

Chapter 311 - 308: G.S.T, Finally

"A Seven-Ringed Soul Idol! Such a rare talent and potential, where did she come from?!" An avid and attentive viewer of the Grand Spirit Trials exclaimed. These words that were drenched with surprise and excitement echoed continuously throughout the thousands of continents and dozens of planets allowed to view this grand event.

These seniors with knowledge of cultivation and its wonders were incredibly invested in the showing of the younger generation, either for a form of entertainment or curiosity. So when they witnessed the battle between Da Shan and Han Yunxi, many were at the edge of their seats.

Da Shan pressed to advantage with overwhelming momentum. She displayed forceful strength and explosive speed, yet Han Yunxi calmly defended with a seemingly impregnable ward. They howled in excitement as each dash, fist, and twirl occurred. This was especially so as the projections were slowed down considerably for their viewing pleasure.

But when Da Shan was trapped, isolated from the world by a sea of needles that seemed to wish to penetrate her in the most thorough fashion, she unleashed an unfathomable and unexpected power—A Seven-Ringed Soul Idol.

This sent their minds into a whirl and those old foxes nearly foamed at the mouths at this reveal. Some even revealed fanatical displays of excitement.

A SEVEN-RINGED SOUL IDOL!

To emphasize its importance and justify such an exaggerated reaction, it was rumored to the less knowledgeable, but confirmed by those who were well-informed, that to have an iota of a chance to reach the Realm World Phase, one must, I emphasize on the 'must', possess a Seven-Ringed Soul Idol.

Furthermore, they required a Seven-Ripple Spatial Resonance. These two puzzle pieces were absolutely necessary to challenge the Seventh Astral Tribulation and survive. Without it, death was an absolute certainty.

But to return to the most crucial point, the reason why these experts of all walks of life revealed such fanatical interest wasn't simply because of a single Seven-Ringed Soul Idol. No, it was when the possessor of this Soul Idol was hugged tightly and lovingly by Wei Wuyin! The Prince of Everlore himself!

While their relationship wasn't entirely clear, what was...

What was made so abundantly clear...

Was that she had reached the Seven-Ringed Soul Idol.

When Zuhei had revealed his Nine-Ringed Soul Idol, not everyone was watching, and the reveal of which was incredibly brief, hard to accurately determine, and the shock and impossibility of it all forced down their reactions. Most hadn't even mentioned it, finding it repressed by their very own minds. It was a strange oddity.

Nevertheless, it was simply too impossible in their minds. In the entire starfield, the greatest Soul Idol was at the Seven-Ringed state. This achievement belonged solely to Purists who forego all else but their foundation. Even Tuo Bihan, a Purist and Alchemic Emperor, had only reached the Six-Ring Soul Idol.

But Da Shan, who was she?

She was a demonic cultivator. She was a normal disciple. She was ordinary before, unnoticed by everyone, but now she revealed an achievement that even some extreme Purists are unable to accomplish. So...how?

And that is where the excitement, the foam-at-the-mouth excitement originated from! This meant one thing and one thing only...

Wei Wuyin, this Alchemic King who concocted an Eighth-Grade Pill, already had the absolute ability to nurture a cultivator's foundation to rival Purists in a short period! This was a sign! A sign of a new era!!

The mere revelation of this would soon cascade into even more prestige and the hope of cultivators everywhere! If the King of Everlore can turn three untalented cultivators who were his slaves into Star Lords that had the power of a star within them, then even they had hope of touching untold limits! Limits that they had never believed were possible to overcome!

This era might truly be one that rivals or exceeds the King of Everlore's era! Why? Because they didn't just have one Prince of Everlore, but a legitimate successor to the King of Everlore legacy in the Princess of Everlore in the Alchemist Association!

Glorious!

A glorious new era!!

While the world viewing went into an uproar over this reveal, Wei Wuyin simply quietly held Da Shan. He understood every single emotion she felt, perhaps even more and deeper than she did. Like her, he suffered the loss of his family. His mother and father had vanished into the unknown, while his older brother had raised him diligently and with love.

This figure that was undeniably the most important figure in his heart had sacrificed his life for him, for his actions, and shielded him. He ran away as his brother was killed, and all he could do was run. To continue running until his feet brought him to the Scarlet Solaris Sect. His first step to revenge was then and there.

He had committed atrocities unspeakable to fully avenge his brother, and claimed the lives of everyone responsible with his own hands. In those days, there wasn't a moment where his hands weren't drenched in blood.

Unfortunately, his brother didn't come back. His teachings, his embrace, his smile, and the sound of his voice...

They would never come back.

He, too, was lost and felt an indescribable coldness of nothingness within his heart. What else was there after revenge had overtaken everything you are? And so, he found a motivation to live: to enjoy this life that his brother had given everything for. He wanted strength to claim everything he wanted in the world. Whether it is fame, women, wealth, or adventure...

Even today, facing the Calamities of Hell, he sought to strive to do his brother's sacrifice justify by fighting for his survival. Be it Hell or Heaven, he was unwilling to accept his fate or allow anyone to claim his life! This wasn't a life they had the right to claim!

As these thoughts surfaced within his mind, he hugged Da Shan closer. Her hot tears poured onto his chest. He could feel the quivering of her lips, but she stifled her sobbing. Caressing her head softly, he felt her noticeably calm down, much to his relief.

This scene lasted for a while, and while the others hadn't known her story nor felt her emotions, their silence was much appreciated. When Da Shan finally regained some strength, she wiped her reddened eyes, and walked off, standing tall and strong once more. She went towards an isolated area and sat there.

Wei Wuyun let her go. He swept his gaze across everyone and calmly said, "I apologize for the delay. In return for your respect, for any that wishes, I'll provide a single seventh-grade product of your choice after the trial. As long as I can concoct it."

The onlookers were immediately shocked by his words. A seventh-grade product...just like that? Just because they remained silent? Many hadn't spoken for fear of offending Wei Wuyun or simply because they had nothing to say, and now they benefited?

The eyes of many shone with excitement.

Wei Wuyun nodded. He turned towards Zuhei, "You can go."

Zuhei's closed eyes opened slowly. A formless and immeasurable presence was conjured simply by this action. Those scarlet eyes embodied the essence of slaughter and battle will, so when they opened, this essence coalesced into an atmospheric tension that everyone felt within the depths of their hearts.

"Finally."

Crack. Crack.

Zuhei cracked his neck to the side, lifting his body in a leisurely and lazy fashion. With his bare feet, he slowly walked towards the platform with a gait that defined what it meant to be relaxed.

Su Mei watched as Zuhei moved with a little bit of a pout. Since she had made a recent breakthrough in her cultivation, she became slightly competitive. She didn't feel she was inferior to Zuhei, but Zuhei was Lord Wei's claws and fangs. She didn't dare to interfere with Wei Wuyun's plans.

From the beginning, Zuhei was assigned to become the winner of this competition. Wei Wuyun and her participation was mostly due to an impulse after the bet with the Alchemist Association, including a back-up plan in the event of a variable emerging.

If Wei Wuyin hadn't held Zuhei back during the beginning of the Trial of Combat, perhaps this entire trial would've ended already. After all, only Da Shan was the reason for him being put on the sidelines.

When Zuhei stepped onto the platform, his information was cleanly displayed.

Zuhei.

Myriad Monarch Participant.

Soul Idol Cultivation.

Spirit Points: 3,750.

-

of Continuous Victories: 0.

His points caused an uproar amongst the crowd! So much! And as a Soul Idol Cultivator?! This...

An abject sensation of fear emerged in the hearts of most, as they involuntarily gulped a wad of saliva at the implication. To earn so many points, one had to subjugate an incredible number of beasts or overcome numerous high-level trials in the Trial of Light.

"Finally!" Another voice loudly sounded as a figure waltzed onto the stage. When that figure arrived on the stage, their information was similarly revealed like all the others.

Lin Ming.

Elemental Heaven Participant.

Soul Idol Cultivation.

Spirit Points: 3,625.

-

of Continuous Victories: 0.

Chapter 312 - 309: G.S.T, To Be

The spectators instantly went into a clamour, commenting on the extreme amount of points of these two irregular existences at the Soul Idol Phase, and including their origins. While one thing or another was said about them both, they were mostly irrelevant. The upcoming battle made their thoughts irrelevant, and the two that had taken the stage had already entered their own world.

Lin Ming had a faint smile on his handsome face, radiating ungodly levels of self-confidence. Despite his lack of arrogance or superiority in his expression, not a single person could conjure a thought of him suffering a single loss—in anything—as they looked at him.

With those grey eyes that seemed to contain the genesis of all things, he said to Zuhei as he leveled a calm gaze: "I've been waiting for this day."

Zuhei's silver eyebrows lifted up slightly in response, but his eyes emanated a light of intrigue. Unlike Wei Wuyin, he was quite fond of having brief conversations before initiating a slaughter. Thus, his lips arced upwards a little.

Lin Ming met Zuhei's smile with his own, turning his already faint smile into one filled with interest as well. All those months ago, Zuhei and Wei Wuyin had fought with three simple moves that tested their foundation, and during that, Zuhei had revealed his Nine-Ringed Soul Idol. This was a sign of a pinnacle genius of cultivation.

He had thought that this little starfield that was desolate, nearly forgotten by the grander world, was incapable of producing a genius of this level. This was also what his Senior Sister had informed him, telling him of the truth about the environmental conditions and disadvantages this starfield had. Without the support of alchemists, simply the environment alone would make it nearly impossible for a cultivator to exceed the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Spatial Resonance Phase.

This was her assessment and a tested truth that had been present before the King of Everlore had risen to prominence. It was due to his abrupt descent that the cultivation conditions of this world improved greatly, with many using a variety of ways to exceed this starfield's limitations.

Yet Zuhei existed.

Either he was like him, someone who had obtained a legacy of a being beyond the Astral Core Realm, possessed an ungodly degree of natural talent, or found a cache of an ancient alchemist. Regardless of which, Zuhei's existence had intrigued him.

It had never occurred to him that Wei Wuyin was responsible for Zuhei. In fact, he paid little attention to Wei Wuyin. His Senior Sister had long informed him that without an Alchemic Astral Soul, one can never reach the heights of the King of Everlore. In fact, they can't concoct ninth-grade products, limiting them to just beyond the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Realm World Phase.

All the hubbub about Wei Wuyin was simply ignorant pandemonium by the hopeful masses. Only the Princess of Everlore intrigued him, as she was the only one to take the true King of Everlore's mantle. It was also for this reason that he couldn't fathom that Wei Wuyin contributed to Zuhei's Nine-Ringed Soul Idol.

While Wei Wuyin could be considered gifted, he was simply too young. To be exact, even his Senior Sister's judgement of him was as such: A bright, but fleeting star. It'll burn for a bit before fading into obscurity. She had even chuckled at the labeling that he was the so-called Prince of Everlore. He was intrinsically gated to never reach a certain level, so it was all irrelevant in the end.

"So have I," Zuhei finally spoke out. A dialogue had finally been opened. "I actually have a question."

Lin Ming was joyful that they hadn't immediately come to blows, and he could glean a little information about Zuhei beforehand. But he hadn't expected Zuhei to say those words. "Oh? Feel free to ask away."

Zuhei's smile turned into a grin, "Master treats you differently. Why is that?" While he could simply ask Wei Wuyin, his instincts told him that wouldn't get a direct answer. Still, he was quite curious. The way Wei Wuyin looked at Lin Ming was a little different than others. It was with caution alongside a pinch of greedy desire.

"Master?" Lin Ming pouted slightly, "Do you not know how talented you are? Your potential worth? Why make yourself subservient to someone and limit your future?" He didn't answer Zuhei's question. He couldn't even if he wanted to nor did he care about the answer. It could be that Wei Wuyin wanted to recruit him thinking his limited skills in alchemy could drag him over to his side or something else entirely, but it was all irrelevant. He had no intention of entertaining Wei Wuyin like the masses.

Zuhei revealed a smidgen of surprise at Lin Ming's reaction. As if struck by enlightenment, his eyes brightened considerably. The realization dawned on him that Lin Ming considered Wei Wuyin, a under fifty Alchemic King, with little importance. This was legitimately his first time he experienced someone who reacted to Wei Wuyin in such a way.

Even Grand Imperial Sage-level characters danced in his palm, seeking his favor and attention. When Zuhei joined Wei Wuyin, the latter had already established himself for a few years, performing numerous feats and having pervasive connections.

As for his talent?

If it wasn't for Wei Wuyin, he would be a nearly desiccated husk trapped in a cage awaiting inevitable death. Now, he had stepped upon the grand path of cultivation and reached levels of power he hadn't even believed was possible.

Zuhei stared into Lin Ming's eyes. "Potential worth? Talented? Limited future?" He chuckled softly, "I am his claws. I am his fangs. That is my future, and it is and will always be glorious—even in death." Those words were spoken with such conviction that it nearly seemed fanatical.

Everything he was today, even his very life, had been given to him by Wei Wuyin. From being considered as a rabid mutt that took a bite at the system that nurtured him, crippled and condemned to death, he had been reborn into a thoroughbred with extraordinary might.

Lin Ming simply couldn't understand, "So you want to be a slave?"

"I want to be Zuhei," he stated in reply.

Lin Ming was taken aback by that response. He still couldn't quite understand, but he felt a little saddened in his heart. If Zuhei looked beyond this world, beyond that person, perhaps he could enter a grander stage! He inwardly sighed in his heart. Alas, everyone chooses their own paths.

He would trek his path and Zuhei would trek his. There was no need to feel emotional. Therefore, he shifted his mentality and simply considered this as what his Senior Sister wanted him to do—a platform to hone himself. Zuhei seemed to be an excellent whetstone. As for the Grand Spirit Trials? While an eighth-grade product was an item that had unfathomable value to the Tri-Vision Starfield, he didn't consider it much.

Lin Ming withdrew a white spear, grasping it in his right arm as its pointed end was diagonal to the ground. His aura changed, with the multi-colored dot between his brows emitting a faint, nearly indiscernible light. In a blink of an eye, he seemed to have integrated with the natural elements of the world. It was profound and unfathomable. It swept across the platform, suppressing the world it inhabited.

Zuhei felt this aura, finding it quite familiar. "Elemental Origin Intent?" He thought out loud.

Lin Ming was somewhat shocked that Zuhei had recognized this Intent so swiftly, but then he recalled Wei Wuyin. He had somehow used a haphazardly formed Elemental Origin Intent or a pseudo-form of it via a secret art. He was present on that day, so it shouldn't be too difficult to recognize.

Of course, Lin Ming's assessment was thoroughly incorrect due to his ignorance of the Zenith Origin State and how it influences Intent via the world's mana, giving it an extremely elusive feeling that was hard to pinpoint. To put it simply, it was beyond his cultivation and understanding.

When Zuhei felt the Elemental Origin Intent, he too recalled his clash with Wei Wuyin. He was confused. Why were the two Intents so different in terms of suppression? When he faced Wei Wuyin, it was as if an ocean was encapsulating his entirety, wishing to crush his entire existence. As for this Elemental Origin Intent, it felt...weak. Extremely weak.

It was there, but it was like comparing a feather to a brick in terms of impactfulness.

Boosh!

Zuhei explosive released his Intents, unleashing his Battle and Slaughter Intent all at once. It immediately collided with the pervasive Elemental Origin Intent.

Lin Ming's eyes narrowed slightly. Both of Zuhei's Intents were extremely powerful, well-refined, and very compatible with himself. His Elemental Origin Intent had three high-level Intents from the Advanced Elements, each one corresponding with one of the three fragments he obtained from his legacy. They were extremely powerful, but his Elemental Origin Intent was still incomplete.

The clash caused the world to be upturned, with rays of bloody light emerging sporadically, gusts of torrential winds, quaking ground, and erratic temperatures. Those near the platform were immediately buffeted by the intense clash, their expressions grew pale regardless of their cultivation and they hastily retreated.

A challenge had yet to be issued, but a battle of Intent had already begun!

Both Zuhei and Lin Ming no longer continued their conversations, and they both exclaimed!

"I, Lin Ming(Zuhei), Challenge!"

Chapter 313 - 310: G.S.T, Wolf Vs World (1)

The translucent walls erected, shielding the outsiders while simultaneously enclosing the battlefield. A prelude to a grand, marvelous, and spectacular battle had begun. The breathing rate of everyone who witnessed these two figures shout, for some unknown reason, had slowed down. It was as if the world was slowly building up in the empty space of these moments. The proverbial calm before the epic storm.

Lin Ming's spear moved slightly, and with it, the world. A display of Elemental Origin Intent, bending the ambient elemental essences to his will. It allowed one to immerse themselves into the world in the most natural and complete fashion, embodying the world's basic compositional structure.

Earth; Wind; Water; Fire—the four foundational elements signifying the core essences of the physical world.

Metal; Lightning; Wood; Ice; Magma—the five advanced elements signifying the intermixing complexities of the physical world. Its extremes, its fusion, and its flexibility.

These nine elements embodied the world's elements of physical force. While elements such as darkness, light, shadow, and such signified the world's external influences that impact or influence these elements. They were produced by others, their existence reliant on the world's natural forces and entities. Stars, living beings, and such.

Therefore, Lin Ming had seemingly entered a state of Elemental Origin, merging with the genesis and purest state of the world.

Zuhei, however, lifted his lips slightly as his protruding canines were slightly revealed. A savage, feral, vicious, and bloody aura effused from his body, from every single cell within his body, and encapsulated the world in its horrifying pressure. It was as if the apex predator of the world had set its sight on all existence.

The will to clash with, rip, shred, and eviscerate all things in existence was emanated, fiercely engaging the will of the physical world.

This wasn't a preluding clash of just three Intents, but a total of twelve. Each element had an intent, and this intent had been perfectly merged to produce its truest form. That was ten. While the raging force of will that was Battle Intent and the bloody devastation that was Slaughter Intent was two.

Despite this battle of ten vs two, the Battle and Slaughter Intent of Zuhei was unfathomably pure and dense. They were of a higher level than each individual Elemental Intent. When working in cooperation, they weren't the slightest bit inferior.

The clash of intents lasted for merely a second, yet a winner couldn't be determined.

'Dual Intents, of both Battle and Slaughter. He's truly a genius. I'm getting goosebumps! I'm excited!' Lin Ming's thoughts were filled with sincere praise, his own fighting will was prodded into a state of excitement.

'How come his Elemental Origin Intent is so, so, so weak? Master's like a boulder to his pebble...' While Zuhei's thoughts were filled with a trace of confusion and disappointment. When he clashed with Wei Wuyin during their three moves, their first clash had too been Intent, and he had indisputably lost.

And it wasn't even close.

While Wei Wuyin had said he could merge his two Intents to strengthen it, that was a task no less difficult than exceeding the Astral Core Realm. It was far, far harder than forming Elemental Origin Intent. After all, the nine elements originally belonged to Elemental Origin to begin with, but the two Intents of his were fiercely independent.

In truth, Wei Wuyin had used six high-level elemental intents to form that Elemental Origin Intent, including his Zenith Origin State Mana Control to exert that immense pressure. But Lin Ming's Elemental Origin Intent merely had three high-level Intents. The comparison was...

Thus, their clash of Intent was far less intense to Zuhei.

After realizing that neither side was claiming victory over the other's Intent, their actions changed.

BOOM!

Zuhei made the first move. His legs went from a neutral motion to a vicious and speedy dash that broke the sound barrier. The gushing gust buffeted the crystal walls that caused them to tremble slightly. The sheer force of his movement was simply that powerful.

He almost instantly arrived before Lin Ming like a silver shadow. His scarlet eyes emanated intense ferocity that seemed to stem from the most primal force. It released a vibrant spiritual quality. Alongside this, he attacked. With his right hand formed into a claw, it clawed at Lin Ming in a sharp uppercut.

Lin Ming wasn't the run-of-the-mill cultivator. His reactions were exceedingly swift, following Zuhei's explosive movement with his spiritual sense. He took a single step back, shifting almost three meters instantly. With a tightening of his spear, he similarly struck with a ferocious counterattack. He pierced the very air and his white spear seemingly vanished as if it became one with the wind. It aimed for Zuhei's throat.

Zuhei was briefly, very briefly at Lin Ming's quick reaction and even quicker speed, but he too wasn't ordinary. With a shift of his arm, he met the edge of the spear with his claw, intercepting it.

BOOM!

A loud, extremely explosive sound erupted as if wind itself had exploded. The two were sent further back. Both nearly touched the edge of their respective side of the platform. The sheer force of their clash had distorted the platform below.

Zuhei opened his mouth and released a faint growl from his throat. As he did, his body seemed to expand for a moment before decompressing. The scarlet light within his eyes became even more intense.

Lin Ming skidded to a stop, a long line dug a few centimeters into the platform from his legs. The hand that gripped his spear was bloody. The skin of his palm seemed to have been ripped apart. But he clutched his spear even harder as wood energies began to regrow his shredded skin.

They both had extremely solemn expressions with a serious glare. A single clash had caused them to recognize that the other person was exceptionally strong. Similarly, their battle wills were completely ignited at this moment.

WOOSH!

Lin Ming and Zuhei vanished from their positions. When they reappeared at the center of the platform, claw and spear met. The explosive result caused the platform to tremble. Then, they vanished again.

They flitted about like shadows, exhibiting extreme speed exceeding their cultivation level. One was like the rushing and endless wind while the other was like a ferocious predator chasing after its prey. The sonic booms that resounded were without a set pattern yet continuous and numerous.

In the matter of a few dozen seconds, several hundred exchanges had occurred.

BOOOOSH!!!

BOOOOSH!!!

Two figures crushingly smashed down onto the platform, causing this incomparably hard platform made from extremely sturdy material to ripple about like jello. The entire platform deformed, and the faintest sound of surprise resounded. Clearly, it originated from the Fifth Stage Astral Core Realm overseer.

When the dust settled, the two figures were revealed. Zuhei and Lin Ming were looking at each other, but their respective states were somewhat shocking. Lin Ming's upper clothes were entirely shredded, revealing his lean and muscular figure that contained faint scratch marks. This coupled with his handsome appearance could cause numerous females to lose themselves.

Zuhei's clothes, which were constructed from insanely expensive materials, were relatively undamaged. But his hands were bloody, with his sharp nails glinted with a bloody and silver light. His mouth was slightly opened revealing two sharp canines, his nose scrunched up, and eyes revealed an unbelievable sharpness.

Splatter!

With a flourish, all the blood splattered and left his hands. It was as if there was no damage to his hands, no origin of the blood, and his skin felt as new as a newborn.

Lin Ming quietly observed his opponent. This person's physical strength was incredibly high, having the strongest physical body that he'd ever seen. His hands were as durable and sharp as his high-grade Astral Armament. If it wasn't for his body that had been refined by the nine elements including numerous rare treasures, he might've been turned into spaghetti strings already.

Furthermore, his spear wasn't inferior to Qing Qiumu's Nine Meadows Astral Swords. It was called the Origin Spear and was refined by pure Elemental Essence. It was perfectly compatible with his powers.

Zuhei was similarly observing Lin Ming. During their clash, Lin Ming's every movement was as agile as wind, swift as lightning, and flexible like wood. It was extremely difficult to deal with. Moreover, his astral armament was of an high-grade, capable of matching his physical body and blocking his every assault.

This was the strongest opponent he'd faced, aside from Wei Wuyin. A faint trace of uncertainty emerged in his heart, nearly breeding vigilance and fear, but when he thought of Wei Wuyin, that trace instantly vanished. If he compared Wei Wuyin to Lin Ming, in his mind, he would've been severely injured if Wei Wuyin wanted to suppress him with Intent alone.

What was there to fear?!

"Shall we get serious?" Lin Ming spun his spear in an elegant arc as he asked.

Zuhei's ferocious expression revealed a similarly fierce smile, "Let's!"

AHWO!!!

SHOOSH!!!

Behind the two, faint manifestations started to emerge!

Chapter 314 - 311: G.S.T, Wolf Vs World (2)

Lin Ming and Zuhei's spiritual pressure spiked into incredible levels, far beyond the standard of a Soul Idol in this era. Just their previous exchange had left the spectators breathless. Even the slowed down version of their fight was exceedingly difficult to follow, the projection screens continued to ripple with each and every blow.

"Astonishing!" Within the Myriad Monarch Sect's abode, Qin Rui exclaimed in slight disbelief. These two members of the younger generation were exhibiting a level of speed and strength that exceeded their cultivation levels. Each strike was incredibly vicious and lethal. Despite being a Grand Imperial Sage, a figure that stood at the top of the Tri-Vision Starfield, an expert at the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, she was still enthralled by this fight.

Yao Zhen's violet flames flickered wildly, "If I was at their level..."

"You wouldn't last three moves with either of them," Ji Changkong interrupted with a mocking scoff.

Yao Zhen snorted, "Neither would you."

He was the newest Grand Imperial Sage and also the youngest. However, he was an exceptional figure that could be confidently deemed a genius. Yet, before these two youngsters, be it their speed, strength, or Intent, he was considerably lacking. If he was merely comparing himself to Zuhei, he could accept this. After all, Zuhei's personal alchemist was the Prince of Everlore himself. A figure that had seemingly grasped the Myriad Monarch Sect within his palm in a few years.

With a specialized routine of cultivation and alchemical products, how could his foundation not be beyond his own at the same level? But where did this Lin Ming come from?

Witnessing the two Grand Imperial Sages insult each other, the elders remained quiet, but their thoughts weren't too far off. Who was this Lin Ming? Why haven't they heard of him? These questions echoed in the minds of everyone who watched.

The resulting spiritual momentum of these two continued to rise. To them, the only thing that mattered was the opponent before them. The discussions up above? Irrelevant. The questions of others? Irrelevant. Only this moment mattered.

Zuhei's battle will and intent to massacre the world itself emanated from his body, transforming into a tempestuous storm of scarlet and silver. Each beat of his heart induced growth in this storm until it became hundreds of meters tall. Just the presence of this storm caused the crystal walls to distort.

A faint cough could be heard and the crystal walls swiftly regained their stability amidst the intense force.

This violent storm coalesced behind him. It started to take shape. An imposingly domineering figure donned in silver and beneath it was a river of seemingly chaotic crimson. Soon, it was visible to all! A nine hundred meter-sized silver wolf. It seemed to embody a divine quality, a godly apex predator of the highest order!

Its silver hair glistened as if starlight had drenched them in their purest essence. Its scarlet eyes contained the reflection of violence in its truest form, and it walked upon a sanguine river that seemed to act as a royal carpet beneath its feet. From this river were endless howls, snarls, growls, and roars of the canine species. It embodied the savagery of all canine species beneath the heavens!

The Silver Wolf, Fenrir!

Encircling its divine image were nine thick white rings that exuded an unfathomably forceful spiritual strength. Just its presence alone would shatter the spirits of the weak, drag their purest sensation of fear and horror into the forefront of their minds! Its imposing aura was far too much, and the origin of that faint cough had become a tense and audible grunt.

A Nine-Ringed Soul Idol!

Lin Ming's grey eyes became a dazzling white that seemed to embody all colors, containing the origin of the world itself within. He was fearless before this manifestation! Despite its divine quality, its innate imposing nature that seemed to rule over its domain of blood and death, he was completely unafraid. That was because he too had a similar existence at his call!

Behind him, a figure manifested! The world was engulfed in a white mist that shrouded half the platform. This mist was ever-changing, everlasting, and all-encompassing. It seemingly contained worlds within. Soon, this mist gathered behind him to form a sphere!

This sphere was perfect. It seemed to embody the essence of balance, cohesive unity, and the forces of the world. There was no imposing aura emitted, but there was a tinge of gentleness from it.

Furthermore, this sphere was nine hundred meters! Its size rivaled Zuhei's Soul Idol, Fenrir, easily! The two behemoths fully formed! On one side, an apex predator of the highest level! The other, a sphere of the world!

CRASH!

Their auras instantly clashed! The sheer spiritual pressure produced from their collisions induced a crushingly violent sound followed by an explosive storm of silver, crimson, and white. The platform was first affected!

The platform itself started to deform and create wave-like ripples in its hard surface. Its shape and form continuously distorted in a violent manner, and the four diamond pillars started to creak incessantly!

"Wah?!" This hidden expert, this overseer with a cultivation base at the Fifth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, exclaimed in utter horror and surprise. The powerful, forceful collision of these two spiritual auras had started to affect the formations inlaid within the platform. Even his own control of it was loosening!

A wave of endless brown-colored astral force sought to reinforce the platform, but this hasty attempt offered no solution!

In the end...

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

BOOOOSH!!!

Four simultaneous explosions erupted! The thunderous sound was followed by the inevitable and unfortunate deactivation of the crystal wall. When this line of defense was toppled, the spiritual pressure emitted by these two Nine-Ringed Soul Idols immediately descended onto the crowd of elites!

The sudden and abrupt event caused the expressions of all those watching to turn pale in horror! Those that could beat a hasty retreat! Those that couldn't were forced to watch as the tri-colored sea of spiritual strength was about to engulf them whole. With abject fear in their eyes and hearts, they could only await their fate!

"Haaaa..." A heavy sigh echoed in the ears of all those who were paralyzed in their fear. A white-colored ward of spiritual force enshrouded each and everyone of them, protecting them from the crushing spiritual strength.

These individuals were shocked as they seemed to have found an invincible barrier before them. The tsunami of spiritual strength could only be divided by the wards that protected them. A breath of new life was released by these individuals.

"Retreat!" A loud voice resounded through their ears. As if remembering their current situation, they took off in search of safety, trying to separate themselves from Zuhei and Lin Ming's clash. If this was merely a clash of their spiritual strength, what would happen when they truly attacked?! The very thought was absolutely terrifying!

Wei Wuyin and Su Mei floated in the thick of the spiritual strength, remaining largely unaffected.

"He has a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol!" Su Mei's heart was fiercely trembling due to this reveal. She knew the sheer amount of effort, resources, and talent that was required to create a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol. Zuhei had been fed eighth-grade alchemical products, products suitable for middle-phase experts at the Astral Core Realm, just to accomplish this! Furthermore, he refined them in continuous and in high quantities.

She was truly shocked that Lin Ming's spiritual strength wasn't any weaker than Zuhei's. In fact, it seemed to hold a faint advantage!

She turned to Wei Wuyin, who revealed a look of absolute calm. There was not a hint of shock on his unearthly handsome face.

How could there be any? Wei Wuyin knew Lin Ming was likely a Blessed, and this all but confirmed it. To achieve such an accomplishment in this era, one needed a stupendous amount of lucky chances and fortuitous encounters.

He was more shocked by Lin Ming's Soul Idol than his strength. A Soul Idol was a representation of one's Astral Soul. Zuhei had a Sirius Blood Soul. It was a manifestation of his innate bloodline and his foundation. As for Lin Ming's, it was an Elemental Origin Soul!

Furthermore...

It was refined using the foundation of Divine King Han Xei's Divine Element Formation Method! The very same method that he practiced! In a way, his own Astral Soul and Lin Ming's were formed the same way and cultivated to similar limits! In the future, his Soul Idol may very well be the same as Lin Ming's.

As he observed the process, his Celestial Eyes were intensely focused. He felt as if he gleaned something crucial from observing Lin Ming! The bottleneck of the Soul Idol...

As Wei Wuyin was lost in his profound thoughts, the battle between the two resumed!

Zuhei stood imposingly with his nine hundred meter Soul Idol arrogantly looking down on all creation. He felt the immense spiritual strength flood throughout his body, and the spirituality within his eyes blazed with a fierce radiance.

Lin Ming brandished his spear, seemingly having merged with the world in the most complete fashion. His aura might not seem imposing or domineering, but it contained an all-encompassing dominance that seemed to be a way of the natural order.

WOOSH!

WOOSH!

As if under some silent agreement, they both vanished as they raced towards each other! They were both fierce fighters who fought in close-range, so they would certainly engage in their greatest forte!

After several seconds, a delayed explosion erupted from their previous locations as the platform shattered entirely! Bits and pieces of stone-like material erupted in a storm of rubble and destruction! A series of thunderous sonic booms resounded, and the air was continuously pushed away. Even space showed faint signs of rippling!

While their figures were swifter than the eye could follow, their Soul Idols were large and noticeable! Fenrir and the White World violently crashed into each other dozens of times in a fierce and ferocious collision.

In moments, the stage was completely and utterly destroyed!

As for the two?

They were rising higher and higher! The platform was no longer their fighting stage, but the entire planet!!

Chapter 315 - 312: Wolf Vs World (3)

The explosively destructive developments exceeded everyone's expectations. The battle platform that had been constructed with exceptionally sturdy material that even Astral Core Realm experts at the Fourth Stage, Spatial Resonance Phase, would find difficult to so much as dent had been utterly decimated. The debris and torrents of raging wind sent the situation into even more chaos as the elite youth, these star-studded participants, had to duck and dodge with their lives on the line.

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

The continuous eruption of air and power was like a symphony of war.

"Woah!" An elegant figure fluttered in midair, swaying beside another while dodging the rapid and loose debris. The other was a young man, with black hair and black eyes. They were Qing Qiumu and Long Chen. When the unexpected destruction began, they sought each other's combined strength to avoid both the spiritual strength and the speeding debris.

They had fought together during their time in the Myriad Yore Continent for nearly a decade, so their response and combination of forces were extremely well-done.

They soon stabilized themselves hundreds of miles away from the sonic booms that tore the clouds and sundered the forests beneath. Their eyes radiated dense spiritual light as they observed with solemnly astonished expressions.

Qing Qiumu had exclaimed previously. Her heart was shook by this display of insane power. The two fighters had exchanged over three hundred close-range blows, using their Astral Force and physical bodies to clash with their enemies.

"How is this possible?!" Her question that had been held in her heart couldn't help but erupt as she turned to Long Chen. Seeing his facial expression that seemed to don the utmost seriousness, she realized even Long Chen was startled by the battle.

"They're really, really strong." Long Chen's voice was exceptionally low in tone. He had just reached the Sky Ruler Phase, yet this level of power exceeded his limits by a large amount. While he had some trump cards and means to fight both these opponents for a short period, he couldn't calculate a path of victory. This caused his heart to fall into an abyss.

Zuhei was simply Wei Wuyin's dog in his eyes. Su Mei, to him, was of a higher level. If Zuhei was this strong, what about her? He couldn't help but glance around at an attempt to locate that figure that plagued his thoughts, but to no avail. The spiritual strength that circulated within the air made scanning the area an extremely difficult feat.

"Long Chen...how are they fighting for so long? The amount of Astral Force they must be using...it's..." This was the question that her heart carried. Qing Qiumu couldn't conceive how these two were exchanging hundreds of blows in a short period of time. Even if they had a hundred times the amount of Astral Force as an ordinary expert at the Soul Idol Phase, they shouldn't be able to last this long. And if they were only using a small fraction of their power in each blow...

Well, that would be so extremely terrifying.

Long Chen's expression darkened slightly. He took a deep breath and said, "Permanence; their Astral Souls have entered the Zenith Mortal State. Each clash is with their greatest strength, and they're trying to slowly whittle away at their opponent's astral force."

In the average conflict of cultivators, the battle time and number of exchanges were unfathomably low. Oftentimes ending in a few moves, some even ending in one. This had to do with the triple concept of maintaining peak state, fighting with their utmost power, and limited energy reserves.

If in battle you held back a portion of your power, if your opponent used their greatest strength, then it was obvious who had the highest chance of claiming victory. Hence, probing attacks were ultimately eliminated from the battle standard amongst equal stage cultivators.

Of course, this was the norm due to limited energy reserves. Every attack, ward, or spell uses up energy that couldn't be contained, and must use up energy to maintain.

Then, introduce 'permanence' into the equation. If any attack at 100% could be reused for a defense or offense with the same strength, whether the attack missed, blocked an attack, or even if it hit the opponent, then it was an extremely unfair advantage. An attack that doesn't need any additional energy to maintain and can be redirected or reclaimed with most, if not all, of its strength was godly in a world with limited reserves.

But if two people had this ability, then they could fight at the peak state for longer than most, and unless their astral force is obliterated until nothing was left, then the fight would continue indefinitely.

The dawning realization finally struck Qing Qiumu as she understood. Her expression paled. These two had achieved Zenith Mortal State?! Furthermore, they were absolutely terrifying!

Long Chen had also achieved Zenith Mortal State, so he deeply understood this advantage. It was how he overwhelmed and claimed victory against many of his opponents, especially when he was fighting a group of cultivators at the same phase.

Qing Qiumu was struck with a thought, "Why aren't they using spells?" The clash of astral force seemed obvious, but if they were fighting with near equal ability, would using other methods to claim victory be better? After all, Spiritual Spells attacked in different ways than frontal attacks.

Long Chen stared at the increasingly intensifying explosive sonic booms from afar. He waved his hand, grasping the air slightly. The air seemed tense as it bent around his fingers. "They are using spells," Long Chen stated.

Qing Qiumu was startled for a moment as she glanced at Long Chen's finger. Then, her pale expression became even paler, like ash. Is this SPIRITUAL FORCE?! WERE THEY FLOATING IN SPIRITUAL FORCE?! Her heart quaked as she felt unsafe and vulnerable. If this was true, weren't they immersed in their powers? Not to mention, how much spiritual force must they have to achieve this?

Long Chen continued, "Since the very beginning, they're been using Spiritual Spells to attack the other. That...Zuhei's eyes and Lin Ming's eyes, they are releasing endless spiritual light empowered by their vast spiritual strength. The deflected power is seeping into the air and trying to quietly obliterate the other. They are fighting on two fronts." As he explained, he truly felt an appreciation for this fight. He was a cultivator that sought the peak of the Martial Dao, so seeing this degree of competent fighting left him excited.

Qing Qiumu projected a spiritual ward, pushing away the spiritual force lingering in the air. Only then did she feel safe and in control of her own life. The only reason she hadn't sensed the spiritual force was due to the battle. Each clash sent forth chaotic spiritual strength into the air that caused pain and disruption to spiritual sense, making it nearly impossible to project it outwards.

She returned her attention to the battle. The two were rising higher and higher. Sooner or later, they'll reach the platform that surrounds the planet.

"Wh-who's winning?" Qing Qiumu asked, unable to see what was happening clearly. But she knew that Long Chen definitely had the means to sense and observe the fight.

Long Chen's brows furrowed slightly. In an exceptionally serious tone, he replied: "I don't know. If they continue to fight like this, a winner might never be decided."

"..."

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

Not too far away, Su Mei and Wei Wuyin were attentively watching the fight. After he had taken action to save those who were facing death due to the fallout of the fight, he had turned his attention fully onto the ongoing epic battle.

"...He has a Zenith Mortal State Astral Soul." Su Mei was somewhat shocked by this event as reaching this level was an exceptionally difficult feat requiring vast resources and high-level talent. She and Zuhei had reached it due to Wei Wuyin's absurd level of nurturing.

Wei Wuyin's expression was relatively relaxed, not a hint of solemn or seriousness between his brow. In fact, he seemed to be excited by something. Su Mei noticed this and felt there was more to this.

Wei Wuyin felt her gaze and smilingly said, "You might not believe this, but Lin Ming's opportunities and fortune originates from the Divine King Han Xei. Or at least a large portion of it does. Likely, he's a descendant or obtained a legacy left behind from him."

"Wah!" Su Mei was instantly surprised. Divine King Han Xei? That was a figure that rivaled the Grand Monarch! He had obtained the blessing of the King of Everlore, rising to levels beyond the Astral Core Realm! This Lin Ming had obtained his legacy? Or was he a descendant of him?!

Her surprise was to be expected. Wei Wuyin said, "The preserved legacy of Divine King Han Xei produced this figure." He held a proud smile on his face.

Su Mei was still a little shocked, but she couldn't quite understand why Wei Wuyin seemed happy. For a moment, she was lost.

Then it struck.

She understood.

Wei Wuyin nodded, chuckling with joy. If the Divine King Han Xei's legacy produced Lin Ming, then that meant his own means and methods rivaled or very likely exceeded the greatest possible inheritance in the starfield. He hadn't even explored his ninth-grade products yet, and there were some truly heaven-defying products.

For example, a product that can allow a Soul Idol to exceed nine-rings! Truly heaven-defying!

Su Mei smiled, feeling Wei Wuyin's excitement and happiness as if it were her own.

In truth, she hadn't understood the true essence of his excitement. A Blessed's luck might not rival his ability to nurture his own experts. He had a distinct feeling that the Bloodline of Sin contained a hint of animosity towards those Blessed, even seeking to kill and obtain their fortune. He didn't know if there

would be a figure amongst these Blessed that similarly sought his life, his fortune. If he kept training, then as long as he could obtain sufficient strength, he could overcome these obstacles.

As long as he survived the Calamities of Hell...

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

In the Alchemist Association's Abode, they were all gathered and watching the screen shown with intense focus. The battle between Zuhei and Lin Ming felt hopeless in the beginning, as many had assumed that Zuhei would instantly claim victory. But alas, fate seemed to reveal a frightening dark horse!

This was their hope of not paying an outrageously expensive bet, allowing them to take back some of their initiative.

That being said, many felt disheartened. Their genius that had been fully nurtured with all their efforts had lost long ago, but even if he made it to this stage, which one of these figures could he match? This caused many of them to become disheartened.

While Zuhei could be understood. He had the full attention of a King Alchemist and support from an Emperor Alchemist(Tuo Bihan), but Lin Ming? Who was this character? He had just appeared out of thin air and revealed a prowess that exceeded numerous senior experts with ease!

BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

The two clashing figures separated after an explosive collision. They were at the edge of the platform, preventing them from ascending. They both simultaneously looked upwards, then turned to each other.

Zuhei's hands and forearms were drenched in blood. His silver hair was obscenely messy and wild like a feral animal, but his scarlet eyes released endless bloody radiance.

Lin Ming's clothing had been utterly destroyed. He was currently donning conjured white-colored battle armor of his astral force. The battle armor had deep claw marks on its surface that were slowly filling in as it expelled a crimson glow. At the edge of his lips, a line of crimson blood leaked.

Behind them were nine hundred meter sized manifestations of their Soul Idol. They were still as lifelike and powerful as when they were originally summoned.

Both of them returned their gazes to their opponent at the same time. Their eyes emanated a faint flicker of light.

Lin Ming and Zuhei simultaneously said, "One move."

After that, they both nodded.

They both understood that their relative strength was very close, and it made it nearly impossible to successfully breach their opponent's defenses. The damage to Zuhei's arms and hands were extremely superficial while Lin Ming's defensive methods were far too difficult to break. Therefore, they decided to end this with a single move.

It was very likely that one of them might even die.

Or maybe...both of them.

But the outcome will be decided here!

Chapter 316 - 313: Wolf Vs World (4)

The two floated in the air, their auras imposing, and their figures nearly divine. One seemed to embody the essence of the elements, the origin of the physical world; the other embodied the endless carnage of the battlefield. For those below, it was as if two Demi-Gods were clashing in the sky, their will and powers boundless and ever-present.

The both of them had already exchanged hundreds of near-lethal and absolutely vicious blows while simultaneously trying to subjugate the others Spirit, but it led them to a frightful realization: their fighting power were extremely similar. Be it their foundation of their Astral Cores, Intent, or Soul Idol, they were extremely similar.

Furthermore, they had each unlocked the aspect of Permanence. But due to their extremely similar power levels, the act of eliminating the others Astral Force into oblivion was an arduous task. Due to their formidable foundations, they might end up fighting for weeks to months without a victor.

While 'normal' cultivators had exceedingly swift battles, two cultivators of similar strength and the aspect of permanence could be considered at the greatest opposite of that battle spectrum.

The only remaining difference that could ultimately and swiftly decide a victor amongst them was high-level techniques, be it Martial Arts, Astral Arts, or Spiritual Spells. Not the ordinary techniques that could be utilized instantly, those that allowed one's power to be exerted swiftly, easily, and efficiently, but those techniques that required an immense amount of their required forces. They required time, opportunity, and energy.

In their clashes that were extremely rapid, they were unable to bring out these extremely powerful trump cards of theirs. A slight attempt at charging enough energies to unleash these arts would leave an unforgivable opening that the other could capitalize on.

To decide a victor, to defeat the other at their strongest, the two would allow the unleashing of the other's greatest art. This thrilling decision was especially life-threatening to the loser. But they still unanimously agreed to it without hesitation.

Lin Ming's grey eyes had been coated in a white mist that seemed to contain the endless variations of elemental spiritual nature. His surging aura had calmed and the world seemed to grow still. He was clearly reserving his powers, building up for an exceedingly powerful attack.

Zuhei's scarlet eyes emanated bloody light that seemed to contain the feral essence of all canines and savagery of all warriors. The veins on his arms, legs, neck, and forehead were starting to protrude, thrumming of pulsating blood started to sound. Within his body, his heart was beating at nine beats a second. A faint image of mystical runes started to surface on his veins, flowing through them like fishes. It was an exquisite yet odd sight.

These were the Bloodforging Runes forged from the Bloodforge Mystic Method. This method had been Yaun Longshi's legacy, obtained from the Bloodforge Emperor, a friend of Grand Monarch Wu Yu and a character who entered the realm beyond the Astral Core Realm—Mystic Ascendant Realm.

These Bloodforge Runes that had been cultivated had the extraordinary effect of enhancing one's Bloodline Strength, physique, and physical energies. If used by a human, these benefits would merely be on the surface, but when used on a Beastman, its effects were extremely prominent. Their entire cultivation base was located within their hearts, with their most outstanding energy being physical energies.

The Bloodforging Mystic Method had multiple levels, with Yuan Longshi having reached the Third Level, the Bloodforge Battle Armor. Unfortunately, Zuhei had merely entered the first level. Despite that, his most powerful art originated from the Bloodforging Mystic Method! Furthermore, it was a Martial Art, an extremely powerful technique that drew upon one's physical energies, physique, and bloodline powers to the utmost.

As a Cultivation Method created by a Mystic Ascendant, even the complementary arts or spells of it were far greater than those provided by the Myriad Monarch Sect. Perhaps only the Imperial Heaven Qi Method would have arts or spells that rival or exceed it!

Zuhei's entire body started to slightly bulge, his muscles seemingly withstanding an immense amount of energy build-up within. He abruptly expanded an entire size in physical dimensions, becoming a small giant. The Bloodforge Runes were circulating even faster. His breathing was heavy and ferocious, causing even space to ripple from the sheer weight it seemed to possess.

His scarlet eyes were larger than ever, and seemed to have completely transformed into that of a wolf's irises and pupils. His canine teeth seemingly grew larger and razor-sharp as he tapped into the latent bloodline within his heart, the Bloodline of the Silver Wolf, Fenrir!

Wei Wuyin and Su Mei were observing these fierce changes. The former had a slight frown while the latter's eyes widened a little in surprise. The amount of physical pressure that Zuhei was exuding at this moment was astonishing to say the least. Despite being a human, one with barely any concentrated bloodline heritage, she could feel her heart race uncontrollably.

Wei Wuyin, on the other hand, was mostly unaffected. While his Bloodline Source had been exhausted, the inherent quality of his Bloodline belonged to a True Dragon. Furthermore, Kratos stabilized his bloodline and physical body with a strict hand at all moments. Despite that, he narrowed his eyes.

While Zuhei was undergoing drastic physical changes due to evoking the truest power of his bloodline, Lin Ming seemed silent and unchanging. But anyone who thought this would be beyond foolish. Wei Wuyin could perceive nine colors faintly circulating around Lin Ming's body. They represented the elemental essences of the world, of the planet!

'He's gathering and condensing the elemental essences of Junia towards him...' If Zuhei could be said to be drawing upon the vast and domineering potential within himself, then Lin Ming was drawing upon the vast and domineering powers of the world.

They were both making extreme preparation that would usually require an immense amount of time relative to normal battles to perform. While describing these changes might take long, the actual event was merely a few seconds of time in the perceptions of mortals.

These few seconds of preparations came to an end at the same time, as if they had previously come to some time-limit arrangement.

The two looked at each other from midair.

Then, it happened!

「Divine Elemental Way: Strike of the Nine Worlds!」

Lin Ming brandished his Origin Spear, the nine-colored dot at his forehead glowed brilliantly with resplendent radiance. With a step, he transformed into a streak of nine colors that were even more beautiful than a rainbow after a rainy day. The planet, its wind, heat, life, moisture, and essence seemed to be following this nine-colored streak.

It was exceptionally fast. In the blink of an eye, it was already before Zuhei's chest.

「Imperial Bloodforge Way: Roaring Blood, Crushing Spirit!」

AHWO!

Zuhei hadn't even moved or flinched at the extremely fast assault. He merely opened his mouth as a bloody radiance seemed to erupt in the most explosive, the most endless fashion like a deluge of blood-colored world. In less than a blink of an eye, half of the northern hemisphere of Junia became bathed in bloody light.

Including the nine-colored streak of light that was Lin Ming. It faced the densest, darkest, and most forceful portion of the light. Within this bloody light were the ceaseless and ferocious battle cries of ancient warriors, of fallen heroes, of vicious canines, and of screams of agony and despair!!

There was no sound that was unleashed from this collision. It merely lasted a single moment before it ended, like a flash of lightning.

When the light dissipated, two figures floated in midair. Lin Ming and Zuhei, but their original positions had been reversed. Furthermore, they were no longer facing each other. With their backs to each other, they stood still for a long while.

"Gurgle!" A sound of a throat filled with blood resounded. The gushing sounds of endless blood escaped.

It was Zuhei!

He swiftly returned to his original state. Even the bloody radiance within his eyes had vanished, revealing a nearly white-colored haze. Beneath his skin, nine colors were swarming without end. But the most glaring difference of a few moments before and now was the incredibly large gaping hole the size of a basketball in the center of his chest. His spine, and many of his organs, had been completely and utterly eviscerated!

At the edges of the wound, nine colors were streaming in ceaselessly from the world, continuously causing damage to his body! The world was still attacking him somehow!

His hands were twitching without end and his aura was swiftly dissipating. Not just his physical aura or his spiritual aura, but his life aura!

Lin Ming wasn't much better. On the other side, Lin Ming's entire body had been thoroughly skinned, being a picture of flesh and muscle without a trace of skin. His strands of muscle fibers were twitching incessantly and his body dripped with blood. The damage was intensive.

But, the nine-colored dot at his forehead had a faint crack straight down the middle. It seemed to have bore the brunt of the attack, both its physical and spiritual force.

Lin Ming, eyelidless, felt conflicted in his heart. He had survived, but at the cost of one of his life-saving trump cards. While the two didn't have any life-or-death enmity between them, to hold back against an opponent was the same as killing yourself. Neither of them wished to do that. Still, he had never been so close to death before today.

He now understood that there were incredible geniuses in this world, even in a desolate starfield like this one, that could rival and threaten his life. If it wasn't for his Aegis of the Elements, he would've been destroyed in battle and spirit by that frightening attack. His legacy of the Divine King Han Xei...it wasn't invincible.

This experience had thoroughly changed his opinion of this world, and it filled him with immense expectations towards the future. Just as he was about to turn around to see Zuhei, his Aegis of the Elements that had been fractured started to glow once more. He was only able to sense Zuhei's life slipping away before his body was enshrouded in white light.

Zzoom!

He vanished.

"..."

Chapter 317 - 314: G.S.T, I Haven't

"..."

A wave of awe flowed ceaselessly through the hearts of everyone present. They had just bore witness to the reveal of two heavenly geniuses who had developed a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol and had heaven-defying combat strength for their cultivations, yet the ending had left them utterly speechless.

The Myriad Monarch Sect's participant, Beastman Zuhei, had been afflicted by a severely fatal attack that left his chest almost entirely empty, even his heart seemed to have been eviscerated by that attack. As for the dark horse that was Lin Ming, this Elemental Heaven Pavilion participant, he had suffered an incredibly gruesome fate of losing all his surface skin before abruptly vanishing in a flash of white light.

They didn't know if Lin Ming had been sent away or if he had turned into specks of dust by the silver light. It was a befuddling event.

Qing Qiumu covered her mouth with her palms. Her normally gorgeously gentle emerald-colored eyes were revealing horror and shock. While she didn't know Zuhei personally, she knew that he was Wei Wuyin's subordinate. She didn't expect him to meet his end like this.

And she wasn't the only one.

Long Chen's eyes were extremely wide. "He's...dead?" His disbelieving voice was filled with uncertainty. Zuhei could be classified as a genius of an era by his standards, by his current combat prowess, and his future potential. A cultivator that had comprehended two Intent, reached the Zenith Mortal State, manifested a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol, had met his demise at the hands of a similarly outstanding genius.

It didn't feel real.

But as he observed Zuhei's life aura dwindle endlessly while spewing glaringly crimson blood from his lips without end, he couldn't help but accept it. Furthermore, even if Zuhei survived, his heart had been destroyed. He was essentially turned cripple.

"Urgh..." Zuhei soon lost his ability to control his remaining energies and the ambient mana to maintain flight. He started to fall from the sky as streaks of crimson formed from his mouth and chest. His eyes fluttered without end.

'/...lost?' Zuhei's thoughts were slow and felt heavy, as if every word was a chore of immense effort. He felt a pain in his mind as he recalled the previous events. He had unleashed his strongest art—Imperial Bloodforge Way: Roaring Blood, Crushing Spirit—and he lost. This was a bonafide art designed by a Mystic Ascendant that assaulted both the body and spirit in a tyrannical fashion, and one of the preliminary arts of the Bloodforging Mystic Method.

To think that this profound art that could devour entire planets at its strongest had led to his defeat. It was...

...Unexpected.

In the end, he lost. He could feel his consciousness fading, while his body was being invaded by elemental forces and destroying it on a fundamental level. He no longer felt his Astral Soul. Was it all lost just like that?

He couldn't help but recall his past.

He had joined the Myriad Monarch Sect with much effort. At first, he wasn't anything special. He could cultivate a little bit faster than others amongst his lineage, had a bloodline that was a tinge greater, and so he stood out a little. He was excited and happy. He had a loving and beautiful mother, a strong and sturdy father, and a cheerful and naive little brother.

His life wasn't so bad.

While he envied those Sky Nobles and Heavenly Kings, he understood his limitations. He was fated to merely be amongst the five million, and that was enough. Then, his world was turned upside down.

His mother was desired by a Mortal Captain-class Elder. The forceful means and sinister schemes of the elder led to his father challenging this Elder and being crippled as a result. Soon after, his little brother had gone against the rules of the sect and was subsequently executed.

Before he could react, he was left with a raped mother, a crippled father, and a dead little brother. His life...

He went mad.

Mad with unfathomable rage and killing intent.

He sought to become a vicious monster and lay his life on the line for revenge, and he had birthed Battle Intent and Slaughter Intent as he embraced his lineage and killed his way through the sect. In the end, he was foiled and captured, sentenced to die of old age in a jail after being brutally crippled. As a beastman, he had a lifespan far beyond normal humans and would likely spend thousands of years there.

For one hundred and sixty years, he was forced to live in isolation and helplessness. He had given up on living, on revenge, on everything.

Then, he arrived.

His life was changed. He had even claimed his revenge with his own two hands in the end. He had gained unfathomable strength! His future had no longer been left for oblivion, but reclaimed by that person's hands. So, he decided to devote his life and entirety of that future to this individual.

He became his claws.

He became his fangs.

Well, he was...

Feeling the incredibly pervasive cold of death, he couldn't help but see his life flash before his eyes. He had no more family in this world. The only thing he had left in this world was him...just him.

And he couldn't handle a single task! All he had to do was win the Grand Spirit Trials, prove his worth as his claws and fangs! Yet...yet...

His face became wet with more than just blood.

'Please forgive me...Master...'

"Do you think I've given you permission to die?" A voice resounded beside his ears, igniting his fading consciousness a little. He had already lost feeling of his body, otherwise he would've noticed he was held by the very man he sought forgiveness for. Besides the sound of that particular voice, he couldn't perceive anything else around him.

"Su Mei, did I give him permission to die?" Wei Wuyin asked with a trace of genuine confusion in his voice.

Su Mei was floating beside Wei Wuyin with a faint smile on her face, exuding a little bit of warmth as she gazed at Zuhei. She responded, "You haven't, Lord Wei."

Wei Wuyin nodded, "That's right; I haven't." As he said this, he retrieved a man-sized crystal coffin filled with watery paste from his spatial ring. With a wave of his hand, Zuhei was placed inside.

The last thing Zuhei heard before his consciousness faded: "You did far better than I expected. Your purpose isn't finished yet, so rest well. You'll have much work to do after."

After that, the now-sealed crystal coffin was handed to Su Mei who enshrouded it with her astral force. She was very careful as she handled the coffin. When she looked at Zuhei, she saw that the watery paste seemed to be integrating with Zuhei's flesh, regrowing his cells, and rebuilding his foundational structure. Her eyes brightened in wonder for a brief moment.

Wei Wuyin was twirling his fingers as he inspected the elemental forces that had been extracted from Zuhei's body. These elemental forces had been bestowed with spirituality. They had the ability to attract other elemental forces and imbue them with a task. This was why Zuhei was covered in multicolored lights beneath his skin.

It was quite insidious. Fortunately, he had comprehended Elemental Origin Intent, and his was of a higher level than the one within this. To extract it and bring it under his control was literal child's play.

'Lin Ming survived because of that dot on his forehead. It truly is difficult to kill a Blessed. But it didn't seem like a tool or armament. A technique? Someone left it to protect him, and it even has spatial energies and can perform spatial shifting. Beyond the Realm World Phase?' He couldn't help but recall that gorgeously stunning woman he had seen with Lin Ming on the Myriad Yore Continent.

After he realized this, he sighed with a bit of relief. He had felt that Blessed typically had some form of protection, or at least a few did. He wasn't sure if Lin Ming was like Long Chen, with a Grand Monarch Wu Yu-like character protecting him from the shadows, or like Yuan Longshi who relied solely on himself and a situational trump card like the Yang Dragon Soul.

Therefore, he exercised caution and allowed Zuhei to test it out. Who would've thought he could give this Blessed a life-and-death battle with extremely close results. If that's the case, he could kill Lin Ming if presented with an opportunity. Fortunately, he hadn't jumped the gun lest he be hunted by his mysterious guardian.

He sighed again, but this time lamenting how he didn't have an exceptional character standing behind him. While he had plundered Wu Yu from Long Chen, it still wasn't a protective talisman that was entirely his to have nor was it certain that Wu Yu would act unhesitantly for him. He didn't like that uncertainty.

In the end, he could only accept his situation.

As he thought this, he looked at the ravaged world below and the sundered clouds above. "I didn't want to do this, but I guess I'll just end this here. Watch him," Wei Wuyin said.

He slowly descended with all eyes on him. There were even a few that felt sad for him as Su Mei carried a coffin with Zuhei within. To them, he was dead. After his chest was devastated in such a fashion, how could he not be? But how were they to know the wonders of a top-tier eight-grade alchemical paste, Waters of Life. As for being crippled?

Before a talented alchemist, did that word even exist?

Only injured and dead were in their vocabulary.

He arrived at the devastated area that once held the battle arena. When he did, shockingly, a projection was shown in the sky.

Wei Wuyin.

Myriad Monarch Participant.

Sky Ruler Cultivation.

Spirit Points: 2,350

-

of Continuous Victories: 0.

Chapter 318 - 315: G.S.T, A New Era

"..."

After that invigorating battle, the spectating elites were still trying to catch their breaths from these developments. Their thoughts were still engrossed in each explosive clash and that mysterious ending. Zuhei's fate was largely unknown, having been placed within a crystal coffin by Wei Wuyin. As for Lin Ming, the likely victor of the battle between the two, he had vanished abruptly without explanation or warning.

From the spatial fluctuations still present at his spot of disappearance, all these elites with their keen senses could determine that he had been sent elsewhere. Lin Ming's state was even more gruesome and horrific than Zuhei. It was very likely that he would be unfit to battle for weeks or months, so this heaven-defying genius with a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol had been eliminated whether he stayed or not.

It was even possible that the injuries from that fearsome attack from Zuhei had claimed his life or at least half of it. These were their thoughts that were followed by an inward sigh of relief. If Zuhei or Lin Ming decided to stay on the platform, who had the qualification to challenge either of them? Even if they claimed the platform, the time between battles could last for days or weeks. That was more than enough time for them to recover a majority of their strength.

But alas, endings weren't always idyllic like fairytales.

Wei Wuyin had stepped onto the platform.

There wasn't a single figure here that didn't have pause for one reason or another. And this had to do with Zuhei. While these people were elites of the younger generation, they thoroughly understood the limitations of talent in the current era. The numerous stories of top-tier characters were fresh in their minds. But these characters were nearly insignificant before Zuhei and Lin Ming.

While Lin Ming remained a total mystery, Zuhei wasn't. By now, they already understood that Zuhei was a subordinate of Wei Wuyin. If that was the case, then Wei Wuyin, this young alchemist that wasn't even fifty years old, had forged an elite that far, far exceeded the standards of this era.

A Nine-Ringed Soul Idol!

A Zenith Mortal State Astral Soul!

Dual Intent!

Zuhei was, hands down, in the top three figures in the younger generation with the greatest talent and potential. And this was greatly attributed to Wei Wuyin's efforts. This Prince of Everlore had created a top-tier genius with a few years that exceeded this era! Any fool with a little intelligence could understand this implication, let alone these top-tier young elites with exceptional talents.

Regardless of which force they belonged to, whether they were from the four great forces of the Tri-Vision Starfield or a part of a lesser force, they were hesitant. Truly, truly hesitant.

Wei Wuyin, with his unearthly countenance and extraordinary aura, left them considerably conflicted. This had to do with the reason for this grand trial to begin with! It was merely to obtain an eighth-grade alchemical product including a series of other top-notch resources. But where and how did this all begin?

Should they, no, can they even challenge this figure before them? What were these little resources? In a hundred years, wouldn't seventh-grade alchemical products or even higher be available via this individual? While the Princess of Everlore existed, she belonged to a neutral power that cared about profit and face. The Myriad Monarch Sect? That was a legitimate heavyweight with exceptional reach.

The implication was explicit.

They converged at the broken area where the battle arena had once been. Several minutes went by without a single individual from the crowd uttering a single word. They stared at Wei Wuyin's figure as he simply stood there with a nonchalant stance and faint smile. His unfathomable silver eyes swept the crowd from time to time.

Su Mei couldn't help but want to laugh. This was always bound to happen. The Alchemist Association had failed to account for this eventuality. If they still had their elite genius within the contest, perhaps he would stand up to challenge Wei Wuyin, but who actually had the guts to do so beside them?

Sure, these figures belonged to various powers and might not receive any direct support from Wei Wuyin, but what if they earned his ire? Could they really try to fight with all they have? Try to take Wei Wuyin's life? It just seemed like a lose-lose situation.

In the end, a figure stood out amongst the elites.

"...W-We...Prince Wei, I have a question." This person was a pretty young elf with azure-colored hair that seemed to originate from the Sacred Light Palace. She had blushed cheeks, looking relatively cute as she flusteredly spoke in a shy manner. Her actions caused numerous gazes to turn towards her, a few filled with relief and expectations. They urged her on with their eyes.

When she briefly glanced at the crowd, she tried to harden her resolve further after noticing their expressions.

Wei Wuyin smilingly said, "Ask away."

Seeing Wei Wuyin directly smiling at her caused her heart to race, and she felt a faint heat within her body. Her blushing face turned even redder as she became somewhat embarrassed. She looked away and bit her lower lip slightly.

It took her a while and a few spiritual transmissions before she calmed herself and asked, "This Grand Spirit Trials...don't you think its unfair for you to..." She trailed off, not really understanding what she wanted to ask exactly. Should she ask why he was participating? Why did he decide to take the platform now?

But when her mind fully entered this line of questioning, she realized swiftly that those questions weren't appropriate to ask. After all, he was a participant because he was qualified. He took the platform because he intended to claim victory just like the rest. Regardless of when, wouldn't he have to take the stage regardless?

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "Unfair? I'm not prohibiting anyone from challenging me, even killing me if they could. Within the confines of the rules, of course. It's simply that...no one wants to, right?"

"..." The crowd's faint murmurs and expressions went silent and dark respectively.

"I have a lot riding on the end result of this trial, and I stand to gain more from it than any of you. Of course I'll take the stage," Wei Wuyin continued. While his logic was sound, this only caused the hearts of those hesitant to moan in defeat. If they challenged him, even if they could win, which was already an uncertainty, they would be actively hindering his victory. All possible forms of relations would be ended before it even began.

The young woman from the Sacred Light Palace knew his words made sense and looked down at her feet. She wasn't normally a shy person, but before this person, she felt an innate sense of inferiority within herself.

Long Chen clenched his fists, creating audible crunches. He wanted to claim victory in this tournament, obtain the resources with his own hands. Those resources could bolster his cultivation considerably, allowing him to further his future path to the apex. But Wei Wuyin was an impregnable obstacle that he couldn't destroy.

If Wu Yu was with him, perhaps he would have a chance, but he knew that the Grand Imperial Monarchs would interfere if Wei Wuyin was truly put into a life-threatening situation. Even if it broke the rules. Furthermore, Su Mei was likely another Zuhei-level figure. If he fought it all out with Wei Wuyin, he might end up like Zuhei and Lin Ming at the end of it. That simply wasn't worth it.

Qing Qiumu was still a little shocked by Zuhei's 'death'. Then, Wei Wuyin had taken the stage and essentially caused all these young elites to silently admit defeat for fear of offending him. They all had desire towards victory, making their names renowned in the world, but that was far unlikely considering the events before.

Zuhei and Lin Ming had revealed a truth that hadn't fully settled in their hearts and minds, but the seed had been planted. It was the 'standard' of the newfound meaning of a 'young elite'. They were inferior, vastly inferior in comparison.

Just like that grey-robed young man facing Da Shan, many Soul Idol cultivators rings were four or less. Before, reaching four rings made one an extremely talented genius with the potential to rise to

extraordinary heights. But now, what was a Four-Ringed Soul Idol? What was even a Five-Ringed Soul Idol? Many of the Grand Imperial Sage-level figures had reached the Five-Ringed Soul Idol!

Two Nine-Ringed Soul Idols with Zenith Mortal State Astral Souls and comprehended Intent had been borne amongst this generation, and they were both from separate powers. If this wasn't the inception of a new age, what was?

There were numerous individuals with Sixth Mortal State or Seventh, and likely very few were at the eighth, with practically none at the Ninth Mortal State. Just this foundational difference already created an insurmountable gap.

That seed might not form, but it was there. They knew that their place in the future would be relegated to little if a new era had started to form. If Realmlords, Timelords, and even Starlords were to re-emerge, they would be nothing.

Grand Imperial Sages? Those top-tier powerhouses that they worshipped nearly religiously?

Nothing.

They would be minor characters in the future, no longer decision makers.

Qing Qiumu was more aware of this fact than the others. Furthermore, she deeply understood why the hesitation had emerged in everyone's hearts more than they themselves understood. She had received Wei Wuyin's few months of instructions and a few alchemical products, and she had grown several times stronger, increased her cultivation base, and improved in her foundation. Even her Mortal State had been improved by a level!

The world had already received an immense shock, but this was nothing yet before what could happen in the future.

In the end, Long Chen couldn't handle the stance everyone had taken. He said in criticism, "You should know why they're unwilling to challenge you. They fear retaliation, fear you might hold a grudge that will affect their future, the future of their descendants, and the force they belong to. Can you be any more shameless?!"

"...!" The crowd was startled by Long Chen speaking their inner thoughts. How brazen!

Wei Wuyin casually swept his gaze over Long Chen, seeing Qing Qiumu beside him. He could see from her expression that Qing Qiumu was taken aback by Long Chen's words. He merely responded with, "Fear? Even if they truly fear me, do you? Why don't you come and challenge me."

"..." Long Chen instantly grew silent as his expression became slightly unsightly. The gazes of everyone present arrived on his body, and a few even contained disdain and ridicule for no other reason than his brazen attitude of exposing their thoughts yet having the same thoughts. Of course, they didn't know that Long Chen's reasoning for not challenging Wei Wuyin were somewhat different.

In his mind, Wei Wuyin would only be outclassed by him in the same cultivation. He had the legacy of a Mystic Ascendant! You had an ungodly talent, fused two Astral Souls into one, and had a fantastic foundation. How could he fear Wei Wuyin? Still, he didn't step up after he briefly glanced at Su Mei.

While Wei Wuyin might not be as talented or as strong as him, Zuhei, Lin Ming, and likely Su Mei had talent and potential to do so. Zuhei had shown this, and Su Mei had been Wei Wuyin's subordinate since he first met him.

If he had to give Wei Wuyin any words of praise, it was his ability to find exceptional talents and nurture them. But that's it.

In truth, a few elites amongst them felt that they could defeat Wei Wuyin. They simply didn't wish to do so due to the potential fallout.

Wei Wuyin sneered in his heart. Regardless of his disdain, he decided to bring this event to a close. He never intended to fight a single battle, and had used this as a platform to hone his claws and fangs. Su Mei and himself weren't originally supposed to be here. As for having Su Mei fight the remaining participant, there was no need. Besides Lin Ming, no one here had the qualification to receive ten moves from Su Mei without losing their lives, and that was without her Soul Idol.

Since Zuhei had fought a Blessed and lost by a small margin, there was no other reason to continue with this event.

"Regardless of whether you fear offending me or you're too weak to take action, I've decided to claim victory. So, victory is mine. Any objections?" Wei Wuyin calmly declared, his tone was casual yet held a faint hint of extreme dominance.

"..."

Soon, an hour passed.

Wei Wuyin remained unchallenged, and this Grand Spirit Trials had ended on a note that told everyone one thing: A New Era had arrived.

Chapter 319 - 316: G.S.T, Conclusion

The Grand Spirit Trials met an unexpected end. The numerous spectators could only watch as Wei Wuyin claimed victory without fighting a single battle during the tournament. Not a single participant among these usual hot-blooded youths with much to prove possessed the courage and vigor to offend the Prince of Everlore.

The four great forces and the Alchemist Association could only bear bitter smiles and headaches from it all. This unexpected development left them speechless.

In the Alchemist Association's abode, the numerous elders and leaders of the association had dark, sullen expressions. They were more aware of the deterrent force that Alchemists possessed more than anyone within the starfield, so seeing it in full force here only left them with a nasty taste in their mouths.

While the others had just a few things on the line, they had a bet with Wei Wuyin on who would claim victory. Their chosen participant had been eliminated in the second stage of the Grand Spirit Trials in such an unfortunate and unmemorable moment. Furthermore, it was by the hands of beasts.

They could only wallow in their fate.

A wrinkled-faced elder with silver-grey hair and long beard sighed, "We lost." His voice was filled with depression and dejection. His words seemed to be like an infectious virus as the members of the alchemist association, be it youthful talent or old fox, had realized the hole they were in. Of course, they had long since prepared their loss after Wei Wuyin revealed his one centimeter Astral Core.

As for where their depression originated from, the reason for the Grand Spirit Trials creation was based off of a bet. A bet that started because of them but hurriedly spiraled out of control by Wei Wuyin's deliberate taunts and forcefully increasing the wager until the cost exceeded their limits.

"A hundred high-quality Astral Sea Pills, a hundred Sky World Pills, ten thousand Astral Dipper Fountain Pills, ten eighth-grade Spatial Spirit Pills, ten Soul-Spirit Pills, and an Astral Ocean Pill..." As the wrinkled-faced elder listed off the disastrous cost of their loss, the expressions of everyone became extremely ugly to behold. This wager was outrageous! It was simply impossible to fulfill!

They agreed to this wager due to their absolute confidence in their nurturing ability, but ended up with egg on their face as they realized that the ceiling of true talents, such as Zuhei and Lin Ming, exceeded their nurturing by a considerable degree.

Qingye Yun, Alchemist Association's Association Master, had a calm, stoic appearance as he seemed to be unaffected by this loss. Unlike the others, he remained composed. This showed his outstanding mental stability. Despite the devastating loss that could be said to put them in an unpayable debt, he could still remain calm.

"Association Master, what is our next step?" An elder asked. They had all sworn a Soul Oath, so a wisp of fear couldn't help but emerge in their hearts. But they hadn't lost hope, especially considering the Association Master's calm appearance.

Qingye Yun softly inhaled before exhaling out a turbid breath of air. His eyes gleamed with light for a moment as he slightly smiled, "We'll go all out. While we've suffered a setback, unable to achieve our goal in one go, we still have our most powerful trump card. Knowing his personality, he'll have no choice but to fall into it." He turned towards that veiled young woman.

The eyes of everyone else focused on the young woman, and the gloomy tension within the atmosphere had lightened up considerably as if hope had been found. The young woman, Qingye Ying, tightly clenched her dainty fists beneath her sleeve. Her eyes reflected an impenetrable resolve.

Qingye Yun warmly smiled as he observed this great-great-great granddaughter of his. She was the pride and joy of his entire familial lineage, and she would usher the world into a new era that was defined by the Alchemist Association. If the King of Everlore had established himself before, she would follow his path and achieve great things.

"Let's go," Qingye Yun said. The Grand Spirit Trials had come to its conclusion sooner than anticipated, in a fashion that was rather unexpected. For now, they had to continue forth until an opportunity presented itself. With its end, the top-tier hegemonic forces were to gather and deliver the prizes to the victor.

After Wei Wuyin went unchallenged, claiming victory, the participants were soon sent out of the planet. They were brought upwards and away to the planetary-engulfing platform. A specific location had been fashioned to accommodate the winner's ceremony.

The Four Hegemonic Forces were all present. The Sacred Light Palace, Demonic Abyss Mountain, Myriad Monarch Sect, and Elemental Heaven Pavilion. While the San Clan, the ruler of the starfield, had remained absent, it was still an astonishing sight. The spotlight leaders were all present, revealing their extraordinary bearing and auras.

The Sacred Light Palace's Jiang Feilan, a gorgeous elf with silky black hair and a willowy physique. She was the Sacred Light Palace's Palace Master, and a member of the Jiang Clan, a ruling clan of pure elves within the palace. She had a rather cold gaze, that warded off any intentions to get close. Her wintry attitude was supplemented by her chilly aura that made icy crystals form and dissipate sporadically beside her.

A brawny humanoid male dressed in violet-colored heavy armor stood nearly three meters in height. His bewitching white hair, eyes that were entirely grey-colored from irises to sclera, and night black hair gave him an imposingly demonic feeling. This demonic aura was furthered by the two straight horns above his head that extended for an entire foot of distance and possessed the thickness of a baby's fist.

This was the Demonic Abyss Mountain's Mountain Lord, Gao Zi! This figure ruled the demons of the starfield and carried a prodigious bloodline among demons.

The last notable figure with an aura that vastly exceeded the others present was a gorgeous human woman with sharp chin, limpid yet intelligent eyes, and an extremely attractive figure. Her short white hair and blue eyes caused her to stand out from all the women present. It was Lin Ruyan, the Elemental Heaven Pavilion's Pavilion Master.

Behind each of them were elders and members of the younger generation that had participated or watched the contest. There were nearly two hundred people here, and not a single one lacked backing or potential, and not all of them belonged to the four hegemonic forces. The Golden Coin Pavilion was similarly here, as the number one merchant force within the starfield, they too had their own participants.

The Myriad Monarch Sect were here too. Ji Changkong, Qin Rui, and Yao Zhen were hosts of this event, so they had more upper echelon members attend. In terms of position, each Grand Imperial Sage was equivalent to a Sect Master.

There was a strange atmosphere forming between each group as many held complex feelings towards the abrupt and ridiculous end of the Grand Spirit Trials. While these elders had admonished their younger generation for their lack of courage, they knew it was mostly irrelevant.

The younger generation wasn't aware of Wei Wuyin's outstanding combat strength, but to them, the spectators who observed all happenings, how could they not know? Furthermore, Zuhei was already a ferocious and nearly insurmountable challenge, but Su Mei, another subordinate of Wei Wuyin, didn't seem remotely lacking in comparison.

They knew the outcome had been decided during the Trial of Beasts, so they had enough time to adjust their mind and rid themselves of any hope. It was just that they hadn't expected these normally hot-

blooded youths to surrender so completely to Wei Wuyin without him lifting a single finger. It was a little depressing.

As for their loss? They had each offered up a special item as a prize to the victor, but their loss wasn't too massive. In fact, it was negligible in the long run. They weren't like the Alchemist Association who had wagered beyond their capabilities and had lost so utterly that they had little to no chance to stabilize the situation.

Soon, the Alchemist Association's members arrived with Qingye Yun in the lead. He didn't seem too dejected, maintaining a calm regal bearing that betrayed none of his inner thoughts. It was as if he hadn't lost such a devastating bet.

They swiftly found their designated location and remained quiet. They seemed truly unaffected by these developments.

Step. Step. Step.

Moments later, crisp footsteps resounded as a figure arrived. His unearthly appearance and exceptional aura made him the center of attention. Furthermore, he was the winner of the Grand Spirit Trials. Wei Wuyin!

With a slight smile, Wei Wuyin calmly took the center spotlight. As if he was the host of the entire event, not the winner, he swept his glance across everyone present. "On behalf of the Myriad Monarch Sect, I would like to first say thank you all for participating in the first-ever Grand Spirit Trials. We hoped you were able to enjoy your experience."

When he said these things, no one from the Myriad Monarch Sect voiced any objection. The other forces were somewhat shocked as the victor took to thanking the losers. While a bitter taste would usually form in their mouth from this, they couldn't garner any distaste for it. Wei Wuyin was truly too outstanding and clearly had the latitude to do whatever the hell he wanted.

Even speaking to these top-tier powerhouses as equals wouldn't receive any reproach. No one would dare voice it out even if they did.

Wei Wuyin continued, "I'll be accepting all the rewards for the event. As for the matter of my Spatial Spirit Pill, I welcome all those present to bid on it. Since this entire event was originally designed to find a suitable candidate for this pill, I won't take away the opportunity for it to be obtained."

"...!" Everyone was startled. The eighth-grade Spatial Spirit Pill was the legitimate reason why everyone wanted to participate in this event. It was this very pill that allowed Qin Rui, a Grand Imperial Sage, to form a strong enough foundation to reach her current level of cultivation. How could they not want something like this?

As for obtaining it from the Alchemist Association? That was an impossible dream. There was likely no force that would ever allow the pill to be obtained by outsiders, and the only reason they had a chance to fight for it was due to their own treasures. Now that Wei Wuyin had said this, how could they not be surprised?

Those present couldn't help but glance at Qin Rui, Yao Zhen, and Ji Changkong. Was this actually happening? Was it allowed? But...

Those three remained calm and impassive. While they hadn't known that Wei Wuyin was going to allow for an open-bidding war for the eighth-grade pill, they weren't disturbed in the slightest. In truth, they knew they had no say in the matter. Since he won, he could do whatever he wanted. Let alone the fact that he concocted the pill himself.

Wei Wuyin chuckled lightly at the dumbfounded expressions, "Shall we begin?" The single-item auction was starting immediately!

Chapter 320 - 317: Unexpected

An impromptu auction was outside of everyone's expectations, that included these top-tier powerhouses of the Tri-Vision Starfield. Additionally, it was being initiated by a junior. If it was any other junior, these ruling-class figures wouldn't entertain such a spontaneous declaration.

But the Prince of Everlore truly held the qualifications to confidently start such an event. Furthermore, everyone present couldn't resist participating. While they might have some ill-feelings from the failings of their juniors or the death of their younger generation, the value of a Spatial Spirit Pill was truly too valuable to be short-sighted.

What's done is done, but the future waits for no man.

A Spatial Spirit Pill could enable another figure on the same level as the Grand Imperial Sages to be born if given the appropriate nurturing and protection. Therefore, they all were very desirous for this pill. They were even willing to offer up all sorts of rare treasures to enter into this competition in the hopes of claiming that pill.

As for the other treasures offered by the hegemonic forces, such as the Spiritual Mana, Sacred Essence Liquid, and an unhatched egg of a Baleful-Gale Star Hawk, they weren't nearly as valuable as the Spatial Spirit Pill. A Spiritual Mana was highly dependant on innate talent, Sacred Essence Liquid required an astonishing amount of alchemical products to be brought to its fullest potential, and a Baleful-Gale Star Hawk needed an obscene amount of resources and time simply to rival a Third Stage Astral Core Realm cultivator.

Even the Soul Spirit Pill, similarly an eighth-grade pill, offered by the Alchemist Association couldn't rival the Spatial Spirit Pill. That was because of a single factor about this particular Spatial Spirit Pill: it was of low-grade.

While it was commonly known that low-grade was the lowest official classification a product could receive, this 'low-grade' meant a product without any impurities and had 100% effectiveness in their abilities. However, there was a lesser classification for products that still contained impurities, and these products harmed the body, increased aging, and even weakened a person's cultivation base if accumulated within the body in large quantities.

This classification was called the impure-grade. There were various ratios for the impure-grade, ranging from 50% to 1%. Anything more than 50% is considered entirely unusable with more detrimental effects than benefits. Yet these impure-grade pills were often sold by the Alchemist Association and used by cultivators of lesser status.

The San Clan's Ancestor had hoarded high-grade impure products for his descendants. It was this level of exceptional forethought and preparation that allowed the San Clan to become the ruling power of the entire starfield that it was today.

The higher the grade of the product, the harder it was to remove all the impurities within, which contributed to one of the major reasons as to why it took an exceptionally difficult time to concoct products. It was also why alchemists often worked together to refine products because their joined effort would make the purification process easier and quicker.

The Soul Spirit Pill offered by the Alchemist Association was of the 8% impure-grade, while the higher-tiered Spatial Spirit Pill was of the low-grade. To add, the Spatial Spirit Pill refined by Qin Rui that allowed her to reach her current accomplishments was of the 11% impure-grade. Imagine what a low-grade Spatial Spirit Pill could do!

Thus, a blazing desire was ignited in the hearts of all these elders, disciples, and rulers' hearts. Witnessing the lack of objection from the Myriad Monarch Sect's Grand Imperial Sages at this move made them become even more invigorated at the prospect.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled as he saw the burning light within the eyes of everyone. He didn't immediately bring up the losses of these individuals, and simply acted to assuage their heated feelings by dangling a piece of seemingly fat meat before them. This was what they all wanted. As for their offered prizes for first place?

None of them could even rival it, so they wouldn't care so much for losing it. Now, their attention would be focused on each other in competition. In their minds, the eighth-grade pill was a lucky creation generated by the sacrifice of the Myriad Monarch Planet's vital energies, so they hoped to obtain it. After all, who knew when or if Wei Wuyin or another Emperor Alchemist would open availability of such a product to others.

If they knew that Wei Wuyin had already concocted hundreds of similarly graded products, their desires might be more conflicted than shocked.

To them? It was a heaven-reaching treasure.

To him? It was just an hour or two of work.

Therefore, he treated it with very little importance. Just as he was about to set the rules of this impromptu auction, a figure walked forward and took the spotlight. It was a young woman who wore a veil, her body's curves were exquisitely tantalizing, and she exuded a refined air.

This air seemed to originate from a Dao and it perpetuated her uniqueness. The blazing eyes of desire and greed of these elders, juniors, and leaders were subconsciously shifted towards this young woman as their Astral Souls shook faintly with intense desire.

'Dense Alchemical Energies? Such a refined alchemic aura...' Wei Wuyin's eyes fixed on this young woman, his Celestial Eyes instantly activated to easily pierce through her veil and see the hidden treasure behind it.

He was startled for a moment.

Luscious, silky, warm golden-blond hair adorned her head and reached mid-way to her back, paired perfectly with a set of bright golden eyes that seemed to contain unfathomable purity within. It was purity that one could easily lose themselves into for days, and willingly do so for life. Her slim body had curves that seemed far too perfect, seemingly unreal even. With her ample breasts that seemed to be more than a handful for any man, she possessed an astonishing sexual appeal that was impossible to ignore.

Just these could cause many men to devolve into their most primal instincts, so her facial beauty was truly overkill. The proverbial straw that could break the camel's back if the camel was the common male's sanity. Even Qing Qiumu could only be even with her in terms of looks, which was why Wei Wuyin was startled at first sight.

While she wasn't a match in his eyes when compared to Xue Yifei, she was extremely close.

When she took the center stage, the leaders of the various powers seemed to have easily thought of something, looking at the location from which she walked out from. They saw Qingye Yun, the Association Master of the Alchemist Association, calmly watching with a firm gaze.

Just from the extremely dense alchemical energies and refined alchemic aura from the young woman's body, something even Wei Wuyin lacked, they quickly deduced her identity. They couldn't help but be startled by Qingye Yun actually taking this figure with an endless future out from the safety of their headquarters to here.

After all, if any of them had ill-intentions, something disastrous could easily happen. It was commonly known that those with an Alchemic Soul were essentially defenseless. This wasn't the same as Wei Wuyin, a legitimate cultivator with three Grand Imperial Sages and a planetary formation guarding him. It would be suicide to attack him, but her?

They couldn't help but wonder what Qingye Yun was thinking, but they were interested nevertheless. They quietly waited for the incoming developments.

A delicate yet firm voice emanated from beneath the veil, "My name's Qingye Ying, and I greet Seniors and fellow Juniors." Her initial greeting was quite notable, and many soon came to verify her identity. According to the rumors, the legendary, elusive, and exceptional Princess of Everlore was Qingye Yun's descendant.

When she mentioned her name, in a corner of the area, Long Chen's eyes brightened considerably. Qingye Ying! He now knew the name of the Princess of Everlore. The words of Wu Yu resounded in his heart on repeat. As long as he could obtain the wholehearted support of the Princess of Everlore, he had a chance of overcoming Wei Wuyin. After all, Qingye Ying had the potential to reach levels equivalent to the King of Everlore himself.

Qingye Ying soon turned her attention to Wei Wuyin. Meeting him in person, seeing his appearance, her heart was truly given quite a shock. It was entirely different than watching him on screen. One simply couldn't get the gist of his otherworldly handsome features unless they combined it with his ever-confident and dominating aura.

She was momentarily rendered breathless, not out of attraction, but out of a faint sense of reverence. Of course, this had to do with Wei Wuyin's hidden Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality. Even while

concealed, it exuded an imposing pressure towards the Alchemic Dao. Since Qingye Ying's entire cultivation base resolved around that, it wasn't shocking that she would respond in such a way.

The difference between a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist and all those beneath was like the difference between a King and its subjects. After all, a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist had reached the very peak of the Mortal-level of the Alchemic Dao.

Still, her will was not weak or fragile and she quickly acclimated by continuously reaffirming her mission to establish confidence. It was sufficient enough for her to act normally. This was something only she could achieve.

She softly cleared her throat and clearly said, "Alchemist Wei, I, Qingye Ying, challenge you to an All-Alchemic Clash!!"

"...!" Her words caught everyone off-guard as many exclaimed.

Wei Wuyin was taken aback for a moment. He truly hadn't expected this. Was this a desperation play because of their inability to pay the wager? He couldn't help but feel like the Alchemist Association kept trying to win against him for a reason he wasn't certain of. Since he became the so-called 'Prince of Everlore', the Alchemist Association had been performing some strange moves.

Even the Grand Spirit Trials inception felt like a bait simply for him.

This intrigued him and he felt an impulse to know what their end goal was. It clearly wasn't to enslave him, capture him, or kill him. There was very little ill-intent from what he could perceive, yet their moves continued being strange.

Regardless, he wasn't going to back down to an All-Alchemic Battle. He decided that he would probe their intent by seeing what they wanted from this battle.

"And what do y-"

SWOOSH!!!!

Wei Wuyin stilled.

The entire world stilled.