

Chapter 451 - 447: Spirit Units

Buzz!

The silence that permeated the entirety of True Desolate was ended by a thunderously loud humming buzz. It attracted everyone's attention. Soon, everyone was staring at the grand temple atop the mountain in a strange daze. Wei Wuyin's true age of cultivation left them too shocked to properly react, but it didn't stop the ceremony.

A strange will seemed to be born, surging from the highest location of the temple alongside the buzzing noise. Wei Wuyin turned to observe the temple and noticed a mysterious power erupt from within. He couldn't react before the top of the temple exploded with a frighteningly bright light that enshrouded his figure.

His first instinct was to resist, but after feeling the warmth of the light, he halted and continued to patiently observe. The light's shine was only temporary as it receded almost as swiftly as it erupted. When all was done, Wei Wuyin had a triangular mark on the backside of his left hand. It was glittering with runic markings.

Similar to before, the first to break out of their shock was the blind Grand Priestess Si De who looked at Wei Wuyin with a solemn gaze despite her sightless eyes. She took a deep breath before announcing, "Our first candidate has received the Will of Desi, a fragment of three! Praise the Divine Lord!"

Instinctively, the inhabitants of True Desolate droned in and shouted, "Praise the Divine Lord!"

This so-called will was a mark of acceptance, indicating that Wei Wuyin had overcome the first trial and proved his True Age of Cultivation relative to his cultivation base was perfectly suited for a Holy Child.

Inspecting the triangular mark, he realized it was one piece of a full circle. If three equal pieces were put together, that circle would be fully formed. Furthermore, the mark seemed strange. Besides the runic markings, there were traces of pure earthen aura within it. The purity of this aura almost matched the wood aura within his Mark of Eden, shocking him considerably.

Of course, in terms of vastness, the Mark of Eden was like a planet, and the mark on his hand was merely a small pebble.

While in his thoughts, the Grand Priestess Si De urged the other contestants, reminding them that a single area was not all it took to become a Holy Child. Even still, the others were horrifically disturbed by Wei Wuyin's cultivation speed. In less than ten years, he reached the Spatial Resonance Phase!

The young woman glanced at Wei Wuyin, her expression the picture of calm but her heart endlessly quaked with shock. If this was known to others in her starfield, Wei Wuyin might be considered more monstrous than those world-shaking geniuses titled Chosens. But it's not like it wasn't possible for someone to reach his level in such a small amount of time, but it usually required an enormous amount of resources and extremely high background while simultaneously disregarding one's cultivation foundation.

The old man closed his mouth, his aged gaze feeling a little uncertain. Who was Wei Wuyin? This child was less than fifty, cultivated for less than ten years, was at the Spatial Resonance Phase, and had means and methods that even someone of his cultivation was shocked by. Whoever his family or clan was, they might be from those starfields that possessed multiple Mystic Radiance Belts.

Thinking this, the solemn expression on the old man's face relaxed. *'There's always someone greater.'* With that, he resumed eating, his heart settled. He was far too old to be stressing over these matters. As long as he held no ill-intent towards Wei Wuyin, what harm would happen to him?

Ai Juling was the second to enter one of the true age-discerning rings, causing characters to erupt.

"One-hundred twenty-two years! Soul Idol Phase, Astral Core Realm!"

This was more in line with people's understanding, causing a few to heave inner sighs of relief. If others like Wei Wuyin popped up, then where would they get the confidence to cultivate? Fortunately, Ai Juling had no issue obtaining a Mark of Desi.

The young woman stepped in as well, causing the ring to erupt once more.

"Fifty-two years! Spatial Resonance Phase, Astral Core Realm!"

"...!" While an overly exaggerated response hadn't happened, many were startled once more by the young woman's True Age of Cultivation and her cultivation phase. Unfortunately, the shock that Wei Wuyin had instilled into them, still lingering within their hearts and minds, dulled their response to a few exclamations and clamoring discussions.

Wei Wuyin glanced at the young woman's results, feeling like his earlier observation was roughly correct. She had to be under sixty years old, likely starting cultivating at a very young age. Wei Wuyin's own start had begun when he was five, so Ori would be over forty years old. That being said, he did lose out on ten years, and was stuck on a low-tier continent for thirty-seven.

Regardless, Astral Core Realm cultivators at the peak might be able to live close to two thousand years, depending on their innate energies and cultivation base, so they could be considered children. Even Ai Juling was just starting out.

After all the contestants inspected themselves, a few didn't cause the temple to react, being eliminated in the first test. The World Sea Phase contestant had actually made it, being extremely young and having a True Age of Cultivation at twenty-two years, shocking many amongst the crowd. It seemed he made ample preparations and restricted his cultivation start for this competition, possibly focusing entirely on Intent.

Now, only eight remained out of eleven.

Grand Priestess Si De gave Wei Wuyin another glance before speaking to the crowd, retrieving her bracelet, "The Test of Holy Talent has been completed! Eight of these Holy Candidates have gained Divine Lord Desi's approval! We'll begin with the Test of Spiritual Might! Those who wish to obtain the Will of Desi must prove that their spirits are strong enough, worthy enough, to handle his will!"

Four hooded men behind her stepped forward, waving their long sleeves as pieces of glass surged out of them like lightning. They clashed heavily above, spurting out sparks of light that dazzled the crowd like fireworks. When all the ruckus settled, an oval mirror appeared with a glowing white frame.

It slowly descended before the Grand Priestess Si De, who clasped her hands together in prayer and uttered a strange chant. The four hooded men aside, the other hooded figures outside of the ten Grand Kings and nine Clan Masters chanted along. The atmosphere became sanctified, feeling blessed.

Wei Wuyin noticed this oval mirror was roughly the size of a person, but the mirror didn't reflect a person's reflection. It was strange as a mosaic distortion was reflected instead, seemingly indicating something was off with its interaction with light.

The young woman frowned, "A Spiritual Reflection Mirror? How did they..." She contemplated with a murmur, a tinge of shock betrayed by her gaze.

Wei Wuyin heard her hushed voice, his draconic senses were far too great not to. He pondered.

The Grand Priestess Si De shouted to the sky, raising her hands above her head while waving it slightly. Whatever she was doing caused the mirror's surface to flicker with various lights of intensity. The display was quite gorgeous, hard to move one's eyes from it.

Then, she exhaled loudly, causing the sky to roil slightly. The oval mirror landed on the ground and etched itself upright, its mosaic surface facing the candidates.

"Holy Candidates of our Divine Lord, touch the Soul Mirror of Endless Reflection; your spirit will be reflected for the world and our Divine Lord to see, to inspect, and I pray that his will finds you worthy!" The Grand Priestess exclaimed excitedly, her face somewhat flushed.

Wei Wuyin was about to take the first step, but was a little too slow as the handsome young man originally considered as the dark horse of the competition blurred aggressively before the mirror. The mirror reflected a mosaic reflection of himself. With a fierce and resolute gaze, he touched the mirror in a light caress.

BRUUUM!

A loud eruption of light engulfed his figure for a brief moment before receding back into the mirror. When it did, the originally mosaic and indistinct form of the young man was perfectly reflected with utmost clarity as if staring at a real mirror. While the background was still vague, his figure wasn't.

Wei Wuyin inspected the mirror with his Celestial Eyes, but he frowned after being unable to decipher or comprehend the formations embedded within. It seemed it exceeded Mortal Limits, far beyond his current understanding.

Shockingly, the mirror didn't reflect a number. Instead, firefly-like motes of cyan-colored light that hue reminded Wei Wuyin of Soul-Pulse Manifestation Tribulation's rings started to appear from within the clear reflection of the young man.

Wei Wuyin was also reminded of Spirit Units, a form of measurement that Eden had devised to measure the strength of each Soul-Pulse Ring.

By using the lowest portion of extractable yet fully stable spiritual strength within the lowest imaginable quantity of spiritual energy, it had devised a measurement and determined it as spirit units. As these 'spirit units' combined together to form greater connective bonds, the 'total' power of Spiritual Strength was elevated as a result.

By this conceived standard, Eden and himself had determined the relative spiritual strength of each Soul-Pulse Ring. This fully revealed the extraordinary calculative prowess of Eden's Mind Dao intermixing with his Alchemic Dao.

Each mote of cyan light that emerged was 1 Spirit Unit. As the motes were continuously emerging, they started to connect with line-like bridges that increased the intensity of their respective light and constructed an extraordinary network. This supported Eden's measurement and how spirit units interacted and grew stronger, creating a higher spiritual strength!

Engrossed in this development, Wei Wuyin paid rapt attention. The number of motes rapidly increased until roughly 3,000 was revealed, each connected into a single whole via a complex integrated network of webs and bridges. This was the exquisite representation of a single iota of Spiritual Strength.

Regardless of what, this amount of spiritual strength was constant and unchanging lest one increased their foundation. Even if a person used an ocean worth of spiritual energy against a small pond, they would still have the same level of strength. While the pond would be exhausted, it would equally eliminate a small pond-sized portion of the ocean in turn.

After the motes of cyan light completely settled, the final result was revealed!

Chapter 452 - 448: It's Over...9...

"3,121!" The number was revealed in a towering outflow of light in the sky, announced by the voice of the Grand Priestess! The crowd was trembling with excitement as numerous experts entered discussions.

The young man was at the Soul Idol Phase, with a True Age of roughly eighty-three years, so to have such a powerful spiritual foundation was incredible!

But Wei Wuyin was quite lost at this moment. What did that mean exactly? While he had a rough understanding of what 3,121 Spirit Units meant towards relative might of Spiritual Strength, he had absolutely no comparison or rubric of standard. Was that high for a Soul Idol Phase expert? Was that high for eighty-three years of cultivation?

He was utterly clueless. He even turned to the young woman, hoping to glean some idea of the standard, but her eyes were relatively indifferent while they focused on the mirror, not the result. Exasperated by ignorance, he was left unable to react.

°3,600 Spirit Units was the relative strength of the Fifth Soul-Pulse Manifestation Ring...So, I guess its high?° Wei Wuyin was incredibly bitter, uncertain what to do. His distracted thinking allowed Ai Juling to reach the mirror soon after, erasing the young man's results, and revealing her own.

"2,733!" The Grand Priestess Si De announced again, but the results were clearly lacking in comparison to the handsome young man. She pouted, her eyes flickering with a hint of frustration. She was older, at

the same cultivation level, yet was considerably weaker in terms of Spiritual Strength. How could she not be unsatisfied?

To add insult to injury, she had failed!

The young man had received a surge of Desi's will, giving him his second triangular mark on his hand, but Ai Juling had not. She clearly didn't reach the proper criteria necessary. Wei Wuyin decided not to rush, waiting for the others.

Shockingly, THEY ALL FAILED!

Besides him and the young woman that hadn't gone up, the other candidates had failed to meet whatever arbitrary criteria this so-called divine lord had set! This, however, came as a surprise to no one. Even the crowd only groaned softly in disappointment when their respective race's Holy Candidates failed.

It seemed this was a harsh, brutally vicious gate that had halted numerous candidates in the past. Wei Wuyin was truly shocked by this. To add, a few had eclipsed the young man's Spirit Units, but were seemingly too old and thus failed as a result.

With only him and the young woman left, Wei Wuyin felt the gazes of millions alongside the outstanding beings of the Desolate Lands land on him. He was remarkably young in terms of his True Age of Cultivation, and while he had a formidable Intent, Intent wasn't much unless backed by a strong foundation.

Logic and common sense dictates that Wei Wuyin's spiritual strength should be lacking in relation to the standard of his cultivation phase. But that might still be enough to receive the right to pass, simply because he was considered far too young.

The young woman curiously glanced at Wei Wuyin. But she wasn't the type to feel inferior and hesitant, so she walked to the mirror and touched it. A similar phenomenon appeared, encapsulating her entire figure before receding, perfectly reflecting her image in the mirror. But there was a strange quiver on her face, as if something had masked her true appearance.

Wei Wuyin was taken aback that whatever concealment the young woman was using had fooled this mirror that exceeded Mortal Limits. To what lengths did she go to conceal her face? What did she really look like? A burning desire to rip her concealment apart and get a good, long look emerged in his heart.

Spirit units started to appear, connecting in their exquisite network of webs and bridges, forming a single cohesive whole. It still fascinated him seeing its structure so clearly revealed, only proving Eden's abilities to determine such profound intricacies.

The number quickly exceeded 3,000, rising and rising and passed 4,000. Wei Wuyin's eyes focused on the mirror, and so was everyone else!

The young woman hadn't tested her spiritual strength since she reached the Soul Idol Phase, so she was quite interested in the level it'd reach. Her level of focused investment wasn't any less than the others.

5,000!

6,000!

Wei Wuyin felt the heartbeat of millions start to race, rumbling and inducing faint, barely noticeable changes in the seismic activities beneath the ground.

7,000!

8,000!

The young woman's eyes brightened, a feeling of satisfaction emerged in her heart. She briefly turned, glancing at Wei Wuyin with a smile. It hadn't even finished yet, and she felt confident enough to gloat!

Wei Wuyin frowned. This wasn't even as strong as the Seventh Soul-Pulse Manifestation Ring's Spiritual Strength, wasn't she gloating a little too early?

Then, it broke past 9,000! Ending at 9,017!

The old man watched from afar. Unlike Wei Wuyin, he was clearly aware of the standards of Spiritual Strength relative to age and cultivation phase, showing a proud smile on his face as he nodded with satisfaction.

"It's over nine thousand!!!" An Elven Clan Master amongst the hooded figure, who had faintly spiky hair and a sharp gaze beneath his hood, exclaimed with clenched fists. This was very foreboding to him and the other elves, especially considering the three remaining candidates were all humans! Furthermore, this young woman was terrifying!

Her spiritual strength exceeded his own!!

His outburst prompted the other Clan Masters to feel a pressure on their shoulders. The elves were already in a lesser position. If another human became a Holy Child, their situation would become worse. Furthermore, they would even lose their homes!

Wei Wuyin furrowed his brows as the young woman received her second mark. Not wasting much time, Wei Wuyin walked forward and placed his hand on the mirror, passing the young woman who gave him a competitive glare before turning away.

Wryly smiling, Wei Wuyin was engulfed by light!

Unlike others, Wei Wuyin had four Astral Souls, but they didn't each have separate spiritual strength. No, they were all combined into a single shared unit. Spiritual Strength was the relative strength of spiritual energy, which was determined by the quality of the intermixing parts: Physical, Mental, and Essence energies.

This meant a person could only have a single spiritual level no matter how many Astral Souls they had! Furthermore, they would all have the same amount of Spiritual Strength!

But also unlike the others, Wei Wuyin had Kratos, a Seventh Level Mark of Mortal Myth Draconic Void Bloodline that granted him a vast capacity for physical energies and incredibly high quality. This alongside his unhesitating usage of ninth-grade products to reach the utmost limits of quantity and quality of his innate physical energies brought the physical part of his spiritual energies to its literal limits.

He had Eden, a Mind Dao Astral Soul that expanded his Sea of Consciousness to the point one might refer to it as an Ocean of Consciousness, allowing the storage of vast mental energies while elevating their quality them to the apex, in the same fashion as Kratos' Bloodline.

To add, he had two Divine Astral Souls. The term 'Divine' was coined by the Divine King Han Xei as it related to the spiritual qualities, aura, strength, and energies of an Astral Soul. They, by default, had unnaturally higher spiritual qualities than others, refining physical, mental, and essence energies to a higher level and efficiency enough to elevate the spiritual qualities beyond what should be standard.

Furthermore! FURTHERMORE! They were all Nine-Ringed Soul Idols, with Ori having Ten-Rings!

These four Astral Souls benefited his Spiritual Strength in a way that was unimaginable. So when his Spiritual Strength was analyzed, his figure revealed, the motes started to show up. It didn't take a single second before over 10,000 motes appeared!

Over 9,000?

In a breath of time, it went beyond 20,000!!

A frightening silence once more permeated the entire world as the motes emitted glistening starlight, bright and shining. Some even felt blinded by the resplendent cyan light emitting from the mirror!

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes brightened. This mirror truly did exceed Mortal Limits. In terms of cultivation base, his spiritual strength had to be his greatest foundation, especially with two Divine-type Astral Souls! For it to measure it all without so much as a tremble, he was quite intrigued by the internal formations within.

When he recalled the Ninth Soul-Pulse Manifestation Ring's Spiritual Strength, the ring that took him across starfields, he couldn't help but realize his own spiritual strength had far outstripped it in power.

The number kept rising!

24,000!

27,000!

It started to slow down for a moment.

29,000!

30,000!

But then, while everyone who wasn't blinded was simply watching with unmoving, unblinking eyes, it sped up again!

38,000!

It seemed as if it wouldn't stop growing!!

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, realizing this crazed jump was due to Ori's Tenth-Ring! It had abruptly pulsed just before, clearly it was Ori not wanting to hold back!

Then, it finally stopped at 39,900.

"..."

"..."

"...39,900!" The Grand Priestess's mental fortitude had proven time and time again to be better than everyone else as she regained her mental focus and declared Wei Wuyin's absurd spiritual strength. But her cheeks were flushed red, her breathing clearly heavy, and those sightless eyes quivered as she loudly shouted.

Wei Wuyin received the second mark, turning his attention to the young woman who no longer held any competitive spirit in her eyes, but a wisp of horrified terror as if Wei Wuyin was a terrifying monster of legend!

Rubbing his nose with a bitter smile, Wei Wuyin couldn't really say anything to ease the situation.

The old man below kept his dates, no longer in the mood to eat. Wei Wuyin's level of Spiritual Strength wasn't that far off from his own, and with his cultivation base, this was an absolutely terrifying discovery. He whispered absentmindedly, almost as if going senile, "Always someone greater, always someone greater."

Perhaps it was him imagining the sect, person, or clan that could nurture such a terrifying monster, but he felt fear for the first time in a long while. A wave of relief entered his mind like the cool side of a pillow on a hot day as he realized he hadn't offended Wei Wuyin. In fact, they could be considered friendly acquaintances! This consoled his aged heart greatly.

Chapter 453 - 449: A Bewildering Conundrum

Of course both Wei Wuyin and the old man were well aware that spiritual strength wasn't all-powerful, as there were numerous other factors that determined strength. The key and most crucial being cultivation level. Even if Wei Wuyin's spiritual strength was terrifyingly strong, what was that before the Worldly Domain of a Realm Lord?!

A Timelord's Temporal Dissonance?!

A Starlord's Star Implosion?!

Could Spiritual Strength overcome these innate qualities of a higher cultivation level? Perhaps, but this didn't factor in the level of cultivation methods, exquisite spells, grand formations, bloodline abilities, and so much more external factors, such as armaments, talismans, pellets, etc.

Only fools would think a single aspect of cultivation made you invincible. While it might make you terrifying in your cultivation phase, maybe even invincible within it, it wasn't a guarantee to jump cultivation levels. Furthermore, a vast army of ants can topple an elephant if the elephant was careless.

It wasn't that simple. But this didn't take away from Wei Wuyin's outrageous reveal! The entire True Desolate was reeling at this measurement of Spiritual Strength, unable to speak or discuss, unsure what to say or who to say it to. Some even held such disbelief that they called into question the legitimacy of the test, if the mirror was actually working, or other insidious things that went against their faith.

Grand Priestess Si De could feel the air become thicker, suspicions abound. Even she held doubts for a brief second, swiftly dispelling it after Wei Wuyin received the second mark. This was a confirmation that his display was legitimate, even the Divine Lord himself had accepted it.

"39,300! Our Divine Lord has bestowed you, Holy Candidate, with his blessing of approval. You have been deemed by the Divine Lord as worthy!" She said these words, even stated twice with a rephrase of her intent in a sentence, and ended it with a strange chant that was echoed by the other hooded members.

This shattered the looming thoughts of cheating and suspicions. After all, to them, their deities were infallible. How could a mere mortal trick their Divine Lord? It was such a preposterous thought that if someone suggested that possibility, they might be stoned to death by the crowd for such blasphemous words.

But Wei Wuyin was extremely amused, not by his outrageously high Spiritual Strength, he was very aware of that, but by the Grand Priestess not knowing his name. For some odd reason, he found it quite hilarious that he was essentially an unknown and they all unhesitatingly accepted him.

There was also a hint of confusion flickering in his eyes concerning that as well.

The outsider young woman was the same as him, never referred to by name. In fact, none of the candidates had to register or declare their identities prior to participating. It was as if they didn't have the right to be known, and this was accepted by everyone present. It was a fascinatingly bewildering custom.

So he could only accept her words with a faint smile as she referred to him as 'you' and 'Holy Candidate'.

'I realized it before, but it is quite strange. The customs, traditions, religious beliefs, and style of living is wildly different from my starfield. I wonder how different other starfields are, other cultivation civilizations.' Wei Wuyin recalled the old man's words about how the enslavement of alchemists was active in some areas and not in others, highly dependent on if a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist existed there or not.

He couldn't help but wonder how a starfield with multiple Mystic Ascendants in open conflict would look like, thinking about the shattered starfields he'd come across. Would it be that devastating? That destructive where no life remained?

It certainly wouldn't be like his own starfield thousands of years ago. None of those Mystic Ascendants were in open conflict, each with their own objective and goals, held together by the mysterious glue that was the King of Everlore and complicated past relationships.

It was only after the departure or disappearances of these figures that exceeded Mortal Limits that the lesser cultivators at the Astral Core Realm fiercely clashed for ruling rights, territory, or egos, instigating numerous wars and eventually leading to the Myriad Monarch Sect, who once ruled the starfield, into a corner of suppression.

The Grand Priestess soon calmed the crowd down. She announced that only three Holy Candidates remained, left to face the hardest test—the Test of Martial Power!

Unlike the first two tests, the Test of Holy Talent & the Test of Spiritual Might, the test of Martial Power was considered the most difficult due to its static testing measurements and lethal potential. To pass the third test, a cultivator has to claim victory against a selected member of the temple that was three full phases or cultivation beyond them.

Yes, three!

It was this very reason why there was not a single cultivator that reached the Spatial Resonance Phase, only the two outsiders that abruptly arrived! Because this test meant Wei Wuyin and the young woman would have to face genuine Realmlords! Furthermore, there was no defeat or surrender.

It was a battle to the death—it'll only end when one of them is lying lifeless.

Only through this can the true strength of these Holy Candidates be fully displayed, with no trump card left unused and no strength held back! The temple members have never shown a shred of mercy, with numerous Holy Candidates losing their lives in this test!

The handsome young man, this so-called dark horse of the competition, was a Soul Idol Phase cultivator, forcing him to face a cultivator at the Gravity Emission Phase, the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm! While he was talented, and it wasn't as exaggerated as facing a Realmlord, those at the Gravity Emission Phase still had three full phases of cultivation advantages. Furthermore, these experts had their own spells, arts, armaments, and trump cards. It was considered the hardest for a reason!

If it wasn't so difficult, numerous Holy Candidates would've long since become a Holy Child!

Wei Wuyin held a slight frown while the young woman was quite solemn. Even she, an outsider from a higher cultivation civilization, understood that the difficulties of this test was unfathomably high. While she had the absolute assurance of safety with the old man present, unable to lose her life, it was still a challenge she felt most pressured by.

Even with her bitter cultivation, rich resources, and vast superior legacies, the difference of three levels of cultivation wasn't an easy feat to overcome, no matter what your cultivation base. Furthermore, the higher your cultivation became, the more difficult this particular trial was.

"Nervous?" Wei Wuyin coolly slid over beside the young woman, asking with a faint smile. He was shocked that she emitted a faint fragrance from her body that was quite attractive. This was the first time he caught himself enjoying a particular scent so much. From the faint gloss of her skin, he could tell she had applied some unique skin lotion, making him feel slightly invigorated and energized with every breath.

His eyes slightly constricted as he realized the lotion stimulated mental energies, focusing the mind, easing one's comprehension of various things. That must be extremely expensive! If he had to guess, it had to be roughly a peak-tier eighth-grade Alchemical Paste. He didn't know what recipe, however.

He did know that paste wasn't fully restricted to paste, even including soap, lotion, cream, semi-liquids, gels, and ointments. It was a very broad category. The Waters of Life, which he used to soak Zuhei's dying body in during the Grand Spirit Trials, was a semi-liquid substance. It was akin to amniotic fluids mixed with hardened mud.

While Wei Wuyin was startled by the young woman's lotion, she was startled by Wei Wuyin's approach and casual attitude. Here she was mentally preparing herself, yet this youth was asking her if she was nervous.

She gave him a sidelong glance and a soft hmph as a reply.

Wei Wuyin didn't mind her attitude, continuing: "Will you be okay facing a Realmlord?" He wasn't too concerned about her safety, but more concerned about the old man acting, disrupting everything and completely ruining his plans somehow.

However, when she heard the concern in his voice, she frowned with dissatisfaction. While Wei Wuyin might be extremely handsome, might have a large Spiritual Strength, be unfathomably young and talented...

Wait...where was she going with this?

She lost her train of thought for a moment, only to find it after a brief flash of confusion.

Right!

Even if he was all those things, she wasn't so easy to court with a little bit of that! She had suitors lining up in droves of the most elite tier with the greatest background, so she wasn't easily swayed by a single outstanding feat or two.

She rolled her eyes, sending a spiritual message: "Don't you know? The minimum to maintain your status as a Chosen is having the ability to overcome three phases of cultivation, no matter your cultivation level. And that's towards true elites, not the ordinary, third-rate cultivators here."

Wei Wuyin was instantly startled by her words. "What?! So Chosen Realmlords have to fight Mystic Ascendants?" He was shocked by the implication, but his words had nearly caused the young woman to fall over on the spot, looking at Wei Wuyin with disbelief soon after.

She thought he was making fun of her for not clarifying or attempting to make a joke to arouse her interest and engage in conversation a little more. After all, he was a Chosen Candidate of the True Element Sect, right? He should at least be aware of this basic requirement. She rolled her eyes again, completely ignoring Wei Wuyin.

Wei Wuyin realized his words were a little ridiculous. A mortal fighting against those who've broken Mortal Limits would be like an ant trying to fight an eagle. He was just ignorant of so many matters. At the moment, he felt the pain of being the frog clawing at the well.

'Cultivators here are considered third-rate to her, but the cultivators in my starfield are even worse. Does that make them fourth-rate or fifth?' Bitterly thinking with a wry smile, Wei Wuyin looked at the Grand Priestess Si De perform some strange handseals. She seemed to be sending mental energies through space, interacting with some hidden formation in the sky.

This caused him to look up, his Celestial Eyes brightly lit with activity. *'Oh? So that old ghost is overseeing the selection. Makes sense.'* He observed the faint aura of Wang Yutian, the ghost-like being from beyond that controlled the Myriad Dao Palaces. It seemed he was enabling the events, acting as this Will of Desi.

After he determined this, he grew confused. This confusion grew to an unsettling amount in a blink of an eye, unable to be settled no matter how much he thought about it.

He observed Ai Juling, the young woman, and the other eight contestants, and he heavily furrowed his brows until they nearly became vertical.

"...Didn't the old ghost say it was utterly impossible to form Elemental Origin Intent without Genesis Essence? How come there's so many who have? How come there's been so many? Why is it the requirement to obtain a token if the token is required to form it." He quietly murmured this, unable to drive these questions out of his thoughts.

Before, Wang Yutian had said with utter certainty that comprehending Elemental Origin Intent without Genesis Essence was impossible. While Wei Wuyin was an exception, obtaining the complete blueprint from the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation. According to the old ghost, one NEEDED a Token of Elementus that held Genesis Essence! Yet, there were ten others present with it! And while the young woman could be somewhat explained due to her mysterious origins, the others simply couldn't.

...How did he not notice this before?!

Chapter 454 - 450: Insta-Killed, Test Of Martial Power!

The question was like an infectious virus that bore into Wei Wuyin's mind, consuming his mental energies with ravenous speed. It spawned more and more questions.

Just how did these Holy Candidates come to be? Why was the old ghost so certain if he oversaw the trials thus far, which have been held over a hundred of times since the inception of this trial?

He had the urge to ask the young woman, feeling like there was a grand mystery to this discovery, even faintly feeling as if there was a trick to it. But as he observed their bodies, he deduced that they had genuine Elemental Origin Intent, without a hint of falseness within. There was no ambiguity in its might or function, and the aura was something he was extremely familiar with.

"..." While Wei Wuyin silently contemplated this conundrum, the Grand Priestess Si De finished her chanting, her strange handseals, and funneling of mental energies into the sky above. A thunderous rumble erupted, causing the darkened skies to grow fearsome and the world to tremble. It startled a few, but most amongst the True Desolate audience wore excited expressions colored with anticipatory stares.

Wei Wuyin lifted his head, the sky started to part. A thick line of scintillating multicolored light erupted from the sky. It gave off a warmth that felt holy and majestic. The inhabitants of True Desolate prayed, clasping their hands and chanting.

From the split sky, a square platform engulfed in that warm light fell, descended until it was directly above True Desolate. This platform was extremely large, covering half of True Desolate! Only the bottom could be seen, but Wei Wuyin knew this was a battle platform. While the formations embedded in the platform were astonishing, beyond Mortal Limits, their design matched battle platforms he'd seen numerous times before.

"The Divine Martial Stage has descended! Our Divine Lord Desi shall observe the brave challenges of our Holy Candidates, hoping to prove their worth!" Grand Priestess Si De announced with fervent passion.

A light shone down from the platform's bottom, forming a cylindrical structure that crushed down towards the handsome young man. He didn't move as it encapsulated him. An undulation of vibrational waves erupted from the platform, as if waiting for something.

"Holy Candidate, you have been chosen as the first! Shall you take the challenge to prove your worth, or will you concede?" Grand Priestess Si De asked with a soft yet loud voice, giving a sense of unprecedented seriousness. The pressure seemed to mount on the shoulders of this Holy Candidate. Clearly, this was the last opportunity he'd have to back out of this test.

It was a battle to the absolute death; only one of them will leave this battle. As for the other 'them', it was one of the hooded figures that were three levels higher than his own cultivation base. If it was a Realmlord, he wouldn't have any confidence, but if it was a Gravity Emission Phase expert, he was somewhat confident!

If he succeeded, he would become the new Holy Son, gaining infinite prestige and power! With a resolved glint in his eye, he announced: "I accept the Divine Lord's test!"

When those words were uttered, the crowd went solemn yet simultaneously cheered for him. It was a strange and contradicting sight that was extremely hard to describe.

Another burst of light later and a hooded figure was encapsulated in a similar fashion as the handsome young man. Wei Wuyin inspected this person who seemed to be chanting a string of thankful prayers.

The two abruptly vanished. The platform above started to flicker as numerous projection screens were displayed all around True Desolate, revealing multiple angles for them to observe the fight. The positioning was such that he didn't need to strain his head upwards to watch, merely looking into the horizon and there were several screens with many angles.

The two were projected and the hooded figure removed their hood. A female was revealed. She was middle-aged, pretty, with short dark hair and brown eyes. Furthermore, she was an elf!

When her sharp ears were revealed, the Grand Kings started to spiritually transmit messages. Despite that, there was little they could do. This person was chosen by the Divine Lord, it was a trial that they couldn't interfere with or claim bias!

The middle-aged woman didn't hesitate to retrieve a saber, sharp and nearly two meters in length. Its curved edge and glinting tip exuded a faint Saber Intent. Wei Wuyin was immediately intrigued. This was the first person he'd come across in the Desolate Lands that had given birth to Saber Intent.

The young man prepared himself as well, retrieving a Bo Staff with various white carvings that emitted Elemental Origin Energies. With a firm grasp, he got into a low stance with her astral energies flaring at the ready.

Wei Wuyin noted that this staff was a high-level Astral Armament, feeling extremely intrigued by its quality. He was faintly curious as a countdown formed above the two, starting at 60 seconds.

Wei Wuyin was curious, directing a few questions to the Grand Priestess: "What happens if he overcomes this test? Will we get a chance?" The other hooded figures turned to Wei Wuyin, with the Grand Priestess frowning slightly.

But even the young woman was curious about this detail. What if multiple Holy Sons or Daughters were to show up? She perked her ears and listened.

The Grand Priestess softly answered, "The Divine Lord will choose who is more worthy based on the other two tests. Only one Holy Child can reach ascension."

Wei Wuyin nodded, turning towards the screen as the young man was thrumming with astral force, his aura rising to its utmost limits. But the middle-aged elven woman was silent, only holding her saber in her hand with a faint glint of sharp saber light at its edge.

The young woman frowned, feeling like if it was just her and Wei Wuyin, there was no way she would become a Holy Child, obtaining that Badge of Divinity. But it didn't matter. She'd use this as a way to temper herself, finding another way to obtain that item.

The dark horse was originally someone she invested a year into developing in hopes of producing a proper candidate. It was because Wei Wuyin was participating that she had entered herself, lest there would be no chance to obtain the Badge of Divinity and that item. She looked towards this dark horse with anticipation, wanting to see the fruit of her resources.

Her anticipation was abundantly displayed on her face.

But Wei Wuyin saw the countdown reach thirty seconds, and he shook his head. With a soft voice, he declared, "He's dead."

This startled the young woman, glancing at Wei Wuyin. She frowned, looking at the young man who was primed at ready, wielding a high-level astral weapon and was thoroughly refined by her resources. This person could fight two levels above his cultivation, easy. If he used that particular art she taught him, he'd have a greater chance.

The Grand Priestess was intrigued. Turning to Wei Wuyin, a strange glint in her sightless eyes. She asked, "Why do you say this?" The enigma that was Wei Wuyin was hard to ignore. His True Age of Cultivation was less than ten years while simultaneously having a 39,300 Spiritual Strength level. He was the definition of monstrous, and if it wasn't for the venue and her own duties that she took with the utmost seriousness, she might've long since bombarded him with questions.

This was the case for the Grand Kings and Elven Clan Masters as well. They all looked towards Wei Wuyin, paying extreme attention to his every word and action, trying to glean some information about who this extremely handsome and monstrously talented youth was!

Wei Wuyin turned to the Grand Priestess with a faint smile, pointing up. He said four words, but the moment that last word was said, only three seconds remained in the countdown: "Didn't manifest Soul Idol."

Those four words immediately brought everyone to realization, turning to the seemingly primed and absolutely focused young man. But yes, he hasn't manifested his Soul Idol! Most would only use that for the most extreme fights as it consumed an outrageous amount of spiritual energies to do so, but it simultaneously elevated spiritual strength and aura to the next level, making spiritual spells and defenses extremely terrifying.

It even amplified one's astral force!

The young woman looked on, her eyes constricting.

Down below, the old man shook his head. "Such arrogance."

As if Wei Wuyin's words were a divine prediction, the countdown fell to 0.

A buzz resounded indicating the beginning, and the young man began by erecting a fierce defensive ward backed by a defensive art. A turtle shell formed in front of him, while his astral force surged out endlessly in preparation for a move.

The young man understood that a battle of attrition was impossible and this fight might be decided in a few exchanges, likely a move or two, so he intended to immediately execute his strongest move given to him by that mysterious figure that nurtured him! He was unleashing his trump card!

Shiiiiing!

The sound of a saber leaving its scabbard was followed by a howling keen of sharpness that grasped the hearts of everyone present. With a single step forward, the middle-aged woman transformed into a comet of saber force, her Saber Intent flaring wildly, but all her strength was condensed into its edge.

She swung it horizontally!

The young man braced himself, reinforcing his ward with gritted teeth. But alas, his actions were utterly futile! A ray of saber light flashed, arriving at his tortoise shell-like ward instantly. With a faint grinding sound of metal touching a hard surface, the saber light erupted in great intensity. After, like a shooting star, the middle-aged woman and saber light arrived roughly a hundred meters behind the young man.

"..."

Wei Wuyin shook his head. Saber Intent wasn't Sword Intent. It focused its sharpness into its edge, striking in the most direct, simplest manner possible. It was designed to kill; a weapon of death that brought its enemies onwards to the road of reincarnation. While the sword had boundless variation, the saber wasn't as complex. Even the cultivation method he practiced was just named the 'Saber'.

After a moment of silence, the young man's eyes widened with disbelief, unwillingness, and endless grievance! He didn't even get a chance to execute his strongest move!

A gush of blood resounded in the world, revealing a curtain of crimson that leaked from the young man's neck. He gawked out a few incomprehensible words, the last words in his life, before his head directly slid off his neck. When it slammed into the ground, the projected screens all showed his headless corpse and dimmed eyes of his decapitated head; the crowd was silent.

As for the middle-aged woman, she kept her saber, her expression somewhat pale. She had condensed her saber force into a single strike, exhausting herself considerably in the process.

The young woman gnashed her teeth, "Idiot!"

Chapter 455 - 451: The Fearful & The Fearless

The life of a young expert met its untimely end at the hands of an old cultivator, truly a regrettable event. Unfortunately, life came with risk and risks came with rewards. The young man sought fate-changing recognition that would forever change his future, but he had to bet his life in turn.

Unfortunately, he lost.

The young woman gnashed her white teeth in anger, frustrated at the carelessness of that young man. If he had conjured his Soul Idol, while it would consume an enormous amount of his spiritual energies, his spiritual strength, spiritual sense, and astral force would've increased manifold. This might've been enough to survive.

Wei Wuyin noticed this, but he didn't know why she was so invested in the outcome of that fight. "His defeat wasn't embarrassing; laying to rest at the hands of a Gravity Emission Phase expert who wields Saber Intent, he should have no regrets."

"..." The young woman turned her head towards Wei Wuyin, her eyes glaring at him with a steely edge. Was Wei Wuyin mocking her?

Noticing her sharp stare, Wei Wuyin faintly smiled. He didn't feel that what he said was wrong. The young man was indeed a Soul Idol Phase cultivator, and the fact his corpse hadn't turned to dust from the edge of that woman's saber was already enough to receive resounding applause.

The crowd, however, merely clasped their hands together in unison, be it children or adults, and chanted a piece of scripture. From their pious expressions, the solemn light within their eyes, and bowed heads, they were clearly paying respect to the Holy Candidate's life. It was respectable.

Wei Wuyin joined in. Not because of religious principles, but out of respect. The young man faced nigh-impossible odds, and while he had acted careless, his death was determined from the moment he said 'yes'. He had the courage to agree to this risk, to fight for a better future, so he deserved the respect.

Grand Priestess Si De was also giving her chanting prayer, sending the soul of that young Holy Candidate off to the next world. From her peripheral vision, she saw Wei Wuyin chanting, paying respects and sending him off too. As for the young woman, she was too angry to care, ignoring Wei Wuyin and everyone else.

She didn't believe in the customs and traditions, clearly revealing herself as an outsider.

The Grand Priestess was shocked by this discovery. She thought Wei Wuyin was an outsider as well, not one nestled in their customs and traditions. This caused her to grow absentminded as she inspected his solemn yet astonishingly handsome visage.

After finishing his chant, Wei Wuyin lifted his silver eyes and noticed the Grand Priestess's absent stare of amazement. When their gazes met, she started and he responded with a warm smile.

The Grand Priestess felt her heart race from that single exchange of looks, turning away with a quickness and faintly blushed cheeks. She admonished herself internally! She was too old to be entranced by a youngster, no matter how outstanding.

Wei Wuyin softly chuckled. He found this Grand Priestess quite cute, especially how her eyes appeared sightless yet weren't. To excitingly add, she was clearly new to relations between men and women, her

Primal Yin completely intact. He decided he'll court her after this. With the title of Holy Son, it might be easier too.

While his thoughts were elsewhere, Grand Priestess Si De continued forward with the ceremony. The Holy Candidate's corpse was brought off the platform and kept in a crystal coffin emitting faint white light. He'll be buried on sacred ground as a show of respect for his courage and talent.

Another cylindrical light erupted from the platform, crashing down and encapsulating the young woman's form. It was her turn now. The platform seemed to be deciding who went by the order they touched the mirror or perhaps the level of their spiritual strength.

"Holy Candidate, you have been chosen! Shall you take the challenge to prove your worth or will you concede?" Grand Priestess Si De asked once again with a soft yet loud voice. This time that voice was directed at the young woman.

The young woman was still a little peeved, but she calmed herself down. She was about to speak, to accept the challenge, when she heard a spiritual transmission. Her expression instantly changed.

Within the spiritual transmission, there was a message from the old man. It said: "Your grandmother told me not to interfere in life and death matters that you decide to voluntarily participate in or court yourself, regardless of instructions. She forced me to swear a Heavenly Oath as well. If you agree, I won't be able to interfere. Think carefully."

"..." She hesitated, gulping slightly. There was a safety net within her heart, so she was fully willing to test herself, but she wasn't certain now. She knew how fierce and strict her grandmother was, and the old man couldn't lie to her due to a similar Heavenly Oath, so she trusted his words unconditionally. This tempering experience would turn into a life and death struggle with a single word, her heart was seized by an icy-cold grip.

If it was against someone else at her realm of cultivation, she would be fearless, but a Realmlord was considered invincible beneath their realm by the majority of cultivators. While Chosen of those grand forces were capable of challenging beyond that conceived belief, she wasn't a Chosen. They were legendary figures with heaven-defying talents.

Worldly Domains were very difficult to overcome, nigh impossible. Furthermore, if she met a Realmlord with such swift and violent lethality like that middle-aged female elf, she might meet her demise in a few exchanges; her life ending with a whimper in the middle of some backwater world realm. All her dreams, desires, and plans would be kaput.

Wei Wuyin could feel the hesitation within the young woman's body language and eyes. '*She's not accepting?*' He fully thought she would fearlessly accept. After all, she had the old man behind her. He also wished to see the level of strength and talent of those beyond his starfield, within higher cultivation civilizations.

No one rushed the young woman. The gazes of everyone quietly lingered on her, awaiting her response with patience and respect. This wasn't a small matter, and it required risking one's life, one's everything, to overcome. They also understood her hesitation. After all, she had to face a Realmlord!

Anyone would hesitate.

The young woman felt her lips become dry, her heart starting to beat a little bit faster, and her mind recalling the violent and abrupt scene of her pawn's death. Her delicate fingers twitched slightly, a piercing feeling pricked the edge of her throat, and her spine shivered with an icy-cold jolt.

Wei Wuyin could see the fierce mental struggle. It wasn't an easy decision. He awaited her decision alongside everyone else in silence. He had deduced that the old man wouldn't save her, so she was genuinely considering this. The only issue was...why did she ponder it now? The details of the tests were extremely well-known long before.

He looked towards the crowd below, finding the old man with slightly furrowed brows. Those aged eyes of his noticed Wei Wuyin's gaze and turned to meet it. After a brief moment, he turned away and understood. The girl was under the premise that she was protected before, but she had just realized she wouldn't be.

"Will you be fighting?" A soft voice resounded, directed solely at Wei Wuyin in spiritual transmission. Wei Wuyin turned to see the young woman looking at him, her gaze a little awkward and uncertain. Wei Wuyin instantly realized she was looking for an excuse.

She wanted Wei Wuyin to say something along the lines of: "Yes, I will. You don't have to participate. Even if both of us win, I'll likely be selected as the Holy Child due to my previous results. Stay back, let me show you my strength." Those words would comfort her, relieve her of the heavy tension she felt, and she might pout, might make a scolding remark to see if he could actually achieve it, or something of that asinine nature to justify her rejection, removing any fear or damage to her ego.

She grossly miscalculated, however. Because Wei Wuyin wasn't that type of person. He wasn't the person to be the white knight to the fairer sex, alleviating any mysterious or pretty woman's struggles with his actions or words for the sake of it.

He wasn't even the one to remind her that her mental state likely already determined her loss, her death. If you have fear in your heart, especially facing an expert of a higher cultivation level and stable mentality, then death was the only thing awaiting you unless you had external support. The fear bred a desire to live which would subconsciously restrict one's proactivity in battle.

Instead, he remained absolutely silent, looking at her expressionlessly.

The young woman paled, unsure how to respond to that. She closed her eyes, bit her lips, and clenched her fists until they trembled. After a very long while, she seemed to have reasoned with herself.

"I don't accept the challenge," She indifferently declared. After, the cylindrical light retracted and re-entered the platform. She no longer had the face to remain here, flying down from the mountain and towards the old man. She wanted to leave; the embarrassment she felt was the greatest she'd ever experienced.

The old man sighed with relief. He transmitted a few consoling words with traces of wisdom, clearly wanting to ensure she doesn't form a stain on her heart from this.

Wei Wuyin watched her leave, soon he was engulfed by the cylindrical light. The crowd cared little about the young woman's preemptive surrender. She wasn't the first Holy Candidate to do so and they

knew she wouldn't be the last. No one thought of her in an ill-manner, but they also didn't show any respect.

The lack of contempt, disdain, disappointment, or schadenfreude shocked Wei Wuyin. These people were truly different from what he was familiar with. Most wanted to see blood, an innate bloodlust in their hearts, or see others humiliated or failing at a task impossible for themselves to perform, verifying its difficulties and alleviating their sense of inferiority.

"Fascinating," he quietly muttered.

"Holy Candidate, you have been chosen! Shall you take the challenge to prove your worth, or will you concede?" Grand Priestess Si De asked again, but her voice contained a faintly strange tone within.

Wei Wuyin turned to her, smiling brightly. "I accept."

A burst of light descended, shining upon a particular hooded figure behind the Grand Priestess. This person was quiet, being relatively tall and bulky in build. This was a Realmlord!

The two vanished!

Their figures reemerged on the platform, a countdown beginning just like before. The hooded figure removed his hood and cloak, revealing a hardened body of muscle and flesh. Wei Wuyin's eyes constricted.

This person was slouching! When he fully stood up, no longer hunching forward, he exceeded eight feet in height, rivaling Da Shan. He was an elf as well, with two particularly sharp ears on the sides of his head!

This man's muscles had sharp contours reminiscent of a bodybuilder of the mortal world, not a single shred of clothing concealed his astonishing upper body. His breath was subdued earlier, but as he revealed himself, his intense breathing was fully released. Each breath was like the surging bellows of a raging volcano, filled with mighty sounds and powerful air.

Wei Wuyin felt buffeted by the man's physical presence, his clothes stuck to his flesh from the pressuring air. His dark hair wildly fluttered and his robe flapped endlessly.

There was a darkness within the elf's eyes, filled with a vicious power that Wei Wuyin couldn't place. Regardless, it terrified the spectators who watched from the projected screens. The dreadful feeling that Wei Wuyin felt was several hundred times greater, but he merely smiled in the face of it all.

This smile was incredibly joyful, completely and utterly fearless. "Do you hear that?" Wei Wuyin rhetorically asked the elf.

The muscular elf shrugged, ignoring Wei Wuyin's nonsense. He was bound by a duty, so he had no intentions of being distracted by Wei Wuyin's tactics. One of them will live and one of them will die. And he had no intention of dying today.

But Wei Wuyin didn't mind, touching his chest. He gave a faint grin, "You're exciting it."

ba-dum...

Ba-dum.

Ba-dum!

BA-DUM!

ROAR!

Chapter 456 - 452: Too Late

Roar!

The draconic roar within his heart rumbled and thundered, shaking the platform! The pulsating vibration from each heartbeat was explosive, coursing through the stadium and causing it to tremble in response. Wei Wuyin felt Kratos' might! Even the hulking elf was startled, his expression changing slightly.

The countdown ticked down, reaching thirty seconds.

"If it was before, I might be concerned. But now?" Wei Wuyin was talking to himself, a very rare event. If he was facing the Realmlord before him at the Soul Idol Phase, his only option was to unleash a flood of astral force backed by his Saber Heart Intent in confrontation, but he was no longer at that level.

Twenty seconds.

He had ascended to the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Spatial Resonance Phase, reached the Seventh Stage of the Mark of Mortal Myth, and raised the limits of his Astral Core! With ninth-grade alchemical products, he consumed and refined them with reckless abandon, strengthening his foundation to their utmost limits!

Fifteen seconds.

Clenching his fists, his aura blazed.

Ten seconds.

"Imagine if he was one-shotted by that big elf; how hilarious would that be?" The young woman pouted, still feeling indignant from her fearful refusal to accept this challenge. She sought verification that her decision was right, not fueled by fear but by reason. And Wei Wuyin's life was the target that could assuage her unhappy heart.

The old man frowned at the young woman's words. "Don't act petty. It's unbecoming." he sternly reminded her. While he was assigned to watch over her, he didn't hold back in his opinions. Such words were extremely disgusting to him, and he didn't think Wei Wuyin deserved such a fate. Right now, they should support him simply because he wasn't an enemy and a possible ally.

The young woman seemed startled by the old man's response, looking down and remaining quiet in thought. She wasn't so narrow-minded that she couldn't change her way of thinking. She was quite aware of her actions and words and their meanings, capable of reflecting on them.

Five seconds.

Wei Wuyin and the hulking elf stood in opposition with each other. Their auras were flaring wildly.

Grand Priestess Si De frowned, "He's not using his Soul Idol?!" She recalled Wei Wuyin's words earlier about the young man's carelessness for not manifesting his Soul Idol, and that was against a Gravity Emission Phase expert. Right now, Wei Wuyin was facing a legitimate Realm Lord!

Even the young woman lifted her head, asking the old man: "Why is he not manifesting his Soul Idol?" While she felt that Wei Wuyin's defeat and thus death would validate her internal excuses to surrender before fighting, she didn't actually want him to die.

The old man frowned slightly, "Just watch."

One second.

Zero!

A flash of light signified the beginning of the fight, and the hulking elf was not slow. He instantly conjured his Worldly Domain, blitzing towards Wei Wuyin at full speed in the hopes of bringing his young opponent within his Worldly Domain! Despite his size, he was extremely fast and in a single blink of a mortal eye, the distance between them was reduced to roughly ten feet.

Wei Wuyin was deeply within his Worldly Domain!

The hearts of spectators tightened!

The hulking elf didn't smile or feel joy at this development, instead fully unleashing the might of his Worldly Domain, crushing Wei Wuyin under its immense pressure! Wei Wuyin's form distorted and then exploded!

A gasp resounded, only a single gasp within the entire True Desolate audience, however! It belonged to the young woman! The others expected as much, their eyes and minds fully focused and intent on seeing the outcome.

The hulking elf's expression changed. Wei Wuyin didn't turn into a burst of bloody mist and fragments of bone, but was seemingly wiped from existence! This felt extremely strange.

Suddenly, his eyes constricted as he launched a fist towards his left. Instantly, a vast, one hundred meter-sized, astral fist was conjured and shot out like lightning! It crushed the air particles in its path, leaving nothing untouched.

Boom!

The condensed astral fist collapsed into a swirl of mist, utterly crushed somehow. Wei Wuyin's figure was at the leftmost edge of the hulking elf's Worldly Domain! He held a clenched fist forward as if he had thrown a fierce punch. There was a faint draconic roar lingering in the air.

"You're no longer weak," Wei Wuyin joyfully chuckled. When Wei Wuyin clashed with Qu Xiaoying earlier with his physical strength and draconic force, he had suffered tremendous damage to his body. Now? He had destroyed a condensed astral fist with a single punch!

The hulking elf was astounded by Wei Wuyin's raw strength, his heart nearly skipping a beat. Moreover, what was that feedback from earlier? Did he crush Wei Wuyin's afterimage? It felt so real. What the hell

was that? Unsure and uncertain, he decided to press forward with greater power! Before unfathomable strength, all tricks and schemes would scatter into nothing!

Woosh!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The hulking elf charged with heavy steps, traveling hundreds of meters in a blink. He wanted to engulf Wei Wuyin within his Worldly Domain once more!

But Wei Wuyin's figure was like a ghost, fleeing perfectly at the edge of the Worldly Domain, never intending no matter how fast he rushed.

The Worldly Domain was roughly one hundred and twenty meters in a spherical circumference, but Wei Wuyin stayed perfectly out of range. His speed struck the audience with awe and tension. To them, a single mistake meant death!

"Too bad you're facing me during the Season of Regression." A voice emitted from Wei Wuyin's ghost-like figure that erupted in the ears of everyone, as if it was directly beside them. There was a hint of pity within that was unmistakable.

The hulking elf frowned, halting his mad rush, retracting his Worldly Domain. He realized that he couldn't match Wei Wuyin's speed with his suppressed Spatial Force. Despite having three phases of cultivation beyond Wei Wuyin, his speed was not even close.

The Season of Regression prevented the conversion of ambient energies and mana, reducing a Worldly Domain's potential strength considerably, and negatively affected their spatial force weakening their spatial movement and spatial prison abilities. He had tried to seal Wei Wuyin, but whenever the ambient spatial energies were manipulated to constrict and restrict, Wei Wuyin was entirely unaffected after a burst of grey light.

The Season of Regression truly weakened cultivators. It similarly weakened other cultivators as well. Without the support of mana, movement arts were slower and more costly than before. The inability to manipulate the ambient energies with Intent restricted the might cultivator's could bring forth.

Unfortunately, Wei Wuyin wasn't under the same limitations. He, however, never intended to use these advantages. "It's best to end this swiftly," Wei Wuyin said, unusually talkative today.

With a clench of his right fist, Kratos thrashed and roared. Behind him, a faint image flashed. The size and appearance was difficult to measure, making it seem very surreal.

In response, the hulking elf's aura surged like raging tidal waves, pulsating with tremendous power. The air currents were twisted and distorted, even the dark sky became slightly brighter from his power.

"Die!" The hulking elf howled, pushing out both hands as a boundless wave of astral force was unleashed! This wasn't an art or spell, purely raw and refined astral force backed by his own power, but it engulfed half of the platform in an instant. The half that Wei Wuyin occupied!

He couldn't face Wei Wuyin's speed, and a Worldly Domain consumed Spiritual Energies, even more than Soul Idol, so a battle of attrition wasn't favorable. After all, a Worldly Domain was transformed from a Soul Idol, so Reamlords had no Soul Idol! He decided to use his immense advantages of reserves to simply overwhelm with an area attack!

Facing a tidal wave of disastrous power, Wei Wuyin retained an expression of absolute calm as the wave crashed into his body at shocking speeds. His figure was instantly drowned in astral force, crushed under the heavy, imposing power and turned into dust!

The hulking elf felt the feedback of the impact, feeling Wei Wuyin's body utterly collapse under his powerful astral force, but he once again felt strange. Just as he was about to manipulate the astral force to utterly crush any trickery, his eyes widened as he turned to his right.

He forfeited his control over the massive sea of astral force, and unleashed a lightning-like fist! His body glowed with boundless astral light!

Pa!

A hand clasped his fist, casually halting its monstrous momentum! The breathing of everyone was stuck in their chest, not understanding what was happening! Was Wei Wuyin regenerating? They saw him die twice now! And yet, he appeared unharmed and untouched!

Seeing his astral force-infused fist be stopped with ease, the hulking elf unleashed his Worldly Domain once more, encapsulating Wei Wuyin's figure. He intended to trap Wei Wuyin this time, using his Spiritual Strength to restrict Wei Wuyin's cultivation!

"Careless." Wei Wuyin spat a single word. The spiritual pressure he felt was child's play. But since he dared to enter in range of the hulking elf's Worldly Domain, he had already decided to end this!

The hulking elf was confident in his Worldly Domain, but when Wei Wuyin's words echoed into his ears, he felt a sensation of deadly crisis. He had just remembered that Wei Wuyin's spiritual strength was extremely abnormal! His eyes darted to his fist clenched by Wei Wuyin's hand. His eyes bulged!

Without hesitation, the hulking elf erupted with incisive astral force at his shoulder! His entire right arm expanded like a balloon, the joint that connected his shoulder and arm exploded in a gush of blood, flesh, and bone, and the hulking elf swiftly retreated while engulfed by spatial force!

He retreated for an entire mile!

Wei Wuyin stood there with the remnants of the severed arm in his hand, feeling awed by the sheer decisiveness of this Reamlord. A faint smile surfaced on his handsome face, throwing the arm away and causing it to continue its explosion!

"Too late." Wei Wuyin said, his figure vanishing.

The hulking elf was confused as he stopped his retreat, hearing Wei Wuyin's words. Then, his eyes constricted as he felt a foreign force inside his body erupt like a parasitic bomb. He hurriedly shot forward with an explosive leap, traveling a hundred meters in the blink of a mortal eye, but the light of fear was inescapable within the hulking elf's eyes.

It was indeed too late.

But...how?

Was his last thought.

Wei Wuyin held a head in his hand, the spine still attached, dripping with spinal fluid and discolored blood. It wiggled like a subdued serpent. The headless body of the hulking elf was a hundred meters away. It turned around as if still listening to the predetermined commands of its lost brain, twisting and readying to unleash a ferocious punch with its remaining arm before it halted.

Forever.

With the head held in Wei Wuyin's hand, the world went silent. There was just confusion, complete and utter confusion.

Thud! Crash!

The body of the Realmlord kneeled as if begging for mercy, and then at the next second, collapsed with endless blood gushing from its twisted neck.

Chapter 457 - 453: Holy Son!

"The Dao of Void is quite terrifying," Wei Wuyin commented. But his expression was somewhat pale, clearly having exhausted an absurd amount of astral force and physical strength. To rip the head off a Realmlord's refined body was not an easy feat, requiring one to twist and wrench with tremendous force.

His fingers dug into the cranium of the hulking elf simply from the sheer force used. The outline of his fingers were forever etched into his skull.

Wei Wuyin didn't like to talk during a fight, but to ensure his plan worked, he needed to. Each syllable he uttered contained hidden mental energies intermixed with void force, and it laid as a trap. When Wei Wuyin arrived before the hulking elf, grasping his fist, he had sent a boundless amount of void force into the Realmlord's body!

It was the cause that led to the delayed reaction of the hulking elf at the very last moment. He hadn't even been able to resist. He was indeed careless! Retracting his Worldly Domain and allowing Wei Wuyin to come into direct contact with him! The hubris and confidence he held in his heart led to his death.

Wei Wuyin had conceived and constructed this method from Timelords! They were said to be able to induce a Temporal Dissonance, making one perceive time faster or slower than reality. This could make experts of the highest caliber make endless mistakes, both offensively and defensively. And while he didn't have temporal energies, he had void energies linked to the concept of time!

But he realized how difficult it was! Just this slight delay had caused Kratos to use roughly 90% of its astral force reserves!

90%!!!

If it wasn't for his Astral Core's absolutely massive reserves of astral force, he would've been unable to achieve it!

As for his two 'deaths', that was a Void Imprint! It was one of his new Bloodline Abilities unlocked after reaching the Fifth Stage of the Mark of Mortal Myth, and he could leave a realistic copy of himself containing the same mass, visual image, and aura in the space he previously occupied for a very long time. As for vanishing? He was just extremely fast.

The bloodline ability didn't have much use in a real fight, making Wei Wuyin realize that some bloodline abilities just weren't designed for combat. He had to get creative, turning it into a substitution art. Regardless, he felt this Void Imprint would link to other abilities one day, allowing unique and miraculous changes.

Still, Wei Wuyin couldn't approach the Worldly Domain of a Realm Lord carelessly even during the Season of Regression, so he waited for it to be retracted before making his move. The decisive arm severing was beyond his expectations. He had to admit, this Realm Lord was extraordinary. It was far too unfortunate that he met Wei Wuyin in this life, that he was selected to die.

In the perceptions of others, the spectators could see Wei Wuyin arrive above the hulking elf from behind in a blur and twist his head a full circle, pulling it viciously from his thick neck with a violent yank. It was extremely bloody and savage!

Yet what was even more terrifying was the body's actions after the fact. The hearts of everyone grew extremely cold at this sight. Even the experts hadn't witnessed a headless corpse acting on its own, especially those children. They might be scarred for life.

Even if the crowd was startled from horror, how could the old ghost be? The platform glowed and explosively burst into bits of starry lights! Wei Wuyin floated in mid-air, not by his own power but by a power originating from the sky, and he was emitting the same boundless white radiance as the platform.

The starry light from the platform started to gather onto Wei Wuyin's right hand, forming a vortex. The air currents of the world twisted and exploded as the light traveled. The severed head in his hand and the headless corpse vanished, engulfed by some unknown power. They were restored into a single whole and returned to the mountain before anyone could react. However, the Realm Lord was truly and fully dead.

Wei Wuyin hadn't just twisted his head off, but sent a burst of astral force that completely destroyed his brain, completely killing him off to complete the test. Perhaps only those who exceeded Mortal Limits could resurrect him or save his soul from crossing to the otherside, but clearly the old ghost had no intention to do so.

Shoom!

The starry lights emerged once more, flickering endlessly as they encircled Wei Wuyin. While in mid-air, the gushing air currents, and gorgeous lights fluttering around him, Wei Wuyin seemed to become deified. His handsome looks were astonishing alongside the imagery, causing numerous inhabitants of True Desolate to gawk at him in awe.

Wei Wuyin's hair was lifted and twisted about randomly, causing him to frown with a contemplative light within his eyes. There was a strange power within these starry lights, containing traces of energies he wasn't quite familiar with.

Soon, he felt a prickling sensation on his right hand. Looking at his right hand, he was shocked to discover the mark had added another triangle, reaching a total of three, and fully completing the perfect circle. The mark contained pure, dense, vast, and heavy earthen energies. The aura emitted from this mark was filled with a unique Intent, far greater than Desolate Earth Intent.

In fact, it was devastatingly powerful. It felt boundless, infinite, without limit! The heaviness was a concept, not a truth. The vastness was endless, with no horizon. The purity was natural, with no turbidity.

"There's a specific Intent within this mark..." Wei Wuyin concluded, inspecting the mark intently. If he had to estimate the level of this particular Intent, it was far, far greater than the high-level Desolate Earth Intent. In fact, it felt as equally as profound and strong as Absolute Zero Ice Intent.

Just as Wei Wuyin's mind wandered, a violent burst of multicolored light pierced out of the dark sky, descending upon him with thunderous momentum that engulfed his entire figure. The inhabitants gasped, Wei Wuyin's existence seemingly melted within the thick ray of bursting light.

The young woman and old man looked on with varied expressions. The young woman was in utter disbelief. Wei Wuyin had single-handedly eliminated a Realm Lord, and in an extremely brutal fashion! She had fought her urge to risk her life, unwilling to die an unfair death in a minor world realm such as this, but Wei Wuyin had snatched victory with his own ability!

Even she wasn't certain how he won, simply the vicious act of his victory. And she didn't know how to react.

The old man had a complex, incredibly ambiguous expression. He was currently investigating the multicolored light and felt a sensation of trepidation for the first time since arriving in this world realm. From this feeling, he had confirmed a few things regarding the truth behind these so-called Holy Ceremonies and the Will of Deities these natives incessantly droned on about.

In some ways, an existence beyond Mortal Limits was truly overseeing matters on the continent. To some, it might be an unmatched deity; to others, it might just be a powerful cultivator.

As for Wei Wuyin's victory, while shocked by the method in which he claimed the man's life, he wasn't shocked by the end result. Wei Wuyin was clearly a genius sufficient enough to obtain the title of Chosen. Furthermore, his origins were likely far from ordinary, so it was extremely, abundantly, and outright clear and certain that he would win.

If he couldn't, then who could?

Who could?!

Aaannngggg!

A sound of a holy gong ringing erupted!

The Grand Priestess heard this gong and straightened her back, her sightless eyes filled with a fanatical glow. "THE HOLY SON HAS BEEN CHOSEN!" Her words were world-shaking, empowered by her fullest cultivation base as it spread throughout tens of thousands of miles!

She spread out her hands, tears dripping from her eyes, kneeling as she cried out in the most reverential voice filled with boundless happiness, "THE HOLY SON HAS BEEN CHOSEN!"

The hooded figures seemed undisturbed by their fellow member's death, but after those two sentences were repeated, they all kneeled and clasped their hands, crying out the same six words to the world! To them, this was their purpose in life!

They upheld the Holy Ceremony of Divine Bestowal for thousands of years, generations of their ancestors kept their mission strong without fail. And in their generation, they witnessed the ascent of a Holy Child!

There were extremely tough times throughout their lives as they questioned whether these tests and the doctrine they followed were worth it. Would they turn to dust never fulfilling their lifelong mission? Would one ever be worthy enough to accomplish the task?

There were even times where discussions of deliberately allowing the contestants to claim victory. And there was even a time where this plan was enacted, yet it did not receive the Sound of Divine Ascent! The Divine Lord Desi could not be fooled! And those involved were viciously eliminated for their transgressions and disrespect!

They had faced difficulties of the heart, flesh, will and self, so to see this day actually occur, the tears they shed today were absolutely genuine!

The millions that watched heard the words of their most respected figure, the Grand Priestess Si De! They were confused for a second, looking at each other as if verifying if someone else had heard her correctly. Seeing the light of searching in the eyes of their neighbor, it verified a truth that they couldn't believe.

A Holy Son...

A Holy Son has been CHOSEN!

"WAAAAH!" The crowd erupted in vigorous cheers. A happiness exploded in their hearts as they stared at the ray of violent light piercing into the ground, having completely hidden Wei Wuyin's figure. Their prayers had been answered! Some pious ones, particularly the older ones, cried alongside the hooded figures. They dropped to their knees and chanted out ancient scripture.

It was a display of extreme faith.

An extremely old man with less than a few days left in his natural life lifted his gaze, those muddy and turbid eyes of his, to gaze longingly at the ray of light. He was carried by his great, great, great grandson who was a strapping young man with a bright pair of eyes, intelligent and energetic.

"It happened, granddad! It happened just like you dreamed!" The young man excitedly laughed, pointing at the ray of light, but the old man didn't respond. Panicking, he hurriedly asked, "Are you okay? Please don't die on me!"

His panic wasn't noticed by anyone, and this caused him to shake in fear at the worst possibility.

The old man smacked him upside the head with the palm of his withered and wrinkled hand, "Stop moving so much! I'm not dead." A rare energy erupted from his voice and body, causing the young man to relax. The old man continued with a soft whisper, "Not yet. I have to..."

At this moment, the violent ray of surging light exploded into bits of reflective light! It rained light! At the center of that ray, a figure emerged before the eyes of everyone, and thousands, no, hundreds of thousands of screens projected throughout the entire continent!

From these screens, a young man garbed in pure white robes and inner clothes, seemingly untouched by the filth of this world, appeared before the sights of everyone in any populated location in the entire continent!

He was handsome, extremely to the point of being otherworldly. His dark-colored hair fluttered majestically without wind, his silver eyes were as radiant and mesmerizing as lunar satellites, and his faint smile was heart-shaking, exuding boundless and unmatched confidence.

With a faint white radiance around his body, he truly seemed to be an image of a Holy Child chosen by a divinity!

The old man's muddy eyes cleared, reflecting Wei Wuyin's lofty demeanor, striking looks, and exquisitely dressed figure within. Every conceivable inch of Wei Wuyin's exalted image was branded forever in his pupils. A faint smile of content tugged at the old man's lips as he gripped the shoulders of his descendant. "I have to see..." He finished his sentence.

The young man was excited, "Yes, you've seen the Holy Son! Your dream came true! You were right, you were right!" His excitement caused him to not notice the tightened grip of the old man loosened, his frail body becoming slightly heavier, slightly softer.

But the young man didn't move much, his tears flowing from his eyes. He kept repeating those three words over and over: "You were right!"

In Scorched Skies of the Four Extreme Continent, two figures lifted their gazes to observe the newly constructed screen. When the screen reflected the image of that dashing radiant holy figure, they both exclaimed!

"How could it be him?!?!"

"What the...?!"

Chapter 458 - 454: The Changed Future

In Scorched Skies of the Four Extreme Continent, two figures lifted their gazes to observe the newly constructed screen. When the screen reflected the image of that dashing radiant holy figure, they both exclaimed!

"How could it be him?!?!"

"What the...?!"

Ming Shufeng stared at the projected screen with eyes wide, mouth agape, and heart racing. She asked herself once more in a softer voice, "...How could it be him?" Her ocean-blue eyes contained a heavenly glow, fate energies effused without end. Within those eyes of hers were numerous fleeting and ghostly images, vague yet also clear.

The cloaked woman beside her went silent, a solemn air emitted from her body. "How did the Ascendant Emperor become a Holy Son? Has it changed so much already?" The 'it' she mentioned shook Ming Shufeng out of her bewilderment and search.

"You didn't know this would happen?" Ming Shufeng asked with an aghast expression, feeling an idea had been confirmed. Since she started to travel with this cloaked woman, she had suspicions that she knew details of the future.

There were clues from how she acted or what she said in careless passing, but it revealed that she had detailed knowledge of events and people yet to happen. For example, that True Elemental Emperor that should be the young handsome youth with grey eyes and a penchant for causing trouble. That title hadn't been given to him yet but she kept referring to him as that.

The cloaked woman had entered the cache as if she had been there before. But there were also inconsistencies, such as not knowing the location of the cache beforehand. It gave her pause on if she really knew the future or not. Even Seers like herself couldn't glimpse into the flow of heavenly fate without certain restrictions.

Ming Shufeng added with hesitation, "I had gleaned into heavenly fate earlier, and the handsome youth from before should've been the first and only Holy Son. How did this happen?!"

The cloaked woman's crimson eyes glowed faintly beneath her hood, *'The True Elemental Emperor should be the first, and that shouldn't happen for two more years. As for the Ascendant Emperor, he shouldn't have this capability. He wasn't a fighter before, just an Emperor Alchemist. How did he overcome the Holy Ceremony's three tests?'* Her thoughts weren't said aloud, merely glancing at the projected image with an indeterminate gaze.

Knowing her question would remain unanswered, Ming Shufeng pouted her soft lips. She also kept a few secrets to herself, such as Wei Wuyin's interfering with Heavenly Fate a few times, being wildly outside her predictions. She hadn't mentioned to anyone, not even to the cloaked woman, about how she was kidnapped and forced to reveal secrets.

Wei Wuyin was an enigma, and Ming Shufeng tried to stay as far away as possible from him because determining his future or path on the flow of heavenly fate caused too many inconsistencies, too many uncertainties. While his fate was easily seen, even easier than most, the accuracy wasn't reliable at all!

After a long moment of mutual silence, a grand announcement from voices of the sky resounded!

"The Holy Son of Grand World Earth has been CHOSEN!"

The image of Wei Wuyin garbed in white robes had been revealed and shown throughout the entire continent! With his handsome visage, imposing physique, and silver eyes that exuded boundless confidence, he truly seemed to depict the mental image of a Holy Son.

The cloaked woman mumbled a few things, her mind a little chaotic at the moment. She tried to recall all the information she had on Wei Wuyin, on the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn.

'The Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn helped birth the first natural Realmlord—Grand Sage Tuo Bihan. He had outstanding talent in the Alchemic Dao without possessing an Alchemic Astral Soul. Claimed uncontested victory in the Grand Spirit Trials. Had a rivalry with the Grand Monarch Long Chen. But, after his unexpected tie with the Princess of Everlore...' Her thoughts immediately screeched to a halt, recalling the present details with Wei Wuyin.

"He won, not tied!" This piece of information caused her to tremble faintly, unsure how this came about. She hadn't even acted at that time, roughly half a year had passed and she couldn't have changed the timeline so much, right?

When she decided to peer into the rest of his information, seeming to pull it out from elsewhere, if Ming Shufeng could see her current expression, she would notice it was quite twisted, completely marred with confusion and disbelief.

There wasn't a single mention of becoming a Holy Son. But what changed? How did she change the destined timeline of someone she had never met? Was that even possible?

Ming Shufeng, however, was staring at Wei Wuyin's projected image in an absentminded daze. Their original plans were centered around the handsome youth, and they've been trekking towards a specific area that should contain a unique treasure for cultivation. But Wei Wuyin had broken both of their predictions, leaving her uncertain if this would lead to further consequences.

After a very, very long moment, the cloaked woman's ambient aura became more relaxed. "Let's go. With a Holy Son chosen, a few events will happen. We have to move or else we'll miss it."

Ming Shufeng started, "What about the Scorched Jade Spatial Crystal?" They had taken several steps in locating the pearl, and it was their best way to reach the Spatial Resonance Phase with the best spatial affinity! Could they simply abandon it?

The cloaked woman thought for a moment, "We'll have to move faster. Fortunately, the Season of Regression will still last for two more years. We have some time." The end of the Season of Regression was a week after Lin Ming's ascent to a Holy Son. After all, killing a Realmlord without the suppressive effects of the Season of Regression was extremely difficult, nigh-impossible! It was the only time any cultivator on this continent could overcome the outrageous test of martial power.

Ming Shufeng frowned as the cloaked woman grabbed her shoulder, carrying her along. A wisp of worry in her heart as she gazed at the image projected above. The enigma that was Wei Wuyin had emerged once again. Why did she have such a bad feeling about that?

As the images of Wei Wuyin projected across the continent, revealing his existence to all the inhabitants that lived, thrived, struggled, and fought within, a single person was huddled in the corner of a cage in the outside world. The cage wasn't merely holding that person, but several others alongside it, placed on a city platform with heavy traffic.

Captured and bound by shackles, the person was stark naked and had abrasions littered their once delicate body alongside some scabbed cuts. The others beside them were listless, limp and nearly lifeless.

A pair of sapphire eyes looked up, tightly gripping her body to shield her private areas from the view of outsiders and those within the cage. When that image emerged, containing that faint smile that was unforgettable, the female figure exclaimed in surprise. Dumbstruck, her eyes trembled ceaselessly.

Soon, a bitter smile tugged at her lips.

If Wei Wuyin saw this female's current state and predicament, he would be mildly shocked. Because this female figure entered an unknown world without a strong cultivation base, with exquisite beauty, and a strong will.

It was Lian Yu!

"He's truly an outstanding figure no matter what he goes!" She softly breathed out those words with bitterness and sadness as she lowered her head into her ample chest.

"...What did you say?" A passerby had halted by the cage at the moment the image had appeared before. They turned after hearing Lian Yu's words. "You know his Majesty?" The question was abrupt, causing the chained and shackled Lian Yu to be startled.

She lifted her head to see a woman.

The woman was shocked after a brief moment from seeing Lian Yu's appearance. "It's you?!"

But Lian Yu was unfamiliar with this woman, only noting that her auburn hair was quite gorgeous.

The woman was silent for a moment, turning to the male slave trader that was reading from a scroll. His eyes reflected the perverted contents within, betraying his arousal.

"Yo! I'll buy this one." The auburn haired woman shouted, throwing a storage ring to the perverted slave trader. With a shocked reaction, he was a little pissed after being disrupted, but after subconsciously inspecting the storage ring's contents, his expression changed. He put on a congenial smile and lauded his other wares to the generous woman, attempting to get her to purchase a few more.

The auburn haired woman snorted, revealing a trace of aura that caused the slave trader to go silent out of fear. He quickly went about bringing Lian Yu out of the cage with a placating smile.

Lian Yu paled at seeing the man approach, not wanting this disgusting man to touch her skin again. Ever again.

"Don't touch her!" The auburn haired woman demanded. But the slave trader frowned and scoffed dismissively. Did this woman truly think she could treat him with disrespect? His cultivation base wasn't lower than hers, but he just didn't want to create trouble. If she was dissatisfied, she could leave. Of course, he didn't intend to give her the product or her money back in that case.

He ignored her, trying to get one last sly squeeze of Lian Yu's beautiful body before she was bought, knowing his duties were still to complete sales, not cause trouble. But he hadn't realized he had signed his own warrant.

A sword howl resounded!

The slave trader felt his body become lighter, the angle of the world shifting little by little until he soon saw a familiar body dressed in extremely familiar clothes in his view. Wasn't those the clothes he bought? His last thought ended abruptly as a ray of sword light turned his head into mincemeat.

"Filth." The auburn haired woman approached Lian Yu's cage, using sword force to sever her bindings. She threw a set of clothes to her, "Get dressed. Since his Majesty thought you were worth saving before, he'll be bothered if you were buried in some unnamed ditch." Her voice was a little cold.

"Y-you are...?" Lian Yu was shocked by the woman's actions. She didn't really trust anyone at the moment, unsure if leaving with her was better than her current fate.

The auburn haired woman grinned, glancing towards the surging auras of the reinforcements in this slave trading company. She grasped her sword hilt as a faint howl of Sword Intent flared from it.

"Hong Chunhua, First Commander of the Ascendants."

Chapter 459 - 455: Holy Bloodline?

Wei Wuyin's eyes surveyed the kneeling figures of those below, praying and chanting loudly. Their cheers, excitement, and fulfilled hope was contagious. Even he couldn't help but feel his heart race slightly, and he had obtained the adoration and cheers of more than ten times this number.

Yet, it was quality, not quantity that mattered. These chants and cheers were based on the religious principle of a lifelong wish held by the masses throughout innumerable generations, an desired event that shaped their beliefs and existence today. They had confirmed something at this moment, something exceptional.

Inspecting himself, he found out that his black martial clothes had been vaporized and replaced by white robes by the bursting ray of light. They were fitted and made from soft material, so it was comfortable, but the color white didn't conform with his own preferences. Still, it wasn't so bad.

He turned his hand over to see a caramel-colored badge in his palm. It was shaped like a thin triangle with esoteric characters and markings on it, seemingly of a different language. It might be the language chanted by these people at times. This was the Earth Element Badge of Divinity, one of the nine Tokens of Elementus.

Wei Wuyin noted that his circular mark formed from three triangles had vanished, integrating into the badge that descended from the piercing light that engulfed him. This was clearly the work of the old ghost. As he inspected the badge, the Intent aura that lingered on his mark had merged with it, increasing in intensity. Furthermore, he could sense an aura that was extremely hard to describe.

"Genesis Essence?" He guessed, feeling this was correct. If he wanted, he could absorb the aura from the badge in small quantities and refine it, likely giving birth to the badge's unique Earth Intent and merging Genesis Essence with his Elemental Origin Intent.

But this confused him.

"Why give Genesis Essence used to fuse Elemental Intents if I already have Elemental Origin Intent?" This question didn't just refer to him, but it was given to the 'Holy Son' which required them to form Elemental Origin Intent prior. This befuddling mystery was one he was intent on finding out.

Putting that aside, he had now obtained a Badge of Divinity. Considering how this token was formed, if he had decided to wait until a Holy Son emerged, he would've been greatly disappointed. After all, none of the candidates had succeeded and the young woman had withdrawn.

The badge wasn't even held in the city, but with the old ghost, so obtaining it forcefully or sneakily was a dream and a half. It seemed sometimes caution and a low-profile was awarded with dejection and failure. While he hadn't personally experienced this lesson, he felt that he would've in another life, so he slammed this principle in his head to never forget.

After several minutes, the mysterious power keeping him afloat had left, leaving him capable of freely moving as he wished. It felt quite strange to be held up in display before everyone, treated as a symbol. It wasn't humiliating but it also wasn't gratifying. Quite strange.

Wei Wuyin urged his astral force, stimulating his wind energies as he soared down below. He landed on top of the mountain, obtaining the intense gazes of the dozens of hooded figures before him. Soon, one by one, they removed their hoods.

A human male, middle-aged with dark hair and greyed edges who was quite handsome and cutting a heroic figure, clasped his hands and bowed. "Hu Ran greets Holy Son!" While he didn't kneel, from his cultivation base, this was a show of immense respect.

"...Bing Zi greets Holy Son!"

"Hu Shu greets Holy Son!"

"...greet Holy Son!"

The other Grand Kings were briefly stunned, but then followed along, introducing themselves to Wei Wuyin. There were seven males and three females amongst them, and they were all middle-aged or younger in appearance, not a single one old looking. They also exuded a vigorous air, clearly greatest experts of their generations within the Desolate Lands.

These were the ten Grand Kings, the rulers of the native forces of the Desolate Lands.

The Grey Sands Elves Clan Masters were in a rather awkward and perplexing situation. They didn't know whether to greet this human Holy Son or...

Wei Wuyin knew a little about the long-standing conflict and hidden deals of the native elves and human forces of the Desolate Lands. He faintly smiled, not urging them to act or not. He wasn't prejudiced towards any race nor did he consider them any different from each other. He just considered them all as cultivators and mortals, there were no other distinctions needed in his mind.

Of course, he wasn't delusional and idyllic in his own beliefs. He completely understood racial and species differences, the divide and aversion that exists, and knew why it existed and how it retains a sense of one's identity and origins. Without that, people lose many things in their hearts.

A female Clan Master took the first step, bowing deeply to Wei Wuyin. She bowed much, much deeper than the Grand Kings had, shocking the Clan Masters and Grand Kings. "Ai Yin greets Holy Son."

She was quite gorgeous, with brown hair and light bronze-skin, and her bow perfectly angled her body to reveal cleavage in such a way that Wei Wuyin was capable of peering into that ravine with a casual glance. He couldn't help but laugh inside, already being seduced in the first few minutes of receiving the title of Holy Son. The other Clan Masters didn't seem to understand Ai Yin's intentions, merely deciding to greet Wei Wuyin to not be awkward.

Wei Wuyin truly thought about how he liked the light-bronze skin of female elves. She must be the clan leader of the Ai Clan, and he seemed to have a fate with them.

Finally, the Grand Priestess finally rose from her kneeling position, turning to face Wei Wuyin with a pious and fanatical glare in her sightless eyes. "Holy Son, the True Desolate Temple welcomes your grandest arrival! Shall I—"

Wei Wuyin interrupted her, "Yes. Show me around. I'd like to see this temple and the other things it has." When Grand Priestess Si De heard this, she was stunned for a moment. She was about to suggest something else, but she wasn't going to perform the duty herself. She had other matters to attend to, but Wei Wuyin ignored her.

He inspected the temple and waved her to follow him. He walked as if he owned the place, ignoring the Grand Kings and Elven Clan Masters on the surface. But in truth, when he ventured to the temple doors, every single member of these nineteen had glowing eyes with contemplative expressions filled with uncertainty or excitement.

Wei Wuyin had sent stealthy mental transmissions to each of them, containing different messages and causing different reactions. Ai Yin, for example, blushed. "How about I accompany you, Holy Son!" She said, following along without anyone else reacting in time.

Grand Priestess Si De noted the changes and her sightless eyes 'saw' Wei Wuyin's lightning-like transmissions of mental energies, shocked by his means and methods. She didn't know the content of these messages, but the varied expressions on these powerhouses' faces were telling.

She calmed herself, instructed the other members of the temple to complete some tasks. She moved quickly to follow Wei Wuyin, using a unique seal to open the temple doors. The three walked in and the doors closed.

Three entered, and for the next coming days, the temple was sealed and the people below prayed with elation. The entire world started to undergo subtle shifts as the third temple had been completed, giving birth to yet another Holy Child!

Several days later, Wei Wuyin was surrounded by an elven and blind beauty on a silken sheet bed, both of which were extraordinary in status and still retained their purity, now taken away. They were asleep and laying in his arms, nestled into his chest with legs sprawled over his.

Wei Wuyin's eyes contained a wisp of awkwardness as he recalled the events of what just transpired and his discoveries. Firstly, these women were absolutely wild and had some peculiar interests awakened from within him, shocking even himself. Who says virgins were delicate and pure? The liars!

But most importantly, he realized their cultivation bases! They weren't Realmlords! But genuine Timelords! If they harbored even the slightest intent to harm him during their romp sessions, he wouldn't be alive. He felt extremely strange thinking this...

To add, he hadn't needed to court the Grand Priestess at all! According to religious law of the temple, every woman of the temple was his, they were all virgins, and he was urged to have children with all of them to establish a clan, one that originated solely from his holy bloodline.

The other Holy Childs always chose to breed with their own race, so this caused the current climate of human superiority to form. It was also why Ai Yin was readily willing to seduce him, offering her Primal Yin to a complete stranger. According to Si De, his yang essence had changed upon ascension, but he didn't feel any different.

"Hrrng..." A soft groan turned his attention away as Ai Yin awoke, her ample chest rubbing against him. Whether it was intentional or not, he wasn't certain. But when it provoked a rise out of him, he felt swift movements and soon a wet, soft warmth engulfed his lower half.

She was extremely proactive.

Well, he wasn't going to not enjoy this.

What's a few more days?

Chapter 460 - 456: Schemes & Desires

The arrival of a Holy Son was not a small event that could be ignored. It hadn't happened in thousands of years and the last two times a Holy Child was born, they founded the Holy Land of Elements. The Holy Land of Elements was the Central Region of the Four Extreme Continent, and it housed the strongest experts of a generation.

There were those who've touched the apex of the Mortal Dao, forming their own Star Cores. But these experts only existed in the Holy Bloodline of Holy Children! This marked a change for the future. There were many thrilled for this change, especially the human natives of the Desolate Lands.

But not everyone was delighted about this world-shaking change filled with unknown possibilities. Because it was unknown. Because it was change. The shifting of their delicate cultivation climate was on the horizon and some felt threatened. Would their interests be harmed?

This stemmed from an easily overlooked but extremely crucial detail: All other Holy Children titles and divine rights were inherited. Wei Wuyin's was not. His title was earned, something these Holy Children who lived in luxury, those who had the 'purest' bloodline of former Holy Children who've ascended properly, could never earn.

Whispers started from who knows where, calling to question the legitimacy of these Holy Clans. Someone, somewhere, wanted to stir trouble. And trouble they stirred.

Wei Wuyin sat in the Holy Room of the True Desolate Temple, sitting at a large desk with several dozen scrolls sprawled across the table. They seemed haphazardly placed, but Wei Wuyin had a system. As he read through these scrolls, his brows were furrowed in deep contemplation.

After a long moment, he breathed out a wad of hot air, feeling the stress relieve from his body. A delicate head popped out from under the table, revealing the gorgeous face of the light bronze-skinned elf, Ai Yin. Her wet lips were extremely mesmerizing to see.

She squeezed her way out from under the table, not speaking a single word as she smiled seductively. Wei Wuyin sent her off with his eyes, watching her walk away in a sexy stride. After she left, Wei Wuyin's lips slowly became a bitter smile.

It had been eight days since he'd become the Holy Son, and Ai Yin was ravenous. One would not think she was a virgin a little over a week ago. To add, she was the sneaky and cunning sort, storing his yang essence after a thorough extraction using every possible means. Then, she would 'leave' him to his studies as he winded down.

In truth, she would carefully store his yang essence for the future, probably planning to use it to breed from other women of her tribe. He didn't really know how to feel about this, because he had long since taken a pill that effectively restricted his ability to sire children. It also amplified his Dual Cultivation benefits. So unless he took the reversal elixir to dispel the pill's effects, not even a Star Lord could change that.

He was extremely active in the bedroom with too many, and he had no time or desire to father children. Still, he enjoyed her enthusiasm. And he liked her foresight, clearly wanting to maximize the chances of obtaining the Holy Bloodline.

According to Si De, the Holy Bloodline wasn't passed to every child. But the ones who have it can be declared as Inherited Holy Children, taking on the mantle of their parents or ancestors. This could and has continued for thousands of years. Moreover, once every hundred years or so, a Holy Bloodline would awaken from a descendant member, and only once a generation.

This was why Ai Yin wanted to sneakily spread it to others in her clan, to increase her chances of having an elf awaken with the Holy Bloodline.

He found this fascinating. He found almost everything about the Four Extreme Continent fascinating. It had its own society of cultivation, technological advancements, politics, struggles, wars, and religious beliefs. It was an eye-opener.

For example, the short-range Void Gates. His starfield didn't have these. They were technological advancements based on need and perceived necessity of environmental conditions, allowing the construction of fortified walls with absolutely no entry point that could be infiltrated by Devils.

The act of slavery was unnaturally strange as well, with it being wild and abundant, not regulated by any single organization, yet niche, well-known, and normalized by the public. That was because the people didn't want normal 'slaves' but those suitable for forming Alchemic Spirits and Energy Conversion. There wasn't any need for physical labor, and the slaves weren't even used for sexual profit. In fact, talented female cultivators with their Primal Yin intact were a cherished resource that would be heavily protected.

It was incredibly strange because only 'talented' cultivators were suited for these requirements, typically needing Astral Core Realm cultivators to become effective Alchemic Proxies and Energy Converters. Therefore, the normally enslaved, the weak and feeble, those without backing or a proper upbringing to nurture their talent, weren't targeted.

Hence the vast majority of slaves today were Seekers from the Central Region captured by elves or natives, those who venture out into the dangerous unknown seeking profit during the Season of Regression. These slaves would then be turned to benefit the weaker, less talented masses, breeding new experts. Those experts might in turn become slaves.

This bred a sacrificial cycle of repetition that allowed the continent to thrive in a world without a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, in an isolated World Realm!

Wei Wuyin had read through numerous records of religious-motivated excursions of significance, violent wars for resources, development of technologies, solitary cities, and the formation of the Central Region. He had read every piece of information he could obtain, finding it more and more interesting as he got further along.

The Four Extreme Continent's history was as rich and thrilling as his own starfield's, minus the presence of those who've exceeded Mortal Limits, reaching the Mystic Ascendant Realm. But there were figures in history who were said to have surpassed the Mortal Limits yet hadn't fully ascended. He was intrigued by this discovery, thinking if there was a step before the Mystic Ascendant Realm.

These people all died, however.

"There was never any mention of this stage of cultivation in the Myriad Monarch Sect. Could it be a product of failure to ascend, not the bridging stage between the two realms?" Wei Wuyin thought this aloud, feeling that the possibility was there. After all, this starfield didn't have the King of Everlore's support, and those who had all would've had the greatest chances to ascend successfully.

As Wei Wuyin was pondering, his spatial ring emanated faint spiritual light. He had received a spiritual transmission. When he read this message, he frowned. That frown became deeper and deeper until he eventually relaxed. He exhaled softly, "Regardless of culture or differences of civilization, the world of cultivation will always be the world of cultivation."

Fortunately, Wei Wuyin had acted preemptively to glean into and handle certain matters. He had learned of the cultivation standard of the highest ranked cultivators, with these Grand Kings and Clan Masters all having ascended to the Realm World Phase, the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm. That was peak powerhouse level, and there existed Timelord and even Starlords.

But only three Starlords throughout the entire continent.

The first two belonged to the Holy Clans within the Central Region. The last belonged to the Navy River Elves within the Noxious Seas. According to reports, these figures were restricted, confined to certain locations and prohibited from using their strength. Ever.

The so-called Divinities the natives worship prevented Star Lords from exerting their strength, ruthlessly suppressing them with innumerable limitations. Even outside of the Season of Regression, this was so.

Of course, this was certainly the old ghost's actions, preventing the destruction of this isolated World Realm.

That being said, the benefits of a Star Lord wasn't limited to strength, but cultivation of others was possible. They had many miraculous abilities that could further the strength of their race.

As for Timelords, there weren't as many as he'd imagined. Ai Yin, the Grand Priestess Si De, and the Grand King named Hu Ran were the only three Timelords in all of the Desolate Lands. Despite this, Ai Yin was not the head leader of the Grey Sands Elven Tribes, and only had the authority of a normal Clan Master.

This was also because of that old ghost restricting the strength of those at that level. Even their unique cultivation aspects couldn't be used effectively, mostly being a glorified lifespan enhancing realm within this isolated world. It was quite intriguing. Still, they all strove to enter the next realm in hopes of being able to break these shackles, ascending beyond the Mortal Limits.

He had communicated with several Clan Masters and Grand Kings, sending them all varied messages with various different statements and assignments to get into his good standing. One of them, a woman by the name of Bing Zi, had obtained information about the movements of the Central Regions. She had spies implanted on crucial areas there, and they fed her information about their intentions towards Wei Wuyin.

According to the message contained in the transmission, one of these clans intended to bind him through marriage, hoping to combine a fresh Holy Bloodline with another. The other, however, sought more insidious intentions through unsavory means.

He retrieved his Earth Element Badge of Divinity. They wanted this and the secret cache it unlocked, knowing that it contains boundless rare resources and materials for cultivation. It reportedly contained an object that was enough to allow someone the hopes of ascending Mortal Limits. That Star Lord wanted this.

Bing Zi was extremely smart and swift, quickly handling this matter with a very detailed report.

He flipped the badge in his hand casually, a faint smile on his face. "Wealth breeds envy, treasure births schemes. But I don't care about this little bit of resources. Whatever the Divine King Han Xei gathered for the trial participants, could it amount to much in the face of ninth-grade alchemical products?"

Laughing in amusement, he decided to deliver a present of chaos to the world, shaking it up a little bit. That being said, he wondered if there would be any Soul Jade Ash within this cache. If so...