

Paragon Of Sin #Chapter 971: SCR Summit,At The Border - Read Paragon Of Sin Chapter 971: SCR Summit,At The Border

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He Yanglei's outstanding success ushered a wave of unstoppable progression for the summit. With the reduced difficulty established for those refiners of Ever-Domain Pill, the next series of challenges grew easier. The accumulation of time, instruction, resources, and tools began to show themselves in a rightful manner befitting geniuses.

As if consciously allowed the stage, the next dozens of challengers all originated from the eight Noble Clans of the Aeternal Sky Sect. They included the Lesser Noble Clans, those without Earthly Saints: Ming, Bing, and Tang. The Greater Noble Clans, those with Earthly Saints: Jiang, Yu, Chen, and He. And the sole clan in a strange limbo, their Earthly Saint sealed by the Imperial Clan: Liu.

"Chosen of Ming Clan. Age: 123. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Fifth. Format: Ever-Domain. Entity Level: Mortal, Greater Realmlord."

"Chosen of Bing Clan. Age: 83. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Fourth. Format: Ever-Domain. Entity Level: Mortal, Lesser Realmlord."

"Chosen of Tang Clan. Age: 104. Cultivation Realm: Astral Core. Cultivation Stage: Sixth. Format: Ever-Domain. Entity Level: Mortal, Lesser Timelord."

"It's her! Oh my heavens! She's...she's..."

When Tang Xingyun took the stage, many talented male youths stirred into an uproar of admiration and desire. She did not wear a veil, her exceptional countenance and gorgeous figure revealed before everyone present. Her sleek, glistening, waist-length black hair was mesmerizing, filled with volume and luster, while her ruby-like eyes were like precious jewels of the heavens. With but a glance, she could away the heart of myths and immortals.

Her beauty was downright heart-rending, as many clenched their chests as they felt the rapid thumping of their fleshy source of life. Tang Xingyun was one of the few female cultivators that had the title of Chosen and a Saintess.

Like He Yanglei, she only recently gained her Chosen title, but solely due to her reluctance to accept it.

She was, after all, the Tang Matriarch's sole daughter. She had originally refused to take the title of Chosen or even prospective Chosen, but after suffering an injury to her soul, forcing the Tang Clan to exhaust a tremendous amount of resources to invite Earthly Saints to heal her injuries, she was left without much of a choice. It was either become a Chosen or be married off now—the choice wasn't much of one.

Tang Xingyun hadn't wanted to enter the spotlight before, focused solely on cultivating herself, finding the Chosen King Competition akin to hot-blooded and youthful monkeys trying to prove themselves worthy of scraps left behind by the King of Everlore. It was demeaning.

However, those vexed thoughts of hers eased when she saw Lin Ming manifest as the cultivator she believed he could be. She decided to use this opportunity to closely observe his steps, see how far he could reach, and enjoy the show.

Her fight with the Entity wasn't much of one. Unlike the others, she had a peak astral-graded robe that was forged by World Power and various exquisite materials, naturally resisting the World Pressure. She used her advantages of a robust cultivation base and powerful flames to incinerate her opponent.

Since He Yanglei's victory and the distinction of pills refined, the challenges became easier for those beneath the Realm World Phase, the seventh stage of the Astral Core Realm. An unspoken rule was established, with all those beneath the Realmlord level leading this newly fueled charge. Of course, not everyone passed, with a few 'Core Disciples' or prospective Chosen losing due to over-exhaustion and insufficient strength.

Despite this, the passing rate had gone from abysmal to decent, with more than half of the prospective Chosen passing, and all Chosen passing. The fights allowed many to learn a lot, paving the way for future successful challenges. No one feared the two-hour limit any longer.

While the Main Hall was getting filled with talented youths seated on golden mats with floating thrones hovering above them, the two women—Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi—were both unable to stop giving He Yanglei perplexed gazes leaking killing intent. Their eyes caused the young man to squirm a little on his

golden mat, confused as to why these two women were giving him stares of ill-intent.

Did he sleep with them and forget their existence? But that was incredibly unlikely considering their beauty. If it wasn't for the venue, he definitely wouldn't allow two women from weak forces to give him such looks. Unfortunately, with the Earthly Saints observing alongside the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, he, alongside everyone else, was on their best behavior.

The two women were spiritually communicating. Wu Baozhai asked solemnly, "Do you feel it?"

"I do; It's like this ball of sorrow and hatred is growing in my chest." Na Xinyi explained her current turbulent emotions that kept pulsating in her chest. She was unable to stop it, and as she looked at He Yanglei, the feeling only grew out of control. The urge to cry and kill coincided perfectly.

"I can sense Lian Yu on him, but I don't know why." Wu Baozhai was confused as well, unable to figure out why this young man felt similar to Lian Yu. Remembering their blue-haired sister that they shared meals, baths, beds, and at one point, a unified future centered upon a single man, she felt a heart-ripping, gut-wrenching, and mind-shaking emotion.

Na Xinyi's expression darkened, "I heard from Sister Qiumu that she met Wei Wuyin after he thought she was someone else, a hated enemy of his. That enemy used her essence blood to cultivate." Na Xinyi recalled the story Qing Qiumu told them about how she met Wei Wuyin. It was shortly after she met him at the gathering on the Myriad Yore Continent when Wu Baozhai and the rest were trying to calm her down.

Wu Baozhai then decided to ask for compensation for his actions, and seek revenge later if she wanted due to the ill-timing. She begrudgingly agreed, and Qing Qiumu explained that Wei Wuyin wasn't inherently bad, that he had saved her life once. It was one of the reasons Na Xinyi had called out his name during Qing Qiumu's execution.

If Wei Wuyin saved her once, with his reputation at the time, he could do so again. And he did.

No one expected that Wei Wuyin would be so bold as to say he didn't regret it and that if she wanted, he would take her as his wife. Moreover, at the time, no one thought she would accept it. Not even her.

"He's using her Essence Blood to cultivate?" A glint of anger and happiness surged in Wu Baozhai's pupils. If that was the case, then Lian Yu was alive! The hope born in her heart was extremely genuine. After all, a cultivator has to be alive to continuously extract their essence blood. "But why? Lian Yu didn't have a special physique like Qing Qiumu."

"..." Na Xinyi didn't know, but her intuition was telling her that He Yanglei had something to do with Lian Yu. They just had to figure out how to approach this. She lifted her head to see the throne which sat the He Clan's Earthly Saint. She could feel his gaze despite not seeing him. Their killing intent was noticed, but the Earthly Saint was either unconcerned or couldn't take action due to the Mythical Oaths.

Na Xinyi was a little scared after discovering that she couldn't contain her killing intent. However, since she was still alive, she reminded herself of the Mythical Oaths in place. After all, an Earthly Saint could deal with her with a single breath. With heavy relief, she firmly decided to try to find out more about Lian Yu's situation while she was under the oaths' protection.

Up above, a willowy bearded middle-aged with an aquamarine robe sat comfortably on his throne. He exuded a watery aura, reminiscent of a torrential storm in the seething ocean, fearsome and mighty. His gaze lifted from the two girls that were staring daggers at He Yanglei.

"He Bojing, it seems like your little droplet has accumulated some love debts," An Earthly Saint with a burly appearance and a head of feral auburn hair laughed uproariously. He was the Chen Clan's Earthly Saint—Chen Yibo, and he exuded a terrifying physical presence. Every breath he took caused the ambient mana to undergo turbulent changes.

"Heh, just youngsters being youngsters." The He Clan's Earthly Saint casually dismissed the comment. No one below reacted to their conversation. Unless they willed it, no one below was privy to their verbal conversations.

"When they have his manhood in their hands, severed from the root, I wonder if you can still be so nonchalant? Haha!" Chen Yibo kept his energy rowdy, spouting indecent things unbefitting of his status and power, yet no one dared to speak about his behavior. They were fully aware that the Chen Clan and He Clan had their rivalry, but they were also great friends, closer than any other Noble Clan.

He Bojing faintly smiled, "Worry about your little rock. I heard he's built up numerous debts, and there's already a cult dedicated to severing his line."

"Haha! Men being men. He likes to tame the unruly women of outstanding talents, but he doesn't like titles. Not his fault; he takes after his old man." Chen Yibo glanced at the burly young man below, a Chosen of the Chen Clan. That was his youngest son, Chen Dong.

All those who knew Chen Yibo knew his flippant ways with women during his pre-Ascended days, indulging excessively. So it only made sense that the apple didn't fall far from the tree.

The two Earthly Saints bantered freely as they enjoyed the show. When Tang Xingyun arrived, they both stopped and glanced at her, their expressions were strange as they eyed the Imperial Clan's Earthly Saints. At one point, the two had tried to propose marriage to Tang Xingyun, but supposedly, Tian Yinwu was interested and they were forced to withdraw their proposals.

It was quite humiliating, but this woman was an exceptional member of her gender. If she became an Ascended being, she'll be the perfect partner with how beautiful she was, and the Tang Clan was renowned for birthing Highlords, an amazing partner for any potential Earthly Saint. In the end, they looked at each other and shared a regretful sigh.

"The Golden Life Pavilion hasn't entered the summit?" Han Yuhei asked Ma Zheng with a reverb of anger in his voice. He thought that Sun Li and the Golden Life Pavilion would escort the True Element Sect to the summit. However, Sun Li shadowed them under concealments and hadn't shown themselves, only ensuring they made it safe to Ever-Sky.

Han Yuhei was a little tense after learning of this. He didn't want the True Element Sect to be bullied. His granddaughter was there alongside a few other core members of the Bai Clan. While the Mythical Oaths were present,

the possibility of covert schemes that could lead members to their deaths was ever-present. If his granddaughter died because of Sun Li's disobedience and negligence...

"Calm down, Guardian Han." Was all Ma Zheng said, not giving any sort of explanation whatsoever. He didn't care about Han Yuhei's anger in the slightest. Instead, he looked to Wei Wuyin for his response.

"I understand," Wei Wuyin waved his hand in an unbothered manner. It was clear that Sun Li was to act as a sentinel in case the Everlore Association intended to use backhanded methods to harm him through exceptions of the Mythical Oaths.

Ma Zheng slightly smiled, "As long as you understand."

"..." Han Yuhei narrowed his eyes with a sharp glint.

Wei Wuyin and the others had arrived at the border of the Everlore Domain, and at the cusp of this border was the Golden Life Pavilion's Voidships. They were waiting for his arrival.

Wei Wuyin stared at the distant Ever-Sky surrounded by colorful dots of light emanating from Voidships.

"I can't wait to see everyone again!" Bai Lin mentally sent to Wei Wuyin, ecstatic and incredibly hyped.

"Me too," Wei Wuyin smilingly said.

Chapter 972: SCR Summit, 453 Thrones

The Main Hall of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit kept elevating continuously in its level of liveliness and animated discussions as the summit continued, both above and below. The eight Noble Clan elites and talents gathered to observe of the other challengers, speculating about chances and estimating their ability. The Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, these genuine powerhouses and world-shakers, similarly discussed the changes in standards and justifications of their previous decisions.

The Main Hall was cluttered with golden mats decorated by embroidered spiraling patterns, brightly lit as purified, refined, and exceptional astral essence exuded from it. Those on the golden mats didn't even need to

cultivate actively; the astral essence seeped into their pores, entered their meridians, and converted into their strength, firming their foundations and elevating their four essential energies.

By this point, the existence of this astral essence was known by the young talents as they marveled with astonished expressions. This astral essence wasn't ordinary astral essence, but the highest form of astral essence known, extracted from the very core of the only Supermassive-sized Solar Star of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region—the Aeternal Sky Star, also known simply as Aeternal Sky.

The star's name was the sole reason for the starfield's designation, given its name by the former Imperial Clan and the previously ruling powers at the time. It was a sign of the utmost respect towards their sacrifice and history, still ushering the current generation to new heights with their blood, bones, and souls.

It was called Astralis Essence, the core essence of a natural-born Solar Star, considered one of the the rarest essence in the stellar region, even rarer than mystic essence. This essence was the same material needed for the Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill but in its raw form. The current Astralis Essence had been thoroughly processed, diluted by various refinement formations, and allowed for safe absorption by these utmost talents of the stellar region beneath the ninth stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Star Core Phase.

He Yanglei was euphoric as he absorbed the Astralis Essence. His only gripe was that his absorption speeds wasn't greater than anyone else, with a steady, equal stream of Astralis Essence being emitted and given to each of them. It was too little to satisfy his innate bodily talent of absorption or anyone else's, but each iota of it was of the greatest benefit.

He could feel every aspect elevate to a higher level each minute. The benefits were unimaginable. No wonder San Luoyang had suggested there would be benefits to those who succeeded. A wisp of envy grew within his heart as he glanced at Su Mei's meditating figure alongside the light of thinly-veiled desire. She had arrived first and obtained the most benefits out of anyone here.

"This is incredible," Chen Dong breathily said with his tall, robust figure shaking slightly from sheer excitement. At the moment, this domineering existence amongst the youths here seemed like a child at a candy store, given the best and most expensive candy that he had only been able to window shop before.

"To think the Everlore Association had paid the price of using Astralis Essence for us! They're truly the richest organization, capable of exhausting such tremendous wealth without fear." A Chosen of the Yu Clan, known for their formation masters and talisman crafters, inspected the exquisitely designed formations that were the golden mats, in awe of the price the Everlore Association had paid.

Even Wu Baozhai was completely amazed by the effects of the Astralis Essence. It was like every hour equated to consuming a peak-tier seventh-grade alchemical product, and they didn't need to absorb or refine, as these formations passively cultivated for them.

When she felt this level of treatment, she couldn't help but compare her time under Wei Wuyin's care, given copious amounts of alchemical products to cultivate with. She was shocked to discover that the golden mat exceeded Wei Wuyin's investment into the Valkyrie, but just barely, and if it lasted for several months. She pouted her lips slightly, gaining a renewed sense of the Everlore Association's means.

While the youths below gushed over the premium treatment and benefits, the floating thrones were isolated in their own world, observing their conversation and every challenge that was issued.

If one took the time to count each throne, they would discover a total of 188 large-sized thrones, carrying figures of unfathomable auras, possessors of an inkling of the Mystic Dao, these were all non-Creationist Earthly Saints given generalized invitations. Some thrones were empty, others filled with imposing, domineering, gorgeous, handsome, or shrouded figures, but 188 thrones there were.

Smaller-sized thrones of various artistic designs symbolizing certain forces or organizations were also present, all possessing spiritual images, such as cauldrons, forging hammers, or pagodas. Each signified the status of a Creationist, and each invited based on name, granted the right to personally be here with their own seat. An honor of the highest!

The cauldrons represented Alchemists. The thrones were noticeably more expressive in their identities, emitting a faint alchemical radiance and being ever-so-slightly larger than the other two types of Creationist thrones. A total of 244 seats were filled, all Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, and they consisted of all the stellar region's publicly known Alchemists of that level.

The forging hammers represented Forgers. The thrones all emanated a faint heat and metallic sheen. There were only three of these seats, and they all were occupied by a single force—the Godforge Association. Yet, each figure was an Earthly Saint, representing different Starfields. A unique quality of the Godforge Association, not restricting those from outside from entering, joining, or attaining highly dignified statuses and positions. These three were widely known as the Trinity of the Forge, the three highest ranking elders of the association, only beneath the Godforge Emperor himself.

The pagoda represented Architects. The thrones emanated a scholarly light that elevated the function of mental energies; just glimpsing at it made one feel as if they were slightly smarter. Unlike the Forgers, they consisted of exactly 18 thrones, and they each belonged to different organizations. Furthermore, there were greater distinctions, as some had pagodas with talismans plastered on their surface, others with glowing esoteric runes and some with characters formulating lines of profound sentences leaping about.

There were Talisman Crafters, Array Masters, and Architects of Arts and Spells. Each one was a formation master worthy of their reputation and name, such as the Soul-Creation Saint of the Ninestar Sainthall, who was amongst them at this moment, the Yu Clan's Yu Yilang, and the absent Shuang Xi of the Golden life Pavilion, the top three Architects throughout the stellar region.

Surprisingly, their three thrones were ever-so-slightly larger than their Creationist peers, signifying their paramount importance and absolute superiority in their profession. A clear sign of respect that, while the other Architects might find muffling, would be unable to refute lest they call forth humiliation on their heads.

If counted all together, the thrones amounted to 453, and each represented a figure of the highest status, might, and means. A genuinely world-shaking sight to behold, considerable lending credence to the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit's purpose and importance. While there were absent Earthly Saints and Architects, such as the Soul Saint King, Shuang Xi, Sun Li, Han Yuhei, Zhang Ziyi, and such amongst the Earthly Saints and Architects, one would notice that all 244 seats of the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were filled!

Not a single one was absent—not even the Ma Clan.

Seated firmly on one of the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist's floating thrones, a beautiful figure sat in a lovely alchemist robe that tightly hugged her figure, accentuating her every curve, yet revealing not an ounce of skin. She used

her long, flawlessly white fingers to tap against the armrest as an impatient light flickered within her two vastly different colored eyes. Not a single individual would be ignorant of this woman's existence, above or below, as she was none other than the Twilight Alchemic Sovereign—Mu Yura.

Those eyes instilled with the beauty of heterochromia and a high bearing effused a level of presence, dignity, and pride that was not inferior to any Earthly Saint.

"Where is he? Where is he?" She softly muttered to herself, her anxiety openly leaking. However, she wasn't the only one displaying some signs of impatience. These Mortal Sovereign Alchemists were all here to meet a worldly elusive figure that shook the stellar region time and time again yet was as concealed as a dagger in an assassin's sleeve—Wei Wuyin!

Moreover, with all the seats filled, they wondered if this was indicative of his absence as a foregone conclusion. But to many, he was the man of the hour, and the preliminary discussions kept bringing up the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. Unfortunately, there was a piece of information that the Ma Clan lacked...

There was no information regarding the abilities of a peak-quality Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill! This was an essential, crucial, absolutely significant piece of information that caused much discussion amongst the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. Some even almost came to blows, figuratively speaking, about to challenge the other to an All-Alchemic Clash. The theories thrown about its possible effects ranged from granting a False Worldly Domain with the full power of a genuine Worldly Domain to allowing the artificial Domain Seed to merge with the genuine Domain Seed.

Of course, this also had its sub-division of contested beliefs, with some thinking it elevated the Domain Seed's limits, transcending the concept of a 'Transcendent Realmlord' to bolstering the genuine Domain Seed's initial strength, eliminating a large need for further refinement, amplifying cultivation speed by several notches.

The 'transcendent' title meant a limit. It was theorized by alchemists, architects, and cultivators of renowned skill. Yet, few had ever been able to reach it without sacrificing their entire future, largely due to the time-consuming part of refinement and cultivation. When they reached Star Core, their soulspan's limit would restrict them from ascending. It would be putting the cart before the horse if you tried to maximize your foundation, a feat extremely difficult to do if you hadn't done so in previous stages.

The arguments flew about and even the Earthly Saints just silently stood aside, unable to chime in, yet knowing the significance of its 'peak-quality' effect. Why? Because if, or when, the pill becomes a generalized product, the top-tier Chosen would receive the top-tier pills for their growing foundation, and the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill would be a staple in any half-decent cultivation regimen. It was clearly vastly superior to the Ever-Domain Pill, its cheaper and less reliable alternative.

As such, Mu Yura and the others were restless. They interrogated Na Xinyi, Su Mei, Wu Baozhai, and Xue Yifei but learned that none of their Domain Seeds were forged from peak-quality pills. They didn't try pressing their relations or how they came upon the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, with the vast majority already aware of how, why, and when.

At this point, even Su Mei's background was exposed before the eyes of these world-shaping figures. The only detail that eluded them was that Na Xinyi was Wei Wuyin's fiancée, but nothing else of their general origins was hidden from their terrifying gazes.

"Without him, this summit could be reduced to a joke," the Ma Clan's Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, Ma Leihan, shook his head. To establish standards on incomplete information without the core reason for the change was a horrific mistake in his eyes. But how was he supposed to know that not even Ma Zheng was aware of the peak-quality effect? And no one had a remotely decent enough skill, time, or access to the method to concoct one at this point and time.

"A little premature," an elderly man with a long, grey beard said with a wry smile. This was the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist of the True Element Sect, having arrived long before the True Element Sect ever left for the summit. Like the rest, they had been gathered together, holding a discussion lasting since the announcement of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit; hence, they were all present now without a single one absent.

It was the Everlore Association's machinations and alluring benefits that drew them here. Clearly, the association didn't want any of them missing this, personally sending escorts in the form of oath-bound Ever-Knights.

At this point, over a hundred Chosen or prospective Chosen beneath the Realm World Phase had passed, already moving on from the eight Noble Clans to the other top-tier powers of the starfields. As if mutually agreeing on

it, the Moonfall Starfield(22nd) took the stage first. Besides some Chosen, no other cultivator succeeded, with most of them ending in death.

The vast majority had neither the Ever-Domain Pill nor Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. This was a result of supply and demand, with only the most powerful and richest obtaining these limited products, especially amongst the lowest ranking starfield—a tragic result.

However, it allowed the casualties of the Everbloom Starfield to drastically lower its predicted amount as those aware of their lack of qualifications sat back and watched, keeping their lives but throwing away their chance at a voice and their title as Chosen in the upcoming era.

It was at this moment that the thrones floating up above felt a powerful incoming aura. All the Ascended beings looked in a singular direction as if prompted in coordination.

Mu Yura's two eyes brightly lit with an excited radiance, "The Golden Life Pavilion's here!"

Since they were late, it could only mean one thing:

They were fetching Wei Wuyin!

The four women all gazed in that direction a soft, gentle spiritual light emanated from their spatial rings. The very same rings left to them by none other than that man!

Su Mei faintly smiled, breaking away her stoic expression and revealing a rarely seen, indescribable charm.

Chapter 973: SCR Summit, The Welcoming of Wei Wuyin

Entering Ever-Sky's fleet of Voidships, the Golden Life Pavilion's Voidship named Prosperous, a large-sized ship clad in pristine white and radiant gold, standing out amongst the others, exuded an aura of immense wealth and true prosperity. The gasps of awe as those observers surrounding the planet and its nearby space were continuous and endless.

Wei Wuyin stood upright on the deck of Prosperous, observing the planet known as Ever-Sky and the sheer quantity of Voidships emanating a myriad of colorful lights with a steady gaze, unflinching at the realized enormity of this

grand summit. There were hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of Voidships anchored here, all having stayed for several months without complaint. An astonishing sight to see and live.

Wei Wuyin had changed his dressing from his typical martial artist robes, deciding to adorn perfectly fitted white-colored robes styled in the manner of an alchemist. Moreover, he hadn't used the Essence of War to structure these robes, but personally designed and crafted them himself. Despite its whiteness, the robes exuded a rich, gentle alchemical aura resembling Utmost Purity Mist.

For the last few years, since his extended stay in the devastated Neo-Dawn Starfield waiting for Bai Lin to finish her transformation, Wei Wuyin had kept these robes within Utmost Purity Mist, drenched every hour of every day. It highlighted his identity as an Alchemist. Since he wasn't here as a fighter, he fully invested in his image as an Alchemist.

By his side were four figures, all elites amongst elites, genuine powerhouses of the stellar region—Earthly Saints. They were Wu Yu, Ma Zheng, Sun Li, and Han Yuhei. They gathered around him like protective guardians, an unintentional act that simply manifested into being.

Wei Wuyin couldn't help but think about three decades ago; he touched the Void Crystal necklace containing the Myriad Yore Continent hanging alongside the crescent moon as nostalgia swept over his thoughts. Just three decades ago, he was a twenty-something-year-old cultivator starving off schemes from sectmates and enemies from all over.

He had no true backing except himself and his personally raised loyal forces acting on his will. Additionally, everyone and their mothers believed the maliciously spread rumor that he had a cultivation treasure of some sort, attributing his hard work and talent to merely a special object.

In just three decades, he stood at the height of a Stellar Region, causing monumental changes to its society with his creations.

Before, he wanted to visit the Wu Tower hovering above the skies of the capital.

Now, he could traverse the stars.

A genuine smile originating from the depths of Wei Wuyin's heart was born after the thought. While the Calamities of Hell were the greatest curse that any cultivator could face, they ushered him to new horizons that he would've never been able to see otherwise. The constant push to grow brought him here, alongside these four powerhouses of their generations.

Prosperous waded through the myriad Voidships that cautiously gave way, allowing unobstructed passage to the Ever-Sky's planetary border. A rising pillar of radiant light still shone brilliantly, greeting them, and beckoning oncoming challengers—an open invitation yet to close.

"The Everlore Association sure is showy and wasteful," Wu Yu scornfully commented. The pillar's activity certainly exhausted resources, and while it wasn't in use these past few months, it was certainly consuming many high-end resources to maintain it.

Since that Ever-Knight tried to slay Wei Wuyin by obliterating Rainbow Sky, decimating billions and billions of lives, Wu Yu no longer associated it with the King of Everlore, and grew to carry contempt, disgust, and disdain for their conduct; hence, he was speaking in an extremely critical manner.

"That's just how they are; with every opportunity, they seek to remind the world of their wealth and means. The summit is no different, simply a gallery to tell the world of their superiority and show their riches." Ma Zheng said without the slightest bit of emotion. This wasn't the first time the Everlore Association had done something like this, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

"How's Grand Elder Zhang?" Han Yuhei diverted the topic, asking about Zhang Ziyi's condition. Wei Wuyin kept his eyes on the pillar, and Ma Zheng answered: "With the recovery products that Wei Wuyin provided, she's in a steady and rising state of recovery. She's still unconscious, however. Give it a year or two, she should wake up by then."

The recovery of an Earthly Saint was unfathomably difficult, even an iota of their energy required enormous time to replenish, and typically, Earthly Saints had to expend lifeforce to reverse their temporal state to heal their injuries.

Han Yuhei sighed inwardly with relief. It was fortunate that Wei Wuyin had Mystic-Earth grade alchemical products or Zhang Ziyi could be in a lengthy recovery process lasting for a century or longer. She was a portion of the True Element Sect's strength, and he didn't wish to lose that, especially since he

wanted to act as Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Knight, thereby lowering his involvement with the True Element Sect's affairs.

There needed to be a dedicated captain for the ship that was a World Sect.

Kree.

Bai Lin waltzed over with her proud, slender legs, her golden eyes reflecting the rising pillar of light shining with amazement. When she stood over the Earthly Saints, towering over them with her tall figure, Sun Li couldn't help but give this phoenix a shocked gaze. For the first time, she felt a sense of genuine danger emanating from Bai Lin.

Behind Bai Lin was a group of elders and young elites from the Golden Life Pavilion, including the Ma Clan led by Ma Sujiang. Within this crowd, a young, long-haired woman of extraordinary bearing and exceptional beauty stood out. The youthful maiden looked no older than sixteen. She was the topic of many discussions since the Golden Auction, the subject used to compare talents—Ma Luling.

At this point, she was the Ma Clan's youngest officiated Chosen in history, her feats these last few years have been nothing short of record-breaking, given the full investment of the Ma Clan's resources as a result.

Many of the Golden Life Pavilion's members were all observing Wei Wuyin from afar. A similar topic of much discussion was finally before them, and he exceeded every expectation, especially in terms of appearance. If the word 'handsome' had a personification, they would feel ashamed to be placed beside Wei Wuyin.

"Everyone ready?" Sun Li pried her eyes away from Bai Lin, turning to the group behind them, snapping them out of their dazed thoughts and infatuated stares. Instinctively, they all shouted: "Yes!"

With a satisfied nod, Sun Li looked to Wei Wuyin for the final confirmation. Wei Wuyin finally stopped rubbing the Myriad Yore Continent's Void Crystal and stepped to the edge. Bai Lin shot upwards as he leaped off.

When he got a few hundred meters away from Prosperous, Bai Lin swooped in in the most timely manner. In a blink of an eye, he was steadily on Bai Lin's back, soaring towards the pillar of light as a unit.

Wu Yu faintly smiled. He, alongside Han Yuhei, flew after Wei Wuyin, following him towards the pillar of light. Ma Zheng decided to escort the Golden Life Pavilion's group alongside Sun Li. As for Huoyan Liulan, she had long since entered, waiting for his arrival, and likely with her grandfather as well.

Ma Zheng felt a headache incoming.

Wei Wuyin and Bai Lin didn't wait, entering the pillar of light immediately. Wu Yu and Han Yuhei entered at almost the same time, just slightly slower than Wei Wuyin. After entering, the two felt a beckoning from within directing them towards a certain location.

The two looked at the location, their eyes glinting with spiritual light, and they saw the Main Hall with floating thrones. They were about to move towards it when they before simultaneously looked towards Wei Wuyin's direction, feeling an engulfing spatial power envelop him and Bai Lin, intending to transport them into a secret realm.

The two's eyebrows shot up, their Mystic Power seethed as they were about to take action. They both feared the Everlore Association's tricks.

"No need; it's merely taking me to the others," Wei Wuyin sent spiritually. As a cultivator with a Void Dragon Bloodline, it was remarkably easy to determine the destination and peer into the folds of space. He saw tens of thousands of cultivators sitting in carefully marked square outlines, they were either cultivating or engaging in conversation.

Hearing this, they both relaxed, but Wu Yu had a heavy frown. He no longer resisted, shooting towards the beckoning location, and Han Yuhei gave Wei Wuyin one last look before following.

The two arrived in the Main Hall, attracting the attention of those who sat comfortably on their thrones, and the talents below that were diligently enjoying the benefits of the golden mats.

The two instantly saw that there was an invisible isolating formation that prevented spiritual and physical fluctuations from interacting with those below, but it didn't halt their auras from passing through.

Wu Yu's eyes swept the venue with a domineering aura, dissatisfaction written on his face. It didn't take long to find that familiar aura and piercing gaze. A

middle-aged man sat on a throne meant for Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, staring intently at him—San Luoyang!

"What is the meaning of this?" Wu Yu directly questioned, his tone filled with blatant aggression.

San Luoyang was unaffected by Wu Yu's forceful gaze. With an indifferent expression, he countered: "What do you mean, Grand Knight Wu Yu?" He feigned ignorance, yet within the depths of his eyes was a sharp light.

Wu Yu felt the gazes of all these peak-tier existences on his body, and his eyes sharpened considerably. Almost immediately, their gazes and focus shifted towards the space behind him, prompting him to turn his head and note the large screen projecting the image of a stage with a Void Gate and two obelisks.

At the center of this stage was a figure he would never forget—Wei Wuyin! He was calmly seated on Bai Lin's back, her eyes staring upwards with shock at the inverted people.

Wu Yu and Han Yuhei understood a little about the initial events, including the screening process for proving one's qualifications to enter the Main Hall. Where they were was clearly the Main Hall. And that? That was the proving stage!

Unfettered rage emerged in Wu Yu's eyes, "You dare send my Young Lord elsewhere?! Audacious!" Almost immediately, Wu Yu's Mystic Aura exploded, infused with his grand mystic power, causing the thrones to erect barriers of mystic light, shielding them from the shockwaves of his power.

While Han Yuhei was equally as shocked by this, he was far calmer than Wu Yu. He could tell that these peak figures all had expectant looks, not one of shock or surprise. They only changed when Wu Yu's aura smashed against their barriers of light, causing it to ripple unsteadily. A slither of fear crept into a few of their eyes.

"Calm down, Grand Knight Wu Yu; your Young Lord missed his invitation window, and as such, his invitation has been revoked. As a junior, he has to undergo the same process as everyone else to enter the Main Hall, proving his qualifications to discuss the upcoming era's standards. Of course, we've made it easier for him, allowing him to take an Alchemic Challenge instead."

San Luoyang kept his indifferent expression as he gestured toward the screen. He emphasized the 'we' in his sentence.

The majority present were clearly in unified agreement! Their objective was clear. They all wanted to test Wei Wuyin's skills and talents in the Alchemic Dao, have him justify his position here, and prove his ability as the creator of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill. If he was its creator...

They wanted to know more about this elusive figure!

Wu Yu's fists were tightly clenched, but he didn't act. The Mythical Oaths ensured that attacking would make the entire world his enemy. That would bring forth unimaginable troubles to Wei Wuyin. However, the disrespect was as clear as Solar Stars on a cloudless morning.

In the end, Wu Yu could only retract his raging Mystic Aura as he focused on Wei Wuyin's figure, resisting the urge to argue against this disrespectful welcome. He wondered what Wei Wuyin would do.

Chapter 974: SCR Summit,Ushering Forward

Wei Wuyin found himself on a stage, vast and sturdy. 'They sent me to the proving stage?' He amusedly thought, finding this type of welcome quite interesting. He was given an invitation, so why would he be sent here? It didn't take long before he lifted his eyes to see the inverted cultivators above. They stared at him in shock and wonder at the new arrival, and when he lifted his face, the better view took the breaths of many young women away.

An unearthly countenance elevated by a bearing of unrestrained exceptionalism pushed him into ungodly levels of handsomeness, the eyes of many widening to their limits in shock and outright disbelief. Those silver eyes seemed to carry the profound truths of the world, its myriad of dreaming illusions, the essence of creation, and a gaze that felt as if it could peer beyond their physical exterior, piercing into vulnerable souls.

Wei Wuyin's demeanor was transcendent while clad in his white robes, emanating the scent of the Alchemic Dao, stimulating their spirits. The desire to get close originated from their minds, bodies, spirits, and instincts. It was the instincts of a cultivator!

The faintest smile surfaced on his face as he found a familiar figure hidden amongst the crowd. When this smile formed, the breaths of many grew still,

and countless young maidens were finding their hearts rampaging, their groins slightly moistening, and their eyes locked onto his figure.

Ming Yuling had seen Wei Wuyin before in the War Devil Realm, but even she was once again starstruck by his appearance. If before he was obscenely handsome, enough to place him amongst the top Immortal Heroes Ranking off looks alone, now he was on a whole other level! It was like comparing night to day, absolutely absurd!

Wei Wuyin soon turned away, eliciting some unintentional cries of mournful loss, and analyzed the Void Gate. From his reports, this Void Gate led to the Main Hall, and the two obelisks beside it were conjurers of Entities, Incarnations meant to challenge talents for their rights to enter.

He still couldn't fathom that this would be how the Everlore Association would approach his welcome. Did they want him to fight? Was this their obvious plot to kill him? It felt a little low-tier. Moreover, the information out there clearly states his lack of an Alchemic Soul, and while false, it suggests that he wasn't without ability.

However, he soon received an explanation from the voice of the stage, San Luoyang.

"Junior Wei," San Luoyang didn't use any title, a clear sign of disrespect, but evidence of his intentions. He continued, "Due to receiving the invitation of a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, you should've been granted direct access to the Main Hall; however, your absence from the initial call of invitation, a call that was answered by EVERY officiated Mortal Sovereign Alchemist in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, your invitation has since been revoked."

Wei Wuyin listened carefully alongside those above on the inverted stage. They soon found out who this young man riding an avian creature was! Their hearts underwent a renewed set of heavy thumping again, not due to his looks, but his grand reputation and elusive existence thus far. Since his name spread, he's become a household name throughout the stellar region. There were countless speculations and discussions about him, with some receiving reports that felt skeptical, such as his immortal-like looks.

Which was just proven right!

However, he was as mysterious as the heavens' will, with no one being able to locate him or find anything but secondhand information from those

originating from his starfield. Some even began to disbelieve his existence, thinking of him as a hoax crafted by the Golden Life Pavilion for certain purposes. There were whispers here and there but nothing verifiable.

"Since you emerged, your reputation has skyrocketed to the heavens, shattering the conventions of the great Alchemic Dao, and affecting the state of affairs throughout the stellar regions." When San Luoyang said this, Wei Wuyin felt an urge to laugh. The 'conventions' of the Alchemic Dao were a jab at his non-Alchemic Soul cultivation base entering the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist ranks.

Since history has been documented in the stellar region, never has there been someone without an Alchemic Soul attaining this illustrious title, unless they had a Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivation base. The King of Everlore had broken that as well, rumored to have become a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist with an Alchemic Soul at the Qi Condensation Realm!

"In the name of fairness as a member of this era's younger generation, you'll be tested like the rest to regain your qualifications to enter the Main Hall. Unlike the others, as an Alchemist, we will allow you to challenge using the Alchemic Dao." San Luoyang finally openly stated their goal, not just him, but the goal of every peak-tier existence in the Main Hall, excluding his allies.

To test his ability as an Alchemist!

"And what, may I ask, is this challenge exactly?" Wei Wuyin asked, unable to conceal his interest in this show.

As if waiting for that question, San Luoyang immediately responded: "Junior Wei will be given a product concoction method of the low-tier, ninth-grade devised by the Everlore Association, unknown to all others. As long as you can successfully concoct this product, you'll have passed the challenge."

"And the time limit?" Wei Wuyin's brows lifted. The typical time for a successful concoction of a ninth-grade product was extremely long, even the Ma Clan's vast resources and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists took months to complete the concoction of Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pills.

"Due to the special circumstances of the situation, the time limit of the challenge will be uncapped. However, you're only allowed five failures before the challenge is considered a failure itself. As for the Preliminary Discussions, they will be placed on hold until success or failure has been determined.." San

Luoyang explained, shocking the Main Hall and the proving grounds audience.

Inside the Main Hall, Han Yuhei was stunned, looking at San Luoyang as if he was crazy. "Are you insane? Five attempts? Isn't that too low? And do you intend to keep the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit on pause for a decade or longer?" Han Yuhei knew that concoction times were typically lowered by the cooperation of lower-ranked alchemists assisting other higher-ranked alchemists. Not a single Mortal Sovereign Alchemist here didn't have a horde of Emperor Alchemists assisting them at all times, yet concocting a ninth-grade pill was still an obscenely time-consuming endeavor.

Yet when Han Yuhei questioned San Luoyang, none of the throne sitting figures revealed the slightest trace of surprise at these conditions. It was evident that they had agreed on these exact circumstances should Wei Wuyin arrive!

"And if I should fail?" Wei Wuyin curiously asked.

"Then, you will be denied entry into the Preliminary Discussions and Finalized Decision for Chosen Standards."

Wei Wuyin gave off a soft 'hm' of surprise. "Sounds interesting, but a little underwhelming," he stated with a shake of his head.

Underwhelming?

Interesting?

In truth, the vast majority of experts had heavy doubts as to the veracity of Wei Wuyin's skills in the Alchemic Dao, especially after sensing his dense mortal aura signifying his existence as a non-Ascended being.

San Luoyang's indifferent expression finally showed some change as a slight frown formed. 'Underwhelming?' He, too, felt that Wei Wuyin was treating this too lightly. As such, he sent his voice over once again: "Do you believe it's too easy for you?"

"Easy? No, just a little disappointing. How about this: we spice this challenge up, make it a bet?" Wei Wuyin countered with an offer.

"A bet?" San Luoyang was taken aback alongside everyone else.

Su Mei couldn't help but resist the urge to laugh. The last bet Wei Wuyin performed allowed him to claim the Alchemic Association in the Everlore Starfield. Furthermore, she knew greater than anyone how incredible Wei Wuyin's concoction speed and success rates were.

A low-tier, ninth-grade pill?

It was a little too easy.

"A simple bet, really. If I can prove that I'm a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, then..." Wei Wuyin lifted his eyes upwards, seeing the numerous talents gazing at him with various emotions and feelings, "...let's abolish this proving stage segment of the summit. Everyone here can enter the Main Hall, join in on the discussion, have their voices ripple into the upcoming era, and everyone outside can do so as well. All the youths under five hundred years old shall also receive the same treatment as successful challengers. All provided by the Everlore Association, of course."

"..." The Main Hall and proving stage went utterly silent.

Wu Yu glanced downwards and saw the golden mats exuding diluted Astralis Essence into the bodies of these youths. If the Everlore Association had to exhaust equivalent resources for each junior, they would suffer unimaginable losses.

San Luoyang also glanced downwards. He was about to refuse Wei Wuyin's ludicrous wager when his eyes flickered with a faint spiritual light. He had received a message from Evergod himself, and so he relayed the message:

"And if you fail to do so?"

"If I can't prove I'm a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, then I'll give the Everlore Association the complete concoction method of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill," Wei Wuyin declared.

"What?!" The Main Hall's throne-sitting figure finally revealed some stunned expressions. The development went far beyond their predictions. The era-defining product was being wagered ahead of the All-Alchemic Clash Royale!

Even the proving stage crowd went into an uproar. Wei Wuyin was risking this priceless concoction method for their entry? Most felt unquestionably moved by the gesture, but they felt that the Everlore Association definitely wouldn't

accept it. After all, since Wei Wuyin could wager this concoction method, then he was confident in winning!

But was there a need for the Everlore Association to accept?

Yet San Luoyang's next words overturned their beliefs, seemingly lured by the bait. "Then, we'll accept this bet. However, we'll change-

"You accept this wager?" Wei Wuyin interrupted.

"Yes, if you can-

"If I prove myself a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, then it'll be considered my victory?" Wei Wuyin interrupted, again.

"..." San Luoyang felt stifled by Wei Wuyin's continuous interruptions. Eventually, after restraining his growing impatience, he answered: "Yes, if you can prove yourself a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. If not, then you'll-

"Okay," Wei Wuyin clapped his hands together, completely interrupting San Luoyang once more. The sound echoed throughout the proving stage. Bai Lin unfurled her wings, revealing her majestic form to the world before she soared upwards and flew towards the Void Gate! The entire audience was stunned!

It's not like there hadn't been cultivators who tried to bypass their entity to rush the Void Gate, but the Void Gate would release a blast of spatial power that repelled all challengers without fail!

WOOSH!

Shockingly, Bai Lin wasn't fast but the Void Gate, as if hindered by some unfathomable power, did not release an ounce of spatial power as she approached. In an instant, before the eyes of everyone present, Wei Wuyin vanished into the Void Gate.

In the Main Hall, the young elites had shocked expressions as Wei Wuyin arrived on Bai Lin. Without waiting for them to process the information, Wei Wuyin lifted his eyes in San Luoyang's direction upwards as if knowing his location long ago! There wasn't a split second used to search.

"Well then," Wei Wuyin said as his silver eyes began to undergo a fantastical change!

"...!" The Earthly Saints and Creationists were all shaken after seeing this change. Within Wei Wuyin's eyes, seven-colored stars were born in each! They signified the seven aspects of alchemy, the recognition of the Alchemic Dao, and a type of unique Will solely bestowed upon Alchemists who've grasped the Mortal Dao and Alchemic Dao in a type of extreme unity! Only the genuine, the authentic, and the rightfully proven Alchemists had these stars!

The Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality!

Wei Wuyin stared straight into the eyes of the dazed San Luoyang, a clear grin on his expression.

Chapter 975: SCR Summit, Unity of the Alchemic Dao

Unequivocal, irrefutable, verifiable proof!

There was no greater evidence than the Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality for an Alchemist's skills, proven and accepted by the grand Alchemic Dao! It spoke volumes, revealing that an alchemist has sufficient knowledge, skill, and ability to concoct alchemical products in the ninth-grade without any outside or external assistance.

"You!" San Luoyang was uncharacteristically tongue-tied, unimaginably vexed by the situation. Suddenly, within his eyes, seven colorful stars manifested in each, mirroring Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Stars!

He, too, had attained the Alchemic Dao's approval, granted a higher Will towards the way of alchemy.

Without warning, replacing the Main Hall's ambient mana, a strange Utmost Purity Mist began to permeate the world. It was of a considerably lower quality than the Utmost Purity Mist commonly seen on cauldrons, and closely resembled the excess attached to certain alchemical products concocted in high-end cauldrons.

"What is this?!" Several Earthly Saints, leaders of their respective forces, and hegemony of domains were taken greatly aback by this strange phenomenon. They looked at the peerlessly handsome, silver-eyed Mortal Sovereign Alchemist before them and San Luoyang, realizing the mist was spreading with the empty space between them as the epicenter.

"Twilight Sovereign Mu?" An Earthly Saint of the All-Fury Starfield that had always admired Mu Yura, purposefully kept close, noted that she was experiencing a change. Her heterochromatic eyes manifested seven stars in each, revealing the Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality!

It wasn't just her!

The Mortal Sovereign Alchemist present, all 288 of them, began to experience drastic changes as their Alchemic Stars manifested within their eyes, mirroring the two others. Instantly, the entire Main Hall began to flood with Utmost Purity Mist.

The youths below gawked as they conjured astral wards in defense, yet the Utmost Purity Mist was as invasive as it was non-lethal, penetrating without the slightest resistance, and causing their pores to open. Their eyes opened as they breathed in the mist, and their Astral Souls united in a gracious howl as their meridians were infected by the mist.

Lin Ming was stunned; the Utmost Purity Mist invaded him from all angles, entering his pores, his orifices, and spreading like the most infectious poison. He found himself in euphoric pleasure within moments. The wisps of Alchemic Spirit Remnants within his body began to break down in the most mystical ways, and all the bits of unrefined alchemical products started to react, becoming extremely effective!

After three deep breaths, he felt his cultivation base elevate another notch, even faster and more seamless than the diluted Astralis Essence! In a minute, he felt as if his entire body had lost thousands upon thousands of pounds. The bodies of cultivators were unnaturally heavy, some weighing more than entire planets, a direct result of their vast innate energies, and dantian storing their Astral Cores.

"Amazing," he breathily said as he relished this experience. He wasn't the only one, even Su Mei, Xue Yifei, Wu Baozhai, Na Xinyi, and all the other Chosen and prospective Chosen experienced the exact circumstance. Remnants of their entire lives' refinement efforts, bits of unique alchemically altered essence and energies came out of the woodwork and were given new life.

The Ascended beings present weren't affected by the Utmost Purity Mist, and it actively avoided entering their bodies. Clearly, their states of existence exceeded the Mortal Dao, and as such were unable to receive the blessing of this fascinating phenomenon!

They could only observe in awe, committing this to memory as their own horizons were broadened. It's been a long, long time since many felt as if there was something new to observe in this world after living for thousands, some even tens of thousands of years. What hadn't they seen?

After seven full minutes, the Utmost Purity Mist vanished without any prior warning, dissipating like clear smoke on a clear day. The ambient mana of the Main Hall had to be replenished from the outside.

After it was over, eyes were shifting between the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists present. Some of them had frozen expressions, dull and lacking in consciousness. They were in a strange state. Others were hyper-aware, looking hastily at the others as if seeking if they too experienced the same.

Wei Wuyin and San Luoyang's gazes never left each other, but when the phenomena ended, so did the manifestations of their Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality.

"What was that?" Many asked, but no one answered.

Chen Yibo, the Earthly Saint of the Chen Clan, was already direct. So he didn't hesitate to speak loudly, "San Luoyang, what just happened?"

The question snapped San Luoyang out of his ongoing staring match against Wei Wuyin, causing him to close his eyes and take a deep breath. When he opened his eyes, looking at Wei Wuyin, there was a light of genuine respect within them.

San Luoyang mobilized his floating throne to take center stage, the others floating around him obediently. With a heavy expression, he explained: "A form of resonance of the Alchemic Dao; Alchemic Sovereign Wei induced a connective state between the Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality and induced a fusion of Wills. A cause for celebration for us all."

While he didn't directly speak about the benefits of such resonance, from how San Luoyang's form of address had changed, suffused with respect, there was no need to doubt that Wei Wuyin had proven his existence as an Alchemic Sovereign of the Mortal Dao.

Wei Wuyin's heart was pounding with torrentially explosive emotions. While he was calm outwardly, his Sea of Consciousness, particularly his vast sea of

mental energies, had depleted! He felt extremely drained, never having experienced such a terrifying sense of unity before.

When the resonance began, he felt various insights of the Alchemic Dao of another, specifically, San Luoyang, surging wildly within his thoughts, formulating as a type of experience. It didn't include the actual physical process, but the applicable and successful experiences.

However, trying to firmly remember these experiences had consumed a titanic amount of his refined mental energies. Fortunately, he had Eden and an absurdly high cultivation foundation. When he etched those insights into his memory, more began to manifest.

They included products he had and hadn't concocted, details regarding certain materials, errors and proper corrections during the concoction process, and so, so much more. He had a feeling that unless he used his mental energies, he would not be able to recall any of these insights into the Alchemic Dao after.

So with great haste, he utilized every drop of mental energy in his Sea of Consciousness, even resorting to using his refined alchemic eden force as a substitute, which was over ten times more effective. Regardless, he had gotten greedy. As he etched more of these insights, more continued to come. They originated from every one of these Mortal Sovereign Alchemists!

All 288 Mortal Sovereign Alchemists and their thousands and thousands, likely totaling over a million years of accumulated insights, successes, failures, corrections, and so much more was being openly shared by them all. This included him as well.

After exhausting his Sea of Consciousness's mental energy reserves and Eden's, he tried to convert the forces of Ori, King, and Kratos into alchemic eden force. Unfortunately, the resonance ended!

Wei Wuyin sighed as he took out a vial of elixir and directly consumed it, allowing his Astral Souls to refine it and replenish his mental energies. It was easier to replenish than to reinforce, so by the time San Luoyang had finished, Wei Wuyin's mental energy reserves already exceeded most cultivators at his level, allowing him to properly function.

"Are you okay?" Wei Wuyin heard Wu Yu's spiritual transmission, concern oozing out of his voice after seeing how briefly dull Wei Wuyin's gaze was, very similar to some of these Mortal Sovereign Alchemists.

Wei Wuyin subtly nodded. This brought relief to Wu Yu. Just like him, those Mortal Sovereign Alchemists had overdraft their mental energies trying to grasp those Alchemical Insights born by the phenomenon called the Unity of Alchemic Stars. Simply named, yet rightfully understood by all.

In just this brief seven minutes, Wei Wuyin had directly gained thousands of years of insights into the Alchemic Dao, greatly saving him endless centuries of arduous efforts. Unfortunately, the Unity of the Alchemic Stars can only affect an alchemist once every seven hundred years.

The only exception is through dual cultivation, a different type of unity would form limited to only two individuals rather than a potentially limitless amount.

Wei Wuyin felt that, if he had known ahead of time, he could've sought out insights that boggled him, navigating the endless sea of information.

'The Alchemic Dao truly breaks the conventions of cultivation. Just exchanging information can be done, but cultivation makes this almost impossible. Not even Earthly Saints can send such clear, profound bits of information to their descendants.' Wei Wuyin heaved a heavy breath as he was promptly reminded of the difficulties of standard cultivation.

Wu Yu turned to San Luoyang and calmly said, "Since you admit his status, the Everlore Association should keep true to their word."

"..." The Earthly Saints, Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, Forgers, Architects, and young geniuses were all silent, looking at the sitting San Luoyang with varying gazes. They made a bet and immediately lost! Moreover, they were extremely foolish to accept when Wei Wuyin was confident! Did they think he was bluffing?

While many were amazed that Wei Wuyin was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist at his proclaimed age, it didn't cause tremendous waves in their minds or hearts. After all, six or so years, they were all discussing him in the same vein as the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, King of Everlore, and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists. In fact, it was extremely easy to accept, especially when one thought about how the Golden Life Pavilion would never lie about something so important.

They were excited to just have confirmation.

San Luoyang took another deep breath, not understanding what Evergod was intending, but knew that it was his fault for screwing up. Evergod's orders were to elevate the difficulty of the challenge in light of this new wager, but Wei Wuyin had seized the momentum of his dialogue, disrupting him, and pushing him to a cliff of premature acceptance.

All Wei Wuyin did was perform what they agreed upon, no concoction necessary, but 'proved' he was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist beyond any shadow of a doubt. Even Evergod himself would find it difficult to escape this trap without looking like sore losers.

A matter of face was the issue, even more so since it concerned the entirety of those cultivators outside and inside. If public opinion was to be taken into account, they would go down in a blaze of hellfire for refusing to pay up. These were all elites, especially the older cultivators that didn't wish to throw their lives away.

However, how could he accept that? Even if they were rained in hellfire, it wouldn't change their status in the stellar region. They were needed as alchemical products were always needed.

San Luoyang was going to refuse! He'll explain clearly that the conditions he meant to say were halted by Wei Wuyin's continued interruptions.

"I-" He got out a single word when another spiritual transmission came in, shaking him to his core, as he looked towards the grinning Wei Wuyin with a tinge of fear.

It was a message from Evergod!

And it said: "Agree! We can not give him the opportunity."

It was merely this, but San Luoyang's thoughts were remarkably quick and he swiftly understood Wei Wuyin's plans as if he could vividly visualize the eventual result.

First, the Everlore Association would refuse this ridiculous request, set impossible conditions that Wei Wuyin couldn't possibly pass given his age, even if the Unity of Alchemic Stars helped him, and then continue with the summit as normal.

Then, the hellfire of disapproval would begin, tanking the Everlore Association's position as stronger, more relevant cultivators were denied entry or died at the hands of their Entities.

After widespread dissatisfaction stellar region-wide, a new alchemical association could miraculously manifest itself into existence, mounted on the momentum of the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist Wei Wuyin! A household name by almost every elite after this.

Their refusal would give an opening for competition, and with the ongoing wave of frustration and dissatisfaction flowing towards them, the business might sway away from them. It was a targeted attack on their livelihood! Evergod instantly realized the implications, especially if Wei Wuyin refused to accept another challenge after proving himself.

Furthermore, it's not as if the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill's creator could be absent from the summit! Who knows how many would feel that it was a pointless endeavor, leaving in droves? The Everlore Association would single-handedly cause the failure of the summit, becoming a laughingstock after organizing it all.

This was why San Luoyang had fear in his eyes when he saw Wei Wuyin, clearly enlightened to the mine that he had almost unwittingly stepped on. With a bright, confident smile, San Luoyang announced: "Of course, we will! We're the Everlore Association. As per the wager, they're all allowed into the Main Hall."

Wei Wuyin inwardly cursed as he noticed from his peripheral vision the nodding heads of several Earthly Saints, approving of the Everlore Association's poise. In their minds, this was deliberately done to prevent further deaths and dissatisfaction from them. After all, it was ludicrous to think they willingly agreed to this wager just to lose most expectedly. They weren't stupid, right?

But did the Everlore Association have such wealth to exhaust? Just the price for the diluted Astralis Essence must be absurd. Wei Wuyin had seen their treatment from the folds of space as the Main Hall and Proving Stage were tethered next to each other in the folds of space.

"We'll need to find equivalent alternatives as Astralis Essence is a very limited resource, but I can assure you, the treatment of those beneath five hundred

years of age will not be any inferior to those who succeeded in the challenge." After saying this, San Luoyang brought out a strange talisman.

Wu Yu openly scoffed. But he couldn't help but think about how many cultivators' lives Wei Wuyin saved through this single bet.

Paragon Of Sin #Chapter 976: SCR Summit, Enter All ! - Read Paragon Of Sin Chapter 976: SCR Summit, Enter All !

Chapter 976: SCR Summit, Enter All !

Evergod wasn't wrong; Wei Wuyin intended to use this opportunity to carve an unerasable hole in the image of the Everlore Association's prestige. The instincts of an Alchemic Saint were terrifying, likely influenced heavily by his past experiences.

San Luoyang's agreement had overturned this well-thought-out ploy, leaving Wei Wuyin unable to capitalize. After experiencing Evergod's overt attempt on his life, he intended to viciously hammer the Everlore Association into the dust. This was merely the first move in the current climate of non-aggression.

While Wei Wuyin faced off against the smiling, agreeable San Luoyang, down below in the crowd of young talents, several individuals watched Wei Wuyin and Bai Lin with various emotions. Amongst them was a heated gaze from Tang Xingyun, the Chosen of the Tang Clan. Within those fiery depths, anger, frustration, a tinge of greed, and dissatisfaction flowed without conflict, all directed towards the duo in the air.

Tang Xingyun had kept tabs on the development of Lin Ming, learning that their actions had caused him to be ridiculed and accused as a false Chosen in the True Element Sect. His prestige had taken a heavy hit, and his talents were buried beneath controversy stemming from his greatest known achievement.

All of this was due to Wei Wuyin's actions of using self-damaging methods to heavily amplify his strength, acting as a barrier to Lin Ming's rise, forcing him to use a different method to obtain the Chosen title. She was still in that belief, as an Alchemist, especially a young alchemist like Wei Wuyin at the Mortal

Sovereign level would have invested the vast majority of their life into the Alchemic Dao.

While his achievements were outstanding, she felt it was extremely unlikely that he could defeat a genuine talent at the same stage of cultivation. That said, she didn't dismiss his feats and attainments in the Alchemic Dao, impressive for sure.

Then, the Fire Phoenix! She heard rumors regarding the ownership of it, such as a successful experiment by Trueborn, belonging to the Void Voyage Sect, an ancient excavated beast from the Ninestar Starfield, and many more, yet she hadn't thought it belonged to Wei Wuyin!

This beast had caused her clan to suffer unimaginable losses, especially that armored Earthly Saint that almost killed her mother. A fierce light glinted in her eyes, yet the desire was unable to be hidden. The Fire Phoenix's essence blood was the critical piece of material needed to elevate the Tang Clan to higher levels.

If she intended to be a genuine expert, a hegemon that could sit in one of those thrones one day, she needed it more than anything. Her want was as hot as a hundred Solar Stars. Yet she felt immensely frustrated at this revelation. Wei Wuyin wasn't a minor or ordinary figure, having the support of the Golden Life Pavilion, Grand Knight Wu Yu, and the armored Earthly Saint; he had four Earthly Saints he could move with little effort. After all, the Golden Life Pavilion's current Pavilion Master, Ma Zheng, owed Wei Wuyin far too much for his position.

It went without saying the Fire Phoenix was a terrifying force on its own, further worsening the situation.

This far surpassed the Tang Clan's ability. Just this force alone was enough to sweep across starfields, let alone a Saint-less Noble Clan. She felt despair. A heavy feeling of sullen despair. She only felt slightly relieved after experiencing the bathing of Utmost Purity Mist, galvanizing her alchemic remnants into newly refined strength.

Kree?

Bai Lin's bestial instincts directed her towards a particular gaze, causing her golden eyes to look downwards and note a beautiful woman below. When

their gazes met, the woman's eyes widened slightly, realizing she was noticed, and hastily turned away.

Unfortunately for her, Bai Lin pinpointed her instantly, and her image was reflected in her golden eyes. That aura emanating from her body was incomparably familiar.

"It's them!" Bai Lin mentally sent to Wei Wuyin. Wei Wuyin no longer felt a need to continue with San Luoyang as he busied himself with something. His eyes followed Bai Lin's mental indicators, passing by a few familiar figures, and then stopping on a gorgeous figure. His first impression of her was that of a burning lotus in the spring, refreshing and astonishing to witness. For a moment, Wei Wuyin was taken aback.

"It's the Tang Clan! I know that aura!" Bai Lin's mental tone was reverberating with intense killing intent. Wei Wuyin did not doubt that if the Mythical Oaths weren't in place, Bai Lin would've incinerated this nation-toppling beauty without the slightest hesitation.

They had passed the inverted crowd in the proving stage, so there was bound to have been a section with the Tang Clan present, perhaps even the Tang Matriarch herself, but the invisible barrier concealed auras from entering in a one-way fashion, preventing those spectating from interfering with the challenges, yet allowing those below to feel the intensity and auras of challengers as a learning experience.

"I see." Wei Wuyin could only caress the enraged Bai Lin whose feathers seemed primed for a fight. She carried a lot of animosity towards those who tried to capture her. However, eliminating them wasn't so simple, or he would've done so before. After learning more about the starfield's relations, he knew the Tang Clan had a member embedded in the Imperial Clan, and she was intimately connected to the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor.

It would be a little too early to enter into conflict with such a powerful being. All of his trump cards might fail to hold that being back for a mere second, and he didn't wish to throw his life away for a measly Tang Clan.

"We'll deal with them later," he comfortingly said, adding: "I promise."

Kree...

Bai Lin begrudgingly accepted, also knowing about the complex relations with an existence that Wei Wuyin felt cautious towards. She wasn't so idiotic to put the cart before the horse, taking revenge only to lose everything in return. What's the point of revenge then?

Suddenly, Bai Lin's eyes brightened with an idea. "She's important to the Tang Clan, right?"

Wei Wuyin felt a little uneasy after hearing this, but replied nevertheless: "She should be Tang Xingyun; her mother is the current Tang Matriarch, she's the Vermillion Flame Saintess, and likely its youngest Chosen."

Bai Lin's eyes lit with a flash of greater brilliance than before, inspired as she arrogantly said: "Take her!"

"What?" Wei Wuyin was taken aback.

Bai Lin let loose a rather evil laugh, her mischievous nature leaking. "They wanted to kidnap me, then you should do the same to her. Teach them how it felt." With a heart containing the flames of vengeance, her thoughts were extremely simple. An eye of an eye; a tooth for a tooth. Wei Wuyin didn't even want to think about what Bai Lin was implying, but considering she was aware of his principles, it was unlikely it was as vile as it sounded.

He could only internally sigh. Just as he was about to comfort Bai Lin while declining her straightforward idea, his silver eyes flickered with an idea, recalling the cultivation method of the Tang Clan and the rumors. With a faint smile, he gently caressed Bai Lin's feathers, "Alright."

Bai Lin was stunned for a moment, shocked that Wei Wuyin unhesitatingly agreed. But then, she grew incomparably excited. Her plan must have been a great one!

While an idea formed, it wasn't just Tang Xingyun that was staring at Wei Wuyin and Bai Lin soaring above their heads.

Lin Ming clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles grew white, his arms slightly trembled, and his heart sped up. Since Lin Xianxei had been taken by Wei Wuyin, there's been a sense of distance, and she refused to talk about their encounter or what he wanted. She merely brushed it off, saying it was merely to warn her not to spread lies.

He had never felt so powerless against someone that could be considered a part of his generation before. Even after coming to the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, his age, cultivation base, cultivation attainments such as Elemental Origin Intent, establishing a Domain Seed before the Realm World Phase, and defeating experts with hundreds of years on their belts, placed him firmly amongst the elites of his generation.

If his age was considered, few could match him. Despite this, Wei Wuyin made him feel this chasm of extreme difference. Moreover, he kept suffering mental setbacks whenever Wei Wuyin was involved. Whether it was the Elementus Chosen Trials, the Domain Seed via Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pills, eliminating one of his greatest advantages that cost a young girl's life and two souls to be injured, or the way Lin Xianxei looked at him now, Lin Ming felt as if he was suffering a steady and continuous barrage of losses with Wei Wuyin at the center of it all.

A blip of elemental light erupted from his Aegis of the Elements, causing a voice to flow into his thoughts. "Don't stress yourself over this alchemist. It'll be best if you befriend him, remove all grudgeful thoughts."

"Befriend?" Lin Ming felt as if he was told a joke, wanting to laugh, but he subconsciously had tremendous respect and reverence for this voice, having a clue as to who it belonged to, so he held himself back.

The voice continued, "In this world, there are countless geniuses and talents, many buried beneath the sands of obscurity, forgotten throughout time. Do you know why?"

Lin Ming frowned, instinctively answering: "Too many people in this world. The resources of this world can't be shared equally, so most can't manifest themselves into true experts, or die off too early on their cultivation path from difficulties or calamities."

This answer might be mirrored by most if given the same question.

However, the voice released a heavy, slightly frustrated sigh carrying vicissitudes of age and failure. It said, "Yes and no. If a cultivator was to cultivate using the materials from heaven and earth, the ambient energies provided by the world, let's say...the Myriad Yore Starfield...no, I guess you'll be familiar with it as the Imperial Heaven Starfield or Everlore Starfield, what would their limits be?"

"..." Lin Ming's frown deepened, and he recalled Lin Xianxei's words. According to her, the limit possible was the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm. There might be deviation here and there, but it would never exceed the Realm World Phase. The Everlore Starfield was already suffering from this degradation, only having a single False Realmlord after thousands of years, despite producing at least five Mystic Ascendant Realm experts.

A stark, noticeable difference.

That's when Lin Ming realized what the voice was driving at.

And the voice seemed to catch that he got it, continuing: "The limits of the environment stifle talent, regardless of how great it is, no matter the Dao it stands on. The same is true for Alchemists, to the point where the King of Everlore was unable to become an Alchemic Saint despite his ungodly levels of talent in the Alchemic Dao.

"But with the Alchemic Dao complementing one's cultivation path, trash can become a treasure, and treasure can reach limits vastly exceeding its worth and foundation. Don't underestimate the Alchemic Dao and the benefits of having an Alchemist by your side, especially a talented one."

Clearly, there was a hefty load of experience in every word spoken by the voice, suffused with the wisdom of a cultivator that had seen the lowest point and risen to great heights.

Lin Ming felt enlightened. While the idea of befriending Wei Wuyin felt grotesque to him, he understood the importance of the Alchemic Dao more, and the critical impact the environment had on cultivators.

Curiously, he asked: "What's the limits of the Aeternal Sky Starfield's environment?"

"...As it stands? Should be an Earthly Saint, but it's too nascent in its current state, only having this environment for a short period. Perhaps in another hundred thousand years, the starfield alone will have thousands of Earthly Saints." The voice thoughtfully explained. The Supermassive Solar Star, the Aeternal Sky Star, with the largest Mystic Radiance Belt in the stellar region, was only a few tens of thousands of years old, and before it was formed, there was no Earthly Saint.

After it was formed?

Just the Aeternal Sky Starfield had dozens!

San Luoyang had finished his preparations. Outside, both the proving stage and the Voidships orbiting Ever-Sky, all heard a grand, powerful voice of San Luoyang.

"From henceforth, the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit will allow all to enter, joining the discussion that will likely alter the course of our world! Come! All!"

BOOM!

As his words resounded, the pillar of light grew three times larger, stretching three times further, and gave off a warm light. The hearts of every passenger in all those Voidships was pounding fiercely in their chests!

An opulently dressed chubby man held his youngest son, his eyes wide with surprise. His youngest son, who heard all of his adventures in his past as bedtime stories, said in awe: "Will we see the Young Master, daddy?"

The chubby man instinctively replied with an absentminded tone, "He doesn't like to be called young..."

Within the proving stage, the violet-skinned figure was stunned. She pouted slightly, aggrieved that her master's words prevented her from challenging those Entities. Her emotions were a far cry from everyone else, who gasped and exclaimed in joy and disbelief.

The Void Gate released a soft hum as the invisible barrier and artificial gravity disappeared! Those in the crowd were sent down to the stage. It seemed San Luoyang was telling the truth! The unconcealed excitement at escaping the possibility of death was on full display, especially for the older Chosen and non-Chosen.

Chapter 977: SCR Summit, A Packed Venue

An open invitation!

Personally spoken by San Luoyang himself.

It shook the entire world. While skepticism and uncertainty were seeded within the minds of most, it was destroyed by a few brave organizations that fully

trusted the Everlore Association's integrity and word. These organizations took their crew, leaving behind a few essentials, and took to the Dark Void. They flew their way into the pillar of light without any hesitation.

Their success had instantly alleviated all their festering fears, and they followed along with excited eyes and racing hearts. The scene of thousands upon thousands turning into hundreds of thousands flowing into the pillar of light was a grand sight. It inspired others, those without the capability of flying in the Dark Void, to bring their Voidships closer.

Those with an Astral Realm Core cultivation base began to leap with their children in tow. It was shocking to think there were those at the Qi Condensations Realm present, waiting, just observing the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit from afar without the slightest expectations of participating. They hoped, by some godly reason, that the Everlore Association and Earthly Saints granted them the ability to witness the crucial moments of the summit.

It was a foolish thought, but not it wasn't every day that cultivators lived through an era-changing event. The Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit had been explosively hyped thus far, spread far and wide as the next great change. How could they miss it?

The proving stage acted as a segue for these cultivators. Some decent Exalted acted without being prompted, flying towards the new arrivals and gently ushering them through the Void Gate into the Main Hall. The few good-hearted cultivators became a growing trend as more and more decided to help the weak, especially considering the vast distance between the entry point and Void Gate. For them, it was merely a blink of an eye, but for some of these Qi Condensation Realm cultivators, they could take days.

The development caused those in the Main Hall to feel shocked, not by the genuine acts of care, but by the sheer number of cultivators pouring into the Main Hall.

Chen Yibo sighed, "They're serious." The lost wager by Wei Wuyin was a sight of the Everlore Association being tricked. The Everlore Association had many opportunities to decline it, even avoiding some blame, such as bringing the Earthly Saints in as having deciding power over this wager, and since they hadn't spoken yet, it wouldn't be verified.

Their neglect might have aroused some anger in them, but most were too lazy to involve themselves. Moreover, doing so will offend Wei Wuyin. The

Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists present, especially the alchemists, were subconsciously considering Wei Wuyin a threat.

He revealed his Mortal Sovereign Alchemist status, likely verifying that he was indeed a Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, as the Golden Life Pavilion had reported years ago, and this had an extraordinary impact on his value. Even if one excluded his alliance with the Golden Life Pavilion, the reveal of the Fire Phoenix made many leaders distance themselves from this.

The Fire Phoenix!

Who didn't know of the losses the Tang Clan experienced at the hands of an armored Earthly Saint? None of them were ignorant idiots; the two recent deaths that shook the stellar region, the Ravenous Edge True King and World Prison True Queen, followed by the downfall of a starfield, were all caused by this event.

Wei Wuyin had two terrifyingly powerful Earthly Saints, Wu Yu and the armored Earthly Saint, including an ancient Fire Phoenix, a young age with extremely high Alchemic Talent, and access to the Golden Life Pavilion's resources. It was clear that, despite being a mere mortal amongst Ascended beings, he was one of the most terrifying figures here.

In truth, at times, many of their gazes flickered to the entourage of the Imperial Clan, intrigued by their eventual responses to the Tang Clan's losses. Will they take Wei Wuyin to the task? After all, 'that' woman had a relatively high status and importance to the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor.

However, Empress Xiaocheng and the eleven Earthly Saints representing the Imperial Clan were all silent. Some had their eyes closed, others were staring at the rushing flood of cultivators, and most were looking at Wei Wuyin with unreadable gazes. It was difficult to discern their thoughts!

Soon, San Luoyang began to wave his talisman around, executing some exceptional morphing spell that seemingly touched upon the foundation of the Main Hall's unique environment. For example, the Main Hall was expansive yet felt closed off, but without warning, it became abnormally spacious. It just felt larger.

Those successful challengers gasped and exclaimed as they were shaken by the ground beneath their feet. It lifted upwards, and a circular platform rose to just beneath the thrones, spanning tens of miles. Then, a ring rose covering

hundreds of miles that surrounded the circular platform. In the eight directions, stairs were present on the platform.

Suddenly, three areas were formed, the central platform and two rings. Those who entered were stunned as their bodies began to move without their power, whisking them away from the kind-hearted cultivators, and placing them in one of the three rings.

Those aged cultivators without much cultivation base to speak of were sent to the outer ring. It expanded tens of thousands of miles, capable of housing billions. They were scattered around the outer ring as they came, grouped in the order they came in to restrict unwanted separations.

Those young cultivators beneath the age of five hundred, whether they were five or four hundred and ninety-nine, were all brought to the inner ring. This was an unavoidable separation, causing some parents and guardians to exclaim and shout in panic.

"My child! Stop! BABY NO!"

"Yan'er! Yan'er!"

"Don't let go! Okay, don't let go!"

For a while, it became a tragic scene that caused those with power to frown. Fortunately, San Luoyang was quick to act. "Calm. All those beneath the age of five hundred will be brought to the Inner Ring of the Summit, given a treatment befitting Chosen. Do not panic; they will all be returned to their rightful homes after the summit concludes without harm. Until then, each of them will be the Everlore Association's responsibility!"

Some of these children were no more than three years of age, barely cultivating, still at the Foundation Establishment Realm, which was wrestled away from their parents. It was a wonder who decided to bring them on a to view the summit which lasts for five years. But their foolish action had inadvertently caused their children to benefit to an exceptional level!

Sometimes, it paid off to be reckless.

Those parents and guardians were in confused tears as the voice resounded, but when it finished, their hearts pounded with exhilaration! These youngsters

were going to receive a fortuitous encounter that could only be wished for! A tinge of envy had emerged in the hearts of a few.

It was shocking how many cultivators beneath five hundred there were. San Luoyang had to activate the talisman again, causing the inner ring to expand a few tens of miles to accommodate. He had a little bit of a headache.

'Vice-President Evergod is thinking long-term.' San Luoyang had to constantly remind himself as he recalled the details of the wager. Then, he turned to Wei Wuyin with a faintly forced smile, "Our supply of Astralis Essence is limited; we'll be using the alternatives to satisfy the wager, all roughly equivalent in their benefits. Any thoughts?"

Wei Wuyin knew that Astralis Essence was the core material within a natural Solar Star's core. When he initially arrived in the Main Hall, his Celestial Eyes swept the entire scene once, and he acutely noticed a diluted form of it effusing from those golden mats below. It would be delusional to think the Everlore Association could provide the same type of treatment for the hundreds of thousands of beings beneath five hundred. As such, he had no thoughts on the subject.

"Do as you please," Wei Wuyin's words came off rather indifferently. He was still skeptical if the Everlore Association could afford to bring out such a great amount of wealth and resources.

"Furthermore, this degree of treatment will only last until the Preliminary Discussion ends or six months is reached. That was our original intention." San Luoyang informed Wei Wuyin which was rather reasonable. It would be insane to think it was for an entire five years.

Wei Wuyin inwardly smiled, "Understood." The Everlore Association had an out, but the losses will not be small. He looked downwards. There were almost seven hundred thousand cultivators already present. This included low-level talents such as every last Qi Condensation Realm cultivator and those of a lower-stage, weaker-talent Astral Core Realm. They were mostly at the first stage or second stage, many reaching four hundred or five hundred years.

As for those in the outer ring, it wasn't much greater in population, barely eight hundred thousand. This was mostly due to how the vast majority of those beneath five hundred were crew members and members of wealthy families,

while those in the outer ring included those wealthy members and elders of forces.

Those juniors not Chosen, prospective Chosen or relatives to powerful figures of their homeland were all at home. They simply had no reason to come, sacrificing five years of their lives and cultivation time without benefit. Not to mention the months of travel time in the Dark Void or cost for Void Gates.

It was already shocking that the number neared two million!

Suddenly, from the central circular platform, a square platform covered in golden mats rose slightly higher from its center, creating another ring, the central ring. This ring included all those Chosen and prospective Chosen that had passed their challenges.

San Luoyang had another headache.

Wei Wuyin and the rest realized the issue; the rings and platform were elevated by importance, an invisible signal of whose voice held greater weight, yet it was difficult for those Ascended beings to receive the proper relevance in this setting.

In the end, San Luoyang said: "All Ascended! Listen, fly up!" His order shook a few before some took action. They soared upwards until they met an invisible barrier that formed a demarcation line, separating them from the floating thrones, yet their elevation was dependent on their cultivation stage. Some were halted at the outer ring. They were all Exalted, those at the Mystic Star Phase, considered 'false' Ascended beings.

The Venerables reached the height of the Inner ring, alongside those under the age of five hundred, before being stopped. The Highlords were halted at the center ring, a few meters away from the successful challengers' square platform. Their voice was limited to this.

San Luoyang then said, "While you've all been granted entry to the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, those of talents can still challenge entities to gain qualifications to represent their forces!"

The pupils of many shrunk! They still had to risk their lives for a greater degree of representation?! This was a nightmare to some! But to the vast majority, this was still great because they were given front-row seats!

"No need." A voice resounded in the heads of everyone, carrying a terrifying level of spiritual strength.

Chapter 978: SCR Summit, No Difference

San Luoyang's expression changed, °A spiritual amplification treasure?° The Spiritual Strength emanating this transmission covered thousands of miles and was abnormally powerful, yet was still fundamentally at the mortal level.

The voice belonged to Wei Wuyin!

Wei Wuyin looked at the world below, riding Bai Lin, giving the image of an immortal soaring the skies upon a phoenix. With a comforting smile, he said: "There's no need. The voice of everyone beneath five hundred is equal; there is no difference between any of you."

When he spoke, the entire world went into an uproar! Equal? No difference? What?! No one believed this, even the Earthly Saints and Creationists sitting upon their thrones gave Wei Wuyin looks, intrigued, curious, and wondering.

However, amongst the puzzled and disbelieving gazes, one gaze stood out—Su Mei! Her clear, untainted black pupils flickered with a knowing light. She knew exactly what Wei Wuyin meant! Why? Because she lived it.

"Alchemic Sovereign Wei, what do you mean by this?" San Luoyang's eyes narrowed. The events planned for the summit will not simply conclude because a single Mortal Sovereign Alchemist spoke, this would directly harm the Everlore Association's prestige, giving full momentum to Wei Wuyin to run the show!

Wei Wuyin didn't shrink back from the attention or questioning. He swept his silver eyes across every throne, halting momentarily when it reached Empress Xiaocheng, his pupils imperceptibly shrinking for the briefest of moments before moving on. Then, those eyes looked down. Bai Lin soared as he got a good look at everyone, and those with good eyesight saw him.

There were waves of awe and shock. Most hadn't known or noticed Wei Wuyin, but San Luoyang had revealed his identity to everyone! Moreover, he was even greater than the exaggerated rumors suggested! Especially in terms of appearance!

That face, body, and demeanor of his was soul-impacting. The majority of females present's eyes widened, unrefined love sprouting in their hearts, sudden lust heating their bodies, and inspiring thoughts of imaginary futures and events swarming their minds. Who knew how many wedding ceremonies Wei Wuyin had in these daydreams?

"What do I mean? Simply this: All those here, every last one, has the potential to transcend the current standards of Chosen, as long as they are eligible. Therefore," Bai Lin returned to her original location, allowing Wei Wuyin to stare San Luoyang down, continuing: "there's no difference between those here now and the correlation of future Chosen. There's no need to voice their opinion, simply because they aren't qualified to do so. The ignorant and uninvolved can not decide the direction of the future; this includes..."

Wei Wuyin's words were like thunder in their ears, and those sitting on the thrones, these Earthly Saints, Forgers, Architects, and Alchemists all understood his implied intent! Their expressions all underwent drastic changes!

°Interesting.° An imperceptible smile formed on the Number ONE beauty's expression, an extremely rare sight that elevated her looks by another notch. It was a shame that the vast majority of everyone's attention was on Wei Wuyin, an existence not the slightest bit inferior to her.

"Rubbish!" An old male Imperial Monarch shouted, waving their hands dismissively. "Youthful ignorance!" The Imperial Monarch held nothing back, his voice rumbling throughout the world and stating his opinion about Wei Wuyin's thoughts. Others might have some reservations about offending Wei Wuyin for no reason, but he had no qualms.

What was a little Wei Wuyin before the Imperial Clan?

Moreover, they know he's not from some extraordinary force exceeding their stellar region. At best, he's a member of those forces hiding away in the depths of the spatial folds, thriving off ancient legacies, and mostly forgotten by history. None of those forces inspired fear in the Imperial Clan, not even Wu Yu or the armored Earthly Saint.

Tian MUYANG was present too, his eyes a little gloomy after hearing the old Imperial Monarch's berating words. He didn't have the same belief as him, firmly of the notion that Wei Wuyin genuinely had a transcendent organization with the King of Everlore pinned in its shadow.

"Are you suggesting that we, the Earthly Saints of the starfield, have no qualifications to determine the standards of Chosen?" A white-robed man with sword-like eyebrows, a green gourd at his waist, and a sword sheath on his back, gave Wei Wuyin a sharp glance. He was Jiang Wudao, the current leader of the Jiang Clan, and widely considered the number one Sword Cultivator throughout the stellar region.

His line of questioning brought a formless pressure from most of the Earthly Saints' gazes to Wei Wuyin. Wu Yu was about to act as their Awakened Mystic Intent, an extension of their Will, unintentionally began infecting the ambient mana and affecting its fluctuations. Right now, Wei Wuyin's location was flooded by tumultuous mana, threatening to suffocate him and Bai Lin. That was formless pressure!

Yet Wu Yu found that Wei Wuyin and Bai Lin didn't even flinch against this pressure that would break most mortals, his eyes remained calm and serene without the slightest signs of discomfort. Wei Wuyin directly nodded, "I am."

"...!" Those two words confirming his words had shaken everyone! To Wei Wuyin, the Earthly Saints lacked the qualifications to determine the Chosen standards?! The statement felt absurd to them! If not them, then who?

"Hahahaha!" Chen Yibo laughed heartily. "Brave fellow," he commented with eyes flickering with an enraged light. His emotions were reflected in many of the Earthly Saints, especially those from the Imperial Clan. Even Tian Lingyu carried a heavy frown despite knowing of Wei Wuyin's means as a Saintmaker.

"Presumptuous youth," An Earthly Saint scolded.

"It's best if you allow the Everlore Association to continue their intended path. The Preliminary Discussions are still ongoing and you have a seat here that no one will object to. And we have questions that'll help solidify the initial standards." The sole Earthly Saint of the Rainbow World Starfield, dressed beautifully in the seven colors of the spectrum, spoke out for Wei Wuyin.

Wei Wuyin was taken aback by this cultivator. It belonged to a young girl, no more than sixteen years in appearance, yet she gave him a terrifying feeling that almost matched the Soul Saint King. His instincts were telling him that she was extremely terrifying! Moreover, he felt a lingering feeling from his Bloodline of Sin.

Blessed!

If it wasn't for that and the terrifying feeling she gave him, her appearance was a rather ordinary, almost girl-next-door type. She looked dainty and sweet, her every action seemed innocent, and she could be easily forgotten in a crowd if not for her colorful attire.

However, Wei Wuyin could only send a kind smile her way, silently thanking her for her good intentions. But he continued, ignoring the various remarks: "Who invented Chosen?"

A single question and everyone went silent. They all knew who created it! A legendary figure of the greatest caliber, the first Earthly Saint Alchemist and first Worldly Saint Alchemist! The greatest alchemist in the last ten thousand years that has had the most influence throughout the stellar region!

At one point in time or another, except for the newest Ascended, all those sitting on thrones had encountered this existence in the same way, shape, or form in their lifetime or were still being affected by his legendary reputation. More than half greatly benefited from his products, and amongst those who had the opportunity, they contributed their current success to his intervention.

The King of Everlore!

Wei Wuyin nodded, "Then you all understand; the only one qualified to set the standards of Chosen is an alchemist. Why? Because we excavate talent. Why? Because we can turn talentless into talented. Why? Because trash with no hope in your eyes can become treasure vastly exceeding you in every way with OUR assistance. The Chosen standards should be determined by our limits, not any theoretical limits, just as the King of Everlore had determined his Chosen standards by 'his' limits. After all, there's no Chosen King yet, is there?"

"..." A silent world was the reply. No one could deny his words! The continuous failure in the Chosen King Competition showed that no Chosen was capable of reaching the King of Everlore's standards of what a true Chosen, those beneath five hundred years, should or could be! They also knew that the absurd initial difficulty had caused many of them to lower the requirements for Chosen, and the King of Everlore never explicitly stated any set standards.

"No one else but alchemists is qualified to determine the standards for Chosen. That's my honest belief," Wei Wuyin stated plainly. Moreover, it was insidiously difficult to refute this belief! Who didn't know the might of an alchemist's efforts? Alchemic Knights exist for a reason! They devote their lives to this opportunity, becoming a sword for their Alchemist to receive dedicated treatment.

San Luoyang heavily frowned.

"Since you're confident of your claim, I ask: what do you suggest we do for this summit?" A majestic voice resounded! The eyes of everyone on the thrones lit with brilliant light! Wu Yu's eyes flickered with murderous intent, an instinctive reaction to this voice. Even he didn't know why!

But those on the thrones were fully aware of the owner of this voice—Evergod! The Vice-President of the Everlore Association! A genuine Alchemic Saint! They didn't expect him to appear so early! At the moment, they were merely at the Preliminary Discussions stage. If any Alchemic Saint were to show themselves, it should've been at the end to officiate any final decisions!

Wei Wuyin's eyes slightly narrowed, unable to determine where the voice originated from. His expression remained calm as he thought about the voice's identity, feeling confident about his initial guess. And from the reactions of everyone present, it was likely the case!

Evergod!

"Change the preliminary discussion testing criteria. No one beneath the age of five hundred years lacks the ability to be molded into Chosen of any standards decided upon, so it makes no difference to hear their thoughts or anyone else's." Wei Wuyin seized the initiative and unhesitatingly spoke out his innermost thoughts. While those below felt a little miffed at being relegated to watchers, Wei Wuyin's words were both reasonable and brought them hope!

If they thought themselves inferior to their peers, then it was merely because they haven't proven themselves enough to attract the right backing!

On the square platform, Lin Ming frowned as the voice inside the Aegis of the Elements softly muttered: "He truly resembles him...down to the eyes..."

Lin Ming was startled. "What do you mean?"

With a tinge of unconcealed emotion, the voice said after a sigh: "The King of Everlore back then had similar thoughts. He didn't believe in the talented and the talentless, merely those who he favored and those he didn't. It is a little disheartening and displeasing to hear, but if you were his 'Chosen' then all concepts of limits were his to break. You had as much talent as he desired to give you."

"..." Lin Ming's expression changed, becoming contemplative. His understanding of Chosen and the King of Everlore grew.

The Evergod went silent for a long moment, causing the atmosphere to grow tense. No one knew what the Everlore Association would decide. After all, they carried the rights to enter the Chosen King Competition. These so-called standards were merely a filter for the limited available slots, a prearranged intent by the King of Everlore.

But when Evergod spoke again, the hearts of everyone shook!

"Prove it."

Wei Wuyin took no time to blurt out his response, fearlessly saying: "Okay. What do you have in mind?"

After a pause, the majestic voice continued: "Since your Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill Concoction Method is being offered for every challenge, let's decide standards that every force can participate in with it as the prize. A chance at having their voice heard, their qualifications tested—a challenge leaving a single voice for the standards of Chosen, just like before. What does everyone think?"

Those sitting on the thrones had varying expressions, but they genuinely had no solid arguments that could refute Wei Wuyin's words! Moreover, was it worth arguing? The standards aren't going to be even more unreasonable than the King of Everlore's unwritten standards that no one has been able to reach in thousands of years, no? So they may as well watch the show!

As for the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, those awake didn't have the slightest disagreements! This was their pride as alchemists and if they argued against it, it would be as if they were denouncing themselves. How idiotic would that be?

With no objections, Evergod continued: "Do you agree, Alchemic Sovereign Wei?"

"Of course," Wei Wuyin confidently accepted. He knew this was the first battle between this Alchemic Saint, and he had no intentions to lose. But he wasn't one for one-sided wagers, "If I'm putting up the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill to this single winner, then shouldn't everyone else who wishes to participate in this challenge do so as well?"

Chapter 979: SCR Summit, A Revolutionary Clash!

"If I'm putting up the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill to this single winner, then shouldn't everyone else who wishes to participate in this challenge do so as well?"

Everyone else?

Wei Wuyin's words induced a strong reaction from those with keen minds. Since the exchange between the majestic voice that was Evergod and Wei Wuyin was done openly, the over a million amongst the crowd were subconsciously tethered to each syllable spoken.

When mentioning 'those' who wish to participate, the eyes of the Earthly Saints all swept over the Mortal Sovereign Alchemists in their thrones. Evergod was clearly indicating that Wei Wuyin should prove himself through a challenge; furthermore, this included all those who Wei Wuyin suggested carried the only rights to decide Chosen standards!

"Are they trying to pick the next King of Everlore? To decide the era's upcoming standards using alchemy?" A few Earthly Saints frowned at the notion. Unfortunately, they were unable to justify any refusal. What Wei Wuyin said about alchemists having the ability to transform any of those present below the age of five hundred into Chosen material felt hard to disprove without challenging the ability of all these Alchemic Sovereigns.

A few of these peak powerhouses were about to try, but their leaders sent transmissions that caused their expressions to dramatically change. They wore stifled and darkened expressions, yet they remained silent despite their tremendous status and authority.

"You're right," Evergod spoke out, openly admitting . He still hadn't shown himself. "It would be unfair, but the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill Concoction Method

is difficult to estimate in value, and few could casually match it in the limited time we have for the summit. How about this: You once said that you wanted to challenge all those present in All-Alchemic Clash Royale for the concoction method, let's change the date and challenge to now. That way, everyone can participate and you won't be inconvenienced having to face them all later."

"..." Wei Wuyin frowned slightly. This did little to address their wagers, but clearly Evergod wanted to avoid playing into Wei Wuyin's hands. If a wager of equivalence had to be offered, it was very likely to eliminate 99% of Alchemic Sovereigns, and the Evergod similarly refused to pay such a price in the slightest possibility of losing.

While alchemists were some of the wealthiest cultivators in the stellar region, especially Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, this wasn't so excessive to match the value of an era-changing concoction method with ease. Evergod refused to fall for Wei Wuyin's bait, suggesting an alternative.

First, the Evergod elevated the value of Wei Wuyin's pill method, used the summit's estimated timeline as an excuse, and then brought up the All-Alchemic Clash Royale. This move was quite ingenious with many unseen layers.

Wei Wuyin revealed a knowing smile, "If that's the case, since the All-Alchemic Clash Royale will be used as the basis for this alternative, then it'll be unfair for Alchemic Saints to be allowed into this clash where I, a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, is wagering one of my greatest creations, right?"

A few Earthly Saint's eyes brightened. It seemed that Evergod was willing to sacrifice his participation, eliminating the other Alchemic Saints from entering as well, all by suggesting this alternative! This was both beneficial and detrimental to him. After all, Alchemic Saints were genuine Earthly Saint Alchemists of the Mystic Dao, capable of concocting Mystic-Earth grade products and possessing methods far exceeding typical Mortal Sovereign Alchemists.

In truth, Wei Wuyin had assumed that the Vice-President of the Everlore Association, the Evergod Pill Alchemic Saint, would shamelessly participate! He was ready for this possibility, not fearing it at all. After all, there's no way this illustrious figure would be so shameless to contest him in a battle of Mystic-Earth Products.

It would be extremely easy to veer the conversation to transcendent-quality products, and he was greatly confident in his victory in this category, and the Evergod would have no way to refuse without openly admitting his inferiority to a junior. Yet the Evergod was willing to change the topic of the challenge, using the All-Alchemic Clash Royale as the reason to exclude himself and the other Alchemic Saints, while still leaving room for discussion.

It was hard for Wei Wuyin to refuse without being seen as unreasonable, deliberately attempting to grasp an advantage and exclude certain Mortal Sovereign Alchemists with little financial spontaneity and liquidity. Many of these alchemists might be rich, but their assets were invested into their clans, organizations, Alchemic Knights, or kept in land. As for placing them all into debt, why would they agree to such unreasonable conditions?

"You're right; it'll be unfair. We can keep this challenge to Alchemic Sovereigns, changing the premise and conditions of the challenge to accommodate for this unique circumstance. What do you think?"

What do you think? What do you think! What do you think?!

The Evergod kept repeatedly laying the initiative at Wei Wuyin's feet, but anyone with a semblance of intellect and shrewdness would see the barbed traps left in those four words. A bottomless chasm that could invalidate his words should he be given the opportunity, turning the excluded Alchemic Sovereigns against him, rendering him a foolish youth without the ability to adapt or take a step back.

"If the Alchemic Sovereigns present have no objections, neither do I. It'll be better if everyone can participate. But Alchemic Saint Evergod, you've been flirting around with the idea of a different challenge than an Alchemic Clash, yet you haven't suggested anything for me to prove my statement." Wei Wuyin said.

"An Alchemic Clash can not prove Alchemic Sovereign Wei's statement," the Twilight Alchemic Sovereign, Mu Yura, echoed. Her beauty was on full display as she eyed Wei Wuyin. It wasn't long before a clamorous discussion of the recently awakened Mortal Sovereign Alchemists and the rest began. They consisted mostly of agreements with Mu Yura's words.

How can Wei Wuyin's words be proven by who can concoct the products the fastest and of the highest quality? It showed skill and talent, but it did little to justify them possessing this so-called 'sole voice' that carried the same

deciding power as all the Earthly Saints present. Moreover, there was a huge discrepancy between alchemists, with most being Official-rank and others having Prime-rank, and especially the difference in specializations. Since Alchemic Saints were excluded, this greatly leveled out the playing field but not enough.

"Before that, I must ask the Earthly Saints of our Grand Cyclic Stellar Region whether this method of deciding Chosen standards is acceptable?" Evergod didn't immediately explain, his voice erupting as the Earthly Saints were brought to the discussion. It would be pointless to continue if the Earthly Saints unanimously agreed that this challenge was deliberately exclusive and thus invalid in the long-run.

"..." A long, tense-filled silence formed. It was quite apparent that these Earthly Saints were dissatisfied with the ongoing discussions. Unfortunately, it was hard to argue because they were cultivators at the peak of their power, and many relied on the Alchemic Dao to establish their legendary feats as youths. Some were nothing until an alchemist showed them exceptional favor, and denouncing that Alchemists can determine Chosen standards would similarly invalidate the King of Everlore's existence.

A difficult situation to navigate.

Not even the Imperial Clan wanted to argue their position for relevance. Everyone knew they were relevant, possessed the power to determine the standards of the upcoming era, but the foundation of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit was established by the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and Ever-Domain Pill. How ridiculous would it be to belittle them and suggest their mighty fist was comparable, enough to determine their youths future?

Many of these Earthly Saints had descendants unable to reach the Mystic Ascendant Realm, failing and dying of old age or from their Mystic Ascension. However, if data was to be compiled, Alchemic Knights or forces with Mortal Sovereign Alchemists had the greatest percentage of successful Mystic Ascensions amongst the entire populace of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

"Alchemic Saint Evergod, we see the logic in this option, and have very little reason to reject it." Empress Xiaocheng interfered, shattering the silence, and giving these Earthly Saints a sigh of relief. They needed an expert amongst Earthly Saints to act as their representative! However, who amongst them could do so? Who had the status?

The empress to the strongest Imperial Clan in recorded history and married to the undisputed strongest expert of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region was the best choice! It was the only choice present, barring the Soul Saint King!

She continued: "That said, while we have no opinions on the matter of deciding who can determine the preliminary standards for our Chosen, as long as their position is justified, we must be involved in the finalizing of these Chosen standards to ensure fairness amongst all parties without unreasonable bias." Her words accepted the challenge but kept the Earthly Saints included in the process.

Those below were satisfied, but those in these thrones all knew it was a load of air. If this revised All-Alchemic Clash Royale was perfectly done, there would be no room for later discussions! It was a formality—an empty voice!

"I see." Evergod's voice swept the Main Hall. The tone of his voice contained something special within it. "Then, I'll offer my idea to change the All-Alchemic Clash Royale's rules and victory conditions to suit the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit."

Finally! The ears of everyone perked up at this moment, wanting to know what this competition would entail!

Evergod explained, "This All-Alchemic Clash will be changed to test the validity of Wei Wuyin's statement that anyone of those observing the summit can become Chosen with an alchemist's effort, regardless of age or talent. As such, we'll incorporate them into the clash."

What?! Evergod was going to include those spectating from below? This didn't just shock the spectators, but those Earthly Saints expressions changed.

"All Alchemic Sovereigns present will select one mortal below, beneath the age of five hundred, and limited to those at or beneath the Sixth Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, where they have yet to establish their Natal Souls and greatly solidified their qi foundation, to freely develop and cultivate as they chose with a time limit of three years and six months.

"There will be three stages of this challenge: the Development Stage, Elimination Stage, and Chosen Stage. During the development stage, all Alchemical Products used to nurture those selected must be freshly cultivated by the alchemists themselves, without any external support, excluding cauldrons."

" ... "

" ... "

" ... "

The eyes of almost everyone present widened! A contest to see who can nurture the best cultivator! Selected from those amongst the crowd! That could be them!

"The Elimination Stage will pit those cultivated by their respective alchemists against each other in a battle, and determine the superiority. However, at the end of each battle, it'll be the Earthly Saints' decision as to who won, justifying their agreements."

Those Earthly Saints all had varied reactions, none of which lacked amazement. This meant that even if one lost the fight, the Earthly Saint could still choose the weaker combatant as the winner! This gave them substantial deciding power. Furthermore, an out was carved out to state that age, innate talent, initial cultivation and other factors would still be rightfully considered with the utmost fairness!

The fresh type of challenge caused all of them to feel intrigued, involved, and curious about what this will bring about.

"After only eighteen participants are left, the last stage will begin. The Chosen Stage will next test them against the current Chosen or prospective Chosen of similar cultivation amongst the top forces. If there is none, then they'll fight in accordance with the previous Chosen standards, facing the Three Chosen Aspects Tribulations. If they can defeat them, then they'll move on, facing a Chosen or prospective Chosen a stage higher than their cultivation base or considered as one stage higher in their tribulation. This will continue until only one remains."

The Evergod explained everything in an easily understood manner where everyone could clearly understand how this would prove Wei Wuyin's statement!

It was Wei Wuyin's statement!

How could they not realize this?

But could it really be done in forty-two months?

"What do you think, Alchemic Sovereign Wei?" Evergod's voice resounded once more!

Wei Wuyin was silent for a while, attracting the gazes of everyone present, and then he revealed a confident smile: "I like it."

Chapter 980: SCR Summit, Refining Out The Rough Edges

"I like it." While it was three words, they were the only words that Wei Wuyin could say. A firm hand had guided him, expertly structured a challenge using the premise of his earlier words as its foundation, and highlighted him under a blindingly bright spotlight, as if he was the most important individual present. It was a forced response.

Wu Yu and Ma Zheng both carried a heavy frown, their eyes effusing varied emotions. The former was angered and frustrated while the latter emitted displeasure and uncertainty.

Ma Zheng knew that Evergod was trying to discredit Wei Wuyin, using his words against him, and placing him in an unfavorable situation. From the beginning, Evergod hadn't made his appearance, but he freely allowed Wei Wuyin to take center stage, allowing him to 'dictate' the flow, but in reality, from the beginning to end, Evergod has perfectly maneuvered Wei Wuyin to where he wanted him. Just the way he perfectly shattered Wei Wuyin's suggestion for greater investment into this freshly created challenge.

Wu Yu wasn't bothered by Evergod's tactical wordplay or its attempt to harm Wei Wuyin's reputation while laced with barbed, hidden, and directed intent. No, it was something else entirely. As he meticulously counted the current floating thrones, he discovered that there wasn't one for himself, but there was one for Ma Zheng, Zhang Ziyi, Han Yuhei, and everyone else!

Most importantly, this meant the Everlore Association was aware of Ma Zheng's Earthly Ascension success, and consciously refused to supply a throne for his imperial rump, an Earthly Saint that had publicly ascended. A sign of tremendous disrespect. The audacity! It was only when he realized this organization was hosted by the Everlore Association, and that he and Wei Wuyin finessed them earlier, with destroying the physical body of an Ever-Knight and escaping their 'inescapable' and expensive array, did he grin disdainfully.

As for the challenge? Wu Yu felt little to no pressure towards it. In his eyes, Evergod was a leaping monkey with a slightly enlarged brain trying to handle a monster that was Wei Wuyin. He couldn't be defined by typical notions of intellect or means.

Their escape from the Everlore Association's grand array was prime evidence of this, all perfectly orchestrated and performed by Wei Wuyin, while the silver-eyed youth accurately deduced the purpose of the strange Mystic Rune in his heart that puzzled himself and Ma Zheng as a mortal. As for the ability to nurture talents?

Ha.

"While you might like it, I don't." An old man in scarlet robes, flames blazing on the surface of his robes as if they were a trapped world of fire, and a Solar Star tattoo that animatedly rotated on its axis at his glabella, spoke out at this point. The eyes of many were drawn to this figure.

Despite his aged and ordinary appearance, sporting a healthy amount of wrinkles, he had an air of exceptionalism innately exuding from his eyes and breath. With his slender figure, he sat comfortably on his throne. It was none other than the head of the Inferno Solaris Church—Pope Huoyan!

As the leading figure of the third-ranked starfield in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, when he spoke, others were forced to listen. Evergod was no different, and he directly said: "Please say any concerns you may have, Pope Huoyan."

"I will," Pope Huoyan calmly said, as if even if the Evergod never said anything, he would've spoke out regardless. He gave Wei Wuyin and Bai Lin a brief glance. While his eyes weren't fiery emotion-wise, he contained a blazing gaze filled with fire. "This new type of Alchemic Clash will test Alchemic Sovereign Wei's words, deciding who will have the critical say on the minimal heights a Chosen must reach. I have no disagreements with this, as the King of Everlore had performed a similar tactic, and rightfully so.

"I won't question his methods, but I will question the validity of this challenge. There are certain forces without Mortal Sovereign Alchemists or Alchemic Saints that can nurture Chosen of equal or even greater quality in accordance to past standards, using mostly their cultivation methods, a legacy of spells, arts, and investment of time and care. This challenge may affect the qualifications for those forces to have a slot for the Chosen King Competition

due to lacking foundation requirements, neglecting expertly refined power, but externally instilled power. This will be a regression of our ways, not a progression."

"..." The world of thrones above went into a contemplative silence. Wei Wuyin frowned slightly, outwardly pondering this issue with a solemn expression. However, inwardly, he was relieved by Pope Huoyan's words, saying the words he wanted to say! Unfortunately, any attempt at broadening the range of this clash could hurt his image and statement.

"What does he mean by that?" Down below, quite a few asked this question. Pope Huoyan's words were a little complex to immediately grasp.

Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei were seated together, their eyes glinting with contemplative light. Wu Baozhai nodded, "The Imperial Heaven Qi Method is an overbearing, powerful cultivation method that could allow cultivators without the support of alchemy to rival Chosen."

Xue Yifei added, "It's not that simple; Pope Huoyan is advocating for forces without Mortal Sovereign Alchemists to retain their qualifications to participate in the Chosen King Competition. Moreover, I think..."

"He wants to include Cultivation Methods and trained strength into the competition and standards, not just raw foundation," Na Xinyi finished Xue Yifei's words from a short distance away. She hadn't realized that this wasn't explicitly stated before, and what was seemingly a flawless Alchemic Clash with a fresh take was not factoring in such a crucial aspect. Alchemists might be able to improve a cultivator's talents and cultivation, but it doesn't mean they can instruct others on spells, arts, cultivation methods, etc.

This was something they lacked considerably, much of their time devoted to the Alchemic Dao.

Cultivation was difficult, but arts and spells can be taught. They contributed heavily to a Chosen's comprehensive strength and ability! Moreover, innate talent and comprehensive ability can sometimes exceed a dedicated alchemist's attention.

This could easily be neglected because those who can retain high-end alchemists were wealthy and had tremendous legacies, yet this detail was excluded.

Quite a few Earthly Saints were enlightened by Pope Huoyan's words and agreed with him. An alchemist was not the totality of a cultivator's needs, definitely not a Chosen.

Wei Wuyin felt the same! He was the example of unrealized potential, a matter he was extremely self-aware of. With all his power and strength, he lacked arts, spells, and cultivation methods like the Blood Origin Method to capitalize on. However, he was unable to bring this topic forward after Evergod emphasized his statement through this challenge. It would be the same as contradicting himself.

"How about this," Empress Xiaocheng said: "Any Cultivation Method can be used in this competition, as long as the Alchemist can acquire it, and while the chosen participants aren't refining alchemical products or undergoing a rest period, they will be instructed by a cultivator of the alchemist's choice."

Her suggestion induced a wave of nods. It was clear that Empress Xiaocheng wasn't just a pretty face. However, there was an issue that needed to be addressed.

"There are different levels of instructors available. It's not strictly fair. It might ruin the integrity of the competition." A Mortal Sovereign Alchemist pointed out. Many eyes flitted to Wu Yu, who was currently gathering mystic power to create a throne.

If Wei Wuyin decided to select Grand Knight Wu Yu as an instructor, it would be wildly, unimaginably unfair. Many of the cultivation principles of the mortal stages and realms were greatly expanded upon in the Earthly Saint Phase, reflected by Mystic Runes. His insights into the Mortal Dao would be extremely unfair, especially as an 8th Runic Ascendant.

Moreover, powerful cultivators can ease refinements of energies of their talents by acting as a proxy, greatly alleviating the need for high innate talent, and accelerating their cultivation time by sacrificing their own. There were 245 Mortal Sovereign Alchemists present when Wei Wuyin was included, and only 190 Earthly Saints when Wu Yu and Ma Zheng were included, even if some were absent. Moreover, which one of them wanted to lower themselves and teach unrelated mortals for this competition?

Some might be half-hearted or superficial, compromising the integrity of the competition. While Wu Yu, an Alchemic Knight, would devote his entire effort to this task, possibly exhausting lifeforce to do so. A hassle all around.

"We can limit the instructors if the Alchemist wants them." Wei Wuyin found his opportunity to speak, once more gathering the spotlight. He continued: "We restrict it to those at the Mystic Star Phase, no one lesser or higher. Furthermore, we allow them to price their services based on their worth, and the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist can pay them. They can list their specialty, so after the selection of participants, we can find a suitable cultivation direction for our future Chosen. That way, as alchemists, we can better nurture our selections with a regiment of carefully curated alchemical products and a proper instructor in mind.

"Fortunately, we have a wide range of Mystic Star Phase experts here to choose from." Wei Wuyin smilingly pointed out, gesturing to those below. It seemed everyone might be given an opportunity in this summit, even 'false' Ascended beings.

"I have no objections to this. But, an Alchemist should not be able to choose an instructor from their array of Alchemic Knights or Organization." Pope Huoyan had agreed to Wei Wuyin's restriction but wanted to place another restriction. The concept of exhausting lifeforce to rapidly improve a cultivator's talent was too possible. And these Mortal Sovereign Alchemists had quite a few Mystic Star Phase experts under their command. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say they were responsible for a tenth of all Mystic Star Phase experts in the starfield.

"I, too, have no objections." Empress Xiaocheng stated her opinion which represented the opinion of the majority of Earthly Saints present.

"All challenges need refinements during their developments; We shall do as you all have suggested. As long as there are no other concerns to address," Evergod's voice resounded.

"..." There were no other concerns. Most felt as if the competition had been adjusted enough to reflect the actual developments of Chosen properly, not removing the importance of methods, arts, spells, and teachings.

While most Chosen of silver-tier or gold-tier forces wouldn't receive direct Mystic Star-level teachings, it was better to have a limited range to introduce some degree of fairness. Since they were all failures in the eyes of these lofty Earthly Saints and Mortal Sovereign Alchemists, this was an acceptable middle ground.

BOOM!

Suddenly, Wu Yu's mystic power manifested explosively. A bright light erupted, and when it abated, in its place was a grand multicolored throne with large, silver-colored spiritual characters designed in a bold, vigorous manner, burning with silver-colored flames. It read: "Neo-Dawn."

The scene shook the Earthly Saints as Wu Yu had a contented smile, appraising the throne with a satisfied nod. The throne was massive, roughly twenty percent bigger than the other Earthly Saints, and its design was sleek and imposing.

Seeing the larger throne, the Earthly Saints had varied reactions, with most simply in disbelief! This was a direct insult to their relevance! Was Wu Yu stating he was greater than Pope Huoyan, Empress Xiaocheng, or the absent Soul Saint King?! How ridiculous! How audacious!! How preposterous!

There was a seething storm of ill-intent by Wu Yu's blatant assault on their statuses. That said, most knew they weren't his match. He was an 8th Runic Ascendant who destroyed the physical body of an Ever-Knight, escaping from the Everlore Association's clutches in their Domain, and doing so as a newly ascended Earthly Saint.

While enraged to the maximum, they could only be enraged for Empress Xiaochen and the rest. If it wasn't for the Mythical Oaths established, those Imperial Monarchs and Sky Monarch would've directly attacked! Wei Wuyin's backing be damned!

Wu Baozhai wryly smiled. She was fully aware of how domineering those who cultivate the Imperial Heaven Qi Method can be, having cultivated it herself and seen how Long Chen had acted. It influenced a cultivator's Spirit which was a part of their soul, interconnected with their body and mind.

Wu Yu then said a few words that stunned everyone!

"Young Lord, your throne is ready."

"..."