

Death 1881

Death... and me

Chapter 1881: As Temperamental as Ever

Uncle Fran narrowed his eyes in response. 'They know each other, so this guy is probably not the one being looked for. Why would this brat Jakar even know someone like that anyway?'

Nevertheless, he quickly put it aside as he held both Rean and Triwe...or Jakar. Following that, he looked at the spirit on the side. "I can see that you're really just a Guiding Spirit of the Spirit Stream, so you can leave."

Nisso felt like he received a pardon as his body was shot in the Spirit Stream's direction like a meteor. He truly didn't want to have anything to do with these guys. 'That Uncle Fran was just too scary.'

"As for you," said Fran as he looked at Rean. "You'll come with me."

However, Rean immediately pulled out his trump card. "I'm truly not involved with him, though? How about I sign a Soul Binding Contract stating I'm speaking the truth?"

Yet, Fran cared little about it. "This nephew of mine has his own ways of avoiding Soul Binding Contracts. Otherwise, he would never have joined the Drugo Organization of the humans. Since you're friends, he obviously could have given you the same method."

Rean looked at Jakar in surprise, who looked away. "Ahem... the Drugo Organization always uses Soul Binding Contracts to check backgrounds. I just tempered with my soul a little so that it would look like I was telling the truth about my past." He couldn't deny it since information about the Soul Binding Contracts wasn't any secret.

Then again, Jakar was the first cultivator below the Void Tempering Realm that Rean had ever seen capable of ignoring Soul Binding Contracts like him and Roan. "I have many questions for you, but above all, why pull me together into this mess? I won't teach you about the Azure Stream Crystal forging methods anymore."

Before Jakar could answer, the so-called Uncle Fran used its Spatial Powers to envelope Rean and Jakar. Following that, he opened a fissure in space-time and entered it with the two. That alone was enough

for Rean to understand. This Uncle Fran was definitely one of the top experts of the spirit races. Otherwise, entering such a place would be tantamount to suicide. Not to mention that he could bring other beings with him, which was even more difficult.

Rean saw the spatial storms raging all around them, threatening to rip them to shreds. Yet, once they got close to Uncle Fran, they seemed to calm before completely disappearing. Uncle Fran didn't even bother trying to avoid them.

That travel through the fabric of space didn't last more than a few minutes, though. Yet, little did Rean know that they had covered over five continents in that small span of time and were still heading further away. That's the power of the top experts of the Realm of Gods.

Suddenly, Rean noticed a passage completely black ahead of him. Uncle Fran immediately dove into it, which was probably something he created himself. The next time Rean saw anything, they were above a mountain range that expanded as far as the eyes could see.

"Just where are we?" Rean couldn't help but ask.

Jakar then explained, "We're in the territory of the Winged Provis Spirit Race in the Sundown Continent."

"Sundown Continent?!" Rean was shocked to hear that. Thanks to the maps he bought in the Traversal City, he at least knew which continents were what in the spirit races' territory. The Sundown Continent was literally six continents away from the area where Uncle Fran captured them. "We didn't spend more than a few minutes traveling..."

Jakar shrugged his shoulders in response. "Uncle Fran is one of the top three experts of the entire Winged Provis race. Well, that also means only three Winged Provis can travel through the fabric of space like him?"

Pah!

Ouch!

Suddenly, Uncle Fran slammed Jakar's head. "Why do you look so smug? A disgrace like you shouldn't even consider such a thing."

Rean looked around and could see several more of those Winged Provis Spirits. If not because of his Divine Sense, he would probably think they were all demon beasts in human form. However, his Divine Sense saw how none of them even had an inkling of the demonic aura demon beasts usually had. As for their body structures, it was pretty obvious they were not part of the humanoid races either. 'Hmm... they're all hermaphrodites...?'

Rean's Divine Sense showed that none of them seemed to have any of the male or female reproductive organs. 'Oh well, most spirits are like that anyway,' Rean thought. Havek was a very good example. 'It seems like they really are spirits.'

'Idiot,' Roan called his attention. 'Hermaphrodites are species that can take on either role to reproduce. These guys are obviously not born from reproduction like us humans, so calling them hermaphrodites is wrong.'

Rean couldn't help but ask in response, 'Why do you even know something like that?'

Roan snorted in response. 'Hmph! All living beings with brains have souls. Naturally, I took away the souls of many animals back on Earth too. We receive a perfect description of each of our targets before going to work. Naturally, such information was also included.'

Rean couldn't help but mention. 'Well, that seems like a pretty useless description.'

Before Rean and Roan could continue their bickering about hermaphrodites, someone else appeared.

"Jakar!" Another Winged Provis appeared and immediately embraced Jakar.

"Mom?! Come on, stop it!"

"Mom?" Rean was even more puzzled now. "Let's leave aside whether you're a spirit or not as you definitely look human to me. This Winged Provis race shouldn't be able to have kids, right? There doesn't seem to even be a concept of male and female as far as I can see with my Divine Sense."

The spirit who embraced Jakar then let him go before looking at Rean. "What is this thing? Fran, why did you bring such a low life to our sacred ground?"

Fran shrugged his shoulders, replying, "These two seem to be very close friends. Perhaps he was the one who helped Jakar escape from us."

The Winged Provis' expression turned dark after hearing that. "Then you can die already!"

That Provis' Spatial Power closed on Rean, quickly trying to destroy him in a second. However...

Shatter!

Uncle Fran's Spatial Power intervened and saved Rean's life. "As temperamental as ever, Ligra," he said to Jakar's mom with indifference.

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Chapter 1882: Golden Feather

Fuuuu... Rean took a deep breath after that, feeling like he was on the edge of the Underworld for a second there.

Ligra looked back at Fran with an angry expression. "Why did you stop me?"

"I told you," Fran answered. "Maybeeeeeee, he was the one responsible for Jakar's escape. There's no proof of that."

Rean was thankful that most spirits were peaceful by nature. If it was on the humanoid or demon beasts' side, he would have probably been dead by now. "Ahem... Jakar... and I only met around four months ago. I couldn't possibly have helped him with any escapade."

"Hmph!" Ligra snorted in response. "We'll see about that."

She then completely ignored Rean and looked at Jakar. "Brat, where were you with that head of yours?! How could you suddenly leave our race?! Also, why are you still pretending to be such a disgusting low-life like a human? Revert back to your real form immediately!"

Jakar scratched the back of his head as his body began to transform. Immediately, the things that made Jakar a human in Rean's eyes began to disappear as he took the same form as the other Winged Provis. Sure enough, Jakar wasn't a human but another Winged Provis. "You guys sure can do some interesting things," he couldn't help but mention.

Jakar nodded, replying, "Our transformation abilities are very convincing, you know? Well, not everyone in our Winged Provis race can transform as perfectly as I. That's a very rare ability. If not for that, I would have been found a long time ago."

"Enough!" Uncle Fran intervened. "I don't care about anything you two have to say to each other. Jakar, you're heading straight back to the Winged Provis Sanctuary to continue your cultivation and will continue there for the next ten years. You better not come out before reaching the Void Tempering Realm!"

"I will not!" However, Jakar immediately refused. "I said it already. I'm not going to become the future leader of the Winged Provis or anything like that. I want to live my own life and not the one you portrayed for me. I was very happy with the life I had in the Drugo Organization, so just ignore me and let me go. Look, you even involved my friend Tian here."

Rean's mouth could not help but twitch when he heard that. 'Wasn't it you who involved me? You could have simply said I had nothing to do with you, idiot!' Then again, Rean couldn't understand. Why would Jakar try to pretend that they were great friends? It wasn't like Rean could do anything for him in this situation.

Pah!

Ouch!

Fran once again hit Jakar's head, this time with even more strength. "Are you still saying that? Do you want to see our Winged Provis race disappear in the future? You're the race's Golden Feather holder, idiot!"

'Golden Feather?' Rean couldn't help but take a better look at Jakar. Sure enough, at the very center of Jakar's crown of feathers, there was one that was transparent yet had a golden sheen to it. Then again, the golden color was very faint.

Jakar still shook his head, saying, "That has nothing to do with me. I didn't ask for that, you know? If you want, I can pluck this feather out and give it to you." He then looked at Rean after that. "Tian, tell him. Am I not a very good blacksmith? Didn't I get my own position in the Drugo Organization with my own strength? Tell them how good my life was before they appeared."

At the same time, Rean received a Divine Sense message from Jakar. 'You better follow my story. Otherwise, my mom will really kill you since you're inside our sacred ground.'

Rean wanted nothing more than to kill Jakar instead. 'Fuck you! I'm not going to help you with it.'

At the same time, Rean contacted Sister Orb. 'Sister Orb, prepare the Circuitry Teleport Formation. We're going to try our luck!'

[That's not a good idea. The space all around this mountain range is scrambled. Only someone like that Uncle Fran there could possibly teleport away from here without any risks.]

'For fuck's sake! Do I really have to follow this farce?' Rean couldn't help but complain.

[By the way,] Sister Orb continued. [The Winged Provis race just so happens to have the next item you two need for the Starlight Body Cultivation Technique. Did you forget? We need the Iridescent Tear, and they have it.]

Hearing that, Rean immediately smiled at Ligra and Fran, saying, "Indeed. Sorry for trying to pretend we didn't know each other before. It's just that your Uncle Fran was so strong that he scared me. Anyway,

my friend Jakar here was right. He was really having a good life himself. His blacksmith abilities improved quite a lot since we first met, so you should be proud of him."

For some reason, Jakar felt like there was some ulterior motive for Rean's sudden change in behavior. 'Oh well, whatever.'

Ligra couldn't care less, though. "So what? We are spirits! Our Winged Provis Race uses no weapons, only our feathers! What use is there for a blacksmith here? That's nothing more than a waste of time!"

Jakar got angry when he heard that. Truth be told, Jakar really did like forging, even if it wasn't that useful for his race. "There you go again! Ignoring my own feelings and forcing your own values into me. The same goes for Uncle Fran and Dad."

Fran shook his head, though. "If you were any other spirit, we obviously wouldn't mind that much that you decided to live by yourself. However, you know the importance the Golden Feather holder carries to our spirit race."

Jakar still insisted. "So what? As long as it exists, there should be no problems, right? Why do I need to stay here and follow all this bullshit?"

It was then that another voice came out as yet another Winged Provis appeared. "Stop your nonsense! If you die, the Golden Feather dies with you! Don't tell me that you don't know what that means to our Winged Provis race."

Jakar immediately recognized the guy. "Dad!"

Rean continued to be confused. 'Mom and dad, even though they don't have genders... could it be that my notion is wrong?' Rean thought for a moment.

However, he quickly shook his head and asked Jakar what was bothering him instead. 'Just what the hell is this Golden Feather of yours?'

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Chapter 1883: How Much Freedom

Jakar already expected that question. 'To be more specific, it's called the Provis Golden Feather. It's thanks to this feather that the link between our race and Wind Element is incredibly strong. You can look for it all over the Realm of Gods. It's almost impossible to find another race with such high Wind Element Affinity like us.'

'However,' Jakar continued, 'If the feather dies, our race will instantly lose our high affinity. It's not like we would be bad at using Wind Element, but you wouldn't be able to call us one of the top races when that happens.'

Rean found it strange. 'That feather of yours has the power to influence your entire race? How come?'

'I wish I knew,' Jakar answered. 'However, it has always been like that. You can already imagine why I decided to flee, right? They kept treating me like some treasure. I've never had a single second without a thousand Divine Senses watching me. I had to go through quite an arduous process to obtain my freedom.'

'Well, you're not free anymore,' Rean answered. 'After all, here you are. I don't think they'll let you leave again. Of course, I'll continue to follow your story as you wish. However, you must give me something in exchange.'

Jakar could only nod in response. 'Sure, what is it?'

'I need two Iridescent Tears. I was surprised to hear that you were part of the Winged Provis Race, but it is also convenient that you have it.' Rean immediately made his request.

'This...' Yet, it seemed like things weren't that easy. 'Can't you ask something different? The Iridescent Tears are a little...'

Rean shook his head in response. The Starlight Body Cultivation Technique made by the system was very specific with its requirements. 'No can do. It has to be the tears.'

Jakar then explained, 'That's gonna be complicated. It seems like you don't even know what an Iridescent Tear is and how difficult it is to be obtained.'

Rean shrugged his shoulders. 'I think I have a lot of time now that you dragged me into this shit. How about you tell me why these tears are hard to get?'

Jakar continued, 'Alright. Iridescent Tears are a type of liquid that only appear in the very center of our sanctuary. No more than a single drop comes out every hundred years. As you can imagine, they are marvelous for our cultivation. Some of us might never have a breakthrough if we don't use one drop of those. Of course, we would only give it to very high-level members stuck in their cultivation.'

Rean felt things were becoming quite difficult. 'That complicated?!'

Rean pondered over it for a bit before asking, 'However, you still can get them, right? I just need two drops, and your race has existed for who knows how many years? I'm sure you guys have saved quite a few of those tears for other purposes. I know that I definitely would have done that.'

Jakar nodded. 'That goes without saying. Still, getting two drops of the Iridescent Tear without a good reason is not easy. You can probably imagine how many of us are in the queue to receive a drop. There is simply not enough for everyone.'

Rean insisted. 'But you can get them, right?'

Yet, Jakar answered with a question. 'That depends. Can you help me get out again?'

Rean didn't like it. 'I'm already following this story of yours, though? And here you want more? No, first of all, how the hell do you even expect me to help you leave this place? I'm not sure if even I can leave.'

'Oh! I'm counting on you to find a way,' Jakar answered.

Rean ran through hundreds of curses in his mind before he returned his attention to the spirits in front of them. "Ahem... My friend Jakar here must gain experience, don't you think? If you keep him locked because of the Golden Feather, will he be able to defend himself if something goes wrong in the future? Experience is also important."

The male Winged Provis looked at Rean with a dark expression. "He'll get his freedom once he reaches a cultivation high enough to guarantee his life. You have no need to express your opinion."

Jakar obviously agreed with Rean. "Dad, Mom, Uncle Fran, our race does go without the Golden Feather many times. Even if I die, the race just needs to wait until a new Golden Feather holder is born. You're just too intoxicated by the extra power the existence of the Golden Feather is giving you."

Rean tried to help. "He's probably correct. It's obvious that Jakar hasn't lived that long. That means you guys didn't have a Golden Feather holder before him, right? Is that really such a big deal? Can't you allow your kid to pursue his dreams? It looks a lot more that you're trying to help yourselves rather than help him."

Ligra really didn't like Rean. "That's why he ran away! Because idiots like you put such ideas in his head! I don't even know we're still listening to you talk. Fran, if you want to do something with this guy, just do it already."

"If you hurt Tian, I'll never forgive any of you!" Jakar immediately tried to save Rean.

Fran pondered over it for a bit before saying, "How about this? I can see that you two are quite close as one tries to protect the other. We can let your friend go without any repercussions. However, you have to stay here and cultivate diligently. Don't forget that the Golden Feather makes you the next leader of our race. It's something you can't run away from."

Fran then looked at Jakar's father. "What do you think, Luio?"

Luio narrowed his eyes in response. It was obvious he didn't like Rean very much either.

However, it wasn't enough for Rean. It was then he had an idea and used Divine Sense to ask Jakar. 'How much freedom can you have in this place at least?'

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Chapter 1884: Well Organized

'How much freedom?' Jakar was obviously puzzled by the sudden question. 'What do you mean?'

Rean explained, 'I might get us out of here, but things like teleportation don't work due to the scrambled space. If you can bring both of us somewhere where the space isn't scrambled, then I can bring us out... or at least try to.' Rean was obviously thinking about using the Circuitry Teleport Formation. As long as the space wasn't scrambled, it would work. As for Jakar's cultivation level, Rean could simply pay 20000 Destiny Points to allow him into the Dimensional Realm.

Jakar had bad news, though. 'Oh, that?! Too bad... the space is scrambled on its own due to the mountain range's properties. It extends for several thousands of kilometers. I might be able to move around the mountain range, but I definitely can't leave it.'

And that's how the idea of teleporting crumbled as soon as it appeared. 'Tch... then I guess I've got no more options.'

It was then that Rean remembered something. 'Wait, first of all, how did you manage to escape before?'

Jakar already expected that, replying, 'Well, I was a little too crazy... and lucky.'

Before Rean could ask what he meant by that, Luio warned Fran. "Fran, don't let this idiot get close to another teleport formation. It was already a miracle he didn't die when he tried to teleport within the scrambled space once. He definitely won't be that lucky twice."

Rean looked at Jakar with a shocked expression after hearing that. "You used a teleport formation in a place like this?! Are you crazy?! The spatial storms should have destroyed you!"

Jakar scratched the back of his head. "Well, at that time, I was just too fed up with all this pressure. In the end, I thought that it might be better to escape at any cost or die trying. Fortunately, I didn't fall into any spatial storms by pure luck, so I ended up somewhere else in the Realm of Gods. Now that I think about it, I was even luckier to still be in the Realm of Gods at all."

"Hmph!" Fran snorted in response. "You also have your Golden Feather to thank for. No doubt the previous Golden Feather holders protected you during that recklessness. Of course, I won't let you get close to any other teleport formation anymore."

Ligra then grabbed Jakar with her Spatial Powers and began to move away. "Well, I'm bringing him to the sanctuary. I'll stay there with him until he reaches the Void Tempering Realm."

"Let me go!" Obviously, Jakar complained. "I don't want to stay here. I can cultivate anywhere else!"

Ligra, Luio, and Fran completely ignored him, though. Not long after, Jakar had already disappeared from Rean's sight. Now he was alone with Fran and Luio.

"Errr... what about me, then?" Rean couldn't help but ask.

Luio narrowed his eyes as he looked at Rean closely. "Spatial Powers at the Transition Realm. A Pocket Dimensional Realm as well. Fran, isn't this the boy the humanoids were desperately looking for?"

Rean felt a chill on his back when he heard that. Obviously, Spirits at Fran and Luio's level could feel his Spatial Powers and Dimensional Realm now that they were very close to him.

Fran nodded in response. "I thought the same thing. However, the rest simply doesn't match. The humanoids gave us a perfect picture of both the kids' outer appearance and internal structures. This guy is completely different. Also, it seems like his affinity is Fire and not Light or Dark."

Rean thanked his foresight for keeping his Yang Energy as the main driving force of elements around his body. Thanks to that, it did indeed look like he was a Fire Element user. Well, Roan was also part of the reason, of course.

Luio walked around Rean and looked at him closely. "Indeed, he's very different. However, it might be due to some kind of body-changing technique. The fastest way is to check his Dimensional Realm. There are supposed to be thousands of cultivators living inside."

Luio then spread his Divine Sense and quickly called someone. In the next moment, Rean saw a Winged Provis flying in their direction. "Dad, Uncle Luio, I heard you got Jakar back."

This time, it was Fran's kid instead. Well, Rean still didn't understand the problem of no genders, but he could ask about it some other time.

Fran nodded in response. "That's correct, Jansa. Your aunt already carried Jakar back to the sanctuary, so you can go see him later."

Luio continued from there. "Lansa, you're still in the Middle Stage of the Elemental Transformation Realm, so I need a favor from you. Enter this guy's Pocket Dimensional Realm and tell me what you find there."

Lansa looked at Rean with a confused expression, asking, "And just who is this guy?"

Rean raised his hand, saying, "Hi, I'm Tian, a friend of Jakar. Your... dad... brought me together with Jakar, so here I am."

Luio wasn't in the mood to wait, though. "Well then, Tian. Let Lansa go into your Dimensional Realm for a few seconds, and then let her out. Depending on what we find there, we'll know whether you're the guy we're looking for or not."

"My Pocket Dimensional Realm is where I keep most of my Divine Stones and treasures, you know? Would you just let anyone enter like that if it was you?" Rean asked back.

Luio shrugged his shoulders in response. "You can let her enter your Dimensional Realm, or you can die here."

Rean nodded. "I've always wanted to show everyone just how well organized my Dimensional Realm is."

"Do you have no pride?" Frana and Luio asked. Sure enough, Rean had no pride whatsoever.

Fran then gave Rean a warning. "My daughter and I are connected. If you do something to her, I will know. Understood?"

"I don't want to get on anyone's bad side," Rean answered. "I'll just let her enter and look at everything she wants until she's satisfied. I just hope she won't try to steal my things."

"Dad, I think we should just kill him," Lansa obviously took Rean's words personally.

"Ahem... I'm joking, I'm joking. There's no way such a proud Winged Provis would try to steal a low-life humanoid being's belongings." Following that, Rean pulled Lansa into the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm.

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Chapter 1885: Something Else To Do

Lansa obviously didn't mind and let the pulling force take her away.

Vup!

The next time she saw anything, she was in a deserted land with nothing more than a few small open buildings. Inside each of them, there were Divine Stones, forging materials, low-level treasures, equipment, and similar things.

"This guy has quite a lot of Divine Stones," Lansa couldn't help but say. She could see at least a few thousand Rank Two Divine Stones. One must remember that for an average cultivator at Rean's level, that amount of Divine Stones was very impressive.

Lansa then left the buildings, but she didn't have anywhere else to go. That's because the spatial barriers that signaled the end of the Pocket Dimensional Realm were all around the building. If anything, she thought it was quite a small Dimensional Realm. "Hey, the human out there. Bring me out!"

Rean then looked at Fran, saying, "Your daughter is asking to come out."

"I know," Fran nodded in response. "I was also watching everything through her eyes."

Rean wondered if this connection between Fran and his daughter was something similar to himself and Roan. Nevertheless, he quickly brought that Winged Provis out of his Dimensional Realm.

As for why the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm looked like that... well... Rean and Roan weren't idiots. Rean went to the length of even changing his own internal body structure after leaving the Free Continent. Simply put, it was impossible to tell that Rean was really Rean without Rean confirming it himself. The only thing that denounced his identity was his Spatial Powers at the Transition Realm and the Soul Gem Dimensional Realm's presence.

Since that was the case, Rean and Roan had Sister Orb prepare a part of the Dimensional Realm that would play the role of a smaller Dimensional Realm. For a normal Pocket Dimensional Realm, even the big ones, such an idea was ridiculously difficult and carried various risks to the Dimensional Realm itself. However, they had the Soul Gem System and Sister Orb. It was an easy task for her. In the end, all Lansa saw was that small isolated area of the Dimensional Realm, which made her think she was seeing everything.

"You're quite wealthy for your cultivation, no?" Fran asked Rean with a curious expression.

"Of course!" Rean agreed straight away. "I'm a merchant and a blacksmith. My life is all about making money. I don't want to look full of myself, but I'm very proud of what I've achieved so far. I even reached a stage where I could control Spatial Powers before the Void Tempering Realm."

Luio looked at Fran and Lansa, asking them, "What did you see in his Dimensional Realm?"

"Many Divine Stones and a few other things. It wasn't anything ridiculous, though," Lansa explained.

"No other cultivators?" Luio added a question.

Fran shook his head, replying, "The humans that the humanoid races are after were supposed to have over ten thousand cultivators inside their Dimensional Realm. However, this guy's Pocket Dimensional Realm can't fit even half of that amount. Even if you put 5000 cultivators there, they wouldn't be able to move a single foot. It's a very small Dimensional Realm, quite low-quality."

"Hey!" Rean pretended to be angry at his words. "Do you have any idea just how hard it was for me to get my Pocket Dimensional Realm? I'm not someone like you guys who can provide a Void Shattering Pill and head straight to the Void Tempering Realm. I worked very hard to be where I am, okay?"

Fran snorted in response. "Hmph! Have you not seen Jakar or my daughter here? Are any of them at the Void Tempering Realm?"

"This..." Rean had to admit he was right. "Could it be that Spirits can't use Void Shattering Pills?"

Lansa nodded. "That's correct. The Void Shattering Pill your humanoid races created is only useful for the humanoid races. Demon beasts, demons, angels, spirits, none of the others can use it. Well, we spirits do have our own ways of reaching the Void Tempering Realm straight away if needed, though. But we prefer to let things happen naturally. For us, that's more advantageous due to our connection with nature."

"Ahem..." Luio stopped Lansa there. "Why are you even telling him all of this?"

"Ah!" Lansa immediately lowered her head. "Sorry, Uncle Luio."

"Sigh..." Luio sighed in response. "Well, it's no secret anyway. Fran, you can let your daughter go already."

Fran nodded after hearing that. "Head to the sanctuary to see Jakar. The proximity to his Golden Feather will help in your cultivation."

"Okay, dad." Lansa quickly turned around and left right after.

Luio and Fran, two of the strongest experts of the spirit race, then looked at Rean. "Now then, what should we do with you?"

Hearing that, Rean quickly suggested, "How about I work here? As you saw, I'm a very good merchant. Without a background, I still reached this level. You definitely, DEFINITELY don't want to lose such a great talent like myself."

"No background, huh?" Luio found it hard to believe. "I refuse to believe no one has noticed your talent until now. You might even be related to the humans the humanoid races are looking for."

Rean pretended to not know anything. "You mentioned it a few times already. Just who are these humans you are looking for? I've also gotten interrogated in the human territory about it. Well, not only me but many other humanoid race members. They seem pretty desperate to find these humans as there were many posters everywhere on the humanoid side."

Fran and Luio looked at each other before looking back at Rean. "Whatever."

Luio then decided to simply leave. "You brought him here, so you deal with him. I'm off to the sanctuary." In the next moment, Luio completely disappeared.

Fran pondered in silence for a bit before asking, "I know that nephew of mine. Tell me, you're not related at all, right?"

Rean's mouth twitched in response. "And only now did you decide to believe my words? Yeah, with your power, it should be easy to investigate. Indeed, Jakar and I only came to know each other back in the Traversal City. He wasn't even called Jakar back there."

Fran nodded. "I didn't really bring you here because of what Jakar said but because we thought you were the human the humanoid races were looking for. Since that's not the case, I have something else for you to do."

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Chapter 1886: I'll See That Arranged

"Something else?" Rean asked back. "Well, that's better than being killed, I guess."

Fran then caught Rean with his Spatial Powers and disappeared from that place. In the next second, Rean found himself and Fran in another part of the mountain range. What really caught Rean's attention was not that, though. Instead, it was the many different spirits as well as demon beasts and humanoids.

Fran then pointed at a rare building, something one would hardly see in the Winged Provis race's territory. "Our Winged Provis race does a lot of trading with other races. As a spirit race with such high affinity with the Wind Element, a lot of the things produced by us carry very pure Wind Element.

However, it's hard for us to negotiate with the humanoids and demon beasts since we don't really know what those items would be worth in their territories."

He then looked at Rean, saying, "You mentioned that you're a blacksmith and a merchant, right? I want you to give us a little help with these trades and use your knowledge about the prices to get us some good deals."

Rean didn't really expect that he would be put in the position of a merchant, though. However, he also heard good news from Sister Orb.

[Rean, we're at the very edge of the mountain range. If you head out a little further, the space won't be scrambled anymore. You and Roan can use the Circuitry Teleport Formation if you do that.]

However... 'That's good and all. Sadly, we need those Iridescent Tears that only appear in these guys' sanctuary.'

Rean decided to ask Fran about it. "Sure, I can help you with that. But since you know I have nothing to do with Jakar, shouldn't I get some payment for my services?"

Fran smiled in response. "I thought your life was quite a good price."

"Errr..." Rean felt like crying. "Alright, alright. Then, let me ask this. I have heard about your Winged Provis race before, especially about a certain item. Do you guys happen to sell Iridescent Tears?"

Fran was surprised that Rean even knew about it. "Where did you hear that name?"

"If it's related to blacksmithing, you can be sure I know of it," Rean answered.

"Hmph!" Fran wasn't completely convinced about it. Then again, the item wasn't exactly a huge secret either, as other spirit races knew about it. "That's not something the likes of you will ever get your hands on."

"Wait!" Rean was surprised to hear that answer. Why? Because it wasn't a denial. "Does that mean you really have those tears for trading?"

Fran glanced at him but nodded in the end. "We do have Iridescent Tears for trade. However, almost no one dares to pay the price for them. That already includes experts at my level, so you can forget about being able to afford it."

"Who knows?" Rean wasn't convinced. "I'm very good at trading. If you don't tell me what you're asking in exchange for the tears, how do you know if I can pay or not?"

"Simple," Fran answered. "Because if you could pay, I would rather just kill you and grab the payment for free."

Rean wanted to cry again. "That's not a nice answer."

Fran didn't care, though. "Is that so? Anyway, the price for an Iridescent Tear is a Rank Eight Divine Stone of the Wind Element. Only such a thing would be worth more than the tear for us."

Rean took in a deep breath after hearing that. "Rank Eight Divine Stone..." Until today, Rean's group found a single Rank Six Divine Stone, which happened to have Water Element. In the end, they gave it to Havek, who used it to break through. Yet, Fran was asking for a Rank Eight. Was such a thing even possible to be found by the likes of him? Even if, due to a miracle, he found such a Divine Stone, would it even be a Wind Element one? "Ahem... that is indeed a bit out of my league."

"Obviously," Fran nodded, satisfied.

"Isn't there anything else you want? Surely there must be something else." Rean could only hope now. What bothered Rean the most was how fast it escalated. Sure, the last item of the Starlight Body Cultivation Technique was already hard. However, the next item's difficulty just jumped several folds.

Fran was just about to say no when suddenly, he had an idea. "How about this? If you can convince Jakar to forget the idea of escaping from his race, I don't mind giving you a drop of Iridescent Tear."

Rean was taken aback for a moment but immediately pushed forward. "Two drops!"

Fran's expression darkened in response. "Aren't you being too greedy for your own good?"

Rean only smiled when he heard that. "Greedy? We're talking about the future of your Winged Provis race, aren't we? Surely it's a lot more important than just a mere two drops of Iridescent Tear. Don't forget he was successful once. Who knows, someone might let their guard down at some point, and before you know it, Jakar already threw himself inside another teleport formation."

Fran had to admit Rean was right, even if he didn't like it. "Fine, two drops it is. But you better succeed. Otherwise, forget about ever leaving this place alive again."

Rean nodded in response. "Good! Now then, what guarantees do I have that you will fulfill your end of the deal?"

"You don't," Fran answered straight away. "Whether you want to trust me or just give up is up to you."

Well, Rean would be lying if he said he wasn't expecting something like that. "Yeah, yeah... you guys are all like this, aren't you?"

Fran shook his head. "I like to think that we spirit races are a lot more patient than the others."

"Fine, I'll give you that." Rean couldn't disagree with that. "Just arrange for Jakar to come and see me here every now and then. Make it look like you wanted to show him that I'm fine and things like that."

"What do you mean?" Fran asked back.

"Simple," Rean answered. "You want it to look like it wasn't you who asked me to do that. The chances of me convincing him will be much higher like that."

Fran understood and nodded in response. "I'll see that arranged."

Death... and me

Chapter 1887: Third Option

Rean was then given the job of working with trades in that gathering hub for visiting races. At first, it was quite hard to do since just a few items that passed through were related to blacksmithing. However, as time passed, Rean got the hang of the job and started to get things done.

It was during one of these days that Jakar finally appeared in the gathering hub. Of course, when he appeared, Rean also noticed the several Divine Senses that followed him with his Divine Sense bending skill. Though, that wasn't all. The Winged Provis race didn't want to commit the same mistake again, so they also assigned a trusted Winged Provis to be Jakar's shadow.

'Peak Stage of the Elemental Space Realm,' Rean immediately felt what realm that Winged Provis was in.

Hearing that, Roan commented from within the Dimensional Realm, 'The Elemental Space Realm is the divisor for those in the top powers of the Realm of Gods, it seems.'

'That's true,' Rean agreed with him.

In the territory of the humanoid races, the Space Bending Realm was the highest realm where one would still be considered a disciple of the sects, clans, and organizations. Once one entered the Elemental Space Realm, one would either become a full-fledged member of that power or an elder in rarer cases. In the Winged Provis race, something similar seemed to be happening.

"Tian, they really kept you alive!" Jakar couldn't help but rejoice.

Rean's mouth twitched in response, though. "I would also be free if not for you."

"Details, details." Jakar quickly brushed the issue aside. "Anyways, they let me come out and see you. I kept insisting for several days in a row, you know? See, am I a good friend or not?"

At the same time, Jakar talked with Rean through Divine Sense. 'Have you thought of a way of getting away from this place?'

Rean shook his head, replying, 'Dream on. By the way, your Uncle Fran made a deal with me. If I can convince you to not escape anymore, he'll give me two Iridescent Tears. With that being said, give up on escaping and let me take my tears.'

Jakar didn't know whether to praise or curse Rean for that. 'That's... quite straightforward of you.'

Rean didn't seem to care. 'So, how about telling me why you want to escape? From what I can see, everyone would love to be in your place in that so-called sanctuary.'

'Are you truly trying to convince me to stay after telling me in front of my face that Uncle Fran is paying you for that?' One couldn't blame Jakar for that. Everyone would have the same thoughts.

Rean shrugged his shoulders in response. 'As far as I can see, I have two paths to acquire my tears. One is to help your Uncle Fran, and the other is to help you. To be honest, I find your Uncle Fran's words a lot more trustworthy than yours. You did get me into this mess, after all.'

Jakar understood the meaning behind Rean's words. 'So you're confident of leaving this place with me, after all.'

Rean nodded, saying, 'It's a small chance. However, it would indeed be better if you didn't need to do that anymore.'

'No can do,' Jakar immediately refused. 'So what if everyone wants to take my place? I would trade that with them without thinking twice. You might not have noticed yet, but I'm not exactly a good leader.'

Nodding in response, Rean replied, 'That goes without saying.' He continued from there. 'You want to leave, but chances are low. Your Uncle Fran wants to convince you to stay, but those chances are also low. In the end, it's also because of this Golden Feather of yours, which brings us to the third option.'

'Third... option?' Those words definitely caught Jakar's attention. 'What option would that be?'

'You said it yourself, didn't you?' Rean asked with a smile. 'In the end, it's better to simply give this Golden Feather to someone else who really wants it.'

Jakar sighed in response. 'And here I thought you would say something useful. Do you think I haven't thought about that before? This fucking feather is not only connected to my head. Instead, it's connected directly to my soul and spirit core! Otherwise, Uncle Fran and the others would have definitely taken it away as it would be safer that way.'

Rean snorted after hearing that. 'Hmph! Do you think I don't know that? If I gave you that option, it's because it's possible.'

'It is?' Fran looked at Rean with a doubtful expression. 'How exactly?'

'You don't need to know that,' Rean answered. 'What you need to know is that there's a chance of failure. If it fails, then the Golden Feather and even you might die.'

Rean looked even more suspicious now after that. 'I heard from my mother that you have a Pocket Dimensional Realm and can even control Spatial Powers at the Transition Realm. Now you say you can pass this feather of mine to someone else. Just who are you, then?'

Rean could only smile at that. 'I'm Tian, a merchant that never lets an opportunity pass up. For those two tears, I'm willing to try some pretty crazy things.'

Jakar pondered over it for a bit before asking, 'Even if I accept that, do you think my uncle and the others will allow that? As small as the chances of failure might be, they definitely wouldn't bet on it. For them, it's a lot better to simply keep me here until I reach a level not too far from theirs.'

Rean nodded, saying, 'Correct. That's why we need to do it without them knowing. For that, we need someone who we can trust. That will be the Winged Provis who will receive the Golden Feather. Above all, it has to be a Winged Provis who truly wish to be the Golden Feather's holder. As for how we will do it, that isn't too hard. I can simply bring both of you into my Dimensional Realm and do the process there. The question here is, are you willing to risk your life?'

'Hmm... are the chances of survival higher than teleporting in scrambled space?' Jakar asked in response.

'I almost forgot that,' Rean still thought it was crazy. 'The answer is definitely yes. First of all, I don't think there are many things in the Realm of Gods with higher chances of death than what you did. I'm truly amazed that you survived that.'

Death... and me

Chapter 1888: Try Our Luck

'Alright...' Jakar nodded in response. 'However, you'll have to convince me first that your method is feasible.'

'Oh? That?' Rean almost laughed after hearing that. 'I'll just say the same thing your Uncle Fran told me. Whether you believe it or not is your problem. The other option is to stay secluded in this place for the next who knows hundreds of years.'

Jakar had to admit Rean was right. 'Okay, okay. I'll follow your plan, then.'

'At the moment, it doesn't matter if you will or not, though,' Rean answered back. 'I'll only try this third option out when I see my Iridescent Tears.'

Sure enough, Rean wouldn't just try it to find out that Jakar didn't have any of the Iridescent Tears at all. The only reason why he still hadn't escaped yet was because of them.

Jakar couldn't hide his troubled expression. 'Right... there's that too.'

Rean continued to work on his things. 'So you can't get them, huh? Then forget it. I'll try to escape on my own.'

'Wait, wait, wait!' Jakar obviously didn't want to let the chance pass up. 'I'll get the tears. Just give me a month!'

'A month?' Rean didn't expect it to be that fast. 'Alright then. If you can get the two Iridescent Tears within a month, we'll go ahead with the third option. However, if you fail, you'll tell your Uncle Fran that you won't try to escape anymore.'

Jakar didn't mind it. 'Okay. In that case, I'm leaving.'

Yet, Rean didn't stop there. It's just that he stopped conversing in Divine Sense at that moment. "Hey, Jakar. How about you introduce your friend? He's been by your side since you arrived."

Jakar was puzzled why Rean would care about that, but he simply kept up the pretense. "Who else do you think this guy is? He's just my babysitter. I'm glad that spirits like me don't have the same physiological necessities as your humanoid races. Otherwise, he would have probably followed me to the toilet."

The Winged Provis didn't quite like the remark, replying, "Little Jakar, that's not a good way to treat your senior." He then looked at Rean, saying, "I'm Clovale, a somewhat recent elder of the Winged Provis race. Jakar's parents entrusted his safety to me."

"Nice to meet you, Senior Clovale." Rean immediately greeted the spirit. However, the reason he initiated that conversation was so that he could ask something, something that had been bothering him this entire time. "Senior, how come you seem to treat each other with genders? I've seen quite a lot of you doing that. For example, Jakar has both a mother and a father. Senior Fran has a daughter. The problem is that your spirit race doesn't seem to have a gender at all." Indeed, Rean still wanted to know that part, even though it didn't matter to the situation.

"Oh, that?" Clovale wasn't surprised that Rean thought that. "That's because you're seeing us through the eyes of a humanoid race member. On the humanoid side, the genders are properly displayed in each one's bodies. However, the spirit races are very diversified. Our race, for example, does have genders. It's just that our genders are not seen through our bodies. Instead, it's our core's properties that determine that."

Jakar continued from there. "He's right. Naturally, our reproduction works differently as well. Since we do have a kind of female gender, it should be pretty obvious that it's the females that give birth to us."

Clovale then added, "Well, it should look somewhat weird for you, though. Our females don't have wombs like you humans. Instead, the growth of the new Winged Provis happens inside their Spirit Cores. Once the time is right, they will gather Wind Element and form a core out of it. A Winged Provis' body will then grow during the next few months. That's more or less what you guys call a baby's development phase."

Jakar shrugged his shoulders after that. "To be honest, it's the other races' reproductive systems that look weird for us."

"I see..." Rean couldn't blame them for that.

Jakar didn't want to waste time there anymore after explaining it. "Alright, I will leave you to work. I can't bother you forever, after all. Let me know if you need something. I'll do my best to convince Uncle Fran to let you go later."

Rean smiled in response, saying, "You better do. I still want to get my hands on the Azure Stream Crystals." At the same time, Rean sent Jakar a Divine Sense message. 'It should be obvious. In any case, make sure that the Winged Provis who will receive your Golden Feather is also a male of your race. Since there are differences in the souls between genders, a male one will definitely increase your chances.'

Jakar nodded as he walked back to the sanctuary. 'I was going to do that anyway.'

After Jakar and Clovale left, Rean also felt those Divine Senses disappear. 'Seems like he's really gone.'

Roan nodded from within the Dimensional Realm. 'Seems like it. By the way, can you really transfer the Golden Feather to another Winged Provis? If it was just something like a transplant of organs, I'm sure you could do it easily. However, that thing is connected to his Spirit Core. Not only that, you'll have to transfer that link to another spirit.'

'It should be possible,' Rean answered. 'I didn't just work on trading during the past week. Other than that, I've been paying attention to the internal structure of their race very closely. To be more specific, I focused my Divine Sense in the Spirit Cores in their heads. In fact, their internal structure is quite interesting. But at the same time, it's quite simple.'

'Their bodies aren't exactly real bodies. You saw their transparent feathers, right? Their bodies aren't far from that. Their bodies only exist because of their Spirit Cores. It's pretty much like Havek and his Sea Chilling Race, although somewhat more material.'

Roan nodded in response. 'Alright... but what about that Golden Feather of Jakar?'

'That's the funny part,' Rean answered. 'They were wrong about one thing. The Golden Feather is not connected to Jakar's soul. Instead, it's Jakar's soul that spreads out of his Spirit Core and connects to the Golden Feather. All I need to do is to cut this small part out and 'plant' it on someone else's core.'

Roan was surprised to hear that. 'Will it work?'

'Who knows?' Rean answered. 'If things go south, then we'll just have to try our luck with the teleport formation. Hahaha!'

Death... and me

Chapter 1889: Time to Breakthrough

Roan didn't quite like that. 'Instead of trying out our luck, I would rather give up on breaking through the next stage of our body cultivation technique and come back in the future.'

Rean didn't deny that. 'If that's what you want to do, then we better leave now. I'm free to go to the exit of the mountain range, where the visitors first arrive. That place is outside of the scrambled space, but just slightly. I can enter the Dimensional Realm, and we immediately teleport away.'

Roan pondered over it for a bit in silence. Naturally, if they could get their hands on the Iridescent Tears, he would definitely want that more. 'What are the chances?'

Rean pondered over it for a bit before answering, 'I would say 50%. Of course, it's only possible because I can use Dark and Light Elements. I will use the Light Element properties when it comes to souls to keep that small part of Jakar's soul alive. As for the Dark Element, it's what I'm going to use to cut it off.'

Roan couldn't help but ask after that, 'But is it okay to cut a soul? Wouldn't it affect Jakar's memories or something like that? Or worse, cutting even such a small piece might kill him, no?'

Rean then explained, 'That very small part of his soul that comes out to connect to the Golden Feather is also too small to hold any memories. Even if I cut it off, Jakar wouldn't lose any... or so I think. However, the part about it killing him is definitely possible. That's why I warned him. He might lose his life. I wasn't kidding. After all, I've never tried to cut someone's soul before. I wouldn't try it even if his soul extended like a thin thread to connect to the Golden Feather.'

Roan thought about what Rean had said so far and thought that 50% weren't bad odds. The Fifth Grade of the Starlight Body could only be achieved after the Void Tempering Realm, so they wouldn't use the tears for a very long time. But that's also why they should get their hands on it now. Just how long would it take for the twins to enter the Space Bending Realm? Where would they even be at that time? It was too far in the future to make an educated guess. 'Okay, let's give it a shot.'

Roan then asked something else. 'What about connecting it to another Winged Provis?'

'That's much easier,' Rean answered. 'The Golden Feather is somehow connected to all the other Winged Provis. If I'm not wrong, the moment the new holder's soul feels the presence of a real, living Golden Feather touching its core, it will accept it straight away. Of course, I might be wrong to think about that.'

[Have you two finished?] Suddenly, Sister Orb intervened.

'What is it?'

[You will have to wait several weeks until Jakar comes back with the tears, right? Perhaps an entire month. In that case, why don't you finally make your breakthrough into the Void Tempering Realm? You've been postponing it for far too long already.]

Rean could imagine what was happening. 'Let me guess, Celis is bothering you again.'

It was then that Celis's voice echoed in Rean's mind outside. 'Hmph! Bothering? If not for me, you two wouldn't be so far ahead in your cultivation. Now you've been making me wait forever, and the Free Continent competition was over ages ago. I'm tired of waiting. Come into the Dimensional Realm, and let's get over with it. There's nothing wrong with a Peak Stage Transition Realm cultivator breaking through, so no one there will care.'

Roan agreed with Celis. 'Indeed, we have waited for long enough. Once you get your free time from the merchant work Fran gave you, come inside.'

'Alright,' Rean didn't mind it either.

Rean then did several more negotiations under the Winged Provis race's name that day before he was allowed to leave. Of course, the Winged Provis already knew he had a Pocket Dimensional Realm. When he disappeared, the Winged Provis watching him immediately focused their attention on the entrance of the Dimensional Realm left behind. As long as they knew where it was, they would be able to feel it and keep Rean in check.

Inside the Dimensional Realm, Rean, Roan, Celis, and Kentucky gathered together. They were not in the System Sect, though. Instead, they came to an empty space where no one would bother them.

"So we're finally doing it!" Kentucky had been quite bored during the past few months. Because of Rean's travel with Jakar, he didn't get a single chance to come out.

[Alright, you four. Focus. Kentucky and Celis are a demon beast and tree respectively, so they don't need cultivation techniques. Just go at it like you always do. Rean, Roan, have you checked the process in the technique already?]

The twins nodded in response. 'We did that a long time ago.'

[Great! Let's start. I'll tell you what to do as always, just in case.]

They immediately pulled many of their Rank Two Divine Stones and piled them up around them. There was no need for high-rank Divine Stones since the breakthroughs were guaranteed with the system's help. They just needed to accumulate enough energy over time.

Soon, the Divine Energy of those stones began to flow around them, gathering more and more. The Divine Stones obviously shattered into dust as their energies were siphoned dry, but that was normal.

[Alright, the Void Tempering Realm is just as the name implies. You need to feel and gather the Spatial Powers from the surroundings and gather it into your bodies. Usually, this would be the hardest part for everyone since this would be the first time they would try to perceive that energy. However, all four of you already got in contact with Spatial Powers, so it won't be a problem.]

Sister Orb was right. Be it Rean, Roan, Celis, or Kentucky, none of them had any issues bringing the Spatial Powers to their bodies.

[Good. Now all you need to do is drive this Spatial Power into your dantians. Rean, Roan, once you get it there, you'll refine this power into the Foundation Pillars. You will know you've succeeded once the Foundation Pillars start to gather Spatial Powers on their own.]

Sure enough, it didn't take long for the twins' Foundation Pillars to start to change.

Death... and me

Chapter 1890: Merging

Although the change happened, it was not like they changed form. Instead, the change was related to the Spatial Powers like Sister Orb mentioned. They simply interacted with the space around the twins on their own. It was far better than the Spatial Powers Rean and Roan got their hands on so far. As for Kentucky and Celis, their process wasn't that different. Although it happened to their Demon Cores.

After the transformation finished, a burst of Divine Energy came out of their bodies, spreading far into the distance. At the same time, the Divine Stones broke even more frequently as they absorbed even more. Their cultivations increased nonstop, quickly stabilizing at the Initial Stage of the Void Tempering Realm.

"Phew... now we definitely can't hide from the natural spatial perceptions from other experts at the same level or higher," Rean said with a smile.

"The way you put it, you make it look like it was a bad thing we reached this realm," Celis replied with a smile in response. By far, he was the happiest out of them. He had always been a cultivation freak due to his race, after all.

Roan didn't say anything as he tried out his Spatial Powers for the first time. Spatial Power gathered around his body before it focused on his hand. It was far from being able to open a tear in space like Fran or the other top experts, but it was definitely much better than before. "Hmm... it's still not at the level where we can say we're bending space. However, we're pretty much similar to what Havek was able to do before he entered the Space Bending Realm."

Rean and the others tried it as well. Obviously, each of them had a different level of control over it. In any case, they were several times better than any average expert at the same stage. "This feels quite good."

[Well, on my side, everything seems pretty fine. The breakthrough didn't show any problems, and your foundations are well developed.]

"That's good to hear that." Rean nodded.

However, Roan still felt something different. "Come back to the sect with me. I want to check one more thing."

After that, Rean and the others returned to the System Sect. There, their group met with Luan, who had been waiting for him.

"Father, you succeeded!" Luan immediately noticed the difference. Since he could use Spatial Powers, his natural spatial detection saw the difference. Their presence in his ability was not a small black dot anymore like before, but it resembled more like a soccer ball. It was hard to miss.

Roan took the opportunity to ask. "Check it with your eyes for me." He then used his newly acquired powers to do the same thing he did a few minutes ago.

Luan's pupils saw the changes in space before he nodded, saying, "Father's Spatial Powers is definitely many times better than before. Is there anything specific you want me to focus on?"

Roan then changed his actions a little, telling him, "Now try to do it again and pay attention to the Dark Element."

Luan didn't mind and followed Roan's words. It was then that he saw what Roan was looking for. "This... it's incredibly subtle, but your Dark Element is merging with your Spatial Powers. How are you doing that, father?"

Roan shook his head in response. "I just felt like I could do it." He obviously looked at Rean after that, telling him, "What about you? I'll share my memories of the feeling."

Rean shook his head, though. "Let me try on my own first. I think I know how it works." A moment later, Luan saw how Rean's Light Element also merged with the Spatial Power that Rean gathered, although just slightly. "So difficult..."

Roan agreed with Rean. "It definitely is. However, even if it's just a little bit, it definitely increases our power."

Rean pondered over it for a bit before asking Celis and Kentucky. "Can any of you two do that?"

Celis and Kentucky immediately shook their heads. "Wasn't it an ability only available in the Elemental Space Realm? Perhaps it would be possible after we get closer to that realm."

Well, Celis was more puzzled about another thing. "Then again, how can you do that before being able to bend space like Space Bending Realm experts? Aren't you jumping a few steps ahead here?"

Rean and Roan tried once again to bend space like Havek and the others did back in the Free Continent. However, they simply didn't have enough control over space to do that.

"Nothing... I won't say we're far away from that level, but it's still not enough," Roan commented.

[Hmm... it's most likely due to your superior affinity with your elements. I told you many times before, didn't I? You two are pretty much the epitome of Light and Dark Element, or Yin and Yang. The Elemental Space Realm is basically a realm where the experts will work out their control over both powers to bring them together. However, you two don't need to get any better with Light and Dark Elements. You two are already as good as you will ever get at it. The only difference is how much of it you could control at the same time due to your cultivations,] Sister Orb explained.

"That makes sense," Roan agreed with her. "Now that we've reached the Void Tempering Realm, our control over Spatial Powers obviously improved a lot. It simply reached a level where our much superior elemental control could already slightly fuse with it."

Rean nodded in agreement. "That also explains why we still can't bend space like Space Bending Realm experts. For that kind of ability, we don't need high control over our elemental affinity, only space. That's something that we still don't have at our cultivation level."

Roan pondered over it for a bit and decided to give it a try. "Kentucky, try to defend against my attacks. I'll use one attack without the fused Space and Elements and another one using it."

"Eh?!" Kentucky was taken aback. "Can't you simply attack the ground or something like that? Why do I have to get hurt?"

Roan shook his head, replying, "Didn't you just have a breakthrough with us? Just take this opportunity to check your development."

It was then that Kentucky had an idea. "Well, I still haven't tried out the defensive skill my father taught me."