

## PARAGON 941

### Chapter 941: SCR Summit, Two Days Left

There were two days left before the beginning of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, and the entire Aeternal Sky Starfield was broke into a frenzy, especially the Everlore Domain. There were thousands upon thousands of Voidships flying in every corner. Some visited the nearby planets, touring the territory of the Everlore Association, and others engaged in private exchanges or personal conversations.

From afar, one could see Voidships joined at the hull belonging to different forces, from mortal to mystic, and they were relatively open about their alliances. Instantly, pre-preparation of politics were forming as lesser groups began to link up, joining their Voidships into impromptu fleets of epic proportions that could match superior forces.

If individually, they were plunged into a state of despair at the disparity, then together, they roared united and bonded. For example, the three Mystic Forces of the United Source Starfield had allied together—the Vast Cloud Pavilion, Kun Clan, and Reaping Sword. These three forces formed an impressive fleet of Voidships, totalling thirteen. At the lead were their three main Voidships, large-sized and outfitted for battle.

This was but one of the unexpected alliances amongst mystic-tier forces, as most of these coalitions belonged to mortal-tier forces. Some mortal-tier forces yielded to stronger forces, trying to develop a relationship of subservience or friendship. The pre-game for the summit was underway, and it was becoming complex.

Within a day, roughly 40% of the forces had already joined together with at least one other party. The others were still deciding whether to do so or remain independent, a frustratingly difficult decision regardless of their choice. And as time passed, more and more made their choice.

In the Kun Clan's main Voidship, within the quarters of the Kun Clan's Matriarch, Kun Yiming, three figures were discussing various matters with relative ease. Unlike the others, they felt very little tension from the summit. They had already established their backer, and if the others knew, they could only kneel in envy.

Venerable Bluecloud was joyfully smiling, chortling as he clasped the shoulder of Venerable Slayingsword. "I always knew you had it in you, pulling such an exceptional woman. Haha."

Venerable Slayingsword's expression was a little awkward as he couldn't shrug off Venerable Bluecloud's tight hold. He could only cough slightly, replying: "Old man, you...uh, thanks." Before he shot out a verbal cannon of curses, he saw the warmth in Kun Yiming's eyes, and he could only soften his tone as a result.

"You're lucky; your grandmother wasn't even close. Tch, tch." Venerable Bluecloud clicked his tongue as he recalled his youthful days, how vigorous and popular he was. In the end, he ended up with a tigress that fully tamed his wild side. A grinch of a woman.

Venerable Slayingsword's left eye twitched slightly. In the end, he just forced a smile and nodded: "I am lucky." He looked at Kun Yiming again and genuinely smiled, "Really lucky."

After the incident of being trapped and almost pushed to death during the Stellar Nest discovery, the two finally decided to tie the knot officially. Kun Yiming was now his wife. Due to varying circumstances, he decided to take the 'Kun' name, marrying into her clan. While he had a clan, he never felt that he belonged there.

If not, he wouldn't have left to become a Void Hunter and establish his own organization, the Reaping Sword. He didn't find it emasculating in the slightest; On the contrary, he had finally found a family that he could call his own. Thinking this, he finally walked toward Kun Yiming and gently held her hand.

"Haha! Good. Good!" Venerable Bluecloud's smile reached ear to ear. It was extremely difficult to find an Ascended being as a wife or husband with genuine feelings involved, not a circumstance of refusing to watch their partner die far too soon. He felt relieved to see their feelings reflected in their eyes, especially knowing how strongly Kun Yiming felt for this knuckleheaded boy. While Kun Yiming was older by a few thousand years, they still would have thousands more years than an Ascended and a mortal. Furthermore, they could dual cultivate.

Kun Yiming slowly tightened her grip around her man's hand, feeling extremely happy at the moment. Still, she couldn't help but think about the summit. Her expression subtly changed.

Noting her shift, Venerable Slayingsword asked: "What is it?"

Kun Yiming was a little surprised that her husband noticed her shift in thought, yet it only meant he was paying exceptional attention to her. This brought her a little bit of happiness, considering she pursued him and not the other way around. What was initially casual had transformed into something exceptional.

She spoke out her thoughts, "I hadn't really grasped the immensity of the summit until today." Outside, there were tens of thousands of Voidships with more arriving with every passing minute, representing all sorts of organizations belonging to the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. She felt a little overwhelmed.

So many experts were gathered, so many talents and so many complex undercurrents were flowing. Generally, she felt herself to be terrifyingly powerful. As 'genuine' Ascended at the Soul of Mysticism Phase, she commanded respect in the United Source Starfield ruled and dictated the lives of billions. Yet the power and might she wielded were utterly insignificant to some of these figures.

Even she, an Ascended being, felt her voice might be drowned out. Was her presence necessary?

Venerable Slayingsword could feel her dreary emotions through her tone, feeling the same way in his heart. It was overwhelming. However, he didn't want to pile onto her already weighty thoughts and simply remained silent while holding her hand. He conveyed through his gaze that no matter how overwhelming it was, they'll shoulder it together—as husband and wife.

Venerable Bluecloud chimed in, seemingly nonchalant: "It is quite huge, huh? I wonder what the Young Lord is going to do." He slyly reminded them of who they belonged to, who was backing them, and what that meant. They weren't insignificant figures. They had the backing of an Earthly Saint and a young Mortal Sovereign Alchemist who was so talented that he could very well be the next King of Everlore.

Inexplicably, they felt relief wash over them as they thought about Wei Wuyin. It was extremely well-known that Wei Wuyin contributed no small amount to this summit. In fact, it might not have even started without him, especially not this soon.

Venerable Slayingsword nodded, "I can't wait."

-----

Within the mass of Voidships, there was a particular vessel that was unaccompanied by others, yet a dozen silver-rank and gold-rank forces surrounded it. Above this vessel were the spiritual characters: "Dark Yin Palace."

A young woman with clear, bright grey eyes dressed in a light grey robe was standing at the bow of this ship. Her countenance was beyond exquisite, her figure was enchanting to the apex, unable to be concealed despite her conservative dressing, and her demeanor carried a unique air of grace, authority, and confidence. She had grown far steadier than before.

It was none other than Na Xinyi, the Extreme Yin Saintess, and Chosen of the Dark Yin Palace, a gold-rank force. Those surrounding her were subordinate forces of all-female designed organizations; a few were bronze-rank, unqualified to be here, most were silver-rank, and two others were gold-rank. Amongst the various forces, these organizations certainly had the highest number of visits from young male elites scouring for beauties of great talent.

The Dark Yin Sect and the others allowed their requests, communicating amicably and 'discussing' various matters while convening for parties. A few of these talented female cultivators might actually find a match suitable for them. A few of them already have.

Na Xinyi was isolated, however. Her gorgeous eyes stared unblinkingly at Ever-Sky, her soft and slender fingers caressing the spatial ring that Wei Wuyin left her.

"I will make my name known to all," Na Xinyi quietly swore, remembering those words that Wei Wuyin left her. Refusing to be a foil, she sought to be the highlight. While Wei Wuyin's reputation was exceptional, their engagement wasn't known to anyone else. She will make sure the world knows her as Na Xinyi, not as another's wife.

A blazing resolve ignited in her eyes. The audience was the entire stellar region.

This was it.

-----

A lone Voidship, extremely small, was hidden in the shadows of another Voidship. It was difficult to sense and discover. Onboard this ship, meditating on the deck, was a figure garbed entirely in jet-black.

When the figure opened their eyes, the whites of their eyes were entirely black and blurry, like an ephemeral shadow. The figure silently stared at the Ever-Sky.

-----

Nearing the end of the second day, a gargantuan Voidship approached the Everlore Domain, and it was the largest Voidship of them all by a large margin! It was at least fifty times as large as a typical titanic-sized Voidship, almost rivaling a small-sized planet. Utterly massive.

Its shadow encroached on the other Voidships, causing various experts and talents to step outside their quarters, halting all parties and gatherings as they gazed with awe and fear at the incoming ship.

It was azure and gold in color, exceptionally hard to miss in a canvass of blackness that was the Dark Void. At the sides of the ship, carved, not projected, was the symbol of a tight fist smashing downwards towards a planet, mid-way shattering it with extreme ease! On the fist was a single character: MARTIAL!

Every expert instantly noticed this ship and its origins, their breaths caught in their throat from the sheer forceful aura it emitted. A few breathily shouted with their all: "Boundless Martial Sect!"

One of the three World Sects of the Aeternal Sky Starfield and largely considered the third strongest mystic-tier force throughout the entire stellar region, only eclipsed by the Imperial Clan and the Ninestar Sainthall!

"Boundless!" The Voidship only had a single name and it was the undisputed largest Voidship throughout the entire stellar region! They mobilized such a monstrosity for this summit! The observers were in awe and fear.

Boundless was said to possess 99 Secret Realms, all designed to house elite forces and train them simultaneously. Furthermore, a few of these secret realms could house mystic-graded materials, a heart-shaking ability that made it a literal titanic war machine that could carry an ample supply of fuel, weaponry, and energy for battle!

Across entire starfields!

Within one of these 99 secret realms, the Zenith-Gravity Realm, a figure was training while swinging a warhammer. Watching this figure was a young girl with white skin without the slightest trace of a blemish and a petite figure, seemingly no older than ten years old, that was as adorable as a doll. With her pink hair tied into twin pigtails, her forehead covered by flat bangs, and dressed in a floral dress, she watched with eyes filled with innocence.

Suddenly, her ring blinked with spiritual light. The little girl glanced at the ring and spoke to the figure in the distance, "We've arrived! Will you still keep up the charade?"

BAM!

The figure heavily slammed their hammer into the ground. As the figure grew clearer, one could tell it belonged to a voluptuous woman of exceptional quality, fit and strong, and she said in a hoarse voice: "Master, I'll show you that I'm not lying."

The little girl pouted, "So stubborn. Fine, we'll see if you actually know him or not."

"Yes, we will!" The figure said as her golden eyes brightened considerably, grabbing the handle of her hammer as she pulled it up. After hefting it onto her shoulder, she softly muttered with an emotional voice: "Yes...we will."

Chapter 942: SCR Summit, One Day Left

"One. Day. Left!"

Within the Boundless Martial Sect's Boundless, the gargantuan Voidship the size of a literal planet, renowned as the largest vehicle of the Dark Void throughout the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, was a group of five individuals who were within one of the ninety-nine secret realms.

This secret realm wasn't restricted, housing the Inner Disciples of the sect, including the various prospective Chosen that the sect hadn't officially selected. Surrounding this group of five huddled together, each sporting the outfit of an inner disciple, there were thousands of different buildings and palaces. The secret realm was spacious, extending hundreds of miles in every direction.

The environment was rich in astral essence, extremely thick, pure, and pre-refined for easy absorption and refinement. It was suitable for all mortal cultivators, especially those at the Astral Core Realm. There were mountains, forests, and lakes, giving it a real-world feel resembling a flat continental earth.

Amongst this group was a handsome youth with a bright, carefree smile. His short black hair with natural platinum highlights stood out, accentuating his youthful baby face with some defined edges, suggesting his experiences were not low despite his age. In his early twenties, his aura was sturdy, and his eyes were suffused with intelligence and wisdom.

The handsome youth was the one who shouted excitedly, declaring that only one day remained. After today, the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit will officially begin! They were all hypercharged with exuberant energy and rising anticipation. As Inner Disciples, they were unlikely to participate in the event, but since they were here, they'll definitely be able to witness some significant events.

Moreover, this was an opportunity the Boundless Martial Sect was using to elevate their geniuses by utilizing the full strength of Boundless and its ninety-nine secret realms. Just this secret realm, while one of the lowest in terms of quality and purpose, was unfathomably beneficial to their cultivation.

"Junior Brother Yi, do you think we'll get a chance to participate in the summit?" A baby-faced girl, with long blue hair and large, limpid eyes asked. The opportunity to participate in the summit meant being in the running for Chosen. It was currently the greatest honor.

A tall, slender man with a scholarly outfit and square lens glasses gave a faint wry smile, "Junior Sister Wen, don't you think it's a little of an exaggeration for us to be able to participate?" They were all young cultivators, beneath the age of a hundred, so it was difficult for them to participate in the summit.

However, the young girl internally rolled her eyes as she gave an expectant look to the handsome youth. Seeing himself be ignored, the scholar's heart slowly filled with anger.

The handsome youth could only chuckle awkwardly, scratching his jaw as he responded: "We'll have to see." Despite the young man's words and his demeanor, there was a lit flame in the depths of his eyes that betrayed his own desires. He didn't want to just participate!

A chubby youth was beside them, eating meat jerky heartily. "We should be able to if Junior Sister Ai can connect with her 'boyfriend'." The chubby youth seemed to have casually spoken but elicited various responses from the others. The scholar revealed a wisp of mockery as he turned his eyes to a bronze-skinned girl.

She was an elf!

An extremely rare sight.

She, too, wore the uniform representing the inner disciples of the Boundless Martial Sect, and her long black hair with light-grey highlights tied into a boho ponytail accentuated her looks, giving her a natural feeling. When she heard the chubby youth's words, she vaguely smiled in response.

"Senior Brother Shu!" The baby-faced Junior Sister Wen pouted as she gave the chubby youth a look. The chubby youth referred to as Senior Brother Shu took it in stride, eating his meaty jerky without a care in the world.

The mockery in the depths of the scholar's eyes deepened. "No, he's right; if Junior Sister Ai can contact her 'boyfriend', forget just participating, we'll be treated as gracious guests, respected by even our elders." While the scholar seemed to be hyping her up, his contemptuous tone revealed his true thoughts.

"Senior Brother He, you're right. We'll be treated as gracious guests," the one called Junior Sister Ai brightly smiled, elevating her already stunning looks to the next level. The two men, chubby and scholar, were taken aback and stunned for a moment. Elves were a rare sight, almost isolated in the Everlore Domain.

It wasn't just rare to see one; it was even rarer to see one in a World Sect. If it wasn't for their Junior Brother here, they might never associate with an elf due to the stigma surrounding them. While it wasn't a freely expressed belief, almost everyone in the stellar region considered the Elven Race as 'inferior' beings, their talent limited, and their future potential gated.

The young elven woman was unbothered by their comments, nodding in agreement. Only she knew the truth. She gave the handsome youth a look who gave her a smile that said: 'I believe you.' Her heart felt warm and touched.

She could only touch the spatial ring that her big sister had given her, belonging to none other than him. This brought indescribable levels of comfort to her heart, telling her that she hadn't dreamed of the dashing and powerful Evil Prince escaping captivity, kidnapping the ordinary girl, and falling for her without any ill intentions. It showed she was within his thoughts.

Despite the years, she pined for his touch again. "I can't wait," she softly muttered in her heart.

-----

"His Majesty contacted you, Commander?!" A bald man exclaimed with genuine surprise. He sported tribal markings on his cheekbones, jaw, and neck, and his pale skin and red eyes gave him a demonic feeling. And he was a demon!

"Always the hawking donkey! She said he did, so he did." A human male with a silver hoop constructed from interconnected spatial rings numbering in the thousands levitating a few inches behind him, slowly spinning, shouted exasperatedly.

"Hawking this! Donkey that! You say that, but you sure have a mouth on you. I'm just asking for confirmation!" The bald demon man replied with fire in his eyes.

"Confirmation? She said it, so it happened! What confirmation?!" The human male argued. The two went back and forth, intensifying with insults and pointing fingers up each other's noses. They seemed close to starting an all-out brawl.

Watching the shouting match while imitating popcorn gestures was a female elf, looking somewhat reserved with a deeply conservative outfit that hid all semblance of her curves. She quietly said to the valiant woman beside her, "Why is their flirting always so intense?"

"Ugh," the valiant woman heaved a grunt of frustration. "Enough!" She angrily chided, promptly ending the shouting match. The two became quiet and obedient like scolded dogs, an almost practiced behavioral trait at this point.

"Zu Zun! Bei Yunhan!" The valiant woman snagged their complete attention, pointing at the planet in the distance. It was Ever-Sky, the capital planet of the Everlore Domain. They were but one of many, many ships in the Dark Void. And while tiny-sized, they were fully crewed by different races, from elves to humans to demons and beastmen.

The source of this content is Freewebnovel.com.

They numbered in the hundreds, all exceptional. At this moment, they were all gathered together and watched their First Commander with anticipation as she had just called for this meeting. And it concerned their unfathomable leader!

"Our assignment given to us by his Majesty is to find the other scattered Ascendants before his arrival. This is a vital task of utmost importance." The valiant woman who smelled of fragrant flowers was none other than Hong Chunhua, the First Commander of the Ascendants!

The others became extremely serious, especially the demons and elves. Many of them were retrieved from the Elven Sanctuary and Abyssal Dawn, the specially crafted demonic planet by the Golden Life Pavilion. Their lives were quite chaotic, bleak, and seemingly without a future.

Fortunately, their First Commander arrived and swept them away, dealing with all sorts of issues they had landed themselves in. She gathered them all together, even those Ascendants belonging to other units, and gave them resources and a purpose.

They already knew of this task.

Hong Chunhua continued, "His Majesty contacted me a month ago. This summit is our opportunity. We must seize it well!" It was clear that regrouping wasn't her only order or theirs, and the Ascendants knew that. There were numerous talents here—an opportunity for recruitment that would never come again.

She proceeded to explain the plan step-by-step, and the crew revealed amazed and enthused expressions. "But Commander, how will we find those suitable?" Zu Zun asked.

Hong Chunhua faintly smiled. A dark, shadow-like ship slowly rose beside them, coming into focus and bringing everyone a heart-shaking surprise.

"His Majesty has that covered."

-----

The last vestiges of time remaining in the day were ticking down, ushering in the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit. An unstoppable, era-defining, world-changing event.

Many undercurrents were happening due to this event, with many schemes being made, executed, and entering their final phase. The gathering of elites, experts, unexcavated talents, and nation-toppling beauties was bound to be unforgettable.

On the surface of Ever-Sky, atop the tallest tower, a figure with long, white hair like a cascading waterfall of heavenly water stood tall, observing the endless lights beyond the Sky Layers of the planet. They were breathtakingly beautiful, a sight that this figure hadn't witnessed in two lifetimes.

Dressed in black robes, her radiantly crimson eyes were as gorgeous as treasured rubies, and her slender figure of symmetrical perfection was extremely picturesque. If there was a woman that could truly instigate a war with just her looks, this woman was unquestionably it.

"Everything's changed so much," San Yongli wistfully whispered. It's barely been a decade since her return, and yet the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region had undergone all sorts of changes. The most important ones were the fall of the Parasitic Clans, the Ravenous Edge Starfield's fall, and Sheng Jizi losing his seat as Pavilion Master.

So many things had changed.

Had she triggered so many butterfly effects with just her presence? It was a scary reality of messing with the flow of time, a consequence of temporal reincarnation. Despite her best efforts to minimize changes, there was now a Stellar Region-wide event that was instigated by a pill that never existed in her previous life.

The Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn, Wu Yu, emerged as an Alchemic Knight. While Wu Yu was alive in her time, it was decades later, and he only reached Earthly Saints a decade or so after his return. Moreover, he wasn't an Alchemic Knight.

Many of these changes all began with a single individual: Wei Wuyin. A ghost of an existence. A formerly insignificant figure in the grand scheme of things, one who vanished in her past life, had wildly changed so many things in this one. She couldn't fathom what she did to bring about this development.

To respond to such rapidly accelerating changing circumstances, she had to deploy some knowledge of the future that she normally wouldn't have used to seize an advantage in this growing world. The Grand Cyclic Renewal Summit was happening far too fast, and the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and Ever-Domain Pill will certainly elevate the talents of the stellar region to an insane level before the next Chosen King Competition.

Pressured, San Yongli refused to be left behind.

She turned her head to the side, noticing a gaze. A figure was approaching through the air. He was middle-aged, yet his bright eyes were full of vitality, with a ponytail that was noticeably longer than before and his signature trimmed stubble. It was San Luoyang!

San Luoyang flew beside San Yongli, his eyes suffused with tremendous warmth and doting care.

San Yongli gave a slight smile.



San Luoyang felt happy that San Yongli was smiling more often recently. "Are you ready for the Summit?"

San Yongli's smile lowered, and her eyes revealed a strong feeling of resolve. She looked back to the myriad of lights beyond the sky, her heart roiling with emotions. She thought to herself, 'Will I see you there?' To San Luoyang, she silently nodded.

San Luoyang smiled brightly.

"Are you?" San Yongli asked as she looked at him with intensity. San Luoyang had suffered a mental blow after meeting Wu Yu, but that mental affliction seemed to have entirely vanished over the last half a year. And she fully knew why.

San Luoyang's smile brightened even more. He, too, looked to the skies with a wisp of swirling anticipation. As he did, his body leaked out an aura of unfathomableness that was far beyond mortals. Within both of his pupils, seven stars emerged.

"I am," he answered. But in his heart, he asked: "I hope you come."

Chapter 943: SCR Summit, The Gods' Announcement!

At this moment, at the cusp of the day's end, countless eyes and thoughts were focused on a single planet. Throughout the vast Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, one specific domain contained the greatest concentration of experts, elites, and geniuses too, the likes of which the stellar region had never seen before.

The sight of hundreds of thousands of Voidships painting the Dark Void with their colorful artificial atmospheres, emissions of pulsing energies, and gorgeous designs was breathtakingly majestic. An extreme rarity that may never occur again, at least in a peaceful setting.

Ever-Sky, the capital planet of the Everlore Association, a large-sized planet rich in unimaginable resources, gathered all this focus and attention. And it was solely due to a large set of numbers that were projected in eight directions displaying a timer.

They displayed:

00:03:00.

Before, these numbers were slightly transparent, but as they gradually dropped from their original 72:00:00, the numbers grew more tangible, brighter, and pulsed with intermittent bursts of spiritual energy. It was impossible to miss.

When the number dwindled, a vast, exceedingly fast pulse spread outwards and swept throughout the entire Everlore Domain in a matter of seconds.

00:02:00.

Two minutes were left. Just two minutes. The most hyped event in this era was about to begin, likely redefining the entire stellar region, and attended by the strongest of the strongest, the greatest of the greatest, and the most talented out of all the talents! An unimaginable gathering of epic proportions.

With bated breaths and pounding hearts, the entire world was eerily silent and still. There was nothing else happening besides watching those numbers.

00:01:00.

The spiritual pulse this time was extremely fierce. Even if one were to be the deepest sleeper or in a coma, he would be unable to not feel it. And its reach extended beyond the Everlore Domain, reaching its neighbors! The inhabitants of all the planets touched by this pulsing wave looked in the direction of Ever-Sky. Whether it was up, down, left, or right, they looked. Whether they were animals, infants, or cultivators, they looked.

"..."

For the briefest of moments, there was total silence on all these planets as if feeling the immensity of this change. As if they were waiting! Not even Secret Realms or World Realms were spared, feeling the spiritual pulse through their protective shieldings.

Finally...

00:00:00!!!

BOOM!

Another pulse was released, this time extremely audible, and even non-cultivators could hear it! Those in the Dark Void of the Everlore Domain, regardless of their shieldings or locations, all heard it! It was like thunder erupting in the heart and mind, tingling every sense one could possibly possess!

The numbers all exploded into a brilliant burst of gorgeous multicolored light, transforming into starlight rays that circulated around Ever-Sky at extremely high-speeds. They spun and twisted, bringing forth a stunning light show.

Awed, Everybody's focus was unquestionably on the Ever-Sky right now. The planet was surrounded by fantastically dazzling lights. After a full ten seconds of this, these lights began to gather into a single location of Ever-Sky, converging into blindingly bright spiritual light.

As the light dimmed, two incredibly massive flat screens of spiritual light abruptly manifested, one at each of poles of Ever-Sky's. The screen could be clearly viewed by all those in the Everlore Domain with but a look. As the light completely disappeared, images emerged on the screen.

Three figures appeared, leading to numerous gasps of tremendous shock. Their eyes were suffused with sparkling light of awe, amazement, and worship. The trio was standing together; none were inferior in terms of placement, and all stood equally.

The only exception was the center figure of the group. Everyone recognized this man! An existence that was devoutly worshipped and highly respected by all Alchemists of the stellar region, with busts and paintings of his visage adorned in many places!

The source of this content is Freewebnovel.com.

Adorned in exquisitely fitted golden robes outlining his slender figure and a seven-colored sash at his waist, the figure was a man with dark hair with a touch of grey at his temple, chestnut-colored skin, and

emitted a demeanor of unprecedented wealth, authority, and wisdom. Those seven-colored eyes of his revealed endless permutations and spirituality, and everywhere it went, it felt as if the world became malleable, capable of being bent and transformed to his will.

It was none other than one of the three Alchemic Saints of the stellar region, Vice-President of the Everlore Association, and Earthly Saint, Evergod! This was his only known name, abandoning his birth name for simply this title. A sign of his unquestionable belief in himself and his reputation, dedicating his life to the Alchemic Dao!

The spectators had already known about Evergod's arrival. As the main host for this summit, how could he not appear? Yet it still brought indescribable shock and emotions to their beating hearts. This was an Alchemic Saint, an existence of the utmost prestige, only inferior to the King of Everlore, with means and ways to change the life of anyone he chose!

How many sought his favor? To become his Alchemic Knight? Just being kindly thought of was enough to satisfy a few for a lifetime, reinforcing them with the belief that their talent was unordinary.

Yet their awe didn't originate from just one of these god-like figures, but all three! Each figure was a god in the eyes of the typical cultivator, known far and wide, worshiped by many and respected by all.

At Evergod's right, a figure of equal fame, and rightfully so. She was easily one of the most recognizable figures of the entire starfield, the most recognizable female throughout the stellar region, with a world-shaking title that was unquestionably placed upon her: the Number ONE Beauty of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region!

The Empress of Aeternal Sky!

Empress Xiaocheng!

And her beauty was life-reaping, soul-rending, and as unearthly as physically possible. As if an immortal fairy of the highest order had descended upon the mortal plains, she blessed the eyes of many men. Her features were immaculate, from trimmed brows to red lips; nothing felt ordinary, nothing felt imperfect—especially those sky-blue phoenix eyes of hers, a perfect bust of ample size, shape, and curvature, and all accompanied by a slender and alluring waist. She was the ideal woman in the eyes of many, in talent, strength, and beauty.

In fact, in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, her physical looks largely contributed to what it meant to be considered 'beautiful' among female humans, defining thousands of years of aesthetics and fashion.

"...!"

In an obscure corner of the myriad of Voidships, a relatively chubby man was watching from a large clustered crowd. The Voidship was a public vehicle, one meant to bring others to view some of the initial proceedings in person, especially the initial announcements of the summit. No one wanted to miss the beginning of an era-defining event!

The chubby man held a little boy in his arms, no more than three years old. Beside him were four other boys of varying ages, the oldest being over twenty years old. Dressed quite opulently for mortals, the chubby man was just as starstruck as his sons, but he soon broke out of his stupor with a nostalgic light shimmering within his eyes.

He unconsciously muttered in awe, "Like the female equivalent of the Young Master." After a brief period, his lips pouted, adding: "Maybe a little inferior, actually." If anyone were to hear this, that chubby man would've been beheaded on the spot. Fortunately, everyone was far too engrossed in basking every ounce of Empress Xiaocheng's beauty to pay him any mind.

In her lavish Imperial Robes, she did not wear a smile, yet she didn't come off as cold or dislikeable. Instead, she gave off a feeling of superiority and ease, as if looking upwards at a supreme leader. Her looks justified her title as the Number ONE Beauty of the entire stellar region, something few could contest.

To Evergod's left was a figure of lesser fame, yet not weaker status. An old man dressed in scarlet red, his robes adorned in animated flames, and his features were rather ordinary except for the animated Solar Star tattoo on his glabella; it rotated on its axis as if it was a real Solar Star! Out of the trio, he seemed most like a typical elder you would find randomly in the street.

Still, a blazing feeling couldn't help but emerge in one's mind when they observed him from head to toe. The Hexaflame Starfield's undisputed strongest Earthly Saint, Pope of the Inferno Solaris Church!

Three figures of the highest status were here! Follow current novels on [Freewebnovel.com](http://Freewebnovel.com).

Evergod slowly lifted his hand, and the focus of everyone watching was drawn back to him subconsciously; people even averted their gazes from the outrageously gorgeous Empress Xiangcheng. Clearly, he executed a strange attractive spiritual spell targeting the senses, compelling others to shift focus. With that, Evergod spoke in a husky, alluringly rich, and powerful voice that shook the Dark Void.

"I, Evergod, alongside Empress Xiaocheng and Pope Huoyan, announce the official beginning of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit."

"WELCOME ALL!"

Succinct and clear, the summit had begun!

A strange aura swept the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region!

The Mythical Oaths had officially activated!

Chapter 944: SCR Summit, The Strongest Forces!

Almost instantly, practically every cultivator felt themselves imparted by Mythical Oath Seeds, bound by their leaders and families. If a force broke the non-aggression pact, they would all be called to task, required to act aggressively toward the aggressor!

A fearful surge flowed through the hearts and minds of the nefarious and devious. As long as they exerted a little bit of their Spiritual Sense, they could recall the exact details of the Mythical Oath and how extremely air-tight it was constructed. Unable to breach this agreement until the Summit ends, the world would be forced into peace!

Forced!

No one wanted to be enemies with the entire world, including almost every Earthly Saint in the stellar region! Those unaffected by the agreement were ignorant of the exact details for a brief period, but

soon it would inevitably spread to their ears, and the fearful surge that those bound by the oaths felt would be passed on to them intensified by ten.

Kidnappings, pre-meditated murders, theft, and many other crimes, would all be shut down! Those shadowy organizations that feasted on Evil Methods would find themselves starved for this period unless they felt an urge to be destroyed within the shortest time possible. But they knew, they all knew, this was merely temporary!

When the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit ends, they will once again thrive, their enemies suffering at their blades and their cultivation continuing to rise. Patience! They must be patient.

The three existences that were like gods to the common people continued with the proceedings. Evergod was the host, and as such, he continued being the main speaker as he spoke to the vast audience before him.

"All those with invitations or qualifications may enter Ever-Sky for the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit!" His announcement induced excited shivers and a pounding heart in many. With a wave of his hand, a thick pillar of seven-colored light, constructed from alchemical energies, was erected at a location of the venue!

A powerful signal that said: "Here! Come, if you can."

There was no need for further explanations. Those who could participate fully knew what to do, and those unqualified need not enter. As for invitations, this included all Earthly Saints, Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, Alchemic Saints, Immortal Saintesses, and Immortal Heroes!

Onboard the True Element Sect's Voidship was a group of individuals with Lin Xianxian, the current Sect Master of the True Element Sect, as the leading figure. Her cultivation wasn't the highest, and she lacked the presence of Earthly Saints at her side; however, she was still exuding an aura of authority and leadership.

Her eyes solemnly observed the seven-colored pillar of light with a dark expression. She was unfathomably serious. And this was solely because of Evergod's words! It might seem simple, but those with keen senses and acute intelligence clearly understood it was anything but. Especially when the Evergod spoke about qualifications!

Gradually, an increasingly heavy disheartened feeling emerged in her heart.

"Sect Master, shall we leave?" A Demi-Mortal Lord Elder, an aged old man with an amicable aura, asked Lin Xianxian respectfully. The others looked to her for direction and order. How many cultivators wished to approach? To participate in the event? They might seem patient, but they were all impatient!

If it wasn't for the recent relevance that Lin Xianxian had these last few months, the dispersal of the Parasitic Clans, and lingering rumors regarding Lin Xianxian and Wei Wuyin's relationship that hadn't been completely disproven, these Demi-Mortal Lords would've brought away their Chosen and left.

However, with their glowing eyes of anticipation, they failed to notice Lin Xianxian's tumultuous expression.

After a few seconds of tense silence, a female Demi-Mortal Lord Elder stepped forward and said, "Have you all not noticed? No one's moving yet." She pointed out as the others finally looked at the various Voidships with no one moving forward. A wave of shock and realization then swept through them.

Order!

That's right!

While those who had the qualifications felt an urge to rush in, especially those Ascended beings who believed that they were qualified 'by default', they realized the order of entry was of paramount importance. This small antsy action could offend numerous forces.

The first ones to approach should be the leaders of the stellar region, the Twenty-Two Starfield's greatest forces! Not them, measly Mystic-tier forces at the lesser grade. While they were once impressive, they currently had no Earthly Saints leading them for some reason, so they could only wait.

"Where are the Sky Destroyers?" Lin Ming was bright-eyed and observant. He inched closer to Lin Xianxei and asked softly, not noticing any Imperial Clan ships in the vast crowd. Since the beginning, the grandest arrival was the Boundless Martial Sect. The Imperial Clan was renowned for its Sky Destroyers, those absolute machines of war and sublime innovation, yet there were none present.

Since the Imperial Clan hadn't taken the first step, how would anyone else dare? Leading the pack would be an announcement that you thought yourself superior to the Aeternal Sky Starfield's greatest clan and mightiest force!

Some smaller Voidships were ignorant and started to move forward. Without warning, their ships were stopped. No one was harmed, but their internal formations and arrays were obliterated. Their vessel became only a hunk of false atmosphere, unable to move!

A few tensed at the sight of Voidships lights dimming without any indication. They checked their newly established Mythical Oaths but found that it hadn't gone into effect! It seemed as long as cultivators weren't directly harmed, there was no issue!

Those individuals were now stranded with useless ships, likely requiring years to repair their formations and arrays. They wanted to cry, a few did, and some just felt saddened and frustrated at their ignorance.

Lin Xianxei's expression grew solemn as well. She calmly answered: "They're not here yet." It wasn't just the Imperial Clan that was running abnormally late, but the Ninestar Starfield's Ninestar Sainthall was also absent. Many were curious as to why, especially since Empress Xiangcheng was acting as a secondary host.

Lin Ming was shocked that Lin Xianxei was brief in her explanation. She would usually go in-depth with her answers or elaborate further, but she simply answered with the most basic response. He felt a little strange, as if she was growing a bit distant.

WOOSH!

Unfortunately for Lin Ming, he couldn't think this through because he felt a strong, imperial aura as vast as the sky and as grand as the mightiest ruler entering the Everlore Domain!

The Sky Destroyers!

Eight of them!

Additionally, the Imperial Vessel!

If Sky Destroyers were military-grade warships of great strength and destructive power, then the Imperial Vessel was the vehicle of nobility and identity, signifying the eternal bloodline of the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor!

At the bow of this ship were three figures, all Earthly Saints, and they were all of the Tian Clan! Amongst them, at the leftmost position, was Tian Muyang! They were instantly the focus of the Dark Void's myriad of ships. Especially the eight Sky Destroyers, all led by unfathomable characters, the Sky Monarchs!

Eleven Earthly Saints had arrived!

If the Empress was added, then a total of twelve had made their appearance, shocking every last individual present! What was power? This was power! Filled with top elites, yet the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor hadn't even shown himself.

Unfathomable.

Lin Ming's eyes widened as he saw this line-up of impressive beings. A glimmer of staunch desire and resolve sparked within his grey eyes, fascinated at the possibility of one day standing on equal footing as these Ascended experts one day!

"Didn't you say there were less than 200 Earthly Saints? Does the Aeternal Sky Starfield..." Lin Ming subconsciously asked Lin Xianxue, whose eyes were similarly sparkling with emotion. She didn't even know there were eight Sky Destroyers in existence!

She quietly said, as if not trying to disturb the arrival of these elites, "There's a reason why the Aeternal Sky Starfield is renowned as the strongest starfield. In terms of Earthly Saints, we have forty-four in total, seven amongst the Mystic Associations, five amongst the eight Noble Clans, four amongst the two Golden Pavilions, fifteen amongst the three World Sects, and the Imperial Clan has thirteen!"

Her words grew heavier as she spoke, laced with excitement and fanaticism. A strong sense of nationalistic pride swelled in her heart. That said, she included a lot of inactive, recently deceased, or secluded Earthly Saints, such as the Liu Clan's Earthly Saint, The Nine-Elementus Divine King Han Xue, Gong Lau, and Nansi Yuangu. Still, this exceeded twenty percent of the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's number, almost totaling a quarter!

Moreover, each Sky Destroyer was roughly equivalent to an Earthly Saint. Unlike most forces, the Imperial Clan devoted a large majority of their total wealth to military growth; hence their astounding, unparalleled strength was unquestionable! In terms of military weaponry, they've invested more than the Ninestar Sainthall and Inferno Solaris Church put together, and by a large margin at that. Others, however, invested in personal growth as a priority.

"!" Lin Ming had never learned of the exact number until today, and his heart was pounding with extreme ferocity, threatening to jump out of his chest. Forty-four! Forty-four!!

He was extremely curious about the exact division of Earthly Saints. For example, how many Earthly Saints did the Void Voyage Sect and Boundless Martial Sect have? This signified their strength and was likely why the Boundless Martial Sect was regarded as the third strongest Mystic-tier force in the stellar region!

Was it six? Seven?

While curiously thinking this, the Imperial Clan's ships had anchored near Ever-Sky. Then, their Earthly Saints, alongside their other Ascended, Chosen, Saintesses, and Heroes, all descended onto the planet and vanished into the thick seven-colored light! It was unfortunate that they couldn't glimpse at all those talents, royalty, and leaders.

Then, coming from the distance were nine large-sized Voidships of varying colors yet exact design. They weren't gigantic-sized like the Sky Destroyers, but they stood out as an exceptionally aesthetic fleet. When they arrived, people instantly realized who it was by the symbol etched on each of their ships!

The Ninestar Sainthall!

The second strongest force was here!

Unlike the Imperial Clan, the Earthly Saints of the Ninestar Sainthall were strangely absent from view. They merely entered in range and, in a comet of light, descended into the seven-colored pillar without any flamboyant display. This only accentuated their renown in everyone's heart.

They didn't need to be flashy!

Then, Boundless finally moved! The ship made waves in the Dark Void, Chaos Mana pushing against the nearby Voidships. It was so massive that it had its own gravity, and many stationary Voidships veered toward it without warning. They had to hastily stabilize themselves lest they crash to their deaths.

Then, ninety-nine lights flowed out of Boundless, entering the seven-colored pillar.

The third strongest mystic force entered! And now, in full force, the other starfield leaders were going to enter!

Lin Ming's eyes brightened as he readied his heart, looking toward Lin Xianxei for clarification. She was equally interested, so she began to explain as the Voidships began to take their spots.

The next was a six-ship fleet that was blazing with faint flames on their hull, strangely burning despite the Dark Void's unfathomable chill. The Hexaflame Starfield's Inferno Solaris Church!

"The third strongest starfield, the Hexaflame Starfield, has five Earthly Saints! They include the Pope, his three descendants, and..."

Chapter 945: SCR Summit, Starfields of the Stellar Region!

"The third strongest starfield, the Hexaflame Starfield, has five Earthly Saints! They include the Pope, his three descendants, and a rogue by the sole name of Endless. Amongst Earthly Saints, Endless is regarded as one of the strongest, only beneath the three strongest Earthly Saints." Lin Xianxei began to explain with her original zeal, relaxing Lin Ming as the distance between them seemed to have diminished



alongside the growingly invigorated light within her naturally alluring eyes. Her fanaticism of this character was clear.

The Hexaflame Starfield's Endless was a terrifying existence, only beneath the three strongest! Lin Ming was deeply curious about the true elites of the stellar region. He couldn't help but ask: "Who are the three strongest?"

Lin Xianxei's eyebrows lifted slightly. She had to take a deep breath as she observed the fleet of outstanding ships from the Hexaflame Starfield, with the Inferno Solaris Church as the leading figure.

"While this isn't factual without errors, mostly by public opinion based on accomplished feats, joint discussions of scholars, and the listing of unorganized top ten Earthly Saint rankings released by the Golden Gate Pavilion, the top three Earthly Saints are: the Soul Saint King of the Ninestar Sainthall, the Boundless Martial High King of the Boundless Martial Sect, and finally, the Imperial Advisor of the Tian Clan." As she spoke, reverence gradually infected her tone. By the end, she was genuinely excited.

None of these figures were insignificant; all of the highest status with the greatest prestige, a part of the strongest forces.

Lin Ming felt his horizons expand as he grew to know who possessed the publicly held titles of strongest amongst the elites. At this point, the Hexaflame Starfield had finished its descent into the pillar, and a strange ship emerged in their view.

It was a Voidship composed of three identical large-sized ships connected through bridges, forming a triangle. The unity of these vessels was astonishing as they propelled towards Ever-Sky. No one questioned the Starfield's qualifications to enter after the Hexaflame Starfield!

It was none other than the Trihex Starfield's Trihex Unity Sect. A sect with similar functions as a World Sect of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, an amalgamation of various clans, organizations, and cultivators but on a scale of an entire starfield. While it was still smaller than the Boundless Martial Sect in terms of population and total size, it was nevertheless an exceptional accomplishment.

"The Trihex Unity Sect, rulers of the Trihex Starfield and fourth strongest starfield!" Lin Xianxei announced. Her excitement was downright pure and genuine. She had always wished to traverse the world, visiting the greatest forces with diverse environments. While this was merely a hidden desire of hers, it was her most cherished one. Unfortunately, she was the Saintess of the True Element Sect and the Lin Clan's future leader.

Just leaving the Aeternal Sky Starfield to oversee the Chosen trials, she nearly lost her life due to infighting and internally malicious schemes. If it wasn't for Lin Ming, she'd be a rotting corpse at best, a captive at worst.

Recalling her fate, she bit her lips, but instantly, an image of a handsome silver-eyed man flashed through her mind. Almost all of her worries and issues had been wiped away within a few years time. She was free of almost all shackles. A state she never believed she could possess.

As she grew emotional, Lin Ming's expression changed as he asked: "Wait, you said the top three strongest, right? What about the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor? Isn't he ranked number one?" His

confusion was justified. How could the leader of the Imperial Clan, the strongest clan throughout the stellar region, not be ranked?

Lin Xianxue gave Lin Ming a sidelong glance. An intrusive thought emerged in her mind, feeling as if Lin Ming wasn't using common sense. However, she reminded herself that he was still young and filled with ignorance.

Lin Xianxian stepped forward at this moment, her voice filled with a solemn tone. "How can the strongest expert in our stellar region be ranked on the same level as anyone else? The Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor was originally the undisputed strongest Earthly Saint Phase cultivator, until..."

Lin Ming felt his heart race.

"...until he ascended to the next stage." Lin Xianxian's words seemed to affect the refined mana within the false atmosphere of their Voidship causing it to quiver slightly as if the world was responding.

Lin Ming's eyes ardently blazed with enlightened light. All his doubts were swept away, many questions answered, and his understanding of the stellar region had risen uncontrollably. He spoke out loud in his unique state, "the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor is a Worldly Saint!"

Those last two words caused the chaos mana outside and refined mana inside to begin to swirl around the ship. It was as if a strange force was being imposed on the beings on the ship.

In a faraway location, a seated figure slowly opened their shut eyes revealing eyes containing boundless stars of the cosmos. The stars moved profoundly, invoking awe and inspiration in the hearts of any lucky enough to be blessed to see.

After a few seconds, those cosmic eyes slowly closed once again.

The swirling mana ceased. It went mostly unnoticed. Lin Ming's awe was ongoing. The Imperial Clan's leading figure was a Worldly Saint! No wonder he wasn't ranked amongst the top, his existence was undeniably the strongest of the strongest. As a cultivator, he knew that each stage of difference grew greater in both accessible power and difficulty to reach.

Lin Xianxian's eyes lifted in a specific direction. As an Ascended being at the Soul of Mysticism Phase, she felt as if she was being observed for a split second. The feeling wasn't discomfoting, just strange. She concluded that an Earthly Saint must've sent their Spiritual Sense here for a brief period.

Lin Xianxue's excitement was once again ignited as she pointed, "The Rainbow World Starfield!" Seven Voidships chained together by transparent chains were traveling together, each emitting different colorful lights, leaving a wake of gorgeous, lasting glow behind.

Red! Orange! Yellow! Green! Blue! Indigo! Violet!

Seven colors!

Their movements left behind a stretching rainbow!

"The Rainbow World Starfield doesn't have a single leader, jointly led by seven individual forces that cultivate various Material Intent called the Rainbow World Alliance! It's said that the Rainbow World

Alliance is the oldest organization, predating the previous Imperial Clan rule, even going further than that!" Lin Xianxei announced that at the moment the Rainbow World Alliance entered.

"Do they have seven Earthly Saints?" Lin Ming was shocked by this reveal. If so, this Rainbow World Alliance was definitely amongst the strongest forces.

"No! They only have one, but they are still the fifth strongest starfield. Their strength comes from their Rainbow Veil Array, a nightmare to every force that has tried to exterminate them. It's said that even the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor had tried to conquer them shortly after his rise to power as an Earthly Saint but failed horrendously, forced to go into seclusion to heal. Since then, no one has tested their luck since." Lin Xianxei's excitement was palpable.

Lin Ming was awed. According to Lin Xianxei, the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor was the first Earthly Saint, and since then has kept his supremacy and undisputed title as the strongest, yet he was sent back? It felt as if there was much more to the story! Unfortunately, only those who lived then would know.

The ships kept coming in order of renown and strength. Next was a fleet of dull gray ships, emitting an uncomfortable aura that felt dreary and harsh.

"The Great Desolate Starfield...sixth strongest..."

A fleet of ships emanating starlight, greatly resembling miniaturized Solar Stars.

"The Star Sanctum Starfield...seventh strongest..."

From eight to twenty-second, Lin Xianxei called them as they arrived and entered the pillar of light with their experts, elites, and geniuses.

All-Fury Starfield(8th), Beyond Light Starfield(9th), Gaia Prime Starfield(10th), United Source Starfield(11th), Treasured Light Starfield(12th), Twisted Earth Starfield(13th), Abyssal Genesis Starfield(14th), Dark Genesis Starfield(15th), Daylight Starfield(16th), Radiant Spirit Starfield(17th), Thousand Bone Starfield(18th), Verdant Paradise Starfield(19th), Great Blue Starfield(20th), Everbloom Starfield(21st), and Moonfall Starfield(22nd).

The source of this content is Freewebnovel.com.

Lin Xianxei also gave brief descriptions of each, especially towards four starfields that she was deeply invested in, clearly wanting to visit due to geographical irregularity.

"The Gaia Prime Starfield is the only starfield with a single planet and a single Solar Star! It has the largest planet known to man, larger than even a Colossus-sized Solar Star!" Solar Stars were given titles based on their size and mass, from the smallest Dwarf Star to Absolute Star. They were classified into five categories, smallest to largest: Dwarf, Titan, Colossus, Supermassive, and Absolute.

"The cultivators there continuously refine the planet, going as far as using a special method to return their refined energies back to the planet for nurturing, and even going into the Void-Blank Space to look for Rogue Celestial Bodies to merge with it. Its massive size is largely due to these practices. Additionally! It's said that Void Hunters occupation originated from this starfield. True or not, it's definitely the most developed in that regard."

"The Dark Genesis Starfield's elites have refined each Solar Star of theirs with Darklight Intent, emitting rich Darkness and Light Energy in the form of black-colored light throughout the world! Supposedly, it's entirely dark there. Every inhabitant naturally has darkness and light energies within them, granting them the ability to see through the obscurity. Of course, their environment is quite dangerous as it's more prone to strange oddities of the Dark Void, such as Vanishing Points and Stellar Rain.

"They're the leading exporter of Stellar Rain; their tactics and methods to seal and capture them are impeccable. No other force dares to deploy their methods, nor matches them in effectiveness.

"The Abyssal Genesis Starfield was once a part of the Dark Genesis Starfield until they renounced the cultivation of Darklight Energies, believing in pure Darkness Energy. It has the lowest population amongst the twenty-two starfields yet the harbors the strongest Darkness Cultivators and Cultivation Methods known. They're terrifying, but they don't live in darkness. Their Solar Stars emit light, but their planets refine it to the extreme, generating the purest form of darkness energies through unorthodox methods."

"The Moonfall Starfield! A Starfield without a Solar Star. It's said they shattered their Solar Stars, infusing their power into Lunar Satellites. They created Lunar Stars, a unique existence said to be absolutely beautiful, emitting gorgeous silver light. According to what I've heard, it's the most beautiful starfield in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Some World Realms even deploy a lesser method, especially if they can't construct a Solar Star of their own by slowly siphoning the energies of another Solar Star before infusion. Unfortunately, it's also the weakest."

Lin Xianxei had abundant knowledge of every starfield, and she held little back as she explained. Soon, the twenty-two Starfields had entered the pillar of light, leaving behind the last remaining forces— independent forces!

The Clans, Associations, and Sects that didn't act as subordinates to their respective Starfield's leaders, such as the Aeternal Sky Starfield's Noble Clans!

The True Element Sect was still here, unable to venture forward without their Earthly Saints. At the same time, the Void Voyage Sect never sent more than one person to attend major events that required them, and their arrival has never been showy. Likely, the envoy sent had already arrived!

The Boundless Martial Sect was the publicly recognized third strongest force. Unless they went forward, none of the other starfields dared to move ahead of them, especially due to how domineering and aggressive they were. They would totally initiate an all-out war off a single sign of disrespect!

The Noble Clans soon began to move!

Suddenly, two white ships began their approach with a large, white greatsword hanging above them—a spiritual projection! It emanated a fierce light of Sword Intent that hurt to look at directly.

Lin Ming had to close his eyes after a single glance, his eyes leaking tears. Others leaked blood, wreathing in pain as they clutched their faces. Agonized screams resounded throughout the weaker forces.

How vicious!

Shockingly, this didn't break the oath! It must not include injuries brought about by courting death actions. After all, the Sword Light was clearly dangerous with a single glance, yet there were those that overestimated their ability and stared in awe. Such as Lin Ming...

Lin Xianxian sneered, "Only capable of acting so arrogant after the strongest forces have left" She mocked openly, feeling disdain as she observed the Greatsword with a single character at its hilt.

Jiang!

Rulers of the Onesword Domain, specializing in the Sword Dao, their fierceness was incredible!

Lin Xianxian was unharmed by the Sword Light, her eyes squinting as she stared. She didn't even need to be prompted before she explained, "The Jiang Clan, the strongest Noble Clan, and led by two Earthly Saints." While she said this with a vexing tone, the fact that a Mystic-tier force could have two Earthly Saints meant they were stronger than most lower-ranked Starfields that only had one.

Their might was unquestionable.

The Jiang Clan boldly entered the pillar of light. Their ship's sword light dimmed, clearly avoiding offending the other Voidships anchored nearby, led by genuine leaders of starfields. While tyrannical, they weren't stupid even if it wouldn't break their Mythical Oaths.

The Noble Clans began to arrive one after the other, entering the pillar of light.

Lin Xianxian had taken Lin Xianxian's job, explaining the Noble Clans: "The Jiang, Yu, Chen, and He Clan all have Earthly Saints amongst their ranks, with the Liu Clan's Earthly Saint sealed away in the Imperial Prison for treason, a sentence set at 20,000 years, so it can't be considered to have one, and its decline made it quite difficult rise another Earthly Saint, an already heaven-shocking feat. Besides the Jiang Clan, the rest only have one, an already impressive feat. The other three, Bing, Tang, and Ming Clan, have none."

Lin Ming was enlightened again. Lin Xianxian's timely explanation allowed him to mostly understand the power structure of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Forty-four Earthly Saints! The Aeternal Sky Starfield was unquestionably the strongest starfield!

And despite their lack of union, unlike other starfields like the Ninestar Sainthall and Inferno Solaris Church, the Imperial Clan alone could triumph against any single force based solely off their Earthly Saints and military might, let alone the Worldly Saint at the helm! When he thought about how the population of the stellar region exceeded quadrillions of cultivators, he was reminded of the utmost difficulty of the cultivation path.

The other Noble Clans began to fly towards the Ever-Sky, intending to enter the pillar of light!

Lin Xianxian watched as the lower Mystic-tier forces entered after. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly, "there's no way it'll be so simple." She couldn't fathom that each of these forces had the right to voice its opinion. There was no way those three existences that were like gods, or the Everlore Association, would make it that easy.

"What do you mean?" Lin Ming felt something was off initially, and after hearing Lin Xianxian's words, he knew his feeling was spot-on.

"Mother's right; there's no way the Everlore Association will grant them all permission to enter as simply as this. There's definitely more to it." Lin Xianxian elaborated, musing at the intricacies that could be factored in. After an hour, the gold-rank and silver-rank forces began to enter. The sheer amount of lesser forces was absurdly high.

If she guessed right, there was definitely a screening process about to unfold! How many forces and cultivators will lose their right to participate? Unable to voice their opinion in this era-defining moment? Who will lose this qualification to be a part of history?

Those questions will definitely be answered very soon!

At this moment, Lin Xianxian received a spiritual transmission. Her eyes became awkward as she stared at her spatial ring, baffled by what she had received.

An elder at the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase spoke up, receiving the same message. "Sect Master, shall we?" The message was from Han Yuhei, telling them to go on without them! Without their Earthly Saints!

Lin Xianxian took a deep breath, looking at the surrounding experts, Chosen and her daughter—the Saintess of their sect. In the end, she nodded.

"Let's go."

Their Voidship began to move!

Chapter 946: SCR Summit, Qualifications

Given orders, the True Element Sect now moved! The observers here to witness the events were startled as their ship descended towards Ever-Sky, shocked at their belated entry. After all, the True Element Sect was first and foremost a mystic-tier sect, a World Sect of great renown, and yet it had entered after some of the more obscure mortal-tier organizations.

The remaining mortal-tier forces were astounded that the True Element Sect was only now approaching, fearful as they hesitantly urged their vessels to a complete stop. The sight of all the incoming ships coming to a halt with the greatest of urgency was a sign of their respect towards the World Sect. Also, they feared that further movements might result in some of the Ascended beings onboard taking action, disabling their formations and arrays.

Lin Xianxian didn't bother with these organizations. She, alongside the rest, arrived at the cusp of the atmospheric layer of Ever-Sky. An area occupied by many other Voidships with various occupants, typically aged Starlords at the helm. They were left behind to guard their organization's vessels. Shockingly, no Ascended level cultivators were onboard any of these ships, not even a Mystic Star Phase expert.

The courage required to attempt to enter the summit was both confusing and praiseworthy.

"Shall we, Sect Master?" The Demi-Mortal Lord Elder incited Lin Xianxian to take action, not giving her time to think too deeply on the subject. Since this was the case, she looked at the group that had prepared themselves to enter, and it was abundantly clear that she wasn't the only one to notice the abnormality.

All those at the Mystic Ascendant Realm, from Mystic Star to Demi-Mortal Lord, felt inspired by the slightest possibility of entering the venue. They, like most, had initially assumed only Earthly Saints, Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, Chosen, and those on the Immortal Heroes and Immortal Saintesses rankings had sufficient qualifications to enter. Now, the lack of any Ascended presence told otherwise.

Excited, they were antsy as they wished to fly into the pillar of light.

Lin Xianxian felt helpless, knowing that any word of caution would likely enter one ear and out the other, only breeding animosity for preventing their entry. Still, as Sect Master, she could only say with a heavy tone, "Be careful. This might not be so simple." Those warning words carried heavy weight, yet it was unable to prevent them from wanting to climb atop the mountain that was the summit.

She helplessly heaved an internal sigh, gesturing and commanding them to move out. She took the lead, with the three Chosen behind her, including Lin Ming and two youngsters, a young woman and a young man. These two youths were Zhang Yin and Zhang Yang, two identical twins, and descendants of the Zhang Clan.

After the Parasitic Clans met calamity, they left with their heads low, escaping with their two Chosen to prevent them from being schemed against or killed by Zhang Ziyi. Unfortunately, they were too late. One of the Chosen had mysteriously died. All signs pointed to suicide, but it was unquestionably by Zhang Ziyi's hand. No one doubted this. She always disliked the little dipshits that were too arrogant for their boots, especially that one, dying in a horrifically, indescribably painful manner—ingesting powerful acidic material.

A strange way to kill yourself.

Without Gong Lau or Nansi Yuangu's protection, it was extremely easy for an Earthly Saint to play with them to death. The other, while there wasn't much word from them, they were rumored to have been poisoned, crippled in body and spirit, only having an active mind left.

A quadriplegic. Such a horrific fate.

Yet, it didn't stop there. Many of the Parasitic Clan's elders suffered unexplainable deaths during closed-door cultivation via Cultivation Deviation or random accidents. It became so devastatingly common that the clans sealed their grounds and erected their defensive array. It did little good, so they scattered like frightened mice.

It was clear that someone was extremely vengeful.

In the place of those two Chosen, two Zhang Clan descendants were rightfully promoted from prospective to genuine Chosen. They were both twins, brother and sister, and they were quite the attractive duo. They dressed in opposite colors, with the young man dressed in azure and the young woman in crimson.

Lin Ming gave them a look, and Zhang Yin felt his gaze, turning and giving him an amicable smile that accentuated herself as a gentle beauty. When Zhang Yang turned his head to notice his sister's smile, his eyes shot towards Lin Ming and revealed a threatening light.

Lin Ming faintly smiled, ignoring Zhang Yang. Lin Xianxuei was behind them; as the Saintess, she was a member of the older generation and of minor importance for the summit. While invited due to her position as a Saintess, she felt it was a tactic meant to drum up discussion and participation.

How many wished they could snag a Saintess as their wife or a Hero as their husband? Far too many, that's how many. In fact, these Ascended beings and prospective Chosen following along were mostly here to see the Saintesses and Heroes, men and women alike!

The group began to enter the light, with various Worldly Domains unfurling as they soared into it. There were nearly a thousand from the True Element Sect; almost all of them were Ascended beings at the Mystic Star Phase or Soul of Mysticism Phase.

When Lin Xianxuei entered the light after her mother and the three Chosen, she felt her entire body get tugged by a gentle force. The force pulled her in a direction. She felt as if she was descending downward. It felt oddly like spatial shifting but not exactly. Curious, she patiently waited as she tried to sense the intricacies of this light. Unfortunately, she swiftly discovered her Spiritual Senses were pressed against her body, unable to expand an inch.

Left with no choice, Lin Xianxuei could only wait until the tugging force ended.

Thud.

She soon felt her feet touch a marble floor. The sound was quite distinct. And then, her senses began to clear up as the light diminished. As her sense of sight returned, she saw an astonishing view. Before her was a gigantic four-dimensional spiritual projection, it was a wheel with nine spokes. The wheel was white and constructed of white jade, but the spokes were the manifestation of the nine elements: Earth, Fire, Wind, Water, Metal, Lightning, Wood, Magma, and Ice.

They were extremely animated.

"The Elementus Wheel!" This was the symbol of the True Element Sect! While most of the disciples didn't wear it, this was it! Lin Xianxuei was in total awe at how detailed and realistic the wheel was. She faintly felt the pure elemental energies it emitted, a genuine spiritual manifestation of the Elementus Wheel. Instinctively, she knew she could absorb this wheel to improve her cultivation base significantly.

A few Mystic Star cultivators gulped, and even the Soul of Mysticism experts had their eyes widen at the sight of the Elementus Wheel. They felt an urge to cultivate!

Lin Xianxuei was just as shocked by the Elementus Wheel, and at the lead, she was feeling its rich energies the most. Her appetite rose, not from her stomach but from her physique and Mystic Soul. This thing contained pure mystic energies!

The rim of the wheel exuded an aura of Jade Intent, clearly forged using Jade Energies.

Suddenly, Lin Xianxuei heard an exclamation from her left. She turned to see a few cultivators from the Jiang Clan exuding sword auras as they sat cross-legged. Wisps of sword light were being siphoned away from a similarly gigantic solitary greatsword, the Jiang Clan's symbol!

They were cultivating!



A young female cultivator, likely a prospective Chosen based on her young age, erupted with a nascent Sword Intent Aura! They had awakened their Sword Intent! A grand achievement!

Astonished by this breakthrough, the others soon saw that in front of them were various organizations of premier standing! There was a group of gathered cultivators seated before a scarlet-red flaming star, absorbing the flames with religious fervor, even chanting piously after properly refining each wisp of fire.

The source of this content is Freewebnovel.com.

Inferno Solaris Church!

Lin Xianxei swiftly noticed that the number of cultivators from the Hexaflame Starfield was severely lacking! It was only when she looked around did she discover that the starfield had splintered into different organizations and groups. She swiftly found the other forces that belonged to the Hexaflame Starfield behind them! These were Mystic-tier forces, led by Highlords or Venerables!

They all had their organization's core symbols in front of them, so they were easily recognizable to someone as well-read of the various forces as she.

"Grand Sea Sect...True Meadow Pavilion...Darkness Falls, the Void Hunter organization..."

After finding quite a few, Lin Xianxei realized there were lines on the floor that segregated these parties. It was square-shaped and fit them all inside, approximately five hundred meters in size.

Barely any of the forces noticed their arrival, focused entirely on absorbing the pure, enriched energies that these symbols emitted. Furthermore, they carried a refined essence prone to invigorating Intent. A rare, no, exceptionally rare material!

"What is this?" Zhang Yang asked, baffled by this scene. As far as the eyes could see, cultivators littered this space, confined in square boxes, and almost all of them were cultivating before their sect's symbol.

From Mortals to Ascended, from Chosen to Saintesses, they were seriously cultivating!

Why?

"Look!" Zhang Yin called out as she pointed at the sky. The eyes of everyone followed her slender finger. Their hearts shook! A stage! A vast, thick grey stage! It stretched their entire vision, going for hundreds of miles, but what shook their hearts fiercely was that it was inverted!

They were merely at the edge of the stage's staircase. The stage kept going far beyond all the cultivators here, and since they were third, with two rows ahead of them, the Trihex Unity Sect and then the Boundless Martial Sect, it was clear this was deliberate.

Opposite of them, on the inverted stage, was a gorgeously designed circular gate. An active Void Gate! By its side were two obelisks; one was of an indistinct color that only Ascended beings could determine, while the other was black. They were both etched with shining runes.

"There's no Earthly Saints here..." A perceptive Elder noted, not feeling that unfathomable aura amongst any of them. The rest, however, was here! From Chosen to Saintess, Sect Masters, Pavilion Masters, Association Heads, to Highlords!

The only other exception, still unnoticed, was that the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were missing too!

The True Element Sect's curiosity was as massive as the vessel Boundless! What was this?

Bzzzt!

A spiritual buzzing sound erupted from the projection, sending out splashes of pure energies that made some of them outright salivate. The urge to cultivate was becoming irresistible, but before they did anything, they heard a voice!

"True Element Sect Members, welcome!" The voice wasn't Evergod's, but a very familiar one!

Lin Ming instantly recognized it as the voice that had brought them to the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region from the Desolate Dragnet Stellar Region!

San Luoyang!

With a calming tone that snagged one's attention, he continued: "The Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit is in session. The Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists of our world are all in the Main Hall, currently discussing drafting revisions for the conceptual identity: Chosen."

"...!" Everyone was startled. The summit had started? Those at that level were already discussing how to redefine Chosen? What about them? Weren't the voices of leaders and levels of current Chosen an active factor for this decision? Their questions brought pounding to their hearts.

They were missing it!

The history-defining moment!

"Do not fret," San Luoyang's voice transitioned into a comforting tone, soothing their restless hearts.

"You all have been invited to the summit, either to witness or to voice your own experiences and beliefs, pouring them into the preliminary draft. None of you will be neglected, should you arrive at the Main Hall. That said, you must first prove that you possess the qualifications to do so."

Qualifications!

Lin Xianxei and Lin Xianxian's eyes simultaneously grew solemn. This was it! Of course, they wouldn't allow the hundreds of thousands of experts here to enter freely! Too many cooks in the kitchen was never a good thing.

"Up above is your stage. When you reach a certain height, the artificial gravity will disappear. You'll descend onto the stage and challenge the entity there. As long as you can slay the entity, you'll be granted entry into the Main Hall. But beware, there's a chance your life will be forfeited should you reveal inadequate ability.

"To give you all a greater chance to obtain a voice and other precious benefits beyond the gate, the Everlore Association has established cultivation arrays, condensing them into symbols that belong to your organization. A carefully curated cocktail that defines your organization. You may cultivate up to six months before the Void Gate permanently closes, you'll be expelled from the Entry Hall, and the preliminary discussions will then enter its final stage."

San Luoyang's words surprised everyone in the True Element Sect! A test to weed out the unqualified! And there was a chance of death?!

Gloomy darkness shrouded their minds.

Lin Ming's expression was equally solemn, but within the depths of his grey eyes was a radiance of determination. This was his chance!

SHATTER!

An explosive sound of shattering thundered, drawing everyone's attention, cultivating or not, to a figure that descended onto the inverted stage!

Chapter 947: SCR Summit, Transcendent Entity

While inverted, each individual present was an excellent cultivator, and as such the stage above their heads was fully within their senses. To them, it mattered not whether they were looking upwards or not. That said, the bulk of these cultivators were stunned by the figure's abrupt movements.

This was an opportunity to cultivate absurdly pure and enriched energies provided by the Everlore Association, and the rare materials forging these spiritual constructs contained traces of profound power that perfectly matched their respective sects. While some cultivators took divergent paths from their centralized cultivation method, there was still pure astral and mystic essence for general refinement. These essences could be converted to strengthen their Astral Cores, expand their Worldly Domain, or elevate their Spiritual Strength.

Why rush?

It's only been an hour! And they all have months to enjoy this generous treatment. Still, their attention was heavily focused on the stage due to San Luoyang's words. An entity would challenge them, and if slayed, they'd earn qualifications to enter the Main Hall with the Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists. Every last one of these figures were astonishing existences of premium statuses and incredible means, so discussing with them was bound to have boundless benefits to one's future cultivation.

Some understood, others sneered and ridiculed. "Do they really think the Everlore Association would make an easy test? How foolish," an Ascended from a mystic-tier force shook his head with pity.

"Let them test the waters. At least this will give us a sense of difficulty and power from these entities." Another elder Ascended from that force commented while rubbing their chin, their eyes gleaming with spiritual light. Since San Luoyang warned them, then of course this meant their lives were genuinely in danger should they attempt to gain qualifications!

Lin Xianxian's eyebrows furrowed slightly. After hearing the details of this opportunity, she realized that the Everlore Association had made ample preparations to receive all these cultivators, and was fully aware that some filtering would need to be performed. However, she was more focused on the words spoken by San Luoyang. There were precious benefits beyond the Void Gate!

The figure soon spun naturally in midair, landing feet first on the stage. When they lifted their gaze, they were greeted by the sight of inverted cultivators seemingly standing on the ceiling. There were outlined boxes that designated each organization.

When those pure, clear black eyes lifted upwards, it was revealed to be a woman! Her skin was as smooth as jade, with peach lips, and her long, sleek, straight-laced hair as dark as night, with a rich, healthy sheen that exuded exceptional vitality. Her aura exuded a naturally valiant air, not a single aspect of her was overly girly or feminine. She stood upright and stable, like a warrior of the night, holding the sky upon her shoulders.

She was unmistakably a beauty, but in a way that inspired awe and admiration, not fanatical lust and desire! At her right hip was a scabbard holding a saber with a black hilt. It exuded a faint aura of sharpness.

When Lin Ming saw her face, his pupils shrunk with realization. He exclaimed softly, "Su Mei!"

A name that he hadn't heard in a very, very long time. For years, in fact. But today, he instantly recognized her as the woman that stood by Wei Wuyin's side during the Grand Spirit Trials! She, alongside the wolf that he had defeated, had launched a disastrous slaughter of the contestants, thinning the herd with decisive swiftness.

"Su Mei?" Lin Xianxian was taken aback by Lin Ming's exclamation. "You know her?" The girl before them was a mortal cultivator, but her aura felt extremely obscure, even to her.

Lin Xianxian had spent time in the Everlore Starfield, but she had never really attached importance to Wei Wuyin until he revealed the possibility of being a competitor for Lin Ming. There was a time that she thought about eliminating him, but she then reconsidered. The 'her' at the time felt that Lin Ming needed a good foil for growth; Furthermore, he was merely an Alchemist, so he couldn't threaten Lin Ming much when their cultivation base was the exact same.

In the end, Wei Wuyin had claimed the Chosen title alongside Lin Ming, awakening Elemental Heart Intent, and granted a special exception. That said, she wasn't very aware of his subordinates.

Lin Ming, however, was. He nodded as he stared at Su Mei. "She's Wei Wuyin's right-hand." After defeating Zuhei, he had done some cursory information gathering of Wei Wuyin, and learned that a woman with black eyes and hair was his foremost envoy, acting on his behalf, and dealing with various matters. She was a well-known existence by many, a harbinger of good things or devastating news.

"What?!" An Elder of the True Element Sect, the Demi-Mortal Lord with an amicable smile, was shocked by Lin Ming's words. He wasn't the only one. The others were startled by this discovery, giving Su Mei a more serious degree of importance.

However, those from the Everlore Domain had vastly different expressions! The youngsters were gloomy, their eyes reflecting as if they were observing a great enemy of theirs, while the elders and leaders of silver-rank, gold-rank, and mystic-tier forces were all suffused with a serious light.

"It's her!" A Sect Master of a lesser mystic-tier force, only having a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivation base, shouted in a way unbecoming of his status. He wasn't the only one as exclamations were heard everywhere. They all originated from forces within the Everlore Domain.

Lin Xianxian realized this phenomenon, baffled by the commotion a single mortal woman was bringing to various forces. What had she done?

Suddenly, a surge of air coursed throughout the stage. Her robes and hair fluttered with the flow of wind. Su Mei realized her cultivation base, foundation, and clothing was being analyzed by a strange spiritual sense. It wasn't invasive, but it was quite thorough. She didn't resist.

After a brief period of this inspective power, San Luoyang's voice resounded throughout the area. "Chosen of the Solitary Saber Sect. Age: 52. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Ninth. Entity Level: Mortal, Transcendent Starlord." In a loud, announcing voice, every detail of Su Mei was heard, yet this did little to ease the stressed expressions of the various geniuses of the Everlore Domain, only elevating it.

Some even threw their hands up and felt like wailing, seeming to give up in frustration. A young woman of outstanding beauty and talent was open-mouthed, her eyes lost, as she muttered out the words: "She's only fifty-two...?" There was a despondent quiver of devastation in her voice. If one knew she was just over two hundred years of age, yet only at the Sixth Stage, and lost unquestionably to Su Mei by a single saber only a few years ago when they were on the same level, they would understand her distraught feelings.

As a Chosen of a mystic-tier force, how could she be so vastly inferior?! At first, she had soothed herself with the age disparity, as many had assumed given Su Mei's cultivation base, but when the voice spoke out in an absolute manner, it shattered all their disillusioned thoughts. A reality was revealed that they simply could not accept.

"Fifty-two?" Lin Xianxian was startled. To reach the Ninth Stage at fifty-two years old was the definition of talented. Her mother, however, was shaken by another detail: "She has to slay a transcendent Starlord?!"

Long ago, there was an archaic scale that differentiated cultivators in stages, they were: Lesser, Greater, Pinnacle, and Transcendent. This was soon outdated due to how difficult it was to properly define what this meant, even relative to combat strength. There were too many nuances to consider, too much variety of combat, ranging from physical, spiritual, and forces, especially as standards were elevated with time.

So for this system to be used here, she had an idea as to what these entities were!

"Do you wish to continue your challenge?" San Luoyang's voice resounded again, posing Su Mei with a question. The question felt ludicrous to everyone who heard it. She was merely fifty-two years old, even if her comprehensive talent was heaven-defying, gaining insight all the way to the Star Core Phase, she hadn't had nearly enough time to elevate her foundation to the Transcendent level!

"Yes." Without the slightest hesitation, she gave her answer.

There was no further response as the black obelisk began to spew out gray smoke from every rune. A few of the runes soon gained life, flying out of the obelisk and integrating into the lump of gray smoke. Soon, after a series of twists, a humanoid figure was conjured, gaining shape and color. A tall, fit female figure with a half-faced balaclava formed.

Its skin was gray and her eyes were replaced with esoteric runes. It gave off a powerful aura! A genuine Starlord's power!

"Is that...?!" Amazed, the experts present observed the strange entity with spiritual light flowing through their pupils. This was an Incarnation! However, it seemed a little strange.

The Incarnation didn't waste time, directly unfurling their Worldly Domain! A dark-blue Worldly Domain expanded, reaching 80,000 kilometers! Instantly, the entire world fell under its control. Su Mei included.

"EIGHTY THOUSAND KILOMETERS?!" The various Realmords and Timelords present were wide-eyed! Wasn't this too freaking insane?! A Worldly Domain was reflective of one's total cultivation foundation, so for it to reach eighty thousand kilometers at the Starlord level was absolutely fucking absurd by anyone's standards!

How could a young Starlord hope to contend against that? Most elite Starlords might not reach that level in their entire lifetime! Even Chosen that reached the Starlord level might reach eighty to hundred kilometers at first, needing countless years to further cultivate their Worldly Domain, especially to that level.

A weight of despair pressed against the hearts of the younger generation, their minds completely shaken by the standard for these entities! Moreover, they were supposed to be slayed? How ridiculous was that? If the same standard was applied to Realm World Phase and Temporal Eye Phase, how could they hope to exceed this?

But they didn't have time to ponder the disparity. The Incarnation's dark-blue Worldly Domain began to exert a tremendous Worldly Pressure upon Su Mei, causing the stage beneath her to ripple slightly. A lone girl, her black hair fluttering against the raging pressure, with her pure black eyes staring ahead reflecting utmost calmness.

She stepped forward, her Saber Intent flared in her eyes as darklight flickered around her left hand. She clasped her hand against her hilt, and the Incarnation pushed outwards with their astral force, unleashing a torrential storm of power! It barreled forward with thunderous booms, capable of slaughtering millions. Many of the Starlords present felt they would die before this attack! While those at the Mystic Star Phase were extremely solemn!

Shiing!

The saber escaped its scabbard by an inch, revealing its sharp edge, and jet-black blade. With another step, the light around her fingers faded.

Then...

Clink.

The saber returned to the scabbard.

Then, she walked forward without a single sense of urgency, in the same pace as her two steps. The torrential storm of starforce scattered like wisps of smoke before reaching her, and she kept going, passing the incarnation that had their hand held out, its eyes exuding runic light, and then she arrived

before the Void Gate. A heart-racing strangeness enveloped this entire scene as the eighty thousand kilometer-sized Worldly Domain seemed to be ineffective against this woman!

As for the Incarnation, they hadn't moved an inch since Su Mei took her second step!

Su Mei didn't look back, entering the active Void Gate, and vanishing within.

"What?!" A single word summed up the questions of all the youths. Lin Ming was equally baffled, his eyes filled with endless questions. When he looked towards Lin Xianxei for answers, he saw her expression was abnormally pale, alongside the Sect Master and every other Ascended being!

It was as if they had just seen a ghost!

The Incarnation stood there, like a statue.

Then, a lopsided slump of its head could be seen. Only the keen noted this shift, and only when it kept gradually increasing until finally...its weight got the better of it.

Thud!

With a heavy thud, the head of the Incarnation fell off its torso, its runic eyes fading away.

It...was BEHEADED?!

"CLOSE YOUR EYES!" Lin Xianxei panicked, clasping her hands over Lin Ming's eyes.

SHIING!!!

Without warning, a black-colored saber light enveloped the entire world!

Chapter 948: SCR Summit, An Opportunity for Enlightenment

The black-colored saber light was like a violent deluge, overflowing throughout the world from edge to edge of this unique space!

Terrified shrieks and pained howls resounded from the inverted spectators, clutching at their eyes with quivering fingers and palms. Most were fortunate such as Chosen, young Saintesses, and young Heroes, their seniors guarded them with a protective layer of light energy that rebounded the saber light.

Lin Ming's heart was like a thousand horses pounding as he felt Lin Xianxei's soft hands on his face, releasing a soft, gentle warmth that resembled sunlight. Yet, between her fingers, he could see an invasive darkness threatening to pierce through.

The flood of saber light only lasted a few seconds before dissipating as if it was never there. When all concluded, the seniors cautiously lowered their protections and inspected the scene on the stage. The young talents that hadn't been able to react to the flood also regained their sight, looking at the inverted stage.

"Oh. My. Heavens!" The stage was covered in saber scars throughout, covering hundreds of miles, some ranging from as long as a mile to as short as an inch, yet their depths were all equal. It was quite peculiar.

What type of terrifying strength was this? A fifty-two-year-old Starlord was already heaven-defying, yet not an impossible feat. There were many cultivators throughout history with unique physiques, psyches, and meridians that granted them absurd cultivation advantages, and alongside the right support to overcome tribulations, they fully devoted their years to cultivating their realm instead of their foundation.

By doing so, they were no different than an empty paper vase with high-level art on its surface. While they were pretty and outstanding on the outside, they could be shattered by a child's antics. The seniors not of the Everlore Domain weren't all too shocked by the announcement, but witnessing Su Mei's attack had changed their beliefs.

What was a genius?

This was a genius!

A freaking monstrous genius!

Soon, Lin Xianxue removed her hand and Lin Ming could see the remnants left behind by Su Mei's saber. He was thunderstruck. He couldn't comprehend what had happened. Why did the saber light erupt after Su Mei left? Was it a delayed attack? She hadn't even fully released her saber!

"What happened?" Lin Ming turned to Lin Xianxue for answers, but his eyes widened uncontrollably. The beautiful countenance of Lin Xianxue was abnormally pale, and her eyes were flickering with wisps of spiritual light that seemed in conflict with one another.

"Is everything okay? Are you okay?" Lin Ming anxiously asked as his worries sieged his heart. He instinctively wanted to hold her, but she moved away while her eyelids quivered violently until they shut. She held out her hand to stop him, "I'm fine."

Despite her breathily said words and trembling fingers, she remained adamant about keeping Lin Ming at a distance. Lin Ming's feelings were complex. He wanted to help but he didn't know what was happening.

"That young woman isn't ordinary." That statement came from Lin Xianxian with an incomparably solemn tone. "Wei Wuyin's right-hand..." She faintly whispered as she thought about this point. For some reason, the moment she learned this piece of information, she felt that all the abnormality surrounding Su Mei was justified.

"Sect Master, what happened?" Lin Ming sought out answers still. He couldn't wrap his head around everything that just happened. It made no sense to him.

"..." Lin Xianxian gave Lin Ming a sidelong glance, her expression sighing emotionally. Her daughter had invested tremendous reserves of time, energy, wealth, and risk in Lin Ming to grow into a Chosen worthy of their True Element Sect. But when she saw Su Mei, she realized that the disparity wasn't just small, it was utterly massive.

She had a sudden thought: °The Chosen King...°



In the end, she shook herself from the thought. The Chosen King isn't solely determined by strength, otherwise, throughout the years, there were some extremely talented elites beneath five hundred year requirements that could shake the entire world. All of them failed to obtain that grand title.

It was only when she felt the Chosen and Mystic Star Phase experts look at her with pleading looks of curiosity that she relented, offering her explanation: "That young woman merged her saber light with the profundities of space and time, isolating both using her Darklight Force. I've never seen such tyrannical art from someone so young. Those lacking a Temporal Eye won't be able to observe or see the attack, and even those with one might not react to the obscenely high speed it was unleashed with.

"Haaaa. A saber art that perfectly intermixes her comprehension and cultivation." Lin Xianxian couldn't help but throw endless praise at Su Mei's attack. As a Star Core Phase expert at the Ninth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, she had an unfathomably deep understanding of her previous stages, the Realm World Phase and Temporal Eye Phase.

"What about the black saber light?" A Mystic Star Phase cultivator swiftly understood the details of the strike, having surpassed those stages too. But, he was most stumped by the saber light. Unlike Lin Ming and the other young talents, he saw the strike from beginning to end, even the erupting flood.

The source of this content is Freewebnovel.com.

"That was her," Lin Xianxian solemnly stated.

"...?" The Chosen was extremely confused, but the Mystic Star Phase experts all had enlightened eyes. They understood what she meant!

"Cultivate!" Lin Xianxian ordered the Starlord level experts who had eyes of some understanding. They seemed to have caught a glimpse of something. In fact, her order was a little late. In other areas, those Starlords, like Lin Xianxian, were already seated with their eyes closed, their bodies emanating a layer of light.

Lin Xianxian was the first to move. She placed herself in front of the Elementus Wheel, cultivating while shifting through hand-seals. Her pale expression slowly grew healthier and more relaxed.

Strangely, there were only awed, terrified, and shocked looks coming from the young generation beneath the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm, and the rest were suddenly forced into a cultivation state by their seniors. It seemed that what they had just witnessed or sensed was of vital importance to their understanding of their cultivation stage or the next stages of their cultivation.

Lin Ming realized that Su Mei's strike was an opportunity.

Cultivation was difficult; verbal communication was ineffective to pass along profound details, so the majority of one's achievements were based on personal exploration, experiences, and thoughts. Every path was made by oneself, seniors could only offer minimal support.

But the experience was important, contributed by available resources. It is related to sensing various profound details within certain essences, the world itself, or abnormal phenomena.

For example, these spiritual objects of their organizations were forged with special essences that contain unique wills and tempering forces, allowing cultivators to personally explore and compare, even awakening Intent.

For example, cultivators could 'feel' the ambient spatial energies, light energies, and gravitational forces to comprehend their intricate functions, granting them the qualifications to replicate these aspects in their Spirit of Cultivation.

For example, the strike that Su Mei unleashed. A phenomenon that incorporated high-level applications of forces. By observing and self-reflecting endlessly, they could grasp aspects that were originally beyond them.

All experiences that must be capitalized by one's efforts, only given greater ease through the access to greater environments, purer resources, and instruction of seniors, to ensure that one's line of thinking did not go out of the correct path. Having someone tell you that you're wrong was horrifyingly underrated.

And only those Soul of Mysticism or higher cultivators had the qualifications to understand the absolute depths of the Astral Core Realm. This was why Mystic-tier forces geniuses had a heavy disparity to their Mortal-tier counterparts.

Wu Jiao once delved into the aspects of the Qi Condensation Realm, and there wasn't a single cultivator at that level that wasn't enlightened, experiencing great benefits to their cultivation, and some even ascending to the next level on the spot!

Every cultivator that day had the potential to reach the Ninth Stage of the Qi Condensation from that moment onwards, possessing the qualities to one day challenge the Astral Core Realm's first tribulation.

Lin Xianxian's explanation was basic, not delving into the depths of the actual profoundness of Su Mei's saber strike, yet numerous cultivators gained benefits from it.

"So this is also an opportunity," Lin Xianxian faintly smiled at the Everlore Association's intentions. The most difficult thing to accumulate was experiences in the world of cultivation, and the Everlore Association allowed a batch of talented, profound cultivators to display themselves to others! It seems they genuinely want to elevate the standards of the stellar region! "But even they might not have expected that young woman's powers."

Lin Ming realized this was an opportunity. He refused to fall behind, unleashing his ocular spell to investigate the saber scars. The stage was rapidly healing the scars, dispersing the remnant traces of saber light that lingered within, and he could see how the light clashed against the repairing efforts.

A sign of Permanence.

Unfortunately, from beginning to end, for twenty whole minutes, he was unable to grasp the profound details of space or time. A sense of frustration welled within his heart.

Shiing...

Suddenly, the gray-eyed Blessed caught a strange glimmer of light at the corner of the stage, as if directed there by a heavenly hand. It was weak, but it was there. He focused on that portion with all his might and attention, trying to glimpse something—anything.

Weng!

Chapter 949: SCR Summit, Overestimation

Without warning, his Spirit of Cultivation began to tremble. This tremble coursed through his entirety, reaching his Sea of Consciousness, and his Elemental Origin Intent spurred, erupting from his eyes as it was immersed in pure whiteness. If one looked closely, it would be as if a raging storm of wind was manifesting in his eyes.

"World Intent!" A remnant wisp of Intent was tethered to this strange light, unyielding and stubborn as the most tenacious parasite, refusing to dissipate in the face of the stage's persistence to repair itself. It began to convert the ambient energies from the air into saber energy, and as such, it persisted!

It kept persisting, revealing the elusive profoundness of World Heart Intent! A unique will that could convert ambient forces into itself, granting the world its heart!

As someone who had a Worldly Domain, the power of conversion was well-known, but that was converting foreign, uncontrolled energies into one's own. This, however, wasn't recruiting, but a wholehearted transformation!

He felt as if he had grasped an opportunity of the highest order. His Elemental Origin Intent was led by his Wind Intent, so he wasn't like Wei Wuyin. Wei Wuyin's equal application of elements allowed one element to convert to another, transitioning with ease and having endless fusions and permutations. This was one of the greatest reasons that Wei Wuyin had an extremely easy time comprehending Saber Heart Intent during his tribulation or reaching Elemental Heart Intent.

The concept of infusing one's will and converting something that is not into something that is, allowing earth to become metal, or water to become wind, was deeply ingrained in his will already!

Lin Ming sat down on the cusp of World Heart Intent!

After Su Mei's success, an entire week went by as cultivation and comprehension went side by side.

Moreover, while Su Mei was powerful, it brought a sense of ease to Chosen, Saintesses, Heroes, and Ascended beings. They originally thought that these entities might be too powerful, an impassable gatekeeper, but Su Mei had shattered that thought before it could form.

As such, a Starlord of a silver-rank force, the Sect Master of the Ironheart Saber Sect, stepped forward with a transcendent and serene demeanor. As a being at the peak of the Mortal Dao, he had his own pride, even before Ascended beings and those who were considered 'failures'.

His reputation was not low either, having slain a Mystic Star Phase cultivator with his saber during his youth. He was considered amongst the top 1,000 amongst Starlords throughout his starfield—Star Sanctum Starfield, ranked 7th.

After gaining a boost in his cultivation from witnessing Su Mei's saber heart, he was a tad bit stronger than before, so his confidence wasn't small. Even before, he felt that as long as he didn't face an Ascended being, he could easily prove his qualifications.

SHATTER!

He jumped, breaching the limits of the artificial gravity, and twisted with an elegant flair. With his black robes and heavy saber at his back, he exuded the grace of a genuine powerful character!

The shattering sound once again strangely attracted everyone's attention, pulling all present out of any of their comprehension. Shockingly, no one underwent Cultivation Deviation from this disruption, almost as if the shattering sound gently and carefully woke them up in the most stable manner possible. Moreover, they felt as if a natural pause had been made in their cultivation. If they wanted, they could easily resume where they left off.

The Everlore Association's intentions were clear here! A few experienced cultivators realized a unique scent was in the air. This was a high-grade alchemical paste formed into an incense meant to stabilize one's cultivation base and Sea of Consciousness.

How wealthy!

The Sect Master of the Ironheart Saber Sect was swept with a force that caused his eyebrows to furrow slightly.

"Sect Master of the Ironheart Sect. Age: 577. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Ninth. Entity Level: Mortal, Transcendent Starlord."

"What?!" Many were startled. Despite over a five hundred year difference, the entity was at the same level as Su Mei's? How ridiculous was this?!

If so, this should be in the bag. Even the Ironheart Saber Sect's Sect Master couldn't help but frown for a moment, then faintly smiled. Summit, here I come.

Soft cheers resounded from his sect's box.

"Isn't this unfair?" The many juniors asked their seniors, feeling aggrieved by the difference in treatment. After all, this senior had over ten times as much cultivation time as Su Mei! She should've gotten a Lesser Starlord!

However, those seniors were either quiet or revealing thoughtful looks. Lin Xianxian met with similar exclamations of unfairness, but she hurriedly halted it with a sweeping gaze. "Silence! He is a Sect Master, not a Chosen. The two statuses have different expectations."

These youngsters weren't trying to advocate for unfairness for Su Mei, but themselves, feeling that their difficulty was amped up, likely causing them to lose their qualifications. As such, when Lin Xianxian explained, they went silent. After all, it wasn't just Chosen, Saintess, and Elders here, but talented juniors and disciples of these Elders—prospective Chosen!

Lin Ming knew that Lin Xianxian was right; the two statuses had different expectations. Chosen weren't just elites, they were elites amongst elites.

"Do you wish to continue?" San Luoyang's voice asked in the same vocal tone as before.

"Yes!" The Ironheart Saber Sect's Sect Master carried his faint smile, his body seething with his saber force. He was ready to show off!

The entity formed. However, it was different. A male-shaped Incarnation with a slender figure and a spear in hand emerged. It had a weapon! Its face was similarly covered by a half-face balaclava as the other.

WOOSH!

The Sect Master unfurled his dark-silver Worldly Domain! It expanded until it reached twenty-seven thousand kilometers! While it was a far cry from the eighty thousand kilometers of the last Incarnation, the Sect Master wasn't scared at all by the difference! Su Mei hadn't even unleashed her Worldly Domain, using her arts and saber to slaughter her opponent.

That was his advantage!

WOOSH!

The entity unleashed their light-brown Worldly Domain! Eighty thousand kilometers! The two Worldly Domains clashed.

CRACK!

Just as the Sect Master grabbed his hilt, a strange sound erupted from his Worldly Domain. His left eyelids began twitching, and then color faded from his face.

Oh no!

He hurriedly tried to pull out his saber from its scabbard, yet a flooding of Worldly Pressure overwhelmed him instantly. His Worldly Domain had been shattered! His nose bled and his body shook as he tried to erupt with his saber force, but the Worldly Pressure was merciless.

He took a single step back.

The source of this content is Freewebnovel.com.

Then, his eyes widened to their utmost limits.

PSSH!

The Sect Master, Leader of Silver-Rank Sect, amongst the top 1,000 Starlords of the Seventh Ranked Starfield, was flattened into a mesh of glowing blood, dark-silver bones, and bits of organs all over.

"..."

Crushed!

A solemn, confused silence descended over everyone present. Some turned their heads to the side as if getting a different angle will allow them to understand what just happened.

Then, like a dam had burst, wails from a specific section erupted in horror! Shrieks of despair and panic erupted like a fierce thunderous boom! "Husband! Ye Ming! Ye Ming!" A young woman, merely a Realmlord, shot off to breach the limits of the artificial gravity, rushing to the remains of the one she called 'Ye Ming'.

BOOM!

She slammed heavily against the stage, her eyes as wet as can be. Fortunately, the entity had already dispersed alongside their terrifying Worldly Pressure. She dropped to her knees as she reached out hesitatingly to Ye Ming's gory remains.

"YE MING! YE MING!!" Her tears were endless as she sought any signs of life.

"Oh god..." An elder was distraught as he noticed that the woman was pregnant, her belly far along too.

"..." The silence grew dark, heart-rending, and bleak.

A bright light escaped from Ye Ming's remains. It was a small, spherical object. His Star Core! As if grasped by some profound law, it began to grow transparent as its radiance released a final burst of life. It vanished as the young woman tried to grab it, her cultivation base far too low to do so.

"..." This was Lin Ming's first time witnessing the phenomenon of Star Ascension, when the Star Core of a Starlord returns to the Mortal Dao, giving back everything that had been taken from the heavens, eventually used to birth a future Solar Star. One day, this star might birth endless lives and cultivators. It was believed by the Inferno Solaris Sect that all lives born under the Solar Stars of Starlords were parts of their original soul, from beast to plant to human.

Stopping this phenomenon wasn't something a Realmlord could achieve, even Demi-Mortal Lords wouldn't dare do so. It was the same as challenging the Mortal Dao of the heavens, a terrifying thought. Only Earthly Saints with their Awakened Mystic Intent, granting them the aid of the Mystic Dao, could do so after paying an extremely heavy price.

If so, they might be able to revive this person using an Ever-Rebirth Pill or unique arts and spells. Unfortunately, the window to do so was extremely small, just three seconds after death.

A wave of sadness enveloped the venue.

Ye Ming was dead.

Leaving behind a pregnant wife.

Grief-ridden, the wife stared at the space where the Star Core had vanished.

"Inner Elder of the Fragrant Wind Sect. Age: 244. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Seventh. Entity Level: Mortal, Pinnacle Realmlord."

The wife seemed deaf. Unresponsive.

"Do you wish to continue the challenge?"

Oh no!

Panic stormed the hearts of every person with a caring heart. A female Demi-Mortal Lord moved the fastest while the others were revving up their strength, arriving before the pregnant wife in a blink of an eye. She tried to grab her, but just as she was about to touch the edge of her robe, she felt a sensation of extreme deadly crisis. Without hesitation, she pulled back and retreated into the artificial gravity. Then and only then did the sensation vanish.

Only a few saw her move, all Ascended beings, so the mortals with caring hearts still intended to help, but the seniors had already realized what happened. "Stop!" They hastily use their powers to bring these caring people to a stop.

"No one can interfere with the challenge..." Lin Ming realized from the commotion the reality of the situation. It made sense to avoid playful schemes that could ruin the sanctity of the event, even with the Mythical Oath in place.

For five minutes, they tensely watched and prayed that she didn't say yes in her emotional state. Suddenly, a light was released from the stage and enveloped the woman. In a ray of light, she vanished into the stage. Her life and death were unknown, but many breathed out sighs of relief. They realized the ray was spatial power. She was sent out.

Ye Ming's remains then were shifted and brought to the box of the Ironheart Saber Sect. They all looked at their Sect Master with crestfallen expressions. Someone with the potential to one day challenge their Ascension had died in a matter of seconds. How...how...

They couldn't even finish their thought. Just gloom, despair, and sadness shrouded them all. If before they were excited by this opportunity, now they realized that San Luoyang wasn't lying before—their lives were at risk.

Lin Xianxian muttered to herself, "It seems the difficulty is dependent on status and cultivation stage." She surmised with some thought. The wife got a Pinnacle Realm Lord entity while her husband, Ye Ming, received a Transcendent Starlord entity.

Lin Xianxian's eyes flickered with calculating light after hearing her mother's words. She added, "It might also consider the age and the rank of their force. After all, the Fragrant Wind Sect inside the Star Sanctum Starfield is a Mystic-tier force with two Soul of Mysticism cultivators at the helm."

"Age too," Lin Xianxian felt that all these factors forged your difficulty. If so, then Su Mei might've gotten the lowest difficulty due to her age. There's a likely chance that someone with two hundred additional years at her cultivation stage might be forced to face one beyond their stage or realm.

The older you were, the more difficult it was, but that was only relative. After all, cultivation was a time-consuming activity.

Lin Xianxian nodded in agreement. The Everlore Association was factoring in everything, but it also revealed that cultivation foundation and understanding of one's limits were of critical importance here, lest one wanted to gamble with their life.

After Ye Ming's death, some were less tethered to their emotions, accustomed to death, and caring very little about some random Starlord from a far-off starfield, so they used this time to resume their cultivation either through comprehension or absorbing their spiritual symbol.

They all knew they needed to use this period to reach their strongest state, and then challenge the stage if they felt the entity level was within their realm of strength. Otherwise, they would be forced to give up and accept the disparity.

SHATTER! SHATTER!

Two simultaneous shattering sounds resounded, causing surprise to creep into the expressions of everyone as they stared upwards, and they saw two incredibly beautiful figures descend to the stage.

"Isn't that...!"

Chapter 950: SCR Summit, Princesses' Reunion

The two figures landed easily, a sign of impeccable control over their bodies and cultivation. And what bodies they were; the eyes of countless male members, and some females, lit with a fiery brilliance as they drank in the presence of these two in their entirety.

After the heart-shaking event of Ye Ming's death, the atmosphere had grown dreary and silent, and the arrival of these two had reignited the interest that some had lost. The vast majority of those here had lost their drive to be heard, knowing their strength wasn't sufficient to reach the Main Hall, wasn't enough to have their voices heard alongside Mortal Sovereign Alchemists and Earthly Saints of the stellar region.

Very few were delusional about their reality, accepting their circumstances, and thankful that the Everlore Association had granted them this cultivation opportunity with little cost. A gracious reward for their bravery for at least attempting to do so.

As such, they knew that any figure that would descend was bound to be a genuine Chosen, Saintess, or Hero of their respective forces. With Ye Ming serving as a warning to all, they were excited to see these geniuses fight for their voice to be heard! To contribute to the next era-defining event of their generation!

"The Dragonborn Saintess!!!" A male youngster obsessed with the Immortal Saintess Ranking shouted in spit-spewing excitement, tugging at his senior's sleeve so hard that the old man felt an urge to slap him. His voice was so loud, the venue mostly silent, that all these elite cultivators instantly heard it.

And their eyes widened with realization as they observed the slender figure dressed in a black and gold form-fitting cheongsam, her curves highlighted in every conceivable angle, yet her outfit showed very little. It was purely her exceptional physique, from her top to bottom, that stood out. And with a countenance that overshadowed even her outstanding body, she was fully worthy of their avid excitement.

The Dragonborn Saintess!

Xue Yifei!

"The founder of Dragonborn! I heard she has an army of literal dragons of legends!" An avid fan exclaimed, glancing around in hopes of spotting those gigantic creatures rumored to have conquered portions of planets, fought against various forces, and won!



"I heard she can transform into an actual dragon, and seeing her in this form can make you go blind!" Another fan chimed in. At this point, people were conversing through loud shouts from across miles.

When the crowd began openly talking about Xue Yifei, making her the center of attention, the True Element Sect had a strange aura permeating throughout. A lot of gazes moved towards Lin Xianxue! She was supposedly Wei Wuyin's fiancée, so...

While the rumors had been slowly dismantled, it was still alive and kicking at the moment, as if these True Element Sect members sought to manifest the rumor into truth.

"..." Lin Xianxue was silent, while Lin Ming's eyes narrowed slightly. A glint of frustration within. He knew what would happen next.

"Is Wei Wuyin here?!" An Emperor Alchemist obsessed with the Alchemic Dao, treating the King of Everlore as their idol, asked loudly in the hopes that the crowd will focus on this elusive figure. Unfortunately, despite the wild movements of heads and senses, no exclamation of excitement followed.

"Idiot!" An Ascended elder was frustrated at how hopeful every youth and old bastard was, clearly hoping to find a golden thigh to hug onto. "Wei Wuyin is a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, or have you all forgotten?"

Right!

Wei Wuyin was announced as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist by the Golden Life Pavilion, so he must be in the Main Hall! Since his product heavily factored into the triggering of this era-defining summit, it only made sense that he was already in the preliminary discussions!

A few had embarrassed expressions, but they soon found solace in Xue Yifei's presence. Since she was here, then Wei Wuyin was bound to show himself!

"She's just a concubine. What's so special about her anyway?" At a corner of the True Element Sect, Bai Yuxi, the girl who manipulated the Elementus Chosen Trials in Lin Ming's factor, costing them an opportunity to have Wei Wuyin as their Chosen, spat out with sullen emotions.

Lin Ming turned to see Bai Yuxi, who felt his gaze, lifted her eyes, and blushed slightly. Those same eyes had seen her entirety before, and she was still mesmerized by his innate charm. Regardless of his current circumstance, she felt Lin Ming was a better Chosen than Wei Wuyin! Her stubbornness refused to back down on this belief.

"Just a 'concubine'?" Lin Xianxue's eyebrows lifted with a tinge of shock. "She's the founder of a gold-rank force, Dragonborn, doubling as its leader and the Chosen of the organization. By her virtues, the Golden Gate Pavilion listed her amongst the top ten due to her age, beauty, talent, strength, and intelligence, and yet you say she's 'just a concubine?' What are you? Just a useless granddaughter? Just a lovesick idiot?"

"..." Bai Yuxi paled. The Sect Master's words were extremely brutal. But it was the thoughts of many who shot her displeased gazes. Since her actions became well-known, many knew she was likely heavily responsible for Wei Wuyin's refusal to become a part of the True Element Sect despite obtaining the right through an intense trial.

Lin Ming's fists clenched. He was about to speak when Lin Xianxian touched his shoulders, causing him to turn and see her shaking her head. Helpless, he could only grit his teeth and feel burning rage.

However, as if his fiery emotions were sensed, Lin Xianxian shot Lin Ming a glance. "Oh?" Her exclamation brought attention to Lin Ming, and then she continued: "If you're so frustrated, become her Dao Companion then. Prove to her she isn't just useless, that she actually has some worth."

"..." Everyone from the True Element Sect went silent, and Bai Yuxi's ashen complexion went from white to a smidgen of blushing pink cheeks. Dao Companion? Not a wife! Those two words had a hugely different meaning, and it meant her feelings would be reciprocated by Lin Ming entirely, and for life.

However, Lin Ming's eyes widened and he didn't say a word. Instead, he subconsciously glanced at Lin Xianxian. If Lin Xianxian had said wife, he might've shouted out in defiance to prove her wrong. After all, one could have multiple wives and concubines. But she said Dao Companion.

Dao Companion!

He wouldn't dare make an impulsive declaration like that.

After all, he was in love with...

Lin Xianxian sneered, "Useless granddaughter and unrequited love, only knows how to ruin things. Maybe he'll accept you if you become his useless concubine." To call Xue Yifei useless was an affront to Wei Wuyin and she wouldn't have it. Despite being the Sect Master, she didn't hold back the slightest.

"Mother! That's enough." Lin Xianxian had to jump in now, realizing the disdain, contempt, and dislike towards Bai Yuxi was coming out in full force and no one wanted to defend her.

Bai Yuxi's hopeful eyes rippled with an endless wave of despair as her eyes dimmed considerably. Lin Ming didn't even look at her again after Dao Companion was mentioned. He hadn't said a single thing in her defense.

"..."

While discussions went out above, both of excitement and dread, the two figures saw each other, revealing shocked gazes. While one was famous, that was solely due to circumstances, and neither believed the other was destined to be nameless.

"You?" Xue Yifei recognized this figure, with a beautiful figure and countenance that wasn't the least bit inferior to her own, in her opinion. It was none other than the other Princess of a Flat Continental Earth, Wu Baozhai!

Moreover, she was tied to Wu Yu, the founder of the Grand Monarch Lineage and Myriad Monarch Sect! Her uniquely imperialistic aura that exuded authority, might, and stability suggested as much.

Wu Baozhai's limpid eyes met Xue Yifei's. She was dressed in the Eternal Monarch Sect's new robes, a mixture of five colors—White, Gold, Violet, Crimson, and Black, each representing the former Extreme Mountains. Wu Baozhai's emotions were slightly complex when she saw Xue Yifei. She was Wei Wuyin's concubine, and the only officially recognized woman of his, excluding Na Xinyi's agreement.

It was extremely coincidental that they both showed up at the exact time. It seemed fated. As two Princesses, they both had heavy ambitions, both establishing their respective forces, and both having thoughts about the same man. While the last bit was only known to her, she always felt Xue Yifei saw her as a threat.

As such, their competitiveness stemmed from long ago as they fought for recognition during Wei Wuyin's absence in the War Devil Realm. Now, they both were here, and they both represented their forces as leaders.

After calming her emotions, she put on a faint, neutral smile. "It's been a while."

"It has," Xue Yifei replied with a smile of her own. When they both smiled, it felt as if the colors of the world dimmed, and their looks stole the focus of all.

The crowd was shocked! While Xue Yifei's beauty and reputation were extremely well known, who was this woman that seemed every bit her equal? Was she a Saintess as well? Their interest grew as those with keen senses could feel the spark in the air, the two's eyes hid away a shocking degree of fierce competitiveness.

The two princesses were unaware that they cultivated very closely recently, both staying in the Golden Life Pavilion's cultivation grounds, strengthening themselves for the upcoming summit. The last time they saw each other was on the Four Extreme Continent, just before Xue Yifei was taken by Ma Zheng. As for Wu Baozhai, she was sent to an empty planet and left to develop it.

"So it's true, you rebranded his sect." Xue Yifei noted Wu Baozhai's change of attire. She had heard that the Myriad Monarch Sect had been changed, and at its lead was the Grand Princess.

"Our sect," Wu Baozhai corrected, maintaining her neutral smile. She wanted to remind Xue Yifei that she was the Grand Princess of the Myriad Monarch Sect. And now, she was its leader!

Just as there seemed to be a spark on the verge of igniting between the two, a strange force swept across their bodies, and they both grew serious. They stared at the Void Gate at the end of the stage—their goal.

"Sect Master of the Eternal Monarch Sect. Age: 49. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Sixth. Entity Level: Mortal, Greater Realmlord."

"Dragonborn Saintess, 8th Rank; Master of Dragonborn. Age: 67. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Sixth. Entity Level: Mortal, Lesser Timelord."

San Luoyang's voice resounded!

"So young!" The fanatical fan of the Immortal Saintess Ranking shouted in disbelief. Xue Yifei was merely sixty-seven years old! That was frighteningly young for a Gravity Emission Phase expert.

"Who is this other beauty? Chosen of Eternal Monarch Sect? What sect is that?"

"Could it be from the Star Sanctum Starfield?"

"Such a brazen name. It must be from the Moonfall Starfield. I refuse to believe any other starfield will accept such a bold name!" An old man with a cultivation base at the Soul of Mysticism Phase declared

with dissatisfaction. What type of sect calls themselves Eternal Monarchs? Blasphemous! Blatantly disrespectful!

Xue Yifei's eyes brightened after hearing her entity level. A Lesser Timelord! While Wu Baozhai only received a Greater Realmlord!

Wu Baozhai pouted slightly. She felt as if San Luoyang was underestimating her, but she knew that it was solely due to the disparity in their foundation. The Eternal Monarch Sect wasn't even a bronze-rank force, only having Realmlords at the helm, so she was unable to change that reality. She might've been given a Lesser Realmlord level if she was only an elder.

Shockingly, the Everlore Association was quite aware of her sect's current strength. However, they seemed unaware of Wu Yu and Wei Wuyin's backing. She wondered if they were using...

"Seers?" Xue Yifei completed Wu Baozhai's thoughts as she too knew that Wu Yu was likely a member of this Eternal Monarch Sect. As the strongest cultivator, they should be classified as a top Mystic-tier organization.

Wu Baozhai subconsciously nodded. She had the same thought! Heavenly Seers must be behind that strange power.

Suddenly, San Luoyang's voice sounded out again. "As two forces have been detected, do you wish to ally as one?"

"...?!" The crowd was taken aback. This was possible? An alliance?

The two girls looked at each other, their eyes reflecting their surprise at this particular feature. As if to answer their doubts, San Luoyang's voice explained:

"If two or more forces join together, they will face a higher entity. If defeated, all forces will be granted entry. Be cautious of your choice, your life will be at risk."

An alliance of forces to face a stronger enemy? If that was the case, there was a heavy possibility that they could join the discussion! Wait! There's an even greater possibility that multiple cultivators from the same force could join together, facing a stronger enemy and all passing with a strong unit!

The Everlore Association didn't leave them without any chance! A wisp of ardent excitement burned in the eyes of many as they were already scheming their challenge.

Xue Yifei thought for a second, knowing that Wu Baozhai wouldn't dare accept such a situation, as it meant she would have to face a stronger enemy. If Wu Baozhai's strength was remotely close to hers, then she should have an easy time passing this challenge.

"An alliance. It isn't so bad," Wu Baozhai commented with a faint smile.

Xue Yifei frowned slightly, "Do you think I need your help?" She didn't want Wu Baozhai's charity. She could fight for herself.

Wu Baozhai's expression changed slightly, "You misunderstand. I'll owe you a favor."

"A favor?"

Wu Baozhai nodded, "I thought my level would be higher, so I can show people the power of the Eternal Monarch Sect. Unfortunately, I didn't think it would be so low." Those hearing her words felt an urge to spit out blood. How arrogant was this? Even Chosen of old was required to merely defeat Realm Lords, not kill them. The difference between the Gravity Emission Phase and Realm World Phase was disgustingly massive.

It was already ridiculous that Xue Yifei was given a Lesser Timelord!

Xue Yifei realized Wu Baozhai's way of thinking, and she grinned. Her simple action caught the hearts of many! Xue Yifei wasn't a cotton ball either, and she wanted the world to know her might. Facing a stronger entity would benefit her reputation too.

After thinking about it, she said: "Okay. Let's form an alliance."

"Temporarily," Wu Baozhai added.

"Of course," Xue Yifei chuckled. The two wouldn't team up permanently. She had Dragonborn and Wu Baozhai had the Eternal Monarch Sect. They were both ambitious individuals that wanted to stand on their own two feet, not serve as a foil to anyone or anything, and pursued higher levels of cultivation. It was impossible for them to form a permanent alliance.

"Will you continue the challenge?"

"Yes," they both responded.

"As an alliance?" The voice added.

"Yes!"

The black obelisk began to glow!