

Chapter 651 - 646: Golden Auction, Bid Of The Sky

'Tian Yinwu.' Ma Sujiang's eyes were unmoving, reflecting the spiritual incarnation of this Imperial Prince. There was a peculiar emotion within her eyes, glinting and flitting about, an emotion of admiration and heated passion. She, an illustrious Ascended, was unable to suppress her roiling feelings.

Ma Sujiang was relatively aged, if judged by mortal standards. If one considered her from the perspective of an Ascended, she was remarkably young. Still, there was no true guarantee that she would become a true Ascended. She, like other women, had thoughts of settling down and finding a Dao Companion.

She was formerly the Assistant Manager of the Third Branch, is the last daughter of the Ma Clan's Patriarch who managed the entire Third Branch of the Golden Life Pavilion. Regardless of status, talent, wealth, beauty, or strength, she lacked none of it. There were very few candidates in the starfield that could remotely grab a wisp of her interest.

Tian Yinwu's name was at the very top of that short list. This rang true for many of the talented female cultivators like herself, even those who've reached the Mystic Ascendant Realm.

Tian Yinwu was the seventh son of the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor, the ruler of the entire Aeternal Sky Starfield. However, he was born from a concubine. Normally, this status should've relegated him to a disastrous fate, pushed down into mediocrity by his siblings.

He wasn't born with a unique physique. He didn't have a special blessing. There was no great fortune bestowed upon him by others. In a way, one could say that for the first thirteen years of his life, he was neglected by everyone. He was unimportant, just like the other children born from concubines of the emperor, which currently totaled 729 others.

He was just 'another one'.

Yet his feats were an unstoppable force, his achievements shocking even the emperor himself. If one considered the term jack of all trades as an acceptable way to describe someone with multifaceted talents, then Tian Yinwu could be classified as the master of all trades.

At the age of thirteen, Tian Yinwu comprehended nine types of greater-than-basic Intents. This included the ethereal intents of Sword Intent, Shield Intent, Fist Intent, and Battle Intent; high-level material intents such as Yang Light Intent, Violet Lightning Intent, Shining Golden Intent, and Berserking Scarlet Intent; lastly, he even merged the nine basic elemental Intents, forming Elemental Origin Intent.

At the age of fourteen, he ascended to the Astral Core Realm.

At the age of fifteen, he was officially recognized by the Everlore Association as an Official-leveled King Alchemist, the youngest King Alchemist without an Alchemic Astral Soul, establishing a new record for the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

At the age of sixteen, he designed and forged a never-before-seen high-level astral tool that had received direct praise from the Godforge Association's own Godforge Emperor. He regarded it as one of

the most creative designs he'd ever seen in his years. This came from a man who invented several tools and armaments of his own design that were wielded by High-Lords and Earthly Saints.

At the age of eighteen, he designed a planetary spell array that, with very little cost, could even hold back an Earthly Saint at the highest level, albeit temporary. In regards to efficiency of structure, ease of construction, and lack of high-end resources, it became the staple base template for quite a few planetary formations. It was sold directly by the Imperial Clan and earned him outrageous amounts of wealth, respect, and renown.

These were just some of his feats. He was talented in the Dao of Alchemy, Forging, and Design, while having an absurd comprehensive talent. This alongside his status and birthright elevated his importance to the stars and beyond.

But what truly defined his reputation was when he reached the age of thirty, when he, at the Sky Ruler Phase, fought and defeated, yes, defeated a Realmlord! It was a fair duel witnessed by all, and experts were utterly baffled by his tactics and means, including the Realmlord's lack of restraint. He accomplished what most would think was completely impossible, absolutely inconceivable.

There was no Season of Regression or self-harming method used to muddle the results, just his own strength.

Currently, he was fifty-four years old, gained the title of an Imperial Prince decades ago, and his mother was elevated as an official wife, only beneath the Empress herself. This was all brought about by his very own talent, hard work, and incredible achievements. At present, the legends of his feats still echoed.

There was no one who was unaware of his name.

He was a highly expected favorite to do best in the Chosen King Competition held in a few decades. Either him or his half-sister, a figure that was not the least bit inferior.

Despite more than twenty years having passed, based on Tian Yinwu's spiritual fluctuations, he was merely at the Soul Idol Phase, absolutely ideal for the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. There were those who shuddered at the possibility of him obtaining this product.

What limits will this break for him?

Ma Sujiang's heart raced with a rushing wave of expectation.

Ma Sujiang gathered herself, politely declaring: "The highest bid is four hundred mystic stones."

"..." Yet the crowd was silent as the air grew a little dense. The Imperial Clan was a highly competitive existence, so Tian Yinwu was representing solely himself in this matter. Since he stepped out, most understood a fierce battle was about to take place.

It took a mere few minutes from the declaration before a laughter echoed in the audience. A voice, deep and resounding, exploded out: "Haha! Little Brother Yinwu, I didn't think you'd actually participate. I thought someone of your talents wouldn't need it. Unless, you're stuck in the Soul Idol Phase? Your cultivation a little difficult?"

The voice teased, yet it rippled out with a thunderous momentum. The audience knew this voice, looking to see the second son of the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor, Tian Guyan. He was a hot favorite for the Imperial Throne, not the Chosen King Competition.

After all, he was thousands of years old and a genuine expert that had to be called a High-Lord, a Third Stage Mystic Ascendant, the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase!

Tian Yinwu merely smiled, completely composed. His spiritual incarnation was unshaken by Tian Guyan's deliberate actions to do so. A heroic figure, tall and muscular, carrying the bearing of a true ruler sat in his seat. He didn't even need to stand.

His figure was imposing, but his muscles weren't bulky or ugly. They conformed to his robes perfectly, revealing exquisite contours and edges of each sculptured muscle. With long black hair, he had a pair of hazel-golden eyes, remarkably similar to Tian Yinwu. Clearly, it was a trait earned by their noble lineage.

His fingers combed through his dark-colored short hair as he regarded Tian Yinwu. Tian Guyan emitted an aura of serenity and authority, unquestionable yet irresistible. But behind those gorgeously enchanting eyes of his, there was a thin, nigh-invisible light of panic.

Seeing Tian Yinwu unmoved by his words, he grinned. "I bid-"

"I'll add to my original bid, two hundred mystic stones." Tian Yinwu interrupted Tian Guyan's bid. The latter's eyes shrunk. He stared at Tian Yinwu, his eyes pulsing with a fierce emotion.

Yet Tian Yinwu was unbothered. His beautifully handsome appearance alongside his innate grace caused many of the female cultivators present to swoon. "If you can outbid me, Big Brother, then I'll withdraw."

Ma Sujiang said between: "The current bid has been changed, totaling six hundred mystic stones." This price was absolutely out of this world. It was merely a peak-tier, ninth-grade alchemical pill with priority rights. There was very little reason to bid enough to buy a large-sized, astral-graded planet.

Tian Guyan's eyebrows twitched a little. Then, he confidently smiled. "I, Tian Guyan, represent the Imperial Clan to offer the planet: Optimal Sky."

Optimal Sky!

That's freaking ridiculous! The thoughts of almost everyone matched, simultaneously thinking those three words in some form or slang or curse.

Ma Sujiang's eyes brightened considerably. Just the sacrificial bids were outstandingly high, yet Tian Guyan was pushing it further. In her opinion, this was the nail in the coffin. The planet Optimal Sky was a tiny-sized planet that was also a Terra-Mystic Mine, one of the most valuable existences in the entire starfield!

It contained the unique resource named Terra-Mystic Ore. It was used in forging tools, armaments, and talismans of the mystic-level. It was one of the most vital materials needed for forging those items that exceeded Mortal Limits. In the entire Aeternal Sky Starfield, there were only thirty-one of these planets.

Tian Yinwu kept his smile. He clasped his hands to his brother gracefully, accepting his defeat. He sat back down.

However, Ma Zheng glanced at Tian Yinwu. The internal structure of the Imperial Clan was not simple, regardless of which era, or which clan, it never was.

The fact that they didn't send Tian Yinwu as a representative but Tian Guyan was extremely telling of the power-balance within the clan. It was likely that, unless it was concocted and sold privately, that Tian Yinwu would never obtain a Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. At least in the foreseeable future.

Ma Sujiang was internally sullen, also understanding this point, but she stayed true to her duties. "Optimal Sky is valued at 1,320 mystic stones. The current bid is 1,320 mystic stones."

"..."

"..."

"..."

When the Imperial Clan made a move, it was not small. It eliminated 99% of all bidders, exceeding their maximum.

Ma Zheng, however, knew it wasn't over... There was one Alchemic Saint that has yet to take action, a force that didn't fear the Imperial Clan.

Chapter 652 - 647: Golden Auction, Light Of Ambition

The value of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill had reached heaven-shaking limits, especially for a Ninth-Grade Alchemical Product, even if it was a peak-tier pill. Due to this, the market price for the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill would certainly force a type of exclusivity, a required limit on financial stability and connections.

However, the many spectators, especially the talented juniors, were unable to properly wrap their heads around why this was the case. Could the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill truly redefine the state of cultivation? Could it be that a divide will truly be born from this pill's existence? It wasn't a pill that exceeded the concept of Mortal Limits, so why was it fought over?

The words of Liu Fei, the Alchemic Sovereign of the Liu Clan, echoed throughout the minds of many. Did the many forces believe that this pill was only beneficial to cultivators of a certain realm, within a certain stage, that this product will decide the next ruler of an entire stellar region?

Their thoughts wild, curious, and invigorated by the possibility fed a desire to obtain this pill. Those prospective Chosen who were brought over to observe, those genuine Chosen that have already been selected, had eyes gleaming with want.

Ma Zheng understood that this pill isn't what's valuable. Even if one took away the effect, the intricate principles, the most valuable aspect was its creator. The priority rights for the pill was secondary, the pill itself was important, but letting the creator know the value they held to them, to this stellar region, was the core objective.

'Show me...' Ma Zheng recalled Wei Wuyin's succinct words. The question was never singular in its meaning. Two words, yet contained layers upon layers that could be peeled away continuously. Those keen and insightful would understand, those dim-witted and slow would find only ignorance and confusion.

Show me how capable you are.

Show me who values talent.

Show me who has the means to catch my interest.

Show me the threats...

Show me...

Show me...

This was why he understood that this bidding war had yet to end. He personally saw the arrival of the King of Everlore. The first thing the King of Everlore did was not establish his own factions, but grew a series of talented, loyal followers. His talent and skills soon paved an eventuality where the highest association for alchemy had kneeled to him in defeat, becoming his own despite their over ten thousand years of outstanding history.

While their manner of doing things were different, he felt a distinctive similarity between these two figures. When he investigated Wei Wuyin's background, he understood that he had achieved a series of acts very similar to what the King of Everlore had done here. While in the Everlore Starfield, the King of Everlore was less involved, but as he rose to newer heights, found his own, he elevated his tactics.

A strong foundational base; loyal, talented followers; conquering the head alchemist association; establishing his reputation far and wide with outrageously extraordinary, absolutely legendary feats.

"The Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn..." Ma Zheng muttered slowly to himself. Regardless if they were related, even if it was a mere coincidence, their path was both grand, with seemingly unstoppable momentum. However, that didn't mean others wouldn't try.

When he felt that the Everlore Association wouldn't make a move today, his aged gaze dimmed considerably. Perhaps...things wouldn't be so easy for Wei Wuyin.

His thoughts weren't unique. There were others speculating and contemplating the fate of the creator, not the pill itself. These included those grand figures that were readying themselves to enter the field as players. With the board set, there was bound to be chaos and inevitable shifts in power.

An hour passed.

The Imperial Clan's bid, made by Tian Guyan, held strong. No one thought a force would bid higher. That would be a direct challenge to the Imperial Clan. While it might sound domineering and overbearing, it was also the reality of the situation. The sacrificial bid rule stipulates loss by participation. As long as you're involved, if you're not the final winner, you're the inevitable loser.

There were only a few forces that might've placed a maximum bid of this level, and they were limited to the World Sects and Mystic Associations. However, the Boundless Martial Sect has already been outbid. Clearly, they weren't as overly invested in this pill or its prospects, even if they sent an Earthly Saint.

The True Element Sect might've had a chance, but their resources were too divided, their interests far too segregated. Furthermore, there were rumors that the alchemist in question could be linked to them. While the exact connection was speculation, the fact was there was a connection.

They might not need to bid to obtain the pill.

The Void Voyage Sect has always been a mysterious entity. They rarely ever made a move in the open. If they decide to act, it'll definitely be discreet.

That left the Godforge Association and the Everlore Association amongst the Aeternal Sky Starfield's participants. The former was unlikely to have invested much in their maximum bid, the latter might not see it as relevant. In their eyes, whoever bought the pill will likely bring it to them with a deal to reverse engineer it for the promise of more, and in steady supply, at a discounted cost. Their loftiness was warranted, however, backed by their skills.

There was no other competitor left.

Or so everyone thought.

"The Ninestar Sainthall bids five High-tier, Low-quality, Mystic-Earth grade Mystic-Will Convergence Pills."

"..."

"..."

"...!"

The spectators gasped, turning towards the origin of that bid. They saw a woman, her appearance concealed by a layer of spiritual mist. They only assumed her gender due to the sound of her voice that was distinctively female.

What type of person bids for a lower-ranked product with a higher-ranked product?! Were they crazy?!

Ma Sujiang's eyes flitted with the light of surprise. She was momentarily startled, but she remained collected as she proceeded to announce the pills' value. "The value of each high-tier, mystic-earth grade Mystic-Will Convergence Pill is estimated at 300 mystic-stones each, for a total value of 1,500 mystic stones. The bid is currently at 1,500 mystic stones."

Unlike Mortal-Rank alchemical products, Mystic-Tier Products were divided into four grades, from lowest to highest: Mystic-Earth, Mystic-World, Mystic-Heaven, and Mystic-Soul. Each divided into three tiers: Low, High, and Peak. These were divided into five qualities: Impure, Low, High, Peak, and Transcendent.

The last quality, transcendent, was also recognized officially by the Mortal-Rank within the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. These particular products contained certain uniquely designed features, pushed beyond their limits of possibility by infusing other sources of power.

For the Mortal-Rank, it was the perfect melding of Mortal and Mystic. For Mystic-Rank, it was the perfect melding of Mystic and Immortal. It was once said that only those who've touched these realms could concoct these products.

That being said, the grading system for Mystic-Rank Alchemical Products was not as simple as the Mortal-Rank. For example, the first, second, and third-grade products were suitable for Non-Cultivators

and Foundation Establishment Realm Cultivators; the fourth, fifth, and sixth-grade products were suitable for Qi Condensation Cultivators, from the lower, middle, and upper phases respectively.

The fourth-grade for the Qi Creation Phase, External Flow Phase, and Elemental Birth Phase. The fifth-grade for Yin Form Phase, Yang Growth Phase, and False Reality Phase. The sixth-grade for Sublime Qi Phase, Infused Spirituality Phase, Qi Essence Phase.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth-grade products were for Astral Core Realm cultivators by the same principle, with the same structure. As for the concept of high-tier and peak-tier, it is related to difficulty and functionality. The higher the tier for the pill, typically, the more beneficial it is for that particular cultivator phase, and if a higher-graded product, such as the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, was extremely beneficial to lower ranks, it'll be classified as peak-tier.

It was this very reason why the Everlore Ascension Pill, despite its grade, the majority of its usefulness existed in the Ninth-Stage of Qi Condensation to the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm boundary, was rated as Low-tier. There was also the level of resources used and difficulty to factor, but usefulness contributed to roughly 40% of its tier.

However, it was slightly different for the Mystic-Rank Grading System. The Mystic-Earth grade was suitable for second through fourth stages of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, while Mystic-World grade was suitable for fourth through eighth stages. The Mystic-Heaven and Mystic-Soul exceeded the limits of the Mystic Ascendant Realm. As for the first and ninth stages, this was deliberately excluded due to their peculiar states. The former often had ninth-grade listed as their suitable product, while the latter wasn't understood enough.

Tian Guyan deeply frowned. His imposing gaze shifted to the concealed figure. The Mystic-Will Convergence Pill was a product used to converge Mystic Intent around yourself, increasing the ease at which one could comprehend it. It was useful for Ascended and non-Ascended alike.

It was this very pill that allowed him to reach the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase, after consuming two of these products. He knew their worth, and they were outrageously valuable. Even Earthly Saints would fight for those products.

The value of alchemical products, however, were outrageously inflated due to their scarcity. This problem held true even in the Everlore Starfield. Even if the materials for a seventh-grade product was worth a few hundred qi essence stones to concoct, the value of the seventh-grade product would still exceed an astral stone, roughly a million qi essence stones.

This was why alchemists were all absurdly rich, at least for their levels.

He didn't bid further. It wasn't because his maximum bid was reached, but the concealed figure had sent him a spiritual transmission of her maximum bid potential. It was too ridiculous. He didn't find her words to be deliberately meant to scare him off either, knowing that alchemists were all like this.

Defeated, he looked away with a carefree gaze. The only ones that could reclaim the face of the Aeternal Sky Starfield were the two associations. If the Imperial Clan had prepared more, if their wealth was more centralized, not divided and tied into certain political figures' pockets and continuing conflicts, they could certainly outbid any force.

Unfortunately, their investment into the maximum bid just wasn't enough. Well, as long as Tian Yinwu didn't get it or that half-sister of his, Tian Guyan was sitting very relaxed. As a Demi-Mortal Lord, this pill offered him no use.

Many expected the Everlore Association to enter the war, bidding to uproot the Ninestar Sainthall's bid, but shockingly, there was nothing but silence. A few even tried to find their representative, but they couldn't. Were they not present? Or were they hiding and stating a stance?

Thinking about it, there's a possibility that the Everlore Association might've already started researching a way to create a similar product. This invigorated people's interest, igniting the hope in their hearts that they might be able to afford one. Their faith in the Everlore Association was unfaltering.

Two hours.

Ma Sujiang announced, "The Golden Auction has concluded! The winner of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and the priority purchasing rights for it is the Ninestar Sainthall!"

"..." There were still many that held ugly expressions. The force that didn't belong to their Aeternal Sky Starfield bought it? If what Liu Fei said was true, wasn't this giving them a head start to become the ruler of them all?

The dark thoughts of others were born. Enmity was born. Caution was born. All directed towards the open ambitions of the Ninestar Sainthall.

Ma Zheng frowned, realizing the dark expressions and dusky light in the eyes of those glancing at the concealed figure. 'The schemes never stop, huh?' Thinking back in hindsight, it now seemed strange that Liu Fei would make such an announcement.

The Liu Clan...

With a soft sigh, Ma Zheng placed such thoughts away. There was no need for an old man like him to integrate himself in such sinister plays any longer. His time was near. As for how the Ninestar Sainthall handles these matters, that was on them.

"Little Brother, better luck next time." Tian Guyan sneered as he directed his voice towards Tian Yinwu. His spiritual incarnation vanished.

There were a few figures that glanced at Tian Yinwu with pity, a hint of regret. If a genius like that had this type of product, wouldn't he grow wings? But Tian Yinwu kept a neutral expression, undisturbed by his half-brother's sniding comment.

Ma Sujiang's eyes carried a wisp of worry. She wondered if there was a way to obtain a Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. As a businesswoman, she could invest in Tian Yinwu. Right? This would pay dividends in the future...right?

Tian Yinwu lips arched upwards slightly, one infused with a feeling of triumph, before he dissipated. Ma Sujiang felt that her eyes were fooling her. Did he just smile?

With the curtain closing, the final winner being declared, the world went into an uproar after a series of news were released. Firstly, the final bid on the auction. It was stupendously high, reinforcing the already floating idea that this pill shall redefine the world's standards.

Secondly, the official sale price for the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill had been determined and announced. While the pill and its temporary priority rights sold for fifteen hundred mystic stones, each product was still reasonably priced at 880,000 astral stones.

While still outrageously high for a ninth-grade product, it was affordable. After all, some Gold-tier forces lacked a single mystic stone. Not just in terms of having one, but in liquid wealth overall as well. The value of an small-sized, astral-graded planet was worth over three mystic stones. You can't expect these forces who shared these types of planets with other forces to have such expendable wealth to begin with. But now they were still capable of affording it if they went all out.

Lastly, the stock minimum was announced. There'll be eight Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pills available every decade, after the priority period passes. Most would have to wait roughly three decades for one. That being said, it was a minimum, not the maximum. There could always be more.

This gave others hope.

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Several days later, Ma Zheng and Ma Sujiang sat at a bench. A relatively joyful park filled with kids was there. Their parents were cultivators, enjoying time socializing and gossiping about news. The two were extraordinary, but seemingly ignored as if they weren't there.

Ma Sujiang was dressed much more simply than before. She had many different flavors and wore them all well. Even now, she gives off a gentle feeling in her blue robes.

Ma Zheng remained the same, his aged face possessing a pair of eyes that reflected the vicissitudes of his lifetime and wisdom.

"The Main Branch...are you sure this is fine, father?" Ma Sujiang asked, a hint of worry in her tone. The Main Branch of the Golden Life Pavilion kept troubling them for the concoction method for the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, and to meet the creator of this recipe, but Ma Zheng refused both demands.

There were moves to reduce Ma Zheng's authority within the Golden Life Pavilion, even attempts to strip away power from their Ma Clan. All because of their refusal to share the concoction method or reveal the creator's location to them. She didn't expect their moves to be so vicious. There were also those other clans within the Third Branch that were readying to grasp their position.

There was already a plan being finalized to replace her former position as Assistant Manager with an avid competitor of theirs, someone within the Third Branch. With her father being at the edge of his lifespan, they were clearly demanding that he groom that person as his successor in the event of his death.

It was a blatant threat.

The opening that her removal presented them with an opportunity to reject her from taking over the Third Branch. She felt somewhat guilty. She wasn't foolish enough to think it was her father's decision that landed him in this position.

Ma Zheng remained entirely unconcerned. "When he arrives, everything will be dust in the wind. Why waste time on these minor matters?" After that, he coughed. With a few out, his breathing and complexion regained some normality.

Ma Sujiang's trimmed brows furrowed with indescribable worry. She could tell her father's condition was worsening.

Ma Zheng deeply inhaled, looking at the little kids playing with innocence in their eyes and joy in their movements. With a slow exhale, he smilingly said: "My final sights aren't on the Third Branch. I think it's time for the Ma Clan to start regaining what was originally ours."

Ma Sujiang's eyes widened. She had never seen the light of ambition in her father's eyes before...it was unexpectedly...refreshing.

Chapter 653 - 648: Fate Of The Few

The Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's undercurrents were surging, thriving, permeating throughout the seams of causality and leading to eventuality. The influence of the Heavenly Daos, the heavy decisions of a few, and the actions of a single man, a world-defying pill, and an earth-shattering belief had set the stage of an ensuing flood.

The tangible effects were already erupting into existence.

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An azure-scaled, one-horned dragon nestled against a mountain, resting its eyes as a gorgeous woman sat on its snout, meditating in the lotus position. The ambient energies of the world were being pulled into her immediate surroundings from several miles. The flow into her body, absorbed through her meridians, refined by her Spirit of Cultivation, and merged into her own innate energies to strengthen them.

Xue Yifei cultivated peacefully, but the air around here seemed to embody the world as faint wisps of World Pressure were emitted. She, like Na Xinyi, had refined a high-quality Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. The resulting Worldly Domain allowed her to use her World Pressure to tame energies, causing her to absorb them with greater ease.

Just this feat alone accelerated her general cultivation efforts, be it with alchemical products or with ambient energies, by four times its normal pace. This was miraculous.

She slowly opened her eyes after absorbing enough energy. Her hazel-colored eyes accentuated by her navy-blue flecks revealed themselves to the world, emitting a vigorous spiritual light infused with a dragonic pressure.

Anu felt the surge of power, opening his eyes lazily as he snouted softly. "How is it?" He asked via spiritual transmission, clawing at the air to stretch. The ground trembled and a portion of the mountain was ripped off, collapsed and sent into a tumbling avalanche.

Xue Yifei regulated her breathing before responding. She said only one word: "Incredible." It was filled with earnest admiration and joyous excitement, and a large chunk of pride. This was the product her man had created!

She had difficulty, like most, with cultivating the profundities of the next stage. She struggled with sensing and deducing the secrets of fixed space, spatial energies pertaining to it, and how to incorporate those energies into her Spirit of Cultivation. Even with all of Wei Wuyin's alchemical support, this only enhanced her speed, not negated it. All types of enlightenment products that gave one an opportunity or bettered one's affinity existed yet they still required the cultivator themselves to finalize the gains.

Even with all the support in the world, if you're inept at grasping opportunities, then nothing can help you.

However, her questions and confusions, those intricate details of how, why, and what was slowly pieced together with greater ease than any enlightenment pill she'd ever consumed. The Domain Seed already contained all the answers to every single question, leading to the eventual forming of a Domain Seed itself. So how could it be difficult?

"Cultivation doesn't seem remotely as difficult as before. I feel like Wei Wuyin is guiding me," she gently touched the heart area of her chest. She felt the pulsing Domain Seed that orbited her Astral Soul, swimming within her heart.

Anu was intrigued. However, he didn't have a follow-up question, so he just laid there quietly. Since being brought here, he hasn't been able to do much except absorb the ambient energies of the world and rest. It wasn't that bad. It was far better than hiding like a rat fearful of being discovered and then trapped.

Moreover, he was given a ring as well. He was shocked at how effective these alchemical products were. Just in these last few months, he refined certain energies in greater quantities than before. Even his physical body was slowly growing larger, stronger with some of these products. It was nice, actually.

Xue Yifei's eyes stared at the sky of the Grand Horse Realm. Just as her thoughts were fixated on a single, indubitably unerasable figure within her heart with a visage of unearthly looks, her cheeks showing signs of blushing, a figure arrived before her.

It was the petite young woman, Ma Ru.

Xue Yifei had long since familiarized herself with Ma Ru, even taking a liking to her. This was especially so after her feelings of dislike towards those who kidnapped her was dispelled by Wei Wuyin. She knew they were here to protect her, not harm her. So her emotions became natural and her thoughts unbiased by circumstances.

She smiled at Ma Ru. Ma Ru was about to speak but was momentarily sent into shock by her appearance. With Xue Yifei's bright eyes and faint blushing cheeks, even she was briefly taken aback by her exquisite beauty.

"Miss Yifei, the Patriarch has sent me over to give you an account of your earnings. Including to be of service if you wish to directly purchase anything with it." Ma Ru calmly said as she organized her thoughts.

Confused, Xue Yifei asked: "Earnings?"

"Yes. As the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Sovereign's concubine, in his absence, you'll be given a set percentage of his total earnings for all sales, auction purchases, and event buy-ins established in his honor. Unless,

of course, he has specifically ordered to revoke such rights." Ma Ru was orderly with her words. She spoke of the legal rules of the Aeternal Sky Starfield that had been set by the Imperial Clan.

Just like a mortal society, or any society, the rulers established certain rules to be followed or adopted to remove ambiguity and give rights to the individual or group. This was to better benefit the weak. Typically, this rule was put into effect upon one's untimely demise with outstanding items still on sale. The profits shouldn't be fully pocketed by any merchant association, giving some of the earnings to the family.

While Wei Wuyin has a fiancé, in an official capacity Na Xinyi wasn't truly connected to him, according to the laws established. So only a single person was allowed that right—Xue Yifei, the officially recognized Concubine.

Xue Yifei was startled as Ma Ru proceeded to explain to her the rules, including the auction. She was there for the Grand Demonstration, but not for the auction. She hadn't even been told the results of the Golden Auction yet. She guessed this was it now.

Anu was perked by this, smiling with deep interest. "How much is it?" When he learned that Wei Wuyin was an Alchemic Sovereign, he couldn't fathom how that fragile and weak youth could rise to such levels. He wasn't ignorant of Alchemic Sovereigns, after all, he lived throughout the entire King of Everlore era.

Ma Ru looked at Xue Yifei who had the same question in her eyes. Ma Ru brought out a receipt. It was relatively long. There were exact earnings based on each bid, each golden ticket bought for the Grand Demonstration, each minimum buy-in to the Golden Auction, including the more expensive ones sold after the Grand Demonstration by those who hadn't bought one prior.

However, she didn't read it all out. Instead, she looked at the bottom line. Her breath hastened and her heart raced. She hadn't looked at this before...

She gulped heavily, with a slightly hoarse voice: "The total earnings, your 13.2% percentage of the total as a sole legally recognized family member, after deductions, is...three hundred and twenty-nine mystic stones, six hundred and eighty-three thousand astral stones. You...you can use this to buy whatever you need." Just speaking out the total, 329 mystic stones and 683,000 astral stones, was extremely difficult for her.

What type of outrageous wealth was this?!

"..." Xue Yifei's was frozen.

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The Elven Sanctuary, on the Woodland Moon, was an emerald-haired, white robed female with an exquisite figure that was currently within a garden suffused with pure wood energies.

Swirling around her were nine swords that emitted nine distinct types of wood energies. They danced through the air, bringing forth a picturesque scene as she moved along them according to a strange, fascinating rhythm.

A light bronze-colored elf with brown hair descended in the garden, gazing at the gorgeous display of flying swords. After a few minutes, she spoke out to grab the other's attention: "Little Sister Qiumu."

Qing Qiumu spun, and with a flourish of her long, smooth fingers, the swords' flight ceased without any issue. She lowered her hands and the swords stabbed into the ground in front of her, being nourished by the wood energies of the garden.

"Ai Yin," Qing Qiumu still hadn't adjusted to calling Ai Yin using the big sister title yet. She corrected herself with an apologetic smile, "Big Sis Yin."

Ai Yin was unbothered by such trivialities. She looked at Qing Qiumu with a smile, "I thought you would be more disappointed that Wei Wuyin hadn't left you anything."

Qing Qiumu's smile froze briefly, but she regained motion quickly enough. She went to touch the hilt of one of her swords, saying calmly: "I'm not a part of his faction or his...lover, so why would I be disappointed? I'm not entitled to anything."

Ai Yin looked at Qing Qiumu with a faint smile. While visiting Qing Qiumu to try to get a grasp on Wei Wuyin's location and details, Ma Zheng arrived before them and gave her a spatial ring that contained resources for her and the entire lineage of elves that originated from the Four Extreme Continent.

She was given a wave of explosive relief after realizing the Holy Son was alive and thriving, keeping her in his thoughts. After all, she had given her untouched body for nearly a thousand years to him in hopes of obtaining his holy bloodline. While that objective had become irrelevant with these newfound circumstances, when she learned that elves were still a suppressed race, and that it was even worse here, she felt afraid.

It was only natural to seek out your lover after, a pillar for the sky that carried hope, and that was Wei Wuyin.

However, when Qing Qiumu had seen the spatial ring given to her by Ma Zheng, alongside a spiritual message, Ai Yin could see the heavy disappointment within her eyes.

Ai Yin teasingly smiled after thinking up to here, "Not entitled? Not even to a spiritual message?"

Qing Qiumu's body trembled. She didn't respond, but the images of all those receiving messages that made them excited, thoughtful, or outright crying and emotional had left an impact on her heart.

'Is our friendship not worth a single message?' She clenched her right fist tightly. Even if Wei Wuyin owed her not a single qi stone, he should've still left her a message to tell her that he was okay, right? The feeling caused her heart to ache.

"Well, it seems he thinks you are entitled to something." Ai Yin's words snapped Qing Qiumu out of her thoughts. When the latter looked at the former, she saw her holding out a spatial ring with a carefully-made etching that read: "Kindred Spirit—Freed & Flourishing"

When Qing Qiumu saw this, she immediately knew who it referred to. While it wasn't outright written, she had been saved by Wei Wuyin twice. She realized it was a play on words, a nod to their relationship and her thoughts towards her.

Her heart grew unfathomably warm. Before Qing Qiumu could even take hold of bearings, she found herself directly before Ai Yin. Her feet had brought her here instinctually, acting on her greatest desire.

She couldn't help but ask curiously, "Why now?"

Ai Yin's smile became gentle, "The message I received from him was about you. To ensure that you remain safe until his name resounds. Only then, was I to give this to you. After the Grand Demonstration held by the Golden Life Pavilion, I think his name has spread far enough." She was shocked that Wei Wuyin was an Alchemic Sovereign, but she knew nothing of the King of Everlore's legend.

Furthermore, her born and raised bias regarding alchemists due to the Four Extreme Continent couldn't be abolished so easily. Still, she understood the significance of such a title. Just off the products he left for the elven race, she knew how valuable they were, and how precious Wei Wuyin was. Even better than a Holy Son!

Qing Qiumu was confused. She reached for the ring, resulting in a spiritual light infusion that she wanted even in her dreams. When she heard that familiar voice, her emerald eyes brightened to the utmost limits.

And then...she understood.

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The Traceless Regret Valley was a secret realm with reinforced spatial bindings that heinously vicious criminals, despicable defectors, disgusting traitors, and idiotic rule-breakers were held.

It was a sealed prison with no hope for escape. It lacked any form of solar light emissions. It was a location without the slightest light, darker than night before the absence of the solar star. It was colder than a frozen tundra, but it was freezing, just sufficient enough to have one titter upon the line of being frozen to death and still barely surviving. Unfathomably uncomfortable.

The secret realm had a droning sound that was endless, sporadic, and prone to random bursts of mind-exploding noise that could be felt throughout the entire body, like worms swimming through the ears into the body. This noise was like the sound of a banshee's horrific screech. It was difficult to obtain the slightest bit of sleep here.

That was just the ambient environmental conditions. That was merely the beginning.

There were numerous cells within this secret realm of darkness, horrifying chill, and chaotic noise. Within one of these cells was a woman, completely naked, her body revealed to the world if it wasn't incredibly dark. She was shackled to a spinning wheel, crucified to it.

As it spun, lines of slim and abrasive rope would intermittently whip towards her once delicate skin. It was thin so only small lines of blood were formed, yet it reached deep and touched even the nerves. These whips were launched twenty times a minute, randomly and without any warning. They could come from the front or behind.

After 24 hours, an infusion of life energies would pour into her body, healing her completely. Then, the process would continue.

Sleep deprived. Constant pain. Unable to tell the time that has passed except when healed. Torture. Absolute torture. This was merely the beginning, because when the cycle reset, so did the punishment change.

Whips, drowning, being burnt to the utmost limits of the body, stabbed by blades, being eaten from the outside by poisonous insects...

Lin Xianxei's eyes were dim as she underwent this without stopping. She now realized why most criminals that suffered this and survived came out...different. Most reformed, others suicidal.

Hell.

If she had to guess what it felt like, this would be it.

Step. Step. Step.

She only heard steps, unable to see. Her cultivation had been sealed, her innate energies drained, and even her foundation was slowly being siphoned away by this abuse. Yet those steps were familiar for the last few days. It was her caretaker, her overseer who fed her and ensured she remained alive.

Furthermore, to remind her why she was here and tell her how long she had left. After all, if they wanted to deal with all problems, places like this wouldn't exist in any society. All criminals would've just been killed and forgotten. They wanted her to feel regret, to suffer for her actions, but still be of use.

"Lin Xianxei; you have twelve years and three hundred and fifty-one days left." The female caretaker proceeded to move forward as if she could see, and fed Lin Xianxei a pill. With a gluttonous fervor, Lin Xianxei ate the pill.

It was a pill to sustain her cultivator body's natural needs. If one refused to take it, they would eventually die from the lack of innate energies to fuel their bodily functions. Unlike mortals, cultivators needed far more energy to survive. Usually this would be dealt with by slight effort to cultivate, but not here.

And she refused to die here.

The caretaker was about to leave, her steps moving away, but Lin Xianxei called out: "W-wait!"

The footsteps stopped.

Lin Xianxei felt relieved. She hastily asked: "Can you tell me...can you tell me how Lin Ming's doing? Please."

Her plea didn't go on deaf ears. The female caretaker felt the raw emotion in her voice and it pricked a string in her own heart, desiring to see her own lover, the one she worshipped, and the one she served. As a newly assigned overseer, she wasn't that experienced and bendable to certain rules.

She answered: "I don't know much, but the False Chosen...I mean," realizing she might've been insensitive using the derogatory title given to Lin Ming by the majority, she changed her address and continued, "the Archaic Chosen is doing well. I heard he defeated a few geniuses that challenged him."

Lin Xianxei felt a sigh of relief. Lin Ming was still her best opportunity to change her clan's situation. He couldn't fall.

"...Thank you."

"..." The caretaker was silent for a moment. Then, she asked her own question: "Do you have any idea where Wei Wuyin might be?"

"...?" Lin Xianxei was sent into confusion. Why was the caretaker asking that question? Was she sent to interrogate her? But that didn't seem right. The Earthly Saints should've verified that she was telling the truth earlier.

"...Never mind..." The caretaker walked away, leaving a series of fleeting steps behind.

Chapter 654 - 649: Gravity Source Astral Tribulation

Karmic Luck Value: 15,348.2.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 43 Years.

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The devastated ruins of the Everlore Starfield. The debris from the flat continental earths and planets that had been eviscerated by the Star-Devourer's explosive release of power were floating chaotically about in the Dark Void. Without the shine of a Solar Star, the entire space seemed to have descended into the depths of unfathomable darkness.

Yet it was not empty of life or without light.

"Six years..."

A faint glow was emitted on a large, fragmented landmass of a former planet. Sitting on its solid form, a man with dark-colored hair, dragonic eyes that emitted a silver radiance, and grey-colored hexagonal-scales that radiated heart-shaking presence. He gazed out to the Dark Void. The direction of his sight was a sleeping beast, the Star-Devourer—Tiangou. Her gigantic form and faint signs of rhythmic breathing was a sight to behold.

Since she had consumed the three Solar Stars, she had gone into a hibernation state. There was not a single thing that could move her. She even seemed fixed in space, not floating like others.

Wei Wuyin closed his eyes, concealing its radiance. Since restoring his Bloodline Source after its subsequent exhaustion moving the Four Extreme Continent and its inhabitants through the void, Wei Wuyin has actively used his Dragonification Form to resist the Dark Chill of the Void.

The innate resistance stemmed from his physical energies and its protective membrane that naturally formed. It was similar to an astral ward, preventing all external factors from intruding into his physical body. All Star Beasts possess such means. They were labeled Star Beasts because of their general

abilities to traverse throughout the stars, unlike humans, elves, and demons who have yet to reach the Astral Core Realm's Seventh Stage, the Realm World Phase.

When Kratos mentioned that existing in the Dark Void would have no issues, he was skeptical at first, but after discovering that his Void Dragon Form can refine the chaos mana, convert it to life-sustaining materials, like plants do to water and solar light, he was shaken.

He could, in theory, exist perpetually within the Dark Void without any set time-limit or difficulty. Objectively speaking, it felt far more comfortable here than living on an actual planet with a regulated life-sustaining atmosphere and environment. He kept the voidship and thrived in the Dark Void, living without any issue.

As he inspected his cultivation base, he released a very light exhale. The scenes of three years prior were relived in his memory. Ever so faintly, his body trembled.

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Wei Wuyin was standing on the deck of his voidship, looking out towards the Tiangou that slept like a rock in the Dark Void. There was a peculiar glint within his eyes.

"Bai Lin still requires a little bit more time," an expectant smile formed as he recalled that white-feathered, long-legged, prideful existence that was his partner in the skies for decades. Despite her mischievous nature, she was as reliable and loyal than any individual he'd ever come across.

He missed her.

He missed her so much that at times, it felt cold and desolate without her cries.

For the last three years, he's focused his attention elsewhere, fully restoring his Bloodline Source and pushing his cultivation foundation to its limits for physical, mental, essence, and spiritual energies via ninth-grade alchemical products. Despite the outrageously rapid speed of refinement for his Astral Souls, they still needed more and more time with the greater the grade of product.

He also needed to personally concoct each product. To depressingly add, he realized that the requirements to push his innate energies to their limits were becoming greater and greater. It was even difficult for ninth-grade alchemical products, meant for Realmlords, Timelords, and Starlords to help.

He had to supplement this requirement with quantity, after maxing out in quality. However, he understood. Even before he started to maximize his cultivation, his initial Light Reflection Phase cultivation foundation boasted a thirty-two centimeter-sized Astral Core, for each of his cultivation bases.

This was sixty-four times the average for Gravity Emission Phase cultivators. A full sixty-four times! The size of an Astral Core wasn't an exact determination of quality, so each iota of his astral force was far, far greater than size would reflect. However, that was just the beginning.

After reaching the utmost limit of the Light Reflection Phase's cultivation would allow, the perfect foundation in regards to innate energies, physical, mental, essence, and spiritual, his Astral Cores reached sixty-nine centimeters!

A FULL SIXTY-NINE CENTIMETERS!

By his calculations, this was far too excessive of an increase. After inspecting thoroughly, discussing with his Astral Souls each, he realized that he may have broken the limit of one's Astral Core, startling him outright. However, after calming down, he discovered that was unlikely.

What happened was likely the factors of his four ten-ring Soul Idols, ten-ripple Spatial Resonance, and the four unique Primary Lights elevated his innate energies limit, amplifying the qualities of his astral force to an extreme. After contemplating this possibility, he felt it more and more likely.

To break the rules of cultivation should've been met with some rejection from the world itself. He felt that something very similar to what happened to Su Mei, for whatever reason, would occur. Still, he didn't know why Su Mei experienced what she did. It was still an unanswered conundrum.

When he thought about it, he couldn't help but think that there might be others with better foundations than him. If so, was his current cultivation base perfect? Or limited by resources?

"Perfection. Is there any?" Eden asked, genuinely curious. The others chimed in, with Kratos explicitly stating that he was perfect. King, on the other hand, said nothing was perfect when faced with his edge. In the face of it, everything will be met with an imperfect end. Ori just unintentionally instigated as she questioned King if it could ruin Kratos' perfection.

If it wasn't for Eden, they might have tested this theory in his body.

This development was amusing, but it brought Wei Wuyin to a fork in the road in his thinking. "Did I really have a perfect foundation or the perfect foundation for what I am at this moment, with what my limits allow?"

If he was a Mystic-Rank Alchemist, could he exceed these limits? Would the perfect foundation of his rise in terms of quality? This thought invigorated a want, a seed of an idea. A desire to touch upon that level and see. He considered waiting until he reached that level.

However, his Astral Souls actually disagreed, particularly Eden. They believed that nothing was unchanging, but if they wanted to pursue a greater foundation, they needed to grasp a better strength.

Eden outright felt that he didn't have the means to reach the Mystic-Rank. They weren't alchemical products that he could even touch as he was. When asked why, Eden directly responded that it didn't have the right tools to do so and didn't know when it would. Confused, Wei Wuyin tried to gain a better grasp of this deficiency, but Eden barely understood it.

Unable to figure out why, Wei Wuyin was left with no choice but to continue his steps. He didn't have time to waste, and his foundation had touched upon a ceiling that couldn't be further elevated through any other means. The only option was to challenge the Astral Tribulation for the Gravity Emission Phase—Gravity Source Astral Tribulation.

He understood the principles behind it, comprehending the profundities of gravitational force. He didn't expect it to be difficult. After all, the last two tribulations were incredibly easy. As he grew stronger, so did his means, so did his foundation, and as such, so did the Astral Tribulation. After this, he would have the freedom to race to the Star Core Phase, the Ninth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, consecutively.

After all, the base requirements to surpass these lethal tribulations, he felt he already had them in just astral force, not even considering Intent, Soul Idol Rings, Spatial Resonance, or Primary Light.

It should be super easy, barely an inconvenience in his eyes.

Oh...how wrong he was.

How horribly, terribly wrong he was!

He had never felt so much fear before, even when he was dragged across an entire starfield! Even when he faced the inevitable demise of his starfield!! Even when he faced the Calamity of Hell!!!

It started out simply enough. A simple Gravity Source Astral Tribulation, right? To assail the tribulation and complete it, one has to produce a Gravitational Central Mass, a small object that will later form the foundation of one's Domain Seed. It was a small mass, compressed again and again by external forces originating from the world. It collapsed onwards, crushing the physical body of its challengers. The process could be likened to a planet's formation, with the body and innate energies as the core of the planet.

As long as one can last against the gravitational force engulfing one from every direction, not be squashed into bloody paste, as the Gravitational Central Mass within one's body stabilizes by generating enough mass, then it'll be fine.

Right?

Right?!

RIGHT?!?!

Absolutely fucking not.

His Astral Souls once more tinkered with the limits of the Astral Tribulation once again. They were joyous and excited, increasing the pressure that Wei Wuyin had to be subjected to. With his powerful physical body, he could resist this increased gravitational force. After all, he possessed the physical defenses of a peak Mortal-tier True Dragon...

However, Wei Wuyin was welcomed by a sight he never expected. An event that only happens when the degree of gravity reaches a certain limit. Not only did he feel his body's lifeforce be slowed down in its consumption in an unnatural manner, the rate of which time was affecting his body changed, but his Gravitational Central Mass was absorbing too much gravitational force...

He felt his entire body begin to be squeezed to disastrous levels. It was outright the most painful experience he has ever had!

The area around him started to become extraordinarily bright, not dark. Absolutely, terrifyingly, engulfed with light energies that existed for millions upon millions of miles. It was then that he realized that his Astral Souls, his four Gravitational Central Mass, had merged into one, and was distorting time, drawing in all light, and making movement impossible!

There was a sound resounding, masking Wei Wuyin's will to scream, as his Gravitational Central Mass started to pull in all these astronomical forces, forming a dark circular hole that seemed to have no front or back, surrounded by these compressed light energies circulating around it.

'What the hell is this thing?!' Was all he could think about as he observed the event horizon and singularity within his body.

-

Wei Wuyin shivered as he opened his eyes, three years after that event. Fortunately, he was still alive. Barely.

Kratos and the others referred to the event as a Black Hole, an event that happened when Gravitational Forces reached an extreme. They deliberately elevated the tribulation to transform their segregated Gravitational Central Mass into this Black Hole.

He had a literal Black Hole sitting at the center of his body, but it was only imposing its compression qualities to his astral force and innate energies, making it denser, purer, before spewing out its refined contents intermittently.

They essentially referred to this spewing out event, the change of the Black Hole as the White Hole, when the gravitational forces were removed, including the mass within, allowing things to leave.

For a brief moment, a moment that felt like dozens of years to his perception, they jointly created a Black Hole and he was at its center.

He never, never, never wanted to experience that again.

"Kree!"

A cry resounded.

Wei Wuyin revealed a smile as he looked towards the Tiangou, observing an incoming object covered in golden-scarlet flames.

"You're done messing with the Tiangou, huh?" Wei Wuyin laughed, standing up from the landmass. "Is it time to go?"

Chapter 655 - 650: Ancestral Path, Genesis Beasts

"Kree!" That familiar cry brought a smile to Wei Wuyin's face, infused with warmth, excitement, relief, and a little amusement. It's been six years since the starfield's destruction, three years since his last breakthrough, and a few days after that, Bai Lin's glorious return.

She had completed her full nine years. What was normally extremely short for even Astral Core Realm cultivators, even to some upper-stage Qi Condensation Realm cultivators, felt incredibly long to Wei Wuyin. He was only fifty-four years old, so he still felt everyday with remarkable clarity.

Thinking about his last two and a half decades of life, he would often feel it was surreal. Then, he was just a Core Disciple at the Scarlet Solaris Sect, staving off schemes, assassinations, and fighting for every last bit of resources possible.

Now? He had touched levels of power and means that his past self couldn't even imagine. He received the Bloodline of Sin, becoming an Inheritor of Sin, and survived the Rite of a Sinner and two Calamities of Hell as a mere mortal. There was still a cascade of never-ending stress, the weight of crushing

pressure on his shoulders, and a constant tick in his thoughts reminding him that every moment must be cherished.

Yet, he felt that his current life, his current circumstances, felt much better than his life before. Whether it was his feats or his abilities, his Astral Souls or his women, his subordinates or his reputation, he was grateful to have lived to this point.

When he watched Bai Lin vanish into the sky, becoming ash, there was an emptiness within his heart. A piece of himself had burnt along with her. With her return, so did that portion of his original heart. The heart that held his belief that simple joy of living and loving your best life, the life you wished to live by choice, was always the right way to do so.

"Kree!" As the fiery figure approached closer, the golden-scarlet flames that surrounded it slowly started to diminish in intensity. This cry of hers contained a trace of disappointment and dissatisfaction, causing Wei Wuyin to laugh again.

Woosh!

A rushing wave of flames landed before him, sending bits of gorgeous flames spewing out in all directions. Wei Wuyin was brushed by the flames, but remained unharmed. Bai Lin always had the unique ability to only bring harm to those she wished. It was as if her flames were one with her heart, capable of distinguishing friend from foe. He didn't even feel its heat on his scale, but the temperature of the Dark Void was certainly at an outrageously high level at the moment.

Wei Wuyin took a step forward and he felt a spiritual message.

"It's not fair! How come she's so big?!" Bai Lin complained gloomily, speaking through mental transmissions. The 'she' was certainly the Tiangou that was resting, not even awakened after Wei Wuyin had become the living embodiment of a Black Hole. She was an astonishing creature.

Since her nirvanic transformation, entering the new limits of her phoenix Bloodline, Bai Lin has been continuously taking action against the Tiangou. After learning that she destroyed her home, how could she not be pissed? She would unfailingly fly to Tiangou whenever she made a noticeable improvement in her strength, gaining control of her abilities or elevating her powers through Wei Wuyin's alchemical products, and begin to release a torrent of relentless strikes.

Her strikes could burn a hole through a planet, yet it didn't even singe a single hair on the Tiangou's gargantuan body. Besides a soft snort from the Star-Devourer, Bai Lin's actions did very little, if not outright nothing.

Yet Bai Lin was unwilling to give up. Even though she was unwilling, she was unable to even move the Tiangou or awaken it, her will to assert her dominance, to get some vengeance for her destroyed home, was left unable to be enacted. Wei Wuyin found this quite funny.

Bai Lin's golden-scarlet flames fully dissipated, revealing her newly evolved self. She was entirely different from her original self, a white-feathered crane with golden eyes, beak, and tail that stood at several dozen meters. Her current size had shrunk, reaching just eleven meters, far smaller than other beasts.

She had truly evolved, becoming more complex, more exquisite, closer to the myths regarding phoenixes. While her distinct features of a crane remained, such as her elegant beak with a slight curve, sharp eyes, long legs, and her feathers were a mix of pristine white and radiant gold, a perfect balance of the two.

Her head resembled that of a male golden pheasant, yet it was more flourishing, more rich in color. If it could be described, then it was a mixture of a female crane and a golden pheasant's head. Her wings were filled with feathers, but their overall structure changed, resembling swallows. Her breast area was more robust, proud and noble. The tail of hers was a mass of feathers that flowed elegantly like a river as she moved. The feathers of her tail were notably different from the others on her body, containing a strange golden gleam that trailed the world as she moved. Utterly mesmerizing.

Wei Wuyin now believed the legend that phoenixes were the progenitor of winged creatures, especially the avian species. Bai Lin, while retaining some of her original appearance as a crane, seemed to have become a mash of perfectly synergistic features of other birds.

However, this only highlighted her beauty rather than give one a sense of disunity, as if it was the correct form of all gorgeous birds. This was especially so to Kratos, who was incredibly restless after observing Bai Lin's new form.

According to it, Bai Lin's form was otherworldly and attractive to his dragon bloodline. Wei Wuyin felt the earnest admiration and heated desire as well, but his mind was reinforced by Eden, such primal instincts were within his total control.

It wasn't just a one-way feeling either. Bai Lin's eyes towards him whenever he was in his True Draconic Form was just as intense, heated, and wild as Kratos' reaction. This slowly dissipated as she grew used to it, suppressed by her powerful will, but he could tell it was present.

"She's a Star-Devourer. Of course she's big," Wei Wuyin smilingly said.

Bai Lin snorted, unfurling her wings and batting them in denial, "One day, I'll be just as big. Then we'll see if that heap of meat can stay asleep before my slaps!"

Wei Wuyin didn't find this a laughing matter. Giving her words some serious thought, because she might one day be able to do it. Since her nirvanic transformation, Bai Lin's physical form had been unchanging, staying at eleven meters no matter how increased her physical energies became, far from the standard means of a beast. However, if one thought she was small and weak from it, they'll certainly be surprised, likely played to death filled with regret.

Her transformation brought about a lot of changes, such as her ability to actively communicate. Just like Anu, she gained a higher degree of intelligence and control of her mental energies. It took her a few months before she got used to her ability, capable of perfectly sending syllables and structured sentences to others.

However, he was still a little confused. Why was she and Anu capable of doing this? He always thought it was a unique ability of Anu, because no beast at the Star-level had such means, and there was no record of it in the Myriad Monarch Sect, yet Bai Lin could do it directly after her transformation.

Was there something wrong with the beast species? Or was it just their starfield? As he was lost in thought, a bird's head lowered itself to his gaze, a pair of eyes looking at him curiously.

"You're doing it again," Bai Lin remarked. Wei Wuyin became more contemplative since her return, considering far too many matters with each passing day and spacing out randomly.

Wei Wuyin broke out of his thoughts. Warily smiling, "Sorry. I'm just curious about beasts, that's all. Why are you different from others? How come other beasts at the Star-level can't communicate via mental energies?" Wei Wuyin spoke his mind, not concealing or dismissing his questions. He would never hide his thoughts from Bai Lin. There was utterly no need.

Bai Lin lifted her neck up, contemplating with a focused gaze. She was an avian creature, lacking the required facial muscles to frown, but Wei Wuyin could tell she was focusing heavily on his questions with seemingly furrowed brows.

After a short while, she eventually asked: "Am I a Star Beast?"

This question caused Wei Wuyin to freeze.

Bai Lin twirled around Wei Wuyin, bobbing her head up and down in thought, sending mental messages. "According to you, I was a Star Beast before, right? If I'm different now, then am I still a Star Beast?"

Wei Wuyin couldn't help but ask, "You don't know?"

Bai Lin lowered her head, shaking it slightly. "Star Beast, isn't that what others came up with? How could I know?"

Wei Wuyin didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Then, he realized that there were no distinctions of beasts in the True Dragon Transmutation Method. In a way, mortal-level beasts were beasts too weak of a physical existence to survive in the Dark Void, and star-level beasts were referred to as beasts that can survive the Dark Void.

"It does kind of feel too general and made-up," Wei Wuyin remarked with a little bit of shock in his heart. Was the mortal-level and star-level classifications just distinctions, not cultivation levels?

Wait...

"Bai Lin, do you feel like you have a cultivation level?" Wei Wuyin asked.

Bai Lin lifted her head, batting her wings, "I don't know. Nirvanic Rebirth Realm? I think. Maybe?" She understood what cultivation was, being with Wei Wuyin for decades and being around cultivators since her birth, she picked up many things. She tried to place her thoughts into a similar fashion as cultivators.

Wei Wuyin added, "First Stage?"

Bai Lin's golden-colored eyes brightened with excitement, she moved her neck and head in a vibrant nod. "I have to overcome eight more. So I guess so. First Stage...Nirvanic Rebirth Realm? Nine Rebirths! Haha, I'm a cultivator!" She cried out a series of joyful noises. She soared into the sky, circling Wei Wuyin with astonishing speed and grace.

Wei Wuyin warmly smiled, but his mind was circulating madly. Were beasts functioning on a different cultivation system? If they reached a certain point...

They weren't humanoids. But then, what about the Mark of Myths? The Heart of Blood that he formed alongside Kratos. Was it just a byproduct of circumstance, a unique path of two different systems merging? But that didn't seem quite right.

"Bai Lin, do you have any unique abilities? Something that feels outright different from before? Something powerful?" Wei Wuyin asked the gleeful Bai Lin.

Bai Lin spun mid-air, twisting upwards, and then spread out her wings before gracefully landing. Her movements were incomparably elegant, smooth, and well-practiced. She had years to adjust to her new body.

"Hmm. Yes. I feel like I can communicate with something inside my heart. It resembles me, but I also can't see it clearly. Its strange." When she truly thought of it, she now realized certain things were quite odd.

Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened. He felt Kratos rumble in his heart, both coming to a clear conclusion.

"You figured something out?" Bai Lin was filled to the brim with curiosity. She didn't understand herself well enough or what it meant to be a phoenix. This was the first time the two had ever talked about it despite their almost three years together. While important, it was difficult to grasp.

Wei Wuyin nodded, his eyebrows soothed out and he felt a little relief. "It's hard to put into exact words, but I think I understand what's happened to you. Including the certain reasons for events."

The Golden Phoenix Fruit—the Heavenly Daos' karmic gift, and why it was given. The instinctual reminder to help Bai Lin overcome her Nirvanic Journey. All of it was connected to Bai Lin's cultivation path. He had thought that Bai Lin was like his Mark of Myth, divided into Mortal, Mystic, and Immortal, growing stronger as the bloodline purity was enhanced.

But he realized it wasn't. The Mark of Myth was still a product of a Spirit of Cultivation, a metaphysical bloodline. It wasn't actually natural like Anu's and Bai Lin's. Their paths were fundamentally different.

If the Mark of Myth was about elevating bloodline purity and qualities, infusing Mystic Intent and then later Immortal properties, then it followed the characteristics of his cultivation. Even if his bloodline originated from the lowest species, with the trashiest bloodline, then he could still elevate it to Immortal-Rank, manifesting abilities unique to it even if something of that level never existed in reality by following his path.

However, Bai Lin's cultivation geared towards becoming one's ancestors, awakening their bloodline, eventually transforming into the progenitor of their entire species. The image that Bai Lin sees in her heart was likely the true form of a fire phoenix, a true divinity.

She was pursuing her origins.

He was establishing his own path.

The Heavenly Daos had interfered, deliberately awakening her bloodline to have her support him in his cultivation efforts. They were karmic bonded.

The reason why others weren't like Anu and Bai Lin, to Wei Wuyin's assumption, is because they haven't awakened their Ancestral Bloodlines, allowing them to step towards their official cultivation path and reach the peak of their existence. Or at least, a peak.

When he explained all this to Bai Lin, she thought for a long moment before nodding in agreement. She felt that Wei Wuyin was right. That image felt like it was her goal. She was to undergo Nirvanic Transformation nine times, becoming a true phoenix.

After another hour of back and forth, trying to deduce certain characteristics of her bloodline and path, Wei Wuyin finally came up with a name for her current type of beast, those that have awakened their ancestral bloodline qualities, gaining heightened intelligence and capable of pursuing divinity:

Genesis Beasts.

They were at the beginning of their paths to pursue their origin, their Ancestral Paths. If Bai Lin experienced further changes, he would add to this classification. Anu and Bai Lin were both Genesis Beasts who've awakened their Ancestral Paths in his mind. Unfortunately, this was just his own means to differentiate and analyze for future reference, not an official designation.

The paths of cultivators and beasts were different. One pushed towards their own paths, the other followed their progenitor.

"I wonder if there's actually a True Void Dragon that actually exists in reality..." The thought caused Kratos to throb fiercely. To be the first of its kind, how legendary would that make it?!

Chapter 656 - 651: Leaving After Six Years

"Are we leaving?" The feminine voice of Bai Lin coursed through Wei Wuyin's mind. The voice was youthful, velvety and soothing, yet there was that upbeat vigor within that added a slight mischievousness to it. Wei Wuyin felt it fitted Bai Lin perfectly.

"Yeah," Wei Wuyin casually spoke out. His silver eyes with vertical slits of a dragon scoured the immensity that was the Star-Devourer, Tiangou.

Bai Lin turned her gaze towards Tiangou, her gaze flashing a little bit of pity. There was another reason why she tried so hard to awaken the Tiangou, and that was in the hope of communicating with it through her unique means, something Wei Wuyin wasn't able to do.

Wei Wuyin had informed her of its shout for help, and while it had destroyed her home, it was still a creature of nature. Her instincts were to eat, and Bai Lin knew hunger. The time she was alone, struggling to eat was still fresh within her memories.

She turned towards Wei Wuyin. Those golden eyes reflected a distinct warmth, a gentle emotion, and her truest feelings.

"We leave today," Wei Wuyin clarified as he removed his gaze from the Tiangou. He was unable to find a way to awaken her, and he had spent an entire year trying to deduce a means to do so. Even if it meant just communicating with it, none of his powers were effective.

Whether it was alchemical, spiritual, or mental, there was no reaction whatsoever. It stayed in its hibernating state without any indication of its awakening. He had no idea when it would open its eyes

again, but he knew that when it did, when he grasped enough power to help it, there might be something uncovered.

It could relate to his Bloodline of Sin, his Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity, his True Dragon Bloodline, or even Eden's origins. He knew there were far too many questions in this world that he would have to slowly discover answers to.

He noticed Bai Lin's emotion-filled gaze and smiled, "I've set the foundation. I just have no idea how it'll turn out. Still, it's about time we meet the others."

Bai Lin released a cry, burning excitement seething within her eyes. She wanted to show-off her new form to Xiao Bai and Su Mei, once more establish herself as the superior beast and receive her well-deserved praise.

'I don't know how much I can affect while not being there personally. There's just too little knowledge of this other cultivation society. What if my efforts amount to nothing? Even with the Karmic Luck Surge and the fail-safes, is it enough to set the stage?' His thoughts were relatively reasonable. He wasn't able to predict much, just push certain pieces forward. How these pieces reacted, such as the Golden Life Pavilion's attitude and capabilities, was completely up in the air.

Wu Yu might be insignificant in this new cultivation society. His efforts to protect the others might not be enough. What he feared was his moves being like a pebble in the ocean, creating no waves, only irrelevant ripples that'll inevitably disperse into nothing.

From Wang Yutian's analysis, he didn't believe this cultivation society and its civilization was fragile. The Imperial Dawn Starfield was frail, weak, and declining. It was far different from a flourishing society that didn't lack powerful experts, environmental conditions, and developed history.

The 'what ifs' were far too numerous, the variables—unlimited.

The Heavenly Daos might be supporting him, but he was well-aware that the Heavenly Daos were not all-powerful, all-knowing, and can't influence everyone and everything to its favor.

If the Temporal Reincarnator was as the Black Skeleton suggested, then this individual had enough Karmic Luck Value to have the Heavenly Daos directly affect time itself, giving them a second chance alongside a portion of themselves. The Karmic Luck Value for that feat must be absolutely outrageous, yet that person still died.

If a person like that can die, then he knew that his Karmic Luck Value wasn't some heavenly shield that can prevent his death or those who are tied to his karmic fortune. Long Chen reminded him of the reality of this, recalling Wu Jiao's action of killing his allies directly in front of him.

A calamity that is far too great can only be faced, the Heavenly Daos support was limited. If an expert far beyond Wu Yu acted against his subordinates, against Wu Yu himself, would the Heavenly Daos be able to save them? Would it even try? He didn't know and that uncertainty kept him on his toes, kept him constantly thinking, constantly trying to find ways to rely on himself.

In the end, these thoughts could only reaffirm his belief to rely on himself, not the Heavenly Daos. The faults of Blessed and their inevitable failings shall not affect him—he couldn't let it.

Bai Lin moved in front of Wei Wuyin, lowering herself to take his position. Wei Wuyin faintly smiled. Bai Lin was more than just a mount, and he absolutely didn't need one. He was a hybrid himself, being a beast and an incredible cultivator. He even had wings, but he didn't dare to say this.

Bai Lin would certainly flip on him if she was no longer his partner in the sky, if her usefulness was reduced. Fortunately, in his heart, Bai Lin was never useless. He settled himself on her back, mounting her, and she cried out a screech of joy. They both were visited by their old memories, a wave of nostalgia washing over them.

Once upon a time, a crane, a man, and a saber slayed numerous cultivators in a brilliant display, fearless and imposing. They were of one heart, one will, and one mind. They were once again together.

"Kree!"

Bai Lin erupted in golden-scarlet flames. The temperature was warm, the aura gentle, and the flames harmless. Wei Wuyin even felt faint life energies infusing into his body, increasing his lifespan by a tiny amount. For every second consumed, roughly a tenth of a second was recovered.

Bai Lin unfurled her wings, her white and golden feathers flourished their beauty. Unfortunately, no one was able to witness this phenomenal sight.

Woosh!

She took off. They moved at incredible speeds, blitzing a golden trail through the Dark Void. Her speed was far faster than even the top-speed of his Voidship. Wei Wuyin was used to this. Bai Lin's speed certainly exceeded Starlords of legends. Her evolution into a Genesis Beast was not without its improvements.

During these three years, Wei Wuyin had even used a variety of bloodline-enhancing and physical energy improvement products for her, kept over the years of his concoction efforts. She enjoyed the best treatment since her return.

Before she underwent her Nirvanic Transformation, she wasn't very strong. She might've been able to fight a lower-staged Astral Core Realm cultivator at best. He was even curious of her current power, but he somewhat feared facing her flames when they were destructive, so he didn't dare test it on himself.

This was even with his outstanding cultivation foundation and current strength. The feeling of danger was just present whenever she showed off her power. Her bloodline abilities likely no longer fits within the Mortal Limits, yet it might just be slightly immature.

They flew for several tens of thousand miles, streaking through the Dark Void in just a few minutes of time. Her speed was quite impressive, yet it barely reached far in the ruins of the Imperial Dawn Starfield. By Wei Wuyin's calculations, traveling to the location pinged by his spatial rings at this speed might take several years. If not a decade.

Traveling through the Dark Void was not simple. The Dark Void was massive! The issue wasn't the starfield's space, but the space between starfields. They were like chasms of nothingness, an absence of light and life. They were great dividers that made travel even more arduous, Kratos called these areas: Void-blank Spaces.

Inevitably, he softly sighed in his heart. "Bai Lin, I'm going to open a Void Portal. Be ready!"

"Kree!" She didn't mind using a Void Portal to travel. She was just happy to fly as two, piercing through the space together. That was enough.

Wei Wuyin clapped his hands together. The void force within him became vigorous. He closed his eyes, sensed the distance, direction, and location of his spatial ring. He locked onto Ying's.

If he was still on assignment, then this would give him the freedom to observe the situation and learn about this unfamiliar world. As he gathered the void force necessary, his eyes brightened as he felt the lock. With the rise of his cultivation, of his bloodline strength, and his own skill in usage, he found it relatively easy to produce a Void Portal.

The issue was the cost. However, with some calculations, he realized that his current foundations would only use up roughly 70% of his total reserves of astral forces to accomplish this feat, this included the support from Eden, King, and Ori sharing their energies. The sheer volume of power was unfathomable for a little Astral Core Realm cultivator to pull off, especially due to the Mystic Radiance Belt's unique strengthening of fixed space.

With a faint smile, he proceeded to push outwards as a Void Portal started to manifest a few hundred miles ahead. They were flying towards it at incredible speeds.

Just as he was about to finalize its creation...

Ohn!

Karmic Luck Value: 15,348.2 → 15,138.1.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 43 Years.

Chapter 657 - 652: Karmic Detour

210.1?

'At a time like this?' Wei Wuyin was briefly stunned. The familiar sting of the Heavenly Daos influence at the back of his head and arm struck again, his eyes brightening with an iridescent radiance as a result. The light was complex as his Celestial Eyes were fully invoked, even using the Eye of Truth and his own spiritual senses to observe the world's trend and surroundings.

When he did, his pupils shrunk slightly as he realized his Void Portal's lock had yet to complete. The Heavenly Daos influence was slight, incredibly subtle, but he felt a desire to make just a very, very minor alteration in the Void Portal's lock and fluctuations.

'If I was a normal Blessed, would I have been influenced to change my destination without my own awareness? Accept it as my own mistake?' Wei Wuyin was deeply startled by this type of urge to sabotage one's own destination. However, he soon came to an understanding in his heart.

This wasn't the first time something like this happened, but it affected Bai Lin, not him. The last time they were directed towards a certain location was due to the Ash Dragon City's fiasco in the Myriad Yore Continent's Wu Country. They sped towards a certain direction without stopping, traversing a set route by Heavenly Daos influence. There, they timely arrived to steal from the cultivating city lord.

How curious.

Wei Wuyin wasn't going to sabotage a possible fortuitous encounter, especially after lacking one for so long. Since his rise in cultivation and needs, the Heavenly Daos has been helping others tied to him, not himself. Where was the Heavenly Daos trying to lead him and why? Intrigued, he did the slight alterations to his Void Portal in a split-second according to his instincts, following the intentions of the Heavenly Daos. When he did this, his expression immediately changed.

However, it was too late. The speed Bai Lin was moving had been far too fast. The two entered the Void Portal almost immediately afterwards and vanished from the Imperial Dawn Starfield's ruins, leaving behind a slumbering Tiangou and shattered remnants of a once thriving society.

In the Dark Void, there were numerous strange occurrences, relics of stellar phenomenon, and naturally formed treasure throughout the decades. In the Grand Cyclic Region, the Voidblank was a large area without the influence of Solar Stars. These areas were considered dark, lifeless, and a host of dangerous phenomena.

The majority of the Dark Void was filled with void-blank space, spaces between starfields, away from their influence. However, despite their name, this does not mean the absence of objects, or sometimes even life in these areas. Oftentimes, these spaces were a byproduct of solar stars being eaten by beings like Star-Devourers or solar stars that have died long, long ago.

They were ruins of starfields. One day, the Imperial Dawn Starfield would one day become this type of space. The outer layer of the starfield will soon dissipate, causing a distinct absence of life, light, and orbits. Only floating debris of planets and flat continental earths would remain.

These locations have a unique type of celestial body. A planet or lunar satellite that wasn't destroyed by the eventual demise of the starfield, formed inexplicably in these areas via natural means, or was pushed out of the starfield naturally. These celestial bodies would maintain their molten cores, rotating and existing alone without a set orbit or home.

They hurtled slowly through space and existed without purpose. Because of the lack of a solar star's life-emissions of light, they were often severely lacking in the field of birthing and maintaining certain lifeforms.

They were called celestial rogues.

There were some cultivators who saw the space between starfields as areas of danger to be avoided at all cost, but there were others who saw the objects within and unique phenomenons as treasures waiting to be claimed. This was a reflection of courage and relative strength.

In the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, those who ventured into the unknown to search for these treasures were often referred to as Void Hunters. Some of the Aeternal Sky Starfield's various forces even had

dedicated units of cultivators who lived for this occupation, just like sailors of the seas that ventured out for resources and food that the sea provides. They weren't the only ones who acted this way.

The other starfields and their respective forces also explored the void-blank space.

In a particular location within the void-blank space between starfields of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, there was a celestial rogue. It was originally a planet ousted by a starfield hundreds of thousands of years ago. It had a dark-red, gaseous surface. The molten core's luminescence leaked through at times, as if it was breathing.

On the surface of this small-sized planet, there was life. They were active and lively, moving in an organized fashion with well-practiced movement. Just outside the atmospheric layer, three high-level voidships were berthed in a closely knit fashion. They were running on very little power, covering all signs of their existence with concealment formations.

If one wasn't looking directly at them, their spiritual senses would find nothing but a celestial rogue that seemed nothing special. If they were cultivators within Mortal Limits, this would ring even more true if they inspected deeper.

The three voidships belonged to three separate forces from their unique insignia marked on their voidships. The first ship was painted in navy-blue and sky-blue colors, and had a golden-colored cloud as their identifying symbol on both sides of its hull.

The second ship was dark-grey. At both sides of its hull were a white character within a brightly-colored, yellowish ring. The character read: Kun.

The third ship was jet-black. There was no character or symbol on either side of its hull. Instead, there was an image being displayed by its three masts at its highest level. The image was of a silver sword stabbing into an azure-colored planet. It resembled a heart being pierced by an arrow.

The ships belonged, respectively, to the Vast Cloud Pavilion, the Kun Clan, and the Reaping Sword. They were all of different types of forces, a pavilion, a clan, and an independent group of cultivators. The fact that these forces were together in void-blank space foretold that this celestial rogue was by no means ordinary.

Above the three voidships were three figures, gathered together with their attendants and disciples. They numbered no more than ten, but the three figures in particular were exceptional. They didn't need to evoke their powers to sustain themselves in the Dark Void.

Those behind them were all urging their forces to resist the Chill of the Dark Void. While they found this easy, the fact they had to have placed them firmly within the limits of being Mortal, even if they've touched beyond. As for the three figures, they were emitting auras beyond the limits of the Mortal Dao.

They were two men and one female. The two men were middle-aged, the wrinkles on their faces somewhat apparent, but the black-haired woman looked youthful, roughly in her late twenties. She wasn't a gorgeous, heaven-defying beauty, but she gave off her own charm that firmly established her as beautiful.

One of the men, dressed in navy-blue and sky-blue robes, had a dark and hostile expression as he stared at the other man. That other man was relatively handsome with a faint smile on his face, wearing black robes, and his eyes contained expectation and excitement. At times, his eyes would shift downwards to inspect the planet below. The light in his eyes would elevate in intensity each time.

"Venerable Kun Yiming, what is the meaning of this?" The multi-blue robed man asked, not taking his eyes off the black-robed man. "Are you trying to push me out? Do you think I'm so easy to bully? That I'll just leave?!"

Venerable Kun Yiming was a beautiful woman, dressed in grey and yellow robes. In the face of the multi-blue robed man's fierce questioning, she smiled enchantingly. "Venerable Bluecloud, please settle down. Venerable Slayingsword is just here to help us excavate faster."

Venerable Bluecloud's expression became unsightly, "Excavate faster? Your actions go against our previous agreement!"

Venerable Kun Yiming shook her head, "There was no agreement. Just your suggestions." There was a wisp of ridicule within her eyes. 'How can you ascend and survive this far with so much trust in others?' She disdainfully mocked within the depths of her heart.

Venerable Slayingsword added with a contemptuous smile, "There was no oath established, so no agreement was reached. You're becoming more muddled with age, old man."

Venerable Bluecloud exploded with fury, "What did you just say? You ungrateful little brat! I've been making honorable agreements before I taught your grandmother how to suck properly!" The flaring heat within his gaze betrayed the complicated history between the two. Furthermore, it was certainly deep. Despite their similarly aged appearance, it was clear there was an age-gap.

Venerable Slayingsword's smile faded. A vicious killing intent flickered within his eyes. The insult was far too humiliating, especially with his subordinates behind him. He interfaced with his spatial ring, his aura seethed, causing those attendants behind Venerable Bluecloud to shiver with fear.

"Enough!" The enchanting smile on Venerable Kun Yiming's face was wiped off. She gave Venerable Slayingsword a sharp glance, enough to rein in his aura, reluctantly, and calm down with a few breaths. She turned to Venerable Bluecloud, "The Terra-Mystic Mine will take far too long to excavate with just us, just assessing it is taking so long. Other forces of our United Source Starfield are already starting to take notice of our absence, and we can't just leave here. We needed a larger workforce. But we can't transfer any from our homeland without alerting the others. You know this, so don't act naive.

"However," she looked to Venerable Slayingsword, "with his Reaping Sword Association, composed of elite Void Hunters, they have far more forces that can be mobilized without alerting others, as if natural. We can increase our mining speed and efforts by three to four times, perhaps even extract all of the Terra-Mystic Ore in just two or three centuries. Am I wrong?"

Venerable Bluecloud's blazing flames of aggression were slightly doused. He knew her reasoning was legitimate and with sound logic behind it. If the others knew they had found an unclaimed Terra-Mystic Mine on a celestial rogue, perhaps a bloody war would ensue. In the best case scenario, they wouldn't even get a slice of this delicious pie.

Those High-Lords would take action, leaving them with not even a scrap. If things were truly revealed, Saint Kings and Queens might take action. They just don't have the qualifications to monopolize such a valuable resource. After all, it was used in the forging of tools, armaments, and talismans of the mystic-level! Even the Golden Life Pavilion valued the Terra-Mystic Mine, Optimal Sky, at 1,320 mystic stones!

That planet was tiny-sized.

This planet was small-sized.

Small-sized!

SMALL-SIZED!

That was roughly ten-times larger than tiny-sized planets. If the mine was just as rich, filled with just as much Terra-Mystic Ore as Optimal Sky relative to surface area, it was enough to cause an entire bloody war between starfields. Even the Aeternal Sky Starfield and Ninestar Starfield would take action.

Venerable Slayingsword had calmed down, looking at the planet below with ardent greed. "It's too bad the mine can't be moved...if only." A trace of pity within his eyes flitted through. The Terra-Mystic Ore wasn't a single mineral. Just a small pebble of it can't be moved to a spatial ring, even moving it through the folds of space would require efforts of dozens of Saints to offset its volatile reaction to spatial forces.

"Tch, fool-hearted thinking of the naive," Venerable Bluecloud jabbed out mercilessly.

Venerable Kun Yiming ignored Venerable Bluecloud's childishness, saying as she stared at the planet, "Has the assessment finished? How much is the estimated value?"

Venerable Bluecloud seemed to have begrudgingly accepted the situation, not thinking about forming an oath or anything to solidify their relationship. There was just no need. If any of them didn't want a large piece of the pie or even their lives, they were free to reveal it to others. None of them would get any. The other forces might even eliminate them to silence off any news.

At least Venerable Slayingsword was a manageable variable. And while he might be annoying to the eyes, he was smart enough to know this fact. As for betraying the others after? That's the same as betraying yourself. They can establish oaths of silence if they succeed in this dangerous operation that was essentially playing with their lives.

Venerable Bluecloud excitedly answered, "We've mapped thirty percent of the planet. An estimate of one thousand and six hundred mystic stones worth of ore has been discovered. However, we haven't found the central core of the mine yet. My surveyors are estimating its total value at four thousand mystic stones. Perhaps slightly more."

The Venerables' eyes simultaneously glowed, including the attendants!

They hit the freaking motherlode! Even if they just took away a tenth of it, they would all be absurdly rich far beyond the wealth of all their forces combined! And selling it to the Golden Life Pavilion of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, especially with their discreet policies and honorable practices, they wouldn't fear being exposed!

Mystic-Rank Products? In their reach! Mystic-Grade resources? Affordable! Elevating their defensive formations? Their means of travel? Mystic tools and weapons? None of these things would be out of the realm of possibility. The seed of greed in their hearts grew three sizes.

Unbeknownst to them, two figures, a man and a beast, had arrived a little over a hundred thousand miles away from them out of a Void Portal.

Chapter 658 - 653: Grasping Fortune

"Where is this?" Wei Wuyin exited the Void Portal alongside Bai Lin. They swiftly halted their flight, investigating their surroundings with all their means. They discovered that they were currently within void-blank space. There was no solar star here.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes and Bai Lin's gold eyes flared with scintillating radiance, observing the world before them. "Keep your flames," Wei Wuyin said. Bai Lin dispersed her nirvanic flames, removing the source of bright light. As she was, she was like a miniaturized bright solar star in a dimly lit environment.

Fortunately, her swift response and Wei Wuyin's quick thinking prevented others from easily noticing their presence.

Bai Lin didn't cry out, remaining tactfully silent. Her vocal range was extremely powerful, capable of shaking space and even alerting others. You could feel her cry through the trembling of fixed space. This was the very reason why Wei Wuyin could still notice her distinct cries within the Dark Void.

It further suggests that the Dark Void is within the natural environment of beasts, making them incredibly adaptable existences.

Wei Wuyin kept his emission of spiritual light at the minimum as he observed his surroundings with his Celestial Eyes. When the Heavenly Daos had influenced him to change his coordinates, he suspected that he would land on a planet or lunar satellite, not in the middle of void-blank space without any signs of life.

What type of fortune could be here?

After finding nothing within an area of several thousand miles, he calmed down his overly taut mind as he observed the Heavenly Daos influence. 'It brought me here for a reason, right?' According to his knowledge, the variety of karmic fortune for Blessed was different for each, tailor-made for them.

Long Chen's fortuitous encounters surrounded beautiful, talented women, with the only notable distinction being the meeting with Wu Yu. While there were likely others, Wei Wuyin could deduce at least this much.

As for his own, it geared towards opportunities to be grasped, not counting how it benefited his subordinates and lovers. Every karmic encounter so far, even those that the Black Skeleton had mentioned earlier in his life, had been opportunities with min-max which stressed his strength, comprehension, knowledge, intelligence, courage, tactics, and decision-making.

If he didn't have the keen insight to observe others closely, the knowledge to gain an understanding of innate physiques and how to awaken them, not taking this subject lightly, he might've missed Na Xinyi

during their hunt. If he didn't risk his life, he wouldn't have obtained that essence stone that propelled him into the Qi Condensation Realm while he was extremely poor.

If his principles were merciless and his thoughts short-sighted, he would have stolen the saber of that blacksmith. If he had done so, he would've obtained a decently suitable qi weapon, but missed out on a tailor-made, hand-crafted, absolutely grateful saber.

The Yin-Yang Godsphere was bestowed to him by Qing Qiumu's father only because he noticed his presence, revealing his talent and skill. It eventually led to him reaching the False Reality Phase with a calculated risk.

If he didn't have the courage to fight the Ash Dragon City Lord, to strive to snatch his possessions, not counting the Heavenly Daos blindness due to the Bloodline of Sin, he would obtain nothing. Every last karmic encounter followed this logic. All the Heavenly Daos did was influence certain events and individuals, opening up certain opportunities for him to grasp.

This suggests that most, not all, of his karmic fortune was based on his own decision-making and ability. He could obtain nothing or far, far more than the Heavenly Daos could ever calculate. With the Bloodline of Sin, he knew this was extremely beneficial to him. The Heavenly Daos was unable to properly understand him, fooled by the Bloodline of Sin, always underestimating his means and methods.

He soon realized there was no additional influence or hints from the Heavenly Daos. As one would expect with his type of karmic fortune. After leading him to the water, he would still have to drink himself. Whether he decided to use his hands or find a bucket, that was all on him.

His karmic fortune was to be here, at this moment. After thinking this, his eyes sharpened.

A 210.1 karmic luck deduction was massive for an opportunity that he could miss. By all means, he could travel again through the Void Portal, reaching his previously intended location after a brief rest.

"Keep your eyes open," Wei Wuyin transmitted to Bai Lin. Whatever their purpose, it was his to discover and find out. To grasp that elusive opportunity alongside its dangers.

Wei Wuyin didn't fly without purpose. He pushed his Celestial Eyes to their limits, causing his pupils to faintly reveal a pulsing formation of the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity. His perception in void-blank space was not infinite. He couldn't grasp everything within a single glance, only capable of comfortably observing several ten thousand miles of distance in his line of sight. Everything else looked like floating rocks or dots in the distance.

He didn't dare to carelessly spread out his spiritual sense. The dangers of void-blank space was not to be underestimated, and he didn't wish to trigger anything untoward or reveal his presence carelessly.

Wei Wuyin was unaware that three genuine Ascended were just slightly a hundred thousand miles away, alongside a few Mystic Star and Astral Core Realm experts. His spiritual strength could've easily reached such limits if stretched outwards, but his location would've been revealed to them all almost instantly. He had just avoided being discovered, likely silenced with extreme prejudice due to his vigilance and caution.

The issue with this type of karmic fortune was the lethal risks involved. It was foolhardy to release your spiritual sense with wild abandon in a territory you know nothing of. His mindfulness kept him from a chase.

After several minutes of observation, his Celestial Eyes observed a floating rock that gave off a strange aura. It seemed to be a fragment of a planet, broken off by an attack. He felt faint traces of fire force within.

Wei Wuyin patted Bai Lin. "Move there. Don't ignite yourself."

Seeing how solemn Wei Wuyin was, Bai Lin took on the same attitude. She softly flapped her wings with little force, slowly making her way to that direction without creating any outrageous disturbance in space. She smoothly sailed through the Dark Void with minimal movement. After knowing that the Tiangou existed, she was well-aware that beings and existences beyond her imagination existed.

They soared for twenty minutes and only traveled a few miles until they arrived at a chunk of rock. Wei Wuyin neared it, his eyes piercing the rock and analyzing its entirety. He discovered that the fire force was indeed present, and it belonged to a Temporal Eye Phase cultivator, someone at the Eighth Stage of the Astral Core Realm.

It was fresh.

Perhaps a few months old?

The chunk was roughly the size of a small boulder, fragmented and broken off by force. Whoever hit this object did so with tremendous force, and it wasn't the target, just a casualty. Its small size could've been easily missed with all this floating debris and vast space.

The two landed on the fragmented rock. Bai Lin plunged her claws into it for a grip as she leaned closer for Wei Wuyin to touch. With a faint rub, Wei Wuyin frowned.

"This rock has something in it. But it feels strange yet familiar. Have I sensed this before?" His frown deepened as he contemplated. His Celestial Eyes only saw fire-attributed astral force and the natural minerals for its composition. It seemed to have faint deposits and traces of gases.

Bai Lin pecked the rock softly, breaking off a piece with her beak and biting it. She licked it, curious. Her actions were quite interesting, and Wei Wuyin was about to inform her to be cautious, but her eyes flared softly and she gulped the piece whole.

"..."

After a few seconds, she pecked again and consumed another portion. But this time, she spat it out in disgust.

Wei Wuyin was confused. "Undercooked?" He jokingly said, but Bai Lin answered with something that made his heart quiver.

"It wasn't the same! Disgusting. Just plain rock. The other piece was delicious." Bai Lin said with a hint of anger. She felt as if she was tricked by this rock, so she dug her claws in deeper and started to break off pieces in her frustration.

Wei Wuyin chuckled for a bit, but then his expression changed. It wasn't the same? He inspected the rocks and found that all the rocks were the same, in composition and everything. How could it not be the same?

Unless...

"Wait! Stop," Wei Wuyin urged. He hurriedly moved to gather the broken pieces and inspected them. "I've sensed this before, and a few times too. The veils?" He immediately realized where he recognized this strange, elusive familiarity. Every female outsider he observed had it. They concealed their looks!

Tools? Mystic tools!

Even his Celestial Eyes couldn't sense through it. And if he followed this thinking and Bai Lin's statement, then this was an ore deposit that he couldn't sense. There were portions that were normal and portions that weren't. The fragmented rock must've flown out during the mining process, likely the early process of explosive blasting.

This was basic mining practices used in the mortal world to extract ore and discover orebodies. But if cultivators were to replicate it, then this would be able to send entire pieces of rock through the Dark Void. This was especially so if gravity wasn't very strong.

"This rock? Does it contain pieces of mystic-grade ore? Is this my fortune? With this, I can leave and sell this off for an unfathomably high amount, can't I?" Wei Wuyin considered. This was likely his fortune. If he had just left or went to recover his astral force before leaving, ignoring this error, or just lacked the means to discover the rock, then he would've been left with nothing.

The Heavenly Daos, huh?

However, just this little?

If this was a small piece blown off casually, then there must be a mine somewhere. Right?!

But if it was being mined, then there must be miners. If they could mine out this ore, there might be Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivators present to oversee the process. However, a mine often contained a huge amount of resources within. If mystic-graded materials were valuable, then what if he could obtain the entire mine?!

Greed was always ill-advised to have, but ambition was not. He could only make some plans. Because he...was not going to give up such a great treasure without trying.

After running through some simulations, testing out his thoughts and means, his eyes lit with palpable excitement.

"Bai Lin, lets find our mine."

Chapter 659 - 654: Plans, Issues, Difficulties!

Wei Wuyin's excited mood infected Bai Lin's own heart. She knew that gaze of his, having seen it many times in the past. The two stayed near the fragmented rock.

Wei Wuyin furrowed his brows as he inspected his spatial ring. It was currently trembling vigorously. The dimensional space within it was also on the verge of collapse. Just a few seconds ago, Wei Wuyin tried to keep the fragmented rock within his spatial ring. In his senses, he didn't feel any overt volatile energies within, so he tested whether he could store it.

Unfortunately, he discovered that the unseen energies of the ore had adversely affected the spatial energies within his spatial ring, and even its internal structure and formations were harmed.

"This mystic-grade ore can't be stored in spatial rings? Is it because of the limitations of the spatial ring's grade or the volatile nature of the ore? The Mystic Intent? The derived energies of it? Both?" He carefully considered this from a few angles, but he couldn't determine the exact reason behind it.

Trying to understand things beyond Mortal Limits as a mere mortal was difficult. His Celestial Eyes granted him outstanding perception, yet it was still held back by his own cultivation and mortal limitations. This was his first time interacting with objects that contained the will that ascended the Mortal Dao. The Elementus Cache had no mystic-grade materials, tools, or items.

After seeing how this material reacted to his spatial ring, he understood why it didn't. This fragmented rock wasn't very large.

"Let's see if Void Crystallization works." He hesitated after saying this, inspecting the surroundings. The Void Crystallization can cause fixed space to rumble. He didn't know if this would alert any cultivators nearby. The abilities of Mystic Ascendants still were far beyond his understanding.

However, if a few of his plans were going to work, he needed to test if he could accomplish the feat of safely storing the mystic-grade ore. With a soft breath, he executed Void Crystallization. His bloodline energies and void force surged as he focused on the fragmented rock, slowly bringing his hands together.

RUMBLE!

The nearby fixed space started to shake vigorously. It was this move that sealed and shrunk the Myriad Yore Continent. However, this fragmented rock couldn't even be considered a millionth of its size. He tested it for a single second, then his expression drastically changed.

With urgent haste, he halted his actions. A feeling of crisis overwhelmed him. "Bai Lin, dive!" He tightly held onto Bai Lin's feathers. Bai Lin started, but she reacted quickly. Without any hesitation and with complete trust, she started to plunge downwards at a rapid-speed. She didn't ignite her nirvanic flames, just swung her wings and used their natural momentum.

Wei Wuyin hastily formed a hand-seal, his spiritual force enveloped them swiftly. Then, he executed a concealment spell to hide their auras and life signs, using elemental earthen force to encase their bodies as they became a lifeless rock floating without any aura. They kept plunging. His heart was racing violently.

They kept moving for several minutes.

Woosh!

Five figures arrived. They were dressed in various outfits, with three dressed in blue. They had the symbol of a golden cloud on their chest. The figure at the lead was a middle-aged man with a very thin body, his eyes sunken. He had a powerful aura.

Wei Wuyin kept his Celestial Eyes active, observing those several miles above them. 'Four Timelords? A Starlord!' He realized that his actions had lured them over from wherever they were hiding.

'Three different forces.' He noted three different insignias marked on them. However, this caused his heart to become heavy. If a Starlord is a part of an investigative team, then they must have Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivators in their line-up. While not completely verified, the five seemed like subordinates, not leaders.

As a leader himself, he would never investigate abnormalities himself. Otherwise, why even have subordinates if you had to do everything yourself? Furthermore, if there was lethal danger present, then they acted as scouts.

They were communicating using spiritual transmissions. They observed the fragmented rock with some surprise on their faces, then elation. The five discussed something, but the strongest shook his head with a dark expression. With a wave of his hand, he wrapped the fragmented rock in astral force and gave the area a sweep with his spiritual sense.

Wei Wuyin held his breath. He wasn't afraid of these cultivators, but their leaders. If he alerted them, there would be too many variables to react to.

The spiritual sense swept towards their false rock structure, masquerading as a lifeless rock. It lingered for a moment, as if to sense if there was any mystic-grade ore within it. After that brief moment, it kept going until it receded. The five experts left.

Wei Wuyin stayed quiet, not showing his inner frustration at losing his mountain. He observed their route until they reached a certain point, then their auras vanished as they disappeared behind a gaseous planet. The planet wasn't the only planet floating in the void-blank space, but all of them were lifeless and lacked any activity.

"Is it there?" Wei Wuyin realized that there were concealment formations somewhere near the planet and around it. He couldn't observe anything within the planet, just its gaseous surface. There should be individuals moving on its surface.

"They took my food!" Bai Lin scowled. The mystic-grade ore was delicious to her. She wanted more. Unfortunately, those bastards snatched it. Burn them! Her scorching rage was reflecting in her blazing gold eyes.

Wei Wuyin was startled. "Can you sense them?" They were currently encased in earthen force, further surrounded by spiritual force, so it was shocking that Bai Lin could sense them.

"They're really bright," Bai Lin stated innocently. Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened. He hurriedly asked, "You can see life auras?"

Bai Lin thought for a moment, and then she hesitatingly nodded. "I think I can. I haven't seen any other living beings besides you and the Tiangou since my transformation was completed, so I don't really know."

Wei Wuyin understandingly nodded. Cultivation was all about self-exploration and discovery. There were many abilities that even he wasn't aware of until he tested them. Even when he gained his bloodline abilities, he only roughly knew of their abilities. Cultivators often cultivated methods of others with detailed explanations of limitations and abilities, explicit guidelines to follow, tested by the creator and others, so this was often avoided.

"Can you see my life aura?" Wei Wuyin asked curiously. But Bai Lin shook her head, "I just see you."

Wei Wuyin pondered for a moment and understood. His Void Dragon Bloodline was likely blocking his aura from being emitted out, so his life aura concealed within him. This was likely why Bai Lin never discovered her newfound ability.

Unbeknownst to Wei Wuyin, even some genuine Ascended couldn't peer into his body without extraordinary means. At least, only Demi-Mortal Lords would even have a chance to do so as he was. Venerable Highheater had this issue after he restored his Bloodline Source.

"Can you see that planet? Are there any life auras there?" Wei Wuyin asked. He kept them concealed with his spiritual force. He couldn't allow others to notice them if they were suspicious. If he was a leader that learned of the possibility of losing profit because of blown out mystic-grade ore, the next action was to scour the immediate area to find anything else that could escape his grasp.

Bai Lin turned her gaze towards the direction that Wei Wuyin pointed at. Her golden-colored eyes had nirvanic flames flickering within. "Yes! There's a lot. Like, a lot!" Her voice was filled with surprise and joy. This was an amazing ability! Was she always this awesome?

Wei Wuyin realized her eyes even exceeded his Celestial Eyes in some ways, such as sensing life auras, even through powerful formations that exceeded his mortal limits. After some back and forth exchanges of information, Wei Wuyin determined there were roughly 12,000 cultivators present on the planet's surface. According to Bai Lin, some were stationary while others were actively moving.

"Surveying? Guarding? Were they protecting the entire planet? Was..." The thought that an entire planet was a mine was outrageously baffling, but he felt that from Bai Lin's words, this was a real possibility. If so, his original simulations and plans could all be thrown out.

Earlier, he tried to use Void Crystallization on just a piece of fragmented rock that contained mystic-grade ore, but his estimated consumption would exceed the Myriad Yore Continent. A planet this size filled with mystic-grade material?

This planet was roughly the same size as the Myriad Monarch's Main Planet. Screw that! He would be killing himself in the attempt. Unable to bring such a gigantic object with him, he felt a little bitter in his heart. Did he just lose his karmic fortune?

Three forces; planet-sized mine; possible Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivators.

He couldn't seal and shrink it to fit inside his spatial ring. So plan A, B and C were depressingly discarded. The idea of moving a planet or mining it wasn't very feasible. He didn't have that power yet nor the appropriate subordinates.

Yet the value of this planet was likely massive. There wasn't any way to obtain the entire planet without...without...

Wei Wuyin's eyes lit with radiance as he brought out a normal, non-mystic ore piece that came from the fragmented rock. Bai Lin shifted her head to see Wei Wuyin's expression, and her heart thumped. She knew that expression. A fierce glint roared to life in her eyes.

"Let's hope he's not useless." Wei Wuyin remarked as he waved his hand, shattering the earthen shell around them. The two started to move towards the planet. Wei Wuyin hurriedly brought out a few astral force recovery pills... He consumed them.

Chapter 660 - 655: Unable To Escape Trouble

"This is so bothersome." A handsomely regal middle-aged man dressed in a multi-colored imperial robes flew through the Dark Void. His chiseled cheeks and sword-like brows were accompanied by a dissatisfied frown. At the moment, his eyes glinted with a vexed light.

"This is really so bothersome," Wu Yu remarked again alongside a sigh. He rapidly blitzed through the Dark Void. He was coming up to a lunar satellite of a medium-sized planet within the Aquaguse Domain, the territory of the He Clan, one of the eight Noble Clans. With a tilted drifting maneuver, he flew at the edge of its atmosphere with frightening smoothness.

"Stop immediately!" A spiritual sound burst erupted from behind it, trembling the fixed space. A wave of incredible power ceased coming after Wu Yu, redirecting itself for free of activating the planet's defenses.

"Yeah, sure. Give me a minute to adjust myself," Wu Yu quipped back with a faint spiritual sound burst. His body accelerated as he kept going, leaving the planet in the dust.

A snort filled with rage echoed. Behind him, four figures flew rapidly towards him, covered in strange fluctuations that mortals were unable to visibly perceive. They were all dressed in a uniform, indicating they came from the same power. They were all wearing icy-blue heavy armor. At their front was a character inscribed with mystical runes, it read: Bing. At their center back was a sky-viewed, eight-petaled lotus forged by ice-crystals.

They were from the Bing Clan, another one of the Eight Noble Clans, and renowned for their Ice-attributed cultivators. Five years ago, one of their powerhouses, Bing Tian, had participated in the bidding war for the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill.

Wu Yu didn't look back, calculating his route as he shifted his direction. There was an inhabited lunar satellite nearby. It'll serve as another shield. His thoughts were quite vicious, but his actions were not without warrant.

At the head of the four figures was a female figure who exuded a murderously chilly aura. If her face wasn't concealed by a helmet, it would be recognized as being Bing Tian! A genuine Demi-Mortal Lord expert!

He was being hunted by a High-Lord! Across Domains!!!

Wu Yu was already executing the 2nd Grand Transformation, exhausting his refined Imperial Heaven Aura to increase the strength of his innate energies, amplifying his strength. The 1st Grand Transformation evolved the World Pressure of Grand Lineage cultivators into Imperial Pressure. The 2nd Grand Transformation used the Imperial Heaven Aura to increase the quality of innate energies within the Cultivator's Astral or Mystic Core. The 3rd Grand Transformation evoked the full-power of the Imperial Heaven Physique.

He wouldn't dare use the 3rd Grand Transformation. After all, without being at the Demi-Mortal Lord himself, refining his physique to its limits, he ran the risk of exploding and dying on the spot. There wouldn't be a chance to stay as a spirit in a ring. How woeful would that be after being reborn?

One of the armored men behind Bing Tian frustratingly cried out: "How can a Venerable be so fast?" To escape from a Demi-Mortal Lord and three similarly stage cultivators. Who was this guy?!

"We're going to find out," Bing Tian's viscerally icy vocals resounded through the Dark Void. She urged her power, infusing the three with it. They simultaneously sped forward at even greater speeds.

Wu Yu's brows never lifted from their furrowed state. After sensing the outburst of power from behind him, he knew his speed was being faintly exceeded. It was only a matter of time before he was caught up to, likely captured at best, directly killed at worst.

'This is all his fault.' With gritted teeth, he thought about unleashing the limits of his power and dealing with his pursuers. While very unlikely with a Demi-Mortal Lord on his tail, he might be able to severely injure her enough to force a retreat.

Bup-Bup-Bup!

Just as he was about to unleash his power, he heard a strange sound from his hand. He glanced at his spatial ring to realize that it was flickering with spiritual light. He had never heard this type of sound before. The hell?

'This is the ring he left? Another message?' Wu Yu was startled by the sudden development. He had a faint desire to ignore it. The timing wasn't great at all. However, he still held a faint fear towards the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist that had already shaken the Aeternal Sky Starfield without being present.

Prudently, he interacted with the ring and felt the spiritual message. When he linked with the light, he found that there wasn't a message inside. The sound and light dispersed almost immediately. Openly confused, he felt an urge to toss the ring.

Those on his tail were now closer.

However, just as he was about to turn around and release an ultimate strike, ready to use a nearby lunar satellite as a shield for his weakened state afterwards, his eyes constricted.

"What's that?!" Those from the Bing Clan immediately noticed an abnormality in the Dark Void. Near the lunar satellite was a dot of blackness, at the edges was faint multi-colored light. It resembled...

An activated Void Gate?

Wu Yu's eyes brightened. Without even the faintest of hesitation, he abruptly shifted his direction and flew towards the Void Portal a few thousand miles from him. In the matter of a blink of an eye, he arrived. With a smug smile, he turned around and waved at Bing Tian and her subordinates.

"See you."

He stepped into the Void Portal.

Bing Tian halted her pursuit. She wasn't going to chase after someone into an unknown Void Portal that manifested without reason, without a Void Gate in the middle of the Dark Void. It could be a spatial phenomenon with an unknown location at best, a lethal trap at worst.

The Void Portal shivered violently before fading away. The four looked onwards, their eyes were vigilant yet blank. What just happened?

"Why is the Bing Clan present in my He Clan's territory?!"

A thrumming, vigorous voice quaked the immediate Dark Void's fixed space. It contained a level of terrifying power and pressure that caused the icy-blue armors of the four to tremble. Bing Tian's heart throbbed fiercely in response.

The He Clan's Earthly Saint!

In the void-blank space between the United Source Starfield and the Treasured Light Starfield, there were three Venerables with their respective forces concealed near a celestial rogue of a planet, floating above their three voidships. Their ambitions were far-sighted; their greed heightened by the prospect of their boundless futures.

It's been three full weeks since the addition of the Reaping Sword, the specialized Void Hunter association, had joined the operation. Their skills in surveying the Terra-Mystic Mine had quadrupled with skilled individuals on the task. Not only did they complete the surveying, they found the Terra-Mystic Core, the central bulk of all the Terra-Mystic Ore and therefore now knew of its full value.

The three were gathered again, discussing their plans for excavating the ore for their uses in the quickest manner without arousing suspicion or creating too much of a commotion that might attract other Void Hunters.

Venerable Slayingsword's eyes were in a state of perpetual excitement, unable to be concealed even in the presence of Venerable Bluecloud. "You all vastly underestimated this planet's value. This is why you should have professionals take action, not amateurs."

Venerable Bluecloud was about to speak in retaliation, but he found himself laughing before the first syllable could escape. The smile on his face was unable to be removed, so it was hard to even muster up the desire to fireback. He was just too joyful at the moment. His mood was unable to be extinguished by verbal jabs by an immature, still suckling child.

Venerable Kun Yiming was the only one with a heavy frown, her eyes betraying her solemn thoughts.
"What's the total value?"

Venerable Slayingsword excitedly stated: "The Terra-Mystic Ore's core has the bulk of the ore, roughly forty percent of the entire mine's contents. The entire planet, if we use generous measurements, can be priced at 17,000 Mystic Stones." He started to laugh with joy.

"..." Venerable Kun Yiming.

"...!" Venerable Bluecloud. The gleeful smile was wiped off his face instantly. There was abhorrent shock in his expression. He stuttered out, completely unbecoming of his Venerable title, "Seve-Seven-Seventeen thousand?!"

Venerable Slayingsword laughed, nodding with a triumphant smile. He was completely unaware of the shifts in the other two.

Venerable Kun Yiming placed her hands on the void, pressing against it as if it was a solid, flat surface. Her delicate hands tensed.

"I...think..." Venerable Bluecloud was older, more experienced. The total value of this planet far, far exceeded their estimations. If his knowledge wasn't failing him, this planet sat at the third largest Terra-Mystic Mine in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

A bloody war? No. Chaos would descend across the entire Stellar Region! Death. Violence. Blood. It would be endless.

He audibly gulped.

Venerable Slayingsword realized the atmosphere had shifted. His expression started to calm down as he frowned, "We can just do this quietly, efficiently. As long as we..."

"We need Mystical Oaths," Venerable Kun Yiming said suddenly.

"I concur," Venerable Bluecloud echoed her sentiment.

Shocking Venerable Slayingsword into confusion. Was things so drastic that these measures needed to be taken? But when he looked at their eyes glinting with the utmost solemn light, he decided to nod in acceptance. He was a little too young to understand the consequences of this news escaping out.

If they hadn't already locked down all news, all spiritual transmissions on the planet, they might consider slaughtering everyone on the planet and taking this slow, very, very slow. Still, their gaps of security must be dealt with swiftly.

Just as they were discussing the details to which they and their subordinates will systematically swear oaths to, a fluctuation nearby grasped their taut, sensitive spiritual senses. There was a faint pressure and surging spatial ripples.

It was unable to be ignored.

They soared out instantly. The three Venerables looked to the distance and saw a black dot, perhaps a sphere, manifest alongside faint multi-colored light at its edges. Their hearts simultaneously sank. What type of spatial phenomenon was this?

Venerable Slayingsword remarked, "A Void Gate? A Void Portal?" They had never seen a naturally occurring Void Gate, but their hearts sank even deeper. They glanced at each other.

A single thought echoed simultaneously through their minds.

Void Voyage Sect?

Woosh!

A multi-colored robed figure was thrown out of the Void Portal, spinning around rather embarrassingly. After a brief moment of hectic movement, they oriented themselves rather skillfully. After patting their robes to remove the wrinkles, the appearance of a handsome middle-aged figure was revealed to the three.

The Void Portal behind him vanished.

The figure looked around, noticing the nearby planet, the area that lacked the influence of a Solar Star, and the three voidships that were concealed by various formations a few thousand miles away. If he wasn't visibly seeing it, he might miss it in his spiritual senses if he wasn't looking for it.

He realized even the planet felt odd, as if it was concealed deeply. To add, he felt the auras of three cultivators at the Second Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Soul of Mysticism Phase.

"Odd," Wu Yu said. Where was Wei Wuyin? Just as the Grand Monarch's thoughts reached this point, he felt a surge of intense killing intent... His expression changed.