

### **Chapter 321 - 318: It Reappears!**

The feeling that stillness was all, all too familiar. It presented a plethora of dread and trepidation within the mind, body, and soul. When it arrived, accompanied by a sound that seemed like chaos and order clashing in an ultimate battle for supremacy, Wei Wuyin had felt it.

'A...ga...in?!' This was not the first time that Wei Wuyin had experienced an abrupt sensation of stillness within the world, but both times before had been distinctively different. Despite this, he knew that only the Heavenly Daos or a force rivaling it could enact such fierce control over creation.

The first time was when he faced the Heavenly Punishment of the Heavenly Daos for executing Yuan Longshi. At the time, Kratos and Eden had acted and allowed him to regain his freedom. The ungodly force present then had been forcefully expelled from his mind and body. He had remained unscathed after. In fact, he had benefited as his Bloodline of Sin seemingly absorbed the power within the Heavenly Punishment and converted it into Karmic Luck.

The second time was during Su Mei's Mortal Star Astral Tribulation. Somehow, she had created an event that even he couldn't explain. The force present that turned the immediate area, not the entire world, into a still picture wasn't done by the Heavenly Daos. That power was so fierce, so forceful that Kratos and Eden had used every means to eject it from his body.

Violently.

This time was slightly different, but he felt an air of familiarity similar to Heavenly Punishment. It was definitely an act of the Heavenly Daos. The only difference was the lack of hostility. He felt as if he wasn't the focal point, but a bystander. Furthermore, it was far, far stronger than either event before.

It was unprecedented! Even Kratos and Eden could only keep his awareness. He was unable to do anything but think. Not even move his eyes or breathe. Just the ability to think required everything they had and more to the point they didn't even communicate. He could acutely feel them acting out with 120% of their strength.

From what little he could observe, he saw everything had entered a state of sudden pause. From the air particles to the ambient mana. His Celestial Eyes was still active, allowing him to perceive the aspects of the world in vague detail. He knew that something major to the extreme was in the process of happening.

Unlike before, he remained incredibly calm and quietly waited. Only curiosity at the timing and reasoning for this situation to happen flooded his thoughts.

DING!

A melodious sound echoed nine times in a consistent rhythm. When the final sound was released, Wei Wuyin was met with a sudden burst of blindness as an indescribably bright golden light was abruptly lit in the dark void above. It outshone the three suns! He felt as if his eyes had been scorched entirely out of their socket, as if he had witnessed an event that he shouldn't have!

This blindness was temporary as his eyes that were seemingly incinerated by the light had instantly returned, the formation inscribed within the eyes seemed to contain a wisp of everlasting! Before he could register the immense pain from his eyes or the sudden return of them, he felt a trembling course through his spine.

BOOM!

An explosive eruption that was louder than anything he'd ever heard. He became instantly deaf, his vision had turned black in an instant, but he swiftly regained his consciousness. The sudden changes were too much, too drastic, too confusing! He wanted to complain, but to who? The Heavenly Daos?

Ohn!

This sound! This was a sound he recognized and understood most, including the pinch that followed. If he could, he would turn to his Bloodline of Sin tattoo that was imprinted onto his right arm. If he could see it, he would see that the dark-red symbols started to brighten! It wasn't nearly as intense as the golden light, but it didn't seem too inferior in essence!

Sizzle!

His entire body ignited! A faint illusory flame engulfed his entire body. It seemed to be rebellious and dark, tainted with the quintessence of free will and true sin. It endlessly burned, yet did not leave a single scorch mark on his flesh. He quickly realized it was burning something else entirely, not him.

The Heavenly Daos power!

His eyes soon regained its ability to move, then his right arm, then his tongue, and followed by the rest of his body. As the sensation of motion returned, he remained utterly calm and inspected the world around him. It was all still in a state of pause—only he could move.

"Why free me this time?" He asked himself as he hadn't understood the purpose, but he was shocked to realize that he couldn't hear his voice. With the particles of the world still, even sound couldn't travel!

But his question still remained. The last two times, his Bloodline of Sin tattoo didn't act to free him from being frozen or to correctly perceive reality. That was purely the contribution of Eden, Kratos, and his Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality. However, now it had taken action. This baffled him.

Looking upwards, he was immediately shocked by what he saw. In the vast Dark Void, he saw an impossibly long slit. It stretched from one end of his vision to the other, but as he tried to turn to glimpse more, it seemed endless. It was as if the Dark Void was a painting spanning a trillion miles and a single brush stroke that crossed through it.

It...

Before he could observe it further, it closed and vanished. With it gone so abruptly, he felt at a loss as his heart raced like ten thousand horses on adrenaline. It was as if he had just witnessed a glimpse of Heavenly Daos abilities. It felt as if the fabric of time, space, and reality had been cut open.

He hadn't even noticed that it wasn't just the planet that was frozen, but even the three suns and all the planets within the starfield had been frozen as well. They were like exquisite sculptures.

While Wei Wuyin was lost in his thoughts, his right arm started to move on its own. It pointed his index finger upwards, drawing him out of his trance, he followed along with his gaze and witnessed a ball of seemingly golden light shot across the dark void like a comet. Then, the symbols on his right arm started to pulse as if it was sending or receiving a signal from somewhere or something.

Shroom!

A light projected from his right arm, landing a few meters away from him, and started to take form. A figure that he hadn't expected to see had once more appeared before him. Even his silver eyes bulged uncontrollably as he recognized this figure! The existence that began all this!

The Black Skeleton!!

It was pure black and wore a pristine white robe over its truly bony self. It still had a hood and stood with its arms crossed against its chest, just like how he had first seen it. But it lacked its physical aura that had once left him breathless. Instead, it was faintly semi-transparent and didn't seem to actually be here. For some reason, a breath of relief left his chest, despite being unable to breathe at the moment.

The Black Skeleton stared at Wei Wuyin. Its sockets honed onto his existence like a predator which gave him a faint chill.

"The Heavenly Daos are fair, yet unfair. Those it favors are Blessed, able to live far and long, thrive in all worlds, topple all obstacles, and are gifted with the right to become rulers beneath the endless stars. However, for those who act against it, for those that sin, it delivers misfortune and injustice, forced to grovel and struggle for life. Its rules are its rules. It is NOT our rules, NOT our Dao!" The Black Skeleton started to speak, but it felt more like a pre-recorded message that didn't have much life within. Despite that, Wei Wuyin felt the faint dark flame engulfing his body start to surge, seemingly resonating with those words.

"However, there are times when those so-called Blessed meet calamities they can not avoid, even with the immense support of the Heavenly Daos by their side. A series of personal choices induced by their own free will that cause these favored to die an untimely, unpreventable death. If their fortune is lacking, they will move onto the next. BUT, if their fortune reaches heights envied, they will not be reduced to dust by their folly. A second chance will be given!

"A second chance to change their fate; to change their future! Reincarnation does not exist, unless the Heavenly Daos decide that it does! What you have witnessed, Inheritor of Sin, is the act of Temporal Reincarnation!!"

"..." Wei Wuyin's heart raced even greater as the Black Skeleton began its speech. Reincarnation does not exist, unless the Heavenly Daos decide that it does?! What type of...

What is this Temporal Reincarnation? He just witnessed this?!

But the Black Skeleton wasn't capable of giving him time to process all this information, as it simply wasn't really here. It continued.

"You now have a choice, Inheritor of Sin! Affecting time is a form of self-mutilation by the Heavenly Daos, it is wounded! An opportunity and a misfortune for us sinners! Those reincarnated are Blessed, protected with massive amounts of karmic luck, but their foreknowledge of events leaves you in a

vulnerable state. You can kill the reincarnated, taking their karmic luck value and the piece of damaged Heavenly Dao for yourself or allow them to live!

"However, be warned! Even with all the Karmic Luck stolen or gained from the Calamities of Hell, they can kill you! You will not be warned nor helped by the Heavenly Daos, but they will know of you, of your 'possible' future, of your 'possible' opportunities! And they will be able to claim your luck as their own, even those similarly favored will be at risk! Do not become a victim." The Black Skeleton explained in the most solemn voice he had ever heard in his entire life.

The Black Skeleton remained silent for a moment. But it added with the first hint of genuine emotion, "I will say this: we are the owners of our OWN fates! We DEFY! We RESIST! We PERSIST! WE SIN!! You do not have to kill, you do not have to die! It is your choice to make!

"...It always will be."

After those words, words that seemed to have originated from the true Black Skeleton, it vanished. The dark flame and bright light from his tattoo started to fade as well. He looked upwards to see the golden comet soar across the Dark Void before landing on a planet a few minutes later.

He had become lost in his complex thoughts during this time, observing this golden light that contained a piece of the Heavenly Dao and what seemed to be a Reincarnated Blessed. A Blessed from the future! The last few words the Black Skeleton said resonated with his mind ceaselessly, but he still felt unsure.

What he was sure about was that this Reincarnated Blessed, this Reincarnator, was an incalculable factor...

A factor that might very well be the end of him.

### **Chapter 322 - 319: Intentions**

Shocked. Uncertain. Contemplative.

Wei Wuyun's mind was twisting and bending around the previous events, performing mental gymnastics and computation to adjust to this new knowledge. There were far too much information that had been confirmed, so many questions that had been raised. Unfortunately, the Black Skeleton hadn't elaborated.

But...

Reincarnation exists!

Heavenly Daos can be wounded!

Time-Travel was possible!

This...this changed everything on the most fundamental level. He had experienced a bit of time travel himself, having been sent to experience the 'firsts' of his life after the Mortal Star Astral Tribulation of Kratos, his Draconic Void Soul. At the time, he had felt as if everything had been the most surreal dream. Even when Kratos had informed him otherwise, in the depths of his mind and heart, he didn't fully believe the possibilities.

At the moment, his silver eyes were extremely intense, even frightening as he processed everything. A smile, faint but there, formed on his face and it leaked a mysterious, nearly obsessive emotion.

It took Wei Wuyin a long while before he finally calmed himself down. It took his entire willpower and mental strength to refocus himself. There was now a variable in the equation: A Temporal Reincarnator.

What was that exactly? He didn't quite understand. A second chance? Did it reincarnate a Blessed into a new body? Their own body? Did it send their entire body into the past? Was there two of them or one in the current present? Why was it called Reincarnation?

Did the Heavenly Daos somehow eradicate their past soul to rebirth their future soul? No...that shouldn't be possible, right? If the past soul was fused, eradicated, or trapped, then the future soul should be affected, right? What happens to their future if it was changed in the present?

The more deeply he ruminated about the topic, the more the questions started to hurt his brain and sea of consciousness. It wasn't something that could be determined unless he had this Temporal Reincarnator directly before him, prying open their minds and finding out the answers himself.

"...Heavenly King Wei?" A hesitant voice resounded behind Wei Wuyin, causing him to sharply start. His jump elicited a frightened and surprised yelp from the owner of that voice. He, nor did anyone, expect that Wei Wuyin would abruptly jump like a poked cat.

Wei Wuyin had truly been startled. The stillness had ended while he was in deep thought, and it seemed the Blessed Reincarnator had completed their transitioning journey back to the past.

He swept his gaze at the yelper and found out that it was an elder from the Myriad Monarch Sect. Furthermore, that elder was an alchemist. He recalled his identity: Hu Yan. He was a decorated King Alchemist and held an exceptional status within the sect. So Wei Wuyin remembered him.

He was also one of the first people he had...well, bribed to enter into the social circle of the Myriad Monarch Sect. From his lips, he learned a lot about how the Alchemist-side of the sect and world worked. Since then, he'd been acting as his eyes and ears from the inside of those closed social circles and reported any developments that could help or pose as a detriment to him.

He calmed himself down as he swept his gaze around and noticed he was the center of everyone's focus.

"What the hell just happened?!" Wu Yu immediately exclaimed.

"...?!" Wei Wuyin was shocked. Wu Yu noticed? While he had an exceptional cultivation base when he was alive, it surely wasn't even close to being at the Realm of Sages, and he considered that level of power the initial requirement to truly be involved in the secrets of the Heavenly Daos. Unless you were like him.

Wait, wasn't his Bloodline of Sin awakened prematurely?

When he thought about that, he was shocked how this had never occurred to him before. But before he could explore this line of thinking, Wu Yu continued.

"Your entire body seemed to have shifted an entirely different position swifter than I could perceive..." Wu Yu's strong voice was suffused with confusion and uncertainty. He had been near Wei Wuyin this entire time, his senses fixed on him, and yet something extremely abnormal happened.

"...Oh." Wei Wuyin realized he observed the inconsistency of his body's position. To others, it might be slight, probably something they might not register, but the Grand Monarch of yesteryear clearly did. In the end, he ignored Wu Yu. Even if he wanted to speak about the Heavenly Daos, he knew he was being observed and any admittance might attract its attention to knowing his true status.

Wei Wuyin did not feel like dying today.

"Apologies, I lost my train of thought." He turned to face the shocked and confused crowd with an apologetic smile. So many things had happened so swiftly that he had forgotten that this gorgeous nation-toppling beauty, Qingye Ying, had challenged him to an All-Alchemic Clash.

"Alchemist Wei, do you accept?" Qingye Ying's expression behind the veil was unable to be seen through conventional means, but Wei Wuyin could sense the faint smirk and vigorous confidence. It seemed his lapse of thought due to the incredible event had been misconstrued as fear or uncertainty.

It's not like she was hiding her identity as the Princess of Everlore, a character that had taken an official step onto the path of the King of Everlore. In the eyes of those watching and those who were aware of both their existences, Qingye Ying was the rightful successor to his legacy. For those in the higher echelons, those who understood more about ninth-grade products, they knew only an Alchemic Astral Soul can create ninth-grade products. Any attempt by an Alchemist lacking this could only produce an impure-grade product.

Wei Wuyin felt this girl was quite interesting, but he was more interested in the motive for this. Since the very beginning of his ascent to prominence, the Alchemist Association's actions have been incredibly baffling. In fact, it seemed they had tried to lure him in and defeat him in some way to achieve this goal.

That seemingly bait-and-switch where his inability to pay would result in a single request. Moreover, it was as if they tried to play upon his rumoured ego to enter into an extremely unfavorable bet. They had even tried to capitalize on this again, having him challenged in front of all these young elites and leaders. It was a stage he couldn't possibly say no to nor did he feel like he needed to.

"Do I accept? I don't know," Wei Wuyin responded with a smile. His response caused these so-called young elites and leaders to be shocked, even Qingye Yun eyebrows twitched slightly before he tried to once more embody the picture of calm.

Qingye Ying frowned, "You don't know?"

"That's right. I don't know."

"..."

"..."

That smile of his turned a little teasing as he finally followed up with, "I don't know why I should. I also don't know why you want to challenge me. In truth, I don't even know why you think you possess the

qualifications to challenge me without prior warning in front of all these people." Wei Wuyin instantly flipped the switch, not directly agreeing or allowing others to prey on his ego.

While he did have one, a clash with Qingye Yun wasn't what he wanted at the moment. Because...because he knew he would win with absolute certainty. He didn't know what Qingye Yun, Qingye Ying, or the Alchemist Association wanted with him, and he truly didn't want to be a part of their game of 'try, try again' until they finally got what they wanted.

He disliked being passive unless absolutely necessary. Moreover, he was mulling over doing something he wasn't planning on doing: not accepting. If it was before the Blessed Reincarnator arrived, he might've, no, he would've immediately accepted. But now, he wasn't so keen on following his original plans to the exactness.

"Qualifications?" Qingye Ying was startled. Qualifications?! She had an Alchemic Astral Soul, she was raised by the Alchemist Association, the greatest force of the Dao of Alchemy within the entire Tri-Vision Starfield! It shouldn't be a question whether she had the qualifications to challenge anyone she wanted. It should be an absolute honor. In fact, the challenged party should ask themselves whether they had the qualifications!

Thus, beneath her veil, her nostrils flared slightly. It was so unbearably cute when a gorgeous woman became angry in a way that wasn't outright insanity or vile. It was that honest, righteous anger born from indignant emotions they release that made them so huggable.

Just as Wei Wuyin was about to continue, he paused for a moment. His eyes brightened considerably, "I'll consider your challenge. We can discuss it at a later date. What do you say?" This was clearly his attempt to keep the proceedings a little private and the details a secret from the world.

Just as he had expected, right before Qingye Ying could respond, Qingye Yun intervened!

### **Chapter 323 - 320: Let's Continue**

"Alchemist Wei, this is my great-great-great granddaughter, and I can attest to her qualifications. I've trained her personally since she could walk, and she has shown sufficient talent to perhaps become the greatest alchemist in history. While her competitive spirit and unquenchable thirst for improvement is a little too strong, a little too direct, I hope you can understand why she wishes to challenge you. With these words of I, the Alchemist Association's Grand Association Master, I hope you can accept her willful challenge." Qingye Yun said calmly.

"..."

The crowd was somewhat taken aback by Qingye Yun's words, even using his face to try to drive this clash. While they wanted to see the All-Alchemic Clash between the Princess of Everlore and Prince of Everlore, they understood the implications of a victor here. Was Qingye Yun after that result?

Wei Wuyin glanced at Qingye Yun for a moment before shifting his gaze back to Qingye Ying. His mind was firing on all cylinders as to what their intentions were. It sure as hell couldn't be a matter of reputation. After all, before he became the so-called 'Prince of Everlore', their actions had been strange.

"Association Master Qingye, if it was simply a matter of ability, I might be inclined to accept, but may I ask a few questions?" Wei Wuyin decided to see if he could prod at their bottomline.

Qingye Yun's eyebrows slightly furrowed, "Of course. While I might be doting on Ying'er due to my advanced age and wanting her to fulfil her willful desires, I won't be unreasonable."

"It seems Association Master Qingye is quite understanding, so I won't hold back. May I ask the official alchemist rank of Qingye Ying?" Wei Wuyin asked his first question.

Qingye Yun had a faintly bad feeling and he was about to respond, but Qingye Ying took the lead. She stepped forward and made all those surrounding them turn their attention to her, once more drawing the spotlight. "I'm officially classified by the Alchemist Association as an Alchemic King."

Seeing her strong stance and response, everyone could see the resolve and intent to challenge Wei Wuyin. While Wei Wuyin merely found it cute, he asked: "Then, may I ask what's the purpose of an All-Alchemic Clash?"

Qingye Ying answered almost reflexively, "It is a sacred challenge that pits the absolute skills of two equally-ranked Alchemists against each other, to ultimately find out the best between them." An All-Alchemic Clash was a battle of pride and essence, where two of the elites of their tier would battle it out in the broad category of the Alchemic Dao.

This meant facing each other in terms of Pills, Pellets, Pastes, and Elixirs, and determining the leader based on their results. The only way to claim victory is to beat your opponent in their own choice or in defeating them by performing beyond their level. It was a grueling, time-consuming clash of epic proportions. At least in respect to alchemists.

Wei Wuyin's faint smile turned into a little grin, "Two equally ranked Alchemists..."

He didn't ask another question, merely looked towards Qingye Yun who, when he faintly came to a realization of what Wei Wuyin was driving at, his calm expression became slightly unsightly. An oversight. An absolutely massive oversight!

Long Chen was watching all this, but when he heard the line of questioning, he didn't understand. On the surface, Wei Wuyin was an Alchemic King. While he knew that Wei Wuyin was likely a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist that had barely entered that level, he didn't think the Alchemist Association's Princess of Everlore was far off. After all, she had achieved the Alchemic Astral Soul, had the legacy of the King of Everlore, and the collective guidance of hundreds of thousands of years of experience in the Alchemist Association.

The King of Everlore was capable of achieving all he had through self-exploration and invention all on his own, while Qingye Ying had a defined path with proper guides who've studied a variety of means and methods. How could she not be close?

But Qing Quimu was more invested in Wei Wuyin's affairs, and he had talked about the Alchemist Association a little bit. When she recalled how he found it laughable that the Alchemist Association had never officially recognized his ranking, meaning he couldn't be considered anything more than a Lord Alchemist by default until then, she immediately understood.

She giggled softly, causing Long Chen to turn to her in confusion. Seeing his ignorance, she explained and Long Chen was startled. There wasn't a single alchemist above the Lord-tier that hadn't obtained the Alchemist Association's recognition.

But...

Even if Wei Wuyin were to be considered a tier, he would have to take the eighth-grade test to become an Alchemic Emperor because he had concocted a successful eight-grade pill.

Wei Wuyin added, "I have to ask for forgiveness, because when I meant qualifications to challenge me, I didn't suggest she was beneath me, but above me. I, Lord Alchemist Wei, am the one lacking. According to the iron-clad rules of the Alchemist Association, All-Alchemic Clashes can only be performed between equal-tiered alchemists. Qingye Ying, you're overqualified and I can not accept."

"..." The elite crowd soon grasped the crux of the issue, turning towards the Alchemist Association members to see their dark and gloomy expressions tinged with a hint of embarrassment. They were fully aware that the Alchemist Association had a tough stance after Wei Wuyin refused to take their verification tests, and thus was merely considered a Lord Alchemist to the rest of the world...by their own rules.

Of course, Wei Wuyin had truly deprived them of their necessity. Even if Wei Wuyin never received any official acknowledgement from the association, he would still be regarded as a King Alchemist with the sure-fire potential to become an Emperor Alchemist. There would be numerous individuals purchasing from him, seeking him. The need to verify his abilities was irrelevant.

The parameters of the association were quite pathetic too, with someone must be able to have a 5% success rate with their equal tiered products.

It didn't take long before Qingye Ying also caught on. She was immediately dismayed. This...

But there was no rebuttal from the association side. Could they shamelessly deliver a title to Wei Wuyin. What if he rejected it? He surely would, and give a logical reasoning that couldn't be argued against like: "I haven't proven myself worthy of the title and it'll be seen as an affront to others if I received special treatment." While it would be utter garbage, it would be humble and true garbage.

To not jump into that trap, they could only remain silent. Qingye Yun gazed at Wei Wuyin intently. He felt his stomach churning as he forgot this extremely important detail. He had factored that Wei Wuyin's ego wouldn't allow him to reject, but if he took this stance...

Even if they didn't fight, he would make a mockery of the association rules and inflate his ego by essentially saying to the world that he, the Prince of Everlore, didn't need a measly Alchemist Association. Ranking? I can decide that on my own. Verification of abilities? I can let my product do the talking. It was infuriating, but he was still the Association Master and tried to quickly conceive a salvageable path.

However, Wei Wuyin spoke at this moment. "Association Master Qingye, I know that you feel the need to challenge me. And honestly, I do wish to test my skills a little, but I don't like being schemed against. So I'll be direct, what do you want from me?" His silver eyes shone with a knowing light as he called Qingye Yun out.

Qingye Yun was silent, "..."

The entire Alchemist Association seemed to have grown silent. Some of them revealed a hint of conflict, a hint of shame at being called out, and a few looked at Wei Wuyin with animosity for treating the association with disregard.

Qingye Ying's golden eyes stared at Wei Wuyin. She was at a loss as well, and all the information about Wei Wuyin was completely incorrect. She was led to believe he was egotistical, vicious, and sinister. He had openly eliminated factions and clans from the Myriad Monarch Sect in the most decisive manners, and he acted without regard for anything. Furthermore, there were rumors that he was someone who was careless with wealth. There was more to the report, but she hadn't expected him to be direct and perceived through their intentions.

Most would simply think the association wanted to have a versus match to establish their reputation and hers, but Wei Wuyin wasn't fooled by this act.

"Association Master Qingye, just state your purpose. Then, I'll accept the challenge. I merely want to know." Wei Wuyin realized the entire association felt as if they were backed in a corner at the moment. It was incredibly strange. What the hell did they want from him? While he had a strong influence, that was merely in the Myriad Monarch Astral Territory. He was too young and hadn't revealed his true abilities yet, and they have this Princess of Everlore.

"..." Qingye Yun remained silent for a long while before he sighed a breath of inevitability. He slowly said, "What is your Alchemic Talent Level?"

Wei Wuyin was briefly taken aback by the question. He recalled the first and last time he had taken a test for his Alchemic Talent, and that was during his forgetful period in the Eden Earth Sect. It had been the beginning of him embarking on the path of the Dao of Alchemy. He was designated to be a Herbal Boy, but he was given a test and revealed an astonishing score. It was sufficient for the Sect Master to take him as a disciple and teach him with the very best means and methods.

But he only knew he had a high talent for alchemy, but not its level. In truth, he never needed to revisit this, but he knew they existed.

Wei Wuyin looked at Qingye Yun and frowned. "Why is that important?"

Qingye Yun seemed to have expected this, and it was the similar expressions from everyone present. "Regardless if you win or lose against Ying'er, I'll tell you." After that, he seemed to have his lips sealed on the matter.

Wei Wuyin felt a headache incoming, turning towards Qingye Ying whose expression beneath the veil became even more steeled with resolve. "So I'm assuming there will be a wager? Let me guess: Loser must perform a request for the winner? No danger to their lives..."

Qingye Yun nodded.

The crowd were so thoroughly confused by the conversation between the two. The risk of bringing the Princess of Everlore here and then having her challenge Wei Wuyin seemed so unnecessary. Even they couldn't understand Qingye Yun. Some even thought they wanted to force a marriage onto Wei Wuyin, forcing him to enter into an unbreakable bond with the Alchemist Association.

"...Fine," Wei Wuyin helplessly agreed. It's not like he could force the Alchemist Association to tell him anyhow, and he wanted to see what they had in mind. Considering his Eye of Truth sensed no ill-intent or detriments to himself, he felt inclined to accept. He could also see the difference in abilities between him and Qingye Ying. Who knows, he might be beneath her.

Wei Wuyin looked towards the sky, "Let's continue with the auction, shall we?"

While Wei Wuyin and everyone present didn't know, his acceptance here would lead to a drastic change in the starfield. The shadow of war was emerging, slowly brewing between forces that hadn't even revealed themselves yet. A war of ancients.

### **Chapter 325 - 321: Ascendant Emperor Of Neo-Dawn**

The paradigm of time was continuous and unending, and it demonstrated itself clearly. After the events of the Grand Spirit Trials, two months had come and gone alongside several events. The most prominent and explosive was the impromptu auction that had been a heavily contested event that sent the various powers into a frenzy.

A low-grade Spatial Spirit Pill, a genuine eighth-grade product, caused foam to erupt from the mouths of the various forces. Shockingly, neither the Elemental Heaven Pavilion, Demonic Abyss Mountain, or the Sacred Light Palace had won this single-item auction. It was the Golden Coin Pavilion! A force that was second to the Alchemist Association in terms of reach and wealth, but mostly focused on business and trade.

Fortunately for all forces present at the time, the Alchemist Association felt it would be beneath them to participate with their own Princess of Everlore present. It would be somewhat embarrassing to fight others for an alchemical product. With their greatest competition bowed out early, the Golden Coin Pavilion swooped in and claimed victory after bidding over 3000 astral stones.

This was roughly equivalent to thirty billion essence stones! Such an extreme level of wealth was extraordinary. But of course, this was an eighth-grade alchemical product. Even if one considered the entirety of the Tri-Vision Starfield, perhaps one or two would be concocted a century. This didn't include impure-grade products, but those that were low-grade and higher.

After the auction had concluded, the next thing was the timing for the All-Alchemic Clash between the Prince and Princess of Everlore. It had been decided to occur in three months at the Alchemist Association's Main Planet, Evermore. While few understood the true reasoning behind such a clash, the countless inhabitants of the starfield went into a red-hot fervor at the news.

While Wei Wuyin had merely been prominent for less than a decade in the starfield, and the Princess of Everlore for even less, their names had long since made their way through many households as expectant hearts and gossipy minds pounded in anticipation. There were even a few who believed this could be a lovers' spat. Their overactive imagination wasn't lacking one bit.

As for others, those enthusiasts of this era, they were spreading words that this clash would finally determine who will truly be worthy of the name as the Successor of the King of Everlore. While some argued that Wei Wuyin actually had no legitimate claim to the King of Everlore legacy as he lacked an Alchemic Astral Heart. Others believed that the mantle had to be determined by a male. While archaic,

there was the widely accepted fact that certain methods and means of alchemists can only be mastered by certain genders.

To add to their opinion, they still didn't consider Wei Wuyin a true successor. While this group of thinkers felt that a male must take over the King of Everlore's legacy, they didn't believe Wei Wuyin who lacked an Alchemic Astral Soul was qualified. After all, by the same limited logic, certain methods and means can only be deployed with an Alchemic Astral Soul.

There were, however, a group of fanatics who believed that Wei Wuyin wouldn't become a carbon copy of the King of Everlore, but define a new era with his own title. These individuals started to spread out a new title, a new name that defined Wei Wuyin. They named him:

The Ascended Emperor of Neo-Dawn.

It was a mouthful, but one with an apt meaning. Wei Wuyin's existence was to ascend, ushering forth a new era. It was hopeful and beautiful, filled with much admiration and respect. They had also changed the title of 'King' to 'Emperor', elevating his title a little while simultaneously suggesting it was his birthright to ascend to prominence. While Wei Wuyin might have chosen another name, its poetic foundation left one unable to speak. Furthermore, it had incorporated his own organization, the Ascendants, into the name. How could he denounce something like that?

Interestingly enough, the 'Everlore' within the King of Everlore's name shared a rather similar origin. It was given to him by the people who believed his legend would transcend history, becoming a mythological existence that would propagate across numerous eras.

It was true.

Three eras later, and the King of Everlore had essentially become a myth-like being that's very existence had defined numerous eras after his own, and will likely continue to affect the next ten eras. It was an extremely befitting title.

Wei Wuyin was situated within his newly built Sky Palace. Since its unfortunate destruction after flexing a little of his Zenith Origin State's Sky Pressure. It had been devastated, and he was forced to live in Tuo Bihan. During this was rather uncomfortable, as he liked having his own residence rather than leech of others.

Blu, a Heavenly Commander of the Extreme Creation Mountain and master in the Dao of Design, had done an extremely fast and efficient job in rebuilding the place greater than before. While the amount of money invested into it was obscene, it was well worth it as its overall durability and usefulness had been improved greatly. Even if an Astral Core Realm expert of the Fourth Stage wanted to collapse his Sky Palace, they would find it immensely difficult.

But it made him think of a saying: Speed, Low Price, or Quality. You can never have all three. Thinking of this, if it wasn't for his immense state of wealth, he might be crying tears of blood from the cost alone.

At the moment, he was at the edge of his bed with his eyes closed. The sounds of wet slurping rhythmically resounded beneath him. Two heads were bobbing around his knees, seemingly pushing and pulling each other playfully. At times, a sound would stop for a moment as a new yet extremely similar sound took place, clearly from a different person.

"Haaa..." Wei Wuyin felt extreme bliss as a head of silky, luscious violet and a head of short, curly brown seemed to be extremely animated.

Just as he was feeling invigorated and ready for other things, he received a transmitted message, causing his spatial ring to aglow with radiance. A little dissatisfied, he merely briefly inspected the contents. His originally closed eyes opened, revealing a light of interest.

Within the contents of this was an urgent meeting to call for all disciples of a certain ranking to attend. When he realized the sender, including the additional message regarding the meaning, his face revealed a slight smile.

It seemed Long Chen had finally done it. He had revealed his identity to the sect!

Just as he realized it was an 'urgent' meeting, and it required everyone to make short work to return within an hour. He turned to the two heads of hair, finding the gorgeous Da Shan who seemingly noticed his gaze, lifting up with a line of saliva dripping from her succulent lips.

Seeing such a tantalizing and arousing sight, he decided that they could all wait a few hours.

---

Roughly three or so hours later, Wei Wuyin left his Sky Palace. He didn't have his Pegasus nor Su Mei, so he could only take to the skies and fly as normal. Since he liked the feeling of the air, he didn't mind it.

He swiftly noticed that the eighth-layer seemed to be devoid of life. It was clear that all the upper-echelon members of the sect had already arrived at the Grand Monarch Central Palace, which was located on the Sixth Layer of the Extreme Imperial Mountain. Thus, he had to fly straight down, breaking through the layers of the sky.

He couldn't help but recall how difficult it was for him to rise up to this layer when he first arrived. Without a Star Beast and a guide, he would never be able to so easily break apart this natural barrier.

When he made it to the Sixth Layer of the Extreme Creation Mountain, he saw that it was almost entirely devoid of life as well. The exception being lower-tiered disciples or servants. There wasn't even a late procession going towards the Extreme Imperial Mountain. It seemed he was truly, truly late. Thinking about this, he rubbed his nose a little and shot forward like a comet of black light.

As he approached the Extreme Imperial Mountain, his eyes widened slightly. He saw a sea of people, both on the mountain's surface and in the sky. It was a literal sea of people! It was incredibly grand! A brief count and just the aerial beasts numbered over five hundred thousand. Furthermore, each aerial beast, of varying sizes, carried on average four individuals.

The entire sky was nearly blotted out, and the solar stars' rays barely made their way down.

The Grand Imperial Monarchs must've summoned the vast majority of elites of the sect on the planet, and quite a few had to have come from Junia and Wuyu!

*'There are over one hundred and fifty thousand Astral Core Realm auras present.'* He was shocked by the sheer volume of experts. While this might only be 3% of the entire Astral Core Realm population of the Tri-Vision Starfield, the very fact they were all present in one location shocked him a little.

It seemed he underestimated the Grand Imperial Lineage and its importance to the members of the Myriad Monarch Sect. As he approached closer, his eyes were drawn away to a specific area above the sky. This area had a strange fluctuation of spatial energies that were extremely faint.

His eyes narrowed slightly, and then a faint grin surfaced on his face. The old man had finally left closed door seclusion to consolidate his cultivation. Unfortunately, it had to be for this occasion.

A faint glimmer of spiritual light flashed briefly around Wei Wuyin's neck. Hung by a lace of black string, an unassuming black ring was present.

"A Realmlord?" Wu Yu's voice entered Wei Wuyin's mind. This was the same type of communication that Long Chen had used for over two decades. It took Wei Wuyin a while to get used to a person hanging around his neck. He also had to consciously send it away whenever he was doing anything private. It was a little frustrating, but Wu Yu was immensely valuable in terms of knowledge and his future plans.

Wei Wuyin merely shot off, ignoring Wu Yu.

But Wu Yu was interested, "You turned a Grand Imperial Sage into a Realmlord...how? None of them had the qualifications to even hope to succeed..." He was extremely curious as to how Wei Wuyin restructured a Grand Imperial Sage's foundation enough to allow them to overcome their tribulation. When he thought of Wei Wuyin's Mortal Sovereign Alchemist ability, he didn't probe further.

Still, this was incredible for the sect. Unlike the San Clan, the Grand Imperial Sage that ascended to that phase would be far more powerful than the other two present. With just him or her, they would be able to claim supremacy over the world.

But Wei Wuyin wasn't so naive to think that. Just that beautiful woman with Lin Ming, a Blessed, was far stronger than a Realmlord just based on the means she had to protect his life. There was even Anu, a mysterious being he still felt was extremely powerful. While Tuo Bihan's cultivation base gave some assurances, it wasn't a piece that could dominate the entire board.

Just as he arrived, about to wade through the sea of aerial beasts, a strand of spatial force surrounded him. He looked up and realized where it originated from. He allowed it to encapsulate him and he vanished from the crowd.

When he reappeared, he was in a throne room.

### **Chapter 326 - 322: Tuo Bihan's Announcement**

Wei Wuyin's surroundings had abruptly shifted. The proverbial sea of people had been replaced by a spacious and grandiose-looking throne room. After being transported, Wei Wuyin wasn't all that surprised. In fact, he quietly glanced around until he spotted the individual responsible.

Tuo Bihan, dressed in a prestigious black-colored palace robe suited for an imperial advisor, was directly beside him. He stood by him like a ghost, and despite his calm outward expression, the faint light in his eyes revealed a sense of extremely helplessness at this moment.

Wei Wuyin noted that while Tuo Bihan was beside him, there were others present as well. There were four other figures, all of which were the most notable figures within the entire sect! The Grand Imperial

Sage of the Extreme Imperial Mountain, Zen, who was a beastwoman of an ancient tortoise lineage. Her pale-green scaly skin and reptilian eyes had been given an exceptional quality as she donned a similar set of robes but they were golden.

Qin Rui, the Grand Imperial Sage of the Extreme Origin Mountain, was beautifully dressed in white, accentuating her looks and giving her an aspect of innate purity that fit her so well. With her Primal Yin Aura being like a volcanic eruption on repeat, it was truly fitting.

Yao Zhen, with his three-meter tall body, carried the usual physically dominating presence as always as the Grand Imperial Sage of the Extreme Demon Mountain. Despite his violet-colored robes that added a hint of regality into his appearance, his blazing eyes and spiked elbows and knees were unhidden. As the youngest Grand Imperial Sage, he still seemed the one with the most outward presence.

The Grand Imperial Sage of the Extreme War Mountain, Ji Changkong, was donned in the color red with the same set of robes. His thick, yet sharp eyebrows accompanied his canine pair of eyes as he emitted a sharpness that seemed to emanate from his bones, from his soul. As a member of the canine lineage of beastmen, he lacked any sort of feral aura, which made him feel more like a living weapon than a beast. He was the exact opposite of Zuhei.

The five Grand Imperial Sages of the Myriad Monarch Sect had gathered, with four standing a set distance apart before the steps of a large, towering throne that seemed to have been made of astral gold. It sparkled with a majestic and boundlessly noble aura. While empty, it could bring up the feeling of extreme reverence and desire to kneel before it.

Besides these five that were wearing their Extreme Mountain's designated colors, there was another individual that was dressed in red and gold dragon robes present. He had an innate charm with black hair and dark eyes, seemingly out of place yet not, giving one a strange feeling. He stood below the steps, directly below the four Grand Imperial Sages.

At present, they were all looking his way. He didn't find this shocking, turning to notice behind him was nearly a hundred individuals that were wearing various colors of robes, signifying their own Extreme Mountain. There were some who wore multi-colored robes with a variety of color schemes. These were the elders of the sect. They were all looking towards Wei Wuyin, their expressions mixed and complex.

Wei Wuyin noticed these were the Earthly Generals, Heavenly Commanders, Imperial Sages, and Prime Imperial Sages. Not a single one of these individuals lacked a cultivation base at the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm. In fact, they were only higher. This was the strongest force of cultivators in the sect, and this line-up could instill fear in the hearts of all forces beneath the hegemonic forces.

"Coronation Ceremony?" Wei Wuyin asked casually, dismissing their expressions. He glanced briefly at Long Chen who seemed to be staring at him. While there wasn't any aggression displayed on his face, one could tell that there was a restrained emotion within his eyes.

Tuo Bihan faintly smiled, "It is a Recognition Ceremony. A meeting to officially recognize and celebrate the Successor of the Grand Monarch Lineage." While he explained this, he stayed behind Wei Wuyin. In a way, from their positions, it seemed as if Long Chen and Wei Wuyin were facing each other in confrontation. With the four Grand Imperial Sages behind Long Chen and Tuo Bihan behind Wei Wuyin.

Zen looked at Wei Wuyin intently. It had been two hours since the Recognition Ceremony was scheduled to begin, but it hadn't! The numerous individuals of great status and ability were all forced to wait. Technically speaking, Wei Wuyin, as a Heavenly King, shouldn't even be present as a disciple. It was supposed to be just the Elders and the three form of Sages that should be here, but there was a very strange atmosphere when she suggested his exclusion.

The reason?

Everyone had doubts and concerns.

Wei Wuyin was the Prince of Everlore, a young Alchemic King who concocted an eighth-grade alchemical product before the age of fifty! He was a future Alchemic Emperor; furthermore, his displayed talent was exceptional beyond belief! He had a one centimeter-sized Astral Core! That was two hundred times greater than the average Sky Ruler Phase cultivator, and double that of a Gravity Emission Phase expert, a cultivator at the same level as the Grand Imperial Sages!

Just his foundation was enough to reign supreme over all cultivators, but then Zuhei was revealed. While others might think that Zuhei was merely an extremely talented seed that was plucked and given immense support from the entire sect, how could these high-level figures not be aware of the truth? An originally crippled cultivator had been turned into a Nine-Ringed Soul Idol Phase cultivator in the matter of a few years!

Moreover, the sect simply did not have the resources or potential to create such an extreme expert! This was all with Wei Wuyin's dedicated nurturing, and this was incredibly telling of his abilities as an Alchemist! Even as an Alchemic King, he exceeded the ability that even the Alchemist Association could produce.

It was a formless breath in their throats, as if they were seeking the acceptance of Wei Wuyin.

Therefore Zen, the one who usually managed matters of this scale, had been left helpless. But after Wei Wuyin missed the initial starting time for the ceremony, she became even more helpless. She could only ask Tuo Bihan to scale the Extreme Creation Mountain and fetch him, but he came back and said: "The little boss is busy."

Then, he shrugged his shoulders. When questioned, all he replied with were: "I said what I said. You can go and disturb him, but I can promise you...well, you can just go try, haha." This bred feelings of fear in the hearts of everyone present. Was he concocting another product? Was he in the midst of cultivating?

Not a single one of these elders, these sages, were willing to fly up there and be the one to gain the dissatisfaction of Wei Wuyin. This made even the Grand Imperial Sages helpless! Why were they so fearful? Because while this ceremony was important, Wei Wuyin's future was tied to theirs! If they stepped wrongly, displeased him, then their future would be dumped away. As for excluding him in the end? No one dared to suggest it again.

They could only silently wait.

Wei Wuyin realized their emotions, and he couldn't help but chuckle lightly. "It seems I'm late, apologies." His words elicited a few sighs of relief amongst the crowd. For some reason, they felt that

Wei Wuyin wouldn't arrive at all, or maybe they would be waiting for days. Fortunately, it was merely a few hours.

"I'll observe silently. You can all begin as you like," after saying this, he found a corner to settle himself and calmly onlook the preceding.

"They're quite afraid of displeasing you," Wu Yu's voice resounded within his mind.

"Aren't you the same?" Wei Wuyin replied with a faint smile.

"...haaaaa. The value of a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist is not to be underestimated. For one of your age to be born, your potential just on the basis of lifespan is greater than the King of Everlore. But only I'm aware of that fact, how could others treat you the same?" Wu Yu said with a hint of discontent.

"Well, Tuo Bihan knows. Furthermore, there's not a single person in this room that hasn't taken a sixth or seventh-grade product of mine. They've all had dealings with me, either directly or indirectly. So it's understandable." Wei Wuyin didn't mind as Zen started to loudly exclaim some words of initiation. He wasn't particularly mindful of the ongoing events.

This event was merely Long Chen's attempt to gather the support of the Myriad Monarch Sect, but a Successor was a Successor. Until he reaches the appropriate requirements of taking that grand throne, he would only receive the recognition and some support. Unfortunately for him, that didn't include him.

"...Tuo Bihan." Wu Yu noted that Tuo Bihan was standing in his official position as Zen let loose a speech, his cultivation base was concealed. While he could determine it, the others weren't very likely. Despite this, he was still a little shocked that Wei Wuyin produced a genuine Realm Lord from someone whose foundation was originally extremely far from meeting requirements to do so.

This was unlike nurturing an expert from scratch. There were only top-tier eighth-grade products that could achieve something like that. Even if you factored in Wei Wuyin's Mortal Sovereign Alchemist status, the time to concoct the number of products required to achieve a feat like that was terrifying. He couldn't help but reconsider Wei Wuyin's true abilities.

It was possible his refinement speed was far, far greater than the average alchemist. Even the King of Everlore had spent a decade or two on a batch of his Everlore Ascension Pills.

"No wonder the entire sect is already so infected by your influence," Wu Yu spiritually swept his senses over everyone present. He realized that the overall cultivation base and strength of everyone present had risen a notch or several since he arrived from the Myriad Yore Continent. They must've consumed quite a lot of alchemical products suited for them, and this caused his mood to become contemplative and solemn.

Long Chen revealed a proud and expectant expression as he took the center stage. While this was merely a Recognition Ceremony, he would be officially the Grand Prince of the Myriad Monarch Sect. He would finally have authority within the sect, and he could utilize a little more resources for less effort. While the system of the Myriad Monarch Sect still required one to display an exceptional talent and ability to receive resources, just his identity would allow his treatment to faintly exceed normal Heavenly Kings.

At times, he would look at Wei Wuyin as he noticed the black ring flicker from time to time. His expression would become somewhat dark for a moment before regaining his calm. His mentor had to depart from his side to Wei Wuyin because he didn't have enough authority. He already vowed in his heart to reclaim Wu Yu.

The only issue in his heart was how everyone present treated Wei Wuyin. He wasn't a fool. He knew the importance of an alchemist, but the overall sect still recognized his rank as an Alchemic King, not a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, yet they all were on tenterhooks about him. Even the Grand Imperial Sages were forced to wait, and when he arrived, he wasn't berated one bit.

According to the rules, he shouldn't be here, but he had the faint feeling that if Wei Wuyin objected, there would be an insurmountable obstacle he would have to overcome to receive his status. Just his presence alone and acceptance of the event induced waves of relief on the vast majority of people's expressions, especially Zen.

In the end, the ceremony was broadcasted to the entire planet as everyone went through the process without interference. It was rather long, but it was grand. At the end of it, numerous cheers resounded from outside that penetrated the formations and entered the throne room.

The Grand Monarch Lineage, the lineage that had represented their supremacy of an era, had returned! How could they not be excited! They had the Prince of Everlore, and the successor of the Grand Monarch! Wouldn't this be as if they had the King of Everlore and Grand Monarch Wu Yu being born in their sect once more? While it might not be as exaggerated, everyone was extremely hopeful.

After all was completed, Wei Wuyin was about to leave. He didn't care much for any of this. But as he was about to leave, Tuo Bihan lightly coughed. Glancing at this grey-bearded old man, he couldn't help but recall a certain matter.

He nodded towards Tuo Bihan.

Tuo Bihan faintly smiled, "Everyone!" He called out to everyone as he took center stage, replacing Long Chen. The broadcast from outside and all those present in the throne room focused on him. With everyone's attention on him, he announced with formidable strength:

"I'd like to announce that I, Tuo Bihan, have ascended!"

"...!" The entire planet momentarily went silent!

### **Chapter 327 - 323: Imperial Heaven Starfield's Reviving Glory**

ascended...

Ascended?!

ASCENDED?!?!

The silence that had enveloped the throne room and the entire Penta Dao Extreme Mountains, those countless members who were watching the Recognition Ceremony of the Grand Prince, had spread like an infectious disease. The word 'ascended' has many different meanings to many different people.

To Mortals, it means to step upon the road of cultivation to exceed mortal limits, gaining longevity and immense power. It was almost as if those who ascended had become a deity. To these ordinary mortals, that was its meaning.

To cultivators, however, the term to ascend was to define breakthroughs to the next cultivation phase. Each phase brought about incredible changes, allowing one to touch upon an entirely new realm of power. Even in the Qi Condensation Realm, a simple breakthrough between the Fifth Stage and the Sixth Stage was divided by the concept of free-form creation.

To these people, to Tuo Bihan, a Grand Imperial Sage, when he announced these words it meant far, far greater than simply gaining the power of creation, but to enter a realm of power that was so legendary, so mythical, so extraordinary that it was given its own titles in an era where Mystic Ascendants once existed!

In the Myriad Yore Continent, the Mortal God titles were derived from an idle joke by the Divine King Han Xei to poke at the exaggerated confidence of the frogs in the well. They believed that they had entered the true realm of god-like power because they gained the ability to manipulate yin-yang, the conjuring power of creation, and a fierce leap in spiritual strength.

Even he, at a certain point, believed himself invincible until the King of Everlore started his rise with the Alchemic Dao in tow. It was only then that the Divine King Han Xei had learned of his folly and redefined his mentality towards cultivation. Despite that, due to the isolated nature of the Myriad Yore Continent to protect the King of Everlore's homeland, the cultivation society suffered and was under strict regulations.

But his mockery aside, the starfield of the peak era that had Mystic Ascendants, beings that can create continental flat earths, planets, and even bright stars that illuminated the sky, there were three Astral Core Realm stages that were still given titles that highlighted their immense difference.

These titles were: Reamlord, Timelord, & Starlords.

All Grand Imperial Sages must meet the bare minimum of the Sixth Stage, the Gravity Emission Phase. To ascend, for a Grand Imperial Sage, was to ascend! Obtaining a title that even the Mystic Ascendants of the greatest era of the starfield respected! Even the Divine King Han Xei! Grand Monarch Wu Yu! Even the King of Everlore himself!!

So for the world who had grown with these epic legends, this belief of an absolute gulf between cultivators that existed, to hear this announcement had sent their minds into a sudden and abrupt stall. They were in disbelief.

Tuo Bihan could sense the racing and disorderly heartbeats of everyone on the planet, his spiritual sense had already become so great that just a little bit of his reach could engulf the planet. There wasn't a single living entity on the planet that he wasn't aware of. It was as if his spiritual sense could ride the infinite and boundless spatial energies within the world in the most seamless fashion. While it wasn't extremely detailed, just this feat alone could give one a sensation of omnipresent and near-omniscience.

A feeling that borderline made one feel like a legitimate god of the world was born in his heart. But he knew he wasn't one, and he had his limitations. With this newfound power, he similarly gained an understanding as to why the era had declined. When he faced that World Genesis Star Tribulation, he

understood that the previous him, a purist with one of the greatest foundations, had zero chance of overcoming it.

If it wasn't for the Dao of Alchemy, the natural resources and environmental conditions of the world had to reach an appropriate level before a figure could be naturally born to overcome such a devastating astral tribulation. The Tri-Vision Starfield was not even remotely close to reaching such conditions.

Finally, someone reacted.

Qin Rui, the one Tuo Bihan could be considered closest to, who was still gawking behind her veil, suddenly said: "Yo...you've ascended?" Her words were like an ignition of a fuse, and everyone could feel that there would be an explosive reaction if it was truly verified.

Tuo Bihan turned to Qin Rui, his eyes were gentle, unlike his usual calm and playful expression. This caused Qin Rui to be filled with untold emotions. Just Tuo Bihan's gaze alone was enough to verify the truth in her heart. This was a dream, a dream for every cultivator at the Grand Imperial Sage-level.

Yao Zhen's violet-colored flames within his eye sockets were twisting about wildly, acutely displaying his sheer disbelief and shock. As the youngest Grand Imperial Sage, and the only demonic Sixth Stage Astral Core Realm expert within the Myriad Monarch Sect, and the only one outside the Demonic Abyss Mountain, he felt a wave of surging emotions at Tuo Bihan's announcement. Wouldn't that mean that he, Yao Zhen, would have the chance to ascend as well!

Zen looked towards Tuo Bihan with a profound gaze. She slowly whispered, "The era has truly changed."

Ji Changkong was silent. The sharpness in his eyes became unfathomably dense.

Tuo Bihan turned away from his fellow sages and faced the revolving formation that was projecting his image to the world outside. His bright eyes that seemed to embody the wisdom of great age started to radiate a gentle light.

"I, Tuo Bihan, have overcome the World Genesis Star Astral Tribulation! Attaining the Realm World Phase!" As those words left his lips, his body started to ripple with extremely potent spatial energies. It caused a sensation of discomfort and pressure within the bodies of everyone present. Then, he vanished!

He seemed to have transformed into a ray of light for a brief moment, and when he appeared, he was outside the throne room and directly within the skies above the Extreme Imperial Mountain. The revolving formation that projected his image had been forcefully pulled, showing him emerging from thin air in the sky above.

The heads of all those present lifted, seeing the small figure of Tuo Bihan floating amongst the clouds.

Tuo Bihan gazed downwards and smiled. This was his time. His time to tell the world that the Myriad Monarch Sect that had once been besieged by the three other hegemonic forces, that had been reduced to the weakest of the Five Hegemons of the Tri-Vision Starfield, had come to reclaim their throne. Their rise, their future, and their glory would be without limit!

The aura around him started to increase in intensity as space itself started to ripple like oceanic waves. The Realm World Phase was defined by two incredible aspects: The Formation of a Worldly Domain & Access to Spatial Force.

In the Spatial Resonance Phase, the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, one gains a connection with ambient spatial energies and can exert some control over it. They can then absorb spatial energies of the environment to strengthen their cultivation base, working towards comprehending light and gravity through the medium of space. But the Realm World Phase was different.

Not to mention the creation of a Worldly Domain, but they can completely integrate their astral force with spatial energies, producing Spatial Force. This was the same force that allowed Void Gates to function, spatial rings to connect two locations of unfathomable distance with ease! While one can not simply conjure a portal or teleport, they can shift through the ambient space as if they were one with it.

Just the sheer degree of speed they had access to made them impossible to face as a lower-stage cultivator. Even if Wei Wuyin reached the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, even if his foundation was to the pinnacle, he still couldn't overcome this single aspect of the phase. Of course, he had Void Force, so the actual outcome was to be determined.

Then, they can lockdown and restrict space itself. They can create spatial blades, shields conjured from space's infinite mysteries, and it made them invincible! If you added their Worldly Domain, what many would call their very own realm, then their position of invincible above all those beneath their cultivation was truer for them than any other phase before.

Tuo Bihan felt the surging power well within him, slowly rising as he comprehended the essence of the Worldly Domain. The world watched as he started to be aglow with a nearly divine light. As he floated above the skies, looking down on the vast sea of cultivators, he seemed to become like a mythological god that received endless reverence and faith from the people.

Woong!

Woooooong!

Wooooooooooooong!

BOOSH!

From within his body, a translucent and intangible sphere manifested. It was a perfect sphere and it grew without limit with him as the epicenter. In what was a split second, everyone felt Tuo Bihan touch them. The sphere passed over them in an instant, and in the depths of their hearts, they knew that Tuo Bihan was telling the truth.

The sphere continued to grow.

Wei Wuyin felt the sphere approach him, but a layer of faint grey mist had revealed its presence the moment he was passed over. It was as if that faint grey mist had always been present. It encircled his body ceaselessly.

He didn't feel the same as everyone else, merely felt a force press against him as if someone was squeezing his body slightly. He lifted up his hand and looked at the back of it. The mist surged about calmly. °Void Force, huh.°

Wei Wuyin realized that he had entered Tuo Bihan's Worldly Domain, Tuo Bihan's personalized purist realm, but his body had been protected by the void force that integrated into every cell of his body. It was as if he was actively rejecting the foreign influence.

A faint grin surfaced on his face as he looked around. Everyone's eyes, Long Chen's included, were staring at the sky, their every sense focused on Tuo Bihan. It was as if he had become the center of the world!

Wu Yu was similarly unaffected, but he sighed with immense emotion. "A Worldly Domain, the ability to convert the ambient mana, energies, and astronomical forces of a certain area into your own." This ability, this single ability, was why Realm World Phase cultivators were given their titles, even by Mystic Ascendants of the peak era.

These ambient forces were the vital strength of cultivators, and it was turned against them in a blink of an eye. It was simply far too powerful.

But Wei Wuyin didn't feel the same way. His Zenith Origin State had allowed his mana control to reach unprecedented levels. Even within this so-called domain, he still had access to it. In fact, he might be able to rip it away from the domain, destabilizing it from within. As this thought emerged, he realized that a heaven-defying foundation would always eclipse cultivation advantages in certain aspects. While ambient energies weren't in his control, he could still utilize his Elemental Origin Intent to wrestle control of the ambient elemental energies. While he might not win, it could hinder the Worldly Domain of a Realmlord.

Zoom!

The sphere retracted and vanished into Tuo Bihan. When it did, everyone was slowly coming back from their mesmerized state. In fact, some World Sea Phase cultivators had grasped the essence of the Sky Ruler Phase, and a few had even miraculously understood the vital link between the Soul Idol and the Spatial Resonance Phase.

The entire Myriad Monarch Sect had been exposed to a higher level of cultivation, and the benefits were absolutely endless.

"He...Grand Imperial Sage Tuo has...HAS ASCENDED!" Like an ignition, those words broke those out of their stupor as the crowd started to cheer. These cheers were so astonishingly loud, filled with their everything, that the planet itself started to quake!

Compared to Long Chen's cheer, it was like comparing a little league game to a major stadium. The very soundwaves were faintly visible! After all, these were all cultivators and they were displaying genuine excitement!

Basking in these cheers, Tuo Bihan revealed a hearty smile.

"From henceforth, the Myriad Monarch Sect has entered a new era!" He announced! To many, this was his true announcement! The cheers only increased in volume, even the ears of many started to bleed but they still remained screaming their emotions out

A new era!

Myriad Monarch Sect!

Before, the Myriad Monarch had claimed the era after the King of Everlore's departure, transforming this unnamed starfield into a well-connected starfield that was unified under a single banner! The Grand Monarch Banner!

The Imperial Heaven Starfield!!!

### **Chapter 328 - 324: False Worldly Domain**

The boisterous cheers seemed to be on the trek of being immortalized, unending and everlasting, if it wasn't for Tuo Bihan's interference. But from this revelation of their future renewed, feasts were launched in every location within the Myriad Monarch Sect. The news spread faster than the most contagious virus, even to the households of mortals.

The news of the Grand Monarch Lineage having returned alongside this brought many into a dream of surrealism, feeling as if good things truly came in pairs. While Long Chen's recognition ceremony had completed, it was still a side-dish in comparison to Tuo Bihan's ascension. It was blotted out like a solar star before millions of arrows.

Few even knew of his name, merely that the Grand Monarch Lineage had been revived.

With the crowd dispersed, many celebrating the news, Wei Wuyin was calmly resting in his Sky Palace. Even Da Shan and his other companions, Nyla Shur and Xiang Ling, were with their friends or family celebrating the news with hyped excitement. As for him, he was on his couch in front of the man of the hour himself, Tuo Bihan.

The grey bearded old man was nothing like the deified individual like before. He was sprawled on a comfy rocking chair, his eyes closed, his expression quite lazy. This reminded Wei Wuyin of the first time he had met Tuo Bihan, when he mistook him for another alchemist for a moment. It was only after a brief interaction that he came to a realization that this old man was someone special.

He had obtained news of the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity and received the title of a Heavenly King. His rise to prominence was truly in that moment and the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity had greatly helped him pursue further into the Alchemic Dao.

"I didn't know why you insisted on revealing your cultivation base. It could've been a useful hidden trump card to fether out ill-intentions and stomp them accordingly, in my original opinion. But I see it now." Wei Wuyin commented as he grabbed a golden apple from the table between them. With a hearty crunch, he enjoyed the succulent flesh and juices of this expensive Golden Star Apple.

Tuo Bihan rocked in his chair a little, "To become a Reamlord is to become invincible to all those beneath your cultivation phase. Why hide when the end will remain the same?" While Wei Wuyin said he understood, Tuo Bihan still explained his point-of-view.

Taking another bite, Wei Wuyin said: "By the way, what's the difference between a naturally ascended Realmlord like you and the two Realmlords of the San Clan?" This had always been on his mind at the back, and while he tried to research the difference, it wasn't too clear. While he could ask Wu Yu, it simply hadn't come up.

Tuo Bihan's eyes slightly opened, a faint misty gleam leaked from the opening, "Worldly Domain."

"Worldly Domain? Do they not have one?" Wei Wuyin wasn't so sure about that. He had heard about how the San Clan asserted their dominance over the starfield, and only the planetary formations established by the various hegemonic forces' ancestors were capable of resisting them.

No matter how strong a Realmlord was, the formations and arrays established by Mystic Ascendants wasn't something they could ever hope to break. It was similarly why the Myriad Monarch Sect remained alive despite being ganged up on by the three other hegemonic forces. They were driven to their last legs, only maintaining three planets and a dozen or so continental flat earths. All of these properties were deeply connected to the history of Grand Monarch Wu Yu, the Founding Monarch, such as the Bloodforge Continent or the Planets Wuyu and Junia.

The former was self-created by a Mystic Ascendant, lifelong friend and subordinate to the Founding Monarch. The latter was named after two important figures, the Founding Monarch himself and his wife. It was also their respective birthplaces, and they had been relocated by the Founding Monarch to be close to the Myriad Monarch Planet.

The San Clan had still asserted their dominance enough to cow the four hegemonic forces, so it was unlikely that they lacked a Worldly Domain.

"They have one. The issue lies in its strength," Tuo Bihan responded.

"Strength?"

"...I don't know the exact differences, but I know its lacking a crucial aspect that makes them more like False Worldly Domains. Still, they have access to spatial force and can navigate the Dark Void in their domains. They are the only ones with the ability to personally make a trip from planet to planet without a Void Gate. No, they were the only ones." Tuo Bihan had to readjust his mindset. He was now a Realmlord.

Wu Yu chimed in, "They had leapt past their tribulation with a pill that the King of Everlore had devised, the World-Infusion Realm Pill. Essentially, it's a leapfrog method that allows one to directly construct their Worldly Domain, and even tap into spatial force. But it requires immense and irredeemable sacrifice."

"...They avoided their tribulation?" Wei Wuyin couldn't help but think of the Everlore Ascension Pill. This World-Infusion Realm Pill...could it be similar?

"Correct your thinking. It is not the Everlore Ascension Pill. Not even close. In fact, its not even a ninth-grade pill. It can be considered a peak-tier eighth-grade pill, or a pseudo ninth-grade pill at best. Anyways, it emulates the benefits one would receive from overcoming the World Genesis Star Astral Tribulation, without any danger. The issue is...one's cultivation path is forever halted. The cultivation

world, the formless but ever-present laws, dictate that one must follow a set path. While this path had infinite variations, the critical and foundational aspects can not be altered.

"By leapfrogging into the Seventh Stage without receiving those essential, those critical, those foundational aspects of the tribulation, it is impossible to comprehend let alone challenge the next phase." Wu Yu explained with a hint of mockery and disdain. It was permanently cutting off one's future path for instant power. The path of a fool.

Wei Wuyin furrowed his brows a little. How come he didn't know about this pill? Was it not a part of the Everlore legacy? Why aren't there more Realmlords if that was the case. After all, an eighth-grade pill or a pseudo ninth-grade pill was still an eighth-grade product. It can be concocted by an Emperor Alchemist.

Wu Yu seemed to understand his thoughts. He briefly sighed and continued, "Long ago, when the pill was devised, it became hope for numerous individuals without the potential to become Realmlords. Even if they lacked talent, they could directly avoid that deadly tribulation and become Realmlords. But there was an issue, and that was the requirement.

"It required refining an entire planet to concoct. Not a continental flat earth, but an entire planet. It was a very contradictory pill, because you needed to be at least in the Realmlord level to even hope to achieve this in alchemy, so most alchemists at the time felt no need to refine it. Furthermore, it was quickly deemed forbidden by all the hegemonic forces of the era. After all, even Mystic Ascendants had trouble manifesting a planet. A few of them couldn't even make continents, let alone a planet or a solar star. It was too much of a hassle, and depleted long term resources for insignificant benefits."

After the King of Everlore had tested it, he hadn't touched it again, and the recipe was removed from history. The remnant impure pills must've made its way into the San Clan Ancestor's hands. Of course, at the time, no one cared. The starfield was filled with Realmlords, even Timelords and Starlords were more prevalent in terms of numbers than the thirty or so Sixth Phase experts of this era. Why would they?

A few flawed pills that cut off the lifeline of cultivators, their ability to advance. No one with sufficient status or talent would ever entertain the idea of using it.

Wei Wuyin understood this concept deeply. The San Clan Ancestor was truly far-seeing, predicting the inevitable downfall of the cultivation civilization following the King of Everlore's departure. There was no wonder why there were only thirty or so Sixth Phase experts but merely two Realmlords. The current era's starfield truly lacked the ability to produce one.

"But what's the difference between those who use the pill and those who naturally ascend?" Wei Wuyin asked for clarification.

Wu Yu was silent for a moment, and then said: "False Worldly Domains are an apt title for them. A Worldly Domain can fully control the ambient mana, energies, and astronomical forces within its range. But a False Worldly Domain can only control one aspect: energies. Mana is a fundamental aspect of cultivation, so they don't have the qualification to even touch it outside of their Sky Ruler means.

"To use the word 'control' might not be enough to let you fully understand. Think 'convert'. A Worldly Domain can convert ambient mana, energies, and astronomical forces into one's own power. To face a Realmlord in their Worldly Domain is like entering their personal Realm, their self-created space. You'll be facing the entire immediate world, but for a False Worldly Domain, merely the energies of the world can be converted."

Wei Wuyin ruminated over this information. He relayed this information to Tuo Bihan, whose closed eyes shot open as he was startled by the explanation. As someone who had touched upon the Realmlord level legitimately, he understood the difference between a False Worldly Domain and a Worldly Domain greater than any cultivator of this era.

If this was the case, then wasn't that too frightening?!

As for Wei Wuyin's sudden knowledge of this information he had been ignorant of moments before, Tuo Bihan was aware of Wu Yu's presence. He had long since learned that Wu Yu's spirit was housed somehow in that unassuming black ring that hung around Wei Wuyin's neck.

Seeing Tuo Bihan's reaction, he guessed the ability to convert ambient mana and astronomical forces was far greater than simply energy. In fact, it might be the least important one of the three. When he thought about it, his expression became strange.

He waved his hand as his Elemental Origin Intent flared, the ambient elemental energies of the world came under his direct control. A Worldly Domain can replicate Intent, but Intent still exists. In that case, besides their spatial force, what uniqueness did they have?

But it was enough. Enough to claim the entire starfield as their own.

"To think there's such a difference. It's a little embarrassing, to be honest." Tuo Bihan had almost entirely eliminated the two San Clan rulers as opponents in his heart. It wasn't even intentional, merely his truest feelings. He glanced at Wei Wuyin, and he felt awed by his ability.

An under-fifty Mortal Sovereign Alchemist that could reform the cultivation foundation of a purist like himself to become a Realmlord. The entire world might think he succeeded because of his own talent, but that was utterly impossible. If it wasn't for this little fellow here, he wouldn't be able to enjoy the endless cheers and reverence of others.

"Little Boss, what's your next move?" Tuo Bihan had already considered himself Wei Wuyin's subordinate the moment he made that choice all those months ago.

Wei Wuyin finished his golden apple, even eating the core. From this, one can see he didn't like wasting anything. "In a month, I'll face the Princess of Everlore in an All-Alchemic Clash. Then, I intend to venture into the Gateway Door that had opened. I earned a spot, after all." He faintly smiled, not feeling too pressured by the Princess of Everlore's upcoming clash.

"...The Gateway Door. Are you certain?" Tuo Bihan felt that Wei Wuyin didn't need to enter any forgotten realm to explore.

Wei Wuyin lifted his gaze towards the ceiling, his silver eyes emanated a mystical shine that radiated beauty. "I'm certain. I can see that the Gateway is the location where I'll find something I want, something I'll need." His Eye of Truth could see the trend of the world, and similar to how his Sky Palace

was rebuilt with utmost speed after he took action, he could see that the Gateway had something he needed when he decided to enter.

While he didn't know what, or even if it's a who, but he knew it was there. Furthermore, the entire starfield didn't have this something. This only brought out curiosity in his heart that had to be sated.

Tuo Bihan realized that Wei Wuyin was still a young man, with hot-blood and a desire for adventure. This is what he attributed Wei Wuyin's desire to venture into the unknown as. In truth, he had asked the question because he was wondering if Wei Wuyin intended to produce another Realmlord. Because if so, he had a few candidates in mind. Like that little lass, Qin Rui.

Tuo Bihan was just about to speak when his spatial ring brightly lit. He received a transmission message. After reading it, he looked at Wei Wuyin oddly.

Wei Wuyin felt his gaze and lowered his own, observing the strange expression on Tuo Bihan's face. "What is it?"

"The little prince has made his first request. How anxious...haaa..." Tuo Bihan said with a sigh.

Wei Wuyin's left brow lifted. What did Long Chen request? Just as he was about to ask, he felt spatial force surrounding him. His eyes lit up and he chuckled in amusement, "Let's go then."

Tuo Bihan nodded with relief. They both vanished from the Sky Palace, shifting through space.

### **Chapter 329 - 325: Gathered Once More**

In the Grand Monarch Central Palace, located upon the sixth layer of the Extreme Imperial Mountain, there was a gathering of the highest rank figures within the Myriad Monarch Sect. While there were a few key individuals missing, such as Tuo Bihan and Yao Zhen, the other three Grand Imperial Sages were present.

These three figures were each located on one of the five thrones beneath a larger, grander throne. These thrones weren't present during the Recognition Ceremony, but they signified their position within the sect: Above All, Below One.

These thrones were all differently colored, with the one Qin Rui sat on being white, while Ji Changkong was red and Zen was golden. At the top of each throne was the name of their respective mountains etched in gorgeous characters. They each sat calmly on the throne, overlooking the lower platform with various expressions.

Qin Rui's expression, while hidden behind a veil, was furrowed brows with a wisp of a sigh between them. Ji Changkong was seemingly indifferent, but was faintly betrayed by a unique light of gentleness that wasn't originally there. As for Zen, despite her wrinkled and scaly face, she had a seemingly contemplative look plastered for all the see.

Beneath their thrones, the reason for their varied expressions, were not one, but ten individuals. The lead figure amongst these ten was a youth that they were all too familiar with, the same one who had completed his recognition ceremony and officially became the successor to the Grand Monarch Lineage—Long Chen.

As the Grand Prince, his status was forcefully elevated and he now was adorned in light-grey sect robes with the embroidery on his heart area that read: Grand Prince. There wasn't a single individual in the sect with the same colored robe, not even the multicolored robes lacked this color. With the fancy design and innate regal disposition brought about by the Imperial Heaven Qi Method, he could usually be seen as a noble of the highest order.

The other nine were all women! They formed an array of astonishing beauty that could make most men feel as if they were in a dream, one they would never wish to extricate themselves from.

There was Wu Baozhai, the Princess from the Myriad Yore Continent. When she was on the Myriad Yore Continent, she exuded a bearing of innate authority and an distinctive imperial demeanor that one would possess if they were born into royalty. It was a belief, a form of aura, that told the world that they were innately superior.

She no longer possessed such exquisiteness. Her demeanor had mellowed, her expression became more gentle and careful, while her presence wasn't as strong. That being said, she still was an exceptional beauty that could topple nations, a fact that could not be etched out of her except via disfigurement. Those crystal clear eyes, peach-colored lips, ample breasts coupled with her body's delicate curves and perky bottom told the world that she was one hell of a woman.

The second was Lian Yu, the sapphire goddess of the Aqua Echo Sect of the Myriad Yore Continent's Wu Country. With those eyes and hair of hers that were like genuine sapphires, dazzling and gorgeous, as well as a figure that was as or even more voluptuous than Wu Baozhai, she was a feast for the eyes.

Thirdly, there was Xiang Ling, otherwise known as Fairy Blessed Spirit by title. Her jade skin, signature red-colored lips, limpid eyes, and minimalistic yet perfectly applied make-up that made her already magnificent features a work of art. She was dressed in her Elder robes, and next to her was a young girl in a veil—Long Tingyu.

Long Tingyu had long since grown up from her porcelain doll-like years, becoming a gorgeous teenaged lady that had very little development left to achieve a perfect state. Be it her waist-length black hair with violet highlights or dark eyes that contained a demonic allure, she was truly in the running to become a vixen. And if one were to compare bust, she was looking capable of surpassing all the women present.

The fifth was a woman whose beauty had seemingly decayed. Her aura was frantic and unstable, while her eyes were greyed out and lacking an innate feeling of intelligence, wisdom, and presence. It was quite ghastly. It was further exaggerated by her skin that seemed to be cracked, but heavily concealed with make-up and such. Each strand of her light-brown hair had dulled, seemingly losing any hint of a healthy luster. Even her body seemed somewhat deflated, with what could be assumed to be perky breasts and an ample bottom had become saggy and flat.

While her beauty had faded, those with keen eyes could see that she was absolutely gorgeous at a point in her life.

Just a glimpse at her would create a regretful and forlorn feeling to emerge in the heart and mind. She was Na Xinyi!

Xiao Bing was the sixth, her beauty and white hair that faintly released frosty light was also present. Unfortunately, the yang to her yin, Hong Ru, was not present. Since that day, her beautiful face had never worn a smile or any other expression besides wintry indifference.

The seventh was in a wheelchair, covered in a veil. Her thin, bony hands and fragile looking nails betrayed the ill condition of her body. If Wei Wuyin was here, he would easily recognize this woman simply by her life aura! She was Lin Ziyang, Godlord Lin, and the woman who he once thought of marrying.

Her once pristine brunette hair had greyed, as if she had aged a hundred years. It was frizzled, lacking an essential healthiness that no product could conceal. While those blue eyes that seemed to contain the essence of an ocean, vast and endless, might no longer carry that same feeling.

The eighth woman was tall, slender, and seemingly in her late-twenties. She was an elf. Her bright green eyes, pale skin, and deeply black hair was accentuated by her perfectly symmetrical figure and features. It bestowed her a beauty that could be called quite balanced.

She was Qing Qiumu's Ancestor, a Prime Imperial Sage! She was present during Long Chen's Recognition Ceremony, and was also investigated after Qing Qiumu had used a talisman that she had created for her to kill the Ji Clan's Astral Core Realm experts. She went by Qing Yawen, or Prime Sage Qing.

The last, but certainly not least, woman was Qing Qiumu. She stood beside her Ancestor, her emerald-colored eyes looked at the thrones from above, but her expression was calm and collected. Inwardly, however, she was somewhat troubled. Her gaze would sometimes shift to Long Chen's back, a little bit of worry within.

Long Chen had now become the Grand Prince of the Myriad Monarch Sect. He had cemented his position as the legacy successor of the Grand Monarch Lineage, and the only one with the qualifications to unite the Myriad Monarch Sect officially beneath his banner. The world that Long Chen, that these women had lived in before, had now changed as he took this position.

Or so they thought.

She quickly discovered that there was very lax authority given to Grand Princes. In fact, they weren't in much of a better position than some Sky Nobles, and they have difficulty compared to Heavenly Kings. They still had to compete, fight for every inch of territory, for every bit of resource, and had to follow almost all rules established by the sect.

Being the Grand Prince even meant that you were held to a higher standard than others in the same level. Moreover, there were harsher punishments towards Abuse of Authority. The title Grand Prince merely showed the world that the Grand Monarch Lineage had a rightful successor. After all, for the last thousand or so years, the Myriad Monarch Sect had no Grand Monarch.

When she thought of the Grand Prince, not just her but most, the mental image of Wei Wuyin emerged. He was just a junior, but he carried some insane level of influence. His very name provoked fear, and he could cause the collapse of entire factions and clans with merely a few sentences.

He could blow a hole in the Sky Layer, and be congratulated. Just his name would have the Knights of Enforcement shake at the knees, and the Grand Imperial Sages to feel utterly helpless. He had freedom, a say if he wanted, and endless resources and support from the sect. It was this image that she thought Long Chen would possess.

Alas, reality was often disappointing.

Even Long Chen's name was bypassed by Tuo Bihan, the first natural Realmlord born in the sect in over a thousand years.

Despite that, Long Chen still had some benefits. This was the Three Orders of the Imperial Prince. It wasn't really an 'order' but more a series of requests. The Three Orders of the Imperial Prince was a deliberate bypass of the Power of Authority. It would allow them to request something from the sect three times, usually exceeding their authority or influence. The previous iterations of the Grand Prince had used this for resources, mostly resources.

These would typically be made for territory, rare materials, or alchemical products used for their cultivation. It could also be used to be acquitted of certain criminal charges that went against the Myriad Monarch Sect's rules. Which meant they could, in theory, kill first and be absolved later.

This was merely a safety net for Grand Princes devised to give them some shadow influence. Of course, they were unable to request anything unreasonable or initiate war. This wasn't meant to be a means to rule the sect, merely to bypass some obstacles in a quick and easy fashion, not order around the sect as they pleased.

When Qing Qiumu learned of this, she could only sigh. Long Chen had told her of his unwillingness to announce his legacy, but he had to. She could feel that he was pressured by Wei Wuyin's presence. After his dominance in the Grand Spirit Trials, Zuhei's remarkable abilities, and his ring once more being taken by Wei Wuyin, he probably felt that he had no other choice. If he wanted to sit on that throne with certainty, he needed every advantage possible.

While he might have an empty title, his sect status would no longer be inferior to Wei Wuyin. But when she learned of his requests, her expression became extremely odd. It wasn't just her, the three Grand Imperial Sages all had varying shifts in their expressions, and their emotions were complex.

Zen swept her wizened eyes over the gathering of beauties that Long Chen seemingly obtained through his experiences and journey. There were women of extraordinary talent, but also women who've suffered disastrous fates.

She spoke, "Prince Long, are you certain that you wish to make your three orders now? And for it to be those three?" Her eyes were fixated on Long Chen, exuding an unintentional pressure simply from her questioning gaze. But Long Chen was steadfast and certain, his expression unwavering.

"Yes, I am absolutely certain." He left no room for retreat, his eyes filled with indisputable resolve.

Behind Long Chen, Na Xinyi bit her lower lip softly as her eyes flashed a complex light. She had given up two of her Primal Yins, damaging her meridians and body as a result. In exchange, Long Chen had reached the Zenith Mortal State with both of his Natal Souls. With that and Wu Yu's support, he merged his two Natal Souls and went undefeated as he swept through the juniors and elites of the Haungfu Clan.

It was a moment of unprecedented glory. But in the end...

It wasn't hers...

She had chosen this devastatingly damaging method instead of simply giving her body to Long Chen. While it might've been slower, her cultivation base would've jumped also. At least, for a while. She couldn't help but look at Lian Yu, Wu Baozhai, Qing Qiumu, Xiao Bing, and Long Tingyu.

They had all ascended into the Astral Core Realm while radiating beauty of the ages, but she had fallen to this position. She didn't have Lian Yu's mystical healing arts and wholehearted devotion, Wu Baozhai's intelligence and management skills, Qing Qiumu or Long Tingyu's extreme innate talent, or Xiao Bing's background. She was merely a girl with a precious body that men could obtain benefit from.

Even Su Mei, that girl that she had once clashed with in the Myriad Yore Continent, who she had won an exchange against, had surpassed her in a massive way. While her cultivation was still in the Qi Condensation Realm, Su Mei could fight against the top-tier geniuses of the entire starfield with utter ease.

She couldn't help but think...what if...

Just as her mind was lost in this thought, Zen nodded towards Long Chen. "Then so be it."

She sent a transmission message to Tuo Bihan.

A sensation shook the hearts of everyone present. Some with anticipation, a few with anxiety, and others with complex emotions that were extremely hard to describe. It wasn't because of Tuo Bihan, this newly ascended Realmlord! It was...

A flash of silver light burst into existence directly beside Zen.

"..." Everyone could only stare in silence as two figures were revealed. Before they could catch a solid look at them, one of the figures started to walk with crisp steps.

Step. Step. Step.

The figure walked upwards, not downwards, approaching the grand throne that overlooked the entire whole like an Emperor. The figure turned to face those below, revealing a faint smile filled with an indescribable yet unforgettable quality. With a slight movement, he sat.

"..." Everyone's breathing seemingly stopped at that moment.

On the grand throne, Wei Wuyin folded his left leg over his right, leaned comfortably back, and said: "I'm here."

### **Chapter 330 - 326: Three Requests**

"I'm here."

Two words. These were merely two words uttered in the most relaxed, calm, and simple manner imaginable. Yet these same two words felt like tidal waves crashing ferociously against the hearts and minds of everyone present.

Wei Wuyin had arrived in the Grand Monarch Central Palace with a silver flash, and without skipping the slightest beat, as if it was the most natural action in the world, he climbed up and sat on the grandest throne within the entire Myriad Monarch Sect.

It was as if this seat that emanated a boundless imperial presence was always and forever meant for him to sit in. The eyes of the Grand Imperial Sages were widened like full moons, excluding Tuo Bihan, and there were even faint lines of red within them that pulsed with bewilderment. As for the youths, these beautiful women below, they were staring with gazes of unimaginable disbelief.

What was overbearing?

This was overbearing!

Long Chen was the most shocked of all. His heart beat nearly stopped as he watched Wei Wuyin calmly and naturally sit upon the very throne he had dreamed himself claiming. It was as if time had slowed down as it happened. How can he...

This is...

Tuo Bihan was the only one present that wasn't overly shocked or surprised. It wasn't that Wei Wuyin had talked about this with him before, but this little boss of his possessed the qualifications to act as he pleased in his eyes. Therefore, he didn't feel any intense emotions. In fact, there was an odd emotion within his heart as if this was how things should be. If the Myriad Monarch Sect's Grand Monarch Lineage was discarded or if Wei Wuyin decided to take up leadership, how great would that be? This was a thought he would've never had a year ago.

The King of Everlore, a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, had spent centuries building up his name and remaining mostly an independent entity that didn't favor any specific force or person. He had raised and nurtured numerous legendary figures such as the Divine King Han Xei, Sacred Elven Queen, Demonic Abyss Mountain's Abyss Master, and even the Grand Monarch Wu Yu himself. They were all creations of his astonishing ability, and they defined entire eras!

If Wei Wuyin decided to wholeheartedly nurture the Myriad Monarch Sect, let alone the Tri-Vision Starfield, there would be far, far greater avenues of growth.

Unfortunately, Wei Wuyin had never acted in the utmost interest of the Myriad Monarch Sect without restraint. There was an unseen obstacle that was between Wei Wuyin's heart and the Myriad Monarch Sect that he was aware of, but he didn't know what it was or how to remove it. Therefore, he simply accepted his current role.

But not everyone reacted as calmly as him.

Boosh!

A surging aura erupted, mighty and vast like the ocean itself! Zen's eyes flared with aquamarine light, her entire body radiated incredible power.

"You dare?! Rise this INSTANT!" Her reaction was aggressive and expected. What Wei Wuyin had just done was an affront to the Grand Monarch Lineage, and she took that personally as the upholder of the Extreme Imperial Mountain and its prestige. It was her duty to do so.

For that moment, Wei Wuyin's potential, his alchemical skills and status, and even the numerous benefits she had received prior had been utterly erased from her mind as she felt bubbling rage surface. Her sixth phase cultivation base was imposing, suitable for a Grand Imperial Sage. A violent mana storm was abruptly birthed within the throne room and a violent spiritual pressure gushed from her and made its way towards Wei Wuyin in a crushing manner.

If Wei Wuyin, a Sky Ruler, were to be hit by that wave of astonishing spiritual power, he might very well be killed immediately. But his expression remained entirely unchanged, only giving Zen a light glance over.

Zen, who had nearly lost her rationality, felt a foreign power instantly engulf her entire body. In a matter of less than a second, her spiritual pressure had dissipated like the wind, her gushing aura had deflated, and she found herself completely sealed. Even if she wanted to release her powers, she couldn't. Even if she wanted to lift a finger, she could only dream of twitching.

Her eyes widened with immense shock as she turned her head slowly to see Tuo Bihan lightly tapping her shoulder with two fingers. She was appalled that her entire cultivation base, something cultivated with her utmost effort for over a thousand years, had been so thoroughly suppressed with a mere touch.

Was this the absolute difference between the sixth and seventh phase?! Her old and wizened heart was in an agitated state. It wasn't merely her, even Qin Rui and Ji Changkong were completely thunderstruck by the event. Zen's might was extremely powerful, and they would have to take it seriously lest they suffered severe injuries. But Tuo Bihan, in a single moment, with a single touch, had rendered her helpless and defeated.

Tuo Bihan calmly said, "Relax." Only one word, but it revealed his absolute stance on the matter! Tuo Bihan did not care that Wei Wuyin sat on the Grand Throne. In fact, he seemed to willingly accept that fact! If the three Grand Imperial Sages were shocked before, the implications of this made them utterly speechless.

Wei Wuyin seemed entirely unaffected by the perilous moment he had just experienced. He ignored Zen, directly looking towards the ten individuals standing beneath the two sets of thrones before settling on a single figure.

"Prince Long, you wanted me here. Now I'm here. What is it that you want?" Wei Wuyin asked. After all, he was a busy man. He'd much rather be eating right now, something far more important than this in his mind. While he knew he was merely there because he might be needed, he took control over the situation.

Long Chen, "..."

He couldn't quite process the series of events that had just transpired, nor did he find it comfortable to be speaking to Wei Wuyin while he was in an elevated position. Even the 'Prince Long' sounded as if it contained a hint of mockery and disdain. He couldn't help but glance around him to see the expressions of everyone present.

Qing Qiumu had a helpless smile on her gorgeous face. It seemed that she expected such actions from Wei Wuyin, not offended, unhappy, or even too shocked by his actions. In fact, there was a distinct light of a chuckle in her eyes. As if to say: "Only you would do something so outrageous."

As for Wu Baozhai, her expression was the most drastic change. He didn't know why, but she was in utter disbelief with widened eyes and a gaped mouth. She briefly, for a moment, turned to Long Chen as a complex and dubious light emerged. Then, as if catching herself and noticing Long Chen's gaze, she shifted her eyes downwards and maintained a neutral expression.

Xiang Ling's face contained a faint blush and misty eyes. What was going through her mind at the moment, Long Chen couldn't tell.

The others were mostly affected by commonly shared emotions: shock and disbelief. But Long Chen felt a tinge in his heart, his eyes consciously or subconsciously turned towards Na Xinyi. Those dull grey eyes revealed not a slightest trace of shock or disbelief. She was prenatually calm, a mysterious emotion present within those eyes of hers as she stared at Wei Wuyin's figure.

He felt his heart descend in an unknown world for a moment. It was as if his entire body had been dipped into a vat of cold water. He didn't know why, but he felt his heart squeeze.

In the end, he had to turn away. He gathered his strength, mustered his courage, and turned to face Wei Wuyin.

"Wei Wuyin," his words were spoken with a faint bite. "The rules of the Myriad Monarch Sect affords me the right to make three Imperial Orders as the Grand Prince, successor of the Grand Monarch Lineage!"

Wei Wuyin nodded, "That's right." He didn't deny Long Chen his right. This is what he was rightfully owed by the Myriad Monarch Sect and the only reason he was present today. Otherwise, could Long Chen, even with his newly established status of a Grand Prince, ever summon him?

He still cared about rules and regulations within a reasonable manner, lest chaos be brought to every facet of a force. While he had no issue bending or outright manipulating the rules to his favor, he didn't like outright breaking set rules.

In fact, if Zen was a little calmer, she would've realized that the Grand Throne had a formation that only allowed those worthy to sit upon it. Even if a Realm Lord like Tuo Bihan wanted to sit, it was utterly impossible. He would be lucky if he wasn't crippled by the incident. As for Wei Wuyin?

He had long since obtained the Myriad Monarch Canon. It was currently in his possession, on his very body in fact. The divine item that allowed those to cultivate the Imperial Heaven Qi Method, to enter the Grand Imperial Lineage, the absolute treasure of the sect, was now in his. If it wasn't for this divine object, why would Wei Wuyin go through so much trouble to bring Wu Yu to his side? So according to the rules, he could freely sit here.

Even Wu Yu within the ring had no comment.

Furthermore, with the presence of Wu Yu, he could freely manipulate the aura of the Myriad Monarch Canon, allowing the Grand Throne to recognize him. Similar to how those without Alchemic Natal Souls can generate Alchemic Qi or Alchemic Force, he can generate Imperial Heaven Energy with a little effort.

While others might find this difficult, Wei Wuyin as an alchemist skilled in transmutation of energies found it extremely easy. Even now, he no longer needed Wu Yu assistance to generate the Imperial Heaven Aura.

While it benefited him very little in cultivation or improvement to his combat prowess, it allowed him to concoct a few specialty products listed on the Myriad Monarch Canon that had been personally devised by the King of Everlore and several other elite Alchemic Emperors. Unfortunately, he couldn't activate the Myriad Monarch Canon's true power. That required Imperial Heaven Essence Energy, an Imperial Astral Soul, something he fundamentally lacked.

Long Chen was unaware of all this, merely clenching his teeth and continuing, "My first order...I ask that Tuo Bihan reconstruct Hong Ru's body!" When he declared these words, his heart was twisting in pain as he recalled Hong Ru's gruesome death. If it wasn't for his uselessness, for Wu Yu's swift actions, he might've lost her for good. The thought of it left him in despair and helplessness, but Wu Yu had informed him that a Realmlord could create another body for her.

This was why he cultivated like a madman and ascended from the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm to the Third, entering the Soul Idol Phase. In less than a year, he's made outstanding leaps as he drew upon his untapped potential and erupted. But with Tuo Bihan now present, he could allow her to be reborn ahead of time. Not in decades or centuries, but in a short period of time.

Tuo Bihan was instantly caught off-guard. He turned to Wei Wuyin, seemingly curious if he could even do something of that level. One must know, Tuo Bihan was a novice in the realm, and besides the foundational aspects of the realm, he hadn't delved into all his powers. Of course he didn't believe that Wei Wuyin would know, but Wu Yu might.

Even Wei Wuyin was similarly clueless. If he was asked if it was possible for an alchemic product to achieve such a feat, then he would know the answer. He could use an eighth-grade product to create a body shaped by a soul, but that required a disembodied soul. Wu Yu needed the Ever-Rebirth Pill, a ninth-grade pill that could not only create a body of a Mystic Ascendant but re-establish their entire cultivation base.

If there was a pill of this level that existed, then there were obviously lesser pills that did similar things with less effect. He even had a few on his person at the moment.

"It's possible," Wu Yu's voice resounded. While he didn't give any detail, Wei Wuyin realized Tuo Bihan could actually create a body. But if one thought about it, Realmlords can create isolated realms with enough time. As for Mystic Ascendants, even flat continental earth, planet, and solar stars can be created.

Wei Wuyin thought for a moment, looked at Long Chen and asked, "The other two?"

Long Chen inwardly breathed a sigh of relief for some reason. He felt that Tuo Bihan, a person that, by Wu Yu's very words, should be impossible to ascend to the Seventh Stage, had been risen to that level due to Wei Wuyin. And after seeing Tuo Bihan stop Zen's assault after he sat on the Grand Throne, he was more certain that Tuo Bihan had wholeheartedly become Wei Wuyin's subordinate. Now that Wei Wuyin wasn't bothered by that order, he could confidently move on.

"Secondly, I want Lin Ziyang to be treated with everything the sect has to offer until she's fully recovered. For her to..." He grew emotional as he turned to see Lin Ziyang who sat quietly in a wheelchair. Her aged hair and dullish pale skin felt like a knife to his heart, a constant reminder of his inability to protect those he loves. While her state had improved dramatically after Wei Wuyin had sent her to be taken care of, it wasn't enough.

There were eighth-grade products, mystical treasures of heaven and earth, and other tools that could better help her current state that wasn't being utilized. In terms of the medical field, Wei Wuyin had truly kept the end of his bargain, but the art of medicine was severely lacking in development. Lian Yu, a healing sage, could do nothing more than ease the pain Lin Ziyang was feeling.

"Third! I..." He paused after recollecting himself, turning towards Na Xinyi. There was a brief hesitation in his eyes, hesitation that Qing Qiumu, Wu Baozhai, and Na Xinyi caught instantly. These three were extremely astute in their senses and intellect, and Na Xinyi was the target of his gaze. How could she miss it?

She silently clenched her fists.

In the end, Long Chen said: "I want the sect to help Na Xinyi's Three-Point Yin Physique fully recover."

"..." Wei Wuyin was silent for a long while, his gaze sweeping meeting the gazes of all those present. He now realized that these women were here to support Long Chen, likely to argue if denied or rejected. Xiang Ling was likely here because of Long Tingyu, Qing Yawen was here for Qing Qiumu, and the rest were here for Long Chen. As for Qing Qiumu, perhaps they thought he wouldn't interfere with any request if she was here.

Wei Wuyin finally spoke, and when he did, the hearts of everyone present trembled. Because he said...

"Absolutely impossible!"