

Chapter 481 - 477: The Three Holy Children

The three projected screens were side by side, their sizes equal, their presence balanced, and the faces of each Holy Child was perfectly revealed to every observer for thousands of miles. The entire continent lifted their heads to witness these three figures reveal their divine splendor, their hearts and minds unified in disbelief.

The first Holy Child revealed was a Holy Son. He was dashing, valiantly handsome, and his grey-colored eyes seemingly emitted a pure, untainted glow that awed. At his glabella was a nine-colored dot that accentuated his looks, giving him a grounded feeling. It was Lin Ming.

Directly behind him, in the background of the projected image, was a clear sky with gentle winds which revealed his location in the Zephyr Plains.

The second Holy Child was another Holy Son. Unlike Lin Ming, he wasn't as outstanding in terms of looks, but he had an unfathomable presence about him. At the first look, others would often feel ambivalent about him, unsure if it was a good feeling or a terrible feeling. It was only on the second look did you have a solid impression.

He had long, sleek, pastel green hair tied into a ponytail that trailed down until it surpassed his hips. He sported an ambiguous smile with a pair of sky-blue eyes that seemed to embody a sense of endlessness. On the helix of his right ear were three thin ring piercings with strange runes etched into their entire surface. Those runes gave off a faint, shimmering radiance. Behind him, a hue of violet and a seething sea of toxic liquids—the Noxious Seas.

The last Holy Child was a Holy Daughter. She was extremely ordinary looking, her black hair, light-brown eyes, and pale complexion lent no favors to her appeal, yet she gave off a similarly unfathomable feeling. Her hair was short and wavy, styled in a curly bob cut, with side-swept bangs partially covering her forehead.

Despite that, those light-brown eyes of hers carried an imperious presence, commanding and far-reaching unlike anything most had ever seen before. It was as if heaven and earth served her, and it was rightly so. Behind her was a bleak sky and falling ash—the Scorched Skies.

"Is this real?!" Grand Priestess Si De asked, her eyes wide with pure shock. If it was just one Holy Child born at this moment, it might be shocking but not nearly to this extent. Three! THREE! To think that three Holy Children would ascend at the exact same time, marking the skies across the Four Extreme Continent with their awe-inspiring presence.

Wei Wuyin held Si De's slender waist, feeling her body tremble with every passing second. Only after he brought her into his embrace did she calm down, her racing heart slowing down. She looked to Wei Wuyin, taking in his relaxed visage with her sightless eyes. Seeing him reflect serenity and confidence, she couldn't help but relax herself.

Only when she regained herself did Wei Wuyin speak, "This is an interesting development. In fact, it might be a planned maneuver. From what I've learned, the other three temples of the three regions are

similarly devoted followers of their Divinities. They shouldn't simultaneously host their Holy Ceremonies on the same day."

Grand Priestess Si De, now calm, realized the peculiarity of this situation. It was indeed as Wei Wuyin said: the Holy Ceremonies were hosted on a specific stretch of day within the Season of Regression, not all on the same day.

"...!" As if a lightning bolt of realization struck her, she yelled. "There's an exception to that rule!" When she said this, her sightless eyes seemed to reveal a light of recalling an obscure memory.

Wei Wuyin's eyebrows lifted at her words, "An exception?" He'd never come across any rule within his readings that enabled simultaneous Bestowals of Divinity.

Grand Priestess Si De nodded with a slight frown, "It's a strange, specific rule only applied if a Holy Child ascended during the same Season of Regression. It allows others to undergo another test, a non-Holy Ceremony. You might not have known because it's etched in a Divine Monolith in the Holy Land of Elements."

"Divine Monolith?" He'd heard of this object. It contained many different scriptures or chants, as vague and indistinct as the Three Scriptures he received alongside the Bloodline of the First Sinner Inheritance. There were numerous writings involving it, but every sentence inscribed had roughly two hundred varied meanings. It wasn't profound, it was just that vague.

The strange language used in their religious chants were learned from this Divine Monolith.

Grand Priestess Si De nodded, glancing at the image of the three Holy Children. "It's strange, as I said. The exact details could be interpreted differently, but from what I gathered from it, one can take a 'specialized' ceremony of sorts. These ceremonies were unique to each temple and the requirement could be considered easier yet simultaneously more difficult and occurred all at once."

"Specialized?" Baffled and curious, Wei Wuyin listened on.

"As you know," Grand Priestess Si De laid her head on Wei Wuyin's chest, hearing his powerful heartbeat, "the requirement to enter the Holy Ceremony of each temple was to possess Elemental Origin Intent and comprehend the ambient Intent of that region. For the Desolate Lands, this is Desolate Intent. For the Zephyr Plains, this is Zephyr Intent. But these 'specialized' trials can be overcome by comprehending the Temple's Divine Intent."

"Like Grand Earth Intent?" Wei Wuyin asked.

Grand Priestess Si De nodded, a flicker of surprise in her sightless eyes. She continued, "Each Holy Child is titled after these specific and apex-like Intents that embody the entirety of an element. This is the reason why you were given the title of Holy Child of Grand Earth, and the Lei and Shuang Clans were given the respective titles of Holy Child of Dark Lightning and Holy Child of Absolute Zero Ice."

Wei Wuyin's eyes glowed. During the nineteen months of his cultivation, he had comprehended and merged Dark Lightning Intent into his Elemental Origin Intent, infusing three Apex-level Intents. Unlike normal Lightning Intent, Dark Lightning gave off a unique energy signature, and it was invisible, unnoticeable, and extremely fast.

It didn't give off extreme heat like Violet Lightning or was overtly destructive like other Lightning Intents. It was terrifying because the strange energy it emitted was extremely insidious, difficult to defend against, and unseen by the naked eye and most senses. If one was struck with it, their body's physical state, and even their mental faculties, will be subjected to abhorrent changes.

He always found it weird that lightning, especially Violet-colored Lightning, felt like a fast, melting flame with chaotic and erratic behavior. It didn't feel as if it was its own Intent, and that fire could replicate such abilities. But when he learned of Dark Lightning, the so-called lightning that embodied the essence of lightning, he understood.

Lightning wasn't about its quickness, its heat, its erratic chaos, or its shocking potential, but its ability to form instantly and out of nowhere, strike and leave an imprint on everything it touches. The strange energy it contained might be the most charged substance released in the shortest burst, hence why it affected the body and mind. It was extremely profound, worthy of being called an Apex-level Intent.

"So if a Holy Child ascends, as long as others comprehended the respective Intent of their divine temple in the same Season of Regression, they would similarly be bestowed the Divine Blessings? Obtain the Badge of Divinity?" Wei Wuyin asked for clarification, to which Grand Priestess Si De nodded with a wisp of doubt.

"I think so. In ancient times, the Nine Divinities each represented an element of the highest order, and it makes sense that comprehending it allowed them to receive their blessing." She bit her lip a little, realizing that this change would cause unforeseen changes to the entire continent.

Now that all the regions had Holy Children, the Season of Devils no longer had a reason to occur, they were all protected by the grace of the divine. So...what now?

Wei Wuyin glanced at the three projected images. He wasn't concerned about this change, but as to who these two were. This man and woman didn't give him vibes of the ordinary, especially if they comprehended Apex-level Intent. Just as he was lost in his thoughts, he felt a nearby aura flash by.

Frowning, he looked at Grand Priestess Si De in his arms. With a slight move, he took her lips with his own, shocking her until her entire body became soft, hot, and desirous of having Wei Wuyin reach depths she had once never known could be reached. But after a moment, her sightless eyes slowly closed and her breathing calmed.

After rendering her unconscious, Wei Wuyin held her in a bridal carry, her head gently resting on his shoulder. He blurred, arriving in their room, placing her on their bed inside the temple. Ai Juling was currently asleep there, wrapped in silk sheets. Even the divine humming outside hadn't awakened her from her deep exhaustion.

With a faint smile, he looked at these two and blurred once more. When he reappeared, he was at a familiar True Desolate bench. It was the same bench he had met the old man before, and the old man was there once more while eating dried peaches dipped in a chrome-colored liquid from a paper bag.

"Want some?" The old man offered.

"Sure," Wei Wuyin walked over and reached in without hesitation, taking a few before sitting down. He chewed on one, finding it quite delicious and exotic. "So," he looked at the three images still vividly showing the faces of each Holy Child, "why did you need to talk alone?"

Chapter 482 - 478: Outsider Interference

The old man watched Wei Wuyin with keen interest, but after eating the dried peach with chrome-colored liquid, not reacting in any adverse manner, his expression became somewhat strange. It took him a long moment before he sighed to himself. *'Aren't you a little too monstrous?'*

Thinking this, the old man chuckled, only reacting after noticing Wei Wuyin snag a handful of dried peaches from his paper bag. Before he could react, one by one, the dried peaches were rapidly eaten in a single bite. His eyebrows twitched. Those were Deepstar Peaches dipped in Blazing Incandescent Liquid! To think Wei Wuyin could even eat one in a single bite was unimaginable!

"Haaa..." The old man felt defeated. But this secondary sigh caused him to lose another handful of his precious peaches. He hurriedly retrieved his hand, stowing the paper bag away almost magically without a hint of spatial fluctuation.

"What's wrong? Those were delicious," Wei Wuyin commented with a wisp of sadness in his voice. He ate another, looking at the old man with a sly smile.

Wei Wuyin was well-aware that these fruits were extremely precious, containing essences of incredible origin, and each time they entered his body, outside of the taste, Eden would quickly absorb it and transform it into gentle energies. These energies had thoroughly given him a shock as he felt his body's physical and mental foundation increase by a single percentage in quality. Given his abnormally refined bodily condition, this was even better than a thousand eighth-grade pellets designed to reinforce those energies.

Furthermore, he had long since reached the peak of his body and Sea of Consciousness' condition at his current stage of cultivation, unable to elevate it even with ninth-grade products, but these peaches were capable of breaking past this limit! If a normal cultivator at the Spatial Resonance Phase had eaten this, they might be boiling out of their skin, convulsing and nearing death.

The old man couldn't afford Wei Wuyin's appetite. "You're a little too much," the old man answered before continuing, "You must be curious about what happened, right?" He said, pointing at the three projected images.

"..." Wei Wuyin looked at the old man for a short moment, and then clicked his tongue. "So, there are more outsiders present, not in the trial. Do they all have bodyguards like you?" Wei Wuyin was a little frustrated, realizing the truth from the old man's presence.

Startled, the old man was once more awed by how quick Wei Wuyin could come up with this conclusion. While there were clues, there was nothing directly saying these individuals were outsiders. They could be carefully cultivated geniuses of the native faction, awaiting the ascension of a Holy Child to capitalize on it.

Still, the old man responded with a nod. "Do I need to explain anything, or do you have it all figured out?" He asked with a bitter smile, wondering if he even needed to waste his breath. He had long since

realized that Wei Wuyin was an official member of this trial, so he had no protector like himself. He almost felt aggrieved for Wei Wuyin, considering the state of things.

"Please." Wei Wuyin wasn't all-knowing, so he wouldn't lose his desire to learn more to act smart.

The old man smiled, feeling useful. "Where should I begin? Let's see...the trial? Yes. This location isn't a trial, per-se. Instead, its more of a training ground that the True Element Sect established in its early days and sold off long ago to a particular faction called the Golden Life Pavilion. It does, however, have a trial inside it.

"The World Realm is divided into four seasons, the Season of Regression, which we're currently in, the Season of Devils, which is fully about survival and combat, the Season of Flourish, and the Season of Elements. The Season of Regression suppresses the world, forcing the cultivators training here to rely on Intent, Arts, and Spells, their own cultivated strengths.

"Typically, cultivators often lose themselves in their high cultivation, unintentionally establishing bad habits and weak foundations by overly relying on the benefits of their cultivation bases. The Season of Regression eliminates this. Even Timelords aren't much stronger than Realmlords here, far unlike the real world. A dozen Realmlords would be crushed by a Timelord with little issue outside.

"The Season of Devils hones battle instincts and one's sense of deadly crisis, forcing one to survive in an extremely hostile environment. Here, learning conservation of astral force and strategic thinking becomes key.

"The Season of Flourish is a peaceful season, the ambient energies within the environment are invigorated, such as spatial energies, light energies, gravitational forces, which in turn promotes an easier time to comprehend the mysteries of the Astral Core Realm. It also gives birth to unique treasures.

"Lastly, the Season of Elements, which is similar to the Season of Flourish, but useful in comprehending Elemental Intents of various levels, especially high-level intent in certain regions. It's not that relevant if you don't cultivate an element, however."

Wei Wuyin soaked all this in, learning more about what he'd previously read and now he understood why. A training ground? Sold? Golden Life Pavilion? Many of the peculiarities of this World Realm were answered. A dual trial and training ground, primarily used as a training ground.

The old man continued, "We, well those like me, are here to act as protectors of certain influential youths within the training ground so they aren't inadvertently killed by a native Realmlords or Timelords unknown about their reason for living. These youths can then hone their skills for over a decade, cycling through each Season at least once.

"The seasons cycle in this order: Flourish, Element, Regression, and Devils, each lasting four years on average, sometimes a month or two difference, give or take. We're about a few weeks before the next shift. That was, of course, until this happened," the old man pointed to the sky. "The safe zone for devils has spread across the entire continent. There's no longer a Season of Devils. We checked, it is indeed the case. A rule of the trial within, I guess. The Golden Life Pavilion overseer is a little pissed, funnily enough."

Wei Wuyin frowned, "Why are these youths participating in the trial?" He was peeved about this little detail. From what he gathered, this was a trial to determine the Chosen of the True Element Sect, a lost and forgotten one. Lin Ming, with the ancient and nascent legacy of the Divine King Han Xei, was trying to become a Chosen through this trial. These youths came from similar or equal forces, so why?

The old man chuckled, giving Wei Wuyin a sidelong glance. He pointed at Wei Wuyin. "Because of you," he couldn't hold back a little sinister laugh.

"Me?" Wei Wuyin was somewhat taken aback, but only for a moment.

The old man nodded, "Yes, you. You obtained three badges and threw everything out of whack, but more, you let them all see what was within the Grand Earth Cache." At the end his words, he started to laugh again, recalling the entire fiasco that led to the end of the so-called Holy Clans' reign.

"..." Wei Wuyin was now truly startled, his eyebrows furrowed so deeply that they were nearly vertical. "Fuck..." was all he could say. He had thoroughly miscalculated in that regard. His exposure had leaked the normally secret, unknown location of the cache to the world.

While he had taken care of the Grand Earth Cache in seconds, and felt no senses on him, those outsiders had cultivation bases that exceeded Mortal Limits. How could he know their methods? He wasn't even familiar with what a Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivator could do! They knew exactly what happened and what's inside.

"Fuck, indeed." The old man slapped his knee, finding a frustrated Wei Wuyin pleasing to the eye. "When they informed their little demons of talent, how do you think they reacted? At first, they wanted to act against you, but our jobs are to strictly observe and protect, not be their thugs and stooges. We told them if they wanted to make a move, they'd need to do so against you directly, with the possibility of death. We won't even interfere if you ordered your Realmlords and Timelords to act against them.

"But your results in the Holy Ceremony were a little too terrifying as well, haha. So they decided on the alternative: Obtain their own cache. Of course, only three succeeded in comprehending Apex-level Elemental Intent, not including the grey-eyed youth there. I don't know where he came from, but he took that little brat of mine out of the competition, how unlucky." The old man sighed at the end, feeling the young woman was given the shaft once again by a handsome youth, and it didn't feel remotely pleasant.

Learning that Lin Ming had defeated that young woman left him unsurprised. He was a Blessed after all. As long as his Karmic Luck stood strong, he would always beat his enemies or survive any ordeal.

"But the trial...collecting the badges," Wei Wuyin did not want to fight these so-called talented youths. Not because of their strength, but their protectors and backing. While the old man might be under the presumption that he originated from an outstanding origin, he didn't have anything that impressive.

In terms of background, it consisted of just one thing: himself.

Hearing Wei Wuyin's voice twisted with vexation, the old man patted his shoulder in a consoling effort. "No worries. As long as you don't intend to kill or cripple them, those old gargoyles of theirs won't interfere. This is your trial. In fact, they might just give you the badges for the right price. You could even

form excellent relations with them." While he said this, he felt that Wei Wuyin's backing was far, far greater than these youths.

If not, how else does one reason that he possessed a 39,300 Spirit Unit Level at eight years of cultivation? It was absolutely absurd, something only an Alchemist that exceeded Mortal-tier could accomplish or a high-level Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivator could produce through certain inborn gifts they've bestowed.

It would be to their benefit to befriend Wei Wuyin.

Wei Wuyin understood this concept of using silk, not blades, feeling slightly better. But Lin Ming was still his greatest competitor. Sooner or later, he'll collect the badges of the other two, and bring them to him. So all he felt he had to do was wait. But should he?

Chapter 483 - 479: Ominous Feeling

Wei Wuyin thought for a long moment before turning his head to the old man. "There's a question I've been meaning to ask: do you know how the natives are comprehending Elemental Origin Intent without Genesis Essence?"

"Oh?" The old man was briefly stunned that Wei Wuyin asked that specific question. With a faint smile, he pointed at the ground, "The continent here is unique, it gives off the aura of Genesis Essence, but just the aura. As long as a cultivator comprehends all Nine Elemental Intents—Fire, Water, Earth, Wind, Metal, Lightning, Wood, Ice, and Magma—with at least a mid-level Intent each, they will give birth to Elemental Origin Intent.

"But this Intent is temporary. None of these youths here, even that little brat of mine, have real Elemental Origin Intent. It's far, far too difficult to comprehend. If they left this continent, they wouldn't be able to use Elemental Origin Intent any longer."

Wei Wuyin's eyes widened. "The continent?" His Celestial Eyes turned to the ground, observing a very, very minuscule amount of Genesis Essence Aura that was extremely unnoticeable. He had only learned about this aura from the badges.

"Of course, if they cultivated an Elemental Origin Soul, they could absorb the Genesis Essence in these badges and make it permanent, but very few cultivate their Spirit of Cultivation into something so extremely difficult. A cultivator would be forced to cultivate each element independently and merged, using an absurd amount of resources to do so. Very few sects could support it, especially if you sought to establish your Star Core in the future. Oh boy!" The old man explained, holding his head as if he had a headache just thinking about it.

"..." Wei Wuyin didn't reveal any outward shock from the old man's words, but his mind was whirling extremely fast. Star Core? He felt that this both affected him yet didn't. After all, he was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. It wouldn't be hard to obtain resources and pills, especially with his outrageous concoction speed and refinement quality.

Regardless, he made sure to pay extra attention to this final stage of the Astral Core Realm.

After hearing the explanation from the old man, he felt a blazing mystery in his heart settle with satisfaction. With a heavy sigh, he said: "Thanks."

The old man didn't need to inform him of all this, but he did. He was grateful for that action, learning the truth about so many things, and lessons to be careful of in the future. After obtaining the Grand Earth Cache, he hadn't even realized he was being spied on. It was fortunate he had conjured a profound formation to seal his cultivation efforts and concoction process, none of which were breached.

Considering the old man hadn't said anything about him using six different types of forces (Eden, Void, Draconic, Alchemic, Elemental, & Saber), had four Astral Souls, or anything about him being a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, then they were likely unwilling to dig too deeply into him, or maybe feared offending him due to their curiosity. Whatever the reason, he felt comforted by this.

A smile formed on the old man's face, "No problem. You should at least know this before planning any moves in the future. I'm quite interested in how all this ends."

Wei Wuyin turned to the old man, feeling that his particular smile was quite mysterious and meaningful. But he merely turned away, looking at the three images fixed into the sky.

"The old man knows my intentions. Haaa, what to do about this Golden Life Pavilion? Let's just hope it isn't too unreasonable." With this thought, he felt the aura on the bench vanish, dissipating as if never there. Wei Wuyin didn't turn back, walking slowly back to the True Desolate Temple, hoping to use this walk to think.

In the violet-colored waters of the Noxious Seas, a small-sized boat was anchored at a particularly bubbling area. The boat was painted black with fiery crimson streaks, releasing a faint glowing hue of red. On the boat were two figures, a golden-haired beauty with gorgeous blue eyes and a black cloaked woman with her figure and face concealed.

San Yongli and Ming Shufeng were currently observing the bubbling waters down below with glowing eyes.

"If all my predictions and calculations are correct, this is the Transformative Water Cache's location!" Ming Shufeng excitedly exclaimed, holding a single handseal that pulsated with fate energies. Her eyes had a tinge of gold as if it reflected the Heavenly Daos themselves, glimpsing into its endless mystery.

They had obtained the Absolute Hot Fire Cache, and it contained an innumerable amount of resources that helped her cultivation surge towards by leaps and bounds. Her cultivation base was at the Spatial Resonance Phase, and she ascended with a Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance! This was all due to supplementing her bodily condition with an absurd amount of Spatial Jade Crystal Dust, maximizing her and her Astral Soul's affinity to spatial energies.

If this cache had similar materials, the benefits this time will be absolutely massive. She might even be able to birth White-colored Primary Light during the Light Reflection Phase!

Ming Shufeng's excitement was tangible. But San Yongli was calm. "It is the cache's location. But we have to move quickly. We can only take what we need, nothing more." Not everything can be easily stored in spatial rings, and a few things had to be sealed prior before doing so lest they suffer damage to the space within the ring, causing its collapse.

Some extremely precious items can't be held in spatial rings at all, so that made things a little more difficult. Of course, there were always exceptions, such as specially tailored spatial rings, but she didn't have these things nor the time to transport them like before.

Ming Shufeng's excitement shattered. "Only what we need? Why?" She asked, deeply concerned about their gains with a time limit. She was the type to be frustrated that Na Xinyi had been stupid, not asking Wei Wuyin for more resources than she did. She had a greedy streak, and she loved wealth.

"We have forty-five minutes, an hour max. Let's hurry," not explaining, she performed several handseals and a ray of light descended from the sky and formed an opening in the violet-colored waters. Without a word, she leapt in.

Ming Shufeng felt the press for some reason, jumping in also.

A little over an hour later, two figures blurred through the sky, not leaving any tangible trail of light in their wake. They moved swiftly but the fixed space didn't fluctuate at all, as if they were moving with extreme stealth that not even space registered.

When the two arrived, one of them was a famous figure as of late: the Holy Son of Transformative Water! The other was a sharp-eyed old man with a grey-beard and skinny frame. His eyes seemed to reflect a light that told the world that they owed him and then some, mean and a tinge of cruelty.

The young man with pastel green hair tied into a ponytail halted above a specific location, holding a Badge of Divinity in his hand. "To think it would be this easy," the young man said, carrying a strange smile. At first sight, one did not know if he was grinning maliciously or benevolently, giving one a strange surreal feeling as if they're misjudging his intentions.

The old man scoffed, "Easy?" He only said this single word as a question, no longer bothering with the young man.

Also unbothered by the old man's attitude, the young man lifted his badge in the air and called forth that familiar ray of divine light, creating an opening in the violet waters. With a laugh, he shot into it.

After a few minutes, the two figures left the opening. The old man was frowning while the young man had a bright, toothy smile filled with glee. He was just about to fly away, leaving this toxic sea in his rearview, but was stopped by the old man's voice.

The old man said with a hint of unjustified annoyance, "It's less than what was in the other cache." As one of those who swept his senses inside the Grand Earth Cache, he knew the contents of it on and out. Besides some specific things relating to the water element, there were a few missing items of various quantities. But that's not really possible, right?

The young man was startled by the old man's words, frowning. "What do you mean?"

"...Nothing." The old man didn't clarify, feeling as if it was a waste of energy. Now, he just wanted to leave, so he no longer said anything.

At this time, a ship appeared sailing from the horizon. The young man's mood became a little gloomy, feeling as if he was cheated somehow. He became irritable, a desire to vent his frustrations burned in

his heart. Just as he was about to leave, return to his Holy Temple that contains numerous women lusting for his 'holy' seed, he noticed a figure on that boat that caught his eye.

Sailing in the Noxious Seas, Long Chen and Lian Yu were talking before they saw a divine light pierced into the earth from afar.

Long Chen was curious, "What's that?!" He hadn't seen such a powerful light in a long while. Could it be a treasure?

Lian Yu frowned, uncertain what to make of it. "Maybe it's nothing," she said with a trace of hesitation. For some reason, she got a bad feeling about that light. A very bad feeling, but she didn't know why.

Long Chen, however, felt that it might lead to somewhere extraordinary. He had come across similar phenomena in his life, and they had been a little dangerous, but also extremely beneficial in the long run. With a heart filled with excitement, adventure, and confidence, he exclaimed to the active crew: "Go towards that light!"

A rather busty and beautiful female captain of the Navy River Elves smiled at Long Chen, her eyes vibrant and being a rare beauty in her own right. "You heard'em!" She shouted in a commanding voice, causing the crew to act faster. They saw the light as well and wished to see what it led to.

Who knows...it could change their lives!

Chapter 484 - 480: True Colors

The excitement of venturing towards the unknown granted the crew a rising energy that sent them spiraling with activity. The Navy River Elves on deck surged in a concerted and organized fashion, driving the ship diligently towards the direction of that gushing, sky-piercing light.

The Captain, a Navy River Elf, named Shui Linghe, had a bright smile on her face as she glanced at her animated crew. But that smile suffused with warmth and delicate feelings as she regarded the human youth that hung at the railings with an eager gaze. She was both beautiful yet hardened, experienced, and often a little violent, so when she smiled, it was a rare sight to see. A sight worth cherishing.

Folding her arms against her chest, her bouncy and proud chest lifted with a mouth-watering appeal. The crew had long since gotten used to her looks and extraordinary body, so only a few subtle glances were taken before they resumed their duties.

Lian Yu's brows were furrowed and sunk a little deeper. That feeling of hers kept mounting in her heart. "Long Chen, I don't think we should inspect that light; I have a bad feeling about this." Her words were hesitant, and even she wasn't certain what prompted her to say these words.

Long Chen was taken out of his imagination, turning to Lian Yu and seeing her reveal a solemn and uncertain expression. He held her hand with a comforting smile, "Exploring the unknown, traveling the world, and facing dangers to obtain fortune are a part of a cultivator's journey. If we wish to seek the peak of the Martial Dao, to one day rise above all else, we must hold courage in our hearts and use fear as our sword."

If he hadn't experienced similar feelings once before, capable of driving through that fear, and reaching his current heights from a low-regarded trash on the Myriad Yore Continent, in some small town, then he might've been unable to comfort Lian Yu. But these words resonated with her heart to grow ever-stronger, so she tightened her grip around his hands and put on a brave front.

"You're right," with a series of deep breaths, she regained her composure and decided to face the unknown alongside her love. Even if they faced dangers, as long as they were together, what should she fear?

"Hahaha, well said!" A voice resounded in an omni-directional manner, startling the crew, the beautiful captain, Long Chen, and Lian Yu. All others beside Long Chen were looking around in confusion, not capable of locating the origin of the voice, but Long Chen lifted his head and stopped on a humanoid figure.

The figure slowly descended upon the ship, floating at the edge of its thin film of protective shielding. It was a single figure, a man whose appearance was extremely familiar with these Navy River Elves.

"Holy Son!" A few gawked.

This was the Holy Son of Transformative Water! While his actual name wasn't known, his identity was as well known as the other Holy Children! In truth, no one really knew the actual names of the Holy Children lest they knew them prior, and since Lin Ming was the only Holy Child who was actively interacting and fighting against the natives, establishing his own hard-fought road to receive the Divine Blessing, he was the only one with a reputation.

The other Holy Children had seemingly descended out of nowhere, with no past, no records, and no evidence of their existences prior. But what could these natives do? They had no right to question these Holy Children nor act against them. They were left in the dark, but forced to accept it.

The figure came into the view of everyone, revealing his green pastel colored hair tied into a sleek ponytail that dangled behind him until it reached his legs. He wore a smile that gave off conflicting and a nearly indiscernible impression. Sometimes he felt malevolent but then he seemed to be benevolent. This disparity caused a few to be forced to look at him in a fixated manner to get a sense of him.

Long Chen frowned. This was a Holy Son? This was THE Holy Son of Transformative Water?

He wasn't ignorant of Wei Wuyin's ascension as a Holy Son two years ago, and was fully aware since. He could only gnash his teeth, feeling as if Wei Wuyin must've bribed his way into becoming the Holy Son in much the same way he had the Myriad Monarch Sect. After all, one of the main requirements was to defeat a cultivator three stages above yours, and that meant Wei Wuyin had faced, no, killed a Realmlord.

The thought that Wei Wuyin, a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, younger than fifty, was capable of overcoming a Realmlord at the Spatial Resonance Phase was absolutely ludicrous to him. Absolutely inconceivable! Whatever sinister manipulation performed to grant Wei Wuyin that title, Long Chen knew it was a reveal of Wei Wuyin's truest nature.

In fact, he was incredibly happy that the Grand Earth Cache was stolen by the Holy Clans, and then the other clans and tribes rushed in and divided their resources, preventing Wei Wuyin from benefiting!

Still, he understood the importance of Holy Children and their authority. They had Realm Lords and even Timelords at their beck and call. Of course, quite a few had left for the Central Region, leaving only those loyal to the Endless Seas Temple, the religious base of the Noxious Seas, or those too obstinate to depart.

The Holy Son of Transformative Water remained smiling, "You're right; As cultivators, we act to seek the path of the Martial Dao no matter the dangers or risk, facing all things with a fearless heart."

Shui Linghe, for some strange reason, had a chilly feeling trailing down her spine as the Holy Son glanced her way. She saw an emotion in his eyes that she'd experienced numerous times, causing her to be conflicted as this came from the holder of a Holy Bloodline! If it was in a normal situation, she might be elated to catch his eye, honored to be by his side, but she subconsciously turned to Long Chen, her heart aflutter with emotions.

The Holy Son continued, "We do so to obtain strength, strength to obtain the things we seek, we want, or we need. Mind if I come in?" He smilingly asked, looking at Shui Linghe.

Long Chen's frown went deeper, also feeling as if there was something wrong. But he didn't fear a Holy Son; he had his trump card. To add, he was a powerful cultivator in his own right. He believed that if the requirements to become a Holy Son wasn't to possess Elemental Origin Intent, he could've tried his hand at it.

The crew was honored. A few chanting prayers, utterly gleeful at the arrival of the prestigious Holy Son of Transformative Water. But they weren't the captain of this ship, looking towards Shui Linghe.

After a long moment, Shui Linghe made her decision. "I must apologize, and I mean no offense, but our crew has an ironclad rule to not allow outsiders to enter our ship during sea travel. I seek your forgiveness." Her words were tactful but shocked the crew heavily. While they did have this rule, was it necessary to follow it?

They didn't even follow it for Long Chen and Lian Yu there, so a few felt extremely conflicted, even dissatisfied. A few smart ones felt something was wrong but was unsure of what, so they remained observers.

Hearing Shui Linghe's words, even Long Chen was stunned. But he felt a strange feeling of ill-emotions, being extremely sensitive to these changes. He turned to the Holy Son, realizing this originated from him, but that expression of his betrayed nothing.

"Good rule. Then I'll be direct: I find your beauty exceptional, praise-worthy and instilling me with breathtaking awe. Your demeanor, outward strength, and talent is truly impressive. I wish for you to accompany me back to the temple." Seemingly unperturbed at the denial of entry, the Holy Son directly said with a smile.

"..." The crew now realized what the Holy Son's intentions were! Their captain! But they felt extremely conflicted, because obtaining the Holy Bloodline was an everlasting honor to everyone, and no elf had ever been given such an opportunity before, prior to Wei Wuyin of course. Wasn't this an overwhelming boon?!

Long Chen's heart throbbed. Shui Linghe had feelings for him, and he knew this. Furthermore, she was a ravishing beauty with a unique and hardened disposition. How could he not like her as well? He didn't have the opportunity yet due to Lian Yu's presence, feeling it was improper to pursue someone else while she traveled alongside him.

Shui Linghe was shocked by his directness, but her will was firm. She clasped her hands, bowed deeply, and said: "I ask for your forgiveness, but I have someone else in my heart." When she said this, her eyes shifted to Long Chen for a brief moment before returning to the Holy Son.

This caused the Holy Son, who was originally all smiles, to simply float there without any response for a long moment. Slowly, with an absolutely noticeable shift to his every expression, that ambivalent smile of his lowered. It lowered until his lips evened out, transforming into an indifferent line. Those eyes of his became icy-cold, narrowed...almost sinister. He spoke.

"A little sharp-eared, fish-scaled whore refuses me? If it wasn't for your somewhat tolerable body and untainted primal yin, do you think I would even spare you a few words, a glance? I wouldn't even spare you a wad of my spit, simply too good for a sniveling sow of your disgusting race; self-important and outrageously foolish."

"..."

"..."

"..."

Everyone on the ship, crew, captain, and passenger went absolutely silent, pure shock and extreme surprise painted on their faces as if it was permanent.

What?!

WHAT?!

Chapter 485 - 481: Using One's Trump Card

The Holy Son was entirely unbothered by their reactions, the side of his lip lifted in utmost disgust as he sneered. "I'll have you today, tomorrow, and the next until I'm thoroughly satisfied with your lowly body. Then, I'll let you service at least ten thousand of the weakest, pathetic men until you're satisfied, if a whore like you can be."

Those words revealed the Holy Son's truest colors, completely revealed without his smiling mask and genial words.

Lian Yu was taken aback, like the rest, not expecting such vulgarities to be spat out by the Holy Son. He had been relatable and gentle, but had become filled with a person of outstanding ugliness within his heart in but a moment. Even she could barely react properly to such a drastic shift.

Shui Linghe was not a weak individual; she fought her way through many battles and established a tight-knit and tough crew! Her competence and strength was not low, and neither was her temper weak and submissive! Her eyes grew unfathomably cold, like glacial blizzard, after hearing those insulting and demeaning words. He had even insulted her race!

"With respect for your status, I ask you to leave!" She nearly exploded with hellish fury, her eyes on the verge of erupting with ceaseless rage, but she held herself back after recalling the Holy Son's identity. If she blew up, who knew if he'd send Realm Lords or even Time Lords after them. She might be strong and had a fiery temper, but she wasn't going to forgo all her crew members' lives for a satisfying verbal comeback.

The Holy Son's deriding sneer remained. "Truly the lowest piece of living garbage. It is your blessing to get on your knees and serve me. Truly an ignorant sow with just some passable looks, but I guess you sharp-eared creatures aren't well-known for your intelligence. No matter, I'll be sure to pound some sense deep inside you."

Long Chen's anger flared violently. He had never met someone so disgusting before! His rage mounted until it could no longer be suppressed. Holy Son? They were all garbage, just like Wei Wuyin! It made sense. What was so holy about them? They were just cultivators with a little bit more talent and fortune in a specific field of cultivation, no more!

"She said: SCRAM!" Long Chen's eyes suffused with Slaughter and Sword Intent. He was a cultivator who merged his Imperial Sword Astral Soul and Imperial Slaughter Astral Soul into the Imperial War Astral Soul, a unique cultivation base that even Wu Yu praised endlessly! So when his Sword and Slaughter Intent was manifested, a powerfully devastating aura gushed out of him.

He had reached the Spatial Resonance Phase! Furthermore, around his raging aura were nine ripples that echoed out into fixed space, causing his immediate surroundings to tremble! A Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance!

But the Sword and Slaughter Intent wasn't his only Intent! Within the Imperial War Soul, Battle Intent undulated! As if acting as the cohesive, it tied Sword and Slaughter energies together into a perfectly synced mixture, producing a unique astral force.

"Three Ethereal Intentents? A fragment seed of the Law of War?" Invisibly in the sky, the old man accompanying the Holy Son of Transformative Water was somewhat startled by Long Chen's raging aura. This was an outstanding display of talent, a feat unseen by even the most outstanding geniuses of their starfield. This Long Chen piqued his curiosity, but unfortunately...

The Holy Son observed Long Chen's bravado and forceful appearance, chuckling in disdain. "Scram? Absolute fool." He spat with a scoff. Did this little boy think that his Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance or Intentents would scare him? Especially with his paltry cultivation base. Truly a fool.

"Ready for battle!" Shui Linghe realized that this Holy Son wasn't going to leave, so she gave a pre-emptive command. The crew was shaken by her command, their reaction a little delayed because of who they were supposed to act against. There was a sense of dread in their chests, a lump of uncertainty and fear.

"He's not going to back down! If he acts as he wills, there will be no witnesses left behind! This is our life or death, do not allow fear to overwhelm your courageous hearts! WE FIGHT! WE SURVIVE!" She used a vast amount of spiritual force to send this message directly to every member of her crew in the swiftest manner possible. They had no time for a pondering delay!

The crew spruced up, their eyes glancing at the Holy Son's sneer, and they felt their captain was right. These sixty-three men and women acted with a synchronized effort, getting into position to defend or fight with their lives on the line! Those at the vanguard withdrew their astral weapons. They consisted of swords, sabers, harpoons, and tridents!

"FIGHT!" They roared, showing off an indomitably unified stance formed from countless battles, numerous victories, and harsh realities. Those who manned the formations poured their astral force within, readying both offensive and defensive spiritual formations!

From the sides and front of the ship, cannons protruded out and all pointed at the Holy Son unhesitatingly and with unerring coordination!

"Haha," the Holy Son found this extremely amusing. He slowly descended, approaching the reinforced shielding of the ship and holding no regard for it.

Lian Yu bit her lips, her heart racing. If it wasn't for Long Chen's rising aura and enraged expression, she might have thought about an escape route. But with Long Chen here, be it a Holy Son or a Divinity before her, she felt assured and safe. She readied her astral force. As a water cultivator skilled in healing arts, she'll help in whatever way she could!

Furthermore, this so-called Holy Son was truly a little too disgusting!

Long Chen glanced back at her, seeing her determined gaze as she responded with a nod. He felt a warmth suffuse his heart. He turned around and faced the Holy Son. *'From his youthful aura, he's not even a century yet, so he should be in the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm at most! I've never feared cultivators at the same level!'* He renewed his confidence, judging him by an elevated standard as a supremely talented individual of this World Realm, in comparison to the standard of geniuses he'd seen before.

Unfortunately, he was judging an outsider from beyond on the rubric of an isolated world.

"FIRE!" Shui Linghe ordered with a fierce expression, her shout was outrageously explosive. Almost immediately, sounds of gathered energy resounded as the cannons lit with runic markings! They took merely a breath before they spat out spherical energy balls!

These balls were extremely fast!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!

They crashed into the Holy Son's figure, engulfing him in explosive energies and powerful forces that devastated the nearby area. The water depressed from the above force, forming a hundred meter depth! And the sky trembled, those clouds sundered into nothing!

"Hit!" A crew member shouted excitedly! Their cannons were renowned for their swift charge speed and swiftness, taking many ships and cultivators by surprise. They had even obliterated a Light Reflection Phase expert once! And that was despite their Primary Light Energies to amplify their usage speed of various astral forces.

The gushing energies left a colorful mist that slowly dissipated with time.

"...No!" A crew member exclaimed in horror!

The Holy Son was standing at his previous location, not having moved a single inch while carrying a ridiculing smile on his face, his eyes condescending to the extreme. "Isolated trash sealed in a tiny cage. You know not your purpose nor the vastness of the world, yet you sought to harm me?" He shook his head, revealing a bit of information he shouldn't.

A spiritual message warned him, causing him to scoff in an unpleasant manner. He spat, "Outrageous." With that, he decided to not play with his food as he originally intended. Earlier, he hadn't even needed to move as the various gravitational forces twisted around him, keeping the explosive force and energies at bay.

He allowed his astral force to circulate vigorously within him, revealing his cultivation base and terrifying aura. The world changed colors, distorted by the various powers he wielded.

Shui Linghe's heart nearly beat out of her chest, despair filled her eyes! "Gravity Emission Phase!" She exclaimed with utter disbelief and pure, unadulterated fear! To think that the Holy Son of Transformative Water whose age hadn't surpassed a century had reached the Gravity Emission Phase!!

Even Long Chen's expression was suffused with indescribable levels of shock, right down to his lips and the light in the depths of his eyes. How was this possible?! How talented must one be to reach this level of cultivation in such a short time?! Even though he felt that he, aged forty, would be able to reach that level of cultivation before a century, he had only done so after receiving the legacy of a Mystic Ascendant, a being that exceeded the Mortal Limits!

But what about this Holy Son? There were no Mystic Ascendants in this sealed world!! HOW DID HIS CULTIVATION REACH SUCH LEVELS?! Long Chen's heart raced, his thoughts moved at a thousand miles a minute as he realized that the situation was far, far more grim than he realized.

He was a cultivator at the Spatial Resonance Phase, but the advantages of the Light Reflection Phase and Gravity Emission Phase eliminated many of his advantages in combat. The swift burst and movement of astral force and suppression of gravitational forces that impacted both the body and spirit wasn't something he could easily dismiss, making close combat, his forte, extremely disadvantageous.

If it wasn't for this, he wouldn't have patiently waited to escape after being captured due to the presence of that Light Reflection Phase expert!

"Do you realize how pathetic you are now?" The Holy Son mocked. He hadn't even made a move yet but those crew had lost their fighting spirit. If it was an ordinary Gravity Emission Phase expert, they might have some confidence, but he was a Holy Son! They were all outstandingly talented, far stronger than their cultivation phases revealed.

Long Chen's expression slowly became determined as he decided something. He looked at Lian Yu's pale expression, "Don't worry." His words caused her ashen face to regain some color, clearly comforted by his two words. She nodded, choosing to believe in him.

Long Chen turned back to the Holy Son, "lower the barrier!" He shouted, causing Shui Linghe to start. But when she saw his confident smile and calm eyes, her mind eased.

"Lower shields!" She shouted in command, causing the other crew members to think they were seeking a surrender. This actually comforted a few of them. They acted as she ordered; the shields went down a second later.

The Holy Son was somewhat taken aback. He hadn't even made a move yet, but they were surrendering? "I guess you do have some intelligence. Perhaps keeping you as a pet would be better than leaving you for others." His words were arrogantly spoken, filled with a casual demeanor as if his words were law.

But Long Chen meekly smiled, "We surrender. You're too strong." As he said this, he floated upwards and outside the range of the shield. But the Holy Son scoffed, his aura lowering as a result. He looked towards Shui Linghe, then found Lian Yu. When he saw Lian Yu, his body shivered slightly.

"An Aquatic Dragonborn Physique?" These words weren't just said by the Holy Son, but the old man who was hidden. Neither of them felt it necessary to penetrate the shielding with their senses, feeling it beneath them to do so. So when her aura was fully revealed, they were both startled.

At this moment of distraction, Long Chen withdrew a black spiritual orb that flickered with violet lightning on its surface with the size of a baseball. Without hesitation, he threw it at the Holy Son with his strongest might!

Chapter 486 - 482: Despair

Long Chen's actions were incredibly swift and extremely decisive. He didn't hesitate to use his greatest trump card left to take down this Holy Son, hopefully killing him!

Before Wu Yu departed, they had ventured into a tomb of a former expert that once served Wu Yu. He was an extremely powerful Lightning Cultivator who honed his skill in crafting talismans. These talismans had once been used to decimate the other forces of the starfield, forcing them into submission alongside the Myriad Monarch Sect's domineering strength.

They were called Void Lightning Eruption Talismans. The innate power of these talismans were terrifying, rivaling top-tier, ninth-grade pellets of the Alchemic Dao. But unlike pellets which were constructed of raw energies, controlled loosely by spiritual strength, talismans were refined formations that could unleash specific arts and spells.

They held form and usages beyond just orbs of destruction or suppression. Pellets can be likened to grenades, but talismans were far, far greater than that.

The Void Lightning Eruption Talismans contained the Zenith Lightning Art: Void Lightning Eruption within them. It was a self-contained explosion that condensed all its power into a single location and forced that power to revolve within that set area until depleted. If someone gets caught in its area of effect, they would be grinded down by the violent heat and explosive strength of violet lightning until they turned into nothing!

Even Timelords were unable to resist such terrifying power! While Starlords might be severely injured or even directly killed if they were careless or weakened!

The Holy Son of Transformative Water was taken aback by the sudden appearance of the talisman. He subconsciously defended himself by twisting the gravitational forces around him, hoping to redirect the

talisman's trajectory. And while this might work on pellets, this wasn't possible for such an advanced talisman!

The innate formations repelled the gravitational influences, rendering it useless, and even moving faster than before! His eyes widened with shock and horror! He wasn't an ignorant welp, realizing the origins and purpose of this talisman! But it was too late!

The sphere was already at his chest, already about to explode! A torrent of emotions roared out of his mouth, causing an embarrassing scream to resound throughout the air! Was this how he was going to die?! Was this how a Holy Son will meet his end?!

"No!"

Long Chen saw this and his eyes filled with glee, feeling that it wasn't a waste to use this treasure to eliminate this disgusting, detestable fellow! It was just unfortunate that he couldn't save it for Wei Wuyin!

But what Long Chen saw next shocked him to his core.

"Haha, gotcha."

The Holy Son that was extremely fearful one moment abruptly changed the next, a playful grin on his face. The orb was still at his chest! But as if held by an invisible hand, it was held steadily while slowly rotating. There was no explosion, no raging lightning, or no dying Holy Son!

"You really don't know about this world's rules, do you? Must be a trial participant. But one without Elemental Origin Intent? How stupid." The Holy Son ridiculed Long Chen with the most pitiful gaze he could muster. The lightning talisman shot off like a comet, being sent into the skies and vanishing in a blink of an eye.

"...!" Everyone was sent into shock. A few didn't know what had happened, but they felt hope and happiness when the Holy Son screamed out like a little girl. They thought his life would end and they would have overcome this tribulation!

Alas!

Was it all an act?

Confused, Long Chen retreated as he stared at the sky that whisked away his talisman. His facial expression was extremely ugly at the moment, twisted with dark emotions. How did this happen?!

The Holy Son wasn't in a rush, slowly descending, having entered the internal shielding area, ensuring there was no defensive layer between him and these crew members. When he landed on the deck, he explained: "This isolated world isn't very durable. In fact, it's extremely fragile, so cultivators, pellets, or talismans that can touch upon the level of a Starlord are heavily forbidden. The Season of Regression prevents pellets from activating in areas that aren't Safe Zones, like the Central Region. As for those inside the Central Region, they are taken somewhere. And Starlords are trapped in cages, their auras restrained and confined in a specific area.

"Anyways, talismans of that level are taken the moment they come out by the overseer of this world in non-Safe Zones, because unlike pellets, they can't be restricted. To think you entered here without

knowing that, how useless. It wouldn't be a trial or a training ground if you could rely on external forces to dominate the world, no?" He chuckled with words that seemingly answered itself.

Long Chen's expression contorted! His greatest trump card was useless all along?! His heart sank into the greatest depths of despair, cursing the overseer of this trial. But he didn't give up yet, retrieving his sword and readying himself.

He would still fight!

Unbothered by Long Chen's fighting spirit, the Holy Son continued, "I want you all to know the one who'll send you on your way, think of it as a favor for allowing me to have that laugh. My name's He Yanglei, remember it on your journey to your next life."

"...!" All the crew members felt an impending sensation of deadly crisis as they heard this. The vanguards rushed the Holy Son with violent expressions, their auras surging chaotically and ferociously. They launched numerous astral arts, unleashed spells, and attacked from multiple angles.

"Wait!" Shui Linghe cried out. She regretted dropping the shield, allowing the wolf in. But her words went unheard as those men used their Sky Ruler cultivation bases to their utmost limits! While they were a full four levels behind He Yanglei, they didn't hesitate to harm their foundation to unleash overwhelmingly explosive attacks!

He Yanglei sneered. With a finger, he pointed at one of the vanguards to his right. That burly man froze in mid-air, his expression twisted and contorted in pain.

"NO!" He shouted in his last moments.

POOSH!

That valiant, fearless cultivator violently exploded into bloody mist! There wasn't even bone fragments or skin left, just blood! He was completely eviscerated as his remains sprayed the others behind him. Their faces painted with the blood of their allies, some even tasted it with their mouths opened mid-howl!

He Yanglei twirled his finger casually.

POOSH! POOSH! POOSH!

As the finger moved, an invisible force crushed these vigorous warriors out of existence, turning them into a bloody mist without any substance! The fear soon sunk into the other crew, they screamed in horror!

"EHHHHH!" A female crew member shrieked as her lover was turned into nothing but blood in the blink of an eye. She screamed in terror, but her voice was cut short as her body burst into bloody mist, painting the deck in her blood alongside her lover's.

"Noisy," He Yanglei indifferently said. He held nothing back as he moved his finger. Those hiding in wait to launch long distance attacks, even closer to He Yanglei than that woman was, grew terrified. They shot backwards, but their bodies barely got a few feet before they poofed into bloody mist.

"Stop!" Shui Linghe screamed in horror watching the lives of her crew of several decades be snuffed out so carelessly with extreme ease. It was horrifying! Terrifying! Heart-rending! "Stop! Please stop!"

Yet He Yanglei utterly ignored her pleas.

Long Chen gripped his sword, contemplating if he should run after witnessing this scene. He kept his Imperial Heaven Aura shrouding Lian Yu, intent on protecting her. But he was utterly awed by the devastating power wielded by those at the Gravity Emission Phase!

POOSH! POOSH! POOSH!

"Holy Son, please spare me! I'll be your servant! I'll do anything you ask!" A pretty young elf kneeled, fearful of an abrupt death. Her face was flowing with an outpour of tears.

He Yanglei curiously glanced at this woman, pausing his killing for a brief moment. When she saw him look her way, she tried to put on her best smile, but he merely turned his finger her way. Before her expression could flash with horror, she exploded into a gushing spray of bloody mist!

"Pathetic trash. You're not worthy to be my servant," he continued his slaying with a casual smile. The sixty-three crew swiftly dwindled to twenty-two. A few were too terrified, jumping overboard in a last-ditch effort, but they got no more than a few meters before their lives ended without a complete corpse. There was no fighting spirit before absolute strength.

"You bastard!" Seeing her crew die horrendous deaths, Shui Linghe took arms, blurring towards He Yanglei with her harpoon laced with runic markings. She struck with her all, fully understanding that she would die. If she could delay him for a few seconds, allow her crew members a wisp of hope to escape, she would take it!

He Yanglei turned to her, observing her cultivation. "Soul Idol Phase? Only the Sixth-Ring? Truly nothing but a useless sharp-eared creature with a somewhat decent body. To think I called you talented." His words were extremely demeaning, but there was no one who could obtain justice! He moved his hand to form a palm, slapping towards Shui Linghe.

A burst of spiritual force smashed into her chest, taking her breath away as her Astral Soul was rattled. She was sent flying, crashing into a wall of the boat. The sturdy wall kept her from crashing through, but she spurted out a mouthful of blood.

"Just wait until I'm done. I'll give you what you want," He Yanglei faintly smiled in a seemingly doting fashion, but it was extremely mockful.

"...Y-you!" She coughed out another mouthful of blood, trying to surge her astral force and launch a suicidal attack, yet she discovered her Astral Soul was thoroughly sealed! She clutched at her dantian, pain wreathing her body as more cries of horror and terror resounded. The sound of her crew dying in poofs of bloody mist, some even reaching her, caused tears to fall without end.

She was so useless!

She regretted coming here!

Long Chen was just standing there, but he wasn't idling about as tragedies struck others. In fact, he's been accumulating his astral force since he decided to fight it out! His opponent had two levels of

cultivation beyond him, and his foundation was clearly not a single ounce less than him. Just from his aura, Long Chen could determine that He Yanglei was a Zenith Mortal State, Nine-Ring Soul Idol, Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance, with White-colored Primary Light! He had the best foundation at his cultivation level!

He needed to decide this in a decisive strike!

'Now!' Long Chen roared in his heart, bringing out his three Intents of Battle, Slaughter, and Sword Intent to form a trace of the Dao of War! With his Intent maximized, unwittingly tapping into a profound law, he poured his astral force into his sword infused with this profound law!

"DIE!" He swung his sword out, unleashing a terrifying wave of world-rending, life-ending, and powerful sword light! It shot into the sky, piercing into the isolated world and briefly formed an opening as an unfathomable power strengthened it further!

If Wei Wuyin had seen this sword strike, he would have been incredibly awed! This was far stronger than his attack unleashed with Saber Heart Intent, converting the ambient energies and essences of this world into saber! It touched upon a power beyond Intent, but just barely.

He Yanglei never considered Long Chen a threat. But when the sword light pierced into the sky, he halted his massacre and observed the light. His eyes started to widen, and true shock, not the acted shock from earlier, revealed itself!

"Laws?!" A quaking and fearful voice left his mouth as he sounded, and before he could react, the sword light engulfed him and half the boat in its radiance! The Noxious Seas was split! For a ten thousand miles, a long streak of roughly a meter wide etched into the seas!

Long Chen started to profusely sweat, his breathing rough and heavy. Even his breath could be seen, his exhaustion in his eyes was unhidden! That was the strongest attack he'd ever unleashed in his entire life.

But when the radiance subsided, he didn't see a severed He Yanglei! Or a torn corpse. Instead, he saw nothing but a long line that extended far beyond the horizon!

"Are you an idiot? Did you think I would just stand still?" A mocking voice resounded behind him.

Chapter 487 - 483: All My Heart

Those words caused Long Chen's pupils to constrict to their absolute narrowest limits, his breathing staggered for a moment, and he swiftly turned his head with a snap of his body, wielding his sword defensively. Yet his heart violently shook at what he saw!

He Yanglei was unharmed!

To frighteningly add, he was directly beside Lian Yu with a faint smile on his face. There was no more than a few inches of space between them! Her body was tense as if squeezed by some unknown power, and her clothing tightly clung against her, revealing every exquisite curve of her body to the world. But this normally mouthwatering sight could not be enjoyed as her eyes were widened, reddened and popping.

"LET HER GO!" Long Chen's anger exploded, he crazily roared as he infused his sword with astral force, vertically slicing at He Yanglei's head. If it connected, the bloody scene of He Yanglei's split body might occur, a much wanted sight. But alas, He Yanglei merely revealed a sneer as he moved his arm a little, causing Lian Yu to blur in the trajectory of the incoming sword.

"No!" Long Chen's scalp became numb as he imagined splitting Lian Yu in half with his own blade, hectically urging his Astral Soul to retract his unleashed power, causing an unexpected feedback and backlash that sent him flying backwards. He crashed heavily into the metal railing of the boat, bending its frame, and his bones producing bone-numbing cracking noises on impact.

Spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood, Long Chen hurriedly checked to see Lian Yu's status, fear engulfing his turbulent heart. Only when he saw her unharmed, his astral force having been fully retracted in time, did he relax with a soft breath of relief. Still, she was under He Yanglei's complete control.

The current situation was far from good, his mind circulating a thousand miles a minute in hopes of finding an out, a solution, a ray of hope to escape this predicament.

"Amusing," He Yanglei chuckled with a sinister glance at Lian Yu's exceptional curves, marveling at those bouncing mounds of flesh that seemed almost criminal. With her beautiful countenance and those breathtaking sapphire-like eyes, he found himself invigorated and refreshed with every look. "What an extraordinary woman," he commented with a gentle caress of her cheek.

Lian Yu was merely at the Sky Ruler Phase, even weaker than Shui Linghe, so she was only able to twist her chin away from his hand. Her efforts were futile as he still swept her cheek with his fingertips, sending chills down her spine. She felt his lust and desire through his touch.

"Don't you dare touch her!" Long Chen gnashed his teeth, his eyes murderous and infused with endless desire to slaughter. The trail of blood leaking from the edges of his mouth gave him a ghastly appearance, seemingly bedeviled and crazed. But his words accomplished as much as Lian Yu's resistance.

He Yanglei laughed, "You're really something, you know? Do you even know how you're still alive? Why?" As he said this, he waved his hand, and the stupefied crew members who were gawking at Long Chen's assault exploded all at once. Their deaths were abrupt, sending bloody mist wildly through the air. They might not even know they had died till they reached Hell.

The entire boat was a scene directly out of the most terrifying horror story, with blood flowing through every crevice, lingering in the air, overwhelming the senses. The only ones alive on this once lively boat were Shui Linghe, Lian Yu, Long Chen, and He Yanglei.

Long Chen tightly clenched his grip around his sword until his knuckles creaked. Long Chen wasn't foolish; he was completely outmatched by his opponent. If he was alone, he would run without hesitation. He was not above a strategic retreat in the face of insurmountable odds. Unfortunately, he had cards left to play and felt confident of a favorable outcome before, leading to this result.

But reality did not match his beliefs. His talisman was nullified by the overseer of this world without a single word, and his strongest attack was dodged!

Normally, cultivators at the Spatial Resonance Phase could leave a Spatial Mark on a target, allowing an attack to follow the mark, and Spatial Prison to lock down targets. But this wasn't very effective on cultivators of the same ripples of Spatial Resonance, and even less effective on cultivators of a higher level.

He Yanglei had reached the Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance and possessed a cultivation base at the Gravity Emission Phase, so Long Chen couldn't use his normally oppressive tactics. He could only hope to launch a sudden strike of accumulated power and use its aura to bear heavily on He Yanglei to restrict his movements. But the Gravity Emission Phase should not be underestimated. After all, the unique gravitational forces could distort such restrictive auras.

He Yanglei had easily dodged such a devastating attack that could've killed Realmlords because of his cultivation base! And now, he held Lian Yu hostage! Uncertain of what to do now, Long Chen could only wing it. He had to find a way to save Lian Yu and kill this insidious bastard at the earliest and proper time.

Just like before, he was willing to wait as a prisoner until he found the appropriate timing to escape with little losses.

"You're thinking about how to kill me? How to save your little girl? How cute. Unfortunately, those who wish to kill me have been too numerous to count, far stronger than you, and yet here I am—alive and well!" He Yanglei shook his head with a deriding sneer, using his outstretched index finger and pressing it against Lian Yu's temple.

"Stop!" Fearing Lian Yu's death at the hands of He Yanglei, Long Chen pleaded with a desperate cry!

Lian Yu felt He Yanglei's cold finger touch her temple and her body seized up in fear, her pupils erratically bounced about as she tried to speak. Unfortunately, her throat was restrained and all she could utter were indistinguishable grunts. What she wanted to say was anyone's guess.

Her desperate struggles prompted Long Chen to bitterly ask, "What do you want?!"

"That's better," He Yanglei's smile became gentle. With a wave of his hand, he released a set of arm and leg shackles. They seemed to be ancient, rusted and corroded. There was not a single trace of runic markings or special characters on these shackles, seemingly as normal as mortal shackles.

"Use them to bind yourself," He Yanglei demanded.

Long Chen didn't understand He Yanglei's wants. He didn't seem particularly fearful of him, yet he didn't move to defeat him and bind his cultivation base like Shui Linghe? Was he cautious of other trump cards, playing it safe? Or was there another reason...

Looking at those rusted shackles, Long Chen had a terrible feeling swell within his heart. "How do I know you'll let her go if I do this?" He asked with narrowed eyes.

'Don't! Run! RUN!' Lian Yu screamed in her mind, hoping Long Chen could understand her mumbles. She wanted Long Chen to leave her behind! *'Just leave! PLEASE!'* She was captured, her life was likely over, but Long Chen could certainly have a chance to escape if he left. Clearly, He Yanglei was quite cautious of Long Chen.

He Yanglei grinned, "You don't."

Long Chen's expression grew dark.

"Oh? Did you think I would swear an oath? Give you assurances? You're not worthy," with a soft chuckle, he pressed his finger into Lian Yu's temple, drawing blood! The glaring crimson blood trickled at the side of her head, causing her movements to cease as her eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head.

"No! Stop! I'll do it!" He had never begged someone so many times before. But the sight of Lian Yu's death wasn't something he could bear. He took a deep breath, grabbing the shackles and placing them on his limbs. Suddenly, they closed and locked, shrinking to fit his wrists and ankles perfectly.

"What is this?" Long Chen couldn't help but ask. The stress he felt dwindled. Since He Yanglei revealed that he had no intention to kill him, he had to find a chance through this event. How many times had he been met with seemingly inescapable situations, seemingly impossible odds? Too many to count. And with cunning and guts, and a little bit of luck, he'd overcome every one to stand here today!

When he was trapped with Wu Baozhai in that tomb, did they not escape together against all odds? His journey to cultivate the Imperial Heaven Qi Method had started on that day!

When he faced Wu Jiao, a Sky Ruler Phase expert at the Qi Condensation Realm, he had survived that as well!

When he was lost in that underground cavern for days, unable to escape with no food or water, he dug with all his might until he discovered an unassuming black ring stuck in the dirt! His entire life changed that day, allowing him to rise from a lowly regarded trash to a supreme genius!

The world was filled with all sorts of possibilities. Even Hong Ru was revived, given a second life after death!

What's important is to never give up in the face of any adversity!

Never!

NEVER!

He'll find a way to save himself and Lian Yu, kill He Yanglei, and benefit from this calamity! He had faith, in himself, in Lian Yu, and in his own abilities. He stared into Lian Yu's eyes, displaying his calm and confident gaze, giving her a reassuring smile.

'Don't worry, we'll be fine! Trust me!' His thoughts connected with Lian Yu, who knew that reassuring look as if it was the back of her hand. A seed filled with conviction was born in her heart, and her thoughts calmed down.

'That's right. You'll never abandon me, and I'll always trust you with all my heart. We'll survive together. I know we will.' She settled down after seeing Long Chen's smile, revealing a beautiful smile of her own filled with her truest feelings. Even in their most desperate situation, as long as they had each other, what couldn't they overcome?

He Yanglei inspected the shackles, awed by Long Chen's actions of actually placing them on. If he was in that situation, he'd never sacrifice himself for anyone.

"Wow. I know I called you an idiot before, but fuck, you're really one stupid little kid." As he said those words, he twisted Lian Yu around to face him, witnessing her calm gaze as she floated under her power. The light of fearlessness lit within her gorgeously sapphire-like eyes, as if she was entirely unworried about her current predicament.

'Just you wait. You'll get yours.' Her thoughts and expressions were clear and serene. Even if He Yanglei sought to use her body, she believed that Long Chen would never allow such a thing. She trusted him to save her.

Always.

"You're both something else," unable to hold back from saying this, his expression the picture of being in disbelief, he moved his bloody hand away from her temple. Then, He Yanglei's hand slowly became a claw.

PSH!

He thrust that arm into Lian Yu's chest, piercing completely through to the other side, her still beating heart within his bloody grasp.

Ba-dum! Ba-dum! Ba-dum!

Chapter 488 - 484: His Name

Ba-dum! Ba-dum! Ba-dum!

"...Wh...at?" A soft, disbelieving voice slowly breathed out this single word.

PSH!

He Yanglei wrenched his hand out of Lian Yu's chest in one smooth, extremely practiced motion, revealing a gaping hole of rent flesh, broken bones, and dripping blood. He held the beating heart in front of him, eyeing it with a smile.

"It is really the Aquatic Dragonborn Heart," his voice was filled with amazement as he noticed the sapphire-colored veins twisting within the pale-pink heart that was drenched in crimson blood.

Lian Yu's eyes weren't wide, or popping, or trembling, or quaking, but steady and fixed on an extremely strange object held by a bloody hand before her. It pumped strangely in that hand as if struggling to live, like an animal begging for mercy.

The sounds of thumping, the rhythm of its beats, and the aura of its physical energies were things she was extremely, distinctively, unfathomably familiar with! She had lived with this sound, this rhythm, this aura for her entire life!

"M...y..." She felt her body grow slack, her muscles lose their feelings of strength, and her eyelids became extremely heavy. It wasn't just her heart that had been taken out of her body, but the thrust had crushed every last one of her inner organs. Her right lung was in bits of pieces. Her spine was severed.

That hand mercilessly eviscerated everything in the vicinity and then some.

Her body was dying...

She was dying...

"Li-Lian Yu. Lian Yu?" Long Chen stuttered out her name, his mind blank. The image of her gaping hole punctured through her body was ingrained into his mind, heart, and soul in the most permanent manner. He reached out, as if trying to grasp something. Anything.

"No...no, no, no. Lian Yu, no. No. NO! NO!!! LIAN YU!!!" Long Chen's mind slowly came to, finally realizing the reality of the situation. His mind flashed back to Hong Ru's death at the hands of that wolf, eaten in half. He recalled the emotions he felt that day, the utter helplessness, the extreme rage, and more. All those negative emotions!

Lian Yu heard this voice, slowly lifting her head to see Long Chen stepping forward with his hands out, his face contorted by negative emotions, and tears forming at the edge of his eyes.

'So that was my heart, huh?' Was Lian Yu's first fully formulated thought after the fact. It was abnormally strong, vibrant and clear. *'Am I dying? Is this it?'* Surprisingly, there was a lack of fear in her mind, just a bunch of regret.

She regretted not being stronger.

She regretted not trying harder.

She regretted dying so soon.

She regretted not having children.

She regretted not seeing more wonderful sights.

At that thought, she inexplicably recalled Qing Qiumu's stories of Wei Wuyin, that figure she hated on behalf of Long Chen. How he had taken her traveling on Junia, an extremely beautiful planet. They had plans to go there together before...before everything went sideways.

She regretted not going.

'I miss my family.' Images of her childhood emerged in her mind. Her mother, father, cousins, and friends. Those rivals of hers in the Aqua Echo Sect. At one point, she had it all. Beauty, talent, strength, and more. She was well-regarded, extremely renowned, and worshipped by countless men and envied by endless women on the Myriad Yore Continent. She had no material wants left unfulfilled, just a yearning for excitement and adventure.

Then she met Long Chen. Like a falling meteorite smashing into her hardened surface, he caused endless changes in her life. These changes were mostly good. And he treated her well. He brought adventure. He brought excitement.

She had traveled worlds, expanded her entire life's horizon to encompass more than just a small piece of land in the vastness of this cultivation world. She reached levels that she'd never known existed. The Astral Core Realm!

She was happy.

She was happy with him.

Despite her thoughts seemingly being complicated, filled with memories and nostalgia, it had all happened in the shortest period of time imaginable. Her heartless body had left He Yanglei's grasp, falling towards the ground. When her knees touched the wooden surface, her weak body flopped over, and her head bounced off the deck.

The thudding sound was extremely hollow.

"NO!" With only this word in mind, Long Chen lunged forward at Lian Yu's body, but he found that his astral force was absolutely silent, non-responsive. Unable to consider this development, he ran over with those shackles tied to his arms and legs. He tripped a few feet in, crawling hastily upwards with all his might, and inching forward while kneeling, shuffling with his knees.

It took a while, but he soon reached Lian Yu's body. There was a pool of blood beneath her, and those normally lively and radiant sapphire-like eyes had become blank. He reached out to touch her beautiful face, but his hands hesitated.

"...What did you do?" Long Chen asked, his voice tingled one's spine. He lifted his eyes towards He Yanglei, observing his every feature. Asking again, "WHAT DID YOU DO?!"

He Yanglei was focused on this Aquatic Dragonborn Heart, not expecting to find such a difficult and rarely produced treasure in the body of a lowly cultivator. It continued to thump under his power, remaining completely alive. His sky-blue eyes shifted to Long Chen.

"I killed her; isn't that obvious?" With a content smile, he treated Lian Yu's life as inconsequential. "But it doesn't matter. I'll send you along with her in a little bit. To think you're so ignorant to place the Endless Oath Shackles on yourself, and not expect this." He didn't bother explaining what the shackles were to Long Chen.

They were unique treasures of ancient times that restrained cultivators completely, turning them mortal. Furthermore, they established a strange oath that is written, only taken into effect if one willingly puts the shackles on themselves. They even enforced this oath.

It was an oath of complete and total servitude to the one who handed you the shackles. At the moment, if he told Long Chen to...

"Slap her for me," He Yanglei smilingly ordered.

Long Chen's eyes widened. He was about to speak, his mind nearly collapsed in ungodly madness. If it wasn't for his belief in reviving her one day, especially after seeing Hong Ru's death, he might've lost himself completely. But he forced himself to retain a sliver of calm.

PA!

His eyes grew blank and his hand moved, giving Lian Yu's face a vertical slap. But he held no strength, so there was no damage. The act, however, sent him reeling. Why? What? How? Why did he slap her?!

He Yanglei nodded at this sight, beaming. "To think you have a Seed of Law in you. I can't wait to extract it."

Lian Yu spat out a puff of air. Her eyes momentarily brightened with life. The slap had awakened her last bit of life force. She saw Long Chen on his knees, slowly shifting those eyes to see Long Chen's horrified face that had tears.

'You're crying for me? My life wasn't worthless then.' Her thoughts were simple, slowly forming a smile so beautiful, so soul-shaking, that any man or woman might fall in love with her at this moment. She spat out the last bits of air in her body, "I-I love..."

Long Chen responded to Lian Yu's awareness. Her soft words shook him out of his horror, shock, and fear. He reached for her, caressing her face. "You're alive. You're alive. I won't let you die. I promise I'll bring you back, no matter what. Even Hong Ru can do so, so can you!"

He swore to himself, the heavens, the earth, the world, and the gods that he would do so—no matter what.

He Yanglei was about to turn Lian Yu's body into a puff of blood out of amusement, but he received a message from the old man watching above. Hastily, he brought out a strange black box with vein-like patterns that gave off a devilishly dark aura. He slowly and carefully stored Lian Yu's heart, almost panicking at his carelessness.

But as this happened, a surge of power within Lian Yu's body lit. It permeated a strange, silent, unnoticeable force within her. Others couldn't sense it, but Lian Yu could. Her body trembled for a moment as she softly said before losing all life: "...Wei Wuyin..."

"..." Long Chen's thoughts froze. Everything froze. His breathing, his heartbeat, the air in his lungs, the acid in his stomach, and the blood flowing through his veins.

"What?" Was all he could say.

He Yanglei grasped towards Long Chen after placing the heart in the strange box. He grasped again, bringing Shui Linghe's long since unconscious body towards him also. With a thought, he ignored Lian Yu's corpse and flew away.

Long Chen absentmindedly looked at Lian Yu's corpse, utterly speechless. Those were her last words? THOSE WERE HER LAST WORDS?!?!

As Lian Yu breathed out her last, in the True Desolate Temple hundreds of thousands of miles away, Wei Wuyin opened his eyes as he peered into the perpetually bright sky. "The little power I left in her was triggered. She's dead?"

Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes peered into the trend of this world, locating the trace of Lian Yu's presence. When he had saved her, he left a bit of his spiritual strength within her body to negate and hide the draconic bloodline she wielded. He sighed, "I felt her incoming calamity long before. I warned him; he simply wouldn't listen."

When he had observed Lian Yu, he had felt an ominous feeling surge around her. That being said, it didn't represent that she would die, but that she would suffer some calamity in the future. He had given Long Chen a warning about her weakness and possible fate, solely out of the bond they shared as fellow draconic bloodline possessors.

"Should I make a move?" He thought deeply for a moment, considering Lian Yu's situation and her meaning to him. Besides the Draconic Bloodline, they had no other connection or interactions. In the end, he decided to leave it up to Long Chen.

She was his woman, after all.

Chapter 489 - 485: Reflection Leads Forward

Several days after feeling Lian Yu's death, Wei Wuyin sat at the edge of his bed. There were three gorgeous women, two elves and one human, sleeping together. They even held each other in a comfortable cuddle.

Since that day, he has been growing steadily restless. The power he left inside Lian Yu transmitted some spiritual awareness of events, some thoughts, and details of her death. The issue that plagued his mind was quite specific.

He rose from his bed, walking out of his room with a wave of his hand, donning his signature white holy robes. After all this time, he had grown accustomed to wearing white. He still preferred black, however.

He entered a specific chamber within the temple, sealed and concealed by numerous spell formations that he'd erected personally. Within was a lifeless corpse, missing a heart, on an observation table. It was Lian Yu.

While he hadn't taken action at the time of her death, he had sent a few members of the temple to investigate after an hour or so. He thought he'd find evidence of Long Chen's fate, but they had returned with a half-dissolved corpse of Lian Yu due to the toxic air melting a portion of it. She was lying on a boat painted with dried blood and the only flesh-based thing left.

He had used his means to repair and restore her body to its original state, excluding her missing heart. "Someone took your heart. But for what? And why?" He looked at the pale, seemingly sleeping Lian Yu with a twisted frown. What bothered him more was her death.

While he received some details, they weren't too specific or all-knowing. He just knew a few things snagged by his spiritual power remnant at the time of activation. Such as her last words...

But he wasn't foolish enough to believe this was accurate. She probably was shocked by his power triggering in her body mid-sentence. Out of all of Long Chen's former harem members, Lian Yu had the least amount of interactions with him and absolutely no connective fate. She wasn't tricked into sexual relations with Long Chen like Wu Baozhai had been and was fiercely loyal to her heart.

If there was one female in this world that he was certain had no complicated feelings or thoughts towards him, it would be Lian Yu. Since she probably meant to say 'I love you' and not the strange 'I love Long Chen', that likely meant Long Chen was present at the time of her death.

At first, he had thought Long Chen had kept her soul like Hong Ru. But when he observed her body with his Celestial Eyes, her soul was already dissipated entirely; she was completely dead. Whatever happened there was tragic, and she died in the presence of a Blessed.

This was unfathomably difficult to happen as Karmic Luck extended to loved ones. "Was the Calamity too highly ranked?" He whispered to himself. According to the Black Skeleton, his death at the hands of Long Chen was because of insufficient Karmic Luck to escape or benefit from the ensuing tragedy.

It was this that forced the Black Skeleton to steal the Karmic Luck from others, funneling it into his body, and allow him to survive the calamity. If she hadn't prematurely acted, he would've lost his life. While originally, he should only awaken his Bloodline of Sin at the Realm of Sages.

"Haaaa..." to see her dead body before him, he shook his head. If Long Chen heard her last words, then that would cause all sorts of misunderstandings. He might no longer be able to ignore Long Chen, forcing him to eliminate this Blessed from his life in the near future.

If anything, he'd bury her body when he returned to the Myriad Yore Continent. Hopefully allowing her departed soul to find rest. If possible, he'll have those who knew her perform the honors.

With a last sigh, he was unable to change this. Seeing her death brought him to face his own mortality, his own ensuing Calamity of Hell that he may or may not survive. Would he even have a body after? A soul? Would he be buried alongside his older brother or rotting on some ship out at a toxic sea?

"Time isn't linear; there is no true regret." Kratos' words resounded in his heart, saying something too profound for him to actually understand. It just sounded like nonsense.

"Cultivation is endless. As long as Long Chen doesn't court death, he might reach a level one day where he could bring Lian Yu back to life. If I could go back in time, if Divinities can truly exist, then anything is possible in this boundless world." This was the beauty of cultivation, its endless possibilities.

With a wave of his hand, her corpse was covered by a faintly glowing grey sheet. With a final sigh, he left the room. After standing at the entrance for a few minutes, reflecting on the fragility of life and how even the Heavenly Daos can't halt even death, he closed his eyes.

"If anything, the Temporal Reincarnator is proof that the Heavenly Daos can't protect you from everything. You or your loved ones. You must rely on yourself." The wake-up call of Lian Yu was a much-needed one.

He slowly walked within the tall, wide halls of the True Desolate Temple, cutting a lonely figure. "I've reached the absolute limits of my current cultivation base; I should ascend to the next phase."

After reaching the Spatial Resonance Phase, Wei Wuyin had once more refined his body, Sea of Consciousness, innate energies, and Astral Souls to their absolute limits. He had four ten-ringed Soul Idols, four ten-rippled Spatial Resonances, and had comprehended a trace of the Origin of All Light from the transcendent-quality, eighth-grade Refraction World-Light Elixir.

In this three year period, he had solidified his foundation, focusing on spells, arts, methods, and formations. This explosively increased his usage of powers and familiarity with things such as his Bloodline Abilities. This was likely the fastest period of growth he'd experienced as a cultivator. Outside of learning new arts, spells, methods, Intentions, or formations, he had reached an apex, so to speak.

"The Fifth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Light Reflection Phase, is my next step forward," he felt as his Astral Souls simultaneously trembled with excitement. Before he knew it, he was outside the True Desolate Temple, staring at the Solar Star that hung in the sky.

He didn't even have to trigger his tribulation himself, the four souls did it for him! The world in his view started to change!

Chapter 490 - 486: True Meaning Of Light Reflection

The Light Reflection Phase was the beginning of the first great divide amongst cultivators. This was all due to its significance as the last Foundational Stage of the Astral Core Realm. Much like the Soul Idol and Spatial Resonance Phases, the Light Reflection Phase was divided into nine outcomes.

Prior to reaching this phase, a cultivator must first absorb ambient light energies into themselves. These light energies were mostly inactive, having no legitimate uses unless a cultivator used light-attributed techniques or spells. The quality of the innate light energies in your body determines your level.

Unlike the other tribulations, this one, the Light Conjuring Astral Tribulation, was instant.

There was no danger in it. There was no threat of death or being overflowed by endless energies trying to refine your Astral Soul. There was no forceful manipulation possible, because it all occurred in an instant, and it all relied on what you already have: Light Energy.

These light energies condense and form your Primary Light, instilling and continuously refining your innate energies and Astral Soul with its powers and qualities. Those at this phase could urge their Astral Force to move at a greater speed and gather with greater ease. In combat, most Light Reflection Phases could launch a minimum of two full strikes before a lower-phased cultivator could launch half of one.

The difference was seemingly that massive, making them invincible in close range combat exchanges and rapidfire assaults. This also translated to faster defensive measures. They could form several layers before a lower-phased cultivator could form a single one, making their defenses extremely difficult to penetrate. And this was just the elementary-level benefits they obtained.

There were nine standard levels to the Light Reflection Phase. From lowest to greatest: Black, Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Indigo, Violet, and White. They signified the spectrum of light, with white signifying the containment of all colors.

Similar to the Soul Deity Invoker Elixir, the peak-quality Refraction World-Light allowed cultivators to absorb higher levels of light energies, refining True Light. The lesser versions allowed the body's innate characteristics to change, allowing it to absorb and refine higher quality of light energy, typically resulting in a greater level of light.

Jiang Feilan had used this very product, an impure version of it, to become nigh-invincible in the Light Reflection Phase, giving birth to Blue-colored Primary Light Energies, and paved her path as the next Sacred Light Palace's Palace Master. In the starfield's declining age, this was extremely difficult to reach. In a way, it was similar to a Six-Ringed Soul Idol.

Wei Wuyin had consumed the transcendent-quality elixir. From the onset, he knew it would provide an opportunity to glimpse into a greater form of light, to change his body's innate potential and absorb this light. But he was utterly wrong.

From the beginning, he believed all light originated from Solar Stars. And perhaps, the legendary True Light, originated from the Heavenly Daos as rumored. But the Origin of All Light originated not from the stars, or some unseen entity, but the soul!

There was utterly no need to absorb external light energies. This act merely diluted your own internal light source, lowering its quality, and your Primary Light was formed from this light source.

Cultivators spent decades, perhaps even centuries, absorbing light energies to prepare themselves for this trial, but it was counterintuitive to their goal. The Refraction World-Light Elixir's purpose wasn't to modify one's body to absorb and refine more light, but to form a refraction-like shielding that deflected the spectrum of light energies that tainted one's body away and out.

The peak-quality version merely kept all other ranges of light sources at bay, literally refracting them, only allowing the purest comprehension in that state, but it never tainted one's internal light source in the process. It formed True Light!

Wei Wuyun was utterly awed by this truth, realizing it allowed him to not just expel all the light energies he'd refined, but tap into his source of all light within him. While there were clues, such as the name of the phase and elixir, he only connected the pieces after consuming the transcendent-quality elixir!

Light Reflection Phase!

Refraction World-Light Elixir!

To reflect your own light to the world; to refract the light of the world away!

It was such an in-your-face thing that you only understood after the fact. Even he felt embarrassed when he thought about it.

When the tribulation was initiated, it, like the Spatial Resonance Phase, originated from the body. He didn't have to even think about how to overcome this tribulation, lacking light energies entirely within his body. As it activated, delving into his Astral Souls, they all simultaneously glowed with an indescribable light.

It wasn't any color he could describe. But this color with no-name was starting to undergo specific changes in each of his Astral Souls. The first was King. As a Divine Saber Soul, it controlled and manipulated energies that gave off a natural light.

This light wasn't defined by a color but its aura, its characteristics! It was saber light!

King's Primary Light was itself, the glint of its edge that reflected the end of everything it met. Saber Light! There was no True Light or a specific light that embodied the mortal spectrum, just pure Saber Light.

He had never seen saber light shine from the inside of his Astral Soul before, always a byproduct of his saber force meeting the outside world. It was an unbelievable sight! He felt as if it reflected everything, slicing it right after.

"I understand now," Wei Wuyin finally fit that final piece of the puzzle. The Primary Light of his Astral Souls defined their own outstanding and personalized brilliance, sending that light out and onto the world!

Ori's Primary Light was Elemental Light, purely white. It could be mistaken easily for White-colored Primary Light. It had endless permutations and transitions, at times becoming colors outside the spectrum for a brief moment, such as dark red(magma) or brown(earth), while aligning with more normal colors.

Eden's Primary Light was seven-colored, revealing the entire normal spectrum of light with slightly different shades. It reflected the seven principles of alchemy and the seven emotions relating to sentience!

Kratos' Primary Light was grey and translucent, shifting between the two, even vanishing entirely at times as if invisible. It emanated the principles of the Void, indistinct and formless. As for the grey light it emitted, it was true draconic light within!

Their four Primary Lights were brought out! Their original light that defined them!

Annihilation Saber Light; Shifting Elemental Light; Seven Source Light; Formless Divinity Light.