

**Chapter 331 - 327: Absolutely Impossible**

"...What do you mean?!" The one who had spoken was not Long Chen nor any of the women that had come to support him, but Qin Rui. Qin Rui understood that Wei Wuyin was present for a reason, but this reason was not to undermine the rules of the sect. As for seating on the throne, while agitated, she was aware that only those worthy could seat there. Since Wei Wuyin could, that meant he had the capabilities to do so.

"Heavenly King Wei! This is not the venue for you to act willfully. The Grand Prince's Three Orders is not something that you can decline nor interfere with!" Zen, on the other hand, spoke clearly about her feelings towards the issue. Furthermore, none of these requests made specifically asked for his participation and could be accomplished by the sect. There was no reason to reject these reasonable requests.

Wei Wuyin glanced briefly at Zen, a light of impatience and annoyance flickered within his silver irises. Zen felt a faintly inexplicable chill course through her spine, causing her hunched back to straighten a little. She had already come to realize that her words and actions had antagonized Wei Wuyin. By how much? She wasn't certain. However, she was aware that this would affect their relationship.

Wei Wuyin turned his gaze away and observed the dark and gloomy expression on Long Chen's face. Even Qing Qiumu was bewildered by his words. He sighed softly within his heart, "In the eyes of others, your actions are commendable. It reveals your admirable feelings towards your ever-growing harem. I must say, they could be considered quite lucky."

Long Chen, "..."

Wei Wuyin had said words of praise, but it felt like a grating claw to a chalkboard in Long Chen's ears. Any form of praise felt mocking and filled with disdain, even contempt. This continuously grinded up his negative emotions and slowly boiled them within his heart.

Wei Wuyin continued, "The Three Orders of the Grand Prince is supposed to be used on oneself, to better your advantages over Heavenly Kings. After all, while it might seem as if you're not in direct competition with others as an officially recognized successor, would it matter if another member of the sect was far, far beyond your strength? What is the meaning of the titles Grand Prince or Grand Monarch if you're not above all in your generation?"

"To use it on three women who wouldn't be able to help you improve, no, I dare say, even slow down your progress with their needs and troubles, many would find it selfless and kind-hearted. But...when you think about it, every last one of their problems that led them to whatever fate they currently have is..." Wei Wuyin paused as he faintly smiled, briefly glancing at Na Xinyi and Lin Ziyan.

"...Your fault." He finished with a faint scoff.

"...!" Long Chen gritted his teeth until they nearly cracked due to the pressure. A murderous light flickered endlessly within his dark gaze. If looks could kill, Wei Wuyin would've died a thousand times. Unfortunately for Long Chen, he didn't have such strength or abilities.

"Wei Wuyin!" Qing Qiumu spoke up. His words were too antagonizing, and it was clearly deliberate. While she normally didn't want to directly interfere in their conflicts, she couldn't simply stand by as this was said. After all, to her, Long Chen remained quiet and unresponsive because their positions were very, very different.

Long Chen no longer had his miracle of a black ring to protect him while Wei Wuyin had Tuo Bihan, who could be considered the strongest known expert in the starfield. It was unfair to one-sidedly allow such abuse.

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "It's merely the truth. Don't misunderstand me, I have no intentions of interfering with your requests. It is what the sect promises, and it's a tradition that will likely continue after both of our deaths. In fact, I say it's impossible not because of the requests being unreasonable, but that it is impossible for the sect to complete in any sort of satisfactory manner."

If Long Chen still had Wu Yu, he would know this. Wei Wuyin double-checked with Wu Yu regarding the creation of Hong Ru's body, and he realized the truth that had caused him to be curious.

"What do you mean?" Qing Qiumu couldn't help but ask. Wasn't it within the limits of their power? What did he mean satisfactory?

"Firstly, your first request. It is utterly impossible for Tuo Bihan to effectively create a body for her. As a Purist, the forged body he created would not be compatible with a fire cultivator's soul. She would be unable to cultivate her entire life, and her soul-body-mind rejection rate would be nearly 99.9% certain to occur. You're dooming her to a life as a mortal, a very, very short lifespan, and the inability to live as a woman. In fact, she might become an invalid as a result." Wei Wuyin patiently explained as he regarded those below.

Wu Yu was truthful when he said that a Realm Lord had the ability to forge a fresh body for someone, but there were numerous preconditions for it to work. Furthermore, if it is for an Astral Soul cultivator, one whose soul had been permanently modified during the Astral Tribulations, they would have even more stringent requirements to create the perfect body. For example, the gender of the creator and receiver.

This was why the Ever-Rebirth Pill was so miraculous, taking the King of Everlore twenty years to devise and create off numerous theories and experimentation. But the difficulty in concocting it was monstrous, requiring a very skilled Mortal Sovereign Alchemist to concoct with any success.

Wu Yu had two methods to reconstruct his body. One: he intended for a cultivator who cultivated the same method as him to reach the Mystic Ascendant Realm and reconstruct his body. This was Long Chen's purpose, and his main objective in choosing a talented cultivator from a lowly and weak location like the Myriad Yore Continent. Even then he would have to recultivate all the way back.

Two: the Ever-Rebirth Pill.

The same reasons why Hong Ru wouldn't be a remotely decent rebirth were the same reasons why Wu Yu needed someone who matched his cultivation and practiced his cultivation method.

"Is that true?!" Xiao Bing couldn't help but cry out in disbelief to Tuo Bihan, the strongest authority present. Her normally wintry expression had been tainted by anxiety. She had come because Long Chen had said there was a way to reconstruct Hong Ru's body.

Even Long Chen was taken aback by Wei Wuyin's words. It was clear he was completely ignorant of this condition and consequences for an incompatible body. In a way, it made sense, and that caused his expression to darken considerably.

Tuo Bihan didn't know how to immediately respond to Xiao Bing, but considering it was said by Wei Wuyin, he nodded towards Xiao Bing. This caused Xiao Bing to tear up, her expression was soon painted with helplessness and despair.

Even Qin Rui, Ji Changkong, and Zen couldn't say anything. A depressing gloom instantly filled the air.

Wu Yu hadn't filled Long Chen in with all the details because it would be too heartless to do so. In the Founding Monarch's opinion, after he reached the Realmlord level, he could seek out other alternatives. What mattered was reaching that level of power to have that option.

"Regarding your second request: The sect simply does not have the capabilities to restore someone crippled in all three essentials, mind, body, and spirit. In fact, it barely has the means to restore the body." Wei Wuyin coolly pointed out, causing Zen's expression to become unsightly. Then, she recalled Lin Ziyang's condition and how vicious she was crippled, how thorough it was.

She remained absolutely silent, but her expression revealed her thoughts on the matter. Even if they could restore her body, her spirit and mind would be unable to be fully healed. That was the consequence of having your Natal Soul shattered. She would merely be a half-crippled at best. As for earthly treasures and heavenly waters?

Many of these so-called earthly treasures and heavenly waters were extremely volatile. It was why alchemists were essential, to quell such volatility within them, mixing them with other forms of energies to produce miraculous and gentle products. While they had some healing waters, there was nothing for the mind.

Wei Wuyin continued, "As for her Primal Yin? The only earthly treasure that could restore a woman's Primal Yin to completeness would be the Primal Yin Dark Pearl. And while that seems like hope, it is an Evil Treasure refined from numerous virgin women, nearly a hundred thousand. Furthermore, it's extremely volatile and unable to be refined directly without some serious complications, including possible death. But, it could be used as a material for a pill, the Absolute Yin-Creation Pill.

"Not only would this pill restore Lin Ziyang's damaged body, returning her to the status of a woman, but Na Xinyi's Primal Yin can be completely renewed. Moreover, her Three-Point Yin Physique can be improved upon, reaching four, five, or even a Nine-Point Yin Physique."

With those words, he shut down all three requests.

Na Xinyi bit her lips nearly to the point blood was drawn. She couldn't help but ask a question that she knew would crush her hopes further, "Can this pill be created?"

Everyone looked towards Wei Wuyin with bated breath, except Long Chen who was skeptical about Wei Wuyin's words. There were always other ways. And he would be correct. While Wei Wuyin didn't lie, there were indeed other ways. But all of these so-called 'other ways' required cultivators beyond the Astral Core Realm, Evil Cultivation Methods, or other Alchemical Products of a higher-grade or in far, far quantities than just one.

The Absolute Yin-Creation Pill was the only way within the limits of mortals that could be achieved with the best result, and it was the only way that didn't go against the natural order in an overt fashion.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled after hearing Na Xinyi's question. "Of course, all pills can be created. In fact, the Myriad Monarch Sect has two Primal Yin Dark Pearls in our vault at this very moment, acquired after Sky Nobles and Heavenly Kings crushed Evil Organizations."

The eyes of the young women present brightened. Two? There were two women here, so wasn't this perfect? As for the questionable nature of their origins, it mattered not. The treasure had already been created, shouldn't it be used for at least something good? Of course 'good' meant their own benefit.

"...All you need to do is find a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist that can concoct the ninth-grade Absolute Yin-Creation Pill and succeed. Furthermore, succeed before these two women's lifespan runs out in a few years or decades. Then, you're all set."

Everyone, "..."

"So, was I wrong when I said it was absolutely impossible? Because to me, it feels impossible to do those three requests any justice. At least, for the sect." Wei Wuyin leaned forward a little, an imposing aura emanated from his body, releasing a faint suffocating air. His eyes squinted, staring directly into Long Chen's dark eyes.

"But you knew that already, right?"

### **Chapter 332 - 328: Changing One's Mind**

"But you knew that already, right?" His tonal voice was uncharacteristically low, deep, and for the first time revealed a chilling air. Long Chen, however, didn't retreat nor deny those words. He simply met Wei Wuyin's gaze relentlessly and fearlessly.

The women were startled by Wei Wuyin's words and actions, even the Grand Imperial Sages were taken aback, looking at Long Chen curiously. He knew? If that was true, why make requests that would never be able to be fully fulfilled? Was it just for the image of trying? A manipulation?

Most of them revealed confusion, but Wu Baozhai was unsurprised. The moment she saw Wei Wuyin, she knew why he was here, why Long Chen asked for his presence and brought Qing Qiumu here. While most would think it was due to wanting Wei Wuyin's tactful permission or ensuring he didn't interfere with the orders, it was far deeper than that.

In the end, Long Chen remained silent.

Wei Wuyin scoffed.

While Long Chen definitely wasn't aware about the finer details, he had to have known that a newly ascended Realm Lord would find it extremely difficult to forge a body, let alone a decent one in his first attempt. It would essentially be desiring an imperfect product from the get-go.

As for Lin Ziyang, if the best medical personnel was unable to better her condition, then the Alchemic Dao was her only alternative. As for the earthly treasure nonsense? She was thoroughly crippled, how would she refine these treasures? Would her fragile body be able to withstand such fierce energies and

essences? A single incorrect thought in her mind and all the effort might be for naught, her life being ended then and there.

Na Xinyi?

There was absolutely no way Wu Yu hadn't told Long Chen about the Absolute Yin-Creation Pill or the Primal Yin Dark Pearl. After all, the incident happened while the former was directly in the latter's possession. But to Na Xinyi, the Primal Yin Dark Pearl was similarly useless to her. While she wasn't thoroughly crippled, the Primal Yin Dark Pearl was an Astral-level material, meaning it possessed the innate quality of the Astral Core Realm. Perhaps if she was in the Astral Core Realm with a complete Three-Point Yin Physique would she be able to cultivate with it or refine it for her use. But now?

Impossible.

With her cultivation still at the Qi Condensation Realm, it was merely a hopeful dream.

Even if the sect decided to devote all its attention to this task, they would need an Emperor Alchemist to concoct numerous seventh and eighth-grade Yin Nourishing alchemical products to achieve a similar effect, but how long would that take? The only Alchemic Emperor that was directly within the sect's control was Tuo Bihan, the other two were merely supported by the sect but remained external members.

They had no obligation to devote years or decades of their lives for such an objective with no benefit. And Tuo Bihan had no experience with Yin Nourishing alchemical products. Furthermore, he wasn't a woman nor had an Alchemic Astral Soul to compensate. It might take him his remaining lifespan just to concoct a semi-decent impure-grade product.

By that time, both Lin Ziyang and Na Xinyi would've long since returned to dust.

"Fine." Wei Wuyin shook his head slightly. "I'll complete your two requests, abiding by the rules of Three Orders. However, while I can help reconstruct a suitable body for Hong Ru and help Lin Ziyang fully recover, Na Xinyi's request can only be taken by the sect itself."

"...Why?" Long Chen finally spoke. It seemed from his expression that he knew Wei Wuyin would accept, and that he could accomplish his requests.

Wei Wuyun merely continued to shake his head, glancing at Na Xinyi, "While Lin Ziyang's condition can be resolved with Yin Nourishing products, Na Xinyi's Yin Physique requires the Absolute Yin-Creation Pill to completely restore it. If she wishes to stabilize her declining yin, then I can do that, the sect could do that, she could even do it, but if she wants to regain her physique and talent, isn't that asking for a little too much?"

A ninth-grade pill! Only a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist could concoct such a product and its value might exceed the Myriad Monarch's Astral Territory in terms of worth. Furthermore, was something such as that freely available? If Na Xinyi was his wife, he wouldn't hesitate, but she wasn't.

As for her declining yin, that was the result of her forceful extract of two Primal Yins. She still had the one tainted with Wei Wuyin's yang aura, a sign of her first time with him. It was only experiencing a decline after her body suffered such an extreme treatment. If she wanted to stabilize it, she could do so herself. All she had to do was close her other two Primal Yin locations to prevent them from affecting

the remaining one. The only reason why it wasn't already done was because it'll result in her losing her unique Three-Point Yin Physique forever.

"I suggest you make another request," Wei Wuyin said as he rose from his throne, his expression a little bored. At first, he intended to simply stand by and allow the sect to perform these requests of his, which would result in a slow and incomplete job, but then he thought of the Blessed Reincarnator. Since this unique individual existed, they had always been floating within his mind.

So he wanted to see if his actions would lead to any different effects down the line on Long Chen, results that might throw the Blessed Reincarnator for a loop. After all, it wasn't just him who was a target but every Blessed. With their foreknowledge of events, who knows what type of moves they'll make to seize their opportunities. He didn't wish to become a victim.

Therefore, he decided to change his actions and help Long Chen thoroughly, hoping that this might bring some minor change down the line that could be capitalized on. Of course, this was merely an attempt, and helping cost him very little personally, so he didn't mind.

He looked at Tuo Bihan, "Let's go. Take Lin Ziyang with us." He momentarily glanced at Zen, "Consider my actions a part of the sect, officiate the usage of the Three Orders. As for Hong Ru's body, I'll deliver a set of suitable alchemical products and the respective method to recreate one for her within the week."

When he said those words, he looked down and noticed that Qing Qiumu and the rest were startled, uncertain as to why Wei Wuyin had suddenly decided to help. This was especially so for Long Chen, who expected to use all sorts of manipulation tactics and a few other means to get Wei Wuyin to help. After all, whether he wanted to admit it or not, Wei Wuyin was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. He had never thought it would simply be an acceptance.

When Lin Ziyang's body became surrounded in faint silver light, Long Chen reacted. "What are you planning to do with her?!" A hint of anxiety lingered within every syllable.

Wei Wuyin similarly became surrounded by Tuo Bihan's spatial force, not even bothering to look at Long Chen. "I'll send her back in a few days." With that, he ignored everything else and vanished alongside Tuo Bihan and Lin Ziyang.

Witnessing their abrupt departure, many were left speechless.

It took a long while before Zen regained her bearings, and looked to Long Chen. "Will you change your order?" Her question was laced with a little frustration. Today she came to a distinct realization that the sect had been thoroughly hijacked by Wei Wuyin. A youth no older than fifty years old had sat in the Grand Throne and casually decided the state of things for the sect that brokered no refusal. If this wasn't a true Grand Prince, she truly didn't know what was.

In her mind, it surely wasn't Long Chen. A wisp of dissatisfaction emerged in her heart. They had both come to the sect at the exact same time, with the exact same cultivation base, and yet in a decade their two positions were so vastly different it was mind-boggling. While Long Chen faintly had the cultivation advantage, could he truly match up to Wei Wuyin's one centimeter-sized Astral Core?

It brought not only her but the other Grand Imperial Sages thoughts to what Wei Wuyin had said before: "What is the meaning of the titles Grand Prince or Grand Monarch if you're not above all in your generation?"

Is it even possible for Long Chen to ever be above Wei Wuyin?

Long Chen took a deep breath. Regardless, he had accomplished his desire. He didn't believe that Wei Wuyin would go against his word as he was an extremely prideful individual. It's certain that Lin Ziyang will make a full recovery. As for Hong Ru, there were eighth-grade alchemical products that could be used together to create a suitable body for her, he knew this already.

A heavy boulder had been lifted from his shoulders, and an uprising of happiness emerged in his heart. With these two tasks leaving his to-do list, he could fully focus on his own cultivation and surpass everyone in his generation, including Wei Wuyin.

"Yes, I wish to change my third request. The allocation of Gateway Spots..." Long Chen decided to change his request so easily that he hadn't even looked or asked for Na Xinyi's opinion. He wasn't aware of her current emotional state that was ever-shifting.

There were wisps of disappointment, frustration, and sadness within those dull grey eyes that had once snatched the colors of the world away. Her hands were tightly clenched into fists beneath her sleeves, trembling with every passing second.

A touch on her shoulder jolted Na Xinyi out of the abyss of emotions, causing her to lift up and see Lian Yu's gorgeous countenance. She had a pitiful look in her eyes, one that stoked the negative emotions within Na Xinyi's heart to an even greater level. But the next words spiritually transmitted to her were piercing and fierce, leaving her unable to respond.

"You should've listened."

Would things really be different if she wholeheartedly gave herself to Long Chen? Or was this simply the truth of her eventual fate, left behind and considered less important? She didn't know, but her heart felt as if it was wrenched into a thousand pieces by those words.

### **Chapter 333 - 329: Awakening**

"The products have been delivered to the Grand Sage Qin. The process of Hong Ru's bodily reconstruction will be overseen by her personally, and she has informed me that she'll do so with the utmost effort." Su Mei dutifully relayed this information to Wei Wuyin. Who, as he washed his hands from a sink with milky waters, was quietly thinking with his brows furrowed.

They were currently within Wei Wuyin's Sky Palace, directly outside his Alchemy Lab. Unlike before its destruction, his newly constructed Sky Palace had numerous rooms for alchemy, such as a healing chamber, a concoction chamber, and a study chamber. It was quite exceptionally designed, with each room having more space than most homes.

At the moment, his hands were rubbing against each other beneath a milky and fragrant liquid. When he was done, he lifted his arms to reveal a pair of impeccable hands with trimmed nails, skin without a single flaw, and workspace a healthy color.

He had just completed the mental procedure on Lin Ziyang, restoring the damaged portion of her mind with his Alchemic Eden Force. It had been a long time since he'd used these abilities, and he had once sworn to himself to only use them in an ethically sound manner, even against his enemies. What did that mean exactly? Essentially, as long as it didn't go against his principles and morals.

His operation on Lin Ziyang's mind had given him a subject for experimentation and a revelation. She had suffered extensively before, having her Yin Source extracted forcefully, her Natal Soul that carried a portion of her mind, body, and soul was shattered into an obscene amount of bits. Just from the state of it, one could easily see the sheer amount of hatred and frustration the perpetrator wished to vent onto her.

It was quite enlightening.

He had gained a better understanding of what it meant to be crippled in such a thorough and vicious fashion. Even Zuhei hadn't been decimated in this manner when he had first seen him in that cold, damp, and turbid prison. But if you compared his state after his battle with Lin Ming, then he could be considered somewhat worse off. His entire heart had been eviscerated!

Of course, to a skilled Alchemist, there was no such thing as 'crippled' merely 'injured' and 'dead'.

As long as you were alive, your state of existence can be brought back through various heaven-defying means that the Alchemic Dao possessed. That being said, an Alchemist needed to not only be skilled but of the appropriate level. If Tuo Bihan, a low-class Alchemic Emperor, wished to restore Zuhei from his semi-death state, then Zuhei could only enter samsara peacefully.

After completely drying his hands, he nodded his head slightly in acknowledgement. "Good. Qin Rui meets all the conditions to ensure a smooth process, being a woman and a multi-elemental cultivator."

Unless Wei Wuyin decided to use an Ever-Rebirth Pill, then it was best that the process was overseen by someone with the similar acceptable standards to reconstructing someone's body with their own power.

"Zuhei?" Wei Wuyin inquired.

Su Mei's expression became faintly stern, "He's already in the midst of recovering his cultivation base, and his bodily and mental state has been fully restored."

"...I see." This situation wasn't unexpected. Zuhei's state was disastrous to say the least, at the very borders of death. The fact that he'd recovered so much already could be considered a miracle by anyone. It'll likely take a few years to once more re-establish his cultivation base, just like it did before.

Su Mei eyebrows twitched a little, seemingly as if she wanted to say something. In the end, she spoke out her concerns: "Zuhei seemed to also have undergone a physiological change."

"Hm?" He turned to her curiously, shocked and intrigued by this development.

"When he regained consciousness, for a brief moment, he emitted an aura reminiscent of the air of death and decay. I'm not quite sure if I'm describing it appropriately, please forgive me Lord Wei. Since then, he's been releasing this type of aura erratically, but his life signs and lifeforce is extremely stable"



She humbled explained her inability to describe such an odd event, and even Zuhei was unaware of the reason or what it meant.

Wei Wuyin deeply frowned. "Interesting," was all he said. "Is that all?"

Su Mei nodded. "Yes, Lord Wei."

Wei Wuyin dismissed Su Mei, who left to finish her other given tasks, while he stood outside of his healing chamber in thought, ruminating and reflecting over Zuhei's current state. In the end, he could only set it aside for now.

He walked into the room, observing a metallic flat rectangular surgical table that had a soft, fleshy, and almost entirely nude body on. Its private areas were covered by silky cloth. Beneath this body wasn't metal, but a soft bedding that released faint rays of warmth that surged into it, regulating the body's temperature.

The body was a truly exquisite specimen of the human female gender, having exceptional curves, ample breasts with marble-sized areolas, smooth milky white skin without a trace of blemishes, a sea of golden blonde hair that faintly glimmered in the light, and a pinkish hue that exuded a healthy aura. Lin Ziyang had completely transformed from her dusty and dull state into a far greater one, completely regaining her former beauty.

Wei Wuyin stood over Lin Ziyang. His eyes lacked even a hint of indecent desire. He had seen her body for nearly an entire day, and had long gotten used to it. Before, she was like a near-literal skeleton lacking any form or substance, being severely underweight, having dull, grey hair as if she was thousands of years old, and her entire body was in an extremely fragile state.

When he looked into her eyes before the operation, he had seen those ocean blue eyes that had once entranced him become extremely lightless. The Lin Ziyang, Godlord Lin, that had once caused numerous geniuses of the Scarlet Solaris Sect to jump at the bits to marry her simply from a single glance was relegated to such a state. It was truly an extreme injustice.

Now, her physical energies had been restored, her meridians and organs repaired, and her sea of consciousness had been stabilized. She had, at the very least, returned to what she was before.

While her cultivation base had still been abolished, the energies that had once refined her body dissipated, she was currently alive and healthy. If she could obtain the appropriate alchemical products, she'll have a second chance at cultivation. While Wei Wuyin could help her in this regard, quite easily in fact, this wasn't his responsibility and completely outside of what he had agreed to.

Simply the renewal of her mind and stability of her sea of consciousness was beyond what anyone in the entire starfield could achieve. Well, perhaps that mysterious woman with Lin Ming might be able to accomplish it or Anu.

Regardless, he had to admit in his heart that Lin Ziyang's beauty was far too great for her original cultivation base. At least, relatively speaking. If she was still on the Myriad Yore Continent, as an Eighth Stage Qi Condensation Cultivator, she would be in the powerhouse category. There would be no one, not even Ninth Stage experts, who would dare have any unsavory or inappropriate ideas.

But if she was brought to the Myriad Monarch Planet, a hegemonic planet filled with elites, an incredible natural cultivation environment, and Astral Core Realm cultivators, she could merely be considered somewhat decent. How could anyone not become enamored? Become enthralled by their fiery desires at the mere sight of her?

A beautiful woman like this deserved to be showered with affection, wealth, and safety. Not to be thrown to the forest and left for the wolves, with a single man with a broken axe trying to fend them off. He couldn't help but sigh at it all.

"Urgh..."

With an uneasy grunt, Lin Ziyang was slowly awakening. It seemed her physical state had improved enough, and this satisfied Wei Wuyin as this natural awakening was a sign of a job well done. He lowered the light emissions from the orb above her, quietly waiting for her to awaken.

Her eyelashes fluttered slightly and she continued to make soft grunts, slowly pushing away her sleepy state. It wasn't long before those eyelids of hers parted, revealing an ocean of radiant blue that could draw in a man's soul like the endless and mystical seas of the world.

Her eyes that had recovered their light squinted, adjusting to the new environment, to a world that was once more filled with color and life. Lin Ziyang's first sight was of a face that she hadn't expected. Wei Wuyin's unearthly handsome face that made him almost like an existence of myth, an impossible figure that garnered the admiration and hope of numerous lifeforms, was directly before her. He wore a soft, warm, and elated smile.

It was just enough, not too overbearing, not too little or false. It carried true happiness that she had never seen before, causing her to still for a moment.

"How do you feel?" Wei Wuyin excitedly asked. He was genuinely happy at her awakening, the light in her eyes, and the pinkish hue of her skin. This was evidence that his operation was a complete and thorough success, so how could he not be happy?

Lin Ziyang was softly jolted out of her shock, recalling her last memories. While her mind was disorderly, she could still remember certain things and events with the utmost clarity. One of which was being brought to a great throne room in a wheelchair and being taken away by silver light.

"We-Wei Wuyin...?" She finally regained herself, realizing that she had been tortured and crippled over a year ago. She was in a state of complete despair, being taken care of like an invalid by unfamiliar figures. At times, she would be visited by familiar voices who spoke to her, confided in her, or begged her for forgiveness.

But when she recalled those dreadful memories of her torture, she wasn't affected emotionally. While she knew it had been done to her, it was like she was watching it through the lens of another person, completely detached and lacked the ability to influence her mental state. It was odd and greatly relieving.

She subconsciously breathed a breath of exceptional relief. It was heavy and carried any lingering turbid emotions with it. She started to move, lifting her upper body from the table.

Woosh.

The silk cloth that covered her privates had shifted, revealing an extremely tantalizing sight that would invigorate many men to their most primal desires. She noticed her semi-nude state, her eyes widening slightly. She sharply sent a gaze towards Wei Wuyin, who seemed entirely undisturbed by her bodily exposure, and seemed to be waiting for her to acclimate to her situation.

She covered her chest and bottom half in a half-hearted manner. But seeing the complete lack of fiery passion within Wei Wuyin's eyes, she felt somewhat lost and forgot to react. Normally, in this situation, shouldn't she be exaggerated in her movements and accuse him of ill-intent?

"You...where am I?" She hesitantly asked, realizing she was on a warm, comfortable table in a spacious room that had a faint fragrance.

Wei Wuyin nodded, seeing the light of intelligence and processing within her eyes. Within a few moments, she had numerous complicated thoughts and emotions. This eliminated the last bit of concern from within him. He waved his hand, bringing out a set of gorgeous robes.

"You've been brought to my Sky Palace. You can clothe yourself. When you're ready, I'll send you back." Wei Wuyin was still deeply satisfied by his achievement that he hadn't noticed Lin Ziyang had started to intently stare at him. He had already turned around and was about to walk out, giving her whatever privacy she believed she needed.

"...Wait!" Lin Ziyang called out.

"...?" Wei Wuyin stopped his steps. He turned around to see Lin Ziyang's ocean blue eyes had faint tears building up, threatening to spill, as if she had realized her life was a lie. This startled him greatly, could he have done something wrong during the procedure?

But Lin Ziyang's voice cracked faintly. She tried to speak but every word carried hesitation and uncertainty. She spent nearly a minute mumbling words with tears in her eyes before she said in her first complete and understandable sentence: "Are you the one?"

Wei Wuyin, "...?!"

### **Chapter 334 - 330: Conflicted**

"Are you the one?" Lin Ziyang's words, while almost entirely nude, with watery eyes, could be easily misunderstood.

Wei Wuyin calmly replied, "I didn't violate you, if that's what you're asking." He had never been one to panic in the face of an accusation, nor would he, someone who stayed true to his steadfast principles and morals, would ever reveal guilt for any action he'd done. Because if he decided to do it, then it was something he could always live with.

The only blemish in his entire life was Na Xinyi. And that wasn't because of the act itself, regardless of the situation, no male cultivator would ever allow a woman with a Yin Physique of any type to escape their clutches. In fact, it was normal to simply take her Primal Yin through other means and kill her, an act that would be similar to snatching one's treasure. An act that was all too familiar with the cultivation world's strong eats the weak mentality.

It was the act of mercy that troubled him. Instead of extracting the majority of the benefits through cultivation methods, he decided to offer her a chance at freedom for her body, leaving her with a life and talent. He had taken something precious from her where she might've felt like she didn't have a choice otherwise, and that bothered him.

He was by no means a saint; it was these principles that he adhered to. It was perfectly normal and acceptable to extract her Yin Sources, behead her, and bury her in an unmarked grave; however, trading her body for freedom was the issue that plagued him.

As for violating an unconscious woman? That was unworthy to even emerge as a thought within his mind. No matter how beautiful, how mesmerising, or how special they were.

Lin Ziyang was startled for a moment, realizing she was misunderstood. She softly shook her head, her eyes still threatening to spill a few rivers from those ocean-like blues. She clenched the robes tightly, her knuckles turning white.

"Wait! Just wait, please..." She said, wanting to calm herself down. She moved her legs. She was somewhat taken aback by how smooth her bodily control was. She had been in a wheelchair for over a year, and she had a devastated body and mind where wanting to move a finger might cause her to close her legs. To feel as if she was in complete control of herself made her extremely emotional.

It took a few seconds before she rose, revealing her meaty yet tight backside to Wei Wuyin. He had already seen every inch of her body, but when he saw her lively movements and that jiggle, he couldn't help but appreciate his extraordinary work. Damn, he was good.

She didn't have any cultivation to speak of, so she couldn't erect a veil of light or mist to conceal herself, so she simply put her clothes on. She turned to see Wei Wuyin had already turned away, writing avidly within some notebook.

When she completely got dressed, she straightened her waist-length blonde hair, and realized these robes were extremely well-fitted, as if they were designed with her body in mind. Even the chest area tightly wrapped around her body without much slack, revealing every one of her fine womanly curves.

"So, what did you want me to wait for?" Wei Wuyin asked, curious about her thoughts, already having kept his notebook. Did she really think he had done something untoward towards her?

Lin Ziyang faced Wei Wuyin, her expression revealed a trace of decisive resolution. "When I was...in that state, many people visited me. I was told things in private, and a few had even confided in me their deepest thoughts. Maybe they thought I'd never regain myself or that I wouldn't remember, but whatever the reason, they did."

Wei Wuyin immediately realized that Long Chen's so-called harem, likely Wu Baozhai, Lian Yu, Na Xinyi, and Qing Qiumu might have told her something. Well, he didn't know if Na Xinyi and Qing Qiumu could be considered a part of Long Chen's harem. Regardless, they had to have talked to her. So, he patiently listened.

"Na Xinyi, do you know her struggles?" Lin Ziyang asked, faintly emotional.

Wei Wuyin nodded, replying with: "She mutilated herself because of her unwillingness to sleep with Long Chen, because if she did, then she would lose her chance of ever becoming my wife. A thing she

deeply wants, but is refusing to accept because of her feelings of gratitude for Long Chen's support when she was engulfed in hatred."

"...!" Lin Ziyan was thoroughly shaken. He knew? And so clearly at that! She didn't know what to say in response.

But Wei Wuyin continued, "When I first met Na Xinyi, she was trapped in iron shackles and about to be sent off to be a short-lived slave. A slave that would be ravaged by my men until likely a complete total breakdown occurred to alleviate their pent-up bloodlust and reward their good work.

"I noticed what she was, and there was a reason I didn't forcefully extract her Yin Sources and kill her, which would be an act of mercy in comparison to what she was supposed to go through. Because I had seen something in her eyes...It reminded me of someone. It was a desire so strong that it could eclipse the world. A desire for true freedom within the cultivation world. A hungry desire for control, power, wealth and status.

"I refused to snuff out that rare emotional light within those eyes of hers. Because unlike others, this hungry desire could never be satisfied with something little like land or a bit of riches. She had a desire to, wherever she was, to be the absolute highest authority. To be unrivaled, worshipped, and respected." Wei Wuyin's words came out naturally like water from a river.

Na Xinyi had lost everything, and she wasn't even an important figure in her sect. She was a mere outer disciple, unattractive, overlooked, and simply regarded as useless. She was hunted and her allies were killed in droves. She watched those people die and wasn't able to do anything about it.

But for anything to rise from that, anything that wasn't despair, sadness, or hatred was extremely, extremely, extremely rare. Most would just seek survival, peace and calm amidst their uselessness, and accept what they have.

Lin Ziyan went silent. Wei Wuyin thoroughly understood Na Xinyi, even more than she had. Even though Na Xinyi had confided in her while she was in her comatose-like state, spilling her deepest thoughts and uncertainties. She recalled Na Xinyi's words at that time...

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"Ziyan, is it wrong? Is it wrong for me to want more, better? Since I've met Long Chen, I've witnessed his miracles and talent. In the future, he's bound to be someone great, but...that's him. That isn't me. Even amongst the others, like Lian Yu and Wu Baozhai, I have very few advantages.

"Lian Yu is devoted to Long Chen in heart and soul, willing to give up everything for him. Wu Baozhai is intelligent, and helps him manage things, giving him helpful advice regarding matters I'm almost entirely ignorant of. She was a real princess of a country, how can I compete with that? Even you have more to offer than me. The only thing I have to offer is my body, my yin, but whenever I think about it...

"It's just...I don't want to be a tool for someone else. I was used in that way before, and I hated it. I wanted to kill...him...because of what he took from me, throwing me away right after. I thought I could only feel content if he was gone from this world, but then I met him again, and he was willing to accept me. I did not expect that. But I...the things I feel...the things I felt.

"I know that Long Chen senses my feelings, my hesitation. He might not say anything, but the way he treats me is different from the others. I know it. It might just be little things, but I know. Am I wrong? Am I overthinking it?"

"We've suffered misfortune after misfortune. Wherever we go, we're subjected to other people's desires or jealousy. We can't escape, because we're too weak. If it wasn't for Hong Ru and Xiao Bing's clans protecting us, perhaps we would all be relegated to service girls by now. We have no backing, no power, and we struggle for every ounce of resource we can."

"But then there are some people, some that enjoy resources we fight for with our entire lives on the line as if it was store bought candy. We bitterly cultivate, refine materials and essence stones for years or even decades, when others take a single pill and it's enough to completely eclipse all our efforts in a few days."

"How can he be so different from Long Chen? They came here at the same time, with the same cultivation, and that should've revealed that Long Chen was more talented because he was younger, yet...in a decade, their difference is like the suns and the moon. Now, he's someone with endless influence, wealth, and power. He's feared, worshipped, and his every action demands respect from heaven and earth."

"When we first arrived here, every last one of you told me that becoming his wife, making that choice, was a fool's choice. That staying with Long Chen was correct. Because in the end, Long Chen has unlimited potential. But look at you...look at what happened to you? Why wouldn't I be hesitant? Shouldn't I be? There's no one on the entire planet that would so much as look at you with disrespect if you were with that person!"

"Just the sheer mention of his name saved Qing Qiumu's life. While Long Chen could only watch as that guillotine dropped in front of a crowd of a million. That day, I was hoping Long Chen was going to do something, but it was an inch away from her neck. I panicked because I saw the frustration in Long Chen's eyes, the frustration of being useless and I was reminded of my past self all those years back. I screamed out his name, and that blade was shattered instantly."

"Maybe it was that moment when I realized that...I wanted that! I wanted a name that could overturn the world at the sheer mention of it. I don't want to be called 'this man's' woman my entire life, but Na Xinyi! A name that would demand respect from heaven and earth!"

"Maybe I'm being foolish, and what that man said all those years ago is false. That I, you, everyone that follows Long Chen, can only be props by his side. But I owe him yet I can't choose. So, I've decided to extract my Yin Sources and give it to him. If only to repay him for all those years. As for if this'll gain his trust once again, whether it'll be worth it in the end, I can only hope."

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That extremely long monologue that bore Na Xinyi's innermost thoughts and feelings was fully recalled by Lin Ziyang. Lin Ziyang knew that Na Xinyi didn't love Wei Wuyin, but she was extremely conflicted. He could provide her the chance at the dream she held in her heart. Moreover, while she didn't love him, she definitely felt something for him. It was an undeniable fact. After all, he had taken her first time,

essentially saved her life, and then honorably said that he would take responsibility to provide her happiness, to face heaven and earth with her.

It was hard not to think 'what if'. In the world of cultivation, arranged marriages happen frequently. There are many times where love wasn't originally present, but with time and effort, two people can develop that strong emotional bond. This would be even better because these two people would inevitably have to mutually agree and accept each other.

Then, she recalled her own situation, and she felt similarly conflicted. How can Wei Wuyin and Long Chen have such a profoundly strong connection with each other, to the people in each other's lives.

She had met Wei Wuyin years before she met Long Chen, and when Qing Qiumu had made a passing joke while she was in her comatose-like state, it resonated with her so extremely strongly that it almost shattered her entire life's view.

"When we first met, how old were you?" Lin Ziyang abruptly asked.

Wei Wuyin frowned slightly but answered, "I was twenty-five, nearly twenty-six." He remembered that time quite vividly.

"..." Lin Ziyang went silent for a long while. A brief calculation would say that twenty-two or so years had passed since that day. Her delicate fingers faintly trembled. Wei Wuyin could hear her heart racing rapidly and climbing, her eyes becoming more and more emotional. He couldn't quite understand why this was all happening.

She broke the silence and asked, "The Haven Heart Qi Method, when did you successfully cultivate it, developing your Second Heart of Qi?" The shakiness within her voice had settled, becoming firm and stable.

Only then did Wei Wuyin realize what she meant, why she was asking these questions so emotionally. He found it somewhat amusing, smilingly responding. "Six months after," his words shook Lin Ziyang to the core.

It was indeed six months later. When he was brought to that grassy field, he had experienced a moment of enlightenment that allowed him to freely access his soul, a feat most could only achieve once in their entire lives. This was why recultivating was extremely difficult. The Haven Heart Qi Method originally required one to split their existing Spirit into two, then nurture them both independently.

But he had miraculously devised a better way, essentially separating a portion of his soul once again to create a fresh and complete spirit. Using this revised method allowed him to create four spirits!

Lin Ziyang clenched her fists until her knuckles turned white. Her head was lowered and her expression couldn't be seen.

Step. Step. Step.

She took measured, slow steps towards Wei Wuyin, concealing her expression. Wei Wuyin was interested in what she wanted. When he recalled his words to Long Chen back at Qing Qiumu's execution, he knew someone had told her. While they were words to prod Long Chen and manipulate him at the time, it was true.

It didn't take long before she was a mere meter away from Wei Wuyin. She could smell his unique scent and he could smell hers.

"What is it y-" Wei Wuyin wanted her to simply speak, but he was interrupted! Lin Ziyang sharply lifted her head, not revealing a tearful expression, but one of unyielding resolve. He got momentarily lost for a moment in her ocean-like blue eyes, and before he could regather himself in his brief stupor...

He felt something soft, moist, and warm pressed against his lips.

### **Chapter 335 - 331: Resonance Of The Spirits**

The soft and warm sensation was incredibly familiar to Wei Wuyin, but the distinct pressure, the fragrant smell, and the taste was different than anything he'd experienced before. Wei Wuyin was momentarily shocked, his silver eyes glancing at the closed eyes of Lin Ziyang as she kissed him. Her fluttering eyelids made her feel delicate, and even with them closed, he could feel the conflict within her.

He didn't think she would be this bold. Was knowing that he cultivated the Haven Heart Qi Method so important that she was willing to turn away from Long Chen? Regardless, he wasn't one to not fully indulge in such a stimulating situation.

He touched her slender and supple waist, feeling a faint tremble of her body, and pulled her closer. The kiss soon transformed into a long form of contact, and he had even used his own tongue to wade through her inner mouth. Shockingly, she didn't reject and even engaged, causing them to simply stand there, tasting each other, feeling each other's warmth, and pressing against each other's body.

Shuang!

After several seconds, a soft sound like a tune played on a musical instrument resounded. Despite its soft nature, it was extremely loud within Wei Wuyin's mind. His eyes opened, and those silver pupils of his widened slightly. Before he could react, he felt as if the world had shifted, that he had transformed.

His surroundings and state of existence seemingly changed. The first thought in his mind was the familiarity of this sensation, and with it, he quickly adjusted himself. He briefly observed the surroundings, noticing that Lin Ziyang was no longer in front of him.

But what he did observe was the familiar appearance of four distinct worlds.

One of these worlds were domineering, tyrannical, endlessly sharp, and created rules, laws, and existences that conformed with its existence. Everything in this created world matched its qualities. There weren't even the faintest signs of irregularities or abnormalities within. It was seemingly perfect.

"...King?"

Another of these worlds were filled with nine elements, overseen by a white sun that radiated Elemental Origin light rays. This sun had infinite and limitless variations, overseeing the elements of the world below like a god of creation.

"Ori!"

He could feel two other distinct worlds, clearly they were Kratos and Eden!



When he had completed his Sky Ruler Astral Tribulation, developing the Zenith Origin State, he had experienced a disembodied moment where his existence was split into four ways, arriving at the essence of his four Astral Souls. These worlds of theirs represented their Dao, the fundamental truth of their existence.

He couldn't fathom how he had forcefully been brought here. Furthermore, the closest of the four, Ori and King, were seemingly unaware of his arrival. Before, King had revealed its endless god-like powers within its own world to show-off while Ori was unwilling to allow him to enter its territory.

Shuung!

It didn't take long before he heard that sound once more. He turned to its direction and saw a faintly glowing light that seemed like a miniature full moon emanating second-hand light. In his spiritual state, he furrowed his brow. With a thought, he sent a message to King and Ori.

"...Father?!" Ori exclaimed extremely loudly, causing white light from her sun to explode and nearly blind Wei Wuyin. Fortunately, he was merely some kind of mental entity at the moment. But its reaction and address made it seem that it had truly been taken by surprise at his arrival.

When he thought for a moment, he realized that it was possible this was a projection of his secondary mind that had remained dormant for quite a while. Since they shared the same memories, he recalled everything, but his primary mind was still present in the other world.

"What's happening?" Wei Wuyin transmitted.

"...I don't know. You're usually asleep! Asleep! Asleep!" Ori spoke, the uncertainty within its voice clear.

"..." His second mind had to have been triggered somehow. He gazed intently at the shining light in the distance, that faint moon-like object, and realized this was the only thing out of place from before. He was just about to fly towards it when he was immediately sent an explosive jolt.

In an instant, he felt sleepy.

When he awoke, he was back to his original location, with Lin Ziyin in his arms. On the surface of her skin, he could see soft flowing light. This light was the same light emitted from the moon-like object in that foreign space before. He pushed Lin Ziyin away, separating their lips, and causing the light to instantly vanish.

Lin Ziyin's eyes opened, revealing her gorgeous blue eyes. But those blue eyes contained waves of extreme shock. A type of shock that seemed to not just shatter her entire world view, but revealed a discovery that shook her very existence.

"You...you..." She stuttered.

Wei Wuyin wasn't slow, realizing that the light before was likely her own mental projection. She had somehow resonated with him, entering into that unique space that housed his four Astral Souls. Even he wasn't sure what that space was, and merely considered it a manifestation of their thoughts and self, their Dao.

If she was actually in that space, witnessing the existence of his four Astral Souls, then...

A faint killing intent surged within his mind, flashing through his eyes for the briefest of moments. But it was caught by Lin Ziyang, who felt her entire body grow cold, breaking her out of her intense stupor. She lowered her head, tears faintly falling from her eyes. Her cheeks were stained with those salty streams.

Wei Wuyin's heart softened for a moment, calming down and erasing his killing intent.

"Tell me what just happened," he demanded. That entire event was too strange, and she clearly kissed him for a purpose.

"..." For a long while, Lin Ziyang just stayed quiet. But she didn't back away or escape Wei Wuyin's embrace. In fact, she leaned closer and placed her wet cheeks on his chest, hearing his powerful heartbeat, and seemingly calmed down as a result.

"I...You have four Astral Souls." She confessed.

Wei Wuyin realized his thoughts were correct. She had witnessed the truth that many couldn't observe, somehow forcefully entering that unique space and quietly observing his four Astral Souls beneath their notice. It had awakened his secondary mind in the same way, and they were fully unaware.

What type of power did she use? How? She wasn't even a complete cultivator anymore, so how did she perform such a feat? His questions were endless.

It was as if Lin Ziyang could hear his questions through his heartbeats. "The Haven Heart Qi Method was devised from the legacy of my clan. A legacy method that was intricately connected to our unique bloodline that originated from beyond this starfield. It's real name is the Multi-World Exalted Qi Method." She softly spoke, her hands clutched at Wei Wuyin's sides harder, as if she wanted to melt into him.

Wei Wuyin frowned but remained patiently silent.

Lin Ziyang finally continued after a short period of silence, "Normally, it's impossible to cultivate the Multi-World Exalted Qi Method without our Bloodline power, but...The Sacred Elven Queen had found my clan's legacy, studied our bloodline, and extracted the foundational essence of how we're capable of splitting our Minds and Body into multiple layers. She devised a method to do so without our bloodline.

"Despite being sealed, our bloodline can still resonate with the Spirits created by it. That's what happened when we...came into contact."

Wei Wuyin was truly taken aback by the sudden reveal. A bloodline beyond this starfield? The Sacred Elven Queen had extracted and studied their bloodline and legacy method, figuring out a way to cultivate it without their bloodline? That required a level of genius and comprehensive intelligence that was extraordinarily high!

But something bothered Wei Wuyin; Why did she seal them? Why didn't she kill them after their usefulness expired?

Furthermore, Lin Ziyang hadn't explained why she was still holding him, hugging him. There were more questions, such as why she was spreading a technique that had been created with her clan as an experiment. His thoughts were moving at rapid speeds.

"..."

"...!" Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened instantly. "You're trying to unseal your bloodline, aren't you? The Haven Heart Qi Method you possess shouldn't be the same method the Sacred Elven Queen had devised, but one your ancestors had created to emulate it. No wonder it was incomplete."

Wei Wuyin recalled that the Haven Heart Qi Method shown all those years ago had very esoteric and vague explanations. It required an extremely high comprehension to even cultivate the first few methods, and failure to do so meant Qi Deviation or worse. The methods themselves seemed to require the cultivator to fill in the how.

When he split his mind into two, he had to devise the appropriate method to do so. While he knew the fundamentals, there were no exact directions on how to do it. It was like someone showed you an extremely exquisite sand castle and said: "Build this in one try. Don't let it collapse."

Lin Ziyang's body betrayed her thoughts, trembling incessantly. In the end, she nodded. "That's merely one objective. Our Bloodline can only be unsealed by a successful cultivator of the method, this was decreed by the Sacred Elven Queen. But she didn't leave any method for our people to cultivate it or find others, isolating us on the Myriad Yore Continent. We had to use the memories of our ancestors to recreate a semblance of the technique she devised, albeit incomplete."

Wei Wuyin's eyes roamed around briefly, "Why did the Sacred Elven Queen tell you all this? Seal you? If she didn't leave a way to unseal your bloodline, why tell you all how to undo it?"

"It doesn't make sense," Lin Ziyang and Wei Wuyin simultaneously said. This shocked Wei Wuyin, but Lin Ziyang chuckled lightly. Her laughter was quite like music.

"This is exactly what our Ancestors said, what my parents always told me. From their perspective, the entire event simply didn't make sense. But we had hope of one day unsealing our bloodline, of returning home." Lin Ziyang was still quite emotional, but her mental state had notably calmed down.

"So you spread the Haven Heart Qi Method amongst the geniuses of the sects on the continent in hopes of finding someone capable of cultivating it?" Wei Wuyin felt like he understood why she was traveling everywhere on the continent, to various countries.

Lin Ziyang nodded with a light 'mhm'.

"So, why this? Why the kiss? Couldn't you do it just by touch?" Wei Wuyin finally asked the crucial question. While he wasn't opposed to kissing a beauty, not even caring much about the reason, this was simply too odd. After all, she could be considered a part of Long Chen's bevy of beautiful followers. He subconsciously avoided thinking of it as a harem.

He realized that besides Wu Baozhai, he couldn't exactly confirm the relationship of Long Chen with any of the women. Wu Baozhai had his yang aura, and she hid her loss of virginity in the Wu Country. Likely, there was a story there. But Lin Ziyang, Na Xinyi, Ming Shufeng, and Qing Qiumu, their relationship with Long Chen had become more uncertain as he continued to interact with them.

This was especially for Qing Qiumu, who he knew had no interest in a romantic relationship as of now. Now, Lin Ziyang was supposedly with him yet she willingly kissed another man? He didn't feel an ounce of guilt in her eyes as she held him.

This really sent him into a whirl.

After all, Long Chen had invaded a wedding to save her. While the pretense of the entire event was likely false, the intention was true.

Lin Ziyan looked up, seeing Wei Wuyin's silver gaze meet her own.

"...It was once prophesied that the savior of our bloodline would appear in my lifetime and that I would meet them on my journey spreading the Haven Heart Qi Method. It was why I took up the duty. I had thought it was Long Chen, but when I think of it all, of everything that happened, you were always there. You were the first, and you arrived at the wedding. You even became a Sky Noble before arriving on the Myriad Monarch Planet. You have four, independent spirits, the closest representation of my clan's bloodline.

"Your comprehension of the method must've been perfect! Everything fit you perfectly, and I just hadn't noticed." Her words were quite emotional.

"..." Wei Wuyin wasn't too shocked. He knew that Ming Shufeng was a Seer. She could glimpse into heavenly fate. It was likely she wasn't the only one either. But he could only smile faintly.

In the end, he couldn't explain the truth. As a Sinner, Ming Shufeng was entirely incapable of glimpsing into his fate. Hell, even the heavens were fooled, let alone a measly Seer. Furthermore, this so-called prophecy happened before he even acquired the Bloodline of Sin, and in that original timeline, wasn't he beheaded by Long Chen?

As for why he fit all the criteria exactly, he didn't understand why. To be honest, he was suspicious of what was happening around him. His fate was intertwined too deeply with other Blessed.

He had met Lin Ming long ago in Golden Milk City, and had found the Myriad War Dao Palace as a result. He had even cultivated the Divine King Han Xei's Method. Qing Qiumu, Na Xinyi, Wu Baozhai, and even Lin Ziyan, he had a connection with each of them prior to even meeting Long Chen. Furthermore, he wasn't sure, but Anu likely had a connection with Yuan Longshi somehow.

After all, he had only been exposed to two instances of dragons.

He had always been suspicious of these connections, but he couldn't find an explanation. It felt as if he was destined, or directed, to steal their fortunes—whatever that may be.

His pupils shrunk slightly.

### **Chapter 336 - 332: Intertwined Connection**

Wei Wuyin's thoughts were far too complex at the moment, his eyes reflected a truth that he had understood before but not directly known.

Whatever he did, however he acted, his fate seemed to be interwoven with surrounding Blessed of the starfield. It wasn't simply Long Chen, Lin Ming, or Yuan Longshi.

He had met and killed his first Blessed on the Myriad Yore Continent. He was some unnamed commander who demonstrated exceptional arts and spells, but was beheaded by him. It was his first instance of obtaining Karmic Luck Value from killing, plundering not only that but the Spatial Jade Crystal that would later help birth his Draconic Void Soul.

It was too coincidental.

From Long Chen, he seemed to be in continuous contention regarding his female companions, these companions that were definitely a direct link to his own karmic luck.

From Lin Ming, he had a similar Elemental Origin Intent and cultivated the same method from Divine King Han Xei. He knew that there would likely be more interactions between them in the future, probably a conflict over something important linked to Divine King Han Xei's legacy.

From Yuan Longshi, he obtained his cultivation method and Xue Yifei. These two were the most brilliant representations of his karmic luck.

From the unnamed Commander, he had obtained the Spatial Jade Crystal and a necklace that seemed to be a key to activating an Ancient Void Gate. Perhaps more of that Commander's karmic luck was located beyond the Ancient Void Gate.

He was slowly but surely extracting all the benefits that the others would or could obtain, and while everything wasn't exactly clearly outlined, he could sense this being the case. It was almost as if he was hijacking their karmic fortune.

When he looked at Lin Ziyang, this gorgeous woman with a history that exceeded the starfield, he realized that she might've been the route Long Chen was originally supposed to take to escape the starfield. Or at the very least, it embroiled him into whatever scheme or intentions the Sacred Elven Queen wanted. After all, none of her actions made any sense, and placing them on the Myriad Yore Continent seemed to be extremely deliberate.

Of course, these were merely theories. He couldn't verify if any of this was true. One of the major things about the Heavenly Daos and Bloodline of Sinners were the concept of free will and choice. It was why a Blessed, despite having a high level of Karmic Luck, could still suffer an untimely demise that wasn't done by a Sinner.

If he hadn't saved Lin Ziyang, which was a decision influenced by his foreknowledge of the Blessed Reincarnator, he wouldn't be holding her, wouldn't have kissed her, nor learned of her unique bloodline. None of this would've happened.

In that case, then in the timeline before the Temporal Reincarnation, would it mean that he never knew of these things?

His thoughts were far too complex and complicated, unable to ascertain anything for certain.

"What about Long Chen?" Wei Wuyin asked.

Lin Ziyang's body faintly trembled but quickly stopped. "When I first met Long Chen, I thought that he was too immature and weak. I had left the Haven Heart Qi Method to him out of pity. He wasn't a part of any sect nor had any background to speak of. Even his cultivation was horrendous in comparison to his age. I told him that if he could successfully cultivate the method, he could come find me.

"He did and he found me years later. At that time, I wasn't aware that he had successfully cultivated the Method. Just like how I couldn't tell that you had. But just like you, he remained quiet about it all. I grew fond of him, realizing his talent and potential was slowly blooming. But it was only fondness.

"Later, the incident with the wedding happened and I realized he had successfully cultivated the Haven Heart Qi Method. I thought that he was the savior of my clan and the...person I've been waiting for. But I was wrong, clearly wrong.

"You have four Astral Souls. This is a greater expression of my clan's bloodline legacy than what was recorded. At most, my clan was capable of forging three Natal Souls, and then merged those Natal Souls into an extremely powerful Astral Soul. Only the greatest of bloodline possessed at least two Astral Souls, and that was by exceeding the limit. That required a perfect twin set of cultivators to achieve, and one of them died achieving it.

"But you have four! Furthermore, each Astral Soul is incredibly complete and extremely powerful. You've truly cultivated the method beyond its limits, you're clearly the one foretold in the prophecy."

Wei Wuyin took all this in, frowning slightly. He could sense a little bit of resentment within her eyes when she mentioned Long Chen. But considering she was placed into a comatose-like state because of his pride, it made sense for there to be just a little.

Maybe Lin Ziyang might've not blamed Long Chen if he had allowed her to fully recover, and if Wei Wuyin didn't exist, because she needed him.

"Does he know about the prophecy?" Wei Wuyin was curious about this detail. But directly after he asked, he received a response from someone else.

"She never told him, but I did. At least, he knew about her bloodline origins, and the actions of the Sacred Elven Queen. He definitely isn't aware of this so-called prophecy. Even I'm not certain of it." It was Wu Yu! He had been listening, observing the entire event in silence. The Founding Ancestor was rather shocked by what he heard, especially learning about this prophecy.

Just as Wu Yu said, Lin Ziyang answered: "No. I never told him. I didn't think it mattered. It could only be achieved by someone in the Mystic Ascendant Realm anyhow, just like the Sacred Elven Queen, and Long Chen had too much to worry about already."

Witnessing her considerate behavior, Wei Wuyin pouted slightly.

He sent a message to Wu Yu, "You have any idea why the Sacred Elven Queen did all this, what she's planning?"

"She's always been the most mysterious of the four of us. She was a cultivation maniac and a mad researcher that did anything and everything to complete her goals. I never liked her. I'm certain she used her body to coax the King of Everlore for resources. The little slut." Wu Yu clearly had an axe to grind with the Sacred Elven Queen as he spouted unrelated nonsense.

"Tch! She was the one that the Ever-Rebirth Pill was originally made for. She was always rash, always relying heavily on the King of Everlore to fix her mistakes. She had convinced that stupid fellow, a subordinate of the King of Everlore, to ascend the Mystic Ascendant Realm for her experiments. He horrendously failed and she kept his soul alive. The King of Everlore toiled for twenty years to correct her wrong." If Wei Wuyin could see Wu Yu's spiritual form, he would see him flaring his nostrils in anger.

*'Well, if she hadn't done that, you wouldn't have this opportunity to revive so thoroughly, you know?'* Wei Wuyin amusedly thought. Wu Yu had tried to ascend to the next phase of the Mystic Ascendant

Realm and similarly failed horrendously. The only reason he survived was because the King of Everlore had crafted that ring he inhabited. It was somewhat hypocritical to suggest that the Sacred Elven Queen was rash, always relying on the King of Everlore to fix everything.

He ignored Wu Yu for now.

He sighed, pushing Lin Ziyang away from his embrace. He fixed her with a steel-like gaze, "I don't reject women that I like. I don't know about this so-called prophecy, I don't know if I'll be able to unseal your bloodline or help your clan return home, and I don't think I'm the destined lover you're waiting for."

Lin Ziyang, "...!" She faintly exclaimed, realizing that Wei Wuyin knew.

Wei Wuyin clearly explained his position: "If you want to enter into a relationship with me, I won't decline. But you should know that I don't intend to take you as a wife for now, and if I help you reach the Astral Core Realm, then I'm not going to foolishly wait until your heart is ready. I don't have the time for that. You should be absolutely sure that this is what you want, because I won't hesitate to kill you if you decide to betray me in any way or reveal my secrets to others."

Considering she had caught a glimpse of his four Astral Souls, she was the only one alive that was concretely aware of it. Even Su Mei wasn't entirely certain, but that's only because she never asked. Furthermore, he was on a clock.

Lin Ziyang's body grew still. She felt the bone-chilling killing intent in his words. In her heart, she wasn't certain that Wei Wuyin wouldn't kill her if she said no, simply to keep his secrets a secret. But she had long since believed and trusted in Ming Shufeng, so she steeled her resolve. Moreover, in the depths of her heart, she felt that Wei Wuyin was a man that met her every criteria, and a desire was set aflame in her heart. Even a hint of expectation as she regarded his unearthly handsome face.

She heavily nodded her head.

Wei Wuyin saw the resolve in her beautiful eyes, and couldn't help but wonder what she went through to believe this. Perhaps it wasn't because of this belief of a prophecy, or maybe she wanted him. When this thought flashed through his mind, he considered the numerous women that likely sought his attention but couldn't receive it, he couldn't help but feel interestingly odd.

### **Chapter 337 - 333: Thoughts & Concerns All Around**

Within his Sky Palace, in the lavishly designed main bedroom, Wei Wuyin laid down silently on his bed. His silver eyes were fixated on a particular piece of the ceiling, lost in thought. The event with Lin Ziyang had been thoroughly unexpected, and when he recalled all the information he had just received, all the theories that had formulated within him as a result, he couldn't help but be lost.

The comfort and warmth of the king-sized bed did little to alleviate the weight of the heavy questions lingering in his mind. "There's so much I haven't fully understood. It feels like I'm weaving through tall grass, searching for something I can't remember or recall."

The feeling continuously ate at him, unable to find the answers to his questions. What's worse, he didn't have anyone he could bounce ideas off of or seek help from. He was stuck with merely himself. It wasn't just about the Bloodline of Sinners, but the Heavenly Daos, Blessed, the Temporal Reincarnation, the

strange intentions of the Sacred Elven Queen and the Alchemist Association, the truth about his Astral Souls, and even Su Mei's mysterious event during her astral tribulation.

He felt like he was in a quagmire, requiring strength and breadth of mind to properly see. The things he lacked the most at the moment. He hadn't even fully understood the profundities of the Soul Idol Phase yet, and by comparison, the other things were far, far beyond his limits of understanding.

He recalled the Scripture of Sin. It was so vaguely inscribed with esoteric and strange texts that he still had yet to understand twenty percent of it. And that little amount might not be fully correct, containing double meanings or new terms with meanings that exceeded what he currently knew.

All those years ago, his life had changed.

A man with silver hair and black eyes, grimy and insane, had somehow transferred his bloodline to him. Why? He didn't know. But it seemingly saved him from the fate of being beheaded. He didn't know whether to thank him or curse him. Regardless of how he acted, how confident he was, how much influence he possessed in the starfield, or how great his cultivation foundation was at the moment, it all paled in comparison when met with the Calamities of Hell.

In the end...

Karmic Luck Value: 1,356.7.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Suppressed - 7 Years.

°Seven more years.° After eliminating Yuan Longshi, the thirty-six years he had was reduced to nine. At the time, he was unbelievably excited, invigorated at the challenge. But in seven years, he could vanish from this world forever.

Seven years...

As a cultivator, especially within the Scarlet Solaris Sect, he knew that death was always around the corner. As long as he made the mistake of making that turn, his life would come to an abrupt end. He had always had a strong heart in the face of death, treating every battle as his last and staking his all in each and every one. But this wasn't a corner, but an approaching light that he couldn't avoid. He had to face it, staring at it for seven full years knowing what may come.

Furthermore, this was the Second Calamity.

There were sixteen more.

He didn't feel helplessness, despair, or fear, simply a little uncertainty. It was a tension within his shoulders, a weight on his heart, and it increased in intensity with each passing day.

Wei Wuyin's Heart of Cultivation remained strong, no longer idly accepting his fate as before, but it didn't stop the pressure from increasing.



Just as he was lost in his ever-growing and endless thoughts, his spatial ring emanated a faint light. He received a transmission message. With a quick sweep of his spiritual sense, he read the message. It was from Xue Yifei!

She had been left on the Bloodforge Continent due to the explosion of the Void Gate caused by Jiang Linlan. That event had killed an extremely high number of individuals, all caused because of a one-sided jealousy towards him. She was also Jiang Feilan's daughter, the Sacred Light Palace's Palace Master, so she wasn't killed.

It had been over a year since he last saw Xue Yifei. A gorgeous, impeccable visage emerged in his mind, accompanied by an exquisite and perfect body. She was still, to present, the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

It read: "I've ascended to the Eighth Phase of Qi Condensation! Thank you for the Spirit Forge Blood Elixir!"

He could feel her ardent jubilation due to her advancement. This lightened his mood, recalling how she would continuously send messages of thanks and occasional updates of her cultivation, of her training achievements, and her idle thoughts at times. Despite being worlds away, she maintained that link with him.

Despite being separated, he could still one-sidedly use the Void Gate to send resources to the Bloodforge Continent. She and Ying, his shadow, were still enjoying the best resources for their cultivation levels.

It was this message that broke him away from his tolling thoughts. While he might be facing uncertainties, it reminded him that he still had to continue his cultivation, continue improving, to continue fighting until he was worthy of learning the answers. One day, all these questions will seem like a faint memory. This is what he believed.

He believed he would survive, that he would always survive.

His silver eyes emitted a faint radiance, effusing a light of renewed vigor. He placed all these thoughts behind him, replied to Xue Yifei, and set his next goal. In one month, he was scheduled to face Qingye Ying, or the Princess of Everlore, in an All-Alchemic Clash. This will be an event witnessed by tens of billions, known by trillions.

He should refine his skills a little.

It's been a while since he concocted a Ninth-Grade Alchemical Product.

-----

In the Tri-Vision Starfield, there was a particular planet that was the most known, most highly regarded location. It was named Everlore. It was the location, the planet, that the King of Everlore himself resided in, developed, and established his forces on. After his mysterious disappearance, it had been left to his servants that had remained behind.

One of these servant lineages were the San Clan, who now used the planet as the base of their rule, their Imperial Capital. It was a planet originally completely devoid of war and conflict, being respected by every single hegemonic force throughout the eras.

Then, when the era reached its current decline, the San Clan abruptly rose with two Realmlords that suppressed the entire starfield. This planet was no longer a designated safe haven, being transformed into a planet that had a set of ironclad cultivation rules like all the others, rife with internal strife and conflict, and fights of greed and desire.

It could be seen as a blasphemy to the King of Everlore's name, but nothing could be done about it. The San Clan had the highest cultivation base for a thousand years, and the other hegemonic forces could merely look on as it was changed to what it was now. The planet that was once free of conflict, lively, and a safe haven for all alchemists and cultivators, had truly been eradicated. It existed merely in name.

At the moment, on this very planet, within the San Clan's luxurious and grand Imperial Palace was a gathering of dozens of elders within the Grand Hall. The atmospheric tension was thick, and concern and anxiety was etched into the foreheads of them all.

At the leading position of the group, a figure cloaked entirely in a misty veil was sitting from an elevated position. While the figure couldn't be seen, the faint trembles of space around them suggested that they were a Realmlord.

These were all Elders of the San Clan, members of elite positions. But if one looked at their cultivations, not a single one amongst them had reached the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Gravity Emission Phase. Despite that, they all contained the distinct bloodline aura of the San Clan, determining them as legitimate descendants.

They were clamoring amongst each other, discussing a single topic that had many of them filled with trepidation and uncertainty: the Myriad Monarch Sect. The discussions were animated and heated.

"For over a thousand years, we've ruled this starfield! It was left to us by the King of Everlore himself! I say we use the full strength of our clan, bring this so-called Prince of Everlore and Grand Sage Tuo Bihan to a kneel!" An aggressive grey-haired elder argued, shouting out with spittle.

"Nonsense! The Myriad Monarch Sect's Main Planet is protected by its Planetary Formation, something devised by Grand Monarch Wu Yu himself. It would be impossible to breach, are you asking us to die?!" Another Elder rebuked.

"Tch! We have two Realmlords, they have one! We can plan a tactic to bring them out and suppress them." The grey-haired elder slammed the table, causing the others to become even more invigorated in their arguments.

The arrival of a naturally ascended Realmlord had threatened their position, leaving them extremely nervous of the future. For over a millennia, they enjoyed the benefits of an Imperial Clan, the ruler of an entire starfield. The vast majority of these elders were born into royalty and nobility, and it was something they refused to surrender.

A female elder interjected, "How is this even possible? According to our records, it should be impossible for Tuo Bihan to ascend! Tuo Bihan had a far lower foundation than that pure-blooded elf from the Sacred Light Palace, and he was similarly a purist. Is this merely a lie conjured to entrap us or bait us?"

Her words caused the room to simmer into a silent deliberation. They, too, had this very question on their minds. According to the King of Everlore, the minimum requirement to succeed the Seventh Astral Tribulation was a 9th Mortal State Astral Soul, a fully-developed Intent, a Seven-Ringed Soul Idol, Seven-Ripple Spatial Resonance, and an Astral Core of at least a centimeter in size.

Anything less meant direct failure. This information was a secret that hadn't been spread, because it wasn't exactly conclusive. There were numerous other ways to survive and overcome the tribulation or exceptions, which is why the King of Everlore never publicized his hypothesis.

In fact, besides the one centimeter-sized Astral Core, Wei Wuyin had similarly conceived the same beliefs. Of course, with a better Soul Idol, a better Spatial Resonance, Zenith Mortal State, or a greater sized Astral Core, one could make up for any deficits in requirement.

"...It could be." A faint hope bloomed in their hearts at this thought. If that's the case, then they had ample time and could still maintain their position, but a voice had shattered this hope.

"It is not a lie."

### **Chapter 338 - 334: End Of An Era**

"It is not a lie."

The eyes of all the Elders present shifted to the leader position, one of the two Realmlords that exist in the San Clan. Their eyes reflected a feeling of reverence and also envy. Who didn't know that the only reason this individual held any sort of power was because of luck. They had taken the World-Infusing Realm Pill, granting them the strength of a Realmlord without any risk.

Still, there was a lack of disdain or contempt in their eyes. Because this individual had strength.

"I felt it. He rightfully ascended." The voice that originated from the misty veil rippled outwards, containing an innate regal charm that had been developed from ruling the starfield for a millennia.

"..." They all remained silent, realizing their hopes were dashed. While they didn't know the true strength of a genuine Realmlord, they were aware of the strength of a false one. Moreover, the records that state a False Realmlord had very little ability to fight a genuine Realmlord. Even if they were to bring Tuo Bihan into a trap, did they have the sufficient strength to deploy the means to kill him?

As for luring him to Everlore and using the planetary formation to kill him? That was completely and utterly impossible. Without even considering whether Tuo Bihan would do something so stupid as entering a planet with a Mystic Ascendant-level formation, but the Everlore Mystic Aegis Formation was purely defensive. It was designed to protect, not slaughter.

The San Clan's Emperor, the man behind the misty veil, the False Realmlord, broke the silence. "The era has changed. Our era has passed."

SHATTER!

Those were cracked and destroyed their hearts and will. While they knew that if a genuine Realmlord was ever produced, they would soon be relegated to a lesser position, they didn't want to accept such a reality. The Tri-Vision Starfield was theirs for over a millennia! Their bloodline had controlled and decided matters for so long, receiving resources and worship from the masses. Should that all come to an end?

Is this really the end of their era?

First, it was this Prince of Everlore. Then, it was the Princess of Everlore. And now, a Realmlord was born.

All of these things happened in less than two decades, causing them to be unable to appropriately react or prepare. This so-called Prince of Everlore was mostly protected on the Myriad Monarch's Main Planet throughout most of the time his existence was known. The Princess of Everlore had ascended the Astral Core Realm with an Alchemic Astral Soul. Tuo Bihan ascended beyond their calculations, an event that shouldn't even be possible.

Will the Imperial Heaven Starfield once more be revived? It felt too depressing to think about.

An elder, one of the youngest present, eyes gleamed with a mysterious light. A will of unwillingness exuded from his body, "I can not accept this!" He fiercely roared, sweeping his ardent gaze across all the elders before landing on the San Emperor himself. It was as if his gaze could pierce the misty veil that shielded them from being gazed upon.

"Why the loud noise?! Are you trying to scare us? We understand, you're unwilling, but what of it?" An older male elder spoke. Clearly the two had a very close resemblance, likely the younger elder was a descendent of his.

The young elder glared at the old man, his eyes burning even brighter. "We're derived from the honored lineage that served the King of Everlore! The glorious origin of our bloodline was bestowed nobility by the greatest of our race! We can overcome this! I have a plan!!" When he shouted, he was filled with passion and ferocity. It caused everyone to feel a wave of heat surge within their chests. That was right! Their lineage served the King of Everlore, a figure that defined eras! We took an era for ourselves, why must we allow ourselves to be overtaken by another?!

The San Emperor was silent for a long while before he said, "Let's hear it." This glorious figure that ruled for a millennia hadn't noticed it yet, but there was a puppet master behind this event. An event that shouldn't have happened in this timeline.

The young elder said with enthusiasm, "The Gateway!"

-----

In the Elemental Heaven Astral Territory, there was a particular planet that was engulfed by a nine-colored radiant glow that looked absolutely gorgeous. The Planet Divine Element housed one of this starfield's hegemonic forces, the Elemental Heaven Pavilion.

Since the loss at the Grand Spirit Trials, the Elemental Heaven Pavilion had been in a constant state of strict cultivation, making ample preparations to send their most elite juniors into the Gateway Door alongside the Myriad Monarch Sect and Alchemist Association.

They had long since decided who would be participating, and one of which was a young man that was now quite famous, regarded as having a demon-level talent and potential, and even received the full support from the sect. Despite having disappeared after suffering a devastating injury that sheared off his skin, he had still revealed strength that was extraordinary beyond belief.

A Nine-Ringed Soul Idol!

Elemental Origin Intent!

Zenith Mortal State!

With these three aspects of his cultivation state, how could he not be well-regarded?

At the moment, the young man was cultivating near a pond of an extremely rich environment. The nine elemental energies congregated here in the most natural manner, being purified by an external formation, allowing for cultivation to be extraordinary. Even the astral essence within the air was equivalent to the eighth Sky Layer of the Myriad Monarch Sect.

He maintained a stable breathing, situated in the most perfect lotus position. The ambient elemental energies swirled around him, and every breath would devour a bundle of energies and astral essence. Even his body had a faint glow.

Lin Ming had recovered from his severe injuries thanks to his Senior Sister's extraordinary means. The blazing confidence that had once stayed firmly between his brows had mellowed out. His battle with Zuhei had allowed him to understand that even a declining starfield couldn't be underestimated.

Whenever he recalled Zuhei, then thought of his Senior Sister's words that said there were even greater monstrous geniuses out there, his drive to cultivate continued to rise. He wanted to reach the peak of the Martial Dao, and that meant traversing the best path with the greatest effort. He couldn't slack.

Not far from him, a figure emerged as if appearing from thin air. She had scarlet hair and a face hidden by a veil. If one were to observe simply her eyes, they would understand that the face hidden was ungodly gorgeous, likely exceeding the natural limits of beauty in the Mortal World.

A wisp of relief emerged in her eyes after seeing Lin Ming cultivate diligently. Despite his newfound status within the pavilion, he hadn't allowed it to slow him down. In fact, he seemed to become even fiercer.

When he arrived before her via the protective formation she had laid into him, she was startled and afraid. His appearance was exceptionally gruesome, being skinless and hairless. But what truly shocked her was his tenacious smile filled with excitement, one he held before he directly lost consciousness.

After learning about the events that happened, she knew that she had severely underestimated this starfield. They were showing signs of rise after their decline, a very rare event. First was this Prince of Everlore, but she didn't consider him of any importance because of his lack of an Alchemic Soul. Only with that can one create products that exceed Mortal Limits. Still, from what she learned, his production rate was quite frightening.

There were very few alchemists that she knew in her own starfield that held such a high rate of production.

Then, there was the Princess of Everlore. She was quite intrigued by this woman, but after learning of her particular flaw, she found it very laughable. It became even more so when she realized what the Alchemist Association wanted.

Just now she learned about the newly ascended Realmlord. She had just returned from checking on him, and she was shocked within her heart. The rumors of his Six-Ring Soul Idol and Six-Ripple Spatial Resonance was a lie. From her senses, he possessed a Nine-Ring Soul Idol and Nine-Ring Spatial Resonance. Even more surprising, he was a legitimate Purist.

These types of cultivators had long since fallen out of flavor in more advanced starfields because of the importance of Intent. This was her first time meeting a Realmlord purist in her lifetime.

Regardless, the starfield seemed to be changing for the better.

Lin Ming ended his cultivation, feeling a gaze on him. He turned around to see his Senior Sister Lin standing there quietly waiting. He smiled an exceptional smile and rose, "Greetings, Senior Sister Lin."

Her eyes fluctuated with emotion. "The Gateway will open soon," she reminded him.

Lin Ming was briefly taken aback before swiftly nodding. "I'll be ready. For anything."

"You must succeed. Otherwise..." the woman's voice trailed off. Lin Ming was someone she had chosen when he was unassuming stone, and his every step and path had been fraught with difficulties. Slowly but surely, he emerged as a diamond from the pressure. She couldn't bear to think of the consequences of failure.

Lin Ming's heart warmed, and his gaze softened. "I'll succeed. I promise." He had a disappointment of a family growing up, never feeling concern or a hint of genuine worry from them, so he wouldn't, no, couldn't disappoint the one figure in his life that truly cares for him. No matter what, he'll succeed.

Even if gods, devils, buddhas, or ghosts laid in his path, he'll slaughter them all to the peak! This journey, this starfield, it was merely a stepping stone to the grander world!

### **Chapter 339 - 335: The Year Of Wen Mingna**

A little over a year had passed since that fateful day, a day that had been marked into Wen Mingna's heart like an engraving in astral stone. The day that she had met Wei Wuyin once again, not as the Myriad Yore Continent's youthful neophyte of the Tri-Vision Starfield, but the well-established, feared, worshipped, and revered Prince of Everlore.

Before that year, she had quietly and diligently struggled to make a path for herself, one where she wouldn't be considered as a measly woman of fleeting beauty, but a cultivator with the potential to one day stand at the pinnacle. Her upbringing from royalty had not spoiled her eyes to the difficulties of the world. No, in fact, it had broadened her perspective as she maintained a clear and open mind.

It was so clear that when she arrived all those years ago, her first action was to disfigure herself. She had lost her prided beauty and was considered a pitiful female by many, and with her low profile, humble demeanor, and self-created rumors, she maintained a streak of quiet and peace.

Everyday she diligently worked in ways that a Princess like her never had to, but she didn't disregard or look down on any of it. That was because it was her efforts, and every ounce of sweat she poured into her work was always her greatest pride. Regardless if it was cleaning septic tanks of beasts or fetching extravagant food orders for entitled elites.

Her hustle never stopped.

Despite that, she understood that the reward for her efforts weren't the greatest nor easiest, and didn't lead to the path of the peak, but she was patient, diligent, and hardworking. While it might not be very rewarding now, it would serve as a foundation as she continued cultivation until she could erect a pillar that belonged solely to her in the cultivation world. This pillar would have her name etched on top and have the potential to reach that elusive peak.

Others would soon have to look up to it.

Her hopeful and optimistic attitude alongside her willingness to do degrading things to acquire peace, such as horrifically disfiguring herself, suppressing her innate female charms, and keeping her opinions to herself, had allowed her to see this future path.

But it was all overthrown due to a single meeting. All the years she worked hadn't amounted to a single breath of this man, and he swooped in, without any ill-intentions she would normally expect, and gave her an entirely new path.

Now, he was no longer simply that Prince of Everlore, and the Myriad Monarch Sect was no longer the weakest hegemonic force within the starfield. The Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn they called him. This name widely circulated like an infectious virus, carving out an innate legacy that belonged solely to him.

What did it mean to be a Prince? It meant living in someone's shadow until he could rise to their new position, their already treaded path. She knew this far better than most. His comparison to the King of Everlore was clear, but he could no longer be regarded the same in her eyes or the eyes of the masses.

When she watched him avidly on the Grand Spirit Trials observer screens, she realized he could no longer simply be compared with that of a Prince of something or someone. He was not like the King of Everlore. In the eyes of the masses, he lacked an Alchemic Soul, he lacked neutrality, and he lacked a non-combat identity. In fact, when he toppled three Star Beasts that could be considered pinnacle-level Soul Idols in a short time in a domineeringly dominating fashion, they all knew.

His one centimeter Astral Soul, his terrifying physical body that exceeded many gifted beastmen geniuses, and his otherworldly demeanor spoke volumes about the differences between the two. He wasn't fragile, he wasn't mysteriously fleeting or isolated, and he wasn't simply a nurturer that could define an era.

**HE WAS AN ERA!**

For some reason, an odd sense of pride and relief emerged in her heart as Wei Wuyin won unchallenged.

As for her? Her own year wasn't as flamboyant or era-defying, but she had forged her path. After meeting Wei Wuyin that day, he had offered to bring her into the folds of his budding faction, the

Ascendants. At the time, she was skeptical. Unlike the others within the sect, he was one of the few who knew her true appearance, of her real beauty. She had assumed that his invitation was made with ill-intent and nefarious desires.

It was only after he unhesitatingly swore a Spirit Oath that he wouldn't force her to do anything, be it sexual or anything else, unless she asked specifically him to. This brought her a wave of excited relief and a sliver of disappointment. She knew at the time that the Sky Palace of his was located beyond the clouds, where astral essence was present and abundant.

She didn't know why he wanted her specifically, but she was happy to accept such generous conditions without risk. Regardless if it was simply because he felt a sense of similar origins, it brought her an opportunity no man or woman could possibly reject.

When she made her way through the Sky Layer, her heart suffered waves of shock, surprise, and surrealism. Witnessing a large, grandiose palace floating on a bed of clouds was an extremely mystical sight. Her horizons on what was possible in the cultivation world had broadened considerably at that moment.

While there were some events that happened later, such as the freaky incident of Wei Wuyin's voice echoing throughout the entire world or the destruction of his Sky Palace, she was still okay. The former merely shook her slightly while when the latter happened, she wasn't even present. She was even relocated prior to the emergence of that beautiful manifestation in the sky, shocking the entire planet.

It was said to be the byproduct of an eighth-grade pill concocted by the planet's vital energies, but she didn't believe that for some reason. Still, Wei Wuyin was incredibly timely with relocating or isolating her if mysterious or dangerous events were about to occur.

So, during this year, she had merely cultivated diligently while basking in all the miraculous and incredible events that surrounded Wei Wuyin. She hadn't interacted with him much after her settling in, but she wasn't the needy sort that sought attention. She was given alchemic resources, an extremely well-designed environment, and status. That was more than enough.

As a member of Wei Wuyin's faction, even leaving to see more of the sect or planet wouldn't bring any issues. In fact, numerous individuals, those she had once looked up to and regarded as beyond her limits for at least a few decades to centuries had become extremely well-mannered and kind to her. They would offer support in any activity she did, trying their damndest to establish friendly connections.

Just the emblem of the fledgling organization had enough presence that the Knights of Enforcement would actively avoid her with gentle smiles. She wielded an ungodly amount of power without effort, merely because she was a part of Wei Wuyin's organization. She faintly felt that the Myriad Monarch Sect was his. It was terrifying when she thought about it.

It had been merely a few years since he had arrived. Not only was he a household name, not only had he demonstrated extreme talent, but he had also snatched incredible influence and power into his grasp. The level of intelligence and means needed for such a feat were...incredible.

When the event of Qing Qiumu's scheduled execution was settled, the Ji Clan, a clan that had existed for centuries, had simply vanished from this world after a single sentence of his. It was unheard of for anyone to wield such power. It was...extremely alluring and attractive.



But even after all this time, Wei Wuyin had merely accepted her into his faction, busying himself with other matters. While a year was an extremely short period of time for cultivators, it still made her feel strange. While her cultivation jumped by leaps and bounds, her status had undergone a change, she no longer allowed her face to remain disfigured, hiding behind a mask.

She had regained her original beauty befitting a Princess. Her full, soft like water, oval-shaped pink lips had regained their supple form, capable of alluring the eyes of many men. Her brown-hair no longer was fashioned in a blonde-layered crop with highlights, but had become slightly exceeding shoulder-length, wavy like a waterfall, and well-cut bangs. Her skin was no longer artificially dampened, recovering its impeccable clarity and smooth jade-like complexion.

While her innate noble air had been chiseled away, she still had a heavenly-feeling about her that added to her already beautiful facial features.

One day, for an inexplicable reason, she decided to visit Wei Wuyin. He had a newly rebuilt Sky Palace, and it was said he was making preparations for the clash of an era-defining generation with the Princess of Everlore. It was already being marketed as the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn Vs the Successor of the King of Everlore, the Princess of Everlore.

Few were talking about if this would decide who was truly the successor any longer, because it was impossible for Wei Wuyin, who many believed lacked an Alchemic Soul, to ever truly obtain that title. But Qingye Ying, the Princess of Everlore, had taken an Everlore Ascension Pill and ascended to the Astral Core Realm with an Alchemic Astral Soul. It was the exact path of the King of Everlore, and even the pill made it seem as if she was the rightful successor. The only possible successor.

It was now a clash between the most talented alchemists in this generation, in this entire world's history if the King of Everlore was excluded. But even at their age, the King of Everlore did not have such status, such influence, or such power.

When she arrived at the Sky Palace via Bo Kay, an Earthly General-class Elder, who had been relegated to a shuttle service in some ways, she tried to announce herself. But Su Mei wasn't present and Wei Wuyin was seemingly preoccupied. She didn't know what to do after showing up unannounced, but when she tried to enter the palace as a last-ditch effort, she was allowed entry.

She realized that the emblem she carried allowed her to freely enter despite the protective formations and arrays present. She quickly felt strange. There was no way any member could simply waltz in like this. Was she special?

This thought spiraled her fantasies. While Wei Wuyin had sworn to not forcefully take advantage of her, she couldn't help but have her thoughts wander. How would it feel to become the wife of the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn? Even if she was a concubine, wouldn't this still be exceptional?

Furthermore, he had no clear flaws. His looks were so extraordinary that even she still felt uncertain if he was real. He lacked that feminine charm that some beautiful men had, and was purely handsome. It felt surreal, like how you would expect the perfectly sculpted man by the gods to be. Whether it was talent, wealth, strength, demeanor, or influence, he lacked none of it.

What made it even sweeter was his identity as an Alchemist. Unlike the normal standard of riding on the dragon's lap to rise, this particular dragon could transform you into one and both of you could soar

amongst the clouds freely and together for thousands of years. The more she thought about it, the redder her cheeks became.

She soon found herself unknowingly before a room that was emitting a dense alchemical smell and effused light from its normally-insulated corners. She was startled that a light could be so strong that it was actually breaching such powerful restrictions.

'*What is that?*' She slowly reached out, about to touch the door, when...

Clink!

Creek!

The door opened!

A pleasant voice filled with excited surprise resounded from within accompanied by an exquisite smell and radiant light. "Wen Mingna! You're finally here. Come in."

She hadn't known it at the time, but when she unconsciously entered that room with a smell and light so attractive that every cell in her body screamed at her to step inside, her life was on a path that would change it forever.

### **Chapter 340 - 336: Viewing Deck**

Above the Extreme Origin Mountain, within the eighth Sky Layer, Qin Rui's Sky Palace floated elegantly above a bed of clouds. Amongst the numerous Sky Palaces that existed, hers was the smallest, whitest, and exuded an aura of yin that chilled the surroundings. This environment of hers forcefully made all her servants and subordinates, even her disciples, only females.

When men arrived, they would need a special tool to prevent the chilly yin aura from penetrating their flesh, entering their bones and blood. If it did, it's possible to undergo mutations, even become impotent. It also made it so no male characters, regardless of their status, would dare to step foot in her Sky Palace without permission.

In fact, the only male that had ever stepped foot into the palace before today was Tuo Bihan. Their relationship wasn't simple, and anyone in the sect knew this. After all, Tuo Bihan had used over a decade of his life to concoct a Spatial Spirit Pill long ago, allowing her to build a stable foundation that later contributed to her eventual rise as the Grand Imperial Sage of the Extreme Origin Mountain.

At this very moment, a second male had entered the Sky Palace. It was a young man that could be considered handsome with black hair, dark eyes, and a sharp gaze.

Long Chen!

He was accompanied by a bevy of beauties. They included Lian Yu, Wu Baozhai, Xiao Bing, Qing Qiumu, Long Tingyu, and Na Xinyi. The penetrating yin aura for them was extremely pleasant, especially for those who maintained their Primal Yin. Long Chen was faintly covered in a translucent aura that warded off the yin aura. It originated from a white bracelet that was fixed on his right wrist.

After Long Chen had obtained Wei Wuyin's unexpected agreement, the resources to reconstruct Hong Ru's body had been swiftly delivered to Qin Rui. He, and the others, especially Xiao Bing, wanted to be present for the reconstruction.

This was allowed by Qin Rui, who wanted to broaden their horizons. In fact, this wasn't the first time a body had been reconstructed, but it was never for a disembodied soul, but for a unique beastmen with extremely strong vitality that could still survive as long as their heart and brain remained undamaged.

Of course, the body formulated would lose a large portion of its innate talents, essentially, and usually, severing the path of cultivation for the saved. After all, their body contained the mysteries of their flesh and essence. When lost, it was extremely difficult to recover.

At first, Qin Rui had expected Hong Ru's body to be a normal reconstruction. She would merely be given a mortal body, her path of cultivation gone, but when she was given the alchemical products, her mind froze.

Her heart completely missed several beats, nearly causing her blood to flow erratically. Her face flushed, and disbelief and shock painted her expression. She was given four alchemical products, and only two were essential, the other two were simply to ensure the most perfect result was made, and each and everyone of them was eighth-grade!

**EIGHTH-GRADE!**

In her entire life, she had only taken in a single eighth-grade alchemical product: the Spatial Spirit Pill. It had defined her entire life thus far, yet these products were by no means inferior. While their quality was low, they were low! Not impure! Which meant they were products with 100% of their described effects.

100%!!!

Just for a single low-quality eighth-grade pill, numerous hegemonic forces and hidden geniuses had come out of the woodwork to compete. The Spatial Spirit Pill even sold for over 3000 Astral Stones! That was over thirty billion essence stones!!

That could directly buy a few continental flat earths and then some.

She couldn't even fathom it. She had consumed an impure-quality Spatial Spirit Pill, and it allowed her to reach her current level. But this...

Why?

No, HOW?!

Was Wei Wuyin already at the level of an Alchemic Emperor? Was his skills and talents far beyond their current understanding? When she recalled the numerous seventh-grade products that were used to even bribe her, and rumored to have made their way into many people's pockets, she was thoroughly startled.

Was Tuo Bihan lying? Was there ever a formation used to consume the planet's vital energies? Was it truly the Spatial Spirit Pill that caused that extraordinary phenomena? The more she thought about it,

the more certain she was that Tuo Bihan had lied, that Wei Wuyin had lied, and that he likely casually tossed out the Spatial Spirit Pill as a cover.

Her thoughts were engulfed for so long after she saw these four products that it took an hour before she could calm down.

When she finally regained herself, her beautiful eyes flashed with a resolute intent of learning the truth. For now, she would keep the alchemical products themselves a secret. Her job was merely to facilitate and oversee the reconstruction of Hong Ru's body, and she wouldn't allow herself to fail. After all, this was a disciple of her Extreme Origin Mountain and these were extraordinary resources.

She was located in a spacious room that was similar to a surgical room in design, with a lower platform where the procedure would take place and a viewing deck above. It was swiftly crafted to fit the needs of the operation extremely quickly. On the viewing deck, Long Chen and the other girls were watching closely.

Xiao Bing was extremely tense, her eyes flashed with worry. Hong Ru might seem like her rival, but they were actually as close as sisters, even closer. When she had watched her upper body be devoured cleanly by that wolf, she had lost a part of her soul. It was devoured alongside Hong Ru. She was empty, desolate, and uncertain.

Only revenge had engulfed her mind and existence for so long. But after learning that Wei Wuyin had captured the perpetrator, saved him from death by Long Chen's hands, she became enraged, infuriated at his actions. But later, they had found out Huangfu Jinwei had suffered a fate worse than death, having been thoroughly crippled and was experiencing endless torture in the Hell Layer, she felt relieved.

Her newfound hatred had been sated.

If Huangfu Jinwei had merely been killed, there was no way that she could feel so relieved. But knowing he was being horrifically tortured felt much better. Even more, she had visited him to ensure it was the truth, and after seeing him in a pathetic state that was neither man nor human, regarded as less than a beast, and given brilliant and refined methods of torture that were continuously shifted for newer things, her body felt so much satisfaction it was indescribable.

Death truly was too kind of a punishment.

Her normally indifferent and wintry self had become warmer then, emulating a little of Hong Ru's personality, displaying more of her emotions. It was as if Hong Ru was now living through her. It was the profound impact that Hong Ru had on her soul.

When she later found out that Hong Ru's soul was preserved and her body could be reconstructed, the sheer surprise and happiness was even greater than witnessing the greatest form of vengeance.

So her worry was easily understood.

Qing Qiumu, similarly a member of the Extreme Origin Mountain, gently clasped Xiao Bing's hand into her own. "It'll be fine." Her words were comforting, containing a warmth that could placate children of war from holding up their arms.

Xiao Bing jolted a little, feeling the gentle warmth emanating from Qing Qiumu's hand into her own. She clenched tightly, feeling some reassurance, but a hint of doubt and worry remained.

She asked, "How do you know?" As if seeking an unfathomable answer that would placate all her worries.

"..." Qing Qiumu was silent for a moment before a brilliant smile emerged on her face, "If it was anyone else, I wouldn't be able to know. But Wei Wuyin is someone who never fails. If he says he'll do something, he'll always be able to do it." Her words were suffused with utmost confidence and certainty.

Xiao Bing turned around to see that beautiful, gorgeously exquisite smile and was stunned. She recalled Wei Wuyin in her mind, remembering everything he'd done since he arrived in the sect. From immediately becoming a Sky Noble, ascending to the Heavenly King level prior to the Astral Core Realm, killing a Second Stage Astral Core Realm expert while at the Qi Condensation Realm in a brutal fashion, causing the total collapse of a Sky Noble Faction, stopping Qing Qiumu's execution, causing the world's elites to gather from his creation, and even winning the competition unchallenged.

There were more feats, far more feats, but these once more allowed her to understand that Wei Wuyin had seemingly never failed or was even rumored to have. These words caused that little bit of worry to vanish for some unfathomable reason, as if the name 'Wei Wuyin' was enough of a pillar to hold the very sky from collapsing.

Long Chen was quietly watching this, and observing their conversion, his expression became slightly unsightly. Was it not him who forced Wei Wuyin to perform the act? Was it not him that allowed Hong Ru's soul to survive? Just his presence should be enough to assure you!

A twisted thought emerged in his heart, causing him to forget that Wei Wuyin had chosen to do so of his own will before any of his tricks and Wu Yu had saved Hong Ru. He had merely stood there as she was eaten, useless and weak.

Lian Yu felt Long Chen's chaotic emotions, walking to his side. She clenched his hand softly and smiled, revealing her water-like beauty. She transmitted from her gaze alone a reassuring meaning: "You are amazing. And no matter what, I will always understand that." The unyielding love reflected in those sapphire-like pupils calmed Long Chen down considerably.

Long Tingyu pouted her lips, "It was Big Brother who made this happen. Otherwise, would Wei Wu-whatever-Yin even lift a finger to help?" Despite her unsatisfied tone, no one argued with her. Mostly because her thought process was wrong, and she was still a child in their eyes.

It was immature to think that Wei Wuyin would act for someone he didn't know. Hell, they never asked him or anyone before because they weren't even aware of Hong Ru's disembodied soul. But when they did ask, when he was aware, did he not take it upon himself to personally act? To personally ensure success? After all, they were all there that day.

She was clearly simply against Wei Wuyin, biased towards Long Chen. To her, Wei Wuyin was Long Chen's rival, so she didn't like him being risen to a pedestal, especially by the female companions he had. To her, they were all her big sisters because they were Long Chen's women.

Wu Baozha slightly smiled, understanding this more than anyone.

Qin Rui was just about to begin, her mind had already recalled Wei Wuyin's instructions and details to look for during the reconstruction more than a hundred times. Her current state was at its peak, her astral force had been converted into pure Fire Force.

She was ready.

But...

Just as she was about to begin, she received a transmitted message. Her eyes brightened, shocked by the swiftness of Wei Wuyin. She paused, thinking she wanted to observe this development. So she sent a message and looked towards the viewing deck. Her actions caught their attention.

Long Chen asked, "Is there an issue?"

Qin Rui shook her head, "Another viewer is arriving. I'll begin as soon as she arrives."

She?

They were confused. Was it Grand Sage Zen? They turned towards the entrance nearly simultaneously as they heard faint footsteps. In a few moments, a figure soon entered their view.

They were all startled.

Qing Qiumu's eyes brightened, "Lin Ziyang?!"