

Chapter 271 - 268: Four Out Of Five Involved

While Wei Wuyin recuperated, the three forces instilled their entire focus on nurturing a group of young elites that could clinch victory, reigning supreme in the Grand Spirit Trials. The news of this couldn't be hidden as the Demonic Abyss Mountain, Sacred Light Palace, and San Clan had heard about it and the wagers within.

While the information about Wei Wuyin and the Alchemist Association was kept confidential, the three items being given to the winner had poked their curiosity and interest. They were even said to send witnesses to this trial, watching the events unfold as a winner was inevitably declared. News of this event spread like a contagious virus that couldn't be stopped as people ceaselessly transmitted it with no regard. Before long, everyone, their mothers, and the infants listening to the adults talk knew.

It had been a very long time since the forces had gathered together and tested the mettle of their young genius elites in a healthy and competitive environment. This competition gained an immense amount of hype. There was even a list of those who would participate, and numerous betting stations had been established by the Golden Coin Pavilion, the number one merchant force in the starfield.

The Golden Coin Pavilion was similar to the Alchemist Association in its neutrality, being stationed in all five Astral Territories and dealt with the trading of numerous rare and precious materials used for cultivation, alchemy, or forging. They sold armaments, tools, alchemic products, and more with a rightful and fair attitude. Their reputation was exceptional.

With their stellar reputation that upheld fairness and a belief in stable business, they were allowed to entrench themselves in all the Astral Territories. While they had to pay a small fee for all sales conducted on that territory to these hegemonies, it was pennies compared to the amount they earned.

If the Alchemist Association could be considered the richest and most influential force outside of the five hegemonic forces, then the Golden Coin Pavilion was the second. They often worked hand to hand to distribute products and make profits. Their relationship was quite good.

During the second month of preparation, four months before the Grand Spirit Trials official start, the numerous forces that existed in various territories were already seeing if they could introduce themselves into this competition. Even if they couldn't win, they could hone their juniors with this competition and see how they fared against two of the five hegemonic forces.

The requests were endless, enough to drown the Myriad Monarch Sect, Elemental Heaven Pavilion, and Alchemist Association. Of course the Elemental Heaven Pavilion and Alchemist Association had pushed all decisions in regards to this to the Myriad Monarch Sect. Many believed they would be unwilling to accept this, as more competition would be disadvantageous to claiming the prize, but they were startled by the Myriad Monarch Sect's declaration:

All at or beneath the age of three hundred can freely participate.

Entry Fee: First Stage, Astral Core Realm - 1 Astral Stone.

Second Stage, Astral Core Realm - 3 Astral Stones.

Third Stage, Astral Core Realm - 10 Astral Stones.

Be warned; your life is not guaranteed.

This notice caused an uproar! A single astral stone was equivalent to a single low-grade, low-tier, seventh-grade Astral Dipper Fountain Pill. This could be considered the lowest seventh-grade pill available, but even still, it was outrageously expensive for normal cultivators. Furthermore, astral stones were only available on planets and required decades to form.

If they wanted to pay in essence stones, it was ten million, which was even more outrageous! It was this moment that most people realized once more that they were poor compared to these elite sects. More, while the limit was three hundred years of age, those below the Astral Core Realm weren't allowed. Even if they were, they wouldn't have a chance.

This left many downcast. The average age for Astral Core Realm cultivators were about three hundred years, so only the most outstanding geniuses and talents could qualify to participate. If numerous geniuses decided to involve themselves in this, the competition would be uncharacteristically fierce!

This declaration wasn't met with just sad cries of the majority, but the blazing passion of the incredible minority. This minority were those talented geniuses who wanted to vie for the top prize. There was only one winner, so second and third place would receive nothing in this competition. It was a contest for the confident.

The Sacred Light Palace and Demonic Abyss Mountain had announced their participation in the third month! Furthermore, they would be adding to the victory prize, not causing their status to lose out to the Elemental Heaven Pavilion or Myriad Monarch Sect.

The Sacred Light Palace offered a drop of Sacred Essence Liquid. It was said that Sacred Essence Liquid can, when consumed, can improve the quality of one's meridians and dantian, allowing the time to or talent in absorbing cultivation resources or alchemical products to increase by five times. This might seem small, but if it took one five months to thoroughly absorb a sixth-grade pill, then it'll only take a month. Then, they could absorb five times that number with the same amount of time as they could've before.

The benefits didn't lose out to the other three. In fact, it had more long-reaching benefits.

The Demonic Abyss Mountain had thrown their hats into it, but they offered an unhatched egg to a Baleful-Gale Star Hawk. It was a beast with the innate potential to develop and grow into a Star Beast with strength rivaling a Third Stage Astral Core Realm cultivator without any support. According to history records, if nurtured appropriately, its flight speed can rival Realm Lords, or even Timelords!

They were better mounts than even Pegasus, with their bloodline potential already unlocked at birth. The Demonic Abyss Mountain's Abyss Master, a figure that rivaled the Grand Monarch Wu Yu, Divine King Han Xei, and Sacred Elven Queen, had used one as a mount. There was a story that it had once shattered a planet with its violent wind bloodline powers.

These forces were going all out, invigorating the masses even more as betting stations were wild with activity and individuals were seeking ways to obtain recordings of the event. It was only when the

Myriad Monarch Sect stated they'll be doing a large-scale transmission of events to various and specific locations, charging a small fee as they did so, did the masses truly explode.

With four of the five hegemonic forces participating, numerous genius disciples of subordinate forces, obscure clans, and independent experts having the qualification to enter at will, the event was sure to be greater than anything prior during the Tri-Vision Era. This was shaping up to be the grandest event of this century!

In the Elemental Heaven Pavilion, in one of their disciple residences, there was a handsome young man with grey eyes, short-black hair and a nine-colored dot between his brows. This mark emitted an air of elemental forces. He was brandishing a white spear, moving through the world like the wind, stabbing out like lightning, and with the stability of earth. He seemed to merge with the world and its qualities as he did so.

"Ha!" When he unleashed a piercing thrust, the void slightly shook. On his forehead was beads of sweat, his body trembling slightly from his cultivation of arts. Standing ramrod straight, his back seemed like a pillar that could uphold the world.

Beside him was a scarlet-haired woman flickered into existence abruptly. Her expression was hidden beneath her veil. "You're participating in this Grand Spirit Trials?" She asked, and from her silky and attractive voice, one could hear a faint smile within.

The young man took a deep breath, exhaling out a breath of turbid air as he felt lighter. He turned to the young woman with a slight smile, "Why should I, Senior Sister Lin? Master left me with enough resources."

The young woman reminded, "You shouldn't call him Master yet, you haven't obtained his official recognition. As for me, I'm not your Senior Sister just yet." While she said those words, she seemed to be quite careless with it and unbothered as if she was merely teasing the young man. Indeed she was and the young man knew it.

He laughed and revealed a dazzling set of white teeth, "I've birth high-level Intents for three advanced elements and developed Elemental Origin Intent. I have already obtained three fragments for his disciple token. I just need to obtain the others within that Gateway above the Auric Sea, and I'll be your Junior Brother soon enough. Then you'll have to take care of me."

The scarlet-haired woman shook her head. "Lin Ming, you still have to overcome the trial. Master's realm isn't ordinary. You'll learn more there, but there are those of exceptionally high cultivation within that pose a serious threat. Obtaining the fragments and opening the Gateway are not the same, and it'll be dangerous. Furthermore, you'll be on your own." Her words were tinged with a bit of worry.

The young boy named Lin Ming's face grew serious. He knew that overconfidence often met with unexpected failure, so he reined it in. He had to take this matter seriously. "I'll give it my all. I promise."

Seeing the determined expression, the scarlet-haired woman released a breath of relief internally. She had confidence in this little boy that grew from nothing, obtaining the first fragment from her and then

having obtained the other two with his own efforts. To her, he truly was worthy enough to become that man's disciple.

"You should participate in the Grand Spirit Trials," she said.

"Hm? Why? Is there something special about it?" He grew curious why she mentioned this twice. He didn't need cultivation resources, having a sufficient amount from the two legacy caches he obtained alongside the fragments. He was waiting for the fated day the Gateway opened. Then, he would enter there using the fragments power to explore and obtain the other fragments.

"You don't know this, but the Gateway has been discovered by this branch and the sect called the Myriad Monarch Sect. When the day the Gateway opens, they intend to send others through it to explore. The Grand Spirit Trials are to select those with the qualifications as the restriction prevented those without permission from entering unless they are beneath three hundred years of age," She explained.

"What?! That's suicide!" The Gateway led to a realm that was mystical and dangerous. Sending those beneath three hundred years of age was practically suicide. After all, they would at most be at the Third Stage of the Astral Core Realm in his opinion. If it was during the King of Everlore Era, the elite geniuses then wouldn't have any fear.

Not only would they be at the Fourth or Fifth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, their foundations would at least be at the seventh-ring Soul Idol and seventh-ripple Spatial Resonance. These were the elite genius standard of that era, but now...having a five-ring Soul Idol was considered monstrous.

The scarlet-haired woman didn't answer. She too felt the same way, but it wasn't her responsibility to inform them of this danger. They weren't her geniuses nor were they her people.

"The rewards aren't too bad. Even where I come from, an eighth-grade Spatial Spirit Pill isn't easy to acquire. Also, you can enter properly with your sect members. Consider this as a way to hone yourself," she advised once more.

He frowned. He didn't think this starfield was nothing more than a stepping stone to the path of the grander Dao. The geniuses here were not at his level, especially those below three hundred years old. But seeing how insistent his Senior Sister was, he nodded. "Okay, I'll use this to earn my way in properly. At least I can protect certain people this way without coming off as suspicious."

His declaration elicited a nod from the scarlet-haired woman. She vanished abruptly, leaving Lin Ming to resume his cultivation.

Chapter 272 - 269: Participating

A day before the Grand Spirit Trials.

The sounds of forceful grunts resounded from Tuo Bihan's open-roof courtyard. The grunts were rhythmic and even, clearly the sounds of a consistent exertion of effort. From time to time, the sky layer solidified beneath the palace shook.

A scarlet-eyed, silver-haired and barefoot handsome beastman walked into the courtyard from the entrance, his initial expression somewhat lazy and lackadaisical until he noticed where the sounds came

from, and that handsome face was quiet and patient. A figure was performing a set of push-ups, a basic mortal exercise. But upon his back was a jade sphere the size of a baseball.

Wei Wuyin was shirtless, wearing a set of loose pants, and was freely displaying the contours of his muscles. Sweat glistened beneath him, dripping onto the floor. Each lift brought about the revelation of his veins. The jade sphere was perfectly placed at the center of his body, exerting a unique force that pressed upon his body.

At the moment, it was the near equivalent of a small mountain on Wei Wuyin's back. After a specific set, he inhaled and the pressure faded from the jade sphere. He lifted himself up and took slow and steady breaths to relax his heartbeat. The innate energies within his body were vast and vigorous.

Zuhei remained silent throughout.

Wei Wuyin waved his hand and brought out a towel, wiping the sweat from his body. The towel had various cleansing properties, simply a wipe was a better cleaning than a full shower. Without looking at Zuhei, "You've finished cultivation?"

"Yes, Master. I've overcome the Nine Spiritual Judgment Tribulation," Zuhei stated. Within his voice was a tinge of pride and excitement, one could see his achievements was astounding. Furthermore, from his fleshy body was a hint of a bloody stench that was quite rich and potent.

"Bloodforging Mystic Method?" Wei Wuyin inquired as he kept his towel and started to take out a set of Myriad Monarch Sect's Heavenly King robe. He didn't hesitate to change out of his loose pants before Zuhei.

Zuhei's expression became dignified. "The cultivation method is the most exquisite and profound method I've cultivated in my life. I could only reach the first level, refining the Bloodforge Runes within my heart. However, just this step has allowed my bloodline power to become purer and stronger."

Wei Wuyin nodded. The Bloodforging Mystic Method could be considered an Evil Method, but that was in its later stages. During its foundational stages, one merely needed to condense their essence blood into Bloodforge Runes, and then they could use various energies to improve its qualities and power. With these runes alone, one's bloodline power would strengthen as one cultivation did.

It was a brilliant method for Beastmen or those like him who've taken the Bloodline of others. Yuan Longshi had used this method to enhance his Mark of Mortal Myth, which was also his Bloodline Source's strength, and strengthen his fleshy body.

From what he saw from Yuan Longshi, he had reached the third level of the Bloodforging Mystic Method, the Bloodforging Battle Armor. At that level, the nurtured Bloodforge Runes would merge with one's entire physique and can be used to amplify one's physical attributes, even amplifying their bloodline powers.

After dressing up entirely, Wei Wuyin calmly asked: "Have everything been prepared?"

Zuhei nodded. He had thoroughly prepared for this, knowing that Wei Wuyin was deeply invested into him. He was given the task of defeating all the other young elites and claiming victory in the upcoming Grand Spirit Trials. Wei Wuyin had even had a set of astral weapons for him personally crafted by the sect's top forgers.

"Good. Let's go." Wei Wuyin's eyes shined with brilliant light, no longer turbid and lacking. It had taken him several months of recovery to recuperate from the damage dealt by that mysterious force. It had infected his body and mind, and even with Kratos and Eden's efforts, it still had slowed down his recovery. He learned the inherent difficulties in recovering one's quintessential blood, physical, and mental energies. It was these energies that were the core of his strength, and when exhausted or expelled, he couldn't simply recover with a few pills and elixirs.

While these helped, he had to carefully recover with gentle efforts and methods. Furthermore, the King of Everlore's legacy or any legacy had never delved into recovering the quintessential energies of the body. Typically, when those energies were expelled or damaged, that meant the person was dead or brain dead. Regardless of whatever activity the body or mind had, they were dead.

But Wei Wuyin was capable of surviving and this was already heaven-defying enough. If it wasn't for Eden and Kratos, he could only fade away. It was horrifying to think about.

During these six months, the events on the outside had grown bigger and bigger, with Junia and the Grand Spirit Trials being lit by the spotlight of the starfield. Besides the San Clan, who remained silent throughout the event, the other four hegemonic powers had all thrown their hats into this challenge. Furthermore, they were arriving to test the mettle of their geniuses.

In a short period of time, an event capable of attracting the attention of any and every force or expert was unintentionally created. Wei Wuyin was startled by this at first, considering how all this stemmed from the Elemental Heaven Pavilion and Alchemist Association's scheming. He felt as if someone had purposely fanned this news to the world.

He knew it wasn't done by the Alchemist Association, especially with the wager on the line. If neither the Myriad Monarch Sect or Alchemist Association claimed victory, then the bet would be nullified. As for getting the Spirit Oath invoked? That was impossible.

While he was confident in Zuhei, he had some doubts. These doubts were due to the small amount of time he had to nurture Zuhei. With less than five years, it simply felt inadequate.

After they left Tuo Bihan's sky palace, they soared on a pegasus on loan, considering Xiao Bai was currently with Xue Yifei on the Bloodforge Continent.

"Master..." Zuhei called out, a question was clearly on his mind.

"Hm?"

"Will you be participating?" Zuhei hesitated for a moment before gathering his courage to directly ask. He knew that Wei Wuyin's combat strength was unprecedentedly high. At the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm, he dominated Yuan Longshi. This was a genius who could fight Qi Lang, a Continental Guardian, and gain an advantage while being at a lower stage.

However, when Wei Wuyin took action, it was nearly embarrassing to watch. Wei Wuyin's every attack dealt severe damage and he seemed to be at an utter ease. When Yuan Longshi attempted to go all out, he was suppressed and killed on the spot. Now, Wei Wuyin was at the Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm, a Sky Ruler!

His strength should've leapt to an extreme. Even with his cultivation base, bloodline, and Slaughter and Battle Intent combined, he felt that fighting Qi Lang would be a challenge. He might be able to gain a temporary advantage, but the cultivation difference wasn't just for show. If Qi Lang summoned his Soul Idol, his Spells would reach untold levels of power. He would have struggled to contest against this.

To him, if Wei Wuyin decided to take action, who could possibly rival him in the younger generation?

Wei Wuyin gave off a slight smile. Originally, he wasn't planning to participate. The Grand Spirit Trials would take an entire year to complete. He had merely eight left to prepare before his Calamity of Hell descended, forcing him to face a crossroad of life and death. He didn't feel the need to do so.

Zuhei was enough.

But after Su Mei's event, he decided to change his mind. A year wouldn't matter. The only issue was that he still had an exhausted Bloodline Source and his sea of consciousness was still recovering from Eden's forceful expulsion. He couldn't undergo Draconification or access his bloodline abilities. While he could still freely use Draconic Force and Void Force, his abilities were still gated.

This was a small disadvantage, but still a disadvantage. Fortunately, he mostly used Ori for general combat and King for killing. Eden and Kratos weren't his primary means of combat. With this, he decided to participate. Even if only to prove to Ori that her powers mattered.

"I will be participating," Wei Wuyin said.

Zuhei was stunned for a moment. He had originally thought Wei Wuyin wasn't going to fight for one reason or another, but he was actually doing so! A scarlet-light glowed within his eyes. It was near tangible battle intent.

Wei Wuyin gave off a wry smile. Zuhei had developed Battle Intent, so his personality was definitely competitive. Perhaps in normal settings due to the status and placement he had in his heart, Zuhei would never ask for a spar, but if it was an official contest, then he could unleash his strength without hesitation.

Indeed, Zuhei was hoping in his heart of hearts to fight Wei Wuyin. When Wei Wuyin had recruited him, he had steeled himself to be his claws and fangs, but if the claws and fangs aren't more powerful than the body, then why have them? He wanted to prove his worth to Wei Wuyin.

They soon arrived at the first level of the Extreme Monarch Mountain, the Myriad Void Gate's platform. There were numerous young elites waiting and ready, all of them were in the Astral Core Realm, and under the age of three hundred. Not all of them were Myriad Monarch Sect disciples, a few were standing by with their patriarchs, matriarchs, or masters.

These were the geniuses that belonged to the subordinate forces on the Myriad Yore Continent, the geniuses developed by high-level clans and experts at the Astral Core Realm. While these clans weren't at the level of the five hegemonies, many of them had Fourth Stage Astral Core Realm experts at their head.

These figures were of considerable renown. After all, they belonged to the top one percentile of experts amongst the entire starfield. When Wei Wuyin and Zuhei arrived, there were numerous of these experts

and disciples who looked his way. A few Sky Nobles and Heavenly Kings had calm gazes, clearly holding a competitive spirit ignited.

Two young women noticed and soared towards them.

Su Mei and Hong Chunhua had already been waiting for them, but when Su Mei revealed herself before Zuhei, his eyes went wide with shock. Su Mei was flying without any astral force! Sky Ruler! His heart shook in surprise.

Wei Wuyin wasn't as shocked as Zuhei. He was a little concerned. Su Mei's cultivation base had immediately improved a few months after his ascension, allowing her to reach the Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Sky Ruler Phase. Furthermore, she developed a strange characteristic that other cultivators didn't normally have after ascending.

He didn't know if it was her cultivation talents fully manifesting, but her ability to absorb and thoroughly refine Alchemical Products had skyrocketed to an insane level! While it wasn't at the same level as his Astral Souls, she increased her cultivation speed by at least twenty times. What originally took her twenty months required one. This was a supremely high rate!

It was as if her meridians and dantian had upgraded by several levels. But when he inspected her meridians and dantian, he found no irregularities. They were simply more efficient than others.

"Lord Wei," Su Mei called out as she landed. Wei Wuyin nodded. The four of them waited for the top characters to finally arrive.

Chapter 273 - 270: Difference In Eras

Wei Wuyin was a high-profile figure, and despite the tension with the other Sky Nobles and Heavenly Kings, the elders and seniors knew of his importance. He was a future Alchemic Emperor with at least a thousand years of premium life. With this, he will be the father of many talents and experts in the coming future, likely establishing an era for himself.

The word 'likely' was used because of the Princess of Everlore. In their thoughts, Wei Wuyin had potential, but potential wasn't a certainty. There was once a thirteen year old Alchemic Lord two hundred years ago, and he was regarded as an exceptional talent in the Dao of Alchemy. There were numerous individuals who believed he would become an Alchemic Emperor within a hundred years, becoming the youngest Alchemic King. But when he faced seventh-grade products, the gate to becoming an Alchemic King, he failed. Even today, he resided in the Alchemist Association, and was merely a high-level Alchemic Lord

In two hundred years, he was unable to leap out of the river and into the dragon's gate. He remained a lowly carp struggling against the currents.

While the Spatial Spirit Pill was evidence of Wei Wuyin's talent, it wasn't a certainty in terms of how long he'll truly take to reach the level to concoct it without consuming the vital energies of the planet to reinforce himself. To them, they thoroughly believed the news released by Tuo Bihan, and felt that it was normal. However, that method couldn't be used otherwise the planet would decline.

There were a few seniors who walked forward and introduced themselves, and these few shameless seniors led to more individuals talking to him in a cordial manner. Wei Wuyin was an adequate

conversationalist, so he met them head-on. They were excited to see his response, which soon led to him being swarmed with seniors.

Zuhei, Su Mei, and Hong Chunhua were soon forced to retreat while Wei Wuyin was surrounded by these renowned experts. They exchanged pleasantries and jokes, the atmosphere soon became quite lively.

In this group of young elites, Long Chen was there. His eyes were gazing at the crowd of old farts chatting with Wei Wuyin. He shook his head, "Shameless." These elite experts were trying to form a relationship with Wei Wuyin, putting on a mask of friendly warmth. They merely wanted to seek benefits.

"They may be shameless, but it isn't necessarily bad." Within the ring, Wu Yu emotionally said.

"Not bad?" Long Chen was stunned. These old foxes were maneuvering the favor of a junior, disposing of their dignified aura and lofty status for a chance at benefits. To him, they seemed like attention-seeking servants wanting to be the first to wipe Wei Wuyin's ass.

Wu Yu sighed, "You don't understand how difficult cultivation is. While your path has been fraught with difficulties, challenges, and battles of life and death, cultivation itself is fundamentally different than those things. Those things you experience were brought about by cultivation, they aren't cultivation. Cultivation is peaceful, quiet, and time-consuming."

Long Chen was baffled. He didn't feel that was the case at all, and this was the first time he disagreed with Wu Yu on a matter of cultivation. How could he justify their actions?

Wu Yu felt Long Chen's doubt and went silent. It was hard to tell a talented youth that hadn't lived forty years yet but reached a level that those in his surroundings took nearly ten times as long to reach about the truth of cultivation. To them, their cultivation was rapid and unprecedented and they felt that they had the aura of a true elite, expert, or master.

In the end, he tried: "When I was young, I was considered relatively talented amongst my generation. In fact, I was peerless. I dominated seniors and masters in my era five times my age. I cultivated daily, trained to my limits, and fought to pursue the vast Martial Dao. But when the King of Everlore emerged, his servants that were a tenth my age could kill me with a finger."

"What?!" Long Chen's heart shook. He couldn't believe it.

Wu Yu continued: "Fortunately, I was lucky enough to befriend him. He helped me with resources that I've never seen or heard of before, allowing me to reach limits beyond my talent. If I was left alone, I would've died never having become a Realm Lord. In fact, I might not even have the qualifications to survive all my tribulations. Me, alongside six others, had gained his favor and changed their destinies.

"With our talent, we used what he offered to the utmost limit. We touched levels unheard of, godly powers we've never even dreamed about. We could shatter continents, create continents, nurture planets, establish realms of our own, and soar through the Dark Void freely. But we didn't have to fight for this, we peacefully cultivated to that level with his presence. It was only after he left did we use our strength for..."

He stopped speaking, but the meaning was clear. The King of Everlore's era was a peaceful era that covered the essence of cultivation. There was no plunder, claiming of territories, or battles to the death. Everyone was focused on purely cultivating in this peaceful era, and while deaths occurred, tragedies happened, they never defined the era.

Unlike the Myriad Monarch Sect's Imperial Heaven Era. They trounced the other forces beneath their feet, killing mercilessly and dominating all creation.

Or the Divine King Han Xei's prejudiced eradication of those of the Dragon Lineage. Those eras weren't about cultivation, but about other things. They were the exact inverse of the King of Everlore's era.

Seeing those seniors and top-tier characters of the current era smile warmly and speak with friendliness to a junior wasn't a disgrace in his eyes. If he had to, he would've done the same. In fact...he was...

Long Chen clenched his fists. After learning that Wei Wuyin had successfully concocted a ninth-grade alchemical product and could be considered as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, he felt endless frustration in his heart.

"I'll reach your level without his help," Long Chen declared in his heart. If it was anyone else, perhaps he would be willing to befriend them, but not Wei Wuyin.

"Everything alright?" A soft, gentle voice asked beside him. Long Chen snapped out of his emotions, turning to see an impeccably beautiful countenance before him. Those sapphire-like eyes were like the wells of calm, luring one's emotions to inevitably settle. This young woman was Lian Yu, and her aura had changed.

She was no longer at the Qi Condensation Realm, but had ascended to the Astral Core Realm. In terms of talent, she had ample amount. While she was often overshadowed by Long Tingyu, Qing Qiumu, and Na Xinyi, she wasn't to be underestimated.

She was participating in the Grand Spirit Trials alongside Long Chen, Qing Qiumu, and one other. It was Long Tingyu!

She wore a veil that covered the lower-half of her face completely, only revealing her charmingly lustrous eyes, thin eyebrows, and flawless porcelain-like skin. Just from those clear, violet-colored eyes one could tell she was a heart-crushing beauty.

She was no longer a child, possessing the body of a well-endowed young woman. Her perky, full breasts seemed carved from soft stone, and her hips and slim waist that were mouthwatering. Attached to which was a well-firm and bouncy ass that left one gaze unable to be pulled away with every movement. Her long black hair was pure and glistening from the ambient light.

She was a beauty through and through. And her talent was not lacking, her cultivation base was also at the Astral Core Realm. As she stood there, she seemed like an alluring demon that could attract the attention of the masses.

Xiang Ling was also there, and she was clearly distracted. Her eyes were focused on Wei Wuyin's direction, a hint of glaze within. It was as if she was recalling rather intense memories.

Long Chen gently smiled, "Yeah." He unclenched his fist. Regardless of what, Wei Wuyin was still just an alchemist. Even Wu Yu had said that the Dao of Alchemy was too time-consuming, and the cultivation base of the King of Everlore had never been superior to those he nurtured. In the future, he'll exceed the Astral Core Realm and become a true expert with his own efforts. At that time, Wei Wuyin would only be able to look up to him.

"Master?" Long Tingyu called out, her voice was like music to the ears. Those pure eyes were fixated on her master, her expression completely different from her normal calm, alluring, or focused ones she usually had.

Xiang Ling was still in her stupor. It was only when Long Tingyu tugged at her sleeve did she snap out of her daze, turning towards Long Tingyu. "You said something?"

Long Tingyu had never seen her master out of sorts like this. She traced her original gaze and realized she was staring at Wei Wuyin. Was she thinking of venturing over and making an impression?

"If you want to go over there, do it." If she was still young, she might've been against it, but she no longer had her youthful bias. After all, Wei Wuyin had saved her life. If he hadn't intervened that day, she would've been imprisoned even now. However, she didn't know about her master's thoughts and inner desires.

Xiang Ling blushed slightly, "It's fine."

Confused, Long Tingyu looked at her master. Just as she opened her mouth about to throw an inquiry out there, the sky above parted and three figures descended!

As they did, most of everyone looked upwards to see the four figures! They were all Grand Imperial Sages, and their cultivation and status was matchless! The Extreme Demon Mountain's Grand Imperial Sage Yao Zhen, Extreme War Mountain's Grand Imperial Sage Ji Changkong, and Extreme Origin Mountain's Grand Imperial Sage Qin Rui!

Their auras were astonishing and impressive, and when they descended, they became the focus. As for Zen, she remained on the Myriad Monarch Planet, and Tuo Bihan was already on Junia. This will certainly be a spectacular event, and with so many top-tier experts watching, this was an exceptional opportunity for those participating. If they had a good showing and displayed their potential, they might be selected as a disciple or receive personalized nurturing.

In their hearts, they were already fired up.

When Ji Changkong landed, he swept his gaze across everyone. They all had respectful expressions and hints of reverence in their eyes. "We're leaving." His words were synchronized with the activation of the Myriad Void Gate.

While it activated, Wei Wuyin's eyes looked towards Long Chen's group. He hadn't looked over for Long Chen, but he felt two sets of familiar gazes on him. He saw Qing Qiumu who was revealing a slight smile and gave off a little inconspicuous wave of greeting. He smiled back.

The other belonged to Xiang Ling, her curvy figure and full lips were immediately noticed. His eyes lit up slightly. That brilliance within was noticed by her, and like a shy schoolgirl, she waved with a pink blush. Wei Wuyin laughed in his heart. She was quite cute. It had been more than a year, no?

There was still a day left before the trial...

As this thought entered his mind, the Void Portal finished forming and led to Junia. Ji Changkong immediately ordered: "Everyone enter!"

Long Chen clenched his fist. He intended to claim victory in this trial. It wasn't just based on cultivation base, but talent and potential. It was fair for all cultivations, so he would truly soar and reveal his blinding brilliance.

Chapter 274 - 271: Grand Spirit Trials

The Grand Spirit Trials rules had changed slightly. While the year-long run was still in effect, the difficulty and competitive field had been increased. With Junia remaining the venue, the area it was held was expanded accordingly. No longer was it limited to simply a portion of the planet, but the entire planet.

Furthermore, more star beasts had been purchased and obtained from the Golden Coin Pavilion, further increasing the diversity of obstacles within the trials. While the planet had been reinforced by various arrays and formations to facilitate the increase in participants and regulation of rules. With all the young elites from the majority of the starfield participating, this led to a stricter set of rules.

The Grand Spirit Trials consisted of three trials. The first trial was named the Trial of Beasts. The participants will be randomly thrown into areas of the planet, while star beasts of varying levels were released. During this trial, battles among participants were disallowed, but not from teaming up against stronger star beasts. The objective was to capture star beasts, not kill.

This amplified the difficulty by a thousand-fold.

The second trial was the Trial of Light. It was, in the simplest description, a scavenger hunt. All participants would be sent to obtain specific items, gathering enough to earn sufficient points to enter the next trial but to do so required one proving they possessed the ability to claim that item through various methods and means.

This trial was the elimination trial. Before the rebranding of the trial, only the top 128 within the Myriad Monarch Sect's elites would pass this trial. After the addition of the starfield's elite youths, this had been expanded to 2,048. Then, the next trial would begin.

This trial was fairly straightforward and dealt with direct combat prowess. It was a tournament-style trial, divided into three stages that incorporated four levels. These four levels were the Sea Arena, Sky Arena, Soul Arena, and Grand Arena.

Due to the intricate nature of this tournament, the division was necessary as cultivation level differences were immense. Even if formations were placed to suppress a cultivator's innate power to an equivalent level as their opponent, their astral force quantity was enough to devastate opponents who were of equivalent talent but lower cultivation base. For the sake of fairness, these four arenas were decided on and could be freely entered by any qualified participant.

In the Sea Arena, only those at the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the World Sea Phase, were allowed to participate. This was the lowest stage but it was still fair and offered those at this stage to claim first place amongst all participants. This depended on the points earned in earlier stages, however.

In the Sky Arena, the only those at the Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Sky Ruler Phase, and below are capable of participating. If those at the World Sea Phase believed their strength was sufficient, they could select this arena. If they did, they would earn more points based on their overall placements within.

The Soul Arena was the same, with the maximum cultivation being the Third Stage, the Soul Idol Phase. If those of lower cultivation wished to participate, they could, with the first stage earning even more points depending on their placements.

The Grand Arena was for the top-tier elites among elites and all stages were allowed to select it. With the first two trials not necessarily relying on combat strength to claim a lead, those of peak strength could enter this arena in hopes of overturning their score and claiming first.

Of course, the overall winner might not include those who exceeded their strength, as placements and victories were important, including what was earned in the first two trials. With these three carefully decided upon trials, only the true talent could claim victory. Those who had exquisite abilities and an understanding of their limits and strength.

To add, while there were ways to ensure one's safety in the trial, your life was not guaranteed. Death could occur if one wasn't careful. This warning was explained in the announcement and swirled throughout the starfield in the six months since the Grand Spirit Trials Establishment.

The atmosphere was blazing with tension and intent. With the gathering of talents, the world was about to experience an electrifying and gripping show that would have them at the edge of their seats!

Wei Wuyin and the others, including the Grand Imperial Sages, entered the Void Portal and arrived in Junia. They were greeted by numerous figures in colorful attires and invigorated discussion. But as these figures noticed them, they slowly quieted down and looked their way.

The Myriad Monarch Sect young elites had arrived in full force alongside their powerhouses! They were all waiting for this moment. A formless pressure formed as all these eyes of varying cultivation bases were shifted to their direction.

But Wei Wuyin was unbothered. In truth, his interest had been snatched away. He realized that they were currently standing on a platform that lifted them to the edges of the sky layer. It was about the equivalent of the eighth-level of the Extreme Mountain's height. This platform had a glossy and translucent look.

It was similar to the platform from six months ago where they met the Alchemist Association and the Elemental Heaven Pavilion, but it was higher and far, far wider. With a quick sweep of his spiritual sense to their edges, he found that it encased the entire planet. Furthermore, it was constantly moving at the fringes of the sky layer.

This was an advanced version, and it seemed it contained far more features than just this. He could sense spiritual fluctuations at the bottom of the platform, and it seemed these spiritual fluctuations carried the signature energies of transmission. *'Encasing the entire planet? Was the Myriad Monarch Sect broadcasting the entire event to the starfield?'*

He hadn't delved into too much detail regarding this event, but he knew that there would be locations across the starfield that would receive live footage of the trials. Tracing the transmissions, he found that they led to the ninth layer and into unique pagodas. These pagodas were things he was familiar with. They were called Spirit Pagodas and they amplified and directed spells with the coordinated efforts of various experts.

There were eighteen pagodas at central locations spread throughout the planet. Each pagoda had at least a hundred Astral Core Realm experts acting as directors. They were likely in charge of certain areas, focusing on certain events and ignoring others so as to transmit the most exciting portions to the audience. If the entire event was broadcasted in its entirety, due to the sheer venue used, the long and lengthy period of the trials, it would be filled with countless inactive spots and dead air.

He had to applaud the effort.

Ji Changkong took the initiative with a sharp momentum, "All participants of the event, you have one hour to prepare. Then, the first trial, the Trial of Beasts, will begin!" He was succinct. The tokens for those to participate had long since been distributed and bought for, and the deadline for arrival will end in one hour exactly.

The numerous figures that looked towards them were the participants, their renowned seniors, and leaders of various forces. They were all treated equally, being housed in the same location. Most hosts would prepare special towers or locations for unique guests, but the Myriad Monarch Sect had done away with all that etiquette.

But that didn't mean they disallowed these experts from preparing their own abodes to watch the year-long event in comfort. For example, the Demonic Abyss Mountain's members and elders were surrounded by a thousand meter-sized violet sphere that was filled with demonic energies. Regardless if it was their youths or elders, they were concealed within.

The Elemental Heaven Pavilion had their own tower. It was no less in height than the Demonic Abyss Mountain's sphere and was shrouded by elemental mist. The Sacred Light Palace had a Sky Palace, clearly mobile. It emitted faint light energies that were slightly blinding and gave off a holy, noble, and grand aura.

As for the Myriad Monarch Sect, they had prepared their own abode in the shape of a pagoda. It looked similar to the Myriad Creation Dao Palace, but it was completely black and contained an imposing air that left one's heart feeling unfathomable pressure.

None of these hegemony could be underestimated. Each of their foundations had been built on the legacy of Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivators. The treasures they had were numerous and diverse. The other experts paled in comparison. Some of them had to utilize their ability of Creation to produce their own residents, forcefully sustaining it with astral force of themselves or their companions.

It was quite a difference.

Ji Changkong merely made this announcement, and the Grand Imperial Sages took action. They, and the young elites, had flashed into the pagoda. The youths who were feeling incredible pressure from the gazes of others were relieved, the sweat on their backs and foreheads clear.

This was just the beginning of the competition, but they could already feel the anticipation and tense atmosphere. It wasn't that their mentality was fragile and weak, but the scope of their competition had never reached this level.

Qin Rui swiveled on her heel to face the young elites. Despite her face being concealed, one could see the serious air she emitted. "You all know the rules of the trials, but I'll go over it once more. I'll answer any question you have now, so be sure to ask if you have them. Otherwise...it'll be too late."

Wei Wuyin realized it wasn't just the others taking this seriously, but even the Grand Imperial Sages were tense. This was a matter regarding their faces and reputation. This was their trial, with the home-field advantage, and the thought of losing was like a guillotine bearing down on their necks.

Chapter 275 - 272: Trial Of Beasts, Trial Of Light

Qin Rui's words were met with silence. But this silence was good. Everyone approached this trial with a genuine earnest mindset. While they had likely poured over the rules ceaselessly for the past few months since its official announcement, they wouldn't mind receiving a refresher course.

Their determination and readied expressions were met with a satisfying smile of Qin Rui that was as gorgeous as the moonlit sky. Unfortunately, only Wei Wuyin was capable of witnessing this scene. While this scene went unseen by the majority, Qin Rui explained:

"In the Grand Spirit Trials, there is only one winner. This winner will be determined by the one with the most amount of Spirit Points earned at the end of all three trials. In each trial, you'll be given the opportunity to earn Spirit Points. Furthermore, you'll even be allowed to steal Spirit Points from others. Of course, you'll have to bet your life." Qin Rui's words were sharp, filled with a momentum that stepped on the hearts of everyone present. While her words were simply explaining the basic rules, it caused many of them to quiver slightly.

Wei Wuyin felt her spiritual strength pervading her words. It seemed she wanted to ensure that her every word was etched into the minds and spirits of everyone present. He glanced to his left and noticed that some of these elites were trembling.

As she went on, she explained all the details of the event. Firstly, at the beginning of the trials, everyone started from zero and no one had an advantage. Furthermore, numerous rules made the event incredibly fair for those for all cultivation bases. This was likely the most intricate and delicate detail about the trials, balancing the disproportionate cultivation bases of everyone.

These rules of balance didn't factor in age gaps, only cultivation levels.

In the first trial, Trial of Beasts, the objective was to capture star beasts. Even the weakest star beast was capable of exhibiting strengths or abilities that can rival World Sea Phase experts, but the star beasts weren't limited to simply that.

Each star beast was marked with stars of four colors: Grey, White, Silver, and Gold. From lowest to highest, each star beast had varying levels of strength. Grey Starred Beasts were the lowest, equivalent to the World Sea Phase in an attribute or abilities.

White is equivalent to Sky Ruler Phase cultivators; Silver is equivalent to Soul Idol cultivators; Gold is equivalent to Spatial Resonance cultivators. This was determined by the Star Beasts' attributes, such as agility, strength, defense, or innate abilities.

For the sake of fairness, if one was a Sky Ruler, then they could not capture Grey Starred Beasts. They can only capture white and higher. This was true as one's cultivation base increased. And the Star Points earned varied as well. Those with a higher cultivation base had it more difficult than those of lower cultivation, but they were generally several times stronger.

If we take a World Sea participant, they earn:

Grey Starred Beasts: 1 Star Point.

White Starred Beasts: 5 Star Points.

Silver Starred Beasts: 50 Star Points.

Gold Starred Beasts: 1,000 Star Points.

Sky Ruler Participant:

White Starred Beasts: 1 Point.

Silver Beasts: 10 Points.

Gold Starred Beasts: 500 Points.

Soul Idol Participant:

Silver Starred Beasts: 5 Points.

Gold Starred Beasts: 250 Points.

Spatial Resonance Participant:

Gold Starred Beasts: 25 Points.

To add, killing any Star Beasts caused an equivalent amount of points to be deducted from one's score. Adding insult to injury, captured beasts had to be held until the end of the trial to count, and must be within your immediate vicinity while subdued. This increased the difficulty to insane levels, and it barely evened out the difference in cultivation levels.

For example, a Sky Ruler might find keeping hold of two Soul Idol-level Star Beasts far more difficult than a Soul Idol doing the same. Only those with exceptional talent were capable of doing so, which highlighted their potential and means. As for how one went about this subduing and capturing, this was fully left up to them to decide.

Just this trial alone allowed everyone to realize how difficult it would be. The trial would last for five months, and fighting others were disallowed, but disturbing the capture attempts or sabotaging wasn't beneath anyone. As for those at the Spatial Resonance Phase, no one thought that those at this level

would be at a disadvantage. In fact, they would be the greatest threat despite the no-fighting rule. Spatial Arts were formless, mysterious, and strange.

According to the sect, a majority of the beasts deployed on the field have spiritual formations placed on them. Unless antagonized they would remain docile and their hostile nature suppressed. But if they are provoked or attacked, they will flare up like raging monsters of slaughter that killed everything in their sights. If you're in their path, you must pray your life is hardy enough to see another day.

That was just the majority. There were a few beasts that acted against any and everything, even other beasts that have been captured. This meant these roaming beasts might cause your captured beast to die or escape. These frustrating circumstances forced one to be prepared for anything.

Qin Rui didn't just explain the first trial, but the second one as well. The Trial of Light was different from the first, allowing battles between cultivators of equal level, challenges from cultivators of a lower level, and tested one's strength, intelligence, and skills.

At this stage, Junia will be littered with ten thousand locations. These locations will be obscure and hard to find, the entire world will be encompassed by a Spiritual Sense suppression formation as well, and each location contains Spirit Points. This ranged from 1 to 1,000 Spirit Points, with the difficulties scaling based on the amount.

Each location contained a trial, and these trials were usually in the form of a sealing formation, combat array, or mystifying tests. There were two types of locations, fixed locations, and varied locations. Varied Locations had Spirit Points that scaled or decreased based on cultivation level. Overcoming the location's trial with a lower cultivation base gave greater Spirit Points.

Fixed Locations gave a fixed amount of Spirit Points regardless of who completed them. Of course, with the number of locations being tremendously low when compared to participants, this trial also enabled the act of challenge. A cultivator can challenge another to a battle, the winner would claim all the other's points. Furthermore, there was no protection in this trial, meaning one must concede or die.

This challenge isn't a two-sided agreement. A participant can simply attack another directly without any prior notice, and if they kill or force the other to concede, then they claim the points they earned. Wei Wuyin felt this was where the true contest was, because it was an open-field challenge, so others could run or perform guerrilla tactics.

There weren't any rules against teaming up against others or interfering in a fight. The only rule was that higher leveled cultivators can not deliberately act against those of a lower cultivation base. This didn't go both ways, so sneak attacks were incredibly likely against the careless. But if the lower leveled cultivator acted first, then the higher leveled cultivator could kill freely.

Understanding the limits of one's own strength and their opponent was of the utmost importance.

As for the last trial, Qin Rui simply said: "Survive the first two, then you'll naturally learn more about the last trial."

At the end of this explanation, the time for preparation had ended. Wei Wuyin looked at the talisman in his hand. It was a jade tablet the size of his palm that contained a unique formation with spatial energies. According to them, this was their token for participation and their only means of protection. If

they were in lethal danger, near-death, or cornered, they could send their astral force within and it'll activate.

In a split second, they'll be sent away to safety. Furthermore, a Spirit Light would be left in the location they departed. It would contain all their Spirit Points which can be claimed by anyone who found it. However, it only worked in the first two trials.

He couldn't help but feel that this trial took too much time to complete. The first two trials were four months each, which felt far too long in his heart. *'I'll just find a decent location and concoct some products and cultivate until the first trial is nearly done.'* His thoughts and plan were fairly simplistic: Steal.

Wasn't that what Inheritors of Sin were destined to do?

Shoom!

A spatial light soon engulfed each participant holding a jade tablet. It seemed the trial was about to begin.

Wei Wuyin hadn't noticed, but in the corner was Long Chen. His eyes were sharp and fierce, containing a baleful light in its depths as it reflected Wei Wuyin's figure.

Long Chen hadn't expected Wei Wuyin to participate given his status and importance, but his heart was pounding with excitement and anticipation. This was his chance. He recalled a particular moment on the Myriad Yore Continent. It was the time he challenged Wei Wuyin. While it has been five years and not three, the Grand Spirit Trials was the perfect platform to settle this.

'I'll defeat you here.'

While Long Chen's thoughts were on Wei Wuyin, numerous young male elites sought to eliminate him for various reasons, especially the most elite genius from the Huangfu Clan. To them, whether it was envy, jealousy, grudge, or simply an innate dislike towards him, they would attack without hesitation.

Chapter 276 - 273: G.S.T, Zuhei

"The Grand Spirit Trials BEGINS NOW! To all participants: Good Luck and SURVIVE!" A voice explosively echoed throughout the world, kicking off the start of the trials. The sound waves of this voice washed over the entire planet while various formations linked with spatial energies were activated, settled within certain areas. Randomly, all participants were sent off, their bodies shrouded by indiscernible comets as they shot into the planet's surface.

It was a grand sight for those who were spectating, with a scene similar to a meteor storm striking the planet.

The Grand Spirit Trials was unlike any competition in the last millennia, with the four hegemony participating and including their nurtured elite geniuses. A clash of talent, resources, and luck was bound to begin, with the likelihood that various geniuses will fall today. This caused the blood of these youths to burn, wishing to establish their mark in the history books and claim their names as the victor amongst all the youths of the starfield.

While the San Clan was excluded from this competition, by choice it seems, those in the know were aware of their fruitless nepotistic practices that caused their pool of talent to be narrow and fragile. Despite the overabundance of resources gathered by the starfield's forces and offered as tributes, their desire to keep their bloodline pure and defined had led to the decline of their talents.

It was merely due to their two invincible Realmlords that their positions as the leader of the starfield remained uncontested today. If this situation changed...

Before long, all the geniuses had landed. The trial had truly begun.

Woosh!

Boosh!!

A comet of spatial energies crashed in a forest within Junia, located on the western hemisphere of the planet. The surroundings were rich and lush, filled with tall trees, vines, and shuttling noises. The whistle of the wind instilled a natural ambiance alongside a scent of uncertainty.

The slender figure within the comet was slowly revealed as the spatial energies started to dissipate. A male, a beastman, with scarlet eyes and bare feet was standing tall. His long silver hair was styled in a rope-braided ponytail that reached his ankles, and two lockets of hair hung before his forehead on both sides. His pale face and its features were beautiful, like a silver moon that hung within the night sky.

It was merely his scarlet eyes that caused a difference, containing a calm yet feral light.

Zuhei calmly let out a breath.

Swish!

His slender figure was immediately overtaken by a large, burly figure seven times his stature. A shadow was overcast and before a movement could be made, a pair of hair, muscular arms were lifted and crushed towards his head. A grunting roar followed, primal and vicious.

BOOM!

The two arms landed on his figure. The ground quaked, and the location he stood shattered and the earth fragmented into shards and bits. Those arms belonged to a large primate. It had black hair and feral eyes, seemingly mad and filled with profound violence. It was an ape that stood over fifteen meters in height and seemed like a small mountain. Despite its size, its speed was swift.

"Fuck. I can't even take a look without being attacked?" A calm, slightly annoyed voice resounded beneath the burly arms of the ape. The dust soon settled. Zuhei stood calmly with his two arms pushed upwards as if holding the sky, but within his arms were two sets of powerful arms.

The ape seemed mad. It roared with a ferocity that exceeded anything an intelligent creature could unleash. Zuhei frowned, his eyes lifted slightly as he regarded this star beast that had attacked him without provocation. Its strength was not little, capable of crushing an ordinary Sky Ruler beneath its muscles with relative ease.

"A Black-Earth Ape?" Zuhei recognized the beast. It was a Black-Earth Ape, a creature with its bloodline unlocked. It had a physical strength that could rival ordinary Soul Idol experts. Furthermore, it could harness unique earth-attributed bloodline abilities.

At the center of this ape's brow was a unique silver-colored star that was brilliantly bright. It was a mark that could not be ignored.

"If a World Sea youth had met you, wouldn't you have ended their life without warning? This trial is interesting." Zuhei smiled, but this smile was filled with a savagery that could cause untold nightmares for children. His gorgeous looks distorted by the unfathomably dense killing intent and vicious light within those scarlet eyes of his.

Even the Black-Earth Ape flinched. But as if humiliated by its momentary feeling of fear, it raged and lifted its arms. Without hesitation, it smashed again. And again. And again. The force crushed the surrounding earth and created a crater of at least a hundred meters. Considering this was a planet, not a continental flat earth, this feat was exceptional.

After dozens of smashes, the Black-Earth Ape grew exhausted. Despite its innate strength, every full-powered blow exhausted an immense amount of physical energies, which translated to a loss of stamina. Simply these attacks had caused its breath to become short. However, a blissful smile of relaxation emerged on its expression as if lifted its arms and turned away. Furthermore, its body shrunk to five meters.

Clearly, its titanic size had been a bloodline ability unique to it, increasing its physical attributes by a considerable degree.

From the crater, "You're quite careless, aren't you?" Steps echoed as Zuhei walked out, his robes untouched and not a single speck of dirt was on it. He seemed entirely uninjured and unaffected. The ape still, slowly turning its head in shock.

"Since I formed my Soul Idol, I've been wondering how strong my physical body had reached. Unfortunately, you're unable to harm it. Too bad." Zuhei finally left the crater.

The formation of the Soul Idol was accompanied by the ceaseless refinement and improvement of one's spiritual energies. Spiritual energies were the combination of physical, mental, and essence energies, so an improvement from it meant those three energies had been greatly improved.

At this stage of cultivation, the foundations of the Astral Core Realm was being established, and it was related to these four energy types. With all these energies combined, including spiritual energies, Astral Force was produced.

With his Soul Idol formed and his cultivation advanced, even his body had received an unnatural increase that was abnormal. With Wei Wuyin's support, he had reached heights that were only told about in past legends.

"Let's see if your body can withstand my full strength," Zuhei's bad habits were clearly awakening as he challenged the Black-Earth Ape. It roared in response. In the face of any challenge, it would never retreat. Furthermore, how could it?

It grew three times its size, reaching fifteen meters and seemed like a small, black mountain. Now that Zuhei could clearly see its transformation, he noted that it was summoning forth immense bloodline energies to execute this transformation. Its physical energies were improved, expanded, and reinforced. This was the reason its strength could reach ordinary Soul Idols. Without it, it might be merely as strong as a Sky Ruler in terms of overall strength.

Zuhei's scarlet eyes effused Slaughter and Battle Intent. He lowered his body, like a wolf ready to pounce. As he did, his heart pounded fiercely as his Astral Soul reacted. His mouth revealed sharp canine teeth and a row of pearly white. Behind Zuhei's back, a nine-hundred meter spiritual image formed. It was vague and distinct, nearly ethereal and transparent, but it contained savagery that overtook the world.

The image formed a silver wolf with scarlet eyes. It was stepping on a flowing river of sanguine blood and emitted an intense and bloodthirsty light from its eyes. Its aura was unyielding and vicious as it stepped upon the river, as if it was its god! Surrounding it were nine thick white rings that exuded abundant spiritual strength.

This was Zuhei's Soul Idol! A Silver Wolf, Fenrir! It was formed by his Astral Soul, formulated by his Astral Soul! The Sirius Soul of Blood Force!

The Black-Earth Ape let out an unexpected shriek, its heart and spirit feeling stifled and suppressed as the image toppled its form and released unfathomable spiritual pressure. It gawked, its battle-ready state crumbling as it gazed upwards with widened eyes. It felt fear.

Zuhei didn't hesitate as he shot forward, his figure like silver lightning that flashed to the ape. His hands were a claw as it swiped forward at the ape's head. It was ruthless and held nothing back. In the matter of a millisecond, the head of the ape had been removed from its neck.

Its head had turned into a gush of brain matter, black hair, white bone, crimson blood, and a sliced set of eyes. Its death was swift. Zuhei landed behind the ape. He looked towards his hand and saw its flawless skin, not a single drop of blood on it. His movements had been so fast that he had been untainted by the bodily fluids of the ape.

Just as he felt satisfied by the kill, his Soul Idol fading away, his heart wanting more as his mouth slightly opened, Slaughter Intent blazing endlessly within, his jade tablet emitted a faint light. He retrieved it out of curiosity and saw the number that was reflected on its surface.

Myriad Monarch Participant.

Soul Idol Cultivation.

Spirit Points: -5.

His left eyelids began to twitch. Right, he can't kill.

"Fuck." He had forgotten. His heart of slaughter and battle was too strong, so he held nothing back in his attack. Unlike his fight with Duke Zhao where he was under explicit orders, he was given no instructions and let loose. His actions had caused the death of the Black-Earth Ape and thus the penalty of his points.

To make up for this, he would have to capture an additional beast of that level. "Fuck it all. Anyways, it doesn't matter this round. The true trial is the next one." Indeed, this round was just an accumulation of points, but the next round allowed challenges and plundering of other points. Why would he bother himself with this round?

Thud! Boosh!

Just as he was about to walk off, ignoring the large collapsing body behind him, his jade tablet lit once more.

Myriad Monarch Participant.

Soul Idol Cultivation.

Spirit Points: -5.

Qualification for Next Round: Not Met.

He was taken aback by the sudden additional line. Did that mean he needed to have a positive score to move on? This wasn't mentioned before. When his thoughts reached this point, he audibly groaned with a rather loud 'fuck'. It made sense, but he disliked it nevertheless. He shrugged off his discontent, not willing to be a child about these matters.

He spread out his spiritual sense and felt immediately impeded by a powerful force. Frowning, he realized there was a formation in effect that suppressed the spiritual senses of others. This meant finding beasts would be fairly difficult and rely on both luck and effort. Fortunately, while it was suppressed, he could still observe the surrounding hundred miles.

He carelessly picked a random location and departed like a vanishing shadow.

What Zuhei hadn't realized was that the killing of beasts was not simply an act of his. To survive, holding back was difficult, and running away from stronger beasts was nearly impossible. Therefore, these participants would fight and kill to preserve their lives, leaving them with a negative score. If one overestimated their strength, provoking a beast stronger than them, they could only cry and depart early.

Either to the yellow springs or back home.

The first trial might seem irrelevant on the outside, but it was also an elimination round. With a limited amount of beasts available throughout the planet and a long four-month term, the battles will be fierce and heated. Panic soon settled in the hearts of many.

They realized...

This trial wasn't so simple.

Chapter 277 - 274: G.S.T, Su Mei

Su Mei descended onto Junia enshrouded by spatial energies. She landed in an area of rich grass and a crystal clear lake. It emanated rich water energies that reminded her of the Muu Lake within the Myriad Yore Continent. This area was quite suitable for water cultivators.

When she arrived, she wasn't met with any beast or the sight of anyone. Therefore, she quietly inspected the lake and her own reflection. Seeing her face caused her eyes to brighten. She recalled when she was merely a little girl from a small village, unable to lift a finger in protest when selected and taken away from her family.

Now, she was a Sky Ruler. Her cultivation base joined the ranks of millions in a world of tens of trillions. It felt like a dream. She squatted, touching the surface of the lake with her delicate fingers. The flow of water flowed calmly along, and she felt a sense of peace. Within this flow, she saw the image of a bright-eyed, strong figure that smiled back at her.

An irresistible smile formed on her lips. Taking a deep breath, she closed her eyes and felt the world. "I won't fall behind." Her thoughts contained unshakable conviction and vigorous intensity. And her cultivation base proved her will.

The sounds of ruffling resounded nearby. A tall set of bushes on the other side of the lake were in constant movement. Her eyes opened as she stood up, her hands on her saber. But she halted her intent, slowly releasing her saber and allowing Darklight Force flash between her fingertips.

As this trial penalized killing, she should rely on suppression and non-lethal methods. As for her Saber, it was for claiming lives.

The ruffling of the bush soon revealed the figure of a young elven girl with long black hair. She looked as if she was nineteen or twenty, with a naturally gorgeous appearance. While it wasn't top-tier, it was sufficient to gain a lot of attention. Her eyes were bright and curious, a trace of vigilance within. Su Mei saw her, her perception noting her cultivation level and attire. She belonged to the Sacred Light Palace and her cultivation was equal to her own.

The young girl also saw her, her eyes scanning Su Mei. But unlike the members of the Myriad Monarch Sect, she sported her own jet-black battle armor that emitted faint dark light. It was tight-fitting, accentuating her curves and revealing her strong physique without losing mobility. She seemed like an independent cultivator or someone from a lesser force. In truth, she wasn't a part of the Myriad Monarch Sect in any capacity, serving Wei Wuyin and Wei Wuyin only.

This echoed true for Zuhei as well. His status as a member of the sect had been revoked upon his crippling, and he was no longer a part of the Myriad Monarch Sect's hierarchy. He, like her, was simply representing Wei Wuyin who stood with the Myriad Monarch Sect. Their win would translate to his win which meant the sect's win.

As Su Mei was about to leave, the young girl called out. "Big Sister! Wait!" Despite Su Mei's cultivation level, she had ascended late, so while she was around Wei Wuyin's age, she, like Wei Wuyin, looked to be in her early twenties. This gave her a strong and stable appearance that only highlighted her looks. But this was usually indicative of her innate energies waning.

While she could change her facial age with alchemical products, since Wei Wuyin hadn't done it, she certainly would not resort to it. She halted her steps.

The young girl took this as a good sign and flew forward. Her manner of flight was graceful and practiced, like a young immortal fairy. When she descended, she revealed a smile and asked: "Big Sister, it's fate that we've met! My name's Fu Linhua. How about we team up?" Fu Linhua's was direct, but her

tone held a wisp of superiority within. This might've been intentional, but the keen of hearing could quickly capture it.

Su Mei inspected Fu Linhua. She contemplated for a moment, and then she directly turned around and left. "No." Her actions and words were incredibly blunt, ignoring Fu Linhua and moving forward on her own. Su Mei wasn't an anti-social woman nor someone beyond teaming up, but she knew that the Sacred Light Palace had attempted to assassinate Wei Wuyin. If it wasn't for the rules of the Trial of Beasts, she would've already attacked with lethal intent.

Therefore, she declined and left.

Fu Linhua stood there, shocked by Su Mei's actions. For a moment she was completely stunned and unable to accept this. She was from the Sacred Light Palace. To receive this treatment felt like an affront to her dignity. If it wasn't for the rules of the trial, she would've directly removed Su Mei's head from her shoulders.

How dare a lowly cultivator without any status decline her? A baleful light emerged in her eyes. Her killing intent was ignited and she was set in her heart to deliver revenge.

But, something unexpected happened. Su Mei had returned. When she did, she said: "You're right. We should team-up. There's a Grey Starred Beast up ahead. We should be able to capture it together." Her words caused Fu Linhua to pause for a moment before she gloated internally. Sensing a creature at the same level, and she immediately returned to ask for help?

These lowly cultivators that weren't nurtured by the four hegemonic forces were truly pathetic. But she'll be benevolent and allow Su Mei to experience the height of true elitism. After, she'll give her a talisman that she could track in the second trial. Then, she'll let her know about her true strength.

She put on a gleeful smile, "I knew you'd come back! Let's go!" With a hop, she flew into the air.

Su Mei nodded, taking to the skies and flying in the direction she came from. Fu Linhua remained calm, but as she saw how unpracticed Su Mei was within the skies, she sneered in her heart. From Su Mei's appearance, she felt that she had to be approaching nearly three hundred years yet she barely reached the Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm. How pathetic!

While this could be referred to as a talent in the overall scheme of things, before these true elites, she was far too lacking.

"It's here." Su Mei's voice sounded, prompting Fu Linhua to lift her eyes and notice a blue scaled serpent that was coiled into a bundle, clearly asleep and dormant. She couldn't tell the beast's type, and with the suppression of spiritual sense, she couldn't gauge its bloodline intensity well. Furthermore, she didn't dare do an intrusive search.

If this was a Grey Starred Beast, it would be easier to launch a surprise attack and prepare formations and arrays while it slept. Su Mei seemed unbothered, directly pressing forth. Fu Linhua nearly screamed at Su Mei for her recklessness. It was true that lower leveled cultivators were idiots!

Su Mei stopped, turning towards her and directly asked with a raised brow, "Are you scared?"

Fu Linhua felt stifled and stunned. She? Scared? She suppressed her rage to retort and mustered up her courage. Right, a little cultivator like this wasn't scared of this beast, so why should she? She landed beside Su Mei and walked forward with confident steps.

Su Mei saw this and nodded as if she respected her decision, following along as they approached. The serpent's size was thick and tall. Despite being coiled up, it reached twenty meters in height and the thickness of its body was about five meters. Its scales glistened with a luster that mesmerized. There seemed to be potent water energies flowing within its body. Its head was hidden, so discerning its strength based on its star was difficult.

Just as the two arrived about ten meters from the serpent's, Su Mei turned to Fu Linhua and smiled. "Let's set up a multitude of Spiritual Formations, to trap, suppress, and attack." Unlike arrays that utilized external materials, Spiritual Formations were purely constructed by a cultivator's power. Su Mei started to quietly mobilize her spiritual force.

Fu Linhua winced slightly as Su Mei started to mobilize her spiritual force, but seeing the serpent remaining undisturbed. She calmed her heart and started to do the same. Her spiritual force was utilized to set a formation beside the serpent. Her confidence soared as she reached completion of about twenty percent.

Then, Su Mei halted and dashed forward. Without any warning, she used her astral force and palmed the serpent. Its scales bent and its flesh exploded. Her palm contained considerable strength. Fu Linhua was startled, but before she could react, Su Mei had vanished. It seemed she had melded with the ambient light of the world, disappearing from physical senses.

Fu Linhua was thoroughly confused. Her brain lagged as an unfathomable chilly pressure descended upon her body. She shuddered, her eyes moving from Su Mei to the revealed head of the serpent. It was a python, its triangular head bore a colorful star. She could barely move as she noted the color.

Her eyes became needlepoints as her flowing blood stilled. The pressure released was stifling, as if standing before a monstrous god.

"G...Gol...GOLD!" She shrieked. Her mind was exploding with shock and fear. "AHHHH!!!" Her astral force tried to exert its strength, barely using her robust foundation by this era standards to break free and try to fly away. Her flight lacked any hint of grace, but the serpent cared not. With a casual receding of its neck, its lower and upper jaws separated revealing pink flesh.

Woosh!

It snapped forward.

The still screaming sounds had become muffled before a crushing and agonizing cry erupted and gradually faded. A slight booming sound later, and serenity was resumed. The serpent looked around, swallowing its meal. After several seconds of finding no one else, it resumed its quiet rest.

A few miles away, Su Mei's form seemingly materialized. Her eyes were cold. That moment of baleful intent from Fu Linhua was the moment her death was decided. It wasn't as if she didn't have any means. She picked a random direction and vanished.

In the Sacred Light Palace, there was a group of elves watching Fu Linhua, and their eyes were red, their mouth gaped, and their hearts filled with shock. They had just watched the most talented descendant of their clan in three hundred years be consumed and killed by the schemes of another.

"That bitch! I'LL KILL HER!" An elven man with facial features similar to Fu Linhua exclaimed. His eyes were the reddest and filled with profound regret and blazing anger.

However, his anger and regret did him little. From the beginning of the Grand Spirit Trials, it was stated: Be warned; your life is not guaranteed.

Chapter 278 - 275: G.S.T, Qing Qiumu

Unprecedented! Explosive! Life-Ending!

The first hour of the Grand Spirit Trials brought about an unexpected series of events that stunned the crowd, both above the planet and those watching at select locations. What many had thought was going to be a challenge against top-tier talents was subverted to be a harsh survival scenario with unpredictable endings.

The Trial of Beasts. For years to come, many would shudder at this name. The rules of this trial initially seemed mundane and acceptable, even a little too dragged and unnecessary. Four months was a long period of time after all, yet it revealed its hidden fangs and importance with a frightening eruption.

With the addition of feral creatures that were unrestricted, attacking as they saw fit ranging from the weakest to the strongest, and the elimination based on negative points, the trial's difficulty had risen ten-fold. A few were caught off-guard, their comfy life and smooth cultivation path were interrupted by spontaneous lethal danger, and they lost their life. These were talented youths that had exceptional futures in this era to enter the true experts of the world.

Not one of these individuals lacked the potential to enter the Third Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Soul Idol Phase. With this cultivation, they could rule continental flat earths or sections or planets, and even establish their own force and slowly develop their names throughout the starfield. They would live in incomparable luxury while being showered in immense praise and looked upon with eyes suffused with reverence. Alas...

The only saving grace the audience had was the lack of combat between participants, the restrictions set on the event, and the lengthy-time for their geniuses to become accustomed to the rules. Some experts lost their disciples of a century or two and felt boundless despair, regret, and pain in their hearts as they watched them lose their lives. Quite a few of them blamed the Myriad Monarch Sect, as expected.

How would this affect one of the five hegemonies of the starfield? It was uncertain, but the death count would definitely rise in the near future. Furthermore, in the second trial, the enmity in this otherwise peaceful era ruled by the San Clan would slowly strengthen. While many wanted the competition to test themselves, prove themselves to others, they long since lost that sense of danger that came with this desired struggle.

Only those who adapt will survive.

In a dense, green forest with trees that tower up to forty meters in height, a young female elf with emerald hair and a gorgeous, sublime countenance slowly absorbed the ambient wood energies that were exceptionally pure and abundant. Her entire body emitted faint green-colored light as she seemed to meld with the trees, becoming an elegant and majestic painting.

Qing Qiumu had arrived on the planet Junia an hour ago. When she did, she wasn't met with an unexpected assault nor others. She was alone, which was typical considering the vast size of planet Junia and the number of participants. Even if the number had reached a hundred thousand, the chances of meeting someone else was too low.

When she found no lifeforms nearby and her spiritual sense was suppressed, she started to cultivate. Junia was renowned for its dense and abundant wood energies within. When she went into secluded cultivation by her ancestor after the execution platform, she was brought here to cultivate. And when she came with Wei Wuyin, they explored a majority of its premium location without restriction.

With Wei Wuyin's status as a Heavenly King and an Alchemic King, he could go anywhere, including areas even her Ancestor couldn't gain entry in. She was quite familiar with this environment. She was also familiar with the rules.

After an hour of non-stop cultivation, she breathed out and the leaves of the trees vibrated in resonance. It was as if they were responding to mother nature, fully accepting and submitting to her presence. Very few knew, but Qing Qiumu was an ungodly talent amongst Wood Cultivators. In fact, she could be considered blessed in every facet of potential.

She had the trifecta for cultivation. Her physique, blood, bone, and organs contained innate Wood Yin Essence within, enriching them with Wood Yin energies from birth. It was this Wood Yin Essence Physique that caused Jiu Lang to capture her and use her as a cultivation resource, extracting her essence blood.

She had Innate Meridians of the Nine Meadows, which meant her meridians were enchanted by the Nine Meadow Intent, which encompassed Wood Intent like the Life Meadow Wood Intent. This allowed her to convert ambient essence and convert them into natural, pure Life Meadow Wood Essence or any of the other eight Essences. On command, she could give birth to nine types of wood energies and even merge them into one with the utmost ease.

Lastly, her sea of consciousness had a naturally forming Violet Forestry Palace of the Psyche, allowing her mental energies to commune with all wood-based lifeforms and comprehend Wood Intents with further ease.

Regardless of who, be it Xiang Ling, her Ancestor, or Qin Rui, they all knew how high her natural talent was. She was the most supreme Wood Cultivator born in this starfield, and there had never been another like her even in the King of Everlore Era. While there have been those with a single one of these aspects, but never all three in one.

In the eyes of those unaware of Long Chen's lineage of the Grand Monarch, they never believed he was a match for her and had even advised her against it directly while attempting to influence her. Her talent was greater than one could possibly imagine.

"There's a beast three hundred miles ahead? Strong? It's coming my way?" Qing Qiumu spoke to the air, but the leaves and trees shook and vibrated as if confirming her words. She slightly nodded and glanced to the east. According to these plant life, there was a beast that was terrifying, at least Silver Star. Her cultivation wasn't impressive amongst the participants, merely reaching the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm. While she was regarded as immensely talented, her combat strength wasn't offensively oriented.

Therefore, she decided to find some Grey Starred Beast and trap them, waiting until the trial to conclude to move forward to the next. Even to her, the first trial wasn't too important. It was the second trial that brought about great danger and conflict. Participants can plunder from each other, points, and life.

"Where are the weakest beasts?" She asked. In several minutes, she soon received a detailed report as the plant life seemed to be interconnected with each other in a fantastical network, capable of communicating with each other. While most were immobile, they were still aware of their surroundings. One couldn't call them intelligent, but they certainly weren't normal.

After all, they contained exceptional levels of wood energies and life force. While they weren't sentient, she could use her Violet Forestry Palace to instill them temporary mental strength that she could later receive and comprehend. Others wouldn't be able to do this without an exquisite spell, but she could do it.

She melded her aura with the ambient wood energies and life, slowly moving towards the west to remain concealed and away from that beast. With this means, she could walk by most individuals in such a wood rich environment and be invisible to senses. If she went further, she'd be able to merge with the bark of trees, a giant leaf, or bushes and thoroughly conceal all traces.

In this environment, she had many avenues of safety.

ROAR!!!

A bestial roar resounded, thunderous and ferocious. It sounded like a lion, fiercely releasing a roar of authority and majesty. Qing Qiumu started, her eyes shifted to the east. The roar originated from there and it was incredibly loud. Her ears hurt somewhat.

"What's happening?" Her mental energies infused with the surrounding plant life and she connected with them, receiving their detailed stories.

CAW!!!

Her eyes widened. From above, it was as if the sun was eclipsed. Her head lifted with a sharp jolt, seeing a dense layer of feathers and a sun-blocking body that soared above. A crow, as black as night, yet as large as a whale, was flapping its wings above. She was deeply shocked, realizing the speed of this crow had surpassed her senses.

She hadn't even noticed its approach.

RUMBLE!!!

Her feet shook. She felt the ground rumble causing her to use her astral force to stabilize herself. An explosive sound erupted, loud enough to sweep hundreds of miles and shaking the hearts of everyone within range. Her heart raced as she saw a protruding shadow in the distance hundreds of miles away. It was becoming larger and larger like a spontaneously created mountain.

A hiss. It was low, but it sent chills down her spine. It came from the mountain. From this mountain, a gold star was at its peak, bright and clear for all to see. Her eyes shrunk to needlepoints. *'Gold Star!'* Her shock was endlessly yet it refused to calm as these beasts started to converge in a certain location with explosive ferocity.

"?!" She felt uncertain and unsafe. Her first instinct was to leave, and that's what she did. She went the opposite direction and left at the swiftest speed she could. As she did, there was a shrill shriek that seemed to originate from a crow. She turned and saw a river of blood shot into the air, but the crow was alive. It twisted its body and revealed on its forehead a gold star.

Her heart wasn't racing anymore. It was leaping and going out of bounds. But fear never overtook her heart, her clarity of thought was still present and she booked it at a faster speed. *'If the crow and serpent are gold star then the other creature must be too! Why are there three here?!'* She couldn't even begin to fathom it.

While there should be feral creatures placed by the Myriad Monarch Sect of this level, should there be three gold star ones without restrictions? Isn't that completely unfair?! Or...were they provoked?! What idiot provoked them!?!?

BOOOOOM!!!

An explosive sound erupted behind her. Her heart jumped as she felt ferocious wind pressure sweep her. Those emerald eyes of hers closed instinctively as an object flew in her path, prompting her to halt and shield herself in a ward of wood force. A horrifyingly explosive impact of an object meeting ground resounded, and her feet left the ground as a huge depression formed directly before her.

If that object had hit her at its speed, her body would've exploded into bits and pieces, turning into mush.

The crashing object had created a crater of a deep depth directly before her. Before she could escape, look inside, or turn back to inspect others, three sounds resounded that sent her heart into overdrive. If it wasn't for her strong heart reinforced by Wood Yin Energies, she might've died from a heart attack.

ROAR!!!

CAW!!!

HISS!!!

The sounds of the sky being flown through, the ground stomped by a powerful body, and the slithering quakes of a large creature resounded. And they were getting closer!

'They...oh no!' She realized they were after the object. Without hesitation, she turned away and tried to run. As for melding with the environment, that was useless. Every action of theirs could topple

mountains, even on a planet like Junia. She would be standing waiting for death, but her speed wasn't fast enough.

They were here.

Surrounded by three creatures, her eyes widened. A flash of fear finally flickered within.

"Urgh..." A groan sounded. This prompted the three beasts that arrived to linger, not taking immediate action as they observed the crater like curious creatures. But the vigilance in their gazes betrayed their fear.

Qing Qiumu turned her eyes to the crater. A hand clutched to edges, pulling itself up. A face revealed itself, covering in dirt and dust. But a set of eyes that were unmistakable were clear!

Silver!

"Damnit Kratos! Rein in your pride, okay? So bothersome." The voice was casual, berating someone or something. When the unearthly handsome face finally revealed itself, Qing Qiumu's heart once more moved, but not with fear or shock. Those silver eyes soon swept the surroundings, meeting her.

"Qing Qiumu?" The question was followed by a brief leap that caused the beasts lingering about to flinch, their auras, and bloodline pressures exerting itself. They were ready to fight, to kill!

"Hey!" Wei Wuyin's bright smile completely overtook all else.

Chapter 279 - 276: G.S.T, Kratos

An hour back.

Wei Wuyin, like the others, had been transported into Junia at random. When he landed, he swept his spiritual sense around and noticed a few beasts nearby. Unlike the others, he had a Spiritual Sense supported by four Astral Souls, and refined and enhanced mental, physical, and essence energies that produced stellar spiritual energies. With this, he could easily view thousands of miles with ease.

The suppressive formation might as well not exist. While he was gated to a certain extent in terms of distance, he had never utilized his spiritual sense to the maximum. If he did, he'd be forced to view an entire continent or hemisphere of a planet in their entirety. The information was simply too much.

He didn't have the patience of a Continental Guardian.

Therefore, he used the range that was within his comfort levels, gathering what he normally would. He noted several dozen beasts nearby. But their strength was lacking compared to him, so he felt unwilling to waste time. "I'll need to set up a formation to prevent surveillance by the planetary platform spiritual transmission formations." Making note of this, he looked for a location where he could set up a temporary base of production. He could concoct a few products while he waited out the four months.

Since the bizarre incident with Su Mei's tribulation, he had focused on recovery. The quintessence of his mental and physical energies, his sea of consciousness and cells, were damaged and exhausted by the fierce expulsion of that mysterious force. This caused him to be unable to properly concoct or even rest as he was met with random bouts of exhaustion and intense pain.

If it wasn't for his skill in alchemy, his road to recovery would've been long and difficult. If it wasn't for Eden stabilizing his sea of consciousness and Kratos stabilizing his cellular structures, he would've long since taken a trip to Hell the natural way. He was grateful, but also curious as to what that force was. Unfortunately, it all disappeared shortly after Su Mei overcame her tribulation and ascended.

Regardless of what it was, when he reached a sufficient level of cultivation, wouldn't answers of things so mystifying and mysterious like this become apparent? Therefore, he didn't waste mental energy questioning it. It was clearly beyond his level.

"And my Mark of Myth is still exhausted." As his Bloodline Source, the Mark of Mortal Myth was the central body of Kratos, but he could feel that it was still drained. Even Kratos had no solution to it, being befuddled by the event. Since he absorbed the Void Crystal and transformed his bloodline, the Dao of Void had changed his path. Even common Bloodline Source recovery pills were useless to him.

"Perhaps I need true dragon essence blood and void energy to recover..." When he thought about this, his left eyelids began to twitch. True Dragon Essence Blood was unfathomably rare, and while he could use life force to refine a drop from their descendants, he still needed access to it. But Anu was his only blood bank, and he had vanished somewhere.

As for Void Energy, he didn't have any clue where to obtain another Spatial Jade Crystal like before. Furthermore, even Kratos couldn't absorb it naturally nor can he refine it from essence. This confused both he and it, unsure how to resolve this issue. He had Void Force, but this force was mostly useless now. He had no practical way to use it without Draconifying nor understood its underlying profundities.

Without a Cultivation Method, he was lost. Even though it had a link to spatial energy, he hadn't touched upon the Spatial Resonance Phase and couldn't interact or refine spatial energies yet. This was a limit of cultivation phases.

While Eden had fully recovered, regaining its full strength and could concoct products, not everyone felt whole.

He could feel Kratos disgruntled unwillingness to become useless. It had the innate pride of a True Dragon, one that believed that there was nowhere it couldn't go to or leave from, nothing it can't conquer. This kept building with each moment. While its Draconic Force was powerful, there were severe limitations without Draconification.

It felt useless.

Wei Wuyin felt its pain. The moment it tapped into its powers, ripping a hole through the void and creating a Void Portal, it had suffered such massive losses. While every discovery has its cost, it had left it feeling vexed. Even the Dao of Alchemy had no clear fixes.

"Found one!" Wei Wuyin had finally found a clear location worthy enough to establish a temporary abode. He started to walk towards the area, his steps were casual and free as he saw the natural and gorgeous sights of Junia. It was quite a beautiful planet with an abundance of plant life.

"..." Wei Wuyin stopped. He looked down at his chest. His eyebrows lifted in curiosity.

Growl!

A low-sounding growl slowly and ominously left his heart. He frowned. "...Kratos?" His voice was laced with confusion.

Growl!

Yet the sound didn't cease. Wei Wuyin's frown deepened. He realized that this draconic growl was the result of Kratos building up its bloodline pressure. "Kratos!" He called, his frown lifting into a shocked expression. He was hasty to grab his heart, realizing what this bastard was trying to do.

"You might be frustrated by the situation, but don't do this! You three, stop him!" He sent orders to the other three to suppress Kratos, but they were silent. He hadn't directly established control of them, so they were currently acting freely. It had been a while since he had to exert his rights as head of household on these four. He had mostly left them to their own devices, and they connected with him freely as needed.

He clenched his jaws, realizing their silence and inaction was their tactful agreement of this event. He helplessly smiled. "Shit!" Before he could do anything else, a formless bloodline pressure erupted from his chest. It was like a tantalizing wave of power that poked and prodded the kings of beasts.

It was like a direct challenge; provocation at its finest!

After this, his three Astral Souls went dormant. Kratos was the only one active, his Draconic and Void Force took the forefront of his cultivation base.

"The majority of beasts don't attack unless provoked. If you do this, you'll scare the weaker ones but..." As if verifying his words, he sensed the surging changes in air currents as the winds shifted. A beast of the sky had ascended, soaring through the skies and altering the currents.

The slight yet rhythmic rumbling of the ground was the encroaching steps of a land beast with a body filled with power. It kept increasing in intensity, obviously approaching closer with every passing second.

Furthermore, the seismic activity of the planet was subtly influenced, clearly the actions of a creature swimming through the earth. Unlike others, he could clearly see their identities and knew of them.

His eyes shifted to the skies towards the west. The winds shifted ceaselessly.

A Three-Eyed Tenebrous Crow. It towered nearly a hundred meters, larger than Xiao Bai, and harnessed various darkness-attributed bloodline abilities that were cast through its eyes. It contained abundant influence on the mind and spirit, making it a difficult creature to deal with. At night, it's said that this particular beast's body could merge with the darkness and become undetectable. It hunted during this time.

His head turned to the south. The sounds of pounding steps grew louder.

A White-Blaze Tiger. It was smaller, about sixty meters in height, but it wasn't any less ferocious. It could ignite its white fur into flames and set the world ablaze with every step or swipe of its paw. It was terrifying in a world of trees. He felt whoever sent this beast here likely ensured it was a rare, suppressed beast that would only be disturbed by an entire group of high-level cultivators. This was the only way to control the damage it could wreak on the planet.

His eyes made its way towards the ground. The trembling of the ground increasing.

A Titanic Mudworm Snake. It was a unique hybrid of an earthworm and a serpent, capable of swimming through the earth. It had a massive body and was renowned for its difficulty to sense attacks and swift retreats. If it wasn't for his spiritual sense, he wouldn't have noticed the seismic irregularity without reaching the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Gravity Emission Phase.

He sighed. Each one of these creatures had attributes that were at the peak of the Soul Idol level, but their unique bloodline abilities sent their strength over the top. It would be advised for Spatial Resonance Phase experts to handle these beasts, their bloodline abilities were mystifying and difficult to handle.

Now that Kratos had essentially provoked them, they raced towards him with the Intent to kill on sight. He couldn't help but bitterly laugh. "Well, here I thought I was going to relax." His words were a wistful dream at this point as the Three-Eyed Tenebrous Crow arrived above him, his three eyes that were like a sea of darkness formed a triangle and released potent darkness power.

His sea of consciousness was already assaulted. It didn't hesitate to strike. His sea of consciousness was being infected by its power, slowly trying to consume his thoughts and sense of self. Just as he was about to interact with Eden to rid himself of this influence, he found himself incapable.

He wasn't slow. Kratos was the only active Astral Soul, and it was clear their intent. He took a deep breath and decided to accommodate. While it was bothersome, he understood its feelings. With the arrival of the White-Blaze Tiger and the revealment of the Titanic Mudworm Snake, he acted.

His spiritual force entered his sea of consciousness and swiftly crushed the darkness power, forming a defensive ward to prevent further infiltration. A startled avian cry resounded above. Wei Wuyin lifted his eyes, a set of silver irises were suffused with draconic force. His physical body was being invigorated to its limits as he kicked off.

In a flash, he was in the sky, his eyes meeting the three eyes of the crow. With a clenched fist, he struck. He lanced towards the skull of the crow, his movements swift like lightning and sharp like a piercing spear.

The crow cawed in shock, shifting its head and moving slightly causing its torso to be slammed. An explosive interaction occurred. The point of contact erupted in a mass of feathers and blood.

Wei Wuyin was about to follow-up, not used to using his fists in this manner, but the crow responded. It swiped its right wing with tremendous force and sent him rocketing into the distance.

He was a saber expert, not someone who fought with his fists. The method to fight with King or Ori was entirely different than with Kratos, causing some discomfort. This discomfort led to a reduction in power. If he had used his saber, this crow's head would've been looped off, its journey to reincarnation would begin its commencement.

Unfortunately!

The Present.

"Hey!" He brightly smiled as he regarded Qing Qiumu. While she was shocked, he was pleasantly surprised. He hadn't expected to see her. How far did he get flung? He didn't sense her before. It couldn't have been too far, right?

His thoughts were somewhat distracted when the White-Blaze Tiger roared. It made its move with rampaging momentum. Wei Wuyin's eyes became sharp, "Let me handle this first." He no longer held back his power, his draconic force exploded with full, unprecedented force!

ROAR!!!!

Within his heart, an Astral Core was faintly discernible. Its size was not four millimeters! No, it was a full centimeter! The amount of astral force was enough to drown worlds! As for the quality of Astral Force within...

For Sky Rulers...

It was at the apex.

Chapter 280 - 277: G.S.T, Audience

With the Grand Spirit Trials underway, the young and talented geniuses of the Tri-Vision Starfield were thrown into a chaotic and ever-changing twister of events. And the spectators who were watching from afar or above were allowed to witness and enjoy it all. The audience that stood on the platform encasing the planet, the masters, elders, and renowned individuals of some status and strength were all present.

While some observed from their own unique abodes, most stood gathered within a massive crowd simultaneously interacting with the various transmission formations. These formations revealed the sight below, allowing them to follow and view the participants. A few had lost their disciples or talented geniuses, as the location they were sent was random.

To locate them, they would have to expend some spiritual force to do so. This meant viewing long-term through this method wasn't practical for many. Thus, ten screens floated above the planet encasing platform that reflected ten individuals chosen to be followed at random. Their experiences and location were fully seen by any who wished to without cost. This was a benefit that only they obtained.

"To think this trial was far more profound and vicious than I originally believed," an old male, a dark-skinned demon with two twisted horns on his forehead, said wistfully. His disciple had been a World Sea elite, one of the weakest, and his brazen vigor and belief of superiority had caused him to lose his life in the first fifteen minutes.

He had provoked a White Starred Beast with overflowing confidence and challenged it to a battle. He was ignorant about the circumstances of this trial, and his battle led two more beasts his way. With him as a central focus of the three beasts, he fought with a ferocity befitting his genius title. But in the end, he had been struck and instantly killed by one of these beasts in a sneak attack.

None of these beasts were feral, unrestrained, and attacking as freely as they wanted. They were all suppressed by formations, they could all see this, but when provoked, they were released from this restraint and attacked with the intent to murder. They were bloodthirsty beasts with violent powers seeking to end their lives. He hadn't died from being unlucky, merely overconfident.

The rules of the Trial of Beasts were fair. The numerous experts and four hegemony wouldn't have sent their elites in if it wasn't. But while luck was inherent in any trial and challenge, the ability to excel within the trial had more to do with intelligence and strategy.

"The Trial of Beasts is merely preparatory. As long as they just use this time to cultivate and not seek out challenges beyond their abilities, they will be able to enter the next trial and face the experts of their cultivation level. Alas..." A slim, white-robed male elf sighed. The words he spoke resonated with the hearts of those present, and they agreed. While the beasts were rather weaker than those of the same power-divide, if one challenged above their strength, this could lead them down an unavoidable path of regret and likely death.

The old demon's thick lips trembled. Centuries of nurturing an elite had been eradicated with a single mistake. His heart was torn asunder and he couldn't help but feel weak in the knees. If it wasn't for his unwillingness to allow those he knew to view him in a pathetic state, he might've kneeled where he was and cried out.

Even worse, he had no one to blame besides himself. The Myriad Monarch Sect? The other hegemons? While merely a few minutes had passed by since its initiation, the dread and despair he felt were not uncommon. The Sacred Light Palace's Fu Clan had seen their most talented junior of their clan be consumed by the schemes of another. That person's father could only howl in his heart and swear revenge.

Qin Rui quietly observed a projected screen in the Myriad Monarch Sect's abode. She was accompanied by the other Grand Imperial Sages, Yao Zhen and Ji Changkong. They were observing their disciples, which was reflected on their own screens. Those who wished could utilize their spiritual force to interact with the formation and create a screen for viewing, this allowed them to let others see. While they could use their own spiritual sense to inspect below, this allowed those beside them to see the events.

Unlike the other youths, the Myriad Monarch Sect disciples were more disciplined and focused. Many of them took to setting up spiritual formations and arrays, establishing a base of operations for retreat or cultivation. This particular move was highly influenced by the various teachings of the Myriad Monarch Sect.

It was a practice deployed when attempting to claim a territory. A headquarters was important because rest and recovery mattered for long-running trials such as this. Furthermore, one could use it as a fortress to lure and keep beasts captured, or an escape route to fend off attackers.

Unlike the others who relied on their personal strength and confidence to push forward, they acted with forethought. This instilled a sense of pride in all the Myriad Monarch Sect's elders and sages.

It's entirely possible they'll form groups, gathering points in a concerted effort. This efficient method could further advance their lead. Most of the Myriad Monarch Sect disciples understood the importance of the gathered and combined strength of a group. It was the basis of factions.

A single individual can only do so much. Of course, this might not be the most optimal path for everyone. This usually meant resigning oneself as a subordinate, attempting to allow another to claim first place, the leader. This will definitely bring about some discomfort in a faction, and most groups will likely only be temporary alliances for a specific goal.

"Shudao has already completed his base. He'll push for capturing beasts and accumulate points soon. Intelligent lad," Ji Changkong commented proudly. Shudao was a hybrid demon, and the direct disciple

of Ji Changkong. On the screen, a male youth with short white hair, triangular grey eyes, and a slim frame was standing in a formation effusing sharp intent.

He had pointed ears and a mystifying air that left one entranced.

"Yao Wei has already subdued his first beast. It seems Shudao is a little slow," Yao Zhen remarked, his eye sockets burned with a violet flame but it effused pride and happiness. Yao Wei was his son, and he was exceptionally talented. He looked like a younger version of Yao Zhen.

While his eyes lacked violet flames, he had a bald head, a dominating physique, and wore a set of jet-black armor. From various portions of his body, curved spikes protruded and gave him a lethal appearance. But with the addition of his bright hazel eyes and chiseled features, he was quite handsome.

In the screen before Yao Zhen, Yao Wei moved with purpose and had already captured a White Starred Beast. As a Sky Ruler, this already placed him on the board with a single point.

Ji Changkong coldly snorted, "Haste isn't good." In his eyes, Shudao had made ample preparations while Yao Wei had casually established a base before leaping to action.

But Yao Zhen merely laughed at this. He didn't even bother responding. They were clearly in opposition, perhaps even had their own bets established.

Qin Rui was silent. She was observing her own disciple, who was also her grandniece. Her situation had been somewhat unlucky as she was transported directly before a Silver Starred Beast. It was feral as well, a similar situation to Zuhei, but her Sky Ruler cultivation base put her at an immediate disadvantage. She was smart and quick-witted, however.

At the moment, she was fleeing and attempting to lose the tail of her pursuer.

They all had a stake in this, and their disciples or family members had known of the risks. As long as they remain flexible, willing to activate their jade tablets to protect their lives, there shouldn't be much danger for them. Still, she couldn't ease her heart so easily.

The three, and the other elders and sages, they were all viewing separate or joint screens. It seemed they all had some investment in this competition. In truth, if they didn't, they would likely remain in the sect and observe from a distance. While they couldn't interfere, it still felt better to be closer to these experts.

At the hour mark, an Earthly General of the Extreme Creation Mountain, and a peak Lord Alchemist, exclaimed loudly. This attracted everyone's attention, many frowning in response. The elder's eyes were wide, his finger stretched and his jaw quaked in mumbles.

"Tha...Wei Wu...He..." His words was nearly gibberish. This caused many to think he saw the death of his descendant or disciple. When the elder turned his head, he looked at the Grand Imperial Sages and the eyes that were looking at him with discontent and confusion. "He...He!"

Yao Zhen lacked patience. His hand moved and the screen before the elder was moved, expanding and in view of everyone present. If he wanted to call forth this much attention, then they could all view his loved ones' corpse or desperate situation. Regardless of which, it was a means to pass time.

But when the screen was enlarged, a phenomenon took place. Everyone present, from elder to sage, from Prime to Imperial, their eyes widened as they saw the scene.

This scene wasn't simply witnessed by them, but by the other four hegemon. Not a single one hadn't spent the entire hour and vast spiritual force to locate those of the utmost importance, and one of them was...Wei Wuyin!

As a Heavenly King, a potential Alchemic Emperor, and one said to have outstanding combat strength, they tasked their men to find him swiftly. They were curious. While there was likely no way for him to die, the truth about him will soon be revealed.

In the Alchemist Association's abode, Qingye Yun was staring at a screen. He wasn't looking at his premium candidate, the expert nurtured with six months of immense effort and wealth, but at a single figure: Wei Wuyin! He hadn't expected the Prince of Everlore himself to throw himself into the ring, but this was an opportunity to scout this man's potential.

Beside him was a lithe figure, veiled by a thin silver cloth, with merely her seven-colored eyes that were as gorgeous and fantastical as a rainbow revealed. She stood beside Qingye Yun, the Grand Association Master with utmost ease and familiarity. Those unconcealed eyes were similarly staring at this figure.

In fact, it wasn't just them. About 90% of all members of the Alchemist Association were observing this screen. For a moment, they had to watch Wei Wuyin idle for an hour or so doing nothing, but the moment an event happened, it shook their hearts and minds!

A collective gasp.

It wasn't just from the Alchemist Association, the Myriad Monarch Sect, but all those who decided to find and view Wei Wuyin, this developing figure and legend in the making.

A delicate voice, soft and melodious, exclaimed with utter shock lacing its tone, "Three!!" Her words only caused the hearts of everyone to clench further. In the flash, Wei Wuyin had been surrounded from three directions and besieged by three Gold Starred Beasts!!

A thought simultaneously entered the minds of everyone: Was the Myriad Monarch Sect deliberately trying to kill him?!

Before they could think further, they lurched as Wei Wuyin attacked the Three-Eyed Tenebrous Crow, and their hearts went into their throats when he was smacked away. The thought of his end had flashed in the minds of everyone present.

"Is he...is he dead?!" The young girl beside Qingye Yun asked. A Gold Starred Beast might not be the physical equivalent of a Spatial Resonance Phase cultivator, but they had abilities that could allow them to battle against those of that level and their actual physical attributes were definitely within the Soul Idol range.

This strike to a Sky Ruler was typically fatal, especially since Wei Wuyin didn't have a protective ward. Did he turn into bloody mush?!

Qingye Yun tried to remain calm, but his fists clenched tightly. "He...he won't die that easily." He said, forcefully speaking to comfort the young girl, or maybe just himself. After all, if Wei Wuyin died, how could he win this bet and take the Alchemist Association to the next level?

But as if a divine existence had answered his hopes, a hand pulled itself out of the crater to reveal an unharmed Wei Wuyin.

°Of course...they would definitely give him high-level Astral Armor.° A breath of relief left his and everyone's chest.

What happened next, however, shocked them in an entirely different way. Qingye Yun's eyes bulged, his breath grew unsteady, and his thoughts grew chaotic. From the screen, the faint outline of an Astral Core could be seen within Wei Wuyin's chest. While the location of an Astral Core can be changed depending on cultivation method, what shocked him wasn't its location, but its size.

Exceptionally Thick!

Unimaginably Big!

Immensely Powerful!

A SINGLE CENTIMETER!

"Impossible!" This wasn't spoken by one person, but a collective shout. Qingye Yun felt his heart pound in disbelief. This shouldn't be possible, right? He had to have seen wrong!

The young girl was confused by the shocked expressions of the powerhouses and elders beside her, as for the youthful spectators, they were confused a little. They didn't understand the shock factor.

"Grandfather, what is it?" The young girl asked. While she was a talented alchemist, she didn't delve much into the aspects of cultivation itself, so her inexperience was clear.

Qingye Yun twisted his head to the side, forcefully tearing his eyes away to meet his great-great-great Granddaughter, Qingye Ying! His lips were somewhat dry as he tried to explain, "Ying'er...what is the general size of an Astral Core...for World Sea experts?"

His question seemed trivial, but she knew this much. "About ten-thousandth of a meter." This was the general size of a World Sea Phase expert upon ascension. Quite a few experts had lesser than this.

Qingye Yun followed up with, "And Sky Rulers?" Those who ascend generally see an increase in size, but this size increase was often attributed to their continued cultivation efforts.

"Half a millimeter?" It was five times the size of a World Sea Phase expert. She said these words with confusion. Why did...size...

Her mind seemingly clicked as she regarded Wei Wuyin's Astral Core outline within his chest. She couldn't get a good sense of its size, but she realized she could tell it was larger than this measurement. "What is his size?"

Qingye Yun inhaled deeply and then exhaled, his eyes still quaking with shock. Others at her cultivation might not be able to gauge the size with a close approximation from an image, but he could! These experts surrounding him could!

"One centimeter."

Qingye Ying's eyes widened. "How is it so BIG?!"