

Chapter 441 - 437: Heart Of The World, World Of The Saber

"..." The two were taken aback by the abrupt developments, not exactly certain what just happened. The young woman wistfully looked at the ground, the spell formation had been devastated by Wei Wuyin's explosive departure. She hadn't recalled even a fragment of the profundities of the spell, feeling enraged by the second.

"CAPTURE HIM ALIVE!" She angrily ordered. Wei Wuyin still had the spell, so he must be captured alive! She felt that if she could grasp this spell formation, she could improve her own spells by a considerable degree!

The bearded man frowned for a moment, recalling Wei Wuyin's words. Was he playing for time? To recover? But how? He knew Wei Wuyin's state was incredibly horrendous, with his physical body nearly breaking down and his innate energies were over-exhausted, what remained was an utter mess.

There should be no way he could recover in such a short period of time! That frown on his face became heavier, and he felt played. A surge of anger emerged on his face as well, causing his aura to quake the surrounding space before he shot off with a grunt!

Wei Wuyin didn't bother with those two, using his spiritual force to touch upon the tracking spell the female Reamlord left on his body at the last moment. At the time, he didn't have time to deal with it, lacking any spiritual strength and very little power. But now, this tracking spell was fully inverted in its purpose.

Wei Wuyin reversed the connection, funneling his spiritual sense through the link that was tethered to the female Reamlord. He instantly located her direction, and even her exact location. Those silver eyes of his emanated radiant silver light, slowly becoming sharp and suffused with killing intent.

With his newly refined void force infused with fixed-type spatial energies, he found that the benefits weren't negligible; he could now execute spatial arts. This brought his movement arts to the next level, increasing a speed by a notch as he glided across space, no longer feeling the resistance of fixed space. Even while tunneling through the earth, he was moving far faster than he'd ever done so before.

In mere moments, he erupted from the ground's surface, re-entering the grey sandy world of the Desolate Lands. His eyes flared for a moment, feeling the pursuit of a spiritual signature beneath him. He lightly sighed, ignoring the bearded elf.

He urged his Zenith Origin State, shattering a swathe of ambient mana in a mile radius, bringing it under his complete and utter control. The ambient mana swirled around him, his silver eyes piercing towards a direction.

In a location not too far away, the female Reamlord with her ordinary appearance, charm-filled eyes reflecting her ruthless nature, was slowly recuperating her spent astral energies by refining astral crystals atop a lone mountain. This was a slow method of recovery, but cheaper than using expensive products. She had already blasted Wei Wuyin with a tracking spell, so she didn't need to rush.

She scoffed, "That bastard. He's still alive, so he must've been captured or hidden from the elves." If it wasn't for the active link remaining, she wouldn't even know his state. She regretted her decision to

play safe a little bit. Wei Wuyin had stopped right outside one of the Capital Cities entrances, so he could've been captured. This meant she'd have to venture into the city and take him forcefully. It'll take more effort.

She huffily cursed, feeling that Wei Wuyin was a cancer to her life. But she was still extremely shocked by the level of speed Wei Wuyin was using while escaping. While this was the Season of Regression, so ambient mana and spatial force was restrained, it was still a respectable feat to escape a Realmlord.

"What type of Physique Cultivation Method does he cultivate? I have to obtain that too." Her mind was dead-set on capturing Wei Wuyin alive and torturing all his secrets out of him. Just thinking about it was cathartic to her heart, soothing her nerves.

She kept cultivating, but she hadn't even recovered a percentage of her astral force, likely needing a month or two to completely recover using astral crystals. Abruptly, her body trembled. She opened her eyes and looked towards a direction, considerably shocked by an unexpected development.

"He's approaching me?" A surge of happiness appeared her eyes, giving her a new charm. A joy erupted in her heart, causing her to stand up, but she immediately frowned as she swept her spiritual sense across the world.

Then, her eyes fiercely trembled.

"What?!" She just witnessed Wei Wuyin flying towards her, seemingly intent on flying directly at her. He also gave off an unfathomable aura! He had reached the Spatial Resonance Phase! Furthermore, he didn't seem injured at all.

Just as she was pondering this, her heart was throbbing intensely as she felt another aura trailing behind Wei Wuyin. An elf? When she felt its aura, her shock increased. Another Realmlord?! But she didn't fear an Elven-race Realmlord, especially not an insignificant insect from the Grey Sands Elves.

Even with ten percent of her astral force remaining, she was confident in killing him. She wasn't an ordinary realmlord!

She slowly stood up, faintly smiling at this charade of the elves, trying to bait her out and sneak attack her. This was the thought coursing through her mind, and she acted accordingly. She waited, when Wei Wuyin was in a good distance, she'd move to him and entrap him in her Worldly Domain.

Unfortunately, Wei Wuyin wasn't the type to chat or idle about. He soon arrived within a mile of her and twisted his body, halting with an upright posture. He floated in the sky, his aura leaking and the ambient mana trembling with excitement.

"Qu Xiaoying, die." Was all he said, learning her name from the City Lord long ago. His words reverberated out into the world, and he held his hand out.

"Element!" He called out in his mind, causing the Nascent Saber Soul that stayed within King's World Sea to manifest, and Ori fueled its Elemental Origin Energies into it, giving it physical form. A semi-curved saber with a 1.3 meter blade was conjured, its hilt firmly held within his grasp.

The moment the saber hilt was touched by Wei Wuyin's hand, his entire existence changed! He was no longer an alchemist, no longer a cultivator, but a weapon of war! His silver eyes were replaced by a

fierce white glare, effusing boundless Saber Intent. The flesh beneath his skin, his bones, and even his blood released trembling saber howls that screeched throughout the world.

He didn't perform any unnecessary actions, merely lifting his saber above his head with a calm movement. The world trembled! The world howled! The entire surrounding space started to distort, with cuts in the fabric of space appearing everywhere.

Saber Intent was wildly surging into the saber, causing it to release an aura of unfathomable, world-suppressing might! There was nothing that could survive its edge, be it life, death, space, or time!

Wei Wuyin channeled the entire world, the Season of Regression's restrictive effects in a hundred miles was shattered instantly! The ambient mana, energies of the world, be it elemental, desolate, or any other irregular energies was conquered by the lifting of his saber!

They intensely quivered, allowing Saber Intent to penetrate them willingly, integrating and converting them into followers of the saber, transforming them into saber energies!

Heart of the World, World of the Saber Intent!!!

A hundred miles of ambient energies and mana gathered, arriving obediently at the tip of Element. The light at its tip glowed fiercely with a sharp glare.

The world is my saber.

Qu Xiaoying felt the sharp aura emitting from Wei Wuyin, her eyes widened with shock and disbelief, completely dumbstruck by the change in the world. Even her own astral crystal had vanished, turning into specks of saber essence that surged towards Wei Wuyin's saber.

This ability was extremely similar to a Worldly Domain but far, far more profound! While a Worldly Domain can convert ambient energies into their own strength, the conversion and transformation of energies and essences wasn't possible!

The bearded elf stopped his pursuit, gawking at the changes in the world all the same. His world had been upturned, saber light birthing itself from the ambient energies around him and gathering towards Wei Wuyin's saber.

A sensation of deadly crisis flared within his mind, causing him to instinctively retreat, returning to the earth.

But Qu Xiaoying was utterly shocked, her breathing heavy. She tried to retreat, but the world had become filled with miniaturized sabers that integrated with space, locking her down in a prison. She was aghast! What type of Spatial Prison was this?!

She immediately exerted her Worldly Domain, but when she was unable to exert any form of control over the ambient mana that actively trembled around her or the saber energies that flowed, infusing with the spatial prison, she felt extreme fear! Her heart raced, her life flashed before her eyes!

Was this how she was going to die?

Wei Wuyin saber's edge dropped.

The world howled fiercely, rending the sky, the clouds, the earth, the air, mana, and life in a single moment. A sky-reaching line of blinding saber light fiercely pressed towards Qu Xiaoying!

Chapter 442 - 438: Room To Grow

When the saber howled, the world followed. When the saber howled, the King ascended.

Wei Wuyin recalled these two sentences mentioned in an old folklore of his hometown, something his older brother would often say to explain what it meant to wield a saber. It wasn't a choice, it was a birthright.

The moment an individual was born, their hearts held a sharpness that allowed them to move the world to their will. It was profound nonsense at the time he heard this, but feeling the entire world act upon his beck and call, becoming a saber that followed his edge, Wei Wuyin understood an insight that touched upon the Saber Dao.

Wei Wuyin had named King after those two sentences. King was so thrilled by this name that it threatened to explode if its name was changed, also because he wanted to name it "tch".

The blinding saber light pierced into the void, dug into the earth, and parted the skies. A multicolored space displayed itself, clearly not the Dark Void. A long, deep, unfathomably clean scar formed for a full hundred miles, originating from Wei Wuyin's saber edge into the horizon.

As it grew further and further away, the depth and width of the saber scar widened until it became a mile long! Wei Wuyin had changed the topography of the surroundings with a single swing of his saber!

"Haaa..." A soft sigh resounded from his lips. His entire body trembled, the hand that held his saber quivered, and the Nascent Saber Soul's physical body composed of Elemental Origin Energies started to disintegrate. It peeled off slowly, bits and pieces of it floating upwards in dazzling and beautiful motes of various colors.

The saber intent within his eyes flickered intensely, sharp enough to kill with a single glance. When Wei Wuyin peered down at the long scar that formed, he noted a figure that levitated in the sky directly intersecting the scar. The lone mountain that was once there had vanished entirely.

A Realm Lord's body has been refined by powerful, exceptionally exquisite energies for centuries, sometimes even millennia. It would usually reach a level of hardness that could exceed star beasts, sometimes surpassing them.

"Guulg!" A choked gurgle sounded from the figure's mouth. The spittle and gushes of air was filled with a struggle, a tenacious desire for life.

Wei Wuyin flew over, blurring and arriving before Qu Xiaoying. Her current bodily state was horrendous. Half her body was gone, from her right shoulder to her left abdomen, all things below were completely and utterly gone. There wasn't a hint of blood that leaked from the cut that severed her into two.

Those eyes of hers were filled with fear, shock, disbelief, and a vivacious plea for mercy. The longer one lived, the more dreams a person had, the more authority, wealth, and power they obtained, the more a person feared death. If cultivation did not exist, if the ability to grasp your own fate did not exist, this might not be the case, but it did.

Wei Wuyin's eyes lacked a single iota of pity or mercy, merely an indifferent gaze. "You hunted me. You can only blame yourself. If the situation was reversed...maybe there's no need to think like that. I'll send you off." He used the last bits of Element's dissipating form to swing light towards the remaining portion of Qu Xiaoying's body. She murmured out an incomplete scream filled with blazing hatred and vicious curses.

A ray of saber light engulfed her whole, erasing her from existence.

Wei Wuyin waved his hand, and Void Force flowed from his fingertips as he pierced into the surrounding space. He closed his eyes, focusing heavily on the world until he found a remnant signature of an independent spatial dimension on the verge of collapse.

This was the internal space of Qu Xiaoying's spatial ring. It was entirely destroyed, so the key to it was gone, but Wei Wuyin was a Void Dragon; there was no location that he could not enter, no location he could not exit.

He kept a stoic expression as he connected the space of his spatial ring with the nearly collapsed one, swiftly sending the contents into his own. With a faint exhale, he recalled the sequence of events that occurred, realizing that he was teetering on death's edge.

He lifted his right sleeve, realizing there was no change in his Karmic Luck Value. After a long while, he pulled his sleeve down. The most reliable thing in his life was his cultivation and himself. A single mistake, a single delay, a single wrong action, and his life would've been uncertain.

He flipped his palm, retrieving a ninth-grade recuperative pill and consumed it. King immediately took it inside his World Sea, his entire sea of astral force was consumed entirely by that single attack. If he unleashed something like this on the Myriad Monarch Main Planet, perhaps the planet would've been severed in half.

As he regarded the continent, he frowned. The durability of this continent was extraordinary. Furthermore, there weren't any protective formations to prevent its destruction. He had unleashed such a strong power, yet there wasn't a single response. Perhaps his level of power wasn't enough to threaten it yet, and this caused his eyebrows to furrow slightly.

In truth, he knew that while his attack was strong, there were many factors to Qu Xiaoying's defeat. Firstly, she was exhausted. Her defense would've been severely weakened as a result. Secondly, this Season of Regression suppressed Realmlord's strength considerably. They couldn't control the ambient energies or mana in the surroundings, and their spatial force was affected.

Lastly, she didn't expect it.

Wei Wuyin wasn't too foolish or naive to think a straightforward battle would end so easily, but that was largely irrelevant. He could disperse the restrictions on his Ninth-Grade Pellets now. While they might not have as much power as his saber, if he used a hundred at once, who knew what would happen?

That being said, he had the confidence to face a Realmlord directly. Furthermore, he now had space to expand his Astral Cores, strengthen his innate energies, and improve the quality of his Astral Force. At the moment, his Astral Cores were ten centimeters, the maximum limit of the Soul Idol Phase. In the Spatial Resonance Phase, he had more room to grow.

"Each of you have reached the Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance, but I still need to concoct the Soul Deity Invoker Elixir to ensure all of you reach ten-rings, and then for the ten-ripples." He mumbled to himself and the others. Fortunately, as long as he hadn't reached the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Realm World Phase, the unrefined Manifested Spirit Energy can still be used to unlock their heaven-defying potential.

The four Astral Souls had fully recovered, sending out their blazing excitement. Wei Wuyin brightly smiled. He and these Astral Souls of his had much potential waiting to be excavated with his Mortal Sovereign Alchemist abilities.

A faint spiritual fluctuation emerged from behind him.

Wei Wuyin realized it was the bearded elf who had intense hostility towards him. He sighed to himself. Shaking his head, he decided against sending them off as well. It'll be a tough battle fighting a Realmlord at full strength, even in the Season of Regression.

He also had this instinctual feeling that told him the bearded elf was stronger than Qu Xiaoying. This was what he felt when he saw him, comparing him to Lin Ming's mysterious female companion. He didn't know her cultivation base, but it was definitely not an ordinary Realmlord.

The bearded elf sent his spiritual sense out cautiously. After experiencing the change in the world, he was faintly terrified. He had even invoked his Worldly Domain, yet the ambient energies still escaped his control. His heart was trembling with uncertain fear.

"Was that Intent?" The term World of the Heart, Heart of the Intent was widely known by experts in the Four Extreme Continent. This was because it was rumored that the divinities of the continent all had it, and the Chosen One will harness World of the Heart, Heart of the Elements Intent, bringing the world to ascension!

The shortened version was World Heart Intent, and things like Saber Intent would be referred to as Saber Heart Intent.

Was what he experienced Saber Heart Intent? The bearded elf was filled with questions. The world seemed to have become a sharp weapon of deadly war, threatening to slaughter all things beneath its edge. The lingering sensation still caused his hairs to stand and his heart to race slightly.

He saw Wei Wuyin floating in the sky, freely manipulating the ambient mana during the Season of Regression. He gawked in disbelief for a moment, his heart filled with even more doubts. Then, he saw Wei Wuyin turn towards him, a faint lingering sharpness within his eyes. This once pitiful boy that he believed he could kill with a wave of his hand had changed, becoming an exceptional expert.

The bearded elf didn't sense the living aura of Qu Xiaoying, but felt the rippling shaking of space, a sign of a Realmlord's recent demise. He furrowed his brows, rubbing his beard with strong tugs, and focusing his eyes on the scar that tore through the ground for a hundred miles. His eyes were filled with a mysterious light of contemplation.

Woosh!

Wei Wuyin flew over, keeping the Nascent Saber Soul. He arrived within a few hundred meters of the bearded elf. From this distance, he could instantly react to any hostile intentions.

"Let's talk." Both of them said simultaneously, their eyes staring into the other's.

Chapter 443 - 439: Date Of Trial

Their simultaneous words stirred the expressions of both sides. Wei Wuyin eyed this bearded elf curiously. The bearded elf seemed to be doing the same, but there was a wisp of vigilance within his eyes.

Wei Wuyin nodded, looking around as he inspected the faint glimmers of saber light and elemental power lingering in the world was mist. He used his hand to swipe, drawing the various forces into his palm, and then clenched his hand into a fist. After keeping the lingering powers, he asked: "Where?"

The bearded elf saw his actions and his pupils constricted for a brief moment. '*Permanence?!*' The power of permanence was only reserved for cultivators that have exceeded the 9th Mortal State, reaching the Zenith Mortal State in their Natal Souls. All experts who ascended to the Astral Soul Realm using the Zenith Mortal State were geniuses amongst geniuses, requiring a vast amount of resources and innate talent.

He hurriedly fixed his expression before Wei Wuyin turned to face him, asking him that question. He thought for a while, then replied: "Tunnel." He said this and faintly erected a pale-colored astral ward, shooting into the ground.

Wei Wuyin slightly frowned, '*Purist?*' He recalled Tuo Bihan's cultivation base, a bonafide purist that focused on foundation rather than Intent or attributed power. These types of cultivators often had far stronger cultivation foundations than others, freeing up a majority of their time in cultivating as opposed to others.

He didn't hesitate following along, entering the hole burrowed by the bearded elf. As they entered deeper into the ground, Wei Wuyin was recalling the events that just happened in extreme detail. He had a good grasp of his current strength, current limits.

The reckless risk of comprehending had almost led to his demise, but it was worth it. The Refraction World-Light Elixir at the transcendent-quality had led to a moment of insight that touched upon the Quintessence of Light. It wasn't exactly as Eden had said, the Origin of All Light, but it was very close.

Unfortunately, the vast majority of benefits obtained could only be fully reaped when he ascended the Light Reflection Phase of the Astral Core Realm, allowing him to evolve his Primary Light Energies into something boundlessly magnificent! It wasn't the same as Light Intent or Light Essences, but something fundamentally different.

Wei Wuyin was filled with expectations towards that moment. There was a wisp of trembling hope within his heart. The greatest, bestest, most extraordinary result was his complete confidence in overcoming the next Calamity of Hell!

His lips lifted into a faint smile.

Soon, they burrowed into a tunnel. It was the main tunnel that led to the Capital City, but it was a long distance from the entrance. Wei Wuyin stayed a set distance away from the bearded elf, not getting within a range of a hundred meters. Despite that, their senses and cultivation bases allowed such long distance communication.

In fact, the bearded elf was more cautious as well. He didn't feel confident in his Worldly Domain after experiencing the Saber Heart Intent's abilities to convert ambient energies and essences, stripping the Worldly Domain's ability to harness these powers for his own usage. So despite his calm demeanor, he was extremely vigilant towards Wei Wuyin, not showing an ounce of hostility like before.

"Name's Wei Wuyin," Wei Wuyin introduced himself directly. Unfortunately, none of his glorious titles were usable in the Four Extreme Continent. So he could only use his own name.

The bearded elf's brows stirred. He tried to recall any legendary human clan by the name of Wei, but none entered his mind. He suspected Wei Wuyin was lying, but it didn't seem necessary. Wei Wuyin was a figure that was outstandingly handsome, noticeable from a thousand miles, easily described, easily searched for. There was utterly no need for a false name.

Could it be that he was from a hidden clan? This thought lingered for a moment before the bearded elf responded, "Ai Shenwu." There was a moment of silence after.

"What did you want to talk about?" Wei Wuyin asked flatly, getting the conversation rolling lest they spend all day looking at each other in silence. That would be quite awkward.

Ai Shenwu took a breath, speaking in his awkward and unfamiliar common language, "Who are you?"

Wei Wuyin let loose a soft sigh, "I told you my name. Care to be more specific?"

Ai Shenwu also realized his question was a little too general, so he decided to narrow his questions. "I've never seen a Ganshu at the Spatial Resonance Phase with the strength to kill a Realmlord. You aren't from this continent, are you? Where did you come from and why?"

Wei Wuyin shook his head. Such direct, interrogative questions. Others wouldn't answer this for no reason, but he never intended to play this normally. He answered, "I'm not. I come from another starfield, another continent. It's beyond this world, and I've come here to find the Tokens of Elementus."

"...!" Ai Shenwu wasn't expecting Wei Wuyin to be so honest. There were rumors amongst the powerhouses of this world that there existed visitors from beyond the continent. They were referred to as Beyonders, being that held incomparable mysterious powers, some even rivaling the deities mentioned in their world's history. No one knew who they were or why they arrived, and that information was never spread if it was said.

To learn that Wei Wuyin was also a Beyonder, this caused him to be extremely vigilant. He had doubts whether the Spell Formation inscribed by Wei Wuyin was actually stolen, likely a ploy to play for time. As for what he stole from the female Realmlord, it might not be so simple.

As for these tokens, he wasn't certain but he had a faint triggering memory about the Badges of Divinity. They were the six badges of the continent that signified the six divinities worshipped by the entire continent.

"Are these so-called Tokens of Elementus the Badges of Divinity?" Ai Shenwu inquired, curious if they were one and the same. And when he saw Wei Wuyin nod unhesitatingly to his question, he realized that Wei Wuyin had already known of the Badges of Divinity. This caused him to frown deeply.

"Are you done?" Wei Wuyin probedly asked, ready to ask his own questions.

Ai Shenwu rubbed his beard, thinking for a moment before nodding. While he still had some questions, he needed to properly consider them. Wei Wuyin was unlikely to answer his questions so freely.

Wei Wuyin nodded. "That young female elf that was with you, she had Elemental Origin Intent, or at least the powers of it, vested in her eyes. Is she a Holy Daughter of the Divinities? Does she have a Badge of Divinity?"

Ai Shenwu froze, looking at Wei Wuyin for a long moment. He thought about lying, but decided against it. "She isn't. She's a Candidate to become a Holy Daughter, however. The first hope the Ai Clan of the Grey Sands Elves Tribe has had in the last two thousand years."

When Wei Wuyin heard this, his heart sank as he sighed. He was hoping to obtain a token. But then a thought struck him, "You said she's a Candidate? Does becoming a Holy Daughter require one to obtain a Badge of Divinity?"

Wei Wuyin was under the assumption that only the supposed 'five' Chosen Candidates with Badges of Divinity could participate in the four trials to obtain the others. He immediately felt that he was wrong in that assumption. If there were native candidates that could obtain a badge, then his original idea was a possibility.

Ai Shenwu carelessly nodded. "The Badge of Divinity requires one to comprehend Elemental Origin Intent. There are at least seven known candidates, with one Holy Daughter and one Holy Son, a total of nine. After you reach that requirement, one can challenge the Holy Trials held by the four Semi-Divine Guardians of the Continent." This was commonly known information, so there was no need to hide it.

He was assigned to protect Ai Chyou, a Candidate. To ensure that she would be able to safely participate in the trial.

Wei Wuyin thought for a moment. "When's the trial?" He realized there was a time set to enter this trial, if not, then the young woman would've long since participated in the trial.

Ai Shenwu looked at Wei Wuyin for a long while. He shook his head, "the four Semi-Divine Guardians aren't beings you can forcefully steal the badges from, also its worthless. You must participate in the trial to receive it, otherwise the badges won't accept you." He was clearly under the assumption that Wei Wuyin was a legit thief. Regardless if the situation between the female Realm Lord and Wei Wuyin wasn't simple, the fact he had stolen something was certainly true. When Wei Wuyin was at his weakest, he could easily determine if he lied or not.

Wei Wuyin gave a sly grin. His skills as a thief wasn't to be underestimated, but he wasn't intending to use direct force against these so-called Semi-Divine Guardians. He fully intended to earn it fair and square! Of course, if that didn't work. Well, he'll have to let his fists convince them otherwise.

"When is it?" He asked again.

Ai Shenwu shook his head, no longer worrying about Wei Wuyin. Actually, he shouldn't be concerned about Wei Wuyin or advising him otherwise. However, when he thought about it, he realized why he was concerned.

If Wei Wuyin was already this strong, this heaven-defying, what about his parents? His master? The force behind him? Could they devastate the continent in an enraged fit? He didn't want to die such a frustrating death.

"It's in four months and twelve days. The Four Extreme Continent has four trials still active, two having been overcome thousands of years ago. The two trials that were completed became the Central Region, and both Holy Children were Ganshu." Ai Shenwu spat the last portion. The term 'ganshu' clearly referred to the humans of this world, likely the elven language word for them.

When Wei Wuyin heard this, he had an inkling as to why the elven race was at such a lower position than humans. It seems these Badges of Divinity might mean or do a lot more than just give a title or a right to fight as a Chosen Candidate against the others.

Wei Wuyin followed-up his question, "Will it be held at the Desolate Lands Holy City?"

Ai Shenwu nodded, "True Desolate."

This confirmed Wei Wuyin's own assumptions, also coinciding with a religious date within the City Lord of Grandquake City's memories. After deducing he hadn't been lied to, Wei Wuyin turned to Ai Shenwu. "You didn't bring me down here to ask me who I am. What did you really want?"

Chapter 444 - 440: First Come, First Serve

Several hours later, Wei Wuyin found himself isolated within another mountain infused with desolate power. After his discussion with Ai Shenwu, the bearded elf of the Ai Clan, he had departed. He, however, didn't just leave.

He had deliberately caused the deaths of numerous innocent elves in his attempt to escape, using them to buy him crucial time and consuming Qu Xiaoying's astral force reserves until she was forced to escape for fear of being in a precarious position. While he had gotten revenge for those departed souls, that simply wasn't enough in his book.

While he wasn't a saint, he knew how to repay debts. He owed the Grey Sand Elves that fought for precious seconds, regardless if they knew or not, for him. As a man of principle, he could only leave them what he could. After stealthily entering the cities, he cautiously discovered their families or spouses, leaving behind packages of alchemical resources.

He felt like a folklore character, descending upon a tragic world to deliver presents. As for those who were still alive, lingering tragically between life and death, a little bit of recuperative products, and they were brought back to this side of the world, firmly and with certainty.

This was the least he could do. Not for the sake of assuaging his conscience or ego, because he would do so a thousand times again and cause a thousand times more casualties if it meant his own survival, but merely to repay them for their actions.

"Four months and twelve days, True Desolate." The holy city of the Desolate Lands will likely be the gathering of other competitors. He wondered if Lin Ming would be there or the other Holy Daughter or Son that inherited the Badge of Divinity from earlier trials. If so, his objective would be so much easier.

That being said, he had four months and twelve days left. He intended to maximize his cultivation base, expanding his Astral Cores, increasing the quality of his innate energies, and more during this period of time.

Setting up his Saber Formation to isolate his alchemical manifestations, he intended to use the remaining time to concoct ninth-grade products. When he finished his secluded cultivation, he felt that even Realm Lords might no longer be crucial threats to himself.

The Four Extreme Continent was divided into five regions, spanning a total of 810,000 miles from east to west, north to south, in a perfect balance. These regions were the Desolate Lands, the Zephyr Plains, the Noxious Seas, the Scorched Skies, and the Central Region—The Holy Land of Elements.

They were each 156,000 miles in all directions. The lands, besides the Holy Land of Elements, all had their innate dangers in their environment, such as the Desolate Lands' ambient desolate power threatening to siphon the lively energies and moisture from any living being.

Within one of these regions, the Scorched Mountains, the sky was a congregation of darkly colored clouds that prevented rays of light from piercing through. But the faint black mountains in the distance were like bright lanterns, fiery and burning as they emitted their own light that brightened the environment.

The bleak skies rain down dark ash as if water, clearly indicating the unique environment of this world. These drops of ash were the innate danger of this region, the Scorched Mountains. They burned with a high heat, melting anything they touched with a scorching intensity.

Beneath these disastrous skies, within this hazardous environment, two figures walked through while protected by a fiery red astral ward that seemed to be immune to the scorching intensity of the ash. In fact, it seemed to siphon off the ash to empower itself.

Among these two figures was a golden-haired, blue-eyed beauty that seemed to be faintly exhausted with soft pants escaping her delicate lips. Ming Shufeng was a Heavenly Seer, and she rarely experienced several months within such a tense and dangerous environment. If it wasn't for the tall, exquisitely shaped female figure beside her, she might never be here personally.

The cloaked female figure turned to Ming Shufeng, "We're close." Her voice was filled with an indifferent tone, but Ming Shufeng could tell the woman was excited. They were trekking towards one of the numerous volcanic mountains that existed in the Scorched Mountains, but this one was quite special.

After sneaking into Rising Ash City, awaiting for a disturbance to happen, they infiltrated the main central building of the city during the chaos, timely entering and obtaining documents that would lead to a specific location. This location was quite special because it was filled with treasure!

Ming Shufeng softly complained, "Wouldn't it be easier to obtain the key to it?" They had risked their lives venturing into hostile territory and snatched away vital records sealed for a reason, and they obtained clues that, with her Heavenly Sight, allowed her to determine its location. But she also understood that there was a key required to enter.

This world's inhabitants referred to it as a Badge of Divinity.

The cloaked woman was quiet for a while, but spoke. "We can't. In a month, the True Elemental Emperor will reach this location, using the badge to claim all its contents." Her words caused Ming Shufeng to frown, knowing that this 'True Elemental Emperor' was likely that handsome young man that caused the disturbance at Rising Ash City.

"So he has the badge?" Ming Shufeng questioned, understanding a little more. If so, it made sense. That young man was terrifying, facing the elites of the city and being chased about yet still escaping and surviving. To try to steal the badge from someone like that, it was far too risky.

"..." The cloaked woman didn't answer. She only spoke again as they arrived a few hundred meters from the base of a volcanic mountain, "We're here."

Ming Shufeng lifted her ocean-like eyes, seeing the unfathomably tall volcanic mountain burning a blazing light, releasing blistering heat she couldn't feel behind the fiery-red astral ward.

The cloaked woman glanced upward, then down, thinking of something. Then, she whispered something under her breath. Beneath her hood, bright crimson light flared outwards. She formed a few handseals, causing the world to quake.

Ming Shufeng started, swiftly adjusting her balance to not embarrass herself with a fall. "What's happening?" She asked, a silly thing for a Heavenly Seer. They were regarded as knowing many things others couldn't fathom, but since meeting this woman, she understood there was always someone who knew more.

The woman softly spoke, "The badges are merely keys, but there are other ways to enter these caches. To obtain what is inside without a badge." As she said this, her brightly lit crimson eyes effused bursting light, piercing into the blackened ground.

Ming Shufeng felt her heart trembling non-stop. "How?!" She asked, the trembling becoming more and more intense.

"If you've opened one before, you would know how to open it again." She said, a faint smile leaking from her voice.

Ming Shufeng wasn't certain what that meant. After all, they spent months trying to find this location. When has she ever been here before? If she knew where it was, what was the point of the risk? Moreover, why visit a cache of treasure twice? Wouldn't you claim it all the first time around?!

Her questions were endless.

"Haha," The cloaked woman chuckled, performing more and more rapid handseals that intensified the quaking of the ground.

Chink! Kink! Tiss! Bam!

A sound of a door being forcefully opened alongside revolving gears resounded. This lasted for several minutes until the ground beneath their feet started to lit up with runic characters that burned brightly with a warm light. The light of these characters shot into the sky, twisted and melded together and vanished into the sky.

Ming Shufeng gawked, looking at the bleak skies above.

Shoom!

A ray of light shot out from the darkly colored clouds, piercing the base of the volcanic mountains. An opening enough to fit a human revealed itself, leading to an unfathomable darkness.

The cloaked woman didn't hesitate, grabbing Ming Shufeng and shooting towards the opening.

A month later, a haggard and beaten handsome youth arrived at that very location once visited by two women. His eyes were calm, but brimming with killing intent. He murmured to himself, holding a badge that emitted a distinct heat, "So there are other caches left behind by the Divine King. Good. Unlike the others, this should all be left for a single person. After this, we'll see if I can make you regret it or not Zhang Yu!" Despite his calm expression, his voice was like a knife to the throat.

He activated the token, a light pierced into the sky, and descended soon after. An opening formed at the base of the volcanic mountain. He slowly walked towards the opening with tightened fists.

Chapter 445 - 441: Arriving

A youth exited an opening at the base of a volcanic mountain within the Scorched Skies of the Four Extreme Continent. His normally handsome expression was marred by confusion and uncertainty. It was Lin Ming!

"Senior Sister said the caches in this world realm were far greater than the outside world, its entire purpose was for the complete usage of one person. She even estimated it to be roughly a thousand times more valuable, at least. But..." Lin Ming softly murmured to himself, recalling the previous three weeks.

When he had entered the cache using the Fire Element Token, he discovered cultivation resources within, but not nearly as much as he expected. It wasn't that different from the outside caches, and while it helped his cultivation improve, it hadn't caused any leaps to occur.

"..." Lin Ming felt something wasn't right, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. With a baffled pout, he calmed his thinking and took what he could. His cultivation base had improved and he should be stronger than Zhang Yu now, capable of making him regret his actions. With a clenched fist, his grey eyes gleamed with a fierce, icy-cold killing intent.

In the Desolate Lands, Four Extreme Continent.

Four months had passed since Wei Wuyin had entered seclusion once more, concocting and refining products of the highest grade within the Mortal Limits. One day, a man-made cave hewed into a mountain was sealed and black-clothed figure re-entered the outside world.

Wei Wuyin touched the grey sandy desert with his bare feet, feeling the desolate power within. He animatedly moved his toes within, enjoying the grainy sensation of the sand against his skin. The

desolate power attempted to enter his body, desiring the siphon his bodily moisture and energies, but when it entered, it was absorbed and refined into his own strength.

"This world truly is different in comparison to the starfield. There's far too much ambient power within the air, volatile and lethal. The other lands can't be much different." Wei Wuyin remarked, feeling that the world of cultivation, the creation of cultivators, never ceased to amaze him.

When he learned that the Bloodforge Continent and two Solar Stars were made by cultivators, designed and fashioned by their wills, he was secretly blown away with his heart racing with awe. Now, he was in an isolated World Realm with a functioning ecosystem that can sustain life for thousands of years, had ambient energies and mana freely flowing within the world. Even the solar star above existed in this isolated world, only meant to provide warmth and life-bearing conditions to the inhabitants of this continent.

The feat of this far exceeded what he had ever heard of before. Was it possible that cultivators could create entire starfields? Something even grander? Was there a limit?

"It really does exceed the Mortal Limits," Wei Wuyin daydreamed about the Mystic Ascendant Realm. The possibility of existing as a spiritual being had never come across his thoughts until he met Wu Yu, or that cultivators could create continents, planets, solar stars, or isolated realms. His horizon had expanded endlessly.

The Heavenly Daos, the Calamities of Hell, the Yellow Springs, and Deities, these might be things he'd come across before he'd ever known any of this, but the shock wasn't nearly as great or impactful as learning the possibilities he could reach, not what others have or what this endless world possessed.

As he was contemplating the world of cultivation, its exquisiteness and limitless potential, he felt his four Astral Souls vibrate intensely. Over the last four months, he started to actively use foundation-enhancing products of the ninth-grade, leaving behind eight-grade products.

The taste of these four little souls were becoming more picky, only seeking the highest after being spoiled senseless. They must've consumed dozens of ninth-grade products each with utter satisfaction. Of course, the sheer power of ninth-grade products slowed their astonishing refinement speed by a little.

"So what's the plan?" He asked himself, glancing at the direction of the Desolate Lands holy city—True Desolate. While he called it a city, he knew this wasn't the actual case. It was more of a monastery than a city, and only named as the holy city by the continent's natives as a form of utmost respect.

The so-called trial is in a little over ten days. He had a few choices he could take in approaching this, and he still hadn't decided yet. His intent to shake up his actions, act differently than he would have in another timeline, stayed at the forefront of his thoughts. Wei Wuyun didn't wish to be a victim, wanting to grasp his own fate and disrupt any potential assaults on his karmic fortune.

"..." Shockingly, Ori was silent. Her energetic disposition was subdued by this question, seemingly left just as baffled and uncertain.

Kratos and King gave off their signature nonsense or single word answers, not really offering any help. To one, there was no where they couldn't go, no where they couldn't leave, and no one who could

threaten him. To the other, a swing of its edge can solve ninety-nine problems out of a hundred, and if he met that single problem he couldn't, he'd just use two.

Their thought process regarding the matter was simple, and it doused Wei Wuyin's worried heart with a warm, chuckling spray of reliable nonsense.

With a soft exhale, he thought for a moment that might be too concerned about this Temporal Reincarnator. But just when he thought this, when he was about to relax a little, Eden sent surging waves throughout his Sea of Consciousness.

This wave contained lessons of suffering from lack of vigilance in his past, of downplaying certain suspicions of allies who betrayed him, of feeling absolutely safe and it nearly claimed his life. The most recent being hunted by Qu Xiaoying unexpectedly.

His eyes brightly lit, once more regaining its stability and strength. He couldn't lower his guard against anything, always had to prepare for the worst! He nodded to himself and Eden, sending it his heartfelt thanks.

"I'll do whatever I need to." Wei Wuyin's lips tugged into a confident smile, a smile that could swoon the hearts of trillions. With a stretch, he put on his shoes, and took off towards True Desolate.

The Desolate Lands spanned for 158,000 miles in every direction, but at the center of this land was a grand temple that was grey and golden. It effused faint light that turned the surrounding grey sand gold, dispersing the desolate power and transforming it through an exquisite conversion formation into pure astral essence.

The golden sand stretched for 158 miles, 1/1,000th of the total landmass of the Desolate Lands, but the temple itself was fashioned like most, filled with a peaceful and awe-inspiring grace. There were 158 large stairs etched into a large mountain, and led to the top of the mountain where the grand temple was built.

The first stair was at the base of the mountain which was occupied by various buildings and people of all types, a mixture of humans and elves. They seemed to be moving about and living in harmony, completely different from the outside world.

Here, at the base of the mountain and holy city, these elves did not need to hide within underground cities for fear of being killed or harmed, their bodies and souls protected by the deity in the hearts of all who lived within the Four Extreme Continent.

There were thousands of buildings of varying colors, each notably having a singular symbol of distinct design at the top of their doors, as if signifying to others a specific belief. This symbol was of a lone mountain surrounded by a desert, at the top of this mountain was a golden solar star that sent out rays of multicolored light.

From the lowest portion of the depiction, there was grey, but as one lifted their eyes towards the solar star, the multicolored light would shimmer more prominently until the peak revealed its radiance. It provoked various feelings within the natives, but this depiction was revered by all as the symbol of True Desolate.

At the moment, the entire base of the mountain was filled with people of various backgrounds, most notably very prominent figures in both cultivation and reputation. This wasn't a minor event, held to the highest degree by all those in the city.

Several individuals were sitting at a group table within an eatery, being served drinks and food. Amongst this group was Ai Shenwu and the white-haired elven beauty Ai Chyou. There were two others as well, their auras not a slightest bit inferior to Ai Shenwu. The rest had powerful auras as well, but completely subdued.

Ai Chyou took a sip of her iced tea, looking out the window. A wistful look emerged in her eyes. "To think all the Clan Leaders of the Nine Elven Clans are here." This event was grander than she imagined, a faint pressure weighing heavily on her shoulders.

An old elf without any wrinkles but grey hair slowly spoke in a deep voice, "Not just the Nine Great Leaders, but the Ganshu have sent ten of their Grand Kings." His voice was somewhat strange as he spoke, sighing at the end.

"Who cares! Those pompous Ganshu just wish to show-off. We send nine, they send ten. What's next? We're measuring our girth? Length? How pathetic." A younger elf with a fiery light in his eyes spat, feeling greatly indignant. The others clearly agreed within his words, but they didn't voice it.

Ai Shenwu glanced at the table as a heated discussion regarding the humans actions was launched. He turned to look at Ai Chyou, then at the window. In his mind he thought, "Will he come?"

Just as those words entered his mind, a figure walked into the range of sight of the various buildings, the so-called city, and lifted his head to the sky, "Made it in time."

Chapter 446 - 442: Holy Ceremony Of Divine Bestowal

Wei Wuyin slowly walked towards True Desolate, taking in the grand and much welcomed sight of active civilization, the grand temple, and the surrounding golden sand. Every breath he took was different than outside the golden sand, less stuffy and harsh, filled with a pleasant smell and feeling as astral essence entered his body.

"A peaceful cultivation land in a world filled with death and desolation, to be considered a Holy City is quite apt." This was the first time Wei Wuyin truly realized why this location was so highly regarded by humans and elves alike. Even the underground cities were devoid of such rich astral essence, still having a faint lingering scent of desolation within it.

At his right and left were travelers of all types, from experts to low-level cultivators trekking the perilous lands searching for salvation and opportunity. True Desolate had to have at least a few million within the numerous buildings around the base of the mountain, living there and awaiting the day of the trial, with more walking about actively searching for one thing or another.

Awed by this discovery, he soon reached a hub of activity and was washed by the surge of foot traffic. It didn't take long for him to mingle with the locals and visitors, his handsome appearance and abnormal black outfit standing out. Most wore grey, white, or gold, lighter colors than black.

Despite standing out, no one admonished him for it or showed him any contempt. He was welcomed with a smile wherever he went and learned quite a lot. While the visitors were less talkative, especially

the experts, the locals that resided in the city were brimming with energy and excitement. It was quite infectious.

"The Holy Ceremony of Divine Bestowal happens in a few hours! The entire city is teeming with the divine blessing! I feel like today is the day we have a new Holy Son! Or Daughter!"

"So many experts are here! I heard from a friend that not only are the leaders of the humans and Grey Sands Elven tribe here, but all the nine candidates are here as well! This will certainly be the grandest Holy Ceremony in the history of the Desolate Lands!"

"Grand Kings? Elven Leaders? I saw them all enter the True Desolate Temple a while back, but they didn't seem THAT impressive, y'know? I bet I can take'em."

The world was aflutter with gossip and hope, feeling as if today was the day a Holy Son or Daughter will grace the Desolate Lands. Wei Wuyin was similarly intrigued by this.

He soon learned about the Holy Ceremony of Divine Bestowal. According to the well-informed old hands in the city, the Holy Ceremony was a competition, and it was an extremely simple competition yet notoriously difficult to enter.

The first requirement eliminated billions of experts and geniuses, requiring Elemental Origin Intent to be comprehended. The second requirement was even worse, as one could not be older than three hundred years of age.

A typical Astral Core Realm expert at the lowest level and foundation had a lifespan of a little over a thousand years. The three hundred year restriction eliminated many individuals that dedicated their life to comprehending Elemental Origin Intent and only completing it after that limit was reached.

The third requirement for the Holy Ceremony was to be a Son or Daughter of Desolation, meaning they must comprehend Desolate Earth Intent. This was even harder, as comprehending nine standard-level intents, merging them together, and then comprehending a high-level Earth Intent all within three hundred years were not easy feats to accomplish. Even for a demonic genius.

The past ceremonies held all had three or less candidates, sometimes none, which was perfectly understandable. But this year there are a total of nine!

After one reached all three requirements, they participated in three different competitions. As long as they beat all three competitions, they would be awarded the Badge of Divinity and the title of Holy Child.

When Wei Wuyin first heard about these trials, he originally believed one needed a Badge of Divinity to participate and claim another, but he was wrong. Anyone could participate, a Badge of Divinity was not required. Furthermore, his original intentions were scrapped.

He intended to wait for the competition to be completed, hijack the True Desolate arrays, and claim the Badge of Divinity by force and a hint of trickery. If it was obtained by a Holy Son or whatever, he would just plunder it from them.

Unfortunately, he first discovered there were no offensive or defensive formations within the array of True Desolate, purely quality-of-life formations. Additionally, there were too many variables in these so-called Grand Kings and Leaders of the Grey Sands Elven Tribe, the Nine Great Elven Clan Masters.

He suspected their strength reached the Eighth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Temporal Eye Phase, and he didn't have absolute confidence in escaping the pursuit of one, let alone a dozen and a half. Without a powerful array to lock them down, he would be in a precarious position.

As for plundering from the winner of the competition, that was his only option left considering the circumstances. It was reliable, and it'll be much easier to steal away the badge from a newly accomplished Holy Son or Daughter. If he wanted to keep a low-profile, this was the best approach.

But...

Besides those discoveries, the details of the Holy Ceremony of Divine Bestowal was an open secret. Everyone knew what they tested, just not how great one needed to be to obtain recognition in each competition. The competitions themselves were extremely simple.

The first was a test of talent. It compared age to cultivation base. Each Astral Tribulation required comprehension and a strong foundation to assail, so your cultivation base in relation to your age was a good indication of relative talent.

The second was a test of cultivation foundation. It tested spiritual strength. The Astral Soul, or the Spirit of Cultivation, was the most defining aspect of one's foundation, and spiritual strength was defined by the combination of physical strength, mental strength, and purity of essence intermixed to form the Astral Soul. In much the same way spiritual energies were defined by physical, mental, and essence energies.

The third was a test of combat strength. While talent and cultivation foundation was important, a Holy Son or Daughter couldn't be lacking in martial might. If one's arts, spells, and control of astral force was lacking, then it'll be like a baby wielding a warhammer. You have the tools, just not the ability to effectively use them.

These tests might be difficult for others, some even lacking confidence in these areas, but he had complete confidence. Be it talent, foundation, or combat strength, he felt that he lacked none.

Wei Wuyin intended to shake things up, act against his innately low-profile nature, so he wasn't going to hide himself away! Let the entire world be aware of him, know that he was here! He was going to participate to become a Holy Son!

As Wei Wuyin was mingling about, making a world-shaking decision. Two individuals, a young woman and an old man, were playing a board game at a playground. A short distance away, the joyful exclamation of human and elven children resounded as they played freely and without worries. It was pure music to the ears.

The old man made a humming sound before he picked up a piece, causing the young woman's brows to twitch. When the piece was placed down, the young woman felt her body go soft as she reeled in her defeat.

"Again!" With battle spirit in her eyes, she didn't even bother waiting, resetting the board.

The old man chuckled, slapping his knee. Then, his eyes glowed faintly as he turned his head. "It seems that that youngster is back."

The young woman's movement abruptly halted, her eyes glowing too with the same brilliance. A twist of her lips showed her dissatisfaction.

The old man laughed with a hearty smile, "It seems your plan isn't going to work. You have to discard that piece of yours and enter yourself or he'll obtain that badge. And if he obtains it, I'm not making a move, hehe."

The young woman's twist of the lips transformed into a pout. "We just need one item, it's nothing much. We can trade for it." She briskly remarked, ignoring the old man, continuing to place piece after piece.

"He's in the Spatial Resonance Phase, just like you. There's no way he's going to give it up willingly. In fact, that might be his objective. Are you sure you won't participate?" The old man grinned, clearly up to something mischievous.

"Already?" She softly exclaimed, turning her glowing gaze upwards for a moment. Her cultivation prevented her from seeing the depths of Wei Wuyin's cultivation. After a long moment, she sighed. With a tone of annoyance, she said: "Fine."

The old man laughed, "The Pawn is removed, and the Queen enters the field."

However, he tried to peer into Wei Wuyin's depths earlier and discovered that he could no longer see exact details, only his cultivation level.

Chapter 447 - 443: Status Of Alchemists

"Hm?" Wei Wuyin's arms hair perked, his senses invigorated by an outside intrusion. Just now, while he was discussing something with a pretty local woman, someone had tried to pry into his cultivation state. When it did, he felt Kratos tremble slightly, feeling as if something had sank into the sea of his Draconic Void Bloodline.

He cautiously inspected his surroundings. Unfortunately, his Celestial Eyes discovered no one nearby that could've secretly performed such an invisible, nigh undetectable inspection. This drew his suspicions as he considered possible culprits. There were only a few.

He instantly recalled and considered that old man, an outsider from beyond this World Realm and his own starfield. There wasn't much ill-intent within the inspection, and it hadn't prompted a response, so it was likely him. While Wei Wuyin was thinking this, the pretty young woman was growing increasingly shy as she blushed, glancing into Wei Wuyin's silver eyes from time to time.

"...Uhm, yes. Alchemists in the Holy City are protected." She answered, her breathing speeding up alongside her heartbeat. She was just a normal woman, how could she resist Wei Wuyin's casual charm and otherworldly looks? She was bewitched.

Wei Wuyin softly smiled with a nod. After a little more questions, he gave an excuse and left. The forlorn expression on the woman's face revealed her sadness.

Finding a bench, Wei Wuyin sat and pondered. There was a reason Wei Wuyin had decided not to reveal his status as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, shaking the world through that. Unlike his starfield, this World Realm didn't have ancient alchemists with deified reputations, such as the King of Everlore or Myriad Transformations All-Alchemist. There was no Alchemist Association.

In actuality, they had no idea who either of these individuals were. As for the Alchemic Dao and the cultivators of it, they were treated severely, with prejudice. It would be kind to say those who decide to cultivate an Alchemic Spirit of Cultivation were workers for the public's needs, and more direct to say they were enslaved and kept as dispensers.

The inability to protect oneself, the inability to exceed the Qi Condensation Realm, and their incredible usage, has diluted their status to such a depressing state. They even captured cultivators and forcefully turned them into alchemists for their own purposes. From the young woman, he'd learned that there were refugees in True Desolate.

Due to the endless respect, innate and unspoken rules, if they escaped here, no one would force them to do anything; these Alchemists would be free. These individuals were often born, tested for their Alchemic Talent, and then sent to study the Alchemic Dao, forced to concoct pills for clans, sects, and cities.

There was no market for Alchemic Products. There was, however, a market for Alchemic Slaves, Proxies, and children with Alchemic Talent. They would be purchased, nurtured, and made to concoct pills for these clans, sects, and cities without any pay or rights. Furthermore, they were almost exclusively humans, as elves were often lacking in Alchemic Talent. This was discovered after millennia of forceful testing, a racial difference that even Wei Wuyin hadn't known about.

He wouldn't even consider this possibility with Qingye Yun and Qingye Ying as well as the Myriad Transformations All-Alchemist being of the elven race. The entire World Realm, even this so-called Holy City, had already had such instinctive prejudice towards the Alchemic Dao that there was nothing wrong with them being turned into slaves, and even the local young woman earlier didn't seem to mind the harshness of that reality.

Without a market for pills, people were forced to nurture their own slaves, their own alchemists, gather materials and have them concoct cultivation products for them. This was also one of the core reasons why the cultivation society was so robust and advanced despite its isolation of several millennia.

In his starfield, the existence of the King of Everlore and the Alchemist Association ensures no force, sect, clan, or even Evil Cultivators, would dare force someone into the Alchemic Dao, forcing them into cultivating an Alchemic Spirit. If discovered, they would be instantly slaughtered, vilified by the entire starfield.

Their deaths might not even mollify the rage of the inhabitants, leading to their ancestral lineage, past, present, and possible future to be eradicated. That was a form of zero-tolerance the starfield possessed. And in doing so, very few alchemists would willingly choose to cultivate an Alchemic Spirit, and over time the abilities of alchemists fell as a result.

But here, the vast majority of Alchemists had Alchemic Spirits or those alchemists that didn't have Alchemic Proxies who had Alchemic Energies of a higher level and purity that they could freely use

without issue. The Alchemic Dao thrived, the experts kept their resources, and the world's cultivation society maintained itself.

It was brutal, but even Wei Wuyin couldn't help but feel that this was the standard direction cultivators who prey on the weak, seek strength, and had no qualms using such methods would resort to. He felt fortunate that all the elite experts at the Mystic Ascendant Realm, who forged their hegemonic forces, were born from the King of Everlore's labor.

A form of unbreakable respect was forged and led to their current society of alchemists.

"It's incredible how a few people can change an entire civilization's outlook, opinions, and traditions." Wei Wuyin remarked.

Suddenly, he felt a shiver down his spine as his Celestial Eyes glowed faintly. He turned, seeing the old man from earlier sitting beside him on the bench, calmly popping some dried dates-looking fruits into his mouth from a brown paper bag.

"I agree," the old man smilingly said, popping another fruit into his mouth. His aura was completely calm and concealed, and if Wei Wuyin wasn't certain, he would think this old man was just an ordinary person.

Wei Wuyin was silent for a moment, and unceremoniously reached his hand into the old man's bag, grabbing a handful of fruits, casually popping one into his mouth. He was shocked at how sweet it was, finding it quite delicious. It was definitely a high-tiered fruit not originating from this desolate land or this continent.

The old man was startled for a moment, then laughed, finding Wei Wuyin interesting. He offered some more, and Wei Wuyin didn't reject his kind intentions. The bag seemed to have an opening leading to a small, independent space, so the fruit was seemingly endless.

After a while, the old man said: "Alchemists are quite pitiable here." Clearly, he had heard Wei Wuyin's questions towards the young woman.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "Is it like that elsewhere?" The elsewhere meant wherever the old man was from or other locations he was aware of.

The old man sighed and shook his head, "In some places, sure. In most, not really. The Alchemic Dao breeds powerful individuals, even if they seem powerless on the surface. Especially when they reach the Mortal Sovereign-level, gaining the recognition of the Alchemic Dao. They are fearsome, terrifying even."

Wei Wuyin understood his point, but was also surprised. The old man was referring to the Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality, a gift granted to those who've successfully concocted Ninth-Grade Alchemical Products. He hadn't explored its abilities thoroughly yet, having no legacy to gain an inkling of a path from, but he knew it was like a sort of Intent of the Alchemic Dao.

Others might think the old man meant pellets, but pellets had limitations. They were like talismans, and the inherent dangers in concocting them were not small. And if an alchemist was too weak, they'd die before they could even use one.

"So this world is a little unappreciative of alchemists because it lacks a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist," Wei Wuyin extrapolated this from the old man's words. It seems the difference between here and his own starfield was the King of Everlore, the only Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. In truth, he was always under the impression that the King of Everlore was fragile and weak, needing others to protect him, but perhaps that wasn't the case.

He just knew far too little. Like a frog clawing at the bricks of the wall, he was trying his hardest to expand that horizon.

The old man glanced at Wei Wuyin, realizing his body was like a sea of endlessness, unable to obtain any information even from such close distance. This made him feel that Wei Wuyin's foundation and background was far greater than he originally assumed. As for Wei Wuyin's ignorance, this was clearly due to his youth.

"Well, I just came over to say good luck." The old man finally revealed his reason for approaching.

"For what?" Wei Wuyin asked, confused.

"Haha, in the competition. That little girl? Hmph, she's quite fierce. She's also very competitive, and while she might not be enough to be a Chosen of the True Element Sect, she isn't all that inferior." After that, the old man grinned, popping another fruit in his mouth, and stood up. He waved as he left, leaving behind these words: "Don't underestimate her. It'll be best if you can tame her."

Those last words left Wei Wuyin stunned for a moment. He softly laughed, realizing the old man was trying to play matchmaker. As for the young woman? He didn't fear any concern or anxiety over that. Eating the rest of the fruits, he faintly swept his gaze towards the sky. *'True Element Sect? Does the Divine King have a sect outside the starfield?'*

While Wei Wuyin discovered a piece of interesting information, the old man frowned slightly. "To eat these Mystic All-Source Dates without even flinching...what a fierce body." The old man felt even more certain that Wei Wuyin was beyond ordinary, far, far from ordinary!

Chapter 448 - 444: The Holy Ceremony Begins

The sky dimmed above True Desolate, seemingly alluding to the coming of night. Lanterns hung on the doors of various buildings lit with a golden flame, bringing forth a warm light. This light illuminated True Desolate, giving it a holy and majestic vibe.

A faint radiance of white light emitted from the steps, lighting up all 158 steps that led to the grand temple at the peak of the mountain. The crowd started to gather, but stayed roughly 158 feet away from those stairs. They circulated the temple's mountain, becoming a sea of bobbing heads and moving bodies. There was no cultivator who flew, all standing within the crowd as if they were mortals.

There was faint chanting coming from certain areas, likely prayers from devout believers of deities within the continent.

Wei Wuyin stood amongst the sea-like crowd, noticing this rapid change as the temple's mountain became the center of everyone's attention. The descent of darkness wasn't due to the solar star above dimming, but a formation that eclipsed the light, allowing night to fall. Since Wei Wuyin arrived here, there was no night.

The solar star above was in a perpetual state of unchanging, always in the same location, always emitting light at the same intensity. Seeing the awed expressions and vividly genuine exclamations of children experiencing night for the first time, Wei Wuyin couldn't help but warmly smile. The discovery of the mysterious unknown was always fascinating, even more so when it was observed on those innocent faces.

The chanting became louder as the white radiance of the mountain increased. It was as if the light was blessing everyone, feeling warm and gentle caresses on the skin. There was a swaying of shoulders, of bodies, of heads, as the inhabitants of the city started to chant. The language they uttered wasn't something he was familiar with, not elven or common.

He learned the lyrics, following along to see if it'll produce any effect, yet nothing happened. After a while, he noticed the temple's mountain radiance settled. Dozens of silhouette-like figures garbed in hooded robes were standing at the top of the staircase, looking down at the sea of people.

Wei Wuyin looked and noted that these people were all unfathomable, likely the so-called Grand Kings of the human race and Clan Masters of the Nine Great Elven Clans. They were invited to oversee the ceremony, but there were clearly more than nineteen. The rest must be priests or other individuals of high strength.

To think this city could act as a bridge between races. He didn't feel an ounce of hostility from anyone, not even towards the others.

A figure amongst the hooded silhouettes stepped forward, reaching the edge of the stairs, easily attracting everyone's attention. There were some who prayed with some extra words, asking for more blessings. He could see many praying with their eyes closed, mouths silently moving, as if wishing for something. This was soon followed by everyone present.

The figure was revealed to be a woman.

Woosh!

With a flick of her hands, she removed her hood and revealed a pair of eyes that seemed to glean no light, being immersed in everlasting darkness. She was blind, but beautiful. Her silvery white hair shone amongst the white radiance, giving her a holy appearance. With her long, braided ponytail-styled hair tied by a tiara of sorts, she gave off a feeling of importance.

"Children of True Desolate! Praise Desi, our Divine Lord!" She shouted, reaching all the way to the edge of the city.

"PRAISE DESI, OUR DIVINE LORD!" Her words evoked an explosive response as the inhabitants spoke in practiced unison, as if overtaken by some strange power.

"Today is the day of the Holy Ceremony, and our Divine Lord will seek out the Chosen One!" She announced, eliciting a series of excited cries and pious chants. She calmed the crowd with a wave, silencing everyone. Her control of the crowd with her mere presence was exceptional.

"For those who think they are worthy, to those who seek the Blessing of our Divine Lord, Desi! Please, step forward and climb the Stairs of Ascension! Climb the 158 steps, reach here, and you'll gain the qualifications to become a Son or Daughter of our Divine Lord!" Her words caused the crowd to simmer

with palpable excitement, many whispers and discussions happening. Millions of people here were waiting for the candidates to show themselves.

"It's time," Wei Wuyin faintly smiled. He blurred, arriving at the no-entry zone of 158 feet from the temple. He walked in, low gasps of shock and interest resounding behind him. Wei Wuyin had no intention of keeping a low-profile, completely taking the first step.

When he stepped out, entering that zone, the others followed instantly, unwilling to be outdone. Their nervousness suppressed, they stepped into the zone as well. There were ten blurs!

With Wei Wuyin included, there were a total of eleven candidates!

The crowd nearby went absolutely wild, while those afar were observing events via some formation screen, seeing the candidates arrive in their multiracial glory. After all, the stairs were only from one direction. There were projections to ensure no one missed a thing.

The fervent exclamations of the spectators continued.

Wei Wuyin glanced around, noting the various candidates, but not going into too much detail. Only Ai Juling and the mysterious outsider young woman were given any sort of importance in his mind. He did notice that each of them were young, their auras robust and stable, but their cultivation levels were not the same. There was even a candidate at the World Sea Phase, the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm.

He wasn't that young, however.

The blind woman waved her hand, once more calming the crowd, and she swept her sightless eyes across the candidates. "All candidates must climb the 158 steps of Demi-Mortal Ascension! Prove thy worth before the eyes of Desi, our Divine Lord!"

The candidates all stared at the 158 steps. They were large, like steps meant for giants. They led to the top of the mountain, reaching those unfathomable silhouettes.

The young woman glanced at Wei Wuyin, then pouted her lips slightly. With a movement of her long legs, she arrived at the first stair step with grace. When she stepped onto it, the step glowed, revealing various runic markings and multicolored light.

The multicolored light was like a torrent of raw power, containing all nine elemental forces. If one didn't have Elemental Origin Intent, they would be bashed by the raw, uncontrolled power, likely dying on the spot.

The young woman's fingertips glowed a faint white light that reflected images of various variations and permutations. The nine-colored flood of light was tamed with ease, and she leapt to the second step. Another flood of nine-colored light, stronger than the last, erupted. However, this time, there was Desolate Power within it.

The young woman remained absolutely calm, twirling her fingers like a puppeteer. Her movements were not overt, but contained an exquisite beauty to it that enthralled the mind, making one unable to look away. She wasn't a beauty by any means, being just slightly pretty, but now she had a distinctive beauty that was hard to resist.

Wei Wuyin observed her actions. He was quite intrigued, realizing her real appearance was hidden by a power that even his current level of Celestial Eyes couldn't see through. Likely, it exceeded the Mortal Limits. For an ordinary woman to have such a high cultivation, to have such a powerful background, it was highly unlikely her looks were that simple.

If there's one thing he learned from his lifetime, appearance was attributed greatly to wealth and strength. But natural looks amplified these benefits. He was the best example of that. Even before he entered the cultivation world, others often referred to him as an Immortal's Descendant, a compliment based on the mystifying and grand looks of fabled immortals. Now? The gazes he received from all genders and races told the truth.

After the young woman handled the desolate power and elemental flood with ease, she took a third step. Wei Wuyin no longer allowed his imagination to run, shooting onto the first step. The flood of elemental power was compressed into a crystal by him, kept in his palm, as he leapt to the next step.

He soon caught up to the young woman after reaching the 16th step. The surge of power was greater, and it seemed the staircase was inspecting his age via lifeforce, exerting a pressure as well.

The young woman softly snorted, shooting off even faster. Wei Wuyin wryly smiled, following along with ease. It seems the old man was right, she was quite fierce. By the time they reached the 50th step, only a few minutes had passed.

But the other nine candidates were struggling, even Ai Juling was fighting fiercely on the 33rd step. The flood of raw elemental energies, the flow of desolate power, and the age-determining pressure was pushing them to their limits.

It seemed a person's age determined the amount of force they'd feel with each step increasing it. Wei Wuyin wasn't even fifty yet, so with his strong body, this pressure was utterly insignificant. Even an ordinary World Sea Phase could handle it.

The various elemental energies and desolate power was even easier to handle.

The disparity was becoming so large that the crowd was silent from shock, disbelief, and confusion. Two figures that had no reputation whatsoever were pushing their way through the staircase with utter ease while the renowned, expected contestants, even the dark horse that seemed to eclipse the others unexpectedly, fiercely struggled.

Furthermore, one was exceedingly handsome and the other was downright ordinary with a strange, beguiling charm.

The moment the two reached the 100th step, the others, especially the dark horse in the form of a handsome young man dressed in grey and white, were still struggling on the 50th step and below. Ai Juling's white eyes were overflowing with Elemental Origin Intent, just stepping onto the 41st step at this moment.

The crowd was shocked!

Wasn't this too great a difference?!

Chapter 449 - 445: Boundless Essence Mist

"...Who are these two?" Atop the mountain peak, at the edge observing the scene below, a voice resounded with a baffled and uncertain tone. The voice originated from a tall man with a burly figure.

"..."

A distinctive silence engulfed the dozens of hooded figures, even those who belonged to the temple. The blind woman swept her sightless eyes towards Wei Wuyin and the young woman, her expression indeterminate. The fact not a single individual could answer was very telling, bringing the hooded figures to a greater silence, one filled with a solemn tension in the air.

Soon, the blind woman spoke, shattering the tense ambience. "It doesn't matter; they are rightful candidates of the Divine Lord's grace." Her words were met with a chanting utterance from a few hooded members, clearly members of the temple. They didn't care about background, but simply if these figures had the qualifications. Even if the person was an Evil Cultivator who slaughtered millions, these religious members wouldn't even blink in accepting the person as a Holy Child if they were qualified.

The twenty-something others were unsure how to respond to that. To have two individuals of unknown origins arrive exhibiting a level of success on the Stairs of Demi-Mortal Ascension far beyond the others was unheard of. The temple members merely cared about the Holy Ceremony, but these twenty-something figures were all the most elite powerhouses of the Desolate Lands, and they had to be mindful of the delicate climate of their world.

For two unknown geniuses to emerge, both of which were humans, was a startling discovery for the elves, especially considering the foretellings by the oracles that a Holy Son or Daughter had a very high chance of being discovered during this time. This would strengthen the humans further, pushing them into an even more desperate situation than now.

Wei Wuyin wasn't too bothered by him standing out like this. His intention was to always stand out, the more the better. He reached the 103rd step alongside the young woman, his Celestial Eyes inspecting the age-discerning pressure emitting from the stairs. When he did, his heart quaked suddenly at a discovery.

The young woman was quite young!

While she wasn't under the age of fifty, she was certainly not too far off. He thought about this for a second, recalling all the geniuses in the starfield, and he could only imagine Blessed having her cultivation base at her age. However, she didn't give him a feeling of being a Blessed.

This indicated that wherever the young woman originated from, the cultivation society was far, far more advanced than his own starfield, and her background was likely not small. But just as Wei Wuyin was shocked, the young woman was even more thunderstruck by him. She too could determine his rough age through the pressure, realizing he was younger than fifty.

'Who is he? He can't just be another Chosen Candidate of the True Element Sect!' She was in utter disbelief at Wei Wuyin's current showing, especially the quality of his Elemental Origin Intent. It was extremely polished and well within his control. She knew that Intent was based on comprehension, and two individuals who comprehended the same level of Intent were likely to not have the same level of control and strength.

This was clear by the nine candidates below heavily struggling to ascend the stairs while they had it relatively easy. This was especially so for Elemental Origin Intent, as it was defined by the quality of Intent mixed within it and their innate compatibility.

For example, she had comprehended her Elemental Origin Intent but only had three High-Level Intents: Desolate Earth Intent, Cyclic Water Intent, and Dark Metal Intent. The others below had only comprehended one high-level Intent, Desolate Earth, or they comprehended mid-level Intents that didn't contribute much. This was why the disparity was so massive.

But she now realized that Wei Wuyin's Elemental Origin Intent wasn't the slightest bit weaker than her own. When she thought about the struggles and bitter cultivation she had to go through to reach her current level of Intent, the numerous resources invested, she grew more and more curious at Wei Wuyin's possible origins.

'No wonder the old fox said he wouldn't act, wanting me to face him myself.' She thought for a moment before going even faster, arriving on the 104th step.

Wei Wuyin's own thoughts were similar. He was taking it slow, inspecting the others' Elemental Origin Intent, and realized their Intent was far, far weaker than his own. Even the young woman's Intent wasn't much. This was the first time he got a solid grasp on differences between Intent, never having a true foil to compare. Even when he watched Lin Ming fight, he wasn't able to truly measure the difference.

He had six high-level Intents, all of which were in the top ten, some even in top three, of all Intents in that respective element. For example, Violet Lightning Intent was very highly regarded, considered the hottest and most volatile lightning, easily within the top five of all Lightning Intent. As for Absolute Zero Ice Intent, it was very likely the strongest Ice Intent in existence.

This was what he felt.

When he thought about this, he faintly shook his head. No longer holding back, he urged his Elemental Origin Intent to its strongest limits, shooting past the young woman and dealing with the torrential flood of energies and desolate power with extreme ease, gathering them into two separate crystals with a thought. With no obstacles to speak of, the young woman could only gawk in surprise as he passed her.

In a few breaths of time, he arrived at the 158th step while the young woman was still on the 112th step, having already halted her movements as her mouth was agape with shock and utter disbelief. The others below felt something strange course through the air. They looked up to see the tall, imposing backside of Wei Wuyin's figure as he stood upright on the last step.

"..." There was silence throughout. Even the crowd went completely quiet, not a single whisper or murmur. The abrupt event left many unsure how to react. Their gazes fixed on Wei Wuyin's lone figure as he stood on that last step.

Wei Wuyin didn't mind the attention, keeping the crystals filled with elemental energies and desolate power. He lifted his gaze to see the hooded figures all staring at him, especially the blind woman whose gaze was a little odd. But when he saw her beautiful face up close, he couldn't help but find her quite pleasing to look at.

The blind woman gathered her bearings first, speaking to Wei Wuyin but her voice rumbled through True Desolate. "Young One, you have ascended the stairs, come to receive your Demi-Mortal Blessing and the right to become a Holy Child!" Her words were filled with a holy flavor as if she was bestowing Wei Wuyin a divine right.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, taking the final step and arriving at the edge of the mountain alongside the dozens of hooded figures. He felt their gazes on him, but not a single one used any of their spiritual sense or an ocular spiritual sense to inspect him. The lack of invasive actions made Wei Wuyin realize how serious they were taking this trial, not trying to allude to any hint of foul play.

Woosh! Wizz! Zum!

When he took that final step, a series of odd sounds emanated from beneath his feet, prompting him to look down and find a large runic ring encircling his feet. It rotated with multicolored light and gave off a peculiar radiance. Wei Wuyin inspected this with his Celestial Eyes, finding that it contained some pure energies he'd never seen before.

The energies within the runes started to undulate and expel outwards in a mist that glowed white. This was the so-called Demi-Mortal Blessing, and the mist was visible to all, giving off a similar feeling as the mountain itself. Wei Wuyin felt intrigued as the mist attempted to integrate within his body.

"Receive the Demi-Mortal Divine Blessing; receive your right!" The blind woman said passionately, informing Wei Wuyin to absorb the mist into himself.

Wei Wuyin's smile lifted higher as a result, looking at the blind woman for a moment before absorbing the mist without hesitation. He knew this glowing mist wasn't something bad. In fact, it could be considered amazing and extremely rare. Unfortunately, it didn't have much benefit to himself.

It was a unique material of heaven and earth he'd never seen but heard of called Boundless Essence Mist. It was described in a particular written recording of an old alchemist who sought to find various unique mists produced innately by the world. Unlike other materials used in alchemy, mist was a very delicate material, and many were under the assumption it couldn't be used as proper material in its mist state, that it had to be condensed into liquid or solid form beforehand.

But the old alchemist felt that this wasn't proper, that special mists wasn't just a byproduct of water or wind energies, but its own special existence like herbs, stones, or liquids. That they had unique properties that could be similarly extracted for optimal and amazing usage. It was a wild idea, almost completely against common sense, but he later made a concoction method that could use pure mist to concoct certain products, extracting these 'unique' qualities without harming the mist's foundation through conversion of state.

He had discovered and studied Boundless Essence Mist because it was said to be the byproduct of water and wind energies and dense astral essence, but he refused to believe that. He was right; Boundless Essence Mist was misunderstood and had unique properties beyond just pure astral essence, water and wind energies. It's state of existence was also special, akin to stones, liquids, and herbs that could store unique and unseen qualities.

This verified a principle in Alchemy that was accepted but not fully understood: Nothing was impossible.

Wei Wuyin absorbed the Boundless Essence Mist, storing it within his body, and 'receiving' the Demi-Mortal Blessing. After absorbing the mist, he was startled by the amount of Boundless Essence Mist there was. He frowned for a moment, then tapped his foot against the ground, a wisp of void force penetrated the ground beneath everyone's notice.

Afterwards, he relaxed. This Boundless Essence Mist unique property could concoct a theorized ninth-grade, low-tier pill. It was one of the few theorized ninth-grade products outside of the King of Everlore's verified recipes, named the Boundless Purity Pill. It was expected to be able to purify the body to an extreme limit, increasing one's affinity with elemental energies as well.

There was practically none in the present-day starfield after the old alchemist's experiments, so he was shocked to see it here.

While he received the Boundless Essence Mist, he saw a familiar figure arrive beside him. It was the young woman! She had a faint pout and solemn light in her eyes. She couldn't believe that Wei Wuyin had hidden himself so well.

She wasn't sure how many high-level Intents Wei Wuyin had comprehended, properly mixing with the other elemental Intents, but it was more than three.

Who was this guy?!

Chapter 450 - 446: True Age Revealed!

The 158 steps was merely an entry stage of the competition. Eventually, every candidate arrived at the top and received the Demi-Mortal Blessing, purifying their bodies as a result. Despite their heavily gasping breaths and placement of arrival, not a single one of them felt dejected or uncertain about their chances, still holding firm onto their beliefs of success. The success that they'll become the next Holy Child.

This wasn't without any warrant, as the entry stage merely tested one's initial qualifications, not the true determining factor of it. To the candidates, they even knew that pressure based on bodily age wasn't the proper measurement of talent, and even the World Sea Phase candidate had a smile of confidence as he received the blessing.

To them, even the locals and natives of this world, knew that the real competition didn't test comprehension of Intent, bodily age, or manipulation of desolate power, but talent, foundation, and combat prowess. You could have the strongest Intent in the world, but without the proper cultivation base and foundation, it'll all amount to nothing in the real world.

This was a well-known and accepted fact that all cultivators understood. The dozens of hooded figures who stood at the peak of the Desolate Lands understood this principle even better, being true experts that toppled the world with their true talent, foundation, and strength.

The absorption process for all the candidates of the Boundless Essence Mist was quite long, taking nearly an entire hour to complete. The candidates could all feel their innate energies and bodies slowly dissolve the impurities within them, expelling it through their pores as turbid air.

Wei Wuyin couldn't help but feel somewhat awkward as he 'absorbed' the mist as no turbid air left his body. He didn't have any impurities in his body to begin with, so what turbid air could he expel?

He didn't even use ambient energies to cultivate. In fact, he hasn't cultivated his Astral Souls in a very, very long time. They were self-sufficient and functioning, and these four Astral Souls of his were extremely picky, only consuming the purest alchemical products for their cultivation, even for recovery. As long as a product was low-quality, it was completely pure without a hint of impurities, so it could be consumed with no drawbacks.

The vast majority of products concocted was impure of varying percentages, but he hadn't concocted impure pills in a long, long time nor consumed them since he started learning alchemy even during his Scarlet Solaris Sect days.

Hence, this purifying mist was of no use to him personally. However, if he could concoct the Boundless Pill to purify the bodies of his subordinates, this would greatly increase their cultivation speed, circulation of various forces, and bodily strength. He was a little excited at the prospect, so stored this mist and stealthily stole some more.

He had no idea what a high or peak-tier pill would do, but he had his own assumptions, and a ninth-grade secondary effect could not be underestimated. Ever.

After all eleven candidates finished their refinement of the mist, the blind lady spoke to them and the crowd. "I am Grand Priestess Si De, it is my honor to meet the Holy Candidates of the Divine Lord! Before all present, we will unleash the trials to find if one of you will become the Holy Child worthy of our Divine Lord's greatest token of divine grace!"

Wei Wuyin and the young woman's eyebrows twitched as they heard her name. Si De? Wasn't that just Desi spelt backwards? As if under a mutual understanding, they turned towards each other and faintly smiled with a hint of a laugh. These people were quite fanatical to these so-called deities.

The young woman was startled by her actions. She found herself connecting with Wei Wuyin abruptly for absolutely no reason! She turned away, ignoring Wei Wuyin. He might be handsome, but so what? She wasn't a superficial woman nor was any of her suitors back home lacking in comparison in regards to talent, and likely exceeded Wei Wuyin's mysterious background.

Wei Wuyin saw this and wryly smiled. What could he do if they had similar thoughts and thus similar feelings? Unlike the others, they were both exposed to far greater horizons and knew that these deities weren't real gods. The others had reverential and awed expressions filled with unyielding fighting spirit. Even Ai Juling wasn't any different. None of the elves were.

"People of the World! We will be testing the true age of each Holy Candidate, testing their success thus far on the endless path of cultivation! We will be testing the strength of their Spirit of Cultivation, the foundation forged from innumerable hours of effort! We will be testing the strength of their Martial Might, the strength of their fists! These factors will be determined by the Divine Lord's judgement to see if they are worthy of his grace!

"If all three are met by any contestants as satisfactory by our Divine Lord's will, a Holy Child will be born and bestowed the true Divine Blessing of our world's greatest Divine Lord!" Grand Priestess Si De's words grew louder and more impassioned as she spoke. The crowd was riled up, feeling hyped at the possibility that a new Holy Son or Daughter will be decided today!

Wei Wuyin was watching her quivering figure beneath the robe, realizing she was quite well-endowed in many ways, not just a beautiful face. He soon found out that he was distracted, not feeling an ounce of pressure in this holy competition. He bitterly smiled in his heart. Was it because the contestants were just too beneath his notice? Was he being arrogant and dismissive?

But even the Grand Spirit Trials held his interest more than this and he was mostly a spectator.

"Let's begin!" Grand Priestess Si De said, waving her two arms about as two golden bracelets that glowed with white light shot into the sky. They rotated rapidly, erupting with multicolored light until they formed two man-sized rings that heavily crashed into the ground.

They stood upright and a faint veil formed around both rings tightly, creating a curtain of sorts through its gap.

"Walk through; prove your worth to our Divine Lord!" The Grand Priestess shouted, indicating for the candidates to walk through the two veil-like curtains.

Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes inspected the rings, finding their functions to be basic, but extremely advanced. They seemed to sense auras. He didn't hesitate, walking through the veil of the nearest one to him. As he did, the other candidates watched on with curiosity. Even the young woman was staring at Wei Wuyin's figure with interest.

How long has this guy been cultivating?

She wanted to know if the disparity was of any note, or if he formed his Spirit of Cultivation in the womb like some extremely gifted children with powerful parents, explaining his young age relative to his cultivation.

When he walked through, Wei Wuyin felt his aura be inspected, not his bones, blood, or skin. It was the aura of his Spirit of Cultivation, startling him instantly. When he heard about 'true age' he thought it meant the age of himself, and when he inspected its functions, he thought it sensed life force auras. To be honest, he wasn't certain if his bodily age would even reveal anything with his Void Bloodline or if it'll be accurate after he had crossed through time during the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation.

The surprising matter that concerned and shocked him was that he had four Spirits of Cultivation, and Kratos decided to take the bullet!!!

When he felt its innately protective nature, shielding its siblings from a foreign force, he felt warmth in his heart. In a way, Kratos represented his fleshy body, so it was always the first line of defense to protect the others. And when large, mountain-like characters started to glitter out of the ring, he felt a strange, extremely awkward expression overtake his bitter smile.

"...!"

There was a cacophony of cold, heavy, and horrified gasps! The amount of gasps was enough to notably change the air density in the entire True Desolate for a brief moment! If it wasn't for the event, some might think this was a practiced unified performance by the millions present! Those spectators weren't the only ones who sucked air, the hooded figures, Grand Priestess Si De, even the young woman were wide mouthed and gasped in shock!

The old man below was eating his delicious dates peacefully watching the ongoing show, but at the moment of the reveal, even his eyes bulged out, nearly popping out of his skull, unsure what he was looking at or if it was true. No, if it was even possible! The dates fell out of his wide mouth, falling unfairly on the floor.

It didn't deserve that.

Wei Wuyin felt extremely awkward. The true age was determined by the Spirit of Cultivation's birth date, not the cultivators'. After all, the time prior to being a cultivator couldn't really be considered in terms of true talent, right? For a brief moment, Wei Wuyin wondered why his own starfield didn't use the same type of standard. After all, why even test bodily age? Geniuses aren't defined by how long they lived, but how far they've gotten in cultivation relative to their age!

Looking at the giant mountain-like characters that revealed Kratos's true age and cultivation phase, he couldn't help but chuckle while rubbing his nose. Kratos was his youngest Spirit of Cultivation, so one could imagine the absurdity reflected in these characters. It was formed last! It read:

"Eight Years, Seven Months, Thirteen Days! Spatial Resonance Phase, Astral Core Realm!"

"..."

"..."

"..."