disdain to her ears. She lifted her gaze and saw Wei Wuyin's earnest eyes as he swept his gaze to make sure she wasn't burning any further.

*'I wonder if he remembers me...'* Perhaps this was the thought of meeting a former classmate turned famous, wealthy, and powerful, and it was the thought or desire to be remembered.

"Wen Mingna! You!" A elderly female voice quaked with a berating and a wisp of anger. This was especially so when she noticed the smell of burnt food and lingering ash. But she saw Wei Wuyin and hurriedly calmed her expression. She was a human woman that looked to be in her early forties, but her voice seemed to originate from a woman in her eighties. One could easily tell her efforts to retain her looks were ample and constant. Unfortunately, products of a certain grade can only help so much until it would cease being effective and required higher-grade products for maintenance.

"I-I'm sorry. This is my fault, Elder Li. Please, punish me as you see fit." Wen Mingna hurriedly admitted fault and was about to kowtow for forgiveness on the spot. She had long since prepared her heart to withstand any and all indignities to ensure a smooth path to a higher realm. This type of determination and decisiveness required a very praise-worthy level of courage.

However, as her body bent, a hand reached and grabbed her shoulder. It wasn't an actual hand, but one that contained an invisible spiritual force.

Wei Wuyin spoke up at this moment: "This was my fault, not hers. How about we forget this incident?" His words were casual yet it caused Elder Li to hurriedly change her expression and she immediately nodded, her eyes softening instantly.

Wei Wuyin smilingly said with a light nod, "Good. How about I pay for the damages with this." With those words, he flipped his palm and a bottle emerged. A liter of pink-colored lotion-like alchemical paste was within, and faint starry points were flickering within. Around the bottle was a faint blue ring that swirled like an illusion.

"Here's a liter of Youthful Star Ring Paste." He sent it over to Elder Li. She hurriedly accepted it with a flustered stance and her eyes were rippling as her heartbeat raced. This was a seventh-grade paste known for helping promote youthful looks, ridding one of wrinkles and adding a unique luster to one's skin.

She had commonly used low-tier, sixth-grade paste, but a single application of this paste would be ten thousand times better! She gripped the bottle and forgot entirely about the incident. In fact, she was thankful for Wen Mingna's actions, and she even hoped she would burn more!

Wen Mingna was startled. She wasn't an ignorant individual like before where she didn't recognize the importance of a seventh-grade product. Regardless of what it was, most seventh-grade products were worth a single astral essence stone, and that was equivalent to ten million essence stones!

"Then, I'll take my leave." Wei Wuyin gave Wen Mingna a smile before walking off. Elder Li gave an impassioned gesture and words of departure, her flattering look was completely unknown to the majority of her friends or family, but was completely displayed today.

Wen Mingna felt that, as she watched his back figure leave, a slight void was appearing in her heart. Unfortunately, she didn't have the qualifications to say anything to this man, and even since the beginning, she had merely cursed. Others might even think she turned mute.

Fortunately for her, those eyes that seemed to contain the world had seen something no one else did, and it stopped Wei Wuyin's footsteps as he turned back with eyes that contained a trace of sharpness.

"Oh?"

It was merely a sound, but it was the first sound that would ignite a future path that would soon cause all sorts of adventures, misfortunes, and collapses of entire worlds!

Wei Wuyin walked over, his tall figure and physical presence was suffocating in a good way. Her entire body stiffened slightly and she could feel her yin energies circulate a tad bit faster than before. She never truly realized how handsome Wei Wuyin was until today, when he stood no more than a few feet away from her.

"Wen Mingna, right?" Wei Wuyin asked.

She nodded absentmindedly. Her will was normally exceptionally strong, but it was like being before a demigod, and her heart could barely remain calm enough to hear and react. How do people do it?

From his eyes that radiated brilliance, soul-seeing light, and unfathomable depths of intelligence to his devilishly sculptured body that carried the seemingly perfect male ratio of muscles and flesh, or his bodily scent that was like the mythological seven-colored immortal flower fragrance that could help circulate her cultivation base, Wei Wuyin's entire presence was overwhelming to the senses.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "How about we talk and get something to eat, hm?"

Wen Mingna was startled. She unintentionally blurted out in confusion, "Huh?"

Wei Wuyin chuckled lightly and asked, "Are you hungry?"