

### Chapter 511 - 507: A Price

After Wei Wuyin's departure, the various powers and clans of human and elven races were left without a purpose. They returned to their homes, marking the year-long date in their minds. Until then, it seemed there wouldn't be a conclusion to the Holy Children's War.

Due to the continuous fights and deaths of Realmlords, the inhabitants of the entire continent had termed the Holy Challenges between the various Holy Children as a war, a religious battle to determine the most powerful Holy Child that will become the central Holy Bloodline. There were only two that remained, so they were a little late. Still, history would be written regardless of the outcome and this period would forever be regarded as the Holy Children's War.

"You said what?" A stern voice resounded. It belonged to Tang Xingyun. She was currently sitting on a throne-like chair within the Voidship's Main Hall with a gloomy glint within her eyes. The Voidship had never left the Zephyr Plains. She feared that Wei Wuyin might return, acting against Lin Ming and breaking their set condition.

She had bought Lin Ming a year to regain himself and once more fight for his right. Furthermore, she planned to give him the Badge of Divinity that was in her possession. Yet, she just heard disturbing news from one of her envoys.

The envoy was a petite-looking young woman, rather short in height, with pigtails and black hair. Despite her young, child-like appearance, her cultivation base was extremely profound, causing the surrounding space and rays of light to tremble slightly with every breath. She was a cultivator at the Gravity Emission Phase! From how unstable and uncontrollable her aura currently was, she was clearly a newly ascended Gravity Emission Phase Cultivator.

"Young Miss! I-I..." The young girl stumbled over her words, clearly afraid of Tang Xingyun's anger. The young girl's form address was noted by Tang Xingyun, who frowned, but she wasn't about to mention it.

The young girl wasn't a native of this World Realm, but her personal attendant turned Envoy in disguise. She had entered due to her unique status, having to pay a rather expensive fee to accomplish it. Her efforts weren't wasted as she made a breakthrough.

Tang Xingyun sighed, calmed herself down and gently said: "Speak clearly."

Sensing the change of mood, the young girl perked up and slowly explained: "A message was sent over by Grand Priest Zi Gu, and it stated that the former Holy Son is currently sealed."

Tang Xingyun clenched her armrest, "What do you mean sealed?" She needed clarification. This concerned Lin Ming's second chance!

The young girl recalled the details of the message and clarified, "The former Holy Son's Dantian, Acupuncture Points, and Meridians are sealed by an extremely powerful Spiritual Spell Restriction. The Grand Priest is unable to undo it, and all of Lin Ming's own efforts are rendering little to no progress. It was calculated that it'll probably take Lin Ming roughly seventy-three years to dispel the spell formations with his help."

Tang Xingyun felt her heart clench with every additional word spoken. Who could cast such a powerful Spiritual Spell? "Who?"

"...Who?" The young girl was confused.

Tang Xingyun impatience erupted, "WHO ESTABLISHED THE SPELL?!" Her anger manifested in a shout, a tinge of unexpected rage effused from her normally calm, cold, and imperious eyes.

The young girl shrank back. She shivered in fear, nearly kneeling from the sudden explosive shout. As she stammered an answer, it offered no further clarification.

"..." Tang Xingyun realized her actions were a little too much. The young girl's sunken head, trembling lips, shaking hands, and quivering knees was more than enough to show her fear. She softly sighed, "Tang Baiyu, I'm not mad at you. Just tell me."

The young girl tried to calm herself down as she bit her lips, "Th-the Grand Priest's message said it likely had to do with the Holy Son of the Desolate Lands. That's all he said." With that, she sighed a breath of relief as there was little else that she needed to say at this point.

Tang Xingyun frowned for a moment, "You're dismissed." After saying this, the young girl lifted her eyes, bowed in a practiced manner, and left the Main Hall with an eager step. For a long moment, she remained silent. The one-year agreement was made in hope of Lin Ming's comeback, a feat she felt he could perform, yet this obstruction was a huge hindrance to that possibility.

Only after she exhaled a deep breath, showing her resolution, did she say to the empty surroundings: "Can you undo the spell?" As she asked this, her heart was shaking with hope. If the Grand Priest couldn't undo the Spiritual Spell, then it was highly unlikely that she, a Light Reflection Phase Cultivator, could do so.

"..." There was no answer from the surroundings.

-----

At this period of time, several miles away from the Voidship, Bai Yuxi was currently looking at a series of spatial ripples that revealed a silhouette of a figure. The figure was clearly a woman, yet there were no other distinctive traits that could be determined.

"Venerable Spiritwalker, I can only request this from your esteemed self." Bai Yuxi had sent her plea towards the Dharma Protector of Tang Xingyun, seeking out an avenue to remove the Spiritual Spell Restriction placed on Lin Ming. She had already gone to the Dharma Protector of He Yanglei, hoping the other might take action out of a grudge against Wei Wuyin, but she was sent away before she could even speak a few words.

The other Dharma Protectors were hidden in the shadows, with no intent to interfere with anything regarding this training grounds lest it concerned their charges. She had tried to contact one of them, yet they didn't even give her a reply.

The one called Venerable Spiritwalker was her last resort.

"...It's not impossible." The voice that had sent Wei Wuyin away, enforced that one-year agreement, said with a vague implication.

Bai Yuxi's eyes brightened, finding hope. "Please instruct me, Venerable Spiritwalker." She bowed in respect, understanding that a request was incoming.

"The Spiritual Spell placed on that young man is extremely thorough, quite affixed to his critical areas with vast, powerful spiritual strength. Even those newly Ascended would find it difficult to undo," the voice explained up to this point, pausing to allow Bai Yuxi to digest these words.

Indeed, Bai Yuxi was fiercely shaken by those words. Even those newly Ascended would find it difficult to undo? How strong was this spell? Did Wei Wuyin use a powerful external device to cast it? But she had to find a way to break the spell, or Lin Ming would lose this chance forever.

The voice continued after seeing the determined light reflected in Bai Yuxi's eyes, "But I can undo the spell. However, you'll have to ask yourself if this young man is worth it. After all, I've already taken action once, why should I do it again?"

Bai Yuxi was startled by her words. Clearly, whatever Venerable Spiritwalker intended to ask in return was not going to be a low price. Her emotional connection to Lin Ming was brief but not shallow. This could clearly be seen as Lin Ming was fully willing to surrender the title of Chosen for her, despite it being just an illusion.

"I'll do anything," she answered.

----

In the True Desolate Temple, Wei Wuyin stood at the entrance with a gaze fixed on the horizon. As his silver eyes gleamed with calculative light, a soft voice resounded behind him.

"What are you thinking about?" A soft hand touched his shoulders, caressing it until it became a gentle massage. The light-bronze skin of that hand was quite delicate.

Wei Wuyin knew it was Ai Yin, but his eyes remained fixed on the horizon. "I have to make a trip to the Scorched Skies. I'm wondering if I can make it in one go." The Scorched Skies contained the last piece of the puzzle in forming his Elemental Heart Intent: high-level Fire Intent.

"Make it?" Ai Yin was confused by Wei Wuyin's words. It took her a moment to come to the conclusion that Wei Wuyin was somewhat concerned if it was safe to travel there, being the last territory not under his control. "You shouldn't have any issue traveling there with our power. Me and Si De will protect you. The entire Grey Sands Elves are by your side."

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, touching the back of her hand that rested on his shoulder. "Thank you, but that's not what I meant." With a lift of her hand, he smoothly turned around and gave it a quick kiss.

"I'll be right back," Wei Wuyin said, using her astral force to float within the air. He turned into the direction of the Scorched Skies and kicked off in mid-air. His body vanished leaving endless spatial ripples in his wake!

Ai Yin's mouth went wide.

-----

Over one hundred thousand miles away from the Desolate Lands, faint ripples in fixed space occurred for a brief moment. These ripples continued to expand from the size of a small coin to a man-sized oval!

Woosh!

A figure shot out from this oval. Instantly, he was welcomed by falling grey ash that seared the flesh and a bleak sky that hid the Solar Star.

"I did it!"

### **Chapter 512 - 508: The New Season Arrives**

The Season of Regression was coming to an end. The shackles on the worldly mana and ambient energies were coming undone. The suppression of time energies were slowly retracted, the suppression on spatial force was lifted, and the ambient power that devastated the five regions were vanishing.

There was no happiness in the hearts of those on the continent, not from the Timelords or Realmlords who could now utilize their entire strength.

Typically, this was a sign that all would feel fearful towards. It was the sign that the Season of Devils was beginning. This season was renowned for taking large swathes of the population and sending them to their deaths, forced to hide and defend endlessly for four entire years, culling away a large number of the population.

It was a season of dreadful terror, heartfelt fear and endless pain.

But not anymore.

With the Holy Children born in every region, it changed the laws of this world, even extending the Season of Regression. This was evidence that the Season of Devils that would plague the four lands unprotected by Holy Bloodlines had changed.

Yet no one knew what these changes would bring about, what new horrors or benefits would be born from this unexpected development. They could only pray to their divinities that this change would only ensure that their lives remained safe and protected.

Unfortunately, their divinities seemed to not heed such prayers. Because the development wasn't better, but so, so much worse.

After the world held parties to celebrate their hopeful future, ceremonies worshipping the gods with lavishing praises, the world started to undergo an unexpected change. A terrifying change. A horrifyingly dreadful change!

The ambient energies that were no longer bound, vanished.

The worldly mana that permeated the world, disappeared.

Those Realmlords found their Worldly Domains unable to be manifested. If they struggled to do so, a force from the continent would integrate into their bodies and strip away at their cultivation until nothing was left.

Those Timelord's discovered that their time energies couldn't be unleashed lest they suffer a backlash. A few even had the entirety of their time energies refined in their eyes taken away from them, reducing their cultivation base!

Any execution of Spatial Force would be met with a devastating backlash. A Realmlord in the Noxious Seas had forced the issue, exploding as a result! He was dead before regret could be felt.

Gravitational Forces were unable to be used. The ambient light energies were utterly restrained. All the abilities of the Spatial Resonance Phase were now restricted. Spatial Prisons, Spatial Marks, even Spatial Shifting! They would dissipate faster than they can form. Soul Idols couldn't be manifested, suffering the same consequences as Worldly Domains!

Fear and panic spread as the cultivation bases that gave one a sense of safety, power, and reliability were being stripped away and restricted. The level of horror felt by these cultivators who spent hundreds of years of arduous effort to obtain such strength was unimaginable!

Some even thought this was the worst to come, killing themselves out of fear. A few religious zealots sacrificed to the gods, praying for salvation and returning to ancient practices long rendered out of date due to their ineffectiveness. The world started to descend into total chaos.

The differentiation of strength became harder to see, with only astral force being a definitive factor. With the absence of ambient light, spatial, and elemental energies, the astral force of cultivators were reaching their purest, unrefined state.

When the citizens directed their concerns to the remaining temples, they found the doors closed. The temples had unanimously decided to perform an excursion to the Desolate Lands, to the only place of hope! The Holy Son of Octa-Elementus!

The journey took others from their homes, venturing to the Desolate Lands to seek answers and safety. But without ambient mana, without energies to replenish their qi and astral force, these men, women, and children were forced to walk the perilous journey on foot. Millions were venturing towards the Desolate Lands in fear of the upcoming season! A season that they knew little to nothing about.

A season they named: The Season of Emptiness.

-----

In True Desolate City, two figures sat at their iconic table across from each other, a board game in front of them. Unlike before, however, the board game was not set up and left in an empty state.

"What's happening to this World Realm?" Ming Yuling was terrified as she felt her astral force lose its unique qualities. She had tried to manifest her Soul Idol to no avail. Whenever she tried, a strange, suffocating force enveloped her.

The old man was biting into what seemed to be a large-sized submarine sandwich, but the bread had unique markings similar to a turtle shell. The flesh between the bread was ash white with bits of golden scattered around it. It was accompanied by crisp-like blue-colored lettuce. There was a satisfying crunch to his bite.

With his mouth full, he shrugged.

Ming Yuling's expression darkened, "You know, don't you?"

The old man honestly nodded.

"Then tell me!"

The old man shrugged, taking another bite.

Ming Yuling wanted to flip this table. The old man was growing more and more insufferable by the moment. But the truth was that she was asking more and more questions that he had no obligation to answer. This was her training ground, after all. He was only meant to protect her and give her advice on her cultivation from time to time, not hold her hand and be her all-knowing senior.

She clearly lost sight of this after suffering losses at the hands of Wei Wuyin and Lin Ming. It was like she relegated her mentality from a talented youth in training to a lazy tourist instead. How unfortunate.

With a frustrated grunt, Ming Yuling ignored the old man who was indulging himself in some strange meal. "This world's changes are far different than the Season of Devils. That's supposed to test a cultivator's conservation of power and tactical skills. A one versus many scenario. Why the change? And what change is next?" She muttered to herself, wanting to know what will happen to this World Realm.

The old man faintly smiled, *'I wonder if he figured it out.'* A silver-eyed, tall, and unfathomably handsome figure emerged in his mind. *'Knowing him, he probably already knows.'*

-----

After Spatial Shifting to the Scorched Skies, Wei Wuyin spent time sensing the ambient power and discovered the Intent that was within and found a strange coincidence. It originated from the bleak skies, not the searing ash. When he inspected the ash, he discovered the latent power of Scorching Ash Magma, the Apex-Level Intent!

Since he'd already comprehended that Intent, he didn't need to delve into it. But it brought out an idea that, perhaps, there were locations that held specific Apex-level Intent in the Four Extreme Continent. While a late discovery, it was still fascinating to him.

The high-level Fire Intent was called Radiant Fire Intent. It reacted strangely to light energies, using it as fuel in much the same way as oxygen fueled flames. The smoke it produced blocked out light rays, which was why the Scorched Skies had bleak skies. The grey clouds weren't clouds, but wads of smoke that was being perpetually fueled by the endless and unmoving Solar Star.

When he pushed away a portion of the clouds, he was blasted by the accumulation of light energies from above the wads of grey smoke. His eyes were instantly scorched into nothing, permanently blinded. Fortunately, his Eye of Immortality reacted and repaired all damages after a brief moment.

The last ability of the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity was the Eye of Immortality, a passive ability that sustained the peak state of his eyes. He had always wondered what it could be used for, and now he knew. Out of the four abilities included, the Gaze of a Celestial Spirit, Eye of Illusion, and Eye of Truth, the Eye of Immortality was the only ability he had no control over, whether it activated or not.

He felt almost like a mortal, where he couldn't decide when his healing factor would kick in.

After obtaining his last Intent, he now had eight Apex-level Intents and one High-level Intent. While it wasn't perfect, he could form his Elemental Heart Intent! He was legitimately ready to establish it, but...

Something happened.

Ori had informed him that forming the Elemental Heart Intent was a permanent act. What he established it with would forever be unchanging. It hadn't said anything before because it didn't know, but while they were working in conjunction to merge all nine into one, it realized this and violently panicked.

He hadn't felt like going unconscious for a long time, but when Ori went wild in its panic, he blanked for a moment and lost his mental and physical bearings. It was that intense!

He had to hurriedly calm it after regaining himself. After listening to its full explanation, he understood. If Elemental Origin Intent was the instruction manual, then Elemental Heart Intent was the finished product. There was no building it again once completed.

When he asked why he couldn't just redo it over, Ori wasn't able to accurately explain, fumbling over its words incoherently. Eden had to intervene. It clarified in a sage-like tone: "You'll understand after."

Which offered absolutely no help, causing King and Kratos to tremble with withheld laughter in response. Exasperated, Wei Wuyin trusted Ori and Eden. While they weren't very good at explaining things, ever, these Astral Souls of his never steered him wrong.

After settling that, being somewhat disappointed after hyping himself up in establishing a powerful Elemental Heart Intent, he Spatial Shifted back to the Desolate Lands. Then, the changes of the world started to take place shortly after.

The first two things Wei Wuyin noticed with his Celestial Eyes were: One, the Aura of Origin Essence was vanishing. If what the old man said was true, this meant all those who hadn't obtained Origin Essence from the badges would lose their Elemental Origin Intent. Two, his Saber Heart Intent was thoroughly restrained, but his Elemental Origin Intent was perfectly fine!

"So this is the final trial for Chosen Candidates!"

### **Chapter 513 - 509: The Final Trial**

The discovery that Elemental Origin Intent was perfectly unaffected by the severe restrictions permeating throughout the World Realm wasn't the only reason why Wei Wuyin determined that the battlefield of the Chosen Candidates were beginning to take shape.

It was what happened after he used his Elemental Origin Intent! When he infused it with his astral force, he could freely use his various abilities without a trace of suppression, such as Spatial Prison, Spatial Mark, and Spatial Shifting. Even Ori's Soul Idol could be manifested without a single hindrance.

Unfortunately, his cultivation base wasn't extremely high, lacking a Worldly Domain, Gravitational Forces, and Temporal Eyes. He couldn't verify if it removed those restrictions.

Wei Wuyin had a bitter smile on his face. He knew this world was planning this from the moment all nine tokens were claimed, likely forcing the Chosen Candidates to fight each other, and the natives being entirely useless. An issue he had thought was problematic from the very beginning, Holy Children abusing their backing, was countered by this unique season.

It was just unfortunate that Wei Wuyin already claimed eight out of nine tokens, eliminating all the other Chosen Candidates. There was to be no epic battle between Chosen Candidates. But the rules were already set long before, there was no changing it.

As he thought this, he inspected the token and discovered unique inscriptions on its surface. When he read these inscriptions, his eyes widened in surprise. For a long moment, he stared at the token.

And then...

"HAHAHAHA!" Wei Wuyin erupted in boisterous laughter, finding it outrageously hilarious. He held his stomach, even faint tears were coming out of his eyes. The inscriptions were rules for the upcoming final trial. The rules were extremely simple, in fact. Yet it was the very first two rules that sent him into laughter.

Challenges can be initiated from ANY distance.

All Chosen Candidates must challenge at least once every six months, and within 3 hours from the initiation of the Final Trial. All Chosen Candidates who fail to do so will be randomly selected opponents.

This meant Lin Ming didn't have a year to prepare. He had three hours from now to challenge him unless...well, unless he was forced to.

Three hours!

The rest of the rules were relatively simple, including something about obtaining points from strange creatures, likely devils. These points would be gathered in the token and can be exchanged for various unique items suitable for cultivation.

*'Originally, there should be nine contestants. If that was the case, the fighting would be rather intense. Perhaps there would be certain rules to develop rivalries, not just a blanket elimination. Hm,'* as he thought this, he realized that the term Chosen Candidates were used, not those who were Token Wielders. There was also language for Token Wielders in the rules, which signifies there was a difference between the two.

Almost immediately, Wei Wuyin came to a realization. The Chosen Candidates were those who retained their Elemental Origin Intent, not those who obtained the badge. There was likely a possibility that this trial was a little more complex than he originally assumed.

But that doesn't matter. He had eight out of the nine tokens, this would end rather swiftly.

He wasn't the only one who discovered these rules.

-----

Tang Xingyun was absentmindedly observing the inscriptions glowing on her token, revealing the various rules for the final trial. It was a battle and survival trial, meant to test one's mettle and cultivation speed against the other Chosen Candidates. But there was an issue!

She didn't have Elemental Origin Intent!

She didn't even have all the nine Elemental Intents comprehended...

She was a talented fire-attributed cultivator who learned Absolute Hot Fire Intent long ago, fulfilling the niche requirement to become a Holy Child after Wei Wuyin's success. The same went for He Yanglei, who already knew Transformative Water Intent. There was a reason why they were regarded as top-tier geniuses, given this heavenly opportunity to participate in this extreme training ground under the protection of Mystic Ascendants!

Even if she used the Origin Essence within the badge, it'll accomplish absolutely nothing. She couldn't comprehend the various Elemental Intent in three hours, then merge all nine! Right now, all her cultivation was severely restricted!

Feeling lost, she didn't know what to do.

A voice emerged from the void, "As the mortal man plans, the Divine laughs." A soft scoff filled with a hint of dissatisfaction accompanied it. Even she, an illustrious expert beyond the Mortal Limits, didn't know the exact details of the rules, just that it was entering its final phase of the trial to determine a Chosen.

All those like her knew this, but seeing these rules, thinking about the effort she expended in breaking the Spiritual Spell that bound Lin Ming, causing him to suffer a regression of his cultivation base, she truly felt her actions were laughable. Like she was treated like a fool.

If it was under normal circumstances, the final trial might be an epic showdown of tit for tat, slowly nurturing a strong will and uncovering talents that even the cultivators themselves might not know. But that's not possible.

With Wei Wuyin and Tang Xingyun being the only wielders of the token, and Lin Ming and Wei Wuyin being the only two eligible Chosen Candidates, this was an outrageous development. Furthermore, Tang Xingyun was suppressed because of her lack of Elemental Origin Intent—she was useless.

With Lin Ming's current state, he was even more useless. The spiritual spell was affixed to every crucial aspect of his body and cultivation, causing a backlash that sent him into a spiral of severe injuries with every removal. It was like trying to remove leeches, they took a portion of him with it.

Tang Xingyun heard this voice and clenched her fist, a wave of anger surged in her heart and exploded. "Why?! Why is this so unfair?!" She stomped her foot, causing faint trembling to occur. Unfortunately, her immense power was heavily restrained, so she couldn't do much.

She had held out hope that Lin Ming would rise, prove himself to the starfield, and become a Chosen! He was talented, he worked extremely hard, but he lost because of a scoundrel using external, self-

harming methods?! How was this remotely fair? How could this person become the Chosen of the True Element Sect? Were they blind?

"HE DOESN'T DESERVE IT!" She shouted out her inner thoughts, unable to restrain herself. Those icy eyes of hers were violent and filled with wrath.

"..." The voice hidden within the surroundings didn't respond. Right now, Tang Xingyun was far too emotional. Just as she was about to let her have her space, Tang Xingyun started to chuckle. A hint of madness within.

"I won't let him have his way! I won't! If the True Element Sect accepts such an unworthy weasel as a Chosen, then I'll use everything I have to destroy it! Even if I have to use Tian Yinwu!" Her voice became dark, deep, and filled with hateful frustration.

"...Is he really worth it?" The voice quietly said, unsure if that level of reaction was appropriate.

"I think he is, Venerable Spiritwalker." A voice arrived in the Main Hall. It belonged to Bai Yuxi, whose eyes were a little dim, but very emotional. She had quietly read the rules from afar, also feeling a tightness in her chest. She didn't know why, but she refused to allow Wei Wuyin to become the Chosen of the True Element Sect; it should be Lin Ming!

Tang Xingyun turned towards Bai Yuxi, somewhat shocked by her appearance. "Envoy of the True Element Sect?" She asked, noticing that Bai Yuxi's cultivation base wasn't suppressed by the World Realm. She was clearly here to observe the situation, acting as a secondary overseer with special privileges.

Bai Yuxi nodded, "I agree with you. So let's see what we can do about that." She had already paid a price, and there was no turning back.

When she spoke, both of their eyes lit up in unison.

-----

While Wei Wuyin was thinking about the rules, he felt a strange feeling unlike anything he'd felt before. "Is that the Heavenly Daos?" He quietly murmured, as a restlessness that resembled the time the Temporal Reincarnator descended but not quite. It was more active, more distant.

It felt as if a surge of vast karmic luck was being used at this very moment, enough to cause him to feel it through his bloodline.

...But it wasn't his.

-----

San Yongli felt the same feeling, lifting her head as the sky seemed to become a little brighter. The golden light at her glabella once more flickered, changing the contents once more.

### **Chapter 514 - 510: Revelation Of Pride**

The atmospheric changes were only felt by a few individuals, and it produced different reactions from each of them. While Wei Wuyin gazed to the sky in rumination, and San Yongli involved herself in the

various changes in the Book of Heaven's Path, Ming Shufeng, the Heavenly Seer, was shivering with such intensity it was as if she was within a stormy blizzard completely naked.

The chill wasn't icy, nor did her bodily temperature change. It felt more like the feeling of suffocation than freezing. Her ocean-blue eyes kept shimmering with bits of chaotic gold light. "What's this?" She quietly asked herself. The Heavenly Daos felt closer than ever before.

San Yongli had her eyes closed, slowly reading the contents of the revised Book of Heaven's Path. When she did, her expression slightly changed. *'Such a thing happens? But why? Could it be it's destined for him to become Chosen of the True Element Sect?'*

When San Yongli opened her crimson eyes, a trace of hesitation emerged in her heart, which was soon replaced by steel-like determination. *'I can benefit from this.'*

-----

Karmic Luck Value: 944.6.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Suppressed - 4 Years.

Wei Wuyin stared at his Bloodline of Sin Tattoo for several minutes, unmoving and with furrowed brows. Afterwards, he swiftly rose and left the True Desolate Temple in an explosive flight. With the Octa-Elementus Token in hand, he was a raging blitzing comet as he flew.

*'There's only a few individuals that could provoke that level of response from the Heavenly Daos, and that degree of Karmic Luck Value usage was definitely massive. The timing of it was too coincidental, and from what I know, this means that Heavenly Daos has just taken action to influence a situation.'*

*'There's a chance it was due to Long Chen, but its incredibly unlikely. Whatever happened to Lian Yu and Long Chen occurred a while ago, and from what I gathered, Long Chen's Karmic Luck Value was bottoming out like mine's had before, perhaps already being thoroughly exhausted. This is clear from Lian Yu's death.'*

*'Of course that could be due to changes brought about by the Temporal Reincarnator's interfering actions, or even my own. I can't know for sure, but if he had such a massive amount of karmic luck remaining, he and those around him would've certainly lived and prospered unless he provoked a calamity so great that even the Heavenly Daos could do nothing to halt it.'*

*'This leaves Lin Ming or the Temporal Reincarnator. If it's the latter, I can't imagine the amount of Karmic Luck they had to not only be sent back in time, screwing up the laws of reincarnation, but to instigate such a massive change. Actually...could it be the piece of the Heavenly Daos they possess? But that doesn't feel right either.'* Wei Wuyin's thoughts were extremely rapid as he picked up the pace, his astral force urged as he arrived at a certain area in the Desolate Lands.

The grey sand was intermixed with a faint silver sheen that reflected the sunlight. It was extremely faint, but those with acute senses could notice the difference. "There's a unique Astral-level Metal Essence Vein?" He noted the traces of metal essence buried within the grey sand, leading to an underground deposit of a metal ore.

He lifted the Octa-Elementus Token and activated the Omni-Alloy Metal Badge, sending a ray of divine light into the sky. After a brief moment, it descended into the grey sand with silver sheen, opening up a gaping hole that led to an underground chamber hidden from the world.

The Omni-Alloy Metal Cache!

This was the location that Lin Ming hadn't claimed yet. He was likely avoiding doing so out of fear of being discovered by Wei Wuyin, then being contested for its contents. Furthermore, as long as Lin Ming held the token, there was no way for others to enter. Well, unless you already entered and knew the specific spell to open it. A design so that later generations of the Holy Bloodline could use it.

Now, it belonged to Wei Wuyin.

*'Since it's unlikely Long Chen and shouldn't be the Temporal Reincarnator, from the specific timing, it has to be Lin Ming. Normally, he shouldn't be a threat, but if I had to guess, whatever the Heavenly Daos is influencing, it's bound to eliminate all others from this competition, allowing him to claim the Chosen title or something of that nature.'* Wei Wuyin deduced, his mind logically navigating the possibilities, taking from his experience of his own fortuitous events.

He knew that the Heavenly Daos influence others mentally, warp certain events in this world, instigating those unlikely occurrences to veer in the Blessed favor. If this Karmic Luck usage was as vast, as heavy as he felt it to be, the possibility that it influenced a group of powerful individuals, maybe even a Mystic Ascendant, was incredibly likely, if not certain.

It might even twist events, veer a specific circumstance heavily in Lin Ming's favor all at once.

He didn't have much time, so he acted. With a thought, he entered the Omni-Alloy Metal Cache. After several minutes, he left with a faint frown. The cache was lacking. Clearly, someone had taken a portion of it away.

"The Temporal Reincarnator?" With heavily furrowed brows, he could somewhat understand. With their foreknowledge, they didn't wish to drastically change certain events that they were aware of, so they had only taken an nearly unnoticeable portion. Just enough for them, but not enough for others to delve into it deeper.

*'At least this meant they hadn't touched the Grand Earth Cache. After all, it wasn't missing anything in comparison to here. But the question was, why didn't they? Was it because I became the Holy Son of Grand Earth before they could reach it? Fear? Or did they not know its location and how to unlock it? Maybe one? Maybe all?'* With this thought, he realized that his actions of disruption and changing his approach had altered certain things, effectively working.

*'I wonder how much of Lin Ming's caches did they take? Or did they touch the Absolute Hot Fire Cache or Transformative Water Cache?'*

Regardless of this, the fact that this Temporal Reincarnator could take a portion of this cache without knowing meant the Black Skeleton was correct; the Temporal Reincarnator can plunder a Blessed's fortune.

If it wasn't for their restraint, who knows if Lin Ming would've come across any caches to improve his cultivation base and foundation. This could've been extremely disastrous to him in the long run,

derailing his path of prominence. It could've even led to his death. With his concerns proven real, he felt assured about his earlier actions.

With the pressing unknown before him, he shot off and returned to the True Desolate Temple. He had three hours before the challenge was issued, leaving him with roughly two hours and fifty minutes. Whatever was bound to happen, will likely happen during that time or during the challenge itself.

With the Octa-Elementus Token in hand, Wei Wuyin clenched his fist and absorbed all the Origin Essence within. He didn't wish to leave anything left, even siphoning the Apex-level Intent aura from within until there was nothing. He didn't know if it'd refresh, but he left a tiny portion of chaotic alchemic power within.

If it did refresh, the aura would be refined and tainted, ensuring no one can accurately comprehend it. "The chances of me being able to retain my right as a Token Wielder is extremely, extremely, extremely unlikely. The Heavenly Daos may very well push me out of the trial altogether, but I can't leave. Not yet."

There was much to be done, and he didn't need this so-called Chosen title. To hell with it, his main goal was different. Since the Heavenly Daos wanted Lin Ming to have this title, then he can have it.

Most might fight to the bitter end, struggle against the Heavenly Daos influence, and most owners of the Bloodline of Sin might do so, unable to throw down their pride due to how unfair it might seem, but Wei Wuyin understood what pride truly meant. It wasn't about fighting to the end to retain some construed sense of dignity, but always being able to triumph against all obstacles with assured success, knowing you're right and believing in yourself.

He had acted against He Yanglei, killing him once, because he was certain he could even before a Mystic Ascendant. That was his pride in himself. The pride that drove him forward to fight against the Heavenly Daos, to challenge the Calamities of Hell, and to see beyond victory. To revel in the challenge, unafraid and unhindered.

With a smile of confidence, he felt a tingle in his right arm. The tinge spiked into a sharp pain in his head, causing him to grimace. It was so painful that his senses shut off, unable to see the glowing dark red of the Bloodline of Sin Tattoo. Only after it faded did he regain his senses, inspecting his body thoroughly.

"What the hell was that?!" That was the first time he experienced such a pain. When he asked his Astral Souls, his heart quivered as he realized that they too had felt the pain, closing them off from sensing what happened. This meant the event wasn't physical but soul-based.

With a heavy frown, looking at his right arm. While there was nothing different about the arm itself or the tattoos, his instincts, which were rarely ever wrong, felt there was a distinct change. He couldn't help but recall that dirty figure in the Myriad Yore Continent, that man with silver hair and black eyes. He had bit him, transferring the Bloodline of Sin and forcing him to become an Inheritor of Sin, spouting off words of unfairness and morality.

"Why am I thinking about him? Enough with that, let's do this. As I said once before, I won't be passive in my actions in this World Realm," Wei Wuyin shot off towards the Zephyr Plains after assuring Ai Yin and Grand Priest Si De of his safety. After informing them of the changes and why these changes were happening, they responded as one might think of two strong women.

They went to organize their members and halt the spreading panic. If the final trial continued, there will be creatures showing up soon, so they should make extra preparations. As for coming with Wei Wuyin? They were essentially at the World Sea Phase level without their aspects of cultivation, so they stayed.

### **Chapter 515 - 511: Another Way**

While Wei Wuyin was traveling to the Omni-Alloy Metal Cache, in the Zephyr Plains, on the Voidship belonging to the Holy Daughter of Absolute Hot Fire, Bai Yuxi and Tang Xingyun, the holy daughter herself, were in the initial stages of devising their plan.

"True Element Envoy, what do you mean? What can we do?" Tang Xingyun was slowly driven mad with anger at the unfairness of the situation, even directing her fury towards the True Element Sect for robbing Lin Ming of his opportunity. If their rules were stricter, there was no way Wei Wuyin could use external, self-harming empowering methods to claim victory.

"As the Envoy of the True Element Sect, I have certain privileges. One of which was expulsion from the trial for rule breaking, another is restraint for seeking to damage this world. I can activate these authorities under certain conditions, and the Primary Overseer of this World Realm will enforce my decision." Bai Yuxi explained with a complex glimmer in her eyes. This was directly abusing her authority and position, but it was also not without certain limitations and restrictions.

"You can?!" Tang Xingyun was shocked by this discovery. The Envoy of the True Element Sect, the secondary Overseer of this trial, had such abilities? Then, her eyes became faintly aflamed with anger. She shouted in accusation, "Then why haven't you expelled that man?! He's clearly broken the rules, both you and I see that, and EVERYONE else, sees that!"

But Bai Yuxi didn't panic or suffer a hint of disruption at her accusation, explaining calmly: "I don't have the strength to do so."

"What?" Tang Xingyun was taken aback.

Bai Yuxi continued, "I'm not the original Overseer sent here. That belonged to my Senior Sister Lin, whose cultivation base has already touched upon Mystic Intent. To control some of the functions of my Envoy Token, I need Mystic Intent and Elemental Origin Intent. I have the latter, not the former.

"If I did, I could expel that despicable man for his actions. The only way without it is if the Primary Overseer decided to take action, but that addled brained spirit is unable to differentiate certain methods it seems, being easily fooled." Bai Yuxi said with a little frustration. Of course, she was clearly unaware of Wang Yutian's previous cultivation or his origins, because if she had known, those words would never have even formed in her thoughts let alone said out to the world.

The only reason Wei Wuyin noticed the difference was his familiarity with sentient lifeforms, such as his Astral Souls, the original Tree of Eden, and his Celestial Eyes that could peer into the fluctuations of all sorts of energies and essences. That and a little intelligence.

When she heard the requirement needed Mystic Intent, Tang Xingyun's heart quivered. To comprehend Mystic Intent, an individual needs to reach the Star Core Phase, the Ninth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, and touch upon the boundary beyond Mortal Limits. She calmed down after learning that, not blaming Bai Yuxi a single bit after.

"Then, do you intend to restrain him?" Tang Xingyun asked, unsure of what Bai Yuxi wanted.

Bai Yuxi shook her head, "I can't do that either. Even though I have the authority, I can only do so if the individual threatens the stability and safety of the World Realm. Because it'll be judged and given a final verdict by the Primary Overseer. I can only send him there. It wouldn't accomplish anything; he doesn't have such means."

"Then what?!" Tang Xingyun was getting impatient. Did Bai Yuxi just arrive to inform her that she was useless?

Bai Yuxi's eyes grew unfathomably calm, hardened like steel, and focused. The atmospheric tension grew thicker. "There's two ways. Not many know of this, but there are hidden rules in this trial that concerns the final outcome. For example, if a Chosen Candidate forms a Worldly Domain, they would automatically claim victory over the trial. No further contest needed."

"What?!" Tang Xingyun thought that was an absolutely preposterous rule. The basic requirement was to be under the age of three hundred years old. One must know that the foundation of a cultivator solidifies at the Realm World Phase. The Soul Idol, Spatial Resonance, Primary Light, and Gravitational Forces all merge together to form a Worldly Domain. At that time, there's no longer any changes or the possibility of upgrading these aspects of cultivation.

As for Worldly Domain? That was set at creation. There were no alterations unless one gets help from an Alchemic Saint, an existence that can create Mystic-Rank Products that exceed Mortal Limits, shattering the conceptions and limitations that the Astral Core Realm establishes.

But how difficult was it to become an Alchemic Saint? To even find one willing to help an Astral Core Realm Cultivator? How incredibly precious Mystic-Rank Products were?! Even Mystic Ascendants would launch starfield destroying wars for them, let alone obtaining one at the Astral Core Realm!

The reason this rule felt unbelievable to Tang Xingyun was because it was contradictory to the standard rules of a Chosen. It promoted excellence, not speed. If she had focused entirely on cultivation, not caring about her foundation, spells, or arts, just Intent and Cultivation, it wasn't even a question that she could reach the Star Core Phase at three hundred years old, especially with her talent.

But her strength would be so weak that even Timelords, perhaps even some outstanding Realmlords would be able to fight her on even grounds, even kill her. It wasn't worth it at all, far from being worthy as a Chosen.

Bai Yuxi had the exact same reaction when she learned of this after obtaining Secondary Overseer rights. It went against what it meant to be a Chosen.

"This trial is extremely outdated in terms of standards. To think there would be such a glaring loophole," the feminine voice hidden within the world resounded, clearly belonging to Venerable Spiritwalker.

Only then did Tang Xingyun realize this fact. That was right! The Chosen concept was brought into fruition by the King of Everlore thousands of years ago, altering the standards of cultivators and creating a goal. According to the records, this World Realm's original trial was located in the haven-guarded Everlore Starfield that the King of Everlore and the True Element Sect's Patriarch originated from. The rubric must've been set then.

But this wasn't realistic. Lin Ming's cultivation was damaged, so putting aside jumping three phases of cultivation, he was currently ensuring his cultivation base didn't regress and suffer irreparable damage. Then she recalled Bai Yuxi's first words.

"You said two ways? What's the second?"

Bai Yuxi frowned, staring into empty space for a moment, "Second is having the Venerable Spiritwalker take action, killing him."

"..." A silence formed. This was a direct solution. Venerable Spiritwalker's cultivation was so high that she was brought here to ensure the Primary Overseer didn't overstep his limits and harm Tang Xingyun. If she wanted, she could act and suffer very little consequences as she escaped.

But for a Mystic Ascendant of her level to act, and against a Light Reflection Phase junior for someone she had barely any connection to? Furthermore, for someone unconnected to her to unjustly receive a sacred Chosen title that held much reverence and respect in their society? That seems quite despicable, and far beneath her.

And it was.

"No." That was her reply.

Bai Yuxi seemed to expect this. If she was in Venerable Spiritwalker's position, she would make the same decision.

"Why don't you do it?" Tang Xingyun asked. As the Envoy of the True Element Sect and Secondary Overseer, was it impossible for her to use her unrestricted power to kill Wei Wuyin?

But Bai Yuxi shook her head, "I'm subjected to certain restrictions too. I can't act against Chosen Candidates. The Primary Overseer will intervene, and I could lose my life. My cultivation isn't high enough to ignore it."

"..." Tang Xingyun went quiet. Her expression that was currently disguised to look ordinary was twisted, rather ugly. "What do you plan to do?" Bai Yuxi did not tell her all this just so that she could waste her breath.

Bai Yuxi looked at Tang Xingyun. After a short moment, she slowly kneeled on the ground towards an empty space. "I beg you, Venerable Spiritwalker, to transfer my cultivation to Lin Ming using the Engorging Foundation Method!"

"..." A long moment of silence was followed by a derisively sneering scoff.

### **Chapter 516 - 512: Loophole**

"You want to use an Evil Method's Spell? A self-damaging method to amplify the cultivation of another, and temporarily at that? Just so that he'd obtain the Chosen title?" These words were clearly spoken in derisive amusement, clearly deriding Bai Yuxi for her words and actions.

Tang Xingyun didn't know what the Engorging Foundation Method was. But she realized the full name was likely the Engorging Foundation Evil Method, a cultivation method that detailed a series of spells and arts that were used by Evil Cultivators. Those termed Evil Cultivators were considered as plunderers

of others, taking their lifeforce, innate energies, and cultivation foundation for their own uses, such as cultivation or unique arts and spells.

Bai Yuxi's voice lacked any hesitation, "Yes!" While it was a hypocritical act to transfer her cultivation base to Lin Ming, considering her own words of scorn and disagreements with how she believed Wei Wuyin obtained his nearing achievement of the Chosen title, she didn't care.

Lin Ming hadn't chosen to use this method, she did. As for Wei Wuyin, he chose to use those external means, so he was at fault and didn't deserve the Chosen title. In her mind, this made sense.

Venerable Spiritwalker no longer allowed the contempt and disdain to leak from her voice, even carrying a trace of graveness. "Even if you wanted to help him form a Worldly Domain, you can't. For a male Spatial Resonance Phase Cultivator to do so, you need three cultivators: one at the Light Reflection Phase, one at the Gravity Emission Phase, and one at the Worldly Domain Phase. And they all need to be untouched, pure virgins."

"..." Bai Yuxi went quiet, lifting her head temporarily as she glanced at Tang Xingyun.

"What?" Seeing Bai Yuxi's look, she was confused. "I don't even know what this method is, and how will this help Lin Ming? Will it let him reach the Realmlord level in one go? In three hours?" She was skeptical, but also hesitant. She realized Bai Yuxi wanted something crucial from her, her hard-earned cultivation base. How could she not have reservations?

"No, it won't. But the rule states one needs to form a Worldly Domain, not reach the Realm World Phase, am I right?" Venerable Spiritwalker's voice resounded again, filled with a keen understanding of Bai Yuxi's intentions. The loophole she mentioned wasn't the way to bypass the trial, claiming victory at reaching the Realmlord level, but that only a Worldly Domain was mentioned.

It was a glaring loophole!

Bai Yuxi nodded, "Yes. The phrasing of it is filled with ignorance of the new age means and methods, like the Engorging Foundation Method. We can temporarily form a False Worldly Domain for Lin Ming using it, allowing me to give him the right to become Chosen."

"..." Tang Xingyun thought for a long moment before asking, "What about the cultivators used for this evil method? What will happen to them?" She didn't want to give up her life, talent, or cultivation base for an Evil Method. She had her own dreams, goals, and a life as well. If she lost her talent, or her primal yin, forget the former, the latter would certainly lead to her death. As for the former? She would lose her position in the clan, access to rich resources and training grounds like this World Realm.

She might never reach the Mystic Ascendant Realm.

That was something she could never accept.

Bai Yuxi took a deep breath, "We'll all drop one cultivation phase, forced to recuperate with a variety of resources. As long as we do so willingly, not hold back, we can retain our bodily talents, primal yins, and our cultivation can be restored."

"So simple?" Tang Xingyun couldn't believe that.

"Of course it's not that simple. An Ascended is required to perform the spell. You also need three female cultivators with their Primal Yin intact and their cultivation base varied. Furthermore, they have to be willing to do so," Bai Yuxi explained.

"Don't forget, their souls will be damaged." Venerable Voidwalker mockingly added. Clearly Bai Yuxi wanted to leave out some details, only saying 'bodily talents' and avoiding 'future potential'. While their meridians won't suffer, their souls will.

"Soul?!" Tang Xingyun jumped. The soul was extremely crucial for the Mystic Ascendant Realm. She bit her lower lip, an unwilling light emerged in her eyes.

Bai Yuxi didn't panic, she even smiled. "If Lin Ming obtains the Elementus Cache, the final reserve left behind, we can easily heal all damages to our souls. In fact, we can obtain benefits from it."

"What? How?" Tang Xingyun skepticism remained healthy.

"The Elementus Cache has ninth-grade alchemical products left behind by the King of Everlore himself. It includes five Enlightening Soul Pulse Elixirs. I've seen them. With those, we'll gain more than we lose. Trust me. If you don't, ask Venerable Spiritwalker." Bai Yuxi smiled, as if fully confident that Venerable Spiritwalker would agree.

And she did before Tang Xingyun could ask. "If there are five, you're right. Still, that boy will have to give it to you. However, if you want my help, the price isn't small."

They continued to discuss, their exchange leading to an eventual decision. In exchange for eighty percent of the Elementus Cache and a unique mystic-grade material from the Tang Clan's Vault, Venerable Spiritwalker agreed to perform the spell.

Bai Yuxi's cultivation base was revealed, being at the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Realm World Phase, taking the responsibility as one of the virgin girls used for the spell. Tang Xingyun eventually agreed, wanting to take ten percent of the Elementus Cache, including three Enlightening Soul Pulse Elixirs. One for her, and one for her newly ascended attendant at the Gravity Emission Phase.

Bai Yuxi didn't have any requests. She just wanted to perform the deed, believing that Lin Ming deserved this title. Not only did Senior Sister Lin have high hopes for him, but she'd taken a liking to Lin Ming's strong personality and fierce will. After she learned that Lin Ming had surrendered due to an illusion, an illusion in which he surrendered to her, she already felt her heart warm to an unimaginable level.

Lin Ming was willing to surrender his chance at being Chosen for her. While it was a despicable illusion, it revealed his truest feelings. And she never imagined a man would ever do anything like that for her, ever.

The most greatest and dangerous thing in this world was a woman in love, willing to do anything for those she loved.

-----

Due to the unique suppression, Wei Wuyin had to travel by air to the Zephyr Plains. While he could shatter the shackles, unfettered by the worldly restrictions, he didn't want to risk spatial shifting in this world. He kept having a bad feeling towards it.

Perhaps it was towards spatial shifting, or perhaps it was towards arriving too fast, but his instincts told him to take it in a steady pace. So he flew. It wasn't the Heavenly Daos. He would've felt that. And there was nothing in regards to the movement of Worldly Trend, so it wasn't that.

It was that gnawing feeling he'd had many times before. As if rushing would ruin his plans. He thought about a few things, considered his intentions and goals, and felt reassured once more.

He brought out the Octa-Elementus Token, looking at it in his palm. "Becoming a Chosen might have sent me to a greater world, but it's enough to sacrifice it for my goals. There are always avenues to explore, as long as I have life in my body and thoughts in my head."

"Chosen? For such a pathetic sect? Who cares! Who needs them!" Kratos angrily spat, enraged for its own reasons. Wei Wuyin recalled the Auric Sea, those roars of pain and suffering, and didn't reply. Kratos' emotional response was fully warranted.

"I don't like this sect. I don't like it at all, at all, at all," Ori said. Despite the True Element Sect representing her power base, it still felt it to be unlikable, especially knowing what she knew.

"Even if you wanted to join, we wouldn't accept it." Eden added with a calm, matter-of-fact tone.

"Tch!" King clearly agreed. It was as if it said, "They all deserve my edge and then some."

Wei Wuyin wryly smiled. The prospect of venturing into another sect, beyond this world into a greater boundary, was one of the few available ways for him to overcome his most dangerous obstacle—The Calamities of Hell. To reach his greatest goal—the Realm of Sages.

But they were right. They were absolutely right. He knew in his heart that he could never genuinely join a sect willing to make something like the Auric Sea, to treat any species with such viciousness.

After thinking about it, there was no longer any hesitation or regret in his heart. This was something he had to do.

It took an hour before his full flight speed made its way back to the Zephyr Plains borders. When he arrived, he felt the raging and vast energy erupting in the distance. It originated from the Sky Zephyr Temple!

### **Chapter 517 - 513: I've Come To Bargain**

*'Is this the source or product of Lin Ming's karmic luck?'* Wei Wuyin halted his flight, hovering at the border of the Zephyr Plains. He sensed the vast, raging, and vigorous energies gush chaotically from the Sky Zephyr Temple. The energies were infused with strange light, twisting gravitational forces, and a strange worldly power. All of this power seemed to originate from the Sky Zephyr Temple, not from the external world.

*'What is this? Worldly Domain?'* Wei Wuyin frowned in contemplation, considering the possibilities. However, ignorant of the greater rules in the trial, Wei Wuyin was unable to figure out the objective for

this phenomenon. While intelligent, information and good instincts were still required to determine a logical conclusion.

The only conclusion he could come across was the broad effects: this will ensure Lin Ming's acquisition of the Chosen title. He didn't believe Lin Ming could strengthen himself in this short period of time to fight him on equal footing, even if he was granted a Worldly Domain or infused external cultivation. With less than two hours left, any effort would be unstable and unreliable.

A frontal clash wasn't likely the intention of the Heavenly Daos. There was too much variability in it.

After taking a short breath, he pressed his palm against his chest. A surge of explosive power erupted! With a boom, Wei Wuyin's body shook, his flesh rippled, and his bones crackled. There were tears in his skin, even the blood vessels in his eyes had become strained, one of which exploded in his left eye. Even with that red pond in an ocean of white, Wei Wuyin wasn't satisfied.

He clenched his fingers, sending a more explosive burst of power into his body. His body bent over, his lips quivering as grey blood sprayed out of his lips. With his internal organs damaged to nearly falling into an absolute state of disarray, threatening to shut down, he moved his hand and pressed a finger to his glabella.

With a sharp, piercing sound, the silver eyes of his dimmed until it became dull grey. A severe result of damage to his Sea of Consciousness was reflected, even his thoughts were slower and unstable.

With a deep breath, he pressed his index finger into core points of his meridians, causing them to crack and a few directly ruptured. His pores leaked out colorful blood, clearly containing his innate energies mixed with his grey blood. His hair became disheveled, but he fixed it.

*'I've damaged my fleshy body, my Sea of Consciousness, and meridians. This should be enough.'* With a faint smile, he was now satisfied.

"Wait! Wait! Wait!" Ori's voice shouted out, causing Wei Wuyin to halt his movements.

King followed up hastily, seemingly a little panicked. "Tch!" That sound was clearly directed towards Ori, telling it to be silent. But when has Ori ever been a silent mouth?

"Us next! Us next! Us next!" Ori excitedly shouted, as if invigorated by the possibility of self-harm. King didn't say anything, but Wei Wuyin could clearly feel the surge of dissatisfaction emitting from it.

"Thorough," Eden added.

Wei Wuyin unhesitatingly nodded, placing his hand on his dantian as he pressed. A silent, but shattering explosion erupted! The two Astral Cores within his dantian suffered devastating cracks, bits and pieces even fell off into the bottom of his dantian. Their sizes dropped by a few centimeters.

Wei Wuyin didn't react to this damage, but blood leaked out of his mouth like a faucet. He had to close his mouth, yet it continued to accumulate without end. He just swallowed it. Those dim grey eyes of his had lowered his response to pain, but even still, he wouldn't have even grunted a single bit.

"...Y-yeah..." Ori's voice became weakened. It was dealt a disastrous blow, yet it was still exuding a hint of excitement within its voice. Its optimism was unending.

"Tch..." King wanted to curse, but it couldn't even form the correct tone for it. If it was measuring fragility of Astral Cores, it was the weakest of the four, and its form had the least amount of protection. Ori, this Divine Elemental Astral Soul, was infused with endless elemental power, but all his saber power was honed, focused onto its edge, so it held little to no external protection.

Its greatest protective means was also its greatest power: its edge!

With a damaged body, both external and internal, Wei Wuyin urged his astral force infused with Elemental Origin Intent, overcoming the external suppression in a blatant fashion. With a slow step, he turned into a comet of white after a brief delay.

In the Sky Zephyr Temple, there were three girls surrounding a single male figure. His eyes were shut, his body positioned in the lotus position, and his aura was slowly flaring as streams of power were being sent into his orifices in a colorful display.

Around him were three layers of perfect circle outlines that seemed to ripple away, each circle larger than the last. The lines of each circle weren't drawn by white chalk or paint, but strange runic symbols that were extremely lively, releasing spirituality that cultivators within the Mortal Limits had never seen or could see before. They were tiny, with millions of runic markings in the first circle, tens of millions in the second, and billions in the third.

At the edge of each circle, a female was seated directly facing the male figure. The other females faced the back of the other female, leading to a straight line of people.

Tang Xingyun was at the first circle, her body wrapped around floating runic symbols that seemed to extract her light energies, funneling them into Lin Ming after a small period of precise and exquisite refinement. Her face was pale, yet her eyes were extremely calm as her Primary Light Source was being drawn out, refined, and given to Lin Ming.

Within her clear eyes, she revealed extreme determination, not resisting the extracting power even a little. Despite the extraction of her Primary Light Source, this could be regained through some special elixirs and pills, alongside a few special materials. It wouldn't harm her foundation.

The only issue was the traces of soul energies that were following it. The pain she felt from this was unimaginable, like being slowly picked apart by vicious, sharp-beaked crows. She could only watch as they were carried out, infused into Lin Ming.

If Lin Ming was going to generate a Worldly Domain, he needed complete control over its composited powers, such as the spatial energies, Primary Light energies, gravitation forces, and spiritual energies. Since he was obtaining the light energies from her, he also needed bits of her soul to control it perfectly lest it rebelled, forcing his body to expel it.

While her eyes were calm, her expression displayed an utmost determination, yet her white teeth grinded against each other without restraint. She would have to perform dental repairs after this.

Grand Priest Zi Gu was also present, just watching over the process. While Venerable Spiritwalker was performing the spell personally, he was there in case of an emergency. As for what emergency and what for? He didn't dare ask. From how exquisite this formation was, exceeding his own understanding, it was highly likely Lin Ming will soon become his THE Holy Son after his depressing loss.

Just as he tried to gleam into the extraordinary process and formation, he received a spiritual transmission. His eyes flitted with the light of disbelieving surprise, turning to Bai Yuxi who was mentally preparing for her turn. "Divine Envoy, I've just received word that the Holy Son of Octa-Elementus has arrived outside the temple." He spoke verbally, not daring to transmit his spiritual sense over for fear of disrupting the formation.

"What?!" Bai Yuxi's expression drastically changed, reflecting her endless surprise. She even felt that she had misheard the Grand Priest.

"...!" Tang Xingyun was similarly shocked, but unable to speak as light energies flowed out ceaselessly from his mouth. Why was Wei Wuyin back? To challenge? Her heart raced with trepidation.

Unlike Tang Xingyun, Bai Yuxi dismissed this possibility instantly. Wei Wuyin could challenge anyone from anywhere. Why would he arrive personally? But even if he challenged anywhere, the challenge would still have three hours of time to prepare or regulate their cultivation base to its peak state, so there was no issue with this.

Before that time limit was reached, they would have succeeded and this trial would conclude. She frowningly asked, "Why is he here?"

Grand Priest Zi Gu nodded, closing his eyes as he sent transmissions out for further information. After a few seconds, his eyes opened and he had an oddly strange light within them. Witnessing this reaction, Bai Yuxi and Tang Xingyun were anxious.

At this moment, Venerable Spiritwalker was fully focused on this task. There would be no chance to halt it. Wei Wuyin should be the only eligible Chosen Candidate, still in full control of his various powers. If he launched an attack, they would definitely be unable to stop him.

Of course, if Wei Wuyin did interrupt them, they might suffer, but perhaps Venerable Spiritwalker's rage would erupt, eliminating Wei Wuyin on impulse. This would solve their issue. In fact, Bai Yuxi hoped for it. The pain of soul extraction, no matter how slow or little, was utterly horrifying to experience, and even she didn't have full confidence in its recovery. While she was fairly confident, she wasn't completely.

But Grand Priest Zi Gu's words shook from out of their thoughts, sending them into a disarray of thoughts and surprise!

"He's come to talk to the for-, I mean, Holy Son; from what was mentioned from those observing him, he's suffering horribly from a backlash. His body, mind, and cultivation has severely weakened..."

"Backlash!" Tang Xingyun thought and Bai Yuxi shouted out loud. They were all under this assumption that Wei Wuyin had used a self-damaging method, increasing his Astral Cores' size and Spiritual Strength. Still, they weren't fully committed to the idea. While they spouted it out recklessly, they still held the faintest possibility in their hearts and minds that Wei Wuyin was just a terrifyingly heaven-defying existence!

But alas, he was not!

Bai Yuxi's eyes brightened. He felt a desire to cancel the spell formation, moving to have Lin Ming challenge Wei Wuyin, claiming victory. Just as her words were about to escape her lips, Tang Xingyun

grunted out a sound and shook her head viciously. She was currently unable to speak or move, but her actions caused Bai Yuxi to think.

"What if he's faking it?" Bai Yuxi questioningly said, realizing the issue. It led Tang Xingyun to grunt with an approving sound. If Wei Wuyin was faking, they sent a challenge out, then they'd fall directly into his trap! What if his cultivation base was still intact?! If the self-harming method was still active?!

Unable to determine this, Bai Yuxi went silent. It was best for Lin Ming to obtain the Chosen Candidate's Automatic Victory Condition. With a soft exhale, she ignored this.

But a voice spoke from the surroundings, "I just inspected him. His cultivation foundation has fractured, his meridians are damaged nearly beyond repair, and his Sea of Consciousness is heavily shaken." A quick sweep of her sensory prowess, and Venerable Spiritwalker was capable of seeing the result. It was also a result of his own strength, so it was consistent with a backlash.

It was a little fortunate for Wei Wuyin that her focus was thoroughly attached to the spell formation, not sparing a single thought outside of it. It was only because of her curiosity that she swept her senses outward, verifying his condition.

"...!" Bai Yuxi's eyes lit up with an unprecedented brightness. It was so bright, so radiant, that it seemed to eclipse the shine of lunar satellites. This alongside her natural beauty highlighted an irresistible charm to the opposite and same sex.

"We can't stop the formation once it begins, however. If we do, Lin Ming will suffer a backlash so horrible that his cultivation might as well be completely abolished, along with every morsel of his bodily and comprehensive talent." Venerable Spiritwalker's voice resounded once more, explaining the situation. This was the consequences of an Evil Method; there was no retreat when started.

"..." Bai Yuxi and Tang Xingyun's eyes dulled simultaneously. This was their decision, and it was one they couldn't retreat from.

Venerable Spiritwalker carelessly added, "This procedure also isn't a 100% success rate. At most, it's roughly 30%. That's with me helping." Within her voice was a little begrudging tone, suffusing a hint of anger. This Evil Method might be fantastical, but the issue was these women, not her.

Specifically, it was the newly ascended Gravity Emission Phase attendant. Her cultivation base was terribly unstable, as if she had rushed her breakthrough and fractured her foundation alongside it. If she was stable, the chances would exceed 70% with her at the helm. If these girls' entire souls and forces could be wildly extracted for Lin Ming's usage, it would be 100%.

After all, it was an Evil Method, not a method designed for joint effort. It was designed to plunder everything!

"It's not certain?" Bai Yuxi's heart quaked.

With a faint sigh, Venerable Spiritwalker said: "Bring him in. See why he's here. You can decide then." With Wei Wuyin's current state, he wasn't much of a threat nor could he disrupt such an exquisite formation that she controlled.

Bai Yuxi realized what Venerable Spiritwalker meant, so she nodded. "Bring him in," the voice of Venerable Spiritwalker wasn't heard by anyone but Tang Xingyun and Bai Yuxi, the only two that knew of her existence. Even Lin Ming was unaware of her presence.

Grand Priest Zi Gu was shocked for a moment. What could the Divine Envoy be thinking? What if Wei Wuyin decided to shatter the formation or was faking his injuries? But despite his doubts, he unhesitatingly sent the order.

After a few minutes, two figures arrived at the entrance to the Main Hall. Wei Wuyin walked in, fresh grey blood leaking from his mouth from time to time, being wiped off by his thoroughly stained right hand. His normally silver eyes were dull grey, and his skin was dry and cracking. The damage was extensive.

Bai Yuxi and Tang Xingyun both released an exclamation of surprise. Their thoughts were unified: Such a terrifying backlash! If they knew this would happen, this entire procedure would be useless.

Wei Wuyin's eyes glanced at the spell formation and Lin Ming, who had his eyes closed, was absorbing the Primary Light energies expelled from Tang Xingyun. He seemed like a gluttonous child, devouring quietly yet endlessly. While his Celestial Eyes were weakened, he could see the traces of soul energy flowing as well. This energy was invisible on most spectrums of sensory perception, to the point that other Astral Core Realm cultivators still couldn't sense their souls outside of that first time they formed their Spirit of Cultivation.

As he swept his gaze, he recognized two girls. The first was the Holy Daughter and the next was the mysterious woman he had pretended to be the Holy Daughter in the illusion that caused Lin Ming to surrender.

*'Why is it that it's always women that benefit male Blessed in expressions of Karmic Luck? Is it a gender thing? Is it the exact opposite for female Blessed?'* His thoughts wandered for a moment, before he was shaken by a cold voice.

"What do you want?" Bai Yuxi's voice sounded out, truly the example of coldness.

Wei Wuyin turned to her, then looked at Lin Ming: "Lin Ming, I've come to bargain."

SPLASH!

Just as those words were spoken out, Wei Wuyin coughed out a bucket of blood, his legs trembled as his body bent slightly. He hacked out more grey blood from his throat, splashing the floor, and his dull grey eyes became even duller.

### **Chapter 518 - 514: Discussing In A Play**

"Yi!" The young female attendant started, aghast at Wei Wuyin's abrupt and bloody display. It was just her, but Tang Xingyun and Bai Yuxi were thunderstruck by Wei Wuyin's expulsion of blood and violent coughs. They both had the same thought: *'He's really injured!'*

Their minds had always been honed into this belief that Wei Wuyin's astounding powers had been attributed to a self-harming method, so witnessing the consequences of this only reinforced that

thought. It furthered their belief that Lin Ming was the right choice, and Bai Yuxi's hidden guilt of helping a particular candidate, likely going against her faction, had dissipated into air.

Wei Wuyin stopped his body short of a full-on kneel, hoisting himself up seemingly out of sheer willpower as his knees trembled. It took a long moment before he regained himself, coughing once more as if to remove the congested blood and relieve some pressure in his lungs. With a pale expression, he lifted his eyes and observed Lin Ming.

At this moment, Lin Ming was aware of all the events occurring before him. He had held great animosity towards Wei Wuyin, desiring to kill him, so when he observed his wretched state with his spiritual sense, he felt schadenfreude. It felt as if the heavens were fair, dishing out consequences to those who sought quick benefits. It reinforced his Heart of Cultivation, firming his will to take step by step with no shortcuts for power.

"Is he alive?" Wei Wuyin asked, putting on a confused expression as he observed Lin Ming's stationary body. He was currently being sent Primary Light energies, but the formation isolated his life signs and aura. While Wei Wuyin could see the traces of life with his Celestial Eyes, they were currently affected by his injuries.

Bai Yuxi scoffed, not even deigning to answer Wei Wuyin. She regained herself and realized the situation. "You came alone?" This discovery caused her to have some thoughts.

Wei Wuyin warily smiled, having already considered this point. He calmly answered between light coughs, "Even though I'm injured, I have my means. If I wanted, I could use 'it' again, even if the cost is a little higher than before. And in this environment, no one is my match." When he spoke, there was a wisp of boundless confidence within his tone.

Bai Yuxi frowned. She knew what 'it' meant: the self-harming method that would amplify his strength. As for the environment, the current Season of Emptiness was a result of a Chosen Candidate Battlefield, meant for Chosen Candidates, wielders of the Elemental Origin Intent, to battle it out without the interference of external powers. Even Timelords were just empowered World Sea Phase Cultivators now.

Considering this, her ill-intended thoughts dissipated. She couldn't act and neither would Venerable Spiritwalker, so Wei Wuyin still held an invincible condition until Lin Ming regained his strength, establishing a False Worldly Domain by unorthodox methods. But at that point, Lin Ming would fulfil the condition to be crowned Chosen.

But when she recalled the words of Venerable Spiritwalker, that 30% chance, her heart became gripped with hesitation. What if it fails? If Wei Wuyin used that method again, while he might suffer, he'd still obtain the Chosen title! If that happened, while he'd suffer unimaginable consequences, Lin Ming would lose his only qualification to enter the sect with a highly regarded status. If he entered normally, the climb would be merciless, and his future might be impeded by others.

She was well aware of the sect's internal struggles and difficulties.

After a brief moment of silence, she asked: "You came to bargain? What bargain?" Since Wei Wuyin was here, she was willing to hear him out. Just at this moment, the energies expelling from Tang Xingyun dwindled in quantity. The change was accompanied by whirling sounds.

Everyone focused their gazes on Tang Xingyun and watched as her body went limp, her forehead covered in sweat, and her fingers trembling from time to time. With those short, heavy, and clearly exhausted breaths, she laid there for a long while. If it wasn't for the heaving of her chest, others might consider her a recently deceased corpse from how she flopped on the ground.

Lin Ming absorbed the last bits of her Primary Light energies mixed alongside bits of her soul. Those energies gave him faint qualities as a Light Reflection Phase Cultivator despite his cultivation being at the Spatial Resonance Phase. This made determining his cultivation base extremely difficult.

After that, his grey eyes released radiant white light. Clearly, Tang Xingyun's Primary Light was of the white-level, at the highest standard that could be regarded the same as a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol and Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance. Her foundation was impeccable.

With a sharp inhale, Lin Ming absorbed the lingering light energies in the air. With a sharp exhale, a burst of power sent everyone's clothes flapping flurry. It was as if they were facing a raging storm.

*'Is this what they're trying to do?'* Wei Wuyin inspected the formation, glanced at each individual's position, and seemed to think of something. This wasn't a simple recovery formation, but it was reminiscent of highly evolved Evil Methods. After the briefest of moments, despite his Sea of Consciousness suffering damage, he didn't halt his fear and surprise that showed on his face in a vivid and apparent manner.

"What the hell is that? How is his cultivation rising? Did he...what's happening?" Wei Wuyin fumbled over his words, fear lingering within every strained breath, between every stuffy cough. His actions resulted in a sneer from Bai Yuxi.

Lin Ming faint smiled, feeling the immense power circulating through his body. He turned to Tang Xingyun, a delicately soft and gentle gaze revealed itself. Those emotions were deep and simple. "Thank you," he said.

Tang Xingyun struggled to lift herself, nodding with a smile. If she wasn't concealed behind the guise of an ordinary-looking girl, perhaps the very heavens might be bewitched by such a genuine smile accompanied by outstanding beauty.

Lin Ming wanted to help her up, but couldn't move. So he turned his gaze towards Wei Wuyin, knowing they had a few minutes of prep time before the attendant's turn began. "You've used despicable methods for power, and even disgusting illusions that play upon people's emotions to achieve your desire. Why do you think I'll ever agree to bargaining with you?" With his renewed sense of strength, he was exuding boundless confidence and regained his normally heroic demeanor.

Wei Wuyin coughed a few times, looking at Lin Ming. "I'll be direct: Even if you became a genuine Realmlord today, you won't win against me if I bet it all. Unless you're willing to die as well." When he said those words, the fear went away, once more revealing a look of absolute confidence, the demeanor that the starfield was familiar with, the disposition of the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn!

Lin Ming frowned. He felt confident in himself, but he knew there were some issues he hadn't noticed before. Firstly, Wei Wuyin never used those nine white dragons despite them entering the battle platform unhindered. This meant, while using that method of his, he could use those terrifying dragons that could exude World Pressure. In a way, he had seven Realmlords at his disposal.

There's no way these few hours would be enough to gain enough power to face such a devastating lineup.

"What do you want?" Lin Ming spat. He was clearly dissatisfied, but he understood the reality of the situation. Bai Yuxi took a backseat to the conversion, allowing Lin Ming to speak.

Wei Wuyin nodded, he withdrew the Octa-Elementus Token. "Even if I become a Chosen of this sect, my current...condition isn't suitable for it. I can imagine the competition will certainly be fierce, and I'm more renowned as an alchemist than a fighter, as you well know."

Lin Ming nodded.

Wei Wuyin was known as the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, an outstanding talent in alchemy. It was incredibly unfortunate that he lacked an Alchemic Astral Soul. Despite beating the nubile Princess of Everlore, he had barely any chance of exceeding her after a few dozen years. This was what his Senior Sister Lin had informed him. Unless Wei Wuyin ascended, entering into the Mystic Ascendant Realm, his Alchemic Energies will never be on par with the Princess of Everlore's Alchemic Astral Soul at the Astral Core Realm.

The difference between them will only widen with time, and talent in concoction wasn't capable of carrying one very far for too long in the Alchemic Dao.

Wei Wuyin continued, ignoring Lin Ming's thoughts, "I didn't want to suffer such intense damage from my own actions. I'll need decades, if not a century, to recover even with products. But what I'm concerned about is my mind and bodily condition's rate of deterioration. I might not live for a decade if it isn't solved. Even if I did, I'll essentially be considered a cripple in my current state. So I'm hoping the final cache has an item or material or product that could help me in my goal; fighting you will only act against my interests, forcing me to use...it."

As his words flowed, everyone's ears perked. Even Lin Ming felt various emotions at the honest reveal, but seeing his state, sensing it, it truly was horrible. Even his Astral Core's seemed to have stability issues, crumbling with each passing second. What type of method did he use?

Wei Wuyin sighed, a hint of defeat within, "If I used it again, and its cost is just a little bit higher, I don't know if..." While he spoke, he made sure to inspect and carefully say every word. He ensured there weren't any lies, and the vagueness was sufficient to pass as truth. He was aware that the guardian who acted before was present, he can't be caught in a lie.

All that was left was for the bait to be taken.

And it was.

"So the token for a chance at life?"

### **Chapter 519 - 515: Agreement**

"So the token for a chance at life?" Bai Yuxi, who kept thinking about the chances of failure, realized this was an ideal situation. Her eyes brightened as she said with leaking excitement.

Wei Wuyin gave her a glance, coughing a little heavier. His physical state seemed to be in a decline, with the coughs becoming more frequent, heavier than each such cough before.

"Yes."

Lin Ming relaxed a little, "Actions have consequences. Only fools use such self-harming means for temporary gains. As an alchemist, you should know better."

But how could such words be said? Wei Wuyin swiftly retorted, a hint of anger within his eyes: "If it wasn't for that woman that stopped me, would we be having this talk? No. I would've been the final victor of this trial, the entire final cache would be mine, and this state I'm in wouldn't have happened. Do you truly not realize this? Are you really a delusional idiot?!"

The anger was as genuine as humanly possible. He truly considered Lin Ming a delusional idiot, and the Chosen title might even be wasted on him. But that Mystic Ascendant Protector had interfered, arbitrarily enforcing this one year bullshit agreement. And then the Heavenly Daos was influencing the situation; it was quite unfair, but the heavens was never fair.

If they were, would the First Sinner and his bloodline exist?

Lin Ming's eyes flared with awkward anger. It's not like he could rebuke Wei Wuyin. In a way, he was right. He had thought Bai Yuxi had taken action, and that she was the 'woman' referred to, but the fact remained, someone repelled Wei Wuyin away before he could grasp the last token, severing his goal and ruining his sacrifice.

Clearing her throat, Bai Yuxi said: "What exactly do you want? What are you trying to bargain for?" Now that the matter had reached this point, they should see it through.

Wei Wuyin sighed, giving Bai Yuxi a long look. "One item. I want to pick out a single item from the final cache given to the Chosen. I want the first pick, and just one item. That's all. I'll surrender this token the moment the agreement is reached."

Bai Yuxi frowned, "I th-"

But Wei Wuyin interrupted, "No negotiations on the price. I don't have the time or patience for a back and forth. I've given my bottomline right from the beginning, not asking for something outrageous and hoping to hold out for something better in negotiations." His earnest and honest reply left them speechless, unable to immediately react. In truth, that seemed pretty bottomline.

A single item, first pick. The final cache likely has hundreds of times as many materials and resources than the other caches, yet he asked for just one. How could they negotiate? Tell him he gets none? That he has to get the last pick? The former was ridiculous and the latter was outrageous.

"You'll give the token for one item? I'm assuming you know what that item is." Lin Ming said with a suspicious stare. What if that item was a way to become Chosen or obtain control of the entire formations in the continent? He didn't wish to be fooled.

Wei Wuyin heavily sighed with mental exhaustion, "I'll be specific: I want an item that will help restore my bodily and mental condition, a product or resource. I won't pick a command token or anything like that. I can swear an oath to that."

"..." Bai Yuxi opened her mouth, but after Wei Wuyin said those last words, it was hard to find an issue with it. She was willing to agree, especially with the 30% chance lingering in her heart.

But Lin Ming was a little more cautious, "And what if you decide to take action after we've entered the cache?"

Wei Wuyin glanced at Lin Ming like he was an idiot, "You just state problems? Why not force some solutions. For example: ask me to swear an oath of peace as well. Or better yet, think a little more; In my current state, wouldn't I have to use it to fight you? Why not just obtain the entire cache if I was willing to pay that price in a fight."

Lin Ming didn't like the condescending tone in Wei Wuyin's voice, but even he felt he was being too cautious and not thorough. It was just that there was a nagging feeling that Wei Wuyin wanted more. He didn't know why, but his instincts prodded at him without end.

But if this spell worked, then he'd claim the token regardless of this bargain or Wei Wuyin's unwillingness. So he could wait until after it was done, and if it worked, then all of this was irrelevant. "Fine, I'll establish the oaths after I'm finished recovering."

"No." Wei Wuyin flatly declined.

How could he not? He knew whatever this was had been a product of the Heavenly Daos interference, designed to give Lin Ming the Chosen title. How? He didn't know, but he sure as hell wasn't waiting to find out.

"We do it now or never. If we don't, then I will swear an oath that I'll never surrender even in death. To obtain this token, you better be ready to die, because I'll have nothing left to lose." With those firm words, Lin Ming, Tang Xingyun, and Bai Yuxi frowned. If this didn't work, then with that method of his, they might have to legitimately risk their lives.

Bai Yuxi's heart didn't want to lose this absolute certainty over that 30%. She sent her thoughts to Lin Ming via spiritual transmission, explaining the chances of success and her opinion. If they agree, they lose one item but obtain the token. If they didn't, and it failed, they would face Wei Wuyin in this Season of Emptiness. She couldn't act, Venerable Spiritwalker deigned to act, and Lin Ming might not be enough.

As for Tang Xingyun, her soul was suffering. She was even more useless than before.

After a long silence and numerous spiritual transmissions, Lin Ming sighed. "I agree."

### **Chapter 520 - 516: Unjust Death**

The entire process went incredibly smooth, to the point it felt surreal.

Wei Wuyin and Lin Ming swore respective oaths upon their Spirits of Cultivation, establishing an agreement to deliver the token to Lin Ming, forfeiting his right as a Token Wielder and receiving first pick of the final cache. To accomplish this deal, it was further established that Wei Wuyin would accompany them to the final cache.

During which, neither party could act against the other unless the other party acted first. Of course, this meant they would suffer the consequences for breaking the oath, but who knew what would happen? It was best to establish firm rules in one's oath in case of a special situation.

Wei Wuyin was finally amazed by Lin Ming's intelligence, digging himself a way out of an oath. His earlier questions might be attributed to the suddenness of his proposal. After all, if Wei Wuyin consumed the eighth-grade, high-tier Spirit Cleansing Elixir, the same used to break Tuo Bihan's Spirit Oath, then Lin Ming would be forced to stand there and take a beating. The foresight was impressive.

After all the matters were settled, leaving no glaring loopholes, Wei Wuyin was asked to leave. They didn't wish for him to disturb the process or benefit from it.

For a split second, Wei Wuyin was tempted to see if he could interfere with this formation, but thinking about how the controller of this formation was clearly absent from the scene, he could make the assumption that it was handled by the Mystic Ascendant that protected Tang Xingyun. He didn't wish to dance on the edge of a deadly knife again, so he left the Sky Zephyr Temple without any argument after forfeiting his right as a Token Wielder to Lin Ming.

Within the temple, the spell formation for the Engorging Foundation Method, the World Transference Spell, was resumed after a brief period of preparations. The attendant of Tang Xingyun was extremely nervous, feeling uncertain after being pushed to do this.

Her name was Xiuyin, without a surname. With her anxious expression and twiddling fingers, she seemed like a nervous young girl. There would be very few who would believe that this young girl was an outstanding talent, reaching the Gravity Emission Phase, the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, before the age of three hundred.

Her youthful appearance was attributed to her unique yin-based cultivation method that invigorated her longevity, keeping her skin young and her body's rate of progression slow. With her stunted growth, she came off as a fourteen or fifteen year old little girl with black pigtailed and rosy cheeks.

When it was her turn, she had to brace herself, however. After all, she was the attendant to Tang Xingyun, and that was a better way to say maidservant assigned to attend her every need, act as a meat shield if necessary, and follow her orders to the 'T'.

The circle she sat on started to glow, and the runic characters that were lively and flourishing beneath her started to manifest into the world, encircling her. She had to clench her fist and bite her lips to not instinctively resist as she felt the danger from those runes.

They flew to her, attaching to her petite body like tattoos. Before long, her entire body was littered with them. They swam within her skin as if she was a body of water, glowing from time to time brighter than before. She felt her meridians, dantian, and Sea of Consciousness suffer a strange pressure, like a finger pressing against one's temple.

'This isn't so bad.' Her thoughts were a little placated. Unfortunately, she was a little too quick to assume that was the beginning.

Shush!

A chaotic air erupted from her body, causing her clothes to flutter about as if in a storm. She felt her gravitational forces that had been absorbed into her Astral Soul be slowly dragged out, pulled with immense force that felt as if someone was yanking out her inner intestines.

"AHHHHH!!!" She was unlike Tang Xingyun, screaming her lungs out at the soul-tearing pain she had to endure. Her voice only got louder by the second, and even tears started to flow endlessly down her face.

She wanted it to stop!

"STOP! PLEASE!! STOP!!!" She desperately begged in the loudest voice imaginable, pleading to everyone and all that was holy for this pain to cease. Those clear tears became blood-red, glimmering with traces of silvery gleam. These were the yin energies infused in her blood, condensed and refined. It allowed her body to retain her petite and youthful state.

"AAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" She kept screaming.

And screaming.

And screaming.

And screaming!

For three minutes, she didn't stop even after her voice became hoarse, her mouth dry, and her face drenched in a shade of glaring crimson. She had even tried to resist the extraction power, but an Ascended was operating the formation. She couldn't resist. Her gravitational forces were extracted mercilessly, funneled into Lin Ming who sat in the center.

He was feeling incredibly uncomfortable hearing those screams, wanting to stop the spell formation, but he couldn't speak as the gravitational forces were infused into his Astral Soul containing traces of Xiuyin's soul. It was a miracle that Xiuyin could.

But after those three minutes were over, the screaming finally came to a sudden and abrupt end.

And it wasn't because Xiuyin had grown tired.

Her head sagged to the side, lifelessly limp and her eyes were blank. The soul-ripping pain had caused her Sea of Consciousness to rupture apart, unable to withstand such outrageous torture.

"..." Tang Xingyun turned her head, noticing the issue. The extraction was still going, but the life from Xiuyin's body was flowing away at a rapid pace. Her eyes widened as she panicked, "Save her! Stop it!" Yet the spell formation continued operating, mercilessly taking from Xiuyin and delivering it to Lin Ming.

If they stopped, Venerable Spiritwalker could easily save Xiuyin's life.

Bai Yuxi was behind Xiuyin, directly, so she saw the entire process from beginning to end, including that moment when her Sea of Consciousness shattered apart, and her body fell limp. She bit her lips. 'This is an Evil Method. There were risks,' is what she thought to justify this situation.

"STOP!" Tang Xingyun regretted not asking this earlier, and she aggressively demanded it with an imperious disposition that befitted a noblewoman.

"Choose!" Venerable Spiritwalker's voice resounded. Tang Xingyun and Bai Yuxi were violently shaken by the spiritual impact of her voice, awakening them to an alert state. "I can stop the formation and save

her. If I do, you three will suffer irreparable damage to your souls as a backlash, and that man of yours, he'll lose all of his cultivation for sure, maybe even his life. So choose."

An Evil Method's Spell Formation that required an Ascended wasn't a simple thing. It was given the classification as 'Evil' for a reason.

Tang Xingyun instantly went silent, her eyes reflecting complex emotions. To sacrifice herself for an attendant? To sacrifice Lin Ming's future? To sacrifice all of their futures?

"Continue! Don't stop, no matter what." Bai Yuxi said with the utmost determination. She was next, but she was fearless. She already paid an extreme price that would affect her future for Lin Ming, so she might as well push it further.

They remained silent as Xiuyin's Sea of Consciousness dissipated. Her soul energy was extracted in its entirety, giving it all to Lin Ming, and thereby ending her chances of resurrection.

Her body went extremely limp, like a true corpse.

She was dead.

Lin Ming's eyes were explosively red as he seemed to want to scream to the heavens above and the hells below. He didn't expect anyone to die for him. But they had started this decision—there was no turning back.

"...Continue." Tang Xingyun's eyes noticeably dimmed, her teeth were gritted, and her fists were clenched. Xiuyin had been her attendant since she was a little girl. The amount of regret she held in her heart was endless.

The formation went into a brief pause, needing a few minutes before Bai Yuxi's turn.

Outside the Sky Zephyr Temple, Wei Wuyin was floating quietly as he observed the fluctuations of energy within. His Eye of Immortality kicked into effect, seemingly restoring his Celestial Eyes to their normal state after his suppression of it ended. With the agreement made, there was no need for him to continue with the act.

"How unfortunate," he quietly remarked. His eyebrows furrowed slightly, adding: "Why did that Ascendant let her die?"

While he'd never seen the formation, he was familiar with a Mystic Ascendant's power after it surged into him. There was no way a person of that level couldn't save her, or at least her soul. Even Wu Yu in his spirit form saved Hong Ru, and that other, evil-eyed skinny old man restored He Yanglei with a finger tap.

Yet...

"I have my assumptions, but clearly this person's quite ruthless." He shook his head in pity. An unjust death.

As time passed, Bai Yuxi's spatial force and uniquely refined mana that enabled the mixture of Soul Idol, Spatial Resonance, Gravitational Forces, and various other powers to form a Worldly Domain was extracted from her. Unlike the girl, she only grunted in pain.

If one examined this, it was clear that Tang Xingyun suffered very little pain. That girl suffered pain that wasn't the slightest bit suppressed, forcefully causing her Sea of Consciousness to break, and Bai Yuxi experienced mild pain. This was clearly deliberate, inconsistent, and incredibly suspicious.

His theories on what happened was fortified, getting a little clearer picture.

But the process mattered not, the end result was everything!

Wei Wuyin could feel a unique power forge within Lin Ming's dantian. From his body, a faint World Pressure leaked!