

## PARAGON 901

### Chapter 901 Chapter 895:Endless Prosperity,Prosperous Arena

An hour zipped by swiftly. The World Realm of Endless Prosperity was clamoring with activity, so much so that shipping vessels were delayed. The news of a challenge for the Pavilion Master's position of the Golden Life Pavilion had spread throughout the realm, reaching the outside regions of Domains and Starfields. It was impossible to stop, and the spectacle involved too many parties and interests.

The dialogue shared by most was that Ma Zheng, the former Third Branch Manager, had acted after his recent expulsion, feeling disgruntled with the leadership, acting to remove Sheng Jizi, the current seating Pavilion Master, from his position. There were other speculations as well, true and false rumors scattering and spreading like pollen in the wind, such as Ma Zheng was originally the founder of the Golden Life Pavilion, and all this served to amplify the already rowdy discussions.

But all the hype aside, the facts were the greatest interest-grabbing news. A battle between five Earthly Saints were about to commence, putting Ma Zheng and Sheng Jizi's means to the test to decide who will sit at the highest authoritative position within the Golden Life Pavilion. With all the crazy events recently, such as Wei Wuyin's Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, Wu Yu's Earthly Ascension, and the loss of an established starfield, this spurred far too many people desired to spectate.

And the Golden Life Pavilion accommodated. As a business first and foremost, the Golden Life Pavilion opened their doors to the various forces and experts of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. As if Sheng Jizi had predicted this outcome, Spiritual Projection Obelisks' multi-formations were already attuned to the Prosperous Arena and those with the proper permissions would be able to view the fights with a fee attached.

In that single hour, the world once again went wild with excitement. A fight between Earthly Saints! And they could view it! The right was beyond their imagination, and tickets were sold and bought from every branch, shop, and corner owned by the Golden Life Pavilion.

Experts ended their closed-door seclusions, their intimate times, and various other activities to rush towards their Spiritual Projection Obelisks. After another hour, the line-up for the fights were released! The entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region was thunderstruck! Most were excited, others astonished, and few had their brows twisted into a heavy frown!

Nansi Yuangu! Yang Chaoyue! Wu Yu! Faye Liying!

All Earthly Saints!

All renowned!

Every additional name was mind-boggling, shaking the world with tremendous waves! The most controversial was none other than Faye Liying. There were very few amongst true experts that didn't know about this name! The Soul-Rising Saint herself! The traitorous, thieving, and hunted Soul-Rising Saint—Faye Liying!

Nansi Yuangu and Yang Chaoyue were eclipsed by this name, their discussions being relatively minimal. While it was shocking that Yang Chaoyue was participating on Sheng Jizi's side, she was simply a Sky

Monarch, not an Imperial Monarch. Her status and actions weren't too indicative of the Imperial Clan's involvement.

After all, if the Imperial Clan genuinely was invested into this challenge, they could've sent at least four other Earthly Saints off the top of many's heads to fight in her stead. And that was off the top. She was mighty as a Sky Monarch, but her strength wasn't elite amongst the Imperial Clan.

The only other name that shook the world as equally as Faye Liying was the Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn, Wu Yu! He was Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Knight, a recent Earthly Saint that, at ascension, escaped from two Ever-Knights and the Everlore Association. His reputation was stellar, and Wei Wuyin's mysterious origins, means, and heaven-defying rumored talent bolstered it even more.

The speculation regarding his involvement was quite heavy, with many believing that Wei Wuyin was supporting Ma Zheng! While there were whispers that spread explaining that Wu Yu was acting on his own, the common thinker would easily dismiss such a conclusion. Wu Yu was Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Knight! It would be more believable if the rumors spreading said that the force behind Wei Wuyin was involved!

Of course, Sheng Jizi and Ma Zheng's agents of information spreading these rumors and bits of information would never allow this to catch on amongst the public. For Sheng Jizi, this could heavily influence his prospects in the eyes of others and the state of current deals if he won. For Ma Zheng, this could serve as an impetus for the force to involve themselves should he win.

It had to be killed in the cradle.

Another hour passed.

The Prosperous Arena wasn't a typical arena that one would expect. It was an isolated World Realm that was single-focus in design. It was meant to act as a battlefield for Ascended beings, a training area for those elites to strengthen their powers, test their arts, and care not for the indescribable devastation they could summon forth.

It was a stable, permanently upkeep Shell World Pearl-esque world. The environment was bland, removing all natural environmental advantages that a cultivator could possess. There was no earthen ground, no spiritual platform, just a large, expansive space that was occupied by nothing but air, light, and heat. Furthermore, these energies weren't enriched, but at the most basic mortal-grade, only enough to sustain life.

The entire arena was shaped like a square, so the dense, reinforced spatial walls of the World Realm were the ground, the platform, and nothing else. That said, a cultivator could easily summon forth an environment of their liking using their forces and energies. This bland environment, however, was extremely suitable for fair combat.

The entire Prosperous Arena was 180,000 miles. This might seem massive at first glance, but it was actually extremely small for Earthly Saints. These were Ascended beings that could spatially shift, not to mention their typical movement speeds. To accommodate for this, the Golden Life Pavilion had set their formations to display a speed that was ten thousandth the actual speed. As most were experts, they could view it in its entirety without missing a beat.

For special circumstances, such as parents or masters using this as a learning experience to view it live, they could pay for an additional service and have the speed lowered up to a hundred thousandth the speed.

At a far corner of the Prosperous Arena, Wu Yu, Ma Zheng, Huoyan Liulan, Ma Sujiang, Sun Li, and Faye Liying were standing in a row, looking at the other end as Sheng Jizi's group gather, the number on his side almost doubled theirs. Of course, those from the Golden Council were absent from either side.

Wu Yu sighed in awe, "The Golden Life Pavilion never loses an opportunity to profit." Within these two hours, the world was instantly aware of this challenge. It was quite clear that Sheng Jizi had made ample preparations for it, the design of how to benefit was in place long ago. When he heard the pricing for a single ticket, he was deeply shaken.

It wasn't far-fetched to say that the initial profits rolling in in these two hours rivaled the Golden Auction's winning bid!

He had an urge to say it felt oddly predatory, but considering the benefits of viewing Earthly Saints battle was not small, he actually felt that many were getting an amazing deal, especially with all the accommodations set for weaker cultivators. This will certainly inspire youths to aim for higher, their sights lifted by the awesome powers of an Earthly Saint.

Wu Yu almost felt a little embarrassed to be in this show.

Ma Zheng faintly smiled with a little pride, "Of course." He was the one who instilled the modus operandi of the organization, developed the Grand Demonstration and Golden Auction procedures. When he first started, it was limited to just a single city on a single planet. Now, their reach had spread throughout the entire stellar region.

Seeing the fruits of his intelligence and creativity produce such delicious juices, how could he not be proud? He had to say that Sheng Jizi was worthy of his position as Life Branch Manager and Pavilion Master. He not only earned but stayed in that seat despite all the difficulties that came alongside it.

"The profits of this viewing—who gets it?" Huoyan Liulan asked curiously. She was awed by how this was becoming one of the grandest shows in the stellar region. And even she had heard about the profits being raked in, the pricing of the base ticket, and she was awed by the gains. The thought of having Earthly Saints, or Ascended beings, fight was born in her mind.

Unfortunately, fights between higher beings were disasters. She didn't have something like the Prosperous Arena, nor did she or her starfield have the network or means to project the fight to countless cultivators. The venture might fail, especially if injuries unbecoming of the gains were sustained.

"A portion will be given to the fighters, as per Sheng Jizi's arrangement. A total of 12% to each fight, with the winner of the fight claiming 10% and the loser obtaining 2%. 30% allocated into the cost of repairing the Prosperous Arena, maintaining the formations, and paying the behind-the-scenes workers. The rest belong to the Golden Life Pavilion where the Golden Council, Managers, and Pavilion Master will decide which departments receive what based on a variety of factors." Sun Li, the First Branch Manager, explained calmly.

"Really?" Huoyan Liulan was stunned. Did she just miss out on a good chunk of profit? Damn Sheng Jizi! She gritted her teeth, glaring at the man that was tens of thousands of miles away with unerring accuracy.

Ma Sujiang was awed by Sheng Jizi's considerations. "What do you think the yield for this will be?" She asked Ma Zheng, utterly astonished by the scope of this event.

"Honestly?" Sun Li closed her eyes, calculating a variety of factors, and when she opened her eyes to reveal a bright gleaming light, she shockingly said: "If we're considering flat value, likely four thousand to five thousand mystic stones. That's a modest estimate."

"!" Even Wu Yu was astonished, so Huoyan Liulan's reaction could be imagined! That was an absurd amount of wealth to have, enough to buy planets and realms with ease.

"The scale will be massive," Ma Zheng reminded them all. There will be countless that pay by impulse, and the price was affordable, so the numbers were heavily inflated due to sheer quantity, not quality of resources. That said, the price to achieve this feat might extend beyond 30%. This was because, unlike the Grand Demonstration and Golden Auction, countless wanted to personally see these fights, knowing they won't be long, and they will certainly be interesting!

The quantity was an issue towards overall cost. In fact, besides the participants' payment, all could go towards costs. It was an ambitious venture to say the least.

After several more minutes, Wu Yu frowned. "Why is it taking so long?" He was first up to fight, and his match was scheduled to happen an hour ago. The extra hour was actually unnecessary, and they had been waiting for this long.

Ma Zheng frowned. He was ready, with the Soul-Rising Saint right here. She looked a little younger than before. While she was still middle-aged with a mature charm, the wrinkles that were once at the edges of her mouth and eyes had vanished, replaced by smooth, gorgeous skin. With those pair of blue eyes that resemble peerless oceans, one could tell that in her heyday, the soul wasn't the only thing she raised with her appearance.

With all his participants, himself included, the fight should've long since started. While it seemed that waiting was helpful in increasing profit for viewers, this was against procedure.

Just as he was about to inquire the reason, a comet of light shot over from Sheng Jizi's group. Within this light was none other than Yangzi Yanshi, the Second Branch Manager. With an indifferent gaze, he landed a few meters away from them.

In truth, he felt a little pressure standing before four Earthly Saints. Their idle auras were gathering in unison, instilling a sense of pressure in his heart. Fortunately, he wasn't fighting any of these powerful cultivators.

"What's the delay?" Ma Zheng calmly asked.

Yangzi Yanshi looked at Wu Yu, then said: "Yang Chaoyue is late; she's waiting for someone to complete their tribulation."

"Is she forfeiting?" Faye Liying asked because the rules were clear. Her being announced and not arriving was a fault of the Sheng Jizi. It purely meant his rallying power, foresight, and means was lacking.

Yangzi Yanshi gave Faye Liying an odd look. From her calm and graceful appearance, it was hard to see her as the thieving and traitorous Soul-Rising Saint wanted by the entire Ninestar Sainthall.

"No; the rules state that if an important event, declared by both sides is sufficient, then the time can be extended until it completes." Yangzi Yanshi said matter-of-factly. He seemed incredibly confident in the extension.

"And why would we declare an event important enough to not accept this easy victory?" Wu Yu asked with a scoff.

Yangzi Yanshi grinned a little.

Boosh!

Wu Yu unleashed his Imperial Heaven Mystic Aura, instantly pouring it on Yangzi Yanshi's shoulders, causing his eyes to widen and his knees became half-bent, threatening to slam against the spatial floor beneath them. There were veins protruding from his hands and head as he resisted with his own Mystic Aura, and his eyes instantly reddened.

"That wasn't rhetorical," Wu Yu said with an imposing tone. The others were rendered speechless!

Yet Ma Zheng remained unmoved as Yangzi Yanshi shot him a look, frustration clearly welling within him! Such humiliation! How could he...

"Enough," Sun Li interfered. Her Mystic Aura wormed its way in, protecting Yangzi Yanshi, and alleviating him from Wu Yu's overwhelmingly crushing pressure. Wu Yu reined in his aura. If he hadn't, Sun Li definitely wouldn't have been able to protect Yangzi Yanshi.

"Speak," Sun Li urged. Seeing how the First Branch Manager and Ma Zheng remained indifferent to his plight, Yangzi Yanshi gritted his teeth and slowly rose, not daring to glare at Wu Yu. It was clear that they weren't going to pursue Wu Yu's tyrannical actions.

He calmed himself down, aggressively explaining: "She's currently overseeing Wei Wuyin's Realm World Astral Tribulation."

"What?!"

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Realm World Astral Tribulation!

Wei Wuyin's Realm World Astral Tribulation!!

Shocked by this revelation, the expressions of Ma Zheng's group had large and varied changes that can be summed up as vividly animated. The implications of this reveal, especially by Yangzi Yanshi, and that the Imperial Clan's Yang Chaoyue was present, were potentially dangerous.

Huoyan Liulan turned her focus to Wu Yu, the Alchemic Knight of Wei Wuyin, baffled by his absence. If anyone should be there, Wu Yu was the one, not Yang Chaoyue. Moreover, Wei Wuyin's location had

always been concealed, mystifying as his origins, and elusive. If Yang Chaoyue and Yangzi Yanshi knew of his location, so must the Imperial Clan, and definitely the Alchemist Association by now.

Evergod of the Everlore Association's attitude was both clear to some, ambiguous to most, but the destruction of Rainbow Sky and Wu Yu's actions after had painted a vivid story of a particular desire. The malicious intent was there despite their protests and declaration otherwise.

What if a move was made?

Another Rainbow Sky Incident?

The Primal Flame Hex Queen wasn't the only one who gave Wu Yu an inquiring look. However, Wu Yu remained totally calm, absolutely cool as an icy block, unbothered by this fact. This made them realize that Wu Yu had no fear for Wei Wuyin's fate.

And in truth, Wu Yu wasn't. Wei Wuyin was far more terrifying than they could imagine. Whether it was intelligence, means, or might, he had the ability to ensure his safety even before Wu Yu existed. Just the Void Portals that could escape the clutches of the Everlore Association's Domain-sealing formation was unfathomably profound. To this day, he has never met a cultivator that could form Void Portals at will.

Ma Zheng gave Wu Yu a side-eyed glance, measuring his response, and breathing an internal sigh of relief. He felt confident to follow-through with his plans with this.

Yangzi Yanshi believed that Wu Yu's act was that—an act. Sheng Jizi had understood the dangerous implications to this knowledge, and felt that Wu Yu, and likely Ma Zheng, might concede to accepting this delay and wait obediently. Whether it was in Wu Yu, Ma Zheng, or Sheng Jizi's interest, Wei Wuyin's safety was paramount.

"Is that an important enough reason for the delay?" Yangzi Yanshi sought official verification of their acceptance, wearing a grin that brought an urge to slap something, preferably the face it belonged to.

"No; if Yang Chaoyue isn't here by the time her match starts, in accordance to the rules: she will be eliminated—her match forfeit. You can go back and tell Sheng Jizi this: Find more reliable champions next time." Ma Zheng indifferently spat.

"..ugh?" Yangzi Yanshi was dumbstruck. For a while, he was unable to articulate a proper sentence. Ma Zheng had refused the delay? But...Yang Chaoyue's presence and allegiance to Sheng Jizi meant that Wei Wuyin was getting an additional layer of protection against those like the Evergod.

"Are you deaf? Go." Wu Yu gestured with a shoo'ing motion of his right hand, his eyes contained a wisp of contempt, a hint of mockery, and a trace of ridicule. Yangzi Yanshi gritted his teeth, growing an increasingly intense degree of hostility and dislike towards Wu Yu. If he wasn't an Earthly Saint, he would've crushed him beneath his feet with sick joy.

Unfortunately, reality was the only truth; he was weaker, only able to stomach the humiliation from Wu Yu. Moreover, Wu Yu wasn't ruled by any Mythical Oaths. In fact, Sun Li and Huoyan Liulan wouldn't be able to suppress him due to Mythical Oaths that they swore long ago during their early years of growth, when the Golden Life Pavilion was crucial to their continued development.

It stipulated, simply: In official Golden Life Pavilion events, members of all levels weren't to be assaulted without appropriate and reasonable provocation. It was a simple Mythical Oath that all powerful cultivators and those who've established deals with the Golden Life Pavilion had taken.

It protected the Golden Life Pavilion's interests. That said, Sun Li was under no obligation to defend Yangzi Yanshi, neither was Ma Zheng or any of them, so it didn't offer protection from these oath takers.

"Fine," Yangzi Yanshi spat disgruntledly. With a flourish of his Mystic Aura, he flew back to Sheng Jizi's group. His departing figure gave one a sensation of his frustration.

Wu Yu remained silent, his thoughts indeterminate. However, he couldn't help but stare at the spatial walls of the Prosperous Arena. The location was completely insulated, completely unaffected by the outside world, so not a single wave of external energy fluctuation could be sensed. It had to be this way to prevent the outside world from being affected by an Ascended's power.

This was a well-crafted battlefield, a larger, more stable Shell World. There were very, very few realms of this type. If it wasn't, the fluctuations of Wei Wuyin's that resembled an Earthly Ascension would've alerted them all, and Wu Yu wouldn't have had to wait for news from others. He would've traveled there immediately to ensure no mishaps.

Fortunately for Wu Yu and Wei Wuyin, it was of tremendous activity. So the Everlore Association's Evergod or other threatening parties were unable to act, as the event was viewed by too many, including the Imperial Clan who were acting as the greatest unintentional guards in history, standing and observing at the edge of the Elementus Domain to seek out Wei Wuyin's favor.

DING!

A melodious ring resounded, attracting the spiritual senses of all observers who had bought tickets, to all those within the Prosperous Arena. It signified one thing: the Official Challenge of the Golden Life Pavilion for the Pavilion Master's position had begun!

Sheng Jizi himself took center stage, arriving at the center of the cube-shaped Prosperous Arena, receiving the attention of every last individual. From above, rays of dazzling spiritual light descended that highlighted his figure, blessing him with an astonishing brilliance. Sheng Jizi's good-looks were accentuated alongside his merchant's smile. It was amicable, reliable, suffused with confidence, and explosive with charisma.

He truly benefited his title as Pavilion Master of the Golden Life Pavilion at this moment. It was undeniable.

"Greetings all! It is my pleasure to announce the beginning of the..." Sheng Jizi introduced himself, the challenge, and gave thanks to all those who were here, including all those who will fight on behalf of the participants and showing their strong loyalty. He didn't leave out Wu Yu or Faye Liying. In fact, he emphasized the latter in his announcement.

"...Faye Liying, the former Soul-Rising Saint, has graced us with..."

"Petty tricks," Faye Liying softly said. She wasn't bothered by Sheng Jizi's attempts to bring the Ninestar Sainthall into the equation, inducing a conflict that could scare her off. Unfortunately for Sheng Jizi, none of it will work on her.

It never could.

Sheng Jizi explained the rules and conditions of victory. As the challenged party, all Sheng Jizi had to do was win a single match to eliminate all of Ma Zheng's chances of claiming his seat. Furthermore, draws didn't count as a loss. However, if three draws were made across the board for all matches, then Sheng Jizi will claim victory.

There were certain items that were prohibited. Firstly, Mystic-Earth grade pellets were allowed, but only a maximum of ten could be used. However, for Earthly Saints, Mystic-Earth grade pellets weren't much of a threat. Talismans were not allowed at all.

As for Armaments, all were allowed. The most crucial detail was the possibility of death, and he reminded everyone, both sides, that surrendering was allowed, but due to the fact that most of the participants will be Earthly Saints, they shouldn't expect to surrender mid-attack and expect interference. No one wanted to take an Earthly Saint's full-powered attack at a moment's notice to save anyone else. The risks were heavy.

Interference is only allowed to save, and only after surrendering. If neither party surrenders and another participant interferes, the participant's match will be declared a loss, even if they had already won.

"...I'm honored to announce the beginning of the first match! A much-anticipated, certainly soon-to-be thrilling battle between the Nansi Clan's Patriarch of the Elementus Domain and the Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn, an Alchemic Knight of Wei Wuyin:

"Nansi Yuangu Versus Wu Yu!" Sheng Jizi finished his words as the spiritual light blared fiercely. The formations were functioning at full throttle. The Pavilion Master flickered away, retreating to his corner. A thick, transparent barrier was projected in that corner, protecting the area.

From Ma Zheng's side, a barrier manifested too.

Wu Yu walked forward with steady steps, exiting the barrier with ease. With his arms folded across his chest, his nonchalant attitude traversing the arena could make one question if he was walking forward on a potentially life-and-death battle.

From the other side's barrier, a figure walked out, but his eyes were flaming with battle spirit. It was a male, average height, with short dark hair, a sharp nose, and slightly above average looks. He was neither muscular nor skinny. The most noticeable features were his three-colored irises—red, blue, and green, a likely product of an Ocular Cultivation Method, and his dark green swordsmen hanfu, tight-fitted and exquisitely designed.

Nansi Yuangu! The leader of the external clans, also known as the Parasites of the Elementus Domain, and a genuine Earthly Saint. If Lin Xianxian saw this man today, she would wish to eat his flesh and gouge out his eyes. He had pushed the Lin Clan to its puppet position, defeated the True Element Sect thousands of years ago, and brought about their ceaseless oppression.

Wu Yu's eyes were unfathomably calm, analyzing the man before him. 'He doesn't seem injured.' Wu Yu thought for a moment, but decided to place that aside. Who knew what price the Golden Life Pavilion paid to bring him to a visibly healthy state.



Nansi Yuangu touched the hilt of his sword in his right hand with his left. He looked at Wu Yu, and despite his fighting spirit, there was a vibrant fury within his three-colored irises. Clearly, Wu Yu was a sight that summoned forth his hatred.

"Oh?" Wu Yu was amused by this reaction, but then he recalled 'visiting' the various clans and taking, uhm, receiving their grace with exceptional wealth that far exceeded anything imagined. He chuckled softly.

BOOSH!

SHIIING!!!

Nansi Yuangu's sword howled as he drew it out of its scabbard!

Awakened Sword Intent!

Tens of thousands of Mystic Runes erupted from his body, generating a dense, chaotic explosion that induced ten mile wide sword storms throughout the arena! The sharp, piercing Sword Intent empowered by Awakened Mystic Intent was incomparable to anything a mortal could ever summon!

"Interesting," Wu Yu waved his hand. A halberd! However, it was slightly different from the typical polearm that he transformed the Myriad Monarch Canon to. Instead, its bladed spearhead had protrusions on both sides, sharp and vicious, while the shaft was seven-feet in length! The blade had various runic markings of exquisite design, exuding an exceptional sharp and forceful power.

It was a Partizan!

Wu Yu's Mystic Aura climbed fiercely upwards as he brandished his partizan with ample skill!

VRIIIING!

A spear howl was unleashed!

AWAKENED SPEAR INTENT!

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Awakened Spear Intent!

Wu Yu's spear intent was as domineering as his Imperial Heaven Aura, suppressing the entire world with a single swing! Just unleashing it had reduced all the torrentially violent sword storms conjured by Nansi Yuangu's aura to weaken, going from ten miles to three.

In response, Nansi Yuangu's right eye experienced a subtle twitch. They were tens of thousands of miles apart still, yet Wu Yu's aura was extremely oppressive. The fighting spirit in his eyes experienced a slight weakening alongside his sword storms.

Nansi Yuangu, however, did not retreat. He slowly trudged forward through Wu Yu's Spear Intent infused with Mystic Aura, and he brought out the fullest extent of his own Mystic Aura! The tens of thousands of Mystic Runes that swirled around him, dancing beautifully, began to brighten. He was revving up, his sword brightening considerably as sword light erupted from its tip!

Wu Yu sensed Nansi Yuangu's incredible Mystic Aura, and the roiling momentum he was gathering for an assault. With his eyes glinting with spiritual light, he obtained Nansi Yuangu's Mystic Ascendant State, determining it by the number of varied Mystic Runes within his Mystic Aura.

1...2...3...4...

Mana, Radiant, Oceanic, and Spatial!

Four of the nine Ways of Mysticism, Nansi Yuangu had comprehended them fully, granting him tremendous power. In terms of foundation, he was no weaker than Han Yuhei. This placed him amongst the strong-tier of Earthly Saints in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Yet Wu Yu wasn't intimidated. In fact, he was a little disappointed.

Nansi Yuangu, with sword in hand, took a single step! The space he occupied distorted, his body strangely phasing out, then he abruptly vanished! The only remnant of his presence was the sword storms raging all around. A faint sword light that had gathered at the tip of his sword!

Wu Yu gripped his halberd tighter. A surge of power was unleashed from his body like a tsunami that sieged every direction for tens of miles. Imperial Heaven Aura! It flooded the surroundings with mind-boggling swiftness.

"Ugh!" A grunt of pain resounded. From a few miles to Wu Yu's left, a figure tumbled out of fixed space. With sword in hand, Nansi Yuangu slashed it forward as he continuously split the encroaching Imperial Heaven Aura.

Wu Yu didn't hesitate.

1st Grand Transformation!

The Grand Knight unleashed his first empowered form, unleashing his Imperial Pressure that threatened to crush the world to its knees! The sword storms fizzled out instantly, subjugated under its immense might. They were replaced by an ever-present, crushing force.

Nansi Yuangu's expression changed as he combated the Imperial Heaven Aura that sieged him. He was startled by how solid this aura was. It was as if he was fighting against the ocean itself. Shockingly, it fettered him out of his spatial movement art, forcing him to face it head-on.

His three-colored eyes were unleashing beautiful spiritual light, inspecting this Imperial Heaven Aura that refused to split entirely. When he noticed the eight varied mystic runes within, empowering it, alongside a sharp, forceful intent, his eyes didn't just contract, they shrunk to complete needlepoints!

Eight...

EIGHT?!

There was Oceanic, which explained its vast and encompassing might. There was Spatial, which explained its ability to yank him from fixed space. There was Permanence, which explained its unyielding existence that refused to dissipate. To destroy it, he must exceed its power with an even greater one, exerting much more energy in turn!

This placed him in a difficult position. Without the Mystic Rune of Permanence, his powers weren't able to remain stable in the face of Wu Yu's Imperial Heaven Aura. With each clash, he lost a portion of his power, yet Wu Yu's power remained exceptionally strong and present. It kept sieging him relentlessly.

Whether it was split apart, grinded into dust, or viciously crushed, if it wasn't completely destroyed, it could regather and strike without losing any of its strength. He felt an urge to roar out loud, but deeply suppressed it. With a step back, he commenced his retreat.

As a sword cultivator, he was proficient in offense, but in offense, he could easily initiate defense. His movements were steady, every step causing him to traverse miles, and with a swipe of his sword, he consistently beat back the encroaching aura. He stored up and pulsed with intermittent eruptions of Mystic Pressure, resisting the Imperial Pressure as well. A sign of tremendous skill and proficiency in battle, handling this variant pressure with his own method.

Despite his calmness on the surface, the fighting spirit in his eyes had severely depleted. Wu Yu was an 8th Runic Ascendant! What type of freaking monster was that?! Even Han Yuhei was only at the 4th Runic Ascendant level, but Wu Yu, someone who was rumored to have failed his Third Ascension, had become an 8th Runic Ascendant?!

The crowd watched all this, with Sheng Jizi on the other side absolutely stunned by this revelation. The only cultivators that knew of Wu Yu's strength were the Everlore Association's Ever-Knights and True Element Sect, and no one had shared this information before. They were deeply, incredibly shaken by this reveal.

Yangzi Yanshi's eyes were bulging from their sockets. The hope for revenge had twisted in his heart, and Wu Yu had ruthlessly stomped on it with his strength. He didn't even need to say anything for Yangzi Yanshi to know that Wu Yu was at a level that exceeded his own talent. Absolutely floored by this revelation, he ground his teeth with burning frustration.

It wasn't just the side of Sheng Jizi that was astonished by this reveal, but Ma Zheng, Huoyan Liulan, Sun Li, and Ma Sujiang were spiraling with shock! An 8th Runic Ascendant! Ma Sujiang was the most affected because half a decade ago, Wu Yu was just at the Soul of Mysticism Phase. She knew he became an Earthly Saint, that he fought off the Ever-Knights, escaped the Everlore Association's cage, but this was absurd!

Sun Li gave Ma Zheng an odd look. Wu Yu was your first selection?! That's usually meant for the weakest cultivator! Ma Zheng understood her thought process, but he merely kept observing the fight. Wu Yu's strength was a huge and pleasant surprise for him.

Sheng Jizi's expression was neutral. He observed the fight, watching Nansi Yuangu weave through the battlefield. When he closely inspected the fight, he saw droplets of liquid sword energy drip at certain points onto the ground, almost unnoticeable. If someone wasn't aware of Nansi Yuangu's goal, they would easily miss it through the explosive surges of sword storms accompanied by his every swing.

A slight, imperceptible smile formed on his face. Even if Wu Yu was at the 8th, or even the 9th Ascendant State, it mattered not. The Nine Springs Sword Formation, alongside the detonation of the Godfall Storm Sword, a peak Mystic-Earth grade Armament, could kill ordinary Earthly Saints. When

coupled with Nansi Yuangu's Awakened Sword Intent and a Mystic World Stone, even the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor might suffer slight injuries, let alone an Earthly Saint.

That said, the cost for all this was unimaginably high. Yet it was where his confidence lay.

'Soon, they will all understand the might of the Golden Life Pavilion.' A gleeful surge of emotion grew in Sheng Jizi's confident heart.

Wu Yu silently watched Nansi Yuangu retreat while fighting, exerting proper skill and response to resist his Imperial Heaven Aura and Imperial Pressure. He formed a slight frown.

Nansi Yuangu's current actions weren't signs of a surrender. The man was clearly intending to see this match through, bringing him some surprise. While the fighting spirit in his eyes had dwindled, the killing intent within his gaze remained entirely unchanged.

A stable, strong, and unyielding swordsman. Wu Yu felt some respect swell within his heart.

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'Alright then,' Wu Yu said in his heart. He hefted his halberd, infusing a gargantuan amount of mystic power into it. This halberd wasn't empowered or etched with any formation, forged by the unique properties of Wei Wuyin's strange essence that he called the Essence of War. When he infused his Awakened Mystic Intent and Awakened Spear Intent, shaped its image, it became a low-level Mystic-World grade weapon.

He was speechless at first, but soon grew increasingly delighted since he gave away the Mystic Monarch Canon, his main tool. Strangely enough, this spear rivaled the Myriad Monarch Canon purely off its structural quality. It was exceptional. Moreover, it conformed with his Intent and cultivation base, generating a level of compatibility that he'd never seen before.

It was made for war.

And it was made for him to wield.

WOO! WOO! WOO!

The halberd pulsed with power. He eyed Nansi Yuangu's movements, seeing him fight off his offensive. Wu Yu wasn't a fool; Nansi Yuangu was deliberately fighting at a distance. At the current pace, Nansi Yuangu was on a certain path to defeat through exhaustion. The lack of permanence was too obvious, and Nansi Yuangu had no chance at a long, drawn-out fight.

In fact, he was a Sword Cultivator. In a way, he should, in this situation, engage in a fierce melee to eke out a chance for an opening. A sword can overcome stronger enemies. He had tutored Long Chen, and witnessed his means. Nansi Yuangu was clearly more skilled, knowledgeable, yet he decided to resist.

He gave away a sign of his schemes. Either he was waiting for Wu Yu to approach to unleash a single assault or this was part of some ploy. So Wu Yu decided to do what Wu Yu does: decimate.

With a tighter grip, holding the pulsating partizan, he focused on Nansi Yuangu's figure.

"Huuu...." Wu Yu breathed in.

The world went silent.

A Nansi Yuangu who had just discreetly placed his fifth Sword Spring felt a tingle in his senses. His heart began to race, his Sea of Consciousness roiled violently, and his Mystic Soul throbbed a single time.

"Haaa..." Wu Yu breathed out.

The sound of his exhale was loudly heard by Nansi Yuangu. His eyes widened as he saw Wu Yu with his halberd lifted, his stance leaned back, the halberd pointed diagonally upwards, and his legs bent slightly.

THIRD GRAND TRANSFORMATION!

An unfathomably profound, exceptionally oppressive, and outright terrifying aura was unleashed! Wu Yu entered his strongest state! With his hair growing out, his power and aura grow alongside it!

Nansi Yuangu's world stopped.

WOOOOOOOOSH!!!

SCREEEEEEEECH!!!

A long, screeching, ear-splitting sound resounded! The partizan split air, heat, light, and space. It was like light itself, glowing with a blinding brilliance, clearly empowered by Radiant Mystic Rune! Like an arrow of light threatening to slaughter the world, Wu Yu's halberd pierced the void with no mercy!

Nansi Yuangu wanted to move. Nansi Yuangu wanted to dodge. Nansi Yuangu wanted to brandish his sword, deflect, face in head on, or block!

Nansi Yuangu wanted to do anything, everything, all for the sake of buying himself a pursuit of life!

The distance between them was still in the hundred thousand miles, yet this halberd seemingly ignored the concept of distance. No! It was too, too, too fucking fast!

With a panicked footing, he tried to exert his power to escape. This was a mistake. The last mistake he'd make.

The Third Grand Transformation increased the might of the Imperial Heaven Aura and Imperial Pressure, his focus towards the incoming halberd meant his power had been diverted from the ever-pressing forces he had fought off so strongly. With this lapse of judgment, he was impacted by it all, and his mystic energy flow was hindered, his body froze, and his injuries that had been suppressed erupted explosively!

It was a brief moment.

Not even a microsecond.

Yet it was enough.

PSHHHH!

"...!" Countless watched the scene unfold. The halberd's blade entered Nansi Yuangu's skull, directly at the bridge of his nose. When it penetrated half way through, his defense crumbled, and his body followed its trajectory until it impacted the spatial wall!

A long silence unfolded as Nansi Yuangu's body hung lifelessly there, pinned by Wu Yu's halberd.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip...

Drops of blood fell from the tip of the halberd, tainting the floor with three-colored blood.

Chapter 904: Endless Prosperity, Late Arrival

"..."

Step. Step. Step.

Wu Yu arrived next to the hanging corpse. There was a clear, indifferent light within his eyes as he grabbed the shaft of his halberd, yanking it out of Nansi Yuangu's head. A sickening sound resounded of bone grating against metal.

Thud!

The corpse lifeless fell on the ground, sprawled out. Wu Yu waved his hand, retrieving the spatial ring on Nansi Yuangu's finger. He shamelessly took the spoils of his victory. An easy, swift victory.

With a pitying gaze, Wu Yu said: "So you were injured." There was blood leaking from Nansi Yuangu's mouth, not originating from his decimated skull. At the very last moments of Nansi Yuangu's life, his injuries had flared upon being assaulted by the full brunt of his enhanced Imperial Heaven Aura and Imperial Pressure. It was this that sealed his fate.

The Legion Commander didn't exhaust its essential soul power for nothing, inflicting extremely heavy injuries on both Nansi Yuangu's body and Mystic Soul. Nansi Yuangu was strong, more than enough to retreat if uninjured. With his cultivation base, he could've ignited his Mystic Soul in the worst case scenario. Unfortunately, he had stepped forward in this battle at the least optimal time.

When Wu Yu inspected the sword in his hand, held in a vice-grip of the dead, he frowned. There was a distinctively dangerous sensation from the sword, one that he hadn't felt before. Just as he was about to take it, it began to shimmer with spatial energies.

Wu Yu realized it was trying to take its leave, return to its owner. But Wu Yu wasn't one to let something escape his mouth, so he hurriedly acted with decisive might. He clenched his fist and smashed it towards the sword, disrupting its spatial shifting attempt. It waddled chaotically for a moment before he grasped in its direction.

It shot into his hand, trembling and resisting, and Wu Yu frowned. There was a formation currently active, trying to use all its power to escape. Wu Yu was amazed. If others felt this, they might mistake it for being a living sword.

"Hmph!" With a harsh snort, Wu Yu poured his mystic power into the sword, crushing the formation that was defiantly resisting.

Crack...

CRACK!

BOOSH!

The sword crumbled into dust. Wu Yu was baffled, looking confused and stunned. Suddenly, his eyes flared with spiritual light and his right arm shot off, grabbing the empty space. When he pulled back, he felt a powerful object emitting a strong aura within. It felt as if he was gripping an entire world.

When he turned to see Sheng Jizi, he saw a strange, shocked light reflected in his pupils. Realizing this might have been some trump card of Nansi Yuangu, he kept it in his Internal World without any regard for Sheng Jizi. As for the sword, it was designed to crumble if the return formation was destroyed. This was a mistake on his part, brought about by his ignorance of security measures established for certain properties.

Who would expect a powerful armament to have a detonation formation implanted within? There was no sign of its upcoming destruction nor a buildup of energy. If there had been, he could've suppressed it. It was as if the entire material structure was unraveled at its seams. This way was ingenious, preventing anyone from claiming the sword.

While Wu Yu was assessing his gains and losses, the spectators outside were thunderstruck by the battle.

"H-he was killed in one attack! An Earthly Saint!! Killed! OH MY HEAVENS!" Surprise unfolded.

"Nansi Yuangu...he's...dead?" Disbelief unfolded.

"Is the Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn that much stronger?!" Confusion and questions unfolded.

It was endless.

"Amazing! Satisfying! Worth it! FUCKING DIE BASTARD!!" A member of the Lin Clan, disgruntled, old, and bitter, their cultivation, life, and potential was severed by the deliberate oppression of the external clans, exclaimed in rowdy excitement. He had paid an absurd fee in the hopes of watching it at the slowest speed, praying for Nansi Yuangu's brutal and violent death!

He got his wish.

"I heard the Lin Clan's Lin Xianxei is Wei Wuyin's fiancée!"

"Yeah! It makes sense that Wu Yu killed him. Likely on his orders. Haha, how hilarious. Did he not expect it? Moreover, he was so freaking weak! Pathetic."

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There were plenty of cultivators that chimed in, unaware of the nuances of the fight that ultimately decided things, discussing amongst their friends, family, or sectmates. They spat without any regard that the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region had just lost an Earthly Saint. As a whole, the Elementus Domain certainly grew weaker.

"I heard Lin Xianxei is a nation-toppling beauty capable of bringing about the downfall of entire domains; If I had a powerful Alchemic Knight like Grand Knight Wu Yu, I would've ordered him to kill Nansi Yuangu too! Hehe, she'll definitely serve me with all her might the-ouch!"

"You? Served by Lin Xianxei? You're lucky I'm willing to accept your two-incher, bastard.

"..."

The legend of Earthly Saints took a tiny hit this fight. Nansi Yuangu had fought with astonishing grace and skill, plotting and planning that yielded no fruit. Unfortunately, to most, he seemed to be fighting an endless tide of power, and then was killed by a single throw of Wu Yu's partizan! It felt a little underwhelming.

In the Elementus Domain, the very recent Planet Neo-Origin, an hour after its creation, there was a massive group of cultivators gathered together, observing the Spiritual Projection Obelisk at a particular square. The upheaval of seeing their planet destroyed, rebuilt, and brought back was replaced by the raging interest to view this event. Amongst this large group of cultivators, three figures stood side-by-side with their eyes glossed by spiritual light.

One of these two figures had their body trembling, especially their hands that were tightly clenched. The delicate, gorgeous figure was none other than Lin Xianxei! The other two were Lin Ming, who was wide-eyed, and Lin Xianxian, whose expression was slack with shock. Her soft lips were in an 'O' shape, completely reflecting her mental state.

"He's...dead?" Lin Xianxian's mental state was all over the place. Gong Lau was deemed a traitor, executed. Then, Nansi Yuangu, a figure that haunted her dreams, had died in such a violent, direct, and simple fashion. It felt too good for him. At least, that's what she thought after witnessing his lifeless corpse hanging from Wu Yu's polearm weapon.

She had desired this so much. And here it was. The external clans were no longer a threat. The only thing sustaining them was the oaths in place, but their authority was smoke at this point, backed by no actual power.

However, she couldn't fathom why Wu Yu felt the urge to go for the kill. Was it...maybe...because of Lin Xianxei? Her? What about Gong Lau? Did Wu Yu kill him too? Their appearance alongside Gong Lau's announcement of death was too coincidental.

Was it Wei Wuyin?

This thought wasn't just hers. The trembling Lin Xianxei was thinking very similar thoughts. And it all stemmed from the question: *Why?*

They didn't believe that Wu Yu was acting on his own. To them, he was an extension of Wei Wuyin's will, acting in accordance with it. So it must've been on Wei Wuyin's orders.

Lin Xianxei's eyes closed while fluttering about. What oath? What cage? Wei Wuyin was sweeping it all for her, almost eliminating a large importance that Lin Ming held. She couldn't help but recall the memory of Wei Wuyin taking her away. How he and his Seer joked about, yet...



"I think you're extremely beautiful, suiting my tastes exactly, but I won't take a wife so casually. There's a way for these things to proceed, unless you're fine with being a concubine of mine. Then, we can leave right this instant, host a ceremony and announce it to the entire world." Those words of Wei Wuyin struck her thoughts, including the serious light within his smiling expression.

A way for these things to proceed? Was he sweeping her troubles away, giving her freedom to act as she willed without shouldering the burden of her clan? She didn't know why she was thinking this.

In truth, she did—Lin Ming. That was his intention as well. His feelings for her weren't well-hidden, and it was clear he was waiting until the time was right to confess. She bit her lip anxiously. What if Wei Wuyin tries to court her now? What should she say? What should she do?

Her thoughts were an absolute mess.

With the burden of the external clan lifted, she was free to have these thoughts, thoughts she would never have otherwise. It was magical what lifting a mountain does on one's body.

As for Lin Ming, his expression was overcast. Wu Yu was terrifyingly powerful, but he firmly believed he would one day grasp that strength, even stronger than that! For now, he just had to take it one step at a time. For him, this sight wasn't demoralizing, but fuel for his ambitions to strive for the peak.

-----

Sheng Jizi's expression was slightly unsightly. The World Stone was taken, and the sword was destroyed. How frustrating! How freaking useless was Nansi Yuangu! He had one...freaking...fucking...job!

Sheng Jizi felt an urge to curse the dead, but he held himself back. It didn't matter to the grand scheme of things. The Wu Yu match-up was always a toss up. The actual deciders were Yang Chaoyue and himself.

She just needed to...

A surge of spatial fluctuation occurred above his head. He lifted his gaze, a satisfied smile on his face.

A beautiful woman with a tantalizing figure had arrived.

"I'm not late, right?"

Chapter 905: Endless Prosperity, Second Match Begin!

"On time, in fact." Sheng Jizi responded, his heart consoled by the presence of the sensual figure in the air. While her attire was somewhat inappropriate for such an important event, he didn't criticize her for it. And Yang Chaoyue didn't comment or excuse her dressing either.

She had just rushed over from meeting Wei Wuyin, exerting her fullest might to find a suitable Void Gate with sufficient strength to send her into the Prosperous Arena. Unlike normal secret realms and world realms, the Prosperous Arena resembled a sealed Shell World, an isolated and condensed world. As such, entering and exiting required a few additional requirements than a Void Gate and Void Disk with its coordinates.

The hassle aside, she had still arrived on time, not bothering about changing her clothes en route. Thus, she still sported her messy updo of her burgundy hair, her midriff exposed, form-fitting, fiery-red outfit that could stimulate a eunuch, and her expertly applied make-up. Her efforts and sacrifices had paid off, and she made it.

She gracefully landed within the group of Sheng Jizi, looking out at the battlefield that was seething with remnant sword energies that raged like tyrannical storms, and the long, impressive ditch that led from one side of the arena to the two Earthly Saints. Wu Yu was standing above Nansi Yuangu's corpse, his eyes drawn to Yang Chaoyue.

Yang Chaoyue was baffled, sent into a moment of confusion. "Wu Yu?" She looked at Sheng Jizi for answers. Sheng Jizi gave a wry smile, yet he fully explained the events thus far, including Wu Yu's statement as not representing Wei Wuyin's will in this competition.

However, when she returned her gaze to see the lone corpse of Nansi Yuangu and Wu Yu's great indifference as he sauntered back to his group with triumphant steps, she found this increasingly hard to believe. She lifted her left eyebrow towards Sheng Jizi, clearly questioning him on this. Unfortunately, Sheng Jizi had no answer to this.

"It doesn't matter; Wu Yu's acting as a lone entity is likely a sign that Wei Wuyin wants to remain neutral, giving him a way out in case this bound-to-fail challenge were to fall. At the very least, our relationship would be unharmed." Sheng Jizi could only conclude this from it all.

Yangzi Yanshi harrumped, showing his dissatisfaction with this so-called mysterious Wei Wuyin's balancing act. Intelligence be damned, it was weak-willed in his eyes. But when he thought about Wu Yu's overwhelming strength, an 8th Runic Ascendant, who had access to a cultivation method that bore an exceptional resemblance to the Imperial Clan's Cultivation Method, he felt a shiver traverse from his Sea of Consciousness to the bottom of his spine.

If Wei Wuyin had other cultivators of such caliber, then wouldn't this entire challenge be settled instantly?

This wasn't just his thoughts; Sheng Jizi resisted the urge to explain this detail. He didn't know why, but this Wei Wuyin was bringing him a feeling of unfathomableness that put him on edge.

Yang Chaoyue frowned slightly for a brief moment, returning to a neutral expression with a slight smile. She was so ravishing that a few of the male members couldn't help but give this Sky Monarch several glances, some trying to hide it. After all, she was an Earthly Saint. A being of exceptional status, power, and means. Yet she was also a female of incredible beauty, and currently had all her good features accentuated to the zenith. It felt as if she was seducing them.

If they knew all her careful efforts were spent solely for a mortal man, these Ascended beings might spiral into depression.

"Retrieve Nansi Yuangu's corpse," Sheng Jizi ordered. A middle-aged woman flew off into the battlefield. The remnant power lingering there was extremely oppressive. She was a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivator, a genuine Ascended, yet as she traveled just a few dozen miles in, she screamed.

"Ahhhhh!"

A sword storm that had expanded upon losing Wu Yu's suppressive strength had appeared before her without warning. She was drawn in. Blood, crimson and glaring, spurted out as she was lost, no, drowned in the sword storm.

"..." The others watched this happen, stunned. The powers of an Earthly Saint weren't insignificant. There was a reason why this challenge wasn't held outside. A single drop of their power could terraform a planet, devastate it, or make one.

"HEL-HELP!!" An explosion of Mystic Aura from the terrified woman was evident as she resisted fiercely. She didn't want to die. Not here, not now. She had things to do, people to do!

Sheng Jizi sighed with a shake of his head. She got caught in one of the formation points that Nansi Yuangu was laying. He had forgotten for a moment about that. Yangzi Yanshi flew forward, releasing his Mystic Aura at the Demi-Mortal Lord. After he entered the Demi-Mortal State, he shot into the storm and pulled the woman out. When he came out, after canceling his Demi-Mystic State, he was dripping with blood, originating from deep cuts on his arms, legs, and neck.

While returning, he had grabbed Nansi Yuangu's corpse.

"..." Everyone just looked at Yangzi Yanshi's abhorrent state, reminded of the terrifying power of Earthly Saints once again. Subconsciously, they looked towards Wu Yu. He one-shot Nansi Yuangu. The difference...

Soul-tingling.

Ma Zheng and the others were watching all of this unfold, but they weren't very invested in the outcome. "You did excellent," Ma Zheng praised Wu Yu sincerely.

Wu Yu shrugged, "He was injured; if he wasn't, the fight might've taken a little bit more effort."

"Injured?" Sun Li was shocked. Nansi Yuangu was injured? If that was the case, why didn't Sheng Jizi find a substitute? However, when she recalled Wu Yu's 8th Ascendant State, she didn't think the outcome would've differed with anyone besides the most elite of Earthly Saints. Her heart instinctually quivered.

Right...an 8th Runic Ascendant!

Wu Yu wasn't just elite, he bordered the greatest mystic foundation of the Earthly Saint Phase. He was an absolute monster of a cultivator. An unrestrained monster bound by no oaths...

"A victory is a victory," Ma Zheng commented.

"Did you kill him on Wei Wuyin's order? Was that your purpose here?" Faye Liying spoke up at this time, causing the others to still. This was a topic on Sun Li's mind as well, but she felt it was inappropriate. As a Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion, she wasn't of the habit of interrogating the intentions of others.

Faye Liying, however, had no such restraint.

Wu Yu merely revealed a toothy grin, saying: "Just finishing up what was started." After saying that, he chuckled in amusement. This wasn't a yes or a no, but for someone like these Earthly Saints, they understood the implication. They had long since speculated with their information network that Nansi

Yuangu was injured during the Tang Clan's operation by that strange Earthly Saint, one of the three Earthly Saints.

This all but confirmed that the Earthly Saint that day belonged to Wei Wuyin's personal forces. The young mortal was growing more mystifying with every revelation. As for whether Wu Yu acted to deal with Nansi Yuangu, in much a similar way as Gong Lau, they each had their own thoughts.

Back at Sheng Jizi's side, Yang Chaoyue and Sheng Jizi were still talking. He brought her up to speed, explaining the match-ups and Faye Liying as her opponent. When Yang Chaoyue heard that Ma Zheng was his own champion due to a loophole, one brought about by Sheng Jizi's plan to remove him from his seated position, her expression became increasingly odd.

She looked at Sheng Jizi and said thoughtfully, "As long as I don't lose this match, all my debts and oaths with the Golden Life Pavilion will be paid or dissolved, yes?"

Sheng Jizi frowned slightly, but eventually revealed his merchant's smile. "Of course, all will be settled." Under special circumstances, if two people swore mutual oaths, as long as both sides agreed without coercion, the Mythical Oath can be dissolved naturally. It was a rare event, requiring very specific give-and-give oaths. An example of this would be if a favor was promised and then redeemed later on.

Yang Chaoyue nodded. She no longer spoke. Sheng Jizi didn't pester, flying forward once more. As the rays of spiritual light descended, giving him the spotlight, he announced the next match.

"I present to you all, the second match!"

"Our first champion, MY champion, is an illustrious Sky Monarch of the strongest clan in the world! The Infinite Zephyr Sky Queen herself, Yang Chaoyue!"

"And introducing Ma Zheng's champion, a figure that almost everyone knows and no one will forget, the once upon a time elite of the Ninestar Sainthall, the Rain Rising True Queen, Faye Liying!"

Every word was explosive, driving an excitement within the hearts of everyone listening.

Soon, two women of incredible strength, differing yet unique charms, both stepped forward at opposite ends of the arena.

"LET THE MATCH BEGIN!"

Chapter 906: Endless Prosperity, Yang Chaoyue Vs Faye Liying (1)

The upcoming match pitted two female Ascended, those of the highest renown, with diverse origins, against each other to fight for the position that would lead the Golden Life Pavilion.

The hype, anticipation, and growing excitement were unreal.

The cheerful, disgusted, or erratic roaring was endless, originating from the multitude of spectators observing from remote locations. Some cheered for Yang Chaoyue avidly beside their Spiritual Projection Obelisks, driven by obsession, lustful desire, and idolized respect.

"WIN THIS YANG CHAOYUE! YOU CAN DO IT!" The overly excited spectators that idolized the female Ascended were endless, and they roared out their hope for her victory. Most of them were young

women, ambitious and driven, wishing that they could one day reach her level of strength, position, and fame.

Driven by the shocking, violent end of Wu Yu's fight, they seethed in their seats, knowing that anything, absolutely ANYTHING, could happen!

"The Infinite Zephyr Saintess is at it again! Woohoo! Take her down! Take her DOWN!" A few old heads that remembered Yang Chaoyue's Saintess days, those male Ascended, shouted and cheered. While their cultivation had stagnated, unable to reach her level, they still harbored strong, unquenchable feelings. A few had pure lust in their eyes, definitely memorizing Yang Chaoyue's current alluring, seductive appearance for...certain fantasies later.

On the other side, Faye Liying was given a harsher reception. "Die, traitor! Rip her fucking head off!" Those passionate about the Ninestar Sainthall growled out their accumulated hatred, spitting out vile curses for Faye Liying's downfall. Her betrayal of the Ninestar Sainthall and thieving action were well-known to almost everyone with their ears to the ground. Their feelings were clear.

"You thieving bitch! You don't deserve your cultivation! Cripple her! CRIPPLE! CRIPPLE HER!!" Whether it was the inner nature of their primal side, dominated by the need for violence or outright jealousy, these individuals called for blood!

Of course, not all the spectators were as harsh as these comments revealed. There were some uplifting cheers with heartfelt emotions behind them, believing in Faye Liying's ability to obtain victory and declaring her innocence of all crimes. A misunderstanding, they'd say. Of course, that was a tiny minority against a very vocal majority.

The two women took to the stage. And as they did, their expressions immediately changed. They had odd looks on their faces. They both lifted their gazes to spot a levitating Sheng Jizi, who wore a neutral smile, still in the spotlight. Witnessing this, they looked at each other and noted that they weren't the only one's experiencing something strange. There were thundering spiritual pulse comments leaking through the formations, allowing all spectators to hear certain spectators' spiritual transmissions!

A sentence from a Light Reflection Phase young woman was heard praising and cheering for Yang Chaoyue's victory. A sentence from an aged, highly nationalistic Ascended from the Ninestar Starfield could be heard, insulting and viciously cursing Faye Liying as a traitor and thief. It wasn't just them; there were roughly five or six voices that had sounded out. Not all were strictly positive or negative, geared solely for one side; They were selected seemingly out of randomness, but Faye Liying received the most hate, disgust, and curses.

She was forced to bear the brunt of such vile words from others. For anyone, targeted comments had a way of wiggling in your mind, infecting your thoughts with turbid seeds of self-doubt or frustration.

"How cunning," Wu Yu commented with a click of his tongue. Sheng Jizi was using psychological tricks in the hopes of unsettling Faye Liying, bolstering Yang Chaoyue's confidence while doing so. Ma Zheng's eyes narrowed sharply as he fixated on Sheng Jizi's figure.

Eventually, Sheng Jizi moved back to his group alongside the comments ending. But all spectators had heard every last word. Their thoughts and mentality towards this fight had shifted, influenced by these

comments. Fortunately, a battle of this level was unlikely to be tipped in anyone's favor with these types of low-level tricks.

Yang Chaoyue frowned slightly. She didn't like that Sheng Jizi decided to make a spectacle of this event. To have Earthly Saints, the powerhouses of the Stellar Region, reduced to entertainment for others was a little belittling of their status, strength, and reputation. If it weren't for the things on the line here, she would've refused to participate in such an event.

Moreover, Nansi Yuangu was a lesson on the possible outcome of one's life in a battle between Earthly Saints. To have your life's end viewed by everyone felt humiliating, even if you no longer could witness the reactions. Your reputation would cease. Now and forever, Nansi Yuangu will be regarded as a foil for Wu Yu's reputation, a stepping stone that'll fall into obscurity. A one-hit failure.

All his achievements and feats reduced to a single event in which he gained very little.

Faye Liying, coincidentally, was thinking the exact same as Yang Chaoyue. She found it all quite laughable, remaining largely indifferent to all the rancid words. Unfortunately, neither had any saying power on how the Golden Life Pavilion's Pavilion Master conducted this event. Their jobs were simply to fight on another's behalf.

And so, they shall.

Faye Liying's deep-blue eyes fixated on Yang Chaoyue from over a 100,000 miles away. The Sky Monarch was an astonishing sight for all, highly stimulating in her current outfit. Yet, Faye Liying only felt a strong, condensed aura emanating from every pore of her exceptional body. Facing this unimaginable pressure, most men they would scatter like dust in the wind, absolutely fearful of such frightening power.

Yang Chaoyue's dark eyes fixated on Faye Liying from over a 100,000 miles away. The former Soul-Rising Saint wasn't overly beautiful, but she gave one a sensation of formless stability that befitted a strong, principled cultivator. It was as if no force could uproot her thoughts or unsettle her foundation.

Silence overtook the arena as they matched gazes.

If sparks could fly solely from an exchange of two gazes, the entire arena would go up in flames.

Those watching, for some reason, felt an irresistible urge to hold their breaths. The pounding of their hearts began to grow stronger, faster, and clearer. A tension curled their fingers into fists, their palms wet with sweat, and their eyes widened slightly. While this did little to expand their spiritual sense, they did so nonetheless.

The air in the arena stilled; a rising pressure surged across the vast distance, covering every square inch of the arena. The spatial walls in all directions rippled endlessly, surging like waves of unknowable chaos. All the remnant sword energies were snuffed out one by one. A stifling force was amassing!

**BOOSH!**

Two explosive eruptions coincided! Their eruptions were so timely that only one could be heard or felt! The two Earthly Saints unleashed their Mystic Auras to their maximal limit! Their bodies glowed with a mystical radiance, Yang Chaoyue's body was coated in light green, and Faye Liying formed a layer of light blue.

They formed Mystic Wards, a primary and basic form of defense for all cultivators. However, they were only fully brought to their maximum strength by Earthly Saints when the Awakened Mystic Intent and Radiant and Spirit Runes were fully comprehended!

Tens of thousands of Mystic Runes manifested around them, rushing outwards, violently flooding the world, clashing like soldiers at war, fighting against each other with brutal viciousness and no mercy.

BOOM! BOOM!

A few Mystic Runes' collisions caused mutual explosions, creating dents in the spatial walls from the sheer power within them.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

These dents slowly restored themselves through the profound formations embedded within them, but one could tell that it was an incredibly slow process. Yet the Prosperous Arena remained intact, showing no signs of instability.

As of right now, Yang Chaoyue and Faye Liying's mystic foundation was fully revealed to all! Even mortals were accommodated by a unique coloring formation that interacted with their spiritual sense, giving them a visualization of the fights. The Golden Life Pavilion ensured everyone could see, even if they didn't understand the profundities within or why the colors were weird.

Faye Liying had reached the fifth state, comprehending five runes amongst the Ways of Mysticism! They were Mana, Spirit, Radiant, Infusion, and Permanence! They were extremely condensed, clearly having been fully consolidated for a long time.

Yang Chaoyue didn't fall short; with five Mystic Runes, she grasped Mana, Spirit, Radiant, Oceanic, and Permanence!

Yang Chaoyue's Mystic Aura formed into a raging storm of tens of thousands of Mystic Runes, twisting and sieging upon Faye Liying like a grand ocean, vast and mighty. Faye Liying didn't lose out, exerting a strong power that seemed as if the entire world was infected by her presence, fighting against Yang Chaoyue's mighty force with her own.

A violent clash of auras left the spatial walls in every direction rippling endlessly, constantly seeking to protect itself, to maintain its insulated field, preventing a single wisp of world-destroying power from leaking and devastating those outside.

BOOM!!!

A screeching roar thundered! A crescendo of power was coming! The two Mystic Auras were like mighty beasts, clawing and biting, soaring upwards and filling the entire arena with their power. Each clash resulted in the destruction of dozens of Mystic Runes on both sides. These runes were like the sharpest daggers, greatest bombs, and sturdiest shields all in one! If they were on a battlefield, each Earthly Saint would appear to be grand generals, commanding tens of thousands of Ascended soldiers!

The two Earthly Saints hadn't moved a single step, yet their Mystic Auras had turned over 100,000 miles of space into a battlefield of epic proportions. If Wu Yu's fight earlier exhibited skill versus power, this was pure power versus pure power! World annihilating power!

Like billowing smoke or a geysering burst, the rising Mystic Auras crashed against the upper ceiling of the arena, and the bright silvery walls darkened into a bland grey. The spatial walls were being pressured heavily, distorting in abnormal ways! The geysering auras kept rising, going deeper and deeper, seemingly about to pierce through the ceiling!

"Is it going to break?!" The Soul of Mysticism expert who had her life saved by Yangzi Yanshi, instilled with the greatest fear towards Earthly Saints, renewed by her recent brush with death, cried out in shock.

"It won't," Yangzi Yanshi said. However, his cautionary eyes and a subtle retreat of a single step betrayed his true thoughts. Those two words only served to console his own sense of insecurity rather than reassure others. On the other hand, Sheng Jizi merely watched with a calm gaze. These two women were worthy of being classified as high-tiered Earthly Saints in the Stellar Region. They were mighty, terrifying, in fact.

Suddenly, as if coming to a mutual agreement, the two Mystic Auras settled down and receded into their owners' bodies. There were imprints of Mystic Runes, fragments of Mystic Power and Intent, scattered throughout the Prosperous Arena unwilling to dissipate. The floor and ceiling were no longer flat, with the bottom and sides littered with deep dents, and the ceiling had a large majority of its area turned a dullish grey.

When the two recalled their Mystic Auras, they stared into each other's eyes as their expressions and gazes refused to reveal a single thought of theirs.

"The probing phase should be over with," Wu Yu commented lightly. A hint of excitement leaked through his voice. If this was an indicator of anything, this was not going to be an easy fight!

It was going to be intense!

Chapter 907: Endless Prosperity, Yang Chaoyue Vs Faye Liying (2)

Separated by over 100,000 miles, two Earthly Saints stood in opposition, and the air between them was outright terrifying to witness. The entire arena faintly distorted; remnant traces of their probing clash left the common air, light, and heat in slight disarray. At this point, the environment had been thoroughly adjusted; Mystic Intent forcefully integrated into all three of these environmental aspects.

If those at the Soul of Mysticism Phase were to breathe this air, bathe in this light, and feel this heat, they would experience a wave of refreshing sensations; their Mystic Souls might howl with excitement.

The actions of powerful cultivators could either generate a horrifying world of lingering death and destruction or endless promise and boundless benefits. With the broken, shattered and split bits of Mystic Runes scattered about, it leaned towards the latter. This was unlike Wu Yu's fight, a one-sided display of overwhelming power and unrealized potential strength.

"..."

There was a heart-palpitating silence; the tension in the air continued to brew. The spectators couldn't help but find it challenging to make sense of it. The two hadn't done much; they hadn't taken a single step after the official declaration, yet it felt as if war was on the horizon, and they were firmly placed on the frontlines.



Baffling, surreal, however you call it, they all felt involved. The spectators hadn't noticed faint wisps of stimulating power were integrating with their Spiritual Sense. While it wasn't harmful, even helpful to some, it certainly focused their every attention and drove their interest to the maximum. A sly tactic by Sheng Jizi. Sly but effective.

"It's starting," Wu Yu's eyes lit with a fiery light, his spiritual sense driven to its strongest state, focused entirely within his eyes. He wasn't the only one; as if seeing the upcoming event, the eyes of every Ascended being illuminated with spiritual light. Their actions...were like a 'go' signal in overdrive!

The first to act was Faye Liying. She lifted her hands; her fingers stretched to their utmost limits. Those fingers began to move, dancing upon the empty air, elegant and mysterious as a grand puppeteer performing a show. At her fingertips, soft watery light manifested. With every motion, watery ripples emerged all around her, as if the air had suddenly become a water's surface.

She was inundated with watery ripples. It was as if she was the water's surface.

Plop. Plop. Plop.

The sound of water droplets touching a surface of water endlessly resounded. It strangely brought a sense of calmness to the minds of mortals, but true experts could feel the intent of violence concealed within. Their hearts throbbed in their chests.

Yang Chaoyue acted almost immediately after, a mere few milliseconds behind. Unlike Faye Liying, Yang Chaoyue grasped empty space with aggression; her movement was so forceful that fixed space distorted from the sheer strength within her hand, enough to crush a tiny planet.

When she yanked her hand back, as if pulling something out of space itself, she held an eight-inch-sized light-green hourglass in her hand. The hourglass lacked any sand. Instead, there were two little tornados inside the top and bottom glass, their lower ends connected through the hourglass's center.

As the hourglass emerged, turbulent winds surged. As if stimulated by its presence, the ordinary wind of this realm began to circulate around Yang Chaoyue. They grew visible to the naked eye, tainted by a faint light-green glow.

"The Infinite Wind Hourglass!" Yangzi Yanshi exclaimed. A unique armament that had stayed with Yang Chaoyue since her reputation grew all those years ago. It had been refined for thousands of years, the careful investment of time and energy of an elite such as Yang Chaoyue—her life's greatest treasure!

For her to bring it out today, she was serious beyond belief!

Faye Liying saw Yang Chaoyue's Infinite Wind Hourglass, and despite her eyes maintaining their calmness, a wisp of apprehension emerged in her heart. She now realized that Yang Chaoyue was genuinely giving it her all. She didn't hesitate to reply in kind; her breathing became long and drawn-out.

A droplet of water, resembling a tear, crystallized and glimmering with watery light manifested at her glabella. Then, her eyes became drenched in light blue color. This color painted her white sclera, her pure black pupils, and her irises, engulfing both eyeballs.

"Tear of the Rising Seas..." Sheng Jizi's words were softly spoken, yet it caused Yangzi Yanshi to be completely baffled. Both of these Earthly Saints were bringing out the items that helped establish their legends, a sign that they weren't holding back!

Yang Chaoyue threw the hourglass into the air, and then with a fierce, explosive kick-off, she darted towards Faye Liying. She traversed tens of thousands of miles with every blink of a mortal's eye. She closed in with exceedingly swift momentum.

Faye Liying's hands moved, rapidly forming afterimages as she flicked her fingertips in every direction. A water droplet was expelled from her Tear of the Rising Seas, hovering in front of her, pure and untainted by the turbidity of the world. It was composed of the densest, purest, richest, and freshest liquid imaginable. Yet it was still water.

Then, from it, another was extracted.

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Then, from them, another.

Until one became two, two became four, four became eight, and so on. In less than the time it takes for a mortal to actually blink their eye, hundreds of thousands of perfectly identical droplets of water eventually came into being, each separated by an inch of distance, perfectly calculated to exactness.

They all contained endless water energies. They all surrounded Faye Liying as if declaring to the world to guard their queen with their liquid lives forever. They were all inversely shaped as if gravity originated from the skies. They were subtly rising!

However, Yang Chaoyue's mad dash could not be ignored. She was swift, incomparably so, as she descended upon Faye Liying like a raging storm. Yet Faye Liying remained steady. She lifted her hands and calmly pushed outward.

The hundreds of thousands of rising water droplets shook slightly, releasing their watery power for tens of thousands of miles. Endless ripples erupted, cascading together to explode towards Yang Chaoyue.

「Rippling Shackles of the Rising Seas」

Yang Chaoyue's eyes narrowed as her Mystic Ward defended against the incoming surges of power. She held her ground, her momentum coming to a forceful, wind-screaming stop a mere thousand miles away from Faye Liying. She tried to push forward, a heavy step signaling her intentions, yet the droplets only released more power that stifled her movements.

Her body felt incomparably heavy. It wasn't that her weight had changed, but the entire world was saturated with Faye Liying's unique water-attributed mystic power. To her, it was as if she was trudging underneath the sea. The pressure was intense, and the resistance was unimaginable. An ordinary Soul of Mysticism cultivator would've been turned into paste, crushed to death within a second of facing this art.

Yet she was unfazed. While her steps were hindered, she lifted her legs forcefully and pushed onward, one step at a time, relying on her physique to do so! An insane degree of physical strength was needed

to accomplish this feat, far beyond the norm of an Earthly Saint, and even Faye Liying's eyes glinted with shock.

Yang Chaoyue's expression contained a slight smile as she drew upon her physique's terrifying strength, pushing onward despite Faye Liying's art. With each step, she traversed dozens of miles, approaching closer and closer.

Faye Liying knew of Yang Chaoyue's fighting style, tactics, and means from her famous days. She hadn't changed much, and her tactic was to launch a fierce offensive in close-range. However, she still paid very close attention to the Infinite Wind Hourglass that had been tossed into the air, floating far away.

With Yang Chaoyue boggled down by her mystic art, Faye Liying didn't stop her preparations. Her fingers kept dancing about, glints and bursts of watery light at her fingertips. The droplets began to form strings of light together, constructed entirely of spiritual power—a mixture of spiritual energy and mystic power.

If Wei Wuyin were to witness this, he would be awed! A Multi-Link Spiritual Array! She was using each inverse droplet as a formation, much like how each Dragon of Origin of his was interconnected. This was a tactic that very, very few could employ due to the tremendous reserves of energies and spiritual strength required!

However, she was attempting to connect hundreds of thousands together into a single force. Moreover, if one inspected each inverse droplet, they would discover sufficient water energies to formulate tiny planets entirely composed of water. It was gargantuan!

In a way, she was going to link hundreds of thousands of tiny planets into a profound array using her own strength.

Yang Chaoyue's eyes narrowed instantly as she realized Faye Liying's tactic; a heart-pounding sensation of deadly crisis overwhelmed her senses. If this array was completed, she wouldn't be facing a vast tsunami but a concentrated, pressurized jet of water.

Unwilling to see this realized, Yang Chaoyue raised her left hand to the sky! The Infinite Wind Hourglass began to release a vibrant radiance, resembling a light-green Solar Star, and she slammed her left hand towards the ground!

The Infinite Wind Hourglass began to descend, falling like a meteorite towards the floor. It hurled violently towards the ground without any sign of stopping.

Faye Liying's eyes widened slightly as she bolstered her Mystic Ward, exerting a little bit more energy to her Rippling Shackles of the Rising Seas Art and concentrating on connecting each inverse droplet through a network of spiritual threads. However, when she saw the Infinite Wind Hourglass continue to descend straight downward, not towards her, she was sent spiraling into uncertainty.

**SHATTER!**

The Infinite Wind Hourglass smashed against the ground, releasing a world-shattering sound. The Infinite Wind Hourglass was destroyed! When this happened, not only Faye Liying but Ma Zheng, Sun Li, Sheng Jizi, essentially every Earthly Saint and Ascended being aware of the Infinite Wind Hourglass' power was stunned speechless! None of them expected this!

HOWL!

A cataclysmic howl of wind erupted!

Chapter 908: Endless Prosperity, Yang Chaoyue Vs Faye Liying (3)

"...!" Sheng Jizi, Sun Li, Wu Yu, and Ma Zheng's eyes all revealed incredible shock. Except for Ma Zheng, the three other Earthly Saints acted immediately, urgency spreading across their hearts. They pressed their hands upon the barrier that shielded them from the battle and poured copious amounts of their mystic power to reinforce it.

With Sun Li and Wu Yu acting in concert, their barrier was strengthened to its limits. Sheng Jizi's side, however, was clearly a little lacking. After realizing this, Sheng Jizi roared deeply, and then at the center of his glabella, the Spatial-type Mystic Rune manifested in full, his eyeballs painted in a silver color. The roar unleashed vast quantities of spatial power from his body, engulfing his group entirely.

Yangzi Yanshi finally reacted, screaming out: "IS SHE OUT OF HER MIN-"

They vanished!

Sheng Jizi had fled!

"They're gone!" Ma Sujiang was thunderstruck by these Earthly Saints' actions. She didn't understand the urgency and why a simple move by Yang Chaoyue prompted Sheng Jizi's immediate retreat via spatial shifting.

Yet none of the Earthly Saints felt an urge to clarify her confusion because all would soon witness the answer! The Infinite Wind Hourglass, the treasured armament of Yang Chaoyue, a tool forged from over ten thousand years of mystic-grade refinement and infusion, was sent hurtling towards the ground and shattered!

The shattering released a howl that twisted the auditory senses, all generated solely by wind currents clashing and surging about in the pinnacle of chaos! From Yang Chaoyue's starting point, a soft gust of wind flowed outwards in every direction. It swept the entire arena gently, instantly.

Ma Sujiang lifted her hand curiously. Was she feeling...wind? As this thought emerged in her mind, she inspected the mystic barrier reinforced by Sun Li and Wu Yu, the latter was an 8th Runic Ascendant, and yet the gentle wind still seeped through.

How was that even possible?

Faye Liying's eyes shrunk considerably. She hastily abandoned her attempts at establishing a Multi-Link Spiritual Array with her inverse droplets. Her hands danced slightly, then she clasped them together, interlocked her fingers with frightening strength, and tapped into the power of each inverse droplet.

「Aegis of the Elder Sea, Shell of the Ancient Divinity」

GATHER!

The inverse droplets gathered together, converging onto Faye Liying like loyal soldiers and merging with her Mystic Ward. With each addition, her Mystic Ward's blue color grew darker. This was definitely her

strongest defensive state, reinforced by the accumulated refined water energies of her Tear of the Rising Seas.

Despite her swift response, her actions weren't quick enough. When she felt the wind through her rapidly strengthening Mystic Ward, she knew the worst result was about to unfold. An unstoppable cataclysmic event.

She felt an urge to ignite her Mystic Soul, to escape this sealed world, but she resisted it with every fiber of her being. Doing so was no different than destroying her life or ruining Ma Zheng's thousands of years of plotting.

She had to win.

HOWL!!!

So when the wind howled once again, this time with a screeching intensity that exceeded the other by thousands of times, she hunkered down and decided to see what came!

It started as a small tornado, no more than a few feet from the epicenter of the shattered hourglass. An innocent wind-type natural phenomena a child might find amusement in from afar, playing with it in their idle time. Then, it grew. It wasn't that tall, about six or so meters.

But that wasn't the end.

Supplied by seemingly endless wind energies, the twisting tornado grew ten meters, then another, and another, then a hundred meters, a thousand meters, until it touched the ceiling of the Prosperous Arena. Then, it no longer grew in height but expanded.

A mile.

Two.

Ten.

Ten thousand!

The rate of its growth was utterly explosive! The wind was extremely destructive! The spatial walls were torn and ripped off in silver fragments like a tile roof in a natural disaster. The remnant pieces of Mystic Runes left behind were caught up in its cycling force, devastated into obliteration, and it only seemed to grow as a result!

Faye Liying was protected by her Tears of the Rising Seas, her Mystic Ward, and her protective art. She felt confident in resisting an unconcentrated release of Earthly Saint's accumulated and refined wind energies. Moreover, this power was far, far too great for an Earthly Saint to control!

It was better to say that the Infinite Wind Hourglass contained mystic-graded wind energies at the pinnacle Mystic-Earth level. This was the result of Yang Chaoyue's strenuous efforts for several millennia. Faye Liying, too, forged a similar armament with the same purpose—additional power. Her Tear of Rising Seas contained inverse water droplets with pinnacle Mystic-Earth grade water energies that she could control with her spiritual strength.

Moreover, she had 323,762 Inverse Droplets, each containing her unique gravitational force and spiritual strength, sufficient water energies to generate enough liquid to drown a small-sized planet. As such, she could muster an absurd amount of watery power. In a way, she had forged 323,762 tiny-sized planets and condensed them into droplets of water.

If she shattered her Tears of a Rising Seas, she felt confident in flooding an entire Domain. In return, thousands of years of refining and accumulation would go to waste, and she would suffer a devastating blow to her strength.

And now, Yang Chaoyue had shattered her Infinite Wind Hourglass!

Yang Chaoyue's expression was serene, without any conflict or pain in her eyes as her gaze focused on Faye Liying's turtle-shell of a defense. She didn't stop her forceful approach. While behind her was an ever-growing hurricane of death and destruction, she clenched her fist and darted towards Faye Liying!

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Faye Liying was speechless. She couldn't move. Her entire body was engulfed by her art, causing her body to weigh the same as over 300,000 tiny-sized planets of water. She had neither the physical strength nor the mystic power enough to shift a single finger—A genuine turtle shell.

And from Yang Chaoyue's eyes, it was clear that she wanted this exact scenario! But Faye Liying was confused! Even if Yang Chaoyue struck, she wouldn't be able to breach her defenses in the time it took for the tempest of wind to overwhelm her!

While some might think that her wind energies might leave her unharmed, that was absolutely foolish. While the wind itself might not harm her, the generated force was not in her control. Similarly, a fire-attributed cultivator can be engulfed in their flames, but when the heat reaches beyond their bodily limit, even their own flames will scorch them all the same!

The destructive force of the incoming storm of boundless wind will certainly rip Yang Chaoyue into pieces! She was dead if she didn't flee!

However, witnessing her fearless arrival and clenched fists, Faye Liying's heart thumped ferociously! She was unable to keep her serene gaze, her eyes flickering with a little bit of fear.

Was she going to use her all to weaken the barrier and cause their mutual destruction?! But when the thought emerged, the fear in her eyes scattered, replaced by an expression of puzzlement that distorted her facial features.

Why?

Because it was utterly impossible!

Even if her defense wasn't fully formed, Yang Chaoyue's power couldn't easily breach her Mystic Ward, let alone her reinforced state! What was she doing? Suicide?!

Yang Chaoyue didn't react to the myriad of emotions of Faye Liying; her fists were tightly clenched and didn't stop her momentum! When she reached punching range, the gathered mystic power in her fists erupted explosively! She thrust each fist with a strong, violent intensity! Her fists were powerful enough

to devastate entire planets, yet when her fist met the Mystic Ward, there was a soft pattering sound. It was as if someone was stepping on a puddle, the volume of which amplified by a thousand.

While loud, it seemed harmless.

Besides some ripples on her Mystic Ward, nothing else came of it. Perplexed by Yang Chaoyue's actions, Faye Liying's eyes widened as the horrifying tempest had already occupied the entirety of her vision, rushing towards them as a chaotic storm of light green wind!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Yang Chaoyue, however, kept throwing fierce punches. Her speed was producing afterimages. In seconds, her punches had reached over a thousand in number, yet the Mystic Wards remained unharmed. Not even a concentrated tactic of aiming at the same spot had generated any difference.

With an odd expression, Faye Liying watched as Yang Chaoyue's suicidal assault came to a depressing result. As she was untouched, it was too late for Yang Chaoyue to escape or form her own defense. She had shattered her precious armament, unleashed this calamity, and was about to resist its full strength solely using her body!

At the last moment, just as the storm was about to engulf Yang Chaoyue, Faye Liying's eyes constricted to their limits!

"You-"

At this point, no one could see what was happening, be it Ma Zheng's group or the countless spectators! They could only see Yang Chaoyue's relentless assault at the end before the two Earthly Saints were entirely engulfed by the catastrophically monstrous tempest of howling wind. They were all rebuffed by the wind energies; their spiritual senses sent back safely to their owners due to the various mechanisms implemented.

"What happened?!" The spectators cried. Their spiritual senses were abruptly ejected from the Spiritual Projection Obelisk, so they couldn't perceive the events after the entire world was thoroughly engulfed. Whenever those below the Soul of Mysticism Phase attempted to re-enter, they would be denied due to possible danger.

Even Sheng Jizi's prerecorded voice sounded: "Apologies to all; the current circumstances within the arena will be preventing spiritual sense projection without bringing harm to you. Please give it a few moments to regulate into a stable environment, for your safety."

Those at or above the Soul of Mysticism only sensed raging winds and endless howls. It was exceedingly terrifying.

They had to wait an entire four minutes before their senses began to pick up on events. They inspected the scene with keen interest, wanting to know the end result. To many, Yang Chaoyue's actions seemed insane, yet maybe this was how she intended to resist Faye Liying's water power.

However, what they saw left them speechless.

Covered in blood, two figures were laying miles away from each other, laying on the floor, sprawled out in unnatural positions.

They were none other than Yang Chaoyue and Faye Liying! The two renowned Earthly Saints!

And from their auras, they were...they were unconscious!

The signs of their tattered clothes, with Faye Liying's upper robe being severely shredded, showing delicate skin and her pink-colored brassiere. Yang Chaoyue's lower legs were completely revealed. It was as if her lower attire had been changed into butt-length shorts. Fortunately, or unfortunately, no...definitely fortunately, the most important aspects were still covered!

These two women were exposed in unnatural positions, yet they couldn't help but stimulate some heated responses. The gulps were likely endless as some tried to zoom in, wishing their spiritual sense's clarity was just a little better.

But...what was the outcome?

Later, Sheng Jizi returned with a slightly pale complexion. He was still protecting the others when he returned, shielding them with a barrier of mystic power. It fended off the uncontrolled wind energies still lingering, wind energies that could devastate starfields.

When he saw the two's physical conditions, inspecting their life force with his ocular spell, he noted that neither was at the edge of death nor dying. They had sustained injuries, but there wasn't a significant difference between them, enough to knock them both unconscious. He frowned slightly.

Who had lost?

Sheng Jizi tried to view the recorded footage, but the wind energies had prevented any footage from being recorded. Furthermore, they were both unconscious and injured. When they woke up, it was unlikely either would agree that the other won. There was too much on the line.

With a faint sigh, he glanced at Ma Zheng in the far-off distance; then, without wasting a breath, he announced: "Due to the circumstances of the match's conclusion, including a mutual state of unconsciousness of both champions, according to the rules: The match between Yang Chaoyue and Faye Liying will be declared a...DRAW!"

Chapter 909: Endless Prosperity, Dust In the Wind

An outcome that no one had predicted!

"A draw?" There were numerous experts that were extremely well-aware of the absurd difficulty that a genuine fight could lead to an eventual draw. Most fights and conflicts amongst cultivators ended in a few exchanges, much like Wu Yu's or this one, but a winner was typically declared early on. The only exceptions were sparring sessions, where two combatants were willingly exchanging spells and arts to enhance their proficiency, gaining combat experience, and contest bouts where life-and-death wasn't decided.

Just from Wu Yu's earlier victory, this was clearly not either of those cases, and seemingly neither participant had agreed to this result. Yet strangely enough, the stimulating scenery of two highly-regarded Earthly Saints aside, the crowd was stimulated!



They first observed that Earthly Saints weren't invincible, that a strong foundation and talent was needed, through the short and extreme fight of Wu Yu and Nansi Yuangu. Then, they witnessed two Earthly Saints unleash cataclysmic horrors that ended in a conclusive draw.

These two outcomes left them enthralled with anticipation, an anticipation driven by uncertainty from the everlasting impact that the last match had on the two champions lives! A determination that might reshape countless futures and prospects!

Sheng Jizi!

The current seating Pavilion Master of the Golden Life Pavilion, Manager of the Life Branch, and Earthly Saint!

Ma Zheng!

The former Third Branch Manager, and to those knowledgeable, one of the key founders of the Golden Life Pavilion's beginnings!

The former was fighting to retain his power; the latter was fighting to reclaim his power!

The difference was inspiring, with both having much on the line, and seemingly prepared enough to invite a Soul Monarch and Sky Monarch to do battle on their behalf! So prepared that Wu Yu, the Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn, the Alchemic Knight of the most mysterious junior in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, had been brought along! So prepared that the Nansi Clan's Earthly Saint met an untimely end!

As such, the crowd proceeded to grow rowdy with anticipation for the end result. In truth, many were originally of the belief that Ma Zheng was destined to lose. Sheng Jizi's reputation wasn't small, and his means were abundantly clear for all to see. On the other hand, Ma Zheng was recently kicked out, and many believed this was a hasty attempt on his part.

However, now, they were invigorated by Ma Zheng's showing! A win! A draw! With one match left, all Ma Zheng had to do was take the victory or settle for a draw. In accordance to the rules, three draws meant victory for the seating Pavilion Master, yet with that devastatingly decisive win by Wu Yu, this was enough to threaten Sheng Jizi!

The last match: Sheng Jizi versus Ma Zheng!

It was a match that seemed settled, but with the rules clearly outlined, all Sheng Jizi had to do was win once. Now, he had to win! He must, beyond a shadow of a doubt, win! Anything less was his loss.

The stakes were higher than before, and Ma Zheng's Demi-Mortal Lord Phase cultivation base wasn't looked down upon any longer. There was a high possibility that a trick on his sleeves could definitely force a draw! This was what drove many into excitement.

Was this Ma Zheng's intentions? If so, perfectly done!

"Who do you think will win?" Many spectators asked, mostly their juniors blessed with watching their wise, experienced seniors. Yet their seniors all rubbed their chins, put on profound looks, and said this and that, but never a concise answer. Those who've carried some intelligence would never underestimate a Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion, let alone Ma Zheng who had held this position for an extremely long period of time.

At Ma Zheng's barrier, Wu Yu and Sun Li had kept the barrier perfectly intact. Their duality of infusion had reinforced the barrier to such a degree that the terrifying, chaotic, and torrential storm of winds was repelled by its defensive strength. Still, Sun Li's complexion was ashen. Her breathing was heavy, fingers trembling, and eyes a little dull.

She had exhausted over eighty percent of her mystic power to ensure their safety. Sheng Jizi's quick thinking allowed him to swiftly estimate that his defense would be insufficient alone, hastily deciding to breach space and escape. If he wasn't the current owner of the Prosperous Arena, this might've been challenging. Fortunately, he had all the permissions, so the formations didn't interfere with his spatial shift as it would've another.

As for Wu Yu, he was a little pale in the skin. Overall, however, he was in good condition. The exhaustion on his end only amounted to roughly ten-percent of his mystic energies. With the Blood Origin Method at the first stage, creating a tri-polymerization of his blood, his reserves of energies were of a higher quality than an ordinary 8th Runic Ascendant, enhancing his mystic power.

Sun Li was astonished by Wu Yu's still stable and healthy aura, whereas hers was in disarray and chaos. She had circulated her mystic power too heavily, so she suffered some internal energies. Unlike Wu Yu, she lacked the tri-polymerization of the Blood Origin Method's first stage, her compatibility with mystic-graded energies weren't near Wu Yu's level.

If she sensed correctly, Wu Yu and her matched power output to synchronize their power levels and not clash against each other, yet the difference was this massive? She didn't think this was attributed solely to his Imperial Clan-esque Cultivation Method or his 8th Runic Ascendant State. While the former was impressive, its strength lay in its numerous transformations. And while the latter was exceptional, the addition of a single rune enhanced raw mystic power by only a tad bit, it was the introduction of a complete portion of Mystic Intent that hypercharged the difference between two Earthly Saints.

This was why despite Wu Yu revealing his cultivation base twice, his opponents didn't outright concede. They felt their arts, spells, auxiliary cultivation methods, application of their Mystic Intent, armaments, or combat experience could cover this gap in base strength. It was also why Sun Li and Sheng Jizi weren't too thrown off by his reveal.

Cultivation strength was not determined by a single factor.

Wu Yu didn't bother with Sun Li's surprise. He was looking at the two figures sprawled out in their mutual loss. Yang Chaoyue and Faye Liying...

With a glint in his eyes, he sent Ma Zheng a curious look. It was as if to ask a question that only they might understand. And as expected, Ma Zheng too was focused on Yang Chaoyue and Faye Liying.

"Was it him?" Ma Zheng spiritually sent to Wu Yu.

Wu Yu frowned slightly, turning back to the two, focusing on Yang Chaoyue. "It could be." There was a hint of pride in his tone as he replied, and Ma Zheng caught that instantly. He couldn't help but shake his head with a little peculiarity in his gaze.

Despite saying that he would handle it, having Wu Yu on his side, and all things going according to the intended plan, Yang Chaoyue had proven that it all relied on her whim.

Why?

Because she had won!

Yes! She, Yang Chaoyue, had defeated Faye Liying!

Yet, she had deliberately forced a draw in the midst of the chaos. As Ma Zheng and Wu Yu had Mana, Spirit, Spatial, and Temporal-type Mystic Runes, their sensory prowess were exceptional. They pierced through the veil of wind energies and saw Yang Chaoyue holding an unconscious Faye Liying by the throat.

She had breached the turtle shell!

Furthermore, they both were keenly aware as to why! And it was incomparably shocking! But in the end, she knocked herself unconscious alongside Faye Liying.

"She's hidden herself well," Ma Zheng commented softly.

"Seems like my Young Lord has once again decided your fate, haha." Wu Yu found it hilarious. In just a moment, Ma Zheng's entire plan was about to crumble into pieces, yet he was spared by Yang Chaoyue's actions. If it wasn't for knowing that Yang Chaoyue had observed Wei Wuyin's astral tribulation, they never would've contributed those actions to him.

Ma Zheng smiled; there wasn't a single ounce of dejection within his vibrant eyes. He had once said to his daughter: "When he arrives, everything will be dust in the wind."

Wei Wuyin's arrival heralded numerous impactful changes, but most importantly, all the matters that had troubled him for so long truly had been turned into dust in the wind.

Huoyan Liulan had sighed slightly, relieved that the danger had passed. Ma Sujiang was still quivering slightly. She felt the raging power within the violent storm threatening to consume them, body and soul. If it wasn't for Huoyan Liulan's protective assurance, she would be far more frazzled than one could imagine.

A light of gratefulness emerged in her eyes as she looked at this mother of hers. Her first action was to protect, prioritizing Ma Sujiang above the others.

Huoyan Liulan ignored Ma Sujiang, her brows deeply furrowed. "What are you guys talking about? Do you have a plan to take down Sheng Jizi?" Ma Zheng was a Demi-Mortal Lord and Sheng Jizi was a genuine Earthly Saint. Additionally, Sheng Jizi had the wealth of the Golden Life Pavilion behind him. Who knew what tricks, tools, and means he had?

She was quite concerned; they had lucked out with Faye Liying. Of course, if it was her, she would've won beyond a shadow of a doubt.

Ma Zheng no longer spiritually communicated, saying aloud: "I do." His faint smile grew into a grin, one filled with youthful exuberance that hadn't appeared for thousands of years.

"What?" Huoyan Liulan asked.

Ma Zheng chortled. Ma Sujiang, however, couldn't hide her excitement and anticipation, immediately answering for her father: "Just wait and see."

"...?" Huoyan Liulan was stunned. Wait and see?

Wu Yu left the barrier, traversing the wind storm with ease. When he arrived beside the two women, he grabbed Faye Liying carelessly, tossing her over his shoulder, and then looked at the unconscious Yang Chaoyue. He sent a disguised spiritual transmission. Then, he flicked his finger and she was sent to Sheng Jizi's barrier.

While in transit, Ma Sujiang saw a brief glimpse of Yang Chaoyue's facial expression, and she seemed to be...smiling?

Chapter 910: Pavilion of EndlessProsperity!

"A draw?" Yang Chaoyue had been stimulated awake by Sheng Jizi. Sheng Jizi nodded gloomily, "Both of you were left unconscious; Your actions were...dangerous." Despite his gloomy demeanor, it was only brought about by the dissatisfaction of Ma Zheng continuing to have the slightest of chances at victory.

If his side had won either match, that would've been the end of it all. There would be no tension built here, and his prestige would've been firmly established. Instead, he had outright lost one through an unexpected death and an even more unexpected draw. All his preparations thus far hadn't resulted in outcomes in his favor.

Yang Chaoyue heavily sighed. "This is my fault; I apologize. Her Tear of the Rising Seas forced me to do everything I can to breach her defenses. If I hadn't..."

"I know. You did good enough. A draw is better than a loss, and your life is intact—that's great. I'm satisfied with that outcome." Sheng Jizi attempted to console Yang Chaoyue with these words. She was still a crucial piece to future plans, and a powerful cultivator. It would be foolish to blame her for this draw. He was fully aware of how monstrous the restrictive and defensive might that Faye Liying possessed.

She was the Soul-Rising Saint, and she was not ordinary.

Yang Chaoyue sighed again. "You're right. Sword King Yuangu lost his life, and I feared the same. Still, I hadn't lost. So our..." She left her next words in the air for Sheng Jizi to contemplate. And eventually, with his merchant's smile, he hurriedly waved his hand and said: "Of course, of course. To those that apply, the Mythical Oaths are completed. And as for your debt, they're officially paid in full."

Yang Chaoyue let out another sigh of emotion, "I wish I could've obtained a win for you, for the Golden Life Pavilion, especially after paying the price of my Infinite Wind Hourglass." She felt the seeds of Mythical Oaths that had been forged earlier in her life dissipate. A wave of comfort and freedom surged in her soul.

"It's fine," Sheng Jizi comforted Yang Chaoyue. "This challenge was decided during the selection rounds. No worries." After a few more exchanges, Yang Chaoyue departed from the Prosperous Arena, not intending to watch up-close and personal like them.

"You think she did this on purpose?" Yangzi Yanshi's eyes glinted maliciously as he sent spiritually to Sheng Jizi. A draw was incredibly convenient. Just before she took the stage, she had even asked a strange question.

"Obviously," Sheng Jizi's eyes grew cold. Yang Chaoyue was playing both sides, offending none, and Wu Yu sending her back had all but confirmed his suspicions. That said, this deduction wasn't some great feat. It wasn't like Yang Chaoyue was trying strongly to hide it from those with keen instincts. She was being overt and that was enough.

Regardless of the outcome, she showed her value.

The next match didn't start immediately. Sheng Jizi requested the full length of recovery, citing the rules that state if the Prosperous Arena's environment was too altered, sufficient to grant an unfair advantage or disadvantage to any particular fighter, the leading side could call forth a break while the Prosperous Arena went to work, ridding the stage of any foreign power.

Ma Zheng had no objections to this suggestion. A brief three hour break followed. It was quite difficult to expel the mystic-graded wind energies, so they had to siphon it out in a controlled fashion. When all was said and done, besides the visible signs of damage, the Prosperous Arena's environmental conditions of normal air, light, and heat returned.

Sheng Jizi used this time to restore his expended energies to the best of his capabilities, consuming a high-tier Mystic-Earth recuperative elixir meant for Ascended beings. He wasted no time directly after the maximum allotted time—three hours—was reached.

"Fairies and Heroes, I sincerely apologize for this brief delay as we served to uphold the integrity of the challenge! Without further ado, I present the final match of champions: Sheng Jizi, the current Pavilion Master of the Golden Life Pavilion! And Ma Zheng, former Manager of the Third Branch!" The introductions were the simplest of the three announcements, yet they drove the crowd wilder than before!

Sheng Jizi, however, didn't bother with mental tricks.

Ma Zheng felt relieved that this wasn't going to be a fest of unnecessary complications. He strode forth with a calm gaze, exiting the barrier, and entering the arena officially. As the last champion, it was all on his shoulders.

"You can do it, father!" Ma Sujiang cheered on, revealing a sweet and excited smile. She seemed to deage a few years, resembling a teenage girl with youthful energy. "Take him down!" She roared on, her voice louder than before.

"Don't embarrass the Young Lord," Wu Yu also cheered in his own way.

"...Take back what's yours," Sun Li chimed in, caught up in the cheering pace of the others. Since Wu Yu said some words, how could she not? She hoped greater than anything that Ma Zheng would succeed in this ambitious endeavor, especially since his lifespan was nearing its natural end. If he could accomplish this, he could...

He wouldn't have any regrets.

Huoyan Liulan wasn't going to speak, but hearing Sun Li speak, she felt a wisp of uncomfortableness manifest in her heart. "You better not lose," she said with a firm glare. Despite the discomfort she felt, she couldn't genuinely cheer on Ma Zheng's chances of victory, so she cheered for him not losing through his ingenuity and tactics. In the end, he would claim the seat with a draw.

"..." Faye Liying was still a little sullen from her draw, and this was because she was aware of the truth. Yet, in the end, she said: "Claim your seat."

Ma Zheng hadn't expected all those words. He turned to see the four cultivators that had helped him reach this point. An intense emotional heat settled in his chest. With a firm nod, he turned his attention to Sheng Jizi.

Sheng Jizi might be a businessman, but that's not how he started his cultivation journey. As he floated downwards from the spotlight, his taoist robes began to rapidly change, solidifying and darkening. By the time he landed on the arena's floor, his entire upper torso all the way down was covered in jet-black armor that was etched with golden runes.

The full-body armor bore strong resemblance to the Legion Commander's. There was a distinct oppressive, enveloping aura emanating from the armor. It felt as if the Wargod of Darkness was summoned onto the field. When Sheng Jizi's head was covered completely by a similarly jet-black armet, his entire disposition had changed, exuding a forceful aura that seemed to suppress the earth and sky.

With this armor, he felt boundless confidence in his victory. It was forged by the Godforge Emperor himself three thousand years ago! The greatest forger in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, and while wearing this armor, even three ordinary Earthly Saints would find it difficult to penetrate his armor with their full strength.

With a wave of his hand, an arming sword emerged in his hand. He truly took after many ancient knights depicted in records, a startling image that provoked all sorts of emotions.

Sheng Jizi wasn't one for talking. He felt pressured by Ma Zheng's one win and one draw, and he didn't wish to give Ma Zheng any chance to unleash any trump cards. Without any further delay, he gripped his sword and stomped his feet. With his armor glowing golden with silver and black streams of smoke, he spatially shifted through the world.

The distance of over 100,000 miles had been shortened with frightening quickness, and he arrived before Ma Zheng in what seemed like a blink of an eye! This was faster than Yang Chaoyue!

WOOSH!

With ruthless viciousness, Sheng Jizi swung his sword at Ma Zheng's neck, unleashing all of his power! If this strike hit, nevermind beheading, the sheer shockwave from contact would reduce a Demi-Mortal Lord to dust!

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Bam.

A subdued sound resounded.

"...Wait..." Sheng Jizi's expression changed.

Ma Zheng, with one finger on his left hand, stopped the sword's frightening edge. At the sides of his finger, endless silver light flickered as if countless spatial walls were manifested, holding back the sword from touching his finger. Ma Zheng revealed a slight grin.

He lifted his right hand, forming a palm, and then...like a seething volcano, his Demi-Mortal Lord's aura shattered, climbing to unprecedented heights of power! Within this power was genuine Mystic Intent! Awakened Mystic Intent!

"...What...?" Sheng Jizi was stunned.

Earthly Saint?

Yet Ma Zheng hadn't given him the slightest time to think about it. Within his palm, nine Mystic Runes formed into a perfect nonagon, and each point corresponded to the nine Ways of Mysticism!

Mana!

Spirit!

Radiant!

Spatial!

Temporal!

Oceanic!

Infusion!

Permanence!

And lastly, Conversion!

With a swift movement, Ma Zheng smashed his palm against Sheng Jizi's armor. When the palm met this hardened, reinforced, and highly forged armor, it was as if a molten knife met a flimsy piece of paper, penetrating through with complete ease.

Sheng Jizi's eyes widened uncontrollably. His thoughts were so fast, yet his body couldn't keep up. He felt shackled by the entire world, especially space and time. While his thoughts were fast, his flow of energy had slowed down! Normally, this wouldn't affect much, but in such a close range, to such a simple movement, he could only observe Ma Zheng's palm touch his dantian!

"NO!" He screamed mentally, but no words came out of his mouth. It was as if he was isolated from his mind and body!

SHATTER!

It was when he heard something shatter inside him that his heart dropped to the abyss.

The impact didn't send him flying; besides a soft grunt from his throat, he landed softly next to Ma Zheng, his sword-wielding arm lowered, and his eyes beneath the helmet stared at Ma Zheng's face as if he wanted to remember every detail.

9th Runic Ascendant!

Sheng Jizi's sword escaped his grip, feeling as if he could no longer hold its weight. With the armor bearing upon him, he couldn't help but fall.

Thud!

He landed on his knees, his eyes staring fixated on Ma Zheng's face, unblinkingly in his focus. With his greatest strength, he mustered up in a hoarse voice: "My armor...when...did...you..."

"It's over," Ma Zheng calmly declared.

It wasn't just to Sheng Jizi.

It wasn't for the crowd.

It wasn't for his allies.

It was towards his past self, all those years ago, when he first lost his position to a bunch of opportunistic bandits who've long since perished. He had sworn to himself then, swearing upon his very soul that one day, he would definitely reclaim the Pavilion of Endless Prosperity!

The pavilion that he founded!