

PARAGON 701

Chapter 701 - 697: Six Seeds

A full day came and went...

"Ugh..." Wei Wuyin's groan resounded as his mind slowly cleared. When he fully awoke, regaining his consciousness and awareness, he felt a strange comforting wave pulse through his Sea of Consciousness.

Lifting his upper body upright, he discovered himself still laying on the wooden floor. The memories of the moments prior to his loss of consciousness surged to the forefront of his thoughts. When it all dawned on him, he sighed with a wry smile.

He knew why they fiercely competed over the remaining products, rushing hectically to acquire them. It was due to strength and scarcity. While he'll be able to concoct these products reliably in the future, that was in the future. He had a limited amount of Terra-Mystic Ore in the shape of a cube, and roughly 80% of it was already consumed during his experiments. The majority of which were 'wasted' on 'failures' that ended up as peak-quality, not transcendent.

He wouldn't be able to concoct these products reliably or consistently until he returned to Wu Yu, learned how to transport mystic-graded materials through Void Portals, or left the spatial restrictions established by the Ninestar Starfield's central force.

They competed with each other quite often, in fact. He felt they were truly like family, but their reasons were just a tad more innocent and genuine than others. Eden sought to obtain further strength to concoct greater products. Kratos refused to let himself suffer like before, displaying weakness to his siblings. King was just King; his saber competed with the world. Ori wanted to play along.

With a warm smile, Wei Wuyin settled himself as he observed their progression. The nine transcendent Astral World-Deluge Pills were thoroughly consumed and refined.

But when he inspected the four Astral Cores, his left eyelid started to twitch violently as his warm smile was wiped clean off his face. Expecting a lopsided difference in size due to their fierce actions of competing, he was curious who won the refining race, but he discovered that each of his Astral Cores were all of the same exact freaking size!

Then what was the point of him being knocked unconscious?! He felt an urge to toss them all out and scold them until his tongue became dry. The four were totally silent, as if they were in stealth mode, but Wei Wuyin's anger still radiated out with a huffing sound and gritted teeth.

For several minutes, his mind conjured up many punishments that caused even Eden to shiver. They really didn't understand how uncomfortable and inconvenient it was to be knocked up conscious, let alone the intense pain they forced him to experience in their anxiety.

"..." In the end, he left those thoughts exclusively there. Clearly from their subdued and silent states, they were aware of their actions. He realized the sequence of events. Eden, King, Kratos, and Ori likely snatched two each, and Ori split one of hers with the rest. They might have felt ashamed due to it too, but that equalized their gains.

"So nine pills are so effective?" He changed his thoughts on their current astral core sizes, finding them quite interesting. He had consumed over a thousand Astral World-Deluge Pills over the years, split evenly amongst the four, and most of them were peak-quality. Yet a single pill at the transcendent level had such a substantial effect. While Ori's three centimeter increase might seem like less than 5% of its total, that was far, far from the truth.

Every millimeter of increase was substantially more difficult as it grew. This was because his Astral Core was a reflection of the World Sea's size—astral force quantity and quality. This less than 5% increase was like increasing the quality by 20% or more overall. Additionally, the quantity increase could drown several small-sized planets by itself.

"Did the mystic quality increase the effectiveness of the pill by a few hundred times? That's outrageous!" Wei Wuyin remarked after he calculated the required peak-quality pills needed to reach the same increase. That was incredibly exaggerated. Or was it?

He wasn't certain. However, he didn't just jump at this conclusion. Astral Force was the combination of physical, mental, spiritual, and essence energies intermixed together, so for it to increase in quality, so did those four. He tested his energies, realizing that all four of his innate energies were elevated drastically beyond their limits.

Furthermore, he felt a strange fluctuation of energy flowing through his innate energies. He couldn't pinpoint it, but it was certainly there.

"Mystic Essence? Energy? Intent?" He felt that this could be it, but that wasn't exactly right. Still, he measured all four of his Astral Cores and realized they were each seventy-nine centimeters each, a full six centimeters larger than before. He hadn't reached his limits yet, but he felt it approaching.

"Have you guys tested or figured out what those runes are?" When Wei Wuyin delved into their World Seas, he discovered mystic runes floating within. They didn't seem very large, roughly a centimeter each, but that was only in the metaphysical perception they gave off. Much like the Word Sea itself, if he released it out into the Dark Void, it would flood a large region for hundreds of thousands of miles.

So if he extracted these runes, they could be planet-sized. Large-sized ones too.

"...We tried," Eden answered. The other three remained silent, even a little sullen. This astounded him. They tried and failed? They had various means in their repertoire, yet they failed? He had to inspect these runes again. There were only six runes in each of their World Seas. Each rune was differently shaped but similar in size, and they were consistent in each of their seas.

Only six.

"They give off strange vibrations...its a little scary," Ori said. Its voice wasn't filled with fear but curiosity and desire. Clearly, out of the four, it tested these runes in an even more reckless manner.

Wei Wuyin felt that they were mostly observing Ori. His expression somewhat darkened after realizing she was acting as their test subject. Fortunately, they could share their thoughts and energies so if one of them faced trouble, the others could act as if they were suffering it together. They might be independent, but they weren't ever alone.

This caused his expression to ease. But he had to find the time to talk down Ori's habit of rushing forward.

"Strange vibrations? Eden and Kraros, can you feel the strange fluctuation coursing through my physical and mental energies?" Wei Wuyun had his own theories.

"Yes!" Kratos answered. "I can feel it. I think its why I'm far stronger now." The fluctuation was enhancing its physical energies, increasing its power by a large margin

"I feel the same," Eden concurred. The Sea of Consciousness and its vast mental energies was similarly affected, experiencing a drastic increase. This wasn't abnormal after consuming an Astral World-Deluge Pill, but this fluctuation was new, so were the mystic runes.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "I need to ask Wu Yu to be sure, but I think these Mystic Runes are condensed Mystic Intent."

"You think?" Kratos chimed skeptically. It wasn't that they weren't aware of breaking norms and conventions, but Mystic Intent was something that only those that have touched the limits of the Mortal Dao, the Star Core Phase of the Astral Core Realm, could comprehend.

Eden's roots trembled, "Mystic Intent Seeds?!"

"Seeds?" Ori asked.

Wei Wuyin nodded again, echoing with Eden's conclusion. "I was wondering how Mystic Intent forms and where, if it was like standard Intent where its housed in the Sea of Consciousness, but it seems it might manifest inside the World Sea. From a cultivation standpoint, this makes sense.

"Intent comes in three forms, at least to our current knowledge: Seed, Awakened, and World Heart. The Seed of Intent has potential, but its mostly inactive. I think the transcendent Astral World-Deluge Pills' effects aren't to elevate the Astral Core, but to flood the World Sea with Mystic Essence or Energy to either nourish the seed or strengthen Mystic Intent, maybe expand it? Since I haven't formed Seeds of Mystic Intent yet, the essence or energy formed into seeds themselves?" Wei Wuyin theorized, but he left himself some room for error.

Regardless, the existence of these runes and the explosive growth of his Astral Cores as if they had consumed hundreds of Astral World-Deluge Pills at once suggested that its effects had changed. This was a fact. And what changed was the traces of Mystic Intent coursing through his innate energies, amplifying their quality.

"If they're seeds of Mystic Intent, why are there six different ones?" King asked. This once again shook the four, sometimes forgetting King had a voice and was quite astute. It should certainly speak more! Yet its question pinpointed both a flaw and a peculiarity in Wei Wuyin's theory.

Why were there six?

As they were Spirits of Cultivation who comprehended and experienced the growth of Intents personally, they were well-aware of the Seed of Intent's aspects. For example, Ori had comprehended multiple Fire Intents but only established a single Seed of Fire Intent once.

"I...don't know..." Wei Wuyin answered honestly. He was as baffled as they were. He felt that these runes were actually Seeds of Mystic Intent, he would be willing to bet ten thousand Mystic Stones on it, but he didn't know why there were six and only six or why each were different.

"I can't interact with it at all," Eden also added his thoughts. The so-called Seeds of Mystic Intent were just there, lingering and releasing that strange vibration.

"You can barely interact with anything mystic-graded," Wei Wuyin shrugged. They were still nestled firmly within the Mortal Dao. Even Starlords can only comprehend Mystic Intent, not use Mystic Power that exceeds Mortal Limits.

Eden didn't retort. It was the truth, so what more could it say? While it was dissatisfied, the mystic-graded materials were mostly melted by Bai Lin's nirvanic flames's embers and they just mixed it into the product.

A silence soon formed. This development was outside of their expectations. They were just mortals playing with things that exceed Mortal Limits. How could they fathom these changes? It was fairly foolish to try, like a kindergarten student who only knew basic arithmetic trying to solve quadratic equations.

To them, they'll be stumped as to why letters are even introduced! This was math!

"Let's test this out," Wei Wuyin might not be able to solve or answer these questions, but the Seeds of Mystic Intent were currently affecting his innate energies, thereby introducing changes into his astral force. Perhaps with this infusion, he might be able to produce transcendent products by himself or perform feats limited to Mystic Ascendants.

With those exciting thoughts, he stood up, kept his cauldron, and left the room. After checking on Yao Houyi who was still cultivating diligently, firming his foundation, and Bai Lin who was still sound asleep, he made his way to the top deck. "I should check the course, ensure we're still going in the right direction."

But much to his surprise, when he reached the top deck, he discovered that there were no scenes of endless stars littering the vision or distant planets outside his saber formation, but solid dark-brown walls. There were white stones that were emitting solar light and warmth.

"...What?"

Chapter 702 - 697: Exploring A Pirate Ship

Wei Wuyin was taken aback by this development. He gently waved his right hand, receding the saber formation that suppressed the alchemic manifestations upon successful completion. The saber formation condensed into a tiny saber, entering Wei Wuyin's palm with a flicker. Its aura was incredibly subdued, like a sheathed saber. If a cultivator wasn't using their eyes, some weaker spiritual senses might not even notice it.

He kept the tiny saber for later in his spatial ring. Since his time in the Myriad Monarch Sect, he had been continuously nourishing and refining this spiritual formation, making it exceptionally powerful. He called it the Divine Edge Suppression Spell, but he never used it except to suppress the alchemic manifestations.

With the spell formation kept, Wei Wuyin got a clearer view of his location and where he was. A spacious storage area filled with a dozen other voidships that were either inactive or half-destroyed. Furthermore, they were bound by thick, long chains tethered to notches on the walls.

The destruction on these ships were fairly consistent, likely inflicted by the same enemies or armaments. When Wei Wuyin noticed this, his expression darkened slightly. He walked to the edge of the railing and noted that his ship was bound by chains too.

"Void Pirates?" There was a note of frustration on his face. He was aware that, even in the Aeternal Sky Starfield, Void Pirates were a constant danger. They were a group of ragtag cultivators, oftentimes rouges or disgraces, that would operate in unregulated locations of a starfield's Dark Void.

When he learned of Void Hunters, those who operated mostly in the void-blank space, the area between starfields, for resources and treasures, he was curious about the other occupations. Wu Yu had told him about Void Pirates then. However, they typically avoided Ascended or voidships with advanced designs.

This supported his thoughts because most of the voidships bound were low-quality, might even be piloted by just Realmlords or less. There were low-end transport ships without a single combat capability. These ships carried low-cultivation passengers across planets or lunar satellites, unable to afford the cost of Void Gates.

How unfortunate.

He could see dried blood stains from here.

Void Pirates weren't Evil Cultivators exclusively, just cultivators who seek to prey upon the weak, helpless, and poor. In fact, according to Wu Yu, the stronger ones were even devised by some higher level forces to regulate their territories and rid themselves of disliked individuals. While this could be construed as a conspiracy, most knew this was the case.

"..." Wei Wuyin lifted right sleeve, realizing his Karmic Luck Value remained unchanged. This meant he hadn't received a deduction while unconscious, so this wasn't a lucky chance. It was likely just a result of bad luck. He didn't have a full crew of cultivators overseeing things, and he essentially placed it on autopilot, so these Void Pirates must've thought it was an abandoned ship with a functioning barrier.

The Saber Edge Suppression Spell didn't have any active offensive or defensive abilities, designed to seal off manifestations produced by the Alchemic Dao and the aura inside. But they might not have known what it was, so they assumed with the surface-level inactivity, there was no one on board. A ghost ship.

Wei Wuyin's thoughts were correct, hitting the issue on the nose.

"Are there Ascended here?" While Void Pirates often lacked genuine Ascended as leaders, there could be exceptions. But Ascended were heavily desired by any power, this type of reckless and low lifestyle wasn't very suitable when one can live like a monarch instead.

He used his spiritual sense to sweep across the entire ship. When he did, his expression changed. This was a much larger Voidship, roughly ten thousand times larger than his own. It was almost the size of a tiny-sized lunar satellite!

"So big?" There was a concealment formation engulfing the giant Voidship, allowing it to soar through the Dark Void unnoticed by conventional sensory means. It wasn't very high-level, however. While there was mystic energy flowing through it, it lacked certain mystic qualities that the Shadow Egg had in spades.

It might be at the level of a quasi-mystic formation. This was still an exquisite formation, but Wei Wuyin could easily notice this ship with his Celestial Eyes. But there were no auras that resembled genuine Ascended here. Still, his curiosity was stoked.

He frowned a little, turning back to the door and realizing that Yao Houyi was still cultivating. With a flick of his finger, he left behind a protective spiritual spell. Unless a Starlord arrived, they wouldn't be able to disturb Yao Houyi.

And if they did, Bai Lin would notice and deal with it. She may be a little sleepy after she awakes, but genuine Ascended had been refined by her flames. Those mortals, no matter how developed, were not threats.

With that settled, he leapt off his Voidship and landed on the ground. There truly were a dozen voidships all around. This was the first time Wei Wuyin experienced a pirate's voidship, so he was bound to be a little curious.

He walked forward with his silver eyes observing the walls. Soon, he arrived at the gate that led into the ship's interior, and the living quarters of the crew. It wasn't guarded, shocking him. This pirate crew isn't very diligent, huh? What if someone was hiding here?

When he thought about it, he was amused. They hadn't even inspected his voidship, just reeling it on, trapping it, and leaving it alone. Perhaps they intended to dismantle it for parts later, or wait for the formation to exhaust its energies before intruding, fearful that it'll retaliate.

When he entered through the gate, walking towards the interior, he met several crew performing all sorts of jobs. Some were maintaining formation stability and function with their spiritual strength, others were replacing essence stones when they were exhausted. They were focused on their jobs.

He saw Qi Condensation Realm and Astral Core Realm cultivators, but mostly these low-level crewmates were at the Qi Condensation Realm. Those at the Astral Core Realm were only in the lower-stages, the World Sea, Sky Ruler, or Soul Idol, with only one thus far being in the Soul Idol Phase.

When Wei Wuyin had inspected the ship's auras, he hadn't observed a single Starlord, but sensed two Timelords. Both male. One of their auras was very active at that time, especially his yang aura. Seems someone was enjoying themselves.

These low-leveled cultivators looked at him, and sensing his purposefully emitted Gravity Emission Phase cultivation base, they lowered their heads and kept their attitudes stern and focused, as if not trying to attract attention.

Wei Wuyin didn't know whether to laugh or cry. These men didn't even know his face, and while some were flabbergasted and stared at his face strangely, they avoided questioning or approaching him due to his cultivation.

"There's at least a crew of two million. How massive is this operation?" Wei Wuyin was intrigued, but he recalled the Shadow Egg. It was roughly the size of a tiny-sized planet and had tens of millions of experts inside, not counting the imprisoned and restrained.

The interesting detail was that this was just a pirate crew headed by two Timelords. His mocking thoughts, however, were forcefully dispelled by himself. Due to his exposure with Ascended, even having four at his beck and call, he had forgotten that Temporal Eye Phase cultivators were high-level.

They were a single stage away from the peak of the Mortal Dao. It would be insulting to consider them low-leveled cultivators. He didn't want to forget that cultivation was an arduous, strenuous task filled with difficulties, dangers, and death. Cultivation was difficult. That was a fact he could never deny.

He spent roughly an hour walking through the ship, speeding up at times, pausing at others, and saw things from the propulsion array's core, all of its central formations, and the network of energy distribution. This was a marvelous feat of cultivator's ingenuity.

When he stopped, he was in a large, intricate room that was filled with Astral Core Realm cultivators. They were actively adjusting specific arrays, monitoring screens, and feeding information to each other or transmitting it through special tools. The entire room was littered with activity.

At the center was a throne-like seating arrangement where a single figure sat. This person was the other Timelord, the one not busying himself with women and pleasure. He was tall, slim, yet carried a commanding presence. His thick eyebrows, dark-brown skin, and short-styled hair gave off a clean and imposing presence.

"Is this the control room?" Wei Wuyin briskly walked in, bypassing a cute young woman that sped past him. He glanced at her leaving figure, noticing she had a firm, petite little butt. She went to input some spiritual energy into a screen, and then sighed with relief.

There were others that seemed to oversee entire arrays and their interconnected formations. They sent orders and adjusted certain things at a moment's notice, taking in all the available and given information.

Wei Wuyin arrived at a meter-sized, square-shaped screen, leaning over the shoulder of a Soul Idol Phase cultivator that was speaking vigorously into a tool that converted it into spiritual energy and then transmissions downwards, traveling and splitting into different areas of the ship.

"What?!" The man was startled by the abruptly appearing handsome face.

"Sorry," Wei Wuyin pulled back with an apologetic smile. These were all things he'd never come across, so he was naturally curious. Sometimes, he felt like a country bumpkin in a futuristic city. Fortunately, his cultivation and knowledge was high enough to instantly understand the functions of all these tools.

Just as he was just enjoying all these new things and sights, a voice sounded out behind him.

"Who are you?!"

Chapter 703 - 698: Buying It All

Wei Wuyin turned around to see a straight, long, black-haired woman with rectangular-shaped spectacles with a white trim. She was quite pretty with a fair complexion, giving off a stern and serious

look. She used her index and middle-finger to push her spectacles up the bridge of her nose, staring at Wei Wuyin intently.

"Me?" Wei Wuyin pointed at himself and asked, putting on an innocent expression.

"...!" The woman was instantly startled when Wei Wuyin turned around. She had never seen someone so handsome, especially those silver eyes of his that seemed to reflect her image. She went silent for several seconds, lost in his eyes. All she could hear was the fierce pounding of her heart and the heat rising on her face.

"Miss, are you okay?" Wei Wuyin was used to these reactions, only furthered when his reputation was matched alongside it. So he merely smiled and asked, glancing at the others who were now looking at him. It seemed that there were quite a few that had kept their eyes on him, distracted, so this woman had taken notice of his actions.

Well, it was hard to keep a low-profile.

The woman had a Gravity Emission Phase cultivation base, so she was his equal in terms of cultivation level. It was no wonder that she questioned him and no one else had. Hierarchy must be pretty strict here. A tight operation, huh?

The woman had to go through an entire inner monologue before settling herself, a monologue that no one but herself knew. Still, her face had a blush that wasn't fading so some could deduce a few clues of what it was about. She tried to keep up her firm, commanding appearance, but failed quite spectacularly. "Ye-yeah, you. I'm fine...you?"

Wei Wuyin chuckled, "I'm doing fine, Miss." He gave her a soft nod, looking at the others who were staring at him. He turned to the Timelord, but his eyes flashed with spiritual light and wasn't watching or paying attention. This room was quite spacious, and he was at the center, while they were nearing the edge. It would be strange if he noticed every interaction considering there were roughly ten thousand people in this room, and they were all actively moving or surging with spiritual strength.

'I guess I can't keep this going for much longer, huh?' After noticing that more and more people were being attracted to him and the ensuing commotion of his presence, he couldn't help but sigh out with a hint of disappointment. He was enjoying being a tourist, seeing everyone work seamlessly together.

'I should get a crew,' Wei Wuyin thought. He had been operating his archaic Voidship by himself, and it led to this current situation. What if he had unintentionally entered into a conflict between Ascended and had his ship blow up because it was unpowered?

He was lucky he didn't enter another Shadow Egg. Or unlucky, depending on how you saw it.

"What's your name and station, sir?" The woman asked after composing herself, trying to keep her prestige as a commanding presence. If she allowed others to see her stumble like a fool because of a handsome man, that'll throw away her face. Still, she embarrassed herself a little by adding 'sir' while addressing someone of equal cultivation.

Wei Wuyin's thoughts were elsewhere, but the woman claimed it with a spark of an idea! Most of these individuals were rogue cultivators striving to cultivate. He could see their strengths were shaky, the

impurities in their bodies were thick, and even the woman might rival Yao Zhen during his time as Grand Imperial Sage of the Myriad Monarch Sect.

In the standards of this stellar region, that was pathetically low. But this was the low-end of this civilization. There existed pirate or bandit-like existences in the Everlore Starfield too, but they were incredibly weak, almost none of them were even Astral Core Realm cultivators, and they operated in low tier continents or planets.

If you had a backing, why resort to experiencing these struggles? While all these tools seemed futuristic and amazing, they would pale in comparison to the Golden Life Pavilion, who could bring the spiritual senses of an entire stellar region to a single location with unerring clarity.

Wei Wuyin's eyes suffused with radiance. He didn't say his name, realizing that this could leak out his location to those seeking it, but he instead smiled. His smile caused the woman and those around him to lose focus again.

"I don't have a station. I'm not a part of this ship's crew. My ship was inadvertently mistaken as a ghost ship and was taken while I was resting, so it was placed in your ship." He started to explain himself fully, "Curious about this operation, I took a look around until I arrived here."

"..." The activity of the control room started to slowly become affected, with members turning to look at Wei Wuyin. His voice was clear, sending out sound waves through the control room so everyone heard. And heard they did, including the Timelord seating at the central location.

The woman was taken aback. Not a crew member? Ghost ship? She recalled them finding a ship like twelve hours ago, and it was uninhabited. Reports said it was an abandoned ship with a remnant energy shield. They had reeled it in after finding no signs of life present on board. Unfortunately for them, the saber spell had resulted in false readings.

"Not a part of the crew?" She asked again for clarification, still in disbelief.

Wei Wuyin nodded, glancing at the Temporal Eye Phase cultivator that had turned his attention to him, a dark light reflected in his gaze. Wei Wuyin returned the stare with a slight smile. "I'll be direct," he said, flickering so fast that no one could react and arriving before the Timelord.

"I want to buy this operation." Wei Wuyin's words resounded but everyone was still staring at his previous location, except the Timelord whose eyes were as wide as saucers because Wei Wuyin was directly in front of him. He couldn't even react!

Wei Wuyin's existence sent shivers down his spine. He had doubts that this young man with an unearthly visage that could shake the world wasn't an Ascended! Even if his aura suggested the Gravity Emission Phase, that speed wasn't remotely at that level!

"So what do you say? Since you're all pirates, I'm sure you must have a price." After saying this, Wei Wuyin flipped his palm to reveal his 'failed' peak Astral World-Deluge Pill, a genuine high-tier, ninth-grade product that was certainly worth hundreds of thousands of astral stones. It floated in his palm like a miniaturized solar star, emitting waves of blue radiance.

The Timelord saw the pill and was instantly awed by its aura, baffled by its existence, and astonished that it was before him! This was a ninth-grade pill! He had never taken one in his entire life spanning nearly a thousand years! Not even an impure one!

A heavy, deep resounding gulp of desire echoed in the silent room of ten thousand. Barely anyone could process what was happening or why, not even the Timelord. They were just basking in the pill's radiance.

The Timelord could only cautiously ask, holding every last ounce of his willpower not to snatch the pill from Wei Wuyin's hands, "...Why?"

Wei Wuyin flipped his palm again, keeping the pill. The Timelord's body jerked a little, shocked by Wei Wuyin's action and his hand reached out instinctively. But before it could even touch Wei Wuyin's clothed, his cultivation was restricted by an unfathomably forceful spiritual pressure.

The Timelord's eyes almost popped from its sockets. 'What terrifying spiritual strength!' Just the spiritual aura had sealed him entirely. He couldn't even muster the slightest bit of his cultivation base, thoroughly rendered useless. If he didn't have his Worldly Domain activated to resist using his World Pressure, then he was nothing more than a fish on a cutting board. Fortunately, the sensation only lasted for a moment.

Covered in cold sweat, he slinked back in his chair with fear in his eyes.

"Why? Because I want to. The only question that really matters is: Are you willing?" Wei Wuyin said.

He turned to the crew that were watching, "I mean all of you. Are you willing to work for me?"

Chapter 704 - 699: Captain Of The Vanishing Colossus

"Captain, here's the full report of the Vanishing Colossus' arrays, independent and interconnected formations, operational requirements and needs, including the crew roster, details of their recruitment, and their registered cultivation levels." A firmly spoken voice resounded within the room designed as the central location to monitor and directly control the various operations of the gigantic Voidship.

It belonged to the square-shaped, spectacle wearing young woman at the Gravity Emission Phase. Her name was Shao Yi. She was currently handing jet-black hexagonal jade to the individual seating at the commanding seat. Its surface had faint markings emitting spiritual light.

Beside the seat were two men with calm gazes, their eyes emitting spiritual light as they simultaneously divided the workload of commanding the ship. Despite their auras at the Temporal Eye Phase cultivators, they were standing while a Gravity Emission Phase expert comfortably sat, observing the large frontal screen that projected various real-time details, including visual display of their direct course.

Wei Wuyin was the one in this seat. He asked Shao Yi, "Inventory?"

Shao Yi jumped slightly, "I'll get a complete survey of our inventory immediately, Captain." She hastily straightened her posture.

Wei Wuyin nodded slightly, waving his hand as the jade crystal floated over and entered his grasp. It took only a few minutes for Wei Wuyin to sift through all the information, a little dissatisfied by the lack of extreme detail, but it was to be expected.

Shao Yi breathed a sigh of relief, giving Wei Wuyin a glance, and rushing off with a faint blush.

Shortly after Wei Wuyin made his offer, the entire room went into a silent yet animated uproar. The Timelord sitting at his now-occupied seat, formerly referred to as Captain Liu, was caught off-guard. So was everyone else. Eventually, a huge gathering took place that involved the top-tier members of the ship.

Wei Wuyin thought he'd have to display aggressive tactics, even outright kill a few to take control of the ship initially, but after showing a few products, giving out a few casually concocted eighth-grade products to placate and give a taste to some, the vast majority of the crew acquiesced with full willingness.

The Timelords were the first to give up power, especially the second leader of the ship, Captain Chang. Just the sight of a peak-tier eighth-grade had sent him spiraling into hysteria. Wei Wuyin was slightly fearful that he might have a heart-attack or a seizure. This took him by surprise, but after thinking about it for a moment, he came to realize that the entire purpose for these pirates to exist, to form these united groups, was a means to obtain better cultivation resources.

Since he offered far better conditions, they weren't unwilling in the slightest. As for the rest, they didn't particularly care who they served, just that they received profits they were owed for work.

After a few hours, the former captains were reassigned as lieutenants of Vanishing Colossus, and Wei Wuyin had taken the leadership position. It's been three days since, and he had just received details about the Vanishing Colossus's internal operations and requirements. During this time, he was learning about the Void Pirate's modus operandi and the Vanishing Colossus' history.

According to his two lieutenants, the name Vanishing Colossus originated from its former owner, a cultivator at the Mystic Star Phase, the First Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm or Tenth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, depending on how you view it. He had spent his entire life-savings after failing his ascension, establishing a concealment array powerful enough to avoid all sensors beneath the mystic-level.

It had a similar function as the Shadow Egg as well, capable of camouflaging within the Dark Void and thus 'vanishing' from sight. Due to its large size, it was named the Vanishing Colossus. While simple, Wei Wuyin had to praise how apt it was.

As for the work of Void Pirates, they mostly performed stealthy acquisitions of low-level Voidships, stripping them for parts, obtaining whatever wealth was on the individuals onboard, and capturing them. They would then systematically investigate their background and ransom them back to their clans or families, if they can afford it, or to an underground trading network to shady organizations.

The lucky ones were recruited as crew, put to work for a steady income stream and cultivation resources. The slightly unlucky ones would work for free, just room, board, and some freedoms.

There were even some who were set to be ransomed back, but had been captured for over a decade, awaiting for the Vanishing Colossus to arrive near or at their planet or lunar satellite of origin. There were a few Evil Cultivators present, but not too many. Most just cultivated normally.

The overall operation was quite simple really, shocking Wei Wuyin on how they survived for so long. Was this really profitable? Enough to sustain two million individuals?

According to them, the Vanishing Colossus has lost leaders and deteriorated continuously over the years, even suffered devastating damage, but it had always survived by the skin of its teeth. The crew would rotate with each blow, and even Lieutenant Liu was a captured cultivator turned crew member roughly eight hundred years ago.

Lieutenant Chang had been born from two members on the ship, both long-time pirates prior to his conception.

They further detailed their income streams. The majority of their income typically originated from contacts. They would be hired through various underground circuits or accept certain requests for whatever region they were in. They would assault certain groups, clans, forces, or individuals, even perform kidnapping of specific targets, or rob certain merchant transports.

Wei Wuyin was once again reminded of the scarcity of Ascended, be it genuine or false. He was of the mind that the Ninestar Starfield and Aeternal Sky Starfield was vastly improved in cultivation standards, and experts littered the entire world. But that's never been the case, anywhere he'd gone.

The Everlore Starfield never had issues with materials. It was filled to the brim with them. The starfield had enough to develop Mystic Ascendants and numerous Starlords in his golden era, and this number only grew as materials went unused rather than declined due to overuse, yet the decline remained, a steady decline over the course of eight thousand years.

While the Ninestar Starfield and the Aeternal Sky Starfield had improved environments, legacies, arts, spells, methods, higher-leveled creationist, and millions, if not tens of millions of Emperor Alchemists throughout the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, he was once again reminded that these things required power to acquire, wealth to purchase, talent to maximize, and time to use.

Cultivation will forever remain difficult, an arduous path for all. And the population was still as disproportionately structured amongst experts and alchemists as it was in Everlore Starfield, where only five million Astral Core Realm cultivators existed amongst trillions of cultivators and less than thirty Emperor Alchemists existed overall.

When he learned that the Ninestar Starfield had publicly renowned Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, he was amazed, but he later learned they numbered nineteen, he was blown away!

Nineteen!

Just nineteen!

NINE-TEEN!

The entire Ninestar Starfield had a population in the quadrillions, and new births were occurring every day to inflate that number further. Yet after tens of thousands of years since its history farthest recorded origins, only nineteen were properly fostered in the present day...

He had grossly overestimated the starfield, forgetting that the stronger grew stronger while the weak kept struggling for scraps. These Timelords had never even seen a ninth-grade product, and had consumed less than ten eighth-grade products total. Their cultivation bases were largely due to their environment being so rich, their ages being so high, and their cultivation efforts being extremely diligent.

While they might be considered as the 'bottom of society' that was quite untrue in Wei Wuyin's opinion. These Timelords have worked hard to acquire wealth and purchase available resources, not just products, but suitable cultivation materials to refine and absorb for their methods. There were others, the true 'bottom of society' that don't risk their lives in risky operations or ventures, but settle for complaining about those clans and forces that have everything, and their cultivators who are born with silver or golden spoons, sulking on their ancestor's effort.

These men here understood what it takes to thrive, and they were willing to bet their lives to claim what they could. The cultivation world was brutal, and they were living in it—embracing it.

Wei Wuyin admired them. When he was in the Scarlet Solaris Sect, he'd struggled his way to the top of his generation through sheer effort, cunning, planning, and near-fatal conflicts. He didn't know how many assassination attempts he faced, where he barely survived, or the concessions he had to make, or situations he had to navigate.

More familiar with the realistic standards of this world, he no longer had this dismissive attitude to lower-leveled cultivators or those who fought for their means.

They had work ethic and willingness to pursue their goals. His decision to buy Vanishing Colossus felt like the correct one. It gave him a lot of thoughts towards the future, and for one, an army.

"I want you to send individuals to the captured cells. Those who agree to join the crew may stay, those who wish to leave, put them on a fully-fueled voidship and send them off to the nearest sign of civilization. Before they leave, have them swear this oath." Wei Wuyin sent a spiritual transmission to Lieutenant Liu after verbally saying this.

Lieutenant Liu was startled by these orders. Even Lieutenant Chang's concentration was broken as he turned to Wei Wuyin. Letting them go? They were potential profits! Whether to be sold or ransomed away, they had value! He wanted to say something, but Lieutenant Liu reacted too quickly.

"Yes, Captain." He didn't dally as he sprung into action, giving orders through spiritual transmissions.

Lieutenant Chang clenched his teeth, trying to hold back his desire to speak, but was unable to do so in the end. "Captain, those individuals have a price tag. Are you suggesting we stop capturing individuals?" Did he not want them to be pirates any longer? Go straight? The thought caused him to question his decision.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, "Of course not. But these small targets are that—small. And these so-called profits you speak of are too minor to matter. A single ninth-grade product would cover a million of

them, so why bother performing such a time-consuming task? Money to an alchemist is merely a tiny inconvenience, but information and influence...that's the currency I seek."

After explaining this, both lieutenants felt shivers down their spine. They had an inkling of what Wei Wuyin intended from his words, but they felt that grasping the entirety of it was outside their scope of thinking.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes were brightly lit, reflected within his pupils were a flowing network of interconnected plans slowly manifest at the forefront of his thoughts.

Chapter 705 - 700: Transcendent Soul Deity Invoker Elixir

Since Wei Wuyin's acquisition of the Vanishing Colossus, three months had come and gone. During these three months, the operations as a whole hadn't changed, but their targets and methods after capture had noticeably changed. The most prevalent was the capturing of transport ships that were carrying passengers or goods.

Those caught would be brought into the Vanishing Colossus, then after a brief few days, released back into the world. Sometimes, entire manifests of passengers would be sent out just as they had been captured, unharmed. While some resistance was offered, Wei Wuyin had higher-level figures overwhelm the cultivators onboard, or directly disabled their combat formations and let his crew deal with them.

Wei Wuyin never personally arrived on scene, only sending out strands of astral force at times. Still, his swift and powerful means left a godly reputation in the mental image of the crew. They were also startled by his tactics of catch and release, but didn't mind it as they were provided fifth, sixth, or seventh-graded alchemical products as profit or astral stones for currency.

The crew of two million had never been so excited. Since the takeover of leadership, they were given far better cultivation conditions. While the pay remained mostly the same, they weren't just raw, volatile materials or essence stones they needed weeks, months, or years to refine, but easy to refine products.

Roughly two months after the takeover, voidships were sent to a nearby planet, docking there, and acquiring materials and formation designs. Many of the damaged areas of the Vanishing Colossus were being rapidly repaired by the Architects onboard, and the Forgers repaired some of the shady areas barely held together by effort and continuous inspections.

The stress that most suffered from having to heavily compensate for certain lacking areas was abolished, replaced by ease.

Wei Wuyin was astonished by the sheer size of the Soul-Rising Domain, finding it quite expansive. Trueborn, the Evil Organization, had transported them from Blueglow to near the center of the Soul-Rising Domain in a single month's time. But traveling back took a long time. While the Vanishing Colossus was a better vehicle in comparison to his archaic Voidship overall, its maximum speed was roughly the same.

With detours, delays, and the inability to push it at full speed without the cost being absolutely outrageous, he expected reaching Blueglow would take three, maybe four years. He was awed that

cultivators had to continuously travel such long distances and how much of their time was spent traveling across planets, lunar satellites, or domains.

While Void Gates existed, Wei Wuyin had learned that their price of usage made them an absolute luxury due to the stability and strength of space from the Mystic Radiance Belts infusion. The vast, vast majority of cultivators only used them for short-range transportation, and all long-range transportation was performed by Voidships. Notably, the transport-designed Voidships that they seized and stripped for parts.

If Tuo Bihan was here, he could tell Wei Wuyin about the exquisitely designed Void Gates with vastly reduced cost to operate, being efficient for even Qi Condensation Realm cultivators to travel to and from World Realms, including the Prosperous Moons. He would surely be amazed.

Wei Wuyin was going to allow time to be consumed in such a manner, spending some time to let his plans settle, but he realized from the glowing mark of his 'War' character on his palm that his time wasn't infinite—there was a deadline approaching. The Heavenly Daos also gave him a bout of stinging influence to urge him to urgently head to Blueglow.

Clearly, while it had calculated his slow arrival, whatever opportunistic fortune from his Karmic Luck Deduction was near its initiation. If he didn't make it there immediately, he wouldn't have a chance again.

That being said, he was in the middle of a crucial decision just prior to receiving the burst of influential urgings from the Heavenly Daos. He sat in his captain's quarters, sealed from all his crew, Bai Lin nestled behind him acting as the softest cushion, as he observed four small vials.

They were transparent, and the ounce of liquid within strangely had faint, vague mystic runes swimming within, but they were shattered and incomplete, unlike the twenty-four in his World Seas. Still, if pieced together, they matched perfectly to his own.

He had expended the last of his Terra-Mystic Ore to concoct these four elixirs, coming to the realization that the six Seeds of Mystic Intent might've improved his cultivation base and innate energies, but not his ability to concoct transcendent products by himself. That said, his ability to concoct peak-quality products elevated. Even if casually performed, he hadn't made a single low-quality product of any grade, completely unlike his normal self.

Wei Wuyin even felt that he had lost the ability to make low-quality products unless he deliberately decided to lower the quality. If he acted with even an iota of seriousness, high-quality was its end result.

"Transcendent Soul Deity Invoker Elixir..." This was the high-tier, ninth-grade elixir that had heaven-defying properties, allowing a cultivator to exceed the natural limits of their Soul Idol. By consuming the remaining amount of unrefined Manifested Spirit Energy and Soul Pulse Ring Fragments of a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol, a tenth Soul Ring could be formed.

Wei Wuyin had used this product on all four of his Astral Souls, but since doing so, he came to the bleak discovery that the combination of his Astral Souls outrageous absorption of Manifested Spirit Energy from the manipulation of their Soul Idol Astral Tribulation and the tenth ring itself, he couldn't manifest a single one of his Soul Idols without an unbearable consumption of his spiritual energies.

Those at the Soul Idol, Spatial Resonance, Light Reflection, and Gravity Emission Phases were only at the strongest state after manifesting their Soul Idol, much like how Realmlords, Timelords, and Starlords were only in their strongest state after manifesting their Worldly Domains.

While these problems had lessened as he perfected his foundation, elevating to the next stage of his cultivation, he was never presented with a need to exert his strongest force. However, this 'War' character etched on his palm gave him the feeling that his current cultivation base wasn't enough to maximize this opportunity.

It was a feeling, back not by the observation of Worldly Trend or Influential Stings, just a feeling.

However, he was hesitant. Because Soul Deity Invoker Elixir used the remaining Manifested Spirit Energy and Soul Pulse Ring Fragments to produce a stronger tenth-ring. What would a transcendent-quality version do? Would it even do anything at all? Could his consumption of the lesser version nullify the effects of this one?

The uncertainty was so high his mind was unable to process all of it.

Once again, his Astral Souls weren't in a hurry to consume a ninth-grade product without some apprehension. Even Ori, the typical reckless of the four, was silent and anxious. According to them, all the manifested spirit energy within them had been drained and refined into the tenth-ring. There should be nothing left.

This was also why he felt a huge burden on his spiritual energies whenever he invoked his Soul Idol, because the tenth ring was 'too powerful'.

Wei Wuyin's fingers tapped nervously on his leg, his eyes affixed to these small bottles. His entire mind was telling him these products were going to be a trigger for something immense...

Wei Wuyin was so incredibly tense that he hoped for it to do nothing instead. How embarrassing would it be to die by your own alchemical product? He wouldn't even have the face to arrive in Hell to be obliterated, cleansed, or whatever happens to Inheritors of Sin after their deaths.

Bai Lin placed her head in his lap, just staring at him innocently. Her eyes were urging him to do it. After all, she knew Wei Wuyin. Since he had decided to concoct it, there was no way he'd back down even if he was as afraid as a fat pig before ravenous wolves.

And she was right.

Wei Wuyin deeply inhaled and exhaled out all his tension. Without any hesitation, he brought the four vials together and imbibed them all. His Astral Souls moved to split them into equal portions.

After they absorbed the elixir, they stayed perfectly still and ready to combat any ill-effects.

However...

Nothing happened.

"...Hm?" Wei Wuyin had his eyes shut, focused thoroughly on his internal body, and fully prepared to use whatever means he could to avoid a disastrous outcome.

After a few minutes, still nothing.

"...Did it just not work?" After a few more minutes, nothing happened. But the tension within Wei Wuyin's heart was mounting with every passing moment. He didn't know where it originated from, but his mind felt a sensation of crisis so deadly that his hair stood, yet it came from every direction.

"Where is i-" All five of them, Kratos, Ori, King, Eden, and Wei Wuyin simultaneously asked after the feeling reached an unprecedented high. Yet before they could finish, they were interrupted by the trembling and rumbling of Vanishing Colossus!

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!! RUMBLE!!!

Wei Wuyin's pupils constricted to needlepoints, even Bai Lin's golden pupils blazed with flames. Without any hesitation, Wei Wuyin shifted through fixed space, a tenth-ring Spatial Resonance ability—Spatial Shift, and arrived outside the ship.

When he did, his eyes instantly reflected nothing but a cyan light.

"Holy fu-!"

Chapter 706 - 701: Recreated

A cyan-colored radiance had been born into existence. Its light was so bright, so brilliant that Wei Wuyin's silver irises, dark pupils, and white sclera were blanketed by its hue. Those vulgar words that he wanted to spit out were forcefully severed as he observed a phenomenon that he had never thought he'd see again in this life.

Uuuurrrnnn!

A familiar sound etched into his heart resounded once more. It resembled the bellowing of a great aquatic beast, and that pounded against his heart, mind, and cells with thunderous waves. The world distorted, twisting, contorting, and changing in an unpredictable, nauseating manner that left one's mind stumbling.

The changes produced a visual imagery before him, a kaleidoscope-like effect of perfect symmetry was formed, split from his current perception. Yet before him was the object that emerged without reason, seemingly utterly impossible to appear.

A ring of cyan light.

SOUL PULSE RING!!!

Unlike before, his astral souls and himself were accustomed to the baffling visual and sensational changes, so they acclimated themselves swiftly, yet the intense shock from this event wasn't lessened the slightest.

"How is this even possible? Aren't they products of the Soul-Pulse Manifestation Tribulation?!" Wei Wuyin was completely thrown for a loop, unable to properly react to this heaven-defying event. According to conventional logic, a cultivator was unable to experience Astral Tribulations with the same Spirit of Cultivation twice. To experience an Astral Tribulation again, one had to shatter their Spirit of Cultivation and restart anew!

While Mystic Ascendants didn't seem to have this restriction, capable of challenging their respective Ascensions multiple times, those in the Astral Core Realm did!

This Soul Pulse Ring was as large as the first ring of his combined tribulation, exceeding hundreds of thousands of miles in circumference. Yet unlike before, the Ninestar Starfield was gargantuan in comparison to the Everlore Starfield, so it barely exceeded the Soul-Rising Domain. Still, it was massive!

However, Wei Wuyin's heart was unable to rest, because more Soul Pulse Rings were forming! He could see the second slowly gather and condense as the Manifested Spirit Energy coalesced into the ring shape.

The formation of the ring was slow, very slow in comparison to his original Soul Pulse Manifestation Tribulation. Back then, all nine had formed instantly and he was tasked with racing through them. These rings seemed to be somewhat different, but the thought of racing through them again caused his heart to throb.

"BELOW!" Eden shouted out.

Wei Wuyin felt his mind shake as he instinctively glanced below, and when his eyes once again reflected the cyan-colored brilliance, his thoughts almost came full-stop. He saw cyan-colored rings below, two in fact!

His head whipped back upwards and he saw the same image. His first thought was a mirror reflecting it, but then he heard two shouts within his mind.

"Behind us!" Kratos' voice resounded this time, causing his heartbeat to race uncontrollably. Wei Wuyin spun around to notice the Vanishing Colossus blocking his sight. With a soft breath, executing a spatial shift again, he appeared on the other side of the ship. The sight of two rings and a forming three was taking place!

When he reached this thought, he shot upwards until he could view all directions unobstructed. With a complete spin, the void trembled, and he saw it all. His pupils became needlepoints.

Four directions.

All were forming Soul Pulse Rings!

"Four Soul-Pulse Manifestation Tribulations...?" Wei Wuyin was astonished, bewildered by the current events. The transcendent Soul Deity Invoker Elixir was recreating four different tribulations? However, as he watched each grow and form further out, establishing their fourth rings, his heart pounded fiercely.

Each tribulation was as strong as his first! That previous tribulation was the result of all four of his Astral Souls merging their Astral Tribulations! It created a super Soul-Pulse Manifestation Tribulation! But now, there were four of the exact same degree forming simultaneously.

He was at a total loss. "Do you feel control over these rings?" Wei Wuyin asked his four astral souls. Before, they had some control over their tribulations, enough to always cause endless trouble. However, it seemed even they were taken by surprise by this.

"It feels the same, but it feels different," Kratos answered with a thought-filled hum. It seemed Kratos still spoke cryptically whenever it was stumped. He ignored Kratos, focused on Eden's understanding of events. The only reliable one.

"...The elixir is inducing changes in each of us. We're connected, like its affecting us, inspecting us, almost like it felt when we first underwent the tribulation. I think its replicating our tribulations based on our recorded experiences. Since we all overcame the same amplified tribulation, it was recreated four times. I don't think we have any control over it." Eden's thoughts were clearer, answering most of Wei Wuyin's questions.

"But why? Does it strengthen existing Soul Rings?" Wei Wuyin furrowed his brows. At this time, six rings had formed for each, causing the entire space between the rings to tremble faintly. When the Soul Pulse Rings were created before, a spiritual pressure enshrouded and descended heavily upon the Everlore Starfield. He wondered if something similar would happen here.

"...Perhaps its to create another ring?" Eden guessed, but it had no clue. The effects of transcendent products were extremely unpredictable as they were. It could be to give one a second chance to overcome the Soul Idol Astral Tribulation should a cultivator fail, or to strengthen the rings, or to create another ring, or to temper one's Spiritual Strength.

It had no idea what developments or outcome to expect.

Wei Wuyin realized that Eden reached the limits of its knowledge, pushing any further would only create wild conjectures without any evidence to support it. The only concerning detail was: will the rings pull him into four different directions? He didn't want to die due to this, and being ripped apart by a pseudo-tribulation was not how he imagined his death would happen.

The seventh ring was created, the cyan-colored brilliance was massive, and the expanse of the seventh ring was utterly gigantic. By the fifth ring, the entire Ninestar Starfield was engulfed, so the seventh reached far beyond.

"Can people see it?" Before, no one could see the Manifested Spirit Energy, only the physical, mental, and spiritual beings of a similar wavelength. However, he wasn't certain now. In fact, there were several Realmlords and stronger cultivators of the Vanishing Colossus and nearby planets that were soaring into the Dark Void with their spiritual senses fanning out.

They had their Worldly Domains erected, and they were searching in every direction. While Wei Wuyin was only able to see the nearby planets, what he didn't realize was that this was happening in almost every location in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region!

While these experts couldn't see it, they could feel it!!!

They were astonished by the faint spiritual pressure exerted by the rings building up with the passing time, trying to locate it. Some were even able to arrive directly beside the rings themselves, especially Ascended whose cultivations were beyond Mortal Limits.

Wu Yu was seated on the huge cluster of Terra-Mystic Ore, but his eyes were spinning around wildly. "What the hell is this?" While the spiritual pressure wasn't intense, it engulfed him entirely. It felt somewhat uncomfortable. "Reminds me of a tribulation..."

In the Aeternal Sky Starfield, the Elementus Domain. A small-sized planet controlled by the parasitic existences of the True Element Sect, an area belonging to a relatively independent Silver-tier force with connections was there. The entire area was ravaged by signs of an intense battle, elemental origin energies littered throughout.

"Junior!" An aged, thunderously malicious male voice exploded out with a raging momentum. "DO! YOU! DARE?!"

Somewhere, there was a grey-eyed youth with a smirk of confidence. With a white spear in hand, he thrust it to pierce the flesh of a young handsome man, plucking out their heart with that single thrust.

"YOU!!" With a ferocious rage, the aura of a Timelord erupted out, and shot directly towards the grey-eyed youth. However, he suddenly stopped as a strange, unfathomable spiritual pressure engulfed them.

"...What is that?"

In the Elven Sanctuary, within a certain secret realm, there was an archaic palace that was dilapidated and had ninety-nine steps leading to its doors. A young halfling, both human and elf, was within a crowd of elves ready to challenge its trials. While the other elves didn't notice, the halfling felt his hairs stand, his senses incredibly sensitive.

"What's happening?"

In an isolated location within a strange, unfathomable secret realm, a white-haired female figure's crimson eyes as gorgeous as treasured rubies opened with a wisp of confusion within. "Spiritual Pressure?"

A faint glimmer sparkled within her crimson eyes alongside a golden glow at her glabella. "Nothing?"

Wei Wuyin watched as the rings completely formed. All nine rings in four directions. The spiritual pressure was far too weak. If the current him had to undergo the same tribulation, as long as he wasn't split into four directions, he felt it would be too easy to overcome. A small smile of absolute confidence formed on his face.

Yet...

Wei Wuyin's eyes widened. He felt his astral souls start to move about suspiciously.

"no..."

They started sharing their energies.

"No."

Their auras soon became indistinguishable.

"NO!"

And they started to brightly glow!

Three different no's said in three different tones, each deeper than the last, backed by an increasingly forbidding volume.

Wei Wuyin could swear that he heard laughing...

The thirty-six rings trembled and started to fracture.

Chapter 707 - 702: Quake The World

A wave-like surging tremor. A sensation of pressure against one's body, mind, and spirit. That feeling of being surrounded, engulfed, and then tightly strangled.

The hearts of cultivators across the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region felt this singular sensation at the exact same moment for nothing more than the briefest time imaginable. Like a low whisper in the wind, tickling the ear, or the shadow at the edge of one's eyes. It attracted one's attention, but whether it was one's imagination or the truth of reality, it was very difficult to tell.

Wu Yu no longer sat in a meditative pose, rising to stand as he stared at the surroundings, his eyes glinting with a ferociously penetrative spiritual light. That sensation of spiritual pressure had vanished, but not before it burst with unfathomable force. It was for just a brief moment, but he had felt it as clearly as his own hand.

"..." Wu Yu stared at the vast Dark Void. The edges of his lips were slightly forming downward arcs, his eyebrows were deeply furrowed, and the light in his eyes emanated a somber light. This ruminative expression was all he had for the next hour, unsure if what he felt was true or not. Since he was in possession of the Terra-Mystic Ore, he was far more sensitive than others.

Wu Yu decided to take cautionary measures. With a hand press, he softly slammed his palm against the earthen layer that enveloped the bountiful and richly valued Terra-Mystic Ore. The slam caused a faint bursting sound to emit, and the earthen sphere started to move away from his current position.

The fact that he felt spiritual pressure in such an isolated location made him question if an Earthly Saint or a being of the Dark Void had taken notice of himself. Regardless, Wu Yu felt that he should relocate nevertheless. It was a strange feeling at the back of his mind alerting him that danger was incoming.

As he did, he sent a spiritual transmission through Wei Wuyin's ring to inform him of his thoughts, decision, and reasons for making this decision. He included the spiritual sensation he had felt, including that strange tremor that faintly shook his Mystic Soul.

While Wu Yu cautiously moved, he hadn't realized that a few existences within the void-blank space that were deliberately hidden or sleeping had woken due to the tremor, searching for the source of such an

event. A few hours after his departure, the void rippled as the creature that Wei Wuyin had inadvertently come across earlier slithered through where Wu Yu originally was. The ripples in space were far more active, its movements were clearly more aggressive than before.

If Wu Yu had remained there, he might've forfeited his life.

In the Everlore Domain, the San Clan's core planet—Third Sky. Situated in a seven-storied pagoda that spanned half a mile in every direction with each floor painted in a different color, signifying the variations and aspects of the Alchemic Dao, there were eight alchemists. Seven of which were standing around a large, pristinely white-colored cauldron while one floated high-above, seated in a lotus position while executing a series of timely hand-seals.

The white cauldron emitted a dense mist and ancient aura, containing its long-standing usage and existence. It suffused the entire area with an exquisitely refined alchemical aura. It was Utmost Purity Mist! And it reached over twenty-four meters! Such standards were incredible!

The alchemist positioned above was a handsome, dark-haired, middle-aged man with a well-trimmed stubble and short-tied ponytail. The temples of his hair had faint greying signs, but it only elevated his outstanding appearance. With a focused expression, alchemic force was poured carefully and precisely into the cauldron.

He was San Luoyang, the same alchemist that handled the exodus of trillions from the Everlore Starfield. As a Prime Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, his reputation and prestige was astonishing, but not a single one of the seven figures surrounding him were lacking in reputation either!

If one looked closely, they would notice that these seven were all outstanding alchemists. Amongst them was a veiled woman with heterochromia. For those who observed the Grand Demonstration, she was an unforgettable existence! Mu Yura, the Twilight Alchemic Sovereign!

Furthermore, the other six alchemists were also Mortal Sovereign Alchemists of astonishing renown and ability, and they were currently all heavily focused while concocting in a coordinated manner. At the top of their heads were faint signs of sweat, their spiritual senses were careful and evaded each other for fear of disturbing the process yet unable to retract their spiritual senses.

Clearly, this product wasn't ordinary.

At first, all disturbances from outside were directly blocked, including the initial surge of spiritual pressure. But when that momentary tremoring burst occurred, it leaked into the pagoda through the formations and three Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were caught off-guard, their spiritual senses running amok for a split second.

Yet it was enough.

Like a domino falling in a coordinated manner, the initial chaos only created more. The spiritual energies of these alchemists went wild and they tried to compensate, but they were three separate individuals, not of one mind. The others were also distracted, just more stable, yet they clashed with the others.

BOOM! BOOM! BUUUAAA!

The cauldron spurted out a deep, heavy sound after two explosions of spiritual sense composed of spiritual strength. The clash was hectic and the cauldron trembled fiercely.

An incredibly unsightly expression emerged on San Luoyang's expression, and he tried to hastily formulate hand-seals, sending out bursts of alchemic force and spiritual force to salvage the process. Unfortunately...

"Sh*t!" San Luoyang uncharastically cursed as he slapped both his palms together and slammed it downwards, sending a burst of alchemic force into it.

BOOOOM!!!

A large explosion resounded, sending out a powerful shockwave that sent all the alchemists flying, crashing against the walls and spurting out blood. Their cultivation bases were profound and their bodies thoroughly refined, but the force of their crash could shatter entire planets. Even the pagoda trembled fiercely as a result.

The Utmost Purity Mist quivered in chaos, as if provoked by some unfathomable law. It rapidly began to shrink continuously until it dissipated entirely without a single wisp of its existence remaining. The cauldron that once emitted a powerful Utmost Purity Mist of twenty-four meters, likely aged in the thousands of years since its creation, had lost its right to possess the name 'Utmost Purity'.

Normally, Utmost Purity Mist wouldn't dissipate upon failure of a product or if an impure-quality product was concocted, but after it reaches a certain point, typically beyond eighteen meters, a product of eighteen thousand successes, a single failure cause it all to dissipate without reason. It was as if the cauldron was no longer worthy of the Utmost Purity Mist that is created.

San Luoyang's expression wasn't just dark, ugly, enraged, or had gritted teeth, but all of them and more. He grunted as he landed on the ground with a thunderous stomp, holding a pill in his hand that emitted a faint dim radiance. He glanced at the three alchemists that caused this unfixable chaos. They were still coughing blood and moaning in agony. One of them was unconscious.

San Luoyang's handsome face distorted into a snarl, his hand opening as a green-colored pill had a single mystic runic marking on its surface, but it was incomplete. If Wei Wuyin had seen this pill, he would recognize it as one of his Seeds of Mystic Intent's runic structure!

"A Spiritquake?" A powerful voice and sense carrying spiritual strength like a divinity cascaded down, engulfing the entire room. San Luoyang's expression changed, including the remaining alchemists. He humbly bowed to no one in particular, "Vice-President Evergod!" The other alchemists, at least those still conscious, bowed too while blood leaked from their lips and suppressing their need to cough.

The voice was silent for a long moment and then sighed in a tone of deep, unfathomable frustration. "It seems that little girl finally succeeded. Don't worry about the White-God Cauldron. Replace it with the Violet-God Cauldron and restart."

San Luoyang's body trembled, and he firmly nodded: "Yes, Vice-President Evergod! Thank you!" The voice and spiritual sense soon vanished, and San Luoyang and the others let loose a faint breath of relief. They had just failed a crucial assignment, ruined the purity of the White-God Cauldron that was the culmination of thousands of years of continuous successes.

To lose the Utmost Purity Mist from a single failure was like eating animal feces, excreting yourself, and then eating your own feces. It was disgusting beyond imagination. If the Evergod Pill Alchemic Saint sought to punish them, they would have no grounds to object.

San Luoyang glanced at the failed Mystic-Earth Product. They had spent sixteen months of manpower and focus on this single pill, yet it was ruined at the most horrendous time imaginable. He couldn't even destroy the product to prevent its creation, as it was already in its last stages of concoction. The pill was not only incomplete, but it was impure. He had an urge to crush it out of frustration, but its value was still immensely valuable. He carefully stored it away, and stared at the White-God Cauldron.

"A Spiritquake? Did she truly succeed? If so..." San Luoyang's eyes glinted with a deadly light.

Wei Wuyin was unaware that his unintentional usage of a transcendent product hadn't just resulted in a huge failure that ruined thousands of years of accumulated effort and success, but had instigated a sequence of events that'll affect the entire Aeternal Sky Starfield, no, the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region!

Chapter 708 - 703: Fear The Unknown

The sudden sweeping surge of Spiritual Pressure had come and gone, sending countless experts of all generations into a state of hectically drawn conclusions and theories as to what they felt. As more communicated with each other, understanding that it was a phenomenon felt by almost every existence at a certain cultivation, the theories soon became wilder.

However, there was one specific theory that eclipsed the others. It was related to a single individual and a single, world-shaking event, and the event had only happened once before: The World Awakening of a True Saint!

There was only one time that this event had occurred, and it had shaken the dynamics of the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Much like the Stellar Manifestation of the Mortal Sovereign, it was the officially recognized phenomenon of the Alchemic Dao! It only manifested itself when the successful concoction of a non-impure Mystic-World grade alchemical product was a success by the lone efforts of an Alchemic Saint, indicating the birth of a Worldly Saint Alchemist!

The prevailing theory was that a Saint Alchemist had broken the barrier and ascended beyond their limits, causing such a phenomenon to sweep throughout the world yet again. However, while some believed this, the many forces sought to disprove it. There were only three true Alchemic Saints, yet if the long-lived experts were to compare them to the feats and talent of the King of Everlore, they would certainly be lacking.

The only plausible choice was the Sky Zenith Alchemic Saint, the rumored disciple of the King of Everlore. The others, both the Evergod Pill Alchemic Saint and Ennea Hall Alchemic Saint, were instantly disproven. The two had outright denied it, even giving congratulations to the Sky Zenith Alchemic Saint indirectly.

Their words might not have directly confirmed it, but they alluded to her success, and such had instigated the world to roar in shocking surprise. However, the Imperial Clan of the Aeternal Sky Starfield had remained silent, caught off-guard by such accusations.

Shortly after the phenomenon, the Imperial Clan had gathered their bearings and put out a statement that the phenomenon had nothing to do with the Sky Zenith Saint Alchemist, and they would investigate to learn more of its cause. However, alongside their delayed response and the two Alchemic Saints' indirect congratulations, the Imperial Clan of the Aeternal Sky Starfield received heavy skepticism.

Furthermore, there were rumors passing around that the Mystic-World grade product was the legendary unnamed pill that was once theorized by the King of Everlore himself, the pill that allowed one to gain insight into the Worldly Saint Phase!

Wild speculation suggested that it was the same product that was within the Chosen King Competition! The secret and key to becoming a Worldly Saint! While there wasn't much evidence to support this, the phenomenon and implications of it suggested an iota of truth. And that was all that was needed—the smallest possibility of it being true.

To add, the Sky Zenith Saint Alchemist had not made an official statement herself, only sending out the proxy mouthpiece that was the Aeternal Sky Starfield's Imperial Clan. In fact, she hadn't made an appearance in nearly thirty years, causing the spreading theory that she was working on a Mystic-World grade product during that time a stronger foundation to stand on.

A silent undercurrent of uncertainty started to manifest across the twenty-two other starfields. It brought along the particles of fear, apprehension, and struggle. While there was the saying that the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill from a few years ago would eventually create the true ruler of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, there was no real panic in the hearts of the twenty-three starfields and their mystic-tier forces.

Cultivation was a marathon, not a sprint. While the pill will accelerate a cultivator's speed, ensuring the successful completion of the Realm World Phase, it was merely that. It might be heaven-defying, world-shaking, and ruler-defining to some, but not to these forces. Eventually, the product will be widespread and available to them, and a few decades of advantage wasn't sufficient to cause them worry.

But a Mystic-World grade pill that might enlighten cultivators to the secrets of Worldly Saint Phase of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, this caused a surge of abject fear in their hearts. Because while a Worldly Saint appearing might not determine the ruler of the stellar region from the others, in the Imperial Clan, it most certainly would!

The core reason for this wasn't the Worldly Saint themselves, but the Sky Zenith Alchemic Saint's potential. The King of Everlore vanished shortly after his ascension as Worldly Saint Alchemist, and he was a neutral existence that didn't care about much except the Alchemic Dao in the eyes of most. A benevolently neutral existence that sought greater heights, not wealth, authority, and territory.

If she could concoct this product once, she could do it again, and again, and again! In the end, the amount of Worldly Saints born in the starfield after ten thousand years will certainly be numerous, and limited solely to the Imperial Clan!

While it wasn't certain, an unclear timer formed in the hearts of too many powerhouses. A ticking clock that would determine their eventual submission, loss of culture and tradition, forcefully assimilated into the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

A threat.

She was a threat to their independence.

She was a threat to their authority.

She was a threat to their lives, their family, and their descendants.

Sometimes, only an idea was enough to push the needle.

The twenty-two starfields could feel the looming pressure, hearing the ticking timer that would eventually lead to their end. Furthermore, it wasn't only felt by the other starfields, but numerous forces within the Aeternal Sky Starfield felt it. This was especially so for certain organizations that were at odds with the Imperial Clan, surviving off the mythical oaths established thousands of years ago.

Normally, they wouldn't be afraid. A Mythical Oath was insidiously difficult to break. However, difficult did not mean impossible. A Mythical Oath's strength was relative to the parties swearing the oath, much like how the degree of backlash was dependent on the one who swore the oath.

For others, but not a Worldly Saint Alchemist! Prior to his abrupt disappearance, the King of Everlore left seven products called the Seven World Wonders of Everlore, detailing and theorizing seven Mystic-World grade products.

One of which was the pill that could potentially create a Worldly Saint! The very same pill the others believed to have been concocted! Another was of an elixir that could shatter a Mythical Oath if forged by those at or beneath the Earthly Saint Phase! Like all oaths, a seed is planted within all those enforced by its limitations and rules, and this seed was vulnerable to high-level cultivators and the Alchemic Dao.

Wei Wuyin had given Tuo Bihan a Spirit Cleansing Elixir, a product of similar design whose primary effect was removing Spirit Oaths and secondary effect could purify the spirit of impurities. These products have existed.

The only oath that couldn't be broken was Heavenly Oaths, and that was only because the resulting power or means to do so was incredibly difficult, almost making it absolute and unshatterable by almost every existence. Yet its vague nature of decision making made it very unreliable.

If this product was successfully concocted by the rumored Sky Zenith Alchemic Saint, then the livelihood of every single force within the Aeternal Sky Starfield was no longer protected. They, too, felt that pressure. No longer protected by their past oaths, where would they go? How would they live?

A few of the Noble Clans didn't even have Earthly Saints, attaining their right to own rich resources and occupy an enriched environment from the supermassive Mystic Radiance Belt, including the protections promised by the Aeternal Sky Saint! Without those oaths, they would be kicked out or worse, outright slaughtered.

How could they not be afraid?

The straw that truly broke the camel's back, that pushed that needle to an unstoppable spin, was the Golden Gate Pavilion. When the theory was wildly thrown about, the top-tier forces didn't just seek answers from the Imperial Clan, but from the Heavenly Seers!

However, what they received was unexpected! While Ascended had protections against being peered against by some Seers, it wasn't absolute. If the Golden Gate Pavilion truly sought out information, none

could hide from their all-seeing gazes. This was evident by their conflict with the Imperial Clan thousands of years ago, spilling their crucial secrets.

Yet when asked about the origins of the phenomenon, the Heavenly Seers response was: "Unknown!"

A single word.

To them, it was enough...

Chapter 709 - 704: Soldier Of War, Sent Elsewhere

Kree!

Within the Soul-Rising Domain, outside the planet known as Blueglow's atmospheric layer, a white and golden winged creature of twenty-two meters in height.

"We're here!" The exuberantly youthful voice of Bai Lin sounded out, causing the sleeping Wei Wuyin to awaken. He was laying on Bai Lin's back, hurdled into sleeping posture, and when his silver eyes revealed themselves to the world, the ever-flowing, explosively radiant spiritual light leaked.

Those gorgeous eyes of his were hidden once again, sealed behind his eyelids and a uniquely flickering spiritual formation inscribed on his eyelids. Wei Wuyin softly sighed. Not even rising from his resting position, he said: "Bring us directly there."

Unlike before, Wei Wuyin had no intentions of stopping at a nearby city to seek out information regarding the 'War' character and any suspicious events lately. He was usually cautious, wanting to see if he could pry some clues to this karmic luck fortune. But with the influential urges the Heavenly Daos was sending to him, he decided to face it directly. There was no time for further detours.

Since he took the transcendent Soul Deity Invoker Elixir, an entire month had passed by. He couldn't delay any longer than he already has, and the thunderous and continuously pounding influential urges sent to him by the Heavenly Daos further his belief in this. If he waited any longer, he might miss this fortuitous chance entirely, so he left the Vanishing Colossus along with Bai Lin, leaving Yao Houyi cultivating on the Vanishing Colossus. They flew through the Dark Void at full speed for the last three weeks to arrive here.

He deeply wanted to open a Void Portal, but the distance was just too great with the restrictive means established by the Ninestar Starfield. He had drained himself earlier by transporting a few tens of thousands of miles with Bai Lin, himself, and Yue Songli before. He might outright fail and exhaust his Bloodline Source in attempting to do so. He couldn't risk either occurrence.

To prevent any uncertainties or conflict that might ruin his plans after leaving, he ordered the Vanishing Colossus to dock and focus on cultivating. He had to spend roughly a week of restlessness to concoct millions of fifth and sixth-grade alchemical products to provide for the crew. He hadn't realized it before because he mostly concocted ninth-grade products, but concocting fifth and sixth-grade products was absurdly easy.

He could even split his attention to dozens of cauldrons and simultaneously concoct using the Thirty-Three Heavenly Concoction Method, allowing him to produce thirty-three products in the span of his typical single concoction. For products of that grade, that was a few seconds at most.

In a few seconds, he could, using dozens of cauldrons simultaneously, concoct over a thousand products. In a week, more than a few million products were made. While they were merely fifth and sixth grade products, the materials used for them being terrifyingly abundant, this feat would cause every alchemist in the stellar region to reel in horror. It was just a pity that fifth and sixth-grade products did not contribute to Utmost Purity Mist growth.

Regardless, he ensured that each crewmate swore oaths of silence regarding the products, and he left them all in the hands of his two lieutenants to be orderly distributed. Unlike the Mystic Ascendants from the Treasured Light Starfield, the sheer numbers of these pirates forced his hand in using oaths to regulate information and loyalties.

This was the first time that Wei Wuyin realized that his means to develop lesser-tiered forces was astoundingly high, and the abundant resources that existed, containing volatile energies and essences that couldn't be used effectively, allowed this to occur. While he had used products before to bribe and network his way through influence and authority, he had never concocted at full speed with the intention to provide for millions of cultivators before.

He had only concocted what he, his Ascendants, his lovers, and those useful to furthering his goals, mostly focusing on advancing his own cultivation base or skills in the Alchemic Dao. This only reaffirmed his confidence of using the Vanishing Colossus and those Mystic Ascendants as the beginning of his plans.

Bai Lin shot directly into Blueglow's atmospheric layer, piercing the planet's defenses. There was a faint flickering layer of light before it shattered like glass, her body's forward momentum was unable to be halted. Wei Wuyin didn't care about being low-profile or going through the arduous and lengthy task to gain official entry to the planet like before.

The various forces on Blueglow were alerted, but considering the planet's defenses were shattered, those weaker forces only sent word to the Spiritwalker Hall, the ruler of Blueglow and the eight other nearby planets.

Blueglow was a rich planet, in terms of resources and cultivators, being the home of numerous halls ranging from the lowest hall to a Mystichall, overseen by Mystic Star Phase cultivators.

Bai Lin's flight soon took her to a specific location. It was a location without the slightest trace of living activity. A vast, grassy plain that stretched for hundreds of miles. However, it was seriously devoid of materials. Even the air itself felt odd.

When the closed-eyed Wei Wuyin arrived, his eyebrows abruptly lifted. Bringing his palm to his face, he observed it with his eyes still closed, using his spiritual senses as a substitute. The 'War' character was glittering with a star-like, almost cosmic radiance. It exuded traces of strange intent aura, a mixture of them.

Wei Wuyin found it familiar, but he couldn't quite recall where or when he had felt something similar. "It's here," he said.

Bai Lin let loose a clarion cry, and landed with flapping wings. She twisted her neck here and there to observe the vast, open grassy plains yet found nothing in particular. She expected some grand location, probably a palace or gate of some sort.

Wei Wuyin lifted himself from Bai Lin, his eyes remained closed as he swept his spiritual sense throughout the hundreds of miles in seemingly empty land. He couldn't find anything either, but the reaction from the 'War' character on his palm and the stellar map that led him here was true.

He did learn something interesting from the young-looking cultivator's memories about Blueglow. According to him, it was an ancient planet. One of the few known planets that had a long history dating before the Ninestar Starfield's founding.

Moreover, it had no artificial makers on its surface or core. This indicated that it was a naturally formed planet developed after the stellar region's birth. Since roughly 95% of the planets in this starfield were created by Ascended, having either extracted the small amounts of Origin Essence within naturally forming planets or merging them into their own creations, this was a fascinating discovery.

It only furthered Wei Wuyin's belief that this 'War' character and its fortuitous chance had unfathomable implications. The only issue he couldn't understand was...why did it seek him out?

It didn't make any sense, because it felt targeted. Even if the Heavenly Daos manipulated it, these karmic luck deductions are results of its influence, not downright created out of thin air.

"..." Wei Wuyin walked around, Bai Lin next to him, as he held the 'War' character out. He wanted to see if any reaction would happen, because he didn't know how to activate or use this.

UUUUUMMMMM!

A deep, droning sound erupted, causing the wind currents to grow sporadically violent. Wei Wuyin's robes were lifted and fluttered about, and in moments, he was surrounded by a twisting hurricane of raging winds. Bai Lin cried out, but she found herself being pushed back by the winds.

Her golden eyes blazed with nirvanic flames, her feathers showed signs of igniting into flames!

"Wait! Bai Lin, retreat! I'm okay!" Wei Wuyin shouted to Bai Lin, feeling the temperature of the area start to rapidly increase. He didn't want her to force her way into this or cause her to suffer from this unknown event.

Kree...

Bai Lin let loose a soft cry, her feathers receded their flames, and her eyes dimmed. She shot backwards and watched patiently from the skies. Within her gaze, she saw a hurricane engulf Wei Wuyin. But there was no eye, the entire hurricane was just twisting winds.

"Be safe!" She sent a mental transmission, but it was ripped apart by the wind. She felt uncomfortable and even winced a little. Her heart felt pressed by a heavy weight, but she trusted Wei Wuyin, so she listened.

Wei Wuyin was enveloped by the wind, but it didn't harm him. There were streams of light emitted from his palm and they protected him like armor. Wei Wuyin's eyes remained closed, but his senses were still exceptionally potent. They brought him to an object within his spatial ring.

It was a sealed box and it was currently glowing with white light. He instantly recalled this box's origins.

"Long Chen?"

Just as he was about to speak, the ground beneath his feet glowed brightly with a multi-colored light. If he had his eyes opened, he would've been blinded by its incredibly high radiance. He felt his entire body be enveloped by a unique spatial power, and it was very active in a similar manner as his own Spatial Shift! He was about to be transported!

Bai Lin watched it all from the skies, and her golden eyes widened as she observed the white light forming beneath Wei Wuyin. While Wei Wuyin couldn't tell, she saw the character formed by the light. It read: "Soldier."

WOOOOOOSH!

A cylindrical pillar erupted, exploding upwards with the thickness of a mile! Bai Lin was pushed back powerlessly, sent flying off and heavily smashed against the ground. The entire world experienced an earthquake!

When she regained her bearing, the pillar was gone, the hurricane was gone, and Wei Wuyin was gone...

Chapter 710 - 705: Soldier Of War, Dragonborn Saintess

"W-WE SURRENDER! STOP!! YOU CAN STOP!!!" A strained scream shook the world with heart-quivering terror, almost nearing a shrieking shrill. It belonged to a middle-aged woman, her left arm was missing from her tattered sleeves, her forehead was covered in an icky-green blood that emanated refined wood energies, and those dark-green eyes of her were bloodshot.

She levitated in the sky of the planet called Autumn, a small-sized planet. Its atmospheric layers reflected a dark, rich orange light. This planet was at the edge of the Endless Prosperity Domain, a location ruled by the Golden Life Pavilion, yet was open territory to all those forces that were unable to establish roots within the numerous World Realms within.

The middle-aged woman ruled this planet, her cultivation at the Ninth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, Star Core Phase, a long lineage of outstanding experts who specialize in Wood-Attributed Cultivation Methods. At the moment, she faced her greatest nightmare.

SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-oOoOrrRrRRrnNK!!!

BA-REEEEEEEEEEEE-AAAAAARRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUURRRRN!!!

Rheeeeeeeeeegha-ohwoooooo!!!

Within her dark-green eyes was the reflection of beasts, an array of unfettered, bestially violent, and scaled creatures that ravaged the planet and her soldiers. The screams of her men resounded without end, losing their lives by the ferocious jaws of these beasts or their claws drenched in blood. Her heart was in total disarray.

Yet her focus was on a single figure standing upon a gigantic azure-scaled creature that sundered the clouds, quaked the earth, and thundered the air with its every breath. A large portion of its enormous body was outside of atmospheric layers of the planet. Yet its head was firmly nestled on the ground, as if a firm mountain.

Despite being so far from this creature, the middle-aged woman could see the figure on its head with astonishing clarity. She could see their hazel-colored eyes with navy blue flecks that emanated a bestial pressure, apex among predators.

"Surrender?" The figure spoke with ridicule. If Wei Wuyin was here, he would easily realize that this gorgeously domineering figure that stood upright and stable upon the head of the azure-scaled Horned Firmament Dragon was none other than Xue Yifei, his concubine!

She was adorned in her signature five-clawed dragon embroidered cheongsam, form-fitting, short-sleeved, and wearing a pair of black shorts that touched her knees. Her slender arms wore a pair of fingerless evening gloves with the design of dragon scales that faintly glowed with violet light.

"Dragonborn Saintess! Don't push me too far!!" The middle-aged woman grew enraged at the utter dismissal within that voice. Yet facing the sight of winged beasts flooding the skies caused her expression to worsen and her own voice seemed lacking in strength.

Xue Yifei's eyes were calm, but a cold light flickered without end. "Push you too far? Did you think it was too far when you fed on my dragons? When you enslaved the family of these beasts?" Her words roiled the world, her aura seething as the clouds twisted and faint draconic roars erupted. The beasts of the dragon lineage then resonated with it, releasing their roars of rage that shook the entire planet.

The middle-aged woman paled, her complexion exceeding even ghosts.

Anu beneath Xue Yifei snarled, his draconic pressure inundated the entire world in its might. Those beasts felt their bloodline energies rile uncontrollably, especially those of the dragon lineage. They acted even more ferociously, ripping against the defending experts with greater violence. Blood and pain splattered the entire planet.

In the distance was a flickering black lightning, a fierce neigh of a pegasus resounded as it impacted a Gravity Emission Phase expert. An explosive boom resounded. A life had come to an end. From the resulting dust cloud, a winged figure with black strips like lightning flew out.

"You!" The middle-aged woman was enraged, but felt utterly helpless. While Xue Yifei's cultivation was inferior to her, she had that terrifying azure-scaled dragon protecting her. She cursed, "You bitch! You'll regret this! I PROMISE YOU THAT!" She roared, converging her remaining strength and shot into the sky, breaching past the atmospheric limits and escaping into the Dark Void.

The middle-aged woman engulfed herself in spatial force, about to zip away in the speediest of means she could.

Xue Yifei watched her flee with her tail between her legs, leaving her millions of subordinates to fight another day. However, was Xue Yifei such a kind soul to leave behind a seed of disaster? While Xue Yifei wasn't much of a cultivator before she met Wei Wuyin, she was well aware of the struggles of war being a princess of the continuously conflict-ridden Bloodforge Continent, including the consequences of leaving behind troublesome variables.

Yuan Longshi was a complete menace to those who underestimated him, allowing him to escape again and again. She didn't even need to speak before Anu acted, clearly as merciless as she was. He lifted his

titanic head, opening his bloody maw, and a scintillating light of silver started to build-up at the base of his throat.

The middle-aged woman was about to unleash her spatial force infused movement art, but her spatial energies within her body started to destabilize, cancelling her movement with an abrupt boom. Her eyes widened in shock. But before she could react, she felt herself be engulfed by a ray of piercing silver light.

When the light that pierced hundreds of miles into the Dark Void vanished, a terrifying beam of compressed spatial energies, the body of the middle-aged woman had vanished without a trace. No, there was some trace. Her clothes and bits of congealed blood remained.

Xue Yifei stared at the gaping hole in the sky of Autumn. The cold light in her eyes intensified for a long moment before it dimmed, becoming calm and relaxed. She swept her eyes over the beast-on-human fights, and the absolute slaughter that was occurring. Those who tried to flee would find their escape route impeded by black lightning or a flurry of winged dragons.

Almost at all times, winged dragons and beasts of various varieties were returning to Autumn from the Dark Void after successfully chasing their targets and returning. While temporarily outrunning a slow Star Beast was possible, their stamina was far too high, and their speed was too consistent. These beasts didn't suffer any impediments from the Dark Void's hostile environment with their natural protections, while all except Mystic Ascendants must rely on their Worldly Domain. A huge consumption of their energies was required to maintain it.

Anu let loose a low growl, resting its head once more against the ground. "These people never learn," he remarked. Since they've gained their autonomy, Xue Yifei had decided to lead the various beasts, be it dragons, birds, or canines to establish themselves in comfortable environments in suitable planets. While some beasts were primal and basic, most at the Star-level were rather intelligent. Even Xiao Bai was intelligent despite being a newborn colt.

However, beasts of such a high level was mostly a novelty, and some even considered them enriched food or targets to be enslaved and trained as pets, guardians, and the such. Despite only a few years having passed since, these events were occurring continuously.

And such, Xue Yifei decided to act.

"You should've acted like him sooner," Anu remarked with a little frustration. Xue Yifei's attitude towards these things was that it should be handled through negotiations, hopefully peacefully. Yet these forces merely agreed on the surface and acted wildly behind her back.

She nor Anu minded the occasional deaths amongst those settled beasts, as that was life. Beasts could refine humans and humans could refine beasts, it was just a matter of cultivation and life. It was difficult to regulate if she wanted to have them settle themselves properly, forming a cohabitation relationship.

Yet these forces enslaved them, the powerful experts killed them all, or reared them to be slaughtered and act as food. It was disgusting. She would return to a planet where only beasts in chains or sealed by spells were the norm, causing her to become enraged.

"I hope his plan works," Xue Yifei said as she didn't give out any orders to stop the carnage, wanting to drench this entire planet in blood. Xue Yifei's words referred to Wei Wuyin's actions in the Myriad

Monarch Sect. He had decisively killed one entire group without mercy, setting them as an example for those who took him too lightly or didn't understand his means.

While her actions were more direct, terrifyingly brutal, acts like this were quite common in the cultivation world. She was just lucky that the Endless Prosperity Domain only regulated conflict inside the World Realms, including Ascended level fights, so she had such freedoms to do this.

"If this doesn't, so what? We'll teach them all a lesson! Let them understand our might! ROAR!" Anu had no issue killing humans, especially those of the dragon lineage that suffered for thousands of years. This action was cathartic to them.

Xue Yufei nodded. Besides the beasts from the Everlore Starfield, all other beasts in the Aeternal Sky Starfield were subject to being reared as food or enslaved by the Liu Clan and other lesser forces, their relative power and speaking rights was none. To live in captivity, unable to enjoy life before your death, just so your carcass can be cooked and given to others was a horrendous fate that no species should suffer.

She had to fight for those things, for these beasts' right to live and thrive, to grow and have the right to happiness. She must develop these beasts into a genuine force that commanded respect, and if not that, then demanded to be feared.

She hoped that beasts and humans would be able to live as one without a lopsided dynamic and views. That being said, she would eventually have to cut off the source of such ideas to truly push forward change and set an eternal example throughout the stellar region.

Her eyes flitted with a fierce light, those dark pupils of hers faintly transitioning to that of a dragon's. The Dark Void's gorgeous scenery was taken in by her gaze, and she knew her objective: "Liu Clan..."