

PARAGON 601

Chapter 601 - 596: A Different World

While Lin Xianxei and Lin Ming went to search for answers, the recruitment had yet to end, only entering the true phase of its beginning.

Within the Third Sky Planet, a group of young elites were gathered together before a pale-skinned man with yellow irises and sanguine edges stood before them. He was the same expert that stood amongst the others from the Gold-tier forces. Within his pupils were two saber-shaped images that glinted with a sharp light. It made him seem like the living embodiment of a saber.

That gaze of his swept across the forms of those youths, sternly giving them each a feeling of oppression. They were those who selected the sect that he led, the Solitary Saber Sect! Amongst these youths was a black-haired, pure black-eyed young woman with an emotionlessly calm expression.

That young woman was Su Mei.

After the selection, they were all taken away by their respective leaders almost instantly. There were no further words, and San Luoyang seemed to be at peace with shuttling them off to others. To note, San Luoyang never offered anyone to join the Everlore Association. It was clear from certain mannerisms that he was acting out of obligation rather than willingness.

She quietly stood with the 24,227 other selectors of the Solitary Saber Sect on a gold and black platform. Considering the sect was one of the only forces that specialized in combat, and Saber and Swords were two of the most common weapons used by those inhabitants of the Everlore Starfield, it made perfect sense that nearly a quarter of the recruited participants would choose this.

Behind the pale-skinned man was a gorgeous silver arc with exquisite runic markings that gleamed with faint glows. The spatial fluctuations coming from it was subtle yet incredibly impressive. Anyone who had a high spatial resonance would notice the sheer quality of spatial energies emitted. It was outstanding.

Su Mei noted that the materials used to construct this Void Gate that spanned for nearly a hundred meters, fixed with two thick pillars at the ends, was beyond the astral-level. She had also never seen those pillars before. Typically, a Void Gate was a half-circle silver arc with various protrusions at the top, like machine-like gears, of gold and black.

Yet this Void Gate lacked those protrusions, but had pillars that reached three hundred meters in the sky with the thickness of an oak tree. There was a spiraling glowing trail from the bottom of the pillars to the top, and the trails seemed like flowing rivers with esoteric marks that Su Mei couldn't even begin to understand.

There was also a platform, rectangular and tall, that stretched for hundreds of meters and could fit tens of thousands at a time.

With this fresh design, she realized that the other Void Gates she was familiar with was outrageously outdated and underwhelming in comparison. Those gears were replaced by the platform, and the arc had been improved upon. This truly gave her the feeling that this was a new world, a better environment.

However, she couldn't help but wonder slightly as she looked upwards. The Solar Star seemed irregular, and she was well aware that Solar Stars exuded pure essence that was filtered by the various astronomical bodies' atmospheric layers and produced enriched environments. She expected this planet's environment to be higher in quality, yet she felt underwhelmed.

In fact, it could be considered severely lacking.

Just as she was pondering this, feeling like something was off, the pale-skinned man spoke out one word:

"Trash!"

The youths were startled as they felt mental waves crashing into their minds, causing many to feel dizzy, some even felt as if they were losing their consciousness as they circulated their astral force to guard against this assault. Fortunately, not a single one lost consciousness.

Su Mei frowned slightly, but she was almost entirely unaffected by the crushing mental waves. They were a little too weak.

Seeing this, the pale-skinned man swept his gaze across them again and a flicker of strange light entered his gaze. "I'll be blunt," he started, "All of you are complete and utter trash. You might be considered somewhat talented in that desolate world you lived in, but here? None of you are."

There was some dissatisfaction amongst the youth present, but no one spoke out. Some out of fear, others out of respect, a few because they understood his words in their hearts, but most because they were curious of what he would say. Most of these youths weren't that special in Everlore Starfield. The vast majority of them were overlooked or belonged to low-tier forces, leaving their cultivation base much to be desired.

They were young, and some had even been rejected by one of the four hegemonic forces. They were merely selected due to their age and objective bodily talent in absorbing essence and energies. The criteria for the Everlore Starfield, also known to them as the Imperial Dawn Starfield, was less based on these factors and more on race, nepotism-based backing, or comprehensive skill.

To be exact, the Demonic Abyss Mountain, Sacred Light Palace, and Elemental Heaven Pavilion all favored race, with the last two highly dependent on bloodline lineage and backing of various clans. Those less talented, but born into good families of certain races had higher privilege. Even if they weren't a tenth of those present, they would still reach heights most of these youths could only dream about.

It was a result of resources made available, mostly alchemical, and how outrageously expensive or difficult they were to acquire. If it wasn't for that spoon in their mouths, how could they achieve their levels?

As for the Myriad Monarch Sect, it wasn't based on talent, but skill, adaptability, cunning, and tactics. It forged the best cultivators consistently throughout the starfield due to their dogma, and relied solely on oneself. Yet even if these youths with high bodily talent were considered, it was nothing before having high comprehension, being mentally attentive, and skillful in navigating situations and forces.

What was bodily talent?

The compatibility to absorb essence energies into one's body, the rate of that, the refinement speed, and the conversion quality into one's own power. Yet this only affected the initial speed of cultivation, the development of one's foundation based on resources, and it didn't determine how far one would reach. Without comprehensive talent and insight, one would forever be stuck at the Elemental Birth Phase.

However, bodily talent had another unseen factor.

"You all were born in a world without that," the pale-skinned man pointed at the sky where the yellowed Solar Star with a reddish tint surrounded by a large, radiant white ring. "In terms of talent, we had to severely lower our standards. If we hadn't, not even a hundredth of you would've qualified."

While he hadn't explained in-depth, Su Mei understood. Being born under a lucky star wasn't just an expression people used, but a truth. The endless rays of essence from birth to present would create a change. This was prevalent when comparing those of the Myriad Monarch Sect and Myriad Yore Continent. No, it was better to say between those born on planets and those born on flat continental earths.

The constant passive absorption of high-quality essence would surely elevate one's bodily talent naturally. It was like being in a world of higher gravity, it was expected for one to be stronger physically. There are, however, exceptions. Such as the Four Extreme Continent or Bloodforge Continent. These were locations designed and carefully crafted by those who exceeded Mortal Limits. There was Astral Essence in those areas.

That being said, Su Mei hadn't felt any environmental difference. Was the Third Sky Planet they were on strange?

"When you arrive in my Solitary Saber Sect, know that your starting point is horrendously low. You'll be forced to struggle for every scrap of resource you can. You'll have no protection from internal struggles. You could even be killed, for the slightest carelessness. My Solitary Saber Sect is not a playground. If you don't want to bet your life for a greater future, then you can still be sent off to the planet specifically constructed for you." The pale-skinned man said, harshly reminding them of their situation.

But one could hear the faint compassion in the man's voice, alongside pity and condescension.

Su Mei knew that different sects had different conducts. She never expected it to be like Myriad Monarch Sect, focused on skill and leadership. This was likely a sect where one was, as its name suggests, solitary.

However, no one left because of the man's warning.

But this didn't elicit any form of respect in the pale-skinned man's eyes. Instead, he felt more pity.

"My true name is Dao Yuwen. My known title is Exalted Blitzsaber, but from now on, you'll know me as your Sect Master, and refer to me as such." As he said this, he waved his hand and a faint black pearl left his palm and sunk into the black and gold platform. In a sudden burst of multicolored light, the arc brightened and the vision of everyone was overwhelmed.

Su Mei had never felt like this before, but she was familiar with the multicolored phenomenon. When basked by this light, she felt a strange force envelop her for a brief moment. It lasted very briefly, and when it ended, she was accompanied by a different scenery!

WOOOSH!

The first thing she was met with was a flood of pure astral essence that exceeded even the eighth-level of the Myriad Monarch Sect's Extreme Mountain. Unfathomably pure, incredibly potent, and her eyes were opened wide as she felt it sweep her body, stimulating her pores, and stirring her cultivation base.

A fresh, almost like the first bite of mint, feeling overwhelmed her.

"Welcome to my sect, your new world, your new home!"

Su Mei's eyes glistened as her pupils reflected the entirety of her new world. The sky above had changed, with the yellow Solar Star with reddish tint and a titanic ring of white radiance having vanished! She saw an impossibly enormous saber with a curved edge bearing its point downwards instead!

It replaced the Solar Star!

But beyond the clouds, beyond the layers of atmosphere, that saber hung while emitting a unique radiance. For some reason, she sensed the shadow of the Solar Star that existed in the Aeternal Sky Starfield. When she narrowed her eyes, the faint, low opacity image of that Solar Star existed directly behind the saber, seemingly far away.

Was this a World Realm?!

Her heart started to race as every breath contained copious amounts of astral essence. This astral essence caused her Sea of Consciousness to tremble as she sensed the thick saber energy coursing through it! Her Saber Intent howled within her mind, and the intermixing of astral essence and saber energies produced a gentle saber power that flowed around her.

If she was present in the Four Extreme Continent, she would discover that this type of environment was extremely similar to the four lands, such as the ambient desolate power within the air!

While she marveled at this miraculous world, there were others with vastly different reactions.

"ARGH!"

"Nooo! It hurts! AHHH!"

"WHAT IS THIS?! STOP IT!! HELP!!!"

The sound of flesh being sliced, rent, torn and blood splashing resounded throughout the group of youths!

Splash!

Su Mei felt a sudden spurt of warm liquid on her face. When she turned around, she noticed a male figure drenched in blood with their body suffering numerous lacerations. The person wanted to screech

out their pain yet there was a cut slicing deeply into their throat, severing their vocal chords. It came off as a hoarse gasp for air.

He struggled, facing her with eyes pleading for help. Yet a flash of light caused him to vanish before her very eyes. Like a comet, the man was encapsulated by an orb of light and sent off to some location behind her.

Dao Yuwen looked at the many youths experiencing the saber power enveloping the surroundings impassively. There was an indifferent light in his yellow eyes. He slowly said, "You won't die. This is your second test. Those who make it to the sect in three days will be considered Outer Disciples. Those who don't, you will become External Disciples."

After saying this, Dao Yuwen observed the youths and saw Su Mei. There was a flash of interested surprise on his face, but he didn't stay a moment longer. With a shimmer, he vanished before their very eyes.

Su Mei looked towards Dao Yuwen's previous location and noticed a giant mountain in the far off distance ahead, yet the screams around her never ceased.

Chapter 602 - 597: Treasure Amongst Trash

The abruptly violent circumstances left many speechless. Was this how disciples were supposed to be treated? A few of them saw their neighbors seemingly explode with gushes of blood from various cuts. The ambient saber power was absolutely domineering and omnipresent.

"AHHH!" A human cultivator at the Qi Condensation Realm, the False Reality Phase, surged with his qi to establish a thick, seemingly impenetrable ward filled with the power of metal. The faint traces of gold clashed with the slicing saber power in the air and prevented it from inflicting further wounds on his body.

The others reacted the same, establishing their own defenses that halted the intrusion of that saber power.

Su Mei noticed that the saber power was stopped with equal difficulty regardless of cultivation base. There were several cultivators at the Qi Condensation Realm that safely defended against the saber power, yet a few Astral Core Realm cultivators were blasted bloody, their defenses torn apart and their skin suffering as a result.

'It's as if this strange saber power in the air can differentiate between levels, increasing its difficulty towards specific individuals.' As she came to this conclusion, she glanced at the mountain in the far-off distance. That was likely the sect as the massive saber in the sky seemed to have its tip pointed directly at it.

'Is it like the Myriad Dao Palaces?' She had heard about Wei Wuyin's experiences and had her own, and one of them was a set of ninety-nine steps that grew increasingly difficult the further one went up. Yet the power of the stairs adjusted based on the target's cultivation, allowing a form of balance.

With a long, deep breath, her Saber Intent resonated outwards. The saber power in the air grew docile, obedient. However, she didn't move to protect the others. Even those that originated from the Ascendants.

She sent them a spiritual transmission instead: "Ascendants, good luck."

It wasn't that she was merciless, but that this was an opportunity to prove themselves. The point of Ascendants was to forge strong, capable cultivators that could act in Wei Wuyin's interest. If they couldn't become Outer Disciples after Wei Wuyin's nurturing, then that was their own failure.

She took off.

The other Ascendants turned to her, their eyes glimmering with light as they observed Su Mei's swift departure. They were all stronger than cultivators at their level, mostly due to Wei Wuyin's alchemical products and high-level environments. While they might not compare to this new world's cultivators, they were still confident in their might.

Most of them came from the Myriad Monarch Sect, so they were elite cultivators with skill, and from this test, they had passable talent, so they were definitely greater than standard cultivators.

A young woman with long, sleek, blue-colored hair was covered in cuts, and even her torn robe revealed an unusual amount of skin. Although, that skin was covered in blood. However, there was no embarrassment in her eyes, but a fierce, stable light. She was an Ascendant that had been recruited by Xue Yifei, and so her treatment was slightly better, her strength forged by higher quality alchemical products.

Despite only being at the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the World Sea Phase, her strength could not be underestimated. After gathering her bearings, she concentrated her astral ward into a thicker form and warded off the saber power. With a low roar, that when coming from her delicate voice was still quite terrifying, she trudged forward after Su Mei.

After receiving the spiritual transmission from Su Mei, one of the leaders of the Ascendants, she was now aware that this trial was her own to conquer. With each step, she bore the might of the saber power clashing against her.

Her actions of standing firm and facing the world left many speechless. She was young, maybe just thirty or so, yet she was utterly terrifying as she exuded a fierce will to move forward. Influenced, the others strengthened their defenses and followed after her.

The mountain with the saber as the sun was their target. The words from Dao Yuwen echoed in their minds as they wished to at least prove to themselves that, yes, they might be considered trash now, but they were good trash with the potential to become treasure.

Of course, not everyone used this opportunity to forge their will. A few were left unable to proceed, sent away as a comet of gentle, nourishing energy enveloped them. Their bodies already experienced almost crippling damage, and they couldn't hold on any longer. These individuals had impure bodies, used impure-quality pills to cultivate to their levels and dampening their potential or just had weak foundations for their cultivation levels.

Unable to adjust, they were left defeated and discarded. They would be External Disciples unless they fought to improve themselves in this dangerous, almost lethal environment.

Su Mei didn't turn back. The distance between her and the mountain was roughly fifteen miles. It might not seem that far for cultivators yet every step was met with an increasingly powerful wave of saber

power. It was clear that this saber power, a combination of ambient essence and saber energies, originated from the mountain like a surging tidal wave.

Her Saber Intent allowed her an easy path forward. She didn't think about tempering her astral force using the ambient saber power—it was unnecessary. Her Saber Intent was a result of her comprehensive talent, a part of her abilities, so she merely used her own strength. Yet even her Saber Intent wasn't invincible.

There was a strange energy within the saber power that struggled to regain control of itself. It trembled and vibrated, releasing saber howls that sought to slice at Su Mei. She wasn't too shocked. If Saber Intent could overcome this trial with ease, then Dao Yuwen could've just brought her away.

Her Sky Pressure surged outwards. That strange energy collided with her refined mana and was crushed relentlessly. She kept her reins on the saber power, moving forward and reaching the one-mile mark.

She cut a valiant figure as saber power danced around her like brightly animated lights, exuding a fierce sharpness and lively feeling. It was her Saber Intent, her will, that brought the saber power to life and under her control. Behind her were youths with stern expressions pushing forward while wrapped in various astral forces.

Watching from afar, three figures garbed in black robes levitated in the air looking down at these struggling youths. They were two males and one female, and at their waist was a white-colored scabbard that contained their saber. On the sides of their scabbard was a single character formed by strange, faintly glowing runes. They said: "Solitary."

"Not bad," One of the men commented. He had a short ponytail, was rather handsome, and carried a youthful and valiant air about him.

The other man clicked his tongue, "The one in the front is quite interesting. Her age is young, her cultivation base is absurdly high, and her bodily talent is quite exceptional." Su Mei exuded a light life aura indicating her age was sub-fifty, and her cultivation base was emitting a strange gravitational force that affected the surroundings. These were indications that she was at the Gravity Emission Phase, the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm.

The man with the ponytail chimed in, "Saber Intent; Young Age; High Cultivation. Is she the daughter of the strongest cultivator in the Everlore Starfield?" The cultivators of the Aeternal Sky Starfield referred to the starfield that Su Mei and the others originated from as Everlore Starfield. After all, that was the name that gave it significance.

As for the Imperial Heaven Starfield, Tri-Vision Starfield, or Imperial Dawn Starfield, they were all names that were established in the various eras affecting the population. To them, the starfield had one name and one significance: It birthed the King of Everlore.

"Strongest cultivator? I guess that's possible. Her cultivation base seems a little too sturdy. I can't tell her foundation very well. Curious," the other man said. He was tall, nearly six-feet and a half, and had a slim, lanky figure. Despite his height and slimness, he had a set of eyes that exuded a dangerously sharp aura. If one thought his body was fragile due to its lack of muscle definition, they might find themselves losing their lives.

The female was gorgeous. She had a dignified air and stood in the middle of the two men, clearly having more significance than the two. She was like a breath of air on a battlefield, exuding thick battle intent and a scent of blood aura. Despite that, it did little to diminish her outstanding looks that could attract envy from others.

With a pair of clear cyan-colored irises and untainted pupils, she regarded Su Mei.

The man with the ponytail frowned, "Neither can I. That's strange. She's not a Realm Lord yet, but she gives me a feeling of danger."

The tall, lanky man nodded in agreement. "There's quite a few strange ones. Their foundation is far stronger than I expected. That little girl at the World Sea Phase seemed to have a greater reserve of astral force. She made it past the 1-mile mark with little difficulty, still staying strong to the 3-mile mark."

The girl and Su Mei weren't the only ones to shock the duo, as more than a dozen cultivators stood out. They were Ascendants. Wei Wuyin had a certain criteria when selecting or accepting members, and one of them was fulfilled just by the Myriad Monarch Sect's entry requirements: skill and comprehension.

After finding those with sufficient bodily talent, he found good moulds for the Ascendants. They all experienced the life of having low-quality or higher sixth, sometimes even seventh-grade, alchemical products at their fingertips. Therefore, their foundation and natural talents have been improved considerably.

This only became more excessive after the Valkyrie had formed, as they were given higher-tiered and higher-quality products from their respective leaders. Most cultivators at the Astral Core Realm would be lucky if they could refine a single seventh-grade product. For example, Xiang Ling, a long-standing elder of the Myriad Monarch Sect, had only refined three seventh-grade products in her lifetime prior to meeting Wei Wuyin. And two of them were impure-quality.

As the Ascendants adjusted to the environment, they revealed their absolute advantage that others didn't have: a strong, reinforced cultivation base. At a certain point, the leading figures were all Ascendants with Su Mei at the foremost position.

She had already broken past the ten-mile mark!

"This...that's..." the ponytail man was rendered speechless. These dozens of figures were far, far ahead of the others. While the weakest Ascendant had breached the five-mile mark, the strongest non-Ascendant had barely reached the three-mile mark! Furthermore, the former weren't slowing down, but getting quicker!

One must know that the strength of the saber power increased with each mile, exuding outrageously sharp pressure upon the target, yet this was defying this logic. This exceeded some of their top-tier disciples' showing years ago, and there were dozens!

The two males looked at each other, seeing the distinct light of surprised shock in the other's eyes. This test measured their foundation and strength relative to their cultivation, but this was a little outrageous, no?

The gorgeous woman's eyes narrowed. Were this batch of homeless cultivators truly trash? In this new world, they might be able to establish themselves!

However, as she thought about this, Su Mei reached the tall, imposingly wide gate that led to the mountain and her pure black eyes were particularly radiant as she observed the saber in the sky. As if resonating with something, her Saber Intent started to become unusually active as the air around her body exploded with a saber howl!

Then, saber howls started to echo outwards throughout the world! The giant saber that seemed to overwrite the Solar Star in the sky started to tremble!

The three watched from above and their eyes widened slowly and slowly until they were nearly bulging out from their sockets! Even the gorgeous woman lost her composure, her expression growing ashen with disbelief!

"Impossible!" The three simultaneously shouted.

Dao Yuwen's figure arrived at the gate, staring at Su Mei's valiant figure as she seemed immersed in her own world. The saber power in the surroundings were vibrating with increasing frequency, screeching out a call of unfathomable nature! Even the Saber Star above reacted!

"...Saber Heart Intent?" His words were slowly said, yet the shock was unable to be concealed.

Did he just stumble upon a treasure?!

Chapter 603 - 598: Elven Sanctuary

While some faced trials that'll decide their future, and three went to search for the whereabouts of someone that'll resolve their pressing issues, others were still making their way off the planet Third Sky. Amongst these individuals was a group that was oddly and specifically composed for those who choose the second option.

A group of tens of billions were all gathered together after being transported away from the World-Shifting Net's uniquely designed internal world. Those brought together looked to their neighbors with a trace of excitement, and then confusion. This confusion turned into concern for some, and a few even felt cold sweat.

Those who had cold sweat formulate on their bodies were high-level cultivators, leaders, those with a little bit of intelligence to grasp what was happening.

Every last individual amongst the tens of billions had a single thing in common: they were all of the Elven Race!

Those cultivators could all feel the strangeness of this. While it could just be attributed to a segregation of races, as humans with humans, elves with elves, and demons with demons, this felt stranger because they were isolated to a single area.

A few tried to fly, yet found that they would be brought downwards by a strange force. Unable to leave a certain area, they could only await their fate with throbbing hearts filled with an ominous feeling. The area itself wasn't harsh by any means, rather spacious in fact, and a grassland with rich, lively grass. The air was fresh, filled with essence, and there was a particular fragrance effusing into the surroundings.

It formed a square-shape and housed them all with more than enough leg space, but there was something else that was absolutely strange about this. There were no humans in sight!

They had to stay like this for hours, with no explanation as to why they were isolated or even here in this strange area. They could only have conversations and discussions with those they were paired up with. There was a specific group of elves in this group that were gathered together, and they had slightly higher than three hundred million in number.

They all had light bronze-colored skin and slim physiques, be it men or women, and they huddled together with a unity forged by thousands of years of reliance and oppression.

They were the Grey Sands Elves.

Ai Juling was with her two parents. She beautifully stood there alongside them, with her signature boho-styled ponytail and dark-green eyes with grey flecks. Her grey-colored outfit was more conservative when she was made a woman, wearing looser clothes, but it did little to hide her curves and ample bosom.

When she was given the choice to pick two names, she chose Wei Wuyin and her mother, yet she wasn't placed in Wei Wuyin's group. Instead, she was sent with her mother and the other Grey Sands Elves in the surroundings. Fortunately, she found her family, including her father.

Her mother, Ai Mingli, was currently talking with the other elites and high-level cultivators of the Ai Clan. They weren't the only elven clan from the Four Extreme Continent in the surroundings; the Navy River Elves, the Black Mountain Elves, and Verdant Forest Elves were also present.

They were shocked to discover the Everlore Starfield's elves. Unlike the different characteristics from the four elves, such as the bronze-skin of the Grey Sands Elves or the aquatic scales of the Navy River Elves, the Everlore Starfield's elves were widely divergent with nothing too extreme about them. They just had colorful hair and eye-colors that mixed and matched, making each elf have a unique feeling.

When Ai Mingli returned, Ai Juling asked with a tinge of worry: "Have they discovered anything?" Since arriving here, they were essentially trapped and isolated in this area. She hadn't expected this after choosing the third option.

However, her mother shook her head, trying to conceal her own worries as she comforted. "It's fine. We're probably being segregated by race." However, her tone was a little strange. They had discovered that the vast majority of their youths that choose 'recruit' were here. There was an unsettling feeling about this.

But unable to confer with humans, they were left waiting for any changes.

Ai Mingli looked at her daughter. She reached out and rubbed her head, "It'll be fine. Even if something happens, the Holy Son isn't going to leave you. He's far too domineering for that."

When Ai Juling heard about Wei Wuyin, she strangely felt a calm gush into her heart. Just as she was about to speak, a gorgeous figure of similar skin-tone yet proud aura arrived. Ai Juling immediately noticed Ai Yin, her eyes brightened as she exclaimed excitedly: "Big Sister Yin!"

When Ai Yin appeared, she brushed aside her wavy brown hair from her face, revealing more of her enchanting beauty to the world, and gave Ai Juling a warm smile. After they shared the same bed, the same man, the two had recognized each other as sisters despite the age and cultivation difference.

As a Timelord, she had taken it upon herself to investigate the surroundings. She discovered that escape was impossible. Furthermore, she couldn't find the Starlord that existed among the Navy River Elves. While he was present during the transportation, he wasn't present here.

It was strange, however, because she had met him in the World-Shifting Net's space alongside the other Timelords and remaining Reamlords of the Four Extreme Continent, and he had decided to choose the second option. They were going to forge out an area for their groups, finding comfort in unity based on familiarity.

His current absence left her feeling concerned. Fortunately, she discovered that only those who picked the second or third option were here, while the first option was not. This indicated that they were sent to the fresh planet created for those who came from the Everlore Starfield.

They started to discuss, with one of their topics being Wei Wuyin. After all, Ai Yin had written down his name too. They didn't know if their exclusion from him was on purpose or if it meant he was dead. With the absence of the human and demon race, the former seemed more likely.

BOOM!

Suddenly, a loud, thunderous sound drew the attention from everyone. They looked to the skies to see numerous figures arriving as if from thin air. This was an indicator of using a Void Gate to arrive.

Ai Yin used her astral force to protect Ai Juling and her mother, at the ready for any unexpected event. While she might not be powerful in comparison to the beings that could bring them here, it didn't mean she was willing to accept whatever fate they had for her. But her vigilant expression changed after noticing the appearance of the arrivals.

There were four figures at the lead, and they looked remarkably similar to the four Elven Tribes of the Four Extreme Continent. Extremely, outrageously similar! Furthermore, they all had auras that left her feeling overwhelmed.

It wasn't that unseen pressure from those who exceeded Mortal Limits, but that terrifyingly forceful pressure that indicated they were at the peak of Mortal Limits! They were all Starlords!

To add, there was an old elf with a hunched back, an ancient aura, and a pair of dimly lit sapphire-like eyes that looked emotionally at the tens of billions of elves below. He had two notable gills, one each at both sides of his neck, and navy-blue scales that littered his body without rhyme or reason.

Directly in front of him was a middle-aged elf that was handsome. He didn't have a haphazard set of aquatic scales on his body, but only around the gills on his neck and one at his glabella that was shaped with a curve on the sides, bent at the bottom triangle. It glistened with an aquamarine light that radiated the feeling of the ocean, vast and peaceful.

His appearance seemed more orderly, more stable, and even his eyes were ocean-blue, not the overly shiny sapphire-color of others.

One of the other leading figures had traits very similar to the Black Mountain Elves, with a burly elf with skin like soot, and eyes that were distinctively a fiery crimson. His hair was white like ash, and he seemed to embody the essence of a volcanic mountain.

There was a dark green-haired, light green-eyed woman with a willowy figure that made her seem graceful, as light as a breeze, and close to nature. She resembled Verdant Forest Elves, except her eyes were lighter, exuding an airy aura within, and her hair was darker, giving it a feeling of being similar to plantlife. She just felt purer by comparison.

There was another woman of bronze-skin, but it wasn't lightly shaded, and it had a particular sheen that exuded healthy and strong.

It was quite obvious that these four had characteristics that strongly resembled the four elves. In fact, they might even be mistaken as their ancestors. This caused all the elves below to gawk at those above, not just their auras, but their appearances were extremely close to their own.

Ai Yin's eyes narrowed as she spotted another familiar figure behind one of these leading figures, the woman with green hair. There was Qing Qiumu. She was the elf that had tried to halt the conflict between Wei Wuyin and that one human...she couldn't recall his name.

It wasn't just Qing Qiumu that was present, but nearly a hundred or so elves.

The old Starlord with a hunched back slowly floated to the front, lowering himself as he did as he swept his gaze across the others. He recognized that some of them weren't from the Four Extreme Continent's four tribes, likely originating from that starfield they were whisked away from.

Still, he calmly spoke: "To those who don't know me, My name is Shui Jin; I'm the Ancestral Master of the Navy River Elves. I've led the tribe through the Season of Devils for centuries. I've come bearing news about this new world, and a choice you now have."

He took a deep breath, continuing to speak with his voice amplified by his power. "As some of you might have found out, the elven race is not a dominant race within this new world. We are a minority, a great, devastatingly low minority. Be it in terms of strength or numbers. But we've eked out our own territory, and these four here," he pointed his wrinkled finger towards the four figures that calmly stared at those below, "are the leaders of the four Sacred Sects, collectively known as the Sacred Elven Sanctuary."

The crowd was flabbergasted, riled into a strange frenzy of disbelief and confusion, sprinkled with unwillingness. Especially those from the Sacred Light Astral Territory or Myriad Monarch Astral Territory, ruled by the Sacred Light Palace and Myriad Monarch Sect respectively. They belonged to the proud race of elves, one of the hegemon of their world!

While their population was somewhat low, when have they lacked figures at the strongest level? Qin Rui? Jiang Feilang? But neither of them were here, having chosen the first option alongside many others.

The Four Extreme Continent's elves weren't so aggressive in their response. When haven't they been suppressed by humans? The Holy Bloodlines were all humans, the top-tier forces were all humans, and even the Grand Priests and Priestesses that represented the divinities they worshipped? All humans.

The lives of their line of elves never experienced hegemony or strength, only hope after Wei Wuyin's unbiased manner of forming a relationship with the Grey Sands Elves! Yet that dream shattered with the movement of their continent and subsequent movement of their race.

So they were less affected, merely just unwilling.

Shui Jin noted these different levels of reactions and sighed heavily in his heart. "The choice you have before you is similar to your choices before: You can either choose to enter one of the three Domains or join one of the four Sacred Sects. Each of the four sects have their own planet, and they have elves like me and you there."

The elves were once again met with a choice, but their information was still mostly incomplete. Why was entering the three Domains bad? Was it even bad? After all, they couldn't all just be stuffed on four planets, right? But...what if...

"I'll be joining the Sacred Aquatic Palace... I hope those of the Navy River Elves will join me."

Chapter 604 - 599: New Everlore; Eternal Monarch

While some faced trials that'll decide their future, and three went to search for the whereabouts of someone that'll resolve their pressing issues, a few were made aware of their unique circumstance, and others arrived at their new home—the planet, New Everlore.

They included the leaders of the four hegemonies of the Everlore Starfield: Wu Baozhai—the Grand Princess of the Myriad Monarch Sect; Jiang Feilang—the Palace Master of the Sacred Light Palace; Gao Zi—Mountain Lord of Demonic Abyss Mountain; Lin Ruyan—the Pavilion Master of the Elemental Heaven Pavilion.

They had all unanimously chosen to restart their forces upon the newly created planet with their remaining and willing members. Those who sought to explore the world and etch out on their own, they were free to do so. None of these leaders kept them back, only emphasized that they would always have a home to return to, either in their success or failure.

In truth, this move was a common leadership move as they too wished to learn more about the world, but establishing a reliable base of operations was more pressing. But with these members traveling and learning for them, they could obtain knowledge without risking their own lives and maintaining their core strength when they eventually returned.

They hadn't left the World-Shifting Net with the others, staying for roughly ten or so minutes longer before they were all transported away and onto their new planet. During this, the leaders gathered those united in their cause. It wasn't just the four hegemonies, as other forces just short of their strength were also present. While they were subordinates before, this new opportunity gave them a chance to rise.

The new planet was named New Everlore, dubbed such due to it being created solely for the residents of the now-destroyed Everlore Starfield. It was located in the Everlore Domain, so they would surely be protected, but it was relatively far off and at the edge of the Domain, almost at the edge of the starfield.

On the surface of the planet, the Solar Star that was utterly gigantic in size seemed as distant as their smallest Solar Stat before. Clearly, this location was incredibly far away from the central regions, likely the areas that contained the greatest resources due to Mystic Radiance exposure.

Alongside Wu Baozhai was Qin Rui and Yao Zhen. Zen and Ji Changkong were both beastmen and have vanished alongside the rest, but the three choose to stay with the Myriad Monarch Sect resolutely.

Yao Zhen was next to his son, Yao Wei. While the young demon with a talent and appearance similar to his father wanted to choose the third option, his father wasn't having it. There was a large lump on Yao Wei's head after his insistent whining to choose 'recruit'.

Yao Zhen couldn't help but think how idiotic his son was. Others can be stupid, but he surely couldn't be. This was a new world with new rules. Not everyone was as open-minded as the Myriad Monarch Sect, and why did they even need to join another force?

They had Wei Wuyin!

While he seemed to be absent, it was unlikely that would remain the case for long. Considering this Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn was an outrageously talented alchemist who single-handedly elevated the standards of the Myriad Monarch Sect, he wasn't about to allow his son to leave off and venture into a strange, unknown world.

What if he's killed?

What if he's killed just for being a demon?

Or fighting for resources?

Or just for offending someone due to his youthful arrogance?

That cultivator they saw was absurdly strong, and he had the means to transport an entire starfield! AN ENTIRE STARFIELD! That might not even be the limits of their abilities. He wasn't even certain if Grand Monarch Wu Yu or the Demonic Abyss Master had such means or abilities.

His son, even himself, had no backing in this new world. Who could avenge them or stop others from slaughtering them? They were even getting news that a strange continent had just arrived in their starfield a few days ago and had numerous Realm Lords and quite a few Timelords. Their own force had one Realm Lord.

One!

But they had the Ascendant Emperor. In just a few years, sixth-grade alchemical products flooded the market, and seventh-grade products that were absurdly rare that even the five million Astral Core Realm cultivators in the entire starfield had likely only consumed one, or maybe two, in their entire lifetime, became readily available.

They earned it with Imperial Points, accomplishing missions, or just being of a certain rank. It's unlikely they'll receive better treatment, fair treatment, no matter how advanced this new world was. It was best to stay put and wait, leaving only when one has sufficient strength.

Yao Zhen ignored his son's pout as they arrived, inspecting the world with his spiritual sense. This planet was large-sized, sufficient to house trillions if need be. There were mountains, grasslands, lakes, rivers, and a warm climate. There weren't any oceans, but the lack of a vast body of water was substituted by an interconnected network of water streams and locations. The rivers and lakes all flowed through each other, forming a complete diagram of sorts.

It was actually quite exquisite. It was as if the entire world was irrigated naturally, lending it to have a massive amount of natural farmland. This was extremely well-suited in cultivating various flora. Unfortunately, there was no fauna on this planet.

It was a little unfortunate for those who liked to eat meat. The ecological system seemed designed to sustain itself without any type of creature, and its self-sufficient structure was quite moldable. As long as rivers are properly redirected and connected to the lakes, the waters will always flow.

Even Wu Yu within his ring was amazed by the planet's design. "This world was created by a cultivator at my level, likely multiple of them." His astonished remark sent waves of surprise in Wu Baozhai's heart.

"Your level? How strong is that?" She knew about the realm beyond the Astral Core Realm, the Mystic Ascendant Realm, but she wasn't too clear about the stages or phases. She didn't even know what stage Wu Yu was in.

"Hm?" Wu Yu broke free from his thoughts as he pondered for a moment. "The Mystic Ascendant Realm is quite strange when one enters it, but there's a strange phase where one is both a Mystic Ascendant and Astral Core Realm cultivator, like a fusion of the two, and one that is fully a Mystic Ascendant. I guess you can call the latter the First Stage, but I'm not sure. Anyways, I was in the latter."

As someone who only reached the Soul of Mysticism Phase, the 'First' Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, was that. But the 'other' First Stage, the Mystic Star Realm had been reached by others, such as the Elementus Knights that Divine King Han Xei were so proud of.

Wu Baozhai digested this information. The Mystic Ascendant Realm was so profound that even Grand Monarch Wu Yu hadn't fully understood its beginning levels. She felt a burning passion to reach that level, to break past Mortal Limits.

Qin Rui walked over, "There were completely no resources above the lowest level. Barely any can help Foundation Establishment cultivators, let alone Qi Condensation Cultivators. What should we do?" Despite being a Prime Imperial Sage and former Grand Imperial Sage, she still rightfully deferred to Wu Baozhai for the decisions, only seeking clarification.

Wu Baozhai looked at this alluring woman before her, feeling her rich yin energies and aura, and pouting slightly. There was a hint of frustration as she recalled Wu Yu tricking her into giving up her virginity to Long Chen. If it wasn't for that, perhaps she would have a chance...

She hurriedly put that grudging thought out of her mind as she focused. "Since this is our new beginning, we should expand our sect's design." She said, causing Yao Zhen, Qin Rui, and the other Heavenly Commanders, Imperial Sages, and Prime Imperial Sages that decided to stay to come over. They naturally gathered while the lesser members looked on.

Wu Baozhai was shocked at the abrupt audience. From their gazes, a light of unlit passion remained in their eyes. They merely needed a trigger.

She took a deep breath, and shot into the sky. The members, disciples included, all looked upwards as Wu Baozhai unleashed her Imperial Heaven Aura to the world. She seemed to become the focal point of everyone's attention, as many admired her demeanor and grace, including her royal disposition that rivaled the Grand Monarch's of legend.

Some of those old folks even remembered the former Grand Monarch. How dazzling he was, yet he seemingly paled before this striking young woman that carried a charismatic charm. However, was she able to translate that to something tangible?

With her voice infused with spiritual strength, she spoke: "Many of you have your doubts, I know. Many of you are confused, uncertain about where we'll go or what we'll do after our world had been destroyed. Left homeless and without resources, left to our own devices, is there even a future for us? But I'm here to tell you the truth: OUR WORLD WASN'T DESTROYED!

"Our world is RIGHT HERE!" She touched her hand to her chest, feeling the rapidly beating heart. Despite its pace, she felt calmer than ever. "In me. In you. And we carry it wherever we go. As long as it exists, we are not homeless; we are not lost. We are cultivators, those who belong to the great Myriad Monarch Sect, the home of the Grand Monarch Lineage.

"We survived wars! We conquered planets, even an entire starfield before! Our future is ours to decide, no one else's. And the Myriad Monarch Sect is not at its end or at its lowest, its at the beginning of its unstoppable rise!"

Her words riled up the hot-blooded youths that couldn't help but feel her passion. Who here wasn't feeling lost? Despondent? Angry and depressed? Their home, family legacy, resources, everything they established for numerous years with blood, sweat, and tears had vanished and they weren't even given a choice to die with it. Now, they were to live here, and while this planet might be beautiful, it was severely lacking.

Even the Solar Star was so far away!

Some felt hopeless. Some felt regret at not choosing 'recruit' or the second option, deciding to risk their lives to establish themselves elsewhere. After all, the Myriad Monarch Sect was certainly outrageously weak in comparison to the true leaders of this new starfield. Why stay in a sect that can't even offer them resources? Starting from nothing? Was there a future?

Many had clans to feed, children to raise! Yet they might not have anything for hundreds of years? Not everyone was an Astral Core Realm expert, having over a thousand years of life!

Those words however brought the spiritual senses of even other sects over. After noticing the land was vacant of resources for cultivation, even the astral essence was a little lesser than their old planet, they felt a sense of regret and wallowing sadness ensnare their hearts. But Wu Baozhai's words drew their interest regardless.

Wu Baozhai could still see some doubt in their eyes. She realized her words weren't enough. Right now, she wasn't enough.

She closed her eyes, touching the ring that had her name etched on it. She felt his presence and remembered his words. In his mind, she was a natural-born leader.

Slowly, she opened her eyes with a renewed sense of self, resolute and firm in her belief. When her eyes swept those present, she didn't need to say a single word. Just that gaze alone that carried unimaginable will shook them fiercely.

Those old and young felt hope in those eyes.

To be charismatic, to ensnare the hearts of others with your words, one must truly believe in it and themselves. While she had the former down, the latter was lacking until this moment.

"In a few years, this planet? This planet that seems empty and void? It will just be a memory, and we'll make our mark on this new world. They'll know our name. But we'll no longer be known as the Myriad Monarch Sect. Our name, from now on and will be spoken in their mouths with respect and reverence will be: THE ETERNAL MONARCH SECT! Because we, WE will never fade as long as we have this."

She smacked her chest heavily with her right hand, pressing against her heart. The thud caused the hearts of everyone to tremble. She took a portion of this starfield's name and established another identity!

The definition of eternal is to be everlasting, to have no beginning and no end, but to exist forever.

"Are we monarchs?" She asked in a low tone, her eyes sweeping the world before her.

"..." The crowd watched, their blood roaring hot and their eyes burning with a new flame of life. So what if they had to start off with nothing? They came from Monarchs! Grand Monarchs! They conquered entire worlds, fearlessly faced three hegemonic forces and waged war against an entire starfield! And WON!

What was this?

"Are we monarchs?!" Wu Baozhai's voice grew louder.

"YEAH!" They responded, but not all.

Wu Baozhai smacked her chest again, causing her heartbeat to echo throughout the world. They could feel her surging passion and she shouted out, her Imperial Heaven Aura flaring ever-higher, "ARE WE MONARCHS?!"

"YES WE ARE!" At this point, there wasn't a single person that didn't feel like a king or queen capable of facing any challenge.

"THEN WE ARE ETERNAL! AND NOTHING, I MEAN ABSOLUTELY NOTHING CAN STOP OUR ASCENT TO SUPREMACY!" Wu Baozhai reminded, erupting with an even fiercer burst of her Imperial Heaven Aura.

The crowd went absolutely wild with shouts of roaring excitement. They weren't expecting to be riled to this feverish state, but their morale had suddenly shifted upwards. None of them felt like there wasn't a future any longer, and they felt that they could make their mark on this new world no matter how low they started! No matter what they lacked!

Quite a few forces had even felt that joining the Myriad Monarch, no, the Eternal Monarch Sect might be a better alternative!

"...You're truly amazing." Wu Yu earnestly praised. He thought she would tell the world about the resources Wei Wuyin left her, or use his name to reassure the citizens, but she didn't. There was a pride that was unfathomably deep in his soul now, a pride for his descendant and bloodline.

Long Chen never had this quality.

Chapter 605 - 600: Reborn

After rousing the spirits of the former Myriad Monarch Sect members, not the Eternal Monarch Sect members, along with the other nearby inhabitants of New Everlore, Wu Baozhai soon ordered them to work. They still had to find a decent environment with sufficient potential and advantages to establish their headquarters.

Before she could even give out detailed orders on this matter, there were several weaker sects that had similarly chosen to develop themselves in this new planet out of caution that sought her out. They swarmed her with their intent to join the Eternal Monarch Sect, hoping to contribute.

There were even a few sect leaders at the Fifth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Light Reflection Phase, who revealed their intent to join. Fortunately, sects were oftentimes a force with divided power structures, so they could maintain a little bit of influence relative to their cultivation and value. And the Eternal Monarch Sect kept the same values as before, so they were accepted without much fuss.

Wu Baozhai couldn't help but be pleasantly surprised at these proud figures' willingness to abandon their pinnacle influence within their sects to integrate, lowering their status in return.

"The Myriad Monarch Sect was similarly like this at the beginning, being forged and developed with other powers as its foundation. There were too many that wished to follow me on my rise to power, especially as I conquered the world."

Wu Yu grew nostalgic as he recalled his ancient memories. There were Realm Lords, Time Lords, and Star Lords that bowed before him, seeking to join his sect at any cost. One of the reasons behind the sect's name was that ideology birthed from this event, that all of those who decided to follow him were Monarchs in their own right.

There was a chance that countless others, if not every living force on the planet, might use this opportunity to join the sect if they were aware about Wu Yu's existence and his upcoming resurrection. If Wu Baozhai used this card, it wouldn't be difficult at all, yet they wouldn't be joining due to Wu Baozhai's charisma, but for Wu Yu's legend.

It would probably be even more extreme if she mentioned Wei Wuyin's Mortal Sovereign Alchemist abilities or the copious amounts of alchemical products he left behind for her. They would fight to enter.

In the future, many forces will likely look back and experience extreme regret at their pride or unwillingness to bow before Wu Baozhai, a junior.

"When you get your body back..." Wu Baozhai started giving out orders to others when she communicated this to Wu Yu. There was a glint of worry in her eyes.

"No worries. I wouldn't dare take your throne as Grand Monarch. I'm certain that little silver-eyed Alchemist might hold a grudge if I did, and that's certainly not worth it. Just construct a respectable position for me that'll allow me to oversee the sect, protect it openly, with little responsibilities. My era has long since passed, so I can comfortably leave the future of our lineage to you. I'll just cultivate in peace," Wu Yu reassured.

Wu Baozhai felt a breath of stifled weight leaving her chest. She couldn't contend with Wu Yu if he desired to reclaim the sect nor would she. In fact, it might be better if he did, but as an Ascended, his reign might last for a thousand years or even longer.

The Eternal Monarch Sect's members were quite efficient after being roused by her speech, finding a pristine location that was at the center of a network of flowing rivers and a few lakes, containing large swathes of empty land, and they started to build. Despite the lack of materials, they were cultivators.

They located the deposits of metallic ores and swiftly forged them into building materials. They used their wood energies to nourish trees, rapidly accelerating their growth, and chopping them down. These types of wood were stronger, reinforced by wood energies, and extremely suitable for crafting building materials.

There were some who used their water and earth energies, later using fire energies and the natural resources to construct hardened bricks. They were perfect, shapely, and durable. While these types of materials were rudimentary, with time, they'll have formations inscribed on them or be nourished by the environment.

Houses were built, farmland was established, and mountains were planned. The five Extreme Mountains were iconic for the Myriad Monarch Sect, but Wu Baozhai decided to change it, and make ten Everlasting Mountains.

Each mountain would contain its own specialty, being a little more specific, and not dependent on needs. The first Everlasting Mountain was the Everlasting Imperial Mountain, the central mountain and meant for official matters, like assemblies, meetings amongst the upper-echelon, and all the things the Extreme Imperial Monarch was used for.

The others were the Everlasting Origin, Everlasting War, Everlasting Martial, Everlasting Demonic, Everlasting Alchemic, Everlasting Life, Everlasting Forge, Everlasting World, and Everlasting Dao.

The Everlasting Origin, Everlasting War, and Everlasting Demonic Mountains were designed for the same purpose, to establish reliable training locations and residents for specific cultivators, purely for those who have specific Spirits of Cultivation. This was especially so for demons who need an area rich in demonic energies to properly cultivate and feel comfortable.

The Everlasting Martial Mountain was meant for those who decided to cultivate certain physical methods and beastmen. And while they were gone at the moment, this was meant to show their openness to their return.

Everlasting Life Mountain was designed for nurturing and developing cultivators who simultaneously studied medicine, becoming Medical Sages. After the Lin Ziyan incident, Wu Baozhai was well aware that the medical field was severely lacking in the sect, and she wanted to elevate it to a higher level. Even Wu

Yu praised her for this mountain, as most injuries were dealt with by cultivators, but extreme injuries either had pills or you could only die.

With skilled Medicinal Sages, they could provide treatment for diseases, injuries, and conditions that cultivators either accepted or ignored, especially those hidden injuries built up from battle or excessive training.

This mountain would also serve as the base of herbal development, both for Alchemists and Medicinal Sages.

Everlasting Alchemic, Everlasting Forge, and Everlasting World Mountains were specific divisions for the Creationists, dividing the Alchemic Dao, Forging Dao, and Designer Dao into three separate, completely independent fields. This will inevitably strengthen their identities, developing Alchemists, Forgers, and Architects.

Lastly was the Everlasting Dao Mountain; the mountain established on the principles of invention rather than study. To develop and improve arts, spells, methods, formations, talisman designs, unique constructs of forging, medicines, etc. They will facilitate and focus on elevating the future, so the others can focus on strengthening the present.

The expansion of the Penta Dao Extreme Mountain concept left Wu Yu excited to see how this division will grow. Wu Baozhai was quite ingenious with her ideas, and even the location of the mountains were well calculated.

After several weeks of planning and execution, the Eternal Monarch Sect was clearly developing on the right course, with ten budding mountains being fueled slowly with energies and growing higher as a result. Unfortunately, this world didn't have three sky layers.

The number of sky layers often reflected the quality of refinement, the less sky layers meant the essence was severely diluted to compensate for proper levels required to sustain life and ensure the world wasn't scorched. To put it simply: the lower the number of Sky Layers, the stronger the Sky Layer had to be.

With one Sky Layer, it was impossible to abuse this feature and establish Sky Palaces with richer essence. This was one of the reasons why New Everlore barely rivaled the Myriad Monarch Main Planet.

Wu Baozhai entered her temporary residence, already having various formations established to restrain the internal auras and prevent external inspection. With a soft breath of relief, she relaxed on her wooden chair with stuffed leaves as padding.

"When will you take the Ever-Rebirth Pill?" Wu Baozhai tiredly asked Wu Yu. She had been so busy with overseeing the sect that she had forgotten about Wu Yu's matter.

"...I've already taken it." Wu Yu answered after a brief pause, causing Wu Baozhai to lift from her chair, seemingly gaining energy from nowhere.

"What?! When?" Wu Baozhai expected an explosive phenomenon of some sort, a heralding omen of the return of an Ascended.

"I took it the moment I received it. You think I'll wait to regain my body after thousands of years living as this thing that couldn't be considered alive or dead?" Wu Yu asked with a little bit of a chuckle, clearly showing how relaxed and happy he felt. There was just great news all around. From his resurrection to his talented, highly capable descendant!

"How long will it take for you to regain your body and cultivation?" Wu Baozhai asked, curious about seeing a Mystic Ascendant Realm Cultivator up-close for the first time.

"..." Wu Yu went silent for a long moment, causing Wu Baozhai to frown. Was there something wrong with the pill? But when she thought about that unearthly handsome face with its confident smile, her heart slightly sped up as she decisively shook her head in rejection. Wei Wuyin wasn't someone who could accept a defective product nor was he so careless.

But Wu Yu's next words shocked her absolutely silly.

"I've already regained my body. I left a while ago..." The reply left her wide-eyed, touching the ring around her neck subconsciously.

WHAT?!

But...when?

"When?!" She hastily asked as the thought came to her. She hadn't slept in weeks, and there wasn't a single moment of her noticing anything changing. Furthermore, Wu Yu was still communicating with her mentally and the unassuming black ring was still tied to her neck!

"Calm down. You weren't the only one Wei Wuyin left a message for. I have to leave some insurances and protections, otherwise he might take everything back. I don't dare dismiss the threats of a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist." Despite his words, Wu Yu was joyfully laughing with amusement. After all, the miraculousness and effects of Wei Wuyin's Ever-Rebirth Pill was beyond anything he'd ever imagined. He felt even better in this new body than he did in his original one!

Of course, Wu Baozhai was unaware that Wei Wuyin threatened to take everything back from Wu Yu if he didn't ensure those important to him were protected, especially regarding Na Xinyi. At least, protected to the best of his abilities.

Wu Baozhai was utterly astonished after learning Wu Yu hadn't just resurrected, but he had already left without her noticing. Was this the power of Mystic Ascendant Realm Cultivators?

At this time, a handsome middle-aged man dressed in multi-colored imperial robes silently floated in the Dark Void. He had a healthy head of combed back black hair that had a touch of grey at the sides, accompanied by a royale beard. With that refined moustache anchored by his trimmed chin strap, it gave him a distinct charm that elevated his masculine features.

His chiseled cheeks, sword-like eyebrows, and serenely unfathomable eyes completed the ensemble of a handsome yet refined male member of the human race. At this moment, he revealed no aura, but just the appearance of him gave off a feeling of domineering air and imperialistic authority.

Before him was a planet surrounded by a greyish ring of mist. This ring of mist exuded a thick yin aura that felt as if just looking at it could affect the bones and blood. Moreover, within it were faint mystic runes flickering within, a sign of some type of formation. But to those of the male gender, this aura was extremely alluring. As for the planet itself, it was medium-sized in relation to the starfield, roughly the same size as the Myriad Monarch Main Planet.

'With the sect in its development stage, you should focus on cultivating yourself. This world isn't without its talents, and achieving your goals will be a lot harder than you think, even if I'm included. As for myself, as long as you wear that ring, its as if I never left.' The middle-aged man transmitted this mental message to a planet far, far away, at the outskirts of this starfield. It would almost instantly arrive in the ears of a young princess with ambition and imperial birthright.

This middle-aged man was Wu Yu!

After sending that message, he frowned slightly as his eyes regarded the planet before him. "She joined here? Well, fortunately I'm here..." With a slight shaking of his head, he descended towards the planet.

Chapter 606 - 601: A Prophecy Spoken

The Aeternal Sky Starfield was indisputably massive in terms of overall size, covering tens of trillions of miles in distance from the central Solar Star to the edge of its existence. Within this vast space were tens of thousands of planets with various sizes littered about, mostly small-sized that had a surface diameter of three million miles. Of course, this type of planet by the Everlore Starfield's standards was outrageously large.

But here, it was merely small-sized. Some of the planets were colossal astronomical bodies, rivaling smaller-sized Solar Stars, having a surface diameter of tens of millions, some even exceeding a hundred million miles all around. Furthermore, these planets had lunar satellites, with some being even larger than actual planets.

However, these lunar satellites lacked planetary cores of a suitable size enough to sustain life. Their crusted layers were so thick that heat and other qualities that these cores within them would generate was unable to reach the surface. Instead, they gravitated to the strong gravitational forces emitted by planets, circling them naturally.

Sailing through the Dark Void were two Voidships. They had been traveling for weeks, navigating through the vast distance while traveling to a certain location. They had long since left the Everlore Domain, approaching a neighboring territory called the Nine Worlds Domain.

On the smaller of the two Voidships was Lin Ming, Lin Xianxue, and the recently awakened Bai Yuxi. Bai Yuxi had just woken up from her previously chaotic state that nearly led to cultivation deviation. While her soul was still damaged, she had somewhat stabilized with the support of various alchemical products. Still, her expression was abnormally pale, as if bloodless.

She no longer concealed her true appearance after learning it was removed, freely exposing her immaculate beauty to the world. From time to time, she gave the sitting Lin Ming brief glances. The young man was currently cultivating while seated nearby, his False Worldly Domain manifested ten meters around himself as he held both hands near each other, palm facing the other, and between that space was a floating glob of spatial force.

Lin Ming had sweat dripping from his forehead as the glob of spatial force started to tremble. His hands started to tremble alongside the glob of spatial force, and after a brief moment, a strange pop sound resounded and the glob of spatial force burst into nothing like a bubble.

"Haaaaa!" Lin Ming heavily exhaled as he leaned forward. The exhaustion between his brow was quite evident, but those grey eyes of his revealed another level of frustration and vexation. While he wanted to complain out loud to the world, he only settled for keeping it in his mind.

Lin Xianxei walked over at this time giving Bai Yuxi an inspecting look before turning to Lin Ming. "Spatial force isn't an easy power to grasp. You're still at the Spatial Resonance Phase, so it's fine that you haven't been able to do so."

Her words were meant to console, but they only elicited a heavy sigh from Lin Ming. "I've formed a Domain Seed, and can manifest a Worldly Domain, why can't I control spatial force? Even False Realmlords can..." He tried to hold in his complaints, but he couldn't help but ask begrudgingly. What was the problem exactly?

Lin Xianxei lightly frowned, "It's the method you used to gain it. While exquisite and phenomenal in essence, it introduced external forces into your cultivation that isn't yours. You have to refine those forces, either push them out or make them yours, before gaining control; otherwise, you'll always have this flaw."

"..." Lin Ming didn't quite understand what that meant, but he nodded regardless. He could only lower his head in thought to ruminate over what other course of actions he could take to solve this issue. If he could control spatial force prior to reaching the Realm World Phase, he would be utterly invincible to all those beneath that phase, and even those at the Realmlord level wouldn't be much of a threat.

Lin Xianxei's expression lightened up, "Still, the benefits of a Domain Seed and your False Worldly Domain is unimaginable. Even in the Aeternal Sky Starfield, Realmlords are considered genuine experts. Your current state can push you to the borders of a legitimate Chosen."

"..." Lin Ming lifted his eyes and nodded, the light in his eyes uplifted a little. To be officially classified as a Chosen of one of the sixteen forces, a cultivator below the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Realm World Phase, must be able to fight three stages above their cultivation or a Realmlord, if at the Fourth, Fifth, or Sixth Stage.

As for those at the Realmlord level, they have to be able to fight Starlords without being defeated. There was a huge difference between fighting and claiming victory, and most cultivators would be utterly devastated by the differences in stages.

The Chosen Trials had been deliberately scheduled during the Season of Regression for a reason, and cultivators would still have to fight their final competitors that were likely to be their equal or greater. While outdated, the testing ground was solid as to measurement for Chosen.

One of the issues that Lin Xianxei had brought up with legitimizing his status as Chosen, getting those elders to recognize his right, was to display the means to truly be considered a Chosen. This was why his False Worldly Domain was a heaven-blessed gift, and even with an outdated trial, there would be very few that could contest his right.

But a monkey wrench was thrown in the moving gears of this fantastical dream and it had a name: Wei Wuyin. Not only had he comprehended Element Heart Intent, qualifying as a Chosen, he obtained the Elementus Cache, and likely received the same right to fight for the Chosen title as him.

While Lin Xianxei had said that the sect can have multiple Chosen, it was only limited to one per faction. Currently, their faction was absent of an officially recognized Chosen, but had two candidates lined up. The competition was set, and he should be on his way to challenge them, earn his rightful place, yet...

Since the other two factions had Chosen, this left him with the inevitability of facing Wei Wuyin. While he didn't fear him, he feared that self-damaging method that amplified his strength. This thought caused his brows to furrow deeper.

As if reading his mind, Lin Xianxei comforted: "After we find Wei Wuyin, we'll bring him back to the sect. If he does challenge you, he won't be able to use any external methods or alchemical stimulants. It'll be a fair fight." She had utter confidence in Lin Ming, especially now that he forged a Domain Seed. Just the False Worldly Domain he possessed would be sufficient to sweep across all challengers.

Those words served to reignite Lin Ming's confidence. If it wasn't for those external methods, he felt that fighting an alchemist was a simple issue. After all, he didn't just cultivate strength but technique.

Bai Yuxi coughed lightly, "Where are we going to find him?" She had just awoken, and clearly her Senior Sister was a little mad at her for her actions of keeping secrets, but she could only shamelessly ignore that.

Lin Xianxei gave Bai Yuxi a sidelong glance, and her gaze inevitably softened as she looked at the pale complexion of this junior of hers. Those clear eyes of hers that were clearly in the spring of love, even willing to damage her soul, was quite pitiable. She softly sighed in her heart, unable to remain mad, "The one place with information about anything: the Golden Gate Pavilion."

"What?!" Bai Yuxi was jolted upright by those last three words. The Golden Gate Pavilion?

CREAK!!

Just as she was surprised by Lin Xianxei's words, the Voidship came to an abrupt and forceful stop. The three of them shook, with Bai Yuxi lunging forward and nearly falling by the sudden cease of forward momentum. In her damaged state, she couldn't react fast enough. Fortunately for her, Lin Xianxei had kept focus on her, her body swift as she grabbed her and twisted her body slightly to offset the force.

The Voidship's integrity seemed to be compromised by an external force; there were continuous creaks emitting from it.

"What's happening?!" Lin Ming exclaimed, hastily rising and withdrawing his Origin Spear. With weapon at the ready, his grey eyes fixated ahead, seeing nothing yet sensing a strange fluctuation rippling outwards. It was this fluctuation that forced their movement to stop.

Lin Xianxei's eyes carried a solemn glint as she regarded the empty space. She calmly shouted out in a spiritual outburst: "I am Lin Xianxei, Saintess of the True Element Sect." As she did, she slowly let Bai Yuxi stand on her own and clasped her hands, performing a slight bow.

An ancient voice quaked throughout the Voidship, "I know." It was almost indistinguishable in terms of gender, carrying endless wisdom and age within it. Lin Ming felt his skin develop goosebumps just from hearing it.

Lin Xianxei was unsurprised and unaffected on the surface, the absolute picture of calm, yet her heart was slightly racing. "I've come to seek out information; I'm willing to purchase this information."

"I know," the voice spoke again.

At this moment, Venerable Spiritwalker's representative Voidship arrived, laying anchor within the Dark Void more than a thousand miles away. On its bow, Exalted Yu's incantation formed. He slowly rubbed his chin and gave a faint smile.

"...Am I unwelcomed?" Lin Xianxei furrowed her brows slightly. She knew they had just touched the Nine Worlds Domain's border, and the force that stopped her was an exquisite mystic formation that protected it. However, she hadn't expected to be stopped or for it to be used. The Nine Worlds Domain was almost freely open, with people entering and exiting as they wished. It wasn't a closed off Domain, so being stopped had caught her off-guard.

"..." There was no response from the voice.

"I ask for an audience with the Fated Prince of the Fourth Gate!" She could only say this, strongly amplifying her spiritual strength as she did.

"Hm?!" What she received in reply was a slightly angered, slightly ill-mannered response from the ancient voice that rippled out, and her flowing blood churned violently on the spot. Her breathing grew haste and her vision became blurry.

Lin Ming's eyes whitened, seemingly losing himself for a moment before the mark on his glabella activated, dispelling the effects of the voice. As she regained his pupils and irises, his hand, back, and forehead were drenched in cold sweat. For a moment, he felt as if his life was taken away!

Bai Yuxi, however, remained strangely untouched.

"..." Lin Xianxei was slightly angry in her heart, but she kept her emotions concealed as she indifferently stared directly into the Dark Void.

The ancient voice resounded once again, "You seek out his Fateful Highness, yet when he sought you out, what was your reply?" This time, the voice was calm but the question was clearly rhetorical.

"..." Lin Xianxei remained silent, and Lin Ming couldn't help but be curious about why such a strong existence seemed resentful. But when he heard that voice, he had a feeling that the Fated Prince of the Fourth Gate is an admirer of Lin Xianxei, possibly even rejected before. This voice could belong to his senior.

There was a long silence, nearly ten minutes, yet Lin Xianxei remained unflinchingly indifferent the entire time. She waited, seemingly expecting a result.

"...Foolish girl," The voice remarked. There was an inkling of helplessness, respect, and pity within its voice. "By the grace of the Fated Prince of the Fourth Gate, I shall answer what you seek, yet the price will not be small. Do you accept it?"

Lin Xianxei thought for a moment. She glanced at Lin Ming, Bai Yuxi, and the distant Voidship in that order, and returned her gaze back to the Dark Void. "What is the price?" She had to find Wei Wuyin, and along with it, the Elementus Cache. It contained the solution to all her current problems, such as Lin Ming's debt, Bai Yuxi's damaged soul, and the resources that should be used to help legitimize Lin Ming's status as Chosen and fight for his future.

"..." The voice didn't resound again, yet Lin Xianxei's expression changed minutely. The light within her eyes dimmed for a brief moment, only regaining its radiance after she calmly took a quick breath. After a short moment, she replied: "I accept."

This caused both Lin Ming and Bai Yuxi to grow confused. Accept what?

"The Golden Life Pavilion."

The force that halted the Voidship no longer influenced them, freeing it.

As if realizing something, her eyes brightened. With a faint smile, she gave another respectful bow and took control of the Voidship. With a swift movement, she made a U-turn.

However, as she did, the voice echoed out again, this time with a hint of amused mocking. "You will not find the man you're looking for; he is not present in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. And that old man of wealth and business, he is as clueless as you."

Lin Xianxei breath halted, and for a moment, it seemed as if time had stopped. Her expression violently paled, and her burning rage flared. She spun around on the spot, her eyebrows knitted together tightly, and her expression reflecting her incredible anger.

"YOU BASTARD!" With a low growl, she pointed at the Dark Void. Yet the voice merely replied with a snort, causing her body to tremble.

"Have some respect, child! You may be a Saintess, but you are not MY Saintess. Your status is nothing here, your power: minuscule! Your influence? Do you even have any, Girl That Rejects All? Is this not why you place such importance on this sniveling child that relies on the sacrifices of others?" The mocking was so blatant that it could be touched upon.

Lin Ming heard every word, and even his anger flared. While he didn't understand what those words carried in terms of significance, the ashened expression of his Senior Sister, and her trembling body was enough to ignite his own rage. With his Origin Spear, he moved in front of Lin Xianxei and pointed its tip at the Dark Void, seemingly ready to face the vast and endless expanse of darkness and anything that came from it.

"Don't you dare speak to her like that!" Despite knowing his might was incomparable to this figure, knowing even that his Senior Sister Lin was stronger than himself, he was a man in his heart; so, he had to stand before her.

"The False Chosen speaks for the foolish woman, yet fails to see the truth of his purpose. Your courage and pride is as admirable as an ant's struggle in the sea, irrelevant. Your existence? Even more so.

"Or maybe you believe your valiant display, your vividly righteous emotions, your heartfelt actions will lead to her bearing herself before you, riding on your pathetic manhood to your satisfaction? Your ego then sated, conquering the unreachable and mysterious Senior Sister in your heart. You care not to be a tool as long as that goal is reached, no?"

Bai Yuxi, Lin Ming, and Lin Xianxei all had drastic changes in expressions for very different reasons.

Bai Yuxi clenched her fist, wanting to speak.

But the ancient voice intervened the moment a single syllable left her lips, "The girl who sacrificed an innocent life, her bright future, and a portion of her very soul for the admiration of a man who knew nothing of it. The silent love; idyllically simple in her thoughts, hopeful for a change in her unstoppable fate. You will still pay that price child, don't have fanciful ideas. You have no right to speak here, so stay silent."

"..." All those words she wished to say were choked into her throat, unable to come forth no matter how hard she tried. Lin Xianxei clenched her teeth, yet she couldn't say anything. She didn't dare to erupt with her true emotions at this moment.

The voice seemed to have had enough, a faint sigh echoing out. The resentment and pent-up emotions that the voice seemed to have was dispelled at this moment, replaced by a gentle and concerned tone: "You should not want to find this man. Heed my words. He is everything you seek, foolish girl. All your dreams turned into reality, aspirations fulfilled, and even your future will be abundantly rich in happiness as long as you're with him; there is nothing you can't achieve. But..."

Those words and the sudden, unexpected shift in tone shook Lin Xianxei, but those words quaked her core. Even Lin Ming was startled. Was this voice talking about Wei Wuyin?

The ancient voice continued, "But the man before you will suffer from his astonishing brilliance. And if you side with the False Chosen, your dreams will be like ash in your mouth, your aspirations will shatter in the most destructive way, and your future will be led down a bleak and uncertain path."

Lin Ming clenched his hands around his spear, causing his knuckles to turn white. "You speak utter bullsh*t! I don't care who you are or how powerful you might be, but no one can determine my future or the future of those I care about! Dreams like ash? Aspirations shatter? False Chosen?! I'll prove you wrong, and have you eat your fucking words!!!"

Lin Xianxei and Bai Yuxi were taken aback, moved by Lin Ming's unwavering confidence and belief in himself. While the words of the voice caused them to waver, feel all sorts of emotions, Lin Ming remained defiant.

"...I hope so..." After a very long silence, the voice only said those three words.

Chapter 607 - 602: Vengeance Of A Seer

"..."

After those three words by the ancient voice that resonated with the vicissitudes of wisdom and foresight were spoken, the Dark Void went silent. The three, Lin Ming, Bai Yuxi, and Lin Xianxei merely stood there quietly, consumed by their own individual thoughts.

A fierce light of defiance kindled within Lin Ming's grey-colored eyes. Those words from the voice were humiliating, absolutely embarrassing, yet it had also provoked an inner desire to defy, to prove that no one could decide his, or their, fates.

He wasn't an idiot; Wei Wuyin was clearly the one being mentioned. Its words alluded to the fact that Lin Xianxei's life would be massively grand, filled with happiness and granted all the things she wished for, yet he, the so-called 'False Chosen' would not only be overshadowed by him but bring her down if she decided to side with him.

When he thought of that despicable alchemist that used tricks to claim victory over him, then barely obtained the Chosen title at the last moment after seemingly comprehending Element Heart Intent, there was nothing but disdain and rejection in his heart.

Bai Yuxi's heart was racing. That voice had revealed her innermost feelings, and she couldn't help but glance at the side profile of Lin Ming. Despite her escalating troubles, the damage to her soul, the price she must eventually pay, and even the debt she still had, all of it paled in comparison to what Lin Ming thought of that indirect confession of her feelings via another's mouth in her mind.

She didn't know why this thought was prioritized over everything else, but it had even caused her pale face to redden in a healthy flush as blood rushed to it.

Lin Xianxei was unmoving, her expression completely unreadable, but the anger in her eyes had faded considerably, replaced by a serene indifference. While she had been practically scammed, as the voice had forced her to agree to a deal and then later revealed the truth of the matter, she wasn't going to dwell.

As for those words mentioned? Her master had always told her that the Golden Gate Pavilion and their members were all scam artists that sought to benefit from confusion, and they played little games to direct events to their advantage. This was why she hadn't thought of the Golden Gate Pavilion at first, dismissing it and all their members via prejudice.

Yet when she recalled their existence, their history, she thought for certain that she could use her faint connections with the Fated Prince of the Fourth Gate and acquire information that could end all her problems. But while she found out what force acted to save the beasts of the Everlore Starfield, she learned that Wei Wuyin wasn't in the starfield, he wasn't even in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

She didn't doubt this. If it wasn't for her learning that Wei Wuyin had never arrived in the World-Shifting Net, verified by his allies, then she might consider this as untrue, a deliberate ploy to sabotage her. And if Wei Wuyin was captured by another force, then he was likely as good as dead or sealed away, unable to be reached. The Elementus Cache would've been long since taken in the latter scenario.

"Senior Sister Lin, where are we searching next?" Lin Ming asked, completely ignoring the voice's words about his desire to have Lin Xianxei. They still had to find Wei Wuyin or it'll be difficult to handle any of their pressing issues. At the very least, they had to obtain the contents of the Elementus Cache.

"We're going home. Back to the True Element Sect." Her words were flat, and she directly activated the Voidship to back up from the border of the Nine Worlds Domain. After getting a fair distance, a well-executed U-Turn and they traveled in the direction of the Elementus Domain.

Bai Yuxi was surprised, "We are?"

"...Okay." Lin Ming knew that Lin Xianxei trusted that ancient voice's words, at least regarding Wei Wuyin's whereabouts not being present in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. While he can't imagine where he could be, the fact is they had no clues as to where he might be. Left with no choice, they'll have to face whatever comes after returning.

As for contesting Wei Wuyin for the Chosen title, if he wasn't in the starfield, there was no possibility of that happening.

Lin Ming was extremely aware that this was his time to mark his name in the sands of history, his first steps within the Aeternal Sky Starfield, and likely the moment that'll lead him to even greater limits.

Within the Nine Worlds Domain was a collection of nine medium-sized planets, orbiting each other in a strange, mysterious manner. It was as if they were gears of a machine, and at its center was a stagnating planet that was far smaller than the others. It barely matched the qualifications to be a planet due to its size and utter absence of plant or animal life.

Instead, it merely had a single defining feature, and that was the nine sky-piercing pillars positioned in nine different locations. Their width was thicker than mortal cities, and at the peak of their structure were a single wall-less moon gate. Etched onto their surfaces were varied characters, all of which in the golden and silver colors.

The moon gate seemed to lead to nothing, just the other side, yet if one stared at it, they might see things outside of their realm of belief.

At one of these pillars were three figures standing upon the peak of the pillars, looking at the moon gate it held. If one were to glance at the pillar from above, the surface of the peak contained a large, expansively black-colored character etched into its surface. It read: 'fourth'.

Out of these three figures, the central one was taller, a middle-aged woman with a serene appearance. Her eyes were without pupils or irises, being a sea of complete white, yet it did little to hide her mature charm.

"Grand Seer, is what you said true?" One of the shorter figures spoke. With golden-blond hair and blue eyes, dressed in white robes, she stood with a gorgeous countenance that could be described as heavenly. If Wei Wuyin was here, he would instantly recognize her as Ming Shufeng!

As for the other girl, Wei Wuyin would certainly recognize her! She was Wen Mingna!

The middle-aged woman called Grand Seer blinked. After a short moment, she answered with a voice that was distinctively female: "What we observe are mere snippets of the Heavenly Daos will. If, by worldly machinations, it changes, then what was true no longer becomes true." Her cadence and tone clearly revealed that she and the ancient voice were one and the same.

"..." Ming Shufeng slightly frowned, pondering on the profundities of those words deeply. She was aware that the Heavenly Daos weren't always accurate, but was her thinking wrong? Was it just the intentions of the Heavenly Daos changed at a moment's notice?

The Grand Seer asked, "Something wrong?"

This caused Ming Shufeng to break from her thoughts, but when she realized that the Grand Seer was directing her words towards Wen Mingna, this spontaneous Heavenly Seer, she perked up her ears.

Wen Mingna was frowning, staring at the back of the Grand Seer. Her eyes were indeterminate. But she calmly answered, "You said those words to overturn the Heavenly Daos' will."

Ming Shufeng's heart raced. That was possible? She had always tried to benefit from the eventuality, not act to change Heavenly Will.

"..." The Grand Seer remained looking forward, staring into the empty space of the Moon Gate. "Was that a question?"

"It wasn't." Wen Mingna's tone was completely flat.

The Grand Seer faintly smiled, giving a charm that could move the hearts of most men. "We cultivate fate, not the Heavenly Daos or their will. We are not slaves, but cultivators. When you understand that truth, you'll understand what it means to be a Seer."

Those words caused Wen Mingna to look through the Moon Gate. Earlier, the Moon Gate's vacant space had revealed the scenery of Lin Ming, Bai Yuxi, and Lin Xianxei standing upon their Voidship. From that, she could see a glimmer of golden glow surrounding Lin Ming, and animated threads of red and gold linked to Lin Xianxei and Bai Yuxi leading to that golden glow. The threads were thin, even fragile looking.

Wrapped around Lin Xianxei's upper-body was also an extremely thick thread of gold and red intertwined. It wasn't attached to her, but near, as if the connection had yet to fully form. In comparison to Lin Ming's threads, this one was like a python compared to a string of wool and it led far away.

However, after the Grand Seer's words, the thick gold thread had started to retreat from Lin Xianxei, only leaving the red thread. Her words clearly affected Karmic Fate somehow, likely removing a certain link that could've formed between Wei Wuyin and Lin Xianxei. Yet the golden and red thread leading to Lin Ming was seemingly reinforced, the golden glow a little brighter.

"..." Wen Mingna couldn't understand why.

The Grand Seer added, "Cultivators are inherent defiers of external will. If given the opportunity, without cost or stress, they'll defy with mind, body, and soul. It's exquisite, beautiful even, yet also unfortunate and simple-minded."

It was only from that did Wen Mingna realized that her actions weren't to orchestrate Lin Ming and Lin Xianxei's together, removing Wei Wuyin and Lin Xianxei's loosely intertwined fate that had limitless possibilities.

"You hate her?" Wen Mingna asked, curious.

The Grand Seer didn't turn to Wen Mingna, but Ming Shufeng, who had an expression of confusion. A wisp of disappointment in her pupil-less, iris-less eyes. "Hate? That's a strong word. But since she believes that my bloodline is not worth her time to even consider, then she doesn't deserve anything good."

Wen Mingna briskly nodded, accepting that explanation. After all, cultivators were often selfish and extremely petty at times... If a Heavenly Seer could be considered a cultivator as well, the means they had to express their dissatisfaction was quite literally heaven-altering.

Chapter 608 - 603: Dark Yin Palace

The Dark Yin Palace was a Gold-tier force that limited its recruitment requirements to females, preferably young and impressionable. But like most sects, they were divided into a series of complex networks of clans, interests, and status. Not without that standard complexity, the Dark Yin Palace was not only composed of female cultivators; they only recruited females.

The distinction was clear, as males born from members of the sect or married into it via the clans, later joining due to that special connection, were also a part of the Dark Yin Palace.

The sect itself established its foundation on its unique cultivation called the Dark Yin Spirit Method, designed to weaponize the Primal Yin quintessential energies and mould a Spirit of Cultivation with its qualities. During the Qi Condensation Realm's Infused Spirituality Phase, the female cultivator would merge their Primal Yin quintessence with their Spirit of Cultivation, establishing a Yin Natal Soul.

The best effects of such a method was an amplified level of bodily talent, increasing the body's refinement speed of various resources, especially those yin-attributed, and an auric charm. As the body is constantly refined by yin energies, generated and produced in excess by the Yin Natal Soul, the cultivators were typically gorgeous women with tantalizing charm, alluring auras, flawless skin, and shapely features.

While subjective in belief, and many would disagree, there was a rumor spreading that this resulted in women reaching an 'ideal' female state. They were actively 'refining' their bodies to be ideal in attracting mates, and this was utterly natural. This, however, didn't cause many of them to look like clones of each other, but most would find distinct similarities in some features, like limpid and alluring eyes or smooth, blemish-less natural skin.

Through this uniquely risk-free method, previously limited only to those with special Yin-type physiques, refined alchemical products, or certain Evil Methods, the Dark Yin Palace produced some of the greatest female cultivators amongst the Gold-tier forces. However, this method was not without its flaws.

While most of these flaws were speculated by experts, many unable to be truly verified unless by the cultivator themselves, the apparent flaws were publicly known. The most obvious of them all were that the Primal Yin Source of females had extracted their purest, essential energies, their Yin Natal Soul acting as a substitute.

This led to them being always at risk of losing their entire cultivation alongside their chastity. The struggle to remain pure when your body was a literal treasure in the cultivation world was extremely difficult, especially since cultivators often hit a plateau and were unable to ascend further. If passing

one's bloodline meant losing it all, it simply wasn't worth it. Yet being unable to pass your bloodline after your death was extremely depressing, especially if you've reached great heights in your cultivation.

It had to be stated that females, all those within Mortal Limits, at some point in their lives would lose their ability to reproduce, and likely far before they reach the limits of their cultivation. This was a matter of realm, not strength.

The clock of postmenopausal was not halted, just pushed further back. Those at the Foundation Establishment Realm lost their child-bearing abilities roughly the same age as non-cultivators, 40 to 50 on average. While those within the Qi Condensation Realm were extended, reaching 120 to 140 on average. Those at the Astral Core Realm were 600 to 700 on average.

It was said those at the Mystic Ascendant Realm, those who exceed Mortal Limits, have broken away from this restriction, but it was increasingly difficult to verify as those at this level were rumored to have extreme difficulty in birthing children. But only those at that level knew the truth.

After a certain point, regardless of a mortal female's bodily strength, their bodies would be subjected to a natural law, and they'll lose their qualifications to have children. This deadline meant those who sought to cultivate this method would lose over 50% of their potential cultivation time. While the benefits can multiply a cultivator's refinement speed, the fact that this occurred was harsh.

This flaw was later focused upon by the might of alchemists, medicinal sages, scholars of cultivation, and high-level cultivators urgently. It became a puzzle to be solved, and almost everyone was incentivized to do so. After all, dual cultivation had far, far greater long term benefits, not just an explosive burst. The combined might of focused attention was unreal, and a solution was soon reached.

As a result, almost with exceedingly unimaginable swiftness, an alteration of the Dark Yin Spirit Method was discovered, and it was called the Linked Duality Spiritual Spell. The female cultivator could, by this Spiritual Spell, link a male cultivator's yang aura with their yin aura, and interactions such as dual cultivation became possible without the female cultivator losing everything. Of course, it wasn't that simple either.

This was heralded as a great advancement for a while until the irremovable flaws of the spell itself was revealed. One of the major, yet not even the worst, was that dual cultivation was entirely one-sided. While the female could, in theory, have sexual relations, they still could not have children due to the imbalance of yin & yang energies within their own bodies, while the male in question would also be unable to extract anything from the dual cultivation session, yet each time, the female would extract their vital essence and cultivation base. This was an unintentional consequence of the link, and unable to be stopped by either party.

The original name for the Dark Yin Spirit Method was lost with time, and renamed due to this horrifying development, earning its 'Dark' title. Yet due to the combined effort of many powers, few were willing to classify it as an Evil Method...

This led to everyone slowly being dejected and taking the small, short-lived win. But the Dark Yin Palace's female cultivators were still desirable. After all, that link spell required two willing parties.

Therefore, the Dark Yin Palace had quite a reputation amongst the various forces. To have children, a female cultivator had to lose everything before they fully reached the limits of their cultivation,

including the very things that made them desired: their beauty and talent. But it wasn't only for that reason...

It's been several weeks since the recruitment of the Gold-tier and Silver-tier forces had ended. Many of those selected had entered forces, joining the cultivation society of the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

Amongst these youths selected, within the Dark Yin Palace's planet Immortal Yin, there was a female figure dressed in black and dark blue tightly-fitted robes that accentuated every exceptional feature, every delicate curve, and every alluring angle of her body. She was currently situated in the Dark Yin Palace's Pure Yin Palace Hall, one of the twelve Palace Halls of the Dark Yin Palace.

While the Dark Yin Palace was renowned for the Dark Yin Spirit Method, it wasn't actually defined by that single method, merely what it built its reputation and foundation upon. It actually had twelve varied Yin-based cultivation methods, and some even allowed for children to be born, yet its not nearly as world-defying as the Dark Yin Spirit Method that could amplify talent and beauty to unreal levels.

Each method was defined by a Palace Hall, with the Pure Yin Palace Hall placed for members who cultivated the Pure Yin Convergence Method. The method was far more gentle, less extreme, and placed importance on using one's Primal Yin Energies to slowly refine materials and their cultivation base, focusing on Purists' Ways, such as Tuo Bihan's path. They boasted having great cultivation foundations, while not sacrificing their ability to comprehend Intent.

The female figure was Na Xinyi! She was in her own cultivation room, and was automatically elevated to being a Core Disciple after her Four-Point Yin Physique was discovered. After a heavy, heated set of arguments between the upper-echelon over which Palace Hall she'll be inducted into, she chose the Pure Yin Palace Hall and its Pure Yin Convergence Method.

This was to be expected as she had Four Primal Yins, so this would greatly affect her cultivation speed and foundation. At the moment, she was inspecting the contents of her ring as she focused her entire attention on the Neo-Eclipse Dawn Pill and its unbelievable description.

When she asked her assigned instructor about the possibility of forging a Domain Seed prior to reaching the Realm World Phase, she was rebuked for such impossible thinking, that not even the strongest geniuses can accomplish that feat. Told that she should focus on realistic goals, yet looking at this ninth-grade product that her fiancé, the brilliant Wei Wuyin, had made for her left her unsure.

As she finally decided to consume the pill, outside of planet Immortal Yin, Wu Yu was attempting to slip through the planetary defenses. However, when he reached the borders of the planet's atmosphere, the ring of grey mist that shrouded the planet, he was met with a wall.

After steadily approaching, the mist started to rile up and became flowing like water. It arrived before him almost instantaneously, threatening to engulf him whole, like a hungry python. Wu Yu softly snorted and retreated with a single step backwards, vanishing and reappearing a hundred kilometers away. The grey mist coiled and hissed, but had lost its target, returning to its original state after an artificial spiritual sense swept fifty kilometers around the planet.

Wu Yu's regal countenance formed a slight frown, "From that little Realmlord I captured, this should be a Gold-tier force which should only have a few failed Ascended, yet its planetary array was definitely established by multiple experts at my level. You really can't rely on information from mortals. How troublesome." After making this disgruntled remark, he contemplated a way to enter.

As he was about to make another attempt, his expression abruptly changed.

"May I ask which Venerable is visiting my Dark Yin Palace? To whom do I owe this honor?"

Chapter 609 - 604: Invited

"May I ask which Venerable is visiting my Dark Yin Palace? To whom do I owe this honor?"

A soft, harmonious voice was spiritually sent through the Dark Void, from below the planet, following the appearance of two figures. They exited from the planetary ring of grey mist. The one who had spoken wasn't anything special in terms of cultivation to Wu Yu, merely a failed Ascended at the Mystic Star Phase, but in terms of appearance, she was breathtaking!

She had skin as white as snow, yet it wasn't ghastly, giving off a sense of perfection, smoothness like jade, and at certain areas, such as her cheeks, was a faint trace of enchanting pink that added to her beauty. Her figure was tall, but not too tall, with legs that were long, yet not too long. It was almost as if she was perfectly proportioned for an observer's eyes.

Those eyes of hers were a soulful blue, as if she could peer into the deepest depths of one's existence, and with a flutter of her long, curving eyelashes, attract a person's most burning desires. On her face was an alluring smile, yet the smile wasn't bright, wasn't large, and yet it was absolutely attractive.

Her hip-length black hair was like night, and each strand twinkled and glistened with a subtle glow of freshness. She was barefooted, revealing her feet that had perfectly trimmed nails, painted a deep black, and it accentuated every detail of her pure white skin. Every step she took was graceful, a faint fluctuation beneath her feet, as if it was saying that the ambient mana of the world refused her to touch anything else.

But above all else was her body, that was slim in all the right areas, thick and endowed in the very best areas, and curvaceous as if sculpted by an Immortal Architect designed to be perfect. With everything being perfectly symmetrical, from her strands of eyebrow hair to her two ample and supple mountain peaks at her chest.

Even Wu Yu, a man who'd seen all types of gorgeous individuals, both men and women, in his lifetime, was forced to shift his expression slightly from her looks. But it was only for a moment, because when he noticed her, he couldn't help but compare her to every existence in his mind, both men and women, and found her slightly lacking in comparison to Wei Wuyin in terms of being outrageous specimens of their gender.

Noticing that, his mind wasn't distracted, looking at the more important woman beside her. She was beautiful in her own right, with healthy dark grey hair, a youthful appearance that resembled a woman in her early twenties, and dressed in a black taoist robe with silver embroidery. Unfortunately, as she stood next to the other woman, she served as a sharp contrast.

Her aura wasn't that of a Mystic Star cultivator, but a genuine Ascended at the Second Stage, the Soul of Mysticism. As she breathed, he could see the aura of Mystic Intent exuding outwards. Only those in the Soul of Mysticism Phase could breathe in the Dark Void safely. Even the other one used her powers to actively push away the Dark Chill of the Void.

The one who spoke, the Mystic Star, was named Jun Baiyin, also referred to as Exalted Purewhite. She was the Palace Lord of the Twelve Palace Halls, the leader of the Dark Yin Palace. Clearly from her aura that was unfathomably attractive, alluring, and her exquisite features, she cultivated the legendary, yet infamous, Dark Yin Spirit Method.

She frowned slightly as she glanced at this middle-aged man who quietly observed them. He didn't react much to her charm, so she reined in her confidence. Those who could do so were either exceptionally strong or terrifyingly resilient to foreign influences, especially men.

However, she didn't panic. She had the entire Divine Yin Ring Array at her fingertips, alongside an honored, and perfectly well-timed, guest. She gave the dark grey-haired woman a sidelong glance before returning her attention to Wu Yu.

"..." Wu Yu's expression was unreadable. He considered a few things, analyzing the situation, and it seemed that Ascended didn't have a remotely similar aura, her Yin Aura not as polished or refined as those who cultivated Yin Methods. She must be a foreign guest.

Wei Wuyin wanted him to watch over Na Xinyi from the shadows, but he also wanted to keep a low profile himself. The Eternal Monarch Sect was still growing, and this was a foreign environment. He was an Ascended foreigner. There was no way the various powers would simply ignore his existence, nor should they.

However, he couldn't simply retreat. It'll raise too many questions. Furthermore, he was Grand Monarch Wu Yu, and when had he ever retreated before anyone of his level? Even the devilishly fierce Demonic Abyss Master knelt in defeat to him. He was unmatched by all those carefully nurtured by the King of Everlore, and in his belief, the King of Everlore nurtured the very best.

The only cultivator at his level that caused him issues was the Sacred Elven Queen, and for more than a few reasons. As for this woman? Her aura might be a match for him in terms of cultivation level, but he didn't feel the slightest pressure within his heart.

"..." He remained silent in the face of Jin Baiyin's questions.

"Venerable, has my Dark Yin Palace offended you?" Seeing him unwilling to divulge his identity, she probed for information. The existence of a Venerable whose intentions were unknown yet might be hostile was not a delightful prospect.

She continued, "If so, perhaps our Dark Yin Palace can compensate you in some way." Jun Baiyin's eyelashes fluttered softly, revealing her exceptional charm. Just her aura and act alone could flare the inner fire of most men in existence, and Wu Yu wasn't an exception, but his reaction was stable and indifferent.

Wu Yu's eyes glinted with a faint light, yet his gaze never left the female Ascended.

Jun Baiyin realized that this Venerable cared little for her or her charm, and was merely not acting for another reason. That reason was right beside her.

She smilingly introduced, "This is our Dark Yin Palace's honored guest, the Assistant Manager of the Third Branch's Golden Life Pavilion, the Venerable Ma Sujiang."

Ma Sujiang wasn't affected by Jun Baiyin's forceful introduction of her, and she merely stared at Wu Yu in the vast distance. She had an amicable smile on her face, like the ideal smile of an approachable businesswoman. It made one feel a trustworthy vibe from her, as if she'll never lie to you.

Wu Yu had learned about the Golden Life Pavilion from that Realm Lord as well, and it was one of the sixteen greatest forces, and of the two Golden-level Pavilions that served as a business to almost the entirety of the starfield. Their wealth was immeasurable, and their strength was undeniable.

While he remained indifferent outwards, he groaned inwards. This was just bad timing. But it was strange that an Ascended who handled a business would find the time to visit a Gold-tier force. It seemed excessive, unnecessary for any type of deal.

For a full minute, the situation remained at a stalemate. Neither side spoke, merely observing each other. However, Jun Baiyin started to feel an unfathomable pressure mount somewhere, and her aura was being affected. Her soulful blue eyes shrunk.

'He's going to attack!' Was her roaring thought, feeling her heart scream out in instinct. As a female cultivator of the Dark Yin Spirit Method, sounding out the feelings and intentions of men from their eyes, demeanor, expressions, and auras had become second nature.

She hastily retreated, the ring of grey mist started to grow unusually active as it flowed like light, shrouding her gorgeous figure.

Ma Sujiang kept her friendly smile.

Wu Yu's aura started to rise little by little. Clearly, he was about to launch an assault, fearless of the Golden Life Pavilion. But just as he was about to make his move, Ma Sujiang broke the silence with a few words.

"There's no need to cause a distraction to slip in. I'm sure Exalted Purewhite will invite you in, without any issues." As she said this, she turned towards the solemn-faced Jun Baiyin who was encapsulated by grey misty light.

Jun Baiyin was startled. Invite him in? A hostile, unknown Venerable? Have him breach through their planetary array without resistance? If he sought harm, the planet would be utterly devastated in the conflict, if not totally destroyed!

Yet Ma Sujiang's words caused Wu Yu's aura to wane, becoming docile and harmless. He faintly grinned, and for the first time, he spoke: "I'd like that." After having his intentions discovered, he felt no need to force the issue. All he needed to do was come in contact with Na Xinyi to set up the appropriate defenses for her life.

While he was instructed to protect her from the shadows, this didn't mean he couldn't openly interact with the higher beings of the starfield to do so.

"..." Jun Baiyin was stunned.

Ma Sujiang sent a transmission to Jun Baiyin, and this act couldn't be hidden from Wu Yu, but she had done so regardless. She said: "He's not here for revenge. If he wanted to kill you, your array will definitely not protect you. He's strong. Outrageously so. He's here for something, so don't risk your life to find out what."

Jun Baiyin's heart quivered. Ma Sujiang was a genuine Ascended, a cultivator nurtured by the resources of the Golden Life Pavilion, one of the richest forces in the entire starfield, yet she said he was strong?

Ma Sujiang added: "Don't ask me if I'm a match for him. I can't tell, but I know he's more than enough to destroy your planet that lacks an Ascended to control its defensive array."

"..." Jun Baiyin gave Wu Yu a deep, unfathomable stare before exiting her protective grey mist. She smiled beautifully, and cordially offered: "Venerable, I invite you to become our guest. It'll be the greatest honor of my Dark Yin Palace."

Wu Yu didn't mind their discussion, not caring about the contents of it. With a nod, aloft and swift, he stepped forward and arrived before them in an instant. "Shall we?"

Jun Baiyin was started by Wu Yu's speed. It was as if he didn't even move, but just vanished and reappeared before them after traversing a hundred thousand kilometers. Was this the strength of a true Ascended? She was once again reminded of her cultivation, and despite her world-shaking beauty, she was still just an existence that had barely touched the means beyond Mortal Limits.

Yet she kept her smile, gracefully bowing. "I'm Exalted Purewhite, just the little Palace Master of the Dark Yin Palace. Please."

Ma Sujiang stood beside Jun Baiyin, keeping her spiritual sense trained on Wu Yu. It was clear she was revealing that she wouldn't allow Wu Yu to act against Jun Baiyin, if that was his purpose.

Wu Yu was unbothered by her stance, but as they started to descend towards the planet Immortal Yin, Ma Sujiang sent a spiritual message to Wu Yu that caused his heart to race.

"Were you sent by Wei Wuyin, the silver-eyed alchemist?"

Chapter 610 - 605: Good Intentions

In response to Ma Sujiang's question, Wu Yu's thoughts were rapidly firing on all cylinders at multiple angles, yet he was still baffled by the question.

How did she, the Assistant Manager of Golden Life Pavilion's Third Branch know about Wei Wuyin and how she guessed that he was sent by him? He realized there was a gap in his knowledge, but he didn't dare show it.

Despite his heartbeat accelerating, his outward expression and aura was unfathomably serene. It was as if the question was an expected one, rather than as if he was ignorant or entirely unbothered. As a former Monarch of trillions at one point, his ability of emotional control was impeccable.

He gave her a brief glance, a knowing glance that could be inferred in many ways. And Ma Sujiang kept her protective distance, only staring at him as if on-guard. They soon touched the outermost Sky Layer of Immortal Yin, bypassing the ring of grey mist.

When they made one last thrusting descent, they pierced into the atmosphere of the world with ease. They were all cultivators that had either grasped the means of Mortal Limits or exceeded it, so entering the planet's atmosphere wasn't an issue.

Jun Baiyin was slightly nervous, but with an Ascended from the Golden Life Pavilion acting as protection, she was comforted to a certain extent. She just didn't wish for a battle to unfold on the planet. Beings of their level could manifest planets with some effort, but utterly devastate them with even less effort.

"Venerable, my Dark Yin Palace might be lacking in some ways, but when tending to guests, if we boast that we're number two, no other Gold-tier force would dare claim number one. Please, follow me."

Jun Baiyin finally spoke after they passed the last Sky Layer, entering the rich essence-filled environment. Wu Yu was internally startled by the sheer quality of this planet. He had only visited two planets in this starfield, New Everlore and a planet neighboring it called Tuscan. He had grasped the Realmlord from this nearby planet, gathered information, and made his way to Immortal Yin after learning of its characteristics and general location.

Shockingly, it was considered a paradise for men due to the rumored outrageous number of beauties, so even someone at the edge of the starfield was aware of them, if only by rumor.

However, Jun Baiyin's words did little to attract Wu Yu's attention. If it wasn't Wei Wuyin's order, he might be a little tempted, but that Mortal Sovereign Alchemist at sub-fifty years with a cunning edge was not someone he wished to disappoint. He had set priorities.

Number One: Find Na Xinyi.

He never liked the concept of female-centric forces. They were often two things, farmhouses and treasure stores for the powerful men, or conniving constructs for espionage or illicit things of that nature. After all, regardless of what some refused to believe, women were outstanding spies and assassins.

But also for other things. Cultivation was obscenely difficult yet the untouched Primal Yin of a female cultivator can not only contain the cultivation secrets that were extremely difficult to pass along to others but pure yin energies that can be actively cultivated to increase one's bodily strength, foundation, or certain cultivation methods.

That being said, it did go both ways. The age old saying of the Everlore Starfield: "To rise, one can ride the lap of a dragon," was not said without meaning. A woman could similarly extract these things from men, and more effectively as well, because a man was not a single time burst, but a continuous surge.

His priority was to ensure that Na Xinyi, a gorgeous woman with a Yin Physique, wasn't abused if this location was a farmhouse or treasure store for men.

Just as he was about to sweep his spiritual sense throughout the world without reservation, Ma Sujiang sent him a message that caused him to turn and face her, his eyes sharply narrowed.

"If you're looking for his fiancé, you can rest assured. She's safe." Ma Sujiang's words were very telling, but more startling than anything.

Wu Yu glanced at Jun Baiyin, with a casual wave of his hand, he ordered: "Leave us." His tone was authoritative like a grand monarch of a great nation, sending off a servant. Clearly, he didn't give Jun Baiyin any face.

And her slightly twisted expression revealed her feelings, yet she was still gorgeous with it. Anger simmered in her blue eyes, threatening to become a vocal entity, as she clenched her delicate fingers into a fist. This was her planet, her sect's headquarters, and she was being dismissed? All her polite intentions rejected? When had she ever been treated like this? By a man, no less!

Ma Sujiang sent her a message, "Leave for now. Don't lose your life over a moment of anger." Reminding her that she was simply not Wu Yu's match. As a Mystic Star Phase cultivator, Jun Baiyin wasn't even considered a true Ascended by the majority of the cultivation society of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. There was a reason for this, and she didn't want Jun Baiyin to be reminded of it today.

Jun Baiyin might be angry, but she wasn't ignorant of the difference. With a steady inhale and exhale, she replaced her expression with an enchanting smile, as if seeking to accommodate your every desire, and said: "If you need anything, Venerable."

After that, she twisted her figure to reveal her outstanding, drool-inducing curves and vanished. When she left, Wu Yu turned his attention to Ma Sujiang.

Ma Sujiang lifted her palm and clenched, the air rippled slightly around them. This was a Mystic Spell, a Spiritual Spell intermixed with Mystic Intent, and could conceal their presence and conversation. Not just from curious observers, but those who have extraordinary sight.

Wu Yu noted this, inspecting the invisible ripples and noted how even the ambient mana was frozen still. "A defense against Seers?" He commented curiously.

"Not just them, but Oracles as well. You don't seem to have innate protections set-up against them, so I've helped." Ma Sujiang answered, slowly lifting her sleeves to reveal a silver three-inch tattoo on her right forearm that surged internally with sky-blue, auroric light. It was in the shape of a mystic character, a language that only those who've Ascended can read.

Wu Yu stared at it for a moment. After a while, he pulled his right arm's sleeve, and clenched his right hand into a fist. A thrumming sound echoed out and his arm lit with multicolored light. A three-inch tattoo appeared. It wasn't silver, but white, and inside it were multicolored stars that moved about in an animated fashion.

Ma Sujiang stared at the tattoo silently, but her eyes were rippling with intense waves of emotions. It was clear that Wu Yu's actions had caused her heart to experience unfathomable levels of shock.

"Is this enough?" Wu Yu asked. The tattoo of his gave off an oppressive air, yet its aura was very similar to Ma Sujiang's.

Ma Sujiang took a while to react to his question, nodding briskly in reply, and removing the Mystic Spell that covered them, replaced by a standard sound-isolation spiritual spell.

Wu Yu didn't speak, because his questions were apparent. He simply waited for Ma Sujiang to organize her thoughts.

She began, "You were sent by Wei Wuyin, and you're here to protect his fiancé, correct?"

Wu Yu didn't deny it, directly nodding.

"It seems the prevailing theory about him having a unique background was correct. To send an Ascended at your level for a mere mortal woman, outstanding." Ma Sujiang commented, giving Wu Yu a visual once-over. No matter how she saw it, Wu Yu's body was incredible. It was remarkably similar to Mystic Ascendants at the Third Stage, the Demi-Mortal Lord Realm. It was as if his Mystic Intent was half-way integrated into his flesh and blood.

He didn't even hide this fact. If there was a stage between second and third, Wu Yu would perfectly fit that stage.

Wu Yu was internally intrigued by Ma Sujiang's words. He was aware that his current body, reborn by the Ever-Rebirth Pill, had made him feel stronger than he was a few thousand years ago, but he wasn't certain about the difference or effects of the Ever-Rebirth Pill. After all, he was banking on Long Chen to rebuild his body. The Ever-Rebirth Pill was just a far-off hope at the time.

The Ever-Rebirth Pill functioned in a way where a cultivator's last recorded physical state by their Natal Soul, Astral Soul, or Mystic Soul was used as the basis for their resurrection. And since Wu Yu lost his physical body during his attempt to enter the Third Stage, the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase, where cultivators infused their Mystic Intent into their entire physical form, he was essentially reborn in that peculiar state.

The peak-quality Ever-Rebirth Pill was absolutely heaven-defying. Not only did it complete the entire resurrection process that usually had specifically stringent requirements, but it simultaneously stabilized Wu Yu in his most optimal state. After all, this physical state should've degraded until he firmly went back to the Second Stage to match his cultivation base. A normal low-quality Ever-Rebirth Pill would've done exactly that.

Ma Sujiang was far more experienced with the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase, so she noticed this irregular development instantly. She didn't think an ordinary Mortal Sovereign Alchemist could complete this, and she would be right. The Ever-Rebirth Pill was almost a pseudo-Mystic Pill, and unless one was absolutely outstanding as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, concocting a peak-quality Ever-Rebirth Pill was a dream for all except Saint Alchemists.

Unfortunately, Wu Yu couldn't directly ask why she made her comment. He remained silent, calmly observing her, as he kept the outward visage of being aware of this 'unique' background and waiting for her to finish her amazement.

Ma Sujiang sighed in her heart, envying Wu Yu's body, but she continued nevertheless: "Our Golden Life Pavilion has not brought any harm to the beasts or his concubine. They are, in fact, being treated well." Ma Sujiang wanted Wu Yu to firmly understand and relay to Wei Wuyin that they didn't have any ill-intentions. Also, noting that they were aware of his concubine's presence. She didn't know how Wei Wuyin received the letter, and didn't want the Golden Life Pavilion to offend an unknown force when they acted with good intentions.

Wu Yu now understood that this Golden Life Pavilion was the one that acted against all those with beast bloodlines, taking them away prior to the starfield's mass evacuation. Furthermore, they had done their research on Wei Wuyin. Not many knew about Na Xinyi's status as his fiancé, but if one looked into it, they would find rumors about the agreement he made on the Myriad Yore Continent, but nothing concrete.

It wasn't concealed, but it wasn't out there. Only a few could confirm it.

"Why are you here?" Wu Yu asked, his tone a little tough.

Ma Sujiang wryly smiled, clearly Wu Yu's orders must be explicit to protect her at all cost and from everyone—even them. "For the same reason as you: to ensure that Na Xinyi's treatment is fair and protected. We have no desire for our starfield to be implicated because of the Dark Yin Palace's shady practices. You have no need to fear, we've given her an adequate background that'll be respected."

But Wu Yu gave a thin smile, clearly her words weren't enough to placate his worries. But this made him feel vigilant, because it was all but confirmed that the Dark Yin Palace had shady dealings. This was why he disliked female-centric forces to begin with.

Ma Sujiang added: "Of course, you can set-up your own protections. But I don't think your job is to overtly protect her. If so, you could've just demanded her and taken her away, no? Or even more directly breached the planet and snatched her. But rest assured, with her currently established identity, Exalted Purewhite will exclude her from any dealings yet not give her any special treatment."

Wu Yu lowered his smile. These people have proven themselves to be extremely intelligent, and made a lot of preemptive moves to establish good relations. They suited being in business.

"You wished for my Young Lord to be in your debt?" He said 'Young Lord' to lay credence to their assumptions. While in a way, he was fine with being the subordinate of a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. Despite being a Grand Monarch, that proud title was inconsequential to reaching higher limits in one's cultivation.

Ma Sujiang faintly smiled, "In our debt? No. We wouldn't dare. Just to understand our stance and ability, nothing more."

Wu Yu frowned slightly, finally understanding a little of what Ma Sujiang and the Golden Life Pavilion wanted. They were quite ingenious, but just as he was about to further question their intent, Ma Sujiang's expression flickered. She glanced at the direction Jun Baiyin left in.

Wu Yu also felt something, looking in that direction as well. A fluctuation similar to the creation of an entire world was erupting from that direction!

The two vanished.