

Chapter 561 - 557: Second Calamity, Anomaly

"How disappointing." The crimson-winged figure lamented in his childlike voice, soft and gentle like water.

"I...huh," was all the silver-winged figure could say, unable to defend this little mortal sinner. They had just spoken words of anticipation, giving estimates on how long Wei Wuyin would last before he inevitably lost to this level of Hell. Their estimations reached thousands of years, yet the truth shook them thoroughly in different ways.

In mere minutes, Wei Wuyin had lost.

Collapsing to the essence of the trial as the cleansing function of the Calamity of Endless Regret's unique Hell took effect. While unseen by Wei Wuyin, there were slithering tubes of indistinguishable color gushing out invisible mist. This mist lingered without purpose for a very short while, and Wei Wuyin's soul emitted an attractive power that drew it in..

The sinner that had overcome the entire seven stages of the Calamity of True Loss perfectly hadn't lasted more than a few minutes before succumbing to the cleansing powers of regret. Normally, a soul might not suffer any changes if they felt regret, but in the Second Level of Hell, the Calamity of Endless Regret, this was as disastrous as being hanged by the neck—unmistakably fatal.

"A single mistake made in the first few hundred steps. Unfortunate," the crimson-winged figure spoke out with a twang of disappointment within its voice. As a Mortal Soul, this meant that Wei Wuyin would soon be thoroughly cleansed of his soul's outer shell. The expectations it held had been crushed by incompetence.

The silver-winged figure sighed in response. There was nothing else that could be said. Regardless of Wei Wuyin's outstanding showing in the First Calamity, the Calamity of True Loss, it was unrealistic to expect Wei Wuyin to be repeated in an entirely new Hell.

After 2.3 seconds, they watched as Wei Wuyin's outer shell had stopped its deterioration almost immediately, the invisible mist losing their target. Like headless flies, the mist stagnated without purpose.

"Oh?!" A hint of unexpected yet pleasant surprise leaked through the silver-winged figure's voice as he stared at Wei Wuyin. "He halted the cleansing!"

"Impossible!" The crimson-winged figure was thoroughly shaken, retorting those words as if they were utterly natural. The qualities of an untempered Mortal Soul shouldn't allow this to occur! Normally, mortals were controlled by their emotions, unable to comprehend their own individuality and sense of self. When they felt happy, sad or angry, it was extremely hard to change their state of mind without letting it run its course, which was fatal here, or pushed by an external variable.

The Calamity of Endless Regret contained no external variable that could help those experiencing the cleansing. This should not happen!

"His soul is a little stronger too. He lasted a little over two seconds and retained a fifth of his outer shell. Some Mortal Souls last 0.9 seconds at most, and that was the strong ones." The silver-winged figure commented in excitement.

"He possesses the Bloodline of Sin as a mere Mortal, of course he has a stronger soul than others." The crimson-winged figure dismissed this peculiarity with an indifferent remark. Its attention was more focused on Wei Wuyin's soul performing the extremely improbable. He had never seen this feat achieved by an untempered soul.

"This...THIS! How?!"

The crimson-winged figure was in utter disbelief as Wei Wuyin started to open his eyes, a distinct sign of regaining his sense of self, dispelling the confusion and muddle-headed affliction brought about by the Calamity of Endless Regret's unique environment.

"How is this possible? Is there something wrong with this Level of Hell?" The silver-winged figure turned itself around, looking at the boundlessly looming figure with uncountable arms and innumerable eyes. There was a stern questioning in its voice as it spoke to the ginormous figure.

The titanic figure didn't answer, focusing on performing its unclear job. It was as if the two winged figures below were inconsequential, minor existences not worthy of its attention.

"Keee!"

The crimson-winged figure sent out a strange sound that shook the silver-winged figure. It sounded like a clarion cry intermixed with majestic hymns from legend. The silver-winged figure trembled for a short period as a response before it turned back around, going incredibly quiet.

The crimson-winged figure remarked: "A Mortal Soul, especially an untempered soul, shouldn't be able to reacquire their senses so quickly."

"No. A Mortal Soul shouldn't be able to do so at all. It's never been done, and even True Souls require hundreds, if not thousands, of years before breaking free. The Heavens have a metric of success, and regaining their awareness is a sign of success towards the potential of the soul. If he survives, what type of Karmic Luck would the Heavens bestow upon him?" The silver-winged figure's voice was extremely dark and increasingly solemn with every syllable spoken.

"...With every Calamity comes fortune, one who overcomes the challenges of Hell shall be benefited by Heaven," the crimson-winged figure added this statement with an absentminded tone.

"..." These were the same words that the silver-winged figure had said during Wei Wuyin's Calamity of True Loss. The heavens mentioned weren't the same as the Heavenly Daos, but a systematic set of laws that govern the entirety of existence.

"Oh...no!" The crimson-winged figure broke out of his wandering thoughts as he observed Wei Wuyin's figure was once more attracting the cleansing mist that sought to eradicate his individuality to ensure a seamless journey through the River of Souls and later, reincarnation.

The silver-winged figure's wings unfurled slightly. There was a hidden tension within them that had to be dispersed. "He regained awareness, and now he's suffering from the flaws of awareness: change. If

regret fuels his change, then this is over—he failed." The silver-winged figure's voice relaxed considerably from this revelation.

It was impossible for a Mortal Soul to halt the change in themselves. Wei Wuyin's outer shell was about to be depleted entirely, and his individuality will vanish alongside his soul taking the next steps to reincarnate in accordance with the heavens.

"You're a little too happy about this," the crimson-winged figure responded disapprovingly. This little Sinner of Pride was like an underdog in its eyes. With just a Mortal Soul, he performed feat after feat with outstanding consistency. The struggles he faced were somewhat unfair.

Yet, the two were once more rendered completely silent after, at the precipice of dissipation, Wei Wuyin fought on and fiercely resisted. The cleansing mist lost its target once more, and the outer shell of Wei Wuyin's soul retained a small fragment of his sense of self.

The attractive power of regret brought about by change of self had been halted! The two figures turned to each other, seeing the utter disbelief in both of their mental fluctuations.

How was this even happening?!

The speed of change was unheard of. Not only did he push off regret in a muddle-headed state shortly after experiencing it, but the Sinner of Pride regained his awareness! He was then met with the consequence and major hurdle of awareness: change of self! When failing once again, at the edge of defeat, he clung onto his individuality and halted, no, reverted the internal changes of himself!!!

All of this that would usually take thousands of years for strong True Souls happened in a few minutes.

"I..." Speechless, the silver-winged figure was floored by these developments. What type of ungodly anomaly was this Sinner of Pride?! It started to feel fear within its own soul at this unknown.

"He's restoring his outer shell! That's..." The crimson-winged figure pointed out with a quivering tone. While Wei Wuyin had restored himself during the first bombardment of cleansing mist, it wasn't the same. This was a Wei Wuyin with little of his individuality, where was he getting the means to restore himself?!

They both wished to breach the sphere of total darkness and deeply dissect Wei Wuyin's soul, mind, and body! The amount of mental power needed to achieve these feats were utterly unimaginable.

They watched as Wei Wuyin regained his individuality completely, as if he had just relived his entire life. There was almost no difference from when he first arrived and now.

How terrifying!

"A Mortal Soul that survived two cleansing, ending both of them in a few seconds?" The silver-winged figure just stated the obvious. It was clearly trying to allow its mental processors to accept such an outrageous possibility despite seeing it for himself.

In the end, the silver-winged figure said: "Despite his success in surviving, the fact that he was subjected to the cleansing mist so early shows his inability to overcome this level of Hell. The Calamity of Endless Regret is his end."

The crimson-winged figure didn't disagree. The Calamity of Endless Regret was composed of a single stage yet incorporated multiple layers that evolved over the course of its entire lifetime. To be subjected to these increasingly difficult layers with every passing century for a total of one hundred and eight thousand years was utterly impossible.

With Wei Wuyin's awareness completely regained, this would become an even more increasingly difficult Calamity to overcome.

All it takes is one single slip up at the later layers, the inability to bring one back in the 3 seconds needed to cleanse all of Wei Wuyin's outer shell, to leave him with a path of no return. They could only watch this inevitability.

"...!!!" The both of them unfurled their wings simultaneously. Their mental fluctuations induced surging storms of glimmering wind. They clashed with each other, causing a faint twitch in one of the titanic figure's many arms. The storm abated and vanished as quickly as it appeared, and the two released groans of dreadful pain.

Despite this punishment being dealt, they couldn't help but feel their bodies tremble ceaselessly!

How in the heavens was this remotely possible?!

They observed the sphere of total darkness with the entirety of their focus as a faint light started to emit from within.

Chapter 562 - 558: Second Calamity, Purpose

A few seconds prior, Wei Wuyin had stopped his third step. This prevented the vivid memory of Long Chen's arrival from emerging, but the urge to continue forward within his soul kept reverberating with an increasing intensity. However, his thoughts were fiercely circulating within his mind as he recalled this calamity.

"What is it?" Ori asked innocently. It felt the changes in Wei Wuyin's thoughts, but shockingly enough, the pace and pieces of his thoughts were swift, jumbled, and difficult to follow. It couldn't even gleam into its intent. This didn't only shock it, but Kratos and King were similarly baffled and concerned.

It was only Eden who was fluctuating at a similar frequency as Wei Wuyin. The speed of their thoughts were like faster than light mobility formations propelling the ship called the mind. They flowed smoothly together yet the outside could understand nothing.

After a few seconds, Wei Wuyin pressed his foot down and took the final step. He once again was brought to the beginning of his vivid memory.. The coquettish laughter of his female companion alongside the happy and content heavenly laughter of his others.

The beauties that surrounded him filled the room with an intoxicating fragrance that ignited one's lust. He relived his ravaging of their soft and varied bodies, tasting them in every way imaginable. They were fierce, gentle, proactive, or passive. There were all types with every interest that could evoke his inner fire.

Ten heavenly beauties in total, all for his partaking. They didn't really have any distinct faces, belonging to none of his actual women. He couldn't tell their races immediately, and if he wanted them to be

demons, they would be demons, and if he wanted them to be elves, they would be elves. They were everything and anything he wanted at the time.

He couldn't recall their name, but if he said a name he liked, they responded with joyful laughter and a playful call out of their attendance before they 'attended' him in all sorts of manner. A few used their mouths, swallowing and kissing with a gushing excitement and pleased moans. They seemed to deeply enjoy making him feel incredibly good.

This was a heavenly bliss that all men who sought after a harem would desire. Furthermore, it even incorporated his ideal number when he was young—ten. This was his ideal dream.

Yet after a distorted sense of time later, what felt like both decades and minutes at the same time, all of it crumbled as Long Chen arrived as he always did. Without fail, he was unable to resist and was castrated in humiliation, and then forced to, as he was beheaded and his consciousness faded, realize Long Chen's dastardly intentions towards his idyllic harem.

In the end, he would suffer endless regret at neglecting his cultivation, leading him to experience such great loss.

Then, he would wake with the soul-stirring desire to continue forward in a world of darkness, what would normally be construed as death everlasting.

'So it's like that.'

Those four words caused Ori, King and Kratos to become increasingly curious. They experienced the same things as Wei Wuyin did, but they lacked a few critical aspects that exemplified their roles as Spirits of Cultivation, not cultivators.

Kratos, who was a defier of things, suggested in confusion: "Should we escape?" The unease it felt after experiencing two close calls were horrifying to say the least.

"We wouldn't be able to escape," Eden stated. The Calamity of Hell was inescapable, and if they did leave, who knew what consequences would await. After all, who knew if they could survive the outside world or escape the Heavenly Daos punishment trying to escape Hell. They were mere mortals, and they were Inheritors of Sin.

They couldn't even swear Heavenly Oaths without being discovered, unable to find a Dao Companion. While the Scripture of Sin detailed the disadvantages of being discovered, the means to take if you are, these means were for those at the Realm of Sages with True Souls of Sin!

They were mere mortals.

Kratos released a faint dissatisfied roar, but it didn't retort. It trusted Eden's judgment more than anyone else's. If it said they wouldn't be able to escape, then it'll wait for another option.

"Tch!" King added its two cents.

But Eden shut that down, "If slicing Hell apart was something we could do, why would we even be here?"

"Tch!!"

"If three swings doesn't work, just continue until something gives? Really?" Eden's tone grew exasperated. One wanted to escape, the other wanted to use its edge to end Hell. Were they all really born from the same soul?

"Hehe," Ori chuckled. It was just as uneasy as the rest, but with these siblings with it, how could it be fearful? Even if the heavens were after them, it felt that they would survive as long as they were together. As an Elemental Origin Astral Soul that was composed by the united fusion of nine different elements, giving birth to a greater whole, her thoughts aligned with that concept perfectly.

Eden laughingly sighed. At least Ori wasn't reckless.

"Should we stop moving?" Eden asked, focusing its attention back to Wei Wuyin.

Wei Wuyin was still invested in his thoughts, only breaking away after hearing this question. *'Yes. I've always believed my instincts. If we stop for too long, our soul will instantaneously explode.'*

"But is it possible?"

Wei Wuyin sighed in his thoughts, *'You mean: Is my theory correct?'*

"Yes."

Wei Wuyin was truly unable to answer. However, he knew one thing for certain: he wasn't able to survive this Calamity. All of his preparations led to him being more alert, not surprised by the endless darkness and the various changes. However, this only got him this far.

He didn't know what other changes this Calamity would have, but he didn't underestimate it. When he recalled the first Calamity, it was divided into increasingly difficult stages that contained varied trials. He had no doubt that this Calamity would experience similar changes, becoming increasingly difficult as well. If he experienced yet another erosion of his soul's outer shell, he might meet his end even with his Astral Souls external support.

In fact, they might be influenced later on, affected by the isolation and imagery. If they all plunged into an inescapable swirl of regret somehow, it would truly be their end. To bet on this possibility was too dangerous.

He hated those odds.

Wei Wuyin had never been one to look for a single path, but to thoroughly understand, consider, and manipulate as much as possible in his favor.

'If the First Calamity had a loophole, then so does this one. Actually, it might not be a loophole.' When this thought that was born out of desperation emerged in his mind a few seconds ago, he was brought into a chaotic swirl of varied theories.

"I can remove your memories, seal your sense of self like before." Eden suggested, but Wei Wuyin instantly refused.

'Regret isn't based on memories, but innate desires. A new 'me' would fall deeper into regret from these events. After all, while my memories were taken away, my true self remained relatively consistent. Any man who just experienced a luxurious lifestyle filled with perfect heavenly beauties, enjoying

unimaginable pleasures with utter content would feel regret at being unable to protect it, suffering humiliation due to their weakness.

'I also can't be certain if the vivid memory changes if my innate desires were altered.' Wei Wuyin explained with a ponderous tone.

"How insidious," Ori added.

"Indeed," Kratos quivered. If it was subjected to this Calamity, it might experience being caged in its truest form, forever unable to escape while suffering various indignities to its pride. Likely forced to watch as each of its siblings were tortured and abolished in horrendous ways. It would go mad with regret.

Eden understood Wei Wuyin's thoughts. The suggestion was a last ditch idea, but the possibility of it working was unfathomably low. Still, it had to be suggested.

'Let's think about this from another angle: What's the purpose of this Calamity?' Wei Wuyin changed his avenue of thought, seeking another alternative.

"I know! I know! To make one feel regret!" Ori answered excitedly.

'Simple enough. But not entirely correct. I have internal regrets right now and with every breath I take, and while I've learned to push through them, to strive for the future, that doesn't mean it doesn't exist in my heart. I regret not finding my parents, my brother dying to protect me, losing Dai Lin and my unborn child. These are regrets that I'll always feel, no matter what.' Wei Wuyin thought out these terrifying instances in his life without aversion, showing that, while he held regret over these events, they no longer dictated his life. Instead, they fueled his future that he chose.

"..." Ori went silent. A brooding feeling emanated from her.

"To make one feel regret towards a single memory, right? The memory we experience over and over—the deterioration only affects that." Kratos answered with a tinge of doubt.

'Correct! It only responds to regret I feel from that particular memory. And from what we know, if I experience changes in myself because of that memory, then I'll suffer as well from the deterioration.'

"What is this line of thinking leading to?" Eden, the one closest to Wei Wuyin's thoughts, couldn't help but ask.

Wei Wuyin moved.

Step. Step. Step.

The vivid memory replayed itself. The heavenly beauties, sensual pleasures, and pleasant smells followed by abrupt interruption, humiliating castration, and beheading.

He returned to the endless darkness.

The four Astral Souls were unsure of what Wei Wuyin was trying to do.

'I don't know. I'm trying to formulate an idea.' Wei Wuyin answered.

Step. Step. Step.

The vivid memory replayed itself. The heavenly beauties, sensual pleasures, and pleasant smells followed by abrupt interruption, humiliating castration, and beheading.

He returned to the endless darkness.

"What idea?" Kratos asked.

Step. Step. Step.

The vivid memory replayed itself. The heavenly beauties, sensual pleasures, and pleasant smells followed by abrupt interruption, humiliating castration, and beheading.

He returned to the endless darkness.

"Isn't this just torture!" Ori mournfully exclaimed.

Step. Step. Step.

The vivid memory replayed itself. The heavenly beauties, sensual pleasures, and pleasant smells followed by abrupt interruption, humiliating castration, and beheading.

He returned to the endless darkness.

"Tch!" King's tone was filled with a hint of realization. Out of all the souls, it had the most unyielding nature. Even in the face of this disgusting event, it could remain calm and focused throughout.

'*That's right!*' Wei Wuyin shouted in his thoughts. King's meaning behind that single sound was a single word: Memory!

From the beginning, he was under the assumption that what he experienced was an incredibly vivid memory that kept repeating in his thoughts. However, King had found out a slight chink in this train of thought.

How can a memory be as if he was reliving it entirely?

He had, with a slight possibility of being true, traveled through time before and had relived his entire life through memories in this very Calamity, yet the memory was more like the former, not even remotely similar as the latter. To relive a memory versus experiencing an event, there were two very different feelings between them.

What he realized through King was that this recurring event wasn't a memory, but an actual event that kept repeating. He felt every touch, smelled every fragrance, and heard every laughter with a renewed sense.

"What do you mean its not a memory? You can't...OH!" Eden was connected with Wei Wuyin's thoughts, so it understood the things he did with much ease than others. It continued, "But is it possible? You haven't changed anything before."

'*This Calamity is about regret. From the Scripture of Sin itself, Hell was devised by the Heavenly Daos to cleanse the Karmic Sin that would infect the River of Souls, polluting the cycle of reincarnation. It's*

original means to handle this was exclusion or destruction. However, these actions could devastate the reincarnation cycle itself, losing powerful souls and balance.

'To balance out this development, the Heavenly Daos was forced to implement the Karmic Luck benefit for particular souls that could overcome certain levels of Hells. They would accrue Karmic Luck in Hell, not in the living world, and when they reincarnated, they would become Blessed. They would then be allowed to re-enter the reincarnation cycle and those Sinners cleansed without overcoming any trial would as well.

'I was likely a Blessed that performed virtuously in my past life, because my Karmic Luck was ungodly low at birth. In comparison to Long Chen, Yuan Longshi, or even the Temporal Reincarnator, they most likely were sent for cleansing and survived multiple Hells. This explains their outstanding talent. This led to the sinful souls being allowed entry to the cycle of reincarnation after cleansing, restoring the balance.' Wei Wuyin recalled the details from the Scripture of Sin, what he had gathered since the beginning.

When he overcame the First Calamity, he received an explosive infusion of Karmic Luck Value. This wasn't specific to certain special Sinners, but for all Sinners. The only difference is that those who inherited the Bloodline of Sin can bring their true bodies and leave after overcoming a Hell, where they could temper their souls further while obtaining karmic fortune in the world of the living.

They could fool Heaven and Hell, stalling the next level of Hell for a period of time to develop and grow. However, when they kill Blessed, the Heavenly Daos' wrath lessens this time.

But the fact remains: Inheritors of Sin were plunderers of the Heavenly Daos, the resistance of its will!

The others were confused, however. What did this have to do with the Calamity?

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes closed, no longer standing out in the darkness. *'All the Calamities of Hells are just trials to overcome, but it is fairly designed for balance. So what happens if you can overcome the principle of your regret? If you can no longer be affected by this regret? Will it change or...'*

"Oh!!!" Kratos roaringly exclaimed in realization.

"I GET IT! I GET IT! I GET IT!!!" Ori finally grasped the concept that Wei Wuyin meant, a brimming excitement roared from it.

"Tch." King felt they were a little too slow. Unlike him, just like the speed of his edge, he moves faster than them.

King's smugness aside, they all understood the idea Wei Wuyin formed. Facing a difficult situation, the only alternative was to find another solution.

But the question remained: Was it possible?!

Wei Wuyin didn't hesitate.

Step. Step. Step.

"You're so bad!" A coquettish laughter resounded that could cause tingling of the soul. It was accompanied by heavenly laughter of numerous women, like music to the soul. Just from their voices

that were as harmonic as an orchestra led by a grand maestro, one could tell every last one of them were beauties of the ages.

The event replayed itself just like before. But this time, Wei Wuyin's silver eyes seemed to have opened twice!

"So it is possible." He regained his awareness within the 'memory' itself!

Chapter 563 - 559: Second Calamity, Solution

Wei Wuyin basked in the immersive environment that contained the faceless yet exquisite beauties before him. He swiftly concluded that this so-called memory was relative to his thinking, a variant of visual, auditory, and olfactory reality based on his greatest desires and wants. Even his sensations of touch were shaped by his innermost desires, be it what he felt or wanted to feel.

He glanced at one of these beauties that coiled on his arm. He felt a perky set of large breasts wrapped around his arm, moving up and down in a vigorous and seductive fashion. It reminded him of his mental image of Qing Qiumu's own proud twin peaks.

"Interesting," Wei Wuyin remarked. It seemed his interests were evolving as he thought of them, conjuring the ideal pair of breasts for this exact situation, and reflecting them in terms of touch and sight. In front of him, sitting on his lap with alluring eyes staring lovingly within his own, he noted the hazel color with navy blue flecks. They originated from Xue Yifei, almost exact copies.

He turned to his left and observed another heavenly beauty that danced at the edge of the bed for his amusement, displaying her every curve with her slim waist and flexible body. She twirled and spun with an enchanting glimmer flowing from her skin, glistening with fragrant sweat..

"Na Xinyi?" He found this even more intriguing. He could only observe her bodily shape and her enchanting aura. It was extremely odd after obtaining awareness of these changes. "No, not just Na Xinyi. Jiang Feilan and Lian Yu? Must be their special Yin Physiques and Lian Yu's draconic aura. Quite peculiar that even body types and characteristics can be perfectly merged to my liking."

As he swept his gaze to each of the ten heavenly beauties, they were doing various things, from kissing his exposed skin to gazing at him loving in suggestive poses that called out to him.

This elaborately designed reality was truly perfect. Whenever he focused on a single aspect of theirs, it would morph into various body parts. There were even distinct changes of their faces, ranging from elven, demonic, beastwoman, and human in appearance. It conjured the best aspects of these women's races, completely according to his preferences and innermost desires.

However, he was disinterested. These weren't real women, but literal projections of his ideal women in various scenarios with various body parts and appearances. They were as fake as can be.

"Can you guys hear me?" Wei Wuyin called out to his Astral Souls. He hoped that they could follow him into this strange world, yet when he tried to connect with them, he discovered no response.

With a faint frown forming on his expression, he stood up. The women crawled towards him, seeking all sorts of pleasures. One of them had her pink tongue out, mouth wide, while sitting on all fours and begged for a mouthful with utter glee, yet Wei Wuyin directly ignored her.

"King!" Wei Wuyin held out his hand, using his explosive voice, he called for King, not Element. A flash of brilliance emitted from his hand as bits of light gathered rapidly at his palm. The light continued to gather until it condensed in the shape of a saber. The blade had an edge that seemed to have been sharpened to the maximum, and the hilt had saber scars that marked it.

With a fierce clutch, a saber howl roared!

"Tch?" A confused and utterly shocked sound echoed from the newly conjured saber. It was King's signature voice!

Wei Wuyin breathed out a sigh of relief. With a swipe of his saber, a beauty that touched his leg lovingly met her end. With a lightning streak-like line of saber light, her head was removed from her shoulders.

"Die for me," Wei Wuyin danced, with saber in hand, he killed each beauty with keen precision. They didn't even scream or shout, even begged to be killed because this was what Wei Wuyin wanted.

"Kill me, Lord Wei!"

"Wuyin, I want to taste your blade. To the neck, swift and easy. Please!"

This confirmed Wei Wuyin's theory; these women were all products of his desires and manifested solely to appease his evolving wants in the greatest way possible. As the last of these heavenly beauties lost her life, Wei Wuyin thought for a moment.

He wanted ten heavenly beauties once again, so that he could kill them again. In seconds, the ten heavenly beauties emerged from the door, stepping over the recently deceased corpses of the other heavenly corpses. They kneeled, begged, and exposed their necks with a readiness for death. They spoke with extremely sincere exhortations.

"Your blade. Let it take my life away. I want it so bad, Lord Wei. I need it!"

"Take your saber and stab me in the heart, split me in half! IN HALF, I WANT TO TASTE THE METAL IN MY BRAIN!"

Their terrifying desire to seek death was all brought about by Wei Wuyin's ever-changing wants. However, he found this quite intriguing as he experimented a little bit more. He didn't have any ill-emotions from slaughtering these lifeless creatures that only took characteristics he wanted them to take.

A few turned into age-old hags, pitch-black skeletons without a shred of flesh, or even Jiu Lang from the Scarlet Solaris Sect. They morphed into anything he wished. They were like autonomous existences with predetermined orders.

"Then, let's see." Wei Wuyin soon grew tired of this, realizing that he had lost himself a little. He inspected the time and felt that he had wasted a few days just performing these feats.

"My sense of time is strange here. I've only killed eighty of them yet I feel like it took days. This should've taken a few minutes at most, a few seconds at least. Unless the propulsion of my sense of time correlates to my appeased desire." Wei Wuyin quickly discovered a core aspect of this particular environment and its distortion of sense of time.

No wonder he felt that he experienced years, even decades, in this environment. He had to say, the time in this world was likely the best, but the sinking feeling that it'll all end by Long Chen's hand only allowed him to enjoy the first, the next periods of time felt more like he was hiding from the truth, treating it as a dream.

Yet he couldn't indulge as much as before, but his desires were still fulfilled so it accelerated the time nevertheless.

"King, can you hear me?" The saber in his hand continued to howl, but besides the first sound of confusion and surprise, King was silent. "I see. So while I can bring aspects of my soul into this world, I'm still caged. I can't communicate with any of you, no wonder you never interfered.

"But in this case, I need to find the principle that Long Chen's manifestation functions by...but why do I have this eerie feeling like this is my one and only chance to complete this Calamity? That I won't be able to get another chance to absolve myself of any regrets again?" This feeling kept emerging within his thoughts, but he didn't know where it originated from.

This wasn't his instincts talking. It was as if someone told him this, warned him explicitly to ensure success on the first try.

"Long Chen has to run on the function of revenge? Neglect? Just centered around regret? No, none of those seem right. Think Wuyin, think! There must be something you're missing." As Wei Wuyin pondered, the sinking feeling grew.

Back in the world of endless darkness, Wei Wuyin's body was being surrounded by the cleansing mist of Endless Regret. It crawled around him like slithering snakes, but slowly and at a much easier pace. It continued to erode his outer shell.

While Wei Wuyin wasn't feeling regret, he had immersed himself in the World of Regret, and the cleansing mist seemed to be ready to pounce. There were several gushing waves of cleansing mist all around him, be it above, below, surrounding. The slithering serpents of mist was only a very small portion of what seemed ready to crush against Wei Wuyin with merciless rage.

Three Astral Souls communicated in ferocious alarm.

"What's happening?! What happened to King?" Ori couldn't help but seek answers from Eden and Kratos, her uneasiness grew even greater. Without warning, Wei Wuyin had gone completely silent and a rushing wave of cleansing mist surrounded them, with some encroaching around Wei Wuyin. While they couldn't perceive anything, they felt the slow erosion of Wei Wuyin's outer shell, of their slow and approaching death.

"Eden!" Kratos demanded.

"I...I don't know! I can't connect with either of them. It's like he's in an entirely different world." Eden was helpless and anxious. For the first time, it was disconnected from Wei Wuyin. This had never happened since it was born.

King had vanished without warning, but they had lost connection with him also. As Astral Souls, they were always, ALWAYS, connected. They communicated and kept in contact religiously, only weakening

that connection when they externalized. However, this severing caused them to panic like never before. It was as if they just lost their father and brother at sea, unable to reach them or learn of their status.

"But I trust him. If there's anyone that can overcome this, it's him." Despite the cleansing mist slowly corroding the outer shell, already down to seventy percent, Eden remained optimistic. This optimism calmed Kratos and Ori, especially the latter who trusted Wei Wuyin the most out of the four. As the original Spirit of Cultivation, the oldest, it had been with Wei Wuyin the longest and seen the most.

Back in the strange world, Wei Wuyin was still thinking of how to overcome this Calamity. He started to experiment. He first tried to cultivate, yet he found that his cultivation base was stagnate. Next, he tried to escape the room but found it in a strange displacement loop.

When he tried to leave, he would just reappear within the room somewhere at random. This room was the entirety of this world, and there was no outside even if his spiritual sense could inspect the spacious halls outside or the guards. This made him realize that his cultivation base was false and so was his senses, spiritual or otherwise.

He tried to conjure Long Chen, yet this didn't work. Which meant Long Chen was an existence that was outside of his ability to manifest, likely due to him being the core factor of his regret inducement.

"I'm thinking about this wrong. If there was an alternative solution to this Calamity and it originates from this world, then it must be seeded not in the eventual outcome but my own belief. Long Chen's arrival is predestined. I won't be able to stop him without being able to change myself, so his arrival means my absolute failure. That's a solid assumption, and I have to consider it as fact.

"I can't claim victory over Long Chen and I can't escape. With these two foundations settled within this problem, then there must be a way to overcome this world and its purpose, finding a solution. Regret...regret...regret...What can I do to avoid regretting the eventual outcome of an enemy killing me?"

He thought for what seemed like several weeks. After a long while, his eyes glowed with silver brilliance.

"I can't!"

That was his conclusion.

He couldn't avoid dying to Long Chen, humiliated and tortured. It would still induce regret out of his negligence, even if its only an involuntary reaction. While he could convince himself that he didn't mind dying to Long Chen, even an illusion of him, the truth would still leak through his heart.

Wei Wuyin didn't want to die to someone he bested.

And he especially didn't want to meet death by Long Chen's hands. From the beginning, he had never considered Long Chen a threat or worthy of his attention. Besides being protected by the Founding Monarch's Spirit, he had never viewed Long Chen with any relevance. That's why this room and its inherent design was utterly genius.

Wei Wuyin didn't fear dying, especially if it meant dying a worthy death. Whether it involved living a complete life after his cultivation stagnated and his lifespan ending or at the hands of a powerful enemy, he wouldn't regret such things. But he was a warrior at heart and cultivator in spirit, so this made sense.

"If I can't avoid dying by Long Chen's hands, forced to feel regret in the end, then I'll have to meet my end without an ounce of reason to regret; to die by my own terms." Wei Wuyin didn't hesitate after this thought, flipping King to bring its edge to his neck. The saber kept howling and seemed desirous of carnage and death. The blade's tip pointed towards Wei Wuyin's throat, not his heart or head.

He would regret purposefully bringing harm or pain to his Astral Souls, even if this wasn't his actual body, but just the thought would produce a sliver of hesitation and regret.

SHIING!

The blade dragged across his throat, sliced and penetrated through it mercilessly. The edge was so sharp that there was a clean cut from neck to neck. The silver radiance within Wei Wuyin left his eyes as his head slowly tilted to the side. With a soft breeze, his head slid off his shoulders and smacked into the ground.

Several decades later, Long Chen's figure burst through the door with a triumphant and villainous sneer, yet he was met with numerous corpses and Wei Wuyin's headless corpse.

For a long moment, Long Chen was frozen. There was an indescribable emotion within his eyes as it instantly became twisted and savage!

"NO! NO! RESET! AGAIN!!!" With a vicious snarl, Long Chen screamed to the ceiling. Yet the scenario did not reset, it did not play again. An encroaching darkness started to consume the designed reality, from the walls to the bed to the beauties that laid strewn across the floor carelessly.

"NO!! THIS IS MY HEAVEN, MY HEAVEN! YOU CAN'T TAKE THIS AWAY FROM ME!!!" Long Chen's figure went wild as he rushed towards Wei Wuyin's headless body, using his sword to stab into the corpse's flesh that spurted out grey-colored blood. As the darkness was about to reach him, he swung his sword one last time at Wei Wuyin's decapitated head, splitting it in two before it vanished with the darkness.

"No..." A despondent sound echoed out before all went dark.

Chapter 564 - 560: A Renewed View

"He finished." The looming shadow that seemed to embody the meaning of titanic spoke out. Its voice wasn't particularly loud, but it reached into the depths of the soul and made one forced to listen to every syllable.

The two winged figures were awed, their bodies trembling with every passing moment as they looked onwards towards Wei Wuyin. The cleansing mist that engulfed his body, entangled him like serpents of the jungle, and primed to wash over him like a tsunami from all sides, had slinked away quietly and vanished.

Wei Wuyin was no longer under the lethal threat of the cleansing mist. In fact, the entire cleansing mist had vanished, retracted to their respective containers and sealed in accordance to an unfathomable law.

"Send him back." As if automated, the giant spoke the same words as it had done before during Wei Wuyin's First Calamity. It seemed to be entirely unsurprised and uncaring by Wei Wuyin's feats within the Calamity of Endless Regret, far unlike the two winged figures.

Its enormous body shimmered continuously like a far-off mirage and eventually vanished.. This left the two figures to stand side-by-side, their thoughts consumed by what they had just witnessed. They glanced at each other and saw the emotions reflected in their mental fluctuations and quivering wings.

"I..." The silver-winged figure wanted to speak out his inner thoughts but found the words elusive and difficult.

"I can't believe he found out this flaw within the level of Hell. To acquire awareness within the Regretful Heart Dimension and sever its connection with it." The crimson-winged figure was still in awe at the act. The Calamity of Endless Regret lasted one hundred and eight thousand years. This time period can only normally be circumvented by failure, being thoroughly cleansed and sent off to the River of Souls.

Yet Wei Wuyin had severed his connection with the Regretful Heart Dimension and overcame the Calamity!

They had no idea how he even achieved such a feat or what level of thought process was required to reach such a brazen and risky conclusion. The factors needed were beyond their comprehensive ability despite their statuses.

If Wei Wuyin heard this, however, he would be sent into a baffled shock. To clarify, he was wrong! He believed that by not experiencing the moment of regret in the Calamity meant breaking the cycle, that the system might be broken as a result of this after no longer being able to subject him to experience regret, no matter how long.

In simpler words, Wei Wuyin believed that his awareness in that peculiar world and exit from it was the same as telling the calamity that it could no longer bind him in regret. While that was true, it was also not the objective that was achieved. Instead, it was severing his connection with the Regretful Heart Dimension, so the cleansing mist could no longer affect him.

In some ways, this was very similar to what he wanted yet the profoundness and difficulty within it wasn't nearly the same.

"...I thought...I thought that when sent his entire self into the Regretful Heart Dimension, he was destined for death. Even if he survived, it'll only be because he left willingly at the last moment before being immersed in the aura of the Regretful Heart Dimension. Yet he severed the connection. I just can't understand this guy." The crimson-winged figure's mind had been utterly blown, and the things he'd seen were far greater than any mortal could imagine.

This was only because Wei Wuyin had subverted expectations and achieved a feat that shouldn't be possible with a Mortal Soul. While there have been Sinners, even those of the Bloodline of Sin, who've used this method to overcome the Calamity of Endless Regret, they were all beings with True Souls tempered by thousands, if not tens of thousands, of years.

Yet a Mortal Soul at younger than fifty years of age contained enough mental fortitude, willpower, and ingenuity to devise this method and go through with it. Furthermore, he had completed it in the fastest possible time since Hell's creation.

"Let's do this," the silver-winged figure finally found the words but he just said these three words. There was nothing else, and even his voice was filled with an apathetic tone. It seemed this existence no longer felt a need to comment further.

"..." The crimson-winged figure understood his companions' thoughts perfectly. With an amused tone, "You're curious how he deals with the Calamity of Blade and Fire, aren't you? I can see the rush in your eyes."

"..." The silver-winged figure didn't speak but those wings of his tensed slightly. With his thoughts exposed, he didn't do anything else but hold his hand out for the other.

With a chuckle, the crimson-winged figure reached out and their hands touched. They both emitted jet-black and bright-white light that effused out in harmony.

Wei Wuyin's consciousness was still a little blurry after he escaped the restrictions of the Regretful Heart Dimension. The loud and emotional exchange of words happening between his Astral Souls didn't help this either. But when he felt that familiar light engulf the world, immersing him in its radiance, he discovered that his soul's outer shell was recovering at remarkable speeds. In less than a moment, he had regained his full awareness without a hint of lacking.

Before he could inspect the radiant world, the light that was warm and peaceful yet also cold and chaotic seemed to shift his body an unimaginable distance, perhaps through worlds, dimensions, or even planes of existence. It just felt impossibly far.

He was welcomed by the seismic activity of the continent, the glaring light emitted from three Solar Stars, and an area filled with browning grey sand. He had returned to the Desolate Lands of the Four Extreme Continent. He didn't know if he had vanished or not, but he knew how much time had passed.

Unless centuries had passed, the alignment of the stars beyond the Sky Layer of the planet meant no time had gone by. At least, it was so insignificant, likely a few mediocre seconds, that he couldn't determine the exact passing.

However, when his Eye of Truth gleaned into the inevitable ruin of the starfield, the descent of the Star-Devourer, he was met with eleven days. "No time passed," he faintly whispered to himself.

"I did it." A moment passed before he spoke those three words.

"I did it," he repeated.

"WE DID IT! HAHAAHAHA!" An overwhelming emotion overtook his heart and mind, filling him with an unimaginable amount of happiness. Since he regained himself over a decade ago, he was aware of this ticking clock that loomed over his life. It was the realization that he, a mere Mortal, had to survive the Calamity of Hell! An act that even those at the Realm of Sages, a level of cultivation or existence that he still couldn't even glimpse at, would often fail!

When he overcame the first Calamity, he felt as if he knew with certainty that the next one would be the end of him. This was because the First Calamity was so difficult that if he experienced it himself, he was

absolutely certain of his failure. If the First Calamity was this impossible, what about the second? The third? The eighteenth?

Wei Wuyin had felt such despair that he suppressed the thoughts and tried to live his life as if every day was chasing closer to an inevitable end. If it wasn't for him witnessing that Evil Cultivator's unrelenting struggle before the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation using any and all means available to him, who knows if he would've regained hope for a future.

While on the surface Wei Wuyin had decided to fight with every last bit of time he had, to face this inevitable end with a confident mindset, but at the deepest corner of his heart, he knew that the chances of his survival were so ungodly low that there was essentially no hope. However, he strove forward regardless.

With his Astral Souls accompanying him and a firm Heart of Cultivation, he faced the upcoming Calamity as if he was facing an Astral Tribulation, like he was facing a challenging puzzle meant to be solved with his full means.

And he won.

He won.

HE WON!!!

Thud!

He dropped to his knees. All the built up emotions, all the fear that he kept hidden away, all of the anger and despair he felt with each passing moment, was brought to the surface as his silver eyes glistened with wetness. After so long, he cried. The liquid tears streaked across his face as he brightly smiled, laughing at the sky with clenched fists.

"AHHHHH!" With a vigorous and explosive shout, he roared to the world above! The relief of pushing out all of those emotions was so amazing that he felt a thousand times lighter. There was no longer a blade at his neck, no longer a mountain on his shoulder, or fear in his heart!

"We didn't just survive, we claimed victory!" Eden said these profound words, reaffirming Wei Wuyin's thoughts. This was reality, and he didn't just streak through by luck. He didn't just overcome this via a loophole. He didn't resist until the last moment with bitterness and struggle, but he discovered a way to overcome the Second Calamity and opened up an entirely new view of the world before him!

The Calamities might be terrifying to mortals, but they weren't impossible! He could do it! As a warrior, if you can make a person bleed, then they can be killed. And if the Calamities of Hell can be defeated through his thoughts, actions, and will, then it can always be defeated.

With no fear in his heart, he was welcomed by a renewed view of his future. Yes, his future! Because unlike before, Wei Wuyin now earnestly believed that he would see the next day. Just like a true warrior entering the battlefield, they never expect themselves to die, and they fight knowing they can survive! That they can claim victory! With an enemy that can be defeated by his hands before him, how can he fear it? What obstacle? What calamity?

And if this can be overcome, he no longer believed there was anything impossible!

Wei Wuyin kept heartily laughing for an entire hour. Only after all his emotions ran its course, that his happiness had settled down as he relaxed. With a calmer smile, he glanced at his right arm and slowly lifted up the sleeves. With every success of the Calamities, a bountiful infusion of Karmic Luck will be added to him.

He wondered how much he would achieve for the Second Calamity. After all, the first Calamity had given him 490.1 Karmic Luck Value. Until he met Yuan Longshi, his Karmic Luck Value hadn't experienced such a massive increase before.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 49 Years.

His eyes were attracted to the second line first, seeing that he once more had 49 Years and that the Second Calamity hadn't said 'Survived' but 'Claimed'. He didn't understand what that meant, but the letterings had faint glints of gold within it. As for the 7/7 and 1/1, it might be the level of the Calamity that he overcame, either through survival or this claim.

After a brief moment of interest, he moved his focus to the other part of the Bloodline of Sin tattoo, the bit that stated his Karmic Luck Value. When he saw that row of numbers, Kratos forgot to beat!

Karmic Luck Value: 16,667.0.

Chapter 565 - 561: Karmic Surge

"...!" Wei Wuyin stared at his right arm for a very, very long time before he forcefully moved his eyes away, closing them as he calmed his internal breathing and regulated his shock.

After some mental calculations, Wei Wuyin discovered that his Karmic Luck Value had leapt 15,700 in value, 15,699.4 to be exact. The first Calamity had only given him an infusion 490.1 Karmic Luck Value, but the Second Calamity had given him over ten thousand?!

He didn't know if this was high for overcoming the Second Calamity or if this was average, but he felt that this wasn't normal. Yuan Longshi might've used his Karmic Luck before it was plundered, but his cultivation wasn't high enough to suggest he had anything more than two thousand at most.

But after he reached this line of thought, he realized how little he knew of the legitimate value of a Karmic Luck, be it 0.1 or 10,000. Yuan Longshi's Yin-Yang Dragon Souls and Xue Yifei's lineage with the Bloodforge Emperor might have cost him ten thousand or a hundred..

Even when he considered that 0.1 Karmic Luck led to him gaining an Essence Stone prior to the Qi Condensation Realm, and all the other expressions of Karmic Luck, he couldn't gather a clear estimation.

That being said, what he did know was that the higher the value, the greater the ambient influence that the Heavenly Daos will exert in your favor. If you possess enough, it could even twist time and space and give you a second chance at life. He'll have to wait to see if his Karmic Luck Value will be used in a beneficial manner.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled with elation. Regardless of the uncertainties, he was extremely satisfied with this gain. It was then that he felt a familiar sound echo through his mind, preceding a piercing pain.

Ohn!

Karmic Luck Value: 16,667.0 → 15,348.2.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 49 Years.

"Over a thousand?" Wei Wuyin hadn't expected that his Karmic Luck Value would be activated at this moment, but a bright light of hope birthed within his heart. With the ruin of the starfield, was it possible that the Heavenly Daos were intervening to halt it due to his high karmic luck value?

However, when he felt the instigating awareness of the Heavenly Daos, it alluded to him to do nothing.

That's right.

Do nothing.

After feeling out the purpose again, as if thoroughly mistaken, he found out that this Karmic Luck Value felt a little spread out. When he thought about this, he used his Eye of Truth yet the outcome of the starfield, its inevitable trend, was still destruction.

Clenching his fist, he felt a hesitation emerge in his heart. Could the Heavenly Daos be aware of his presence? That it was using this opportunity to kill him off? But after inspecting the Bloodline of Sin tattoo, he felt that was extremely unlikely. The Heavenly Daos was blinded by it, and he did nothing that could've revealed his status as an Inheritor of Sin.

There was only one possibility: the Heavenly Daos were working its influence to alter certain events. In what way? He wasn't certain, but it would be beneficial to him. This comforted him until he felt it.

The eerily strange feeling as before, similar to when Lin Ming received the help of the Heavenly Daos to become a Chosen or when the Temporal Reincarnator first emerged! It instilled a restlessness within his heart, yet this restlessness vanished as quickly as it emerged.

He glanced at the Bloodline of Sin tattoo, realizing that the restlessness was a product of the Bloodline of Sin reacting to the influx of karmic luck being consumed. °Did it vanish because it belongs to me?° While he thought this, he felt that the flow of fortune was divided and vast.

After a thought, he deeply frowned. "Why do I feel as if this fortune isn't mine to have? Is it my companions? Those linked to my Karmic Fate?"

There was an instance where Bai Lin received fortune on his behalf, consuming a Golden Phoenix Fruit and awakening her dormant Phoenix Bloodline. Da Shan had been grasped by Wang Yutian and given a cultivation opportunity that others would die for. She elevated two entire phases in less than three years.

He was well-aware that his karmic luck would influence others, so he wasn't that surprised.

Yet the Heavenly Daos sent him an influential surge to do nothing in the face of the starfield's ruin. Furthermore, karmic luck that seemed only slightly less than Lin Ming's own usage of value had been used on others around him. This might not be limited to one person.

To add, the karmic surge that he felt meant that Lin Ming had used roughly the same amount of Karmic Luck Value to become a Chosen, and he now had an initial measurement of Karmic Luck Value.

"..."

After a long moment of silence, Wei Wuyin brought out Wang Yutian's consciousness that remained in the chandelier. "I have a question."

Wang Yutian had been quietly watching as Wei Wuyin killed Long Chen and then left, exploding his body and obtaining the Seed of Law, likely a treasure he had no idea how to use, and then he shouted, screamed, and laughed. He seemed almost delirious with joy.

He remained amused watching this. Was that Long Chen person truly that loathsome that his death could evoke a wide-range of flamboyant emotions from Wei Wuyin? Well, he did possess a Seed of Law, so it made sense. To not rain on Wei Wuyin's parade, he remained silent, but seeing Wei Wuyin bring him out, he happily reacted.

"What's your question?"

"Is there some way to transport a large portion of people to other starfields?" Wei Wuyin asked.

"How large?"

"An entire starfield size. Is that possible?"

Wang Yutian didn't have to think long for that, "An Ascended at the Soul of Mysticism Phase couldn't, but a Demi-Mortal Lord Phase could."

"..." Wei Wuyin was silent as he was confused. Soul of Mysticism Phase? Demi-Mortal Lord Phase? What? Who?

"You...don't know?" Wang Yutian was taken aback by Wei Wuyin's notable confusion. He had assumed that Wei Wuyin was fully aware of the Mystic Ascendant Realm Stages.

"I don't. Please enlighten me," a thirst for knowledge and expansion of his horizon emerged. Wei Wuyin had been almost entirely unaware of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, referring to them by first or second stages, but he didn't know about their names or how to reach it.

Wang Yutian thought for a moment and then explained, "The Mystic Ascendant Realm exceeds the Mortal Limits, and it is divided into seven stages, unlike the Mortal Realms which are divided into nine stages, from the Foundation Establishment, Qi Condensation, and Astral Core Realm..."

Wang Yutian paused, and then clarified: "No, that's not entirely true. The Mystic Ascendant Realm is divided into Nine Stages of Mysticism, but it's hard to count the Initial Stage and the Pinnacle Stage."

"Oh?" Wei Wuyin was confused by this explanation, but thoroughly intrigued. He had been so drawn by this topic that he forgot about his original question, only wanting to learn more about the realm that might contain the Realm of Sages!

"Mhm. The first stage is referred to as the Mystic Star Phase, but in most cultivation societies, its considered the Tenth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, not the First Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm."

"Tenth Stage? Why?"

"The Mystic Star Phase, the so-called First Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm or Tenth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, is the result of failure. A failure to ascend." Wang Yutian revealed with a wisp of disdain that he couldn't contain.

Chapter 566 - 562: Mystic Ascendant Realm

'A product of failure?' Wei Wuyin's heart shook for a moment. He slowly rose from his kneeling position, absentmindedly waving his right hand as he sealed and encased the glowing glob of white light in astral force. With a thought, it was brought into his spatial ring and placed within one of the containment boxes forged for his ninth-grade alchemical products.

Wang Yutian was so enthralled by his own emotions that he ignored Wei Wuyin's actions and continued with a voice containing disdain and ridicule: "When one ascends, there is no 'true' failure, either death or success. Furthermore, it isn't difficult to do when the requirement is met. Well, I guess I'm understating it. To explain, one must understand the Star Core Phase, the Ninth Stage of the Astral Core Realm and the requirement to ascend. Do you know about this?"

Wei Wuyin shook his head. There were records of the Star Core Phase, yet they weren't the detailings of a Mystic Ascendant. They were from ancient Starlords that sought to leak the secrets of their cultivation. However, what he learned from experience is that cultivators at a specific realm or phase were almost never able to fully understand their realm or phase. It was extremely difficult for them to pass along the secrets, but when they exceeded that realm, it was utterly easy to explain all the phases of the prior realm.

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This was seen by Wu Jiao, who, despite reaching the Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm, had absolutely no idea how it worked. It was more accurate to say the secrets of his cultivation base weren't within his grasp and he lacked the necessary comprehension to explain properly. He, however, could explain the Qi Condensation Realm with absolute clarity that it helped individuals make breakthroughs on the spot.

Hence, he held little trust in these ancient detailings of the Star Core Phase.

Wang Yutian was still caught off-guard by Wei Wuyin's ignorance. However, he collected his thoughts and proceeded to explain: "The Star Core Phase is the amalgamation and condensation of the entirety of one's cultivation base: Astral Core, innate energies, Intent, Spirit of Cultivation, Domain Seed, everything. It gathers and compresses all of it into a single core-like object that has the appearance of a Solar Star.

"Not only does it have the appearance of a Solar Star, it can even become one. According to ancient records, most ordinary Solar Stars in this world were products of Starlords that died during their Mystic Ascension. This is both true and false." Wang Yutian halted for a moment, thinking about how to explain this profound aspect of the world to an Astral Core Realm cultivator without exceeding their comprehension.

And Wei Wuyin's mind was indeed blown by this reveal. Solar Stars were Starlords that have died? He couldn't help but look at the sky above, not at the two Solar Stars that he knew were crafted and conjured by Mystic Ascendants, but at the original Solar Star that existed since history could be recorded by the starfield.

That was the product of a cultivator? He recalled his idle thoughts long ago when he was younger and felt as if his mind was brimming with endless enlightenment. Even Kratos couldn't help but race.

Wang Yutian continued, "As you know, the Astral Core possesses a World Sea, which is contained within that strange metaphysical space. Stored within the Astral Core is an astral force vast enough to encapsulate an entire planet, and in your case, you can probably engulf your entire starfield.

"When you condense your cultivation base into this Star Core, its actual size varies greatly. I've seen some Solar Stars that can engulf a tenth of a small-sized Stellar Region, and some that can only look like the three Solar Stars in the sky above. Those are quite small, likely produced by true Ascended in the Second Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Soul of Mysticism Phase.

"And while it is true that the majority of ordinary Solar Stars were products of Starlords, their relative lifespans are simply too short so most linger aimlessly in the Dark Void and are uninhabitable or unsuitable for living beings to grow and develop before its end. Almost all Solar Stars seen by mortals are either Solar Stars conjured by Ascended or naturally formed during the Stellar Region's creation, but those glittering stars in the sky are roughly all produced by failed Ascended. So yes, true and false.

"To ascend, a mortal cultivator must glimpse into a particular Intent that is universally referred to as Mystic Intent. Just like other forms of Intent, it can be divided into three states. All one needs is to birth a Seed of Mystic Intent from their comprehension, the embryonic state of this Intent. Most Mortals aren't able to comprehend true Mystic Intent." Wang Yutian paused once again, trying to formulate his thoughts in a linear fashion. It was quite difficult for him to explain these details with normal words.

'Mystic Intent? Seed of Mystic Intent?' Wei Wuyin's thoughts went wild with all this new information. Was this the strange power that exceeded his understanding? He couldn't see through a Mystic Ascendants' power because of it being shrouded by an unknown force. He couldn't even sense them.

For example, he wasn't able to view the veil of Tang Xingyun or that mysterious young woman with his Celestial Eyes. They were likely using concealment tools that exceeded his comprehension, that went beyond the Mortal Limits!

That being said, he understood the three forms of Intent. Firstly, the Seed of Intent. This was a foundational level of comprehension toward Intent, and it alluded to the correct train of thought towards conjuring this type of Will. Yan Zhu from the Scarlet Solaris Sect had a Seed of Spear Intent.

In truth, the vast majority of Astral Core Realm cultivators had Seeds of Intent, mostly attributed by the Mortal Star Formation Tribulation that gives blueprints of their respective powers' Intent. However,

even in the Myriad Monarch Sect, over 90% of cultivators in the Astral Core Realm were unable to achieve true Intent.

One of the requirements to be a main member of the Ascendants was the formation of true Intent outside of the elemental attributes, such as Ying and Zuhei. When one comprehends Intent, they can naturally produce pure versions of their energies, making it stronger and more stable. The vast majority of cultivators, even in the Qi Condensation Realm, use cultivation methods to forcefully alter essence into specific energies that they store and cultivate.

This process was completed by spiritual energies, a pseudo-will so to speak. It was why cultivators could use lightning or ice Qi or Ice Force without possessing Ice Intent itself.

After the Seed of Intent evolves into true Intent, the next step was to incorporate one's will with the external world, producing Heart of the World, World of the Intent. At that point, ambient energies and essences can be directly infused with one's will and converted into specific types of energies.

This was on a higher level than using a World Domain to convert ambient energies and essences into one's own strength, because if you used a Worldly Domain, then ambient water energies will remain ambient water energies. But with Heart of the World, World of the Intent, then water energies, fire energies, even light energies can become saber energies.

The difference was unimaginable.

This Mystic Intent must be the fuse to trigger a Mortal's right to ascend beyond the limits.

"As for how one glimpses into Mystic Intent, it is always present. Even here, if you try and sense it, you will. The issue isn't sensing it, its being able to differentiate it. It is similar to mana in that regard. I remember the False Reality Phase, what a doozy that was. It stopped my cultivation for three decades, how terrible." Wang Yutian lamented.

Simultaneously, as if agreed upon prior, both Wei Wuyin and Wang Yutian said: "Cultivation is difficult."

"..." A moment of solemn silence was born between them, as if they felt each other's struggles. After all, even with ninth-grade alchemical products and claiming the Primal Yin or yin energies of women who've comprehended the phases, its secrets marked within, he was still delayed years. It was quite embarrassing to be honest.

It took Wei Wuyin a decade to reach the Yin Form Phase from the Qi Creation Phase, just three stages in the Qi Condensation Realm, so the saying was felt thoroughly by them both. However, it was worse for others. Some Astral Core Cultivators used up their entire lifespans, a thousand or so years, and never comprehend the intricacies of the Sky Ruler Phase, the Second Stage of the Astral Core Realm.

Wu Jiao was an example of this, needing massive support from the Myriad Monarch Sect to do so.

Wang Yutian sighed. The mutual suffering created unseen yet remarkable bonds.

Wei Wuyin was solemn for a while and then amused. A cultivator that later reached the Mystic Ascendant Realm, comprehending the Intent that exceeds Mortal Limits, took three decades just for the False Reality Phase, the Sixth Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm. It truly showed that speed of cultivation was mostly irrelevant to the height one will reach.

However, Wang Yutian hit him with the harsh truth of cultivation that changed his mentality entirely.

"After one comprehends a Seed of Mystic Intent, it takes but a single thought to ascend. However, doing so requires a price: lifeforce. If one succeeds, the price is rendered negligible, but if one fails their ascension, their lifeforce is exhausted. If they don't have enough lifeforce, they will die, but if they do, they will survive.

"This is how Mystic Star Phase, the First Stage of the Astral Core Realm was reached and why most refer to it as the tenth stage of the Astral Core Realm—a product of failure." Wang Yutian scoffed, the disdain reemerging in his voice. It seemed he held true contempt for this cultivation stage.

Wei Wuyin was startled by this, unhesitatingly asking: "How much lifeforce do you need to attempt an ascension?"

"Eight hundred years," Wang Yutian indifferently answered. After a moment of silence, he added, "But most Starlords have a lifespan of fifteen hundred years."

"One attempt?" Wei Wuyin's heart shook.

Wang Yutian gave off a sign of agreement. "For most. However, certain cultivators such as Wood, Yang, or Life-based Intent cultivators had much high natural lifespans. Some even reach two thousand years. So they can reach the Mystic Star Phase and attempt it again, but only them."

"..." Wei Wuyin thought about Qing Qiumu and Lian Yu. They both possessed these traits, with the former being a Wood Cultivator and the latter possessing Life-based Intent of the Water Attribute.

"What if a cultivator was eight hundred years old but only had fifteen hundred years of lifeforce total attempts to ascend?" Wei Wuyin's heart, for some reason, was pounding.

"Death. I said it before: death or success. There is no other result. However, the most difficult obstacle is comprehending Mystic Intent, forming a Seed of Mystic Intent." Wang Yutian pointed out, wanting Wei Wuyin to not fixate on this lifeforce requirement. After all, Wei Wuyin had ninth-grade alchemical products and was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist.

Perhaps for others, this was an obstacle, but Mortal Sovereign Alchemists had hundreds, if not tens of thousands, of listed recipes that can infuse lifeforce into cultivators.

"What happens if one succeeds?" Wei Wuyin realized crucial pieces of information weren't explained yet. If the Mystic Star Phase was a product of failure, the first stage of a Mystic Ascendant, then what about those who succeed their ascension? Furthermore, what constitutes failure or success? Why was the Mystic Star Phase named such?

"If one finds success in their ascension, then they'll reach what most cultivation societies consider the true first stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Soul of Mysticism Phase. They'll skip the first stage entirely. For example, all those little pesky Ascended you met are at this stage. However, the difference between the two stages is vast, unimaginably vast." Wang Yutian was annoyed recalling those Ascended that interfered with the trial. If he had the means, he would've taught them a lesson.

Unfortunately, the trial was established by a cultivator at their level, so it was impossible to act against them without suffering catastrophic retaliation that could collapse the entire World Realm. The consequences of this was the certain death of every mortal on the Four Extreme Continent.

"I'll simplify the details of the phases, because I'm unable to properly describe them," Wang Yutian directly admitted before continuing, "The Mystic Ascendant Realm is divided into nine stages, and these stages from initial to pinnacle are: Mystic Star, Soul of Mysticism, Demi-Mortal Lord, Earthly Saint, Worldly Saint, Heavenly Saint, Ascended Saint, True Sage, and True Soul.

"The Mystic Star, once again, is a product of failure when the power of Mystic Intent merges its qualities with the Star Core yet halted at that stage, unable to be pushed further for any number of reasons. The Soul of Mysticism is the complete state when the power of Mystic Intent infuses with one's Spirit of Cultivation and Star Core, transforming their Astral Soul into a Mystic Soul and Star Core into a genuine Mystic Core.

"The Demi-Mortal Lord is when Mystic Intent is infused further into one's physique, bloodline, etc. All things physical, changing one's state of existence to beyond Mortal Limits. At this phase, Ascended gains an absurd amount of lifeforce, greater than any other phase in the entire realm.

"As for the Earthly Saint Phases and beyond, I can't explain those clearly. I can barely explain the first three stages well," Wang Yutian sighed. This was one of the main reasons cultivation was so terrifyingly difficult. It was almost impossible to pass along one's comprehension to the younger generation. If it was possible, then no cultivation society would ever decline.

Wei Wuyin didn't blame him. This was a very well known difficulty of cultivation even in the Myriad Yore Continent. Most cultivators struggled to birth Elemental Intent, so they were forever stuck at the Elemental Birth Phase. Some could never even sense their souls, so they were unable to reach the Qi Condensation Phase and form a Spirit of Cultivation. It was the lack of being able to pass along one's comprehension that made comprehensive talent so highly regarded, including alchemists who could concoct products like the Everlore Ascension Pill or the World-Light Reflection Elixir.

"What cultivation stage did you reach in your lifetime?" After a moment of digesting all this information, Wei Wuyin curiously asked.

"...I was a Worldly Saint Ascendant."

Chapter 567 - 563: Using One's Time

"A Worldly Saint Ascendant? I see," Wei Wuyin calmly digested this information. It aligned with his assumption of Wang Yutian's cultivation, being multiple stages beyond Grand Monarch Wu Yu. The interesting thing, however, was that Wang Yutian had mentioned that he had regained his 'immortality' after the King of Everlore saved him.

Did this mean those at the Worldly Saint Phase had an infinite lifespan or was this just an exaggeration? He didn't ask to clarification, because he felt that the answer wouldn't be properly explained. To not confuse himself with that, he avoided bringing it up.

He returned back to his original line of questioning, "You said a Demi-Mortal Lord can move an entire starfield?"

Wang Yutian was awoken from his memories of the glory days, when he was worshipped by trillions and had power that could be described as godly. His magnificence was endlessly brilliant, yet he had fallen to this state. It was the unfortunate result of the careless and trusting.

"No. They can't move an entire starfield, but they can move an entire starfield's population to another starfield." Wang Yutian clarified...

Wei Wuyin recalled his original question and found out that he had indeed asked about moving the population, not the starfield itself. "Does the cultivation society that those Ascended come from have Demi-Mortal Lords?"

"They do. In fact, there's one observing you at this very moment." Wang Yutian pointed out casually.

"...What?!" Wei Wuyin was taken aback. Instinctively, his Celestial Eyes swept the world alongside his spiritual sense. Yet he discovered nothing despite engulfing the entire Four Extreme Continent in the matter of moments.

"No worries. If he wanted to act against you, you would be dead, captured, or worse." Wang Yutian seemed unbothered because of this fact. Wei Wuyin was well-aware that an Ascended that exceeded Mortal Limits were not an existence he could resist.

"Is it that gluttonous old man?" Wei Wuyin asked. He realized that his act of transporting the entire continent to his starfield, likely even destroying the World Realm's Core, was already known. He just hoped it wasn't someone from the Golden Life Pavilion. After all, he caused the destruction of their training grounds and stole their continent.

"The one that kept interacting with you? No. It's the old man that oversees the continent. It was him that ensured that Ascended didn't act wildly. After all, I didn't have that power." Wang Yutian's answer caused Wei Wuyin's to bitterly smile. So it likely was the purchaser of the Four Extreme Continent, the force that transformed the trial into a training ground, the Golden Life Pavilion!

No wonder he was being observed.

Still, this might be the saving grace of the starfield. The one thing he feared was the Solar Stars being devoured by this Tiangou creature and everything being destroyed as a result. But if his Karmic Surge represented the divided fortune of his allies and women, then he could mostly conclude that an external force was about to take action to save the inhabitants.

If the Golden Life Pavilion had a Demi-Mortal Lord, then the True Element Sect definitely had one as well. Since Lin Ming was a Chosen, they might learn of their predicament and intervene, saving the starfield's inhabitants and abandoning the starfield.

He halted this line of thought for a moment, 'Is it possible that this was always going to happen? Now that I think about it, I can't imagine the Heavenly Daos didn't have an escape route for the Temporal Reincarnator or Lin Ming, especially after using so much Karmic Luck Value on making him a Chosen. Actually, the interference of an external force might've been included in his own Karmic Surge.'

The more he considered this possibility, the greater he felt it was true. Furthermore, the ruination of the starfield did not represent the death of its inhabitants. This thought caused him to try and use the Eye of Truth in the hopes of glimpsing into the worldly trend once again, but all he saw was ruin.

"Do nothing," Wei Wuyin muttered to himself. He didn't know if this was good, but he had this distinct feeling that there was going to be a division of his forces. Its possible that, similar to Da Shan, multiple of his allies were about to experience fortuitous encounters that might benefit them.

He didn't think that each of his Valkyrie or even his Main Ascendants could be best nurtured by himself. He wasn't able to match their powers, and there were specific alchemical products suitable that he was either unaware of or unable to concoct due to lacking materials or recipes.

For example, there were Imperial Heaven alchemical products listed in the Imperial Heaven Qi Method, and he had concocted a few prior to his departure, but he didn't have specialized recipes for each of them. Moreover, there was cultivation methods, arts, spells, and teachings that he as an alchemist and a junior was unable to provide them. His Karmic Surge might allow them to elevate their combat standards and usage of their powers, so he had no intention of interfering.

With every passing moment, the greater he felt that this possibility was correct. If so, then his faction members will likely experience a segregation from the transportation and meet their own individual fortunes. This coincided with the vast and divided feeling of his Karmic Surge. In a similar way as Bai Lin finding the Golden Phoenix Fruit or Da Shan cultivating in the Elementus Cache.

"Temporary separation..."

With a thought, he calculated the time left. There was only eleven days.

"Wang Yutian, do you think the starfield that those Ascended belong to have Mortal Sovereign Alchemists? If so, how rare?" Wei Wuyin asked this last question, formulating his final plans off this answer.

Wang Yutian wasn't surprised by this question. With a cheery tone, "They definitely have Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, even Alchemists beyond the Mortal-tier. However, the exact number isn't easy to determine. BUT if I had to guess, perhaps in the upper hundreds, maybe lower thousands at best. Keep in mind, this is out of likely hundreds of trillions, perhaps even quadrillions of living cultivators."

Wei Wuyin nodded. This was roughly consistent with his own assumption. If this was true, then the relative number of Emperor Alchemists might be in the millions, far beyond the low dozens of their starfield. The difference in cultivation civilization was truly too vast.

"Then its settled," Wei Wuyin turned to send out a spiritual transmission to Tuo Bihan before finding a mountain. With a simple wave of his hand, he carved an exquisite cave using his astral force. He soon set up the Saber Formation designed to conceal and restrict the manifestations of alchemy from leaking to the world.

Wei Wuyin intended to concoct all the essential products in the shortest amount of time, converting all these materials obtained from the various caches into useful products to left for his Ascendants and Valkyrie. If the Heavenly Daos intended to bring them benefits, he didn't intend to let over a thousand Karmic Luck Value go to waste by interfering.

As for the disaster of the starfield, he felt his theory was roughly 98% correct. Even if it wasn't, he had no logical plan or means to safely transport all of his Ascendants. While he could use the Voidships and place them all in, then traverse the Dark Void, that wasn't very favorable.

For one, the traveling time would be absolutely absurd. It might take decades, if not centuries, using these Voidships to travel across the Dark Void to some habitable starfield. Let's not include the dangers that might exist, such as the Star-Devourer. It was a little too risky.

"The primary objective is to concoct my first alchemical product," Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened. His observation of Lin Ming's formation of a False Worldly Domain had formulated an idea for an alchemical pill. If his thoughts aligned with reality, then the pill should establish a False Worldly Domain, and maybe even a real Worldly Domain, prior to the Realm World Phase.

Moreover, the various powers that encapsulated a False Worldly Domain should be able to help a cultivator comprehend the Soul Idol, Spatial Resonance, Light Reflection, Gravity Emission, and Realm World Phases at an accelerated rate.

His pounding excitement caused him to bring out his cauldron, filling the cave with Utmost Purity Mist!

In another location on the Four Extreme Continent, Ming Shufeng and San Yongli were calmly sitting together within a busy eatery. Despite the change of scenery, society kept moving forward.

"When will it happen?" San Yongli asked Ming Shufeng, sipping a cup of green tea.

Ming Shufeng had a bright smile on her gorgeous face, clearly elated by avoiding the catastrophic end of a World Realm's Core detonation. "In seven days, those beings beyond Mortal Limits will take action."

San Yongli's brows twitched a little, 'To think I'll be arriving far sooner than I anticipated, but that's fine.' A mysterious glint flashed beneath her hood, revealing two crimson-colored eyes. 'I'll make sure you don't get your way this time.'

Chapter 568 - 564: Collateral

Shortly after Wei Wuyin left to conceal himself, to focus on using his time in an efficient fashion, a hunched figure seemed to step out of fixed space directly where he was previously positioned for a full hour.

The figure revealed itself as an elderly man with pale skin, numerous wrinkles littered his face with aging, and his arm and leg skin seemed to be filled with yellowish age spots. The essence of old age exuded from him like a gushing geyser. Yet his black taoist robe with golden embroidery gave him an affluent impression, and his breath was unfathomably stable.

While it wasn't enough to form a sharp contrast, he could easily be assumed to be a mortal man at the edge of his grave. The limpid yet lazy gaze of the elder stared at Wei Wuyin's mountain.

In the Aeternal Sky Starfield, very few would find this elderly man unrecognizable, and even fewer would show him anything but the utmost respect and reverence. He was the Golden Life Pavilion's Third Manager, Ma Zhang, and he handled many matters that dealt with Ascended of the starfield. The other Ascended was sent packing before Wei Wuyin had transported the Four Extreme Continent by this man, and they dared not even harm Wei Wuyin or Lin Ming despite their interests clashing.

Inspiring fear and respect, one could tell that his position was untouchable. Yet he had focused his attention to Wei Wuyin, and most of it was because he was the only Ascended that was aware of the

reason for the Four Extreme Continent's collapse and Wei Wuyin's action of bringing it through the Void...

Despite Wei Wuyin fully knowing this elderly man had settled his focus on him, he didn't have time to waste nor set precautions against someone like him. Therefore, he just ignored him.

Ma Zhang observed Wei Wuyin's mountain for a few hours, then his bushy eyebrows furrowed slightly. Within his lazy gaze of dark blue eyes was a faint glimmer of stimulated light. It possessed a faint energy that gave life to Ma Zhang's deflated expression.

"Spatial Dragon Bloodline; Mortal Sovereign Alchemist; Multiple Astral Souls; Elemental Heart Intent." Ma Zheng casually spoke these twelve words, his tone flat and incomprehensible. After a short moment, he lifted his head and looked at the sky above in a slow manner. A slow blink of his eyelids followed and he pursed his withered lips slightly.

With a calm breath out, "Tiangou?" After sensing the incoming Star-Devourer, Ma Zheng withdrew a small white tablet and rubbed it with his right index finger. After a moment, it emitted a dim golden light. With another breath in and a soft breath out, he shook his head while keeping the tablet.

"..." Ma Zheng lowered his head and observed Wei Wuyin once again. It took him a long moment before he took a step back, merging with fixed space and vanishing without a single ripple.

ROAR!!!

A cacophony of dragon roars of all types resounded at the Auric Sea. Since the collapse of the restrictive formations of the Auric Sea, the environment had drastically changed as reptilian-like creatures, both winged and unwinged, were swimming within the Dark Void around it as if it was their natural environment. As Star Beasts, they could exist in the Dark Void with utter ease.

They consisted of hundreds of thousands of various beasts of the dragon lineage, no matter how distant or intermixed, if they had a trace of draconic aura, they were present. But they were almost all malnourished, their scales were fractured and lusterless, and their auras were distraught and chaotic.

After escaping from their nearly eight thousand year imprisonment, their vitality was severely drained and their bodies and bloodline had suffered fundamental damage to their essence. If it wasn't for their united resistance, the World Realm's Formations would've long since killed them off. The formations would systematically take a set amount of blood energies and lifeforce to support the ecosystem and the various features of the Four Extreme Continent, so those who had more energy sacrificed themselves to give the weaker one's more time.

Despite that remarkable effort, their numbers that originated from hundreds of millions had been reduced to hundreds of thousands after eight thousand years. Furthermore, the stronger one's died first to give the others more time. It was the greatest tragedy of their species.

A single azure-scaled dragon with a single horn was acting as maestro as they directed the various draconic beasts to consume all sorts of flesh and fruits that seemed to be stored elsewhere. Anu had been preparing for their eventual escape for thousands of years, hiding from the prying eyes of those pesky cultivators.

Right now, he was the strongest dragon present despite his vitality suffering extreme damage, only surviving and possessing such strength because of a young boy over a decade ago. He brought out the storages of beasts and fruits that he had kept stored and preserved over the years in his internal world for these weakened dragonic beasts to feast upon.

"Take it slow!" With his massive body, he roared as the dragons ravenous with hunger tore into the corpses of large beasts and gigantic fruit piles. Mountains of food were being devoured with every passing second. The dragons gave off low roars, but they listened.

The once unruly species that ruled a portion of the entire stellar region had suffered until they became obedient, civil, and patient. Their arrogance was grounded down until almost nothing was left.

Within his sharp pupils, Anu felt an indescribable emotion within his gaze. A fierce light emanated from Anu's eyes. "We will get our revenge; all humans will die by our hands!" A righteous anger fueled his words.

The scrawny and feeble dragons roared in united rage! The humans had captured them and stuffed them into a prison, slowly extracting their vitality, energies, and essences with merciless means. They treated them like livestock to sustain their race.

Anu's claw reached out for a young dragon that had his youth stunted, its teeth finding it difficult to tear into the corpses. It was trying to rip away at the flesh with all its strength. When Anu realized the age of this young green-colored dragon was under five thousand years old, the emotions in his heart became heavier.

This young dragon had been born inside that prison, likely his parents had long since died. There was no way his mother would have survived after giving birth in such a disastrous environment.

The young dragon quivered, its dim eyes lifting to find Anu's large claw reaching towards it. It was terrified for a moment before the claw moved to the giant corpse and pierced it, a surge of power weakened the flesh.

"Eat. Slowly, digestion is important. Be sure to not waste any of it." Anu instructed with a soft voice.

"Eekky!" The young dragon couldn't even communicate with its mental energies, and it launched itself at the softened corpse and ate. It was so delicious that it could barely control itself, but it halted and saw the horned dragon staring at it. With a soft snort, it dug into the corpse slower, eating every piece and wasting none of it.

This scene caused the embers of anger to be stroked by the older dragons, noting that roughly six percent of the current population was born in that imprisonment, never experiencing the glory of being a dragon, only a slave meant to be drained. They wanted revenge even if it meant their deaths.

The scene of hundreds of thousands of dragons swirling around, consuming and devouring within the Dark Void was utterly terrifying yet strangely warm. Those Realmlords and Timelords that were exploring the Four Extreme Continent could faintly see this scene, but they were ignorant of these dragons origins or how they thrived on their energies their entire lifetime.

They continued on their way, avoiding them as Anu's pulsating aura gave them cause for pause.

"A Star Beast with their own Internal World?" An elderly voice resounded in the Dark Void, rippling through the senses of the dragons that were feasting on corpses and fruits. The vigilant roared, sending out pulsating auras of draconic might to find the source. The young cowered behind the stronger, older dragons.

Anu took the forefront of this search, its body of thirty-thousand meters twisted protectively. From the tip of its horn a faint golden light emitted, giving off a strange yet piercing power.

"You must be a Horned Firmament Dragon. No wonder you have an Internal World and escaped the sights of that man all those years ago." The elderly voice echoed out, and a figure stepped out of the Dark Void with a hunched figure. It was Ma Zheng!

Anu sensed the physical aura emitted from Ma Zheng and its eyes of hundreds of meters turned to focus on that insignificantly small figure that was tens of thousands of miles away. With a violent war that shook the starfield, even pushing some flat continental earths out of their aligned orbit a little.

The murderous aura from Anu was particularly dense. The horn at its snout was glowing with radiant runes.

"You should reconsider. At most, you're as strong as a Mystic Star Ascendant. And that was at your peak. Now?" Ma Zheng calmly spoke, his voice flat and slow. Yet Anu didn't respond with words, but might!

With a powerful roar, he barreled towards Ma Zheng with his gigantic body. The act of aggression was devastating, and the horn on Anu's snout glowed fiercely.

Ma Zheng didn't move. Instead, he lazily looked at Anu's charge. In a blink of an eye, Anu had deftly swam through the Dark Void and used its sharp as swords, large as mountain claws to violently swipe at Ma Zheng.

There were no soundwaves in the Dark Void, but a muffled explosion still occurred. Anu's claw was violently quivering as its sharp tip stabbed into Ma Zheng's hand and small body. With a single hand, he halted a claw that was the size of hundreds of meters. There was no change in Ma Zheng's expression.

Anu's dragon heart throbbed fiercely. It was about to use its trump card, but Ma Zheng moved. That withered and wrinkled body vanished, reappearing beside Anu's horn.

Anu was instantly startled by this speed, seeking to retaliate and reposition, yet Ma Zheng's palm slowly touched his horn and he felt a wave of dread spread throughout his entire body. That body of thirty thousand meters that could collapse continents with casual movements was stopped with a single placement of a hand.

Anu didn't dare to struggle. "WH-WHO ARE YOU?!" The anger in its voice covered the abject fear it felt.

"My name's Ma Zheng. I'm the Third Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion." Ma Zheng calmly introduced himself, but Anu was entirely unaware of what any of that meant.

So it asked a more direct question: "What do you want?!"

This elderly man was even more terrifying than that villain who captured them all, putting his species into cages! At least he could exchange blows with him.

Ma Zheng calmly glanced at the young dragons and malnourished dragons that stared at them with fear and anxiety in their eyes. The horror of facing a being that might put them back in their cage, destroying their ray of hope, was terrifying to the utmost degree.

"I'm your savior, and..." Ma Zheng slowly said, returning his focus onto Anu, "you're collateral." After saying that, Ma Zheng didn't explain further as he lifted his hand with an open palm. A swirling silver vortex formed at his palm and seemed to be sucking.

The dragons roared at this sight and Anu's heart quivered. Without a single ability to resist, the dragons were all drawn into the vortex and shrunk, seemingly sent into an entirely different world in a blink. Hundreds of thousands of dragons, all of them with hundreds of meters in size at least, were sucked into the vortex in the matter of moments.

The Auric Sea's environment was cleaned of beasts, and every last dragon vanished.

Ma Zheng closed his palm, dispersing the silver vortex. With a soft breath, his hunched figure turned and vanished.

During that day, every last beast and beastman in the starfield mysteriously vanished!

Chapter 569 - 565: World-Shifting Net

Without warning, and mysteriously without any evidence of a culprit, beasts and beastmen of the starfield vanished like a story out of the apocalypse. From the baby fishes swimming in ponds to unborn eggs, even mosquitoes, had vanished! The continental flat earths and planets went absolutely mad with panic and fear!

Were the demons going to be next? Humans? Elves? Who had such means to take every living beast without anyone noticing? It was downright terrifying, and no one wanted to leave their homes. Those who had wives and husbands of beastmen were searching frantically, they even resorted to extreme methods of facing enemies that might've had a hand in it.

But when it was revealed that it wasn't limited to just a single location, flat continental earth, or planet, the world descended into a quiet state. There was almost no conflict during these days, and everyone feared they too would vanish at a moment's notice.

People cherished their unknown remaining time, settled their differences, and sought to reveal their feelings to the ones they loved. While some were rejected, others found love and contentment. An unintentional consequence of such abrupt disappearance without explanation. Still, a foreboding atmosphere fell on the continent.

On a voidship, Lin Ming and Bai Yuxi were standing at the railing as they observed the starfield. Lin Ming was staring at the floating continent that lingered quietly in the distance... This was his home—Myriad Yore Continent.

There was an emotional glint in his grey eyes, nostalgic remembrance within. It was where he met Senior Sister Lin, where he changed his destiny and discovered his talent. He was exposed to a greater world early on, and he always knew that he would leave, but to know that it was so soon caused a wisp of bitterness to be born within his heart.

"Is there really nothing that can stop the Tiangou?" Lin Ming absentmindedly asked Bai Yuxi. While he had asked this once before, he was unwilling to accept this. Why was the Star-Devourer approaching?! It wasn't fair that his home was about to meet its end.

Bai Yuxi glanced at the handsome side profile of this young man beside her, feeling his emotions and wanting to comfort him. But she sighed as her hands lifted only to drop helplessly, "Nothing. If the Tiangou has spotted this starfield, it'll devour those Solar Stars without question."

Lin Ming clenched his teeth, revealing his tensed jaw. "What about moving all the planets and continents away? Put them in a World Realm?"

Bai Yuxi shook her head, "Too little time. Moving flat continental earths and planets is an arduous task, and establishing a World Realm isn't a feat that can be accomplished in a few years let alone two weeks. I'm sorry." There were more intricate reasons, but these were enough.

Lin Ming gripped the railing and leaned forward, "What if we just save the Myriad Yore Continent? Just one continent."

"...It's possible." Bai Yuxi considered it, but a voice sounded out from behind her.

"The Myriad Yore Continent belongs to the Everlore Association. Since they are taking action, if they want to save the continent, they will. If our sect were to take action, it would be no different than stealing what's theirs." Senior Sister Lin waltzed into view, her eyes staring at the far-off distance.

Lin Ming loosened his grip and sighed, turning around and carrying a faint smile. "Senior Sister Lin, I..."

"No need," Senior Sister Lin calmly halted his next words. She turned to Bai Yuxi, "I've already received the report from the Primary Overseer of the Elementus Chosen Trial." Her voice was flat, but one could sense the hint of anger in her tone.

Bai Yuxi's expression paled behind her veil, her heart throbbing fiercely. She had directly interfered with the trial and helped Lin Ming develop a False Worldly Domain, leading him to a careless loophole that allowed him to become Chosen. Worse, there wasn't just a single Chosen.

Wei Wuyin had somehow gained its approval. As the Second Chosen, it was a gross development that might lead to all sorts of issues. Furthermore, Lin Ming had lost to Wei Wuyin, surrendered to Wei Wuyin and was sealed. After being sealed, an Ascended had intervened and broke his bindings.

Even more, the Ascended had halted Wei Wuyin from claiming the Chosen title prior, directly intervening yet she hadn't declared Tang Xingyun disqualified due to this interference, completely ignoring her duties as a Secondary Overseer. She was explicitly there to represent the True Element Sect and prevent just this from happening.

She softly gulped.

Lin Ming's heart tensed.

Senior Sister Lin was silent for a moment and looked at Lin Ming, "Show me."

"Show you?" Lin Ming was confused.

"Your domain. Show me," she demanded.

Lin Ming nodded. Without hesitation, he tapped into his unique Domain Seed that formed within his chest, located between both of his breastplates. With a flicker of light, a sphere of translucent light expanded and engulfed a range of ten meters. It was quite small, but it exuded a distinctively powerful World Pressure.

"..." Senior Sister Lin calmly inspected the False Worldly Domain and was quite intrigued by its development. "Astonishing. To use such a method to forcefully form and implant a Domain Seed, its quite exquisite. Ingenious, in fact. Can you sense the powers that comprise it?"

Lin Ming nodded, "I can. I feel that in a month, I'll be able to ascend into the Light Reflection Phase with ease. In three years, even the Gravity Emission Phase will be in my reach."

"Fascinating!" Senior Sister Lin exhaled out her awe, finding this development exceptional. For a cultivator to devise a False Worldly Domain prior to the Realm World Phase, it was inconceivable. There was an alchemical product that was known for Gravity Emission Phase experts to reach the Realm World Phase without the tribulation, possessing Spatial Force and a False Worldly Domain. It was utterly unprecedented for a Spatial Resonance Phase cultivator to develop one.

"Can you use Spatial Force?" She asked, intrigued by what limitations and abilities this type of False Worldly Domain bestowed.

Lin Ming frowned, lifting up his hands and focusing with extreme intensity. After a few minutes, a wad of silver light exited from his palm. The wad of light was unstable yet gave off fluctuations of spatial power.

"Spatial Force!" Bai Yuxi exclaimed in amazement. Despite being the cause, she didn't expect the False Worldly Domain to be able to bestow Lin Ming with such abilities. At most, it might just give him World Pressure. Was it possible for Lin Ming to be considered a Minor Realmlord?!

Senior Sister Lin stared at the unstable wad of silver light for a long moment, then nodded her head.

"With this, it shouldn't be an issue for you to establish yourself as a legitimate Chosen. At least, in the beginning. Fortunately, the Elementus Cache should provide you with enough resources to jump start your faction. You might not rival the other Chosens initially, but with time and good decisions, you'll not be the least bit inferior."

"..." Lin Ming was sent into a strange silence.

Bai Yuxi's eyes brightened with a joyous light. It seemed her mistake was being ignored, and she wouldn't be punished! She felt the urge to turn and kiss Lin Ming, but she recalled a matter from Senior Sister Lin's words. There was the particular matter regarding the Enlightenment Soul Pulse Elixirs. Her soul was still damaged, and she couldn't even cultivate properly, even thinking was hard for her sometimes.

It is likely that the Ascended will find Lin Ming and ask for the elixir after they reach the starfield. After all, ninth-grade alchemical products weren't easy or cheap, let alone soul-mending or restoration products. The value of it would cost even elite Starlords an arm, their legs, and then some. There was no way they would forget, and Tang Xingyun definitely needed it.

"..." Lin Ming's silence turned the situation awkward, his expression turning unsightly. The memory of Wei Wuyin stealing everything and pushing him out was freshly recalled, and a burning hatred exploded in his heart. He was just about to speak, but he thought about something.

"What about Wei Wuyin?" Lin Ming asked Senior Sister Lin.

Taken aback, Senior Sister Lin frowned. "Wei Wuyin?" She knew of this highly regarded Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, but she was confused why he was brought up. The report mentioned only that Lin Ming had used a loophole to overcome the trial, which caused her anger because his status will certainly be challenged. She wanted him to claim victory directly, but this will do.

A Spatial Resonance genius with a False Worldly Domain and Spatial Force will have to be taken seriously by the Elementus Council. If they didn't, they would be fools.

When those words were said, Lin Ming's heart throbbed. She didn't know?! He glanced at Bai Yuxi, but her veil concealed her expression yet Lin Ming felt her confusion. He thought of something and said: "The Elementus Cache, it was emptied. Everything had been taken."

He lied.

No, he explained the situation vaguely without full facts and timeline.

"What?!" Senior Sister Lin and Bai Yuxi both released exclamations of surprise.

Just as they were about to ask for more, as if timely intervention, the Dark Void started to brighten. A criss-cross net of light that resembled an aurora borealis of silver and blue shades blanketed the skies, from the top, bottom, and all sides, the entire starfield was encapsulated by this net of light.

Bai Yuxi shouted out in surprise, "World-Shifting Net!"

Senior Sister Lin calmly said as she regarded the beautifully phenomenal scenery in the Dark Void, "They're finally taking action."

Chapter 570 - 566: Neo-Dawn Eclipses All

Four days left...

After experiencing one of the greatest and unexplainable vanishing acts since recorded history, the starfield's inhabitants were met with colorful skies that had seemingly manifested without rhyme or reason. The fear, panic, and terror that most felt was unimaginable, but it didn't erupt into chaos, depression, and death. Instead, the flat continental earths, the planets, the warring clans, and feuding organizations set aside their differences to face it all.

Unaware of the Tiangou's inevitable descent or the Aeternal Sky Starfield's intentions, a strange sense of unity formed in the hearts of countless experts in the Imperial Dawn Starfield. A few brave experts banded together to form coalitions to fight against this unknown.

Lin Ming, Bai Yuxi, and Senior Sister Lin were staring at the net that surrounded the entirety of the starfield, emitting gorgeous lights that brightened the Dark Void.

"What's the World-Shifting Net?" Lin Ming asked, baffled by the sheer enormity of this net. He couldn't see its end. What type of power was this?

Bai Yuxi's astonishment was high, and she wanted to answer, however, her head surprisingly went blank as she tried to speak. "Uh...I...its-" From behind her veil, her eyes lost a lot of light and her face winced as a sharp pain originated from the center of her brow.

Senior Sister Lin turned to Bai Yuxi, her eyes constricted. "Your soul's damaged?!" She hurriedly arrived by Bai Yuxi's side and pressed her delicate and long index finger against her glabella. A flicker of spiritual light emitted from Senior Sister Lin's finger. It burst into a smoky cyan-colored light that infused itself into Bai Yuxi's head.

Lin Ming was broken out of his amazement, turning to Bai Yuxi with a panicked expression.

Bai Yuxi's pained expression eased as her eyelids slowly closed, and she gradually descended into a peaceful sleep. Her body went soft and Senior Sister Lin grabbed her by the legs, lifting her up in a bridal carry as she kept her eyes focused on Bai Yuxi.

Lin Ming hurriedly inquired, "Is she okay?" He was mostly ignorant of the consequences of the Engorging Foundation Method, just that it was inherently dangerous. After all, that young girl lost her life for it. If he had known that could've happened, he wouldn't have agreed to it all.

"Her soul is heavily damaged. How did this happen?" Senior Sister Lin's voice was icy, like a frozen tundra manifesting out of nowhere. The soul was very difficult to damage by Mortals. In fact, it was almost impossible without special means that exceeded Mortal Limits.

To her, the only ones that can cause this degree of damage was an Ascended. And she was well aware that there were Ascended that stayed in the Elementus Chosen Trial, using the trial as their own personal training ground. Yet none of them should act against Bai Yuxi for no reason. The inner rage in her heart was rising to explosive limits.

"I..." Lin Ming was speechless. He didn't know what to say. That she suffered such terrifying injuries because of him? That he lost the elixir meant to heal such damage? Lost, he could only gawk on as he stayed there, stiffened and petrified.

After a long while, Senior Sister Lin calmed her raging tempest of emotions. "We're leaving soon. Be sure to prepare yourself. The World-Shifting Net is a special spatial treasure forged by the Void Voyage Sect that can transport a large number of lifeforms across space. Its often used to move flat continental earths and planets to World Realms.

"In a few hours, it should activate and bring all of the lifeforms away that fits a certain criteria." Senior Sister Lin explained as she walked off, wanting to find a bedding to place the unconscious Bai Yuxi. She didn't specify that the 'certain criteria' will exclude beasts and beastmen.

Fortunately, the beasts and beastmen had already been sent elsewhere.

In a lone mountain within the Desolate Lands, a cave was filled to the brim with Utmost Purity Mist. A figure within had messy hair and a slightly haggard expression, but a bright and excited smile. At the

moment the World-Shifting Net emerged, that figure lifted their exhausted yet radiant eyes to the ceiling.

"Time's up, I guess."

Wei Wuyin had decided to use his time efficiently, concocting as many eighth-grade and ninth-grade alchemical products in a mad rush. Of course, not before he devised his recipe for his new alchemical product.

Fortunately, his concoction speed was unimaginably swift. In these seven days, he had concocted products without rest and nearly produced eighty thousand alchemical products of varied types, all suitable for cultivation or recovery. There were no pellets.

After reaching the Light Reflection Phase, obtaining four unique Primary Light Sources, the speed that his astral force flowed was incredible, absolutely mind-blowing. The sheer fact that he concocted eighty thousand products, all of which were low-quality or higher, in seven days was clear evidence of his accelerated growth as an alchemist. The benefits of a rising cultivation base could not be underestimated.

After keeping his cauldron, Wei Wuyin brought out a jade bottle that contained a single pill. It was perfectly spherical and silver in color. It contained a similar, if not exact, shade as Wei Wuyin's irises. Its size was roughly that of an adult eyeball, so it truly seemed like it was Wei Wuyin's eye.

The pill was brimming with energy flares that gave it a similar appearance as a solar star, with solar flares and bursts of higher radiance in certain areas. It floated at the center of the bottle as if under its own power, not touching the edges at all.

Wei Wuyin took a deep breath as he looked at this silver pill with deep, quivering emotion. It was a low-quality pill, at least from what he could gather as its fullest potential had yet to be excavated, and it belonged to his first ever self-created recipe!

"All those years ago, in the Qi Condensation Realm, the King of Everlore forged his own unique recipe and named it after himself—the Everlore Ascension Pill. Its abilities overturn convention, allowing cultivators to reach the Astral Core Realm perfectly! I never thought that one day, I, Wei Wuyin, would be able to create my own.

"And it's of a greater tier with a greater effect. With the ability of bestowing cultivators a False Worldly Domain, giving them the ability to forge a Domain Seed prior to the Realm World Phase, infusing them with the essential powers of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Stages, that even Soul Idol Phase cultivators can comfortably take it. With this, cultivators will be able to ponder upon the powers within the Domain Seed and accelerate their cultivation speed to the utmost limits!

"This pill will redefine the limits of talent and fortune, changing the convention of cultivation as well! A ninth-grade, peak-tier alchemical pill! I'll name you:

"NEO-DAWN ECLIPSE PILL!"

Wei Wuyin's words seemed to speak into existence an unfathomable force, and the silver pill trembled as its radiance erupted into an enchanting brilliance. "If the Everlore Ascension Pill is named after allowing one to ascend past their limits perfectly, then this pill will be named because it will eclipse all conventions with its effects. It will forever represent: Cultivation has no limits, and a New Dawn can always Eclipse old conventions."

Wei Wuyin felt his heart invested into this pill, feeling one with it. The Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill was a unique pill that had never been concocted before, and while the concept wasn't new, with even Lin Ming achieving it, the way it was forged was fresh and utterly costless. There were only benefits, no detriments. There was no flaw.

Wei Wuyin took several breaths as he calmed his surging emotions, keeping the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill alongside the others. After cleaning up the mountain, he left and was immediately greeted by the aurora-like net that blanketed the sky.

Amazed, he was about to inspect it when a flash of light came from the horizon. He turned around, his eyes exuding a faint light of vigilance. The flash of light belonged to an approaching comet of energy that arrived before him, halting abruptly and floating in front of him.

It was a letter.

It had golden embroidery with a white design that contained various flora patterns. It was quite beautiful, and even gave off a faint fragrant scent. Wei Wuyin was doubtless as to who this belonged to.

With a wave of his hand, he caught the letter and found that it was marked by a seal that carried a strange looking golden rose that looked like a blooming lotus, a mixture of the two. The seal was easily broken as he opened the letter and found a firm rectangular-shaped card inside.

The card read:

"I, Third Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion, Ma Zheng, invites you to the Golden Life Pavilion in the Aeternal Sky Starfield as our honored guest to discuss the matter of the destruction of our 5th World Realm, the Devil War Realm."

Wei Wuyin's expression didn't darken or even show any sign of surprise. Instead, he faintly smiled. And even as he looked at the back of the letter, he didn't react much but chuckled softly in amusement.

"To ensure your timely and certain arrival, the dragons and other beasts of this starfield will be our honored guests until then. Please retrieve them at your leisure."

Others might construe this as a threat, but Wei Wuyin didn't. If the Ascended sought him or his allies harm, this was the most horrible way to go about it. It reeked of good intentions.

Wei Wuyin had already received transmissions about their strange disappearances. He had the sneaky suspicion that a force that was shaped or influenced by the likes of Divine King Han Xei might not act to save beasts, beastmen, or demons. The total absence of them in the Four Extreme Continent was very telling. If so, this might be an expression of his karmic luck saving the others. While not a certainty, it was a possibility.

'But what about the demons? Or is it not the True Element Sect taking action?' Wei Wuyin pondered this question for a moment before he set that aside. He didn't have time to consider these things, all that mattered was getting everyone out, in whatever way possible.

With a step, he transformed into a blazing comet that streaked across the sky.