

Alchemy 1461

Chapter 1461: First Painting

Tian Honglui brought Alex over to an empty room at the end of the hallway, one that was designed for the people of the painters to have someplace to focus.

The room itself wasn't very wide but there were many formations on the floor. Some to block the sound from outside. Some to block out the vision.

There were even some that placed a painter in an illusory formation that made them think that they were in another place when they were not.

All of these formations were up to the painter to use, and Tian Honglui used none at all.

He pulled out a canvas and placed it in front of Alex before letting him sit at the center. "Have you ever painted before, your majesty?" the young man asked. "Do you have any experience?"

"The only experience I have with painting is the 3 times that I was forced to paint something in a secret realm and ended up failing each of those times. Aside from that, I have no experience," Alex said.

"Oh... so I can assume that you are a beginner," Tian Honglui said.

"If there is a level below that, you can assume that I am that," Alex said with a bit of a chuckle in his self-deprecating humor.

"Uhh... I will start from the beginning then," the young man said. "Before we even delve into the Intent stuff, which I doubt I will have to teach you, we will have to start with actual painting knowledge."

"There are methods and techniques to draw art, but I don't think those are the right way to go," the young man said. "Here, hold this."

He handed Alex a simple brush and then a palette. He brought out a few colors and poured them on the palette.

"To teach you how to draw," the young man said. "I think it is important that you draw something in the first place."

Alex frowned a bit. Was that truly the right approach? He wanted to object, but he let the young man do what he wanted to.

"Imagine a scene in your mind a very simple one," he said.

Alex closed his eyes, trying to find a simple scene in his head. Most of what he had in his head was so intense that barely anything felt like a simple scene to him.

After a few seconds, he landed on one. "I'm ready," he said. "Do you want to know what I'm thinking of?"

"No, don't tell me," the young man said. "I want it to be a surprise to me as well. Now, your majesty. Close your eyes again and look at the colors in that scene you see."

"Color..." Alex thought for a bit. "Black, blue, gold, yellow, and white."

Tian Honglui was a little surprised. "That's... that is not that many colors. Are you sure that is what you are seeing?"

"Yes, I'm certain. There is no other color here aside from this."

"Alright, then we can start," the young man said. "The first thing you need to see is what is in the background of your scene. What is the one thing that is the most prevalent?"

"The sky?" Alex asked

"Uhh... works," Tian Honglui said. "But are there no trees or lands? Those count as background too."

"Oh, I see," Alex said. "I do have something else then."

"Great! Let's draw just the outside of it," the young man said. "Just the outline. Think of what color that would be, try to make it with the colors in your palette, and draw it."

Alex didn't have to think at all. He simply dipped his brush into the black paint and drew a single stroke that went from the left of the canvas to the right, cutting the canvas in half.

"You used a bit too much paint there, your majesty," Tian Honglui said. "Whatever, you will learn about the amount once you're used to it. All that matters is that you make your first image."

"Now, look at that image and paint over everything that should be in the background. The sky, the ground, everything.

Alex nodded and thought for a bit before he started painting with the black paint, slowly making his way toward the bottom of the painting.

He stopped halfway through and started painting it blue from there. The black in the brush darkened the blue that was used at the start, but that worked to his advantage.

He finished painting the blue toward the bottom of the area which was still quite dark for being blue.

He left a small chunk at the bottom and looked at the top half. "How do I clean this?" he asked.

"You can use your Qi to pull away the paint or use the formation on the brush to do that if you don't think you can do it properly yourself," the young man said.

Alex nodded and used the formation that was in the brush. He hadn't realized that it was an artifact as well.

Once the paint was all gone, he looked at the upper half and then at the young man. "For sky blue, do I just mix blue and white? Or is there a better way to get it?" he asked.

"You can make a more authentic color of the sky by mixing various colors in different proportions, but that is color theory and it is quite complicated which you will have to learn on your own time."

"For now, since you are just trying to learn the basics of painting, you can do with blue and white," the young man said.

Alex mixed the two colors and created a sky blue color that wasn't exactly what he wanted, but what he had to work with right now.

He painted the sky to the best of his ability while trying to not make every part the same color. He made the further parts of the sky slightly whiter, to show not just the distance, but also the haze that was present in his memories.

Once the sky was done, he moved on to the only last part of the background that he remembered, the land.

All Alex remembered about the land was its charred black color, which shined in yellow light.

He took the black paint and filled the remaining bottom half while adding some white here and there to give it the texture of being charred and crusty.

Once he was done, he looked at it and thought for a bit. He knew where the yellow light was supposed to be, but he assumed that it was better to add the source before he added its light.

"I'm done with the background," Alex said.

Tian Honglui got close and looked at the painting, ignoring the obvious mistakes and only looking at what had been drawn.

"I can somewhat see what you are trying to make, but I'm not sure what this black part has to do with it," he said.

"It's not something anyone can understand," Alex said. "You had to be there to see it."

"I see," the young man said. "Then, your majesty, let us move on to the foreground element."

Alex nodded and cleaned the brush. Then, he dipped the brush in gold.

Chapter 1462: Mistakes

A bright blue sky with fluffy little clouds. The sky ended at the horizon in a haze and the ocean began in the same haze as well.

The dark, scary ocean felt cold. It brought a gloomy aura to the entire painting. The crusty, black ground didn't help in the least.

However, there was just one thing that would turn this gloomy, desolate atmosphere into a scene that would make one in awe of its majesty.

And that was the splash of Gold that Alex had just added to it.

A bright golden stroke landed in the ocean as it was dragged down to the land. Alex painted it a few times before stopping.

Tian Honglui got a bit curious as to what he was looking at. He looked at what Alex was doing and saw him bring out more golden paint and limbs to the golden shaft.

It was only then that he realized that Alex was drawing a tree.

Alex drew the trunk and the branches and then moved to the color yellow to fill in the leaves. He wasn't sure how to make the leaves look authentic, so he just spread the yellow around the top of the golden branches and acted as if that was all he had to do.

He took the least bit of yellow and started spreading it across the canvas in places where the light of the tree would reach. Once he was done, he stopped and put away both the canvas and the palette.

"This is it," Alex said. "This... is the scene in my mind."

This was his memory from the first time he opened his eyes in this world without another soul in his body. In a way, this was the very first thing he had ever seen.

"This looks good," the young man said. "This is actually decent for a newbie, your majesty."

Alex turned to the young man and glared. "I know you know it's bad. Tell me what is wrong and how I can improve," he said. "Let's see if this method of yours actually works or not."

"Uhh... it works for sure," the young man said. "It worked for me."

"Okay, I'll trust you then," Alex said. "Go on. What's next?"

"Ah, right!" the young man said. "About your painting, I know I said you don't have to worry about colors, but I must get that out of the way."

"Your black is too black. There is no way water that far back becomes that black. Water so close shouldn't be so blue. The blue sky obviously seems fake and the clouds are never that white, not all the way through."

The young man spoke for a while, going into every single mistake that Alex made with the colors while painting. Alex wasn't even aware these were mistakes he could make, but he let the young man speak for a while.

"Alright, now that the color mistakes are out of the way," the young man said. "Your majesty, where exactly is the sun in this picture? Or the moon?"

"Uhh... it was morning midday, if I remember correctly, so it was up above me," Alex said. "It's in a location in the sky where I can't fit on the canvas."

"Okay, and I'm assuming the sun isn't clouded or anything," the young man asked.

"No," Alex said. "Did I miss something?"

"Where are the shadows?" the young man finally asked. "The water, the cracks in the ground, the tree, there is no shadow anywhere."

"Ah! I forgot about the shadows," Alex said, only now realizing why the painting looked so fake.

"Yes, you forgot the shadow," the young man said. "You seemed to realize that you needed to light up the atmosphere in certain colors like the yellow reflected from this tree onto the beach. But you didn't seem to realize about the shadow."

"Lighting and shading are some of the most important ways to make your painting look more detailed than it actually is," the young man said. "The ground should have had shadows, the tree should have had a shadow. Even the clouds should have had a shade underneath it."

"I see," Alex said. "That is something to remember, isn't it?"

"It is," the young man said. "There are more. I don't know if I should overwhelm you with it or not though."

"Hit me," Alex said. "I will take in all I can get right now. Tell me all the mistakes."

"Okay," the young man said. "Let's start with the absence of the clouds as reflections on the water then."

The young man continued talking a lot about Alex's painting, explaining to him what he had done wrong, and what he could have done right.

Reflections, shades of colors, light diffusion, ambient lighting, highlights.

Anything and everything he saw wrong in that painting, he told Alex about it.

Alex on the other hand absorbed everything he was told in its entirety. He didn't contemplate any mistakes right away and left that for later.

Once the young man was fully done explaining what had gone wrong, Alex finally spoke. "Thank you," he said. "I will now take my time and try to understand what I did wrong, and how I can improve."

"Please do, Your Majesty," the young man said.

Alex closed his eyes and was about to start thinking about his mistakes when he paused. "Wait, you never told me about my actual drawing skills. About those lines, about those strokes. Do they not matter?"

"They matter, very much," the young man said. "They just don't matter to you right now. As a starting painter, there isn't much I can't tell you about the strokes and lines that you can understand."

"I will have to teach you about them later and then I can tell you what you have done wrong," he said.

"I see," Alex said. "Then I shall try to think about the mistakes I made."

The young man nodded. "And while you do that, please think of another scene to draw. You will have to start another painting soon as well."

Chapter 1463: Cheap Copy

Alex painted two more scenes from his memories.

One scene was of him standing in the crater of the Southern Continent, the one he thought he had created, but was instead the crater where Scarlet had been reborn.

The scene was a simple one as there wasn't much to draw aside from a crater, some sand dunes, and a bright blue sky.

He got some praise from Tian Honglui for his painting and was also somewhat scolded because he chose another simple scene. The young man wanted to see him draw a difficult scene.

Alex made his next picture a little more complicated. It was the scene of him sitting inside a volcanic crater with magma surrounding him while snow fell from the sky.

It was the moment when he had received his Undying inheritance and that was the more complicated drawing he made.

The painting didn't come out as good as he wanted to. In fact, it had so many things he had to care about that overall, it was the worst of the three paintings he had made.

However, the young man didn't give him any flak for it being bad, only letting him know what mistakes he made.

"Now that you have an idea about how to paint something, your Majesty," the young man spoke. "I think it is time for you to try and learn on your own."

"On my own?" Alex asked. "It has been barely half a day since I started."

"I know," the young man said. "I'm not saying I won't be criticizing. I'm just saying that you should try and learn what you can by yourself before showing it to me. Of course, you are going to learn by looking at a professional's work."

The young man brought his own painting, one that depicted a simple scene of a busy market with people going about their daily life.

Alex looked at the painting and got a feeling of mundaneness. And in that mundane painting was a magnificence that only it could hold.

Alex could see steam coming out from the food stall and could smell the scent of flowers from the flower market at the front. He could hear the murmur of people at the front and could see how the detailed lives of many people had come together to become this.

Normal.

Alex shook his head, a little surprised that he was somewhat entranced by the painting. He looked at the painting once more and turned to the young man. "What exactly am I supposed to do?" he asked.

"Try and draw it one to one," the young man said. "Remember to figure out what is the background and foreground aspects on this one. Draw it as I've taught you before. Leave the details for the end."

Alex nodded and started drawing.

He copied the young man's painting starting from what was in the background. A sky and a road. After that, he added houses, stalls, and lamps.

He then added the people, only in simple shapes and colors. Once that was done, he added the colors.

He looked at the painting and saw every single person that was drawn. Every shade of color on his body. Every shadow, every highlight.

He copied it all and as he did so, he learned from it.

He finished detailing the people and detailed the houses as well. He then added the soft smoke and dust that he could see in the original painting and took a step back as he was done with the painting.

When he saw what he drew in its entirety, he was surprised this was his own work.

It was nowhere near close to what the young man's painting looked like, but the problem mostly came from the colors he couldn't accurately portray and the different widths of outlines that he couldn't force his brush to make.

It all was of the same size and that was what made it inferior in his eyes. Adding onto the fact that it didn't have the aura of the original one. It could only be a cheap copy.

Even then... he was still surprised as it had turned out way better than he could've ever expected.

"That's amazing!" the young man suddenly said.

"What?" Alex turned to look at him. "You think so too?"

"Yes," the young man said. "I'm surprised how quickly you picked up everything. You might not need that many days to learn it all actually."

Alex couldn't help but smile.

"There are a few obvious mistakes, but not the ones that I need to tell you about," the young man said.

"I'm surprised you like it," Alex said. "I thought you would consider this a cheap copy."

"It is a cheap copy," the young man said. "But it is a fantastic cheap copy that came from someone who has barely made any paintings. Your majesty, if you continue at this rate, you will most definitely end up becoming a painter in a year."

"In... a year?" Alex asked. Going by his shock and surprise, he had thought the young man would say it would take lesser time.

"Yes," the young man said excitedly, not understanding that Alex wasn't very enthusiastic about it taking a year to become a good painter. "It took me at least a hundred years before I became any good. Even if I had a good teacher, I would've at least taken 20 years in the least. Your Majesty is truly too talented."

"Oh!" Alex said, smiling now. "That's good. Let's not waste any of our precious time then. What do I do next?"

"Let's continue copying a few paintings and then drawing your own original one to see how much you learned," the young man said.

Alex nodded and continued on his painting journey.

He spent in the room for another day, painting every single moment. He did his best to learn as much as he could from the young man and applied it to his own painting.

By the end of the day, the young man was way too shocked to even say anything. Alex was just way too talented.

"That should be it for today, Your Majesty," the young man said. "You need to rest and learn on your own for a while to get good at it. You can try using your Intent to make some of the paintings, but I suggest not doing that for a while."

"Just focus on painting," the young man said.

"I see," Alex said. "I will. When will our next session be held?"

"Hmm, I don't know," the young man said. "It will depend on the date that is chosen for my painting's evaluation."

"I see," Alex said. "Since I hear it will take some time, why not do it the day before the evaluation? Once the training is done, we can go straight to evaluation."

"If that is what Your Majesty wishes then we shall do that," the young man said. "For now, you should read a few books on painting. I will get you some on the way out."

"Alright," Alex said. "I will need a few brushes and canvases too."

"I shall get them too," the young man said. "As for our next session, I will let you know when I will be ready to hold it."

Chapter 1464: Tired

Alex sat in the garden of the Gold King's Palace, staring at the beautiful flowers. He looked at a red flower that he wanted to draw and quickly opened a book to check its color again.

"3 parts white, 2 parts red, and..." he looked at the flower, carefully judging the shade of red it was. "And... a bit of blue and yellow."

He had an artifact next to him that was gifted to him by the Gold King when he told him that he was going to be learning how to paint.

It was an artifact to accurately combine colors and pour it out in a non-sticking ceramic bottle for Alex to use. It added in the combination of the paint as he wished and created the paint that flowed out into the ceramic bottle.

Alex dipped his paintbrush into the color and pulled it out before placing it in front of him, right next to the flower in his vision.

'That needed a bit more yellow,' he thought and used the color to paint the flower. A normal man wouldn't be able to judge the difference in the shade either way and a cultivator would have no idea that the flower was supposed to be of a different shade.

The only one that knew that he had made a mistake was Alex here, and he didn't care much about his mistake as he was trying to learn. There were hundreds of other flowers to continue learning from.

He drew the painting for a few more hours, with his two elders sitting by his side, waiting for him to stop. When he finally did, they praised him for it.

"That is amazing, your majesty," Yao Ning said.

"It is so accurate that it barely looks any different from reality," Liang Shufen said.

"Alright, you guys can tone down on the praises," Alex said. "I know it's good, but it's not a masterpiece yet."

Even though he said that he was still quite happy to see his painting. The progress he had made in the past week had been absolutely ridiculous. Especially after learning about colors and how different types of strokes created different types of lines, he had improved a lot.

Alex turned the formation on the canvas and saved the painting from any accidental damage by creating a shield around it.

"Are you done, your majesty?" the Gold King walked into the garden.

"Ah, King Tan," Alex spoke. "Yes, I was just getting done."

The Gold King came to the painting and nodded a few times before smiling. "As expected of Your Majesty. Your paintings have improved so incredibly quickly."

Alex smiled. He could tell that the King was being genuine in his praise.

"Thank you, King Tan," Alex said before putting away the painting. "Why did you come here? Was it to see my painting?"

"While I am excited to see your painting, that is not the reason why I have come here, your majesty," King said. "I was wondering if you still planned on selling anything in this auction or not."

"The time is getting close to when the auction houses need to stop taking in anything more so they can set up the list of items that they will be auctioning," the King asked.

"Stopping?" Alex narrowed his eyes in surprise. "I was under the impression that the auction was going to last for the whole month and one could join any time they could."

"While it is true the smaller auction houses will be taking items throughout the month, the bigger ones have such expensive products that they need to advertise it so that the people that come do arrive with their money."

"They don't like to be surprised with a random item that is presented in the middle of the auction that they are not aware of," the king said.

"I see. While I am the type to never know what an auction house is selling beforehand, I can understand that there are people that need to know about it," Alex said. "Very well. I will head over today with a few things to sell."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," the King said. "I will prepare my people to escort you."

The King turned around to leave, but Alex called out to him.

"King Tan," he quickly said. "I do not know if this is my place to speak or not, but... are you alright?"

The King turned around and gave a half-hearted smile to Alex. "I'm alright, Your Majesty," he said.

Alex stared at him for a while before saying, "You don't look alright. If you aren't feeling well, I might have a pill or two that might help you. Do you need some?"

"I'm..." the King sighed. "I'm just tired, that's all."

"Hmm, you look not as good for someone that's just tired," Alex said. "Here, take this pill just in case. It will cure almost any disease out there."

The King looked at the pill that he was being handed over and couldn't help but chuckle a little. "Thank you for trying to help me, your majesty," the king said. "But I'm not that kind of tired."

Alex was a little taken aback. "What kind of tired are you then?" he couldn't help but ask.

"The kind that is done with all the responsibilities. The kind that needs more than just fame, title, and power in his life."

"The kind that no longer wishes to be a King."

The King's face was all smiles when he said that.

"Wh-what?" Alex asked with a surprised look.

The King nodded. "I've been a king for a long time, your Majesty. And because of that, I haven't been able to make a family of my own. My peers are fine with that, but I am not."

"I am tired of being a King and all the restrictions that come with it. I am simply done with it all. The next time His Royal Majesty leaves his closed cultivation, I shall have him relieve me from the throne," the King said.

"Anyway, You don't have to worry about me, your Majesty," the King said and walked away.

Alex was left behind with a surprised face, along with the two elders who were equally as shocked. They had all thought that the king was unenthusiastic about everything, and it turned out they were right.

'He doesn't want to be a King anymore?' Alex thought. He could imagine why he would not want to be one after being one for such a long time.

There were many restrictions to being a King on this continent. Not only did you have to have a cultivation base lower than the Saint Transformation realm, you could never marry someone or have children with them.

The strong restrictions were fine for a youngster that was a king, but after millennia, these people that had grown old became less and less enthusiastic about being a king.

As a result, Alex could see why the Gold King had said what he had said. He no longer wanted to remain a king.

'And he can't even just quit,' Alex thought. 'He has to wait for the Dragon Emperor to take away his authority.'

Alex couldn't help but sigh on behalf of the gold king.

Chapter 1465: In the Auction House

Alex made his way to the largest auction house in the city, followed by his two elders and a few soldiers that were there to keep guard of him. He walked into the auction house with just his elders, surrounded by many sounds of praises and flattery.

The people in the auction house were more than happy to have Alex come to their auction house.

"To think we would have His Majesty himself grace our auction house, not as a guest, but as a seller is a blessing for all of us," one of the old men said.

"I cannot even fathom what His Majesty could have that he will be selling," one of the women said.

Alex walked along without a thought in the world, simply nodding and smiling until they took him to a room with a bit more privacy. Only 3 other people were there, compared to the dozens that had surrounded him outside.

"Would you mind introducing yourselves again?" Alex asked the three.

"I am, Hu Niuju the owner of this auction house, Your Majesty," an old man with a long nose and gray hair with widow's peak said.

"I am Bu Fengluo," the other man with black hair said. He wasn't as old as the owner, but there was still some age for him. "I am the manager of this auction house."

"I am Hu Biaolin," the last of the three, a girl with a beautiful face and bright smile spoke in a soft, sweet tone. Her voice was mesmerizing when she said, "I am the auctioneer of this auction house."

Alex smiled as the three bowed to him at once. "It's a pleasure to meet you all," he said. He turned to the girl and asked, "Since you have the same surname, I assume you are the owner's daughter?"

"I am, your majesty," the girl said respectfully. She showed no sign of nervousness when speaking to him at all. "I have trained my whole life to be an auctioneer and am happily one now."

"I see," Alex said. "Shall we get to the point then?"

The three were interested. "Please tell us, your majesty, what is it that you wish to sell?" the manager asked.

Alex reached into his storage ring and pulled out 7 pill bottles. "I'm sure you saw the lighting that repeatedly struck the palace in the past few days," he said. "This is the result of that."

The three of them were excited. It was obvious that Alex, as an alchemist, was going to bring out pills to sell. They would've been surprised if there were no pills involved, but they were quite surprised to see that there wasn't anything other than just pills.

Sure pills were great and the ones he made were exceptionally so, but... there were only so many pills that the auction could accept. If any of the pills were in the least bit unnecessary, they would have to refuse to sell them for the sake of their customers.

And yet, how could they refuse a King so easily? They felt slightly awkward, and the three did not speak at all.

Alex understood their situation and decided to give them some levity by telling them what the pills were.

"Let us start with the first pill here," he said, opening a pill bottle and taking a pill out of it. It was a blue pill with lightning scars on it, exactly 5 of them.

The 3 people looked at the pill with curious eyes. More so than the pill, they were curious about the pill veins, which they had never seen in a pill, ever in their life.

They were aware of it, thanks to the show that Alex had put on when he had first arrived in this continent, but this was their first time seeing these pill veins, so they were more than amazed by it.

"This is the Saint Lightning Resistance pill," Alex said, ignoring their awe. "Eating this gives you resistance to lightning up to a certain degree."

This was the pill that he had to finish the recipe for the 10 Elders when he was first brought along to the Sunborn Sanctuary all those years ago. He had since not only made pills multiple times but had also made ones that had 8 pill veins.

The ones he was presenting were with simply 5 pill veins and were thus a very bad one. This was no different than what he had given the beasts.

"Theory is, if you eat this, you will have a much easier time when breaking through to the Immortality realm as you will be able to fight the Tribulation lightning without taking much damage."

"What?" the owner was the first to react. "It can resist tribulation lightning?" he asked.

"That is the theory," Alex said. "It can block normal lightning, I've tried that, but I'm not sure about tribulation lightning. However, we can be certain that this recipe is 10s of thousands of years old, so it is possible that it can do what I say I can."

"So, Will this pill be possible to be sold in this place? Or will it cause a problem?" Alex asked.

The manager shook his head. "Cultivators will do anything to surpass Immortality. Just the possibility that this pill brings will make them buy it. We will happily accept that pill. It will be one of the best things we will be selling"

Alex chuckled a little. "I hope that is not true as this is the worst pill I will be selling today," he said, putting the pill back into the bottle. "There are 5 pills here, so record that."

The girl took the bottle and wrote a talisman with what Alex had said just now before wrapping it around the pill bottle.

Alex then brought the second bottle out and popped out a pill.

The pill had a soft, creamy white color, once again with the many veins. Alex presented the pill.

"This is the Saint Spirit Immunity Pill," Alex said. "If you eat this pill, you will be immune to all forms of Spiritual attacks for a certain amount of time."

This was the pill that Alex had received through Jai Heiyun in order to perfect it. She had used her reward to either receive a perfect pill recipe or to improve an existing recipe and that was how Alex had come to get it.

"It is originally meant to last for an hour or two, but with the pill veins, it can last for nearly 5 hours," he said. "However, this comes with the chance that the energy is exhausted if you are continuously bombarded with spiritual attacks."

"If you are not, however, this pill works fantastically."

The three were in shock. "It... makes you immune to spiritual attacks?" the owner asked.

"Completely," Alex said. "For the first two hours of eating the pill, you can forget about ever being hurt by a spiritual attack. The later hours are where it wears off, so you will have to be more careful there."

"Woah!" the owner said. "That is amazing. What about the drawback?"

"No drawbacks," Alex said. "Well, except for the fact that the pill has diminishing effects if eaten back to back."

"Incredible," the owner said. "Honey, write that down."

The owner's daughter wrote it all in a talisman and wrapped it around the pill bottle once Alex handed it over.

"This is the next pill," Alex said, bringing out another pill. This one had a jade green color to it with specks of black all over it in a uniform pattern. Streaks of black lightning scars covered it entirely, five of them in total.

"It is called the Saint Poison Neutralizing Pill," he said. "As you can imagine from the name, it is an antidote pill."

The three nodded, slightly surprised by the fact that Alex was deciding to pull out this pill after the last one. Why would he pull out an antidote after such an amazing pill?

"But of course," Alex continued. "This isn't a normal antidote pill. In fact, I do not believe it is even fair to call it an antidote as you will never be poisoned after eating this pill in the first place."

"This pill is something you eat beforehand and the energy settles in your body. Once you are affected by a poison, the energy in this pill can kill it even before it shows any effect," Alex said. "If you are ever to come across a pill that would kill you instantly, this is the pill that will help you survive."

This was a pill that Alex upgraded using a pill he had found in an auction in the Silvermoon City in the Northern Continent. It was Ronron that had bought it in his stead and he had upgraded the True rank pill to create this Saint pill.

"A precautionary pill," the manager said curiously. "And how many poisons can it protect you from?"

"I have yet to test it out entirely, however, from what I do know about poison, this level of pill will make you completely immune to any Level 8 poisons."

"It can also protect you completely against some Level 9 poisons, but it has to be on a case-by-case basis. As for Level 10, it is not possible to be sure, but we can just say it doesn't for the sake of it," Alex said.

"Even so, Level 8..." the owner said. "That would mean that all naturally available poisons and venoms can be stopped using this pill in advance."

Alex nodded. "It is good, isn't it?"

Chapter 1466: 4 Pills

While the three were surprised by the three pills that Alex had provided, Alex pulled out another pill.

He showed them the pill, a blue sphere with lightning scars on them. Another 5 pill veins. The people from the auction house were getting numb to that shock by now.

Pill veins were no longer that surprising to them.

"This is the Water Root Transformation pill," Alex said. "If you watched my contest with the Emperor, then I have nothing to explain do it?"

All three of them suddenly got up in surprise again. "This... this is the pill that you made back then, your majesty?" the owner asked.

"This is the pill that transforms your regular spiritual roots into Water spiritual roots, correct?" the manager asked.

"I have been fascinated about getting my hands on this pill for a while now," the girl said.

Alex smiled. "Since you all know exactly what this pill is, I see that I have no reason to explain anything to you at all. Yes, this is exactly what you said this is."

"As for further explanation, I guess it is important to know that this pill transformations your spiritual root for exactly 10 days," Alex said. "A regular one lasts for 2 days at most, but this can last up to 10 days."

"Of course, it will not last that long if you overwork the meridian," Alex said.

"Yes," the girl quickly said, writing down everything. "How many pills are in there, your majesty?"

"3," Alex said.

"I see," the girl wrote and quickly slapped the talisman around the pill bottle, moving it onto her side.

Alex brought another bottle out next, leaving only two behind.

He pulled out a pill from the bottle and showed it to the three. The pill was mostly yellow in color with specks of red around it.

The pill obviously had 5 pill veins as with everything else.

The three looked at the pill curiously, wondering what better pill could come out from the King of the Southern Continent.

Alex spoke up. "This is known as the Soul Trancing Pill," he said. "As the name suggests, it puts you in a trance."

The three looked at Alex with an awkward look on their face. Was that it? Was that all this pill did?

Alex looked at the three and laughed a little before continuing. "It puts you in a trance where your mind dwells on anything and everything it couldn't focus on before. It makes it extremely easier for anyone that has eaten this pill to achieve enlightenment."

"Oh," the owner said. "Is that true?"

"Yes," Alex said. "I have personally eaten this pill 3 times and all 3 times I have learned a Dao."

"Really?" the manager asked with an astonished face. His mouth gaped open as he couldn't formulate anything other than the question.

"Of course," Alex said. "What would I get from lying here?"

The three gulped and laughed awkwardly before looking at the pill. Alex put the pill back into the bottle.

"It is the type of pill that you eat toward the end of enlightenment. When you know a lot about something, but there's still something missing, something that seems to be hiding behind a thin veil, stopping you from seeing the whole truth."

"That is when you eat this pill. At that point, it is almost guaranteed that you will gain the dao," Alex said.

The three continued staring at Alex in awe as they heard about the pill. The manager and owner would have eaten it for themselves if not for the auction.

"Your majesty," the owner couldn't help himself but ask a question. "How much would you need to directly sell this pill to us?"

"To sell the pill?" Alex asked. "I'm not sure. It's not a pill that I've ever sold before."

"I wish to buy it. Just give me a number directly and I will buy it from you," the man said.

"I'm afraid I'm not sure how much I would sell it for," Alex said. He looked at the expectant look of the owner and thought for a bit.

"How much would a pill like this go for?" he asked. "What would the starting bid be?"

"For this pill?" the owner looked lightly curious and turned toward the manager. The manager closed his eyes and thought for a bit.

"We tend to lower the initial bid of the item so that we can get the people to start bidding," the manager said. "Even then, a pill like this would go on for at least 10 thousand Saint spirit stones as an initial bid."

"10 thousand?" Alex said slightly surprised. It had been a while since he had sold a pill through an auction, so he hadn't imagined it to be sold for so much.

He thought for a bit and then said, "I will put the cost for each pill for you at 100 thousand Saint Spirit stones then."

"What?" the owner paused for a moment, thinking that he had heard it wrong. Had he heard it wrong?

"Your majesty, did you say... 100 thousand?" the manager said.

"I did," Alex said. "Of course, I don't expect you to pay 100 thousand for each pill."

"Then?" the owner asked.

"Whatever the price of the pill you end up selling them for together, I will deduct them and sell 2 pills to you. That should give you the incentive to make the big go as much high as you possibly can."

"What... what if it crosses 100 thousand together?" the manager asked.

"Then I suppose you will be getting 2 Soul Trancing pills for free," he said. "Will that be enough?"

"Yes! Yes, your majesty!" the two men said at once.

The daughter quickly wrote up what she heard and put it on the pill bottle.

While the two men were still jubilated, Alex pulled out the last two pill bottles and opened them up to the three.

He pulled out a brown pill from one and a blue pill from another, presenting both pills at once.

"These are the two single pills that I will be selling a singular of," Alex said. "I want to call these my greatest creation yet, but that would be slightly false as I didn't create them myself."

"Still, the majority of it did come from me.

"This brown pill is the Saint Earth Spiritual Root Improvement Pill," Alex said. "And this blue pill is the Saint Water Spiritual Root Improvement Pill."

"If you eat this pill while you have the respective spiritual root, it will improve that root to become a Superior elemental root."

"You're joking," the owner said.

"Is what I'm saying funny to you?" Alex asked.

"No, but this... there is no way this is possible, right?" he asked.

"Why is it not?" Alex asked. "You already saw a pill that can turn a regular spiritual root into Water Spiritual root. What is wrong with one that can improve an existing one?"

"Then... " the manager was slackjawed. "Do-does it really improve it all the way to the Superior realm?"

"Yes," Alex said. "One for Earth and one for Water. There isn't much for me to describe."

He pushed the pills over toward the girl.

"Since this is over, I shall leave."

Chapter 1467: Honglui's Past

Alex presented all the paintings he had made during the past two weeks that he had been on his own.

"How are they?" he asked.

Tian Honglui stood to his side, looking at the paintings with eyes full of awe. "Are you sure you have only been practicing for 2 weeks, your majesty? This is the art of someone that has at least been painting for a year or so."

"That good huh? I'm not sure if your flattering me or not, but I'll take the compliment," Alex said.

"No, no. No flattery at all. I mean what I said," he said. "Look at the paintings. You can see your talent in painting evolve throughout the paintings. You much have made practiced day and night."

"I did practice every day," Alex said.

"Amazing," Tian Honglui said again. "You don't need me to teach you must at all. You can just practice on your own and learn from now on."

"Still, I would love to hold this own training," Alex said.

"Very well," Tian Honglui said. "Let us make another painting then."

Alex nodded and brought out a canvas and his paints.

"I would like you to draw something you have never seen before," the young man said.

Alex nodded and came up with a random scenario in his head. "I have a simple picture in my mind," he said.

The young man nodded and let Alex draw. He watched the entire process of the drawing, seeing the blue sky, and the black, white, and blue background at the bottom.

The colors of the water come together to form an image of the lake with a goldfish jumping out of it. The shadow on the fish, the lighting. Everything was nearly impeccable.

As Alex drew, the young man couldn't help but give a fearful look at him. 'How is this just 2 weeks?' he wondered. Was Alex that good? Or was he just that good of a teacher?

He continued watching Alex draw and once he finished, he clapped. "Amazing, your majesty," he said. "Your ability to capture an image and put it on the canvas is incredible. The anatomy of the fish in the picture, the colors you have used, and the light passing through the water. Everything is absolutely incredible."

The young man could only praise Alex.

"Any problems with the painting?" Alex asked.

"I am unable to tell," the young man said. "There are no problems on a technical level at all. You can improve your painting skills, but those aren't problems that you can't sort out with a few months of training. In a year— no, less than a year, you will reach the same rank as an artist as most of the artists in this continent."

Alex smiled quite a lot at this time. He was happy to be praised like that. He had talent, talent to learn anything he wanted. But that didn't mean that he could do anything he wanted to.

He had to train and learn to be able to do that thing. Sure he had to train for less time than others, but that still didn't mean that he didn't have to give it his all.

He stepped back and looked at his painting again. It truly was quite good, wasn't it?

"When is the evaluation?" Alex asked.

"In an hour from now, I think," the young man said. "I'm quite nervous."

"Why be nervous? Even if you don't make it to the Hall of fame, you have managed to create an amazing painting. That level of skill is something I can only strive to reach in the future."

"Haha, I'm certain you will surpass me, your majesty," the young man said. "As long as you train, you will become the greatest painter in the entire world I assume."

Alex smiled. "I'm fine with just being the greatest Alchemist. You can keep the title of the greatest painter," he said.

The young man chuckled. "Thank you, your majesty," he said.

Alex nodded. "If you don't mind me asking. Have you always wanted to be a painter? How did you get started?" he asked.

"My mother was a painter," the young man said. "She was a painter and I admired her a lot. She used to teach me how to paint as a child and I liked that. When she passed in an accident during my childhood, I found out that painting was the only way I could find to connect with her."

"My father didn't like that," the young man said. "Coming from the Tian clan, he wanted me to follow him to be a leader, and there I was painting. He said that I could never become anything as a painter, like my mother. It got to a point where he destroyed all of the paintings in the house to discourage me, including the paintings my mother made."

"In my anger, I left my house to prove to my father that I would become something. I learned what I could in this city from the senior and then left for the capital where I learned even more."

"Once I spent centuries there, I finally managed to become a painter of fame and worth to my name," the young man said. "At that point, however, I had already lost the feeling of proving it to my father that I could become something."

"Still, the hatred I felt was still there for he had destroyed all that I cherished in that house. I haven't returned there once, and don't intend to return there anytime soon."

"So, now I'm just a painter that drifts through the continent, searching for the next thing to paint."

"I see," Alex said. "I'm sorry you had to go through something like that."

"It's alright. My emotions are not there anymore."

Alex nodded. "Anyway, let us get back to—"

Someone knocked on the door of the room.

"Senior Tian, are you in there?" someone asked.

"Yes," the young man answered.

"The elders have gathered in the judging hall," the person said. "They request your presence."

"Already?" Tian Honglui was a little surprised. He turned toward Alex and said, "Let us go, your Majesty."

Chapter 1468: The Evaluation

The room for the evaluation was set up in a lecture hall with cascading long steps that sloped upward. The students could sit here with their canvases out and learn from the lecturer while not blocking the views of the ones behind them.

At this moment, there were only 20 or so painters that were sitting here, waiting for the moment the painting was brought in.

Tian Honglui walked in and they all got alert as it was going to begin. When Alex walked in, they all stood up and bowed to greet him. They were all aware that he was coming in, so they had been prepared for his arrival.

Some of them talked to him, asking about his painting journey. Alex smiled and told them the basics without going into just how good he had gotten.

"We're here to judge Brother Tian's painting. Let's not make this about mine," he said and went on to stay at the top where he could see everything from.

Tian Honglui went to the stage alongside senior Ran and set up the spot where he would place the painting.

Senior Ran nodded at him and walked away, making his way to the back of the room, sitting next to Alex. He greeted him and stayed silent as he was to focus back on the young man.

Tian Honglui looked at the people in the crowd, at his colleagues and his peers. All his seniors.

He took a deep breath and bowed to them all. "Thank you all for coming to my painting's evaluation," he said. "I do not wish to waste your time more than I already have, so here it is."

He pulled out the painting and placed it on the spot.

Immediately, everyone focused on the painting. There were trees on the side, the river flowing at the bottom, grass moving in the wind, and clouds spreading across the big blue sky.

And yet, everyone's eyes immediately fell on the single thing in the middle of the painting, the Golden Mountain. Feeling the gold's aura permeating through the intent that was used to carve into the paper of the canvas.

Some men stood up to get a closer look, some remained in shock even more.

One thing was true for all of them, however. They all forgot that this was an evaluation and instead looked at the painting as an art piece to enjoy.

Senior Ran smiled a little as well, happy for the young man's success. He remembered when he came to find him, saying that he was his disciple's son. Hearing about his mother's passing away was sad enough, hearing how his father treated painting was even worse.

In part anger and part responsibility were what drove him to teach the young man all the basics of painting that his mother couldn't teach and sent him away to the Dragon Capital to learn more.

He could never have imagined that he would have turned out to be this successful as a painter. Now, his father begged in his footsteps to have him return to the family.

"What do you think, your Majesty?" he asked. "That painting is good, isn't it?"

"It is," Alex said. "Looking at it, I wonder if I made a mistake being present when it was made. I wonder what sort of excitement I could've gotten had I seen it for the first time as a finished product like I had with The Players' Descent and The Lightning God's Anger."

"I can see where you're coming from, but there is a different type of enjoyment when watching someone good at his craft do something phenomenally, isn't it?" the old man asked.

Alex smiled a little. "That is true," he said, staring back at the painting.

Tian Honglui stepped to the side and waited for the people to calm down a little. Once they were calmed down, they would begin the individual inspections.

2 painters went up and spoke nothing but praises regarding the painting before walking back to their seats.

The third painter stood up, walked up to the painting, and inspected it

Senior Ran perked up a little and seemed nervous. Alex noticed that and he noticed that Tian Honglui was nervous as well.

The man stared at the painting for an unusually long time, almost one and a half times as much as each of the first two took.

"Brother Tian," the man finally spoke up. "What was the intention behind you painting this?"

"My intentions? It was to draw a painting of a mountain made up of gold," Tian Honglui said simply.

"No, that is not what I'm asking," the man said. "I'm asking what your intention was to do with the painting once you finished it."

"To have it evaluated and sent to the capital if it is considered good enough for the hall of fame," Tian Honglui said.

"I see," the painter said, staring back at the painting. "I can see that you've put a lot of effort into this painting. Mind I ask if I can see the painting you will be selling in the auction, to see the difference?"

"Bastard!" senior Ran said quietly under his breath.

Alex looked at the man and wondered if he was trying to sabotage Honglui's painting. It definitely looked like it, but could he?

Honglui couldn't answer the question without lying and if he lied and was found out, that would be bad for his image. As a result, he could only tell the truth.

"I have not made any paintings to sell to the auction," he said.

"What?" the man asked. "But I was sure you were supposed to make one for the auction. As far as I know, tomorrow is the last day of giving your painting to the auction. Have you not prepared any?"

Tian Honglui frowned. He never thought he was going to be attacked from this direction.

"No, I have not," he said.

"Then... what were you planning to do with this painting if it didn't make the cut," the man asked.

"I was planning to sell it in the auction," Tian Honglui said.

"Ah! No wonder," the man said. "I can tell that you weren't truly serious when making this painting, and it shows."

"Senior Guan! Do not slander my effort in making this painting," Tian Honglui shouted.

"My apologies, my apologies," the man said as he quickly stepped away. "Anyway, I have said what I wanted to say. Congratulations on making such a good painting. I'm sure whoever buys it will be stoked to have it in the auction."

Once he was gone, a few others came and spoke, going over similar points as the man did. As time went on, every other painter would say the same point as the other one, claiming that there was not enough effort put into the work.

"What's going on?" Alex asked senior Ran.

"That's Senior Guan from the capital. He hates Honglui and is trying to downplay his efforts in order to not have another of his painting go into the Hall of Fame," senior Ran said.

"Why does he hate brother Tian?" Alex asked.

"Senior Guan is the vice headmaster of the Royal School of Painting. He is known for having many great disciples and thus when Tian refused to come under his tutelage, he was angered by him. When he made it to the Hal of Fame, that anger seems to have turned into Animosity."

"There have been 3 times that Honglui has made it close to the Hall of Fame, but this man and his students have stopped him each time."

"It was acceptable the fast 3 times as even Honglui knew it wasn't good enough, but this time, it truly one of the best paintings he has made," Senior Ran said. "And they are trying to stop it all again."

Alex nodded. "And you can't just invite him, can you?" he asked.

"No, his influence as a painter is way too big. Even the headmaster cannot ignore him," Senior Ran said.

As the two of them talked, the painters were done with individual inspections and returned to their seats.

Senior Ran got up and went down to the stage where he stood next to Tian Honglui. "Now that you've all judged it, it is time for voting," he said. "All in favor of putting The Golden Mountain in the Hall of Fame, please raise your hand."

Senior Ran raised his hand and looked through the room as everyone else raised their hands as well. He waited for more to raise, but they didn't.

When he saw 10 hands out of 21 painters had been raised, he couldn't help but feel bad.

"10. 10 hands were raised," he said. "All against placing the Golden Mountain in the Hall of Fame?"

The remaining 11 hands rose all at once.

Senior ran and looked through, hoping that someone would place their hands down, but no one did. Everyone here was indebted to Painter Guan and thus didn't do anything.

It was an 11 to 10 victory. A very close one.

"Such a shame," Senior Guan said. "A little more effort and it would've become a masterpiece worthy of the Hall of Fame."

Senior Ran felt his blood boil and was about to say something when he heard another voice.

"I think it's a masterpiece worthy of the Hall of Fame," Alex said, looking toward senior Guan, who quickly looked up.

"Your majesty?" he asked.

"I think it's a masterpiece," Alex said. "And since I am also technically in the room already, evaluating the painting, I would say my vote should count as well."

"I am in favor of placing this painting in the Hall of Fame."

Chapter 1469: The Final Verdict

The crowd of painters looked back in surprise toward Alex. Even Senior Ran and Tian Honglui were surprised at his words.

"Your majesty," Senior Ran spoke with a soft smile, seeing Alex try to help them. But it was already over.

"We are happy to hear Your Majesty loves young Honglui's paintings," Senior Guan said. "But unfortunately, you must be a painter to—"

"Be a painter to what?" Alex asked. "To judge the painting?"

Senior Guan tried to continue speaking but paused as he stared at Alex who stared back at him directly. "Are you saying that just because I am not as good as you all in putting colors on paper, I am not fit to judge the quality of one when it is put before me?"

"No, that's not what I mean," Senior Guan quickly said. "It's just that only painters of this continent are allowed to evaluate and judge it."

"If I'm not allowed to evaluate the painting then why was I let in?" Alex asked. "If I'm not fit to judge, then why was I made to stay?"

"I—" Senior Guan didn't know how to say what he wanted to say without offending the king. He took a moment to think and nodded. "You are right, your majesty," he said. "You are allowed to vote. Junior Ran, please include his Majesty's vote as well."

Senior Ran nodded and bowed toward Alex in thanks. However, that alone was not enough at all.

"The voting has changed from 10 in favor and 11 against it, to 11 in favor and 11 against it," Senior Ran said. "It has come to a tie."

Alex looked around. At least he had managed to make it a tie, instead of an outright failure. Surely that helped something, right?

Senior Ran could only frown. "Since it is a frown, we will have to gather another day to judge and evaluate it with a fresh mind," he said. "We must include a few more painters of Level 8 and higher levels."

"I'm afraid that is going to take 2 weeks," Senior Guan said. "We will have to gather another day."

He stood up and looked at Alex before bowing. "Will Your Majesty be visiting the evaluation another day as well?" he asked.

Alex looked up front at the young man and older man next to him and asked, "I will most definitely come," he said. "But, before you all leave, I wish for a question to be answered."

"What question might it be, your majesty?" Senior Guan asked.

"Do you always postpone the evaluation of a painting to some other day when it comes to a tie?" he asked.

"We try not to tie," the old man answered. "That is why we gather an odd number of painters to evaluate. If there does happen to be a tie due to some painter's reluctance to answer, then it is in fact moved on to another day."

"Is there no other method of breaking a tie right now?" he asked.

"There is none," the old man said. "Unless His Majesty the Emperor himself comes and tells us what to do, a tie is always broken by—"

"Great!" Alex said and quickly pulled out something before tossing it over to Senior Ran.

Senior Ran held what he was given and within moments his hands shivered by the weight of what he held.

"Your majesty!" He looked up, his hands wide open for everyone to see just what it was that he was holding.

When everyone saw what it was, their eyes went wide immediately as uncontrollable shock filled their hearts

"In the Dragon Emperor's absence, I shall use the authority he had given me to break this tie right now," Alex said. "The painting will go to the Hall of Fame."

Senior Guan gulped.

With the presence of the Dragon Medallion, there was nothing he could say that could counter Alex's words. As a holder of the Dragon Medallion, his words were only behind the Crown Prince and the Emperor himself in terms of importance.

Alex walked down the room, walking past the gazes of everyone that were there, and arrived on stage. He took the medallion from Senior Ran's hand and looked at Tian Honglui.

"Congratulations!" he said. "You are the only person to not have two, but three paintings in the Hall of Fame. Be proud."

He slapped the young man's shoulders a few times before walking away, leaving him on his own.

Tian Honglui was in shock for a moment as all hopes he had lost had come rushing back somehow. He was stunned beyond belief as he struggled to even realize if this was a fantasy or reality.

Senior Ran quickly nudged him, breaking him out of his stunned state, and forcing him to turn towards Alex.

He finally had to accept that what he had just witnessed was indeed reality and he quickly bowed in his direction. "Thank you, your majesty!" he shouted to Alex who was already walking down the hallway.

He smiled in happiness as what he had strived to achieve for the past several years finally came to fruition. He thanked Alex even as he was out of earshot.

Alex left the painter's guild, letting them deal with the hall of fame and all. He would meet up with the young man once everything around the painting and hall of fame was settled.

He felt like he had paid back what he owed to the young man for the past few weeks. Now that everything was done, he walked back to the Gold King's Palace to go spend his time in peace before the auction began.

He had quite a lot to do as well. Downgrade pills, make a wood pill, practice his painting, learn some—

Just as Alex was thinking about what he had to do, something happened that caught his attention.

At first, it was subtle and he couldn't even tell if it was even real. However, within minutes, it became apparent that his feelings weren't his imagination.

It wasn't just him either. Almost every strong individual around the world felt it to varying extents.

Something big was happening.

Chapter 1470: A Realm in Chaos

Alex turned around, looking to the west with a slightly confused look on his face. No one around him seemed to sense the fluctuations at all, but he did. He could sense it already.

His eyes narrowed and he zoned out everything around him, focusing only on the feeling he had right now.

Space.

As the feeling got stronger, he managed to figure out that it was indeed space that was being manipulated in the distance. And the manipulation was so vague that he could tell that it was not close at all, and strong enough that it was a manipulation on a massive scale.

He stared in disbelief wondering what was happening. The last time he had felt anything similar to this was when...

'When Bai Jingshen left for the Immortal lands!' Alex realized. What did that mean? Was someone leaving for the immortal lands? It was definitely not Scarlet as the feeling had come from the west, but then... was it the Black Tortoise?

Was he not supposed to leave some thousand years later when it was time for them to leave? The Snake wasn't even there yet.

'Is someone entering the Immortal realm then?' Alex wondered. If so who could it be?

He wondered what was happening, and many saints around the world wondered along with him. Most didn't even know that what was happening had to do with Space being manipulated.

Every other Saint could only wait in fear as they tried to figure something out.

* * * * *

In a certain location, a girl sat somewhere unknown to her. She knew she was in a room, but wasn't sure if the room was dark or bright. She couldn't tell if the temperature was hot or cold. She couldn't tell if it was a quiet location or loud, or if she smelled anything.

She couldn't even sense any cultivation bases despite being strong herself. Her sense of Qi was completely gone.

All she could sense was touch, and that too was very vague for her, as if it were a mortal's senses.

That had been her normal for so many years now that she wasn't even bothered by it now. She was used to having to rely on someone else for the past few decades.

No medicines helped her, not the ones she ate all those years ago or the ones she ate yesterday. At this point, she had completely given up on the idea of ever gaining her senses back.

However, for the first time today, she could sense something. Whatever it was, it was too strong for her to ignore. However, she could only wait for someone to tell her what was going on as she herself couldn't tell that at all.

* * * * *

Kings and Queens all stirred around the continent, each looking to their guards for answers. The strong members of the Head Legion, however, could provide no answers.

They themselves were just as befuddled as everyone else.

* * * * *

The beasts in the Beast Paradise were scared, each trying to understand what was going on. The Lizard had some idea of what could be happening, but even that was way too vague.

A feeling alone wasn't going to confirm what he thought was the truth.

* * * * *

The Aquatic beasts ran in fear, the stronger ones hiding in the deep. On an island, an old man walked out, looking in the direction of the north wondering to himself what it was that he was sensing.

He could not come up with an answer and as such, he could only stare.

* * * * *

In a bright room, sitting in front of an Alchemy cauldron, the Dragon Emperor diligently made different pills. He had not only learned the recipes that could give him perfect pills, but he also had so many of them now that he believed he could understand the mystery behind the perfect pill.

He wasn't willing to wait for Alex to give everything to him if he could use this opportunity to learn it all himself.

He thought he understood what was going on, but needed a few more years for certain.

He was preparing to make another batch when suddenly he sensed the disturbance. He felt it deep in his blood.

'Is that... space?' he wondered. He could sense space, and thus he sensed the disturbance more clearly than most other saints. Not to mention, as someone who was a simple intention away from trying to break through to the Immortal realm, he had the strongest senses of all who were of this land.

And as such, he knew to fear what was happening. Something big was happening, and he did not wish to be a part of it until he knew he was safe. Until he was in the Immortal realms, he was not going to risk anything at all.

He told a few of his subordinates and had them check to see what was going on by giving them an accurate estimation of where it was happening.

* * * * *

Scarlet sat on the platform made out of Sunstone in the center of the Sunborn Sanctuary. The stone still retained the sun's heat, glowing, giving back what it had absorbed.

She had been diligently cultivating for the past 3 years and had managed to break through some more times, now in the Saint Transformation 3rd realm, getting close to 4th.

Her eyes suddenly opened, looking around for a bit before focusing her senses in a certain direction.

She could feel what was happening and could tell it was big. However, her Saint realm senses were nowhere near strong enough for her to tell accurately what was going on.

She could only tell that whatever was happening was not in her continent at least. Given the direction thought... was it the Eastern Continent?

'I hope this has nothing to do with you, Alex,' she thought. 'I can only hope.'

* * * * *

The Black Tortoise was sleeping inside the secret realm in the Domain of the Ruler when he woke up to the commotion as well.

His long head came out from his shell, looking to the east curiously.

"What is going on?" he wondered. It was a little difficult to tell exactly what was going on for him. Being inside a secret realm where the spaces were separated, he couldn't tell properly what was happening outside.

"Is someone breaking through to Immortality?" he wondered for a second. However, a moment later, he threw out the idea. There was nothing of what he was sensing that gave him the idea that someone was breaking through to Immortality.

Whatever it was though, he could tell was way too big for someone of this realm. "Are the other beasts moving?" he wondered.

He could only wait and see if he could get more answers.

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Bai Jingshen opened his eyes inside his room looking to the east. His senses were strong, stronger than anyone else in this world aside from a single person.

As such, he had a lot more information than the other Immortals in this world.

"My lord," one of his wives spoke in somewhat distress. "What is going on?"

"This... I want to say someone is ascending," another wife of his said. "But this is wrong."

"I can't sense what is happening clearly," Ren Xiao said worriedly and looked toward Bai Jingshen. "My lord, are my senses correct? Is this happening in the Eastern Continent?"

"It is," Bai Jingshen said with a serious look. He tried to sense what was happening as well, but it was somewhat difficult to paint a full picture.

"I'll try to see what is happening," he said and disappeared from there. Not long after, he appeared outside the Beast realm and looked toward the East.

His first instinct was to fly to where it was and see what was happening. However, after appearing outside, he was confident that whatever was happening, was happening in the Eastern Continent.

As a result, he could not go there at all.

He frowned a bit and wondered what it was that he could do, but there really was nothing he could do.

He could only hope that Alex and Pearl were safe from here.

His wives came out not long after as well, looking to the east. "What is happening, My Lord?" one of them asked.

Bai Jingshen grimaced at the question and finally answered.

"Someone has descended to this realm," he said. "And they have done so in a continent that has no protector at all."

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"Senior!" Xuan Luhei, the snake, crawled out of the lake, quickly assuming the body of an adult man as he made his way toward Senior Yang in somewhat distress.

"Am I sensing it correctly?" he asked. "Is someone really descending to this realm?"

Senior Yang looked troubled at the situation. His eyes darted around, trying to figure out what to do.

The snake looked at him and was confused for a moment before realizing why he was troubled.

"Are they... here to take you?" the snake asked.

"I... I would assume so," the man said, not knowing what to do.

"But that would be breaking the Heavenly pact that the beasts have made with the humans and demons to bring peace to the lower worlds," the snake said.

"I fear the consequences of leaving me be here is far more than what they would have to suffer from breaking the treaty," Senior Yang said. "They are certainly more than happy to do it as if that means finding the World Tree's seed here."

"They are happy to do it so they can rekindle the flames of war."

"But how can they come here?" the snake asked. "Do they not fear this location?"

"I fear..." Senior Yang spoke with a solemn look. "I fear that they may have already figured out that the Godkiller is no longer here anymore."