

## PARAGON 861

### Chapter 861: You Set The Price

"..." Wei Wuyin was fully aware that Tian Muyang was trying to test him through this challenge. It was evidently clear that Tian Muyang and the Imperial Clan were hesitant to act against Wu Yu.

'Does he want to verify my skill and potential, weighing offending Wu Yu over befriending me?' Wei Wuyin pondered this possibility, but it didn't quite feel right to him. From the fielding of three Sky Destroyers and six Earthly Saints, it was clear that Tian Muyang was either on orders to subdue Wu Yu or fight an all-out war. If Han Yuhei was correct and it regarded their cultivation method, the foundation of any clan's legacy, then the former was certainly true.

An order from the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor might've been issued, an official warrant for Wu Yu's arrest. But if so, then Tian Muyang's first attempt should be to peacefully bring Wu Yu in their custody. This was why Wei Wuyin had decided to seize the initiative, bringing Wu Yu with him to negotiate, and if the Imperial Heaven Qi Method was what they were after, they would abandon it without hesitation.

While they can't stop Wu Yu from cultivating it, they wouldn't be able to cultivate it either. Without the Imperial Heaven Ignition Essence, a quality given at birth or transferred through special circumstances, it was mostly useless. They could, however, use it to strengthen the foundation of the so-called 'rip-off' within the Aeternal Sky Scripture through study, dissection, and integration.

And Wei Wuyin didn't value it much. He had enough cultivation methods that didn't have such stringent requirements from the Battlefield. It was inconsequential to concede the method. The only detail that needed to be worked out was the negotiation for it, which Wei Wuyin thought would've been the first discussed topic. There were definitely some benefits that could be squeezed out.

Wei Wuyin gave Tian Muyang a long, deep look. The latter merely replied with a smile, but the depths of his eyes revealed a wisp of pride, challenge, and a wisp of caution.

'Is he scared of me?' Wei Wuyin shifted his gaze to the three Sky Destroyers. Then, he looked at Tian Xiaolu. This gorgeous woman's neutral gaze still radiated that concealed killing intent. However, from time to time, as she sized him up, there was a discreet flicker of that well-known mixed emotions of shock, admiration, and a little doubt. Wei Wuyin was quite familiar with this, and it was the reflection of her thoughts towards his looks and presence. Clearly, she had been shaken a little.

"Your niece is quite the talent," Wei Wuyin remarked with genuine praise. Besides Qingye Ying, she was the first Alchemic Astral Soul cultivator that he had met in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. While he was certain there were others, likely at a lower cultivation base in the Astral Core Realm, he hadn't visited any alchemist organizations or explored the True Element Sect's alchemist department.

So she was his second.

When he praised her, there was clearly a little animosity generated from her eyes. It felt defiant yet proud.

"She is. So, what do you think? I think it'll be healthy for her to learn this lesson." Tian Muyang kept pushing it. It was abundantly clear at this point that he was fully intent on having this challenge happen.

"I've never shied away from a challenge, and I don't intend to do so now." Wei Wuyin's words sparked a bright light of interest in Tian Muyang, including Zhang Ziyi and Han Yuhei. Not a single one of these Earthly Saints weren't wishing to see if the rumors were true, that Wei Wuyin was a Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist with enough skill to invent the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill.

Of course, the line of thinking was different for both sides. Han Yuhei and Zhang Ziyi wanted to see if Wei Wuyin had the talent to concoct it, while Tian Muyang felt that the concoction method had originated from the King of Everlore, not Wei Wuyin. The Imperial King sought to verify his skills' legacy and thus his background, not his potential and talent.

"However," Wei Wuyin turned to Tian Muyang, the look in his eyes was quite serious, "The Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit is in six months, and a true Alchemic Clash isn't completed in a short period. Am I wrong, Imperial King Muyang?"

"..." Tian Muyang went into a ponderous silence. Even Tian Xiaolu's emotions eased. The killing intent abated by a considerable degree. This caught Wei Wuyin by surprise. Was she reluctant to be here? Was she being forced?

"Or is your intention to ensure that I don't make it to the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit?" Wei Wuyin asked with a lifted brow. This event will redefine the talent standard of the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. While it was long overdue after thousands of years of changes, his Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill had greatly contributed to it.

Tian Muyang chuckled softly, "Of course not; I wouldn't ask for you to compete in a full Alchemic Clash. Just a single topic, just to show her a little of what you can do."

Wu Yu frowned, coldly saying in Wei Wuyin's stead: "A little of what my Young Lord can do? You're debasing the sanctity of a competition between Alchemists. If you wish to show a difference in skill, compare their current achievements, not compete in a half-assed competition with a deadline. How ridiculous!"

Wu Yu's words were spoken without any respect. This caused Zhang Ziyi's heart to shiver, but Han Yuhei's eyes contained a little ridicule. It wasn't directed towards Wu Yu but the Imperial Clan. It felt refreshing knowing that even the Imperial Clan wasn't afforded any respect.

"..." Tian Muyang's expression changed. As for Tian Xiaolu, her neutral gaze filled with harsh emotions dissipated gradually, and she gently nodded her head. She agreed with Wu Yu!

Of course, Wu Yu wasn't saying this without purpose. Wei Wuyin had instructed him to say these exact words.

Wei Wuyin saw how awkward Tian Muyang's expression became, he added with a smile: "I apologize for my knight tone; he highly respects the Alchemic Dao and what it represents. You should understand, right?"

"I do," Tian Muyang said with his expression growing a little solemn, continuing with, "I heard that Grand Knight Wu Yu, your Alchemic Knight, was originally an Alchemic Knight of the King of Everlore, so I understand his strong opinions on the matter."

Wu Yu's identity was quite prominent, and his appearance was largely unchanged from before, so those from the Myriad Monarch Sect could easily corroborate his existence as the same man depicted in all those busts and paintings they worshipped. Furthermore, there were those like San Luoyang who ascended, living until now and having interacted with Wu Yu before.

Wu Yu's mystic aura surged slightly, a wisp of violence emerged from his eyes. "I was never his Alchemic Knight; we were...friends." The dynamic between the King of Everlore and him was not as Tian Muyang suggested. All else aside, the King of Everlore never had an Alchemic Knight during his time in the Desolate Dagnet Stellar Region. He had two individuals by his side, servants and...companions.

Wu Yu was part of the latter.

He was not his lesser but his equal. They supported each other, but neither one followed the other's will without question. This related to all of the King of Everlore's entourage. It was why he was free to stay in the starfield to rule after the King of Everlore left to seek out a way to survive the last three Astral Tribulations.

The dynamics he had with Wei Wuyin and the King of Everlore was fundamentally different, and mostly because he would never follow someone like the King of Everlore wholeheartedly.

"Friends?" Tian Muyang was taken aback by this statement of Wu Yu, but seeing the genuine leakage of emotion from his expression, he felt that it was more complicated than just friends. Moreover, the term 'Young Lord' kept his heart in a vice grip of hesitation. If Wei Wuyin was the Young Lord, then there was clearly a Lord, right?

"I see..."

This further placed Tian Muyang in a predicament. He sought to verify Wei Wuyin's skills without offending the man behind him. From the shared silver eyes, the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, Rainbow Bridge, born and raised in the same starfield of the King of Everlore, having extremely similar talents, and all sorts of beings that exceeded the means a mortal should have or command, this all suggested he was a descendant of the King of Everlore.

Very few would doubt this.

And more would want to know: Where did the King of Everlore go? Why was his descendant here?

"Imperial King Muyang, how about this: I'm intrigued by Miss Xiaolu's talent and skills, and we can exchange skills. In a few years, I've had Wu Yu announce a challenge to the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region during his time in the Everlore Domain. Why doesn't she come along and participate? It'll be an opportunity to measure herself against the younger generation of the stellar region. Moreover, we can face each other then, no?"

Ten years! In ten years, there will be an Alchemic Clash Royale with the Concoction Method of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill on the line!

"..." Tian Muyang went silent.

Wei Wuyin sighed in his heart. He gestured towards Wu Yu with his right hand. Wu Yu didn't hesitate to bring out the Myriad Monarch Canon. This instantly caused several auras to fluctuate within the Sky Destroyers and even Tian Muyang's expression dramatically shifted.

"The Aeternal Sky Scripture!"

"I heard that your Aeternal Sky Scripture bears strong resemblance to the Myriad Monarch Canon, that your cultivation methods might even have been derived from the same source. I guess you're here for this, right?" Wei Wuyin gestured again, and Wu Yu sent the Myriad Monarch Canon into his hand. Wei Wuyin casually waved it about, causing the auras to once again fluctuate wildly. Some were so intense that they seemed ready to shoot out of the Sky Destroyer.

A strong tension formed in the air.

"Here." Wei Wuyin tossed the Myriad Monarch Canon towards Tian Muyang, as if he was treating it like an ordinary book. Tian Muyang rushed forward, carefully coating his hand in gentle mystic power as he enveloped the Myriad Monarch Canon as if it was some godly manuscript. He breathed out a sigh of relief after seeing that the Chill of the Dark Void hadn't damaged it.

At this point, three lights had already left the Sky Destroyers, appearing in the Dark Void! They were clearly Earthly Saints of the Tian Clan, likely related to the Royal Bloodline, and their auras were robust and intense. They directed their all towards the Myriad Monarch Canon in Tian Muyang's grasp. They seemed like starving monkeys finding a fresh banana.

Wu Yu's eyes reflected a strong light of disdain. He was almost laughing as he shook his head, saying softly under his breath: "It's not that serious." If Wei Wuyin didn't consider it much, why would he? Seeing these Earthly Saints shiver in ecstasy at obtaining this book, he found it a little funny.

He couldn't imagine what would happen if they were aware of the Blood Origin Method. This method was far more profound than the Imperial Heaven Qi Method, and it was just an auxiliary cultivation method.

Suddenly, all focus jetted towards Wu Yu. They were all gazes of intense emotions gathered on his body, mostly intermixed with killing intent.

Wei Wuyin openly gave Wu Yu a halting gesture, but his eyes also reflected that the Earthly Saints' actions were a little embarrassing. It was such that even he couldn't hold a little bit of his disdain towards them, especially seeing how they were throwing themselves at something he casually threw their way.

Wu Yu didn't stop, "I'm sorry, Young Lord, but they resemble beggars. I mean, it's just a low-level cultivation method. Why the panic? It just seems so..." He didn't finish as Wei Wuyin gave him a harsh look, silencing him. He lowered his head, not speaking again. It was clear Wu Yu was afraid of Wei Wuyin from his actions.

Wei Wuyin turned towards Tian Muyang and the three Earthly Saints, two men and one woman, all likely highly renowned Imperial Monarchs and experts of their generations. They all had strange expressions on their faces. It was abnormally odd, contorted and twitching.

The disdain within those gorgeous eyes of Wei Wuyin truly made them question themselves. This was a mere freaking mortal! What right did he...

"Imperial King Muyang, am I right? Is this why you're here? If so, then I think we should conduct an exchange. How about this, you can set the price of the Myriad Monarch Canon however you want as an apology for my knight's disrespect." Wei Wuyin's words were effectively pitying them, but it also made it very difficult for them to find issues with his words.

Suddenly, Si De chimed in. "It seems quite valuable to them, though." She came off as if she was unwilling for Wei Wuyin to suffer a loss, and that they were going to take advantage of him. Her sightless eyes didn't carry any light, but they felt as if she was insulting them. As if saying they were being frantic over trash, but even trash has its value.

It didn't take long before one of the Imperial Monarchs exploded in rage, a burst of mystic aura surging wildly about. They were the Tian Clan! They should be taking this method by force, rightfully reclaiming a portion of their heritage that had leaked or originally belonged to them! He felt the urge to attack Wu Yu mostly, but he didn't make a move in the end. Not because he was restrained by a strong force, but because he just couldn't bring himself to do it. If he did, it would be directly confirming their words.

Wu Yu protected Wei Wuyin and the others from the violent fluctuations. He couldn't hold back a smirk.

The Earthly Saints were clearly discussing something through spiritual transmissions, their expressions changing from time to time. Eventually, Tian Muyang flew forward.

"We can do an exchange, but we have to first verify the value of this tome and its connection with the Aeternal Sky Scripture. If it's an exact copy, it'll be a little ridiculous to make an exchange, right?" Tian Muyang calmly noted.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "You're right. But it shouldn't be. A senior of mine once saw the Aeternal Sky Scripture to study for pill concoction. He told me that the Myriad Monarch Canon's method is a little more profound. Of course, this was long ago, so who knows now. But it should definitely not be the same. So how about this, you can give me your valuation at the All-Alchemic Clash Royale in ten years. Whatever you think it's worth, you can pay that."

"..." The Imperial Monarchs were at a loss. They felt as if they were being drawn into a strange pace. Should events be happening like this?

"As for the lovely Tian Xiaolu, it was a pleasure to meet you. I hope that we'll have more interactions in the future." Tian Xiaolu had mostly lost her hostility. Shockingly, she was looking at Wei Wuyin with a little bit of interest in her eyes. The others might not be able to see it, but she clearly saw it as an outsider looking in, and knew exactly what was happening.

"I was in the middle of cultivating a very difficult spell, so I'll have to return. If not, I would've invited you all to stay. I do hope to see you all at the All-Alchemic Clash Royale. I'll leave you to your business with the True Element Sect, if you still have any." After saying this, Wei Wuyin gave a respectful bow before Bai Lin once again fully unleashed her Fire Phoenix Transformation.

She turned and departed without another word. As for the Myriad Monarch Canon, it was left in their hands.

"..."

Despite wearing a smile, the way Tian Muyang handled the Myriad Monarch Canon had become a little careless, a little indifferent.

Chapter 862: The Unsaid Difficulties

Kree!

The fleeting cry of Bai Lin left the Imperial Monarchs in a daze, their eyes watching as the fiery figure grew further and further away. Wu Yu lingered as he gave each of the Imperial Monarchs a look. The two parties exchanged stares, and Wu Yu could sense the hostility within. His lips tugged upwards with a flare of arrogance, forming a smirk of condescension despite not speaking a single word.

"Hmph," he flew off after Wei Wuyin and the rest, no longer paying these Imperial Monarchs any attention.

The sense of challenge within Wu Yu was abundantly clear, yet the Imperial Monarchs were all inside their own minds. Even the old Imperial Monarch could only clench his fist and grit his teeth, his current facial expression was quite unbecoming of his title and status.

Most of the Imperial Monarchs looked at the Myriad Monarch Canon, their eyes complex to the limit.

The Aeternal Sky Scripture contained the cultivation method and inherited legacy that allowed them to dominate the starfield, becoming the number one force in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. It was a matter of tremendous pride, yet Wei Wuyin hadn't just stated that the Myriad Monarch Canon's cultivation technique was more profound, but he didn't even treat it with any respect.

It was as if it was genuine trash in his hands. Whether he had it or not mattered very little.

While Tian Muyang had decided to take the non-aggressive approach, deciding to first sound out Wei Wuyin's backing, and then negotiating certain terms, they were all extremely dissatisfied at the time. They were under orders from the Imperial Protector to obtain Wu Yu's cultivation method at all cost, even if it meant destroying the Elementus Domain and bringing his fresh corpse for study. Of course, this was if he was reluctant to retreat.

However, after hearing Wei Wuyin speak, their caution had been dialed up to the maximum. Tian Muyang's suspicions might be right! If so, they hadn't just avoided trouble, they may have avoided a life and death crisis.

Han Yuhei was shocked by the sheer arrogance that Wei Wuyin and Wu Yu displayed despite facing overwhelming odds. He couldn't fathom why they were so confident, so dismissive, and so willing to give up the Imperial Heaven Qi Method. But after hearing what Wei Wuyin said, then perhaps the Imperial Heaven Qi Method was not that great...

His left eye couldn't help but twitch a little at the thought. How many sleepless nights did he have just wishing for a cultivation method as powerful as the Imperial Heaven Qi Method? The times he envied Wu Yu for his amazing luck and hated him for his astonishing might?

Eventually, he decided to express his willingness to accede to any further request that the Tian Clan had for their investigation. But after his words, it fell on deaf ears as they were clearly not paying him any attention. He decided to just leave, following Wei Wuyin's route.

Zhang Ziyi was the most awkward. She didn't quite understand everything that was happening, but the disdain that Wu Yu displayed was abundantly clear. She decided to stay and see if the Tian Clan needed anything directly. Unfortunately, she was ignored.

The female Imperial Monarch, an astonishing black-haired beauty in her own right with those signature hazel-gold eyes of the Tian Clan, couldn't help but say: "He knows someone who studied our Aeternal Sky Scripture?" This was the thought that all the Imperial Monarchs were having, especially Tian Muyang.

The only individuals that had seen the Aeternal Sky Scripture and studied it were Mortal Sovereign Alchemists nurtured by them and swore all sorts of Mythical Oaths to secure their greatest secret, and the only one they didn't dare force an oath upon—the King of Everlore!

At the time, he was the first Alchemic Saint, and since he requested an interest in their cultivation method, agreeing to concoct a product at the Mystic-Earth grade that would accelerate their cultivation efforts, how could they refuse?

"..." Tian Muyang's eyes stared at the far, far away figure of Bai Lin with an unusual glint in his eyes. While his alchemic skills hadn't been tested, those words and the way he handled himself, not caring at all about the Imperial Clan, suggested his backing was truly incomprehensible. The Fire Phoenix, the foreign Earthly Saint, the Rainbow Bridge, Wu Yu that was a former acquaintance of the King of Everlore, silver eyes like his, Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, and that feeling of mysterious depth that he couldn't quite sense despite being a mere mortal, it all points towards one conclusion:

The direct descendant of the King of Everlore!

He was more certain of this than ever before! Where that man left to, he must've sent his direct descendant to his hometown to grow and develop, but not without certain protections. How else could a mortal have such tremendous force? Have such an obedient Wu Yu? Have such an ancient beast? Conceal himself from his senses?

It was no longer just him who had this disbelief. The Imperial Monarchs were all of the same belief.

The old Imperial Monarch that had raged earlier rubbed his beard, he sighed endlessly as he said: "You're likely right, Muyang." Those words didn't instill Tian Muyang with happiness. Instead, he glanced at every one of the Imperial Monarchs before him. His gaze was even more unusual than before.

Indeed, he felt it. That desire, that ambition, and the thought of greater heights. It was so clear. The sounds of their heartbeats would be extremely loud if it wasn't for the Dark Void unique characteristics!

Suddenly, two figures arrived at the edge of the Domain-sealing barrier, looking at the wide gap that was still there, awaiting for the Imperial Clan's departure. Their presence was immediately noted by the Imperial Monarchs and Earthly Saints within the Sky Destroyers, including Zhang Ziyi. These two figures were instantly bombarded by powerful spiritual senses directed their way.

One of the figures manifested her Mystic Aura, keeping those penetrative spiritual senses at bay. They stumbled slightly, but kept holding another figure with a protective stance.

"Greetings, Imperial Monarchs, Radiant Jade True Queen, and Sky Monarchs. I'm Ma Sujiang, former Vice-Manager of the Golden Life Pavilion's Third Branch. Apologies if I'm interrupting your discussion." The voice was shockingly Ma Suijiang's!

Behind her was none other than the feeble, weak, and lazy-eyed Ma Zheng. His lethargic state was immediately noticed by all the Earthly Saints on the scene.

"Ma Zheng?!" Tian Muyang was shaken to see Ma Zheng's current state. This was one of the oldest cultivators of the Starfield, a senior to even the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor, having lived for tens of thousands of years and survived numerous eras. Normally, while he looked old, he always had a lively energy about him that contained his wit, intelligence, and adroit business sense.

Now, that man seemed as if he was at the brink of death.

The old Imperial Monarch couldn't help but flash forward, directly arriving beside Ma Sujiang who bit her lower lip with concern. She had to leave the Grand Horse Realm and quietly use her connections to access various short-range Void Gates to arrive here, all to avoid being spotted and information being leaked of their location. Now, she was forced to stop here.

Her heart was beating wildly in her chest.

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The old Imperial Monarch used his hand to touch Ma Zheng's glabella. In his current state, there was no stopping this action. After a short while, the old Imperial Monarch's eyes glinted with unfathomable emotion.

"Your life source is irreparable; your Soulspan is at its utmost limits, my friend. What happened to you?" The old Imperial Monarch was younger than Ma Zheng, by a considerable amount, but from his emotionally-fueled gaze, it was clear they had many interactions in their long lives.

Ma Zheng had a light of decay in his eyes. He smiled weakly, "Such is...the need...of choice."

"..." The old Imperial Monarch gave him a saddened look, removing his hand, giving an understanding nod. "Such is the desire to fight, seize, and prosper."

They both said in a similar cadence: "Such are the difficulties of cultivation."

The old saying brought back nostalgic emotions in both their aged eyes, alongside with some light of strong defiance and a bright smile.

At this time, the various Imperial Monarchs, the various crews on the Sky Destroyers, the other Earthly Saints, Zhang Ziyi, and even Ma Sujiang felt a wave of indescribable emotion flow through their hearts and minds. They all felt those words to their very souls. They wanted to cultivate, to reach greater limits, higher than what they were, higher than what they were destined to have. Cultivation was difficult, but their will to walk that path was just as unyielding!



Ma Sujiang gritted her teeth, breaking out of her thoughts the quickest. "We need to see Wei Wuyin! Please, let us through!" She grabbed Ma Zheng, sending waves of her own lifeforce into him to stabilize his declining situation. While her lifeforce wasn't unrefined or pure, being hers to use and survive on, she didn't hesitate to pay the costly difference to buy Ma Zheng, a Demi-Mortal Lord, just a little more time.

At this point, she had already lost three thousand years off her lifespan. She might still seem youthful and unchanged, but her lifespan was already less than five thousand. This was half of the lifespan a genuine Ascended being had at the Soul of Mysticism level.

If she hadn't paid this egregious price of self-sacrifice, Ma Zheng wouldn't have survived the trip here. He might have lived longer if he remained where he was, but traveling at high-speeds was sufficient to heavily wear on his remaining strength.

"..." They all knew what Ma Sujiang wanted, but if what the old Imperial Monarch said was true, then Ma Zheng was a lost cause. There was nothing that could be done to save him. The only reason he hadn't died, his soul taken by the heavens, was due to Ma Sujiang's desperate act. Even Ma Zheng's willpower wasn't enough to allow him to survive a minute longer if not for her.

Suddenly, one of the Earthly Saints that remained hidden within the Sky Destroyer, one of the Sky Monarchs of the Imperial Clan, an Earthly Saint of the Aeternal Sky Monarch that oversees the functions and movements of the Sky Destroyers, left their Voidship. It was a woman with burgundy hair, her eyes were like ruby jewels, astonishingly beautiful, with a fair complexion. She was quite pretty.

"I'll take you to him," she said with a peculiar glint in her eyes. She didn't hesitate to grab Ma Sujiang and Ma Zheng before they could respond, much to the old Imperial Monarch's shock, and she became a comet of burgundy light as she rushed to chase Wei Wuyin.

"...!" They were all so shocked for a moment that they were speechless. They saw the comet fly off, abandoning her post that was the Sky Destroyer.

Suddenly, the female Imperial Monarch's eyes brightened considerably. "That conniving bitch!" She didn't hesitate to jet after them, rushing off at top speed at an even greater pace.

"...!!!" Zhang Ziyi was still confused. What was happening?

Tian Muyang and the old Imperial Monarch were next, realization hit them like a bag of heavy bricks. The former turned to Tian Xiaolu and shouted: "Return to the Sky Destroyer and take the Void Gate back!" Then, the old Imperial Monarch blitzed off as well, with Tian Muyang following as well while holding the Myriad Monarch Canon.

Tian Xiaolu looked at them and shrugged. She flew to the nearest Sky Destroyer to depart, seemingly unaffected by the developing situation.

It wasn't long until all the Earthly Saints had left and followed after the burgundy-haired woman!

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Up ahead, just a minute or so before, Wu Yu had caught up with Wei Wuyin. He had a grin on his face, "That was fun." Wu Yu could barely hold his laugh.

Wei Wuyin once again held Wen Mingna in his arms, funneling bits of life force into her as she rested. "A little," he remarked.

"How did you know?" Wu Yu couldn't help but ask, his level of curiosity was exceptionally high. Just after Tian Xiaolu was introduced, when the testing challenge was issued, Wei Wuyin sent him a message. It was to treat them with utter disdain and inconsideration, as if they were all country bumpkins. Essentially, treat the Myriad Monarch Canon as trash!

Wu Yu truly thought that Wei Wuyin intended to throw away the Imperial Clan's face, making them enemies, but that's not what happened! The Imperial Clan were clearly ready for a massive fight, and they likely had means to hunt and track Wei Wuyin down if they truly wanted. Not every scrying spell relied on divination.

Yet they were drawn into his pace, questioning themselves, and unable to properly react.

"They think I'm the King of Everlore's descendant," Wei Wuyin calmly stated. "I just used that to my advantage. If the belief propagates, it'll act as an invisible shield for us. I can act far freer in the stellar region. Except, perhaps, with the Everlore Association..."

Wu Yu was shocked for a moment, and then his eyes lit with realization. He no longer held his laughter, releasing it all. He was originally of a similar thought, but he had thought the King of Everlore was likely dead due to his complications towards ascending beyond the Astral Core Realm. He never took that into consideration in his decisions, knowing that the King of Everlore had no children. If they were his children, they would be half-elf at least.

To be frank, the only female the King of Everlore has ever given any attention was the Sacred Elven Queen and the man didn't like the idea of having children. Of course, this might've changed in this stellar region, but it was unlikely.

After a good laugh, he asked: "You think the Everlore Associ-"

Suddenly, Wu Yu's gaze grew abnormally sharp. He turned around, sensing Han Yuhei's approach, but beyond him, a burst of numerous unfathomable powers were rushing their way at startling speeds.

"Young Lord, it seems your shield might not have held up," Wu Yu coldly said as his Mystic Aura began to rapidly rise.

Chapter 863: Ma Zheng's State

An outpour of Mystic Aura and Spiritual Strength gushed out of Wu Yu as he faced the oncoming comets of light. The Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn didn't hesitate for a single moment—3rd Grand Transformation!

He had learned from his mistakes! He wasn't going to face his enemies in anything but his strongest state. Just as he clenched his fists, ready to unleash a barrage of strikes to at least kill one or two outright, he heard an explosive voice detonate within his mind.

"Stand down!"

Two words. Wu Yu's eyes that were seething with killing intent and charged with the will to dominate all things beneath the stars receded like a tide. His 3rd Grand Transformation ceased mid-way, his long hair returned to normal.

Wu Yu flew backwards to stand beside Wei Wuyin within Bai Lin's flames, protective and at-the-ready, but he listened without any further questions. However, he remained completely on guard against any startling development.

Wei Wuyin communicated with Bai Lin roughly the same time, and she slowed down, turned around, and her Fire Phoenix Transformation began to abate in intensity until they were once again visible. Wei Wuyin gave Wen Mingna back to Bai Lin, who brought her into the depths of her fiery form once more.

'Is that one of my spatial rings?' Wei Wuyin grew concerned and curious. He had given out numerous spatial rings with his spiritual and void signatures imbued within, allowing him to connect with its coordinates and act as Void Anchors. At the moment, it felt like one was approaching, but he didn't know which.

"They aren't mobilizing their Sky Destroyers," Wei Wuyin explained another detail to Wu Yu, and while Wu Yu didn't need an explanation, his eyes brightened as he discovered this fact. If they were here for battle, it would be better to bring in their moving fortresses that possessed numerous formations, arrays, and means of attack. The reputation of those Sky Destroyers were extraordinary, to say the least.

"And they aren't approaching at their fastest." Wei Wuyin noted with a hint of a frown. If these Earthly Saints wanted, they could spatially shift in less than a blink of an eye and reach them without any delay. Clearly, they hadn't done so to prevent Wu Yu from automatically retaliating to protect his Alchemist. Seeing how Wu Yu had just reacted, Wei Wuyin wouldn't have enough time to react or give out orders if they swiftly engaged in battle.

Wu Yu realized he misjudged the situation, and looked at Wei Wuyin once again. To spot that detail while Earthly Saints were approaching, frighteningly intelligent was an understatement. It required nerves of steel and utmost confidence.

A single mistake and lack of preparation could lead to an instant death, especially for a mortal. While Wei Wuyin might be strong for a mortal, he was just that—a mere mortal, and facing an Ascended being was already beyond him, let alone an Earthly Saint that grasped Awakened Mystic Intent and the Way of Mysticism.

Still, Wu Yu told Wei Wuyin his observation from earlier. "The old man amongst them, from his Mystic Aura, he's only at the 5th Runic Ascendant. They don't seem to be too impressive." When the old Imperial Monarch flared with rage, he leaked his foundation, and Wu Yu easily grasped his limits. Despite his age, status, and power, he was only at the 5th Runic Ascendant.

If the Earthly Saints of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region were to hear that Wu Yu referred to the man as 'only' at the 5th Runic Ascendant state, they might spew out blood from anger and frustration.

Wei Wuyin nodded, understanding why the Imperial Clan was feared. While Wu Yu's standards were inflated due to his own cultivation base, since Wei Wuyin had arrived in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, he'd seen many Earthly Saints, and almost all of them were at the 3rd Runic Ascendant state or lower. It seemed each state elevation was a massive reflection of talent, resources, and hard work.

Wei Wuyin readied himself, setting his state of mind, pushing himself into a confident mindset with control of his surroundings. While the situation could easily spiral with a single mistake, he couldn't afford to allow it too.

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

One after the other, figures arrived and stopped a fair distance away from Wei Wuyin. At the lead, a burgundy-haired woman who held two familiar figures for Wu Yu, but unknown figures to Wei Wuyin. One was an old man with yellowing skin and dark spots, his eyes the embodiment of lethargy, and his aura waned to an uncomfortable brink.

Despite leaving at different times, they had all controlled their pace, so they were all there. There was the old male Imperial Monarch, the female Imperial Monarch, and Tian MUYANG, including another handsome man of a young age among them, all dressed in imperial robes adorned with multicolored stars, but the stars had different numbers with Tian MUYANG containing the most. It was clear these robes and their stars represented something important, equivalent to status amongst Imperial Monarchs.

The other two Earthly Saints were the Sky Monarchs, those who were outside of the Royal Bloodline yet operated the Sky Destroyers. The burgundy woman was beautiful, clear and simple, with a slim and fit physique. She had a pair of calm, intelligent eyes.

The other was a man, also young looking, roughly his late twenties with thick eyebrows and tanned skin. His build was quite muscular, and you can see the outline of his body well-defined by his tight-fitting robes. They both wore robes that were a mixture of white, blue, and gold. Their backs were adorned with a gorgeous 'Sky' character.

Wei Wuyin gave Tian MUYANG a curious look, "Is ther-"

"Young Lord! Those two are Ma Zheng and her daughter, Ma Sujiang from the Golden Life Pavilion!" Wu Yu immediately realized that Wei Wuyin was ignorant of these two identities, having never met them in person before. Wu Yu hastily sent this message spiritually in a panic.

Wei Wuyin's heart thumped violently in his chest. He hastily frowned, looking towards Ma Zheng and Ma Sujiang, these two figures of the Golden Life Pavilion and his first set of connections on the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. He was inwardly shocked. What happened to Ma Zheng?

"-e a need for this? To hold hostages, Imperial King MUYANG?" There was a fearless icy-chill carried in Wei Wuyin's voice. Wu Yu also acted in kind, his eyes glinting with Mystic Power, absolutely fearless before six Earthly Saints of the strongest clan in the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

"A misunderstanding," Tian MUYANG shook his head. Despite his beliefs, he wasn't one to cower before anyone, so he reacted extremely calmly.

The burgundy-haired woman spoke up at this moment. From her gorgeous eyes that were like rubies, one could see a tinge of hesitation within. She seemed to be uncertain about something, but cemented her thoughts fairly quickly. "Ascendant Emperor Wei, these two are urgently seeking you out, so I brought them here." She gestured slightly with her hands, and Ma Sujiang and Ma Zheng floated forwards to Wei Wuyin.

"..." All the Earthly Saints remained silent, and the female Imperial Monarch's left eyebrow twitched slightly. To call Wei Wuyin 'Ascendant Emperor' was a whole level of ass-kissing and it was overly

obvious. Wei Wuyin's status as a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist wasn't officially recognized due to his absent nature, and he didn't have an Alchemist Title.

Without an official status in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region and due to his status as a mortal rendering him unfit of the titles of Exalted, Venerable, Highlord, or Monarch, it was an ambiguous throw-up as to what to refer to Wei Wuyin as. But the only known title was outrageously grand, almost disgustingly so, referred to as the 'Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn' as a mere mortal.

The terms 'Ascendant' and 'Emperor' carried extreme significance in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's society. The former linked to the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the cultivation realm the powerhouses and rulers all tread with great effort, earning their power and status, while the latter linked to a being of who reached great heights. It felt ridiculous to call Wei Wuyin by that title, even Tian Muyang had outright avoided referring to Wei Wuyin as anything, only acknowledging him by name.

The female Imperial Monarch sent a spiritual transmission to the burgundy-haired woman, "You may as well get on your knees, Yang Chaoyue." The burgundy-haired woman's facial expression shifted ever-so-slightly, but she didn't allow it to disturb her.

She retorted with a gentle sigh: "Tian Lingyu, must you be so childish? It's unbecoming of your status."

Tian Lingyu, the female Imperial Monarch, sneered back through spiritual transmission, "Yang Chaoyue, must you be so good at guzzling and gagging? It befits your status." They all saw how Yang Chaoyue had taken action, and sole credit, to bring these two to him. How shameless must one be?

"..." The sharp, harsh exchange went unnoticed by the others, mostly due to their focus directed elsewhere.

Wu Yu retrieved the two Ma's, bringing them onto Bai Lin's fiery and broad back. She adjusted her Nirvanic Flames to become gentle, accepting them without any harm.

Ma Sujiang had been shaken by the sudden grab and then being brought forward. She was merely at the Soul of Mysticism Phase, so she couldn't even resist Yang Chaoyue. Fortunately, they didn't seem to be acting maliciously.

However, when she saw Wei Wuyin, her eyes widened, her heart raced, and her body experienced some sudden changes as heat surged from her body. And this heat didn't come from Bai Lin.

She swallowed slightly. Those silver eyes, the contours of his face, the quality of his skin, his imposing stature, and everything else, EVERYTHING ELSE, formed a complete and perfect handsome man that shook her to the core.

'Even Tian Yinwu might not be...' Her thoughts were uncontrollable at this point, enchanted like the others.

The Earthly Saints remained quiet, all waiting to see what Wei Wuyin does. Ma Zheng's situation was extremely terrifying, his life source was irreparable, and his soulspan had reached its limits. This was a death sentence and a half. A miracle was needed.

While they had come along due to an itching urge to seek out Wei Wuyin, a spur of the moment impulse due to Yang Chaoyue's actions, they wanted to see what this Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist could do, especially if he had links to that legendary figure!

Wei Wuyin could feel the anticipatory gazes on his body. He ignored them, giving Ma Zheng a look. He was a Demi-Mortal Lord, his body infused with refined mystic-grade energies, so his spiritual senses couldn't grasp any detail. Despite his exhausted state, those Mystic Runes imbued within his blood, bones, and flesh wasn't for show. Even after his death, they'd remain for quite a while.

If he was buried, that area would eventually become a mystic-grade location enriched with his unique cultivation qualities. A blessed cultivation ground for the future generation.

He could only look to Wu Yu who touched Ma Zheng's shoulder, inspecting his condition.

Ma Zheng was unable to speak in his current state, his breathing abnormally shallow, and his eyes almost devoid of life. Ma Sujiang seemed absentminded at the moment while the Earthly Saints were silent as if waiting for him to act. They were an audience he didn't expect to have. But he also didn't know what they wanted.

Was Ma Zheng so important that the Imperial Clan sought his revival? Considering what Wu Yu told him about the restrictions imposed on the Golden Life Pavilion, such as being unable to operate in their Domain, including the fierce competition over their banks, it seemed unlikely. It felt more like the Imperial Clan wanted to create a division to replace the Golden Life Pavilion. And if they cared, then why not go to their Medical Sages or the Sky Zenith Saint Alchemist?

Wu Yu frowned. "Young Lord...his Life Source has been damaged to an extreme extent, he's unable to contain lifeforce and his body is decaying at a rapid rate."

"..." Wei Wuyin was taken aback. But was this a grave issue? "Ever-Rebirth Pill?" He offered as an option to save him, but Wu Yu shook his head in reply.

"The Ever-Rebirth Pill could repair his body and cultivation, but it won't repair his life source, it's too far gone." The Life Source was the living generator and storage center of one's Lifeforce. It was the aspect of a cultivator that defined their body's lifespan, slowly decreasing until it was unable to contain any further lifeforce. With every breakthrough, the Life Source was enriched. At the Demi-Mortal Lord level, the Life Source advances to the mystic-grade, and it gains twenty thousand years of lifeforce and maximum capacity is extended at least.

"Furthermore, his Soulspan is nearing exhaustion. He's at his limits..."

Their words were spoken openly, so the others heard every last word.

When they heard the Ever-Rebirth Pill being offered, their eyes all flickered with various emotions, including Han Yuhei. The Ever-Rebirth Pill was a ingenious concoction of the King of Everlore to restore the body of a cultivator, and while it capped at the Demi-Mortal Lord stage in effectiveness, it was still a ninth-grade product with an outrageous degree of difficulty to concoct. At this point, Zhang Ziyi arrived on scene out of curiosity, and Ma Sujiang broke out of her stupor. She felt ashamed, hurriedly moving forward through Bai Lin's gentle flames to arrive before Wei Wuyin, "Ca-can you help?"

She had come all this way because her father was certain that Wei Wuyin's arrival meant all their problems would be swept away, dust in the wind, or so he said. He suspected him of being a descendant of the King of Everlore, and even formed relations with him early on, tolling on his behalf, ushering profits into his pockets, elevating his reputation, withstanding the pressure of external and internal forces wanting to know details regarding him, and more.

The least Wei Wuyin could do was save his life.

Wei Wuyin, however, was completely speechless.

What the hell was he supposed to do?

Chapter 864 858:A Spirit's Advice

Wei Wuyin was now given a problem he was almost entirely ignorant of, unable to even conceive an idea of how to rectify this situation with what he had. He was, after all, a mere mortal. The aspects of Life Source and Soulspan exceeded his understanding, let alone when these two things were elevated to the mystic-grade.

How could these Earthly Saints be so delusional? How could Ma Sujiang?! For the first time in a long while, as he watched Ma Zheng's limp body barely kept upright by Wu Yu's power, he felt a wave of anxiety course through his heart and mind. He felt an urge to gulp down a swath of saliva, but he, fortunately, resisted the urge.

He hadn't thought that he would be put to the test immediately after playing upon their ill-conceived conclusions of his origins. In their eyes, The King of Everlore was a Worldly Saint Alchemist, and from what he knew, he was now a Heavenly Saint Alchemist in the far-off Azure-Prime Galactic Zone. If anyone could casually solve this issue, then it was him.

Wu Yu knew of Wei Wuyin's predicament, knowing that he might be a man of mystery, but he wasn't connected at all to the King of Everlore besides his silver eyes and Alchemic Talents. He was aware of their predicament, but there was little he could do.

Well, he could kill Ma Zheng stealthily and send him on his way. The thought crossed his mind, eliminating this dilemma with ease, but he decided against even bringing it up to Wei Wuyin as an option. From what he believed, Wei Wuyin wasn't an ungrateful existence that would abandon others for his sake selfishly, so doing so might only anger him.

If Wei Wuyin knew about Wu Yu's plan, he might have seriously considered it. Ma Zheng was on his deathbed, roughly ninety-nine percent in the grave already, only surviving off Ma Sujiang's infusion of lifeforce to sustain his consciousness and continued existence. If nothing could be done, bringing an end to his zombified state was a kind mercy. Pa nda

No velFortunately, or unfortunately, Wu Yu was right about Wei Wuyin's character. While he might have considered it, he wouldn't do so unless it was the only option and all other avenues had been exhausted.

'I need solutions. Think, Wuyin, think.' Wei Wuyin closed his eyes, effectively using his mental energies to rapidly consider various options. He was aware of Soulspans and Life Sources, and while he wasn't

too knowledgeable, he knew their general purpose and how they functioned. These two aspects were the crucial core of one's life.

The Life Source generates and stores Lifestance to be used or exhausted for continued existence. It wasn't a flesh organ that was set in place but a metaphysical construct developed by the soul when it inhabited a body. All things, even a demon born through the Soul Impartation of the Heavens, had a Life Source. While this Life Source varied from species to species, race to race, and sometimes different amongst genders, it was extremely vital.

When a cultivator ascends to the Qi Condensation Realm, forming their Metaphysical Qi, they connect their Life Source with their cultivation base and Spirit of Cultivation. They become loosely linked, such that an advancement in one could benefit the other. This allowed cultivators to live for far, far longer than expected.

Those at the Qi Condensation Realm's middle-stages could live for two hundred or so years, roughly three times the average lifespan of a human.

Whereas the soulspan was closely connected to their Spirit of Cultivation, a manifestation of their physical, mental, and soul-based energies. When the Spirit of Cultivation advanced, so did the inherent levels of one's lifespan. But lifespan and soulspan were very different.

The former could be enhanced through external means, refilled, and restored if damaged, but the latter was the soul's lifespan itself. If it was exhausted, it could outright dissipate. The more a Life Source is used, the weaker it becomes, lessening the total amount of lifestance a cultivator could possess while simultaneously elevating the body's need for lifestance with every conscious breath they took. Eventually, they'll need higher quality lifestance to keep their bodies alive.

The lack of required lifestance would generate bodily phenomena similar to losing oxygen, making the body starved and suffocating for more. The state was exactly Ma Zheng's. However, with his Life Source being damaged to this extent, there was no way his body could hold lifestance to survive, hence the need to be infused with it externally.

Ma Zheng had long since exhausted his 'naturally-given' lifestance through cultivation. He had used various alchemical products and life-enriched resources to refuel his reserves of lifestance, allowing him to significantly bypass his natural limits bestowed by advancing his cultivation. Just from how Ma Sujiang had lost thousands of years for an hour or so was sufficient to understand the degree of needs his Life Source had been driven to.

The quality and quantity of lifestance for every breath of life was extreme for Ma Zheng.

But this was physical, the Soul and Spirit of Cultivation had a Soulspan, which determined the limits of their natural life as beings. This soulspan was typically longer than what was obtained through lifestance, roughly thirty to forty percent greater.

So for Soul of Mysticism cultivators, they would roughly have a soulspan of 13,000 to 14,000 years, bestowed 9,000 years or so years of personally refined lifestance—the only type of lifestance that didn't need to exhaust a higher ratio. By the time they reach their lifestance limit, they'll need richer, copious amounts of lifestance to replenish themselves.



When the soulspan's limit was reached, there was no saving. They could only pass off into the next world, claimed by the cycle of reincarnation, drawn to Hell, and receive their judgment.

'The Mark of Eden is a temporary fix. It won't work.' Wei Wuyin considered using the Mark of Eden's unrefined life force as a solution. It was the only type of life force with a 1:1 ratio, carrying the same qualities as a living being's personally refined life force. Of course, Ma Zheng's extended life would typically consume several hours of life force for a single breath at this point. However, it was useless. Ma Zheng's soulspan was exhausted; the most he could do was extend his current life to that limit and keep it up until then.

"How long does he have left?" Wei Wuyin asked Wu Yu.

Wu Yu frowned, inspecting deeper to get a better estimate. What he found caused his eyes to contract with shock. "Not long, three hours at most."

"WHAT?!" Ma Sujiang started. She was about to, in her panic, send more of her own life force into Ma Zheng. Fortunately, a hand reached and grabbed her wrist, stopping her from infusing more. She had already lost four thousand of her own personally refined life force. While she could make up for this loss through alchemical products and specific cultivation methods, her Life Source was suffering damage.

It was the same as if the lungs were breathing too much, too quickly, or the heart pumped out blood at its fastest possible speed. The strain was intense. Underneath her eyes, sunken dark spots formed, not because of exhaustion, but her skin was losing its tautness.

The hand was none other than Wei Wuyin! While he couldn't hope to stop her if she truly wanted, his actions had caused her to stop. She knew the heavy cost she was paying, and maybe because of her reluctance to accept it or hope that Wei Wuyin had a solution, she stopped with her eyes wide and her lips trembling.

????? When she looked into his captivating silver eyes, that beautiful color, she truly sought that much-needed hope. She begged for it. She was her father's last child. The amount of love, care, and attention she received was likely greater than even his wives or other children. She was brought all the way to the Soul of Mysticism while none of his other children got remotely close.

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It was easy to get lost in the difficulties of cultivation when Earthly Saints were surrounding you, but as you remember there are less than two hundred Earthly Saints in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, which has a population in the tens of quadrillions, being reminded of it wasn't too difficult.

So she was extremely fortunate, only because her father stayed beside her, taught her, trained her, pushed her, and devoted teaching her his life's wisdom without holding anything back. She was his greatest legacy, and he was her daddy!

"Please..." Her eyes grew wet, and she seemed on the verge of sobbing, breaking her demeanor of a tough, cool-headed, and intelligent beauty. "Please save him! Any-anything you want, just please..."

"..." The Earthly Saints watched all this in solemn silence. Their emotions began to grow quite turbulent in their hearts. Who here hasn't lost important people to time? A wife, a husband, a child, a parent, or a

friend? Who here doesn't know what it means to lose someone to the cruelty of time or brutality of the fight to seize?

Wu Yu's eyes turned away; those usually domineering eyes showed a vulnerable light. He remembered his wife, Junia, and her laying on her deathbed. She was unable to break the shackles of cultivation and passed away in his arms.

There was a reason cultivators sought those with similar or greater talents and potential...

Wei Wuyin's hands holding Ma Sujiang's wrist shook. The look in her eyes was unexpected. It reminded him of his own reflection, the feeling he had when he wished that his older brother had survived somehow, that he would come back to him safe and sound. But it wasn't just that.

Long ago, kneeling at a gravesite, he clenched the dirt that buried his unborn child and its mother. That desperation and willingness to do or give anything in exchange for a chance for salvation—a chance to make the pain go away.

Wei Wuyin let Ma Sujiang's wrist go, walking back a little as he clenched his fists tightly, so harshly that his knuckles became ash-white. His head felt as if it was being pounded by a titanic hammer of steel, smashing into the depths of his Sea of Consciousness.

He didn't know what to do...

"You're not a Virtue of Dao; She's unreasonable." Suddenly, a voice sounded from within his head. It was soft, gentle, and very familiar!

Wei Wuyin instantly recognized the voice of the War Spirit; its undisguised voice was feminine, like a prepubescent. He had bought a Heavenly War Spirit for 5,000,000 War Souls, but since then, it's been staying dormant within his Sea of Consciousness while absorbing bits of his refined mental energies.

He hurriedly manifested a mental avatar of himself and entered his Sea of Consciousness, spotting a golden egg at the base of Eden's vast tree trunk. It seemed unchanged, but it had clearly spoken just earlier.

Wei Wuyin didn't consider it a figment of his imagination, directly asking: "What's a Virtue of Dao?"

The Heavenly War Spirit egg didn't reply immediately but began to rapidly absorb his mental energies like an elephant sucking water. That hammer-smashing headache occurred again, and he realized that his mental energies had been drained by roughly a quarter. Considering how refined and vast his mental energies were, this shook him deeply.

"A legendary existence; it isn't relevant." The little girl's voice sounded again, but this time there were signs of exhaustion quivering within.

"..." Wei Wuyin inspected his reserves of mental energy. The Heavenly War Spirit was quickly draining his mental energy to send out fluctuations to communicate. Clearly, it wasn't ready to hatch, or whatever it needed to do, to fully form.

"Is there something you want to say?" He didn't know what a Heavenly War Spirit was, but it was clearly intelligent and knowledgeable. Abruptly, another surge of mental energies was absorbed, even larger than both times before, exhausting more than a quarter of his reserves.

"Sometimes, the simplest solution to a problem is the only answer needed—Don't overthink." After saying this, the golden egg dimmed considerably, losing a remarkable amount of its shine, and seemed to be reduced to a lesser state than when he had received it.

"..." Wei Wuyin watched as it grew dimmer, his heart feeling a little frustrated.

"Wait!" Wei Wuyin thought, his mental avatar lit with a distinct brilliance of incredible activity. His Sea of Consciousness sank a little, a sign of an outburst of mental exertion.

"You're right! I'm not a Virtue of Dao or whatever, and I've been thinking about this the wrong way!" He rushed forward and gave the golden egg a kiss before his mental avatar dissipated. The Heavenly War Spirit's egg trembled slightly.

Back in the real world, Wei Wuyin gave a bright smile. He said, "I can't save him, but I know who can."

"What?!" The Earthly Saints reacted quite intensely. After all, was Wei Wuyin implying that the King of Everlore himself might do it? Or perhaps the force that the King of Everlore fostered elsewhere?

Wei Wuyin held Ma Zheng's fragile body, meeting his lethargic gaze with his own bright one. "It's up to you..."

He brought out a jade box from his saint ring!

Chapter 865:Grasp This Chance, Old Man

Wei Wuyin's actions had been the focal point of this entire event. All the Earthly Saints were observers, wanting to know how this mysterious figure was going to solve this seemingly unimaginably difficult issue. To their knowledge, there was no solution, even amongst Mystic-Earth grade Alchemical Products. While there were temporary means to stabilize the situation, the aspect of Soulspan was far beyond their means to solve.

If they could, wouldn't they be effectively immortal? But they weren't, they were shackled by that dreadful term 'Soulspan' and it was inescapable.

Additionally, they were reinforced by Tian Muyang's belief and Wei Wuyin's words regarding his origins, so they were deeply intrigued by his decision. Not to mention, Ma Sujiang and Ma Zheng had gone to Wei Wuyin, not the Alchemic Saints or one of the four Medicinal Sages of the Mystic Dao—the Shamans, so this likely meant they knew more than them. To them, this was Wei Wuyin's origins.

Thus, Wei Wuyin was in quite the predicament. Facing these Earthly Saints as an ignorant mortal, he was left unable to find a solution before. He was reluctant to wildly test the possibility of using unrefined life force in massive, unfathomable quantities to seek out a solution to this. The Mark of Eden was one of his greatest secrets.

He didn't want the mere existence of it to leak. And these Earthly Saints seemed quite noisy, unwilling to leave after completing their task. He couldn't be certain if they wouldn't try to test him again. If that happened, he would truly be driven to a corner.

The jade box was a perfect cubic shape, on the surfaces of which had elegant grooves and curves etched in, and there was a wisp of mysterious light with a light blue color within. The light looked like flowing

water, almost like a lively random spirit that roamed about. The dimensions of the jade cube were six inches in width, volume, and length.

"What is that?" Zhang Ziyi had just arrived, so she was the most clueless regarding the situation, but her focus was unable to be taken away from the cube after it was taken out.

Wei Wuyin decided not to hide his attempt to save Ma Zheng or the contents of the box from the others. Whether it failed or not, this should reinforce their misconception of his backing. He walked forward, touching Ma Zheng's shoulder, looking into his eyes with his Celestial Gaze. Suddenly, the lethargic and zombified Ma Zheng's eyes began to glow with a brilliance of life and wisdom.

The old man at the brink of death regained his sense of activity for a brief moment. When he saw the world, a hint of shock reflected in his eyes. The light was relatively weak but there.

"Ah...y-you?" Ma Zheng couldn't move his decaying body that should've already begun its process of degradation. Normally, an Ascended beings' body would exist for tens of thousands of years without suffering from the harm of the elements, but his various means to push his life to its limits had consumed his body's ability to resist the corrosion of time.

Not only was his body going to rapidly degrade and decompose, but it'll certainly become dust in a few years.

Ma Sujiang's heart throbbed fiercely in her chest, heated by the fires of hope. She was about to rush forward, but a powerful hand held her down. She saw Wu Yu looking at her with a serious look, quickly causing her emotions to be doused by the gloominess within, and the shaking of his head.

"Stay."

The other Earthly Saints were aware of what was happening, and their eyes became solemn. Was Wei Wuyin trying to kill him sooner? Well, at this point, it might be an act of mercy rather than artificially forcing his life far beyond its natural extent.

Ma Zheng slowly turned his head to the side. He was enveloped by scarlet-golden flames and his spiritual senses were lacking so he couldn't see anything a feet or so beyond him, despite looking perfectly in Ma Sujiang's direction. He could only make out Wei Wuyin's appearance who was extremely close.

"She made it here, huh?" Ma Zheng's words were soft and gently uttered, but no one here was ordinary, so it was easily heard.

Wei Wuyin had performed a small trick, stimulating Ma Zheng's bodily potential to the utmost once more, allowing him to regain a sense of mental awareness. This would cause his Sea of Consciousness to collapse. If Wei Wuyin didn't have Eden, this wouldn't be possible to do on anyone, and if Ma Zheng had even a fraction of a fraction of his power, any of his attempts to do so would've been easily rebuffed.

"...Senior Zhang, if you want to live, listen to me: It's up to you, and only you. Understand?" Wei Wuyin didn't waste time. He had none to waste. He could only hope this brief moment of clarity was sufficient enough to give Ma Zheng this opportunity to take control of his own destiny.

They had three hours.

Within these three hours, Ma Zheng's life and death was in his own hands.

In three hours, he had to, without any other option, become an Earthly Saint!

There were no other options left. The Life Source and Soulspan were all tied to one's cultivation base, and this might be the only avenue left without some heaven-defying alchemical product or multiple of them. He didn't have just one issue but several at once that needed to be rapidly solved.

The jade cube suddenly expanded, the upper lid split into four pieces in four directions, spread apart to reveal a vial forged from frosted glass inside. The liquid within was a bright amber fluid. To those who were Earthly Saints, the frosted glass was unable to be pierced through, and all forms of ocular spells or spiritual senses would be met with an unbreachable obstacle.

Not only that, there were no mystic fluctuations coming from the vial. In fact, there was no fluctuation or scent at all. It was completely sealed. At the top of the vial was a silver seal of wax and at the top of this seal was a strange character.

Wei Wuyin carefully brought it out. He gave the frosted glass a heavy gaze. If there was a product with the most value out of Cai Liuyang's Saint Ring, then this was it without any doubt. Wei Wuyin had originally thought of giving this to Wu Yu when he felt confident to ascend into the Earthly Saint Phase, the fourth stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, but he had just jumped to gun and entered it.

The Heavenly War Spirit had reminded him that sometimes the simplest solution was the greatest option available, taking away all other factors, then Ma Zheng successfully ascending could induce changes to his Life Source and Soulspan, alleviating his issues or outright solve them. There was also a chance that it wouldn't work. It was a risk.

But it was a risk he was willing to make.

Wei Wuyin touched the wax seal, sending a gentle flow of spiritual energies within. The wax seemed to have met fire, melting outright and the liquid dripped its sides. As it did, the opening gushed out pulsating waves of mystic emissions that caused the Earthly Saints to reel!

"What is that?!" Han Yuhei was smashed by the emissions, forced to take a few steps back. He wasn't the only one; the other Earthly Saints all took a step back, except Wu Yu who remained behind Wei Wuyin being fully prepared to react. He had to act, stabilizing Wei Wuyin's body with a soft touch of his lower back.

Wei Wuyin resisted the unfathomable emissions from the bottle, gripping the vial tightly in his grip. He held down Ma Zheng who became wide-eyed. Ma Zheng was about to speak when Wei Wuyin grabbed his chin, and then lifted it upwards, opening his jaw, and then pouring the elixir that was like amber-colored molten lava into his throat.

Ma Zheng's eyes widened to their maximal extent!

"Old man, don't disappoint me." Wei Wuyin gritted his teeth, and then he touched Ma Zheng's glabella. Suddenly, he accessed the War Souls that floated in his Saint Ring, numbering two million. He didn't hesitate to bring out a thousand, sending them into Ma Zheng's Sea of Consciousness alongside waves of his Alchemic Eden Force. Pa nda

Novel He was going to help Ma Zheng refine these War Souls! Stimulating his Mind's Eye, thereby affecting his soul! If so, he could induce a state of enlightenment, one of the astonishing effects of War Souls. Wei Wuyin had only temporarily experimented with them, but they were very useful to nourish the soul.

This might also help Ma Zheng stabilize his soul for his upcoming challenge.

WHIZZZZZZ!

Ma Zheng's skin began to manifest various mystic runes that marked his chin, covering every inch of his body, including the depths of his eyes. While they repeated, there were thousands of Mystic Runes.

"Wu Yu!" Wei Wuyin shouted. Wu Yu acted swiftly, sending out wisps of spiritual strength into Wei Wuyin's body, which flowed through and intermingled with his Alchemic Eden Force, swiftly acting to break down the War Souls. Wei Wuyin's veins bulged all over his body, clearly stressed by the infusion of Wu Yu's mystic-graded spiritual strength. Despite that, his facial expression with an ever-confident grin gave him the appearance as if all were well within his control.

"Now!"

Strange sounds that shook the world emanated from Ma Zheng's body as his eyes unleashed spiritual light. Wu Yu grabbed Wei Wuyin, pulling him back alongside everyone else. Those on Bai Lin, including Ma Sujiang, were all dragged away by Wu Yu, brought hundreds of miles away.

The other Earthly Saints all had their eyes contract uncontrollably! They were extremely familiar with those sounds!

It was the spiritual howls of a Mystic Soul!

"He's undergoing Earthly Ascension?!" Tian Muyang shot back, hurriedly trying to avoid being dragged into the upcoming phenomenon.

"That's impossible!!" The old Imperial Monarch was unable to believe his senses! What did Wei Wuyin give Ma Zheng? What was that elixir?!

None of their reactions were anything less than complete astonishment, yet they all didn't delay by getting hundreds of miles away from Ma Zheng's body. The Earthly Ascension was not something they wanted to be caught interfering with. There were numerous harsh, unforgiving lessons throughout history teaching them not to interfere in an Earthly Ascension, or any Ascension attempt for that matter.

BOOOOOOOM!!!

A deep, unsettling explosion erupted from Ma Zheng's body, all but confirming their suspicions. They felt speechless.

Wu Yu was also shocked by this event. He didn't understand what Wei Wuyin did or what that elixir was. From its emissions, it was clearly beyond the peak-tier Mystic-Earth grade World Genesis Elixir he had taken! Was that a...

Wei Wuyin didn't hide it, openly speaking, allowing everyone to hear as long as they were listening. "The Rousing-Soul, Demi-Mystic Elixir—a Mystic-World grade elixir."

"WHAT?!"

As the Earthly Saints tried to process those words, Ma Zheng's body shot upwards like a blitzing rocket and abruptly vanished!

Chapter 860:Saintmaker

The ambience of the Dark Void in this area of the Elementus Domain was quite tense. The continuous fluctuations from Ma Zheng's Earthly Ascension kept a grip on the hearts and minds of everyone present. The only one that seemed calm, collected, and confident was none other than Wei Wuyin.

He stood upright, his arms folded behind his back, his eyes shimmering with an excited light, and he wore a grin of anticipation. At this point, he was at the edge of Si De's Worldly Domain, in full view of all these Ascended beings and Earthly Saints.

The process of an Earthly Ascension was typically a long one, capable of taking anywhere from days to weeks to years, being relatively random. That being said, there were notable exceptions. Wu Yu's Earthly Ascension had taken an extremely short period of time.

This was Ma Zheng's opportunity; he had to succeed within a timespan of three hours. There was nothing else but this, and if he failed, chances are he would die while undergoing the ascension process. It was a harsh reality, but an incredibly likely one that none of them could deny.

Could Ma Zheng, one of the oldest cultivators in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, ascend with such a tight deadline? This question was on every Earthly Saints' lips. They discussed spiritually, shooting glances at Wei Wuyin, and seeing that grin, they felt as if Wei Wuyin was absolutely certain of his success.

Tian Muyang wasn't focused too much on Ma Zheng's outcome. He was staring at the silver-eyed figure that stood proudly in the Dark Void. All his theories and assumptions, all his doubts and concerns, they were all washed away as Wei Wuyin brought out that elixir!

It wasn't a Mystic-Earth grade alchemical product, but a Mystic-World grade alchemical product! While there wasn't a way to truly verify its effectiveness or grade, the fact that Wei Wuyin decided to use this to stimulate a breakthrough for Ma Zheng, forcefully initiating an Earthly Ascension, was an undeniable fact.

"What do we do?" Tian Lingyu sent to Tian Muyang. This had all but confirmed that Wei Wuyin was connected to a Worldly Saint Alchemist, likely the King of Everlore himself! Not only that, but he had a similar pair of silver-colored eyes, two Earthly Saints at his beck and call, an ancient Fire Phoenix, and access to a Rainbow Bridge!

Moreover, he was just a mere mortal at the Sixth Stage of the Gravity Emission Phase! There was no doubt that his background was equally as unimaginable and unfathomable. More importantly, if he was here, then he was here for a purpose.

Tian Lingyu was a woman of practical thinking and realistic beliefs, and while she found Yang Chaoyue's actions of pandering to Wei Wuyin's ego and one-sidedly attempting to gain his attention as pathetic and lowly, it was well within reason but also cause for great concern. Because she knew that Wei Wuyin wasn't the target of Yang Chaoyue's shamelessness, the force behind him was!

How could a mortal have access to a Mystic-World grade product?! The entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region likely had only a few, and those were mostly impure-qualities, outright failures of group effort, or left behind by the King of Everlore thousands of years ago, cherished by whoever had them.

Tian Muyang fully understood what Tian Lingyu felt. He looked at the Myriad Monarch Canon in his hand. The experts of their clan had come to a conclusion based on various recordings that this Myriad Monarch Canon and the cultivation method within might be the ancient origins of their Aeternal Sky Scripture's cultivation method—Ruler of the Aeternal Sky Method. While it was unlikely to rival it after thousands of years of continuous improvements by the Tian Clan's experts, it could offer unique insights long thought lost.

But when he recalled how dismissive Wei Wuyin was towards its existence, he felt as if the clan's hopes for continued growth were laughable. How far behind were they in his eyes? Even Wu Yu, a recent Earthly Saint, didn't seem to care about it.

He could only deeply inhale all his thoughts, mulling them over, and expelling them in a heavy breath. When he finished, he felt lighter. "We'll wait and see; the Imperial Clan will discuss this and decide. For now, we avoid entering conflict with Wei Wuyin. We can't afford to handle the consequences if he belongs to the King of Everlore, especially if he's his son or grandson."

"..." Tian Lingyu felt an urge to swallow a wad of saliva. The son or grandson of the King of Everlore! The first Alchemic Saint of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, and the first Worldly Saint Alchemist as well! He was a prestigious Alchemic Talent of the highest degree, being worshipped long after his disappearance. Even today, he was still defining the flow of the stellar region!

Novel "We'll see what His Majesty thinks," Tian Muyang added with a low voice. It was clearly a reminder to Tian Lingyu to be patient and calm, not throw her cards into a single pot without knowing if the fire was lit beneath or not.

However, these were clearly the thoughts of a few others. The King of Everlore was rumored to have the secret to becoming a Worldly Saint and to breaking out of Mythical Oaths, and if they grasped that, these Sky Monarchs like Yang Chaoyue, could regain their freedom. They weren't of the Royal Bloodline, but they were subjected to various oaths as a result of association and allegiances.

They definitely weren't as free as one would expect.

Han Yuhei was the one that was truly surprised. He never expected that Wei Wuyin was in possession of a Mystic-World grade elixir, nor had the means to use it so freely. He had to reevaluate everything, including why someone as proud and domineering as Wu Yu decided to become an Alchemic Knight.

Could Wei Wuyin actually be a descendant of the King of Everlore? There was no other possibility, right?

This thought was infectious, propagating amongst every Earthly Saint present.

Wu Yu was even doubting whether Wei Wuyin was actually a descendant, despite knowing the absolute truth about the King of Everlore's preferences. The fact that he received confirmation from the source himself that he wasn't, seeing him grow from nothing to something slowly but miraculously, it was truly a mind-blowing feeling.



Not only did Wu Yu know of Wei Wuyin's history shortly before the Myriad Monarch Sect, but Long Chen had obsessed over finding him years ago, finding his sect, learning of his tragic life before the Scarlet Solaris Sect, his talent, the various rumors, and much more. This was all for the sake of pursuing revenge for Na Xinyi.

That boy was looking for an opportunity to sneak into the Scarlet Solaris Sect and slay Wei Wuyin before, only coming to a complete stop because he had left, gone missing likely from cultivation deviation with a strange treasure. Wei Wuyin avoided the fate that the Black Skeleton had shown him due to its interference.

To have even Wu Yu doubt this, Wei Wuyin's act and means was absolutely convincing.

As for Wei Wuyin himself, he was a mess and a half. His entire body was in tremendous pain, forcefully using Wu Yu's spiritual strength to rapidly break down the War Souls for Ma Zheng, helping him refine it with his Alchemic Eden Force. He didn't know how much it would help, likely wasting a thousand War Souls, but it was his only alternative to nourishing and stabilizing Ma Zheng's soul at the crucial moment.

Moreover, he had exhausted a considerable amount of his mental energies. He felt tired. Incredibly tired. Unfortunately, he could only keep up his full-of-energy, full-of-confidence act for the audience of elite powerhouses.

Time soon slipped away.

An hour passed.

Ma Sujiang hadn't moved her gaze away from where Ma Zheng vanished. Her nerves were extremely taut. She would be lying if she said she expected this. No one here thought Wei Wuyin would force Ma Zheng into a breakthrough. They had no idea whether someone in his state would be able to do anything! They didn't even know if he'll last the three hours beyond his soulspan while he underwent the ascension.

Two hours...

The tension in the air was extremely thick. Fortunately, there wasn't an ever-growing audience of elite figures. Wu Yu had sealed the Domain-sealing array shortly before Ma Zheng was given the elixir. Besides the Earthly Saints here, no fluctuations leaked outwards to other Domains or Starfields.

The eight Earthly Saints were all tethered to the changes of the Earthly Ascension, counting the seconds until three hours would hit. Will Ma Zheng die then? Will he fail because of it?

No one rarely tries to attempt an ascension at the edge of their soulspan before, so this was a new experience for them all. In fact, few would even have the means to live a few centuries beyond their set lifespan determined by their refined lifeforce. The amount of wealth needed was absurd, to say the least.

The Golden Life Pavilion was quite the hub for wealth and resources.

Just on the cusp of three hours, just as the hearts of everyone had reached the greatest limits of tightness in their chests, the Earthly Ascension's fluctuations began to wane! Then, it vanished entirely!

Ma Sujiang's eyes widened as despair flooded her entire existence, seeping into her soul. She slumped, her legs grew weak, and she closed her eyes and tucked her chin to her chest. The feeling of the three hour arriving and the waning aura was enough to devastate all her hopes.

She had prepared herself so long for her father's death, knowing his life was coming to an end for a long, long time, yet when facing it, all of her steeled resolve crumbled. Maybe it was because she felt there was hope that her resolve to accept the situation had grown brittle, or maybe watching her father die was just too much for her, for anyone.

Wu Yu sighed. If Wei Wuyin had succeeded here, he would have certainly been known as the man who could create Earthly Saints. Even if others thought it was due to an imaginary backing, it was sufficient to give them an unquestionable degree of respect.

Tian Lingyu shook her head. 'What a waste.' Whatever that Mystic-World grade elixir was meant for, it was entirely wasted on a half-dead Ma Zheng.

They all felt a surge of raw emotion. Sometimes, one's road was destined to end. Such were the difficulties of cultivation. One day, wouldn't they either meet an untimely end in the desire to fight, seize, and prosper, or their inevitable one? Either way, the fate of Ma Zheng reminded them that time was incredibly precious, but they wanted to live longer, reach higher, and pursue their dreams.

Clap.

Clap.

Clap!

Clap! Clap!

Clap! Clap! Clap!

The sounds of slow yet gradually increasing pace of claps, burst of spiritual pulses, was enough to draw their attention. They all found Wei Wuyin, whose eyes were absolutely brilliant, shining brightly with excitement and joy.

"Huh?" Ma Sujiang questioned herself for a moment. Why was he smiling? Why was he excited?

RUMBLE!!!

The entire Elementus Domain felt it. It was a ripple throughout space. To some, it was just a random shiver. To others, it was as if their entire existence was being affected. They jumped in fear, turtling into themselves, trying to seek out a sense of safety. Some ran away. To where? They didn't know! They just ran!

Through Kratos, Wei Wuyin felt it all! Far clearer than everyone else, and he knew one undeniable fact:

Ma Zheng had succeeded!

Chapter 867: Congratulations From All

Succeeded!

Ma Zheng had succeeded!

Unlike the rest, accepting of his failure after the waning and subsequent vanishing of the Earthly Ascension, Wei Wuyin felt the strange, ever-expanding ripple through Kratos and his Void Dragon Bloodline. It was absolutely phenomenal, exceeding Mortal Limits with ease, and stimulating his innate instincts.

The claps infused with his spiritual strength was solely to attract the cause of the ever-expanding ripple. Whatever it was, it had slipped into the folds of fixed space, seemingly lost as it traversed through the world in that state. Its raw movement was shifting through fixed space, causing a tsunami of softs as it stalled in certain isolated spaces.

Like a homing beacon, those claps served to highlight their current location. It seemed to be quite effective. The space where Ma Sujiang's body vanished earlier began to ripple intensely, vibrating at an incredibly high frequency, emitting ear-grating sounds.

This was obviously caused by Ma Zheng's unfamiliarity with his newfound power, affecting both Fixed Space and Isolated Space at the same time unintentionally. There were very few who weren't aware of Ma Zheng's cultivation base, being one of the oldest, his strength was extremely well-known.

He cultivated a Nexus Soul tempered with Spatial Essence—a Nexus Spatial Soul!

Thus, when he ascended to the Earthly Saint, his phenomenon affected the various states of space, even causing him a little bit of trouble. It didn't take long until a figure followed the linger claps, breaching out of a location as a spatial scar formed nearby.

"Father!" Ma Sujiang shouted with raw emotion. Her existence had felt nothing but despair just moments earlier was now filled with indescribable disbelief and excitement. She shot off towards Ma Zheng's figure unhesitatingly. No one stopped here now.

Ma Zheng no longer seemed to be in a hectic, brink-of-death state. Whether it was his Life Source or Soulspan, they regained some normalcy, enriched by his recent advancement. He was still absentminded, looking at his hands that seemed to grow a decade or two younger. While he was still old, he wasn't as withered and fragile as before.

There was a youthful vigor coursing through his veins.

"For millennia, I—" He halted his own sentence, feeling as if this was all incredibly surreal. It felt as if he was dreaming. Was he dreaming?

"Father!"

The soft slam of a warm body into his embrace caused his eyes to grow brighter. Ma Sujiang hugged Ma Zheng tightly, as if unwilling to let him slip away from her grip. It was so hard that if he hadn't reached his current cultivation, entering into a perpetual Demi-Mystic state, this would definitely feel incredibly uncomfortable.

It took him a while to settle into the reality of the situation, finding himself grounded by his last daughter's presence. Her emotions seeped into his heart and proved that it was all real. He replied with a hug. It's been so long, so, so very long since he hugged this daughter of his properly.

The father-daughter duo stood in the Dark Void, tightly embracing the other as Earthly Saints watched in astonishment!

"It worked," Wu Yu was awed. He wasn't the only one, but he was the one who was aware the most that Wei Wuyin had no mysterious backing that existed. If he had these products, he most certainly obtained them himself. Were they from Divine King Han Xei's legacy? He couldn't help but grow curious about Wei Wuyin once again.

Yang Chaoyue flew towards Ma Zheng. Her actions caused the other Earthly Saints to snap out of their shock. They just saw how the once half-dead Ma Zheng became vibrant and entered the same stage of cultivation as them. This was the miracle that they hadn't expected!

There were decades, sometimes centuries, where Earthly Saints weren't born. Now, without warning, two were created all connected to a single cultivator—Wei Wuyin!

When Yang Chaoyue arrived before Ma Zheng, the embracing duo cut their moment short. Ma Sujiang tidied her attire, regaining some of her honed composure that was very professional. However, the gleam of unreserved happiness was clearly there within those eyes of hers.

She earnestly said: "Congratulations, Third Manager Ma. Your success will surely bring the Golden Life Pavilion to new heights." Yang Chaoyue was quick to hop onto an opportunity, but Ma Zheng wasn't the focus. She turned to Wei Wuyin, similarly congratulating his resounding success. "Ascendant Emperor Wei's means are unfathomable, worthy of your title. I was wonderi-

Suddenly, Yang Chaoyue's expression changed as she felt a strong mystic aura emanate from behind her. She swiftly recognized it as Tian Muyang, and her expression changed once again, but this time it seemed to be the result of new information.

She took a deep breath, gave Wei Wuyin a smile that accentuated her looks, and fell back without hesitation. She returned to her group alongside Tian Muyang and Tian Lingyu. The latter sneered slightly.

Wei Wuyin could tell that the Imperial Clan had varying differences in opinions, and their caution towards him likely had elevated it to the highest imaginable limit. As for why Tian Muyang likely threatened Yang Chaoyue to return, it was because she was clearly overly ambitious, trying to seek out an opportunity directly in front of them without their permission. After all, she was a subordinate to the Tian Clan.

Wei Wuyin decided to not delve into the hot mess that was politics right now, especially after this all took place. He did, however, send congratulations towards Ma Zheng. All the Earthly Saints present, at some point, had relations or dealings with Ma Zheng, so he received their earnest congratulations for clawing back from death and reaching new heights.

If there was anyone with the longest time as a Demi-Mortal Lord, it was Ma Zheng. Some were happy, some were jealous, but they were all excited at this potential prospect. Because this meant that, even if they were at the brink of losing it all, there was always a chance to take a step forward and grasp new power.

There weren't many that could say they were at the brink of death and reversed their fate. And what a fate that was reversed! They didn't understand it all, but they were aware that a Mystic-World grade product was involved. That was enough.

Wei Wuyin didn't linger. In fact, he didn't say goodbye. He merely gave a departing clasp of his fists towards Tian Muyang and the rest, and then Bai Lin once again took off back to Origin. Even Ma Zheng was left there, only given a spiritual transmission with a few words of congratulations at his success and this message:

"When you're ready, I'll be on the planet Origin."

Wu Yu and Han Yuhei followed along, while Zhang Ziyi decided to stay and accompany the Imperial Clan just in case they needed anything. But the feeling of shock that everyone felt at these events was explosive, rippling through their hearts as Wei Wuyin's attitude and feats collided inside their imaginations.

Saintmaker!

A name that had floated about during the King of Everlore Era, when the Earthly Saint boom happened following his rise as an Earthly Saint Alchemist! Now, that title was resonating within their minds. None of these events were sealed through oaths, but the Imperial Clan wouldn't casually spread what happened here today.

Of course, this wouldn't stop Ma Zheng from doing so. The world will soon think of Wu Yu and Ma Zheng, learning that their ascensions to the Earthly Saint Phase were directly related to Wei Wuyin!

Once again, the world was going to experience a heavy, chaotic change!

Chapter 868: Slow and Steady

Soon, the Elementus Domain regained a sense of normalcy. While the Domain-sealing barrier remained established, the Imperial Clan and their Sky Destroyers had left shortly after Ma Zheng's unexpected success. They already had the Myriad Monarch Canon, besides pestering Wei Wuyin, who had left with barely a word earlier, there was no reason for them to stay.

While they could continue their investigations into Wu Yu, there was no way Tian Muyang would continue with Wei Wuyin there. That silver-eyed youth wasn't just mysterious, he was someone with ungodly means. In a way, they no longer thought of themselves as having the absolute advantage.

Those of high-end Alchemist Associations were often very difficult to deal with. If one excluded their rallying power and wealth, they often carried unfathomable protective treasure, destructive tools, or powerful Alchemic Knights. Since Wei Wuyin could bring out a Mystic-World grade elixir, what if he brought out a pellet at that grade?

The Ever-Starlight Pellet was only in the ninth-grade, but it could be used to escape ordinary lower-stage Ascended beings, and hurt cultivators at the Mystic Star Phase. It would be idiotic to think a pellet at that level wouldn't have functions or power that could devastate the entire Domain, them included.

Back on planet Origin, in that idyllic courtyard, Wei Wuyin's veins were throbbing, and his skin were stretched to their limits as his muscles tensed uncontrollably. The contours of his amazing physique was

brought forth at the moment, and despite the intense reaction of his physical body, Si De was totally mesmerized by his appearance. Her eyes might not be able to see, but her spiritual sense caught far more than others.

Wen Mingna also sat nearby, recovering while holding high-grade astral stones in her hands, absorbing their essence. From time to time, she would glance at the upright, bare-chested Wei Wuyin that was breathing steadily with his eyes closed. At first, she was curious about his physical state, but then she found herself sneaking glances.

"How are you feeling?" Wu Yu didn't mind Wei Wuyin's shirtless state. He was more worried about how his body handled channeling his mystic-graded spiritual strength. It wasn't easy for a mortal to be able to control. While Wei Wuyin was so spiritually strong it was outright abnormal, his spirits were still within the limits of the Mortal Dao. There was a definitive difference in their intrinsic structure of Spirit Units. If it wasn't for Wei Wuyin's extremely refined body, he would've exploded on the spot.

Wei Wuyin nodded slightly, "I'm fine. I just need a little time." To rapidly refine the War Souls for Ma Zheng, he had to resort to such a dangerous method. Fortunately, he survived. Today was a huge risk, but he was certain it paid off. The Imperial Clan had departed with their mind set on him being a descendant of the King of Everlore at most, maybe even backed by an exceptional organization.

This suited him immensely. Unlike in the Everlore Starfield, he didn't have the Myriad Monarch Sect to protect him from external enemies. He might have Wu Yu, but Wu Yu was definitely not sufficient to freely traverse the world and act as he pleased. There were too many variables, and he was talented.

As he saw it, he had a few options. Firstly, he could join a top-tier power, such as the Imperial Clan of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, one of the World Sects, or a ruler of a starfield like the Ninestar Sainthall. This was the easiest choice, but with how restrictive these forces were, littered with Mythical Oaths, he truly didn't wish to be caged unintentionally due to a small mistake.

There was no real guarantee that said his cultivation base will reach a high enough level to dominate the world, or his alchemy skill will be sufficient to shatter the Mythical Oaths established. For all he knew, he could forever be stuck at the Star Core Phase.

Secondly, he could continue to hide, avoiding the top-tier powers and acting as an independent cultivator. There was a lot of danger to this choice before. At any time, without those oaths protecting him, others could act against him without concern. There was the Imperial Clan, Trueborn, and the Everlore Association that drew his eye as threats. It wasn't certain if the Imperial Clan was neutralized.

Both of those choices weren't very appealing, limiting his growth, and conflicted with his main objective. With a heavy breath, he lifted his head upwards. He could only decide on the third option.

Wu Yu heaved a breath of relief, looking at the sky above, peering all the way to the Domain-sealing barrier. The barrier was teetering on the verge of collapse. It had run out of fuel, and the Elementus Domain could barely keep it up for much longer.

After roughly an hour of time, Wei Wuyin's muscles settled down and he adorned a soft-clothed shirt, much to Si De dissatisfaction. Up above, Wei Wuyin could see Bai Lin's shadow rapidly fleeting in the clouds. She was flying around the planet in circles, performing strange maneuvers in her twenty-two-meter-sized standard form. She wasn't alone.

Wei Wuyin still found it a little unbelievable that Lin Xianxian, the Sect Master of the True Element Sect, would jump to lower her status and become a maid of his willingly. He didn't know how to handle her for now. While he was fully aware of the Lin Clan's predicament, their conditions for freedom, and Lin Xianxian's secrets, there was little that he would involve himself with.

However, it would be a lie to say that he didn't find Lin Xianxian extremely attractive, a refreshing beauty. This was certainly the core reason for his agreement, and it was his subconscious desire that he had made that joke. He learned long ago that acting against one's desire was harmful to one's state of mind.

If he wasn't like this, then Na Xinyi wouldn't have been freed after. If he wasn't like this, he would kill every Blessed on sight. If he wasn't like this, Xue Yifei would've been killed at their ceremony. If he wasn't like this, he never would've met Yue Songli and Yao Houyi. If he wasn't like this, he would've never obtained the War Souls and Elixir needed to pull off this incredible act.

As someone facing the Eighteen Calamities of Hell as a mere mortal and someone who lost so much already, Wei Wuyin decided long ago to never let himself lose out on opportunities or form threads of lingering, festering regret.

"Young Lord, Ma Zheng and Ma Sujiang are here." Wu Yu said as he looked towards the edge of the planet, finding a reinvigorated Ma Zheng who seemed to have reversed in age and Ma Sujiang. They were patiently waiting at the borders of the planet, waiting to be noticed patiently.

Wei Wuyin nodded, gesturing for Wu Yu to bring them over. Wu Yu flew upwards, soon bringing them down to the courtyard. The father-daughter duo was quite a pair. Wu Yu was shocked at how similar their facial expressions were. It was clear they were related.

He had met both of them before a few times, yet he was still unable to link them together in such an intimate fashion before, but now...it was so clear.

Ma Zheng held a slight smile, and he clasped his hands in greeting, slightly bowing to Wei Wuyin. This was a gesture of thanks and a sign of utmost respect. The daughter followed suit. Her crying and desperate visage was nowhere to be found, replaced by a serene and controlled demeanor.

Wei Wuyin gave them a look and laughed heartily in return. He was in a good mood. "You don't mind me calling you Old Zheng, right?"

"Not at all," Ma Zheng replied with a faint smile. Such a familiar term used by his savior? Wasn't this the best way to close the distance between them? While this was their first 'official' meeting, Ma Zheng felt as if he knew Wei Wuyin deeply at this point.

And he felt, no, knew he made the correct bet.

"Then you can call me Wei Wuyin, no need for titles." Wei Wuyin folded his arms across his chest and got closer, inspecting Ma Zheng's renewed state. He was quite curious how someone with near-endless resources and existed in a Stellar Region with three Saint Alchemists was unable to become an Earthly Saint after reaching such an advanced age.

Well, cultivation was difficult.

"What Runic Ascendant State did you reach?" Wei Wuyin asked, adding: "You don't have to say if you don't want to."

Wu Yu eyed Ma Zheng. He could easily tell Ma Zheng's Runic Ascendant State with a little probing. Of course, he wouldn't do so. He did, however, feel that Ma Zheng was quite exceptional.

Ma Sujiang was also curious. She hadn't asked before, but her bright eyes betrayed her.

Ma Zheng chuckled, "Not say? How could I not? Would I even be here today if not for you? If there was anyone that should know, it is my own Saintmaker, no?" Ma Zheng began to slowly interface with his Mystic Soul, exerting his Mystic Aura little by little.

Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes could only see faint shadowy outlines of tens of thousands of Mystic Runes emerge. He was satisfied that his Celestial Gaze was useful, regaining his sight. Unfortunately, he couldn't tell what these runes were.

Wu Yu and Ma Sujiang, however, proceeded to have extremely outrageous and exaggerated facial expressions! The former's eyes widened to their utmost limits in abject shock while the latter was absolutely speechless, gasping as she held her mouth to her hand to stop any further embarrassing noises.

Just from this, Wei Wuyin was certain his Runic Ascendant State was not ordinary. Especially since Wu Yu, an 8th Runic Ascendant, was showing such a strong reaction.

"..." Unfortunately, it just felt unfathomable to Wei Wuyin, Si De, and Wen Mingna. They only looked on with interest, awaiting for Ma Zheng to reveal his state.

Ma Zheng couldn't hold back his big, almost oaf-like grin. It was simple and pure, like a child that had accomplished a difficult task and received their reward. "There's a reason why I was unable to ascend, Wei Wuyin. Haha, I decided to go big or go home."

When Ma Zheng said this, he brought out his palm, and manifested nine visible runes that even the mortals could see. They were all uniquely shaped, clearly all different.

"9th Runic Ascendant?!" Wei Wuyin was blown away, his eyes looking at Wu Yu for verification. And those starry eyes filled with indescribable emotion were unable to hide the truth.

"Haha, sometimes accumulation can outdo talent. Cultivation is difficult, but with patience and willpower, there's no limit to a cultivator's path." The sound of deep, undisguised satisfaction reverberated through every syllable spoken.

Awakened Mystic Intent!

All nine Ways of Mysticism!

Chapter 869: Time To Cultivate

The 9th Runic Ascendant State!



Wei Wuyin was absolutely speechless, unable to fathom the process, but he could only hazard a guess that Ma Zheng had decided to only attempt to reach the Awakened Mystic Intent after comprehending to the fullest!

Wasn't this a little insane?!

Wu Yu couldn't help but feel that Ma Zheng was far greater than he imagined. In truth, he reached the 8th Runic Ascendant State after a combination of natural talent, support from the King of Everlore, and hard work. He never slacked off in his pursuit of power.

However, he wasn't too sullen at the disparity. Ma Zheng was born and raised in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. The environment was thousands, if not tens of thousands better than the Desolate Dragnet Region. The thickness of Mystic Essence, the various Mystic Radiance Belts, and the amount of time he exerted into his cultivation was far more than Wu Yu.

It would be foolish to feel inferior. Still, the praise in his heart was genuine. Wu Yu understood that to become an Earthly Saint, a cultivator must comprehend the Way of Mysticism to completion, reaching the Awakened Mystic Intent and starting their Earthly Ascension to test their qualifications to ascend a step further.

He had inadvertently reached the Awakened Mystic Intent in a spur of serendipitous enlightenment. He faced ten obstacles called Earthly Gates of Mysticism during his Earthly Ascension, completing all but one of those obstacles. It was the missing Mystic Rune of his, a Way of Mysticism that he hadn't fully grasped.

However, the last Earthly Gate, the final test to enter the Earthly Saint Phase, was the easiest to overcome for him. It needed one to comprehend Awakened Mystic Intent, activating all the completed Mystic Runes gathered over the course of this Earthly Ascension, and pushing into an entirely new state. Since he had reached that level beforehand, failure wasn't an option. But it was the most difficult for all Mystic Ascendants.

The fact that cultivators aren't certain that, when you face that last obstacle, if you can succeed or not was dreadful.

Of course, if he tried to explain the process, it would come off as nonsense to Wei Wuyin, so neither he or Ma Zheng tried. After all, it certainly wasn't that simple. And it wasn't needed, Wei Wuyin knew enough.

"Congratulations, Old Zheng." Wei Wuyin couldn't help but say, feeling that Ma Zheng was the definition of hard work and success.

Ma Zheng dissipated the nine mystic runes, heaving a satisfied sigh. "Thank you, Wei Wuyin. If it wasn't for your help, I definitely would not have reached this level."

However, Wei Wuyin shook his head. "I only gave you a push. If you couldn't do so before me, you certainly wouldn't have been able to do so after."

Ma Zheng's smile grew oddly warm. In simple terms, Wei Wuyin was saying that if he didn't have the talent, put in the effort, and strove for such limits, even with all the help in the world, he would still be useless.

Ma Sujiang's eyes were filled with a sense of pride. She was fully aware of the limitations and standards of Earthly Saints amongst those at the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. In a single leap, her father had just taken a huge advance in status and power.

She couldn't help but look to Wei Wuyin, amazed that he had not only saved her father but allowed him to attain such heights. Not only was he so handsome, he was also reliable. A strange emotion built in her chest.

Suddenly, her mind sparked a memory and she urgently said: "Wei Wuyin, there's been a devel-"

Her words were cut off by Ma Zheng's hand. Ma Sujiang was startled, looking to her father who bore a bright smile, and back to Wei Wuyin who had a lifted eyebrow.

"A development?" Wei Wuyin easily realized that Ma Sujiang wanted to report something. He gave Ma Zheng a look, but replied with a smile and said: "No need to worry. It's a Golden Life Pavilion matter, you don't need to concern yourself. I'll handle it."

"..." Wei Wuyin was slightly suspicious, but he didn't find Ma Zheng untrustworthy. He had performed various actions on his behalf perfectly, from giving demons a home to allowing the beasts to have some freedom, including Xue Yifei's exceptional growth in reputation. There wasn't much that he could find fault with, so he decided to let Ma Zheng handle it.

If a 9th Runic Ascendant State Earthly Saint couldn't handle this matter, and one with immense resources like Ma Zheng, then there was no need for him to involve himself. He might not do much better.

For a few hours, they talked about various topics, getting an update on the Golden Auction and the subsequent events that followed. Unlike with Wu Yu, Ma Zheng's report was far more detailed. He learned that the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill had entered the hands of every major faction thus far, despite being restricted in purchasing rights to the Ninestar Sainthall.

For whatever reason, likely involving extremely advantageous deals, the Ninestar Sainthall had dealings with the Imperial Clan and Everlore Association. The Everlore Association then released the Ever-Domain Pill. Despite its low quality and paling by comparison effects, the Ever-Domain Pill and the Everlore Association was easier to generate in vast quantities.

For every one Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill made, roughly six Ever-Domain Pills were made and sold by the Everlore Association at a cheaper price. Not only did the Everlore Association have more alchemists, they weren't beneath hiring external alchemists to increase their production speed.

This actually helped trigger the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit even more than the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill had. The standards of Chosen were already outdated, but this false Worldly Domain was outright making it obsolete. With these false Worldly Domains, those Chosen at the Sixth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Gravity Emission Phase, could easily trounce those ordinary Realmlords.

There were too many with the qualification to become Chosen. They needed to thin the herd before the Chosen King Trial made by the King of Everlore began. After all, there were very limited slots available.

After a long conversation, Wei Wuyin had grown closer to Ma Zheng. The man wasn't just smart, he was easy to talk to, and had a work ethic that rivaled his own.

They soon left the Elementus Domain, departing after exchanging means to communicate. When they left, Wu Yu couldn't help but say: "Young Lord, Xue Yifei could be in trouble."

While Ma Zheng hadn't given anything away, Ma Sujiang was awkward whenever Xue Yifei was mentioned. While she quickly concealed her involuntary facial tells, she had already given away this.

"Old Zheng said it's a Golden Life Pavilion matter, so I'll leave it to him to handle."

Wu Yu's eyes narrowed dangerously as he stared at the sky. Xue Yifei was a bloodline descendant of his trusted subordinate, the Bloodforge Emperor, so he felt a sense of protectiveness. If something happened to her....

Wei Wuyin could tell Wu Yu's emotions, so he helplessly sighed. "Open the barrier, go with them and ensure things work out."

Wu Yu was startled. "You sure?"

Wei Wuyin nodded, "I'll be fine. No one knows I'll be here. I don't imagine the Imperial Clan will come back so soon, and they are very unlikely to tell. As for everything else, I'll just let those two release a report saying I've already left. I have some things I need to do anyway."

Wu Yu gave Wei Wuyin a thankful look.

"Also, check on the sect's state. While the Sky Zenith Alchemic Saint had made some deals, there's no guarantee the Everlore Association will stay true to it."

Wu Yu nodded. Then, he flew upwards and vanished. The Domain-sealing barrier soon came down.

Wei Wuyin stretched slightly, feeling his bones grow a little restless. Since he lost his sight, he had many ideas for alchemical products, arts, and spells, so it was about time he cultivated a little.

#### Chapter 870: Mortal Saint Alchemist, Thirty-Three Achieved

Slowly, the Elementus Domain regained a state of normalcy. The events of before were chaotic, disrupting economic developments, instilling fear and uncertainty, and caused an untold amount of resources to be expended. It wasn't just the True Element Sect that exhausted a large portion of their financial reserves, but various sects and clans had unleashed protective arrays to secure the safety of their forces.

This hadn't changed until Zhang Ziyi and Han Yuhei issued a Domain-wide announcement. They explained away their drastic actions and subsequent events, revealing that it was solely due to welcoming a great figure that needed their help dealing with an issue. This figure had left, allowing them to bring down the barrier.

It didn't take long for that great figure's identity to leak. It was none other than their elusive Chosen, the rumored Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist himself, Wei Wuyin! This caused a brief uproar that shook the Elementus Domain. Many forces wanted to meet this character, form relations, verify details, but the True Element Sect had essentially kept his arrival under wraps while they lived in lingering fear.

A lost opportunity, but if it needed the True Element Sect to unleash their most powerful cards, then it must've been serious. Unfortunately, the rest of the details was confidential, with only some other things, such as the Imperial Clan's arrival and Gong Lau's uncertain life and death spreading about.

The latter didn't take long for the Elementus Domain to confirm by probing the external clans. But shockingly, there was no news of the external clans being robbed or suffering any loss. It also seemed they were deliberately trying to keep Gong Lau's death an ambiguous piece of information to the outside world.

There was far too much unconfirmed information spreading, producing all sorts of conspiracies amongst cultivators. There was even a theory circulating that Gong Lau had tried to kill Wei Wuyin with the external clans help. In return, Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Knight, Wu Yu, and the True Element Sect joined forces to deal with Gong Lau and had the external clans pay an absurd price, sending them into a financial spiral. This spiral was slowly becoming more and more evident as time passed.

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A month after the Imperial Clan's departure, in that idyllic courtyard, within a large secluded room, Wei Wuyin sat cross-legged at its center with his cauldron before him. The edges of the wall were littered with saber light. The Divine Edge Suppression Spell was unleashed, restricting all projections of alchemical success and emissions of auras.

Bai Lin laid comfortably behind Wei Wuyin, her eyes closed as she rested. It felt like forever since she could just relax like this, helping Wei Wuyin with his concoctions. It was times like this where she felt most at peace.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes focused intensely on the All-Elemental Eclipse Cauldron, the depths of his gaze contained the Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence. The entire room was isolated, filled to the brim with Utmost Purity Mist. At times, Wei Wuyin would execute a few hand-seals, sending bursts of alchemical eden force into the cauldron. A steady transition of changes occurred—a total of seven.

This entire process lasted five minutes. Suddenly, the Utmost Purity Mist rumbled as it thickened considerably. The All-Elemental Eclipse Cauldron exploded with various rays of light, signs of a phenomenon intending to project into the outside world. The walls grew abnormally active with the Divine Edge Suppression Spell, keeping the rays of light threatening to explode at bay, saber light eliminating any that dared to approach it.

After a while, the beautiful rays of light ceased their violent escape attempt. Wei Wuyin reached out with his right hand, pulling back, and thirty-three objects shot out of the cauldron. They were like tiny-sized, azure-colored solar stars with their own orbiting belts. These orbiting belts were Transcendent Radiance Belts of the Alchemic Dao! They were signs of the merging of the Mortal and Mystic Daos touching borders, the sign of Transcendent-quality Mortal-rank products!

Wei Wuyin's eyes flashed with dense elation. Soon, he couldn't hold it in as he began to laugh triumphantly! "Yes! Haha! Yes, I did it!" There was a sense of tremendous accomplishment within his heart.

He had succeeded in using the Thirty-Three Heavenly Method on transcendent-quality products! In the Ninestar Starfield, shortly before his Celestial Eyes overloaded on spiritual strength, he had successfully conducted the Earthly Nine Concoction Method on ninth-grade Astral World-Deluge Pill.

During his time in the Eden Earth Sect, his master at the time insisted that only when the Earthly Nine Concoction Method could be performed with equal success on all products, that one could 'genuinely' be considered that grade of alchemist. His standards sounded outrageous, as most alchemists just hoped to successfully concoct and be consistent in producing non-impure products, but it instilled Wei Wuyin with an unshakeable belief in standards.

Later, when he learned of the Thirty-Three Heavenly Concoction Method, in his heart, he believed this became the new standard for mastery. If any alchemist knew this, their jaws might drop in disbelief and the insanity of it all. The fact that one had to successfully concoct thirty-three times in the same period of time as a single product was absolutely crazy. There was no denying it.

👉👈da 📄📄 The only reason methods like these were created was solely due to mass producing low-quality, lower-grade products from the alchemist's skill. An Emperor Alchemist, those who could concoct eighth-grade products with acceptable success, would deploy this on fifth or sixth-grade products for the youngsters or a burst of profits.

Seeing the thirty-three Astral-World Deluge Pills, Wei Wuyin was truly satisfied.

"Does this make me a Transcendent Mortal Sovereign Alchemist? Or maybe a different name?" The happiness was unconcealable. He mused, "Maybe a Mortal Saint Alchemist?"

Woosh! Woosh!

Woosh! Woosh!

"Tch!"

"Hehehe!"

"..."

"ROAR!"

The four Astral Souls externalized, fighting once again to gobble the thirty-three pills in a fierce battle. Wei Wuyin rolled his eyes, laying on Bai Lin as these Astral Souls clashed in a playful manner. While the fighting was intense, it wasn't necessary, because the outcome was always the same.

Eden's roots seized the most initially, only to be snatched by King and Ori after, and Kratos taking it all through shifting in and out of space. In the end, the three could only work together to seal its escape routes, pulling those pills out of its grasp.

The intensity of this competition shook the room. In the end, they returned sullen, splitting the products equally, even splitting the last remaining product into equal pieces to ensure that outcome. They shared almost everything, and while they fought, there wasn't an ounce of selfish greed in any of their souls.

Wei Wuyin shook his head. Since they wanted to have their fun and play, he didn't intervene. He just watched as he should, giving out soft warnings from time to time without any bias. It was a good period to relax his taut nerves from the concoction process. He felt at ease watching them move freely.

Bai Lin would also watch. The various zooming lights were amazing to observe, especially Ori who was like a nine-colored, ever-shifting ray of light as it energetically moved.

When it was all finished, Wei Wuyin exhaled out a breath of anxiety. Over the last month, he had successfully concocted eighteen different transcendent-quality products. He had become frighteningly proficient at concocting these products, to the point that he found it impossible to make low-quality products, even during his first time successes.

Unfortunately, he didn't acquire many useful new recipes from the True Element Sect. While they had their own alchemy department, it wasn't nearly as advanced as some gold-tier alchemist associations.

It barely exceeded the King of Everlore's legacy left behind in the Everlore Starfield. Still, it was sufficient to increase his knowledge of alchemical spells and concoction methods by a little.

Wei Wuyin softly touched his lower abdomen, "I've once again maximized my foundation." There was a slight amazement in his eyes, feeling the eighty-one-centimeter-sized Astral Cores to be his greatest limit. While refining numerous Astral World-Deluge Pills at the transcendent-quality had elevated the number of Mystic Runes in each of them.

Before, six Mystic Rune Seeds had settled themselves in his World Seas. He learned from Wu Yu that these Mystic Rune Seeds were typically developed during the Star Core Phase. At that time, cultivators would need to absorb and develop eighty-one Mystic Runes, comprehend the Mystic Dao insights held within, and then undergo their ascension to determine their Rune Ascension.

There seemed to be numerous requirements needed to reach this point, especially a strong enough physique. It was clear that if your physique wasn't strong enough, your insights couldn't be fully used, thus limiting your foundation or outright causing your failure.

If a cultivator comprehended insights into the Mystic Dao, sufficient enough to reach the 9th Rune Ascension, then they would fail if they, during their Mystic Ascension, tried to reach that level without the strong enough physical body to handle the infusion of such power.

"All those at the Star Core Phase must refine eighty-one Mystic Rune Seeds, an already difficult task." Wei Wuyin remarked as he looked at the sixty-seven Mystic Rune Seeds in each of his World Seas.

Those transcendent Astral-World Deluge Pills had rapidly infused his World Seas with Mystic Essence, forming Mystic Rune Seeds. This was a process that typically needed Starforce and a Star Core to begin. He had a massive head start due to these pills.

There were wisps of mystic properties lingering in his Astral Force, elevating its strength by a bit. He felt that a drastic change would occur if he obtained eighty-one in each World Sea.

"One more," Wei Wuyin intended to do just that. Bai Lin opened her eyes, faint blazing embers expelled from her beak. She was just as ready to begin!