

Chapter 121 -: Intent!

Long Chen's aura was ceaselessly rising. Resplendent white and sanguine light gushed out from his body, dying the world in its colors. A heart-lacerating feeling emerged in the hearts of many as if stepped back, bright red blood trickling from their lips. It didn't matter which side they originated from, they were all affected.

Wei Wuyin observed this change with a startled exclamation. He felt a sharp, piercing, and brutal intent circulate within his fleshy body and sea of consciousness, even his spirits were impacted. Fortunately, they were terrifying and sustained no damage. This held true for his fleshy body too.

Despite his body leaking a trace of blood from his mouth, dripping down the right side of his lip. This wasn't caused by external forces causing internal damage. This shocked him even more as it seemed his body was attacking itself with its own free will.

He turned to see Su Mei. Her face held a vivid grimace of pain and conflict as her eyes endlessly flashed with saber light. She seemed to be resisting something.

Wei Wuyin's eyes narrowed as he turned to see Long Chen, whose body was ravaged and tattered, stand upwards with a lazy push. His head sharply shot to look upwards. His eyes were calm, but an unnaturally fierce, ferocious, and fearsome light simmered within that gaze. It contained the purest sense of murder and death.

There were others who would often describe a scene of those above staring at others as if 'they were dead' but this was the absolute ultimate representation of it! Long Chen's eyes which looked upwards, staring at King Wu who levitated above all with a hint of shock, were staring at him as if he was already dead.

King Wu felt a shiver run down his spine as a tinge of fear flashed within his mind and heart. Immediately, he reeled as he felt this emotion that had long since been forgotten. Fortunately, he was still self-aware of his dignity and might. He breathed deeply, regaining his posture, and faced Long Chen.

"I was originally planning to spare your life, seeing your astonishing talent, but it seems that'll be no longer necessary." King Wu domineeringly spoke with a regal air, deciding life and death. He clenched his fist as the glow of silver light exploded, containing vast and destructive spiritual strength.

Long Chen's gaze remained unchanged, but his energy that towered to the heavens in a pillar had not decreased or withdrawn. It was constantly rising in the air, seemingly infinite and boundless. He lifted his arm casually upwards, palm facing that sky.

Those movements were slow and casual, yet not a single person could draw their gaze away. From the center of his palm, a power started to circulate. It was miniscule, barely noticeable by the senses, but it was absolutely present. An echo resounded in the world, one that caused all those present to have their mind descend into a world of imagination.

This was their sea of consciousness trying to process their power. It displayed to them what it could understand, and it was petrifying!

A world of blood and battle. The Myriad Yore Continent, all its citizens, from mortals to elite cultivators, were clashing with weapons of war and insanity. They cared not for their life as dealing death became the sole purpose of their existence. Heads flew, blood splashed, cries of agony resounded without end, and it only fueled the vividness of this world.

Then, the sky above was not the sky. No, it was an edge. The sharp edge of a sword pointed downwards. This sword was unfathomably massive and seemingly endless. It seemed to be slowly descending, ready to claim the life of all those below.

Wei Wuyin's eyes shook. "Sword Intent? Slaughter Intent?" He felt these images more vividly, and he had comprehended Saber Intent. At that time, he felt an invincible feeling of being able to bring all things to its inevitable end beneath its edge. It was dauntless, arrogant as the heavens, and fearless amongst gods.

He had never felt this feeling of absolute praise and reverence besides when he formed his Saber Intent. Furthermore, it was far weaker than this and not nearly as clear. If before was but a flash of a picture, then this was an entire movie.

Everyone was absorbed in this image. Wei Wuyin's eyes were the first to change, his awareness shattering that world. In his sea of consciousness, a saber arrived beside the sword, larger, stronger, grander, and infinite. It sliced downwards and a sword hymn resounded yet it was merciless. Like an intruder entering a forbidden area, the saber treated it with no mercy.

Furthermore, it continued and split the Myriad Yore Continent and all its inhabitants in half. It dealt death to everything!

Wei Wuyin's mind returned to the present. While it felt like several minutes, merely a second had passed. He was truly startled.

One must know that Intent was incredibly difficult to conjure. Even in the Scarlet Solaris Sect, only Yan Zhu, a top talent, had formed a Seed of Intent. This was merely a chance to birth Intent, not true Intent.

And what was Intent, exactly? Was it borne from the mind, the soul, the spirit, or the world? Why was it so significant? Why was it so powerful?

Wei Wuyin didn't know these answers very well, despite forming his own. All he knew was that it seemed to be able to affect essence, making refining saber energies far, far easier, purer, stronger, and compatible with his physical body. It was like comprehending a type of truth in the world and applying that truth to everything.

His spiritual sense, strength, and aura had been amplified due to this intent, and even his saber qi was frighteningly more powerful than normal saber qi, even if the person has the same cultivation base and a Spirit of Saber Qi. They would not be a match for him in terms of the saber.

It felt like a seed of a law in this world, governed as a Dao. If he had to describe it out of pure instinct, then it was a profound understanding, a truth of the world, a portion of a law, and embodied a Dao.

His understanding of the saber reinforced his internal, external, and other factors of the saber. If he wished, he could use this to suppress others using Saber Qi. This was what he felt, and even then, it was obscure and uncertain.

Despite all this mystery, the fact of the matter was Intent was a power in this world that heightened cultivation aspects to an incredible limit. Right now, Long Chen had somehow given birth to the true Intent of Sword and Slaughter. His energies were wildly responding in joyful cheer, causing his overall spiritual strength to jump at least ten-fold.

Cultivators at the Eighth Stage of Qi Condensation Realm, Infused Spirituality Phase, had qi and energies that were heavily affected by their Spiritual Strength. In fact, it was a deciding factor of battle power.

Long Chen's palm contained saber and slaughter intent and seemed to be galvanizing the worldly force he could draw upon. As he did, the world that was aware, mostly Wei Wuyin at the moment, could see why this invisible force was being manipulated to Long Chen's will.

His Spirits of Qi! They seemed to have had a unique transformation, similar to his 'Divine' state. It seemed to be able to actively control the ambient world force that helped cultivators reach the Sixth Stage of Qi Condensation, False Reality Phase, by merging yin and yang energies perfectly. Furthermore, this was ambient world force, not refined world force of those at the Astral Core Realm.

Those in the Astral Core Realm seemed to be able to control this force, creating Yin-Yang God Spheres.

This deeply shook Wei Wuyin to the core. His cultivation base was irregular and exceptional, possessing four Spirits of Qi, a True Dragon Bloodline, and a unique Mind Qi, yet he couldn't bypass the limitations of cultivation and overstep his ability.

Yet, Long Chen could.

Should he...

He took a deep breath to collect himself. A desire to see the end result of this power emerged in his heart.

Just as that thought flashed in his mind, a prick of pain entered his thoughts. Immediately, he snapped his head to his right arm. His lips twitched as he realized that his desire to kill Long Chen was suppressed by the Heavenly Daos.

Even he could be affected? His thoughts swirled as this feeling was similar to every other interaction with Heavenly Daos had to him, leading him to clues to fortunate opportunities and lucky chances. It seemed this type of influence ran in line with manipulating his thoughts.

His eyes burned with vigorous killing intent. He turned towards Long Chen, but a figure emerged in his mind. It was of a natural beauty with emerald features. Her beauty and aura was soft and gentle. When this thought entered his mind, his head turned to look outside the entrapping barrier. He smelled her and...

His expression changed a little as he smelled a familiar scent. If it was who he thought it was, then killing Long Chen would be impossible without severe consequences. It seemed the Heavenly Daos covered all their bases for a Blessed! He sneered inwardly. He forcefully calmed his burning heart.

Wei Wuyin's desire to kill Long Chen stemmed from him experiencing his alternative fate of another time where his head was severed from shoulder by his blade. While the situation was different, and he

was undoubtedly stronger, the desire for self preservation was always there. If, by some chance, Long Chen grew stronger than him, would events repeat itself?

That ability to use might beyond his realm was truly a frustrating and undeniable threat. Who could be comfortable with that? However, this had also enlightened his plan.

If Long Chen was here for Lin Ziyang, would 'that' person outside the barrier act if he absconded with her.

His eyebrow twitched.

Shit.

His mind swirled with all sorts of thoughts and plans. As it did, Long Chen finished his preparations and everyone snapped out of their daze. They saw Long Chen's upward palm and at the center of this palm was a sanguine sword emitting blindingly bloody light. It seemed to embody battle, death, and misery produced by slaughter.

"Sword of True Slaughter!"

Long Chen spoke in a soft voice, yet these words exploded in the sea of consciousness of everyone present. This sword was purely made from spiritual energies and contained vast spiritual strength.

King Wu's face turned ashen as this spiritual construct pointed towards him. His every physical cell, spirit, ounce of his consciousness, and instincts screamed severely. They all said:

"FLEE!"

But he was a King! A King of a country, so he would never retreat in the face of an enemy from fear. He rather died where he stood, standing straight and true. He would never run away from his enemies within his Capital. While this seemed foolish, it was this belief of regal dignity that would be the straw that gave him the right to live.

Shoo!

The bloody sword zoomed forward with prodigious speed. It created a trail of bloody light that contained the beauty of battle and death.

King Wu clenched his teeth, his heart roaring endlessly as he used his palms to push forward an invisible wall. This was a Spiritual Spell, so he could act appropriately in response—with his own!

「Royal Wu Spell: Fortress Gate of the Spirit」

Chapter 122 -: Victory?!

From both of King Wu's palms, spiritual energies gushed outwards like a flood and swiftly coalesced into a translucent fortress gate that often acted as the last line of defense for a castle. It towered twenter meters and protected King Wu entirely. The sword of true slaughter didn't veer as it held true, stabbing ferociously into the fortress gate.

Bang!

A grating explosion erupted from the impact area. The spirits of everyone present groaned in pain, and even Wei Wuyin was shocked that his spirits responded the same. But in truth, while his four Spirits of Qi were 'Complete', so were the others. Their high-quality didn't stop them from reacting to shockwaves that targeted the spirit.

A thought from the Tree of Eden flashed in his mind: "Dao of Alchemy!"

When this thought entered his mind, he realized what it meant. The Dao of Alchemy, especially seventh-grade and higher products, could strengthen spirits and make them more resilient. This could also improve their spiritual strength, aura, sense, and energies. With their overall attributes enhanced, wouldn't they become exceptional in the future?

The Dao of Alchemy was a path, and the path, that seemed to carry the hope of reaching the Realm of Sages. Perhaps even surviving the Calamities of Hell even without it.

As this thought that would definitely define the next coming decades of struggle and life of Wei Wuyin occurred, the spiritual battle between Long Chen and King Wu came to an end.

The sword of true slaughter had taken some time, but in the end, it shattered the spiritual gate of King Wu and ruthlessly pierced towards his dantian. It sought to shatter his spirit, crippling him! This was the lethal danger of spiritual battles! They affected the very foundation of cultivation: Spirits!

These spirits formed the brain of the Hearts of Qi, merging with the core to become a solidified Spirits of Qi. If they were severely damaged or destroyed, the only result was endless regret, desperation, and insignificance.

ROAR!

King Wu let out a beastly roar unbecoming a king as his everything was threatened. His spirit unleashed all of its spiritual energies, even its core most spiritual energy that constituted its body, to wrap around King Wu protectively. The reason it didn't just protect itself was, if he did, while the spirit won't be harmed, his sea of consciousness and physical body would still be affected.

Spiritual energies were the combination of physical, mental, and essence. This was a crucial aspect of the beginning of cultivation, and while its primary focus was the spirit, if the Sword of True Slaughter's spiritual energies truly penetrated his defenses, becoming physically disabled, mentally retarded, or become unable to absorb the essence of heaven and earth was entirely possible.

With this film of energy, the sword clashed viciously against King Wu's body.

"Argh!" He felt a shock pass through his body, mind, and spirit. The light of his eyes dimmed considerably as he could no longer maintain a state of levitation. He fell down like a rag doll from the sky, his body twitching uncontrollably as a bloody light flashed around his body intermittently.

Thud!

He heavily crashed into the ground and caused everyone to turn their gazes to him, his body's impact forming a crater. This lofty existence titled as the second strongest expert of Wu Country had...had been defeated? Many people went stupid, unable to even think anymore.

"Yes!" The little girl who floated in the sky toted her little fist in the air with a victorious and genuinely happy smile. This scene, despite the glaringly bright violet blood leaking from her lips, was abnormally cute. Some couldn't help but feel happy for Long Chen's victory.

Wei Wuyin calmly stood. His eyes moved towards Su Mei who was currently on the beast platform in wait. He closed his eyes slowly.

That person outside was an existence beyond his cultivation, but he wasn't going to let that stop him. He had to take action; his life and future depended on it.

"Well, I was expecting to fight an Astral Core Realm expert today. Even if it wasn't who I intended, I'm well prepared." When his eyes opened, a calm, clear, and decisive light flitted through them.

However, fate seemed intent on interrupting his actions.

The world fell silent. This silence was a familiar feeling. Not just him, but everyone once more had their attention lifted away. This time towards the sky.

"Astral Tribulation?!" Wei Wuyin helplessly cried in his heart. That's right. The aura of the world had changed, and it seemed Astral Tribulation was about to descend. This feeling was all too clear and unmistakable. It was this very feeling of the world against all things that made his heart of cultivation once more become firm. How could he be mistaken?!

However, the aura this time seemed different; it seemed stronger.

Fortunately, it seemed this act was to his favor. A figure that seemed to have been inexplicably concealed through mysterious, fascinating means was revealed. This aura was holy and unique, as if carrying the will of the heavens. It was an aura that he, who possessed the Bloodline of Sin, could similarly never mistaken.

His head snapped to that direction. A woman was a little shorter than average, but her golden blonde hair and ocean blue eyes were gorgeous. Her physique was also far more impressive than Godlord Lin, with perky and tight breasts and ass contained in a tightly fitting white gown. The gown had esoteric markings on it, seemingly another language.

A faint aura flickered from it that seemed to be hard to discern. "She was invisible?" His heart shook as he thought of the possibilities with true invisibility. Even he couldn't locate her with four Spirits of Qi, Saber Intent, Mind Dao empowered spiritual sense.

If this was the case, then he had to ensure she never left his sight. Furthermore, she could have other tools. He had to be on-guard. Luckily, he didn't need to threaten her life. The Spirit Oath they swore before, the one where he was cheated and thus enraged, was more than enough.

That being said, he couldn't let her escape or give her an opportunity to evade him. He had to take her away.

He didn't care about the tribulation. His actions were decisive and swift without a hint of hesitation. His movements were mostly ignored, but a few noticed his actions. A few startled exclamations later, and

he arrived before Ming Shufeng whose eyes were still looking up while muttering something beneath her breath.

With a movement of his hand, he touched her forehead with unprecedented swiftness. She hadn't even reacted to the situation when he sent Eden Qi into her sea of consciousness. With a harsh throb, he caused her consciousness to shut down. Her briefly widened eyes slowly closed as her body went limp.

He held her in a bridal carry, very careful. He ignored her delicate and incredible fragrance or her beauty, swiftly shooting off towards the beast platform.

Kree!

Su Mei had already mounted Bai Lin. Bai Lin had been mostly a spectator for these events, completely and thoroughly a watcher. Only when Wei Wuyin sent Su Mei did she regain her focus, remembering their purpose. Seeing Wei Wuyin rushing off, she flapped her wings and produced a terrifying gust that both startled and sent the nearby beasts off the platform.

Woosh!

She lifted into the sky, her body wreathed in a pale white flame. Wei Wuyin arrived in a blink on her back. His eyes were focused as he looked at the area beyond the barrier. If that person acted, he would truly be in for a battle. With a deep breath, he viciously thrust his palm towards the Qi Array.

A fifty-meter opening immediately appeared. This was created by sheer physical power created by the momentum of his palm. His fleshy body was refined by four sets of elemental energies, draconic blood energies, and saber energies. It was beyond incredible.

Bai Lin shot forward and exited through the opening. In a split second after she left, it closed off. This was why he used his physical power. If he used qi or spiritual energies, then the array would collapse. If anything, he wanted to set up a barrier in case Long Chen decided to follow.

They seemed to be free!

With nothing but the open skies ahead, they would escape with a successful and swift abduction.

Or at least, this was what Wei Wuyin hoped for.

Unfortunately, the heavens seemed to be seething. Perhaps it was due to stealing a seer, but he felt an incomparably gloomy feeling emerge in his heart.

"FUCK!" The feeling of astral tribulation abruptly ended for some inexplicable reason, and then he felt it. A force so boundless, so powerful, that he was already ensnared.

Kree?!

Bai Lin cried as she was literally frozen in mid-air. Her physical body stuck in its flying form yet unable to move a single inch. She felt as if a thousand chains had wrapped around her body. Then, she was slowly being dragged back by this force. This caused Su Mei, Bai Lin, and Wei Wuyin's heart to fiercely palpitate.

He turned his head back and saw a figure within the sky. The barrier that entrapped everyone had dissipated like dust in the wind, revealing the devastation and haphazard people looking both confused and fearful. These were all elites or geniuses, yet these events thus far had sent their hearts trembling endlessly.

In an instant, Wei Wuyin and the others were brought back to the wedding venue. Lin Ziyang was staring at him with shock and rage, her eyes seemingly capable of killing as she saw Ming Shufeng held within Wei Wuyin's arms unconscious. Long Chen, with his bloodied body, paid no attention to him or Lin Ziyang, as he stared upwards at the figure in the sky.

He was standing upon the sky without an ounce of qi to support him. It was as if the sky was the ground.

"You all cause such a raucous in my kingdom and try to escape? What do you take the Wu Clan, no, the Wu Country as?" The voice was majestically magnificent and echoed in the hearts and souls of all those present. Fear couldn't help but be birthed in their hearts.

Chapter 123 Ancestral King Wu, Wu Jiao!

Bai Lin could only helplessly watch as she was dragged back, forcefully landed on the ground, and restrained by some invisible force. It felt as if the entire world was pressing against her body. This feeling felt like her life was no longer her own; it was incredibly frustrating and frightening.

Su Mei's heart rumbled endlessly with trepidation at events. She hadn't expected that their escape would be intercepted in such a strange way. Her eyes lifted towards the sky like everyone else, and that feeling of fear only increased.

Up above was a man that stood upon the sky as if flat ground. Could this figure even be called a man? He seemed to exude boundless majesty and imperial authority, like an Emperor of all creation.

Those with sufficient cultivation bases could see this man's features. He was tall and slender, with a middle-aged visage that perfectly accentuated an age sufficient to possess wisdom, cunning, grave, humility, while containing an earned sharpness. His eyebrows were thick and forceful. Every curve of his brow could send tremors down other's spine, especially as it tilted.

His eyes weren't a color. It was a myriad of colors that seemed to embody the essence of the night sky and all sorts of celestial bodies, brilliant and endless. He was exceptionally handsome, and despite being middle-aged, his youthful aura was still present. This wasn't an indication that he was young, but that his yang energies were incredibly vibrant.

In his golden and white robes, he seemed like an immortal descending to the mortal world. The presence as if he was a part of the world only matched this belief in the minds of others.

Wei Wuyin, Su Mei, Long Chen, all the Godlords present, and all the other guests, were thoroughly and completely awed. This awe originated from their hearts, minds, and spirits. This man's existence felt far and high, as if a demi-god blessing others with their presence.

This was most certainly because of his impressive cultivation base that held no equal among those present. Those eyes of his that seemed to contain the stars were calm.

"Hm?" He made a slight sound as that imperious gaze descended upon a collapsed figure. It was King Wu. He remained calm as he waved his sleeve. This action was casual and without a hint of urgency. A gossamer-like stream of refined spiritual energies left his sleeves and traveled elegantly downwards towards the body of this grandson of his.

Everyone watched as this spiritual energy that no longer seemed like conventional spiritual energy slowly descended unhurriedly. It entered King Wu's body like a steady stream entering a narrow channel. In a few breathless moments, the spiritual energies vanished and King Wu started emitting a faint glow.

"Argh..." King Wu's voice came out as an agonized cough. It felt painful and disoriented, but it revealed that his life was still present. Despite Long Chen's Sword of True Slaughter, containing both Sword and Slaughter Intent, it was unable to instantly kill King Wu.

All these eyes continued to soundlessly watch as King Wu's spiritual aura was regained, and his spiritual qi once more circulated. Whatever energy inserted to his body was rapidly improving his condition with every breath.

Wei Wuyin's senses were clearer than everyone present, except perhaps this new arrival. He observed clearly how the refined spiritual energies helped rejuvenate and restore the nearly destroyed spirit of King Wu. It was in the midst of dissipating, his status as a cripple cementing with each passing second, but a casual stream of energy allowed him to recuperate in mere moments.

This was both an exceptional and dreadful event! Wei Wuyin's heart quivered as he pondered the implications. Was this the strength that those who exceeded the Mortal Dao possessed? Is this the ability of an Astral Core Realm expert?

What would normally be impossible for any Qi Condensation expert was easily accomplished. The feeling of dread only intensified as he realized that his plans and strategies might be wholly irrelevant. Witnessing this figure bring Bai Lin back with an invisible force that he couldn't sense outside of 'feeling as if the world had taken action' was a reeling experience.

His mind circulated endlessly as he contemplated his current position. A hint of hope flashed in his mind as he considered himself neutral, besides kidnapping the seer. If this figure decided to take action, then perhaps he could skate away without an issue. However, this thought was wiped away from his mind.

"I don't want to live my life hoping!" This phrase was the instigation that jolted his heart of cultivation once more. He had never given up nor had he ever allowed others to dictate his choices. There was always a way to ensure survival, and he would seek it. While fighting felt useless, believing in the hope that someone would do something was a failure's mentality from the on-set.

His silver eyes brightened as he stared at this immortal-like figure.

Step. Step. Step.

This figure slowly walked downwards from the sky, descending as if the world was his staircase, even and calm. Each step caused a jolt in everyone's heart.

"Haaa..." King Wu seemed to have regained consciousness with a long sigh and a slight cough. He forcefully pulled himself up as he remembered his location. How could a lofty King fall to a junior? He

felt angered at events, but when he lifted his head to inspect the surroundings, no one was looking at him.

He slowly lifted his eyes upwards and felt the thumps of his heart correlate to each step. His throat was somewhat dry, his eyes flashed with fear, and he felt a numbness in his mind. "Gran-Grandfather!" His exclamation was like a thundering clap as everyone came to the abrupt realization as to who this man was.

He looked younger than King Wu! Yet, when one checked the resemblance, there truly was some between them!

King Wu's Grandfather was the hegemon of the Wu Country, the Ancestral King of Wu, and sole Astral Core Realm that reigned supreme. He was a true powerhouse of the entire Myriad Yore Continent. A figure that all had to respect and fear or else.

Wu Jiao!

This name defined an era. It was his name that founded the Wu Country a millennia ago. It was his name that used mounds and mounds of corpses and rivers of blood to establish the prosperity of this country. Anyone worth their weight would know this name.

Wu Jiao stopped his movements as he turned those starry eyes towards Wu Yu, this grandson of his. "Are you even worthy to remain King?" His words were spoken evenly and with the utmost calm yet it chilled everyone's hearts.

King Wu hurriedly kneeled with a heavy thud, cold sweat dripping down his back and forehead. "Ancestral King, I know I've wronged! Please punish me!"

"..."

This lofty king transformed into a pitiful filial child begging for mercy and leniency by admitting his wrongs. The shock was not small in anyone's hearts. Where was the figure that seemed to dominate heaven and earth, sentence those to death with a mere word, and acted with the utmost calm?!

Wu Jiao ignored King Wu, not even deigning to coldly snort or offer any response. This truly caused King Wu's heart to feel as if it was dropped into a frozen lake. His teeth clenched as he realized that his ineptness resulted in his grandfather exiting his cultivation. It was a sin that he could not bear.

His hatred brimmed as he glanced at the bloody and tattered figure of Long Chen. It was seething and boiling to the surface with an unfathomable intensity. This was all his fault!

And his too! Prince Chen, who stood with an uneasy and uncertain expression while holding that recording crystal with damning evidence. This hatred had been bred and cultivated over the course of this single day, and it was remarkably high. If he was given the chance, this son of his would be executed!

When he recalled all these spontaneous events, he grinded his teeth even harder.

Prince Lei was his favorite and most cherished son. Therefore, while he knew he went overboard sometimes and had even gained the allegiance of the Hidden Shadow Domain, this was all according to his plans.

In fact, father and son had calculated this meticulously. The others wished to establish a puppet on the throne, but didn't he as well? His time to govern was soon coming to an end, but he still loved and desired the power and authority of a king.

Being a strong cultivator was an extraordinary feat, but actively ruling hundreds of millions of people was a feeling that he felt could never be trumped. Unfortunately, the Ancestral King, his grandfather, had already declared that he could no longer remain king.

Thus, he used this opportunity to culture a plan. He made it seem like he'd long since reconsidered Prince Lei as a last candidate possible, had him over indulge, and be seen as a juicy piece for the crafty Hu Jiwei and Ba Chen. With two Godkings supporting Prince Lei, oh the things he could do behind the shadows!

Yet this young cultivator wanted to ruin everything and even kill him and his son! For a woman, no less! A woman who agreed to marry his son!! And the throne too, of course.

As for that traitorous Prince Chen, a son he never, never liked as he constantly pranced around spouting naive nonsense about peace, love, and union. He was such a fool that made his stomach turn in disgust.

While this thinking could lead to peace for the country, it would ultimately limit its growth severely and never be able to rise above any others. He had big dreams and ruling one country was only the start.

As for Prince Zhen, his life and death wasn't really important. In fact, he hoped he'd act as a good guardian and protector for Prince Lei. After all, this son of his believed in filial piety and was fiercely loyal. Even with Prince Lei taking his position as king and his fiancée, he never once went against his father's words or decisions. He had even fought to protect Prince Lei and held little back in doing so.

He was an older son to be proud of. A guardian who believed in the clan and its greatness. While he had ambition, he wasn't overly ambitious. He wasn't aware of Prince Lei's attempt to kill Prince Zhen, but even if it happened, it wasn't much of a loss.

Unfortunately, now that his grandfather was disturbed, his chances of having anything to do with ruling the country was reduced to dust in his mouth.

Long Chen was the focus here, as he was the cause of all this, and thus the one most responsible. He touched an unassuming black ring on his finger that was oddly the only part of his hand not drenched in blood. His gaze was calm as he regarded Wu Jiao.

Wu Jiao swept his gaze over everyone, and halted on Long Chen. A brow raised as interest flitted through his eyes. "A Dual Spirit? Sword and Slaughter Intent? And...your Spirits seemed to be able to control..." He didn't finish as he revealed an expression of wonder. After a certain memory entered his thoughts, he shook his head. Those who saw that slight movement knew it was a shake of pity.

Then, he felt something. His gaze shifted to Wei Wuyin. This gaze was unexpected. Wei Wuyin felt a spiritual sense attempt to strip away all his secrets. However, he felt his Draconic Spirit of Blood and Alchemic Spirit of Eden Qi slowly recede into the recesses of his heart and mind.

Even the innate bloodline powers within his blood had concealed itself in an inexplicable way.

Wu Jiao could only see Wei Wuyin's surface, but he revealed a hint of surprise. "Saber Intent? Your fleshy body is abnormally refined to an exceptional limit. It even eclipses my own..." Those words, while spoken with just a hint of surprise, made Wei Wuyin the focus of the crowd.

Anyone who can cultivate Intent was a genius amongst geniuses of an era. Their combat ability and talent was far beyond their cultivation limit and others respectively. But to have a body that even an Astral Core Realm expert couldn't compare to, this startled many.

Wei Wuyin realized that Wu Jiao hadn't detected his Alchemic Qi or Draconic Bloodline Power. They had somehow hid from his senses.

"Oh?" Wu Jiao's eyes narrowed slightly.

Wei Wuyin didn't hesitate to act upon seeing this shift. He waved his hand and brought forth a sphere of white mist that contained dozens of pellets with various colors. While he didn't have a treasure, he didn't want his life and death to be dictated by others.

With that, he brought out his first plan. The misty sphere rapidly shifted into another copy of Wei Wuyin. It formed an exact duplicate, barring the spirits residing within him. When it formed, volatile energies started to radiate outwards. It created a pressurized storm that caused all small objects and people to be pushed a few meters back.

Wu Jiao didn't seem concerned as he looked at Wei Wuyin's clone. "You've embedded pellets into your avatar? Is this your life-saving card?"

Wei Wuyin fearlessly said, "Yes. If you make even a single move, the energies within will detonate with a thought and everyone will die here today. While you might be exempted, that's not my goal."

Wu Jiao was silent for a moment as he said with a hint of a smile, "I can take everyone I wish out of this area with ease." He spoke as if this matter was minor to take those within out of this wedding venue.

Wei Wuyin calmly smiled, standing upright as he stared at this figure above that seemed to possess boundless power and abilities. "You're mistaken."

"Hm?" Wu Jiao lifted a brow.

"When I said everyone will die here today, I meant the entire city: the ENTIRE Heavenly Wu City." His smile turned into a grin as he snapped his fingers. The pellets within his clone started to reveal their identities and true power.

Wu Jiao, for the first time, had his expression change!

Chapter 124 -: A Random Lecture?

Each pellet started to emit energies of a highly volatile nature. This exposure revealed their grades, and it was fierce!

"Seventh-Grade Pellets?!" Even Wu Jiao was startled. His expression that seemed as if the entire world was within his grasp turned dark. Seventh-grade pellets were alchemical products that rivaled Astral

Core Realm experts. While it might not be able to match their true power, it was enough to be a threat. This alone could bring to the imagination the possibilities if pellets of that nature were to explode!

If it was one, perhaps a kilometer high mountain would crumble. But if there were dozens, like there was in this avatar, it was a certainty that the Heavenly Wu City, and all its inhabitants, would be killed without a doubt!

Even Wu Jiao would need to be cautious in the face of this. While it lacked focus, and thus couldn't threaten his life if he expected it, it was more than enough to ruin his city entirely. This changed the situation.

"..." Wu Jiao was silent.

King Wu paled. "Are you crazy?!" He didn't care about how Wei Wuyin obtained seventh-grade pellets, but the energies emitted from the clone was so daunting that he felt his knees nearly buckle.

Wei Wuyin ignored King Wu. This was merely trump card #1. If things really got messy, he wouldn't mind using everything to bring this lofty Astral Core Realm cultivator to his grave and push him into it!

King Wu's heart shook. The true issue was...he didn't even know who Wei Wuyin was. He hated Wu Chen, Long Chen, and everyone who fought against the Imperial Clan's forces, but Wei Wuyin hadn't acted from beginning to end against him. He merely snatched a woman and tried to run. The latter was expected while the former could be due to any number of reasons, such as life or desire, so he didn't care.

Yet now, this man was threatening to bring all of them and their spirits with him to the grave. Why?! It seemed incomprehensible.

What King Wu wasn't aware of was that the earlier frown was Wu Jiao's intent to capture Wei Wuyin for his secrets. For a cultivator to abruptly have a physical body far stronger than his own, with a much lower cultivation, meant he had methods far exceeding this continent's. If he could obtain it, his chances of overcoming future Astral Tribulations would spike.

And Wei Wuyin wasn't a reckless idiot to act for no reason. He had only acted because his sharp senses felt that ill-intent. It was the first time Wu Jiao showed any interest in him, and he felt it keenly.

If he was captured and dissected...

He didn't want to consider it.

However, this event put them in a small stalemate. If Wu Jiao was determined to contain him, he would have no choice but to act differently. This threat was merely a bluff. He valued his life too much to end it, and he still had means to deploy. If Wu Jiao ignored all else, this was his last resort.

Prince Zhen and Qin Feng were shocked by Wei Wuyin's threatening actions. They hadn't expected this development. Qin Feng, however, was confused. Seventh-Grade Pellets?

...could Wei Wuyin be a King Alchemist?!

This thought was like a lightning bolt that unraveled his mind with frightening ferocity. How could that be? No, he must be overthinking it. There were plenty of old cache of pellets, pills, elixirs, and pastes that were in ancient ruins and graves. He must've obtained one of those.

Wu Jiao didn't act. Instead, he revealed a smile. He stood upon the air and calmly said, "The ignorant are fearless."

"What!" Everyone had felt the energies emitted by Wei Wuyin's avatar. Was this the best time to be throwing insults at him? The crowd was sweating as the aura of the clone continued to permeate throughout the venue. They knew that a single thought from Wei Wuyin and their lives were over. This was what their instincts honed by years of cultivation and battles told them!

Wei Wuyin merely smiled in response.

"Do you know of the Astral Core Realm, child?" Wu Jiao questioned Wei Wuyin. Despite being so high up and speaking softly, his words were like thunderclaps and resounded directly into one's ears. His exhibited demeanor was calm, as if the entire world was well within his grasp.

Wei Wuyin frowned. He disliked being called a child. However, considering Wu Jiao was likely a thousand years or older in age, he accepted it. While he didn't have any fear in his heart towards the man, he also wouldn't forget his own junior status.

"Enlighten me," Wei Wuyin coolly responded.

The surrounding crowd grew silent. They looked upwards and a synchronized birthing of yearning for knowledge emerged in everyone's eyes. It didn't matter who it was or what situation they were in, the thirst was there for everyone. Furthermore, if they lived, wasn't this an endless benefit?

To everyone here, the Astral Core Realm was mostly a mystery. While there were legacies left behind, faint descriptions of their abilities, no one really knew about the realm itself. It was very similar to the False Reality Phase, it was difficult to describe and even if you did, it would be wildly different and even sometimes feel conflicting.

It could be that there had never been a cultivator who truly understood the Astral Core Realm or it was too complex to simplify, requiring one to experience it themselves.

"Then, I shall." Wu Jiao's words perked everyone's ears. They yearned for his teachings like eager children. "To understand the Astral Core Realm, you must first understand the Qi Condensation Realm."

This impromptu lecture was spontaneous and random, but Wei Wuyin wasn't against it. In fact, he needed to stall for a little more anyhow, so this suited his desires. Also, learning a little about this unknown realm was a much-appreciated experience.

"Qi is a metaphysical manifestation of vital energy. It is formed from four core, vital substances of existence: Mind, the sea of consciousness and mind's eye. Matter, the physical substructure and inherent physical energies. Essence, the world's neutral energies. Spirit, a segregated portion and imprint of your soul.

"The most crucial is essence. While many would dare declare that the most crucial is spirit, essence is the cohesive of mind, matter, and spirit. Without it, without the world's neutral energies, it's impossible to cultivate. In fact, we use those very energies to strengthen our mind, matter, and spirit.

"The first phase of Qi Condensation is the creation of this energy in its most nascent state. It is fragile, lacks tangibility, and requires enrichment. When this energy is enriched with essence, the cohesive bonding becomes stronger, enough for it to exist in an externalized state..."

He continued to explain the progression of phases to its most intricate detail. There were many who had reached their current level and were still ignorant of these details, their eyes enlightened as they felt a myriad of new ideas and concepts emerge in their minds. There were even those who felt like a problem they had struggled with for a long time had been solved, revealing looks of relief.

"...the sixth phase of Qi Condensation is a stage many of you have reached. However, do you know what is required to merge yin and yang energy?" Wu Jiao seriously asked the crowd.

The little girl Godking unintentionally blurted out her answer, her state of mind was fully invested into this impromptu lecture. "The earth's seismic vibrations. It is prevalent in all directions, the oceans, the mountains, the air, and the ground we stand on. It is used to create resonance with two diametrically opposed forces, such as yin and yang."

Her words drew the eyes of everyone. There was confusion in many of the Mortal Gods' eyes. They wanted to reject her words, but they became tongue-tied.

"Essence! What is required is the components that create the neutral world energies, when used, it can help bind the forces naturally birthed by the world and self. It isn't easily discovered, but they are all around, and when those components mix, they produce essence - the world's neutral energies."

It was Long Chen who spoke next. Despite his current dangerous situation and injured state, this make-shift forum of cultivation discussion would be beneficial to everyone, especially if Wu Jiao goes into the mysteries of the Astral Core Realm. Also, he never lived as if he would die. He had been through countless dangerous situations and survived them all, he had confidence in himself and his trump cards, just like Wei Wuyin.

There were a few more Godlords who spoke, but all of their answers were drastically different from the others. In fact, they seemed as if they were discussing different things. Amongst the twelve who spoke, there wasn't a single one who held the same view.

They wanted to see which of them were closest to the truth, so they held nothing back.

Wu Jiao smiled, "You're all right."

"What? How?!" The crowd stirred. They couldn't all be right, right? The first two explanations were so wildly different it didn't even seem like they were talking about the same thing. Some talked about the skies, the water particles, or even soundwaves!

Wu Jiao clarified, "You all reached the Sixth Phase; Therefore, you're all right."

Wei Wuyin nodded his head with a smile. They had ascended to that phase. How could they not be right?

"All of your understandings are right, because all of them relied on the force produced by the world itself. There are quite a few names you can call it, but those at my level unanimously call it one title: Mana."

Mana!

This name was like bells and many of them felt as if an emissary of the heavens had spoken, officially terming this exquisite force. They, without exception, felt that that was its one and true name.

An individual amongst the Imperial Clan, a soldier of the Royal Guard, at the Fifth Phase of Qi Condensation went into a trance and he started producing the phenomenon of the False Reality Phase. A myriad of images were birthed into existence and circulated wildly around his body.

Everyone turned towards this Imperial Guard and felt disbelief. A name alone helped him ascend?!

One must know, there were only a thousand or so Mortal Gods in the entire Wu Country! For one to be born so easily, how could they not be shocked?

In truth, the myriad of insights offered by the Mortal Gods, Godlords, and even a Godking was a hugely contributing factor. While he had ascended immediately, it's likely that those who heard those words will definitely make a breakthrough later.

"Mana..." Wei Wuyin felt himself immersed in this name.

Wu Jiao smiled, "The Seventh Phase is refining the mana you've absorbed using your personal refined essence, causing one's qi to reach a complete state. A sublime state."

Wu Jiao waited to allow his words to be digested. The newly introduced concept of mana was wondrous. Therefore, it will require a few slow thinkers time to fully connect their thoughts.

Most of the crowd were in an immersed state of enlightenment. Su Mei had directly entered a meditative stance and even Bai Lin's eyes turned blank. The name mana held a universal heavenly truth within it. Despite being only four letters, it signified much in cultivation.

As cultivators, whether they realize it or not, they were defined by this word.

"The eight phase, Infused Spirituality, is as its name suggests. Only in its most complete state where qi has become sublime can one's spirit be introduced into your core of qi. In fact, it is the mana you refined that allows spirit, the controller of qi, to fully merge. In the same way essence allowed qi to form." As he explained this cycle, many nodded subconsciously, even those who had yet to reach this realm.

"With the spirit merged with qi, one's qi enters a state ready to begin its transform into a secondary soul. In the cultivation world, we call this newly formed core: Natal Soul."

Natal Soul!

Cultivation was being dissected and revealed today! The very essence and mysteries!

Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened to the extreme. He cultivated the Divine Heart Method, which seemed special. At the time, he wondered why his spirits seemed so intelligent and sentient. Now, he had an understanding as to why, even in the beginning.

His spirits were developing into true souls, secondary souls!

The Realm of Sages; soul cultivation! He felt his mind explode with information as he recalled the True Soul of Sin. It outlined absorbing karmic sin as nutrients for the soul itself. Could the method be meant for his spirits? As this question entered his mind, he felt his breadth of thought expand.

The world was truly miraculous.

"Your Natal Soul is born. Now, the ninth and final phase. By absorbing essence, your natal soul can refine a unique form of energy imbued with its own unique strand of mana. The majority of the cultivation world call this Qi Essence. By re-absorbing this unique strand of mana and the energy within, your Natal Soul undergoes a final transformation. Now, your inherent qi possesses this unique strand of personalized mana, priming it for a transformation.

"Depending on the amount, from one to ninety-nine, it determines the inherent strength of your qi and state of your transformation. Each elevated state determines your chances of ascending to the Astral Core Realm, the level of your might, and your potential in the Astral Core Realm.

"A transformation with eleven Qi Essence is called the 1st Mortal State. Twenty-two is called the 2nd Mortal State. Thirty-three is called the 3rd Mortal State.

"...the 9th Mortal State is intermixing ninety-nine Qi Essences. However, that is not the end. After your Natal Soul has produced ninety-nine Qi Essences, if you wish to exceed the norms, you can create a Mana Essence. With it, you merge the ninety-nine into one. The utmost limit of cultivation is reached and you've truly reached the complete stage of Qi Condensation: The Zenith Mortal State." Wu Jiao explained, his eyes faintly displaying signs of yearning. However, a tinge of regret emerged.

"Those lower than the 4th Mortal State have no chance of ever reaching the Astral Core Realm."

The little girl's expression drastically changed as this information was revealed. Her eyes revealed deep levels of panic and distress, she hastily asked: "Those states, can you change it after ascending to the ninth phase?"

Wu Jiao frowned for a long period of time, causing Ba Chen, King Wu, and the little girl's heart to grow tense. If the states could not be changed, would their chances of reaching the next realm become impossible?! After all, they all were lower than the described 4th Mortal State!

Wu Jiao's eyes became solemn. He said one word: "Yes!"

Chapter 125 Better Hand To Play

A sigh of relief echoed in the tumultuous hearts of everyone present, including the three Godkings. King Wu's expression was slightly unsightly, however. His grandfather hadn't told him of this important fact, and thus allowed him to ascend to the Ninth Stage with inadequate preparations.

However, seeing as his Grandfather had announced a way to accomplish this, he likely intended to use that very method to help him. This was his heartfelt desire, a desire to believe his grandfather.

Unfortunately, the next words out of this immortal-like figure that seemed to be teaching cultivation to the world was earth-shattering and depression-inducing.

"A Natal Soul's Mortal State can be elevated after ascending. As long as you haven't entered the Astral Core Realm, on the condition you've met those requirements, it is possible. A natural treasure of heaven and earth, of world and sky, called the Mana Core Liquid can do this, but it can not be found on this continent. There is also another way...the Dao of Alchemy! A Mortal Sovereign Alchemist can refine an elixir similar to Mana Core Liquid!"

"..." A wave of silence resounded.

A few couldn't even believe what was said. What is this Mana Core Liquid? It wasn't on the continent? Then how do they obtain it? As for a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist? That was laughable! A Mortal Sovereign Alchemist can concoct alchemical products of the ninth-grade! The Ninth-Grade! The Myriad Yore Continent didn't even have a single official King Alchemist, those who could concoct out seventh-grade products.

Where would they find this Mortal Sovereign Alchemist?!

The only recorded alchemist in history that was 'rumored' to be a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist was the Wood King of Everlore! He was a figure that united the continent and ascended beyond.

The young girl, Ba Chen, and King Wu's expression simultaneously went pale as ash as if they were in a trio! They were all too hasty, especially the young girl whose age seemed no more than ten years. In truth, she was as young as she looked!

Her outstanding talent, exceptional future, and brilliant potential was all ruined. Her ascension was done to help Long Chen in this battle. They needed a Godking to handle Ba Chen, and she couldn't stand back when she was ready to ascend. Her choice then might be irreversible and meant she would never ascend higher.

How devastating, how soul-destroying, how world-crumbling was this?!

Her entire aura became depressed and despondent without a tinge of hope. She no longer felt a desire in her heart, after all, her cultivation path was over at this age. If Wu Jiao intended to take her life right now, who knows if she'd care.

She felt truly and utterly hopeless.

Would she never be able to traverse the starry skies and explore the stars? Her eyes became wet and her voice choked as she started sobbing, hiccuping a little. Her gentle and tender shoulders moving as she cried contained a sense of profound sadness within everyone's hearts.

How unfortunate.

King Wu and Ba Chen were relatively better. While they had hope, it was never a certainty that they could overcome Astral Tribulation and ascend. If so, they would've already done so. So learning that it wasn't even an option to overcome Astral Tribulation, while sadden, they weren't depressed.

Long Chen witnessed clearly this little girl that called him Big Brother cry and his heart felt like it was about to split in two. He forgot about his current predicament and clenched his teeth. "I swear, Long

Tingyu, I'll do whatever I need to do to help you." His declaration was like an oath to the heavens. He was the reason for her current weakness, so she had to take responsibility.

Wei Wuyin and everyone present witnessed this heartbreaking moment. A few of the Imperial Clan members scoffed. Could he even save himself? While Wu Jiao was magnanimous to give an impromptu lecture, that didn't mean he wasn't going to slaughter them all.

In fact, many believed that if it wasn't for Wei Wuyin's intention for massive mutual destruction, this event would have long been over, and their corpses being thrown in the flames or their heads piked to be used as examples.

Wu Jiao was unmoved by Long Tingyu's tears. He calmly continued, "You call those at the upper-phases of Qi Condensation Mortal Gods. But they are not Mortal Gods. The full title coined by Divine King Han Xei was: False God of Mortal Dao, False Lord of Spirit, Mortal King of Qi.

"This title is apt and true. You all are merely false gods amongst mortals. You proudly raise your heads believing yourselves supreme within heaven and earth, unbeknownst that you're mere ants. It is quite laughable, really. Mere frogs in a well.

"In fact, this very title was conjured as a mere joke. Even Divine King Han Xei meant it as such, to mock those at your level who think themselves gods. Those at your level are ignorant to the truths of cultivation, barely understanding anything, yet strut about as if you rule all creation. You haven't even seen a speck of creation, so how can you rule it?" Wu Jiao spoke calmly but every word was burning with disdain, contempt, and mockery. These so-called Mortal Gods, Godlords and Godkings felt their hearts tremble and their faces pale.

Their name was regarded as prestigious, infusing them with confidence and pride in their talent and ability. Now, they had learned it was a mere joke? A joke? Their feelings were undoubtedly mixed. Others felt despondence and self-mockery, while others, those with strong hearts of cultivation, felt a fire burn ardently within. This was their desire to pursue greater heights, to see why they are mere frogs in the well!

They wanted to leap out of this well and see the grand sky, leap out of the sky and see the endless stars, explore the endless stars and meet devils, gods, and immortals!

As for those who felt self-mockery, drowning in it, they would never be able to extricate themselves and become true cultivators. Their breadth of mind and will was too narrow and fragile. Their accomplishments will begin and end in the Mortal Dao.

False Gods of the Mortal Dao.

"The Astral Core Realm, like the Qi Condensation Realm, is similarly divided into nine stages." Wu Jiao began to speak about the Astral Core Realm, and most perked up their ears and unclogged their brain, while a few remained deaf and hopeless. Wei Wuyin was neither. He believed in his own heart of cultivation, but he would never wholeheartedly accept the teachings of a random person, regardless of their cultivation.

He felt that, even Wu Jiao, was ignorant of many things. For example, only two options to advance your Mortal State of the Natal Soul? That seemed too limited, and the Heavenly Daos never left a single path to pursue any goal. As for the Dao of Alchemy? That couldn't count as even the Heavenly Daos haven't accepted it.

So how could he know all? Despite that, he'll listen. He needed to for now anyways. His preparations were nearly done and 'it' was nearly here.

"Unlike the Qi Condensation that focuses on accumulation of energies, the Astral Core Realm comprehends the earth and the stars, their mysteries and their intent. By comprehending these things, you can invoke their subsequent tribulation for your Astral Soul!

"Oh yes. At the very first stage of Astral Core Realm, one's Natal Soul, what you call Spirits of Qi, will transform, ascend into a profound state dubbed an Astral Soul. This soul refines, creates, stores Mana, your own brand of personalized Mana! In this realm, your qi experiences an evolution of quality, becoming Astral Force! The power of the World Force(Mana) mixed with your own cultivation!" Wu Jiao grew passionate, unlike before.

His eyes glowed with endless starry light. This was likely a representation of Astral Force! While qi produced its own light, it lacked in comparison to this. It felt boundless, endless, as if peering into the entire world! He seemed to have come to the end of his lecture.

Wei Wuyin frowned. Why didn't he explain the World Sea Phase clearly? Could it be that his own comprehension was lacking? When he thought of this, he sneered. That's right. He could easily explain all the profoundness of Qi Condensation, after all...he transcended its limits and abilities. To do that, one should have a thorough understanding of it.

But Wu Jiao had likely barely touched the truths of the Astral Core Realm, so how could he explain?

When his mind reached this point, he realized a few inconsistencies and missing points when the Astral Core Realm was briefly explained. For example, if all it took was personalized mana for an Astral Soul, this evolved state of the Natal Soul, then wouldn't Qi Condensation Realm cultivators already have this power?

The Ninth Stage of Qi Condensation was refining essence with Mana, your own personalized mana, and this was Qi Essence Motes. He explained that himself earlier. And it regarded merging Natal Soul with Qi Essence to reach that point. That was merely one issue.

Another was his lack of clarity regarding why Mortal States were important. This lecture was filled with holes and lack of information. At first glance, it was profound and life-altering, but another look and one can see the water seeping through from ignorance.

A few keen cultivators with exceptional comprehensive talent, much like Wei Wuyin, started to discover this and their expressions revealed confusion. A few wanted to ask for clarification, but halted because they weren't sure if Wu Jiao allowed this or was finished with his words.

Wu Jiao seemed ignorant of his own ignorance. He looked at the crowd and shook his head. Instead, he focused on Wei Wuyin.

"Do you know why I explained this to you?" Wu Jiao spoke with a calm tone.

Wei Wuyin sighed. He calmly said, "You explained it to let us know that you comprehend the ability to control world force. So, if you wanted, as long as you were prepared, you could suppress my spiritual ignition and prevent the pellets from exploding."

Wu Jiao sneered, as if he hadn't heard what Wei Wuyin said, and spoke. "It's because I can control th...wait, what?" When his mind finally caught up with Wei Wuyin's words, he was immediately shocked.

Wei Wuyin gave a bright smile, lacking even the hint of fear. After all, his senses were profound and he realized that this was a mere distraction as the pellets within his avatar were seemingly surrounded. There was barely any indication of it, except a slight change in their energy waves.

Long Chen was startled. His dry blood covered face turned to see Wei Wuyin. He had a look of disbelief on his face, and he wasn't the only one.

Wei Wuyin countered with a grin, "Do you know why I let you talk?"

Wu Jiao's eyebrows furrowed. His eyes widened as he lifted his gaze to see incoming comets soaring through the sky, stopping at the border of Heavenly Wu City in all the cardinal directions. Dozens of comets had volatile energies emanating from them, just like Wei Wuyin's avatar.

"Because I have a better hand to play."

Chapter 126 -: Sending Off

The comets filled with energies were so rampant that even those at the First Stage of Qi Condensation could sense them. They lit the skies with a multicolored glow from every direction, surrounding the city.

King Wu's eyes widened. He spoke disbelievingly, "Are all those avatars?! With...seventh-grade pellets?!?!" His heart was terrified. Seventh-Grade Pellets were legendary, concocted by King Alchemists, and while a few dozen can be explained by an ancient cache, hundreds of them were not so easily explained!

Furthermore, dozens of clones?!

Wei Wuyin calmly observed Wu Jiao whose eyes seemed to be flickering with starry light. This wasn't his end goal. In fact, he had set up dozens of avatars with clones and buried them far away. In the event he was chased, he felt the newly devised Elemental Saber Life Securing Art, now named the Soaring Life-Blood Saber Art, was sufficient to get enough distance.

He layered countless concealment spiritual formations on these clones to prevent their presence from being revealed. He would lure the Astral Core Realm expert to a location with dozens of these clones and then split off. This was his contingency. If this didn't work, he'd use these clones as missiles and send them to their deaths in a salvo of devastating explosions.

While his cultivation was lacking, that didn't mean he couldn't kill an Astral Core Realm expert. He had another contingency as well. He would get Bai Lin and Su Mei away with the Soaring Life-Blood Saber Art, and then detonate the clones after locking down the Astral Core Realm expert by forcefully using the Fixed Soul Spell, even if it damaged his foundation. Unfortunately, the spell's range was incredibly short-range, so he'll be within the blast.

With the Mark of Eden, he would rely on its life force and wood energies to ensure his survival. With all this, he just needed to maintain a single breath and he'd come out on top.

If none of that worked, then perhaps death was his fate.

Regardless, he had a few more escape routes planned, but none of those incorporated taking down his pursuer.

In the end, he hadn't expected Wu Jiao to be able to restrict Bai Lin and pull her in without the ability to resist. He made a miscalculation, a very big one as well: Wu Jiao's abilities. While he was certain he could still escape with the Soaring Saber Life-Blood Art, sending Su Mei and Bai Lin away, he wasn't certain if they could escape. So, he had to make adjustments.

"Quite impressive," Wu Jiao said with a hint of praise. "If I don't let you go, the city will be turned into dust. But, I don't think you'll detonate." A hint of confidence flashed on his lip, giving his already immortal bearing a hint of allure and charm.

His confidence brought peace in everyone's hearts. If Wei Wuyin decided to truly detonate those avatars of death, wouldn't that be too devastating? There were countless young elites, some even virgins, so to die in this way felt unfair.

"You're right," Wei Wuyin said.

Wu Jiao nodded. The situation was still within his palm and merely an empty gesture of death. Without the intent to detonate, he could quietly whisk control of each avatar with his power.

"I won't detonate," Wei Wuyin walked towards Bai Lin and Su Mei who was still mounted on her. Tossing the seer to Su Mei, he calmly took a breath. He placed his hand on Bai Lin's body and said, "If you make a single move. I'll be forced to."

「Soaring Saber Life-Blood Art」

Immediately, he drew upon his Nascent Saber Soul, Element, his Elemental Spiritual Qi, Saber Spiritual Qi, and Draconic Blood Power.

Roar!

A draconic roar resounded as the Nascent Saber Soul instantly transformed into a larger version of its form and encapsulated Su Mei and Bai Lin's bodies entirely. It glowed a bright-red and exuded a boundless ancient and extraordinary power unlike any other.

Wu Jiao's eyes twitched. He frowned. His hands moved to exert some of his cultivation, but Wei Wuyin exclaimed, "If you move! I'll detonate them all!!" As he did, all the avatars that levitated in the skies radiating violent energies started to near an explosive release. A single thought and they would release.

The hearts of all those here tensed and their minds grew taut with horror. They froze in fear that their movements might set off Wei Wuyin.

Wu Jiao's eyelids twitched, but he didn't continue.

Lin Ziyang was the only one who moved, but was held back by Long Chen.

Woosh!

In a blink, Su Mei and Bai Lin shot off in an orb of qi, reaching the horizon in a blink.

"WHAT?!" Wu Jiao, this lofty Astral Core Realm expert that controlled the world, exclaimed in sheer disbelief. The speed of this orb exceeded his own, and in two breaths, it had exceeded his visual sight. While he could still sense its presence, he realized it was traveling at least three kilometers a second. Before long, it was no longer something he could sense.

It was gone...

His gaze looked towards Wei Wuyin with a sharpness. For some reason, he felt as if he was outsmarted, but his heart soon calmed when he considered the situation.

"You know I won't let you go, so you sent your subordinates away with your target. Quite intriguing, but nevertheless, pointless. This stalemate will not last forever." Wu Jiao was supremely confident. He had already sent his power into half the avatar, suppressing their explosive state during this delay. In a matter a minute or so, he'd gain complete and utter control.

At that point, Wei Wuyin's secret of obtaining so many seventh-grade pellets, his art that surpassed even his speed by a lot, and the method of his fleshy body reaching such levels would be his. He didn't think someone so supremely talented would kill himself so easily.

Wei Wuyin didn't seem to care. He just calmly waited with his thoughts on the trigger. Time passed, and every breath taken by the crowd was hard-earned. They truly didn't know if Wei Wuyin was waiting for that crane and woman to leave the range of the explosion before detonating or not.

If so, then they would all be dead.

Long Chen kept rubbing his inconspicuous black ring. Wei Wuyin's senses were keen and noticed a faint spiritual light emitting from the ring. His eyes glanced at Long Chen. "Does he have a spiritual existence in that ring?" As this thought entered his mind, he shook his head.

A Blessed will definitely have life-saving trump cards. He didn't feel that Long Chen would die today.

Soon, seconds turned into a complete minute.

Wu Jiao smilingly said, "Done."

Snap!

He snapped his middle and thumb together creating a crisp sound. This sound was like a trigger as all the volatile energies within the avatars bodies were suppressed, sent into an inactive state. Then, they and the pellets turned into dust.

Wu Jiao frowned, not expecting the pellets to turn into dust, but perhaps their state of constant near release was the cause. However, that was not the case.

All the pellets and avatars turned into grey mist that dissipated into vapor. This event shocked many, but believing Wu Jiao was responsible due to his well-timed snap of the fingers, they were relieved and

happy. Even those who staged the coup to overthrow the crown prince and fight the current king. Dying in battle was fine, but dying due to an explosion done by someone they didn't know felt disgusting to think about.

Wu Jiao's frown deepened. His starry gaze looked at Wei Wuyin. "Duds?" If these avatars were mere fakes, then wasn't this pointless? But...they felt so real.

Wei Wuyin smilingly shook his head, "No. They were real." How could he possibly allow others to have his pellets? He obviously set countermeasures in case the Astral Core Realm had means to immobilize or capture them without detonation. While he didn't expect to use it in this manner, it was enough.

Clap. Clap.

Wu Jiao clapped his hand in applause. "Impressive. Now, obediently come." His words were imperious as he reached his hand out to grasp Wei Wuyin with his world-controlling power.

Was this the end to this suicidal yet brilliant person?

Wei Wuyin kept his smile despite the crowd's anticipating gazes. He turned to see Long Chen, then Lin Ziyang, then Prince Zhen whose expression was uglier and filled with worry, and then Qin Feng who seemed to exude hopelessness, knowing after Wei Wuyin, weren't they next?

Wei Wuyin held out his palm in a halting gesture. "Wait!" He had already felt the world wrapped around his figure, seeking to capture him and suppress his cultivation entirely. This wasn't a power that he could fight.

His instincts told him that Wu Jiao wasn't just an Astral Core Realm cultivator at the First Stage, but that Astral Tribulation was a Second Stage. But he wasn't fearful...well...because...

"There's no need, Wu Jiao. Your fish has long since left your net beneath your gaze." A voice rippled through the air. It was soft, alluring, tantalizing to the senses, and heavenly. It's femininity was brimming, making its owner's gender obvious. Those words were said, but it seemed to originate from everywhere yet nowhere.

However, Wu Jiao halted his actions. A respectful expression emerged as he calmly greeted, "Fairy Blessed Spirit." Those three words were merely a title, much like the Helios Witch, yet when Wu Jiao spoke it, it contained an exceptional level of prestige and grace.

Outside, hiding within the clouds, were the two figures Wei Wuyin had smelled earlier. They were Qin Qiumu and her father, Qing Qi, someone Wei Wuyin had previously met. He was the elf that gave him the Yin-Yang God Sphere, allowing him to reach the Mortal God Realm!

Qing Qiumu still wore a veil, but her father was completely exposed. He wore white robes, oddly decorated to suit elf traditional wear, and maintained skin that was youthful with a gorgeous face. His thin eyebrows, pointy ears, white skin, tall and lithe body, and green eyes that shone like emeralds were perfect for him in every way.

They were concealed via a spell that exceeded Qi Condensation limits. Besides Wei Wuyin, who smelled them, even Wu Jiao hadn't noticed.

Qing Qi exclaimed softly, "Fairy Blessed Spirit!" His expression changed as he grabbed his daughter and seemed ready to flee.

"You're not going to greet me, Qing Qi?" The voice resounded once more, startling Wu Jiao whose eyes surveyed the world. Only after his eyes flashed with a vast, refined spiritual power did he catch a glimpse of the distortion within the clouds.

Qing Qi grimaced, halting his actions. He took a deep breath and put on a false smile, horribly forced. Dispelling his concealment, his and his daughter's body was revealed before the curious crowd. He was so close, just above them, yet they didn't even notice.

Qing Qiumu, beneath her veil, was shocked at her father's actions and expression. Who did this voice belong to?!

This was the question that was on everyone's mind.

But when it was answered, not a single person's lower jaw was connected to their upper jaw.

Chapter 127 - Fairy Blessed Spirit

Gorgeous. Alluring. Beautiful.

The moment she arrived within view, she exuded a natural air of grace and elegance that could be felt by the mind and soul. Her limpid eyes that were as blue as the sky, as brilliant as the glimmer of the stars above, and magnificent as the vast ocean were her most attractive traits. They contained a devilish allure that infectiously sieged the heart, making one unable to forget, likely even on their deathbed.

This went for both men and women.

Her delicately full lips were pristine red, like the color of freshly cut roses. The softness held within those thick flesh seemed unimaginable, making one wish to touch them in any manner possible and never cease. Her figure seemed moulded by men, seeking to attract their every gaze with her curves. Her skin seemed moulded by women, lacking a hint of imperfection and utmost smoothness.

Her eyes, lips, thin set of eyebrows, slightly sharp nose, and jet-black hair that reached her back like a refined liquid onyx waterfall, was perfectly placed and structured. While she had a hint of make-up, it was minimal and only highlighted her natural beauty.

Astonished were all.

Garbed in a tri-colored robe, black, white and gold, she waltzed into view of everyone as if invisible a second before. Yet when she did appear, everyone couldn't help but notice her. Every step she took was accompanied by a silent throb of their hearts and spirits, very reminiscent to the Spirit in Every Step, but far more profound.

They had this faint impression that this woman before them seemed to disdain the earth she walked, the sky that sheltered her, and it seemed perfectly natural. The Myriad Yore Continent was a location that was far too lowly for her existence, and their hearts simply and unanimously accepted this.

Qing Qi and Wu Jiao were the only ones whose expressions weren't filled with curiosity, yet wildly different. Qing Qi had a forced smile and a tinge of helplessness while Wu Jiao contained respect,

reverence, and a glimmer of fear. These experts at the Astral Core Realm, that could look down on the heaven and earth of the Myriad Yore Continent, had seemingly been cowed by a few words and the appearance of this beautiful woman.

Fairy Blessed Spirit ignored the various gazes that contained all sorts of emotions, some included even lust. Whether intentional or not, she arrived a few feet away from Wei Wuyin. But, her gaze was on Qing Qi, no, specifically, her gaze was on the veiled Qing Qiumu.

"Wood Yin Essence Physique, Innate Meridians of Nine Meadows, and a Violet Forestry Palace of the Psyche? This girl is blessed beyond measure!" As Fairy Blessed Spirit spoke, her lark-like voice was suffused with interest and surprise.

Qing Qi visibly sighed.

Wei Wuyin was watching this all, but as he inspected this woman called Fairy Blessed Spirit, he realized her innate spiritual aura was exceptional and attractive. If it wasn't for his strong spiritual sense, perhaps he'd have fallen into a state of blissfully complacency unable to extricate himself forever.

While this surprised him, he was more shocked by those three words she spoke. Wood Yin Essence Physique? Innate Meridians of Nine Meadows? A Violet Forestry Palace of the Psyche? From those names, they were clearly unique aspects of essence, body, and mind, and they all seemed geared towards wood. If so, then it was absolutely normal that Qing Qiumu kept giving him the feeling of the personification of mother nature, embodying the grand forest of the world.

Was she this special?

Even Long Chen seemed shocked by those words. He rubbed his unassuming black ring as he grimaced slightly. The ring sparked with briefly dim light once, but soon went quiet. Later, his expression relaxed as if he was told good news. This did not escape Wei Wuyin's senses and only confirmed to him that something was within that ring.

Wu Jiao floated downwards and his feet finally touched the ground. It seemed he was unwilling or unable to speak to this Fairy Blessed Spirit from a higher position. For those with keen eyes, this clearly demonstrated their differences.

"Elder Xiang, may I ask please know why you wish to spare this man?" He was referring to Wei Wuyin, as she had directly interfered earlier. As for her name, it seemed she was his Elder, and her real name was Xiang. This clearly showed that Fairy Blessed Spirit was a moniker like Saber Ascendant or the Helios Witch.

Elder Xiang didn't even turn her gaze as she kept inspecting Qing Qiumu. She used her index finger to softly pat her lips as she made a 'hmm' sound, clearly in thought. Despite this blatant act of ignoring Wu Jiao, he remained quiet and patient.

After a few moments, Elder Xiang waved her hand towards Wei Wuyin. This hand seemed to contain an inexplicable spiritual might that exceeded Wei Wuyin's understanding. Before he could even react, his body became clear and translucent, revealing his insides like an x-ray to all those viewing.

"Gasp!" A collective sucking of air resounded as Wei Wuyin's current state was clearly revealed before the crowd. Many exclaiming in shock and disbelief. Long Chen and Lin Ziyang simultaneously said, "How is that possible?!"

The insides of Wei Wuyin were not organs, meridians, and blood, but energy. That's right, pure energy. They formed faint shapes that were organs, meridians, and flowed like blood, even had the physical aura of them, but they were undoubtedly energy. This was only due to one possibility: the Wei Wuyin before them was an avatar!

Wu Jiao's heart shook. How was this possible? He had kept his senses on Wei Wuyin since the beginning and he knew he felt his Spirits of Qi. Yet, what he saw lacked any substance or resemblance to Spirits of Qi. In fact, he could see wads of mist that seemed to emulate Spirits of Qi, but a single close look could deem them as false. Before, however, the Spirits of Qi was most certainly real, this was the truth!

How could...an avatar...emulate a person with such detail? How did Wei Wuyin swap out himself with a clone and when?

Wei Wuyin saw that his trick had been exposed and gave a wry smile. In the end, how else could he be truly fearless before an expert such as Wu Jiao unless...well, he wasn't really here.

Wu Jiao's eyes became sharp after a brief flash of disbelief. "How?"

"When you were trying to delay for time, so was he. He created a shell of himself. When you were distracted by the volatile energies of those other avatars around the city, he had expanded it to encapsulate his body. Earlier, using that Qi Art, he inserted his energy and his true self in microseconds of its expansion, disguising his entry and your senses." Elder Xiang answered instead, her voice was calm and without a hint of praise. While requiring the utmost timing and planning, considering how Wu Jiao went on a long lecture, anyone with a brain and some skills could figure out a way to trick him into an escape.

She attributed this to Wu Jiao's idiocy and need to be superior. He was outsmarted while trying to outsmart others. He didn't even notice when Wei Wuyin escaped.

Wei Wuyin was shocked. While this was indeed an avatar of him, he felt his actions were seamless and smooth, without a single flaw. He had left, delayed, and escaped. At the moment, his real body and the others were sealed away behind numerous prepared concealment formations.

However, could this woman be able to find him? This made him feel insecure, but helpless. Her senses were exceptional.

Wu Jiao wanted to bash Wei Wuyin's avatar into bits and try to go after him, but Elder Xiang interfered. "You don't need to." After that, she walked forward in the sky as if on solid steps and arrived before Qing Qi and Qing Qiumu.

Qing Qi's expression twitched. Her eyes were trying to hide his turbulent emotions.

Elder Xiang looked Qing Qiumu up and down with an inspecting and judgmental gaze. Even Qing Qiumu felt naked before this gaze. Fortunately, it came from a woman.

"She's already over twenty, so much time wasted. How come you haven't sent her to the sect already?" Her words carried a hint of displeasure, as if she disliked that such a talent was being wasted on this lowly continent.

Qing Qi's expression changed into a picture of ugliness and a hint of helplessness, "It's...she has yet to decide to go, Fairy Blessed Spirit. Otherwise, I would have done so long ago." These words were the truth, but the formless pressure of Elder Xiang truly battered his heart. He didn't know what she would do, and an increasingly bad feeling welled in his heart.

"Oh? Why?" Fairy Blessed Spirit directly asked.

Qing Qi felt cold sweat wet his back like rain. An unfathomable amount of pressure was mounting in his shoulders. He didn't dare answer casually.

"She was unwilling to leave him," he turned towards Long Chen and pointed out with his finger, as if blaming a culprit. He truly seemed like a child pushing the blame onto others, unwilling to accept an ounce of accusation or fault. The way he pointed at Long Chen was truly unbecoming of an Astral Core Realm powerhouse that could dominate the continent.

Long Chen grew startled. He wasn't sure of the exact contents of their conversation, but he also knew Qing Qiumu was incredibly talented. They had known each other for nearly ten years and have faced many difficult and dangerous challenges together. He had always felt she was holding back. Was it because of this sect? Was he the reason?

When his eyes fell on Qing Qiumu beneath that veil, he felt as if she was avoiding his gaze.

"Oh? He's not worthy of her. How could you allow that?" Her words were spoken in a matter-of-fact, as if there was no need to question her words. Long Chen was not Qing Qiumu's equal.

Qing Qi had a helpless expression on his face. How could he not know this? But what can he do when he had raised such a strong-willed woman! Curse him for being a good and nurturing parent! A fact he should be proud of, but she wanted to settle for this insignificant human in this tiny continent. Although he has proven himself as a great cultivator in his own right as a great man, he still didn't feel this Long Chen was worthy of his daughter for a second.

One of the main issues was his penchant for trying to gather other women. While he had at least thirty wives and three hundred concubines, how could he not be hypocritical when it was his most precious and talented daughter? She deserved to be in a purely monogamous relationship because she was his daughter!

Why did she need to share a man's bed and heart with others?

Her innate gifts were incredible and beyond this small continent. She would exceed him and reach incredible heights. However, because she fell for this lowly cultivator of humble origins, her cultivation base was still at the sixth stage of Qi Condensation, and was still falling behind.

Long Chen's expression changed. But he wasn't the only one. Lin Ziyang and Wu Baozhai (Imperial Princess) expressions changed too. It was one with righteous anger as if they were just insulted somehow.

Wei Wuyin clearly noticed this and was shocked. Wu Baozhai was also with Long Chen? Well, considering he had a relationship with her brother, Wu Chen, it made sense. Furthermore, Ji Menghua, the Ji Clan's Patriarch, had taken discrete action in supporting and protecting Wu Chen during the skirmish. Considering this, it seemed she was on their side.

"Tch. Three top tier beauties. How lucky! Is this a manifestation of his luck?" Wei Wuyin felt like cursing at someone.

Wait.

Did this mean Wu Baozhai lost her virginity to Long Chen and was concealing it?! This immediately made him realize that possibility! How interesting. Scandal, scandal!

Cough.

Anyways.

Elder Xiang didn't even bother to look at Long Chen. "He cultivated the flawed Haven Heart Qi Method? How trash. He doesn't even know the level of difficulties he'll face to reach the Astral Core Realm because of it or how limited his future is. How laughable." Fairy Blessed Spirit remarked with a sprinkle of mocking. It was clear that she regarded Long Chen as nothing.

While his feats were impressive to others, his circumstances and actions were absolutely nothing to her.

Long Chen clenched his fist, with sufficient force to produce crackling sounds from his knuckles. He hated the word 'trash' the most, his past wounds emerging as he struggled to remain calm. If he had the strength, he would kill this woman who belittled him.

"What difficulties?" Wei Wuyin suddenly blurted out. He was curious about what difficulties there were. After all, he had four spirits. Two of which were unique, bloodline spirit and a mind spirit. He had his own reservations about his future. If it made it unable for him to reach the Realm of Sages, how sad would it be?

All his plans, even if he obtained the seer and got the information he needed would all be for naught.

Fairy Blessed Spirit was somewhat startled, and seemingly recalling something, she looked at Wei Wuyin and said, "You cultivate Dual Spirits too. I nearly forgot."

"What?!" Lin Ziyang and Long Chen were immediately taken aback. Especially Lin Ziyang. She had spent a portion of her life trying to find her destiny: A man with dual spirits, and now two were here on the fated day?

Long Chen was surprised for an entirely different reason. He had undergone countless struggles, finding the missing portions of the Haven Heart Qi Method in an ancient ruin after a fierce battle of life and death amongst peers all those years ago, and even then, if it wasn't for the ring on his finger and its secrets, he would've failed.

That was because the Haven Heart Qi Method was insidiously difficult to cultivate and truly had countless difficulties. If it wasn't for 'it' informing him of how beneficial it could be should he succeed in overcoming these difficulties, he wouldn't dare venture forward.

Wei Wuyin realized that Long Chen was more surprised by his revelation than desirous of knowing the difficulties ahead of him, as if he already knew and accepted it.

Qing Qi was the one who answered Wei Wuyin's inquisition, "The Astral Core Realm requires the formation of a core that synchronizes with the world. It's difficult to have two cores in perfect balance within one body, if not impossible. It'll be like having two celestial bodies in very, very close proximity.

"Also, a spirit that has been split isn't perfect, and while connected, they grow stronger and independent from each other, losing their compatibility even more. Unfortunately, this means you must fuse them as one before you can ascend, but the difficulty to do so makes it a hundred times harder to do.

Unless you decide to ascend at the 4th Mortal State, the chances of succeeding, which were probably one to a million to begin with, decreases greatly as you rise in states. Because of this, either you accept the lowest foundation, you stay in the Qi Condensation Realm for life, or you abandon one of your Natal Souls. If you abandon one of your Natal Souls, you'll never have a complete Astral Core, so the consequences are obvious. There are no other known choices." His words were spoken in a very monotone cadence. It made his entire words echo with a desolate aura.

Lin Ziyan gawked in horror, obviously unaware of this despite her spreading this method around like a plague.

Wei Wuyin frowned slightly.

This was because he didn't fear co-existence, and he didn't segregate his spirits. The issue here was likely the developmental disadvantage a Natal Soul has with half a spirit. He didn't have any of that.

However, that didn't mean his road would be easy. He still had two unique spirits, and he still didn't know what the next realm would represent with those two.

Elder Xiang didn't bother with them. Instead, she turned towards Qing Qiumu and felt reluctant in allowing this girl's talent to continue being wasted in this insignificant land. Not only that, she turned to see the little girl at the ninth phase. She was outstandingly talented, but rash in her cultivation, ascending too quickly.

Luckily, she still had an opportunity to start anew. After all, she was still young and possessed her primal yin, there were methods. Wu Jiao was far less knowledgeable and resourceful than her, so he was ignorant of many things. For example, how to restart one's cultivation to eliminate the issue of insufficient Mortal State.

At the age of ten, she was the best candidate for this.

"I'll initiate the examination for candidates to enter the sect. Qing Qiumu, this little girl, and...him, I'll let them take the examination to enter. This should solve the problem, no? If he fails, then it's only right that she abandons him before the cruelty of the world strips him of his life." Elder Xiang calmly stated. The last 'him' was directed towards Long Chen.

"What?!" Both Qing Qi and Wu Jiao started simultaneously, as if they never expected this.

"In three months, I want all cultivators at the sixth phase or higher cultivators who are one hundred years or younger to gather at this location. I'll take them all with me. Until then, you are not to kill anyone within these parameters. This insignificant continent has wasted enough of its talents. I trust that you know what to do.

"As for these two, they'll be coming with me." As she gave her heavenly decree-like orders, she wrapped Qing Qiumu and the young girl in her astral force and they vanished from the crowd's senses in a literal blink.

"..."

Chapter 128 -: I'll Kill You!!!

Fairy Blessed Spirit's departure was sudden and left no trace. Qing Qi and Wu Jiao could only stare at the empty space. Qing Qi's expression was ugly as his own daughter was taken before his eyes and he could do nothing about it.

Wei Wuyin and Long Chen were also at a loss.

What just happened?

Events were happening all over the place, with the wedding, the attempted coup, the arrival of the Ancestral King, an abrupt lecture on cultivation, then Wei Wuyin's escape, and this Fairy Blessed Spirit arriving and leaving in a blink with an order to gather all talents beneath a hundred!

"..." The crowd was silent for a good dozens of seconds, unable to process matters. A few didn't even understand what was actually happening, lost in the excitement and randomness of it all.

Long Chen was quicker on the uptake of information and realized what had just happened. This Fairy Blessed Spirit just gave the orders to gather all the continent's talents for a chance to enter a sect that seemed to be far above the Myriad Yore Continent! Wasn't this a grand and majestic event?

Unfortunately, this was not a story that would simply end like this.

Wu Jiao was frustrated. He had wasted so much time that now he couldn't even kill the person responsible for his grandson's near-death and near-crippled state. Furthermore, Wei Wuyin's life aura was below a hundred and even he was protected. This was a disastrous blow to his heart, and the pent-up rage and fury in his heart seemed to be naturally rising.

This was completely uncharacteristic to his calm and elegant demeanor, as if something was stroking the flames of rage and violence in his heart.

Wei Wuyin may not be here, but his senses were still keen. He felt a trace of the Heavenly Daos influence in this world. It was faint but present. His eyes shifted to see the blazing embers of fury and murder in Wu Jiao's eyes that seemed to intensify with every passing moment. Was this the Heavenly Daos pointing out a calamity?!

While he felt calm due to him not actually being there, he felt an ominous cloud looming over this world.

As if the world was confirming his instincts, Wu Jiao's eyes swept like lightning through the crowd. It seemed he was marking those within his mind.

While he couldn't touch those under a hundred and were at the sixth phase, these ungrateful citizens of his were different. With a thunderous swiftness, he circulated his astral force and swatted his palm outwards. It was unfathomably swift, and no one could react as a vicious and violent worldly power engulfed selected individuals in the matter of a blink of an eye.

They were instantly suppressed.

Wei Wuyin was the first to see these figures. They were Shen Fang, the Sky Sword Sect's Ancestral Elder, Qin Feng, several Mortal Gods who sided with Wu Chen in this event. Notably, Lian Yaling was ignored, but not all the females.

Before long, every figure that sided with Wu Chen above a hundred years old was ensnared by Wu Jiao's power.

Wei Wuyin's avatar didn't know this, but his real body felt a tingling within his head. It was as if his karmic luck was streaming out to engulf another, yet it didn't decrease.

Within the Scripture of Sin, it was noted that Karmic Luck Value could extend to others to avoid calamities or benefit from association. The former didn't require any karmic luck value decrease, simply a sufficiently high karmic luck would do. The latter, however, required Karmic Luck Value to decrease. This was what happened with Bai Lin and the Golden Phoenix Fruit.

Him and Qin Feng had an agreement. He would ensure Jiao Ning's pleasant life. It was this karmic tie that acted to bind them. Such a small request, yet immense ramifications that would later be his saving grace!

This karmic luck flowed invisibly and tied Qin Feng and Qing Qi together by some inexplicable connection.

Unlike Wei Wuyin, Long Chen's reaction was drastic and dramatic. Reasonably so.

"NO!" Long Chen felt Wu Jiao's action and attempted to take action. His spiritual sword and slaughter qi flared and erupted, attacking Wu Jiao in haste. But this attack was dealt with by a mere glance of Wu Jiao. The world's force gathered and suppressed this assault, crushing it out of existence with utter ease.

Yet this delay allowed Qing Qi to gather his bearing long enough to use his own force. Unfortunately...

He seemingly could only reach a single person before Wu Jiao's will was enforced.

Pssshhhhttt!

Body after body became a mixture of blood, crushed bones, and minced organs. The picture of a complete and utter death without a proper corpse. They were like exploding bags of water that sprayed every last person here in bright-red liquid and brain matter. The scent of death overtook the senses.

Only Qin Feng, this lucky bastard, was pulled to Qing Qi's side, and a few already shattered fleshy bodies that had been a millisecond too late to secure.

Long Chen's eyes immediately turned bloodshot and violent as he charged recklessly towards Wu Jiao. His body erupted with the sharp aura of a sword and the ominous aura of slaughter. Without any hesitation, he brandished his sword and sent a sharp ray of sword qi racing towards Wu Jiao with massive killing intent.

"Hmph," Wu Jiao waved his index finger on his right hand, and the sword qi was pressured by an invisible worldly force into dissipating harmlessly. The attack was laughably weak.

Wei Wuyin was startled. Wu Jiao's attack didn't exceed his expectations. What exceeded his expectations was them dying. According to what he learned from the various scriptures, karmic luck faintly extended to all those in one's bubble of acquaintances. This meant just knowing someone with a high karmic luck value meant that person would benefit and could survive calamities.

To think these people were directly killed instead of benefiting from association. How cruel.

Long Chen let loose a beastly roar as his entire body erupted into a tempest of power. His aura exceeded anything he'd ever reached before, and with a ghastly guttural sound, he launched himself towards Wu Jiao in the sky. He didn't try to stop the cloud, but kill the controller. The anger he felt was so palpable that even Wei Wuyin felt it.

Who knew the stories behind those people and Long Chen. It definitely couldn't be minor. Especially if they were willing to initiate this coup and gather because of Long Chen, fearless of the consequences. Who knows, they might have helped him reach where he was now.

"Could his karmic luck value be drained? Or decreased to the extent his allies can't survive this rank of calamity?" As Wei Wuyin thought this, he recalled the black skeleton. He had a decent degree of karmic luck, but the moment he entered the Scarlet Solaris Sect, he started to rapidly lose it. Therefore, luck truly does run out.

After all, heaven's support wasn't infinite.

If his karmic luck value reached a certain low, then it made perfect sense. Unfortunately, this was a sign that his blessed status was waning. After all, wasn't he beheaded because he couldn't survive the calamity that gave Long Chen the opportunity to kill him because of his own low karmic luck?

Seeing his attack fail, Long Chen was filled with murderous intent, raw violence, and profound sadness, decided to shout a promise, no, an oath: "I swear upon my name, my life, my soul, my everything! I WILL KILL YOU!!!"

Wu Jiao looked towards Long Chen and revealed an openly disdainful sneer, "A trash cultivator who practices a flawed method, who's a blind frog in a well, and possesses a limited future wishes to kill me? You should worry if you can even see the next year. The Myriad Monarch Sect isn't something anyone can survive in.

"Not to mention, you're a toad going after swan meat, an insignificant speck. There will be countless individuals wanting to eliminate you. Ha! Kill me? When you fail the entry examination, I'll personally kill you and anyone else who dares go against my family. This Myriad Yore Continent is MY continent! MY WORLD!"

He scoffed with contempt.

When those words were said, Qing Qi frowned, seemingly unconcerned about the deaths of these humans. To him, he had merely acted because he felt an urge to. He didn't care about their life or death. In fact, he cared more about those words spoken by Wu Jiao. "The sect gave you this continent? That's..." He couldn't help but feel shocked, but then his eyes brightened with a light of realization.

"Fairy Blessed Spirit descended here to push your cultivation base to the Second Stage, so you can once again unite the continent! This..." he seemed absentminded as those words were said. But Wei Wuyin and the others noticed this. Was the Astral Tribulation that briefly arrived the product of Fairy Blessed Spirit? Did she help Wu Jiao over it?

This seemed to be the piece missing in the puzzle as to why this existence that seemed to exceed the continent was here.

Wu Jiao coldly smiled, "Now you understand." The rage in his heart had abated slightly, but he truly wished to kill Long Chen. If it wasn't for Elder Xiang's words, he would be nothing more than a mess of flesh and blood right now.

Wu Jiao didn't say anything else. He could handle these fools at his leisure in the future. For now, he had to alert the entire continent regarding Fairy Blessed Spirit's decision. With this, there were bound to be countless geniuses flocking here in hopes of leaping through the dragon's gate.

He took one last look towards Wei Wuyin. This young man was the only one that gave him a sense of trepidation. He was outsmarted and had mysterious means. Even though he also cultivated Dual Spirits, it seemed like it might not limit him. Unfortunately, even if Elder Xiang hadn't issued those orders, it's unlikely he'd have found Wei Wuyin. While that avatar was made from energy, if he falsified a self-detonation, he would've assumed Wei Wuyin's death.

This made him even more fearful.

Because he could threaten him, and if he chased, who knows if he would be able to survive against someone who plots so cautiously with so many means and methods at his disposal.

He coldly snorted. He grabbed King Wu and Prince Lei and directly left. It seemed he didn't care about the rest, not even Prince Zhen.

Shaking his head, Wei Wuyin turned towards Long Chen who was heavily breathing and staring ferociously at the spot Wu Jiao previously stood. One could only imagine the heart-rending guilt, soul-shaking anger, and sadness he was feeling.

He was powerless to stop the death of most of those who came together with him. How cruel...

Qin Feng swiftly discovered that he was the only survivor and thanked Qing Qi profusely, but he was ignored.

Wei Wuyin realized the atmosphere had become tense, dark, and bloody. Everyone was at the loss as they were processing what happened or their own loss. Wei Wuyin walked towards Mei Yang, who was unaffected by Wu Jiao's actions. After all, she hadn't acted in either side's favor, so her and the other neutrals were safe.

Mei Yang's beautiful eyes regarded the scene, and even her mischievous personality couldn't stop her eyes from flashing with solemnness.

Mei Yang saw Wei Wuyin arrive. Her senses swept him over but couldn't find out how he was an actual avatar. He seemed real. She was confused whether this avatar was the one who took advantage of her or not.

Wei Wuyin could see her questioning gaze and slyly smiled. "It was the actual me, no worries." Unlike the dreary air, he was calm and relaxed. He had achieved what he wanted. His eyes flashed with a hint of desire as he walked forward and leaned into Mei Yang's ears.

He spoke a few words that caused her eyes to bulge slightly, but then immediately became curious. "You can?"

Wei Wuyin leaned back and nodded with a confident smile. Mei Yang's eyes blazed with brilliant light. She was clearly happy and contemplating some things.

"Where'd you take Ming Shufeng?! Bring her back now, or I'll kill you!" Lin Ziyang had finally regained her sense of self. To her, all of these people's deaths didn't affect her heart the slightest. She didn't even know many of them. Her anger was flared and wild as she marched towards Wei Wuyin with the intent to strike. She had nearly forgotten that this was Wei Wuyin's avatar.

Wei Wuyin turned towards Lin Ziyang and said, "Well, I love her, and I realized she was in danger after Wu Jiao appeared. Clearly, she was considering the events that took place." He seamlessly lied as he swept his gaze on the lifeless mess of blood and flesh. "While many things did happen, I was unsure if she would be okay in the end, so I had to take action swiftly. I couldn't let her get hurt. I'm sure you understand, right?"

He smiled.

Lin Ziyang was rendered stupid for a moment. Wei Wuyin's first sentence sent her mind into confusion and his later words were similarly shocking. Loved her? What? But...she was in danger...

She couldn't help but question her own thoughts and intuition with the evidence before her.

Wei Wuyin calmly continued, "Well, my real body will definitely remain hidden for three months until the gathering. After all, while Wu Jiao can't kill, doesn't mean he can't capture and torture me. I'll bring her after three months."

Lin Ziyang was once more thrown, but immediately realized the implications of Ming Shufeng staying with a man for three months who could control her every action. "You-!"

Wei Wuyin interrupted with, "Don't worry. She'll maintain her primal yin, unless willingly given. I'm not despicable, ask Mei Yang here. I'm true to my heart and soul, pure in thought and body." After saying this and some more nonsense, Wei Wuyin turned towards Mei Yang with a smile.

Afterwards, he didn't bother to look at anyone else. His body became a mass of bright-red and grey misty energies and he split into eight directions, obviously covering his tracks as his avatar returned to his main body. Those energies seemed to merge with the wind and moisture, vanishing completely from the senses.

While Long Chen remained fuming, his mind in disarray, the curtain fell on the event of the wedding with all sorts of twists, turns, and developments.

But, the journey of cultivation had just started for these two. Their future would soon travel into the stars and beyond.

Chapter 129 -: Cashing In Spirit Oath

In the Wu Central Lands, twenty thousand kilometers away from the Royal Capital.

A five hundred foot mountain stood tall and proud. Its surroundings were occupied by Common Growth Villages that excavated the insides of this mountain, creating mines for precious ore to help support their cultivation efforts and livelihood.

Within the depths of the earth, beneath this very mountain was a underground network that had been hewed and structured out with meticulous and exceptional methods. It led to a complex network of tunnels that extended for hundreds of miles. Within these tunnels were elaborately set Qi Arrays at key points, but the most prominent feature was the extensive layer of Spiritual Spells that lined the walls.

Even if an Astral Core Realm expert such as Wu Jiao or Qing Qi arrived, they would find it very difficult to determine the existence of this network of tunnels. And, if they entered, they would be met with continuous traps to delay or even kill.

This was the culmination of Wei Wuyin's weeks of tireless effort. Yet, whether fortunate or not, he didn't have to rely on this tunnel as the last lines of his defense. While the sheer amount of wealth invested in it was astonishing, the lack of danger to his life was a welcomed outcome. It was best to be prepared than to not.

Wealth could also be reclaimed or earned once again, but one's life was quite hard to reclaim once lost.

In this network of tunnels was a specifically crafted room suited for cultivation, rest, and acted as a connective point to all the spiritual spells and qi arrays set within these tunnels. This was the central hub, but it was not located at the central area of the tunnels. That was too easy to deduce.

It was spacious enough to accept ten Bai Lins, giving her much room to move.

Su Mei calmly guarded Ming Shufeng's unconscious body while Wei Wuyin was nearby. He had his eyes shut tight as he tried to sense the status of his avatar.

In the end, his plans worked out, despite his slight changes. While he hadn't expected all those events to unfold as they did, it inevitably gave him the chance he sought. Wu Jiao's Astral Tribulation had disrupted Ming Shufeng's unique gown that seemed to hide her from even his spiritual and physical senses. It was quite profound, definitely exceeding the realm of a Qi Armament. Perhaps it was an ancient piece of garment forged by those Astral Core Realm cultivators. Regardless, with that, he would've never had the opportunity to seize her.

Now, he held the initiative.

"Lord Wei, she's waking up." Su Mei stated.

"Uuuggghhh..." The groans of a woman whose sea of consciousness was shaken into inactivity was quite noticeable and very odd, even worse than a drunk person waking up after a binge.

Wei Wuyin opened his eyes. He gave Su Mei a glance and she immediately understood his intent. Without needing to be told, she led Bai Lin away through a tunnel.

In a flash, the now-conscious Ming Shufeng and Wei Wuyin were the only two within this large room.

Wei Wuyin patiently waited for her to fully awake to her surroundings.

When Ming Shufeng awoke, she felt a light burn her eyes. When she looked up, she saw a perfect spherical orb containing light energies circulating at the ceiling. This reminded her of the sun, but it lacked a distinctive feeling of warmth and yang energies.

She used her hand to block out the light rays. "...Where am I?" Her words were hesitant as she tried to gather her memories. The last thing she recalled was her prophecy coming true. Astral Tribulation descended. If that was the case, then her latter half would've come true too. The False Gods of the Mortal Dao should be given a chance to ascend.

Wei Wuyin didn't know of this prophecy, but if she had spoken of it, he would be incredibly shocked. The events today were an absolute mess, yet she predicted the outcome. In the end, Wu Jiao's Astral Tribulation was overcome with the help of Fairy Blessed Spirit.

Perhaps she wouldn't or hadn't peeked into his fate, but in the end, Fairy Blessed Spirit would've likely interfered. It could've been after Qing Qi took action to save Long Chen or directly before. Only she would be able to reveal what she saw. In the end, Fairy Blessed Spirit gave an order for all Mortal Gods of notable talent to gather and they'd take an examination to a sect that transcends the Myriad Yore Continent.

"Astral Lightning shall descend, and the False Gods of the Mortal Dao shall ascend."

Was this not the perfect fit to her prophecy?

"You're safe," Wei Wuyin answered.

Ming Shufeng started. Her eyes whipped around to hone in on the voice and her heart trembled. A pair of silver eyes, an unearthly handsome visage that could capture the springtime bloom of a young maiden's heart, and exceptional presence that radiated endlessly outwards was what she saw.

"You're...!" She spoke softly in shock, but her hands were subtly moving. Her eyes dimmed and brightened intermittently, and while others wouldn't notice this light, Wei Wuyin was clearly aware. She was currently attempting to glimpse into her fate and find a path of survival if Wei Wuyin had ill-intentions.

In a moment, she realized a harsh fact. No matter how much she tried to glimpse into her or Wei Wuyin's fate or intentions, she couldn't get a clear answer. It wasn't as if he was protected, shielded from her senses, just that his fate wasn't here.

It was as if he should be elsewhere right now. And she, due to interacting with him, was unable to determine a single certainty. This was her first time coming across something like this, but not the first time her sight of fate was fooled or blocked, so she wasn't driven to confusion. Beneath the heavens and earth, there were countless means to hide oneself from those like her.

"Is he like Lin Ziyang's Blessed?" She thought in her mind as she slowly backed up, hitting a wall and realizing she had nowhere to go. Her heart started to become tumultuous. Those who were Blessed were shielded by the heavens from her gaze. She could only manipulate those around them, seeking a path of certainty. She was quite adept at this, but it wasn't always reliable.

At least where they were concerned. Unlike other matters, a Blessed's fate and opportunities were determined by their own choices. They were beloved children given true free will, guidance, and protection by the heavens. They often lived bright lives, and unless their choices led to their downfall, they would become exceptional within their corner of the world; this was their destiny.

If Wei Wuyin heard this, he would be deeply shocked. After all, it was his choice to free Na Xinyi, the Three-Point Yin Physique captive that led to Long Chen meeting her, they forming a relationship, and him swearing to end his life. In the end of his alternative future, his life was undoubtedly ended due to this.

It was his choice.

It was his mercy.

Even still, after knowing all that, he wouldn't regret it. Regardless of what, he had to stick to his principles and maintain a clear heart. If he allowed himself to descend into the muck, would he still be himself when he left?

Himself; this wasn't something he was willing to lose.

After acclimating to her circumstances, Ming Shufeng smartly settled down and calmly regarded Wei Wuyin. For now, she needed to probe his intentions. Considering her vital yin was still intact and her clothes weren't removed, she felt her own purity was safe. The lack of lust and honest-to-god beyond handsomeness this man had likely meant he had no lack of women desiring his bed. Furthermore, he hadn't sealed her cultivation base or taken her storage ring, so he likely didn't have any ill-intentions.

"What do you want?" Her ocean blue eyes fixated on Wei Wuyin.

"Do you remember me?" Wei Wuyin asked instead of answering.

Ming Shufeng knit her brows in a struggle to recall. Wei Wuyin was exceptional, and he wasn't a figure she'd forget. Right?

In truth, the Wei Wuyin from eleven years ago and now had some stark differences to them. First was definitely their presence. The Wei Wuyin before had a more riled up, ready to go-type presence. It was meek in comparison to the current Wei Wuyin who was like a calm, vast ocean.

Their looks were also similar in features yet different in quality. The benefits of grand natural looks further accentuated by Alchemical, True Dragon Blood, Elemental, Saber energies bolstered by a Spiritual Aura of four top-tier Spirits of Qi was unfathomable. It was mostly these traits that further

made his attractive looks, from his piercing gaze that exuded boundless masculinity to chiseled features, or his tall and muscular form to become greatly enhanced.

If he was dressed in proper wear, he could seem like an Immortal descending to the Mortal World.

So her not figuring out the connection wasn't her fault. After all, she met Wei Wuyin for a mere two minutes at most in her life of likely decades. Who knows how many men she had met thus far, and how many have appearances that were similar or even better than twenty-six year old Wei Wuyin?

Wei Wuyin figured as much, so he didn't fault her for coming up with no answer. "Golden Milk City, Surabhi Emporium. About eleven years ago. You made a Spirit Oath with me." When he said this, he lifted his palm and ice qi started to gather.

Soon, Absolute Frost Ice Qi appeared. The temperature of the room dropped instantly by several dozen degrees.

"You!" It took a second, but she soon recalled with a trembling gaze suffused with disbelief and uncertainty. She saw Wei Wuyin's death when he refined the Absolute Frost Ice Essence! It was horrifically gruesome and he instantly turned into an ice sculpture in the midst of wailing screams of regret and pain. His life was sealed in a matter of moments.

Wei Wuyin nodded. "I've won our bet." As he said this, he felt a spark of some sort.

It was like a connection of his Divine Spirit of Saber Qi and something else. It seemed to tether himself to some force, some mysterious law of the world. It was the first time since he had ever felt this way after completing a Spirit Oath.

And from Ming Shufeng's expression, that was unsightly and somewhat contorted, she seemed to have felt something similar. Her expression paled after this sensation rummaged through her soul.

"Is this the power of a Spirit Oath? What governs this? It doesn't seem like the Heavenly Daos' aura...I wonder if that's..." He felt like this feeling alluded to a greater mystery regarding the truths of cultivation, yet he couldn't grasp it. It seemed his knowledge of things in general were just too little and limited. How unfortunate.

While he wallowed in the woes of ignorance, Ming Shufeng was cursing in her heart. Unlike others, she cultivated a Heart of Qi that could never be repaired or remade, a Fate Heart of Qi. It allowed her to glimpse into the heavenly daos and its trends, even manipulate present trends to bring about outcomes of future trends. If it shattered due to a Spirit Oath, she would forever lose her connection to the intoxicating Heavenly Daos and the lines of fate.

She bit her soft lips. Recalling the contents of the oath calmed her down. At least Wei Wuyin couldn't take her purity or force her to hurt herself, so she could accept it, albeit begrudgingly. "What do you want?" She asked again, this time she knew she'd get an answer. After all, for today, for one day, she had to listen to Wei Wuyin.

And those were the words he wanted to hear, words that contained willingness. Taking a deep breath, his silver eyes met her blue ones.

"I don't want much really. I just want you to...see what Hell has to offer."

Chapter 130 - Hell

"Hell?!" Ming Shufeng jumped. Her eyes widened and her breathing accelerated. When her eyes met those calm, endlessly mysterious silver eyes of Wei Wuyin, she felt a sudden sense of danger and uncertainty.

She gulped loudly, echoing even in this spacious chamber. It took several seconds for her breathing to calm down before she asked hesitantly, "How do you know about Hell?"

What was Hell? It was a grand construct that was not for the living. If she wasn't a seer who could see the trend and will of the Heavenly Daos, how could she even know of it? Like others, it would merely be mentioned in passing or in some religious texts about a world after death. There were many names for it, the yellow springs, the underworld, the netherworld; but regardless of what it was called, just like the world's force, it had one name: Hell.

Wei Wuyin felt a storm of relief flow endlessly through his heart as he seemed to have made the correct assumption. The Scripture of Sin detailed many things about the Heavenly Daos, the Rites of a Sinner, and the Calamities of Hell.

However, it selectively excluded any concrete detail on their origins or purpose. In fact, besides the Heavenly Daos three thousand commandments, and a few functions of Karmic Luck Value, such as how it can benefit others in one's sphere of influence and karmic ties, there was barely any explanation.

Even today, he was still trying to grasp an understanding on how Karmic Luck worked and how the Heavenly Daos mysteries. For example, he didn't know how he gained 0.1 Karmic Luck to this very day.

That being said, he did know one thing and this was from inference of the details described in the Rites of a Sinner. In it, it describes that Heavenly Daos will judge you and send a calamity to end your connection with all life, allowing you to descend to Hell. Supposedly, every sinner's soul experiences this upon death.

However, he got to experience it in the real world, and due to it, he got access to Hell. It was this access that allowed his physical body and soul to venture into Hell and experience the Calamity of Hell. For what purpose? He still didn't really know. All he knew was that successfully overcoming any Hell was accompanied by boundless karmic luck that entered the soul.

It was then brought back to the mortal world and could be actively used. It was a trick. A sleight of hand, in its truest sense. But the Heavenly Daos were the fool.

So knowing that Ming Shufeng knew of Hell, he felt that her connection with the Heavenly Daos could expose more detail about the Calamities of Hell. If he was given this information, no matter how small, he could prepare as best he could against it. He hadn't sealed her cultivation base in hopes of her glimpsing into the secrets of hell, if needed, with her powers as a Seer.

This was his only way to increase his chances of survival.

"Not enough," he replied to Ming Shufeng. "That's why I need you. I want you to tell me everything you know about Hell."

Ming Shufeng's eyes stayed fixated in Wei Wuyin for the longest time. She didn't understand why anyone would want to understand a world beyond life, created for sinners.

"...If I tell you, will you not make me do anything else?" Ming Shufeng asked. While she was shocked by his desire for this knowledge, she also understood the implications of the Spirit Oath. It seemed to cover a lot of basis, but it in fact had numerous holes within. If Wei Wuyin instructed her to get naked, crawl on her hands and toes, and proceed to use her mouth to pleasure him, she would have to do it.

If he wanted to do other sexual acts that wouldn't take her primal yin, she would have to do it.

This wasn't an issue before, but now that the Spirit Oath has binded her, she would do anything to ensure her Fate Spirit of Qi didn't collapse. She didn't want to live a life of mediocrity, and if the backlash of spirit collapse were to hit hard, mental and physical deficiencies that would follow.

Wei Wuyin gave a mischievous grin. He had indeed outsmarted them on this front, but too bad that they left before he could cash it in. Perhaps it was her aura tainted with Heavenly Daos influence, her mouth-watering beauty, or her beyond all attitude, but he wanted to ravage her to his heart's desire.

He would have no regrets or misgivings either because he won the bet fair and square, to which she succeeded. However, there were more important things than that.

"If you answer me truthfully and satisfy me, I'll simply let you leave. You can return to Lin Ziyun." Wei Wuyin calmly stated.

Ming Shufeng didn't know whether to trust him or not, his thoughts and intentions were too wildly different. As for her trying to fight Wei Wuyin, she didn't have such confidence or battle prowess. She was merely an early-Mortal God, and before a Godlord, she was simply puddy for him to do with as he pleased.

Therefore, she had no other option. She could only trust him, no matter how idiotic and foolish that was. While biting her soft, pink lips, she calmly gathered her thoughts. When she transformed her Heart of Qi, she glimpsed into the fate of all life, death, and spirit.

She saw Hell.

When she regained her focus, her demeanor lost its scared or uncertain aura. She lifted herself up and brushed her gown. Her eyes pulsed with evidence of a heightened state of calm.

"Hell; It is a location devised by the Heavenly Daos. It was designed to punish those who accrue karmic sin in this world. However, karmic sin was infectious and held immense power, and to refine it required all sorts of means. It is said the Heavenly Daos created it to filter out this infectious sin so that when the soul re-enters the grand samsara, the River of Souls, it wouldn't taint the others.

"But there were only two ways to rid one of sin, and that was karmic luck, its polar opposite, and the blood of the Original Gods." Ming Shufeng paused.

Wei Wuyin looked calm outwardly, but his heart was wildly quaking with endless shock. So that's why he received the karmic luck after overcoming the Calamity of Hell. The karmic luck instilled into him carried back to his real body, what was meant to cleanse his soul of sin.

Then, the Soul of True Sin...

Failing...

He became immediately confused.

Could failing or succeeding the Calamities of Hell not affect him regardless because he lacked sin? As this thought entered his thoughts, he felt like a thundering hammer smashed his thoughts aside. A prick of immense pain shot through his right arm to his head and he grimaced. It took his everything to not exclaim, maintaining his calm appearance. But his back became wet with cold sweat.

"No! I would certainly die. Right! I have the Bloodline of Sin...My thinking is wrong to its core. If the Soul of True Sin helps survival in the case of failure in the Calamities of Hell, then it merely helps protect the source of sin, the Bloodline attached to our souls. This means that even those at the Realm of Sages likely fail the Calamities...losing their Bloodlines of Sin as a result, even through the True Soul of Sin's protection."

It was as if the tattoo, the seemingly physical manifestation of the Bloodline of Sin, was communicating with him, constantly guiding him. He clenched the fist of his right arm. If he failed the Calamity of Hell, the resulting karmic luck would be poison.

But...

Just as another question entered his thoughts, Ming Shufeng broke her silence and continued, answering it. "However, the Heavenly Daos are fair and just. There are those unaffected by certain aspects of Hell's cleansing ritual. If one can withstand the trial, the karmic luck would be integrated into the soul and stored for later use. If one's soul doesn't perish during the process of cleansing, then they'll reincarnate as a Blessed."

When she said that last word, her eyes roamed to Wei Wuyin. Blessed shouldn't know they were Blessed or the existence of Blessed. It was something the Heavenly Daos specifically wiped from their memories and made sure they never had contact with. This was to prevent complacency due to knowing one's fortune and then dying due to wrong or lazy choices.

If she tried to tell a Blessed they were Blessed, she'd receive an immense backlash. But telling them of its existence wasn't an issue, and was often used to verify their existence by seers, oracles, and fortune tellers.

Wei Wuyin frowned, "Blessed?" He asked her with a deep look of contemplation. Then, he seemed to grow dull for a split second, then he acted completely normal.

Her heart trembled. So he was a Blessed.

As for Wei Wuyin, he sneered inwardly. One of the details in the Scripture of Sin was a warning to not tell those Blessed that they were Blessed or about Blessed individuals. You can speak about the abstract karmic luck and karmic sin, but this was taboo. Not only would this alert the Heavenly Daos of your existence as an Inheritor of Sin, but you might suffer a backlash.

After all, with the identity of Blessed, you should never know about their existence, so how can you tell others?

Ming Shufeng felt more confident in her heart.

Wei Wuyin blinked, "You said there were trials of Hell, what are they?" This was his main purpose!

Ming Shufeng didn't find anything irregular about this and calmly answered, "Hell is said to be divided into eighteen layers. When a sinner dies, they get sent to the layer that matches their accumulated karmic sin. The greater the karmic sin, the further down they go, the harsher the trial to overturn their fate of being born as an ant, dog, or eternal slave due to their actions. It is truly a calamity for sinners."

"And these eighteen layers are?" He could feel his heart race as if it was participating in a sprinting marathon.

"...the first trial devised and the weakest calamity of all sinners is called the Calamity of True Loss. It revolves around cleansing the soul by plaguing them with alternative pasts, presents, and futures, reliving harsh memories, experiencing death or the constant loss of life, and then the deterioration of one's greatest, most cherished memories. It is cruel..." Ming Shufeng shivered slightly at the thought.

To be shown the dreadful past, present, and future, altered as if one lived in it. While it is merely the first layer, it is a truly impossible trial to overcome for anyone with emotions and attachments.

"It continues to make you experience intense, burning agony of living these events over and over until your soul disperses. After the outer shell of your soul had vanished, the sin that infects the soul would vanish, and it can enter the River of Souls to go through the process of reincarnation."

Wei Wuyin's sea of consciousness shook. He still recalled the things his other 'self' experienced. That other 'self' was completely unaffected because it had no recollection of his past, present, or future. It was like watching a play. How could someone be tormented outside of feeling pity for the characters?

It was this experience why he felt his death was all but ensured.

"What about the second layer?!" His voice was agitated a little. He needed to know! If the first layer could be avoided without memories, then the second must have something to avoid it!

Ming Shufeng bit her lips and said, "The second layer is..."