

PARAGON 951

Chapter 951: SCR Summit, Inspired Defense

"..." The black obelisk's light grew increasingly bright. As it did, a strong sense of tension began to throb inside the hearts of many young men and women. The two women below were outstanding in beauty, age, and talent, and while Wu Baozhai's sect was obscure, her cultivation base was not false.

The tragedy of Ye Ming was the cause, and their unsightly expressions were the effect! The thought of watching a Saintess ranked eighth crushed into unrecognizable meat, bone, and blood was heart-rending. However, a few of them prayed for that exact event to happen, especially the women who held jealous and envious thoughts towards the Saintesses.

"Alliance formed. Re-evaluated Entity Level: Greater Timelord." San Luoyang's voice announced! A leap from Lesser to Greater. While it might seem small, those aware of the measuring system of this archaic titling knew how incredible the difference was.

"Will Grand Monarch Wu be okay?" In a small area, there was a group of cultivators containing various races. Amongst them was an elven man whose eyes spewed out agitated concern. Seemingly, at the forefront of this group was a beautiful elven woman—Qin Rui.

She had an expression of absolute calmness as she responded, "Just watch." There was an unbreakable degree of confidence within her tone. Despite the difference between the two stages in cultivation, a normally insurmountable gap between cultivators, she didn't reveal the slightest trace of fear in her unwavering expression.

Since Wu Baozhai willingly accepted this alliance, Qin Rui trusted her completely!

That couldn't be said for the rest of the various organizations. The difference between the Gravity Emission Phase and the Temporal Eye Phase was a great chasm that very, very few have been able to cross in the known history of the stellar region. This stemmed solely from the difference between the Gravity Emission Phase and Realm World Phase, the absence of a genuine Worldly Domain!

Moreover, the Temporal Eye Phase only exaggerates the gap with time energy. There were various arts and spells that Timelords could use that those beneath the Temporal Eye Phase might find impossible to defend against. It wasn't looking too good for these two beauties in their eyes!

Bai Yuxi's emotions were thrown into disarray after Lin Xianxian's violent roasting, bringing to light a cruel reality. No one cared about her, not even the one who she risked herself for, almost sacrificed her soul for, and refused to claim her in any way. The storm of the once delightful memories of her and Lin Ming's adventures in the Devil War Realm ravaged her mind and stomped on her heart, becoming sour and painful.

However, the group's focus was already off her. The others were staring at the stage above them in heavy anticipation of the events to come. This was Wei Wuyin's concubine! There had been quite a few details leaked of her conquests and feats, taking down entire forces, claiming planets, and destroying experts with her army of dragons. A unique force that instilled a high degree of interest in them all.

"Is there an option to surrender?" Zhang Yang asked, his eyes reflecting the beautiful figures of Wu Baozhai. A surge of desire and admiration emerged in his heart. While Wu Baozhai wasn't famed or had

any sort of tangible backing, her imperialistic aura and exceptional bearing were apparent in every breath she took.

Zhang Yang had asked solely because he felt that Wu Baozhai's death would be a depressing event, a real pity. He hoped there was an alternative. Unfortunately, just like the alliance feature, the information given by San Luoyang was extremely selective until relevant.

"Stop worrying about others. As our Chosen, you must represent us in the Main Hall. Use every battle to gauge these entities's level, properly estimate your own strength, and measure it to see if you would be able to triumph over your determined opponent." Lin Xianxian pointed out, giving all three Chosen, Lin Ming included, a warning gaze. They were the youngsters representing their sect, a World Sect of the Aeternal Sky Starfield. It would be humiliating if their Chosen weren't able to participate in preliminary discussions!

Their hearts pounded as the three Chosen grew solemn. She was right! They stared at the duo in the hopes of properly understanding these entities.

Soon, the Greater Timelord entity was fully formed before Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei. It took the shape of a woman, about five feet three inches, relatively short compared to the others. Like the others, she was wearing a half-faced balaclava, its visage entirely concealed.

At its back was a large quiver of arrows; the colorful fletchings were covered in runic markings. But it wielded no bow. Its appearance made most realize that the gender of the entity was likely determined by the challengers.

Wu Baozhai didn't delay bringing out her weapon as the entity was forming, not following the same mistake as Ye Ming. A halberd with a crescent blade was gripped tightly in her right hand, her stance was stable, and her eyes glowed with blazing spiritual light.

Xue Yifei didn't bring out any type of weapon. Her irises, however, slowly transitioned from their hazel color into a vibrantly demonic violet, and her pupils sharpened into draconic pupils suffused with great intensity. A series of faint draconic roars emanated from her, coinciding with her every breath.

There was no 'begin' announcement. In real battles of life and death, when will there be a signal to begin? As such, the entity waited for no man or god to give it orders and directly took action in the most expected manner! Its silver Worldly Domain unfurled, enveloping the entirety of the stage in an instant!

While the total area of the stage was a few hundred miles, the distance the Worldly Domain expanded vastly exceeded that limit, reaching twelve hundred kilometers!

Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei were within its range before they could even move! Those in the Eternal Monarch Sect's section felt their hearts in their throat. They didn't wish to see their Grand Monarch die brutally!

The Worldly Pressure crashed upon them mercilessly! Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei stood there, their eyes emanating a serenity unbecoming the scene of this tsunami of world-crushing power sieging them! Shockingly, the Worldly Pressure smashed against their bodies, and numerous cultivators gasped in horror!

When Su Mei fought against the Starlord, there wasn't a strong sense of stakes before, and the vast majority didn't understand the power of a 'Transcendent Starlord'. However, after Ye Ming's one-sided, absolutely pathetic death in the first second of battle, they fully understand the situation.

BOOM!!

The Worldly Pressure smashed against the stage, generating a large explosive boom! A wave of stage dust rose to shroud the bodies of the two women, their fates unknown! As the tensions in the hearts of spectators rose, some even averted their gazes, not wanting witness the bloody future they all expected.

A few felt it was ridiculous! Was the Everlore Association actually going to try and kill Wei Wuyin's concubine? It felt extremely unlikely, so they watched, expecting Xue Yifei to survive through the association's intervention.

Shockingly, as the dust settled, the two women were standing there—unharmd! Just like Su Mei, they remained untouched by the torrential Worldly Pressure as if it didn't exist! The two looked toward each other, seeing the distinct power emanating from their eyes.

It was Worldly Power!

They didn't communicate in any way, but they fully understood that they both had grasped Su Mei's unique application of her Worldly Domain! During the week after Su Mei's victory, every cultivator used this time to either refine energies to supplement their cultivation base or comprehend the intricacies of Su Mei's battle.

While most were focused heavily on the strike, these two acutely realized that Su Mei's initial defense was just as, if not, more profound! Both of them were extremely intelligent and possessed acute senses; they knew that no matter how fast Su Mei cultivated, reaching the foundation of eighty thousand kilometers in one's Worldly Domain was an utterly impossible feat in seven years, even with Wei Wuyin's support.

After all, cultivators had to refine pure energies or alchemical products to increase their Worldly Domain size. There simply wasn't enough time, even if she devoured ninth-grade products for seven whole years. Therefore, Su Mei must've used a unique art to cancel out the Worldly Pressure of her opponent.

They reflected on this several times, trying to decipher the profoundness of her actions. Coincidentally, they both did so at the same time! With confidence, they moved to challenge their opponent.

Witnessing the two unharmd, the crowd was stunned into total silence. Worldly Pressure was assaulting them, yet they remained completely unmoved!

"How are they doing this?!" Lin Ming was astonished. He could feel the overbearing Worldly Pressure emitted by the Greater Timelord entity, and it was enough to crush him into meat paste if he didn't establish his strongest Astral Ward, reinforcing it with his False Worldly Domain and Origin Spear's innate power. However, these two women were doing it! Were their bodies that tough?

"A World Armor?" Lin Xianxian immediately answered, awed by this strange application of worldly power. As an Ascended being, she could see clearly how Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei were defending

against the Worldly Pressure. Around the two, pulsating waves of short-range emissions of Worldly Power were endlessly unleashed. It fended off the Worldly Pressure of the entity.

This kept happening continuously at high intervals and with extreme speed, using the smallest amount of power to push back a significant degree of force.

"They're using the initial power of unleashing their Worldly Domain?" Lin Xianxian instantly caught on to her mother's words. The strongest surge of worldly power was during the unfurling of a Worldly Domain, and the concept of using it as a defense was unheard of. Yet, it was this initial pushing power that allowed cultivators to defend against sudden ambushes if enveloped by an enemy's Worldly Domain.

"Over and over," Lin Xianxian added with amazement laced in her tone. What a method! But to do so, they needed to have a Worldly Domain! And not a false one, but one where their control was as natural as their breathing, keeping up a consistent pace.

The Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill!

It was reasonable for Xue Yifei to obtain one, but who was the other woman? Was she someone close to Wei Wuyin too?

With the threat of a swift defeat via Worldly Domain removed, the two could hold their own against the Greater Timelord entity's greatest advantage, and as such, the real battle was about to begin!

The Greater Timelord entity lifted its hand towards the duo. With a shimmer of spiritual light, a longbow formed.

WOOSH!

Without any indication of an arrow being nocked or fired, one flew through the air at mind-boggling speeds, its tip glinting with spiritual force as it aimed for Wu Baozhai's forehead!

Chapter 952: SCR Summit, The Dragon & The Monarch

WOOSH!

Wu Baozhai's eyes contracted. A sensation of deadly crisis stabbed violently in her mind, unleashing loud alarm bells. When she finally sensed the incoming arrow, she could feel its tremendous power, sufficient to pierce through her head and take it directly off her shoulders!

1st Grand Transformation!

She unleashed her strongest state! Leveraging her Imperial Heaven Aura with her Domain Seed to exceed the cultivation limitations of the 1st Grand Transformation. With her Imperial Pressure brought out, the arrow's trajectory shifted, and its speed underwent a drastic deceleration!

It only lasted for a brief moment before it exploded with an even greater speed, recorrecting its course as if it was alive, yet it was enough for her to react! She didn't try to dodge—an extremely foolish action against a spiritual-based projectile. Instead, she smartly brandished her halberd with a thunderous boom of air and sound, swinging it in a vicious arc to intercept!

BOOM!!!

Her Halberd met the arrow head-on as an explosion erupted.

WOOSH!

A figure was sent flying back at cannon-like speeds. Wu Baozhai released a grunt of pain as she was sent across tens of miles, barely coming to a stop after stabbing her halberd into the stage, scraping its surface to hinder her backward momentum. At the right side of her lips, a line of piercingly red blood leaked down to her chin and onto the ground.

Those normally limpid and intelligent eyes were now effusing with unprecedented seriousness. When she looked at the Greater Timelord entity, she discovered that an arrow was being nocked and then fired. Her eyes shrunk as she hastily erected her Astral Ward!

Wu Baozhai readied herself to defend again, but when the arrow fired, it vanished as if it didn't exist.

'Temporal Dissonance!' She immediately recognized the power of time was used, distorting her senses, both spiritual and physical, and causing her to not react properly. This was an advantage of cultivation that was incredibly difficult to overcome! It seems she couldn't hold back in the slightest.

Her aura erupted with tremendous force, releasing a strange phenomenon of multicolored stars above her head stretching for miles! The manifestation released tremendous Imperial Pressure! As her robes fluttered, her halberd in her hand, she seemed like the Monarch of the boundless stars beneath heaven.

While Wu Baozhai was unleashing her greatest strength, the audience was completely startled by Wu Baozhai's defense. It was extremely difficult to respond to Temporal Dissonance; Moreover, they had a difference of two cultivation stages. This was incredibly shocking!

"She blocked it!" While these two girls had expertly defended against the crushing Worldly Pressure, it wasn't as shocking as defending against the Greater Timelord entity's arrow! Because that arrow carried a vast amount of its power! In a battle of life and death, fights ended extremely quickly because cultivators used their strongest strength at the very beginning, with probing attacks only used for spars or contests.

Lin Xianxian determined that the Greater Timelord entity had used roughly 30% of their strength in that arrow, yet Wu Baozhai had blocked it! In actuality, this was 100% of its power in the brief time frame they used to gather their power and attack.

The Greater Timelord entity didn't react with any emotion. It lifted its bow once again, shifting its direction towards Xue Yifei!

Xue Yifei was already prepared against its Temporal Dissonance, her draconic eyes were enhanced manifestations of her physical visual sense, and it couldn't be easily fooled by time energies. As such, while her spiritual sense didn't notice the entity grabbing an arrow from its quiver, gathering its spiritual force, infusing it into the arrow, and firing it, her eyes completely did!

The difference in perceptions was disorientating, so Xue Yifei unhesitatingly severed her Spiritual Sense as she relied on her eyes. Suddenly, she tapped into her Yin-Yang Demonic Dragon Soul's power.

ROAR!!

ROAR!!

Two distinctly different yet uniquely harmonic draconic roars were unleashed! As they did, the stage beneath Xue Yifei's feet bent, and her eyes grew several times more intense. She held both her hands out, palms downward, and she slammed them violently against the stage.

Bam!

The roars were continuous until they merged, becoming a single roar that shook the hearts and minds of everyone who heard it, their innate blood energies slightly rumbling in their bodies.

The arrow's speed was swift, yet the flow of draconic force from Xue Yifei was surprisingly faster! A surge of blinding silver light flashed around Xue Yifei, and an explosion erupted.

All those in the Astral Core Realm had to shield their eyes from the light, including Starlords, as the light's intensity was abnormally terrifying. When the light dimmed, revealing the scene, those cultivators hastily observed the situation, and their eyes widened!

Beneath the vast, ever-growing starry manifestation of Wu Baozhai was a silver-colored horned dragon coiled around Xue Yifei! It was tens of miles long and was the exact image of Anu, the azure-scaled Horned-Firmament Dragon! Besides its silver color and smaller size, there was no difference.

Its eyes carried tremendous spirituality within, seemingly as real as any other lifeform. If one looked closely, there were several fractured scales in a particular area of a mile, clearly where the arrow impacted!

But the silver Horned-Firmament Dragon was healing with remarkable swiftness. With a shadowy flicker, Xue Yifei landed atop her dragon's head, her eyes exuding indescribable dragon might.

Xue Yifei and Wu Baozhai looked at each. They didn't need to communicate or exchange an explanation of their powers. A strange connection formed; they knew what to do.

The Greater Timelord entity had launched two powerful arrows back to back, carrying a total of 60% of its power, and it couldn't unleash another a short period. As such, it began to accumulate its aura, energy, and ambient forces for a final strike through its Worldly Domain.

The two turned their gazes back to the entity and immediately acted!

ROAR!

Xue Yifei's silver Horned-Firmament Dragon unfurled its ginormous body and opened its silver maw. If one looked closely, there were even traces of saliva on its tongue, teeth, and jaw. Through this dragon, Xue Yifei unleashed Spatial Prison!

This was an ability of those at the Spatial Resonance Phase, yet it was extremely helpful in locking down an opponent. Somehow, the Spatial Prison grew even stronger through the medium of her dragon, infusing perfectly with draconic force and sealing off all pathways of retreat for the Greater Timelord.

With its movement fixed for a brief period, Wu Baozhai didn't hesitate to push her strength to the highest limits!

2nd Grand Transformation!

Normally, a cultivator couldn't unleash the 2nd Grand Transformation of the Imperial Heaven Qi Method unless they were at Star Core Phase, but Wu Baozhai's bodily foundation was sufficient to temporarily handle the explosive increase from galvanizing her Imperial Heaven Aura!

Her innate energies were boosted to an absurd level, shocking everyone who felt her rising aura! It was almost as if she was becoming a Starlord! With a fierce roar, she launched herself using her movement art with a single step.

BOOSH!

The entity was boggled down by the Spatial Prison and instantly tried to retaliate by exuding a stronger spatial power but found it almost impossible to break in a short period. It was as if Anu's unique spatial bloodline was empowering it, forcing the entity to face Wu Baozhai's frontal assault! She was like a Monarch of the ages, supported by the boundless starry heavens above!

"HA!" Wu Baozhai thrust her halberd toward the entity's forehead!

Chapter 953: SCR Summit, Announcing To All

The Greater Timelord entity's eyes showed no sign of changing from the incoming thrust, its eyes incomparably calm as it lifted its hand outwards, mustering its strength to push through the spatial restraints, and reaching for the halberd's shaft.

Wu Baozhai's eyes widened slightly, but she refused to hesitate as she pushed forward with greater strength. Her meridians pulsed with astral force as it was pumped into her halberd, and her physical body showed signs of cracking as her hand wielding the halberd had web-like cracks on her skin.

The 2nd Grand Transformation was an extremely powerful art, essentially igniting the Imperial Heaven Aura to its limits, and granting the user unfathomably higher standards of power. However, it not only exhausted the Imperial Heaven Aura but without a refined Imperial Heaven Physique, it places unimaginable pressure on the body.

If the entity could block this strike, she would be vulnerable to a counterattack, likely resulting in her instant death. Yet she was not one to retreat and pressed forward without looking back.

Xue Yifei's violet eyes gave off a demonic glint as she formed a few hand-seals. Suddenly, the Spatial Prison's silver color was dyed violet, and the entity's expression, for the very first time, changed as its internal composition became corrupted, its innate energies grew sluggish and distracted, instinctively fending off the infectious demonic force.

Wu Baozhai was briefly stunned by the change. She didn't let it change her course of action, however. With the grace and dominance of the Monarch, with the starry heavens above her, she followed through as the tip of her halberd pierced the violet prison and into the forehead of the entity!

BOOM!

An explosion once again erupted that sent energies of all types into chaos. A flourish of multicolored lights erupted!

When all settled down, the observers' eyes widened and their jaws nearly dropped. Wu Baozhai, with her robes fluttering against her figure, accentuating every graceful and domineering curve of hers, held her halberd with the pommel stabbed into the stage. Atop the bladed edge was the balaclava-wearing entity's head, completely detached from its body!

They did it!

THEY DID IT!

The two girls had triumphed against a Greater Timelord at the Gravity Emission Phase. No one believed it! How could they? This was a feat that Chosen would have difficulty accomplishing, let alone these two young women. While one was a Saintess, she was not declared a Chosen by San Luoyang's voice! As for the other, she was a Sect Master of an arrogantly named force that no one had heard of until now.

That final burst of power from Wu Baozhai brought fear into the hearts of some Starlords, an extremely difficult feat for a Gravity Emission Phase expert!

An elderly Demi-Mortal Lord level expert of incredibly high renown spoke out, his voice carrying throughout the observing area: "The new generation will always surpass the old."

The new generation will surpass the old! Brilliantly said! And while some might have mixed feelings about this, they were unable to disagree when two women that had only recently made a name for themselves in the last few years exceeded the vast majority of Gravity Emission Phase experts of their generation. As for themselves?

Which Starlords, Timelord, or Ascended being had the confidence to declare that they could take down a Timelord at the Gravity Emission Phase? Even Chosen standards weren't so frighteningly high! For Gravity Emission Phase Chosen, at most, they had to fight against a Realmlord for a set period without defeat. But killing and resisting were two very different concepts.

"The Everlore Association must be using this as a justification of Chosen standards in the discussions," Lin Xianxian couldn't help but mention with a sigh. She truly had to say that Wei Wuyin's Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and the Everlore Association's Ever-Domain Pill changed the entire layout of talent and strength.

The greatest advantage of Realmlords was their Worldly Domain, but these two girls had artificial Domain Seeds that could nullify this advantage, putting to the test skill, cultivation methods, and weaponry. It eliminated a crucial difference in cultivation.

"The Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit had to happen," Lin Xianxian echoed her daughter's thoughts and said. This summit didn't just need to happen, it had to. The world needed to know the advantages that a Worldly Domain pre-Realmlord granted to elite Chosen, Saintesses, and Heroes.

And just this third battle had accurately shown how terrifying the gap had shrunk. Even two stages were nothing for a Saintess and a no-name, and both were under a hundred years old!

Xue Yifei formed a hand-seal, and the silver dragon dissipated into motes of spatial force. She slowly flew towards Wu Baozhai, landing beside her with an inquiring gaze.

This girl was extremely terrifying when she launched that attack. Wu Baozhai unleashed power that rivaled a casual strike from Anu. How incredible was that? And her body hadn't exploded! She couldn't fathom how she cultivated such power.

Wu Baozhai's breathing was heavily labored. She was extremely exhausted, and her energies had sunk to an all-time low. She had invested everything she had into that strike and then some. So much so that her manifestation had already vanished.

She looked at Xue Yifei. With a faint smile, she genuinely said: "Good work." Follow current novels on Freewebnovel.com.

Xue Yifei was startled for a moment. From the moment she met Wu Baozhai, she knew that this girl was bound to be her greatest rival amongst Wei Wuyin's Valkyrie. She didn't compare herself to Su Mei, as that girl was someone Wei Wuyin trusted with his life and soul, and she lacked any ambition.

However, Wu Baozhai and herself were former members of Imperial Clans and understood the taste for power and authority. There was no way they would not try to grasp it since Wei Wuyin, their leader, didn't care who ruled. She had a solid understanding of his heart and knew that while he cared about legacy and territory, he didn't care about ruling others. His gaze seemed to always be set beyond.

Since Wu Baozhai said those words, she revealed her smile, "You too."

The two stared at each other for a long while, knowing this was going to be the beginning of their race against each other. But they calmly accepted the basking glory of their united victory, looking upwards to see the shocked, amazed, and desirous eyes of countless above.

Wu Baozhai lifted her halberd. Then, she smashed the pommel against the stage!

Boom!

The head dissipated into light that sprinkled across their figures. The two women painted an exceptionally beautiful image that few would ever forget in their lifetime.

"I am the Eternal Monarch Sect's Sect Master, Wu Baozhai. REMEMBER THE NAME!" With boundless imperialistic might, Wu Baozhai loudly announced for all to hear. The expressions of many changed, and while a few were riled up by her announcement, others were obsessed with her courage.

Xue Yifei could feel the fiery arrogance within Wu Baozhai's tone, declaring to these Ascended beings, elites, Chosen, and experts that her name should be remembered!

As for her, Xue Yifei didn't feel the urge to echo her actions. It would just be as if she was copying her. So she merely shook her head, glanced at the empty box that lacked any companions of hers, and flew towards the Void Gate with an emotional gaze.

Wu Baozhai stayed for a few seconds before she followed along, mustering whatever she could to push her through the Void Gate with dignity. As she looked at the Void Gate, she was expectant of the benefits that San Luoyang alluded to in his original message. Moreover, her heart raced as she thought of meeting Wei Wuyin again.

It's been so long.

The two soon vanished into the Void Gate while the crowd was still in awe at their united victory.

Chapter 954: SCR Summit, A Trial Run!

Since the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit had officially begun, three cultivators had since passed, all youths beneath the age of a hundred, all females of outstanding quality, and none of them originating from any of the top forces of the stellar region. A strange feeling swept through the hearts of the Mystic-tier forces with top-tier Chosen.

Many intelligent elders were aware of San Luoyang's hint. The benefits here, those condensed symbols and observation of fights, might pale compared to the benefits one would receive should they enter the Void Gate, joining the preliminary discussions before its conclusion. However, the heavy threat of death and thoughts of observing first, acting after gaining an understanding, prevented them from allowing their Chosen to haphazardly challenge for qualification.

They, too, wanted their Chosen to stand out. They wanted them to rise above others and show their potential to claim the Chosen King title, to one day have the possibility of developing into the strongest expert, and much more. None of them were fools.

The Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were all watching from the Main Hall. They had to be. And this was a chance to showcase their might, their worth, and their talent.

Yet, the Chosen of the top-tier didn't descend madly with the hot-bloodedness of youth and defiance. There were a few Chosen that were intimidated by Su Mei and Wu Baozhai's power. Mostly, they were intimidated as their elders discussed the measuring system of the Everlore Association's entity levels.

Wu Baozhai was from an obscure, unknown, unranked force, and despite being at the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Gravity Emission Phase, she was given the task of defeating, no, slaying a Greater Realm Lord. As for Xue Yifei, she was the 8th Ranked Saintess, but not a Chosen, and at best, the Leader of a Gold-Rank force—Dragonborn. She was given a Lesser Timelord at the same stage of cultivation with only a twenty-year age difference.

It was clear that the Everlore Association was prioritizing personal backing and status in determining entity-level. Ye Ming, a Starlord level Sect Master of the silver-ranked Ironheart Saber Sect, whose age neared six hundred, was matched with a Pinnacle Starlord. This clearly showed that age contributed heavily to the entity's level.

Almost every known Chosen had only received their official Chosen title after they reached the Soul Idol Phase and proved they could fight against Gravity Emission Phase cultivators, under the old standards of Chosen. Even then, most were beyond the age of 100 at the time, let alone now.

How could a cold chill not slither down their spines?

Would a Gravity Emission Phase Chosen of a Mystic-tier force with a Soul of Mysticism leader be given a Timelord level entity? Higher? What if they had an Earthly Saint at the helm? Or two? Or seven! What type of rubric was the Everlore Association using?

The unknown was truly frightening.

"Digest what you can from the fights thus far; we can't wait forever," Some of these Ascended Elders of Earthly Saint-led forces heavily reminded their Chosen. They emphasized 'we' because these Chosen would represent the voice of their sects during the Preliminary Discussion. It wasn't that they would speak equally with their Earthly Saints, but that they would generate sufficient evidence that their Earthly Saints had the qualifications to have a stronger say in the proceedings.

It was of critical importance to display to the world that they could develop proper Chosen and their confidence in using them as a standard to support any arguments of theirs.

Soon, the Chosen of these forces began to cultivate, replaying the scenes of those three women from earlier. They digested what they could from their tactics and their actions. While they were all extremely swift and brief, they contained direction to fight their opponents.

Su Mei had inspired a unique art that Lin Xianxian had randomly called: World Armor. Since the art utilized the Domain Seed's initial explosive torque from unleashing of one's Worldly Domain, typically used to repulse a sudden erection of an enemy's Worldly Domain, creatively generating a skin-tight defensive shielding against foreign Worldly Pressure, it felt appropriate.

As if accepted by some strange law, it was referred to as World Armor by every cultivator present, either consciously or subconsciously, openly or in thoughts. In actuality, the application of World Armor was not invented by Su Mei, a tactic devised to fight against higher cultivation levels, and she had merely stumbled upon it in her cultivation. It was an advanced application of one's Worldly Power and Domain Seed, and the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region reached the level where this application was necessary.

"This World Armor will be the deciding factor of whether you all can enter the Main Hall or not," Lin Xianxian solemnly said to Lin Xianxuei, Lin Ming, and the Zhang Chosen duo.

They were all extremely serious at this moment, realizing the standards of their challenge will certainly be absurdly difficult. After all, they were a World Sect that was supposed to be supported by four Earthly Saints, exceeding the total strength of some lesser-ranked Starfields. Their standards should be overwhelmingly higher than others.

Unfortunately, these Chosen were all the result of a fragmented World Sect with three factions, and one of those factions had been wiped out alongside their presiding Earthly Saint. They were at a severe disadvantage. Therefore, they were all incredibly tense and feeling insecure at the moment.

"What if we team up?" Zhang Yang asked Lin Xianxian as he looked at his sister. They were twins, their energies and souls had a heavy resonance, so they could easily execute collaborative arts and spells that could greatly enhance their strengths. Together, they could take down Realm Lords.

"If you think that's best, then try. If the level of the assigned Entity is too high and you believe you're unable to challenge it, don't push yourselves." Lin Xianxian didn't wish for Zhang Ziyi to go crazy if she lost these two, but she also knew they were future pillars of the sect. It would be foolish to force them to their deaths.

SHATTER!

Suddenly, a figure descended. It was a strapping young man, tall, possessing a good set of handsome features, not too thick or thin, with eyes that contained a wisp of rich blue watery light. When he landed on the stage, very few recognized him at first glance.

But those from the Great Blue Starfield(20th) recognized this figure. It was the prospective Chosen of the ruling force, the Eighth Sea. In its long-standing history, the name of the ruling organization had always changed following a new leader's ascension, with the Eighth Sea signifying the seventh change of leadership.

The Eighth Sea Grand King was the leader of the Starfield. It wasn't a sect. Its hierarchy resembled a mortal Kingdom ruled by the Eighth Sea Grand King as its legitimate King.

The prospective Chosen's expression was calm, but concealed behind his brightly lit eyes was a wisp of anxious dread.

"34th Prince of the Eighth Sea. Age: 164. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Fifth. Entity Level: Mortal, Pinnacle Realmlord."

When the age versus cultivation base was announced, what would've once left many in praise of the 34th Prince, had left them feeling underwhelmed instead. The last three youths were all under a hundred and all at obscenely high levels of cultivation.

Zhang Yang and Zhang Yin both paled along with many others. This reminded them once again of the vast difference between having the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill or Ever-Domain Pill versus not.

Lin Ming's eyes glinted with glowing light, not nearly as dejected as the others by this revelation. After all, he was only forty-six years old and at the Gravity Emission Phase, his cultivation might not match an absurd freak like Su Mei, but she should've received a Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill long, long ago, so she definitely had an excessive head start, and it soothed him. After all, head starts might give one an advantage in the beginning, but the limits one could reach have yet to be solidified.

With unwavering self-confidence seething in his heart, he couldn't help but recall Lin Xianxei's words about how greatly inferior the Everlore Starfield was to the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's weakest bronze-rank force. She once confidently stated that foundation aside, cultivation speeds of the stellar region were vastly superior. It fueled his belief that the Everlore Starfield was a mere stepping stone for his future during his time there.

In the Myriad Yore Continent, reaching the Sixth Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, the False Reality Phase, before the age of sixty was considered a genius. In the Myriad Monarch Sect, successfully ascending into the Astral Core Realm before the age of two hundred was considered a genius. In the True Element Sect, the age requirements to determine a cultivation genius were entirely different.

It was a mad race to the Gravity Emission Phase for most; the earlier they reached that stage of cultivation, the longer they would have to make preparations to face the lethal tribulations ahead, greatly increasing their chances of success and survival. It was also where a cultivator's foundation was established. As such, reaching the Gravity Emission Phase in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region before the age of 180 was considered a cultivation genius, having the slightest chance of becoming an Ascended. At this age, they had roughly 300 to 500 years to cultivate to the Star Core Phase, refine their Mystic Rune Seeds, comprehend what they could from them, and challenge their Ascension.

It was clear that the difficulty to ascend the Astral Core Realm was extremely difficult the further one progressed, and the 34th Prince's age was on the track of being a cultivation genius, yet...

"It was reported that Ma Luling, the prospective Chosen of the Golden Life Pavilion, had gone from Soul Idol to Gravity Emission in only five years." An elder with a heavy expression said in a dark, defeated tone. As the Summit continued, everyone became more aware of the heaven-defying effects of an Ever-Domain Pill or Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill.

The summit needed to happen! The 34th Prince had an extremely odd and difficult expression, and when San Luoyang's voice asked if he was ready to challenge, while everyone was ready to see how a prospective Chosen would measure up, the prince did something only a few expected.

"Do you wish to continue?"

"I do not." A dejected ripple infected his tone, making it quiver with unwillingness. A silver light enveloped him, shocking everyone as he looked around fearfully, glancing upwards to see his force with a clear grievance in his eyes, and then he vanished.

He was sent out!

"..."

A Light Reflection Phase genius had to face and kill a Pinnacle Realmlord? How freaking absurd was this?! Was that even possible?

Maybe, if they had a False Worldly Domain and could replicate the World Armor! But clearly, this 34th Prince hadn't acquired either. After all, Worldly Domains made one near-invincible beneath their cultivation.

"He was a sacrifice for information," Lin Xianxian calmly stated. A cruel fate for a talented young man. Yet, a very needed sacrifice! They had learned three critical things:

Firstly, all they believed was accounted for—age, status, cultivation base, and backing.

Secondly, refusing to accept the challenge meant receiving the boot!

And lastly, likely most important of them all, the entity's levels were determined by a new grade of standard, taking into account all of these things! This was far from the current standards that were simple and universal. What did that mean?

The Everlore Association, and likely all the Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, were possibly actively discussing and deciding each their challenges! The Preliminary Discussion was in session!

And they?

They were its ongoing, ever-evolving trial run!

Chapter 955: SCR Summit, An Ascended's Challenge

"..."

The majority of the keen, wise, and intelligent cultivator's gaze lifted to the inverted stage. More precisely, at the far-off end in the vast distance—the Void Gate! With the possibility that they were experimented with by changing standards decided by the elite, a feeling of vexation emerged in their hearts.

They were here to have their voice heard! Lulled by rich energies, powerful obstacles, and the fear of death, they were either going to obediently sit this one out or be the subjects of their discussions. It was frustrating, to say the least.

SHATTER!

BOOSH!

Like a flying meteorite, a figure shot onto the stage and crashed into it, inducing ripples in the air of his powerful aura. When the dust cleared, there were several gasps of shock and eyes bursting with excitement.

The first Ascended being had taken the stage! And they were not a no-name figure by any measure of metric! As the dust cleared, a heavy-set man with an amicable smile that eluded to his friendliness and approachability. Despite not being handsome, he carried a unique charm that could snag the hearts of careless beauties.

Highlord Huang Xiaoming!

Amongst Demi-Mortal Lords, he was known for having outstanding strength, once fighting against two Highlords and defeating them. This was an extremely difficult feat for the average Demi-Mortal Lord, let alone a vagabond such as him. He nurtured his disciples personally, not establishing any particular force, and traversed the stellar region freely.

Many refer to those like him as sages of the cultivation world, unfettered by restrictions, and loyal to their own invested interests. They had the least amount of oaths imposed on them, and the most amount of freedom.

A sense of ease swelled within many observers, especially amongst the Ascended beings. They needed someone to take the first step, but the machinations of the Earthly Saints were too difficult to understand. They didn't want to send themselves to their deaths. Some of the youngsters turned to where Huang Xiaoming leaped from, finding them a beautiful female cultivator sitting alone in a relatively large section. She had an icy gaze and a chilly exterior, almost the exact opposite of Huang Xiaoming. She was Huang Xiaoming's disciple and Chosen for the next Chosen King Competition.

As an Ascended being, and a Demi-Mortal Lord no less, the strange force that swept against the mortal cultivators was absent. To grasp insights into Ascended beings required far too great a sacrifice for Heavenly Seers or Oracles, and as such, few refused to do so especially since they all have some degree of fate-scriving protections that made it more difficult.

San Luoyang's voice, however, still resounded.

"State your Runic Ascension."

The question instantly caused many to be taken aback. State his Runic Ascension? That was sensitive information that few would reveal openly, yet San Luoyang had requested this of Huang Xiaoming! This was the same as asking for the details of one's talent, future potential, and comprehensive ability.

An extremely invasive question.

However, Huang Xiaoming didn't seem too bothered, giving a hearty laugh and replying: "Five."

5th Runic Ascension! Out of nine Mystic Runes formed during the First Ascension, Huang Xiaoming had formed five! This was extremely high by the current Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's standards. It was no wonder he was so strong, capable of maintaining his vagabond status as an Ascended being.

"5th Runic Ascension; Highlord of Ascended. Age: mid-6,000. Cultivation Realm: Mystic Ascendant Realm. Cultivation Stage: Third. Entity Level: Ascended, Greater Demi-Mortal Lord."

"...!" Those amongst the Ascended beings had shocked expressions, not at Huang Xiaoming's openness, but the level of the entity's strength.

The obelisk covered in mystic runes near the Void Gate soon lit with mystic light, forming an indistinct shadowy figure without any clear gender or shape. A mass of energy, so to speak.

When the others saw this, realization dawned on them. Lin Xianxian heaved a faint sigh of relief.

"What is it?" Lin Xianxian asked, unable to see the figure manifest out of mystic energy. While she was a Starlord, at the peak of the Mystic Dao, her senses were unable to gather any information. All she could tell, or more accurately, feel, was that mystic power was gathering at the inverted stage above her.

The Chosen all looked to their seniors.

Lin Xianxian faintly smiled, answering lightly: "It's extremely difficult to create an Incarnation of an Ascended, pricey and absurdly time-consuming. The Everlore Association would not be able to make one for each Ascended that would challenge, so they've used a loose amalgamation of mystic energy directed by an Earthly Saint's spiritual sense."

"What does that mean?" Zhang Yang was confused.

Lin Xianxian's smile grew a little weary. Fortunately, Lin Ming chimed in with his eyes focused on Huang Xiaoming: "All he has to do is defend against a few attacks until the energy is depleted, not slay an entity like us." He understood what Lin Xianxian was trying to say, and it was clear from the relieved expression that she felt happy that she didn't have to slay an entity to prove her worth.

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Huang Xiaoming looked at this humanoid glob of mystic power, his expression was quite calm, yet the depths of his eyes revealed an incomparable seriousness that could shake entire worlds. This humanoid glob was being manipulated by an Earthly Saint's spiritual strength and sense, so he didn't dare be careless.

The humanoid glob took one step forward.

Huang Xiaoming's pupils contracted as he retrieved a dark-yellow gourd with lightning-fast speed and familiarity, placing it before him as it began to wreath in lightning streaks!

CRACKLE!

The soundwaves of crackling lightning violently exploded throughout the stage, causing it to rumble. As these soundwaves traveled upwards, it was blocked by a thin, translucent barrier.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The sound of explosions and ripples on the barrier scared the younger cultivators. They couldn't see what was happening! To them, Huang Xiaoming had taken out a gourd, and while it was definitely unordinary, they couldn't see the lightning!

Huang Xiaoming then vanished, only briefly appearing around the stage in a strange, flickering manner as he slammed his palms out. His amicable smile no longer existed, replaced by a dark, violent expression that many hadn't ever seen before. He seemed to be hard pressed! His disciple stood up from her lotus stance, her icy eyes reflecting worry and concern for her master.

Zhang Yang was shocked as five seconds passed and Huang Xiaoming was still vanishing at incredible speeds. He wouldn't be able to see anything if it wasn't for the gourd that would sometimes emerge, its waist bulging at times as if spewing out something.

"Oh." Lin Xianxian and the other Ascended elders' expressions drastically changed as their sighs of relief vanished, replaced by increasingly paler faces by the second. Their fists clenched tensely as they watched the ongoing fight between Huang Xiaoming and the humanoid glob of mystic energy.

"Isn't it supposed to be a few attacks?" Zhang Yin questioned as she saw Huang Xiaoming emerge more than two dozen times throughout the several hundred-mile stage.

BOOSH!

A figure slammed against the stage, his knees bent, the dark-yellow gourd held above his head like a deity holding up the entire world, and his teeth clenched to the point veins popped from his forehead.

CRACK!

The gourd began to crack. Along with it, the hearts of every Ascended nearly jumped out of their chests.

"AHH!" Huang Xiaoming mustered a mighty shout as he pushed upwards, his legs stomping against the ground with tremendous strength! Lin Ming could tell that above Huang Xiaoming, while invisible to his senses, was the mystic energy that was assaulting him! It was pushing him to a shocking limit!

"It has Permanence!" The Demi-Mortal Lord elder from the True Element Sect shouted. The mystic energy that was thought to be just a few full-force strikes at the level of a 'Greater Demi-Mortal Lord' was instilled with the power of Permanence! This meant that unless it was destroyed, it could endlessly reuse its energy without consequence.

In the Astral Core Realm, Permanence was gained after reaching the Zenith Mortal State, but when one enters the Mystic Ascendant Realm, this Permanence is severely reduced in effectiveness, if not only extended to longevity, rather than eternal until destroyed.

This was because, during the Mortal Realms, the Mortal Dao's worldly laws wouldn't reject its energies, qi, or force, allowing it to form a cycle of reliance and support. It could feed off the world's mana and energies to sustain itself naturally. However, when entering the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Mystic Dao will once again reject; Furthermore and to an absurd degree, refuse to allow it to exist without permission.

Unless Ascended used unique methods such as manifesting Star Cores to gain approval of the Mortal Dao and a hint of acceptance from the Mystic Dao to form Celestial Bodies, they would face resistance in their every creation.

To gain Permanence again, an Ascended must comprehend the Way of Mysticism, Permanence, and gain the approval once again of the Mystic Dao with their Awakened Mystic Intent as the foundation. Only Earthly Saints and above could wield such power!

This was why Huang Xiaoming was struggling so fiercely! He couldn't conjure enough strength to exhaust the Greater Demi-Mortal Lord's mystic energy within the humanoid glob!

Lin Ming understood the difference between having Permanence and not, especially amongst the Astral Core Realm, let alone the Mystic Ascendant Realm. Even if Huang Xiaoming was slightly stronger or equal, unless he could destroy the enemy's energy, he would be locked into facing full-force attacks without end.

"I SURRENDER!" Huang Xiaoming shouted with anger. At the moment, his body was pressed flatly against the stage, and the gourd was unleashing vast amounts of lighting into a canopy, shielding him against the humanoid glob's attacks. His forehead and hands were covered in dark-yellowish blood.

After his words were yelled, the humanoid glob stopped. The Mystic Obelisk released a mystic light that recalled the humanoid glob entirely, relieving Huang Xiaoming of his plight. Ripples of extreme vexation and lingering fear flowed through the once kind and amicable eyes of this big-bellied figure.

In the end, he sighed. He didn't need the Everlore Association to send him out. He lifted his head to his disciple and sent her a spiritual transmission before he left, spatially shifting out of this area.

"..." Gloomy silence descended on the hearts of every Ascended. Huang Xiaoming was one of the stronger Demi-Mortal Lords, surpassing a majority, yet even he was unable to gain the right to voice his opinion in the Main Hall.

If not him, what about them?

Chapter 956: SCR Summit, Cold Splash of Reality

"Isn't this a little too much?" The expression of the Demi-Mortal Lord elder of the True Element Sect was unsightly, extremely so, to the point where 'ugly' wasn't sufficient enough to describe it.

Witnessing the battle of Huang Xiaoming, there was a sense of frustration, defeat, and grievance within her eyes. She wasn't much stronger. No, in fact, she was quite weaker and older than Huang Xiaoming. The vagabond of a cultivator was extraordinarily talented and abnormally powerful as an independent force, completely justifying his ability to stay free and unchained from various forces for resources.

At the 5th Rune Ascension, he could already be considered elite amongst Ascended of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, but as a six-thousand-year-old Ascended at the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase, his talent was obscenely high. The soulspan of a Demi-Mortal Lord was 30,000 years, so Huang Xiaoming could be considered very young.

"Even with the Heavy-Earth Lightning Gourd, he wasn't able to win." Lin Xianxian sighingly stared at the stage as wisps of mystic power and energies permeated throughout; the dark-yellow lightning was exceedingly tyrannical, like a heavy mist, crackling ceaselessly on the stage. The stage's innately inscribed formations were cleansing it of power, while the translucent barrier had thickened, signifying it as impassable for the time being.

The Heavy-Earth Lightning Gourd was a high-grade Mystic-Earth armament that could unleash a unique mixture of Heavy Earth Energies and Basic Lightning Energies, creating exceptionally heavy lightning that could flood entire planets, overtaking enemies and serving as a powerful medium for manifestations.

For a Demi-Mortal Lord, a high-grade Mystic-Earth armament was top-tier. They could utilize their greatest might without any issue, granting them extraordinary support in combat.

"Is this a joke? Are the Earthly Saints just messing with us?! Do they not want anyone to pass this dastardly trial?!" A disgruntled Venerable, a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivator of a Mystic-tier force in the Great Sea Starfield, shouted in anger. Huang Xiaoming was terrifyingly powerful with tremendous potential, yet he was barred from entering. As for them, their backing and years exceeded Huang Xiaoming; what were they supposed to do?

How could they test Ascended beings, those who've proven their talents in their Ascensions, with such unfair criteria? A clump of concentrated mystic energy instilled with the Way of Mysticism's Permanence and controlled by an Earthly Saint's Spiritual Sense and Strength? Wasn't this too excessive for a mere vagabond?!

He was but one of a few vocal cultivators that felt the Everlore Association was being completely unfair. They wanted to be a part of history, of the era-defining event that will alter the state of the stellar region for millennia.

While an air of despair and heated discussions flared, Lin Xianxian calmly watched it unfold. She couldn't help but grimly frown at the unreasonableness of these Ascended; even the elders beside her were infused with righteous indignation at the absurdly high standards.

'This is all to sift through the trash, finding only the pillars of talent and strength amongst mortals and Ascended beings. How shameless,' her thoughts echoed as sneers in the hearts of many Chosen, Saintesses, and Heroes. They were top-tier talents, youthful and ambitious, and they were confident in their strength, potential, means, and cultivation. Very few saw failure when they looked to the stage above.

These Ascended were crying out unfairness while simultaneously ignoring the degree of status and strength the Ascended beings in the Main Hall had. They were strictly Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists! How could they possibly compare to these exalted existences that numbered, in total, less than five hundred throughout the ENTIRE Grand Cyclic Stellar Region?

Even in the Aeternal Sky Starfield, a starfield housing the number one Alchemist Association in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, only thirty-four Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were known, excluding Wei Wuyin. That number was the highest amongst all starfields. In fact, the Moonfall Starfield(22nd) had only three Mortal Sovereign Alchemists in total.

With the stage undergoing cleansing, the crowd had sufficient time to wallow and complain to each other. Some tried to discuss tactics to overcome this trial, while others focused solely on cultivating, with no intention of risking their lives. The benefits here were enough for them.

As for entering the Main Hall, less than 1% of the population here actually had genuine beliefs of their qualifications when they arrived and after Huang Xiaoming and the 34th Prince had failed, the reality was like a cold splash that doused most of their thoughts.

"This is a stage for the Chosen, Saintesses, and Heroes of our starfield. Not old bones like us, destined to be surpassed by the young." An elderly woman with wrinkled skin and eyes that contained the vicissitudes of time, having seen numerous eras come and go, spoke up at this moment.

While her voice was light, it reached the minds and hearts of everyone present. Almost everyone's expressions experienced a shift of some degree, and most of the Venerables and Highlords heaved out sighs heavily, unwillingly accepting this reality after hearing those words. Especially since it was spoken by Beyond Light Starfield's High Mother, the eldest and most respected figure throughout, and the Ancestor of the Illuminating Grace Bright Queen, the current leader of the Illuminating Grace Sect and leading force of the Beyond Light Starfield(9th).

It was a shame that even she lacked the qualifications to be directly invited, forced to prove her qualifications like everyone else.

The only three to pass amongst the five challengers thus far were exceedingly talented—and beautiful—cultivators of the younger generation. More importantly, all three were beneath the age of a hundred. The Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit was meant for their generation; their upcoming era was being determined here. It was their stage; hence, it only made sense their voices mattered most in deciding it, and their chances were the highest to pass.

As for the Exalted, as 'failed' Ascended beings, not one had arrived here with any delusions of their qualifications—they had none. Most were simply happy with the enriched energies the Everlore Association gifted them. They extracted and stored what they could from the symbols using various tools for their disciples, descendants, or organizations.

Their thinking went beyond the summit.

After an hour, the stage's chaotic energies were thoroughly cleansed and granted a perfect reset. Now available for challengers, the lingering and unspoken question of the crowd hung in the air: "Who's next?"

While seemingly simple, it was anything but. Should Chosen go first? Or prospective Chosen? Should the top forces descend? Or should silver-rank talents go first, testing the waters, and then slowly rise to gold-rank, and then push to mystic-tier? A challenge of ascending order?

Or should it just be anyone confident in fighting? By now, the elders and leaders have grasped that the challenges might be variable. If enough talents fail initially, this might prompt those deciding few to lower standards overall. This would be extremely beneficial.

However, the inverse was similarly true. If those elite talents all passed and demonstrated world-shaking powers at young ages, belonging to weaker forces, such as the three women from before, then there was a possibility that the deciding powers could elevate the standards for those with higher statuses, significantly decreasing their chances of success.

It was a dilemma. Furthermore, whoever seized the initiative will undoubtedly impact future standards, regardless of failure or success. No one wanted to be a sacrificial piece.

"If it wasn't for the certainty of being kicked out after refusal, there would be more challengers—if only to see their Entity's level." Lin Xianxian commented as she felt the tension-filled atmosphere grow thicker. Logically, the top-tier forces should go first, primed for the challenge and chance to prove themselves, as they had the expectedly strongest Chosen; however, from the 34th Prince of the Eighth Sea's attempt, it was clear the current standards were a little too unreasonable.

She advised the three Chosen of the True Element Sect of these possibilities, and they all chose to wait.

Another three hours passed. No one moved. At this point, many had decided to take full advantage of the benefits the Everlore Association had provided, cultivating diligently and quietly in their respective areas. Since they had roughly five months and three weeks left, some felt there was no need to rush.

Soon, a peaceful atmosphere developed as tensions gradually declined due to inactivity. Either focused on cultivating or devising a plan of action, it took much of their focus, vexation, and despondent feelings away.

"So that's how it is."

A violet-robed woman stood up, gathering the attention of those around her. Despite her cultivation base being low relative to everyone there, she sat firmly in the leadership position without the slightest discomfort.

Her bright, gorgeous pair of grey eyes felt as if they could illuminate the spirit and ensnare the heart with a single glance. She carried an aura of boundless, unfathomably intense allure, but alongside that attractive aura was a feeling of pride, confidence, and worldly excellence.

When she rose upwards, her magnificent features were highlighted, from her supple, slender waist, to her bountiful and shapely breast. Her every movement lifted and swung those identical twin peaks, forcing one's gaze to look, inspiring heated desires, and etching it in one's memory. Unfortunately, they were properly covered, only their size and rough shape revealed through her robes, yet it was more than enough to last the common man a lifetime of solo material.

Yet her features couldn't be said to conclude here, possessing skin as smooth, warm, and rich as honey alongside her brown hair with golden highlights cascading downwards like a serene waterfall glinting with health and luster. Those full lips of hers that drew one's gaze and trimmed eyebrows perfected the beautiful ensemble that was her existence.

"Saintess?" Another gorgeous woman who stood behind her said. Her skin was vastly different from the violet-robed woman, being as white as milk, setting them apart. She was easily the most recognizable figure amongst the gold-rank forces of the Aeternal Sky Starfield as Exalted Purewhite, the Dark Yin Palace's Palace Master.

Jun Baiyin, the Palace Master of the Dark Yin Palace, could help but probe: "Saintess, don't tell me you're-"

The violet-robed woman didn't respond, interrupting the woman as her aura of pure yin effused outward. She brazenly flew upwards under the shocked gazes of her all-female group, shattering the artificial gravity!

SHATTER!

Her actions instantly caused a commotion as she became the center of attention. And as she did, the vast majority of men present instantly became stimulated!

Chapter 957: SCR Summit, Extreme Yin Astounds

When the violet-robed woman descended into full view, unhindered by the masses, the breaths of those beneath the Mystic Ascendant Realm, be it male or female, were held in their chest. Stunned—their hearts beating wildly. Astonished—the throat of men felt dry, gulping saliva after saliva. Heated—the gazes of all men, Ascended or otherwise, burned with ardent, instinctive desire.

Some of their pants felt a little tighter, others less so. Regardless of their endowed features or lack thereof, the raging heat beneath their navel was kindled by the visual feast before them.

"Wh-who's that?!" Zhang Yang breathily stuttered out. His fingers rubbed against his sweaty palms as he opened his eyes just a little wider to get a better view. There were many like him uttering this question, immensely shaken by the violet-robed woman's appearance and aura.

The concept of beauty had its limits, especially physically. However, the magnetic qualities of a person could be separated into various parts, and when combined, one's beauty could reach levels rivaling immortal myths. It wasn't hard to look visually gorgeous, especially with cultivation methods existing that could mold one's features to match society's beauty standards or through mortal make-up. That said, the lines of falsity, those glaring traces of falsehood left on one's body made it extremely hard for cultivators to not notice that alterations had been done with spiritual sense, especially to one's face.

In the eyes of true experts, this change was glaringly obvious, rather disgusting to look at, like seeing an abstract painting of their face or body. While weaker cultivators might find beauty on the surface, those at an equal level or higher, which was typically the target of beautiful and outstanding women, could see the truth that lay beneath. As such, the purpose of elevation of beauty through forceful means defeated the main purpose, except for gaining adoration from weaker men or women.

This 'beauty' was separated into three main aspects by societal standards: genuineness, aura, and appearance—for both men and women.

The violet-robed woman's genuineness was untouched by any changes, as real as the heavens and earth, while her aura was attractive to a zenith degree, stimulating their yang, and her appearance was top-tier in every way.

She was the definition of a nation-toppling, sky-collapsing, world-destroying, heaven-shaking beauty.

Lin Ming's eyes widened slightly as his body reacted too. However, a cooling sensation surfaced from his glabella, sending bursts of icy chill throughout, and his breathing calmed down. The Aegis of the Elements, gifted to him by Lin Xianxei, had a regulation effect infused with a wisp of ice power. It didn't just guard the body but the mind also.

"Na Xinyi?" Lin Ming instantly recognized this violet-robed woman. It wasn't just him, but Lin Xianxei found her incredibly familiar. It was only when Lin Ming said her name that her thoughts came back to the initial gathering of the Myriad Yore Continent long ago, almost two decades.

It was the young woman who fought against Su Mei at that time, accusing Wei Wuyin of wronging her while emitting killing intent and indignant fury. While she had grown and changed a little, such as her height, cultivation, and hair, she was too difficult to forget.

After all, it was the first time that she got a look into Wei Wuyin's personality.

"Na Xinyi?" Zhang Yang's eyes were shining as he uttered the name. He said it a few times as if refusing to forget, etching it into his spirit, mind, and soul.

Wait.

"Na Xinyi?!" Zhang Yang muttered again in shock. "Na Xinyi? That Na Xinyi? The Extreme Yin Saintess, Na Xinyi?!" Like most of the young men and women here, the open invitation for all those on the Immortal Rankings, Saintesses, and Heroes, was one of the main reasons they bravely ventured into the light alongside their seniors. They wished to see, interact, and shoot their shots with these extraordinary figures.

"Extreme Yin Saintess?" Lin Ming was slightly taken aback. He had heard of the Saintesses a little on the way and knew that the Extreme Yin Saintess was said to have an exceptionally powerful Yin Physique, and it was one of the core reasons she was placed on the Immortal Saintess Ranking, and so high at that. Out of the top ten lists, the Extreme Yin Saintess was certainly the most desired figure for male cultivators.

"She's more beautiful than the rumors..." Zhang Yin mindlessly commented aloud.

"..." Many of the True Element Sect's members looked towards this young female Chosen, their eyes a little strange as they saw Zhang Yin salivating a little, her eyes reflecting the image of Na Xinyi with abundant clarity. A wisp of obsession could be seen in those eyes of hers.

It was clear at this moment of Zhang Yin's orientation. Quite a few prospective Chosen felt their heart get crushed almost instantly.

The True Element Sect wasn't the only one to react strangely or strongly. Unfortunately, as if the Earthly Saints knew of the ensuing chaos, those men who shot upwards to breach beyond the artificial gravity were halted by a bouncy, harmless, yet impenetrable barrier. They were sent back to their boxes, aghast and aggrieved.

How many sought to ally with Na Xinyi?

Too many!

The sounds of thuds from above were quite apparent. Na Xinyi lifted her bewitchingly bright grey eyes upwards to see the chaos, her expression unchanged.

"Do you wish to ally?" San Luoyang's voice rang out. It tethered the hopes and dreams of many men.

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"No."

SHATTER!!!

It was like countless hearts shattered at that moment. An opportunity ripped from their clutches with merciless brutality. It was truly unfortunate that no one could escape their designated boxes and visit others, or communicate with them via spiritual transmissions, or most would've long since given their try at meeting the various Saintesses and Heroes.

"Extreme Yin Saintess, 7th Rank; Chosen of Dark Yin Palace. Age: 46. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Sixth. Entity Level: Mortal, Lesser Timelord."

"The same?" Lin Xianxian was startled by the Entity's level. It was the same initial level as Xue Yifei's.

"So young?" Zhang Yang was astonished. All those of the younger generation challengers have been extremely young, all under a hundred, and this was very strange for their absurdly high cultivation base.

'...She's my age,' Lin Ming couldn't help but think about her age. She was forty-six!

"Her age is why she's ranked so highly as a Saintess. The ranking takes into account: age, talent, background, and beauty. Same as the Heroes ranking," Lin Xianxian explained. Unlike Chosen, whose defining requirements were age, talent, and combat strength, the Immortal Rankings didn't consider strength at all. She was a Saintess herself, so she was extremely aware of this fact.

In a way, the Golden Gate Pavilion had placed these lists out to help attract potential wives or Dao Companions. One of the many stories about the origins of these rankings was that a powerful Ascended cultivator wanted to find outstanding mortal women that had the highest potential to become an Ascended, to greatly reduce his fear of their untimely death. As such, the Golden Gate Pavilion divined using their Heavenly Seers and gave him a list of 1,000 potential candidates.

It later became normalized after his passing and was still used by many today for Dao Companion searching. Quite a few of the Heroes and Saintesses end up in a relationship, becoming Ascended together. Of course, this was merely one of the widely believed origins. That said, no one knew the full list of considerations of either ranking, except the Golden Gate Pavilion.

"Do you wish to continue?" San Luoyang's voice asked.

"Yes," Na Xinyi answered. As she did, her grey eyes suffused with a worldly light. Her skin pulsed slightly with power.

World Armor!

She, too, had grasped World Armor, gaining inspiration from Su Mei! There were many prospective Chosen, genuine Chosen, Saintesses, and Heroes that were still trying to grasp this method, especially those who obtained an Ever-Domain Pill.

The black obelisk whirled into activity; it formed an Entity. It had a feminine shape, greatly reinforcing that genders coincided with challengers, and wielded twin longswords. Within its revealed lifeless eyes, wisps of time energy surged within.

"World Armor: Aegis of Yin," Na Xinyi softly muttered to herself as the worldly light within her eyes was infused with a strange spiritual strength. The pulsating power emanating from her skin changed also, emitting a faint yin chill. Clearly, an additional layer of protection had been added.

The Entity didn't wait for Na Xinyi to act, unfurling its Worldly Domain, engulfing the entire stage, and then rushing towards her while exuding intense sword force, becoming a comet of sword light. At the edge of both swords, sharp light exploded!

Na Xinyi wasn't moved by its violent rush, the World Armor fended off the Worldly Domain's crushing strength, allowing her to slowly lift her left arm upwards, open her palm, and push to her left. From her palm, a storm of chilly wind manifested. At first, it was minor, then it rapidly exploded engulfing miles of distance. The comet of sword light vanished, as if consumed by time.

"...!"

Before anyone could react with verbal comments or gasps of concern for the Extreme Yin Saintess, the storm subsided and to Na Xinyi's direct left was a figure with their sword slashing out, its lethal edge just a few inches from her delicate neck.

It was seemingly frozen, but no ice could be seen anywhere on its body. Its normally lifeless eyes flashed with a spiritual yin light, overwhelming any signs of temporal power.

Na Xinyi wasted no time, bringing out a double-edged sword with a pure white blade. She violently plunged it into the Entity's head with a fierce thrust, and then the light within its eyes erupted like a raging light show, unleashing vast spiritual strength outwards.

BOOM!

The Entity exploded!

"...What?!"

Chapter 958: SCR Summit, Extreme Yin Soul

Na Xinyi had won!

She, with an aura of unmatched brilliance, rivaling Su Mei in grace and ease, waltzed towards the Void Gate before the countless awed eyes of all spectators. If at first everyone would watch her figure with awe and desire, now they were watching it with awe and disbelief! Some even had fear in their eyes.

While all these challengers were young, a Chosen was considered invincible on their cultivation, always capable of fighting against those of higher cultivation bases. This was why Su Mei's instantaneous defeat

that was filled with profoundness hadn't shaken the core of everyone. The fact she was a Chosen, even if it was 'just' a gold-rank force, justified her easy win—regardless of age.

She wouldn't be a Chosen unless that was the case. After all, many cultivators forgo foundation development for cultivation comprehension, ascending stages without being particularly strong. Or vice versa, such as Purists. This was extremely common, but none of these figures were Chosen, and only a few were Heroes and Saintesses.

They were simply too weak in their cultivation stage, never capable of establishing that marketed dominance synonymous with Chosen.

While Ye Ming's death was tragic, it once again drove home this crucial point that Chosen was chosen for their monstrous talent, comprehensive abilities, and combat strength. Not one of them could be lacking.

And Xue Yifei and Wu Baozhai's fight again reinforced this point as they seemed to rely on various methods to elevate their strength beyond their stage of cultivation. The latter, for example, had their aura reaching Starlord levels.

Again, as expected. With both of them joining together with their high-grade astral armaments, high-level spells, arts, and methods, they seized a hard-fought advantage where their trump cards were laid bare in the first few seconds of the fight.

But Na Xinyi's victory was mind-blowing! She didn't use a strange art that elevated her energies and aura to Starlord levels or had the same cultivation stage as her opponent, highlighting why Chosen earned their title. No, she was two stages below, alone, and merely executed an extremely simple art!

An art that almost every female cultivator knew! Especially virgin talents.

True Yin Art: Yin Spiritual Storm!

It was very, very basic. By drawing upon one's Primal Yin Source's energies, intermixing it with Spiritual Qi or Spiritual Force, the female cultivator would unleash a ravaging storm of spiritual strength that could disorientate a cultivator's Spirit of Cultivation! This art was extremely effective against male cultivators.

When Na Xinyi's ravishing figure left the stage, the jaws of many still hadn't left the floor. The young looked to their seniors for answers.

Lin Xianxian felt the curious gazes of her sect's young elites on her. As Sect Master, she was given the role of lecturer. While there were cultivators of a higher cultivation base, age, and experience than her, the youths nonetheless sought her out for answers. Mostly because she had been doing so since the beginning.

Lin Xianxian, too, was a little shaken by Na Xinyi, but she kept her aura of wisdom and knowledge. She didn't alleviate their cloudy questions immediately, instead asking: "To those with a Spirit of Yin, what advantages do they have?"

The Spirit of Yin she was referring to was the Yin Soul or a Heart of Yin Qi before its Natal Soul transformation.

Zhang Yin, as Chosen, was knowledgeable of varied Spirits of Cultivation. So she hastily answered excitedly, "A Spirit of Yin internally refines and contains yin energies three times as strong as a normal Spirit of Cultivation."

In the Qi Condensation Realm, the middle phases of Yin Form, Yang Growth, and False Reality were all about allowing one's Heart of Qi to adapt to Yin and Yang energies, intermixing them into one's Heart of Qi to a completely cohesive extent.

Yin Form granted one the ability to give form to the formless, allowing one to manifest one's qi into various shapes and exert greater control over it.

Yang Growth granted substance and life, giving form tangibility. But fire can exude heat, but it can not ignite, lacking a crucial component to interact with the world.

False Reality merged Yin and Yang with Mana, that crucial component of the world, allowing cultivators to create real elements. The ability of Creation was born from this, allowing Qi to interact with the world as if it was real. Water can hydrate; fire can ignite; wind can sustain; earth can change.

A Heart of Yin Qi or Heart of Wind Qi allowed them to internally refine purer forms of these energies using the mental, physical, spiritual, and essence. Typically, it was limited to a three times increase from standard levels.

Lin Xianxian continued her line of questioning: "What advantages does a Yin Spirit have?"

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"Yin Spirit?" A few were initially confused, but Zhang Yin wasn't. After all, she cultivated this particular Spirit of Cultivation, so how could she not know? If a Spirit of Yin could be referred to as a Heart of Yin Qi; inversely, a Yin Spirit was a Yin Heart of Qi.

To clarify, Wei Wuyin's Draconic Void Soul(Kratos) would be a Draconic Heart of Void Bloodforce or the Divine Elemental Soul(Ori) would be a Divine Heart of Elemental Qi.

"Yin Spirits are transformed by a cultivator's Primal Yin Source, interconnecting them as one, and infusing their Yin Energies into their Spiritual Energy, greatly amplifying its Spiritual Strength via continuous refinement. A Yang Spirit does the same, but the Spiritual Energy affects one's physical body instead, nourishing and strengthening it."

Lin Xianxian nodded with a tinge of satisfaction in her eyes. The Cultivation Method of the Yin Spirit of Cultivation could only be cultivated by the purest of Yin Energies, untainted by yang energies, so exclusive to virgins. Conversely, the Cultivation Method of Yang Spirit of Cultivation needed the purest of Yin Energies to nourish one's Primal Yang Source to sufficient levels before cultivating.

One needed purity, the other needed...well...excess of the opposite.

"What if one merged a Yin Spirit with a Spirit of Yin?" Lin Xianxian asked Zhang Yin.

Zhang Yin frowned as she shook her head. "It's impossible; it would create a strong imbalance of Yin-Yang, making it completely impossible to use Creation, a core component of all our strengths, and introducing all sorts of ill-adverse developments to one's body." She knew this detail by heart because she had once wanted to cultivate a Yin Heart of Yin Qi!

She didn't have a preference for men from a young age, so she didn't care if the imbalance caused her to be infertile. Unfortunately, the consequences were far more severe than that. The Yin Imbalance could cause growth mutations, unstable mental energies, and an aversion to all things yang.

Yang-attributed Solar Light would burn.

And that was just the beginning.

"But what if it was possible," Lin Xianxian asked sternly.

Lin Ming's eyes lit with enlightenment. "Then the Spiritual Strength would be continuously refined by yin energies three times as strong! It would—"

"It would make one's Spiritual Strength monstrous!" Zhang Yang finished Lin Ming's thoughts, excited at figuring it out. "The Saintess' spiritual strength is far stronger than normal, using it to impact the Lesser Timelord entity's control over their cultivation—their physical, mental, and spiritual forces! No wonder a simple Spiritual Art froze it."

With the truth excavated, the others firmly grasped why the entity had lost. The Yin Aura of Na Xinyi had disguised her Spiritual Strength, overshadowing everything else, and prevented them from noticing this point. There were clues, but only after looking back did they realize how obvious it was.

"But isn't it impossible?" Zhang Yin's frown deepened considerably. While it made sense, Zhang Yin couldn't quite believe it.

"There are always exceptions for everything; she truly fits her title as the Extreme Yin Saintess. The Dark Yin Palace has found a perfect successor." Lin Xianxian was still awed by Na Xinyi's power, but she knew it wasn't that simple as an exception of circumstance. The degree of Spiritual Strength exhibited by Na Xinyi vastly exceeds any of her estimations of what she should be able to unleash. A Gravity Emission Phase cultivator should be able to affect a Timelord with that cultivation base, but not to such a terrifying degree.

She was unaware that Na Xinyi had a Four-Point Yin Physique, containing four Primal Yin Sources, all interconnected with her 'Extreme' Yin Soul. While at the Foundation Establishment Realm, she had Yin Energy at the level of a Yin Form Phase expert. Now, at the Gravity Emission Phase, her Yin Energy levels exceeded even a Star Core Phase virgin, and it was all nourishing her Spiritual Strength with every passing second.

There were countless men among men that swore to themselves, to their souls, that they would obtain her!

Lin Ming, however, had a completely different reaction. Why were all the women connected to Wei Wuyin in some way so freaking terrifying?

After Na Xinyi entered the Void Gate, she noticed that she was in an entirely different venue and environment. A single breath of hers intermixed with the purest astral essence she had ever felt. Her eyes squinted with discomfort as she noticed with her Spiritual Yin Sense, her uniquely cultivated Spiritual Sense, over a hundred unfathomable auras! They were all so intense!

For a moment, she felt breathless despite her body and spirit's instinctual desire to do so.

"Took you long enough," a teasing voice caught her attention as she saw a woman sitting on a golden mat in the lotus position with a hand-seal held tightly.

Only when her senses focused solely on the woman did she feel relief from the overwhelming auras. A genuine smile subconsciously formed, "Sister Baozhai!"

Chapter 959: SCR Summit, Difficult Cultivation

Witnessing Na Xinyi's phenomenally stellar victory lit a raging fire of competition within the hearts of many, fueled by envy, desire, and pride. Be it, man or woman, Chosen or Leader, Saintess or Hero, they were all invigorated by the triumphs of these exceptional women.

Some sought selfish goals in succeeding in their challenge, gaining fame and qualifications to court any Saintess here. Others were filled with a competitive desire to not fall behind in the upcoming era. Most were enthralled by their victories, believing their previous misconceptions about the difficulty of these so-called Entities weren't as high as they believed.

Therefore, as is typical with human nature, the confident and proud stepped forward with a resounding shatter. A dashing young man landed forcefully on stage, his robust aura gushing outwards, and his presence unmistakable!

"Chosen of Lu Golden Palace. Age: 97. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Fourth. Entity Level: Mortal, Greater Realmlord."

While his age was underwhelming in comparison to Su Mei, Wu Baozhai, Xue Yifei, and Na Xinyi, his robust and firm aura alluded to his exceptional cultivation foundation; furthermore, the Lu Golden Palace was a Mystic-tier organization in the Twisted Earth Starfield(13th), and was led by three Highlords!

Earthly Saints aside, Highlords were the strongest beings in the public eye, and they drastically exceeded the Earthly Saints in numbers. Earthly Saints ruled entire Starfields while Highlords ruled Domains. Their strength wasn't that far off from the bottom four Noble Clans, so their reputation wasn't small at all!

The discussions surrounding this figure were unquestionably hyped. Some cultivators were even considering if this Chosen would one-shot or use less than ten exchanges to defeat their assigned entity! There were bets! Others cursed at the Chosen taking the tail-end of the spotlight, being very memorable.

"That's Lu Wenhai! I heard he acquired an Ever-Domain Pill from his father, so he should be able to execute World Armor. Without the advantage of World Pressure, this fight will be interesting." An elder of the Twisted Earth Starfield(13th) surmised with bright eyes.

"A Worldly Domain isn't limited to its Worldly Pressure, but you're right; it's up in the air to see how far this Entity will push him." Another chimed in, rubbing his chin excitedly.

"An Ever-Domain Pill? Hmm..."

Lu Wenhai was the picture of confidence. His posture was upright, his eyes glowed with spiritual light, and his aura was surging outwards. This Chosen seemed like a Chosen of the heavens.

"Do you wish to continue?"

"Yes!" He accepted the challenge without any hesitation, bringing out his golden greatsword that shone radiantly with light. As the champion of his force, he hefted his blade on his shoulder and waited for the Entity to form.

The Entity gathered together, a male, bulky and short, yet carrying a tremendous physical presence. Unlike the others, it wore heavy armor, only revealing its half-covered face.

Lu Wenhai grinned. "Come!" He shouted as his Ever-Domain constructed Domain Seed was interfaced, pulsating with worldly light.

The Entity didn't respond with any words but directly unfurled its Worldly Domain. Any self-respecting Realmlord's first tactic was establishing dominance! As such, with a Greater Realmlord's foundation, it exerted its strongest World Pressure in the hopes of crushing its opponent!

Lu Wenhai's World Armor held!

The Lu Golden Palace seethed in excitement. Their Chosen was about to take the forefront of this challenge, being the first male to succeed and marking himself as an amazing talent. His mother was shouting in his corner with an energetic smile and cheerful prayers.

Lu Wenhai felt as if he could hear his mother's cheers. 'I'll show the world your son's brilliance.' Was what he thought, and it was his last...

His artificial Domain Seed's world power had lasted merely a second before it slipped out of his control. The World Armor collapsed, fueled by nothing but dreams and prayers. The result was a gushing, crushing, torrentially destructive World Pressure crashed against the Spatial Resonance Phase body of Lu Wenhai, refined in his 90 or so years of cultivation.

In a blink of an eye, he became a splatter of golden bloody mist, carried away by the wind. All his bones, flesh, blood, and fluid had been crushed to the point that they were indistinguishable from each other, simply a scattered flow of bloody liquid.

"...Oh!" A heavy, disgustingly sinking feeling emerged in the stomachs of almost every onlooker.

"..."

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While the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit was ongoing, in a far, far location millions upon millions of miles away, across starfields, one of the main linchpins of its initiation was seated in his artificially constructed Sky Palace with a bemused expression.

Within one of its many rooms, Wei Wuyin was inspecting a vial of cyan-colored liquid with a keen, questioning pair of silver eyes. This was none other than the Neo-Dawn Soul-Sea Elixir, a product with infinite variations.

But it wasn't an ordinary one; this Neo-Dawn Soul-Sea Elixir was transcendent-quality! Its low-quality versions, the products without flaws and impurities, could replenish Soul Light. Shockingly, Wei Wuyin has found a hidden effect in his testing. For non Soul Light-generating Primary Light Sources, it was a heaven-defying product that could temporarily bring out a Spirit of Cultivation's Soul Light.

For a brief period, it could allow cultivators without Soul Light to possess Soul Light. While this was severely limited in effectiveness, and their Primary Light Source of theirs couldn't contain it indefinitely, leading to it flowing out wildly if unused, this could be considered as a temporary power boost. An unintended but exciting effect.

More importantly, its high-quality effect can expand the Primary Light Source. This was a heaven-defying effect according to records in the True Element Sect, the Primary Light Source was set, equal across all cultivators. This was unprecedented. There have been countless alchemists pursuing this effect in their concoction, for all Primary Light Sources of every grade, but they all failed in the end.

Unfortunately, its peak-quality version had no tertiary effect, only greatly increasing its replenishing and expansion effects.

Wei Wuyin had used this elixir to expand all four of his Primary Light Sources. They had increased by three times, reaching their limit in the Gravity Emission Phase. He had tested during this time if reaching the Realm World Phase had increased his capacity for growth during his two months of planning, and it did!

However, it only increased by 150%. This was still a gargantuan expansion, allowing him to store far more Soul Light Energies within them.

But he was curious about the transcendent-quality version. When he was in the Gravity Emission Phase, he decided not to consume it for fear of experiencing a drastic change to his cultivation base. It was not an act of caution, but a gut feeling as an Alchemist.

After concocting so many transcendent products, he felt an inkling of understanding of 'possible' effects whenever he observed them with the Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence active. It was entirely possible that what prevented him from seeing through the misty veil was his mortal cultivation.

Still, this feeling remained. Even his reckless Astral Souls weren't willing to go against this feeling, especially Eden. Its tone was similar to when he thought of invading the Sea of Consciousness of an Ascended being—grave and warning.

Now, however, there were no feelings of aversion to doing so. Whatever it was, his cultivation base was either fully equipped to handle it or it wouldn't outright kill him. Thinking about the forced Soul-Pulse Manifestation Tribulation multiplied by four, he shuddered a little.

He placed the vial to the side, looking at the empty bottles laid before him in the thousands. His expression was a little odd.

"Cultivation is getting difficult," Wei Wuyin remarked. After reaching the Realm World Phase, his cultivation base had been concentrated into his Domain Seed, his foundation reflecting its size and power. The high-tier, ninth-grade Astral World-Deluge Pill that could expand the size of one's Astral Core was ineffective in increasing the growth of a cultivator's Domain Seed.

There were lesser-tiered variants of the product, such as the low-tier, ninth-grade World Expansion Pill. It was the simplest, most effective pill designed for a single objective, with no secondary or tertiary effects. It replicated the Astral World-Deluge Pill and its lower derivatives effects on Realmlords but only that.

When Wei Wuyin had his Astral Souls refine this pill, he found it horrifically underwhelming. Ori had consumed a thousand peak-quality versions, yet it found itself not growing more than 300 meters in size. It was disgustingly low, considering each Worldly Domain of his was 333 kilometers.

According to various reports, an estimate of a hundred peak-quality pills should be enough to generate a Transcendent Timelord! That was a 1,000-kilometer-sized Worldly Domain! While extremely archaic in estimation, this was extremely powerful! But ten times that number had only increased his Worldly Domain's size by 300 meters, not 1,000 kilometers or even remotely close to that.

Wei Wuyin concluded that the larger the Worldly Domain, the more difficult it was to expand its growth through the Domain Seed. He confirmed through this discovery that his Soul Idol, Spatial Resonance, Soul Light, and Gravitational Central Mass' culmination had considerably increased his Domain Seeds needs compared to an ordinary Domain Seed.

Additionally, he knew that he wasn't remotely close to his limit. As such, he decided to resort to its harder-to-concoct version, a pill that wasn't regarded as peak-tier but labeled everywhere as 'pinnacle' tier. An imaginary tier by Mortal Sovereign Alchemists was conceived solely for it due to its wild effectiveness for Starlords!

It was called the Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill! Its primary effect was to elevate the innate energies of one's cultivation base—ALL types of energy. Such as the four main types: mental, physical, spiritual, and essence energies. Inadvertently, this effect increased the power of one's Star Core's to a great extent.

Its secondary effect was the refinement of the Spirit of Cultivation, amplifying Spiritual Strength and reinforcing its stability.

Its peak-quality tertiary effect could cleanse the body of impurities, giving one the slightest chance of increasing a cultivator's Astral Physique grade. A heaven-defying effect!

It could do it all!

As for why he hadn't decided to concoct it? It was due to its core material: a Star Core!

A Star Core of a 'natural' Solar Star!

Chapter 960: SCR Summit, The First Obstacle

"The Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill," Wei Wuyin sighed with a ponderous expression, emotional conflict shone within the depths of his silver eyes, and his lips tugged downwards into a frown. The legacy of the Alchemic Dao of the True Element Sect wasn't as in-depth and varied as he wished, lacking crucial information about Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, but it did contain a general list of standard products across the Mortal-rank and records of historical facts.

The Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill was a well-known pill throughout the stellar region. Any organization with a semi-decent alchemy department would have it in their archives, if only for study and reference. Despite its usefulness and value, this was solely due to its history. It was an old concoction method, dating back even before the former Imperial Clan era when the war for Solar Stars was rampant. During this period, countless horrific deaths occurred, with some Solar Stars being directly snatched by Ascendants, causing a deluge of chill to sweep star-less starfields. This was called the War of Fallen Stars.

It wasn't a war between factions, races, or ideology, but one involving almost every expert at the time, all vying for the most valuable resource at that time: Solar Stars.

There were very few who showed restraint during this war. Ascended beings fought wildly to claim materials and resources, destroying naturally created Continental Flat Earths, Lunar Satellites, and Planets en masse. Chaotic would be an understatement for that era. While this war raged, the value of 'naturally born' celestial bodies revealed themselves, and Dark Void space grew significantly in value.

Even during that time Ascended beings practiced the Alchemic Dao, and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were the highest limits of any alchemist. The concept of a ninth-grade product was holy to cultivators, saving them dozens, if not hundreds of years in their cultivation. It shattered limits, opened new paths, and as such, the world grew obsessed.

A Union of Alchemists formed called the Seven Sages Tower, a now-extinct power, who devised this particular concoction method after abusing their might, rallying strength, and knowledge, justifying slaughtering trillions of mortals for their own goals and pursuit of knowledge. Those with power merely watched, afraid of the terrifying rallying power they wielded to gather the loose-like-sand experts towards a single goal, preying upon their greeds and essential needs.

There were said to be many examples made of those who rebelled against the Seven Sages Tower's way of doing things. Still, they devised the majority of pre-King of Everlore Era concoction methods, arts, spells, and formations. They established a terrifying foundation that helped propagate and develop the Alchemic Dao to its current levels in the stellar region. Their contributions were undeniable. And their downfall allowed these contributions to be spread widely, allowing even the imaginary 'Pinnacle-tier' Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill to be in any decent archive.

After the Seven Sages Tower's rise and fall, the War of the Fallen Stars, and the Aeternal Sky Solar Star's Supermassive Mystic Radiance Belt's construction, the 'natural' Solar Star resource had gone from being extremely abundant to numbering less than a hundred throughout the stellar region, and most of them were kept by powerful organizations as the core of their base of operations—starfields, such as nine belonging to the Ninestar Sainthall.

Wei Wuyin had read a faded diary written using Permanence Ink, a type of ink instilled with the Mortal Dao's Permanence principle, once graphically depicted the merging of Solar Stars into the Supermassive Solar Star of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, and it was horrific. Thousands of natural Solar Stars were pulled away from all over, dragged across the Dark Void by hordes of Ascended beings and Starlords, all to forcefully plunge it into a growing mass of horrifying light.

It wasn't easy to move a Solar Star, and a lot of powerful Astral Realm Cultivators and Ascended beings lost their lives dragging these Solar Stars tens of millions, sometimes billions, of miles.

It was mentioned that countless cried and begged for mercy from the 'sky gods', forced to watch as their life-giving star was dragged away, swept by the lifeless chill. The entire event lasted centuries.

At this time, it was clear that Ascended beings saw mortals as insignificant existences whose lives were worth very little. They offered no relocation options, expended no effort to create new Solar Stars, and merely took and took without remorse. They were extremely dark years. It was unfortunate that the Mystic Essence of the starfield had caused erosion of the Permanence Ink's power, losing some of the well-written views of the author.

Wei Wuyun had always been curious about the former civilization of this world, however. The civilization that originally handled the transportation formation to the Battlefield. With their absence, it was clear they left these worlds. But what confused him was the Tiangou and the methods those titans left behind.

It feasted on Solar Stars yet there were tens of thousands left untouched. There had to be a reason for this. A large, connected area of once many starfields had been conquered and merged until twenty-two remained in this era, yet the Tiangou hadn't raided the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. He wondered if it had to do with the Mystic Radiance Belts, but there was no mention of their existence until after the War of Fallen Stars, so it confused him a little more.

But Wei Wuyun's conflicted emotions didn't stem from the Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill's bloody history or the history of the stellar region but from the core ingredient. A 'natural' Solar Star was the rarest form of resource in the current era, heaven-shakingly so. After tens of thousands of years of history and conflict perpetuated by greed and ambition, the Solar Stars that fit this requirement have long been claimed and outfitted with Mystic Radiance Belts.

Wei Wuyun was left with no viable options to acquire them from the stellar region naturally. He had thought that using Stellar Rain could serve as an alternative, even testing it, since their exuded light energies bore remarkable similarities to Solar Stars' emissions. Unfortunately, he determined it impossible. The issue wasn't the absence of energy but the Star Core's unique mixture of power.

It contained all the necessary power to reinforce a Domain Seed, enrich a cultivator's Star Core, and refine the body. Just using it in a raw manner for cultivation was extremely useful, allowing him to realize that the War of Fallen Stars was inevitable.

The only other option was to create his own. However, as he delved into the topic, he learned that only Ascended beings could reliably create Solar Stars. The other ways were to wait for the process of Star Ascension, when a Starlord dies, to take effect, which could last for tens of thousands of years for a dwarf star, or have a group of Starlords work in conjunction to generate one. Regardless of which, the option would take numerous years and effort to generate a viable Solar Star. After all, it had to be a minimum of a 'dwarf' in quality.

There was the brutal option of having an Ascended cultivator, like Wu Yu, slaughter Starlords to refine their Star Cores, expediting the process of tens of thousands of years to decades. Unfortunately, he learned that this was attempted by many experts and all of the results failed to make a 'natural' Solar Star. This was likely due to the Mystic Dao's ways influencing the process of the Mortal Dao, in his opinion.

"..." Wei Wuyin knew his growth could slow to a crawl without this pill. This was a direct consequence of having four Astral Souls, all of which were abnormally powerful exceeding typical limits, and had ravenous needs. However, it was more important to mention the unbelievable prospects if he succeeded in concocting this pill! Not just for him, but the Ascendants!

The term 'crawl' was used in a way that would cause countless experts to throw up buckets of aggrieved blood. After all, Wei Wuyin would just have to spend a few extra years concocting less effective products while his Astral Souls refined to make other pills that achieved a roughly similar effect, substituting quality with quantity. Eventually, he'll reach his cultivation limits. Wei Wuyin was fully aware of this fact.

However, Wei Wuyin refused to waste years in his alchemy chambers, concocting the same pill a million times, and then likely billions of times for the Temporal Eye Phase, the Eighth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, and very likely tens of trillions of times for Star Core Phase. The years would grow into decades and then centuries. While he could concoct with astonishing speeds, even ninth-grade products took him time.

Moreover, he'll need different products to enrich his time energy, refine his Star Core, and expedite the growth of his Astral Physique to a level where his Astral Idols properly form. Looking at his possible future, he felt a chill in his spine. If just one of these pills could take decades or centuries to be successful, what about four or five different sets? What about pills that could increase his mental, physical, spiritual, light, spatial, essence, and bloodline energies? Excluding the last, the Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill enveloped all this.

It might not just be centuries, it could be thousands of years! And if he followed his track of refusing to ascend to the next stage without maximizing his foundation, he...

"I can't waste all my time concocting; I still have to practice my arts, spells, and methods to prepare for the Calamities, my Ascension by comprehending the mysteries of these Mystic Rune Seeds, and support the Ascendants. If I waste so much time trying to grow, won't my soulspan be completely exhausted?" Wei Wuyin could see himself maintaining this course, and if he faced the tiniest hiccup on his path of the Alchemic Dao, unable to become a genuine Saint Alchemist if he was lucky to become an Ascended, he could easily find himself dying due to old age.

The path Wei Wuyin chose was optimal for his cultivation, for his future, but it was not without its extraordinary issues. The more he traversed down this path of excellence, the more he would be forced to confront its dangers and struggles, he genuinely felt tensed. Nevertheless, the Calamities of Hell biting at his heels refused to allow him any respite, forcing him to never stop.

Wei Wuyin was a mere mortal trying to survive the Eighteen Hells, a heaven-defying, no, hell-defying feat. This was his only path. He refused to cultivate at his fastest pace, leaping cultivation stages with no regard, and becoming weak as a result. While he could, and easily at that, he refused to let that happen, to be beheaded due to his weakness.

He had settled in another life, in another time, and at the grounds of the Scarlet Solaris Mountain, he was killed. He hadn't felt it himself but seeing it was more than enough to know that taking a different route was destined for failure.

Who knows who his enemies could be in the future?

He had to make ample preparations for every possibility.

Nevertheless, he was now faced with this difficult obstacle. It was the first true obstacle on his path of alchemy: How to create a 'natural' Solar Star. Just the objective alone was contradictory, but Wei Wuyin was left with no choice but to find an avenue for this possibility. If he didn't, all his efforts thus far would be for naught.