

Chapter 491 - 487: Invitation

The Light Reflection Phase was the last crucial step towards determining the foundation of one's cultivation base. This excluded the always important quantity of Astral Force, quality of innate energies within one's fleshy body, and Intent. While the Light Conjuring Astral Tribulation was instantaneous, the resulting consolidation of one's astral force was not.

Outside the True Desolate Temple, Wei Wuyin slowly inhaled, the ambient light energies flowed into his meridians, pores, and mouth, absorbed until they funneled into his Astral Souls. After reaching the Light Reflection Phase, he finally understood the true meaning of 'Primary Light'.

In some ways, the Primary Light was the filter within the Astral Soul, absorbing and refining light energies to equate its qualities. These light energies would then integrate with the physical, mental, spiritual, essence, and spatial energies to produce the newly refined astral force.

This newly refined astral force flowed through the body like a blitz of lightning with the most gentlest nature. It made circulating one's astral force, deploying the various powers within a cultivator's body, extremely fast and smooth. Even he was startled by the speed of circulation of his astral force and all its variations.

If before he needed a few seconds to gather roughly a tenth of his astral force, now he could expel everything in seemingly the same timeframe. Regardless if it is manifesting or shaping astral force, it was far faster than before. Even the rate at which he manipulated ambient mana had accelerated, allowing him to command more in less time.

The Refraction World-Light Elixir's effects showed astonishing benefits after reaching the realm. It was two-fold, before and after the phase was reached. The body's modification, allowing the quicker absorption of light energies, was extremely useful now. He could refine light energies at a far faster pace, sending them into his Astral Souls to produce refined astral force.

But there was a strange peculiarity that he discovered: his Astral Souls would not absorb ambient light energies themselves. This development caused him much confusion, and he didn't know where the problem stemmed from.

Even their answers were vague.

"Tch," King.

"Light! Light! My light!" Ori.

"I need no external light," Kratos.

"..." Eden.

Besides the last which gave no response, and the first that was essentially the same, he didn't know if they were unwilling or their uniquely personalized Primary Light somehow rejected external light. It could be an entirely different reason, but the fact remained: they refused to externalize to absorb light energies.

"With this step, all that's left is the Gravity Emission Phase." Unlike the first six stages of the Astral Core Realm, the next tribulations weren't based on comprehension. They were lethal tribulations that sought to kill all challengers, and victors claimed unimaginable benefits and extraordinary transformations of their Astral Soul.

He urged a wisp of his newly refined astral force from King, his Divine Saber Soul, and swirled it within his palms. The saber force was radiant, emitting Annihilation Saber Light. The particles it came in contact with were eviscerated, leaving saber scars in the void.

Frowning, he realized his saber force refined by this Annihilation Saber Light was terrifyingly vicious. He recalled the scenery of that guard at Desertfall City. The man was obliterated into less than dust, layer by layer until nothing was left. It had even sent a chill down his spine. This might be unique to King's specific Saber Intent, focusing on total annihilation.

The movement speed of his saber force had been increased as well. From his estimation, roughly ten times its usual speed. He felt a desire to test if the Seven Source Light of Eden affected his concoction, refinement, and thinking speed. But before he could delve into this, his spatial ring glowed with a spiritual light.

When he received the transmission, he ceased his cultivation session at the entrance of the Holy Temple. Using his Celestial Eyes, he approximated the time that had gone by while he consolidated his cultivation base. It had been four days.

Due to the perpetual sunlight and unmoving Solar Star, there was no night, so Wei Wuyin could only use his internal clock to determine the passing of time. After such a long time, he found himself surrounded by temple members. They gave him a wide berth, being several hundred meters away from him, and they even forcefully redirect all incoming traffic.

As their assignment was to protect the Holy Son, they were extremely diligent in their task. Wei Wuyin knew these were done on the orders of Grand Priestess Si De, so he wasn't too bothered. With a soft breath, he stood.

"You're all dismissed," he said. The guards didn't dare to refuse their Holy Son's order, immediately expressing their pious and religious foundation with a chanting bow, vanishing as fast as they could. Each guard was a Realm Lord.

He lifted his head towards the Solar Star that hung beyond this World Realm's sky. "You've finally made a move."

The message from earlier included a detailed report of Lin Ming's movements, the Holy Son of Grandgale. "But what a shocking one," he added with a faint smile.

He originally believed that Lin Ming would move against the two other Holy Children, forced to face them in direct combat, even in war, but he hadn't. A systematic elimination of the competition, so to speak. Instead, he had sent invitations to all Holy Children inviting them to a so-called Holy Summit.

This Holy Summit was pitched as a discussion of the future of the Four Extreme Continent. The Holy Children had gained complete control over the entirety of the Four Extreme Continent, ending the Season of Devils, and prompting a change in the continent.

But Wei Wuyin couldn't help but chuckle to himself. None of them, not a single Holy Child, had an iota of personal investment in this continent. Two were trial takers and the other two were from outside, merely seeking the divine caches left behind.

They were essentially thieves.

There were bound to be various developments at this Holy Summit. The only advantage that Lin Ming had was seizing the initiative. But in some ways, this move wasn't bad. If the four Holy Children were to fight, they would have to spend an enormous amount of time gathering forces outside of their respective Holy Temples. To add, amongst the four, he had the advantage if war between forces were launched.

After all, he had three tokens that had control of these lands, with the well cultivated Central Region. He would easily gain the greatest military in the shortest amount of time, and hold the absolute advantage in that regard. In the long run, the others had no chance of gaining an advantage.

While Lin Ming had three outside tokens, these only led to caches, not control of regions. As for the vast resources that Lin Ming could acquire from these caches, so what? That required time to convert into power, and Lin Ming didn't have a lot of it. The act of absorbing materials was far, far slower than using alchemical products made from said materials.

With Wei Wuyin's strong position, there were only a few options the others could take to defend against him. Firstly, unite. With three tokens, they could match him in authority, exceed him in forces, and use their combined wealth to offer benefits to recruit others. They had three temples of loyal forces, he had one. They had three caches, and they assumed he had none.

Secondly, submit. An option that wouldn't matter much to the outsiders, if their pride allowed it, but Lin Ming couldn't afford to happen at any cost. If he failed this trial to become the Chosen of the True Element Sect, he would be left with taking the standard avenues within the sect, not gaining a roaring leaping start in the sect.

Lastly, challenge. While challenge might be the word, the truth was to declare war against each other. After all, these Holy Children had to get within a hundred meters of each other, a distance that was nigh impossible with each having numerous protectors by their side.

Even Wei Wuyin had to use a calculated scheme, the element of surprise, and an ego-measuring stare to bait his first target. The second was the overwhelming manipulation of the entire continent's powerhouses, forcing them to submit after several millennia of animosity had grown against them.

When the Season of Regression came to an end, war was bound to happen.

While Wei Wuyin felt that this Holy Summit had the makings of an intelligent move, he couldn't help but laugh in amusement. Lin Ming was a little too optimistic. There were too many variables that could occur. The only advantage he held was geographical advantage, and that was a stretch. While it was unlikely that any of the Holy Children would approach him themselves, someone who violently claimed a Badge of Divinity, and he shouldn't trust them, this wasn't an absolute certainty.

Using common sense, he should avoid this Holy Summit. He was the only other trial taker, entering the territory of the other trial taker was extremely risky. Furthermore, he didn't know if Lin Ming had an

agreement with an outsider, or planned to act with any sinister schemes. If everything went as one would expect, he should observe and wait.

If this was him before, the one who carefully planned every action, multiple contingencies, and avoided risk, he would've done exactly that.

He sent a message to Grand Priestess Si De: "Gather our elites. We're going to the Holy Summit!"

Chapter 492 - 488: Sky Zephyr City

"Holy Summit?" Ming Shufeng slowly asked. In the Zephyr Plains, she was adorned in a green-colored tight-fitting outfit that accentuated her curves, displaying her slender body to the world. At the moment, gusts were blowing against her, sending her golden hair fluttering in the wind. A truly picturesque moment.

San Yongli was garbed in a cloak that hid her features, and even the blowing wind failed to reveal even a hint of her curves or bodily features. As if angered by its inability, a gust blew her way, yet she remained entirely unaffected.

They both floated a few inches above the Zephyr Plains grass, not touching the ground. Just a few hundred miles behind them, the hue of violet was present. They had just left the Noxious Seas, venturing into the Zephyr Plains.

"Are we going?" Ming Shufeng asked. They had received some information from a still-active docking station. The news of a Holy Summit held in the Zephyr Plains by the Holy Son of Grandgale, who they knew as the True Elemental Emperor, was being widely discussed.

A few weren't certain if the Season of Devils had truly ended, but this announcement had verified this development. The people were all excited, no longer feeling pressured to leave their homes, and some elven tribes had even left the clash in the Central Regions, returning to their cities. Without the impending threat of death, no one felt in a rush to claim a spot in the Central Region.

There were even negotiations being held among the world's powerhouses, deciding how to divide the treasured locations. A few even suggested a healthy division of resources based on competitions amongst juniors. Down the line, perhaps entire resource deposits will be determined by the relative strength of geniuses.

Of course, this was to prevent war amongst top-tier experts, devastating the world. If it wasn't for the Season of Regression suppressing Realmlords and Timelords, this continent might've suffered irreparable damage already.

San Yongli's crimson eyes flashed a radiant glow. "What do you see?" She didn't answer Ming Shufeng, but asked this question instead.

Ming Shufeng started, almost forgetting she was a Heavenly Seer. With a faint smile, she started to perform a series of handseals as her fate force released a heavenly hymn within her, forming a thin divine ring that circulated around her body like a planetary ring. She emitted a heavenly light, instilling a sense of awe in all who saw it. Her ocean-blue eyes erupted in rays of heavenly light.

This change only lasted for a few minutes before the scene vanished, returning to normal. When it all ended, Ming Shufeng was frowning with colorless eyes. Her cultivation had experienced leaps and bounds of advancement, so her ability to commune with the heavens and glimpse into its Intent was far greater than before.

"..." San Yongli waited for her to digest the details of her vision.

After an hour, Ming Shufeng finally breathed out a relaxed breath as her brows unfurrowed, her colorless eyes regained their gorgeous blue. "Three Children Gather; One Watches Afar. The Outsiders Supports; The Insiders Clash. End of Regression; War Abound!" Those words were said in a strange, holy tone.

San Yongli frowned, digesting these visions and their cryptic meanings. But when she matched it with the events detailed in the Book of Heaven's Path, she nodded. This matched.

According to the Book of Heaven's Path, the True Elemental Emperor proposes a Holy Summit. He meets two youths from the Aeternal Sky Starfield, similarly Holy Children. They discuss unclear things, deciding to act against the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn in the end.

War is unleashed, and the powerhouses of the continent just watch as three Temples fight one. The Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn loses the Badges of Divinity, and the True Elemental Emperor obtains them, including the other two from the Holy Children. He becomes a Chosen of the True Element Sect, where he starts as the lowest Chosen and slowly begins his monumental charge to the top.

This was a crucial point that had changed in the modified Book of Heaven Path, and this was written long before the other Holy Children was determined, so she felt confident in this outcome.

The only issue was that she couldn't gain any benefits from their clash. As San Yongli pondered this point, Ming Shufeng caught her breath. "San Yongli?"

Breaking away from her thoughts, she replied: "We'll watch and wait, for now."

The Sky Zephyr Temple was as majestic and large as the True Desolate Temple, except for one detail: It floated in the sky. There was no foundation of a Sky Layer, just a casual floating with the utmost stability. It was more than a thousand meters high.

Similar to the True Desolate City, there was a city below. The city inhabited those of both races, humans and elves equally, and they lived in harmony. While at first glance the scenery seemed to match the True Desolate Temple, there was a faint air that gave one a strange feeling.

If one looked closer, inspected the lively members of the city below, they would find the humans with bright smiles, comfortable homes, and brimming with energy. But the elves, they were not of the same level. It was as if they were lower members of this society, their houses not as large, as complex.

If one ignored this strange detail that might be overlooked by the casual observer, they would discover numerous holes embedded in various locations in the city. These holes erupted with geysers of air that twisted and turned, entering another hole elsewhere in the city.

There were humans riding these geysers of air to travel throughout the city. No elves, however, could be seen. There were jets of constant airstreams that touched the temple above, allowing travel to and from the temple.

"Big Sister Qing! Come, play with us!" The energetic and lively sounds resounded from a group of elven children, Verdant Forest Elves, exulted at the appearance of a young elven woman.

She was extremely beautiful, as if she was sculpted from the purest hands of the world, conforming to the natural environment to the greatest imaginable limit. Her slender figure, radiantly emerald-eyes, and sleek, long, and straight emerald-hair gave her an exceptional warm and gentle appearance.

Qing Qimu smiled, not refusing. She played with these elven children who were roughly eight to ten years of age, laughing and joking as she felt. Her bright and genuine smile dazzled those who watched, with many struck dumb by her extraordinary looks. A few of these children blushed, likely experiencing their first feelings of blooming love.

After a period, she was defeated by their endless energy as she playfully left with a reluctant expression. When she finally escaped their clutches, her smile remained until she had left their sights. It slowly fell, her emerald-colored eyes swept the airstreams above with a cold light.

After leaving the Desolate Lands, she sought to see the elves said to look like her. When she arrived, she had met the lingering Verdant Forest Elves who hadn't traveled to the Central Regions. They had similarities to her, but they weren't exactly like her. Still, they were all accepting, friendly, and united.

But she later learned the truth. A truth that even the Sky Zephyr Temple and its 'holy' members allowed and participated in. When she recalled her own past, her eyes grew colder. Unlike the other elves, Verdant Forest Elves had a unique essence blood that was useful in enhancing longevity of cultivators and nourishing herbs.

When cultivators reach a new stage or realm of cultivation, their lifespans are increased by a specific amount. This specific amount is highly dependent on the cultivator's foundation, cultivation, and innate energies. You could say their cultivation base refined their lifeforce, allowing that lifeforce to last for longer before its eventual depletion.

Wood Cultivators were renowned for their extremely long lives, so the weakness of a weak offensive, defensive, and speed of their powers were supplemented by longer lives. The average Astral Core Realm Cultivator at the first stage, the World Sea Phase, had roughly a thousand years of life.

She had nearly two thousand.

Of course, she was an abnormality amongst Wood Cultivators, but an additional hundred or two years was still extremely impactful. A mortal would give anything or could do unspeakable things to extend their lives and prime state for ten or twenty years, let alone cultivators.

Furthermore, this would continue to become greater as they ascend further and further along their cultivation.

The inhabitants of this world, specifically the Zephyr Plains, used these Verdant Forest Elves' essence blood to refine their bodies, to extend their lifespans!

Those eyes of hers that rarely displayed hate, showed a strong, extremely terrifying killing intent.

Chapter 493 - 489: Kill Them All

The Holy Summit's date was shortly after its announcement. Clearly, Lin Ming sought to hold it before the Season of Regression ended so that Reamlords and Timelords didn't regain their invincible advantages. The other powerhouses of the continent understood this, agreeing with such haste.

The overwhelming strength of a Worldly Domain and Temporal Dissonance should not be underestimated because of the Season of Regression. The ambient mana and energies were severely affected, stripping Reamlords of their terrifying ability to convert the entire world into their sword of slaughter.

The ears of everyone were to the ground, giving undivided attention to the actions of the three other Holy Children. This Holy Summit was likely to decide the future climate of the world; thus, all the Reamlords and Timelords of the four regions were watching. Even conflict between forces had halted entirely, as if everyone was waiting with bated breath.

An unspoken agreement had formed. Everyone had priorities, and this was their greatest. No one expected a Holy Summit, but everyone wanted to know of its end result. There wasn't a single force on the continent that didn't have a vested interest in the outcome.

The elves were conflicted, however. Every last Holy Child was of the human race, not a single elf among them. If it wasn't for the rumored Season of Devils end, they would be terrified and scrambling. In fact, they would be forced to side with Wei Wuyin because he had been the only unbiased one, having an elven lover of the highest position, making him extremely reliable. The others were unknowns.

If Lin Ming hadn't publicized this, the elves might've been forced to side with Wei Wuyin to assure their safety. This tactic was quite seamless, as if it was a given to inform the people. In truth, it wasn't. The Season of Devils could've helped formulate alliances due to the uncertainties, but without it, there was no reason for the top-tier powerhouses to risk themselves in a war.

This was why none of them acted to gain the grace of the Holy Children or fought for territory. If all the lands were safe zones, they could live anywhere they wished. Even if they were expelled, they would find their settlement elsewhere. Furthermore, which Holy Child would expel them? If they joined another force out of anger, wouldn't they suffer an immense loss?

While the temples were strong and loyal, they paled in comparison to the total strength of these forces. There were even words of an alliance against any oppressive Holy Children, already planning to seek independence.

Wei Wuyin had fully expected this, so he wasn't bothered by the Grand Kings' distancing. Still, he still had the greatest single force of the Holy Children, not because of his temple's strength, but because he had the full backing of the Grey Sands Elves. Despite his relations limited to the Ai Clan, Ai Yin had given his 'Holy Seed' to the other clans, showing their unity. They believed themselves invested, tied to his fate.

Wei Wuyin soared through the sky, a group of nine behind him. Besides Grand Priestess Si De and Ai Yin, the other seven were Realmlords of the Grey Sands Elves and Temple Members. With two Timelords present and seven Realmlords, he had a terrifying line-up.

At this moment, the Grey Sand Elves were sending glances towards Ai Yin, exchanging spiritual transmissions. Their expressions betrayed their lack of calm and tensed nerves. Without warning, they were all summoned and set to travel to the Zephyr Plains, entering another Holy Child's region.

This brought them an unsettling feeling. In their minds, it was like entering the former Central Region ruled by the Lei and Shuang Clans. It was extremely risky, nearly suicidal even. To add, they had only brought nine experts. While they had two Timelords, the Season of Regression was still in effect. They were only slightly stronger Realmlords at this point.

How could they not question this?

The True Desolate Temple members were loyal to the Holy Bloodline even in the face of death, they weren't.

"Holy Son, is this appropriate?" Ai Yin didn't know how to word her question. She trusted Wei Wuyin, but even she had her doubts. In her mind, the other Holy Children would not attend this extremely short-noticed Holy Summit in such a manner for the same reason they shouldn't—it was extremely dangerous!

Even if they were to venture into the region, shouldn't they bring everyone? An entire army? And according to reports, the other Holy Children were arriving in their Voidships, likely carrying an entire army!

Wei Wuyin didn't mind their doubts. If it was in normal times, he would be echoing their sentiments. After all, why enter enemy territory without an army? He calmly responded:

"Don't overthink it. You're all just accessories. Unless you act against my orders, you won't be in any danger." He didn't speak to Ai Yin but those Grey Sands Elves who doubted his decision-making.

A Grey Sands Elf Realmlord couldn't help but shout, "How can you guarantee that?!" His outburst was unexpected, causing him to still as the auras of numerous realmlords lingered near him. These belonged to the members of the temple, their eyes extremely cold. It sent an icy shiver down his spine, as even Grand Priestess Si De was included amongst them.

"I-I..." The elf stuttered.

"Haha, relax." Wei Wuyin's words caused the other members to retract their auras, seemingly turning away from the elf. "You're right. I can't guarantee you'll live or die, or if you'll be sent into the mouth of danger by my decision. If you wish to leave, you can. No one will stop you."

The elf frowned, glancing at Ai Yin. But seeing her not even look at him, he gnashed his teeth and kept quiet. If he left, he'd be ostracized by the Grey Sands Elven Tribes. That wasn't a fate he could allow.

Another asked, a pretty middle-aged elf, "You said we're accessories, that we're not in danger, what do you mean by that?" She was polite and respectful in her tone, clearly cautious.

Wei Wuyin turned back, looking at this pretty middle-aged elf, and said with a smile: "Well, I have no intention of using you all."

Ai Yin heard this, frowning as she tried to clarify: "The Holy Son is just having a peaceful discussion with three other Holy Children, why do you think we'll be needed?"

But her words caused Wei Wuyin to laugh, finding her cute, and thus moved closer to Ai Yin. He soon reached arms length as he caressed her beautiful, smooth skin causing her to blush a bright red, a tantalizing scene with her light-bronze skin. The others saw this scene, the Grey Sands Elves were bright-eyed, affirmed of their choice of Holy Child. He was clearly smitten with Ai Yin, and this was endlessly beneficial to them and the elven race as a whole.

Embarrassed, Ai Yin wanted to turn away, but Wei Wuyin's words fiercely snapped her out of her emotions.

"No, I don't intend to have a discussion."

"...?"

Wei Wuyin grinned, "I intend to kill them all."

Just as he said this, the Zephyr Plains' border came into view, as if perfectly timed with his words.

In the far off distance, further into the Zephyr Plains, two Voidships had simultaneously arrived at Sky Zephyr City. They were headed by the two Holy Children.

Within the Sky Zephyr Temple, a handsome youth watched as the ships approached, his grey eyes gleaming with white light. An attendant arrived, kneeling as they chanted a few quick words of prayer. After, they reported: "The Holy Son of Transformative Waters and Holy Daughter of Absolute Hot Fire has arrived."

Lin Ming waved his hand, dismissing this redundant attendant. But the attendant hadn't left, he added: "And the Holy Son of Tri-Elementus has just crossed the borders!"

Lin Ming's expression revealed a bit of surprise. He muttered to himself, his voice carrying unfathomable surprise, "He's actually coming?!"

He had assumed that Wei Wuyin would avoid entering his territory at all cost. He wasn't ignorant of the outsiders' presence, even well-aware of their existence and purpose, so he didn't fear them competing against him. Senior Sister Lin had been the maintainer of the trial, how could she not know its usage as a training ground? If she hadn't been sent to ensure the continuation of the trial, how could he have met her?

Only he didn't know if Wei Wuyin knew, but regardless if he did or didn't, by his understanding of Wei Wuyin's intelligence, he should never enter his territory.

They were both trial takers and he held the absolute advantage, it was an extremely ill-advised move. If it wasn't the Season of Regression, if pellets could be used, he might be a little fearful. But it was, and they couldn't be used.

Well, if Wei Wuyin wanted to deliver himself to him, should he really look a gift horse in the mouth?

Chapter 494 - 490: Outsiders' Thoughts

In Sky Zephyr City, two figures played a board game with continuous moving pieces. It was the young woman and an old man from beyond, their looks and auras were rather ordinary.

"Why do you think he'll come?" The young woman asked as she shifted a piece with her delicate fingers, her brows furrowed as she contemplated her next move. When the piece landed, the old man shook his head.

"I just do," the old man answered as he showed no mercy, shifting his piece and ending the game, "Checkmate."

"..." The young woman gawked in silence, inspecting the board for a solid minute before sighing to herself. Her eyes flitted with a bitter light as she glanced at the old man. She said with dissatisfaction and a pout, "If he comes, he's an idiot."

"Why?" The old man asked, calmly reorganizing the pieces to restart the game. He wanted to hear her thoughts. Since meeting Wei Wuyin, experiencing what it meant to be young, cunning, intelligent, and perceptive, he hoped to see some of these traits in the young woman.

"Isn't it obvious? This Holy Son of Grandgale didn't set this meeting up to conduct any form of discussion about the future of this land. There isn't much to discuss. With the birth of Holy Children throughout the continent, the end of the Season of Devils, the Holy Children lost the majority of their power and influence.

"This is a discussion on how to deal with him, the strongest obstacle, so he would definitely not come. If he did, wouldn't he just fall into the hands of the others?" The young woman explained with a faint smile of confidence.

But the old man looked at her and sighed, "If it was only that simple; If only he was that simple." His sigh contained a wisp of disappointment, causing the young woman to pout.

"What do you mean? Am I wrong?" She questioned aggressively. This was the most direct explanation as to why he shouldn't arrive. This was a trial, but the other two Holy Children weren't here for it. They sought to gain the greatest benefit out of their circumstance.

The old man finished resetting the board, "You're not."

"...What?" Confused, she demanded clarity with her eyes. The old man was contradicting himself, no? If she wasn't wrong, then if he came, he was an idiot, no?

The old man calmly said, "Your move." But after noticing the glare in the young woman's eyes, unwilling to proceed with their somewhat competitive game, he gave off another sigh, looking into the distance. "You've explained why not, can you explain why he should? What would he do if he did?"

"..." This question stumped her. If it was foolish to come, why consider the alternative? She didn't understand. If putting your hand over a fire burns your hand, then why consider why you should put your hand on a fire?! There should be only reasons why you shouldn't!

"Thinking about things from all angles, considering the worldly circumstances, those things are important. Let's put it in simpler terms, what if he sought an alternative? To negotiate with the other

two before this Holy Son of Grandgale? Offer them benefits? Couldn't he gain an advantage?" The old man asked.

"Wouldn't work," the young woman said swiftly and confidently. "There's no way the Holy Son of Grandgale would give him the chance, unless he's the idiot. Furthermore, this is definitely not going to happen. That 'girl' is incredibly stubborn, and she's already decided who to support." The girl she mentioned caused the young woman to twist her lips into a frown.

The old man smiled, "Ignorance is cause for caution, not dissuasion." Those words caused the young woman's heart to pound, feeling as if it contained a profound essence she'd never understood before. But she couldn't quite grasp it.

"I guess we should just wait and see what he does," the old man decided that explaining it would be too troublesome. She might even consider it illogical with her fixated thinking of Wei Wuyin's current position.

"No! Explain!" The young woman was irritated at the cryptic words and profound wisdom. She felt somewhat insulted, feeling a little lacking in intelligence. What was so great about this Holy Son of Tri-Elementus? Sure, he had heaven-defying talent! Sure, he had outrageously good-looks! Sure, his spiritual strength is unfathomable! But...

What was she trying to say again?

Whatever! She wanted an explanation!

The old man shook his head, "Think simple, and consider. You'll find the answer." He truly didn't want to explain, trying to urge her to think of alternatives. She kept thinking of Wei Wuyin entering a passive position, forced to wait for his eventual fate. Most might be forced into that position if this was the world of mortals, but they were cultivators. The act of cultivation was an act of defiance against fate, against the normalities of reality.

The young woman clenched her slender fingers, finding the old man irritating. "Fine! Let's see if he comes or not! See if he's an idiot or not! See if you're right or I am!" With a huff, she moved a piece. But in her anger, that hasty action would inevitably lead to her loss.

"Don't have to wait for long," the old man said.

He Yanglei stood at the front of his Voidship, overlooking the masses. Those gawking humans and sharp-eared creatures. Those eyes of his contained an apathetic and dismissive gleam. It was as if everything he saw was beneath him, those below were ants, no, less than ants in his eyes.

"Pathetic," he spat.

A skinny old man with sharp eyes that seemed to demand compensation for existing in his view from everyone, including the world, was standing beside him. The old man was entirely unbothered by He Yanglei's attitude.

"You should dispose of that token," the old man suggested.

He Yanglei turned, realizing the skinny old man had revealed himself. "Why?" He asked, his expression remained indifferent. He withdrew the Token of Elementus, also known as the Badge of Divinity, and inspected it with a faint smile.

"You should know why," the skinny old man plainly said. The badge was a key item in the trial, and they weren't here for the trial. If they hindered the trial or completed it somehow, it would cause all sorts of issues to occur.

"The True Element Sect, hm? They want to choose their Chosen in such an archaic trial. I heard the trial was established in the hometown of the Nine-Divine Elementus King, I wonder if its true." He Yanglei amusingly said.

"Whether its true or not, if you hinder the trial, the True Element Sect will demand an explanation. What you gained from this trial will be far, far less than what you lose." The skinny old man warned after hearing the faint trace of disrespect in He Yanglei's tone. The Nine-Divine Elementus King wasn't a figure he could speak about so casually. He thought for a moment and solemnly added, "You might not even keep your life."

After saying that, he vanished.

He Yanglei froze for a moment. He clenched his fist around the token, feeling a wisp of frustration in his heart. But after a while, he relaxed. "I have a Seed of Law, so my future isn't any less promising than this whatever King." After saying those words, he scoffed as they met an Envoy of the Sky Zephyr Temple.

On the other Voidship, an ordinary looking girl with hair was short and wavy, styled in a curly bob cut, with side-swept bangs partially covering her forehead, was at the front of the ship, observing the Sky Zephyr Temple that hovered in the sky. Her eyes were calm, cold even, yet there was a faint trace of remembrance in her eyes. Those eyes became softer.

A voice resounded behind her, its origins unclear, but its tone was feminine with a tinge of haughtiness. "You shouldn't have any other ideas, Tang Xingyun." Those words prompted that soft eyes to resume its cold, distant feeling.

The young woman by the name of Tang Xingyun remained silent, not responding. But the voice was unwilling to do the same, reminding: "Be mindful of your status. He's not and will never be worthy of you."

Tang Xingyun's eyes became colder, but she remained silent. Only time will decide if he's worthy or not, no one else.

Chapter 495 - 491: Run

"..." The group of nine were silent as they flew towards Sky Zephyr City. The Grey Sands Elves within the ground had tense expressions, uncertain if they had heard Wei Wuyin right or not. They couldn't help but glance at the True Desolate Temple members, but they were unsure if they were just unaffected, hid their thoughts, or just suicidal.

A few wanted to voice out their want for clarification, some sent messages to Ai Yin, but they either couldn't or received no response. So they remained silent on the remaining distance to Sky Zephyr City.

While they flew, Wei Wuyin was feeling the ambient Zephyr Power that lingered in the air. It was normally gentle and soft, but when acted upon, it became extremely ferocious and sharp. But the continuous and endless gust of wind was not without its dangers. If the Zephyr Power accumulated within one's body, it would eventually erupt. That was an extremely lethal outcome.

As long as one avoided touching the grass, filtered out the Zephyr Power, they would remain safe.

Ori had absorbed a portion of Zephyr Power, extracting its qualities and profundities. It was a high-level Wind Intent. In the time they took to fly, Ori had already disassembled the power, extracted the bare Intent, and allowed Wei Wuyin to comprehend it. It wasn't difficult.

With this, he took another step towards completing his Elemental Origin Intent, advancing it to the next level. All he lacked was water and fire Intent at the high-level or greater. But he still aspired to birth an Elemental Origin Intent with nine Apex-level Intents. He only had three, but the increase of his Intent was not minor.

As they reached the city, there were a group of a dozen armored men at the border of the city, a welcoming party. At the lead was a Timelord, clearly belonging to the Sky Zephyr City. It was a middle-aged man with a slim physique, Grand Priest Zi Gu. He had the same status as Grand Priestess Si De, the head of the temple and strongest member.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, "What a welcome! Eleven Realmlords and a Timelord. Incredible." His words were said with amusement, much to the consternation of the Grey Sands Elves. While they had two Timelords in their line-up, they didn't believe they would obtain any advantage in a fight.

As they neared, the dozen men that were fully armored, seemingly ready for war, tightly clenched their astral weapons. These individuals didn't know why their Holy Son had given aggressive orders towards the Holy Son of Tri-Elementus and not the other two, but they were primed and ready.

Ai Yin frowned, "You were right."

Wei Wuyin halted a few hundred meters away, having not yet crossed the border into the city. "Isn't this a Holy Summit? Am I, the Holy Son of Tri-Elementus, not welcomed?" He asked, his voice explosive as it reached the ears of everyone in the city, temple, and vicinity. All those powerhouses observing the events perked up, not expecting this development.

The old man sat with the young woman, a grin on his face, "See."

The young woman pouted, spat out with a shrug: "Yeah? Well, what will the idiot do? Fight? He didn't even bring an army."

The old man merely kept his grin, his eyes brighter than ever before.

Grand Priest Zi Gu slightly frowned. The Holy Summit was supposed to be a gathering of four Holy Children to decide the future of the continent, so even he wasn't certain as to why the hostile reception. But he was loyal to the Holy Bloodline, to the Holy Son of Grandgale, all else mattered very little.

"If you-" he was about to spout out the words instructed to say, but a loud laugh of joy cut him off. He was startled as he glared at Wei Wuyin. He was a Grand Priest, who dared to interrupt him?

Those who were watching were caught off-guard as well, unsure what Wei Wuyin intended to do or these Sky Zephyr Temple Members.

Wei Wuyin couldn't care less about this Grand Priest's nonsense. He had noticed a familiar aura within the city! When his Celestial Eyes scoured the city, he found a gorgeous emerald-haired elf who was startled, a light of concern in her gaze as she watched them from afar.

When she noticed his gaze, she was caught off-guard.

Wei Wuyin cheerfully waved, excited to see Qing Qiumu. She was the first individual that he'd met that originated from his starfield, besides Lian Yu's corpse. He was extremely excited, his laughter of joy was extremely genuine, originating from the depths of his heart.

Seeing Wei Wuyin wave so exuberantly, Qing Qiumu couldn't help but smile, a faint blush on his face. He never allowed anything serious to take away his joy, acting as he wished and however he wished. But she loved that about him. Even when he fought three Gold-Starred Beast in the Grand Spirit Trials, he was filled with a warm smile and a calm attitude.

When she was facing her own execution, fearful and lost, his bright smile was the strongest hand that wrenched away her stress, fear, and sadness.

Now, facing the hostile Grand Priest, he was laughing and smiling without restraint, ignoring the Grand Priest as she was prioritized. A warmth suffused her heart. She couldn't even be concerned any longer, feeling as if everything was going to be okay.

Ai Yin and Si De glanced at the city, observing Qing Qiumu who waved back with a faint blush. Seeing this Verdant Forest Elf, her gorgeous appearance, they realized Wei Wuyin was truly all-inclusive. But considering his looks and abilities, it made sense.

But suddenly, Wei Wuyin shouted with a bright smile, "Run!"

"..."

What?

Wei Wuyin repeated to Qing Qiumu, smiling and laughing, "Run!"

Qing Qiumu froze for a brief moment, her pupils shrunk. Without any hesitation, she shot away, her astral force pressed against the ground, vines emerging and snatching up the powerless elven children and adults, transporting them with extremely fast speed. They couldn't even resist, her wood force far too resilient and unexpected.

She didn't even try to leave through any normal exit, the vines directly plunging into the ground they emerged from alongside those they seized. For tens of miles, she extracted everyone she could, leaving herself directly after, entering into the ground while resisting the Zephyr Power. Her movements were incredibly swift, fiercely decisive, and outrageously unexpected!

Her actions were just watched by everyone, no one understanding what she was doing, even the experts on watch just observed in confusion. Was she taking hostages? A few roared in rage, shooting forward to chase, but they all halted before they could pursue into the ground. Without warning, they lost all signs of life, collapsing.

"...!" Seeing the corpses of these experts thud with a soft, dreadful crash left everyone shocked. These experts were at the Astral Core Realm, and while they were all lower-phase experts, they still died without warning! How?! Who?!

The old man saw this, turning to the young woman who was just as confused, "You asked why. Here's why: Negotiate? Hide? Wait? We are cultivators, if we have strength, what do we need to follow any conventional thinking? Seize the initiative!"

The young woman snapped to the old man, still confused.

The old man laughed with heart, "Let's run too." With a blur, the two vanished from their seats and reappeared far away, looking at the scene from afar. The old man exclaimed for a moment, noticing a gaze had followed him. He saw Wei Wuyin giving his direction a sidelong glance.

"...How terrifying."

Wei Wuyin stopped laughing, his mood instantly ruined by the old man's vanishing act, causing him to instantly become serious and cautious. But after noticing who it was, he relaxed. The old man wasn't a threat. He could even be considered an ally.

With this in mind, he no longer held back. He stepped forward, waving for his group of nine elites to step back. Grand Priestess Si De acted without hesitation, the other members of the temple following soon after. The Grey Sands Elves saw them retreat, so they did too.

Ai Yin was the last one, she softly said: "Be careful."

Wei Wuyin didn't reply. Seeing this, Ai Yin retreated.

The scene brought confusion, even more than before, to all those watching and the Grand Priest's welcoming party. They were still wondering how those experts below died, and now they had to react to Wei Wuyin's lone walk forward, ditching his guardians.

"..."

「Elemental Spiritual Art: World of Origin」

An Astral Core revealed itself within his dantian, revealing its existence to the entire world.

The young woman's eyes widened and exclaimed in awe, shock, and wonder: "IT'S SO BIG!"

Chapter 496 - 492: Dragons Ravage The World

Those words of the young woman resonated with the internal thoughts of most present, if not everyone. Even Grand Priest Zi Gu was staring stunned, with disbelief painting his entire facial expression with thick layers. While it was rumored that the Holy Son of Tri-Elementus had an outrageous spiritual strength at a very young age, there was never any mention of his Astral Core.

"Thirty-Two Centimeters!"

Enormous!

Thick!

Unbelievably Big!

Regardless of their thoughts, the same thing was illustrated in their minds: the largest Astral Core they'd ever witnessed.

The light surrounding Wei Wuyin trembled and twisted, faint glimmers flickering on the surface of his skin, revealing to the world his cultivation base at the Fifth Stage of the Astral Core Realm! With the absence of gravitational forces, this verified his cultivation level to everyone!

But this only exaggerated their thoughts, prodding at their disbelieving minds and even making themselves believe that they'd been placed into an illusionary world. How could this be real? Was this real?!

Yet, Wei Wuyin stood floating in the sky, his dantian glowing as it contained the outline, shape, and outrageous size of his Astral Core!

The average size of a Light Reflection Phase Cultivator, even in this thriving society of cultivation, was one-fourth of a centimeter. One-fourth! Even a Gravity Emission Phase expert, be it here or in the starfield, was just half a centimeter in size, incredibly difficult to change due to the refined astral forces within.

As an Astral Core became larger in circumference, so did the quantity and the quality of astral force stored within. As a cultivator's cultivation base rises, it becomes increasingly difficult to expand these two traits. The former, quantity, was easier, but quality required the innate energies that produced astral force to reach higher levels. This meant physical, mental, essence, and spiritual energies must be elevated in strength to further expand the Astral Core.

What would thirty-two centimeters in the Light Reflection Phase reflect? How vast was their World Sea? Enough to drown the continent ten times over? How powerful were their innate energies, their astral forces? The shock and disbelief was only expected from everyone who understood this concept of a World Sea. After all, the World Sea was a metaphysical space that contained vast, vast quantities of astral force despite the seemingly limited size of a Cultivator's Dantian.

"How does he even cultivate?!" The young woman shouted in utter disbelief. 39,300 Spirit Units? Thirty-two centimeter-sized Astral Core? Just a little over a decade of cultivation time?! Was this even possible? Should this even be possible?! There was a limit to talent, and a limit to one's foundation!

The old man's heart rapidly raced, feeling incredibly perplexed by this reveal. This was because he knew that when they first met three years ago, Wei Wuyin's Astral Core was only ten centimeters! In three years, he reached this?! HOW?! Does he eat high-grade alchemical products for breakfast, lunch, and dinner?!

With Wei Wuyin's mind-blowing foundation revealed, the entire world was shaken, but the man himself was entirely unbothered by these exaggerated reactions. Instead, his eyes were calm, cold, and emitted faint traces of killing intent. He executed his Elemental Spiritual Art: World of Origin!

He hadn't just executed it once, but nine times!

The span of time he used to unleash these nine arts in rapid succession was equivalent to unleashing half of a single art before! This was roughly eighteen times faster! This was the boundless cultivation benefits of possessing the Shifting Elemental Primary Light and refined astral force with those light energies! Vast quantities of Elemental Origin Force gushed out from his body, erupting in a spray of white light.

The immediate area around himself became filled with elemental origin force, with white elemental light that would shift colors at random intervals.

"Retreat!" Grand Priest Zi Gu fiercely ordered, prompting the eleven other temple members to retreat in haste back to the Sky Zephyr City's area.

"Activate the defensive formations!" Grand Priest Zi Gu cautiously kept his distance, realizing that Wei Wuyin wasn't an ordinary cultivator from his Astral Core. Were all Holy Children this monstrous?!

Typically, these temples avoided establishing defensive or offensive formations as it was a place of worship, but after their Holy Son had been determined, they all bore the fear of losing him just like the Lei and Shuang Clan lost theirs. A few upper-echelon members of the temple suggested establishing defensive and offensive formations to combat hostile forces, such as the other Holy Children.

He had eventually relented with some protest, inevitably folding due to his fear of the same dreadful outcome. While the formation itself wasn't too complex, a little hasty, even Grand Priest Zi Gu would have issues fighting against or breaching the formation during the Season of Regression.

A twisting sphere of violent wind engulfed the city at its borders, directly cutting off Wei Wuyin. As he stayed at the edge of the borders, they had successfully isolated him.

"No! Kill him!" A voice, female and cold, roared out from the Sky Zephyr Temple. It trembled the entire space, causing the temple members to grow pale. They snapped out of their daze, realizing their primary orders! Without thinking, they had retreated against an enemy, locking themselves behind a protective wall seeking safety and protection!

Enraged at their own fear, they grasped their astral weapons, urged their astral force into maximum activity, and shot out of the spherical domain of twisting wind, seeking to exit and clash with Wei Wuyin's elemental origin force. Unfortunately, as they hardened their wills and were reminded of their duties, sounds of a boundlessly majestic origin shook the world!

ROAR! ROAR!! ROAR!!!

A rumble that nearly took them out of the sky occurred! A few of these Realmlords, with their refined bodies of a thousand or so years, directly spat mouthfuls of blood. Grand Priest Zi Gu's expression

became ashen, his eyes flashing with fear. As a Timelord, it shouldn't be possible for him to feel fear, only caution!

But there was a reason that changed today!

MANA!

ROAR!!!

An explosive roar, seemingly the simultaneous overlapping of nine different sounds, blasted the world in its might! A shockwave of mana surged outwards with Wei Wuyin at its center, clashing with the sphere of wind, shattering it on contact!

A gushing surge of endless wind blades cut through the world, slicing into the city and causing numerous cries of pain, agony, and death to resound below!

"Mana?!" Grand Priest Zi Gu shouted in shock, feeling the situation was ludicrous. Wasn't this the Season of Regression? Wasn't mana restricted by the Divinities of the Four Extreme Continent?! His thoughts went blank as he instinctively conjured an astral ward, deflecting the powerful backlash of wind with ease.

Soon, the erupting light that swarmed Wei Wuyin settled, and revealed a sight that no one present would ever forget!

They had long, slithering forms. They had eyes filled with spirituality, reflecting the elements. They had impossibly sharp five-clawed limbs that rent fixed space, solid earth as if it was mud, the air as if it was water, and glinted with brilliant light.

With every twist of their pure white bodies, they would reveal their scales that were defined to the utmost limits of reality, where every curvature was as vivid and lifelike as one's hand. They swirled their bodies, releasing mists of various colors as their breath, and if one counted, they would total nine!

ROAR!

The ambient mana pulsed directly with their draconic roars, subjugated by their dominating presence. These were dragons! DRAGONS! And they had a length of a thousand meters, smaller than the last time they were unleashed, but far more compact. Their draconic auras were extremely vibrant and domineering, causing the bloodline of even humans to quiver, their hearts pounding heavily at the sight of them.

They swirled, twisted, and gazed upon the world with Wei Wuyin as their centerpiece, like obedient pets as they used their eyes, which seemingly contained nine different elemental worlds, to observe the Sky Zephyr City. In the minds of every expert, a draconic roar was unleashed!

A few directly fainted from the vast spiritual might each dragon released, and a few even directly lost their lives.

"Spiritual Astral Array?!" Grand Priest Zi Gu was terrified as he inspected the dragons, quickly determining their origins. "A Multi-Link Spiritual Astral Array?! How did he..." The disbelief was terrifying as he noticed that, while these dragons were separated in their existence, they were linked by a powerful, unbreakable spiritual link.

Just being in their presence was like resisting an offensive spiritual spell. He reinforced his spirit, guarded his sea of consciousness, and hurriedly shouted: "Prepare for battle!" He no longer hesitated or questioned, looking at the killing intent effusing from Wei Wuyin's eyes.

A Reamlord roared, feeling challenged as he wielded twin swords. He erupted in a surge of wind force, angrily shouting out a battle cry as he manifested his Worldly Domain and charged at Wei Wuyin. He was like a piercing twister as he moved. As long as he killed Wei Wuyin, who cared about this array?!

Swiftly, he faced the nine dragons fearlessly, and lifted his swords with a vicious expression. "Die!" He summoned his wind force with all he could muster, causing miles of air to twist and churn! Just as he did, his expression changed as his eyes went blank, his body distorted under some force, and horror replaced his fearless expression.

He wanted to scream out words, "It's a wo-" but he was cut off at the last moment by a blurred figure that moved at sight distorting speeds.

CHOMP!

A horrified, delayed shout resounded. "Watch out!" Grand Priest Zi Gu was rushing towards the Reamlord in hopes of halting him, but he anxiously stopped after seeing a dragon's head arrive before the Reamlord, bite down and devour him in a blink of an eye. He had felt something was wrong, but he didn't know what. Seeing this dragon consume his temple member, his heart trembled. They were too fast!

The lifeforce of that Reamlord was erased.

He was either dead or trapped in a sealed space, but when he felt the shattering of a talisman linked to the Reamlord's soul, his heart sank at ten thousand meters a moment.

He was dead.

The dragon's eyes gave him a glance, revealing a world of lightning and releasing translucent mist with yellow motes with every breath. The simulated breathing, realistic eye movements, lifelike qualities, and draconic aura made it seem extremely realistic, causing him to forget that it was a conjured manifestation.

Terror filled their entire hearts and minds.

Wei Wuyin's eyes glowed fiercely, forming a handseal as five dragons unleashed a world-trembling draconic roar. With thousand meter long bodies, they ravaged the skies and sundered the earth as they soared towards the Sky Zephyr City.

Chapter 497 - 493: Against Worlds

The dragons were unbelievably swift. The ambient mana of the world fueled their movements, making them travel at lightning speed!

"Defend!" Grand Priest Zi Gu ordered, trying to keep his calm despite the horror and confusion he felt. The other ten Reamlords were also terrified, but they steeled their wills and stayed their grounds. They manifested their Worldly Domains, working in coordinated effort as they fought with numbers, two against each incoming dragon!

Those hidden experts watched from afar with gaped expressions and quivering hearts as the Realmlords resisted the elemental dragons! What was this?! A single Holy Son was fighting against ten Realmlords!

Grand Priest Zi Gu was calmly watching Wei Wuyin, observing the idle four dragons that swarmed around him protectively. He noted that they each breathed out mist with the four basic elements: fire, water, earth, and wind. The five that were attacking embodied the five advanced elements: metal, lightning, wood, magma, and ice!

He was-

"ARGHHH!" A sudden scream of panic erupted followed by a cry for help as a Realmlord's Worldly Domain was engulfed by a dragon's thick, coiling body, grinding against its scales. If it wasn't for his Worldly Domain pushing the dragon's body away, he would've been viciously crushed.

His partner launched violent attacks at its head, hoping to dissipate the dragon with her might, yet the dragon remained seemingly unfazed. At times, it would open its mouth and breath out gushes of cold mist. The female Realmlord felt her heart shiver from the cold, feeling a power that might be able to instantly claim her life. She hurriedly dodged with ample caution, unable to spare an ounce of attention for her partner.

Grand Priest Zi Gu was about to act to save the Realmlord, but two dragons twisted in excitement, their breaths of mist grew heavier as if waiting for him to move. He wasn't a fool. By all means, he needed to deal with Wei Wuyin and kill the controller of the array, but those five dragons protectively shielded him.

If he acted to save others, they might launch attacks on the other members. Right now, he was forcing Wei Wuyin to protect himself against his terrifying might and possible assault, keeping him at bay. But it was double-sided. While he kept Wei Wuyin at bay, Wei Wuyin caused him to be unable to support the others.

"Resist a little longer! I've called for reinfor-" Was all he could say spiritually to both Realmlords before their spiritual connection was abruptly severed. Shocked, he turned to see a twisted, deformed body falling after being crushed into a nearly flat surface. As for the female Realmlord that was assaulting the dragon, the dragon's teeth moved in an animated fashion, clearly chewing a hard object.

There was a frozen forearm that had fractured, falling downwards to the city below. As for the rest of the body? The violent crunching sound was evident of its fate.

He gulped heavily, his adam's apple bouncing vigorously.

"Nooo..." this shouldn't be possible! Realmlords were powerful, nearly invincible existences! How could they just die? Three deaths in the matter of seconds?

But he felt it again. The mana of the world was at the control of these dragons, unleashing unfettered amounts of extremely high Sky Pressure! Unlike spiritual pressure, Sky Pressure was a unique characteristic of the Sky Ruler Phase. It was rarely a decider in fights, at least against those at higher cultivation. It was an ability to control ambient mana to weaken your opponent's astral force, pressure their physical bodies, and grind away at their mental focus.

The Worldly Domain can convert ambient mana into one's own power, amplifying Sky Pressure and transforming it into World Pressure. While within a Realmlord's Worldly Domain, enemies would be subjected to this type of pressure to an extreme. Even other Realmlords wouldn't dare casually enter another's Worldly Domain for fear of this terrifying force.

Unfortunately, during the Season of Regression, a Realmlord's Worldly Domain was considerably weakened, unable to draw upon ambient energies or mana for their own strength, completely removing this quality from their repertoire, but only during.

"This Sky Pressure...this ambient mana...it's at the level of World Pressure!" The Grand Priest Zi Gu finally gauged the strength of this pressure, feeling absolutely appalled and terrified at this discovery. How was this possible?! The Season of Regression sealed ambient mana!

He tried to connect to the ambient mana and unleash Sky Pressure, but to no avail. Even his Worldly Domain was useless, unable to seize the ambient mana. He couldn't fathom what was happening, but he could see Worldly Pressure restrain these Realmlords mercilessly. His only guess was that it was a result of the extremely powerful array somehow releasing its own.

A Realmlord was negligent, his mind blanked for a second as a dragon roared, unleashing a spiritual assault that shook his Sea of Consciousness. In a blink, he was devoured by this dragon, unleashing life force from its misty breath, yet it claimed the Realmlord's life with its sharp, piercing teeth and crushing maw. There wasn't time to even cry out for help!

Four!

Grand Priest Zi Gu nearly lost his mind. He shot towards the other Realmlord that now fought the dragon alone, seeking to save him. But as he shot forward, two dragons from Wei Wuyin's side, the fire breathing and wind breathing dragon shot off explosively with incredible speeds towards the others, this included the frost breathing dragon that dealt with its enemies.

Grand Priest Zi Gu saved the Realmlord from the jaws of a dragon as that Realmlord was horribly suppressed from all angles, from the Worldly Pressure and Spiritual Assaults from these terrifying roars. But as he sighed in relief and satisfaction, receiving the ever-thankful looks from the Realmlord, his mind felt two shattering talismans in his possession. His heart sank in the depths of despair.

With rage, he shot off towards Wei Wuyin with the Realmlord in tow, deciding to end this! But as he approached, he was buffeted by vast World Pressure, causing his expression to change drastically! In moments, his power went into disarray, feeling weaker than when he was a Gravity Emission Phase Cultivator!

"RETREAT TO THE TEMPLE!" He shouted in fear, blazing through the sky towards the temple at his fastest speed, moving even faster than when he rushed forward. He hadn't realized this before, but the dragons were unleashing separate Worldly Pressure! This meant it was like facing nine Realmlords!

Even though Wei Wuyin was less protected, if he was delayed for a few seconds, then...

He felt the shattering of the other talismans almost simultaneously...

Nine...

He didn't look back, blitzing through the skies and entering the temple.

"..." The world was silent as they bore witness to the deaths of nine Realmlords. Was this happening?!

Wei Wuyin coldly watched Grand Priest Zi Gu desperately retreat, recalling his Nine Dragons of Origin. They swiftly swirled around him protectively, with the metal dragon obediently offering its head as a platform. Riding it, Wei Wuyin slowly floated as he inspected the temple with narrowed eyes.

He had the Zenith Origin State, a strange and uniquely powerful Astral Soul State that allowed him to shatter the bindings and restrictions of ambient mana. It was less controlling the ambient mana, but more the ambient mana was begging to act to his will. They escaped their bindings force because he was willing to connect with it, giving him some thoughts about mana.

Unlike Realmlords that needed their Worldly Domain to release World Pressure, he could do so freely. When he discovered this power, he never got a chance to use it, never needed to. In fact, he had multiple powers that allowed him to contend with Realmlords or those of higher cultivation, such as Kratos's Draconic Void Force, but he never needed to use it.

Until now.

Lin Ming had assumed he would stay his hand, hide in his temple and passively wait until an opportunity presented itself. But he didn't need to wait, because this was the Season of Regression! During this suppressed environment, Realmlords and Timelords weren't even remotely as scary as they should be!

To him? They were weaklings.

Without their Worldly Domains and Temporal Dissonance, they were just Gravity Emission Phase experts with stronger astral force. But could their quantity or quality of astral force hope to match his four thirty-two centimeter-sized Astral Cores?!

Wei Wuyin glanced at the nearby Voidships, his eyes narrowed even further with leaking killing intent. These Holy Children had ruined his desire to weaken the Realmlords and Timelords of this World Realm, to whittle away at them with their own power, create hatred and animosity amongst them, and now they were more peaceful and unwilling to deal with each other.

If so, then he'd have to take matters into own hands to ensure that his starfield doesn't descend into ruin if they ever escaped. If they were divided, there might not be an issue, but if they united, how disastrous would that be?

So he had to act!

All those who refused to submit?

They had to die!

As for those members of the temple? They were too religiously devoted to rely on! He needed to cull them all to ensure his future plans remained completely unhindered, especially after the Season of Regression ended.

ROAR!

The dragons turned their large, domineering eyes towards the Voidships. Their multi-colored breathing synchronized, giving them a strange, united feeling. With a slither of their long bodies, they swiftly moved towards the Voidship that carried the Holy Daughter of Absolute Hot Fire!

"Stop!" A voice filled with heroic might resounded. A figure shot out of the temple, wielding a white spear, flying like a flash of wind towards the Voidship. He hovered above the Voidship, watching Wei Wuyin approach with a glint in his eyes.

Wei Wuyin halted the dragons, looking at this newly arrived figure, handsome and valiant in disposition. It was Lin Ming!

"Using external power to slaughter, isn't that beneath you, beneath the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn? You're here for me, aren't you? So here I am. You want these, right? The only way is by direct challenge, and you know it!" Lin Ming brought out four badges, causing numerous figures to gasp in shock at this reveal.

Four Badges of Divinity! That's three more than they were aware of! Where did they come from?! The questions were endless as these experts stared at Lin Ming, this Holy Son of Quad-Elementus, in confusion!

Wei Wuyin silently stared at Lin Ming, confusion in his eyes, but as he saw the four badges, his silver eyes glowed radiantly with excitement. He dismissed Lin Ming's idiocy, thinking the array was an external power he unleashed, focusing on those badges instead. According to the rules of the trial, it was true: he could only obtain the badges via challenges.

If he just killed the Holy Child, the badges would return to their respective temples, and he'd have to wait until someone else claimed it via the rightful way and challenged them. The only exception is if the Holy Child killed themselves.

After all, this was a trial for Chosen Candidates. Not a trial for "using the powers of others to kill" trial. Of course, this wouldn't stop those from using other's powers to their advantage.

"What do you say?" Lin Ming indifferently asked, glancing at the nine dragons that moved the world's mana at will. How could he not think that Wei Wuyin was using some extremely expensive and magical array to achieve this feat? At this rate, Wei Wuyin was invincible during the Season of Regression with those dragons present. The killing of nine Realmlords proved this.

While he knew that the one he cared about on this voidship was protected by an extraordinary expert, his mind didn't want the tiniest of risks that she would be harmed. Who knows if the Overseer won't suppress these Mystic Ascendants if they interfere too heavily?

Wei Wuyin stared at Lin Ming with an odd gaze, somewhat intrigued by the fearless proposition. While he might be a Blessed, his cultivation base was still at the Spatial Resonance Phase. Did he not hear about his strength? Or was Lin Ming blinded by his achievements in the Alchemic Dao, truly believing he was lacking in battle prowess somehow?

"Okay," Wei Wuyin unhesitatingly agreed.

Chapter 498 - 494: Secrets & Truths

"This shouldn't be happening! How could this be happening?!" From a great distance, watching Sky Zephyr City and the fight that laid to rest nine Realm Lords, Ming Shufeng was holding her face with reddened eyes, seemingly mad, seemingly bedeviled. She had glimpsed into Heavenly Fate! She had visions of the future, of the peaceful summit, of Wei Wuyin's defeat!

How could this be happening?! This wasn't like before, with a little misreading of the situation, but the entire rewriting of the script! Her belief in her visions, in fate energies, in the Heavenly Daos' omnipotence, was tested at this very moment.

Even San Yongli, who was standing near her, had bright crimson eyes beneath her hood. Those eyes of hers were suffused with confusion and uncertainty, feeling that this didn't make a lick of sense. The Book of Heaven's Path had added Wei Wuyin's storyline to its events, unlike before, and she knew this meant he wasn't like her. He was a normal cultivator.

How could changes be happening so drastically? Was knowing the future really all it took for it to change? Was her minor actions causing immense and unimaginable changes? If so, what's the point of this Book of Heaven's Path?!

She felt that this Book of Heaven's Path had enough miraculous abilities that it could determine future events, even send her soul through time and return to her younger body, yet it had such a glaring fault. She knew taking action, disrupting the flow of events for her own benefits, could cause drastic changes in the timeline, but with the Book of Heaven's Path, she felt reassured to adapt at will. But was it all a sham? Was this mystical book just lies or a probability of events?

With these unanswered questions, she turned to Ming Shufeng. "Can you see the outcome of their fight?" Clearly, Wei Wuyin, the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, and Lin Ming, the True Elemental Emperor, were going to fight to determine a victor. And she felt that this battle will determine the real future.

After all, Lin Ming was destined to possess all nine badges, receive the final inheritance, travel to the Aeternal Sky Starfield, become a Chosen of the True Element Sect, and rise to prominence! There was no way for him to lose! If he did, wouldn't he lose the most vital aspect of his future?

Becoming a Chosen!

Ming Shufeng had nearly gone insane before San Yongli asked her that question. With a spry jump, she excitedly felt a glimmer of hope. She just had to glimpse into the outcome! Verify the truth! Reaffirm her faith!

With her hands clasped, she started to slowly perform handseals and execute a variety of spells. These weren't spells of probability, but future sight spells! When she obtained the outcome, she breathed out a breath of relief.

"Wei Wuyin loses," she relaxed at this verdict.

But San Yongli frowned, "How?" From her point of view, Wei Wuyin had an impossibly large Astral Core, likely a product of a cultivation self-damaging spell for temporary power. She was familiar with these

types of spells and methods that could temporarily expand one's astral core to impossible limits, increasing its quality. It was insidious, deceitful, and short-sighted.

And while Wei Wuyin had taken that route, likely to fight against Realmlords and Timelords, his current strength was definitely beyond Lin Ming.

Ming Shufeng's relieved smile froze. She hurriedly sought insight, but found nothing. "I...don't know." Her words were dispirited, uncertain.

San Yongli thought for a moment, considering things for a brief period, and her eyes glowed to an unprecedented limit. It was like two crimson-colored solar stars! "Is it possible that he has protection against the seeing of his future?" Those words were casually said, but it caused Ming Shufeng to pip right up.

"You're saying he's a **," As Ming Shufeng started to speak, her syllables became strange.

"ARGH!" San Yongli's knees hit the ground, her head consumed by a hellish ringing noise that scratched at her brain. It was brief, very brief, but her entire cloak was drenched in sweat. Even her hands were wet, goosebumps and standing hair throughout her entire body!

Ming Shufeng was terrified. She reached out to hold San Yongli, who reacted as if she had eyes in the back of her head, smacking her hand away.

"DON'T TOUCH ME!" San Yongli violently screamed, vicious pain stabbing into her tone.

Wincing away, Ming Shufeng remained silent and distanced herself from San Yongli. She murmured under her breath, "I just wanted to help you." But she recalled Wei Wuyin's reaction before, when she told him about the details of the eighteen levels of Hell. It was similar, but he was far more resilient.

Was it possible that certain individuals can't hear about certain details? To test this theory, she said: "You heard about the first hell? It is said that..."

San Yongli ignored her, not reacting at all. After realizing those words weren't causing any changes, Ming Shufeng frowned. '*Was it possible that different people can't hear certain things?*' Her ocean-blue eyes fixated on San Yongli's rising figure.

'*Then what are you and what is he?*' Her inner questions had calmed her heart, regaining her faith as she realized that Wei Wuyin was an abnormality in this world. If that's the case, then reading his fate will almost always be wrong.

As Ming Shufeng had just stumbled upon an epiphany that slightly revealed the greatest truths and secrets this world has to offer, Wei Wuyin had accepted Lin Ming's challenge request. To officially challenge, both sides must be within a hundred meters of each other.

"Put away your array!" Lin Ming demanded. He didn't wish to be attacked by these dragons without warning, forced to deal with such frightening power.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, leaping from the head of the Metal-Origin Dragon. He fearlessly flew towards Lin Ming, his dragons slowly descending to the ground, staring at the world with lifelike curiosity. The

devastation they caused Sky Zephyr City was absolute, ravaging everything with the casual movements of their claws and bodies.

Lin Ming frowned. Clearly, Wei Wuyun wasn't an idiot. Why would he retract his most powerful weapon? With a tightened grip around his Origin Spear, he waited for Wei Wuyin to get closer. When he arrived two hundred meters away, Lin Ming's body erupted in lightning and wind, and he blurred forward as he covered a hundred meters instantly!

Wei Wuyin's eyes widened slightly, revealing a trace of shock.

Lin Ming smirked, hurriedly activating the Badge of Divinities challenging functions, causing his four tokens and Wei Wuyin's three tokens to light up brightly! A bright beam of light descended from the sky, pushing away everything, such as the Voidship, all the residents of Sky Zephyr City, and even the Sky Zephyr Temple!

For ten miles, everything was pushed away.

Except the two Holy Sons!

And...

Those nine dragons turned to look at the beaming light, their eyes extremely playful and amused. The Fire-Origin Dragon pushed away the Wood-Origin Dragon, seemingly smiling while doing so. The Water-Dragon retaliated, pushing the Fire-Origin Dragon and roaring, cuddling the Wood-Origin Dragon in comfort. They seemed so vivid and lifelike, that many might mistake them for having their own id, ego, and superego, being truly sentient.

When the light dispersed, Wei Wuyin and Lin Ming stood on a platform of light, surrounded by a cylindrical curtain of protective light.

"The dragons!" Lin Ming shouted in surprise, seeing the dragons inside the curtain of light, playing around casually. How was that possible?! Wasn't this an external array? According to Senior Sister Lin, external formations and arrays were isolated from the platform, even talismans, pellets, and astral weapons beyond a certain quality were restricted!

Wei Wuyin ignored Lin Ming's shock, his eyes fully relaxed. *'It's a little unfortunate that I can't kill him, yet.'* With a wistful thought, he urged his remaining elemental origin force to surge, manifesting a white fist the size of a hundred meters.

With a fierce punch, he launched it at Lin Ming! The fist propelled itself at blinding speed, causing Lin Ming to hurriedly change his thoughts, wielding his spear, and stabbing it forth in retaliation. A surge of elemental origin force exploded, matching the fist in height!

The two forces clashed, and a figure shot out with trails of blood. Lin Ming flew across the platform like a flickering shadow. He stabbed his Origin Spear into the platform of light, halting his momentum and dragging a long line across it.

Lin Ming's forehead was drenched in blood, suffering an horrific injury to the head. From his hand that gripped the Origin Spear, blood leaked as his skin was torn. A single strike had caused him incredible damage!

He lifted himself up, his Elemental Wood Force working to repair his external and internal injuries. After suffering that attack, Lin Ming spat out, looking at Wei Wuyin. But his eyes didn't just contain a solemn light, but a wisp of disdain and pity.

"Using self-damaging methods to elevate your strength, huh? What pill or method did you use to accomplish that? No wonder your Astral Core is so large," he had his suspicions before, but after taking that blow and suffering these injuries, he was certain that Wei Wuyin used amplification methods to forcefully raise his strength!

No wonder he was unafraid of a challenge, willing to fight against Realm Lords in the Season of Regression. He spat out another wad of blood, realizing he had miscalculated and underestimated the lengths Wei Wuyin, this so-called Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, would go.

"..." Wei Wuyin was speechless.

Chapter 499 - 495: Lin Ming's Power

Wei Wuyin didn't know how to respond to those words, feeling as if Lin Ming was creating his own reality. Unwilling to dwell on such irrelevant things, he was startled that Lin Ming could resist his elemental origin fist. While it was a simple manifestation attack, Lin Ming had resisted it.

This was already outstanding, especially considering he was at the Spatial Resonance Phase, an entire stage beneath his own. He was curious about Lin Ming's Astral Core size, and just as he wanted to know, Lin Ming revealed it!

Lin Ming grasped his spear, its sharp edge sweeping across the ground in an elegant arc. With a lowered stance, firm eyes, he urged his astral force into motion, circulating it throughout his body and producing a devastating aura! His dantian was lit by the white brilliance of his Divine Elemental Astral Core.

The spectators watched with bated breath.

In one of the Voidships, the Holy Daughter of Absolute Hot Fire clenched her fists silently, her calm eyes betrayed none of her tense emotions she felt. She knew Lin Ming was doing this to avoid her having to fight Wei Wuyin. Even she wasn't certain she was a match for Wei Wuyin with his unique spell or method activated to enhance his battle prowess. While such means were temporary, he would be a difficult foe.

It seemed San Yongli, Lin Ming, and Tang Xingyun weren't the only ones who thought Wei Wuyin used self-harming methods to increase his Astral Core size without restraint. In fact, when Lin Ming shouted out his own assumption, the rest of the world was relieved of an invisible tension within their spirits and minds.

If Wei Wuyin could truly reach such outrageous levels at his age, what was the point in cultivating? How embarrassing was this? A cultivator no older than fifty exceeding a thousand years of strenuous effort?! They might as well kill themselves!

Thinking of this, they even believed Wei Wuyin used some method to forcefully enhance his spiritual strength somehow, which makes sense for someone his age! This comforted everyone!

Tang Xingyun could only watch, but her heart was with Lin Ming. She knew that he had endless potential, and that he would prove everyone wrong. If not today, then one day.

The young woman asked the old man, "Is it true? Did this guy use such methods?" She sought out answers, hoping to settle her own troubled heart. While she would like it if Wei Wuyin wasn't a fake star, she also wanted it to be that way. After all, she was a highly respected prodigy who received countless resources and had an exceptional background; it would feel horrible to be surpassed so greatly by someone.

The old man wryly smiled, unable to answer. Because even he didn't know! It made some sense because his Astral Core was ten centimeters before! The jump wasn't just a three point two times increase, but like an increase of several dozen times!

On one hand, it made sense. On another, he didn't feel it was so simple!

It was unfortunate that the old man couldn't tell since Wei Wuyin had recovered his bloodline abilities! But it mattered not, because everyone was focused on Lin Ming!

And Lin Ming revealed a brilliance that gave everyone a jolt! No longer bothered by Wei Wuyin's falsely obtained cultivation base, they were reset in their expectations. So when they saw the outline, shape, and size of Lin Ming's astral core, they awed and ooh'd!

Eight Centimeters!

This was sixteen times the size of a Gravity Emission Phase expert, and he was only at the Spatial Resonance Phase! How outstanding! How extraordinary!

Grand Priest Zi Gu had a dark expression, but his eyes radiated praise. While he had lost nine Realm Lords today due to Wei Wuyin's despicable means, their Holy Son's brilliance couldn't be hidden! A wisp of a proud smile formed on his lips.

"Of course he's outstanding," a female voice filled with a haughtiness that seemed to be innate echoed out. Grand Priest Zi Gu's expression changed, his eyes immediately became respectful. When a figure arrived beside him, he hurriedly bowed deeply. While his face was bowed, he had fear in his gaze!

The figure was a young woman, her face covered by a veil, but her exquisite body's figure was voluptuous and tall, garbed in a tight-fitting outfit. She had a sky-blue long-sleeved top with a midriff, with a pair of sky-blue leggings that accentuated her curves. When she arrived, she mumbled out: "Otherwise, why would Senior Sister Lin treat him so well?"

If someone was in the temple, they would notice not a single member had their heads up, all with their eyes down and not daring to look her way.

Wei Wuyin allowed Lin Ming to reveal his foundation, actually interested in a Blessed standard. While Lin Ming had been tested in the Grand Spirit Trials, that was over three years, and his cultivation had reached the Spatial Resonance Phase since then.

'Nine-Ring Soul Idol & Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance! Is this the limit of a Blessed. Will they be able to reach the ten-rings and ten-ripples, excavate all their potential, or can the Heavenly Daos only help them to a certain limit?' These questions will only be truly answered when he sees a Blessed at the Realm Lord

level. When one reaches the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm, their foundation is permanently set.

All their powers are merged to form their invincible Worldly Domain, including their Soul Idol.

Lin Ming's wounds recovered instantly as he drove his elemental origin force to their limits, bringing out his greatest power! With a silent, warningless action, Lin Ming blurred towards Wei Wuyin with his spear thrusting at his chest.

Wei Wuyin didn't move. He conjured a basic astral ward, reinforced with a single layer.

The spear neared, and with a short bursting roar, Lin Ming's spear tip morphed into a tiger's head. It was lifelike, its teeth glinting with a bloody light and its eyes gleaming like jewels.

BOOM!

The tiger head smashed against Wei Wuyin's elemental astral ward. The tiger roared, exploded, reformed, and roared again with devastating power! The air was twisted and pushed away, the moisture became hot, and the light beneath their feet trembled as if experiencing endless seismic activity.

When all was said and done, the light platform was deformed, and the spear's tip was pressing against Wei Wuyin's ward.

Lin Ming's eyes widened in disbelief, "What?" He questioned his eyes, but those very eyes became fierce as he twisted his spear, sending gushing elemental wind force outwards, engulfing the entire ten mile area in a viciously rotating hurricane!

The hurricane condensed after a single moment, entering the Origin Spear, and erupted at a single concentrated point! The tip! The piercing power of the spear reached unprecedented heights and stabbed into Wei Wuyin's elemental astral ward!

The feedback sent Lin Ming flying back. He hurriedly steadied himself, his arm that held the spear ceaselessly trembled. But when he looked at Wei Wuyin, he saw a pair of silver eyes watching him calmly.

"Interesting," Wei Wuyin said, inspecting his astral ward that remained entirely undamaged after facing such fierce and violent arts. Lin Ming hadn't even pierced a single layer of his defense, and it was an extremely casual one!

The Nine Origin Dragons simultaneously snickered, chuckled, and laughed, depending on which, and their voices releasing ferocious spiritual might. The cylindrical curtain rippled without end in response.

"Why is he so weak?" Ori mocked from within, childishly cackling alongside the dragons. Kratos seemed to find an outlet, having been called weak before, and similarly laughed in a boisterous manner.

Wei Wuyin's eyelids twitched. He felt a similar feeling from Yuan Longshi. Were Blessed really just...this much? Or was it the starfield's fault?

Lin Ming tightly gripped his spear, launching himself again, his astral force gushed out in a ferocious assault once more! But Wei Wuyin carelessly swatted at him in retaliation, his physical strength smacking the Origin Spear!

"WHAT?!" Lin Ming exclaimed as his hand felt an irresistible force. He had to let go of his spear, and it shot off into the distance, piercing through the curtain of light, and vanishing in an instant!

"..." Everyone was silent.

But Wei Wuyin didn't end on that note, kicking at Lin Ming's abdomen with extreme speed!

Chapter 500 - 496: Strongest State

CRACK!

"...!" The sound of forcefully escaped air left Lin Ming's throat, alongside the horrendously loud shattering sound of his lower ribs. Like a cocked sea prawn, his body folded inwards around Wei Wuyin's kick.

WOOSH!!

BOOSH!!!

Lin Ming was launched to the other side of the curtain, crashing into it at blurring speeds. When he slammed into the light curtain, it rippled outwards endlessly and even the stage distorted. The sheer force that his body carried was absorbed by the stage, and it started to fracture with spider web-like cracks. Fortunately, the stage immediately repaired itself.

"GAH!" Lin Ming groaned in pain, his mouth spewing out buckets of blood, staining his teeth and lips a glaring crimson. His lower abdomen was sunken inwards, as if his internal organs there had been relocated entirely. For a split second, he lost consciousness from that strike, and only when he fell from the curtain, landing on his knees, did he regain himself.

"H-how?!" He spat, gushing out another mouthful of blood intermixed with traces of his inner organs. He had never been hit so hard in his life!

Wei Wuyin wasn't an ordinary cultivator, and his Astral Core's size wasn't even in the top three aspects of his cultivation level that was outstanding. As a Bloodline Cultivator, he had an outrageously strong physical body that had been refined by his True Dragon Bloodline.

After reaching the Seventh Stage of the Mark of Mortal Myth, reinforcing his limits of physical energy with Alchemical Products, he was like a living dragon that stood at the apex of the Mortal Limits. With a single punch, he could shatter a minor-sized planet down to its core.

In a way, this was testament to Lin Ming's refined and sturdy body and his endurance. If it wasn't for his body that could withstand such power, he would've become a stain on the stage or a burst of bloody mist.

Even Wei Wuyin was surprised by his resilience. While he hadn't used Draconic Force or evoked Draconification, that was his strongest kick using just his physical body. He hadn't expected Lin Ming to be able to resist it. At the very least, he thought it would render him unconscious.

"It seems Elemental Energies really are the strongest energies for body refinement that aren't physical-based energies like draconic energies," Wei Wuyin commented with a faint smile, recalling his Elemental

Birth Phase at the Qi Condensation Realm. His own body was refined by elemental energies times four, and has been since then.

He wondered what limits of force he could resist.

As his thoughts wondered, Lin Ming scrambled to stand, using his elemental origin force to restore his damaged internal organs, causing him to show signs of visible recoveries. Clearly, his wood force was heavily connected to rejuvenation and restoration.

Those grey eyes of his stared daggers at Wei Wuyin, "You're truly sacrificing so much for power! Do you think Alchemical Products are invincible, that they can fix everything?!" He bloodily spat, clearly speaking to both buy time and release his own pent-up frustration. It's not like Wei Wuyin was the only one who possessed such forceful-enhancement means, but the cost was typically too much.

"..." Wei Wuyin truly did not understand why Lin Ming was assuming he had used insidious means to raise his strength, but the last bit struck a chord with him. He answered with a slight frown, "I don't know, but I intend to find out."

The Alchemic Dao was vast, seemingly boundless, heaven-defying, and included all things. It could reconstruct a living body that exceeded Mortal Limits, such as King of Everlore's Ever-Rebirth Pill, or allow one to comprehend things far beyond the imagination, such as the transcendent-quality Refraction World-Light Elixir.

His desire to learn more about the Alchemic Dao was at an all-time high.

Lin Ming ground his teeth. He wanted to delay Wei Wuyin long enough to allow his empowering methods to dissipate, but he felt that plan wasn't very reliable. So, he had to use his greatest trump card!

With a deep breath, he stood upright and his aura changed. A surge of wind sent the platform rippling about, and even the curtain of light started to vibrate. A faint glow of white started to emanate from his skin. The glow condensed into white runic markings that had a faint hue of light green. Before long, his body became covered with tattoos that resembled tribal markings.

Wei Wuyin noted these changes, "A runic-enhancement art?" These arts were extremely rare, almost impossible to find in the starfield. He had one: the Bloodforging Mystic Method. It was designed by the Bloodforge Emperor, a cultivator that exceeded Mortal Limits, and could provide a burst of power to the cultivator.

Those runes that were formed, circulating around Lin Ming's body, contained traces of power that exceeded the Mortal Limits. Yuan Longshi had used his runic-enhancement art before his death when fighting against Qi Lang, the Continental Guardian of the Bloodforge Continent. The enhancement had elevated his physical energies and reinforced his body. It was detailed as the Bloodforge Armor in the Bloodforging Mystic Method, its third level. There were higher levels, and almost the entire Bloodforging Mystic Method was about runic-enhancements.

Wei Wuyin was curious, wanting to see Lin Ming's trump cards. This was the only reason he hadn't ended the fight sooner, wanted to see what a Blessed at his level could muster.

Lin Ming seemed to regain some of his confidence, giving off a heroic and valiant feeling. He lifted his palm, shouting out: "Here!" As if hearing his call, the Origin Spear that had embedded itself into the earth almost a thousand miles away vibrated and seemed to come alive. With a heavy vibrational wave, it shattered the nearby earth around it and transformed into a ray of white light.

It moved at mind-boggling speeds!

Wei Wuyin turned his head towards the incoming white light, intrigued by its arrival. To think it could be recalled to him! This astral armament wasn't ordinary by any means! Furthermore, it penetrated through the light curtain and arrived in front of Lin Ming with a swish, releasing faint white light.

As it hovered in front of him, Lin Ming smiled. Invigorated by the spear's return, he grabbed it with a sentimental look. It vibrated in happiness, sending out rays of white light.

"I'll show you what real power is," Lin Ming declared. He hadn't even looked at Wei Wuyin, his focus entirely on the spear. It was as if Wei Wuyin no longer mattered, that his defeat was determined the moment he decided to get serious. With his hair that seemingly moved without wind, the fluttering of his white robes, that handsome visage, and the runic markings that covered his body, he looked like an empowered immortal ready to face a great demon.

"..." Wei Wuyin was silent. *'You know, I won't lie. You look a little badass right now, reminds me of those heroes my older brother used to tell me about.'* Lost in thought, Wei Wuyin sighed to himself. He could imagine how many women would be moved by Lin Ming's current looks and confidence.

Was this the point where it turns around?

Where Lin Ming flips the table and grasps victory?!

Even below, the young woman beside the young man was entranced by Lin Ming's splendor. Her eyes were bright with admiration and hope, as if she wished for Lin Ming to overcome all odds against his greatest opponent.

The young woman in the Sky Zephyr City, who provoked fear and caution even in Grand Priest Zi Gu, had the faintest of smiles that elevated her beauty and attractiveness to the next level. She quietly said, "No wonder Senior Sister Lin regards him so highly, he has some good qualities."

Tang Xingyun's eyes flashed with hope, witnessing Lin Ming in his strongest state. Even she felt the immense power emanating from his body! Even she was fearful! So this comforted her heart.

A dissatisfied voice resounded beside her, "It's only a Runic Transformation Art, so what? Just a little bit of talent; nothing worth drooling over."

But this only caused Tang Xingyun to give off a small smile.

There were numerous women enamored by Lin Ming's current state and appearance, especially with the blood that made him even more heroic, even more unforgettable!

Lin Ming didn't just stop there, but tapped into his greatest strength! His body rippled with spiritual strength, causing the world's light to faint dim as a star of white slowly manifested above! It was ever-shifting, all-containing, with the qualities of the nine elemental states.

From within, others could see raindrops of condensed lightning, flames that left ice in its wake, and liquid metal that flowed like rivers! There were countless permutations and transformations, changes in various states and changes in fundamental thinking!

The white star stood at nine hundred meters, with nine white rings that orbited it! A wave of boundless spiritual strength erupted, causing the sky outside the curtain to disperse, the earth to quake, and the platform beneath their feet to ripple outwards!

When the nine Origin Dragons saw this, their playfulness ended as their eyes fixated on this white star. They all wore solemn gazes filled with hostility.

Lin Ming had summoned his Soul Idol! It had Nine-Rings and was formed from his Divine Elemental Astral Soul!

Wei Wuyin observed the white star, intrigued by the differences between his own and Lin Ming's, but he found very little. When Ori had Nine-Rings, it looked almost the exact same, with the difference being the spiritual strength unleashed!

Unlike Lin Ming's, Ori experienced a tribulation far greater, absorbed more Manifested Spirit Energy, so its rings were more realistic, its transformations were more prominent, and its aura was devastatingly powerful. It was so terrifyingly high that he never dared to casually evoke his Soul Idol due to the immense energy required to sustain them.

Even now, Wei Wuyin wasn't willing to unleash any of his ten-ringed Soul Idols. He had tried it briefly, and it could only last for roughly five seconds. Perhaps if he had a normal ten-ringed Soul Idol, then he could do so for long periods of time, but the Manifested Spirit Energy absorbed and refined in each ring was enough to encircle several starfields.

It wasn't that Wei Wuyin never wanted to reveal it, but he truly didn't dare!

With a faint internal sigh at his circumstance, Wei Wuyin decided to move. With a step, he blurred towards Lin Ming while empowered by draconic force. His speed had elevated at least eight times!

Lin Ming was still faintly smiling, currently in his strongest state, when a shadow arrived before him and clasped its hand around his neck, sending a surge of power that ripped apart his Soul Idol and runic markings on his body.

With widened eyes, the crowd watched!