

Chapter 621 - 616: Redeem Yourself

The first was the wildly excited Nyla Shur. She rushed forward, waiting to receive the message, but they were all curious when they noticed that Tuo Bihan removed a silver box from the bag that was tied to his shoulder. When he brought it out, a soft exclamation resounded from afar, unheard by the five.

Ma Sujiang was astonished. She couldn't sense into that box. It was as if her spiritual sense sank into an endless chasm of nothingness, making her feel lost and uneasy. Ma Ru looked at this prestigious figure of the clan, and also her cousin, and quietly asked: "What's wrong?"

Unlike Ma Sujiang, she wasn't curious about any message or details, so she didn't even bother to try to sense the box.

"...Nothing," Ma Sujiang calmly replied.

Tuo Bihan used the spell he was given, slowly extracting the spatial ring labeled 'Nyla Shur' within. "Give me your hand," he asked. Nyla Shur noticed the ring, and her eyes brightened considerably. It wasn't just her, Xue Yifei's hazel eyes became astonishingly radiant, lit with excitement and expectations. It was a ring just like this that contained her portion of the Valkyrie resources.

Nyla Shur stretched out her hand, and Tuo Bihan performed the same spell as before. The ring emitted a spiritual light that entered Nyla Shur's palm. She then heard the voice that made her heart race.

"My little biter, it's been a while, huh?" Wei Wuyin's voice echoed in her mind, and it caused her to fiercely blush. Especially at that nickname, clearly referring to her constantly biting him at her climax. While she could never even break skin, she couldn't help it.

"I don't know if they explained it to you, but if you're getting this message, then our starfield is destroyed. Don't feel angry at them, these people did something that I couldn't hadn't even thought was necessary, and that was to save all the beasts. So don't cause too much of a ruckus, okay?"

The concern in Wei Wuyin's voice touched her. She had indeed caused some issues, but they were far too strong to deal with. She got smacked down and taught a lesson about her weakness. While she did hear that their starfield was destroyed, she also learned the others were shifted away so no one was harmed, but she didn't expect that they saved the beasts...

Did that mean they would've been left behind?

She felt a tightness in her chest. The images of her family, her friends, and all those that belonged to her lineage flashed within her mind. They were all at the precipice of death?

"I know. It's a lot to take in. But the good thing is you're all okay, and as for me, I'm perfectly fine. So cultivate, keep the Valkyrie's mission alive. I might need that strength, I might need your strength.

"Within this ring contains resources and materials suitable for your cultivation, as well as the continued development of your Valkyrie Unit. Don't let them slack off."

Nyla Shur felt the warmth that Wei Wuyin's voice radiated. Genuine concern and care was present in every syllable. When she was in the sect, she was a short-tempered type that stood for no bullsh*t. This

got her into trouble often, and if it wasn't for her status as a disciple of the Myriad Monarch Sect and her family, she might've been killed off already.

She missed him.

Wei Wuyin added, "Wherever I am, I'm missing you. So be sure to stay safe. Don't do anything reckless until I'm there. Promise me, okay?"

Nyla Shur said aloud without hesitation, "I promise!" There were tears flowing from her eyes, her nose slightly filling with mucus. She sniffed heavily, wiping the tears from her cheeks with little success. They kept flowing.

Zuhei and Xue Yifei watched the emotional display of Nyla Shur, her every expression and those two words. Zuhei clenched his right fist, but his eyes still reflected a death-like indifference.

Tuo Bihan knew that Wei Wuyin's message was perfectly tailored to each of them, and some of them responded strangely with Ying or Wen Mingna, and others responded emotionally like Na Xinyi and Da Shan.

Nyla Shur couldn't stop her tears. She moved away, staying with herself for a moment as she recalled Wei Wuyin's words in her heart. When she swore she'll stay safe until he returned, then she'll go wild. Be it on him or others. This caused her crying to stop, happily laughing in between her sniffles.

"Zuhei, come here." Tuo Bihan chose Zuhei as the next recipient. And this caused Zuhei to freeze for a moment, forcefully relaxing his fist. With a few steps, he held out his hand.

Tuo Bihan brought out his ring, but it didn't read Zuhei. Instead, it read: "My claws, my fangs."

Zuhei's pupils constricted after seeing those characters. The indifference in his eyes faded away, replaced with an emotional light. Those words redefined his life, gave him a second chance, and he swore on his very existence by it.

The spiritual light flowed onto Zuhei's pale palm, coursing through him with lightning speed. Despite the swift, unique display that shocked even Tuo Bihan, the message it carried was remarkably simple yet utterly explosive in Zuhei's mind.

"REDEEM YOURSELF!"

Zuhei's eyes became as wide as saucers. His heartbeat became violent, and thumped with such force that it was audible to everyone present. The ground even shook and Anu released a low roar, staring at Zuhei's small figure with a tinge of fear.

Zuhei clenched his fist around the ring, and his eyes became absolutely fierce with his sharp incisors bared before the world. "YES!"

Xue Yifei was stunned. Since meeting Zuhei a few months ago, he had never shown the slightest emotion or spoken out a single word. She felt that the fight in the Grand Spirit Trials had traumatized him, ruined his Heart of Cultivation. He seemed quiet, listless, and wasn't even as defiant as Nyla Shur or some of the weaker beastmen.

Even Anu tried to escape despite suffering defeat once before, but Zuhei just quietly accepted his situation. Yet when he spoke just now, she felt this domineering savagery that shook her core.

Zuhei turned to Tuo Bihan and bowed deeply.

Tuo Bihan nodded. Whatever Wei Wuyin told him was clearly what Zuhei needed to hear right now. He couldn't help but feel that Wei Wuyin's understanding of people was utterly terrifying.

"Anu," Tuo Bihan lifted his head to the giant golden dragon eye that stared at Zuhei. It seemed its focus was entirely on Zuhei at this moment. If Tuo Bihan knew what Anu was feeling, he would be stunned.

There was abject fear.

To Anu, Zuhei became an apex predator that harnessed utter savagery, murderous intent, and felt like death itself. If it wasn't for the faint traces of dragon bloodline within his body, he would've submitted before Zuhei. He was completely frozen with fear, however.

"Anu?" Tuo Bihan was confused by the dragon's reaction. Was it unable to understand language? He sent a spiritual transmission via a communication spell, the same spell most cultivators use to interact with their beast mounts, but it still provoked no response.

"Anu!" Xue Yifei touched Anu's claw, sending her spiritual sense into his body. Anu's body didn't instinctively reject it, allowing it because it carried his grandmother's aura. She then felt his cold, abyss-like fear. Her heart raced, her mind felt as if she was sent into a world of carnage and death, and that was what Anu felt at this moment.

"ANU!" She screeched through her spiritual sense.

"Huh?" Anu snapped out of his daze, her eyes blinking swiftly. He regained his posture, and looked back towards Zuhei. Zuhei, however, returned to his indifferent expression, those void black flecks in his eyes were even darker, purer.

Tuo Bihan didn't need Anu to hold out his hand, just retrieving the ring that was titled 'Anu'. It did the rest. The spiritual light flowed into his scales and vanished.

Anu heard a voice, very familiar. It belonged to Wei Wuyin! He hadn't expected that the little silver-eyed boy with the courage to bargain for his essence blood was doing so well. The True Dragon Transmutation Method was astonishing, but it was merely a tool to pass down their bloodline in hopes of creating a being to free the dragons trapped in the Auric Sea.

"It's been a while, Anu. Well, I guess there isn't much I need to say except this: I destroyed the World Realm's Core, freeing the imprisoned dragons. If you didn't know before, now you do. I don't know if that was your intention when you gave me the True Dragon Transmutation Method, but if it was, well played.

"I couldn't allow the dragons to suffer in good conscience, and that would've been true even if you never gave me the method. Even if it meant taking an absolutely devastating risk, I would've freed them no matter what. That being said, thank you. Without the method, I wouldn't be able to accomplish the task so perfectly, and I wouldn't have such an amazing existence by my side.

"This ring contains resources and materials for the dragons. I don't know how long it'll take for this to reach you, but I'm sure the dragon lineage are still far from their former glory. Use it well."

The message ended there.

Anu stared at the spatial ring that floated to his eye-level. He was silent for a moment, realizing what had happened. It seemed his grandmother's plan had worked. He looked towards Xue Yifei.

Was this fate?

The same one who devised the plan to use humans to keep the dragon lineage alive and a possible chance of freedom also became a part of this woman, who, from her own words, was their savior's concubine. Was this her reward for his success?

Anu was lost for a moment in his thoughts, but he didn't reject the ring in the end. He slightly breathed in and sucked the spatial ring into his Internal World.

Tuo Bihan knew the last person was also the most important, "Xue Yifei."

Chapter 622 - 617: Distance-Defying Selfishness

"Xue Yifei."

Tuo Bihan's call out prompted Xue Yifei to deeply inhale, slowly exhale, and regulate her racing heartbeat. Anu's dreadful feeling aside, this was a message that was left behind by Wei Wuyin. To joyously add, the spatial ring was designed in a similar manner as the Valkyrie's assigned resources.

She moved forward and held out her hand before Tuo Bihan, not needing to be asked. When she arrived, Tuo Bihan didn't speak any unnecessary words, merely brought out the spatial ring marked 'Xue Yifei'.

Xue Yifei's eyes glinted as she observed the spatial ring. Even though she tried to remain calm, this situation caused her body to betray her mind. The faint throbbing of her heart was audible, even to Anu. This was attributed to her outrageously powerful heart, holding her Spirit of Cultivation.

The ring started to rotate autonomously, spewing out beautiful spiritual light in the surroundings. Tuo Bihan's eyes widened as the spiritual light expanded into a sphere that encapsulated both Xue Yifei and himself. His old eyes widened as he observed the light, seeing the glittering stars that existed within.

It was gorgeous, each mote of light like a vast, celestial star shining radiantly in the distance. As he inspected the sphere in wonder, he realized that each mote had varying colors, even a distinct brightness and orbit that belonged solely to it. All those lights were animated.

"Was this..." Tuo Bihan was awed. This seemed like a star map of multiple starfields. As he tried to make calculations, locate celestial bodies and lights that orbited in the unique manner of his old home, Xue Yifei exclaimed.

When he turned over, his heart nearly erupted out of his chest in shock! In fact, his eyes widened so much that any further might cause his eyeballs to pop out. A figure emerged, standing and facing Xue Yifei. He could only see its back, but that back was so familiar that Tuo Bihan could never forget it.

"Wei Wuyin!" This was the first time in a long while that Tuo Bihan had ever called Wei Wuyin directly by name, his sheer shock completely removing his own uniqueness!

A tall, stable figure with black hair stood there. The contours of his muscles were outlined perfectly by his martial attire, and every piece of clothing carried an aesthetic beauty and sense of genuineness that beguiled the mind.

While Tuo Bihan observed his back, Xue Yifei saw his front. Those silver eyes that were as radiant as the stars in the sky, stunning to the visual senses, and that warm, confident smile that seemed capable of giving one the greatest sense of comfort. That tall frame with powerful shoulders that seemed capable of holding the sky even if it collapsed!

It was unmistakable!

"You..." Xue Yifei's eyes widened, and she rushed to embrace Wei Wuyin. Her heart lurched as she thought that this might be a dream, that she'll pass through his image like before, but when she felt the tender warmth of his flesh tightening around her arms and fingers. She was unbelievably excited!

With her head pressed against his chest, hearing that explosively powerful heartbeat that rivaled, no, exceeded her own, she felt a sense of surrealism. "You're actually here..."

While this was happening, Ma Sujiang and Ma Ru's expressions were contorted. They both simultaneously vanished, with Ma Sujiang being faster as she arrived at the area that once housed Tuo Bihan and Xue Yifei. What remained was a rippling grey sphere that exuded an unfathomable degree of spatial power, spatial power that even Ma Sujiang couldn't properly sense.

"What is this?!" Ma Ru reached out to touch the rippling sphere that seemed to be both solid, liquid, and unreal. However, a hand reached out and grabbed hers. Her cousin had clenched her hand so tightly that her fingers crunched up in pain.

"Don't touch it!" Ma Sujiang exclaimed in a low, deep voice. Her spiritual sense tried to enter the rippling grey sphere yet it was as if she had entered a chasm, and the other side was a bustling Solar Star that burned her Spiritual Sense into nothing. She feared touching it would involuntarily unleash a spatial power that might take whoever entered into the vicinity of a Solar Star.

If that happened, who knew if Ma Ru could survive. While Starlords were the reason for many of the Solar Stars' existences, and those at the Mystic Star Phase exceeded Mortal Limits, that didn't mean the sheer power unleashed by a Solar Star couldn't threaten them, eviscerate them! After all, it contained the maximum strength of a Starlord, power that even they couldn't unleash due to the constraints of their physical body.

Scared, Ma Ru pulled back her hand. She observed the rippling grey sphere, and winced a moment later. Her spiritual sense was burned as well, but her strength was weaker than Ma Sujiang so she experienced a harsh backlash. With a series of coughs, she held her stuffy chest.

Back in the rippling grey sphere, a world of multicolored motes of radiant light and cyan color walls encapsulated the three figures.

Wei Wuyin softly rubbed Xue Yifei's head, causing her to nestle deeper into his chest. With a warm smile, he laughingly remarked towards Tuo Bihan: "You did it far quicker than I expected. Either this new cultivation world is highly advanced in transportation, or you got massively lucky."

Tuo Bihan couldn't see Wei Wuyin's expression, but those words told him the truth of the situation. "You're here?! You're really here! How are you?" He was curious, so curious that he stepped forward. It was only after he took that step that he realized the distance between the two hugging figures and himself hadn't changed.

He slightly frowned and looked at the cyan-colored floor, uncertain of what was happening.

"I'm here, but also not. It's just a Void Image, a little Spatial Shifting, and some spiritual manipulation. It's nothing much. But it's incredibly taxing to maintain this type of Void Connection. Fortunately, my cultivation is a little monstrous. Haha," Wei Wuyin commented, but as he kept holding Xue Yifei, his expression grew paler.

"I miss you too, but can we separate for a bit? Its a hundred times more difficult to maintain a physical state here." Wei Wuyin helplessly commented.

Xue Yifei finally broke out of her joy, realizing that Wei Wuyin's face had grown a tad bit paler. She panicked and backed away, but she found that the distance she stepped back to had a limit. After a few steps, any more and she wasn't actually moving.

Startled, she swept her eyes on the floor like Tuo Bihan did. What type of art or spell was this?

With a soft breath, Wei Wuyin swiftly regained his normal complexion. He stepped to the side to observe both Xue Yifei and Tuo Bihan. From their perspective, it seemed like Wei Wuyin teleported, relocating instantly to the side. "Six months, huh?"

Tuo Bihan nodded and informed, "I still have Ma Zheng's and one last ring left to deliver."

Wei Wuyin pondered for a moment, then nodded with an approving smile. "I thought Xue Yifei would be the last of them. Guess my calculations were a little off. Still, you've done a fine job with this task, better than I could've hoped. I imagined it'll take at least three years, not six months. For the last ring, you can leave that to Ma Zheng, have him deliver it. You should focus on cultivating, I'll need you for greater things in the future."

Wei Wuyin's words made Tuo Bihan's heart fiercely pound. A strange sensation emerged in his mind. A sensation that told him that the level of his importance in Wei Wuyin's heart had elevated considerably. He no longer felt that he was restrained by his old age, and his desire to walk further in his cultivation had been reignited.

"Yes, boss." There was no longer a 'little' added, and his subconscious revealed his heartfelt emotions.

Wei Wuyin gave Tuo Bihan one last approving look before turning to the bright-eyed Xue Yifei who was beholden by wonder and awe. She was utterly astonished that Wei Wuyin was here, because she knew he wasn't actually here. What type of cultivation, type of strength, was required to transmit yourself so far? The underlying profundities within it must be extraordinary!

Just as she wanted to ask, the motes of multicolored light that resembled starfields circulating around them started to violently tremble. This caused Wei Wuyin's figure to grow fainter. With a frown, he lifted his hands a little and fiercely clenched. The sphere and its insides swiftly stabilized.

"I don't have long. I underestimated the strain this has on me. I should've left you a long, emotional message, but I wanted to see you myself, to ensure that nothing happened to you. I'm a little selfish, huh?" Wei Wuyin pouted his lips a little.

Xue Yifei was his first official relationship that would offer an eternal connection. He's had many lovers, but none of them had a title that declared themselves as his. Sometimes, his lovers would have other lovers, and while that was during his Scarlet Solaris Sect years, it moulded his view on the word 'sexual companion'. There was a lack of connection in his mind towards it, but it was different for her.

Xue Yifei was his concubine, and while notoriously known for being used as beautiful props to elevate their partner's status, he didn't follow the same belief. She had been taken away because of him, so he felt personally responsible for her.

Xue Yifei's eyes became wet with unshed tears. She now realized that Wei Wuyin had done this extraordinary, world-defying action because he was worried for her, and he couldn't rest at ease unless he personally saw that she was okay! She had a distinct feeling that if she wasn't, perhaps Wei Wuyin would've arrived himself through this very method.

Shaking her head, she wanted to hug him, but when she leapt forward, the distance between them didn't change. This caused her to feel incredibly strange. But she still said after gathering herself, "No. I'm happy you're here."

Wei Wuyin's gaze softened. He stepped forward and embraced Xue Yifei, catching her off-guard. While his complexion grew paler, the sphere also became unstable and trembled incessantly, but Wei Wuyin didn't act again to stop it. He just kept holding Xue Yifei by her waist with one hand and head in with the other, pressing tightly as if to melt her into his chest.

And Xue Yifei obliged, plunging herself deeper.

He moved his head to the side of her right ear, and whispered a few words that even Tuo Bihan couldn't hear. A yelp of surprise sounded, and Xue Yifei looked up at Wei Wuyin in astonishment.

Wei Wuyin's figure grew so faint that he was ghostly, yet he kept holding onto Xue Yifei. "Time's up. Stay safe," Wei Wuyin said softly before he vanished entirely. The cyan walls and the motes of multicolored lights collapsed into specks of glittering starlight that was like fireworks.

Ma Sujiang saw the sphere tremble and collapse into grey liquid, which was condensed spatial energies liquidized by a special alchemic method. She instantly recognized it, and what was left was the oddly positioned Xue Yifei who had tears rolling down her cheek and Tuo Bihan, whose expression was dignified and reinvigorated.

What the hell just happened?!

Chapter 623 - 618: Greed Overtakes Heart

"..." Ma Sujiang's expression was unnaturally solemn. The sequence of events had been outside of her understanding, and as an Ascended, this troubled her heart slightly. A wisp of unfathomable curiosity surfaced within her heart, flowing freely through her mind.

'Who is this silver-eyed alchemist exactly?' This question boggled her mind until she was strapped by an inner desire to meet this individual. And if Ma Zheng was right, did this silver-eyed alchemist truly have a connection with that person?

Ma Ru's eyes brightened with a dense, pulsating spiritual light. She observed the silver liquid that surrounded Xue Yifei and Tuo Bihan. "Refined spatial energies? Liquidized? It's quite pure. It contains traces of time energies too..."

Her words were said softly yet it snapped Ma Sujiang out of her thoughts, turning towards Xue Yifei who was standing tall, looking at the spatial ring with a determined, steel-like stare. Slowly, Xue Yifei clenched her hand around the spatial ring and faintly smiled.

"Thank you, Grand Sage Tuo." She politely offered her thanks with a slight bow, despite her status in Tuo Bihan's heart, she did not lose her manners and gave him an earnest showing.

Tuo Bihan nodded, carrying a faint smile. This young woman was quite something, and seeing how worried Wei Wuyin had been for her, to the point he defied the concept of time and space, he could understand a little.

"It's my pleasure to be of use," he had already lost the identity of a Grand Imperial Sage in his heart. Since deciding on that fateful day to follow Wei Wuyin, he was more an Ascendant than a Grand Imperial Sage.

With his thoughts for pursuing further into cultivation resurfacing, his Heart of Cultivation strengthened with Wei Wuyin's support, he had his sights set beyond. Far beyond.

Ma Sujiang had a burning curiosity as she observed Xue Yifei's clenched fist with interest. What type of thing would that silver-eyed alchemist leave his concubine? Was it equal to his fiancé? Could there be...

Was that miraculous alchemical product also in that ring? If so, obtaining it, they could reverse engineer the product and hopefully reproduce it. The idea of forming a Domain Seed at the Soul Idol Phase was stupendously outrageous, so much so that the principles of cultivation would shatter within the minds of even Ascended.

It would reshape the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, especially the Aeternal Sky Starfield. Whichever force could produce that product would dominate the world in the coming millennia. It guarantees the growth of a Realmlord.

The Everlore Association would likely kill for it. Or perhaps they had the product's recipe, but not the materials or alchemists to concoct it? Considering something like that might be a mystic-rank alchemical product, it made sense.

Her imaginative thoughts led to her body involuntarily moving. She found herself before Xue Yifei, her back facing Tuo Bihan. Those light-brown eyes of hers fixated on the spatial ring. There was no Wu Yu to halt her this time, and her desire won out in the end. She reached out.

Xue Yifei gasped, shocked by Ma Sujiang's sudden appearance. She tried to move away, but she found her body frozen by an unseen force. Even her voice was snuffed out before it could be unleashed. Those hazel eyes of hers trembled.

Tuo Bihan saw this and instinctively acted, his Worldly Domain manifested! Yet Ma Sujiang, despite being enveloped in it, was unaffected by his World Pressure. The dark-grey haired Assistant Manager merely breathed out. A muffled explosion occurred!

Tuo Bihan's Worldly Domain's edges fractured like glass and then directly shattered! He was sent flying backwards for several miles, his eyes, ears, and mouth spewing out blood. Before he could even hit the ground, he went unconscious. His body skidded and rolled across the ground like a sack of sand.

"ROAR!" Anu's reaction was the slowest, yet his response was unfathomably swift! He opened his mouth towards Ma Sujiang and Xue Yifei! A suction force was born, drawing dust, dirt, rocks, and air towards his giant maw! He wanted to pull Xue Yifei into his Internal World!

Xue Yifei could barely react before her body felt weightless and she started to float. But Ma Sujiang's hand was swift, unfathomably so, and grasped Xue Yifei's wrist. Her other hand casually waved towards the thirty-thousand meter tall dragon.

An unseen force pressed against Anu, his eyes bulged and his body contorted as he was lifted and explosively sent hundreds of miles into the distance. His wings unfurled yet it did no good as he crushed against the ground like a falling mountain. With just a wave, Anu was tossed away like trash!

By this time, Ma Sujiang had already grasped Xue Yifei's wrist, and exerted a little force. Xue Yifei's clenched hand was opened, revealing the spatial ring. She used her free hand to move towards it. Ma Sujiang hesitated for a moment, but her desire won out in the end. She touched the spatial ring, but as she did, her trimmed eyebrows lifted.

She vanished on the spot!

A hand with five incomparably sharp nails became a claw and pierced towards where her head was. The tip of the claws were flowing with faint black, red, and silver light. Zuhei had acted! His movements were incredibly smooth as he grabbed Xue Yifei's slender waist and retreated.

Ma Sujiang reappeared a few tens of meters away. She stared at Zuhei for a very, very long moment. Zuhei stood before Xue Yifei, his mouth revealing sharp, incisive fangs and the sharp contours of his narrowed eyes was utterly lethal.

"You don't give off any aura resembling cultivation, how can you..." Ma Sujiang slightly frowned. She couldn't sense Zuhei's cultivation state, so she assumed he had none, and with the glaring wound at his chest, it made sense he was crippled and thus unable to cultivate, even after regrowing a new heart. After all, the new heart would be artificial at most, and he'll lose the greatest source of his bloodline powers.

Yet somehow, Zuhei's movements were not just faster than some Realm Lords but also outside her senses. It wasn't that he was too fast, but she hadn't sensed his aura at all! She looked at the flowing light around his fingers, "Intent? Slaughter? Battle? There's a third..."

Before she could contemplate the uneasy feeling the void black light gave her, Ma Ru arrived beside her. The petite woman hadn't expected her cousin to act so suddenly. At the moment, she still couldn't understand why.

"Cousin..." She was deeply concerned. After all, they were given explicit orders to ensure their continued safety. While she didn't harm Xue Yifei, Zuhei, and Anu was far too strong to be hurt by a small fall, that old man in grey had his Worldly Domain shattered. If handled improperly, that old man's strength would be severely affected, as that damage will certainly reflect upon his cultivation base as a whole.

Ma Sujiang glanced at Ma Ru, then looked at her hand. There was a spatial ring within it with the etchings 'Xue Yifei' on it. She had clearly obtained what she wanted. She was about to send her spiritual sense into it to see if that product was there. An quake of excitement rumbled within her heart.

To her, there was no way any alchemist would ever freely give this type of product to anyone. It was just too important. If she could reverse engineer the product, she would be able to usher the Ma Clan to the limits. This starfield, in a few thousand years, might be changed from Aeternal Sky Starfield to Grand Horse Starfield.

She didn't care much about the Golden Life Pavilion, caring more about her own clan's future. The Golden Life Pavilion would eventually be theirs to control with absolute strength, and they were in the perfect situation to do so. As the head clan of the Third Branch, this was an opportunity she couldn't resist.

While she held back before because of Wu Yu, this was her territory, and she didn't fear offending Wei Wuyin. Moreover, the alchemical product might be untouched, not already refined like with Na Xinyi.

"Sujiang..." A soft, ancient voice echoed throughout the surroundings. It contained the vicissitudes of life, the essence of age, and clearly belonged to someone who's lived through too much.

Ma Sujiang's body froze.

She then hurriedly straightened her posture, respectfully greeting: "Patriarch!" Ma Ru joined in, her expression tense. They both knew that Ma Zheng was called for before, and that was also his orders, to be alerted if any changes occurred to the beasts or involved the one named Wei Wuyin.

Since Tuo Bihan had come on Wei Wuyin's order, of course Ma Zheng was alerted with the greatest possible speed.

As if emerging from a Void Portal, an elderly man with pale skin, numerous wrinkles, yellowing spots on his arms and legs arrived. Those limpid and lazy eyes seemed to belong to a man unconcerned by many things. He wore a black taoist robe with golden embroidery.

The Third Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion! The Patriarch of the Ma Clan! The strongest expert of the Grand Horse Realm! He had all those exceptional titles, and despite his appearance, his every breath commanded respect.

Softly smacking his lips, he walked slowly towards Ma Sujiang until he reached a few feet from her. She had her head lowered deeply, her eyes concealed.

"I don't blame you," Ma Zheng slowly said.

Ma Sujiang felt her heart seize up. Despite his words that were seemingly comforting her, siding with her, she knew that this was anything but.

"Your position as Assistant Manager of the Third Branch will be removed from henceforth; you'll stay as a Realm Guardian of the Grand Horse Realm for the next five hundred years." Those words were slowly said yet each one was as clear as a thunderous drum of war. It chilled the soul, especially Ma Sujiang's.

"Patriarch! I-"

Ma Zheng gave her a lazy look.

"..." Her next words were caught in her throat, unable to escape. She clenched her hand around the spatial ring, but she didn't exert crushing force. Instead, she breathed in and out to relax herself before handing the spatial ring to Ma Ru. She bowed deeply, and waited to be excused.

Ma Zheng said, "You'll do well to remember that we're not simple rulers, our ambitions aren't on that path. Dynasties rise and thrive, but eventually, they'll always fall. A business is a belief that'll never fade from the hearts of the earnest and hardworking, the strong or the weak, everlasting and worshipped without fleeting might."

Ma Sujiang's heart started to race.

She allowed her greed to overwhelm her heart. With an even deeper bow, she replied: "I know my wrong."

Ma Zheng faintly nodded. Ma Sujiang vanished from everyone's sight.

ROAR!

Anu was enraged!

Chapter 624 - 619: Down Payment

A sky-rippling draconic roar resounded. The clouds above roiled, the ground shook, and the air pulsed explosively outwards. The might behind this roar was backed by tremendous power, fueled by the fiery rage of a dragon!

Ma Zheng's lazy eyes looked towards the distance as a vast shadow took to the skies. At the top of their shadow, a silver light radiated with a pulsating resonance. The fixed space in the world was going chaotic, distorting and twisting. The World Realm's spatial foundation was being shaken!

Anu's enormous wings were completely unfurled, and his horn at the base of his forehead became silver with various mystical runes swimming animatedly within. It was gorgeous, but the pressure it emitted was heart-palpating!

Dragons in legends were often told as having a reverse scale, a location on their bodies that contained their most vital essence, holding their greatest vulnerabilities. When threatened, they didn't shrink back, but grew ravenous and destructive, thrashing about in utter rage. This legend translated many sayings regarding touching a person's most important treasure.

To Anu, his reverse scale was threatening his family. Xue Yifei was his grandmother reincarnated, and he loved her to the zenith. In his mind, Ma Sujiang acted against his grandmother! They could beat on him, they could keep him here, but they couldn't harm his family!

He was about to unleash the greatest bloodline ability of Horned Firmament Dragons, Chaotic Firmament Surge! If released, even if this World Realm was reinforced, it'll collapse! In this chaos, he'll take the dragons in his Internal World and escape!

Ma Zheng softly sighed.

"Sleep," he slowly waved his hand towards Anu's figure. The spatial fluctuation instantly ceased, and Anu's enormous body started to freefall towards the ground. But just as he was about to crash heavily into the hard surface, Ma Zheng coughed as he waved his hand again. Like a feather, Anu's body landed on the ground without disturbing even the air.

Ma Zheng sighed again. With another stuffy cough, his lazy look became a little dim.

Ma Ru was awed by Ma Zheng's power, yet slightly shaken by Anu's bloodline ability. She was at the Mystic Star Phase, depending on who you speak to, she could be considered an Ascended at the Mystic Star Realm, yet the fluctuation from Anu caused her to grow a little fearful. She didn't think she could deal with whatever Anu intended to unleash.

Xue Yifei fiercely shouted, "No!" She felt Anu's aura dwindle considerably in a short span of time; she feared the absolute worst. Without any hesitation, she flew towards Anu with her swiftest speed. While she was just targeted by Ma Sujiang, her priorities had been overtaken by Anu's state.

However, before she got far, she felt her surroundings change. Instantly, she saw Anu's closed eyelids, and felt his steady breathing that rumbled the air. She hurriedly touched his azure scales and softly sighed with relief. He was unhurt.

Nyla Shur and Zuhei were beside her. Zuhei's facial expression was emotionless, a stark contrast from his earlier feral state. The danger of Ma Sujiang had vanished, and he witnessed it all. He glanced at the old man that stood a few feet from him alongside the petite little woman, and he remained protectively beside Xue Yifei.

"He's fine," Ma Zheng consoled. "He'll be asleep for a few hours, and he'll be perfectly fine when he wakes." Those words had great effect as Xue Yifei's emotions noticeably calmed down.

"On behalf of Ma Sujiang, the Golden Life Pavilion, and my Ma Clan, I apologize for her actions; she allowed her desires to overtake her reason, and has been punished." If anyone were to hear that Ma Zheng apologized to a mortal, they would never believe it.

Even Ma Ru was deeply startled. How could this Xue Yifei, a measly mortal woman who lived for less than a hundred years, be worthy of Ma Zheng's personal apology? Be it his identity as the Third Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion, overseer of operations spanning three Domains, his independent status as a High-Lord—an existence at the Third Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase, or the patriarch of the Ma Clan, which one wasn't so highly regarded that most mortals couldn't even fathom?

Yet Ma Zheng held the calm aura of an old manager, amicable and gentle in tone.

Xue Yifei turned her hazel eyes towards Ma Zheng. She didn't know who this figure was, but she commanded respect from Ma Sujiang, an existence that she couldn't even resist. His cultivation base and status must be absurdly high. Therefore, she didn't hold any ill-emotions.

Just him interfering was sufficient to state his stance. Moreover, she didn't consider herself important enough to have Mystic Ascendants act against her. To have an Ascended act, the contents of that spatial ring must be incredibly tempting.

She respectfully bowed, "It is my greatest honor to greet Senior. I sincerely thank you for your help."

Ma Zheng smiled, lifting his wrinkles upwards. "You're too kind. Helping the concubine of a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist is my honor, but you'll soon realize that." He hinted to Xue Yifei about her exalted status.

Xue Yifei felt her heart tremble. No one besides the Valkyrie and Wei Wuyin's most trusted subordinates were aware of his abilities as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, and she never told anyone nor mentioned it.

Ma Ru's eyes widened. Concubine of a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist? What?! She couldn't help but look at the spatial ring that Ma Sujiang had passed to her, and she finally understood why Ma Sujiang had acted. There must be valuable products here, outrageously valuable.

What type of alchemical product could cause her cousin to act? A genuine Ascended?!

Ma Zheng held out his hand to Ma Ru. Instinctively, she handed the spatial ring to Ma Zheng, but there was a fraction of a second of hesitation as she was about to release it. Her heart shivered, and she let go. For a moment, curiosity and greed had sunk into her heart.

Ma Zheng didn't react to this, giving the spatial ring back to Xue Yifei. After retrieving it, Xue Yifei gave further thanks, gripping the ring harder subconsciously. She had similar thoughts, a desire to inspect it was burning in her heart at this moment.

Ma Zheng waved his hand and Tuo Bihan shifted from his location to before him. He floated before Xue Yifei. At the moment, he was bleeding from his eyes, ears, and mouth, and his skin was fracturing. He looked ghastly. If one inspected his internal state, they would be further horrified.

Not only was his Domain Seed cracked, his Astral Core was incredibly dim, the energies within were chaotic and ravaging his insides. He was injuring himself with every passing second due to losing control of his powers.

Xue Yifei's expression paled. She recalled Tuo Bihan's invigorated and refreshed expression, yet he was reduced to this state a moment later. "Can he be healed?" She cautiously asked, not wanting to act in fear of making it worse. This old man was a powerful expert, so he could handle it.

Ma Zheng glanced at Tuo Bihan. Tuo Bihan's body moved, rotating until he was directly before Ma Zheng. With a soft tap on Tuo Bihan's glabella, his physical state started to rapidly heal and his fractured skin vanished. The blood at his eyes, ears, and mouth dissipated and he returned to normal.

Tuo Bihan coughed, simultaneously, Ma Zheng coughed. Slowly, Tuo Bihan opened his eyes and was left to his own devices. When his feet touched the ground, he hastily looked around and found an unharmed Xue Yifei. A wave of relief coursed through his body.

Ma Zheng coughed again, this time it was heavier than before. He seemed sick, yet his aura was stable and his eyes were bright. It formed such a strange contrast that Xue Yifei thought he was faking it for sympathy. But why would an expert of his caliber ever do such a thing? There had to be something else to it.

Ma Zheng corrected himself soon enough, seemingly returning to a healthy state. "Young lad, I'm Ma Zheng, Third Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion. I wonder, what's this message you have for me?"

Young lad?

Tuo Bihan turned to Ma Zheng, shocked that someone was calling him young, but when he saw the elderly appearance of Ma Zheng and his status, he realized he definitely was far, far older than him.

"Junior greets Senior Ma," Tuo Bihan respectfully said. He was startled to find that he was completely fine after losing consciousness. He was certain his Worldly Domain had been shattered!

Ma Ru frowned. Tuo Bihan should refer to Ma Zheng as High-Lord or Third Manager, not senior. That should be reserved solely for those who were of the young generation and backed by a figure of equivalent or higher status. But this was just a difference in etiquette, if Ma Zheng said nothing, then it was fine.

"You have a strong Heart of Cultivation. The light of potential is very strong in your eyes—Don't lose it," Ma Zheng said. It was clear he referred to Tuo Bihan as a junior because of his reinvigorated mindset towards cultivation. Most his age and cultivation base had already lost their will to ascend, their Heart of Cultivation. It was extremely rare to see.

Tuo Bihan was startled by those words. "Thank you, Senior Ma. I do have something for you," he retrieved the silver box that was back on his bag. He was somewhat confused. When did it return to his bag?

But he still acted, and he didn't doubt Ma Zheng's identity. He didn't think many had the courage to falsely assume the identity of Ma Zheng in his own territory. He thought about something, "My Young Lord told me to tell you to take good care of Xue Yifei, Nyla Shur, and Zuhei. He also said he'll cover the cost of the dragons as well."

Ma Zheng's eyebrows lifted. He nodded, realizing the hidden message within. It wasn't regarding simply taking care of them, that was obvious, but giving them autonomy and protecting them while he was absent. It wasn't outright stated, so it was open to interpretation.

But the fact remained that it didn't need to be said, so coming to this conclusion was eventual. Well, for the intelligent. 'Is he testing me or the Golden Life Pavilion?' Ma Zheng amusingly smiled.

Wei Wuyin clearly wanted him to help establish the dragons lineage in the starfield, even stating he'll cover the costs. But this was a little difficult to do, so he had to carefully consider this option. But it was open to interpretation, not an outright request, so not doing so won't ruin their relationship.

He realized the mind of this little junior was a little too complex. 'But he has the Spatial Dragon Bloodline Lineage, so doing so will help him too, won't it?' As he pondered, Tuo Bihan had retrieved a spatial ring with the title: "Payment."

Ma Zheng glanced at Xue Yifei and Zuhei's spatial rings, laughing in his heart.

Tuo Bihan added, "My Young Lord said this was a down payment." He had to consciously use the title Young Lord, trying hard to not use boss in front of such an exalted figure. He didn't want to lower Wei Wuyin's status before such an important individual.

"Down payment?" Ma Zheng was startled. The concept of a down payment was far different from a payment. He sent a letter to inform Wei Wuyin that he'll need to compensate for their destroyed World Realm that was an ideal training ground. He didn't think it'd be paid all at once. After all, the value of the Seasonal Elemental World Realm wasn't minor.

Ma Zheng reached out for the ring and a spiritual light surged, entering his hand. The light carried a message from Wei Wuyin, but it was incredibly short. Just two words.

"Show me."

They were said calmly and with an intrigued tone.

Ma Zheng was so taken aback that he visibly recoiled a little, looking at the spatial ring with a shocked gaze, the lazy look in his eyes wiped out entirely. He looked at Tuo Bihan who was curious yet quiet, and then Xue Yifei who had a tightly clenched fist.

With curiosity abound, he inspected the spatial ring. When he did, his spiritual sense only saw two objects! Just two!

The first was a bottle with a single pill within. It was silver, clearly in the ninth-grade. It was labeled: Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, Low-Quality.

This caused him to be excited, his eyes brightened. Ma Sujiang's action might have been reckless and greedy, but it was understandable. She wasn't an idiot, and she considered all the possibilities. She even believed that Ma Zheng wouldn't punish her if she obtained this pill, but she couldn't verify if it was in Xue Yifei's possession.

Even if it was, she definitely couldn't allow her to keep it and refine it, especially if it was mystic-rank! As for asking her for it? There was no way anyone would willingly give this up, and she would be right! Xue Yifei definitely would not give the pill to another. It was the same as giving up Wei Wuyin's greatest treasure, and it even had his title!

She would've told Ma Sujiang to wait until Wei Wuyin arrived and ask him for one or details of it, but who knows when that'll be and if he would do so? Would another Mortal Sovereign Alchemist give up their secrets? No! Absolutely not! Would anyone, cultivator of alchemist, give up a mystic-rank pill to be deconstructed?!

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

The value of a mystic-rank pill exceeded some developed World Realms in their entity!

Ma Sujiang wasn't wrong with her instinctive actions to obtain the pill, because there was no other way to obtain it in her mind! As for offending the alchemist who concocted the pill? If the Ma Clan could recreate it, couldn't they just replace it or compensate them? They were the Ma Clan, head clan of the Golden Life Pavilion's Third Branch, did they lack wealth?

Unfortunately, she fiercely miscalculated!

Ma Zheng's yellowing hands trembled as he observed the second item in the ring with a dignified expression!

He was well-aware of Na Xinyi and her current cultivation state, how she had formed a Domain Seed at the Soul Idol Phase, bypassing the conventions of cultivation, and essentially became invincible beneath the Realmlord level! It not only gave one a Worldly Domain, it would ease their path to the Realm World Phase! It might be better to not say ease, but guarantee! It was utterly impossible to fail the Seventh Astral Tribulation with a Worldly Domain even if you had the worst foundation imaginable!

The importance of this made him punish Ma Sujiang, but he didn't go too far because he understood her! He deeply understood her!

If he was her age, in her position, he might've done the same! While he thought himself as rational and intelligent, the sheer earthquake this type of product could unleash wasn't just world-shaking—it was HEAVEN-SHAKING!

Yet...

Yet...

The second item was a slim book, and it was titled: "Concoction Method: Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill."

Chapter 625 - 620: Three Oaths & History

The Aeternal Sky Starfield was divided into four directions: Northern Sky, Southern Sky, Eastern Sky, and Western Sky. The center of this division was the sole Solar Star that existed within the starfield, representing the essence of exceeding Mortal Limits with its exquisitely formed Mystic Radiance Belt.

The Aeternal Sky Starfield was extremely vast, but its territories were defined, absolutely clear, and without the slightest hint of ambiguity. The sixteen Mystic Tier forces divided the vast expanse into sixteen domains, and each domain was under the strict oversight of their respective forces.

All planets and lunar satellites were rigorously claimed, colonized, and used for the betterment of the society of cultivation. Yet the concept of independence still existed, with some forces being a part of a Domain yet apart from the Mystic Tier forces themselves.

These were special existences, however. These specific existences had true Ascended, not wanting to yield, yet not wishing to forgo the benefits of the Mystic Radiance Belt Solar Star. They might not be officially considered as true subordinates, but they were often considered as a portion of the forces overall fighting power.

However, while some forces consider these forces to be additional reserve power, others might consider them parasitic. This was especially so for these forces that existed during the nascent stages of one of

the Mystic tier forces' reign. These forces had powers that rivaled or couldn't be ignored by these forces seeking to rule.

At the time, to affirm their rule without further conflict, they acceded certain territories within their domains to these special existences, such as rich life-bearing naturally-born planets or unique locations within the Dark Void that contained certain objects, such as asteroid belts that contained rare ores and materials.

They represented a portion of their wealth, a portion given away.

But it didn't stop at this. To ensure that betrayal was unlikely, these forces wanted assurances, and so the experts had given it. In the cultivation world, there were two well-known oaths. These oaths were the Heavenly Oath, an oath to the Heavenly Daos which, if failed to keep, would instill enormous amounts of misfortune in your life until your eventual death. This could even manifest into strange Heavenly Tribulations.

One moment, a cultivator could swear to not steal, and the next second as he pocketed an apple, he could turn into burnt dust, as if sundered by lightning with no witnesses. Cultivators heavily disliked taking Heavenly Oaths, because keeping it was extremely difficult, and the interpretation of whether a person keeps it isn't always consistent with reality.

For example, if a person swears a Heavenly Oath not to steal, they might be able to take all their family's property forcefully, even blatantly slaughtering their family to take it. But because it belongs to their family, including themselves, no matter if there was any legality of man involved, the Heavenly Daos will not see this as breaking the contract.

Furthermore, if you forced someone to give you an object, then their willingness to do so, even under the threat of death, wasn't considered stealing. Yet if that individual were to enter a forest ruled by a gigantic spider and tried to save its prey, this could be considered as stealing, and they'll have broken their oaths.

The ambiguity and nonsense involved frustrated far, far too many, so very few would do so unless the rules were extremely clear-cut. These would be Dao Companion Ceremonies or the like.

The second, which was the most commonly sworn oaths, was a mortal oath that was referred to as Spirit Oaths. These individuals swore oaths on their Spirits of Cultivation, and an unfathomable worldly law would shatter their Spirit of Cultivation if broken, crippling them. But this was also defined by oneself, and if one truly believed they didn't break the Spirit Oath, there would be no consequences.

An example was if a Spirit Oath was sworn yet the other was ignorant that a side had been completed. They would remain unaffected, and the arbitrator was solely themselves. Many cultivators with keen intelligence can use clever word-play to navigate around it.

Furthermore, these oaths weren't able to affect those genuine Ascended cultivators, and scaled with a cultivator's level, so external cultivators can directly intervene and prevent it from happening or directly destroy its mark on the Spirit of Cultivation if they're a numerous stages or a realm above the one who swore it.

These oaths had their flaws and their benefits. But there was a third oath, one that couldn't be erased, one that didn't have a third party act as an ambiguous judge of its own rules, and solely followed the oath's conditions and agreements. It was the strictest yet firmest type of oath, and one can swear this type of oath on themselves, their families, even their force, if they own it.

It was called the Mystical Oath. It was termed as such because it was truly mystical, and it affected all beings, including Mystic Ascendants. If broken, a worldly force would descend from the void that'll destroy the individual who broke it, regardless of what was sworn on this oath.

If one swore upon their lineage, then their direct lineage and those who considered themselves a part of that lineage would be drawn in, suffering equally until their inevitable demise. But it was also fair, as the majority at that time must agree.

It was more brutal than description, yet there was a certain relief that this oath provided. Yet for some of these Mystic Tier forces, there was no relief, only frustration and restrictions. This was especially so for the True Element Sect.

The history behind the True Element Sect was complicated, a little depressing, yet also one that championed resilience and cohesiveness.

Roughly forty thousand years ago from the present time, the True Element Sect beginnings started; Its name was the Lin Clan. They were a small family force that pursued the doctrine of Elemental Cultivation Methods. They forged their names with Elemental Intents, being known as the greatest Elemental Cultivators of their time.

At this time, the starfield, which wasn't even a hundredth of its current size, was named the Imperial Martial Starfield, ruled by the Imperial Clan of that time, and the initiators of the Imperial Clan hierarchy within the starfield that persisted into the present. They ruled with an ironfist and launched fierce territorial wars with other nearby starfields.

The ceaseless fighting and growing expansion gave them a terrifying and domineering reputation, especially with each decisive victory. And fighting beside them were several remarkable clans, such as the Lin Clan. They soon grew in strength, twenty thousand years later, they forged an indisputable territory with over ten Solar Stars.

Each star belonged to a conquered starfield that was absorbed into them, becoming a part of the Imperial Martial Starfield. The top forces gathered their Ascended and devised an ambitious plan that would eventually lead to their inevitable misfortune yet greatest fortune: Creating a Mystic Radiance Belt.

They used their own Solar Star as the foundation, the only naturally-formed Solar Star that had been birthed alongside the Stellar Region. They combined the other Solar Stars, gathered hundreds more from outside, and merged it with their own Solar Star. It was ambitious, too ambitious.

The act itself caused all sorts of issues to arise, and many Ascended died just during the merging process, let alone the number of Realm Lords, Timelords, and Starlords. Still, the Imperial Clan at the time refused to settle, and proceeded despite the tearful pleas of others. To them, they were doing it for a better future.

The Ascended of that time worked themselves ragged, and after several centuries, the greatest formation in the Stellar Region was finally completed! The Mystic Radiance Belt's construction had even more sacrifices, especially those Ascended of the Imperial Clan, and it had succeeded, yet their tireless efforts brought scorn and hatred instead!

They had worked others like slaves imperiously, forced them to give up their lives for their ambitions despite the pleas, and the other experts soon banded together, using this moment of abject weakness to fight back! The Imperial Clan was hard-pressed, and their allies split, even their greatest ally, the Lin Clan, had fragmented internally.

One half established themselves as the Elemental Jade Sect, and the other half stayed loyal to the Imperial Clan, gambling their continued survival, but it didn't pay dividends as they had thought. The Imperial Clan was utterly devastated, massacred alongside their allies, and hunted down like dogs.

In history, it was said they were pushed to extinction due to their warmongering ways, strict and militaristic rule, and the unfair demands for the lives of others. They were branded as vile and evil, yet the Mystic Radiance Belt wasn't tainted, becoming the holistic object that defined the heroic intentions of those sacrificed.

The Lin Clan of the Elemental Jade Sect became a leading power, and quickly rose as one of the greatest forces within the starfield! With the Mystic Radiance Belt, the quality of essence and resources rose by several dozen notches, elevating cultivators' limits to an incredible peak!

The contention of false and genuine Ascended was born after this explosive boon of the cultivation civilization. Those who 'failed' to enter the Mystic Ascendant Realm had very short-life spans and were unable to harness the full might of mysticism. While those who 'succeeded' could live for ten thousand years and were unquestionably more powerful. This, of course, was a natural controversy amongst any cultivation civilization that reached that point, especially when no cultivator fully understood the realm itself.

But the Lin Clan's growth wasn't without issues. The civil conflicts of the starfield rose without a true leader, and war had begun. The entire starfield was ravaged and sent into chaos. Trillions died and an uncountable number suffered the effects of remaining alive.

There were many rulers that ambitiously rose up in these disastrous times, thrived with their might and then fell to their demise, unable to hold onto the reins of the starfield. It was simply too vast, too rich in resources, and it was hard to be the "strongest" clan or force. The chaos only grew with each passing year, but the Mystic Radiance Belt provided an environment where the cultivation civilization was unable to decline.

The environment just grew richer and richer despite the deaths of innumerable experts and talents, so more replaced them as they passed.

To survive this, the Lin Clan that led the Elemental Jade Sect, had to establish bound-by-oath alliances that acceded territories and guaranteed certain assurances. They weren't the only force to do so. There were thousands. But the vast majority of these forces fell and vanished, unable to remain united in the chaos.

This only ended eight thousand years later, when the Tian Clan gave birth to the first Earthly Saint of the starfield. The power of an Earthly Saint was unheard of, unimaginable, and unable to be resisted. It was a chasm that formed an unfathomable divide.

There was no formation, no multi-planetary array, no gathering of expert cultivators to form united armies that could stand against an Earthly Saint. The Tian Clan swept the entire world with imperious might, and rose as the Imperial Clan of the starfield, changing its name to the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

The current system was slowly formed, territories were distributed, Domains established, and soon with time, more Earthly Saints were born, yet the Tian Clan was unmovable from their throne.

The third Earthly Saint of the starfield, born from the Liu Clan, fought for the right to rule, yet their Earthly Saint suffered utter defeat. The difference in strength was absolutely earth-shattering! The Earthly Saint was thus sealed away, kept imprisoned and tortured as a punishment and a way as repentance to ensure the Tian Clan didn't wipe them out. It also served as a constant reminder that led to the Tian Clan's uncontested rule for the next few thousands of years.

And then he arrived and everything changed...

The King of Everlore.

In the Elementus Domain, on the deck of a Voidship, Lin Xianxei and Lin Ming faced each other while maintaining the lotus position. Lin Xianxei had just finished explaining the history of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, at least a relatively brief, non-complex version of it.

Lin Ming's eyebrows furrowed deeply as he digested all this information. He couldn't help but ask after a long time, "You're part of the Lin Clan? The founder of the Jade Elemental Sect?"

Lin Xianxei inhaled deeply and subsequently nodded, "I am." Her words made Lin Ming's mind birth so many more questions. Fortunately, Lin Xianxei hadn't finished. She continued, "My Lin Clan had made many concessions to the special existences that remained independent in our territory. We swore to always give them a set percentage of territory, rich in resources relative to what we possess as long as we are in charge. What we didn't realize was the value of territory and resources to grow, and what we would be left with was utterly embarrassing. The degree of issues we have with resources and finances are outrageous in comparison to any other force."

Lin Ming's frown deepened, "The True Element Sect?"

Lin Xianxei sighed with sadness, "It was our attempt to bypass the oath. Over seven thousand years ago, the King of Everlore arrived alongside his entourage. One of them was a Mystic Ascendant by the name of Han Xei, and he established the Elemental Heaven Pavilion. You should know him well enough. An agreement was forged between the two, and the True Element Sect was born as a merger. We no longer led the sect, and we gave it to Han Xei and his lineage."

"What happened?"

"Those powers didn't accept it. They refused to accept anyone but the Lin Clan ruling the Domain. If they allowed it to happen, they'd be forced to suffer at the hands of the Imperial Clan, either kicked out or worse, losing their territory, resources, and independence. Just like we had agreements with them, the

Imperial Clan had an oath with the Lin Bloodline that extended to them as long as we remain leaders of the sect.

...Those powers were willing to wage war against the sect to keep the Lin Clan as the leader and they did just that."

"They won?"

"...They won."

Chapter 626 - 621: Everlasting Mark

Baffled.

Completely and utterly baffled.

Lin Ming didn't know how to react to this. According to the present circumstances, not only did the True Element Sect lose to these special existences that fed on their territories like parasites, the Lin Clan was forced to become the leader of the sect to maintain an oath with them and their connection with the Imperial Clan.

The entire circumstance was outrageous. After a second of ponderous thought, his expression changed considerably.

Lin Xianxei always had an uncanny awareness of Lin Ming's thoughts, she explained: "At the time, Master was only at the Second Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, and had used the True Element Sect in hopes of obtaining a greater starting foundation. He didn't fight in the war, very few did in fact. The total power of the True Element Sect at that time would have pushed for a pyrrhic victory at least, but that was almost seven thousand years ago.

"Still, they won. We, our Lin Clan, was forced to sit at the seat of leadership as a protective barrier against the Imperial Clan's rule, sucked dry by these parasitic old things, and being unable to act. The idiocy of our ancestors was quite outrageous. Short-term thinking, garbage!" As Lin Xianxei spoke, her language grew coarse and her expression twisted slightly.

Clearly, she hated those ancestors of hers quite fiercely. They were foolish enough to swear a Mystical Oath on their entire bloodline lineage, how foolish was that for just some allied assurances?

"Why not just leave?" Lin Ming couldn't quite understand it. Couldn't they just abandon their title and responsibilities, just leave the starfield? At worst its starting anew. They must have powerful experts, those who've exceeded Mortal Limits.

But Lin Xianxei's eyes became unfathomably gloomy at his question, "We can't." It took her several minutes of deep, relaxing breathing before she continued: "Our loss forced us into an additional agreement. Unless one of three things happen, we can't leave. Master told me himself, the circumstances were either clan eradication or this."

The only use the Lin Clan had for these special existences was their pre-existing agreement to starve off the Imperial Clan's claim for their independence. If the Lin Clan sought to escape, their usefulness would cease and the vengeful wrath of those special existences, those parasites, would've turned onto them. They couldn't survive, because they'll also be abandoning everyone not of the Lin Clan.

Who would support them when they're leaving them out to dry? This was why the act of merging, surrendering leadership was perfect, because it would've allowed them to bypass the oath and retain their other oath with the Imperial Clan. It was a matter of semantics.

The special existences' oath needed the Lin Clan as the leader, as long as they were the legitimized leader, they have the authority to decide territorial rights, so the Domain was theirs to do as they wished. Constrained by the oath, they could only concede.

The Imperial Clan's Mythical Oath only needed the Lin Clan to be a present, leading member of the sect, any sect, and any leading position. The semantics led to a unique loophole where they could concede ownership to Divine King Han Xei yet retain the protections from the Imperial Clan's rule due to their support of their ascension as long as they had a leading position, such as Vice-Sect Leader or something equivalent to a Grand Elder.

This was designed to maintain the Lin Clan's importance to any force, an unfathomable sign of goodwill from the Imperial Clan.

"I still don't understand, what specifically do they not want the Imperial Clan to do and what's the three things?" Lin Ming asked curiously. The situation was far more complicated than he imagined.

Lin Xianxei nodded, expecting these two questions: "The Mythical Oath concerned the right to a certain range of territory, and the Imperial Clan's bloodline nor their forces were allowed to invade or lay claim to any resources within this territory as long as the Lin Clan did not betray them or strike first.

"The Elementus Domain became a natural barrier against them. The events of history certainly weren't as simple as I've described, so I have no idea why the Imperial Clan would agree to this or offer it, but they did during their ascension.

"As for the three things, the reason why Master was suitable as the leader was because he had the support of the up and coming King of Everlore, whose alchemic talent was absolutely phenomenal. Even the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists of that time felt his talent and skills were unprecedented. After all, he brought an entire list of self-created, world- changing alchemical products and legacies to the entire Stellar Region.

"From the moment the King of Everlore stepped foot in here, he was as brilliant as the brightest star in the Dark Void. And after a few centuries, he was respected and well renowned amongst everyone...

"This was long before the Everlore Association even formed. But it was during his earlier years, and he intervened. He talked with the special existences and formed an agreement with them, devising the system of Chosen. I don't know how he did or why they agreed, but they did. Of those three things, one of which was that if a Worldly Saint, a Fifth Stage Mystic Ascendant, was born in the True Element Sect, outside of the Lin Clan, they would automatically replace the Lin Clan's bloodline.

"If that happened, then those special existences would be forced to concede their territories, allowing the Lin Clan to safely step down." Lin Xianxei had a thick light of reverence flicker within her eyes as she said the words: Worldly Saint. It carried a unique charm that could cause one to lose themselves.

Lin Ming's heart shook. The King of Everlore established this type of deal? Did this mean the strongest cultivator of the starfield was a Worldly Saint? He still didn't know, but his lips went dry as he licked them with anticipation.

Wait...

There was something wrong with this.

Lin Xianxei continued, "The second condition was if the Lin Clan's Saintess became Dao Companions with a Worldly Saint or an mystic-rank Alchemist. Similar conditions as before, but not exactly the same and almost impossible. The last is the most important though. There's a contest of Chosen, the brightest and most elite talents of the younger generation within the entire Stellar Region, those beneath the age of five hundred years old, specifically tailored by the King of Everlore. It has exceptional rewards, and if a Chosen of True Element Sect can claim the greatest prize, then they'll be given the title of Leader of the sect, and the Lin Clan will be relegated to a leading position."

"...!" Lin Ming's thoughts went blank for a moment. Chosen? Chosen of the entire Stellar Region?!

Lin Xianxei's expression relaxed, "Yes. The Everlore Starfield in the Desolate Dagnet Stellar Region counted."

Lin Ming frowned, "Even if the King of Everlore was amazing, he was just a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, right? Why was he afforded such respect? Aren't there dozens of Mortal Sovereign Alchemists? Likely older, more experienced, or of a higher level?"

He didn't fathom how the King of Everlore could dictate this. While alchemists were important in his mind, they weren't true experts. There were Earthly Saints! There was no way a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, those who concocted products for mortals, could have much value to long-lived Ascended.

Lin Xianxei heavily sighed in her heart. She really didn't know how to approach Lin Ming's thinking towards alchemists. He had the fierce belief that personal strength and talent was more important than external resources. After all, products can only bring you so far. And in some ways, he wasn't wrong, but he certainly wasn't right.

"There were. There were dozens of Mortal Sovereign Alchemists during that time, you're right. But the King of Everlore didn't halt his steps at just becoming a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. About five thousand years ago, just before he disappeared, he took over the former Mystic tier force, the Godpill Association, and renamed it the Everlore Association.

"Furthermore, he announced to the world his true alchemic level. The King of Everlore wasn't just a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, he exceeded that and became the very first mystic-rank Alchemist in our Stellar Region's history, a Saint Alchemist!"

Lin Ming's mind whirled in disbelief. The King of Everlore became the first mystic-rank Alchemist?! No wonder...no wonder...

Lin Xianxei nodded after feeling content with Lin Ming's response, "The rewards he left behind contains genuine Mystic-rank Alchemical Products. There is even said to be a pill, the Everlore Mortal Ascension

Pill, that can give one a guaranteed success rate at becoming a true Ascended! But that's not all, the King of Everlore was rumored to have left behind an item that carried the secrets of producing a Worldly Saint!!"

Lin Ming felt his heartbeat halt for a moment. Was the King of Everlore at this level? Was his ability truly so frightening?!

Lin Xianxei continued: "This was why the entire Stellar Region is following the Chosen system he conceived, and creates terrifying geniuses in hopes of obtaining those rewards, competing against each other. Why the title of Chosen is so precious and revered. They have the opportunity to fight for materials and products that would make the Elementus Cache seem decrepit and depressing."

She didn't mention Wei Wuyin's Element Heart Intent being highly valued due to its potential in this contest. After all, the contest wasn't just about combat strength.

Aa for his False Worldly Domain, that might produce similar feelings, but it wasn't nearly as intense. Regardless, the True Element Sect's days surely wouldn't be smooth with both of their existences known by all the other forces.

After a long period of ten or so minutes, Lin Ming finally calmed down. He wasn't so idiotic to think reaching the Earthly Saint was just talent-oriented, and while he didn't believe Alchemists held the keys to the peak, he knew they provided means to establish a stronger foundation to traverse it quicker.

"So, he disappeared?" Lin Ming finally digested everything, including the significance of Chosen and why they're so highly regarded. The forces all wanted the final reward from the King of Everlore! But he noted Lin Xianxei's brief statement.

"Shortly after the King of Everlore reached the mystic-rank, he disappeared. No one knows where he went, but most of those who followed him, such as the three Everlasting Clans of the Everlore Association—the Yi Clan, the Er Clan, and the San Clan, and Master remained behind." Lin Xianxei explained with a wisp of despondent tone.

"Is he the only Mystic-rank Alchemist?" Lin Ming was curious about the limits of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, both in terms of the Alchemic Dao and cultivation.

Lin Xianxei shook her head, "He was the first, not the last. He paved the way for others by leaving his legacy behind. But there's only three known throughout the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. The first, the Sky Zenith Alchemic Saint, is a part of the Imperial Clan. It's said that she's the King of Everlore's disciple, but no one can confirm that.

"The second, the Ennea Hall Alchemic Saint, leads the Ninestar Sainthall, a force beyond the Aeternal Sky Starfield. Venerable Spiritwalker belongs to this force. And lastly, the Evergod Pill Alchemic Saint, who belongs to the Everlore Association, and former leader of the Godpill Association, before the King of Everlore renamed it."

"Prior to his appearance, there was not a single mystic-rank alchemist during our entire history, but the moment the King of Everlore arrived, not only did more Mystic-rank Alchemists get born, but Mystic Ascendants became far, far abundant as a result. He left an unerasable mark on our history, and gave

our Lin Clan a chance at freedom." Lin Xianxei words flowed naturally, completely revealing her truest feelings towards the King of Everlore.

"..." The two remained silent as they immersed in this feeling. While the Voidship soared across the Dark Void, another followed closely behind, tailing them openly. They were Tang Xingyun's clan, one of the Eight Nobles, the Tang Clan.

"What about Master?" Lin Ming ignored the voidship, asking a question he felt that Lin Xianxei had avoided thus far.

Lin Xianxei's expression slightly changed, and then she opened her mouth to answer. "He's in secluded cultivation..."

"...We're here," Lin Xianxei abruptly announced as she turned towards the Dark Void, clearly deliberately changing the subject. There was a gorgeously nine-colored planet enlarging in her vision... After six months, they've finally reached the True Element Sect.

Chapter 627 - 622: Changes

The subtle undercurrents of change flowed throughout the Aeternal Sky Starfield, affecting the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. While it was unnoticeable, keenly insightful figures could feel this change coursing through the world.

Since the obliteration of the Everlore Starfield, the arrival of new cultivators and an infusion of further racial diversity had been an unexpected change, and to some, an unwelcome one. But in many areas of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, figures of all types, young and old, were slowly revealing their dazzling radiance. While in some areas, the darkness of the starfield was beginning to leak.

The three Domains—Everlore Domain, Nine Worlds Domain, and Skyrend Domain—had an uptick of population. Those hybrids and genuine members of the demon lineages nestled themselves in obscure locations, eking out a living as best they could, with many residing in the Nine Worlds Domain. The elven race had mostly joined the Elven Sanctuary located within the Everlore Domain.

The Skyrend Domain, ruled by one of the Eight Noble Clans, the Liu Clan, accepted all types, but the noticeable favoritism towards the human race was apparent. It wasn't deliberate, simply the vast difference in numbers and needs created outcasts amongst others.

The demons needed environments of demonic energies to thrive, terraforming certain areas with unique, innately born abilities. This made these areas uncomfortable and uninhabitable for humans, and those too weak were affected heavily by this, even developing strange illnesses and mutations. A few cultivators had even had their children experience demonic changes, either physiological or physiological. Others, females, would experience miscarriages from the exposure.

Their very existences brought discomfort and hate to the common cultivator. They were pushed out, vilified for their habitats and inconsiderateness for others. But how could the demons not? This was how they survived and thrived, and only a few cultivators that have touched upon the Astral Core Realm can freely exist outside of these types of environments, comfortably and without any ill effects on their cultivation or bodies.

As for those at the Qi Condensation Realm, only those hybrid of humans and at the Sixth Stage, the False Reality Phase, could persist in non-cultured environments for prolonged periods.

In a month, their once-curious and smiling treatment turned harsh, hateful to the maximum. In three months, the demons of various lineages were segregated away from humans, relocated by the various forces. Those who resisted this relocation effort would vanish.

Some would find their flayed, tortured corpses in the middle of nowhere or stumble upon burial grounds filled with families that were once happy or simply had nowhere else to go. The cruelty had only ended after the Golden Life Pavilion had stepped forward, offering isolated homes for those of the demonic lineage, creating a mass exodus throughout the three Domains.

These would be specially designed locations, much like the Extreme Demonic Mountain, suitable for their cultivation and growth. There were plans for planets to be forged to house them away from humankind, to avoid such destructive developments. The demons would soon become like the elven race, sent to live on special planets suitable for their race.

Those from the Everlore Starfield, the Desolate Dragnet Stellar Region, half-understood and half-disagreed with such actions. In much the same way as their starfield, couldn't this starfield be more accepting?

However, they knew the truth in their hearts.

Even in accepting locations, such as the Myriad Monarch Sect, newborn demons needed specialized environments to develop that brought harm to the other races, and it had always isolated them for their benefit and the benefit of others. The Extreme Demonic Mountain was evidence of this.

The Demonic Abyss Mountain Lord was the most obscure figure amongst the four hegemon of legend, and his entire astral territory was a forbidden zone for all other races due to the dense demonic energies and essence it exuded. It was an eventuality, a sad one, but one nonetheless.

The efficiency of the Golden Life Pavilion was astonishing, and even Ascended had taken action, saving many captured and tortured demon hybrids. The severity at which they took this situation was far greater than the Everlore Association, who strangely seemed to turn a blind eye to these matters.

In weeks, they finished the exodus, ensuring the continued lives of countless existences. After obtaining their entire number, the Golden Life Pavilion felt troubled at relocating them all. It wasn't that their numbers were massive, but the environment they needed was too hectic and infectious. The temporary isolated housing areas wouldn't last.

It was only when four Ascended took action, alongside forty-eight Starlords, two-thousand and forty-six Timelords, and tens of thousands of Realmlords, that they were able to rapidly construct a planet in the shortest period of time, still requiring nearly four months to complete.

The overall cost for this planet was utterly massive. While it was only medium-sized, the planet's core and atmospheric layers had to be transformed to filter and generate demonic-attributed essence. Furthermore, it had to have an isolated orbit that wouldn't negatively affect other planets, requiring enormous effort to settle.

It was a job and a half, and the cost for it was unfathomable.

Fortunately, it was enough. The demons were given a proper home, and the planet was named Abyssal Dawn, after two notable figures in the Everlore Starfield's history: the Demonic Abyss Master and the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn. The former for obvious reasons, and the latter for reasons that only the Golden Life Pavilion knew.

Those powerful experts curious about the planet's environment ventured in to explore it. Not only did they find out it was extremely inhospitable to humans and elves alike, they discovered strange demonic beasts or beastmen that hadn't appeared before.

The elves' situation was slightly different.

Their entire race was compatible with humans, and they could co-exist easily with them. They existed throughout the sixteen domains, albeit in small, trifling numbers. The majority of that number belonged to the Elven Sanctuary, a small region etched out of the Everlore Domain that housed four lunar satellites and one planet in close orbit.

Before Shui Jin had told the elves that the Elven Sanctuary's four sects had four planets, but this was false. Truthfully, the elven race had four habitable lunar satellites and a single planet. Each of the four sects had terraformed one of the lunar satellites and established themselves.

Their names were the Aqua Moon, the Woodland Moon, the Blazing Moon, and the Grey Moon, respectively belonging to the Sacred Aquatic Palace, the Sacred Forest Palace, the Sacred Volcanic Palace, and Sacred Desert Palace. As for the planet, it housed the sole elven-controlled Gold-tier force, the Sacred Radiance Palace. The elves born there, of that lineage, were called Exalted Elves. The name was bestowed upon them due to their lineage exceeding the Starlord level, and being the only lineage to do so.

The Elven Race had two core issues. One, their history was short. The elven race had only arrived alongside the King of Everlore seven thousand years ago, and had gotten their start then. Before then, they were a non-existent presence. Thus, they were the youngest race in the starfield.

In addition to their young age, the second and most pressing issue was their overall strength and displayed potential was severely low. Despite seven thousand years of time to develop, for some reason, they had never given birth to a genuine Ascended before. This made them unable to establish themselves in an environment where all the top forces had Venerables and High-Lords, and that was seven thousand years ago, let alone currently where Earthly Saints were powerhouses.

Unlike Divine King Han Xei and the King of Everlore, the Sacred Elven Queen's companions had no foundation to stand on, forcefully eking out their own with blood, sweat, and tears. With the world being in a state of peace, they couldn't even thrive in conflict, siding with a stronger power. They were just unneeded.

Unable to rival martial might as a whole, their entire race was relegated as lesser than humans. It was unfortunate, but nothing could change the truth of reality. Given seven thousand years, an environment with a Mystic Radiance Belt, and the support of the Everlore Association, no matter how small, they still couldn't develop a true Ascended.

Yet change wasn't just happening to the demons, but the elves as well.

Outside of the Woodland Moon's atmosphere, an old, wither figure shimmered into existence.

The figure held his hand to his mouth and performed a series of coughs, but in the Dark Void, sound couldn't travel. Still, after doing so, his pale expression became noticeably redder. When he opened his hand, a spatial ring was present. It read: "Four Extreme Continent's Elven Leader, Ai Yin."

Ma Zheng lazily eyed the four lunar satellites and the planet it orbited. He slightly frowned for a moment, but then relaxed. He slowly began his descent into the Woodland Moon's artificial atmosphere.

'To gain his favor, I wonder what will happen to these elves. These old bones my mine has to wait a little longer to rest.'

If anyone knew that Ma Zheng, the Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion's Third Branch, overseer of several domains and their respective businesses, a genuine High-Lord, was acting as a delivery service, and was excited to do so, they might die of shock and disbelief.

But if those from the Everlore Starfield were to hear about it, and learned it was asked for by the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, their youngest alchemist, they would feel that it was his honor to do so.

And the old man wouldn't deny it, especially now.

Chapter 628 - 623: Humble Beginnings, Yi Yun

The changes in the starfield were influencing more than the future, but an existence that observed it all—the Heavenly Daos. With the inclusion of certain events, those plans of the Heavenly Daos had also been affected. And such, it began to silently take action as it always has, bestowing those favored with its support.

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The Elven Sanctuary wasn't a domain. It existed within the Everlore Association's Everlore Domain, a territory bestowed and protected by the Everlore Association. However, over the years, the level of protection might have remained the same, but the level of support had dwindled considerably. The elves were considered lesser, and top-tier resources by those who ran the Everlore Association deemed it a waste to use any of them.

They even decided to use their habitable lunar satellites and planet as a farm for a variety of different types of resources. The Aquatic Moon used for its mystical waters; the Woodland Moon used for its medicinal herbs; the Blazing Moon for its earthy minerals; the Grey Moon for its metallic ores.

These materials became a blessing in disguise for the common elf as they had a constant source of revenue and work for their inhabitants. They were not poor, even richer than some other less Silver-tier forces, and overall, could rival some minor Gold-tier forces amongst the human race. This provided the elven race with a lifestyle that was self-sufficient.

The Woodland Moon was divided into four regions, further divided into nine prefectures, and each of which had dozens of towns, villages, and some developed cities. The civilization was thriving, much akin to the state of a mortal world in its golden age.

In one of these regions, within one of these nine prefectures, there was a small village by the name of Oakfall Village. It was given this name due to the unique astral-grade Oak Trees that were often used for lesser vehicles such as Skyships and Seaships. These two brands of ships soared across the sky, zipping through the open seas, and providing the common people with a reliable form of transportation.

While the supply wasn't much, with other areas being more abundant in its development, the village had been founded on the idea of harvesting these Oak Trees, and so was given its name. While small, only housing a million or so individuals, it was brimming with life and activity.

Within Oakfall was a harvesting field, large and expansive. It grew a special crop called the Effervescent Potatoes. They had a bubbling liquid within them that was extremely nutritious for the body. From the clear-cut and flat fields, one could see that the field had been harvested a short while ago. Yet if one looked closely the harvesting method had left some undersized potatoes, if lucky, one could find oversized ones. Alongside these forgotten crops, there were numerous individuals dressed in simple attires moving across the fields with baskets on their backs.

A young boy, just shy of sixteen years old, with a baby face and bright, youthfully blue eyes. He had a healthy and natural tan that exuded an earthy glow, and his hands were rough, clearly a sign of working diligently with his hands. The solar rays reflected off his short black hair with uniquely natural platinum highlights.

"Hu! Hu! Oh! You're a big one!" With an excited tone, he found an oversized potato that had survived the harvesting process. Feeling lucky, he gave it a slight sniff before tossing it to his basket. "That makes three, got enough for dinner."

With a bright smile, he kept moving along.

The young man's name was Yi Yun. He worked as a herbal caretaker mostly, but when he was off, on days where the harvest of crops occurred, he gleaned alongside the others. Not just for himself, but for his mother and sister that stayed at home to rest.

"Another one!" His luck seemed to be good today. With a hearty chuckle, he tossed it into his basket. Since he wasn't the only one, his fellow gleaners typically only worked a set area, finding what they can based on their own fortune. After that last one, he couldn't find any others in his area, but he was quite satisfied.

"Little Yun!" A soft, mellow voice called out to him.

Walking out of the fields, that familiar voice caught him. He turned and noticed it belonged to a middle-aged woman. With a smile, he waved cheerfully. "Auntie Pan!"

The one named Auntie Pan wasn't a relative to him, but she was nice to his sister and mother, so he addressed her in such an intimate manner. But her expression changed slightly, seemingly pausing after receiving that address. In the end, she still walked over with her eyes shifting about.

In his heart Yi Yin sneered, but he kept a bright, amicable smile. "Is there something you need?" He asked, but he felt that in his heart, it was rhetorical. This Auntie Pan had nothing in her basket, clearly her search in her designated area was fruitless. Even gleaning wasn't without its misfortunes.

"Little Yun," she quietly said as she spotted the four potatoes in his basket, notably the oversized one. The desire in her eyes was clear. "You've had some success, I see. That's good."

"Mhm. I just got a little bit lucky," Yi Yun kept smiling, looking a little embarrassed from receiving such praise. It was just luck of the draw for some, but to him, it wasn't really. Before others could glean these fields, they would pick a number from afar, but Yi Yun had a keen sense towards life, so even from afar, he could sense the areas that still had crops and those who've been swept clean.

"I..." Auntie Pan was also embarrassed as she began to tell Yi Yun a sob story about her living situation, a little bit of struggles she had as a housewife, and tried to even inquire about the state of Yi Yun's mother and sister. It was clear that she wanted what he had.

He had to patiently listen to her drone on. The heart of elves was not without its selfishness. Still, he didn't want to make things worse for his sister and mother towards the community, "Auntie Pan! Here, I have more than enough for us, and it's my pleasure to give this to you."

In the end, he gave her the three undersized potatoes and left with a bright smile. With that, he skipped off quickly to return home.

Auntie Pan was left holding the undersized potatoes and frowned, staring at the direction Yi Yun left in. The light in her eyes slowly became more and more displeased, until eventually she spat out beneath her breath: "You filthy half-breed. To waste my breath on you, pah!"

Yi Yun's footsteps halted a distance away, but he resumed his steps as if it was just a natural pacing step. While others might be out of earshot, he's always had keen senses, so he clearly heard her words. Still, it was better than the alternative of being targeted for being stingy.

Yi Yun was a half-breed, a mixture of a human and an elf. Unlike in other areas of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, such as the Everlore Starfield, the concept of interbreeding with humans has distorted over the thousands of years. With elves been considered an 'inferior' race by the inhabitants of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, those humans, how could they not have any hatred towards them?

This hatred was interwoven deeply, spreading from the top experts to the minor figures that gleaned the fields due to their poor status. It permeated the society. And it likely wasn't better outside of here. Since being half-elf meant being a part of an 'inferior' race, their treatment was likely even worse there.

Yi Yun sighed in his heart, but had long since gotten used to it. Furthermore, he had to accept such abuse daily, in the whispers of his neighbors and their disparaging looks from afar. Others could be blissfully unaware, but his senses prevented him from being so.

Despite it all, he still had a home and a loving family. With a pip in his step, he saw the small wooden house from afar. "Mom! Little sis! I'm back!" His excitement was palpable.

"Big Bro!" A delicate, lovely voice resounded from within. The door was pushed open to reveal a young girl roughly twelve years old, looking cute like a freshly made doll. Her platinum blonde hair was dazzling alongside her large, limpid blue eyes.

"Missed me?" With a swift rush, he grabbed the little waist of that little girl and lifted her up, spinning around. She was momentarily shook before laughing, enjoying the ride. This girl was named Yi Meimei, his half-blood sister. She was a full-blooded elf, unlike himself.

After a while, Yi Yun put her down carefully.

"Did you find something?" Her cute eyes brightened as she tried to look into the basket, but there was a cloth hidden over it as if purposely keeping it as a surprise.

"I did!" Holding her hand, they walked into the house.

The first sight he saw was a gorgeous middle-aged woman, with dry platinum blonde hair, and turbid blue eyes. She seemed like an older version of Yi Meimei, and could've been dazzlingly radiant if she wasn't currently in bed, cold sweat dripping from her forehead. Her body exuded a fragile weakness, and when she saw them enter, her eyes brightened before she let loose a series of hefty coughs into her hand

"Mother!" Yi Meimei rushed over, grabbing a cloth to slowly and thoroughly wipe the blood that covered her mother's hand and mouth. Afterwards, Yi Meimei carefully placed a blanket over her mother.

Yi Yun walked over, his eyes smiling, trying to hide his true emotions. With a low tone, he said: "The effervescent potato harvest was today. I got lucky, so we got one very big oversized potato! Guess something is looking out for us today, I'll make you something."

Yi Meimei's eyes brightened. Those potatoes had special properties that were known for handling easing symptoms for illnesses. A happy glint emerged in her eyes. It was always her brother who was most reliable.

The middle-aged woman, Yi Jingyi, gave off a slight, weak smile. "You've worked hard," she hoarsely said before her breathing became a little labored. It seemed even speaking exhausted too much of her energy.

Yi Yun smiled, moving to bring out some other ingredients to mix with. While doing so, his mind was endlessly circulating with all sorts of thoughts. 'Tomorrow, if I can get that herb...until then, just stay strong mother. Stay strong.'

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Yi Yun in his past life wasn't much, just a thief who died while trying to steal. But he accrued enough Karmic Sin in his lifetime to warrant being cleansed by the Second Calamity of Hell, the Calamity of Endless Regret. His soul, despite its lowly life, had survived all 108,000 years of its horrific experience of isolation and regret. His perseverance came alongside the special laws that balanced punishment with reward, and he was thus blessed by the Heavenly Daos.

While his soul was thoroughly cleansed in the third trial, sending him off to the river of souls to be reincarnated, the blessing followed him into this life. At that moment, as he sliced the potato, he experienced the first Karmic Luck surge of his lifetime.

And it was a massive one.

Chapter 629 - 624: Blazing Tragedy, Yi Yun

"Where is she?!"

In Oakfall Village, a chaotic commotion occurred at midnight, followed by a hectic search effort. Numerous men dressed in uniformed outfits scoured the streets, their eyes blazing with spiritual light and lethal vigilance.

"Black outfit! Find her!" A commander of these men shouted, adding: "Apprehend any female member of slim build and tall height! Go!" They burst into numerous homes, grabbed the young women that fit that description with prejudice.

The screams and shouts of those panicked few constantly resounded. There was no house left unraided and no suspect given any quarter. Even these men showed little gentleness as they pulled the young women from their homes and sealed their cultivation bases, including their movements. Restrained, in fear, these women could only tremble and weep.

They were unaware of what was happening, but they recognized the men that were present. They belonged to the Oakfall Village's army, and some even were familiar with these men, yet their eyes that gleamed with spiritual light seemed to not take into consideration any past relationship. From their dark and solemn gazes, the situation was definitely beyond serious.

A few instinctively resisted as having invaders breach their homes, snatch their daughters, sisters, or mothers like bandits startled them, and pushed them off the edge. A few soldiers were injured by higher-leveled cultivators, but those who took action would soon be harshly suppressed, their female members treated even more poorly as they were prime suspects.

"Huff! Huff! Ha!" The pantings of a youngster resounded in the thick shrubbery, but those pants halted instantly as if cut off unnaturally.

Rustle! Rustle!

A series of men rushed past the shrubbery with weapons gleaming with a deadly glint. Their eyes shone with spiritual light. As they consecutively passed with hurried steps, the last to pass the shrubbery halted. He was tall, thin, and had sunken eyes. There was a villainous gleam within his eyes as he swept them to the surroundings.

"Anything there?!" A voice called out from ahead. It belonged to one of the others that had passed. The tall man frowned as he inspected the surroundings again, but replied: "No! Nothing!"

After that, he rushed ahead and caught up with the others.

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

The heavy beating of the youngster's heart was like war drums, pounding and violent. The youth was garbed in black outfit, with shapely curves, a pair of ample breasts, and long, black hair. With a careful survey of their surroundings, they left in a hurry.

The search continued as women were inspected and interrogated. From the words of the commander and other men, they were looking for an herb. Those smart soon realized what this herb was and who it belonged to, and their hearts quivered. Who would be so daring?

The commander stared at his two reporting lieutenants who replied with unfruitful news. "The Meadowlife Herb isn't so easy to hide! It can't be stored in a spatial ring, so find it!" The lieutenants assented with nods and grunts before hurrying off with solemn gazes.

The commander sighed, "This is such a mess."

Several hours later, a short black haired young man with platinum highlights was refilling a hole in the ground with a shovel. It was almost filled entirely, but prior to that, it was dug out and filled with a wig, silk cloth, padded clothes, and platform shoes. While the melons had been crushed entirely.

The disguise had changed his body to become tall, female with a buxom figure, but he couldn't keep this evidence, and he couldn't burn it in the middle of the night either. As for throwing it in a river, the possibility of it being found might expand their search to men instead, and he couldn't risk it.

After filling the last bit, he heavily sighed and wiped off the sweat on his brow. But then a silly smile formed on his face, filled with abundant happiness: "I got it!" The Meadowlife Herb was a low-level astral-grade material that contained a pure lifeforce, and it was extremely rare.

It only grew in areas that experienced the Meadow Life Wood Phenomenon. While these environments could be artificially stimulated, a powerful cultivator needed to do so. In the Oakfall Village where the strongest cultivator was merely at the Seventh Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, this was highly unlikely.

Yet it happened.

The herb had been harvested recently after the phenomenon occurred roughly three years ago. He couldn't let this opportunity slip, and created an airtight plan to sneak into the Village Lord's private vault and snatch it. He wasn't greedy, and took only it.

Still, this was risky.

After using it to heal his mother, they would have to leave immediately lest the loss of the herb was connected with her healed state. Thinking of his mother, he touched a dangling piece of jewelry that hung around his neck. It was a violet-colored lotus that gleamed with a brilliant luster.

His sixteenth birthday was yesterday and his mother had given him this lotus necklace as a gift. She said it belonged to his human father, and that she kept it as a safe-keeping until he returned. While she didn't say it, he could see that she believed she wasn't able to wait any longer. Her illness had taken its toll on her and she knew she didn't have much time.

Clenching the lotus, he thought about his absent father who left when he was just five years old, while his mother was pregnant with Yi Meimei! The despicable man left without a word to them, left them high and dry, poor and suffering.

From the age of five, he had to learn how to earn for his family, especially with the newborn on the way. He had to do whatever he could to earn whatever was possible to provide, and even his mother who was suffering from the pains and difficulties of pregnancy had to put in some effort. While she smiled through it all, he knew she was hurt inside.

To bear such a heavy responsibility and alleviate her worries, he worked even harder. He became a herbal caretaker, gleaned towards recently harvested fields for additional food, and performed all sorts of odd jobs. This was further made difficult by the attitudes of the people, so he even had to grovel and beg.

It soon became his advantage as many wanted to take it out on his human side, giving him difficult jobs for little pay, but he accepted it all with a bright smile.

All for her, for them.

With time, he developed many skills and performed jobs even better than those professionals. He was highly sought after, and as a herbal caretaker, he was widely considered one of the finest young minds to do so. Even the Village Lord had him take care of certain herbs, for example...the Meadowlife Herb.

But two years ago, his mother suddenly caught a dastardly sickness. The medicinal sages couldn't diagnose what was wrong with her, just that her vitality was slowly draining out of her body, and this caused her to experience bouts of severe weakness and horrific pain. Furthermore, according to Old Hu, the medicinal sage that took the most care of his mother over the two-year period, her organs were declining with each passing day.

Soon, they'll fail.

Unless she received the best treatment or received a miracle cure, she was going to die—soon. And he couldn't stop it. Helpless, he searched for any means to alleviate her symptoms, slow down her loss of life, and find a cure. In the end, all the things that could work, hiring top-tier medicinal sages, high-grade alchemical products, or inviting an expert was far beyond his means.

The Meadowlife Herb, however, was a possible cure. If anything, it could give him more time as it was filled with vitality to replenish what his mother was losing. It was rumored that consuming it could heighten a Qi Condensation Realm's lifespan by thirty years. That was more than enough.

Clenching the necklace, he wanted to toss it aside and crush it, cursing his father for being a pathetic excuse for a man! How could he just leave his children? His wife? What was so...what was more important than them?!

His emotions riled as he angrily stabbed the shovel into the ground in his vexation. Regardless of all this, including his pathetic father, he had succeeded in stealing the herb, and his mother will be either cured or have more time. Just like before, he must be the man of this family and take care of them—no matter what!

His mood noticeably improved. As a sixteen year old, he could be happy one more, sad the next, and excited soon after. He slowly poured a green liquid over the recently filled ground and grass started to rapidly grow until it matched the surroundings. There was no sign the ground was disturbed.

Yi Yun soon started to return to his residence, that small wooden house he loved to call his home, because the two most important people in his life were there. With a bright smile, he rushed back.

"...What's that?" Yi Yun's eyes noticed in the distance a faint fiery glow from afar. The sky had a plume of smoke trailing across the skies, feeling it was a dark cloud of smoke. A sinking feeling grasped his heart and it started to violently race alongside his thoughts.

That direction...

The distance...

It was consistent with his...

"No!" He no longer held back and used his complete cultivation to urge his body forward, circulating his qi with an explosive force as he propelled forward. While he was just at the Second Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, External Flow, he was moving faster than some Yin Form Phase experts.

In a short time, he arrived at his residential district. The first thing he saw was numerous figures gathered around, standing and mumbling while looking in the direction of the fire. The blazing flames were still bright. With a roar, he charged through the gathered crowd and pushed his way to the forefront.

When he finally pushed the last annoying bystander to the side, his eyes were filled with a fiery light, reflecting the image of his small wooden house burning fiercely. "No! No! Mother! Yi Meimei!" He violently shouted and rushed forward towards the fire, but as he got closer, the scorching heat intensified its effect on his skin and caused him to pause for a moment. But it was minor as the images of his two most important people flashed in his mind. His body moved fearlessly forward!

Yi Yun didn't even realize what happened next when he woke up, his eyes welcomed by the smokey sky and rays of morning light. There was a breeze flowing across his body, and pain filled his lungs. With a hacking cough, he finally regained a sense of himself.

The first words he heard were: "We found two burnt bodies in the rubble!"

"..." Yi Yun's heart went cold.

Chapter 630 - 625: Grand Course, Yi Yun

"Ayo! Bring the bodies out, place them on the sheet!" An aged voice shouted out. The rustling of bodies moving and steps echoing reverberated throughout Yi Yun's mind. It echoed out endlessly, but an unwilling will was soon born.

"No..." With a few coughs, Yi Yun lifted his body to observe the men who were carrying two bodies that had crispy flesh and burnt skin. He could only make out from his angle the dark and red colors of the two bodies, their other features almost unrecognizable.

Tears fell from his cheeks, but he still used every last ounce of his strength to lift himself up, attempting to stand. But the smoke that had filled his lungs and his patches of burnt skin was painful, and he winced multiple times throughout.

"Argh!" Yi Yun had experienced sixteen years of life, and they included doing all sorts of jobs, humiliating and painful, yet today was the most painful moment of his life.

"Oy! Boy! Don't move," a voice moved towards Yi Yun and he felt a hand hold him by his torso and underarm. Yi Yun turned his wet eyes towards an old man with a worried gaze. He wasn't that tall, but he wasn't short. His grey hair was orderly and short, clearly well taken care of.

"Ol-old Hu?" Yi Yun recognized this old man. He was the medicinal sage that took care of his mother's condition the most over the two years since. He has helped graciously in giving her prescriptions to ease her symptoms. It was only because of his efforts and discounted services that his mother could survive for so long, and do so without being in heartrending pain.

Old Hu had a faint frown, "I'm Sage Hu, Sage Hu!" He had to remind Yi Yun once again not to refer to him without his official title. He spent decades earning the right to be called Sage, so to be referred as old rubbed him the wrong way.

"S-sorry!" Yi Yun coughed out an apology, staggering a little into Old Hu's embrace. If it wasn't for Old Hu, Yi Yun would've fallen to the floor by now.

"Do you not understand what happened? You need to rest," Old Hu gently informed.

Rest?

How could he rest?

Yi Yun shook his head, looking at the two burnt bodies through the gaps of people that were examining it curiously. They were clearly trying to determine who they were.

Old Hu thought Yi Yun was unaware of what happened when he shook his head, so he carried him a little bit towards the burnt bodies. "You rushed into a burning house. You've breathed in a lot of smoke and your skin has experienced some first and second-degree burns. You're lucky there were expert cultivators all-around. If not, you'd have ended up like those two."

Yi Yun felt his heart tremble. His eyes never left those two burn corpses. "Mother...Yi Meimei..." His voice was filled with a despondence that could shatter minds and hearts.

"Hm?" Old Hu was surprised, and he looked towards the corpses from afar. Then, he seemed to understand. With a strong grab of Yi Yun who was pushing closer to the two bodies, he said: "They're both men."

"...!" Yi Yun's eyes widened, snapping his head towards Old Hu's face and fiercely analyzing his expression. If this was a foolish joke, he wanted to spot the falseness behind it. They weren't women? They were men?

Old Hu sighed, "You thought it was them; I understand." Old Hu carefully carried Yi Yun towards the bodies. Yi Yun finally saw the complete appearances of the two burnt corpses. They were both men, and fully-grown ones at that. There was not a child nor a woman there, and that was evidenced by their breasts and sexual organs.

His heart experienced a tsunami of rampant relief that caused his body to become weak. A series of heavy coughs resounded.

"You've inhaled too much smoke, and your body has suffered quite a bit." Old Hu reminded Yi Yun.

"Where are they?" But Yi Yun didn't care about himself at this moment. His mother and little sister were not here, and even after searching for them, he was unable to even see their shadow amongst the crowd. If they weren't in the house, then where were they? Also, why were there two men in his home?

"I don't know, but we should leave first." Old Hu said, then glanced at the crowd cautiously. "Let's hurry," he urged. The two started to leave the scene, but a few cultivators blocked their way.

"Halt!" They belonged to the Oakfall Village military. They had menacing appearances and inspected Yi Yun with a heavy gaze. This caused Yi Yun's heart to clench. Did they know that he stole the Meadowlife Herb? He had to consciously prevent himself from checking on the small herbal box in his robe.

Old Hu seemed to have guessed something, and his expression momentarily changed for a brief moment before becoming natural and neutral. "Is there a problem?" He asked, his tone carrying the prestige of a Medicinal Sage.

The lead soldier narrowed his eyes, a wisp of spiritual light within. "Sage Hu, will he be okay?" After a moment, his concern leaked and those following him noticed, their expressions easing.

This soldier had rushed into the fire to save Yi Yun. It seemed he was only checking on if Yi Yun, a young boy, would be fine.

Yi Yun was shocked. The concern was genuine, and he had rarely seen individuals look at him with that emotion. After all, he was a half-breed and often suffered abuse and ill-gossip from others. Yet this soldier was concerned for his well-being, he was unable to react.

Sage Hu faintly smiled. "Captain Zhi, I'll be taking him back to ensure he's given appropriate rest. Will you be investigating what happened here?"

Captain Zhi was a tall, muscular elf with brown hair tied into a ponytail. He gave off a heroic feeling of a general leading a great battle at all times, and clearly from his subordinates' mirroring act, he was well-respected and regarded.

Captain Zhi nodded, "We already have." It's been hours since the fire had been doused, and the bodies had long since been discovered yet remained unmoved until investigations had completed on the cause of the fire. They weren't amateurs.

"We have witness reports stating that three cloaked figures arrived and proceeded to raid the small house. There were some screams heard, notably from a little girl, and the sounds of a struggle. Two local residents entered the house and there was a pair of wailing screams. We believe they were incapacitated or killed interfering with a kidnapping attempt, and the act of arson started to remove any evidence," Captain Zhi explained. This shocked his subordinates.

Why was he explaining these details to two strangers?

Old Hu frowned, looking at Yi Yun.

Captain Zhi, too, looked at Yi Yun. But the target of their gazes were absentminded and violently pale. Raided? Kidnapped? Why?!

Captain Zhi retrieved a parchment from his robe after inspecting Yi Yun's response to his words. Clearly, he was shocked and confused, so it was unlikely he knew of the exact reason, but that didn't mean he couldn't piece together the information.

The parchment contained a recently drawn symbol. "Do you recognize this symbol?" Captain Zhi asked.

Yi Yun looked at the symbol. It was unfamiliar. There were three circular spirals with one at the top, one at the bottom left, and one at the bottom right. At the center where the three spirals loosely connected, there was a strange star-like object. The vertical rays were longer, sharper than the horizontal rays, roughly double.

"Why?" Yi Yun looked upwards and found a wisp of disappointment in Captain Zhi's eyes. It seemed his ignorance had been deduced.

Captain Zhi pocketed the parchment, "According to eyewitness statements, these individuals had this mark on their robes. There's a possibility that the kidnapping wasn't the intention, but an eventuality based on circumstance. Otherwise, it would be extremely strange that they were so easily identifiable and sloppy."

Yi Yun was unable to make heads or tails of what happened, but he wanted to find his mother and little sister. "Do you know where they are? Who took them?"

Captain Zhi shook his head, "They took off on a Skyship. We tracked their escape route, and a few saw them with two unconscious bodies. There was a squad of cultivators who were looking for...an object...that encountered them along the way, but they were subdued easily. This indicates that their cultivation was not low, but they didn't fly, so their cultivation bases were quite limited.

"Alright, go get treated. We'll find you if we have more questions regarding the incident. To kidnap a member of our Oakfall Village, these figures must be underestimating us. Fortunately, if they were taken, then chances are they're alive. You can rest, we'll handle this." Captain Zhi said, patting Yi Yun on his shoulder lightly to comfort him. He was aware of the identities of the two who were taken and their relationship with Yi Yun.

He knew this wasn't much, but this was all he could do.

Yi Yun was numb, mindlessly nodding as Old Hu gave thanks to the captain and left with him in tow. When they returned to Old Hu's residence, Old Hu laid Yi Yun down on a bed and solemnly looked at him.

Yi Yun had been lost in his thoughts since learning that his mother and sister were taken by cloaked figures. The symbol of the three spirals and the central star imprinted forever in his mind.

He had to find them.

Old Hu said, "You stole the Meadowlife Herb. Didn't you?"

Yi Yun's heart trembled and his eyelids jumped.

Old Hu heavily sighed, "I guess its a blessing in disguise. If you hadn't done that, perhaps there would be no one who could've saved you from your own recklessness." He felt that Yi Yun's luck was a little too good. If it wasn't for the commotion brought about by the Meadowlife Herb, he would've certainly not been saved.

Taking a few steps back, if he hadn't gone to steal the Meadowlife Herb, it was possible he could've been captured or killed by those cloaked figures. It was quite amusing to think about; being a thief saved his life.

"...What are you going to do?" Yi Yun asked. He was too weak to resist Old Hu if he wanted to act against him for the herb, and he couldn't stop it if Old Hu turned him in. After all, he was a thief.

Old Hu shook his head. He didn't reply immediately, merely took up to a desk and pulled open a drawer to retrieve a bottle of ointment. "You're my patient, so I'm going to treat you."

Yi Yun relaxed. He didn't think Old Hu would turn him in, and he didn't seem interested in the herb. Of course, Yi Yun didn't understand the true darkness that others could hold in their hearts. Even as Old Hu applied the ointment, he couldn't help but consider giving Yi Yun poison and taking the herb for himself. After all, who wouldn't want a few dozen years of additional life?

In the end, he didn't. "I recognize the symbol," he decided to tell the truth.

Startled, Yi Yun's eyes brightened as he lifted his torso up. "You did?"

Old Hu nodded. He didn't know it at the time, but this was the first action that could spiral Yi Yun into an epic adventure of heartfelt struggle, personal discovery, life-defining relationships, and fierce battles. The youth that had never harmed a fly might become era-defining, remembered throughout the ages.

"It belongs to a certain organization called the Tri-Spiraling Star. They are..." As Old Hu began to weave the explanation of their origins, what little he knew, there was a figure who was aware of this event, this beginnings of an epic character.

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Within the Voidspace of the Elven Sanctuary, there was a small-sized Voidship floating outside the Woodland Moon's atmospheric layers. On its hull, there were two radiant characters that highlighted its origins. These two characters said: "Everlore" & "San".

San Yongli, the Temporal Reincarnator, was at the helm of this Voidship, her crimson eyes staring at the beautiful lunar satellite before her. There was a trace of nostalgia in her eyes, betraying her deep memories of this celestial body in her past life. At her glabella, a glimmer of gold flickered.

"We've received permission to enter," A tall, shapely human female with long brown hair stepped forward and said.

San Yongli nodded. With a thought, the Voidship made its steady descent. 'It's been decades since I've been here. I still can't believe the True Martial World Emperor originates from here... Let's see if it's actually here.'