

Chapter 691 - 686: Answer To An Old Question

Plunged into absolute stagnation, a state of total stillness and silence. Not even the air particles created by the artificial atmospheric formations moved. The figure's of Wei Wuyin, Bai Lin, the unconscious male, and Yue Songli were frozen. From Wei Wuyin's warm smile, the glint of exhaustion and comfort from expecting Wei Wuyin's soft caress, to the self-contained elation and buoyant peaks of flesh, they were all as still as a painting.

"Again!" A snarl of outrageous erupted, downright exploded from Wei Wuyin's chest as a torrent of air exploded outwards! A series of throbbing heartbeats resounded, carrying the draconic roars that induced ceaseless quivers.

Wei Wuyin's eyes changed, eight stars manifested themselves within his pupils, and seven of them radiated intense brilliance, burning and bright. In a single breath, seven lights suffused his eyes, surrounding those silver irises that reflected incredible spirituality.

"HUUUUU!" Wei Wuyin shook to movement, deeply inhaling a breath of air. The air particles were directly sucked in by him, entering his body and functioning as normal.

Its been a long, long while since Wei Wuyin last experienced this state of stillness. Instinctively, Wei Wuyin glanced upwards to observe the sky. He expected for Heavenly Tribulation to descend, but there was no cloud or gale in sight.

His first thought was that he had inadvertently been responsible for the death of a Blessed, likely trapped within the base for that organization or working for them. Since he was aware that he allowed Bai Lin to kill without regard, this meant her actions were directly his responsibility.

One of the three thousand commandments condemned the general, never the soldiers. No matter how heinous the actions or sinful the act, if under the orders of someone else, then you weren't directly responsible, they were. The Heavenly Daos were fair but also unfair.

Before he met that Ascended who seemingly escaped promptly, given forewarning, he didn't believe Blessed could cultivate Evil Methods. Even Yuan Longshi's Bloodforge Mystic Method wasn't directly evil in nature, just required at the later stages blood energies to cultivate.

Of course, this was solely at the later stages of the method. The early and middle-stages of the method were quite tame. It was this very reason why Wei Wuyin never cultivated it past a certain point at first.

Fortunately, at the Four Extreme Continent, he obtained a large quantity of draconic pearls filled with suitable blood energies without needing blood pills or commencing a massive slaughter of beasts or humanoids. He had nearly mastered the entire method, only needing to infuse Mystic Intent with his Bloodforge Runes to elevate its potential.

"This seems different," Eden spoke slowly. The last few times time stopped had an indication or an action that enabled it. The last time they were caught off-guard was during the Temporal Reincarnator's arrival. Was this similar?

"..." Wei Wuyin agreed, but he remained silent. He briefly used this spare time to inspect King and Ori. They were subjected to the stillness. It seemed that they were unable to break free from the Heavenly Daos subjugation. It must be due to their intrinsic nature.

"They're partially awake," Eden added. This startled Wei Wuyin. Partially? A more thorough inspection revealed that Eden was correct. They were actively resisting the influence, forming a strong connection with Kratos and Eden. While they couldn't act or communicate, they were aware.

He sighed with a hint of relief. If his two Astral Souls couldn't contend with the Heavenly Daos in the future, he felt that this would certainly result in his inevitable downfall. He didn't know why, but he earnestly felt this in his heart.

Wei Wuyin had set down a heavy, invisible weight on his shoulders. Yet this development still confused him. He checked his right arm, lifting his sleeves to view the Bloodline of Sin tattoo. He expected a warning of some sort, perhaps the appearance of the Black Skeleton again.

But nothing.

"This feels familiar!" Eden said.

"It does?" Wei Wuyin asked, notably confused. Everything Eden experienced, he experienced. How could it feel familiar to one but not the other? He was directly shaken. Could it be connected to the Tree of Eden? But he dismissed it instantly, he lived the entire life of the Tree of Eden, so if it felt familiar, he would feel the same.

He clutched at his chest, feeling the Mark of Eden pulsate slightly.

"No!" Eden deeply said, reading Wei Wuyin's thoughts. "Not to me, to them." A wave of alchemic eden energies flowed to surround King and Ori, shocking Wei Wuyin once again.

"Them? What?" Wei Wuyin frowned for a long, long moment. Then, without warning, his eyes widened uncontrollably!

"Is this it?!" Wei Wuyin exclaimed with ardent excitement and an expectant smile. An answer to a question he has had for nearly thirty years! Something that would feel familiar to King and Ori but not him, not Eden, nor Kratos. There was only a single event that corresponded with this and affected the Bloodline of Sin, involving the Heavenly Daos! To add, his Bloodline of Sin hadn't reacted or alerted him prior!

"But wasn't that person a Blessed?!" He frowned, feeling distinctively confused. But then he added, never having considered it before: "What if he had killed a Blessed instead?!"

His thoughts accelerated and he felt more and more certain, touching the Crescent Moon necklace that he had adorned on his neck for nearly three decades! However, thinking about it, when he killed that figure, unlike Yuan Longshi and Long Chen, there was no indication whatsoever!

The unnamed Commander!

Long ago, Wei Wuyin had left the Scarlet Solaris Sect to search for Mei Mei, who had been taken away by Mei Yang, and the sect had kept her disappearance a secret, not willing to offend a Godlord for a Core Disciple. In a way, Mei Mei helped them establish relations with Mei Yang. Directly after leaving, he received a Karmic Luck deduction that led him to the Ash Dragon City.

There, he witnessed a thief escaping the pursuit of soldiers. The Heavenly Daos had set him up to stealthily infiltrate and steal from Ash Dragon City, an opportunity. Unfamiliar with the sensation and influences tellings, he went for the thief instead. He followed the thief and killed an unnamed Commander.

Shortly after, he abruptly obtained 0.1 Karmic Luck.

At the time, Ori and King were just nascent Spirits of Cultivation. They hadn't even gained their defining attributes yet.

He had originally believed the Heavenly Daos had deliberately acted in a way to avoid two Blessed from meeting. But when he met Long Chen, Yuan Longshi, and Lin Ming or even heard about them, he instinctively felt that they were Blessed. He had observed the unnamed Commander for some time, and no special feelings were present.

He just assumed due to the Black Skeleton's words of stealing Karmic Luck from Blessed that the unnamed Commander was one.

But what if the unnamed Commander wasn't a Blessed, but a sinner? A sinner that killed another lesser Blessed that ran out of Karmic Luck, unable to escape the calamity that was the unnamed Commander's greed and obtained their fortune, so the Heavenly Daos acted in a way to prevent him from meeting the unnamed Commander for fear of bringing harm.

After all, the Heavenly Daos couldn't measure his exact strength!

But there was another theory that he could never quite confirm! What if a Blessed killed someone who had accrued Karmic Sin in this lifetime? Was it their method to increase their Karmic Luck? Is this how Long Chen, someone whose Karmic Luck was so horrendous that his allies were turned into bloody mush before him, yet still became prominent after entering into several conflicts in the Myriad Monarch Sect, was able to regain his Karmic Luck Value?

To inquisitively add, the Ji Clan and Haungfu Clans both had dark, sketchy pasts linked with Evil Methods, and they both actively acted against Long Chen. Wei Wuyin had learned about the former's methods when he had them expelled from the sect, and the latter when Huangfu Jinwei used a soul-eradication spell on beasts to control them. What if both clans had a direct conflict with Long Chen because they possessed those who broke the Heavenly Daos' laws? Long Chen could've been deliberately sent to eradicate them!

Continuous conflict!

Both Lin Ming and Long Chen were always in a conflict.

However, for him, the Bloodline of Sin might be deliberately suppressing the Heavenly Daos attempt to place sinners in his path. Because he was one. He wanted to save Huangfu Jinwei until he reached the

Realm of Sages, hoping to use him to cultivate the Soul of True Sin Method. The karmic sin surrounding him was incredibly thick, sufficient enough for even him to notice as a mere mortal.

The actions of dispersing three souls was a heavy sin. After all, the Heavenly Daos managed the progression of souls through the cycle of reincarnation. At the time, Wei Wuyin theorized that this was Long Chen's chance to regain some of his Karmic Luck Value. Unfortunately, too many things happened and he couldn't end Huangfu Jinwei's life to verify this.

If the unnamed Commander was a sinner, a minor one, then this current event made perfect sense.

He glanced around, expecting a development soon after the Heavenly Daos had finished their calculations. Bai Lin had slaughtered numerous Evil Cultivators in that black sphere, who knew how many sinners were directly ended by her! As the general who allowed it, he was directly responsible!

As for why it took physical contact to take effect? This was perfectly explained by one reason: Because the Heavenly Daos couldn't pinpoint his exact existence due to the Bloodline of Sin! It might not have been able to register him as a general until he came into contact with the karma that radiated from Bai Lin.

The more he thought about it, the more he felt this was 90% accurate!

What Wei Wuyin didn't know was that the Heavenly Daos was indeed performing calculations, but that was because sinners Karmic Sin was heavily influenced by their cultivation realms, and further, the reward for slaying them was impacted by the Blessed's cultivation at the time!

Bai Lin had just slaughtered a few Mystic Star Phase experts that had violently extracted soul essences from cultivators to extend their own lives! These experts might not be considered Mystic Ascendants by some cultivation societies, but the Heavenly Daos had no complicated distinctions! Those at the First Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm were beyond the Mortal Limits!

That was that.

Therefore, numerous Mystic Stars sinners were calculated by using the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Gravity Emission Phase as the Blessed basis! Not counting the numerous other mortals who also resorted to such despicable means within the black sphere, including harming those without any connection to themselves at all and for no reason or regard, another sin, the Heavenly Daos was in deep, unfathomably complicated calculations to determine his Karmic Luck gains!

If it was Bai Lin, her cultivation strength would justify a quick burst of karmic luck value for her next life, but for Wei Wuyin, it was far, far too complicated!! After all, he was just a mere mortal slaying sinners beyond the Mortal Limits!

He was stuck in a frozen world for an entire three hours! Fortunately, he could survive on his own innate energies after realizing the formations weren't creating more artificial air to breathe.

Ooooooooooom!!!

Wei Wuyin felt the entire world quake. "It's here," he said, looking up and seeing a sea of golden liquid suffused with star-like radiance. He could see faint golden threads like silk gossamers flowing within as well... Like a merciless tsunami, it barreled towards him with tremendous momentum.

Chapter 692 - 687: Karmic Gain

The torrential wave of golden liquid infused with sparkling stars and endless gossamers took over the entire world. Wei Wuyin's entire view, even his spiritual sense, was unable to grasp the sheer enormity of its size. He was overwhelmed and its arrival was imminent.

It was as if he was seeing the blood of the heavens, rushing towards him as if it was seeking him out like a predator. It barreled towards him with such twistedly forceful momentum that his heart and mind stilled as if it had been influenced by its time stopping effects. If he hadn't come to the conclusion that this event benefited him, he would've thought that the Heavenly Daos had learned of his existence as a Bloodline of Sin Inheritor and was using its everything to crush him out of very imaginable reality!

Yet the sight before him produced some doubt. Was this the moment of his death? When faced with the possibility, no matter how slight, his heart and mind still flowed smoothly. He had no fear. He had no regrets. The mental images of Su Mei, Bai Lin, Na Xinyi, Xue Yifei, and all the others that were connected to him entered his thoughts. Be it his subordinates, his women, those he had yet to court, plans he had yet to complete, there was not a single negative thought of leaving them behind.

From the moment he saw his life end by Long Chen's hands, forced to be confronted with the reality that his death could happen at any time, he had decided to live his entire life without the concept of regret in his heart. He had done everything he could at this time, and if time or events didn't allow it, he wasn't dissatisfied or frustrated. When he overcame the Second Calamity, he overcame the last fetters of such restrictions. Without a single iota of such negative, contrived emotion nestled his Heart of Cultivation, he stood firm and revealed a faint upward arc on his lips.

The glint in his eyes wasn't peaceful, however, but revealed a determined light. The light within those silver irises were blazing at an unimaginable temperature, effusing out an immeasurable level of self-confidence. While Wei Wuyin had no regrets facing the possibility of death, in the same vein of thinking: he wasn't one to surrender to fate.

Never again.

Kratos and Eden echoed his sentiments. Even while facing this gargantuan scene of golden liquid that seemed ready to snuff them out, their thoughts matched his own. Ori and King rumbled slightly, threatening to shatter their bindings completely.

A will to go against all, even the heavens, for a chance to never regret manifested. With his pride brought to the forefront of his existence, he was willing to face anything and everything! The Heavenly Daos couldn't suppress such genuine momentum!

Sometimes, events that weren't meant to stimulate certain aspects of someone's existence would. The Heavenly Daos' attempt to reward Wei Wuyin had triggered something within him, allowing him to realize that he was always directly facing an existence far, far beyond him. But as if staring at the sun, he wasn't fearful of its radiance and dared to challenge it! Just the thought alone was boundlessly beneficial to his mental strength.

In the future, he knew as a Bloodline of Sin inheritor, the Heavenly Daos will likely be an enemy of his whether he wanted it to or not. Witnessing the slightest trace of its power, exposed to such means, he

had come to the realization of that eventuality. So even today, as a mere mortal, he refused to surrender with his heart afraid or his thoughts in disarray.

Be it the First Sinner, the Heavenly Daos, Unseen Divinities, or the entire cultivation world, he wouldn't have any regret or fear facing them! To his last breath...

OOOOOOOM!

Wei Wuyin's thoughts were deeply interrupted after the golden ocean of liquid crashed into him. It didn't move him the slightest, flowing around him like slithering eels and entering his glabella as a continuous stream. The speed at which the golden liquid decreased in quantity increased alongside the funneling intensity. Wei Wuyin felt the Heavenly Daos' presence closer than ever before.

When he faced the Heavenly Daos before, his entire existence, especially his mind and senses, would always be protected by the Bloodline of Sin's abilities via a strange symbol's power. Today, there was no such thing. He had never once felt its overwhelming presence before!

The Bloodline of Sin didn't activate if it didn't need to! After all, this was a reward, nothing detrimental to him. But how could it or the Heavenly Daos know that Wei Wuyin had broken through its temporal fetters thanks to the dual profoundness of the Alchemic Dao infused with the Mind Dao and the Void Dao infused with the True Dragon's Divine Presence! Freeing both his mind and body through two Daos that exceeded its control!

The Heavenly Daos' presence felt extraordinary. It was hard to describe. But it felt, to him, like the first time he saw a cloud-piercing mountain mixed with the first time he met the Patriarch of the Wei Clan as a child. A feeling of awe and reverence.

However, this lasted for a brief moment, fueling a desire to know more. A desire to seize this nigh-impossible opportunity. His silver eyes emanated a spiritual light as he directly connected with his Eye of Truth's spell formation, trying to perceive into the trend, meaning, and purpose of the Heavenly Daos.

The silver eyes of his were instantly tainted with a golden hue. Then, his eyes directly exploded! It didn't turn gorey and bloody, but shattered and exploded into solidified pieces like glass. The pieces further deconstructed into countless minute dust-like particles that glimmered with a faint silver light. Just a single glimpse of the Heavenly Daos had obliterated his eyes!

A mere mortal trying to glimpse into the secrets of the Heavenly Daos? It was as presumptuous as a mortal trying to enslave a divine beast! Utterly outrageous! Absolutely impossible! The only result was death by one's own hubris!

"Hmph!"

Wei Wuyin coldly snorted, sneering in disdain. This snort didn't sound like him. It was as if an ancient being had replaced him, even his facial expression had become contemptuous and contained an amused smile unlike himself.

The stream of golden liquid entering his glabella froze for a brief moment after this snort, then it trembled. It wasn't out of fear, excitement, or rage, but just trembled without an ounce of emotional stimulation. It was as if it was interacted with by some ungodly variable, a self-imposed restriction.

The Eye of Immortality's formation, one of the three formations of the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity, formed from the dust-like particles that were formerly his eyes. At an absurd speed, the particles reformed into a pair of perfectly shaped silver eyes. In the briefest of moments, they returned to Wei Wuyin's eye sockets and he blinked. When he reopened his eyes, the golden liquid had finished pouring itself into his glabella.

The space had returned to normal, even time had resumed.

Kree?

Bai Lin cried out in confused shock, realizing that Wei Wuyin had instantly shifted positions in her view, giving her a very strange sensation. What just happened?

Wei Wuyin's eyes remained steady, but his expression was thoughtful. He uttered a single word: "Fuxi." The world faintly trembled, and Wei Wuyin could visually see the waves through his Celestial Eyes, but not any of his other senses. It was as if it wasn't even there. Without his Celestial Eyes, he wouldn't notice a thing.

Wei Wuyin looked at his palm, "Magi."

On his palm, the strange character for 'Magi' formed out of his astral force, constructed exactly as he recalled from the Records of Fuxi, the same book where he learned the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity and grasped the Eye of Illusion, Eye of Truth, and Eye of Immortality.

Wei Wuyin's thoughts were fueled by these two words. A mystery that even he couldn't describe. A benevolent divinity of legends that was said to have taught various intricate and necessary things to living beings to thrive and a single word that resonated with his very soul. A character that no one else could understand, just like the symbols on the Bloodline of Sin tattoo.

Just now, when he glimpsed into the Heavenly Daos' true secrets, he suffered. Yet at the final bit, when his consciousness had almost faded entirely, with only a single trace of it remaining, a warmth suffused his entire soul and he returned.

He felt that warmth like a gentle hand. It placed itself on his soul, protecting him from the Heavenly Daos instincts to protect itself. Wei Wuyin knew that it was Fuxi. He instinctively knew, and even a soft, kind warning was left in his mind: "Not yet, little one."

Wei Wuyin clenched his open palm into a fierce fist, shattering the 'Magi' character into bits. But he wasn't angry, in fact, his eyes reflected his genuine excitement. What just happened was the Heavenly Daos' instinctual action to protect itself and its secrets, but those four words indicated that one day, he would have the ability to view it all!

How could one not be excited?!

The Inheritor of Sin is about fighting against the Heavenly Daos, but he felt that Fuxi represented something far, far greater. His worldview had just gotten so much bigger. And this furthered his interest in the Tiangou, the Star-Devourer. What connections does it have?

That being said, he still had to take it one step at a time. As long as he didn't meet a premature end, he trusted that all these questions he held in his heart would be answered. And if he did perish beforehand, it was okay all the same. As long as he set foot on the path with courage and will to see the end, no matter what happened, he'd strive to live without regrets.

"...!"

Wei Wuyin had nearly forgotten about his Karmic Luck Value. Since there wasn't any sensation or indication before during the unnamed Commander's demise, he expected something similar here, but his mind had forgotten that after being filled with all sorts of thoughts.

With a vigorous pull of his right sleeve, he looked at the Bloodline of Sin's tattoo. Last he checked, it was 14,220.5. A very high Karmic Luck Value.

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

His heart pounded thunderously.

Karmic Luck Value: 43,053.0.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 43 Years.

Chapter 693 - 688: Ideas, Freedom, Warmth

43,053!

An electrifying jolt coursed through Wei Wuyin's mind and body, forcing his pupils to dilate from the sheer disbelief he felt from this value. If his arithmetic was correct, and he believed it was, this was a gigantic leap of 28,832.5! Even when he 'claimed' the Second Calamity, his Karmic Luck Value only increased by 15,699.4! This was nearly two-times that!

His heart was wild, sent spiraling by this discovery. He hadn't thought that the reaping of Sinners was such a lucrative venture. A glint of interest, greed, and desire flashed within his eyes. A Karmic Surge, a Karmic Luck usage of above 1,000 in value, was sufficient to bring about incredible developments. With the manner of his Karmic Luck thus far, with just 210.1, he had obtained three Ascended subordinates, their network and connections, alongside an entire planet of Terra-Mystic Ore of an indeterminate value.

By just flying through the Dark Void, he had come across a strange mark in the form of the 'War' character leading him to some unique, strange location. It was barely at the cusp of a Karmic Surge, signifying its astonishing significance. The last two times that Karmic Surges had caused Lin Ming to jump to become a Chosen of the True Element Sect despite losing almost all qualifications prior, while his own was spread throughout his existing subordinates.

"..." Wei Wuyin's excitement died down slightly. He instinctively felt the Bloodline of Sin avoided conflict with Karmic Sinners. Since his status as an Inheritor of Sin began, they had never been driven his way by

the Heavenly Daos. Even the Unnamed Commander, if his theory was correct, had been influenced by the Heavenly Daos so that he avoided him.

Wei Wuyin couldn't be certain that this wasn't due to the Bloodline of Sin's manipulative means. In fact, he had only met Huangfu Jinwei while observing Long Chen, and only because his spiritual sense could reach half-way across the planet's surface and the Karmic Sin aura was so heinously thick.

Still, forty-three thousand Karmic Luck Value was unimaginable. He wondered if this was enough to justify a second chance like the Blessed Temporal Reincarnator. If not, how much Karmic Luck did that Blessed Temporal Reincarnator have? How monstrous were they?

"Kree..." Bai Lin nudged her beak towards Wei Wuyin's shoulder, grabbing his attention. Broken out of his thoughts, he looked at Bai Lin and gave her a comforting caress. When he did, he felt a distinct weakness within her. Bai Lin had exhausted an enormous amount of bloodline and mental energies during this period. She needed to rest.

Bai Lin, however, thrust the golden bead held in her mouth towards him and gestured. She wanted him to take it.

"What is this?" Wei Wuyin enveloped his hand in a layer of astral force, grasping the golden bead no larger than a children's marble. He felt a strange yang essence within. It reminded him of that soft body and squealing moans of Jiang Feilan, sect master of the Sacred Light Palace and possessor of the Yin Renewal Physique.

However, the degree of energy within and its aura was on an entire level. His eyes manifested eight stars, observing the mystic qualities floating within the bead. When he saw it from this perspective, his expression changed.

"Is this Yang Source Quintessence? From a Mystic Ascendant?" He turned to Bai Lin, curiosity abounded. This was a crucial, vital, life-required aspect of any cultivator. He had researched certain Evil Methods before, especially Yin and Yang extract methods in the Myriad Monarch Sect. To extract a cultivator's Yang Source Quintessence should be, theoretically, impossible.

This was because it was invisible, adhered to the soul and extremely difficult to locate. As someone who could actively sense his own soul since he obtained the Bloodline of Sin, he was extremely familiar with the Yang Source Quintessence. In the notebooks and details of others, it was vaguely described as the source of all yang, only glimpsed upon when one established their Spirit of Cultivation.

Through this, a cultivator's Spirit of Cultivation even has a faint connection to it, just like the soul itself.

While the Yang Source was tangible and vital, the location of one's Primal Yang that emits and generates Yang Energies, the Yang Source Quintessence was its birth. It was the blueprint of one's developed Yang Source.

There was once an Evil Cultivator in the Everlore Starfield, the Dread-Birth Emperor, an Alchemic Emperor and renowned pioneer, had once stipulated that all things had a Quintessence, especially innate physiques. He theorized that obtaining this blueprint could allow a cultivator to reshape their own physique. However, no mortal had the means to come in contact with their souls except during

Spirit of Cultivation creation. At that level, even if you wanted to extract it yourself, you had neither the power or means.

Even the Haven Heart Qi Method, also known as the Multi-World Exalted Qi Method, required one to split pre-existing Spirits of Cultivation.

Therefore, when Wei Wuyin grabbed the bead, his expression drastically changed. "A Yang Renewal Physique's Yang Source Quintessence? And from a Mystic Ascendant?" What type of events happened in this short period? Did these Evil Cultivators find a way to extract this?!

Wait...even a Mystic Ascendant shouldn't be able to do this, right? Confusion immediately overtook him.

Bai Lin softly hummed, then she explained what happened with faint traces of killing intent leaking from time to time. Wei Wuyin was rendered speechless. But this only furthered his internal confusion. Even if he wanted to pull out his own Yang Source Quintessence, he wouldn't be able to. If he did, He might outright die. Furthermore, it'll disperse alongside his soul eventually.

"Is this a true Yang Source Quintessence?" This doubt emerged. When it did, he was now aware of a few inconsistencies this quintessence had when compared with his own, not just the intrinsic infusion of mystic qualities. "There are a myriad of methods and means in this world, do not limit your thinking to what you know or have been told. Be open, be mindful." He had to remind himself to not fall into the trap of the ignorant, recalling some teachings from his brother.

Expand one's thinking.

Expand the possibilities.

If inconsistencies exist, then there should be reasonable explanations. With something as conventionally shattering as the Multi-World Exalted Qi Method existing, his own Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, then the creation and cultivation of an artificial Yang Source Quintessence was plausible.

When his thinking reached this point, his eyes brightened to a considerable degree. His grip around the Yang Source Quintessence had invigorated some ideas, as electrifying as his thoughts were towards the Foundation Engorging Evil Method!

These ideas spiraled until an outline of a product formed. With every passing second, the brilliance in his Sea of Consciousness became brighter as his mental energies were viciously expended. He had exhausted a vast majority of his astral force, but the innate mental energies within him were still abundant, refined, and powerful.

Eden supported his rapid thinking from his Sea of Consciousness, and in a single minute, thousands of calculations, deductions, and mental experiments were conducted.

Jiang Feilan and Na Xinyi's images flashed through his mind!

"I want to leave."

Those two words shook Wei Wuyin out of his mind, snapping back to reality, cancelling his Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence. Despite that, there was no dissatisfaction in his silver eyes or body language, only a faint smile and a shift of his attention. He found Yue Songli who had wiped away her

tears, her alluring countenance still marred a little by her faintly reddened eyes. Yet it made her seem more enchanting and beautiful.

She stood tall, a hint of innate pride returning to her bearing. This caused Wei Wuyin to be somewhat confused. The alluring and seductive woman formed a stark contrast to this noble and proud sight.

Wei Wuyin looked at her in those pink irises of hers, and Yue Songli stared back. They stared for a moment. Yue Songli's eyes almost quivered, about to look away and acquiesce, but Wei Wuyin spoke out just prior to that moment: "I'm not your warden, nor will I ever be."

Yue Songli's heart trembled. Her mind trembled. Her soul trembled.

Wei Wuyin added with a bright smile, "You're free. You never have to ask for permission from me or seek my approval for anything if you don't want to." He walked forward, arriving a single meter from her. Despite her being a Mystic Ascendant, a being exceeding the Mortal Limits, Wei Wuyin had no fear before her.

Yue Songli's eyes were affixed to Wei Wuyin's handsome visage. She hadn't even realized that she had asked him to leave, so when he said those words, her core was shaken and a surge of indescribable emotion emerged in her heart. She also hadn't noticed that her lips and hands were faintly trembling.

"Yue Songli..." Wei Wuyin softly spoke, but every word was as clear as if spoken from a speakerphone.

Yue Songli instinctively replied, "...yes?"

Wei Wuyin smiled, "I know you have a home to return to, people are likely looking for you, awaiting your return, so I won't be long-winded: I've decided to pursue you, making you mine one day. After I've done so, I really do wonder what painting you'll make then."

"..." Yue Songli was speechless, but her heart was pounding in her chest non-stop, even being betrayed by the jiggles of her two exceptional mounds of flesh. After several minutes, which to her felt like seconds, she regained her original self. A refreshing feeling of having a choice suffused her being.

"I've heard countless prestigious figures amongst men say such things, but no man has conquered me yet. Let's see if you have what it takes for me to make a painting for you." Her hands and lips grew steady, enlivened by a strange, unfathomably amazing sensation. She hadn't even realized that she had subconsciously admitted to Wei Wuyin's pursuit, even betraying her acceptance of him.

After all, Wei Wuyin never said she needed to make a painting for him.

Wei Wuyin put on a surprised expression, catching even Yue Songli off-guard, and then he rubbed his lower chin and lowered his eyes in contemplation. "It seems your background isn't so simple. There must be some obstacles, huh? I guess I'll have to work hard then."

Yue Songli's surprise was transformed into a warmth, and she gave a gentle smile, "Yeah you will. I won't be with anyone that isn't an Ascended, at least. And my family will not accept a nobody."

Wei Wuyin nodded as if expecting those words, but he felt those words might not hold up, especially if he had anything to do about it. Yue Songli gazed at Wei Wuyin for a long moment. A silver-eyed mortal, with a bird of fire as a steed, strode into her prison cell and freed her from centuries of captivity. She felt this was a fantasy, a dream to which she'll wake up from tomorrow morning.

When this thought entered her mind, she felt more and more uncertain. But a warm hand grasped her own, bringing her back to reality as she felt a pulsating yang energy of such magnitude that her cultivation became unintentionally stimulated, blushing from her arousal.

"Where can I find you?" Wei Wuyin's invasive actions, deliberate or not, shattered her doubts. She felt this was now as real as her own heartbeat.

With a shy gaze, ruining her noble and proud demeanor, she quietly said: "Soul-Saint Domain, Worldbreaker Lordhall." After saying this, her heart calmed down, but she didn't move her hand away.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "Then I'll find you there. But remember my name, don't want you to forget me."

Yue Songli pouted slightly, revealing a fresh cute appearance away from her usual enchantress one, "I know. Wei Wuyin. I'm a genuine Ascended, so I won't forget." After saying that, she felt Wei Wuyin release her hand. For a moment, she felt an emptiness in her heart.

But then a wave of discovery filled it, she looked at her ring finger to find a spatial ring settled there unbeknownst to her. "What's this?"

"If you're ever in trouble, just shatter the spiritual crystal within. Okay?" After saying this, Bai Lin walked over and gave Yue Songli a once-over in a close-up manner.

Yue Songli was scared of this beast. She saw it unleash planet-sized flames and outright kill four Ascended...As for how many were killed in that flame-filled Shadow Egg, she hadn't seen a single masked figure while the two were escaping. Those flames were extremely precise. Terrifying!

Bai Lin saw the vigilance in her eyes, nodding contently. "She already understands the pecking order. I like her. And she's even bigger than Little Da!"

When Wei Wuyin received that mental transmission, he didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Did you see all my women as mounts? Are you at the lead of that? And what do you mean bigger? In height and thickness, she was lacking, but maybe...yep, guess those things were a little bigger. Was he developing Long Chen's taste? He was truly unable to stop himself from laughing.

He turned to the puzzled Yue Songli, "She likes you."

A soft sigh of relief left Yue Songli's lips.

"Can you get home by yourself? Will that organization follow you or attempt to recapture you?" Wei Wuyin asked with some concern. While he was certain that she shouldn't have any problems, even faintly expectantly preparing to find another base if those things did happen, he feared she might suffer further. She could even be...

Yue Songli shook her head with absolute confidence, "I'll be fine. And the Trueborn won't be able to do a damn thing after I return home. I hope they try, though. Even if they don't, I won't let them off." Her eyes flashed with scornful killing intent.

Wei Wuyin didn't doubt her. But his eyes brightened somewhat, 'Trueborn? Is that the name of the organization?' He felt that he had just embroiled himself into something huge. After all, they had captured at least two Ascended, tens of millions of cultivators, and had five stationed here while in the

Ninestar Starfield. This organization didn't seem insignificant. But there was not a single trace of regret in his heart.

Yue Songli soon left in a concealed and stealthy manner, leaving Wei Wuyin, Bai Lin, and the unconscious Yang Growth cultivator.

Wei Wuyin directed the Voidship away after watching her depart. 'Worldbreaker Lordhall? Huh.'

Several minutes after their departure, a few figures emerged out of thin air by the melted and barely held together Shadow Egg.

Chapter 694 - 689: Trueborn & Si Yang

The figures numbered three—two men and one woman. They had different attires, yet their closeness suggested a united relationship.

"What the hell happened here?" A brutish, incredibly deep voice spat out. The owner of this gruffly sounding voice belonged to one of the three, a human male with thick eyebrows colored burgundy, with a head full of wild jet-black hair, and a short-sized body. Despite his height being slightly below average for human males, his muscles were defined and exquisitely sculpted to perfection.

This was especially so for his thighs and arms. They pulsed with masculine power. He gave off a dominating air that could cause weaker men and some women to cower. While he couldn't be considered beautiful or handsome outright, he had a unique charm that was attractive.

"Isn't it clear?" A calm, velvety voice followed. It belonged to the other human male. With chiseled jaws, sharp eyebrows, bright and limpid eyes, and a pair of firm lips, he was exceptionally handsome. His visual age could be as in his early twenties, but those eyes of his contained the heavy vicissitudes of age, creating a strange experienced, mature, yet youthful air around him.

His snow-white hair was tied in a ponytail that reached the midsection of his back, and the hair itself was thick and silky. Those icy-blue eyes allured the senses, and every time they swept about, a feeling of being stripped apart was experienced.

The woman was average-looking, her features quite ordinary, even her body lacked any noticeable female charm that would attract the eyes of her male counterparts. But she couldn't be described as ugly, having a calm, hard to find in a crowd type of feature. The short black hair that was mostly unstyled, just let freely loose, and her dark eyes supported this.

"A Shadow Egg? Trueborn?" The ordinary-looking woman asked, her eyes flashed with spiritual light as she observed the semi-melted structure. "There are tens of millions of lives present here. Almost all, if not all, are recovering from a restrained cultivation base."

Bai Lin had taken it upon herself to unleash her means to burn away certain restrictions. It required an enormous amount of her mental power and bloodline energies to do, but she had done so. This was solely her decision. This was why she was so thoroughly exhausted after returning, feeling almost completely drained.

While she had hid it, she was close to collapse. Her efforts, however, were mostly unnecessary. If she had informed Wei Wuyin prior, he would've told her it wasn't really needed. There was only two outcomes:

One, the elite experts from that organization arrived and sealed everyone again. This made her efforts useless, and if they were targeted, placed them in a vulnerable position due to her weakened state.

Two, the elite experts from the Ninestar Starfield will arrive and settle everything. They would likely capture all those freed to interrogate and investigate before releasing them out to their homes or outright killing them to hide their involvement. If they were involved.

Thus, it was mostly an irrelevant and thankless task. That said, those freed were not thankless. They screamed and hollered out their joy and hastily tried to regain their energies through the ambient energies left within the devastated environment.

It was the high-level fire cultivators that were capable of leaving before either arrived, heavily due to Bai Lin's actions creating immense fire ambient energies they could absorb and utilize. They escaped with haste by stealing the unharmed Voidships docked. Those low-level fire cultivators could only protect themselves, unable to escape out into the Dark Void unless they were lucky, snagging a seat on the departing Voidships.

"It is them," The white-haired handsome young man said gloomily. Trueborn was a name that no self-respecting Ascended wasn't aware of, being insidiously notorious and dangerous throughout the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Their operations were varied and downright Evil-centric. There were even some members amongst those in the nine Sainthalls.

But they were too difficult to pinpoint, to uproot, because no one knew their leader or details about how they operate. Their means of concealment could even evade Highlords, and Earthly Saints might miss them still. Not always, however.

There was once an Earthly Saint hellbent on dealing with Trueborn, finding a Shadow Egg, but the Shadow Egg detonated and heavily injured him. They died a few decades later, succumbing to their injuries that penetrated their soul.

Evil Cultivation Methods weren't outright banned in most starfields, with most being fairly tame in nature. The Foundation Engorging Evil Method held by the precious granddaughter of an Earthly Saint was evidence of this. But Trueborn had no belief of limitations, and due to the sheer number of the population and countless deaths in the starfield, no one could investigate them all or the disappearances.

They were even shielded by the prying eyes of fate wielders, such as Seers and Oracles. While the general usage of Evil Methods wasn't an issue, organized evil associations were. And most were obliterated early on if they overstep, but not Trueborn...

Never Trueborn...

"There are faint traces of Voidships departing here, track them down?" The ordinary-looking woman cautiously asked. Some might say that her question was poorly said. After all, they should be doing their best to investigate all avenues and lock down all escapees. But the two didn't answer.

This was because they felt the pulsing energies and highly refined fire energies in the Dark Void and adhered within the entirety of the Shadow Egg. An elite expert had taken action, directly dealing with this Shadow Egg. They were well-aware of a Shadow Egg's defenses, so only a very powerful Demi-Mortal Lord or an Earthly Saint could deal such devastating damage to it in such a short amount of time.

It would be utterly foolish of them to track that expert down. What if he or she is temperamental? What if their powers had grudges with that expert? Wouldn't they be working themselves recklessly just to die? Unable to confirm where the expert left to or was currently, they wouldn't dare to stretch their hands out further than safely necessary.

The ordinary-looking woman retracted her gaze, feeling the same as the other two.

Unbeknownst to them that the Shadow Egg had allowed a trojan horse into its weakest area—inside. Its exceptional defenses turned negligible beneath those powerful flames. Even those from Trueborn were baffled, unable to react in time and dealt a ferocious blow.

The heavily masculine man of short stature grumbled slightly, "Seal off the area. We'll delve further into this. But I don't think any Trueborn members are left alive."

The white-haired handsome man nodded, "We're clean-up. I don't think any Trueborn Ascended were left alive. There's no Spatial Rupturing signatures here." Spatial Rupturing signatures were forcefully signs left behind by brute forcing Void Portals in spatially protected Starfields. The reason why Wei Wuyin's Void Portals went unnoticed was due to his art, which involved using true Void Energy, producing a genuine Void Portal. That was beyond their means to notice.

Normal Void Portals used spatial energies, not Void Energies. They were only called Void Portals due to their almost indistinguishable appearance, but they could be described as Lesser Void Portals in comparison to Wei Wuyin's. It was also why Wei Wuyin's Void Portals had two interconnecting Void Portals at both sides, not one.

The ordinary-looking woman pouted with a wisp of annoyance in her eyes, "Some selfish Saint left us with their mess to sort. How expected."

"Venerable Dawntree, you shouldn't make such comments lightly. Haha, never know who's listening." After saying this with a playful smirk, the white-haired handsome man, Venerable Whitespring, shot towards the Shadow Egg. His mystic energies started to surge forth to seal the area.

Venerable Dawntree snorted softly. However, that reminder caused her heart to quiver with fright. If a Saint's spiritual sense truly caught her saying this, a hint of their dissatisfaction might lead to her forfeiting her life. Even if a newly Ascended Highlord was present. She no longer said a word and shot after Venerable Whitespring.

The obvious leader of the trio, Highlord Si Yang, stayed calm and watched as the duo performed their job. He stayed on alert, his aura seething as a faint warning to observers. However, while he inspected those members and the various tools and formations embedded in the Shadow Egg, his burgundy brows furrowed deeply.

"This is a Yang Extraction Station, how brutal. If...the little fool saw this, he would certainly go berserk. Heh," as he commented out his thoughts, his eyes twitched slightly. He turned his gaze to find a far, far distance Voidship who left no striation lines in fixed space near him.

It was a Voidship that was either nearby yet never docked in the Shadow Egg, or watched from afar. Maybe it belonged to that Earthly Saint? He didn't believe a Demi-Mortal Lord had the means to destroy a Shadow Egg.

After a brief moment of thought, his eyes sparkled with faint traces of remembrance. "There's a familiar aura there?" Confused, he tried to rack his memories. It was only when he remembered a few years back, just prior to his Third Ascension, when he was just a Venerable level figure, that he obtained a realization.

"...Wei Wuyin?" A name that shook the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. The Second Chosen of the True Element Sect! And after the rumors leaked by the True Element Sect, likely the youngest Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist! The very same one who comprehended the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill!

His meaty heart started to faintly race. He felt an urge to travel there, even had his aura pulse slightly, but he halted his step. Wei Wuyin's location had been a long-time unknown curiosity amongst the various forces. Every last expert was trying to locate him, and not even the Golden Gate Pavilion was able to find out his location.

Yet he was in the Ninestar Starfield?!

More importantly, he took down a branch of Trueborn?!

Si Yang didn't dare to carelessly act. He didn't want to meet his end from an overly cautious Earthly Saint that wants to remove all evidence of Wei Wuyin's presence here. However, it makes sense why no one could find him!

He had an Earthly Saint shielding him!

After a very long moment, he shook his head. "At least I can tell that little fool about this..." After muttering out these words, he looked at the direction Wei Wuyin left.

A figure, a mere mortal, that shattered the entire conventions of cultivation was currently in the Ninestar Starfield, located and took down an entire branch of Trueborn that even Earthly Saints had difficulty dealing with. Why was he here? And what type of insane events is about to follow?

Chapter 695 - 690: Yao Houyi, The Archer

"Ugh..." A low sounding moan resounded followed by a soft yet forceful breathing. It originated from a male, a man that was incredibly thin, with a bushy black beard and moustache with signs of aging gray, and dressed in tattered clothes that barely kept his body contained or concealed.

The thin body frame wiggled slightly as their hands reached out to grab the floor, finding a faint warmth emitting from a wooden texture. When that comfortable feeling was felt, the eyes of the man opened to reveal his surroundings. The first thing he saw was the vast sky littered by celestial bodies, as if night had fallen.

"...What?" He spat out, slowly lifting his upper-body to an upright position while his legs remained parallel to the floor. After a brief circumspection gaze, a wisp of panic erupted from his eyes. With haste and horror, the thin man touched his body all over, especially his most precious piece of flesh. When all was still intact, a deep sigh of unfathomably joyful relief was released.

With his body unharmed, he slowly stood up to inspect his current location. He noticed that he wasn't in that sealed cage any longer with others in similar circumstances, but freed. There were no shackles bounding his body restraining his Yang Growth Phase cultivation base.

Memories of what happened to him and his entire life thus far flashed in his mind.

Named Yao Houyi, he was born a farmer's child. His mother was a fantastic seamstress who was well loved by the neighboring town. She would often sew clothes for the younger children in the town, well-made and long-lasting. They weren't poor, but they weren't affluent either amongst others in their social circle. However, their lives were peaceful, happy even.

When he was a child, when a passing merchant left behind a recurve bow and a set of iron-tipped arrows as a gift for his mother's clothes and his father's crops, he had fallen in love with Archery. The jolly fellow was quite like a playful uncle. His intentions were good.

However, his father didn't want Yao Houyi to become an archer, reasoning that cultivation for them was meant to be used to support themselves, not get into conflicts. His words were: "Cultivators who train to fight are always drawn into endless conflicts until their untimely, helpless deaths. What type of life is that?"

He hid the recurve bow and set of arrows away, settling the matter there. But the matter was not settled. With the sneakiness of a mischievous and curious child, whenever his father would leave to deliver crops to the nearby towns, for two or three hours, he would steal this wooden tool and iron-tipped projectile.

He practiced it with gleeful joy, and even when he was caught by his mother, expecting to be given a tongue lashing, she had instead urged him to continue. Her thoughts were different from her husband, believing that learning a few skills to defend yourself wasn't too harmful, as long as he only used it to do just that—defend.

With this in mind, he kept his developing skills a secret and found his love for the bow to be increasing with every passing moment. His thoughts, his dreams, and even his everyday movements were filled with archery.

One day, when Yao Houyi was twenty years old, he had reached the External Flow Phase of the Qi Condensation, allowing him to take on more difficult tasks around the farm. He was kept busy and unable to practice freely. His father was getting older and unable to perform all these difficult jobs around the farm, even suffering harm from time to time.

Taking more important jobs, Yao Houyi had to lay down the bow once again for a period of time. Sadly, over the course of the next four years, his father gradually grew sick, his health slowly failing him. All the medicinal sages who arrived couldn't do much but ease his pain during his final years.

He was naturally unwilling to allow his father to die, believing those beings that could soar across the skies, fly beyond the sky, or create worlds with their power could save him. He wanted to bravely set off to find a solution, but his father outright refused. To his father, his life was a good one and he lived a peaceful, joy-filled life. He didn't want his last breaths to be unsure if his son was alive or dead, distraught by worries.

"All things come to an end."

Was what he said.

Unwilling yet respecting his wishes, Yao Houyi stayed by his father's side alongside his mother. When his father was at the end of his rope, his mother sat beside him and laid down as well. They were Dao Companions.

Yao Houyi didn't quite understand the importance of such a title and relationship until he watched the peaceful smiles of his parents holding hands, breathing their last breaths willingly together. They had only left him their smiling visage and hopeful words for him. Even at that moment, they were happy.

He was alone after a single moment.

But the words they left behind etched into his heart: "Live the life you want to live. At the end of it, make sure you have no regrets."

And he did just that. He sold the farm soon after, got his recurve bow and quiver filled with arrows to seek out his own life. He traveled beyond his limited area of a few towns, seeing more of the world.

Exposed to the greater world, he cultivated over the course of the next thirty years, reaching the Fifth Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, the Yang Growth Phase. Now over fifty, he held some ability with his bow in hand and arrow in his heart. He had become a hunter, a mercenary, a herbal gatherer, even took in a small disciple. His life was filled with adventures.

A life without regrets.

Unfortunately, throughout his life, he wasn't able to find a Dao Companion like his parents, willing to settle down after doing so to raise children of his own. He had, however, found a female companion when he became fifty-three. She was young, only in her mid-twenties, and her cultivation was at the Fourth Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, Yin Form Phase.

He had been over the moon to find such a young woman, hopefully wife, but his thoughts were overturned by the harshness of reality. All her sweet words and playful demeanor was merely a false display to lower his guard, and he was brought into a trap that contained hundreds of loose male cultivators at the Yang Growth Phase like himself.

A trap!

A specialized group of women were standing with her as they stared at the men within metal cages who shouted out confused voices and bargaining pleas. Even declaring their love for some of these women, trying to appeal to their better nature. Yet all they received were contemptuous sneers and disdainful eyes.

They were all being sold.

Fallen for the honey trap, Yao Houyi was left distraught. When the woman he had nearly fallen for arrived by his cage, he merely stared at her.

She asked, with a smirk, "No sweet-sounding words? No telling me how much you love me? Have you given up?"

Her facial expression and those eyes were etched into his mind and heart, but he wasn't goaded into a hostile response. Instead, he merely smiled and responded, refusing to give her any satisfaction: "I've lived the way I wanted to live; I have no regrets nor will I beg for this life of mine."

As he said those words, his life flashed before his eyes, including his love for his bow and arrows when he was just a child. When he shot those arrows at the wooden trees near their farm, he recalled when he was at his happiest.

His mother had just brought him a cup of water and some snacks to ensure he didn't overwork himself or suffer from hunger. They sat down as his smile refused to go down, eating the snacks in a rambunctious manner. He wanted to get back to practicing so bad that his mother had to remind him to slow down, the trees aren't begging to be filled with more holes.

Her laughter was like music to one's ears. He never realized it until he recalled these memories.

The young Yao Houyi responded with an embarrassed swallow and ate slower, prompting her laughter. To her, he was her overly active child that she loved with all her heart. When he finished, he rose and the solar stars slightly scorched their skin. He hadn't realized that it was hot, needing to take this break.

Looking up, he saw nine stars, be it close or far. He hadn't realized that this moment was a rare sequence of orbit that allowed all nine Solar Stars to be seen at once, but only from a very limited area, and they were settled right at that area. Instinctively, he lifted his bow and nocked an arrow at the biggest Solar Star in his view.

He shot it at the Solar Star!

"Ah!" He exclaimed frightfully as the arrow fell a few feet from him, blinded by the solar stars in its descent.

His mother rushed over and after learning that Yao Houyi was unharmed, she sighed. With a faint look at the arrow, she couldn't help but smilingly ask: "Were you trying to shoot the stars out of the sky?"

Yao Houyi remembered himself blushing so hard that his face became hotter than the scorching rays of the nine Solar Stars. He pouted and said: "One day."

Taken aback by her son's declaration, she revealed a brilliant smile. She caressed his youthful, twelve-year old face lovingly. When Yao Houyi returned to practicing, unbeknownst to him, the mother left and heard a faint rustling. She found her husband looking a little to the side, a faint blush on his face after being seen.

The two exchanged knowing glances and then smiled, returning home in each other's embrace.

Returning to his cage, a voice sounded out a little frustrated. "No regrets? I don't believe it."

But Yao Houyi's eyes flashed, and then he sighed. "You're right. I do have one regret in my life."

Curious, the woman asked: "What is it?" It was as if she was hoping he would say her or something relating to her, probably to feed her ego and deal with some deep-seated insecurity.

Yao Houyi smiled, "I wasn't able to shoot a star out of the sky." When he said those words, his eyes emitted a faint radiance that contained a certain will.

At this moment, a young-looking male cultivator arrived and saw this scene. He noticed the signs of Intent, but it was from a measly Yang Growth Phase cultivator, so he dismissed it. Yet what he saw was a little more than just an Intent awakening.

After being imprisoned, Yao Houyi was brought to the facility and had his yang energies extracted slowly. Unlike a woman's yin energies, those at the Yang Growth Phase could replenish their yang energies endlessly as long as their Yang Source remained undamaged. Of course, continuous extraction led to eventual collapse of one's Yang Source unless they possessed a Yang Renewal Physique.

They all had expiration dates.

He had been subjected to extraction for the last two years...

Now, Yao Houyi had awakened away from the damp cell to a spacious area that resembled those boats that soared across the skies.

"You're finally up, good." A voice snatched Yao Houyi's attention, finding a silver-eyed, unearthly handsome male walking towards him. He felt a strange feeling in his mind that caused him to question his own sexuality for a moment...

"..."

"You mind showing me?" The silver-eyed man said as he stopped a few meters away from him, wearing an interested expression.

"...Showing you what?" He couldn't help but reply, much to his surprise.

The silver-eyed man smiled, causing that strange feeling to arise once again, and answered: "Your World Heart Intent."

Chapter 696 - 691: The Arrow That Shot The Stars

Wei Wuyin's heart was suffused with anticipation. When he scoured the memories of that young-looking cultivator, he discovered something quite interesting. A dark, sinister operation that stealthily sold certain cultivators to an illicit organization, both men and women. However, the young-looking cultivator specialized in male cultivators, which was why Wei Wuyin was approached and tagged by an invisible insect.

In fact, the young-looking male cultivator had even established female-centric groups of vixens to attract males and place them in vulnerable situations. They were tasked to find loose and rogue cultivators who won't be missed, leading them into traps to be shipped off and sold.

Normally, Wei Wuyin wouldn't care much about such organizations. As long as cultivators existed, a differentiation of the weak and the strong, the exploitation of others will be a forever constant. The Everlore Starfield could've been the same, if not for the Myriad Transformations All-Alchemist who established the Alchemist Association.

The Four Extreme Continent was more blatant. The elves captured treasure seekers and resold them back to their human counterparts for a profit, causing them to be turned into Alchemic Proxies or Energy Converters. The dark side of cultivation was always present. If not this, then the uprooting of entire clans or cities for resources or revenge.

Death was abundant. Exploitation was endless.

Wei Wuyin indulged in this life as well, especially if he had forcefully extracted Na Xinyi of her yin energies that day. During that time, he led a group of cultivators who tracked down and slaughtered the weak, old, and young on orders of the Scarlet Solaris Sect.

The women who were marked for death were given to the men as reward, brutal and violent. The men were forced into life-bound servitude, killed if they resisted. Cultivation is difficult and the world is cruel. Two absolute truths that will never be eliminated, be it for humans or beasts, gods or ghosts.

It just didn't matter.

Even the Heavenly Daos saw nothing wrong with this. Bai Lin had just slaughtered millions yet would've been rewarded in her next life for doing so by the Heavenly Daos. Wei Wuyin was born into this world, and he wasn't ignorant of its primal laws. As long as he lived his life with a clear conscience, whether it followed the Bloodline of Sin's dogma or the Heavenly Daos' three thousand commandments, he wouldn't mind living in such a cruel world.

That being said, through the memories of the young-looking male cultivator, he discovered the faint hints of Heart of the World, World of the Heart Intent. Immediately, he decided to see if, by some chance, the man was still alive. If not, it was just a minor detour.

Wei Wuyin just hadn't expected that this so-called minor detour would end up being so fruitful. Not only did he find Yue Songli, gained copious amounts of Karmic Luck Value, he also learned how Blessed refueled their Karmic Luck Value and discovered answers to many of his long-standing questions. He had even learned of Fuxi's existence, obtained an artificial Yang Source Quintessence of a Yang Renewal Physique, and obtained an idea for a new alchemical product.

This little trip was so beneficial that Wei Wuyin had heartfelt suspicions that these events could've been linked to his Karmic Luck Value's recent deduction. However, there were no influential hints relating to any of it. This was just a product of his own decision and planning.

He had to once again remind himself that the Heavenly Daos were not responsible for all the benefits in life.

Yao Houyi felt incredibly confused. World Heart Intent? He was baffled and uncertain. What the hell was that? Let alone this, he had so many other questions, but he held them in for fear of angering Wei Wuyin.

Wei Wuyin noticed the baffled expression on Yao Houyi's face. "Right, you're a low-level cultivator." Nostalgia infused his thoughts; he had only learned about the World Heart Intent, the three divisions of Intent, after reaching the Astral Core Realm and obtaining the blueprint knowledge from the tribulation.

"Do you know what Intent is?" Wei Wuyin asked.

Yao Houyi was still a little befuddled by recent events, but he didn't sense any form of hostility from this outrageously handsome young man, so he nodded. As a cultivator who overcame the Elemental Birth Phase, he had birthed the four basic Intents to ascend to the Yin Form Phase. A feat that took him twenty years to do.

Wei Wuyin nodded and explained, "Intent is divided into three stages: Intent Seed, Awakened Intent, and World Heart Intent." He proceeded to explain their differences, how they interacted with the world as a form of Will, including the differences between Ethereal Intent and Material Intent.

Yao Houyi felt his thoughts expand after learning this knowledge, feeling as if a few things had become incredibly clear in his cultivation path. He had never had a teacher nor any formal studies in cultivation, not enrolling in any of those academies. He lacked foundational knowledge.

After processing all this information for a few minutes, he expelled out a breath of turbid air. He stood up suddenly, bending his back to Wei Wuyin in a bow, and in the most earnest voice he said: "Thank you, Senior."

He knew that Wei Wuyin was likely an old-aged cultivator despite his young appearance, which is why he had such vast knowledge. He held deep-respect to him, carrying his genuine thanks.

But Wei Wuyin chuckled, "I'm younger than you, by a few years actually. So its not really appropriate to call me Senior." If it was a random individual, he wouldn't mind it, but this man had caught his interest.

Yao Houyi's eyes widened, lifting to find the bright, playful smile on Wei Wuyin's face. He was in disbelief. Younger than him? "I..." He felt an urge to call Wei Wuyin on his bullsh*t, but he remembered that his standards were not 'the' standard.

"I apologize if I was disrespectful," Yao Houyi said.

Wei Wuyin's smile widened, "An agile mind. No wonder you could comprehend such profound Intent."

"I don't..." Yao Houyi was still unsure how to respond to Wei Wuyin. He didn't believe he had this World Heart Intent. Just as he was about to speak his mind, Wei Wuyin's hand moved, a single index finger outstretched and it tapped Yao Houyi's glabella.

When that happened, Yao Houyi felt his mind expand greatly. His Sea of Consciousness must've expanded by three times in a single moment, increasing the amount of mental energies he could contain within. He felt as if he was having an out-of-body experience.

To him, he was observing Wei Wuyin touching his forehead, and his eyes were erupting with scintillating light that engulfed the entire deck. He was awed by what he witnessed. Images of himself! From a young child to an adult, firing out arrows with his bow in hand.

At times he was smiling, other times he was frustrated, others he was fixing broken arrows, or cleaning his bow. As he fired out arrows and swung his bow in different angles, he was as lively and animated as real life. He could barely distinguish it from himself.

Suddenly, he was brought back to his body. He felt unsteady and nearly toppled to the floor, barely catching his balance. The spiritual images vanished, but he could still see silhouettes of himself in shadows and flickers of light. When he looked at his palms, he felt as if he held a bow and arrow in his hands.

If before he was confused, if before he was baffled, then now he was deeply questioning everything in life. When his gaze finally lifted, trying to find answers, he discovered Wei Wuyin's handsome visage carrying a dignified gaze unlike his smiling expression from earlier.

"What...did you do to me?" Yao Houyi felt different. Completely different.

Wei Wuyin calmly said, "I suspected that limited mental energy prevented you from processing the Will inside the Intent, so I just expanded your mind a little. But I never expected..." Halting his words, that dignified gaze fixed on Yao Houyi, staring into his eyes.

Wei Wuyin had discovered something frightening. Yao Houyi hadn't comprehended a single World Heart Intent, but two. A type of Bow Intent and Arrow Intent, and these two Intents merged together into one with perfect synchronicity.

In the world of cultivation, bows were not limited to just hand-pulled bows, but crossbows with elastic launching devices and their ammo wasn't just arrows, but rocks, metal bullets used for hunting animals, bolts and canisters of liquid such as oil or adhesives. He was well-aware of this, having deployed some of these means himself during his battles in the Scarlet Solaris Sect.

However, the bow and arrow as a whole wasn't very well-used, oftentimes considered archaic. When a cultivator reached a certain level, comprehending wind energies and capable of birthing it, projectiles of this nature became obsolete. After all, a ward of wind could easily alter the trajectory.

In fact, he had never seen a single archer in his entire life beyond the Elemental Birth Phase. While some tools were used in the defense of cities, many of these warbows were substituted with cannons that can fire out compressed forms of destructive energies as societies advanced to such means.

He hadn't expected that this man had comprehended two Intents to the World Heart Level, merged them into one, and it originates from such an obsolete weapon. While talented, outrageously so, impossibly so, unfathomably so, it was also quite tempting.

Wei Wuyin had been trying to get Zuhei to merge his Battle and Slaughter Intent, believing its form would rival his Elemental Origin Intent. Yet this man, a Yang Growth Phase cultivator, had accomplished it with two Intents and brought them to the World Heart Intent level?

If brought to a certain level of strength, what feats could he accomplish with just a single bow and single arrow?

Yao Houyi was fiercely shaken. Wei Wuyin expanded his mind with a touch? What type of cultivation level could accomplish such an incredible feat?! A deep-seated curiosity was nestled in his heart.

Wei Wuyin and Yao Houyi stared at each other for a very long moment, as if connected by some unseen force.

Wei Wuyin broke this silence first, "Are you hun-"

But before his words could be finished, Yao Houyi knelt directly with a harsh thud, startling even Wei Wuyin. "Let me, Yao Houyi, follow you. If asked, I'll be your arrow that shoots the stars if need be!"

"..." Wei Wuyin was taken aback by the initiative. With a hearty laughter, he couldn't help but amusingly said: "My arrow? The one that shoots the stars, huh? You don't even know if I have good intentions, yet you're willing to kneel before me and pledge your allegiance? Isn't that a little careless and unreliable?"

Yao Houyi's heart tightened. But he remembered his parent's words, and the last regret he had told that conniving woman. If one day, he could shoot down the stars in the sky, he would be able to be satisfied with life.

"I don't want to live my life with any regrets, so no matter what," Yao Houyi lifted his gaze to discover Wei Wuyin's silver eyes, "I'm willing to follow you with all my heart."

"..." Wei Wuyin was silent for a long moment, those words striking a heavy cord in his heart. Then, a bright smile overtook his expression, and with a hearty laugh... "Then, the arrow who promises to shoot the stars, I can't let your heart be disappointed."

Chapter 697 - 692: Not Like Him

Wei Wuyin stared at the Dark Void, standing at the edge of the Voidship. In a very short period of time, far too many things had happened. While Yao Houyi was his intended target, he hadn't expected to find such a talent, nor such a beautiful Ascended or delve further into divine mysteries and evil organizations.

"So many things..." He would be lying if he said he wasn't a little overwhelmed. The peaceful times of the Myriad Monarch Sect were slowly becoming nostalgic memories of the past. He had a feeling that he would be thrust into more than just simple conflicts that could be dealt with by a single sentence like before.

From what Wu Yu had told him, his actions and those of the Ascendants were shaking up the Aeternal Sky Starfield. His Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill was on the cusp of changing the conventions of cultivation and definition of talent and foundations. He expected it to be incredibly well-received, but in truth, he also expected that the Aeternal Sky Starfield should have other alternatives. And while they did, it wasn't even close.

Wei Wuyin hadn't expected it to set off such chaotic and turbulent waves and undercurrents. The True Element Sect had even leaked out news of his Chosen position, using his name, a mere mortal, as leverage to gain breathing room. He expected a society that had tens of thousands of Ascended would've been far, far more advanced.

However, his status as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist was still as impressive as being an Emperor Alchemist in the Everlore Starfield. If the truth of who he is became more rampant without the corresponding power, would he end up in an unfavorable situation? He truly overestimated the Grand

Cyclic Stellar Region's abilities, believing his abilities were negligible, just potential. This was due to Ma Zheng's actions, believing the old man was investing in a future talent, not a current expert.

"Did you want something different?" Eden asked at this moment. As his Alchemic Eden Astral Soul nestled in his Sea of Consciousness, Eden was well-aware of almost all his thoughts and emotions that originated from his primary mind, including his apprehension to be in the spotlight so soon.

"I don't know," Wei Wuyin truthfully said as he leaned forward, observing the far-off planets and Solar Stars of the Ninestar Starfield. Due to the hefty personal cost to traverse using Void Portals in the limits of the starfield, and Bai Lin's need to recover her strength, the Voidship was the only alternative left. They've been traveling for a few days, yet still so-so far away from the planet Blueglow. At this pace using an archaic voidship, it might take over a year to return.

"Who cares? Conflict, peace, war, or status, what's it before a True Void Dragon? There's no restraint that exists that can confine us, the embodiment of freedom!" Kratos said indifferently, its tone incredibly domineering.

"Tch," King echoed his agreements. If they created waves, so be it. Before its edge, who dared to resist?

Their simple thinking caused Wei Wuyin to smile a little, lightening his emotions. The two were quite domineering.

"I...I think it's perfect," Ori chimed hesitantly.

"Perfect?" Wei Wuyin's curiosity was lit.

The three other Astral Souls settled down as they paid attention to Ori. They were all curious as well.

Ori was momentarily startled by the focused attention, but then its spirit trembled excitedly. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Perfect! Why must we hide who we are? Danger? We escape it. Threat? We eliminate it! Spotlight? We take it!"

"..." The four listened. When they heard those words, the three Astral Souls trembled with fierce agreement! If something's a danger, beyond their abilities, they can flee! Kratos believed there was nothing it could escape from, no danger enough to bring it fear. It had even hid from that strange creature in space. Weren't they fine?

If something's a threat, they deal with it! A saber's edge brings an end to all problems, and King embodied that ideal. Death was absolute, and so was its sharpness.

If the spotlight is there, why hide? Just take it! Eden had lived as an isolated existence trapped in its own body that lived in fear and abuse for an innumerable amount of years. Now, the Alchemic Dao was limitless and it could accomplish anything, including being heard and respected, being free and having the family it always wanted.

Ori was just happy to be here.

Wei Wuyin had felt rather complicated that his fame exceeded his abilities, especially with the starfield being a mess of complicated intrigue and networks. He wanted to take it slow, gaining slow attraction as a talent to be nurtured, not overly outstanding in comparison, but just enough to attract some

attention. The most notable issue was the Imperial Clan. He wasn't like the King of Everlore; he was a genuine threat by himself.

If the San Clan had a choice, they would've tried to snuff him out. But he stayed safely in the Myriad Monarch Sect's Main Planet and astral territory, never giving them a single chance. Nor allowing the Alchemist Association to gain an advantage to dictate his status or future. Furthermore, he can't hide his combat prowess in this stellar region, it was thoroughly known by almost everyone in his now-destroyed starfield.

In fact, he threatened the entire stability and hierarchy of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region because of his might. And with the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill already out there as evidence, ample evidence at that, he knew what awaited him was unimaginable conflict.

He was thinking of shrinking back and allowing himself to grow quietly, but the Ascendants were all so explosive in their feats. He had to return. Even Xiao Bing was being schemed against already, and if it wasn't for Wu Yu's decisiveness, she could've suffered if he remained inactive.

"Are you afraid?" Eden asked.

"..." Wei Wuyin clenched the railings with his hands, distorting it with his strength. Was he afraid? Others view him as unfathomable, intelligent, filled with foresight and incredible means, and while he was all those things, he was also aware of his situation.

So was he afraid?

"No," he decisively answered.

"..." The four Astral Souls quieted down.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes reflected the Dark Void and its boundlessness. A glimmer of unfathomable emotion suffused his eyes. "I'm not afraid, I'm excited! So excited that I think I'll cause the deaths of others and yours..."

That's right! Afraid? Absolutely not. Fearful to take the spotlight? Never! Threats? Dangers? They stimulated him! Was he scared when he was a Qi Condensation Cultivator facing a Second Stage Astral Core Realm Cultivator? When he took Wu Jiao's arm?

Was he afraid of the Second Calamity?! No! He sped it up!

Was he afraid when he intended to face a Star-Devourer hell-bent on devouring Solar Stars? He chose to stay!

Was he afraid when he intended to steal an entire planet from three Ascended? When he was brought into a fortified prison? When has he ever been afraid of taking risks?!

Regardless of what, Eden, Kratos, King, and Ori all originated from his soul, mind, and body. If they weren't afraid, how could he be? They were domineering, how could he not be?

However, he wasn't alone. And this was a situation where others were involved, variables occurring in the front, back, and in the shadows. A single wrong move could cascade into a sequence of horrific

events. There were even Earthly Saints involved. The moves he wanted to make, the future he sees for himself, the chaos that might unfold, it was all far too massive.

"Good," Eden said.

"ROAR!" Kratos erupted with a loud, aggressive draconic roar that shook the void.

"Tch," saberlight coursed through the optic nerves of Wei Wuyin's eyes, effusing a sharp, glaringly fierce brilliance.

"Let's do it then! Why worry? Why worry? We're in this together!" Ori excitedly yelped.

Those words resonated with them all. Especially Wei Wuyin, his eyes lifted to observe the world before him. He looked to the left and the right, then looked beyond the Ninestar Starfield, saw all of it beyond, including the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

He wasn't like the King of Everlore.

"Then...In this life, I want it all."

Chapter 698 - 693: Eternal Monarch's Windfall And Growth

Far off from the Ninestar Starfield, there was the dominantly renowned existence within the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, the Aeternal Sky Starfield. Residing at its edges, further defined by its location at the edge of one of the sixteen domains, the Everlore Domain, was a recently created planet named New Everlore.

Its gorgeous spherical structure at the far reaches of the starfield, receiving the least amount of radiance from the Solar Star, including the refined mystic essence. It was classified as an astral-graded planet by default, but when originally placed on that stretch of graded scale, it was at the lowest end imaginable.

When created by the Everlore Domain's Everlore Association, specifically through the means of the San Clan, the amount of effort infused within was at its bare minimum. There was no nurturing or means to accelerate its growth to a sustainable level. A rough estimate was established that several hundred years would have to pass before the planet is fully refined by the mystic essence emitted by the supermassive-sized Aeternal Sky Solar Star and became stable.

This meant its inhabitants wouldn't experience a steady development of resources at a certain level for a long, long time, with most being barely useful for Qi Condensation experts. The decline of such a cultivation civilization's circumstance was ordinarily destined to be held over a long period, and many experts or youthful talents should've used their means to depart, joining other forces to retain their rights to cultivate.

The Everlore Association had even established a five-year trial that sent recruiting envoys to the planet to gather the latent, underdeveloped talent for their own purposes, not caring about the eventual dissolution of the Everlore Domain's identity, slowly intending on integrating their newfound society and culture into it while eliminating the old, archaic systems of a now-destroyed starfield.

However, the Everlore Association received a massive, unexpected surprise during their trip a year ago that faintly shook the entire starfield for a moment. Somehow, the entire planet was absolutely thriving. The size of the planet was large, sufficient to house trillions, and the resources needed to feed and

sustain these living beings were plenty. The projections of a poverty, brutal, war-drenched civilization that would eventually consume themselves hadn't occurred at all.

The envoys found them prospering greatly instead, be it their lively and high-yield fields or their environments that suited cultivation. They weren't lacking in either, nor in food or organization. Furthermore, not a single talented youth decided to follow them, much to their mind-blowing disbelief.

The greatest attributed reason for this order to their knowledge was the Eternal Monarch Sect. It had been formed shortly after settling, and over 90% of the forces on the planet had submitted to its leadership. The name of Wu Baozhai, the charismatic and capable princess of the Grand Monarch Lineage, and Wei Wuyin, the Neo-Dawn Ascendant Emperor, was sufficient to force the vast majority to place their pride down.

As for the last ten percent that had resisted initially, prideful and unwilling to submit, they suffered endless consequences. A few even tried attacking the enriched territories of the Eternal Monarch Sect and was completely eradicated as a consequence. In a mere two years since its re-founding, the Eternal Monarch Sect had become the sole power on the entire planet, with all living inhabitants under its roof.

There was no chaos under Wu Baozhai's astute gaze and exceptional leadership. Be it earned respect or imposing might, she had it all. Despite Wei Wuyin's absence and Wu Yu's identity remaining a secret, she had forged a strong, stable force with her name as its pillar, bestowing her a generous yet fully earned reputation as an adept leader.

At Eternal Monarch Sect's Everlasting Imperial Mountain, one of the ten Everlasting Mountains, the top figures of the sect were gathered.

Wu Baozhai was seated in the main conference hall, a spacious, simple yet well-decorated room. An oval-seating arrangement was established here with a large oval table made from a type of astral-graded oak wood. At the moment, she sat at one end atop a throne. Surrounding here were twenty-eight figures, men and women, all dressed in unique manner but similar colors. They were the twenty-eight newly ascended Grand Imperial Sages.

She had her hands clasped together, placed contemplating before her mouth that concealed her lips. Her eyes were calm, yet there was a solemn light within. Those before her were all powerhouses of the former Everlore Starfield that had chosen to arrive on the new planet to begin anew. This included Qin Rui and Yao Zhen.

Not a single one of them lacked a cultivation base at the Realmlord Phase. If someone were to know that the Eternal Monarch Sect had one expert at the Realmlord Phase six years ago, but now had twenty-nine of them, they would be stupefied. Not a single one of their auras were ordinary, an even more staggering fact.

Qin Rui and Yao Zhen were seated closest to her own seat, to her left and right, representing their influential position at the table. Before her was a document with an exquisite signature, letters forged by obsidian ink. At its heading area, a golden 'Life' character was present. She wasn't the only one with a solemn gaze.

Wu Baozhai glanced at the document. It was the purchasing rights of a percentage of funds originating from Wei Wuyin's sale of his Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, including the Grand Demonstration entry fees, Golden Auction entry cost, sacrificial bids and the winning bid.

It listed out their financial limit and ability to purchase anything from the Golden Life Pavilion or directly request for raw currency in the form of astral stones or mystic stones. Whichever they pleased.

While it wasn't a huge percentage, the amount before them left their hearts unsettled. Wu Baozhai spoke out after a long moment of mutually accepting silence, "He really did this..." She had a faint, almost unnoticeable wry smile.

"This can't be real, right? This amount?" A middle-aged woman remained dubious to accept this. It's been six years since their settlement, and they've learned various details about the Aeternal Sky Starfield, including the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region as a whole. Since the most-recent Golden Auction had brought the Ninestar Starfield into the picture, most with any information acquiring means learned about the total picture.

Would the Ninestar Starfield's main force, Ninestar Sainthall, be the future ruler of the entire stellar region due to successfully purchasing the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill? To most, it felt like a hoax, but some bought into the idea, and even fervently believed in it. Regardless, no one could remain ignorant of the twenty-three starfields any longer.

An old man with a grand, thick black beard and stout body spoke in a husky voice, "It's him." His words settled the hearts of most, eliminating any further word of disbelief. This was genuine because it was him. That was all that mattered.

Qin Rui glanced at the document, her eyes flickering with various thoughts. Since the Eternal Monarch Sect's establishment, the growth of New Everlore and its cultivators were explosive, yet also well-managed. There was a need to do so, because Wei Wuyin's support within those spatial rings he had left behind would eventually run dry.

Wu Baozhai's foresight had lessened the shift in a slower cultivation lifestyle. While they could cultivate astral-graded materials, it was still too difficult to effectively convert this into power. A cultivator required far too much time refining these material's volatile energies, extracting the essence and remaining energies, converting and absorbing it into their Spirits of Cultivation. This still needed to be further processed in accordance to certain cultivation methods, making it a very lengthy cultivation schedule for most.

While Alchemical Products were faster, more effective, and eliminated all but one step and a half. Sometimes, alchemical products only needed half a step. The issue was that alchemical products required time, resources, and immense effort to succeed.

The Eternal Monarch Sect had already fallen back to their old habits, trying to compete for resources amongst each other due to its limited quantity. Faint signs of inner conflict were brewing, mostly because the planet might've experienced its fair share of artificial nurturing, but it still couldn't upkeep the sheer number of cultivators present.

Yet this proxy purchasing rights, these available funds, would once more induce growth in their forces. It was so incredibly timely that Wu Baozhai speculated that Wei Wuyin had planned it all, even down to her usage and division of material and alchemical resources he'd given her.

But now, the reason behind their silence and thoughts were: how were they going to spend this absolutely absurd amount of wealth in the most efficient manner? This meeting was called for that reason, yet for an entire hour, no one had even spoken out anything but disbelief and acceptance.

It was just so much money.

The strongest amongst them were only Realmlords...

Even an Ascended would be floored, yet Wu Baozhai had to find a balance between disciples, elders, the planet, and its normal inhabitants. Ways to improve their own society, technological capabilities and possessions, and strengthen their position in the starfield. Especially by training their young talents, perhaps inviting some experts to deliver teachings beyond their understanding.

Qin Rui looked away from the document, looking to Wu Baozhai instead. "Grand Princess, since he left this in your name, then he trusts your decisions completely. Moreover..." Qin Rui took a soft breath, "Is this much to him? We shouldn't embarrass ourselves by fumbling here, thinking its a lot or too much."

A fiery light ignited in the eyes of everyone present. That's right! While they were shocked by this wealth, was it really much to their Ascendant Emperor? While the percentage isn't listed exactly, the envoy from the Golden Life Pavilion that delivered this document stated they were one of many recipients. One of many!

This might not even be a single percentage of it all! While unlikely, it was still possible.

Wu Baozhai's heart received a shock. And it was very much needed. She inhaled deeply before exhaling out all her hesitation. She gave Qin Rui a faint smile, "You're right, Grand Sage Qin. I've already got some ideas in mind. If any of you have anything to add, I'll consider it."

Wu Baozhai had regained herself, eliminating the baffled throbs in her heart. This was an opportunity for the sect to receive an explosive increase overall! She had to make full use of it.

For the next two weeks, not a single member left the conference room.

Chapter 699 - 694: Nine Transcendent Pills

Other forces also received their purchasing rights, inducing jaw-dropping reactions and prompting deeply invigorated thoughts and decisions. Some were outright confused, especially the Elven Sanctuary's Elves.

While Wei Wuyin had been the Holy Son of the Four Extreme Continent, very, very few even knew his real name or his capability as an alchemist. Not even Ai Yin and Ai Juling. While his combat prowess and talent was renowned, those abilities in the Alchemic Dao weren't ever revealed to them.

Furthermore, few considered his rumored relationship with Ai Yin with any merit. Even she had thought at one point that he hadn't considered her a true lover of his. It was only when he left that spiritually transmitted letter in the spatial ring that her feelings were directly dispersed, replaced with elation. Originally with Wei Wuyin for his Holy Bloodline, Ai Yi now felt herself develop all sorts of emotions.

This furthered with every legend he left behind in the Everlore Starfield, hearing of all his extraordinary feats. He was incredibly outstanding, and if anything, she felt slightly unworthy after being exposed to the elves' true situation in this greater world.

Was she truly of an inferior race?

With his identity being mostly unknown at first, the elves felt that this was a bait to have them suffer, but after the Golden Life Pavilion assured them of its legitimacy with no ties or restrictions to this wealth, how could they refuse? They had even delved into questioning who this Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist truly was, finding out from Shui Jin, the former Ancestral Master of the Navy River Elves in the Four Extreme Continent and sole remaining Starlord, of his identity as the Holy Son.

While he had never come into contact with Wei Wuyin, he was one of the few aware that they were restricted in a trial for some unfathomable force. After all, Wang Yutian forcefully restricted his movements and cultivation, preventing him from disturbing the trial due to his high-level of cultivation.

The rumored news about Wei Wuyin being a Chosen from the True Element Sect and having recently passed a trial, including originating from the starfield they were said to have been in during the Grand Demonstration, coming to this conclusion wasn't that difficult. This was furthered by his physical description, something every citizen of the Four Extreme Continent could verify.

This led to Wei Wuyin's relationships being investigated by the five elven races. They soon located the Qing Clan from the Myriad Yore Continent and the Ai Clan of the Four Extreme Continent, bringing them to the central planet to be housed. After all, they had connections with Wei Wuyin...

And this figure had just bestowed them an extraordinary boon, so it was best that they kept those close to him nearby and in their view. Not out of suspicion...just as insurance. However, their treatment was indisputably perfect. They weren't prisoners, but they were protected and provided the best methods, arts, spells, environment, and resources.

The Elven Race saw hope.

This was especially so in Ai Yin. While her branch of the elven race was considered lesser than the main branch, they gave her all sorts of authority and status. She was utterly flushed with a newfound identity due to her status as Wei Wuyin's lover.

While that was happening, unbeknownst to even Ai Yin, the elves were choosing their greatest female prides of the Exalted Elves, awaiting for his return.

Yet there was an important figure not within the Elven Sanctuary—Qing Qiumu.

Her whereabouts?

Unknown.

In the Ninestar Starfield, soaring through the Dark Void at a steady, pre-determined pace and direction was an archaically designed Voidship. Situated on this Voidship was the figure that everyone was seeking out, still causing cascading developments with every action of his.

At the moment, that very same figure was sealed within a room within the Voidship, an exquisite saber formation surrounded the entire Voidship, thoroughly sealing the aura and any internally expelled emissions of energy. Thankfully too, because at the edges of the formation was Utmost Purity Mist that was absurdly thick.

After being restricted to just a small area, the Utmost Purity Mist had condensed into almost liquid form. If it was allowed to be expelled, its reach would be extreme and downright noticeable by even Astral Core Realm Cultivators on other planets. The semi-permeable atmospheric layer would've been easily breached.

Wei Wuyin was currently thoroughly focused, with Bai Lin by his side. The fire phoenix expelled embers of nirvanic flames out at times. Her golden-colored eyes were affixed to the cauldron. She had rarely been introduced to the mysteries of the Alchemic Dao, but watching Wei Wuyin work, and his side-profile that was utterly focused and determined caused her heart to radiate admiration.

Despite her role being fairly minor in terms of what needed to be done, she was putting in 110% effort to perfectly coordinate with Wei Wuyin.

The process continued for four minutes, an entire array of changes of the seven methods went through a speedy yet stable transition. At the end of it, Bai Lin retreated a small distance, already experienced with the next set of events. Wei Wuyin executed a single hand-seal, his alchemical force poured out in copious amounts into the cauldron. Despite its small size, what could be considered enough to fill a small-sized planet's ocean worth of astral force was sent into the cauldron.

"Ha!" Wei Wuyin shifted hand-seals, and then clasped his hands into a ball. With a faint tremor in the air, the room shook slightly. This was the briefly manifested and dissipated manifestation. Wei Wuyin let loose a light breath, satisfaction painted his entire expression with a smile.

With a wave, nine pills that were like nine azure-colored solar stars emerged. They each had Transcendent Radiance Belts! Their auras were otherworldly, touching the borders of Mortal and Mystic Daos. Awed by this, he couldn't help but start laughing in jubilation.

He had done it!

He had used the Earthly Nine Concoction Method to great success for products at the ninth-grade, and even introduced mystic-graded materials to success! The Earthly Nine Concoction Method was a difficult method of the Alchemic Dao where an Alchemist concocts nine portions of materials simultaneously, attempting to mirror the process between them.

This allowed for a mass production of sorts. One of the core reasons why Wei Wuyin possessed so many alchemical products at once for the lesser grades was due to the advanced version of the Earthly Nine Concoction Method, the Thirty-Three Heavenly Method, which was far, far more difficult.

In theory, if perfectly done, it could concoct nine or thirty-three products in the time it takes to perform a single successful concoction! This was his first time succeeding in concocting nine transcendent-quality ninth-grade products simultaneously!

This process was incredibly taxing on one's reserves and mental energies. Furthermore, it was quite risky. Wei Wuyin could only carry a small cube of Terra-Mystic Ore, limiting his amount of transcendent-

quality concoctions, so every failure meant one less potential product. He would need to return to Wu Yu and obtain another cube to replenish, or obtain it from somewhere else.

Allowing the nine pills to slowly float about in a strange orbit around him, Wei Wuyin was beside himself with joy. He thoroughly basked in this momentous accomplishment, knowing that it served as verification of his steady progression as an alchemist.

In the Eden Earth Sect, back on the Myriad Yore Continent, his former teacher had once taught that an alchemist couldn't be considered an officially recognized alchemist of their rank until they could successfully concoct nine products simultaneously using the Earthly Nine Concoction Method.

While this was absurd and somewhat arbitrary in most cultivation civilizations, Wei Wuyin had always carried this belief in his heart and set it as a standard for himself.

With this session of concoction completed, he now felt as if he had finally reached the absolute limits of the Mortal-rank as an Alchemist. A wave of satisfaction coursed through his mind, heart, and soul that led to clearer thoughts.

Bai Lin pushed her head towards Wei Wuyin, receiving his instinctual caress on her head towards her neck. "You did a great job," Wei Wuyin smilingly praised. She had worked hard, so she deserved all the applause and praise. After all, he couldn't have done it without her.

After a few minutes to regain his calm state of mind, he turned his attention to the nine high-tier, transcendent-quality, ninth-grade Astral World-Deluge Pill. It was the advanced version of the series of foundational enhancement products, the Astral Sea Pill, Astral Great Sea Pill, the Astral Ocean Pill, and Astral Great Ocean Pill. They were the pills that Wei Wuyin had been using to expand the quantity and quality of his astral force within his World Sea.

Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened considerably, "Let's see how impressive you are at the transcendent level..." He reached out for one.

Chapter 700 - 695: Transcendent Benefits

The Dao of Alchemy and its four products was potentially limitless, restricted only by unknown reactions, fusions, and combinations that have yet to be tested or discovered. It was divided into pills, elixirs, paste, and pellets, each with their own specific, tailored purposes. These four products were further divided by three ranks—Mortal, Mystic, & Immortal, and even further divided by three tiers—Low, High, & Peak. Those two aspects of the Alchemic Dao reflected an alchemist's skill and rank.

But the most important aspect of the Alchemic Dao wasn't its diversified grade, but the resulting qualities that were produced. While often neglected, with most alchemists being satisfied with a low-quality turnout, the quality of a product defined its effects, its limits and potential.

Those products at the Impure-quality, one of the five qualities, performed a reduced percentage of a product's full effect, yet leaves behind volatile impurities that can accumulate and poison the spirit, body, mind, or even the soul. Despite this, it was the most commonly concocted quality known to almost all alchemists. It's also the most commonly consumed quality, with cultivators using other methods to expel, purify, or refine the impurities in their bodies over time lest it severely weakens them.

Most diseases and illnesses afflicting cultivators were the result of impurities reacting violently within their bodies. Due to different types of products being consumed at varied paces, different illnesses were generated that were hard to identify or treat. Even a cultivator's lifespan was typically affected, not just their strength or physical health.

Low-Quality products, despite their name, were all 100% impurity-free with the primary and secondary effects of the product being fully activated. It translated to low-measured success. It was a complete success, but the lowest level of success possible. This could be the result of numerous variables, such as an insufficient fusion process or energy dilution causing the product to be unable to be pushed to its limits.

The next was High-Quality products, otherwise referred to as high-measured success by alchemists. These products had their primary and secondary effects at a 100% effectiveness, unlike low-quality products that had their secondary effects at roughly 2% to 5%, barely noticeable. All products functioned on the alchemic rule of three, with most having three stages of effects that are elevated or activated by its quality.

Peak-Quality products boost both primary and secondary effects by an additional 50%, and sometimes activate the third effect. These third effects were oftentimes miraculous, outright heaven-defying. The most notable example of a third effect was the Everlore Ascension Pill. Its third effect generated Everlore Zenith Essence instead of the standard Everlore Essence, allowing cultivators to retroactively gain a Zenith Mortal State, one of the requirements to ascend successfully.

It could overturn a cultivator's insufficient foundation, giving them the qualifications to surpass the Mortal Limits.

The last quality, however, was difficult to gauge and measure. It was called transcendent, and it meant transcendent-measured success, beyond all standard limits essentially. These effects were unpredictable because they infused qualities beyond the product's ranks. For example, Mortal-rank transcendent products are infused with mystic qualities, and Mystic-rank transcendent products are infused with immortal qualities.

This could lead to an outright change in the effects, changing its primary, secondary, and tertiary effects entirely, or elevating it to such an extreme that its borderline reaches unimaginable levels, or even activating an heaven-defying fourth effect. The second of which happened to the World-Light Refraction Elixir, allowing Wei Wuyin to perceive into the Origin of All Light and manifest his Primary Light from his Astral Souls.

It totally broke his understanding on what the concept of 'light' meant, discovering that Solar Stars were not the origin of light, neither were the True Light said to have been created by the Heavenly Daos, but the soul itself. He wondered if the Heavenly Daos' True Light is its soul light.

Regardless, it was ridiculously hard to predict how mortal-rank products would react to mystic energies, essences, or intent. Normally, an alchemist is fully aware of their products' effects after concoction, as they've visibly sensed every change in structure, form, and essence that it underwent. Yet even Wei Wuyin couldn't predict the effects of the transcendent-quality World-Light Refraction Elixir.

That was merely an eighth-grade product, but the Astral World-Deluge Pill was a genuine ninth-grade product and of the high-tier at that. He had absolutely no idea how it'll affect him. If he could see or sense the Mystic Dao with the clarity of his Spiritual Sense or Celestial Eyes, this wouldn't be so difficult. In fact, he would instantly know what it would do.

But he couldn't.

So every refinement was an experiment as long as he remained within mortal limits.

Just accomplishing the feat of concocting a transcendent-quality product in general as a mere mortal deliberately would shatter almost every known convention of alchemy in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. It shouldn't even be possible. Most originate from Mortal Sovereign Alchemists that have ascended, and typically its the product they spent their lifetime practicing and perfecting.

Wei Wuyin didn't dare to allow his Astral Souls to externalize and refine this product with their typical reckless behavior. They also didn't dare to do so. Just like him, they were fully aware of the possibilities that a change could occur. The World-Light Refraction Elixir had taught them a heavy lesson towards transcendent products that they'll never forget.

"What do you think it'll do?" Ori cautiously asked, its voice incredibly tense as Wei Wuyin was about to consume it. The World-Light Refraction Elixir had nearly killed them, and its tensed state was fully warranted. After all, that was just an eighth-grade product.

"...Tch," King was usually dauntless in everything it did, but its sharpness was a little hesitant to swing at this moment. Still, he wasn't going to dissuade. A saber must strive forward without fear. Even in the face of certain death, its edge could end death itself. Was its thoughts as it hunkered down and prepared itself.

Kratos' rapid heartbeat was the most noticeable. The experience of perceiving the Origin of All Light was felt by all of them. It was a ghastly feeling, like having one's soul pried open and seen by everyone. It was downright uncomfortable and invasive.

Eden, on the other hand, was the prime example of cool, calm, and collected. As an Alchemic Eden Soul, how could it fear a product that it made? That would be completely ridiculous!

Wei Wuyin felt a tightness in his Sea of Consciousness. He winced slightly as the roots of Eden's spirit dug just a little deeper. He can't lie and say he wasn't a tad bit concerned. The thought of directly exploding had emerged more than once.

Could a mortal even consume a ninth-grade transcendent product? He was skeptical. Very skeptical. Still, he had to brave such dangers to progress towards his maximum limits.

The Astral World-Deluge Pill was one of the main products that he had used to bolster his Astral Cores to seventy-three centimeters in size. They've consumed over three hundred of these products each, so it shouldn't be too bad, right?

Despite that, as the Transcendent Radiance Ring touched his lips, his entire body shivered and he heavily gulped. Sh*t! How embarrassing was this?! When did pills that he concocted have the ability to make him feel apprehension?

With a cold snort, he directly gulped the pill. His throat brightly lit with an azure-colored light, causing his nostrils and the space between his two lips to spew out azure radiance furiously. As it traveled downwards, its route could be visibly traced until it reached the area of his dantian.

King's astral core was vigilant. It seemed ready to eviscerate it at a moment's notice.

"Mine! Mine! Mine!" But not everyone shared the cautious mind of its three siblings and one true father. With a joyful shout of excitement, Ori's Astral Core directly sucked the pill into it, directly bringing it to its Astral Soul.

"..." The four of them were utterly stunned. They were supposed to divide it amongst the four! What was Ori thinking?! However, none of them said a thing. They, with rapt attention like no other, observed Ori.

The sounds of tense mental pulses could be heard by the four, causing Wei Wuyin vicious headaches. The sounds of ferocious heartbeats could be heard by the four, causing Wei Wuyin explosive body aches. The sounds of saber howls could be heard by the four, and Wei Wuyin's meridians felt an endless stabbing pain.

"Can you three just stop?!" Wei Wuyin was in more pain than when he overly exhausted all his strength or was scorched by his own pellets until he was just a burnt piece of flesh! The latter of which was excruciatingly painful!

The three of them were just too tense at the moment. Ori's state had their paramount importance, so Wei Wuyin's shout led to nothing. He just had to suffer, unable to laugh or cry while they remained vigilant.

After a few hours of silent refining, Wei Wuyin was sprawled on the floor, not even paying any attention to anything anymore. The pain was too unbearable! They didn't let up, but intensified. His blood flow was all over the place, sometimes even reversing. His mind experienced split second black outs sporadically. They were incredibly frustrating! And his meridians were in constant pain, as if a torturer was just stabbing him deeper and deeper into his nerves.

He was just done.

Yet Ori was experiencing nothing except being drenched in azure light since the beginning. There was no violent change, no distress signal, and no chaotic reaction that might lead to severe bodily harm, like an explosion. Just...azure light...

If it wasn't for his understanding of Ori's personality, he might've suspected that Ori was doing this on purpose to see him suffer.

After his limits were pushed to its furthest, about to externalize his Astral Souls forcefully, Ori's delicate yet excited voice resounded: "That felt good! So goooooood!"

Wei Wuyin's left eyelid violently twitched. But when he set his anger aside, inspected Ori's Astral Core, his eyes widened in abject shock!

"What the hell?!" Within his World Sea, he saw faint Mystic Runes! He could actually see them, clearly in fact! They floated within his Astral Core like fishes without a purpose, loose and free. The only times he's

seen these runes were with his Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence, and they were as vague and hazy to their feasible limits.

But these mystic runes were as visible as inked letters in a book. There were at least three. Each of a different shape and structure.

"..."

Yet what truly shocked him was Ori's Astral Core. It had directly leapt from seventy-three to seventy-six centimeters! That was three whole centimeters off one single pill?! WHAT?!

Woosh!

Woosh!

Woosh!

It had been a long time since his Astral Souls had left his body so disgustingly quick that his body's calibration went out of whack, and he felt his mind, heart, and meridians seemingly explode as he directly started to lose consciousness. The last thing he saw were three colorful spirits zipping to those eight ringed pills floating in the air, and a fourth, slightly bigger spirit, soon followed with a yelp of excitement and a competitive roar...