

### **Chapter 111 -: Aftermath**

As the veil of darkness lifted, a poignant air swept through the lands. A grand, infamously notorious character, an Evil Godking, had fallen to his ambitions on this day. Seemingly centuries of preparation was reduced to a splash of bodily fluids and fragmented bones.

Wei Wuyin's heart felt heavy and mournful. He was neither happy nor sad about this failure, but the unrelenting will to push forward had affected him nevertheless. If there was a Human Dao, then Phantom Rogue's Dao had withered today into ash, scattered and soon forgotten.

He sighed a sigh that seemed to weigh ten tons.

While he felt the aftereffects of the Phantom Rogue's death, others felt ecstatic and jubilant at the ending darkness. The sun's rays had never felt so good before to them as they joyously celebrated with hugs and tears.

Many of them weren't even aware of his death, simply the ongoing event of a cataclysmic battle that shook their world with every clash. Not only had those explosions ceased, but so did the ever-descending night that grew darker and darker. With its abrupt end, and the calmness of the battle, they were assuming off their hope that all had ended. They had survived!

Sheng Xinmei felt a wave of exhausted relief enter her heart. If a legitimate Evil Cultivator had ascended beyond the Qi Condensation Realm, there was no telling of the horrors that would descend in their wake as they tried to pursue greater heights. If they required ten thousand lives to reach the Astral Core Realm, perhaps each step further might take a hundred thousand or millions of lives! It was inconceivable how terrifying the numbers tally to in the end.

In the end, if they become strong to the point of attaining invincibility within the continent, then all lives would become mere nutrients for their cultivation with no one capable of stopping them. This was the issue with cultivating unorthodox Evil Methods or allowing Evil Cultivators to develop, their perpetual need for living resources was endless and always growing.

When they started this road, this path of cultivation, leaving for other pastures was nearly, if not totally, impossible. Their Spirit, Body, Mind, and Essence would require living sources.

This was why only Evil Arts that were usually one-time or fragmented portions of Evil Methods such as siphoning yin from women, yang from men, was the only commonly circulated art or spell. It prevented these aspects of cultivation from adapting, becoming reliant on those types of resources.

Wei Wuyin returned to the central area of the tribulation. He stood within the deep hundred meter crater and looked upwards. The bright sunlight bathed the entire area, removing all the remnant darkness. An indiscernible aura circulated within the air. It smelled like death and despair, but not quite.

"Cultivation is about moving forward," he quietly spoke. Whether it was to himself or for himself, not even he knew.

As a cultivator, he much rather be met with an untimely end valiantly fighting the Astral Tribulation. In his deepest depths of his heart, he respected Phantom Rogue.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Sheng Xinmei arrived with heavy steps. Her eyes focused on Wei Wuyin's figure as he stood there, his head staring at the skies, back straight, and aura serene. The descending light cast a brilliant shadow. Within the depths of her heart, she trembled slightly.

"Did...did you know?" Sheng Xinmei asked.

Wei Wuyin closed to his eyes as he basked in the glow of the sunlight. "Know what?" His voice was tinged with a melancholic reverberation. There were few who knew how it felt to have an early death looming over their heads; furthermore, this guillotine was not a matter of choice.

"Did you know he'd fail?" Sheng Xinmei had realized that the Phantom Rogue had lured them here, entrapped them in a formation, all to snatch Sheng Jiu's Spirit of Qi as a means for a last preparation. After all, most Godlords were insidiously difficult to leave their protective formations of their sects. Even if they left, they'd act totally discrete to prevent an ambush.

Furthermore, they all had trump cards and life-saving means such as igniting their Spirit of Qi. To ensure he'd obtained another Spirit of Qi, he had to draw a Godlord out from hiding. It seemed Sheng Jiu was merely unlucky. Even the Phantom Rogue was happy it was him, evident by his initial words.

As for invading a Godlord's headquarters or place of residence? Even Wei Wuyin didn't enter the Jade Lotus Sect's protective formation, and he had lucked out from the Scarlet Solaris Sect's weakened state; otherwise, it was entirely possible his life would've been left behind that day.

Even a Godking wouldn't risk entering a grand Qi Array and Spiritual Formation in the control of a Godlord carelessly.

Wei Wuyin lightly replied, "If the Astral Core Realm was so easily reached, would there be less than ten in the entire continent?" Amongst the innumerable people, billions of cultivators on the continent, less than ten Astral Core Realm expert's exist. This only alluded to the exceptional difficulty in overcoming the Astral Core Realm.

Due to the Ninth Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm's, Qi Essence Phase, requirements to be reached, most cultivators spent the majority of their cultivation path in the Eighth Stage, trying to gather as much Qi Essence they possibly can before ascending.

In truth, becoming a Godking and assailing the Astral Core Realm was unfathomably easy, merely a choice to integrate one's Qi Essence with their Spirit of Qi, then to call forth the tribulation as long as they have the qualifications to do so. This meant gathering a sufficient amount of Qi Essence.

Unfortunately, each mote of Qi Essence requires an unfathomable amount of resources. Even Wei Wuyin only developed a few dozen despite refining seventh-grade pills. These pills were designed for Astral Core Realm cultivators! Yet, it was still difficult to form.

For a continent without a steady supply of seventh-grade products, reaching that level was difficult beyond belief.

Sheng Xinmei's eyes quivered. Indeed, how could it be so easy? There had never been a single Evil Cultivator known that had ascended, and for those who have ascended, they've all had world-shaking backgrounds and talent.

Evil Cultivators were generally lacking in talent, seeking to make up for this deficiency by taking others' hard work and cultivation.

"Hahaha," she chuckled a little. Her mind went silly. Then, she abruptly stilled. Those eyes of hers swept the crater, the sky, and the devastated scenery that extended for miles. Right. While Phantom Rogue had failed, her comrades were all dead. Sheng Xinmei, her clan's Godlord, had been ruthlessly killed.

A painful sorrow emerged in her mind as she experienced flashes of memories of everyone of her fellow comrades. Their smiles, jokes, the stories they told, dreams and aspirations they had. It's likely their Hearts of Qi was taken and refined by Phantom Rogue, used to resist the Astral Tribulation.

As for them? Even if they were alive with half a breath, with their Heart of Qi destroyed, they no longer had a future in the cultivation world. Their mind and body would never be complete. Some might even experience total mental and bodily failure in the next few days. It would be horrific to watch.

"They're all dead." Wei Wuyin lowered his head and started to walk away. Those Imperial Guards were targeted by Phantom Rogue, and none of them was as lucky as her.

Sheng Xinmei's mouth opened slightly. Her eyes were shining with realization that, out of everyone who came today, she was the only one alive. A sense of guilt, unfathomably deep and vicious, welled in her heart.

Why her?

Wei Wuyin knew that this day wouldn't be just a tribulation for the Phantom Rogue, but this woman too. Perhaps, she wouldn't exit this crater today.

"It seems Dai Lin and the other nearby Common Growth Villagers are alive. It seems he only targeted those of a certain cultivation base, not caring about those fragile and too weak to offer any true benefit. Furthermore, most of them hadn't even formed their Heart of Qi yet..." Wei Wuyin thought as he observed Dai Lin holding another woman tightly. She was smiling happily as they exited their shelter to observe the clear skies. To them, the apocalypse had just ended.

"Wait...wait!" Heavy steps echoed behind Wei Wuyin. Sheng Xinmei caught up to him, her eyes seemed dim but not entirely empty. It wasn't hatred, anger, or sorrow that filled those eyes of hers. It was something else.

"Hm?" Wei Wuyin was somewhat shocked by her.

Sheng Xinmei lowered her head and said softly, "Can you...help me find their remains? Whatever remains they have..."

She no longer had the visage of a dauntless woman with sharpness and force, but delicate and lost. He knew she didn't need him for this. After all, her spiritual sense was still present. But her call, her words, weren't for help to find her comrades, but to starve off this darkness birthing in her mind.

She didn't want to be alone.

"...Sure."

## **Chapter 112 -: A Survivor**

Wei Wuyin accompanied Sheng Xinmei. They gathered the remains of her allies, pieces of their broken limbs, splash of crushed bones, or fragments of tools or weapons of theirs. It was all to have something to pay respect to as their bodies were crushed to near-nothing by a Godking's power.

They organized these various articles of remains, and settled down as night loomed over. Wei Wuyin could tell that Sheng Xinmei didn't have the heart to immediately return, so he suggested she rest for the day, recover her strength before returning. For now, a report was enough via transmission crystal.

When those words were spoken, while she hid it, Wei Wuyin could feel the breath of relief exhaled from her lungs. Therefore, they traveled to one of the nearby Common Growth Villages and claimed lodging. Wei Wuyin paid those villagers a few essence stones, which had them jumping with joy the moment they left his view.

To them, an essence stone was a godly object capable of helping cultivators enter the Qi Condensation Realm. A few essence stones meant a few Qi Condensation experts! The elders were already planning to select a few talented juniors to invest in, holding an all-night meeting with vigorous debate and flying spittle.

Unfortunately, greed was an unseen yet vicious force. In the middle of that night, a young woman snuck into the hut that they used to store those essence stones, slit the guard's throat, and swiftly left with the stones in hand. This treacherous act may very well be the beginning of an expert.

Wei Wuyin was quietly watching Sheng Xinmei sleep. She laid in his embrace, fully clothed of course. She was truly a beauty. Unfortunately, yesterday's incident had birthed a heart demon in her mind.

At first, she was insistent on sleeping in separate rooms, but after an hour or so, she told Wei Wuyin that she could use a little wood infusion to repair her body once more. He obliged, but in the end, he was in her room for hours.

She talked about her comrades stories, mentioning them by name and highlight. She laughed, stifled her tears, and clenched her teeth throughout the night. Her emotions were rampant and wild. When she was tired after a night of spilling her heart and mind, she attempted sleep but started to uncontrollably shiver. There were all sorts of words spoken within her dream and into the real world. She was besieged by the terrors of reality. Wei Wuyin could only hold her in response, hoping to alleviate her agitation.

His aura circulated around them. This calmed her down and she fell into a deep sleep. This was how she entered his embrace, reluctant to leave even as she slept.

"Being alone after loss..." His eyes flashed as he leaned back, allowing Sheng Xinmei to use his broad chest as a pillow. His own memories seemed to be triggered as he observed her peaceful expression. What has he not lost?

When he was merely in his teens, his entire clan was slaughtered...because...because of...! He ran away with his brother's life as the cost, later finding an unexpected home in the Scarlet Solaris Sect. He had a newfound purpose of vengeance fueled by loss and hate at the time..

Fortunately, the day he became a Core Disciple was also the day his revenge was dealt. Those who exterminated his clan until only one remained, shouting that he and his clan were devils and demons. He could still vividly remember the faces of those who shouted that he deserved death; he was just a kid, pure and innocent.

Later, their heads separated from their bodies and shoved on a spike for all to see. Their expressions vivid with the same horror he felt that day. It was gratifying at the moment but in the end—empty; his clan didn't return; his friends didn't return; his brother didn't return.

He was still alone.

But it started to change. He had Du Ling, Mei Mei, Wei Si, and others. He was growing once more to have a family, but in the end, the Inheritor of Sin was forced upon him and he lost that home too. Now, he was even losing the will to live and struggle.

He wanted to reignite his will, but before Hell itself, how could he muster such courageous and tenacious will to defy and survive? He experienced the first Calamity, and if it was truly him who experienced this trial, his life would've ended then and there.

He knew this.

There were no ifs.

He didn't have a Soul of True Sin, so the tiniest failure meant absolute death in body and soul. If he wasn't perfect, he was dead. This would not change in the other trials, and only the True Soul of Sin could survive the Calamities of Hell.

He recalled that silver-haired, black-eyed figure that day, the true Inheritor of Sin. He seemed insane as he spoke of good and evil, being weak and punished.

"How can an Inheritor of Sin be so weak?" To be captured by the weak Violet Moon Sect, it seemed unlikely. Was he truly weak? Had he experienced the Calamity of Hell and failed? Was he a cultivator at the Realm of Sages?

Also, why did he choose him of all people?

He clenched his teeth with blazing irritation. This all started with him! He could no longer stand the world, so he passed his burdens onto someone else. How pathetic!

"Mmgghmm," Sheng Xinmei shifted slightly. She nuzzled deeper into his chest and placed her arm around his waist. Wei Wuyin shook his head. All his thoughts were irrelevant and meaningless. In a few decades, if he doesn't die before then, it's likely he'll die at that time.

The sun broke through the horizon and morning soon arrived. Sheng Xinmei slowly awoke from Wei Wuyin's embrace, a trace of saliva at the edge of her lips. It seemed her sleep was rather well and comfortable, especially after using Wei Wuyin like a body pillow. She realized where she was and what had happened and snapped up.

"I..." she spoke, but she realized that Wei Wuyin's eyes were closed and his breathing steady; he was asleep. She was momentarily dazed. His sleeping appearance was truly a sight to witness, one without any guard or sharpness, just pure and delicate. She reached out and traced his chin with her fingers.

"Ah." She quietly exclaimed as she pulled back her hand upon realizing her action. She lingered for a little while before rising, realizing that the sun had risen and her injuries were mostly healed. She was startled.

Wei Wuyin's aura was leaked continuously throughout the night and without end, that included his traces of elemental energies and dense vitality. Her body absorbed these refined energies and rapidly healed in its most optimal state.

She found her armor and placed it on her, hiding her prided feminine features. She inspected her body and vital yin, ensuring it was still intact. She was a virgin of two centuries, a fact in that past that she held with pride.

In truth, the close brush with death made her want to give up her virginity before a possible premature ending to prevent any lingering regrets. And she slyly gave a few hints to Wei Wuyin between her expressing of grief and recollection of heartfelt memories.

However, Wei Wuyin didn't. What she needed wasn't a fleeting moment of pleasure, just company and a friendly ear. She was vulnerable to the limit right now, but while he wasn't a saint, he wasn't a devil either.

A rare light of thankfulness emerged in her eyes as she observed Wei Wuyin. Any other man might've taken her everything in that moment. Not wanting to wake him, she wrote a note and left it to his side. With quiet steps, she left the village.

She had to return to the Royal Capital.

Wei Wuyin opened his eyes as she left. Those eyes of his contained something new, something different.

Throughout the night, he recalled his every memory and loss. He blamed everyone and everything, but in the end, there was only him. It was him who was the cultivator. It was him who was the Inheritor of Sin. It was his life. It was his fate.

Regardless of what has happened or will happen, when did he relegate his existence to something as insignificant as a sloth traveling with the flow? Since young, he dared to think against what others deemed as common sense. A little older, he started with nothing and became a top talent in the entire Myriad Yore Continent.

When everything suggested that he would fail the first Calamity, did he not succeed? When he faced the Wall of Heaven, he fought with his all to survive. He kept his original heart and even put Bai Lin's life before his at a key moment. It was that struggle for himself and the things he cared about that inevitably led to current events.

He lost his memory, gained alchemy skills, and made leaps and bounds in his cultivation. He had four Spirits of Qi/Blood! He fought against common sense since the day he was born and had never given up before.

When he recalled Phantom Rogue, an Evil Cultivator, who faced absolute death. During that moment, he experienced a moment of helplessness and despair against a seemingly invincible foe, and it was these thoughts that delayed his ability to retaliate. He became a mess of blood, bone, and flesh due to it. His end was gruesome and vicious, but it was a lesson.

Giving up led to certain failure.

Phantom Rogue lost his heart of cultivation, the heart to struggle at that last moment and lost it all.

Calmly taking in a large wad of air, Wei Wuyin felt his entire body expand with a vibrant sensation of resolution and unwillingness. It was this feeling that drove him to revenge. It drove him to survive.

He was a survivor.

And survivors don't assign blame and wallow with acceptance of their fate; they survive against all odds.

From the beginning he had merely two assets—his heart and mind. The heart to move forward, always. The mind to seek solutions, without end.

"A Soul of True Sin isn't required!" His eyes flashed with untold brilliance. All he needed was a goal in mind to seize a chance, no matter how small, and he knew how to get it. The image of a young woman with blonde hair, ocean blue eyes, and a holy aura flashed in his calm pupils.

He rose up and stood tall. His entire body seemed to have become a little lighter as the world expanded in his vision. A few decades was enough. If it wasn't, then he'll make it enough. Because he was a survivor. He would not become like Phantom Rogue.

Who knew that this small investigation would lead to his shift in mentality. It was witnessing a despicable cultivator willing to do anything and fight with his all, but lose it due to his fallen will that drove his change. It reminded him of his past and all his struggles, his failures, and his successes.

It reminded him of who he was.

Weng!

Within his three-layered ring, a crystal lit with a faint glow. It was a transmission crystal. Wei Wuyin withdrew the crystal and received the message..

"Lord Wei, you've received a wedding invitation from Prince Zhen. According to it, it is between Prince Lei and Lin Ziyang. Shall I decline?" Su Mei's words were calm and indifferent.

Wei Wuyin's eyebrow lifted, a hint of recollection flashed within his eyes.

Lin Ziyang?

The information of the Godlord Dossiers he obtained from the World Life Emporium surfaced in his thoughts. Lin Ziyang is...Godlord Lin!

That woman! The one who had him cultivate the Haven Heart Qi Method!

Abruptly, a grin filled with happiness tugged on his lips and threatened to split his mouth.

"No. Tell him we'll be there."

It seems fate hadn't given up on him yet, so why would he?

### **Chapter 113 - A Wedding Storm Looms**

Wei Wuyin returned to his gorgeous residence. After receiving the transmission from Su Mei regarding a Royal Wedding, he felt the need to set-up plans. This wedding was likely going to be chaotic, mostly due to him. Lin Ziyang was the Seer's friend, and he had to obtain her at all cost. If she wasn't at the wedding, he needed her location to track her down.

If Lin Ziyang was unwilling to disclose this information, then he would have to take other measures: Kidnapping the Bride. Therefore, he needed to make ample preparations if his enemies became the entire Imperial Clan.

He sat cross-legged beside the clear pond, his thoughts circulating as he ruminated on the various actions possible. While the direct manner was the best and clearest method, it was also accompanied by many variables.

"My cultivation base is exceptional, but definitely not invincible on this continent. The differences between each phase of Qi Condensation is considered massive, so the difference between realms must be absolutely terrifying. Luckily, according to Prince Zhen, the Ancestral King is in closed-door seclusion in an attempt to ascend the next stage. This gives me some assurance, but..."

Wei Wuyin considered the slight possibility that his actions could coincide with the successful breakthrough of the Ancestral King. While improbable, it was definitely not impossible. If such a situation occurred, he would be left with his pants down and life finished.

At best, he could negotiate his talents as a King Alchemist for his life. Whether that bargaining chip worked or not, he didn't want to rely on that inevitably horrid ending that awaited as a concocting slave. Just the thought of it induced a cold, chilling shiver down his spine. He rather commit suicide than be a slave.

"If I don't want to be caught unawares, then I have to make preparations considering all the possible variables. This includes escaping with the seer in hand with the pursuit of elite cultivators."

He spent the next few hours devising various strategies. The first: he needed a weapon of mutual mass destruction. Whether to use or not, he needed a threat strong enough to ensure hesitation in a pursuit or assault. There were many different options for this, such as explosive pellets and self-detonation. The former was possible, but after initiation, control was pretty much gone. As for the latter, that wasn't an option.

Therefore, he needed another method.

"That's right!" A burst of realization entered his thoughts as he waved his sleeves. A white mist swirled outwards and started to take shape. It transformed into a copy of Wei Wuyin with his physical, spiritual, and mental aura. This was the False Mortal God Avatar.

Since its various flaws were fixed thanks to Yuhei Clan's various avatar-based spiritual qi arts, he felt that this clone was a perfect option - to self-detonate! This avatar's capacity to hold energy was limited, but not if he concocted seventh-grade pellets and infused them into its structure. At a crucial moment, he



could threaten to detonate and even allow it to stay behind with possible pursuers until he was out of range.

If he kept the pellets on him, then it was entirely possible the pellets failed or took him down. Those who planned for mutual destruction had issues with their minds. Regardless, he just needed hesitation.

Of course, his avatar could do a little more than that. His eyes brightened as he started to devise strategies with the False Mortal God Avatar Art. Unlike other avatar arts, it was a perfect copy of Wei Wuyin while in its avatar form. Be it down to its cellular structure, various auras, appearance, or perceived cultivation base. It was the perfect doppelganger.

The second: An escape. He needed a swift escape that can create vast distance while carrying others. The best means for this was a refined tool that can act as an escape device. He already had an idea as he brought out Element, his Nascent Saber Soul. To escape from the Wall of Heaven, Wei Wuyin had to devise an impromptu art: Elemental Saber Life Securing Art.

Disregarding his poor naming, it condensed all of his various energies and qi into Element and used it as a shuttle to propel him away at exceptional speeds. At the time, it was this art that allowed him to escape the Wall of Heaven, succeeding the Rite of a Sinner.

Unlike before, his current cultivation base encompassed four Spirit of Qi/Blood and an unfathomable amount of latent energies thanks to these four. They stored and released an immense quantity of it that refined his body every second of every day. If all else failed, then Element would act as a shuttle to depart away. Before, he took Bai Lin with him, so it was possible to safely take others.

Perhaps even if the Ancestral King descended, he could still preserve his life.

Third: a hideout. It was irrelevant whether he could stall or escape if he couldn't hide out from the ensuing storm that would follow. It needed to be secure enough to ensure his own concealment and prepared enough to allow his cultivation to rise while in hiding.

His eyes flashed with light as he peered into the distance. The wedding was to take place in a few weeks, followed by the gathering of true elites and powerhouses as honored guests to celebrate the Crown Prince's marriage. Therefore, he had a clock, but it was enough.

As for the fourth and last: contingency plan and a contingency plan for his contingency plan.

His mind swirled as he settled on an air-tight set of plans and preparations. In truth, everything might go smoothly. After all, he had an on-going Spirit Oath with the Seer. However, if Lin Ziyun turned hostile against him as she almost did before, these plans could save his life. The one thing he learned while rising up was that humans were unreliable, fickle, and protective.

Becoming a prince's wife afforded all sorts of benefits, such as sending them to hunt him down. He definitely had to plan accordingly.

With these thoughts in mind, he stood and vanished from where he stood.

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In the Royal Palace, Resident Quarters.

The room was as glorious and decoratively furnished as Prince Zhen's, but even cleaner and well-maintained. Inside were two beautiful women of the ages, the owners of this room—Lin Ziyang & Ming Shufeng.

They were gathered together, with tea cups filled with golden liquid. The smell of which was heavenly and calming. Ming Shufeng lifted her tea cup like a proper lady as she calmly sipped. A refreshing exclamation left her throat. Her expression was calm and relaxed, as if the world was perfect.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Lin Ziyang, however, was more anxious as her delicate, jade-like fingers tapped the table in a frantic rhythm. Her eyes revealed all sorts of anxiety and uncertainty.

Ming Shufeng frowned, "You don't have to be so anxious, do you?"

Lin Ziyang turned her gorgeous eyes towards Ming Shufeng, this friend of hers. She pouted her lips and said, "Of course I do. You said—"

"I know what I said," Ming Shufeng interrupted. "I've consulted the heavens and glimpsed into fate. You're fated to be with the one you love, and I've figured out how."

Lin Ziyang started. Her anxiety shifted to excitement as she leaned forward. Her voluptuous curves and breasts were mouthwatering as she leaned to reveal her ample assets. Unfortunately, no man could witness such an appearance. A pity.

"Really?"

Ming Shufeng smiled and said, "Yes. All you have to do is seal your cultivation base. Say it was due to an accident. Then, seal your voice. When the wedding happens, the embers I've sent out will become a raging flame that'll send him directly to your doorstep."

"And then?" Lin Ziyang was a little skeptical that she had to feign marrying a member of royalty for her desired ending, but Ming Shufeng had never been wrong before.

"Then: Certain Victory, Astral Lightning shall descend, and the False Gods of the Mortal Dao shall ascend." Her words were spoken with an ephemeral and all-knowing manner.

Lin Ziyang's eyes widened with excitement. She clenched her fist and peered into an open window. "The love of my life, the one who cultivates the Haven Heart Qi Method. I hope it's him."

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At the same time, two figures sat together at an Inn. It was Long Chen and Qing Qiumu, who wore a veil. They were currently laying in the same bed, fully clothed, calmly staring at the ceiling.

Qing Qiumu's eyes were hazy as her thoughts seemed to be elsewhere. As for Long Chen, his black eyes flashed with the utmost determination.

"I'll save her, then...I'll kill him." His words were sharp and unrelenting.

Qing Qiumu was shocked out of her thoughts. Those hazy eyes lowered as uncertain feelings emerged in her heart. She knew who 'he' was, but she wished it wasn't.

## Chapter 114 - Arriving With Style

Several weeks had passed since Wei Wuyin received the invitation, and the Royal Capital was busy and bustling with all sorts of figures. These included Mortal Gods, Lord Alchemists, and elite geniuses of the ages. They had all come to represent their respective forces to give the Imperial Clan and Prince Lei face. And it was impressive the amount of face given.

Wei Wuyin could feel a shift in the ambient essence of the world, affected by the spiritual strength of numerous top-tier experts. There were too many. Far too many for a simple wedding.

"There's definitely something afoot," Wei Wuyin's instincts were far sharper than the normal cultivator. This was due to his True Dragon Bloodline and Alchemic Spirit of Eden Qi. They were both attuned to various invisible forces pushing against the world's trend. These were the ill-intent exuding from thoughts or bodily reactions.

And Wei Wuyin got a whiff of something fierce.

Atop Bai Lin, he and Su Mei soared the restricted skies thanks to Prince Zhen's permission. They were dressed in formal robes and dress that suited weddings. These were refined wear nor very battle effective, but they gave the both of them noble appearances with high-born bearings.

They were quite expensive as well, bought from the Life World Emporium. Despite not being very battle effective, they were durable.

Su Mei wore a blue dress. It was short-cut, revealing her toned thighs and supple legs. Her skin was flawless and her legs were exceptional dual-pieces of womanly form. Wei Wuyin was startled as he observed Su Mei with rapt and undivided attention. When he first met her, she was somewhat flat chested and lacked an ass. The most he could say was that she was pretty, befitting the girl-next-door with her pure black eyes and short hair.

Now, she had grown into a full-grown woman. Her chest was quite ample, natural growth too, and perhaps his entire hand couldn't grab it all. Her curves were defined and that shapely form gave her an alluring stride wherever she went. Her eyes were still as pure and black as before, but the brilliance and concealed sharpness was quite soul-snatching.

Thanks to her physical training, her ass had formed a perfect bubble shape with tender and soft flesh. This coupled with her now-long black and luscious hair that favored her right side, placed in front of her right shoulder, and reached to her alluring bosom brought her femininity to an impressive limit.

This once before average looking woman had become a beauty. Wei Wuyin couldn't help but nod in approval of this direction. However, when she wore her black armor and wielded that saber of hers, she seemed like a demonic knight with fierce and decisive killing intent. The juxtaposition of these two images could cause one to misidentify her as two entirely different people.

As for him, was there anything that needed to be said? His light-grey formal robes were form-fitting and extraordinary. His already unearthly handsome visage was sufficient to carry the robe, so it was mostly a non-factor. Even if he wore nothing but tattered robes, no one could miss his brilliance.

They rode on Bai Lin into the Royal Palace where Prince Zhen and the twins were diligently waiting. There were numerous people in the surroundings that were bewildered by a Prince waiting at the entrance for the arrival of a guest. Whoever it was must be exceptional.

Could it be one of the top beauties on the World Life Beauty Ranking List? If so, they wouldn't mind waiting also in hopes of catching a glimpse.

There were even some hushed discussions.

"I heard Prince Zhen was originally supposed to marry Godlord Lin, but he was rejected by her, and she only wanted to be with a worthy Prince." A guest at the Mortal God level said to another.

"What? No. It's that Prince Zhen had obtained her approval, but Prince Lei arrived and she immediately left his side. I even heard, mhm, it's because of Prince Zhen's 'condition'."

"Oh? Is it the...micrope-"

"Shuuush! Its only rumors. You don't want to get executed."

Prince Zhen ignored all this. They were mere lies used to heightened Prince Lei's image while lowering his own. That being said, the rumor that was circulating was quite damaging.

I have quite a sizable one, you know! If anything, it's at least above average!

Despite being in the sky, Wei Wuyin heard every last word and couldn't help but smile slightly.

Kree!

Bai Lin arrogantly announced her arrival with a loud cry. It contained her bloodline power and caused the surrounding avian mounts to shiver. Some directly plummeted out of fear, causing their riders to fall.

Su Mei shook her head. Bai Lin seemed to love to make an entrance. This was the fault of her master. Every time he took action, he shocked the world time and time again. From shattering a gate with purely his physical body, domineeringly ordering others around, killing with a single word, and slaughtering the peak experts of this world.

Bai Lin's exposure was tainted, and her addiction was clear. If Wei Wuyin let her loose, perhaps she would arrive in blazing golden flames while declaring her territory: the entire sky. Just the thought made her feel helpless.

Wei Wuyin rubbed Bai Lin and calmly saw the gaping Prince Zhen. Bai Lin's aura was extraordinary, rivaling his own. Mounts could have such strength? While she had heard of the Beast-Taming Sect, they mostly won through numbers rather than individual strength.

Even the twins were sent into a shock. Those watching were similarly flabbergasted at Bai Lin's aura. When she landed, her wings flapped, causing a surging waves of wind that caused many robes to flap wildly and even a few poor cultivators painfully learned how it felt to fly, albeit temporarily.

There were growls and ill-intended gazes leveled at Bai Lin, but very few felt confident in taking action. There was also the prince there, and he should get justice.

Looking at the gazes sent his eyes, Prince Zhen clicked his tongue. Wei Wuyin could one-shot Godkings. Justice? Can you eat it? I don't know what that is, so you can find it yourself.

He cupped his hands respectfully and said, "I'm happy you could make it, Godlord Wei." His words caused many to become startled. Godlord? There were less than twenty Godlords in the entire Wu Country, and this was a Godlord? While Bai Lin's aura was terrifying, it matched a peak-Mortal God, but a Godlord was an entirely different existence.

Wei Wuyin nodded. He and Su Mei left Bai Lin as they arrived before Prince Zhen. Wei Wuyin directly said, "Did you invite me here to kill your brother?"

"..." Everyone.

Holy shit!

Did he just openly speak about murder? This...to speak about killing another royal member in front of the Royal Palace? The balls on this guy must be steel and the size of mountains.

Prince Zhen's eyes shrunk, not expecting Wei Wuyin's words. However, he was quick witted and naturally said: "Godlord Wei, absolutely not. My brother and Godlord Lin are in mutual agreement of their relationship and acceptance of this marriage. My feelings are of happiness and excitement at the heights of Prince Lei. He will definitely usher the Wu Country into a greater era. I invited you here so that both of us can enjoy this momentous occasion."

Wei Wuyin silently looked at Prince Zhen's eyes. Then, he nodded in acceptance. His reasoning behind such a public declaration was to feel out Prince Zhen's sincerity towards this matter. It seems that, while Lin Ziyang was taken away from him, his grudge was not a driving force of his life.

He truly was an overall extraordinary man with an exceptional character. His sense of loyalty was defined and uncontentious regardless of the circumstance.

"Please," despite Wei Wuyin's brazen words, Prince Zhen invited him in as he acted as an escort. He wasn't concerned that Wei Wuyin's words would create waves. In fact, it'll probably be met with scorn and a belief that Wei Wuyin was unaware of the height of heaven and the vastness of earth; a true fool.

In fact, from the sneers in the background, this seemed to be the case.

But, if Prince Zhen had joked about this or revealed a hint of hatred for Prince Lei, Wei Wuyin had no issue with slaughtering Prince Lei openly. Perhaps not now, but if he reached the Astral Core Realm. Prince Lei was a puppet, and he would act according to others' desires, no matter how sinister. Prince Zhen was a much better option for king in his opinion, so he no qualms with ending Prince Lei to ensure his ascension.

Under Prince Zhen's escort, Wei Wuyin arrived at the wedding chambers where thousands of seats were lined up appropriately. There would be quite a few spectators for this, and all of these spectators were elites, powerhouses, or exceptional figures with grand fame.

As for Bai Lin, she took to the skies and arrived at a grand platform constructed for the ground and aerial mounts of the guests. When she arrived, her body exuded an aura that cowed the other mounts. Her haughty eyes were brilliant as she let loose a cry, her meaning clear: "For now, you all are my servants."

There were a few defying roars, but a little exertion of her aura ceased that as those beasts lost consciousness. Now that she had spiritual strength, her aura contained power that could impact the sea of consciousness of others, and this was especially effective on other beasts of weaker bloodlines.

Being brought to his seat, Wei Wuyin and Su Mei calmly sat. Prince Zhen said a few words, but declared that he had to handle other matters. Before he left, Wei Wuyin sent a close-range spiritual transmission with his Spiritual Qi.

"There seems to be quite a lot of guests for this." His eyes were telling, and Prince Zhen was exceptionally perceptive.

He faintly nodded as he said, unable to send a spiritual transmission due to his seventh phase cultivation base, "I forgot to tell you, but there might be a chance of rain. But don't worry, my Imperial Clan is well-prepared to handle it." He gave a warm smile and left.

Wei Wuyin went silent. It seems his thoughts were right; there was a storm coming.

### **Chapter 115 -: Guests**

The ambient atmosphere of the wedding was quite spirited as guests from all over made their appearance. The first arrivals were far less substantial and influential than later guests, but they were noisy and excited. This was the first time Wei Wuyin experienced such an event of this level; even his heart felt a hint of excitement and anticipation.

This was a Royal Wedding! A prince, likely the future King of a country, was being married off to an exceptional woman. From the whispers and the dossier of information gained from the World Life Emporium, Wei Wuyin learned quite a bit about Lin Ziyang.

He was startled to learn that she was one of the youngest Godlords of the century. The average cultivation age for Godlords were well within three to four hundred years, but Lin Ziyang had attained this prestigious stage before one hundred.

Furthermore, she belonged to an exceptionally influential family clan that held no relation with any country, a Hidden Clan. They were secluded and focused mostly on themselves, yet produced exceptional talents and had their own field of specialty. Supposedly, the Lin Clan had given birth to two Astral Core Realm experts in its heyday. This meant their foundation was greater than newer countries.

This Godlord Lin wasn't just beautiful, powerful, and came from an impressive background, but she was skilled in the four classical arts and studied beneath the Zither Goddess of Mount Su, a Godking, from a young age. Unfortunately, the Zither Goddess of Mount Su had reached the end of her lifespan and returned to the mortal dust.

She was quite a catch, nevertheless. If Wei Wuyin wasn't preoccupied with matters of life and death, survival or damnation, he would honestly be open for taking her word said during the Core Disciple Competition long ago and claim her hand in marriage. Unfortunately...

As Wei Wuyin was in his thoughts, a commotion erupted. The attention of many was drawn to the entrance and saw the arrival of two figures. The first was a stately looking middle-aged man addressed in green and white robed. He had a calm gaze that exuded serenity and control. His aura was rippling softly with each step.

Spirit Within Each Step!

Wei Wuyin's eyes flashed as he felt the spiritual energies within this aura. It was potent, refined, and expertly controlled. This was a sign of an expert who had impeccable control of their spiritual energies. In Qi Cultivation, there were three paths that could generally be taken to an extreme: Fleshy body strengthening, Qi Control, or Spiritual Control.

Wei Wuyin had exceptional control of his qi, capable of walking on water even when he was at the Second Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm. However, those who focused on spiritual control were masters with a vast armory of spiritual spells and often high-level Formation Masters. As for fleshy body strengthening, Wei Wuyin had always taken the passive enhancements, not cultivating in any Qi Method to do so.

That being said, his Spiritual Control was by no means weaker with his Divine Spirits. The concept of Divine was the immense amplification of Spiritual qualities such as strength, aura, energies, and control. If he wanted, he could similarly exhibit Spirit Within Each Step.

Su Mei beside him eyebrows lifted. This man gave her an unfathomable feeling of supremacy. But as her eyes were drawn away to the person beside him, her eyes stilled. It was as if color faded from her world for a moment.

She was dressed in a light golden silk dress with white trim. It was form-fitting, especially around her waist that pushed up her brassiere that hoisted her ample bosoms that seemed as if they were about to spill away. Her bottle-like figure supported by an outrageous set of breasts and round rump was exceptional. However, what truly was breathtaking and color-snatching was her features of that perfect face of hers.

Thin eyebrows, peach lips, strong yet limpid eyes, a firm upright posture, and long legs followed by stable steps. She exuded an innate authority. Any man worth his weight would have a feeling to conquer this woman with their everything.

This was the feeling Su Mei, a woman, had. This could be amplified ten-fold by the men. Her arrival made her the center of attention.

Wei Wuyin's eyes lifted and saw the duo. However, unlike those who seemed stunned out of their minds, Wei Wuyin's eyebrows frowned ever-so-slightly. His nose was exceptional and his vision was phenomenal beyond his realm, so when he saw her, his first thought was that she was a nation-toppling beauty, but he also discovered that she also wasn't a virgin.

Now, Wei Wuyin didn't discriminate. A beautiful woman or any woman judged by their virginity was only done by insecure beta-males scared to compete at being the best their woman ever had. As for him, he never had a doubt that he'd always come out on top. No, the issue was her identity.

Eleven years ago, she was one of the top three beauties of the country: Wu Baozhai, Princess of Wu.

And she wasn't married or engaged. But according to imperial rule, female royalty could not engage in matters of men and women before their marriage was settled and completed. Unlike him, they were a stickler for purity.

The reason he discovered this was because of the man beside her. He was sending out his spiritual strength, but that aura was also condensed just below her navel, where her Primal Yin was located. It was currently emanating a similar, yet different aura.

A spiritual formation was disguising her lost virginity.

"How intriguing," Wei Wuyin faintly smiled. There was a time where he would try his all to pursue her, but her concealed scandal made him realize she'll have quite a lot of baggage. So, he wasn't enamoured by her appearance like others.

Su Mei turned to Wei Wuyin and was caught off-guard by his lack of reaction.

"That's Wu Baozhai and Ji Menghua, the Patriarch of the Ji Clan! It seems she really does have the Ji Clan's full support." The conversations started to be wildly exchanged. The Ji Clan was a part of the Five Great Sects and Two Great Clans. Each one of these powers had a Godlord at their head, fully controlling a domain. Regardless of the Two Godkings of the Imperial Clan, Godlords can not be looked down upon.

Their Spiritual Qi allowed them access to all sorts of mystical arts such as mental influence, avatar arts, and can control or set up stronger Qi Arrays. With arrays behind them, they could fight Godkings and not lose out immediately.

It wasn't just them who arrived, but Bai Yulin, the Matriarch of the Bai Clan. Unfortunately, her daughter was absent. As one of the top beauties of old, many were hopeful of her arrival but were inevitably disappointed.

The guests of eminent reputation continued to arrive, such as a middle-aged scholarly with a pale-white beard and a sword sheath on his back. He had an aura as vast as the sky, yet as sharp as a guillotine. When he arrived, the excitement of everyone rose. This was the Ancestral Elder of the Sky Sword Sect, one of its two Godlords, Fang Shen! Furthermore, he was known as the stronger of the two.

While others marveled and those with a little bit of status worked up to courage to initiate a conversation, Wei Wuyin's eyes flashed. Two Godlords for a Prince's Wedding? If it wasn't for Prince Zhen's confirmation that something was truly shifting in the undercurrents of the world, he might've struck up a conversation too.

This wasn't the end.

The Aqua Echo Sect's Sect Leader, Lian Yaling, and the Earthly Titan Sect's Sect Leader, Mo Yuan, also arrived creating a stir. They were both lustrous Godlords that reigned over a domain. It was at this point that those with a little perception and less happy haze started to feel that something was up.

Barring Wei Wuyin's unexpected appearance and revealing as a foreign Godlord, four Godlords of the Seven Great Powers of Wu Country had arrived. Furthermore, it didn't end there.



Qin Feng, the overly cautious and secluded Godlord known for his passivity and unwilling to interject in worldly matters arrived! The Sect Leader of the Jade Lotus Sect had come and this shocked many.

Wei Wuyin was startled as well. But considering the current state of things, it seems this wedding was suiting up to become a major turning point of destiny of this country. When Qin Feng arrived, he eyed his seat and gave others a slight smile of warmth and a little distance. His eyes roamed briefly and paused.

"Alchemic Lord Wei?" Qin Feng spotted Wei Wuyin and was surprised. However, the listening crowd that paid attention to his every syllable also went into a hushed uproar.

"Alchemic Lord Wei? He's a Lord Alchemist too?!"

"Impossible! Prince Zhen called him Godlord Wei, and his life aura is still vibrant and youthful. He can't be more than two hundred years old, how can he be a Lord Alchemist?"

"Are you questioning Godlord Qin's words?!"

"...no...l..."

Their interactions were mostly inconsequential as Qin Feng arrived before Wei Wuyin with swift steps.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you in person, Alchemic Lord Wei." Giving a courteous clasp of his hands, Qin Feng spoke respectfully. To him, Wei Wuyin was a Godlord with an Alchemic Spirit of Qi and could produce sixth-grade products with swift timing and were similarly high-quality. This was astonishing and made Qin Feng happy to have made a relationship with Wei Wuyin.

Wei Wuyin smiled slightly. This was the first time he was called an Alchemic Lord outside of the Eden Earth Sect. It was quite unfamiliar to him. Barely anyone knew of his skill in alchemy, with Qin Feng and the World Life Pavilion being an exception.

Those at his level could produce sixth-grade products and thus effectively develop peak-Mortal Gods, Godlords, and Godkings if they tried. Their status was far, far beyond normal Godlords. If an Alchemic Lord dedicated a few decades to concocting, they could create an army rivaling the Imperial Guards brought by Sheng Jiu.

They were a fearsome existence that could not be underestimated. In fact, there were less Alchemic Lords in the entire world than there were Godlords in Wu Country—less than twenty! Each one was herald was a genius of the ages; sadly, most were Alchemic Heart cultivators forced into strenuous and life-draining concoction. They couldn't enjoy their fame and prestige.

As an exception, Wei Wuyin was a worldly phenomena. If he was both a Godlord and an Alchemic Lord, his status would exceed even the King of Wu by a fair bit.

Unfortunately, news was already out. The nearby Godlords already shifted their gazes over. Qin Feng had believed Wei Wuyin used his status as an alchemist to receive an invitation, so he didn't bother concealing this matter.

Shaking his head, he invited Qin Feng to sit beside him. But Qin Feng was quite apologetic as he declined, saying he had to sit somewhere else. While he didn't elaborate, it made Wei Wuyin realize that seating arrangements were segregated and divided, almost as if intentional.

As for him, he was seated in a relatively neutral zone. This alluded to two factions embroiled in the upcoming storm. This felt more and more interesting as time went on.

### **Chapter 116 The Wedding Begins**

After chatting with Qin Feng for a bit, Wei Wuyin allowed Qin Feng to mingle elsewhere. At the moment, his mind was occupied with all sorts of thoughts. His eyes swept around but didn't spot his target, so he could do nothing more than sit and wait.

"Lord Wei, do you think..." Su Mei started to speak but deliberately paused. It seemed she caught on to the odd air in the room, faster than others.

"Mm. When it happens, it'll likely be fast and crimson. Be ready to put on your dazzling accessories." This was his disguised way of telling her that things were likely going to be quite bloody. If the opposing party seeks to bring interruption to this wedding, they must be fully confident in tackling any issues that arise.

In events like this, often there were unintended yet acceptable casualties for both the defensive and offensive sides of a conflict.

If he had known this would happen, perhaps he would've come alone instead of bringing Su Mei and Bai Lin. Unfortunately, it was far beyond the timing to have them quietly retreat. It was safer if they stayed near him, and not left and became targets of some trap to prevent escapees or something of that nature.

Taking a deep breath, he continued to see the flood of experts and characters of renown. The atmosphere that was jubilant and exciting started to become odd and rigid. Even those slow on the uptake could now tell that an event was likely happening that far exceeded a prince's wedding. A silent world with hushed whispers now replaced those excitable exchanges.

Wei Wuyin could see that Qin Feng was seated in an area with the Sky Sword Sect's Ancestral Elder, Fang Shen, and Acho Echo Sect's beautiful Sect Leader, Lian Yaling. As for the other side, there was Mo Yuan, the Earthly Titan Sect's Sect Leader. However, if one thought that Mo Yuan was on the weaker side, they would be insane. Because he was on the side with royalty! There were princes and princesses, including Dukes and Earls that were Mortal Gods and Godlords. In fact, their side seemed to be more numerous!

"To think the overly cautious Qin Feng would be against the Imperial Clan...this must have so many intricate layers." He couldn't see the fog-covered puzzle that was currently happening. He lacked information, but what he did know was that an ensuing storm would likely ravage the world soon enough.

Just as Wei Wuyin was feeling an intense feeling in his heart, a feeling of excitement, a woman arrived at the entrance. Wei Wuyin's senses flared as he turned his gaze and saw a figure he hadn't expected!

Mei Yang!

The Helios Witch!!

Since that day where she barely escaped with her life against the one-time Astral Array trump card of the Yuhei Clan, he hadn't heard any updated news of her. In fact, he had asked about her at the Life World Emporium, but besides confirming that she was alive, there was no other information about her.

She still donned her signature short-sleeved white cheongsam with golden images of the sun and vines embroidered on its surface, tight-fitting and perfectly accentuating her feminine assets. Her beauty remained as radiant as a sunrise.

When she arrived, countless eyes met her. As she had arrived a little later than others, she became the center of attention. One figure had the most reaction, Fang Shen. His eyebrows furrowed as a sharpness emitted from his eyes. It carried hostile intent that caused all those to shiver and feel a sense of dread.

Mei Yang cutely smiled at Fang Shen, putting on a fearless front, but Wei Wuyin could hear her heartbeat and blood flow. While she seemed uninjured and normal, her cells were damaged and her heartbeat was irregular. She was injured yet to recover from that Astral Array. That irregular heartbeat belied her calmness, indicating fear and worry.

Her beautiful eyes swept away until she paused, just as Qin Feng did. She saw Wei Wuyin sitting there, handsome and completely untouched. Her heart quivered as she looked at him. She had assumed that, like the other peak-Mortal Gods, Wei Wuyin was obliterated into nothing.

Her eyes shook for a moment before they brightened. With a brilliant smile, she waltzed over with an exquisitely alluring sashay of her hips and shoulders.

She directly ignored the gazes and arrived before Wei Wuyin. Her eyes revealed a strange glint as she said without hiding her voice, "I've missed you dearly, love. It's been too long since that night."

Her next actions dropped jaws and widened eyes. With a swift movement, she sat directly on Wei Wuyin's lap, shaking her round butt a little as she got comfortable. Since there was no seat left in Wei Wuyin's area, she directly made her own.

Su Mei was startled, her eyes looked towards Wei Wuyin. When did Mei Yang and Wei Wuyin have that type of relationship?

What shocked her even more was that Wei Wuyin didn't seem shocked, surprised, or confused. Instead, he had a sly grin on his face as he grabbed Mei Yang's stomach and pushed her closer to himself. Mei Yang was quite short, and while she sat on him, her torso and head still only reached his neck.

He said, "It has been. I've missed you." Without missing a bit, he pressed his lips against her neck for a few soft kisses and used his hand to rub her flat stomach to get his feel of her soft flesh. Through her thin tight-fitting outfit, it was near skin-to-skin contact.

Mei Yang stilled for a moment, completely not expecting Wei Wuyin to react in such a direct and undenyng manner. But she didn't lose out, and she became even more brazen as she grabbed his hand and lifted it to her chest, pressing her fingers against Wei Wuyin so he got a handful. He didn't hold back as he truly got a handful, and quite the handful it was.

"Ah!" She moaned softly.

"..." Everyone.

The abrupt scene that had become very vivid and not safe for children's viewing had occurred out of nowhere. While everyone knew of the Helios Witch's habit of mischief, they were startled to see Wei Wuyin act unbridled and ignoring everyone else.

"How uncouth of you! Be aware of your place! This is not a brothel!" A male Mortal God roared. He belonged to a second-tier force and controlled his own sect within the Gaia State. While the two figures were seemingly experts, he had no fear as he berated them righteously.

Mei Yang turned to him and gave an alluring smile, causing his entire body to become stimulated. She was quite the beauty and a fantastical vixen.

However, Wei Wuyin wasn't as merciful. His eyes turned towards the Mortal God and became icy-cold. "You dare interrupt me?" His words were glacial, arrogant, and beyond fierce. The body of that Mortal God was stimulated in other ways, more frightening ways.

"Leave." Wei Wuyin no longer deigned to even look at the Mortal God any longer. His words were suffused with disdain and disregard.

"You!" The Mortal God became enraged despite his boiling fear. While he didn't dare attack the Helios Witch, he wanted to teach Wei Wuyin a lesson.

"You motherfu-"

Prince Zhen saw this from afar and his heart quivered. He immediately gave orders to the Imperial Guard on duty. They were swift as they arrived in a flash beside the Mortal God, interrupting him.

"We're here to escort you." Their words were not a question, and their spiritual strength was locked on the Mortal God. Their eyes fierce. The Mortal God felt that if he refused, the Imperial Guards would immediately attack to kill. His heart shook.

Who is this guy?

But he didn't get the opportunity to ask as he was directly taken away under the escort of the Imperial Guards. This shocked everyone, even Mei Yang.

He could uninvite people from an Imperial Wedding? Was he truly a Godlord and a Lord Alchemist? This...

Prince Zhen had cold sweat on his forehead and back. He knew Wei Wuyin's arrogance and unfathomable strength. He killed a Godking because he threatened his lovers, beheaded him in a single exchange. He was casual, but if he became angry, who knew what hell would descend?

Those with keen perceptions and intelligence realized that Wei Wuyin had the backing of a high level figure or was an exceptional guest. After a few exchanges of transmissions, those Godlords that were absent to his titles were shocked to realize he was a Godlord and a Lord Alchemist...

If so, then he was a figure with extraordinary status! Even Fang Shen withdrew his hostility towards Mei Yang and acted as if she didn't exist. She wasn't worth offending a second Godlord or a Lord Alchemist, let alone both. The gathering and financial power they had was terrifying.

There was once an Expert Alchemist that could concoct fifth-grade products, suitable for fourth, fifth, and sixth-phase experts that used his entire wealth and years of personal service as a bounty to eradicate another country's force that rivaled the Five Great Sects and Two Great Clans. That force was eradicated in the matter of a few days.

It was absolutely shocking, but the force that performed the deed later used this wealth and service to fight for the country's rule, successfully overthrowing the country's ruling power. What more, that force didn't have a single Astral Core Realm expert when it accomplished this.

They had a hundred Mortal Gods, though. They gathered into a fierce formation with the Godking and Godlords developed with decades of exceptional resources, and killed the Astral Core Realm leader of the country. They became the first country to ascend the throne without the support of an Astral Core Realm expert.

That force later developed a long lineage of Astral Core Realm experts and still had rule over that country to this very day.

Now, if it was a Lord Alchemist...

This was far, far more frightening.

Wei Wuyin ignored all their reactions and kept taking advantage of Mei Yang. Since she wanted to take advantage of him as a shield, he didn't relent and enjoyed every inch of her delicate body.

After a bit, Mei Yang grabbed his hands and tried to get him to stop but met little success. He had a body refined by Draconic Blood Energies, she had no way to escape his grip. While he stopped his caress, he kept her on his lap and enjoyed that round rump of hers.

RIIING!

Just as he was about to get more invasive, a bell rang. It was the bell of initiation.

The wedding had officially begun!

## **Chapter 118 - The Storm**

The entire crowd was silent, shocked, reeling from these events, and felt completely blindsided. An Image Recording Crystal was irrefutable proof because it could not be doctored unless all parties agreed to do so. It recorded all aspects of an event and transmitted it into spiritual waves and images, which were audio and aura. Each person had a unique spiritual aura signature recorded as well, which tagged their audio lines and visual forms.

Unless those recorded actively changed their auras, interfering with the transmission, it wasn't possible to alter.

Therefore, not a single person stood out to try to argue this evidence. Instead, they peered deeper and had uglier, darker, and stormy expressions that continued to elevate to new levels each passing second.

This was especially the brutal rape of one of the Wu Clan's Princesses. Not Wu Baozhai, but the oldest, Wu Lin. It was exceptionally vivid as they observed all things from the beginning, including Wu Lei's monologue of victory and admittance of desire as he ravaged.

This caused a few people to retch, while others burned with righteous indignation. Furthermore! Princess Lin was currently in the crowd! Her eyes were teary and her delicate body shivered as she lowered her head.

Wu Chen was ruthless as he revealed the event. It was beyond horrendous, but she knew that this was revenge. Earlier in their lives, Wu Lin had tried to have Wu Chen murdered, and even killed one of his favored women. She bit her lips, hatred and shame poured out of her eyes as endless tears.

Wu Chen was not a petty person, nor did this bring him pleasure, but this wasn't just his revenge. A man behind him was similarly targeted and nearly killed by Wu Lin's malicious actions.

All that intricate revenge aside, King Wu, the most important and powerful person on scene, had cold, calm, and unfathomable sharp eyes as he watched every scene. His figure stood upright, but as he observed the image of Prince Lei colluding to kill his brother, then the right of his explicit crimes, he cursed heavily in his heart despite his outward appearance.

Imbecile!

While he raged in his heart.

Others were quicker to act.

A figure that hadn't appeared until now arrived in a flash, levitating above the guests while staring at Wu Chen with a gaze as glacial and sharp as frozen tundras in a field of blades.

A middle-aged woman with a mature beauty was dressed in imperial armor, his aura flaring imperiously without end. She stood above all, her gaze looked downwards as if staring at ants. This was the one and only Ba Chen, the Commander of the Imperial Military! She was the second and only other Godking of Wu Country!

"It's starting!" Wei Wuyin sent Su Mei a transmission, and her actions were swift. With a quick shift, her dress was ripped apart and her eighth-rank Qi Armor, the Darkness Rising Spirit Battle Armor. Her body seemed to become wreathed in animated darkness as she retrieved her Darklight God Saber. Her cultivation base circulated in preparations.

Her switch was swift, with many unable to comprehend what had just happened. But their thoughts were interrupted by Ba Chen's grand, thundering voice that held the world in order, "Wu Chen! You've deliberated falsified evidence against the Crown Prince in an attempt to usurp the throne! I, as Imperial Commander, hereby order your arrest. Any resistance will be met with deadly force!"

"What?!" The world seemed to be in every which way, with many feeling dizzy with these events.

Wu Chen looked upwards and disdainfully sneered, as if expecting this. It's been a well-known fact that Ba Chen was supporting Prince Lei's ascension as King since a while ago, and it was likely her who helped collude with the Hidden Shadow Domain!

If Prince Lei's crimes were exposed, then so would her traitorous actions!

Ba Chen didn't care if this was irrefutable proof. If the crystal was destroyed, there would be no concrete evidence. At least, she could ensure no blowback on her. Her beautiful face was marred with

viciousness as she ordered, "All Imperial Guards! Apprehend the Traitor Wu Chen! Act with extreme prejudice!!"

The Imperial Guards let loose a unified roar, rumbling the roar as they auras erupted with unprecedented force. They numbered nearly a hundred, all of which were elites at the Fifth Stage of Qi Condensation or higher. This was greater than Sheng Jiu's division, and this was the main force of the Imperial Guards, directly under Ba Chen; their loyalty was without doubt.

Wu Chen sneered, "I, Prince Wu of the Wu Country, declare that the Royal Commander of the Imperial Military has similarly colluded with enemies and has committed high treason! I sentence her to death!" He roared with a tone befitting a king, his righteous demeanor brushed away as the decisiveness of a ruler was revealed.

The audience's eyes widened as they grasped the situation. The fear in their hearts exploded! Especially for those young elites whose cultivation was lacking.

"Wu Ninth River Globe Array!" Ba Chen shouted. Her Godking aura rose as she actively interfaced with the formation key in her hand. This array was a Spiritual Qi Array designed to entrap the entire venue.

Zummmm!

Nine rivers from nine directions sprouted from the ground, like pillars of heaven that nearly touched the sky. They rapidly started to accelerate in a clockwise fashion until a spherical construct was created from dense water energies. Its circulation was immensely fast, shredding all those who wished to come in contact with it. Its activation speed was unfathomably fast, leaving no one to react as everyone was trapped within.

It was designed with speed in mind, entrapping all enemies.

Ba Chen didn't try to activate the Astral Array as she didn't have the ability to activate it, only the King of Wu did. However, the Wu Ninth River Globe Array was within her rights and ability.

「Water Art: Spiraling Lance of Endless Severance」

She mercilessly acted, aiming for Wu Chen. Her palm thrust forth from above, a vast wave of Spiritual Water Qi was conjured. It formed a gigantic twenty meter lance that spiraled endlessly. The surrounding water energies were drawn into the spear, enlarging it and empowering it with every spin.

Woosh!

It shot forward with unprecedented speed and power, aiming to skewer Wu Chen to death. She was directly acting to kill a member of the Royal Family! Her will and intent was clear, and the Imperial Guards shot forward with weapons in hand.

However, Wu Chen seemed unbothered by all this. The figures behind him stepped out and removed their hoods. The leading figure was shocking.

It was a little girl, no more than ten years old, and looked like the most delicate porcelain doll. She was exceptionally cute. Wearing a flower dress that seemed innocent and pure, she lifted her pure eyes that seemed to contain exceptional power.

When she acted, it felt as if hell had been conjured to this world! Violet light erupted with a demonic allure that was both tempting and fearsome, but she lacked even the hint of a demonic trait in her small physique. With this hell-rising aura, the crowd gawked and stepped back.

A Godking!

This little girl, no more than ten years old, had Spiritual Qi with Qi Essence within! Everyone's heart quivered uncontrollably, even Ba Chen.

The little girl gave a soft humph, cute yet tyrannical, as she clenched her tiny fist and punched forward. The violet light condensed into a fist image that smashed upon the lance with equal speed and force. The spear and fist met, causing the world to be whipped about in a wild torrent of energy and force!

Tables, chairs, flowers, and all other forms of furniture were lifted and sent flying. Many were eviscerated as they landed on the spiraling array entrapping them all. Those weaker panicked as they cried, being sent away and nearly crashing into the array. Luckily, experts were in the audience so they acted to save these promising youths.

Wei Wuyin had already changed to his Yang-Aegis Robe, his eyes flashing as he tried to find that Seer. Was she really not here? If she wasn't then...

His eyes glanced at Lin Ziyun. If the situation required it, then for his future, he would have to take a hostage.

The little girl smiled cutely, kicking off and levitating as well. While true flight wasn't possible, temporarily lifting up the mortal flesh with qi was entirely possible. While it lacked maneuverability and agility, it changed the platform at which battles occurred

Ba Chen's eyes darkened. This little Godking was exceptionally fearsome and while she protected Wu Chen, taking his life was impossible. She had to kill or incapacitate this young girl first. They lifted high into the air.

Then, vicious clashes of blue and violet light exploded constantly. The raging winds were devastating and if it wasn't for the array, the entire Royal Capital might be toppled by the shockwaves.

The Imperial Guards shot forward to apprehend or kill Wu Chen, but a figure arrived above them. His aura vast like the sky, sharp like a sword, and powerful! He revealed his Spiritual Sword Qi and aura for the world to witness. His scholarly appearance coupled with a single sword held within his hand made him seem like a sword immortal.

Fang Shen! The Ancestral Elder of the Sky Sword Sect. When he acted, his spiritual strength targeted each member of the Royal Guard. With his strength alone, they were stalled and forced to resist his imposing sword intent. He had held a hundred elite guards alone, just with his strength.

"Shit!" Prince Zhen observed this, conflicted. But he understood his loyalties and held a staunch belief. While he would love for Wu Lei to die, this was his clan and his father, and others were threatening it. Even if it was his brother, he always felt that Wu Chen was a wolf in sheep's clothing. There was no way he could stay behind and watch as his Imperial Guards were assaulted, even though he had inadvertently sided with the Hidden Shadow Domain that tried to kill him.



If Wu Lei were to have a normal trial with evidence and appropriate sentencing, he wouldn't interfere. But they obviously intended malicious actions with their abrupt arrival. However, he wasn't an idiot, and knew that Ba Chen's swift retaliation alluded to many things. It was only that the situation was developing too fast that even he couldn't breathe.

He was lamenting, feeling like an irrelevant game piece in a chaotic world. Regardless of outcome, how could he come out on top? The throne was no longer his.

With Lin Ziyang's state, he was naturally furious too. This was originally his fiancée, and she agreed to be with him! Yet, Ba Chen had decided otherwise, and for some reason, his father agreed.

Even with rage in his heart, he wouldn't abandon his family. He had never been such a petty person. He had to fight! The twin guardians didn't hesitate to follow, ready to fight against a Godlord!

From behind Wu Chen, another figure revealed himself. His black hair, black eyes, sharp eyebrows, uniquely handsome appearance, and fierce gaze was unforgettable. It was Long Chen! With his sword at his back, he stared at Lin Ziyang whose cultivation and voice seemed to be sealed on the altar. Rage, blazing and endless rage, burned through his heart to an unfathomable degree. His killing intent was limitless. His sword intent was boundless.

"Release her!" He commanded, his thundering voice directed at King Wu and his son, the newly anointed Crown Prince of Wu Country. He was fearless, awesome, and inspired a sense of reliability and victory with every breath.

## **Chapter 119 - Dual Spirits**

What?!

Release her?

Most in the audience, and even the Imperial Guards, felt that Lin Ziyang's cultivation base and vocal cords being sealed was a product of forced marriage. This was somewhat shameless but not unprecedented amongst royalty weddings. Kings have long since snatched women from their homes, making them concubines and getting them to bear their children.

While it was quite odd for the Crown Prince, future King of Wu, to officially marry a woman forcefully, a woman who would naturally become the legitimate Queen of Wu, it still felt in line with Prince Lei's unscrupulous reputation. However, to Prince Zhen, King Wu, Prince Lei, and Wei Wuyin, they were vividly confused by his determined declaration. While the first two were not showing much outwardly, with Prince Zhen clenching his teeth as he engaged Fang Shen in fierce battle with the Imperial Guards, and King Wu seemingly calm and pondering, the other two's eyes burned with unmistakable confusion.

To them, Lin Ziyang had tactfully agreed to this marriage beforehand. In fact, it was originally supposed to be with Prince Zhen, but it was later changed forcefully by Ba Chen after Prince Zhen's assassination attempt. King Wu seemingly accepted this, and Lin Ziyang had no objections to the switch, so it happened.

Wei Wuyin could clearly see the formation used to seal her cultivation base and voice, and it was completely self-inflicted. With a thought, she could shatter these bindings and return to her full strength

in mere moments. So Long Chen demanding Lin Ziyang, a willing partner of this wedding, to be released...one can see why confusion was apparent.

"Ptooeey! Utterly ridiculous!" Crown Prince Lei spat disdainfully and spoke with total derision of Long Chen's words. "Fool! Do you not see the truth with your eyes? And even then, you dare order my Royal Father and me, the Crown Prince, around? Who do you think you are, peasant?!" This was the first time Crown Prince Lei had spoken since arriving on scene, and these words were mixed with coarse language.

This event caused the gaze of many to shift, but the continuously deadly explosions above from continuous clashes of Godkings were too harsh to ignore.

Boom! Bam! Bang!

The little girl and Ba Chen were striking with immense force, pulverizing the air molecules and inducing an environmental change within the sealed globe. The sky above their heads was a bright blue and violet hue with fierce and incredible undulations. From their killing intent, each art or spell was made with deadly force.

This terrified those below. Quite a few bled from their eyes and ears, leaking blood from their mouths and suffering internal damage simply from the residual shockwaves. If it wasn't for experts shielding the lower level cultivators, a few may very well explode into a bloody splash of flesh and bone.

Wei Wuyin lifted his eyes to observe this fight. These two were truly terrifying. Hu Jiwei likely had such strength, but was utterly unable to bring it out after exchanging deadly close-range blows. Before a saber, it was merely a fool to be so close.

It was an unjust death unbecoming of his cultivation base, but his death had nevertheless happened. If given sufficient time to execute Spiritual Qi Arts and Spiritual Spells, perhaps the Wei Wuyin at that time would've had a difficult time.

While everyone's attention was one way or the other, Lin Ziyang's eyes were fixated on Long Chen's figure. Her lips were quivering as his fearless gaze and strong showing revealed his truest emotions.

Their past started long ago, when he was younger nearly a decade ago. She had saved his life, showed him the Haven Heart Qi Method, and was in turn, later saved by him due to a twist of fortune and fate. She was taken care of by him for three months, where she was forced to rely on a man. This was something she had never experienced before, especially with her exceptional talent and status.

In those short three months where he fed, clothed, and showed her tenderness, her heart was moved and taken away. Yet, when she was born, a prophecy was initiated by Ming Shufeng's predecessor, and that was: "You will be eternally bonded with the man. They will have two minds, two spirits, and two hearts. He will slaughter for you with a blade in hand."

This was the prophecy that terrified her. Perhaps the one she developed feelings for was not Long Chen, this extraordinary youth, but someone else. As a holistic believer of fate and fortune, a characteristic borne from the beliefs of her family, she knew this was her path.

Yet...

Who knew fate would be so kind.

This unassuming and weak cultivator from before was now exceptional, willing to fight against an entire country for her. For her, he was willing to overturn the world! Her heart went aflutter with warm emotions.

Those eyes that emanated hope and love sent a jolt through Long Chen as he felt even more emboldened to fight against all else for this woman before him; this woman that he undoubtedly loved!

Even if he has to upend the entire Royal City today, he will take her away safely! His will was tangible and vigorous. Without verbally responding to Crown Prince Lei's insults and words, Long Chen glanced in his eyes.

Prince Lei suddenly felt his cultivation base go awry the moment Long Chen locked onto him. A stinging pain stabbed at his eyes and his dantian. He shrilly cried out in fear, stepping back and nearly tumbling as he did. If it wasn't for a large, powerful hand supporting him, his state would've been even more embarrassing.

Holding his son upright, King Wu's expression was solemn and glacial. How did things end up like this?

As he recalled the sequence of events that had happened faster than he could react, he felt a wave of disbelief.

Prince Chen, his normally calm and intelligent son, had proclaimed that Prince Lei was a traitor to the Imperial Clan. He arrived with evidence of collusion and criminal activities that Prince Lei had engaged in with the Hidden Shadow Domain. Their plot to manipulate the throne and force them into becoming a puppet nation was revealed.

Unable to react, Ba Chen immediately lashed out. She denounced these people and stated the evidence was false and they were attempting a coup. With her authority, the Imperial Guard acted.

Even he couldn't believe this.

No, he could believe this, but he couldn't believe the force that had arrived today. Not only were three of peak powerhouses of the Five Great Sects, but a few other Godlords were here as well, such as the Golden Milk City's City Lord.

At the moment, beneath the blue and violet skies, Godlords from both sides found their opponents. The Imperial Clan was not at a disadvantage as they clashed with the others. In fact, they had greater numbers. Mo Yuan, the Earthly Titan Sect's Sect Master, coldly snorted as he shot towards Lian Yaling enthusiastically. His large, muscular body reflected an exceptional fleshy body cultivator.

With his large fist, he threw the first punch, engaging and bringing Lian Yaling to their own area. Unfortunately, their numbers were lopsided and another Godlord from an Imperial Clan joined in, making it a two versus one.

King Wu frowned. When he turned towards Lin Ziyan, his eyes flashed as he saw an anxious expression in her eyes and aura. To him, he didn't sense the faint love, but just anxiety over the situation.

Was this all to steal the beauty in her state of distress? Did this young man arrive to kidnap his future daughter-in-law? How could he allow this to happen?

Misunderstandings abound, King Wu stepped forth and declared, "This King has never seen someone so brazen. You-" just as he was about to speak, a ray of sword qi shot towards him like a lance.

He raised his right palm and slapped forward reactively, dispersing the sword qi. His eyes widened, enraged. His aura started to rise as a kingly disposition was revealed. To be challenged by a brat who wished to disrupt royal proceedings?

Did he consider him inept? Too merciful? The only reason he hadn't taken action was because the situation had developed too fast. He was still deciding on matters.

Long Chen had a cultivation base at the Eighth Phase of Qi Condensation, Infused Spirituality Phase. Despite not even being thirty, his cultivation was tremendously powerful!

His Spirit of Sword Qi roared to life! But shockingly, another oppressively vicious aura revealed itself.

A Spirit of Slaughter Qi! He had birthed two Hearts of Qi and developed them into Spirits of Qi!

Lin Ziyang, King Wu, Prince Lei, all those watching briefly stopped as they regarded the mixed aura of the young man who seemed like a god of slaughter as he stood calmly with a sword in hand.

With waiting for their breath to release, he struck, and King Wu, still having his heart shaken by this revealing characteristic, fought as well. They immediately traveled away, bringing themselves away from Lin Ziyang and Prince Lei.

Their battle immediately took away the focus of others as the most eye-catching battle! A Godlord was fighting a Godking, and he had two Spirits of Qi! His every action was domineering and his spiritual spells and qi arts were profound, carrying hints of a high-end legacy that exceeded the Qi Condensation Realm.

Some of his qi arts even drew upon the world force forcefully, allowing him to fight on equal footing with a true-blue Godking, King Wu!

Lin Ziyang's eyes were filled with amazement and excitement! He's the one she was waiting for! Someone who could cultivate the Haven Heart Qi Method! Destiny was coming true!

As for Wei Wuyin, his heart shook as he quietly said to himself, "He's divided his spirit into two? He actually cultivated the method recorded on the Monolith exactly!"

## **Chapter 120 - Flaws & Influence**

"He's divided his spirit into two? He actually cultivated the method recorded on the Monolith exactly!" He was shocked not that Long Chen had two Spirits of Qi, if he succeeded, others should be able to as well; he was shocked that Long Chen cultivated the Haven Heart Qi Method.

After meeting the Black Skeleton, Wei Wuyin came into direct contact with his soul and gained greater control over it. Due to this, he could split his soul into a spirit without the described method of severing a pre-existing spirit into two. He had remodeled the Haven Heart Qi Method into something entirely different.

In truth, even he wasn't sure how he had done it. When he tried to teach Su Mei the newly changed Qi Method of his, she failed to catch a second glimpse of her soul. Typically, only those at the ascending

state of the Qi Condensation Realm would get a flash of the soul, enough to create a spirit needed to control the Heart of Qi. This was essential, but after, it was nearly, if not entirely, impossible for others.

He chalked it up to the Bloodline of Sin priming his soul for the Calamities of Hell, which was why his soul control and awareness were so refined and crystal clear. It was his only logical deduction formulated by his own personal experiences.

Now that he saw the true Haven Heart Qi Method cultivated to completion, his heart trembled as his senses peered into the mixed aura and its intricacies as well as its differences with his own, comparing the two. A bout of enlightenment entered his mind as he came to an abrupt yet apt realization: the original Haven Heart Qi Method was horrendously flawed.

The number one reason, and the reason that was most impactful overall, was developmental dependence. Each one of his spirits were independent existences, but due to the Haven Heart Qi Method's way of severing the whole spirit into two, nurturing and protecting them until they become somewhat one, it gained a natural dependence. If one ignited a spirit, so did the other. If one exploded, so did the other.

The spirits were one, as they originally and fundamentally were, so they could only be cultivated with slight differences. If Long Chen tried, it would likely be unable to make an Alchemic Heart and a Divine Heart. They would both either have to be Alchemic or Divine, not split. This was truly limiting to their diversity and uniqueness. Consequently, if one spirit wanted to ascend a phase, the other must be able to as well at the same time otherwise it was impossible.

While having two was like having two cultivation bases supporting each other, it seemed to be riddled with weaknesses. That dependence being the greatest. The other flaw was definitely the potential spirituality of the spirits. Due to the severance, they were lacking compared to other spirits. While nurturing can eliminate this somewhat, and even slightly make their combined spirituality greater, it still would suffer inevitable defects.

Even with all this being said, the benefits were still impressive nevertheless.

Long Chen and King Wu's initial clash shook the crowd, but their next clash was truly invigorating and opened the eyes of these spectators.

Long Chen stood upright, his bearing was comparable to a god of slaughter, transcendent and murderous. Within his right hand was an obsidian sword that was two feet long, and two centimeters thick. The world's ambient force swirled around him, highlighting him in a radiant and eye-catching glow.

Everyone was quite intimidated by his aura, further heightened by his abnormal cultivation base that was brutal and sharp.

King Wu didn't lose out in aura or bearing. His back was as straight as a pillar of heaven, eyes bearing down on the world with invincible prestige, and all of these were backed by Spiritual Qi infused with Qi Essence. It truly seemed matchless, worthy of being the second strongest figure in all of Wu Country.

Yet Long Chen was undeterred by this frightening momentum, seeking to disprove this assumption.

Woosh!

「*Sword Art: Slicing Comet*」

Long Chen erupted with astonishing speed with both his movements and attack. With his obsidian sword in hand, he pierced towards King Wu with ruthless killing intent. A piercing beam of sword qi sliced through the skies and descended on King Wu.

「*Royal Wu Art: Metallic World Fist*」

King Wu calmly stepped forward, not retreating the slightest in the face of this attack. He clenched his majestic fist and punched out. The image of a spherical world flashed in the world, seemingly shadowing the very skies for a mere moment. This spherical image condensed into a small silver dot, between King Wu's knuckles. It rotated rapidly but then shot forward to meet the deadly sword beam.

Boom! Screech!

A thundering explosion followed by a screen reminiscent of blade scraping metal occurred. The small silver dot halted the sword beam completely, not allowing it to take a single step forward. It was thoroughly suppressed!

Long Chen's blade was still connected to the sword beam and he violently roared, his aura flaring to intense levels as the world seemed to tremble beneath his will. His sword and slaughter spiritual qi started to come to lift, pouring water from a recently shattered dam. The additional fuel was blinding as light, piercing and painful, shone from the comet's enlarging form.

The world rippled and the small silver dot that seemed to contain a world of metal and steel dimmed. It trembled as it held on, unwilling to give even an inch. Yet the worldly force seemed to be too powerful as the light dimmed to an absolute limit. Others could see the spherical world that was the tiny orb undulating incredible spiritual strength.

King Wu frowned, "He can use the world force while in the Qi Condensation Realm?" While his outward appearance remained calm, his inner heart was screaming with disbelief and shock. He couldn't fathom how such a force was being bent to the will of a Qi Condensation Realm cultivator, even if he had two Spirits of Qi.

However, he didn't feel threatened or fear as he simply opened his palm and thrust forward.

「*Royal Wu Spell: Metallic World Collapse*」

An unprecedented spiritual strength entered the spherical orb and it started to once more brighten with astonishing, breathtaking silver light. Its brilliance was unparalleled!

Long Chen's heart quivered. This felt like the last moment of a dying sun, incredible and beautiful! But within this beauty was death and destruction that could not be stopped. With haste, he shifted his means and slashed his sword down on the orb with the full intent to snuff it out before the spell could complete.

King Wu sneered. The spiritual strength had already been triggered, and there was no stopping it. With a thrust, the spherical orb became sharp and penetrating, piercing through the comet of sword qi and arriving next to Long Chen in a blink.

Long Chen's pupil shrunk to needles.

"Die!" King Wu declared a death sentence and clenched his palm.

BOOM!!!

The spherical ball of condensed metal erupted in a world-shaking explosion that produced a sharp spiritual storm of metal energies and qi. It was mincing everything within a hundred meters of it, and this included Long Chen.

Wei Wuyin watched this exchange from below. Between experts, fights rarely lasted more than a few exchanges. This was even more so where probing attacks were thrown out and replaced with lethal moves. Without the song and dance, fights typically ended quickly and this one showed King Wu's cultivation superiority perfectly.

While Long Chen had two Spirits of Qi, Sword and Slaughter, with the shocking ability to utilize a worldly force to suppress his opponent, it simply wasn't enough to face King Wu's Spiritual Qi infused with Qi Essence.

King Wu also was very adept at fighting, understanding his opponent's weaknesses. From Long Chen's dual Spirit of Qi and usage of an unknown suppressive force, winning off reserves of qi was a fool's goal. Instead, he swiftly shifted to a Spiritual Spell and attacked Long Chen's weakness: his severed spirit.

If Wei Wuyin was in the same situation, he too would've done the same.

Woosh! Buuush! Bang!!

A crimson figure shot out of the spiritual storm of metal and death, smashing heavily against the ground while drenched in crimson blood and tattered robes. In its wake was a line of blood, shattered tables, and chairs. From the size and shape of this figure, it definitely belonged to Long Chen.

Both sides went silent.

Except a small girl who floated up in the skies while wreathed in violet qi. Her cute, small eyes widened with tears as she screamed in shock, "Big Brother!" Her heart was nearly torn apart at the scene. Unfortunately, Ba Chen was a merciless woman who would not allow this chance to slip. Her movements were decisive and lethal, palming the girl's head with the intent to turn it into mush.

"Ah!" The little girl screamed as she made a hasty, haphazardly retreat that led to her chest being blasted with water qi. She spat out a wad of clear, violet blood as she shot backwards with a sorrowful shriek of pain. Ba Chen didn't hesitate to pursue. Her spiritual water qi moved to claim a young life.

Fortunately, the little girl was quite impressive as she executed a self-harming movement art that provided her with a burst of speed, damaging herself to create some distance and regulating her form. Her violet spiritual qi may be a little weaker, but her eyes burned with murder. A cute little girl like this started to stare with the intent to see the world burn at its roots. It was quite a shocking sight.

She roared and unleashed her attacks. Ba Chen didn't shy, meeting her without a hint of hesitation or mercy.

Wei Wuyin had expected this, but he still felt somewhat shocked in the end. To think you came here with demands and a force strong enough to fight against the Imperial Clan, yet ended up like this.

Just as Wei Wuyin was about to make his move on Lin Ziyan, a muffled grunt sounded from the bloodied figure. A cracking sound echoed that was especially noticeable, like bones cracking.

King Wu looked at Long Chen's struggling body with disdain and contempt. He seemed to want to wait, as if in control of the entire world.

Internally, Wei Wuyin was screaming. "Why the fuck aren't you killing him? Are you an idiot?!" He felt his mind itch with irritation as no one seemed to deal the final blow to Long Chen who seemed to be struggling to rise up.

A pinch of pain surged in his right arm. He looked at it momentarily and felt a brief moment of hesitation. Right now, the Heavenly Daos was most definitely influencing these people to stay their hand, targeting their egos, influencing their fates.

"Was this a benefit of being a Blessed?" The Heavenly Daos was twisting thoughts and beliefs to benefit their Blessed individuals, those with karmic luck. How biased! He took a deep breath as he understood a little more about how the Heavenly Daos operated. It seemed Long Chen had enough Karmic Luck to avoid this calamity, likely even benefit from it.

It's entirely possible that King Wu was about to die. A price for his idiocy and being born without luck.

"Tch," clicking his tongue, he sent Su Mei a signal, and she knowingly nodded. They were currently at the neutral area situated between battles, staying away from any engagements. However, Su Mei started to move towards the beast-holding platform.

Wei Wuyin's gaze saw that beautiful brunette figure whose eyes burned with worry, her hand held together as if praying to some religious figure. After getting a good judgment of distance, his foot started to move.

But then...

Boom!!

An aura so imposing, so violent and vicious, so powerful that everyone immediately halted, even Ba Chen, as their full attention was forcefully drawn to a certain area. White and sanguine energies shot into the skies like a tower piercing the heavens, even the Qi Array was pierced, unable to stop this energy.

It originated from Long Chen, and it seemed this energy originated from his bursting aura and it was constantly on the rise!