

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1061 1055:Nights Of Passion



The World Between the Fold was immersed in all sorts of activity, from children cultivating with grand hopes of their budding future and blossoming talents, merchants struggling to peddle their wares, Creationists creating miraculous items, vile beings committing evil, or experts devising schemes against the world.

However, on the 77th floor of a shared-living complex of the Myriad Transformations Academy, the rousing sounds of intimacy flourished ceaselessly. The sensual moans, continuous flesh-on-flesh impact, and sounds of rapidly beating hearts were resounding here.

Only three figures existed in this luxurious room, two were involved in the act, and the third watched with an indescribably conflicted expression, wonderful and ever-changing. This speechless, dazed, and unwillingly yet freshly-born voyeur was none other than the one and only Liu Suyin, the Envoy of the City of Endless, Vice-Sect Master of the Void Voyage Sect.

She was assigned to watch Wei Wuyin. He was to never leave her sights unless absolutely unavoidable—the order she received after Wei Wuyin had left her presence at the Skyship, blocking off Liu Yinlan's senses. The Myriad Transformations Academy was too dangerous to allow Wei Wuyin to freely explore, with countless variables being possible, and only when she thought he was receiving the legacy of the Myriad Transformations Alchemic Saint did Liu Suyin accept this.

p This order was absolute; she was loyal to her ancestor, her position, and her duty. How could she have known that Wei Wuyin would engage in such acts, and this had unintentionally caused her to...

Her breathing was almost as rapid as the rising tides of the ocean, sporadic and vigorous. Regardless of how she tried to calm herself down, look away, or focus elsewhere, the sounds of Wei Wuyin and Cao Cuifen's harmonious breathing, the music of fleshy contact, and ever-shifting positions drew her back. She was inexperienced in the matters of men and women, not ignorant, merely lacking personal experience, and yet she never thought in her life that it was so violent and gentle.

Liu Suyin never imagined that a woman could have such a distorted facial expression, painted with ecstasy and endless desire. She never imagined that muscles on a male's body can be so perfectly sculptured, and every movement of a bicep and thigh, of the pectoral muscles, of those strong lips pressing against the smoothness of soft skin, could be so mesmerizing.

The sweetest of moans, the loudest of willing screams, and the cries wanting, no, begging for more had taken over her entire Sea of Consciousness against her will. The imagery was enough to claim her thoughts. The added sounds of sensuality merely snatched her soul after seizing those thoughts.

Her body felt unbearably hot. When she saw how Cao Cuifen squirmed beneath Wei Wuyin's body, how their most intimate parts connected, how it seemed as if Cao Cuifen could barely take it, yet she defied the heavens in doing so, her voice losing its sanity as it entered the deepest part of what Liu Suyin had always considered the most important aspect of a female, Liu Suyin's had lost her focus.

There was no longer any indifference in her misty pair of eyes.

A minute. An hour? A day! She lost her concept of time as they kept engaging without the slightest break. She knew that the Mortal Returning Pellet might've sealed Cao Cuifen's cultivation, substituted portions of her Ascended Existential Framework, the intrinsic difference between mortal and Ascended, with temporary mortal properties, allowing this unexpected union to be possible, but Cao Cuifen's body was still refined by powerful mystic-graded energies throughout her lifetime. She was extremely durable, her body's resilience still enough to survive a planet-destroying blow, and her stamina remained.

She was lucky too; Wei Wuyin was ruthless with her. At times, when he twisted her in a position where she was on all fours, where she clenched the sheets of their satin silk and clenched her teeth with anticipation, Liu Suyin thought after movement of Wei Wuyin was driven with the intent to kill. She even cried out a few times, thinking Cao Cuifen might truly die while being pierced by that gargantuanly vile weapon.

If that was someone else...if that was her...It seemed capable of killing her, piercing so deep that she might lose the ability to breathe...

She didn't even care about Cao Cuifen, but her heart still jumped with each vigorous thrust. The faint trembling of the air denoted the sheer might of their union. Sometimes, there was a moment of serenity, of simplest union, where Wei Wuyin seemed unimaginably gentle, his silver eyes focused solely on Cao Cuifen's eyes as if gazing into her soul. Their breathing harmonized here.

At some ungodly point, whether it was a few hours in, or a few days in, Liu Suyin's breathing was far too heavy and wild. The action stopped, giving her a little room to think. Yet what happened next, as that figure that had an impeccable body, seemingly flawless, walked over with that python slithering about, faintly dripping with obscene liquid.

She looked up with much strength, realizing that she was sitting plainly on the floor, finding a pair of silver eyes that resembled profound full moons staring back at her, and she hadn't heard what was said, but the hand that reached out to invite her was like a devilish whisper in the furthest depths of her heart. She found herself rising, moving, and feeling the softness of the satin silk sheets that were deformed by Cao Cuifen's strength, still carrying her heat and fluids.

When she felt a pair of strong lips pressed against hers, Liu Suyin was unable to describe all the feelings she felt. She might never. But, she let those feelings flow in their most natural manner.

A night of passion unfolded.

Wei Wuyin's closed eyes strained themselves to open. When he finally recalled the series of events that had happened over several days, he let loose a satisfied breath carrying heavy relief.

He wasn't dead.

This might be the strangest thought one would have after experiencing the amazing night he had, but he was worried about a certain someone giving her first time to him. He was a little rash, he wouldn't deny that, so when he looked down, finding a sleeping face attached to a fully exposed beautiful body on his chest, he once again was relieved.

Liu Suyin was still a virgin—her Primal Yin was intact. While that was the easiest way to define a virgin, he didn't think after what they did last night, Liu Suyin could be considered 'pure' any longer. With a soft and amused chuckle, he tried to rise, only to find another body to his right, pressing its head against his biceps, and slumbering with soft, deep breaths.

Cao Cuifen...

This woman...he couldn't figure out what she wanted. He had tried to stealthily invade her Sea of Consciousness through their union with her cultivation Sealed, her innate energies replaced, but while she was able to avert the consequences of an Ascended being coupling with a mortal, her Ascended Existential Framework was still fully intact, so her Sea of Consciousness was still that of an Ascended. Furthermore, her memories were governed by the Mystic Dao, not the Mortal Dao.

He was unable to find out her secrets. At least, he hadn't found out by reading her memories. He, however, was capable of realizing a fact that greatly shook his heart.

Cao Cuifen wasn't at the Soul of Mysticism Phase. Despite her cultivation base being sealed, she had various imprints on the Ascended Existential Framework of complete Mystic Runes. This wasn't a sign of a Soul of Mysticism cultivator, but an Earthly Saint! She was hiding her true strength! After reading the various materials of knowledge regarding the differences between Mortals and Ascended beings, Wei Wuyin knew about this Ascended Existential Framework that served as a fresh foundation, essentially a replacement for their Mortal Existential Framework. So their organs, their Soul, their memories, everything was entirely different.

And cultivation slowly changed this foundation, and the Star Core was the final preparation to allow the transition of ascending beyond Mortal Limits. It was true, Ascended beings were fundamentally different existences altogether.

In the curated version of his Second Mind, a personally written book regarding this Framework, the Second Mind speculated that Beastmen, Elves, and the two other races in the World Beyond the Fold widely considered as 'inferior' races had flawed frameworks.

There was an extremist journal written by a bigot that suggested their origins were unnatural, and they were abominations that went against Heavens' Will, so they lacked the quintessential right to exist alongside the Mortal, Mystic, and Immortal Daos beneath the heavens. While it came from a place of hate, it was all too likely to be the truth.

Wei Wuyin heaved a soft sigh.

As he did so, he felt a wet and warm sensation below him. The sounds of suckling resounded, including breathily stuffed moans, and when he looked toward its source, he found an awakened Liu Suyin, her head bobbing enthusiastically as if she found a great treasure to play with.

"..." Wei Wuyin closed his eyes as he felt the head move to look his way, pretending to be asleep.

Just enjoy it.

Three hours later, Wei Wuyin was fully clothed and peering outside the large window that revealed the active streets of the academy. In a chair, off in a corner, a silver-robed woman sat with closed eyes pretending to cultivate. Her facial features were devoid of any emotion, but the faintest of blushes on her cheeks betrayed her peaceful image. It was clear her thoughts were disturbed, and she could not cultivate in the slightest.

Exiting a steamy room, a gorgeous woman with wet hair dripping down her shoulders, her body exuded a refreshed air, and her eyes were filled with vibrant energies. She was garbed in a seven-colored silk robe, her eyes scouring the room, eventually finding the closed-eyed Liu Suyin.

When she thought about that, she revealed a wry smile. Who would've thought her first time would include another woman halfway? It was always

shocking to have a witness to this. She was amused by life. The world was filled with unexpected events.

When she found Wei Wuyin gazing upon the academy's streets, a bashful expression emerged on her wet face, followed by a bright, excited smile. "I-

"I know this isn't the right time, and I wish I had longer to stay, to figure out what you want, to talk about your feelings. I truly do, but I can't." Wei Wuyin interrupted her suddenly, his hand pressed against the glass clenched slightly. He looked at Liu Suyin through the faint reflection when saying 'your feelings', and sighed softly.

Liu Suyin's eyes opened. She looked at Wei Wuyin with a frown. There was a sensation building within her heart, one that was becoming increasingly urgent, but she suppressed it to listen.

Wei Wuyin felt the same, but their reasons were different. He was feeling it because of the world's trend, the sensation of acute danger, and she was feeling it because of him.

Wei Wuyin turned his head at Cao Cuifen, this Earthly Saint in disguise, and gently smiled. Regardless of whether it was a part of a larger scheme, the willingness to give yourself to another was something he'll never undervalue. "I wanted to ask you so many questions, but I can't wait any longer."

"What are you talking about...?" Cao Cuifen's eyebrows furrowed slightly, she wasn't shocked that Wei Wuyin had suspicions, she was taken aback by his abrupt words. It felt as if he was saying goodbye. No, more like he had to leave...

Liu Suyin stood up, "Wei Wuyin, we can leave now if you want; the Sect Master is waiting." She thought Wei Wuyin was talking about taking his destiny, becoming the True Destined Voyager, and that he had fully decided

to do so. Her heart was a mess, but she felt a surge of happiness that was unmistakable.

Wei Wuyin saw the excited expression of Liu Suyin and closed his eyes. After failing to figure out Cao Cuifen's motives, he didn't want to be delayed by a hidden Earthly Saint's schemes.

"We'll meet again," Wei Wuyin strongly stated.

"Let's g-" For some reason Liu Suyin's urgency exploded, and she began to move towards Wei Wuyin with her hand outstretched.

ROAR!

But a powerful roar erupted. Liu Suyin's steps halted and both of their eyes widened uncontrollably. Wei Wuyin unleashed his Void Force! With a single thought, the spatial restrictions around him were unable to keep him contained, and his body merged with fixed space.

He vanished.

"..."

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Chapter 1062 1056: Trueborn's Depths



"..."

"..."

It was hard to mentally register what happened for both Liu Suyin and Cao Cuifen; their eyes remained as wide as saucers, their hearts raced down a

spiraling hill with seemingly no end, and their vision shook. The first to react was Liu Suyin; with her cultivation still present, she dashed forward to where Wei Wuyin had vanished. She reached out with both hands into the empty air, grasping nothing in the end. Her eyes erupted with piercing spiritual light, and her fingers danced as spells were ceaselessly unleashed.

She couldn't find him.

Not a single trace.

Her mouth felt abnormally dry, causing her to cough violently. When she collected herself, she held her mouth to stop the glaringly silver blood leaking from her lips. The shade of her countenance became paler by the second.

"Envoy?!" Cao Cuifen finally regained her bearing as she saw Liu Suyin's unexpectedly violent reaction. She didn't dare to move forward, as unstable cultivators were simply too unpredictable, and her cultivation base was promptly sealed; her life would be in danger should something happen.

Liu Suyin's current situation was a backlash as her mind furiously weaved possible happenings; the layers of indifference that guarded her mind and heart crumbled, thus affecting her physical state.

"He's not dead," Cao Cuifen calmly said. At this point, she had already inched towards a specific spot in the room. When she spoke out, Liu Suyin's head snapped towards her, her eyes reflecting wisps of madness that swirled chaotically within her. She wasn't the emotional type. In fact, she was widely known for being devoid of emotions, but her heart had subtly changed after spending this brief time with Wei Wuyin, and last night had devastated all her psychological walls.

It wouldn't be an understatement to say that Liu Suyin had fallen for Wei Wuyin. No one else was like him. She had been observing him since the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit. The charisma he exuded then was unmatched; his

ability to dictate events, ease hearts, create upsets, smile in the face of the unknown, and constantly break conventions was enough to prove himself as beyond the word 'outstanding'.

She was already thinking just earlier of their future. She thought about him becoming the True Destined Voyager, him ascending to the Mystic Ascension Realm, then protecting the Sealed Regions together, and even suppressed her thoughts of how their children might look or if their wedding would be limited to a small venue of only elites or encapsulate the entire world.

All those thoughts occurred in the few hours between then and now, and she was so embarrassed that they even crossed her mind when she had never considered any of this before. Having someone's child? Loving someone? Just a few years ago, she was content with being alone for the entirety of her long lifespan. She wouldn't even care if he had other wives, as a man with many wives was seen as being extremely capable, a point of exceptional pride in her heart.

No one, not even Liu Yinlan, could predict this drastic change in the indifferent Liu Suyin.

So when Wei Wuyin vanished, her mind descended into the worst possible scenario of hell: he was killed.

Cao Cuifen could tell from how she reacted that she believed that possibility; her thoughts were too messed up to think things through properly, so she reminded her. However, she immediately felt a tinge of regret when Liu Suyin's Mystic Aura flared, rushing towards her violently. She hurriedly slammed her foot down, and a cylindrical barrier emitted from the walls of the room surrounding Cao Cuifen.

An anti-assassination formation!

This hadn't been used in the Myriad Transformations Academy for thousands of years, but Cao Cuifen was fully aware of it. Her heart roared as the screeching impact of Liu Suyin's Mystic Power crashed into the barrier. While being hit by this Mystic Aura wouldn't have killed her, she would've been crippled in her present state.

DRRRRING!

The owners of this shared-living space had been alerted!

Two overbearing spiritual senses swept into the room, bypassing all the protections as if they didn't exist. Liu Suyin's eyes reddened as the possibility of being kidnapped had replaced being killed in her mind. "Where did you take him?! What do you want?!" She questioned with an icy, murderous voice.

Cao Cuifen sighed. This was bound to take a while to deal with. But even she couldn't help but be extremely perplexed by what just happened. Where did Wei Wuyin go? And how did he vanish?

Wei Wuyin emerged suddenly from thin air, exiting the fixed space of the World Between the Fold at the entrance of Tian Xiaolu's residence. His silver eyes rippled with void force, tinged by a radiance of grey.

Wei Wuyin looked off into the distance where the seventy-seven-floor building was. He softly heaved a sigh of conflicted emotion. But after that was out of his system, his eyes regained their sense of calm and determination. He'd learned never to regret a decision already made, regardless of the consequences. If he hadn't, he would've long since been entirely consumed by the death of his unborn child and first love.

"Master!" A flash of seven-colored light flickered out of Tian Xiaolu's residence. A beauty resembling a mortal kingdom's princess emerged, her

eyes bright and energy infectious. It was Bai Xiu! She brought over the translucent Pure Excellence Cauldron, sitting on its edges like it was a chair.

"It's done; I've bestowed the Inherited Spiritual Wisdom Rune to those two little beauties. They'll likely need a few months or a year before they've grasped the entry parts of it." She had worked hard to help form the Yin-Pairing Bond, even speeding up the process beyond its original estimated date of completion. While the Yin-Pairing Bond wasn't entirely completed, the rest relied on those two.

Wei Wuyin looked at the entrance to Tian Xiaolu's residence. She was a Blessed. This encounter could've ended differently if he had been prejudiced against Blessed cultivators. With his connection to Bai Xiu, he could've sealed off Tian Xiaolu's fortune without a thought.

Despite not being originally planned, it was clear that by some strange force, the conflict being Sinners and Blessed was an ever-present constant. For some reason, he felt that his status as a Blessed prior to obtaining the Bloodline of Sin might lead him to great trouble...

The thought was brief, and he dismissed it soon after. That was a problem for later.

"We're leaving." Wei Wuyin stated. Bai Xiu's smile grew as she flashed into Wei Wuyin's Saint Ring. "Yes, Master! I'll take my new body. Yes!" Her excitement was palpable, clearly invigorated by the prospect of obtaining the All-Elemental Eclipse Cauldron as her new body.

Wei Wuyin harnessed his Void Force. Using it as the primary source of power, he executed Spatial Shift. Once again, the bindings of the World Between the Folds restrictions were shattered entirely. He vanished again.

A shadowy figure emerged where he had left. When it gained visual clarity, Zhangjie Wushu's exceptional figure was revealed. Her eyebrows furrowed

slightly as she touched the area where Wei Wuyin vanished. She couldn't find out where he went...

She was an illustrious Worldly Saint, yet her spiritual sense failed her in locating Wei Wuyin. While she noticed him first arriving, she couldn't find him after he left.

"Void Energy-powered Spatial Shifting?" This caused her to grow increasingly baffled. When she thought about Wei Wuyin's identity as a True Destined Voyager and Liu Yinlan's rising disturbance in the City of Endless, her expression was painted with suspicion.

Was he tapping into the Endless Void Mirror's power? But how? He didn't have the Bloodline-Bond! More importantly, he was a mere mortal at the Realm World Phase. He hadn't formed his Temporal Eye, so sensing or controlling Temporal energies should be beyond him.

That should be impossible, right?

Zhangjie Wushu felt her vast knowledge failing her for the first time in a long, long while. She looked off into the distance, piercing the vastness of space, reaching the City of Endless.

Chen Shanghe was a normal member of the Chen Clan of the Sealed Regions. He was born with a talent called the Spiraling Spatial Meridians. This allowed him to grasp Spatial Arts and Spatial Energies before he reached the Astral Core Realm. While his status wasn't very high, the clan still gave him some degree of importance.

One day, his life changed when he was given the opportunity to cultivate in a 'higher' world, to cultivate at a World Sect. In his thoughts, he was excited at the prospect of doing so and obtained a Celestial Jade Key from the Chen

Clan. Supposedly, it was always meant for him, but they had secured it until he was ready to retrieve it.

When he obtained the legacy within the triple-layered ring, his strength grew, and he was instantly hooked. The profound spells, arts, and cultivation methods in it were far beyond anything he'd ever obtained before. He kept cultivating until he reached the Fourth Stage of the Astral Core Realm, the Spatial Resonance Phase, and with his meridians, he reached the ninth-ripple with ease.

He then left the Chen Clan with grand ambitions to cultivate at the Void Voyage Sect, feeling blessed beyond belief. And it was a blessing, but not one that wasn't without its sacrifices. Eventually, he became a Destined of the Void Voyage Sect and, over three tries, became an Unyielding Destined.

With this newfound duty placed on his chest, he swore oaths, and his cultivation base truly experienced great leaps. He had the possibility of one day becoming an Earthly Saint! It was a dream, and while he was restrained to protecting the Sealed Regions from invaders, he was willing to fight for it after learning of the tremendous responsibility and destiny he had.

He was Destined to protect his homeland!

Now, Chen Shanghe was a Starlord, having served and fought for the Void Voyage Sect for over three hundred years, even having defended against various threats. Recently, he fought off an assault on one of the nodes and was granted a certain amount of points that could be used at the Sacred Library at the City of Guardians. He wanted to find an offensive spiritual spell that could raise his power by a level or two.

He wanted to earn more merits.

He wanted to strive to become an Earthly Saint.

As he was leaving the Sacred Library, a satisfied smile on his face, Chen Shanghe couldn't help but think how, despite his talents, he might have never reached this level of cultivation in this short time or been given any level of legitimate importance. How many like him had fallen, forgotten, in the clan?

Minor characters of the Noble Clans that have just a little bit of talent, especially if that talent doesn't match their main cultivation method, are left unable to progress to the Starlord level, let alone ascend.

As he was walking back to his residence to practice his spell, a joyful smile on his face, a figure emerged before him.

His first thought was, "Who's this handsome guy?" And then his consciousness went black.

Wei Wuyin found a dedicated Destined with some status and time served on the field, yet still within the Mortal Dao's limits. This was extremely difficult, but he accomplished it after snatching a few of the minor Destined here trying to prepare for their Three Voyages. This Chen Shanghe had some reputation amongst Destined. Overall, he was massively liked and treated others extremely well.

He could be considered kindhearted and duty-bound, fiercely believing in his mission. Wei Wuyin's actions were swift as he vanished again, making others think that Wei Wuyin and Chen Shanghe were a figment of their imagination.

After an hour, Wei Wuyin placed Chen Shanghe at the entrance of his residence. When he woke up, he would find his spatial ring had various ninth-grade pills, elixirs, paste, and a few life-saving pellets.

After standing there for a few minutes, Wei Wuyin looked upwards with tightly closed eyes, exhaling a heavy breath of air. Suddenly, he vanished.

After a few seconds passed, a half-dozen figures landed around Chen Shanghe's unconscious body. They exuded unfathomable auras!

Wei Wuyin was already gone, with no trace left behind. When he reappeared, he was at the entrance of the Time Vortex. Its endless chaos was daunting to the heart, but Wei Wuyin could not feel any danger. In fact, his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Trueborn..." Wei Wuyin spoke, and his heart shook. Only now did he realize the true depths of who he had declared war against!

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Chapter 1063 1057: Entering The Time Vortex



Chen Shanghe's memories were an eye-opener for Wei Wuyin. The information about Trueborn wasn't too exclusively known, with a few Destined having some understanding of their existence, taught by their seniors during their training to face the Three Voyages, but it was a first-hand account of their mission, strength, and terrifying modus operandi.

They religiously sought a single thing: the destruction of the Sealing Array.

According to Chen Shanghe's seniors at the City of Endless, this would cause cataclysmic devastation. An untold, unimaginable level of destruction, death, and chaos on a scale that was hellish to begin to describe. The Sealing Array, according to what was taught, was the paramount aegis of the cultivation world against a gruesome beast desiring the end of all life as we know it.

The Celestial Entity that was sealed eighty thousand years ago was described as bloodthirsty, having slaughtered quintillions in number, consumed countless celestial bodies, and fought against the true experts of the world to

a standstill. There were faint images inside his mind of its shadowy figure roaming the world and committing endless evil.

Even Wei Wuyin felt deeply shaken by Chen Shanghe's strong sense of fear and despair from these memories. However, unlike Chen Shanghe, Wei Wuyin's breadth of mind was far wider, his knowledge was greater, and his willpower was forged facing the Calamities of Hell, and he found a few inconsistencies.

In those shown tragedies, the Ascended Sovereigns made a heroic effort to fight against this shadowy figure that was as gargantuan as a planet, and the fight was briefly seen before Chen Shanghe's mind ceased trying to 'see' the images. His senior told him it was due to the extreme fear he felt, to preserve the sanity of his mind, but Wei Wuyin was skeptical if there was anything like that.

Firstly, the shadowy figure was far too indistinct. It could be any creature or being, the Tiangou or a dragon like Anu, Wei Wuyin couldn't tell. Neither could Chen Shanghe. And those seniors of his never delved into what it was except the same ambitious script that Liu Yinlan fed him.

Secondly, the fear felt artificially induced. Clearly, there was a spiritual spell being used on Chen Shanghe while he viewed this recording stealthily. The sensation of fear and engulfing dread felt too strong and too quick without any given reason, and Wei Wuyin's understanding of mental fluctuations was extremely comprehensive.

Lastly, there wasn't any clear explanation of why the Sealing Array would cause the destruction of the world. Why not go into further detail? It was suspicious.

That said, Trueborn was a genuine threat. They launched sporadic blitzkrieg-like attacks against the nodes of the Endless Void Mirror. Moreover, they used

the Sealing Array to their advantage, so they could always safely retreat into the Sealed Regions. Unless the three controllers of the Endless Void Mirror combined their strengths, they couldn't prevent them from retreating into the Sealed Regions.

The Sealed Regions and Endless Void Mirror were specifically designed to keep others from escaping, not retreating into the Sealed Region. Only foreign Soul Auras were treated like viruses, but those who were already part of the Sealed Regions weren't restricted. Like the Firstborns, such as Higheater, they could leave as freely as they came.

Moreover, there were times when powerful Destined followed them into the Sealed Regions, pursuing those territories, but this led to their nodes being damaged. Since then, the Destined tasked with protecting those nodes never followed after again. They did, however, create a special task force designed to pursue and slaughter those Trueborn in the Sealed Regions.

They were the widely-known Void Voyage Sect.

According to what Chen Shanghe knew, there weren't many nodes that kept the Sealing Array active. There were only eight, and three of those were inside the Endless Voyage Realm—the three cities.

As an Unyielding Destined, he had been assigned to two of the eight. These two were both inside the Sealed Region itself, concealed by conjured chaotic space, making it absurdly difficult to invade. After all, not even Earthly Saints have a grasp on chaotic space unless they've comprehended the Spatial-type Mystic Rune. Difficult didn't mean impossible, however.

From what Chen Shanghe learned due to his amicable attitude and likable personality, there was supposed to be one more in the Sealed Regions and two outside. However, something happened about a decade ago—a node

was permanently destroyed. While he didn't know much about the incident, Chen Shanghe was crushed by the gossipy theories.

"The timing..." Wei Wuyin had muttered instantly upon learning of this and matched it perfectly with the destruction of the Everlore Starfield! This was supposedly the first time a node has been officially and permanently out of commission. Every other time of any of Trueborn's 'successful' assaults, there were just varying levels of damage that were healed.

These attacks always caused various unpredictable changes in the Endless Voyage Realm that could be seen as world catastrophes, and they claimed lives inside and outside the city. The citizens of the City of Guardian, City of Endless, and City of Voyage all knew of the terrorists of Trueborn to some degree. They despised them, severely.

The citizens even blamed them for the destroyed node. The result of it caused unimaginable damage to the Endless Voyage Realm. From Chen Shanghe's memories, many supreme experts died trying to prevent the backlash from its destruction from consuming the three cities. Additionally, the quality of the environment in the Endless Voyage Realm was reduced to a tenth.

This startled Wei Wuyin as the ambient environment was already extremely high-level. It was lessened so severely?

That was regrettable.

That aside, Wei Wuyin had inadvertently confirmed a single thing from all this new information: the Tiangou was not the creature they feared. While it might seem like that at first glance, Tiangou was capable of accidentally destroying a node with what could be described as a body burp.

It was unimaginably powerful. If it wanted to leave, he didn't think they would be able to stop it. Of course, he could be wrong. Moreover, the Ascended Sovereigns were bound to know that the Tiangou was inside the Sealed

Regions, but they did nothing to stop it from devouring Solar Stars or potentially destroying the Sealing Array.

What were they thinking?

Which brings to the question: what did the Tiangou want and why was it here? Considering it was linked to his Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity somehow, and that it was drawn over after his Soul Idol Astral Tribulation, he couldn't help but frown deeply. It seemed that Tiangou's very existence was growing increasingly mysterious.

"Trueborn is far larger than I initially thought," Wei Wuyin was largely under the assumption that Trueborn was a clandestine organization seeking power through evil methods, and as such, he had no issues stumping them out should he find it within his ability, reaping Karmic Luck Value along the way, but it was clear that Trueborn has been an issue for the Endless Voyage Realm for tens of thousands of years.

It wasn't so simple.

Unfortunately, this was all Chen Shanghe knew, lacking their origins or true non-filtered purpose. If Wei Wuyin was capable of finding one of those long-lived Earthly Saints and scouring their memories, he knew countless secrets and truths would be exposed. How unfortunate that he was a mere mortal, unable to comprehend those things governed by the Mystic Dao.

After a long silence, he sighed heavily.

"I've declared war against an organization that wants to destroy the Sealing Array," Wei Wuyin wryly smiled. The fighting strength of such a mission was not to be understated given the power of the three cities, just the City of Endless had dozens of Earthly Saints and at least one Worldly Saint. Wei Wuyin had severely underestimated Trueborn's threat potential should their focus change towards dealing with him.

Fortunately, he wasn't one to regret his choices, and he wouldn't let them take Yue Songli after he decided to pursue her. Even if Tiangou wanted to eat her, he would still muster fighting will. He lived by his principles, and one of those principles is to protect those he wanted to, with everything he had.

...he'll never let himself experience loss without the will to resist again.

It was okay to fail.

But it was never okay to not give one's all to protect them.

Never a coward.

Wei Wuyin's eyes glinted with a sharp light as he steadied his thoughts. He collected those memories and sent them to the Palace of Eden. His Second Mind will scour everything a second time and spot anything relevant that he might've missed at first glance.

"The Time Vortex..." Wei Wuyin murmured to himself as he observed the chaotic Temporal Anomaly. The Time Vortex was a pit of chaotic time flows, but it didn't affect the progression of one's soulspan. Should an expert enter it, get reverted to their youth, and lose all their cultivation, they'll essentially lose a lifetime of effort, and they will never get that time back.

If they're frozen in time, their soul will age while they will not. They could stay there as a Demi-Mortal Lord for ten thousand years, their body never having aged a single day, but they'd die as soon as they came out. A sudden and aggrieved death.

It was in the City of Guardians alongside the Academy of Myriad Transformations and the Sacred Library, considered one of the most dangerous areas of the entire Endless Voyage Realm.

Wei Wuyin looked into the abyss of chaotic time and felt his heart throbbing fiercely. When Liu Suyin brought him here, he...

Liu Suyin...

Wei Wuyin looked in the direction of the academy and the shared-living complex, his eyes dimmed slightly. While Cao Cuifen's objective was littered with uncertainty and schemes, and he didn't have the time to care, Liu Suyin's actions represented her truest feelings. With a soft sigh, he placed Liu Suyin's matter in his heart as a strong reminder to properly handle it when he returned.

"You?" A familiar voice resounded from behind Wei Wuyin. He knew it was the Guardian of the Time Vortex, an unfathomable Earthly Saint, and he faintly smiled.

He leapt forward!

"...!" The Guardian exclaimed in shock. Wei Wuyin fell into the chaotic streams of time within the blank of a mortal's eye, vanishing instantly.

The Guardian shook his head. "Another fool," his tone contained a regrettable sadness. How many ended their lives in the Time Vortex? Some even believed that they could go back in time through here, returning to their younger self like a regressor of fate, believing in fabled myths and nonsensical beliefs fostered over the tens of thousands of years of its mysterious allure.

All of it was bullshit.

He turned around, about to leave and make a report when tens of unfathomable auras descended here. His eyes contracted slightly. What...

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1064 1058: Affecting The Vortex



The Guardian of the Time Vortex's aura seethed, unleashing gushing waves of mystic power as he strode toward the new arrivals. His eyes were terrifyingly cold, "Leave—Saints are not permitted here." As the Guardian, his authority within the Time Vortex was of the highest, and he was disgustingly territorial.

The dozens of unfathomable auras all instinctively released waves of their own mystic power, directing their gazes toward the Guardian. However, the Guardian was undaunted by their strong presence, and murderous intent began to flow out of his eyes in the form of glaring spiritual light.

"Leave." That single word shook the foundation of the space. The expressions of the owners of these unfathomable auras distorted instantly, their eyes revealing mixtures of wariness, fear, and displeasure.

"Calm down, Time Guardian." Zhangjie Wushu flickered into existence, entering the crowd of unfathomable auras.

"You have no authority here; you leave too. I'll give you all until I reach one. Five, three!" Somehow skipping four altogether, the Guardian's voice turned hellish. The unfathomable auras all pulsed slightly, and then they vanished in various mystifying ways.

The only one remaining was Zhangjie Wushu, but her expression was extremely displeased. She frowned, her beauty was enchanting yet bore a strong feeling of authority and might, and she said glacially: "Count down. See what happens at one."

"..." The Guardian stared at Zhangjie Wushu for a long time, his eyes narrowed, his pupils reflecting her terrifying image, and he gritted his teeth. "What do you want?" He had backed down, clearly unable to force the issue on this woman.

Zhangjie Wushu turned her profound gaze towards the chaotic flows of the Time Vortex, seeing the vast chasm of time energies of various types colliding without order. "Why did you let him enter?" She asked this question, but it wasn't really a logical question that needed to be asked. The answer was too obvious.

The Guardian softly scoffed, "9,842 cultivators entered the Time Vortex without a Protective Flowshell this year alone. Over the last ten? Over a hundred thousand. Century? Nearly two million. They've all come here to either end their lives or some misguided hope for rebirth or were lured by the mystifying power of time and underwent cultivation deviation. I don't interfere in the life decisions of others. I merely guard the Time Vortex." The Guardian of the Time Vortex was a regulator of sorts, not a self-help advisor.

Suicide?

Let them.

Zhangjie Wushu frowned slightly, but she expected this answer. Still, she couldn't figure it out. "Did he have a Protective Flowshell?" She had realized that Wei Wuyin was zipping across the City of Guardians. And she wasn't the only one, as other Earthly Saints noticed this as well, and they all gravitated here after investigating.

Wei Wuyin left no traces when he shifted, so tracking him was exceedingly difficult. They had to use various methods, tracing Mortal Auras or actively paying attention to abruptly appearing life auras. Zhangjie Wushu had followed Wei Wuyin since his visit to Tian Xiaolu's residence, especially as he kept taking cultivators and bringing them safely back home. She inspected these cultivators and found spatial rings in their possessions with alchemical products as if it was payment.

Zhangjie Wushu concluded that these Destined, who originated from the Sealed Regions, had some relationship with Wei Wuyin. Considering how generous he was, he must have either been carrying out a gifting spree on behalf of others or repaying debts from the Sealed Regions. This completely baffled her. She would have to investigate later.

The Guardian shook his head, "He entered without any sort of protection." All the Protective Flowshells were marked by him and carefully observed at all times unless it was already in the Time Vortex, and even then, he could keep track of them. Wei Wuyin had nothing on him as he decided to find his eternal resting place.

Zhangjie Wushu was stumped, but as she observed the raw, chaotic forces of time intertwining, her heart was internally struggling. It was extremely dangerous to recklessly explore the Time Vortex, and she didn't dare do so without ample preparations.

Such a good seed...

He had birthed Enlightened Scholarly Mist, manifested Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality at the Astral Core Realm, and offered an absurd amount of alchemical products to gain the right to look at the entire Alchemical Section of the Myriad Miles Library. Not to mention, he was young, extremely young, with a high cultivation base for his age, and...yeah, he was exceedingly handsome.

Such a waste.

Zhangjie Wushu truly couldn't fathom why.

She decided to find Liu Yinlan and learn what she was planning and why she would send her True Destined Voyager here to kill himself. Even if it meant giving her a beating.

"I'm leaving," Zhangjie Wushu announced to the Guardian before she vanished, transforming into wisps of translucent mist. She didn't blame the Guardian for Wei Wuyin's decision. After all, even she didn't expect him to jump into the Time Vortex. Considering his cultivation base, she, like others, thought he was here to grasp the profoundness of time.

It was truly a waste.

The thunderous rumblings finally ceased within a particular room in the City of Endless.

"Finished!" Liu Yinlan's typically beautiful expression was abnormally pale as if blood had been siphoned from her body, but her eyes were exceedingly bright and rich in wild exuberance. She wiped off the sweat on her brow, standing up, holding a fist-sized pearl that gave off a strong bloody scent and a frigid yin chill that could send shivers down the spine.

It hovered before her modest-sized chest, thumping ever-so-slightly like a heart. If one paid close attention, they would find that the thumping perfectly matched Liu Yinlan's heartbeat.

A mixture of pride, anticipation and hopeful excitement roared to life in her eyes. She sent a message to Liu Suiyin, giving instructions to bring him outside the City of Guardians and saying that she'll pick them up personally. She was already making preparations to have the formations ready. Unlike the long junky shift she gave Liu Suyin and Wei Wuyin, hers would take roughly an hour or two at most.

"Just you wait, you pathetic worm of a wannabe ruler. Let's see how you beg for mercy. Hmph, I'll let her take your head herself!" Her words rippled with vile, vicious violence, blistering anger, and a sense of satisfaction shortly after, as if she was experiencing her imagined future.

But after a few minutes, she got no response. With a faint frown, she sent a message again to Liu Suyin and checked on her life talisman to ensure she was still alive. After verifying she was alive and well, her frown deepened.

"Liu Suyin." Liu Yinlan flatly said with sharp eyes. Without any hesitation, she left her room with the pearl in tow. She intended to find out what had happened herself. Whether it was the Academy of Myriad Transformations or anyone else, no one will stop her.

The spatial formation was being primed for usage!

Liu Suyin's left earring flashed continuously with invisible arcane light that only she and those with an Arcane Spirit of Cultivation could perceive. This was how she was able to communicate with Liu Yinlan without anyone noticing, not even Wei Wuyin.

Her heart was extremely tense. She had lost Wei Wuyin, failing her mission, while an empty feeling was being dug into the pit of her stomach as seconds passed.

"Please be safe, wherever you are."

She softly whispered to herself, but she was locked in an isolated metal sphere-shaped box with no openings or doors. If it weren't for Liu Yinlan's unique manner of communication and her vast powers, she wouldn't have been able to receive any message here. And with her cultivation base sealed, she could not return any messages.

Wei Wuyin's body floated in a mass of jumbled time currents that washed over his body like raging rivers from all sides. Those rampaging currents met his hexagonal grey scales and became incomparably gentle, flowing off him until

they reentered another stream, once again becoming chaotic and violent, encompassing the essence of past, present, and future.

Wei Wuyin's True Void Dragon Bloodline was fully unleashed at this moment, granting him a body of enchantingly beautiful dragon scales, a compact physique containing raw dragon might, and a pair of wings that stretched for miles. He continued to sink and follow the aberrant flow of time.

From time to time, the flows of time would be drawn into his mouth and nostrils as if they were air. He was breathing time! The domineering might of a Void Dragon was unprecedented, and Wei Wuyin felt the pure time energies surge throughout his entire body, merging perfectly with his blood.

"Delicious," Kratos commented hungrily. Since the beginning, it had been urging Wei Wuyin to enter the Time Vortex. Why? Because it was a delicious meal that made the walls of its fleshy aorta throb! A beast's greatest strength wasn't their tyrannical might, long lives, or innate talents, but their ability to devour and refine raw material and energies into various forms of power.

By all accounts, Wei Wuyin was a half-dragon, but only his bloodline energies and fleshy heart had this unique refinement ability. Wei Wuyin had only ever used it to its fullest extent once before when Kratos first devoured the Void Crystal to gain its bloodline attribute. Due to the Externalization Method of his Spirits, he never genuinely needed to refine much with his bloodline energies or heart but empowered them with external alchemical products.

But the time energies flowing inside the Time Vortex were the purest that Wei Wuyin had ever encountered, and only Kratos could prematurely refine time energies prior to the Temporal Eye Phase, so it generously refined and sent copious amounts to the other Astral Souls.

They were changing on a fundamental level. While this was merely a pointless differentiation, the Astral Souls current state intermixed with time energies

made their refined Astral Force greatly resemble a cultivator at the quasi-Temporal Eye Phase. They were brimming with time energies and thus were digesting its powers.

The Seed of Time Law thrummed strongly at the moment, invigorated by the spirits' absorption of time energies. They shared and shared amongst each other, with Kratos as the leading figure while Wei Wuyin acted as the central brain, comprehending all the profoundness of time.

He took his time. According to his Astral Souls, they wanted to be thoroughly saturated by time energies, allowing Wei Wuyin to have the greatest possible connection with its intricate principles before the tribulation because they, like always, intend to be a little reckless!

Wei Wuyin genuinely feared for his life, so his mind was working a thousand times faster than normal. The last tribulation devastated a large-sized planet and had him fight against the avatar of the World. He could still clearly remember losing his leg from a mere half-pointed finger of its half-awakened existence. If he hadn't struck first, his life would've been over.

What will he fight this time? The mythical river of time? Or some godly being that can control time itself? He didn't wish to be unprepared.

Wei Wuyin soon lost track of progressing time as he stayed in the chaotic flows of temporal currents. It could've been an hour, a day, a week, or even a year before his body was thoroughly saturated with time energies. When he eventually opened his eyes, his four Astral Souls simultaneously called forth the Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation!

Outside the Time Vortex, the Guardian's eyebrows were knitted into the deepest frown. His eyes shone with temporal light of dark grey as he carefully inspected the movements of the ever-churning, extremely chaotic vortex

before him. After a long while, his eyes gradually widened until they became full moons, reflecting his tremendous shock.

"Is it slowing down? No—it's reversing?"

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1065 1059: Against The River, Lnception & Beyond



A glaringly bright light pierced through his eyelids, generating a familiar pain as inner strength and a nascent will erupted to strenuously open them. As the eyes gradually adapted to the light, gaining clarity of the external world, the sight of a young woman's face became his world. Her countenance was incomparably delicate, as gorgeous as the full moon standing at the forefront of endless stars, as brilliant as the brightest solar star, and as beautiful as physically possible.

The same familiar thought surfaced once again: If fairies existed, she was the queen of them all.

Wei Wuyin found himself in the warmth of dainty and soft arms holding him while faintly trembling; he was welcomed by the silver-colored irises of the young woman before him. And despite the color of the world being dullish, an intermix of black, white, and grey, the clarity of those eyes were images he would never forget in his lifetime, after death, or even if his soul was destroyed by the Heavenly Daos.

'Mother.' Wei Wuyin wasn't as surprised as he once was, his heart extremely calm as he focused on regaining his sense of self. However, as he did, he found himself reaching out with his short stubby fingers, trying to grasp that

incomparably beautiful face, drawn to those eyes that were as heart-stirring as a lighthouse to a seaman after days adrift at sea.

He found that his hands were like magnets, and she leaned into them and allowed him to touch her smooth skin marred by exhaustion and sweat. She smiled so brilliantly that Wei Wuyin felt that his little heart could explode, but his actual heart was relatively stable. Every nascent heartbeat in the outside world was pumping to drive him further into life.

'Hm?' Long ago, during the Mortal Star Formation tribulation, Kratos' tribulation, he had somehow traversed time and re-experienced his 'firsts' in life. Even to this day, Wei Wuyin was unable to determine if he had gone back in time or not. But during that time, his mother had reacted differently, and then she...

'What is this?' Wei Wuyin found himself unable to control his actions, and the infant-like sounds coming from his mouth, the mindless wandering of his gaze, and the movements of his little limbs were beyond his control. It wasn't like before.

"My sweet little boy. My sweet little boy." His mother gently held him, and despite the gentleness in it, he knew that her fingers were like heaven-gripping tools that would never let go without reason to ensure that he was safe. Unlike before, Wei Wuyin remained calm as he observed her with the most focused gaze. While his actual eyes moved here and there, he needle-focused on her, specifically the depths of her pupils.

When he was last here, she had experienced a strange state. At first, Wei Wuyin was too distraught to pay it any attention as the concept of time travel was beyond anything he'd conceived. Now? He knew that time travel wasn't only possible, having done so himself, but the Heavenly Daos could achieve it on a stupendously terrifying scale.

The Temporal Reincarnator had been sent back from their timeline to the past, given foreknowledge all because of the Heavenly Daos' unwillingness to see one of its high-level Blessed perish. Their Karmic Luck fueled their second chance, and even at the expense of hurting itself, the Heavenly Daos achieved it.

Now that he was back here, his mind was incomparably focused. He watched his young mother cradle him gently in her arms. It didn't take long before her eyes, filled with warmth, gentleness, and motherly love were replaced by confusion and a distant stranger's gaze.

'Here it is.' It was later than before, not spurred by her recognizing him as if she was aware of his time-traveling exploits, but it had happened nevertheless—the sight of her losing any sense of familiarity.

"Not again! Not again!" A manly voice ran into the room with harsh steps, his voice reverberating with sorrow.

Wei Wuyin's heart roared despite his repeated urging to calm himself down. His father! He would recognize that voice anywhere, and his heart ached so heavily that he felt he could die. But his newborn self merely ignored the voice, focused on the stimuli from the young woman holding him.

Wei Wuyin wanted to see his face again. Will this dream-like scenario end here? To his surprise, he found a strong pair of arms grabbing him away from his mother. The depths of her pupils were absent of any self, confusion, and uncertainty flooding her gaze. She let her husband take him, but in the end, as if something in the depths of her soul was resisting, she reached out with a frown to grab him back.

But those strong, muscular arms were swift and hurrying, and then moved Wei Wuyin hastily into the arms of someone thinner. He saw a blurry back of a

tall, imposing man as his hands formed hand-seals, releasing soft spiritual light that surged into the young woman's eyes.

Wei Wuyin found himself awkwardly held and then turned around to see a pouting face that caused his heart to bleed so violently that he felt as if he was going to die. If he couldn't control himself, he would cry out with heart-rending pain, but he didn't. His stubby arms and fingers only waved aimlessly as the young teen before he eyed him curiously.

"So you're my little brother? You have Mother's eyes." The boy's voice lacked that steady, experienced, and stern tone that was always there before, but he recognized it without fail. It was like music to his ears, soothing his very soul.

'Brother...'

"Will Mother be okay?" His older brother asked curiously, inspecting the couple that was glowing with spiritual light.

"..." Unfortunately, the man was too occupied to reply. His entire focus was on the young woman's current state, either trying to probe or reverse her situation.

'Father's cultivation is too lacking for this.' Wei Wuyin thought as he noted that his father was only at the Second Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, the External Flow Phase, and thus was incapable of determining the issue with his mother. This issue would later lead his father and mother to scour for a cure in the demons' territory, and their life and death would be uncertain since that day.

While it could be said to be uncertain, it was clear that they died somehow. After all, after a decade, they never returned, were never seen, nor heard from again.

Wei Wuyin, however, did not lack knowledge or cultivation comprehension. Furthermore, he knew what was happening to his mother, all were essentially

confirmed after he revisited this scene, and his heart howled with extreme frustration.

She was experiencing what he had long ago, his original mind was sealed within his Mind's Eye, and slowly a newer consciousness was formed that he devoured at appropriate times. Whenever his body-controlling mind grew too developed, he would hastily consume it for fear of it taking over as the main consciousness, trapping him forever.

After fleeing from the Wall of Heaven, Wei Wuyin caused cataclysmic damage to his brain and Sea of Consciousness after saving Bai Lin. Somehow, this kept his original consciousness from collapsing, allowing him to heal slowly, and then after finding an impetus, or more so, regaining enough mental strength by absorbing Eden's original consciousness, he shattered the bindings that both served to constrain him and preserve him, regaining himself as the main consciousness.

To the Medicinal Sages of Red Dove City, this was termed Chronic Amnesia. It was an extremely rare disease, practically unheard of, that his mother had been inflicted with that caused her to lose her sense of awareness. According to those old clan elders, his mother and father fell in love after an episode of hers left her unable to find her origins, and since then, he'd constantly taken care of her and continuously made endless efforts after each and every episode to find their love again.

And each time...he succeeded.

'I thought it was a coincidence. What if it was hereditary?' Wei Wuyin finally got confirmation when the light in her eyes became extremely fresh, as if devoid of anything but the barest of instincts and core knowledge, such as language, how to breathe, walk, and cook.

In Wei Wuyin's case, he never lost his innate work ethic or alchemical instincts developed after each reset in the Eden Earth Sect, so his main consciousness was certainly the Initial template for every newly formed consciousness.

'Mother...Father...Brother...' Wei Wuyin painfully sighed at the level of his soul. He realized that this was likely the Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation in effect, and it was causing him to relive his earliest memories. From the records he read, the Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation develops a cultivator's Temporal Eye, the ability to see through the essence of time—past, present, and future.

After grasping this power, they could absorb time energies and execute abilities such as Temporal Dissonance that could affect the temporal perception of others, or even use their powers to view certain scenes that occurred in life, reliving certain things to better figure out what they did wrong or right, or gaining a unique instinct towards their future. It became an essential cultivation tool that was of enormous help in all aspects, especially when it came to matters of life and death. The sensation of a deadly crisis would become extremely clear.

However, the details of what one faced weren't too clear. According to the records, the tribulation attempts to corrode the mind, body, and spirit using terrifying temporal power. If one were unable to resist, they'd vanish into nothing. Not even their corpse will be left behind.

An absolutely lethal tribulation feared by many, failed by millions each year in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. When a cultivator at the Realm World Phase goes missing, most believe they failed their tribulation.

Wei Wuyin knew the first objective of this type of Tribulation was to 'sense' the flow of corrupting time energies that threatened to slaughter him in body and soul. If he simply relived his life here, he was certain to be affected.

"No need," Eden's voice erupted from the depths of his soul. In the background, Kratos' roar could be heard. The bloodline of a True Void Dragon wasn't just for show.

Wei Wuyin frowned as his brother brought him to his mother, her gaze still blank, and he innocently pushed Wei Wuyin closer. "Mother, do you want him?"

His father hurdled in the corner while cold sweat wet his robes. He buried his face in a book that was scribed with tiny characters compacted together, like a journal, and he was slowly writing in it with extreme solemnness.

"Him? A baby?" The silver-eyed young woman was baffled as the light in her eyes regained a smidge of intelligence and awareness. She instinctively reached out and gently grabbed Wei Wuyin's newborn body. She slowly cradled him, an incomparably beautiful warmth-filled smile surfaced on her face, and her eyes grew abnormally warm.

"What's his name?" Her sweet voice, still lingering with exhaustion, resounded. Wei Wuyin couldn't see, his focus entirely honed onto that gorgeous face, but he knew that his brother was clenching his fists tightly.

"You don't remember? You named him, Mother."

"Named him?" Those silver eyes were besieged by confusion. "Why do you call me 'Mother,' young man?"

"..."

"What is it?" The silver-eyed woman cocked her head back. Her reaction made it clear she wasn't fearful of either the muscular man or the young teen. This was another clue that Wei Wuyin found, further supporting the possibility that his mother was experiencing exactly what he had!

"N-no-nothing." A stutter of hectic emotions resounded. "His name's Wei Wuyin."

"Oh? Such a domineering name. With that name and those breathtakingly gorgeous eyes of his, he's bound to be a breaker of many hearts."

"...yeah..."

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1066 1060:Against The River,Beyond & Beginnings



"..."

Time moved as time moved, consistent and without pause, and Wei Wuyin felt every passing second. Within a body he had no control over, he was forced to live as his younger, infant self with full awareness. From his first steps to his first absorption of ambient essence, thus embarking on the path of cultivation, he relived it all.

"This Tribulation isn't difficult. Not at all! Not at all!" Ori's voice could be heard from the depths of his soul. From time to time, Wei Wuyin would hear the voices of his Astral Souls. They kept giving positive cheers, suggesting that the tribulation they were facing was extremely easy on their end.

Kratos' roars were filled with triumph. Eden's was nonchalant, as if this was a walk in the park with no concern, merely the ease of sightseeing. King was silent, only eliciting a single domineering 'tch' throughout the years. Ori, however, was the extremely talkative one out of the bunch, constantly spouting all sorts of nonsense regarding the tribulation's difficulties.

The jig was up; Wei Wuyin knew that despite his True Dragon Void Bloodline and Kratos' innate mastery over the Void Dao, the tribulation was abnormally troublesome to deal with. They had to use the fullest extent of their powers to resist the surging time energies threatening to wash his life away, leaving him as a speck of nothingness within the world.

The frightening part was his inability to sense the danger, forced to live out his happiest days while his Astral Souls fought with all they had. It was frustrating to accept, but he had to remain mentally strong and focused.

If his innate powers had to resist an external threat, then it's unlikely that this portion of the tribulation was without its dangers. He refused to let his guard down as his mother carried him throughout their home, welcomed by sights he thought were long lost in the blazing flames and black smoke that reached the highest heavens that day.

A year in, Wei Wuyin found himself as an ignorant child completely innocent of thoughts and actions. He acted playfully, enjoying the new sights and sensations, blessing him with a feeling that he had never felt before. When he nearly tumbled down the stairs after he first walked, completely unaware that his little life nearly came to an end, only to be rescued by his big brother's warm arms and wry smile, Wei Wuyin had never felt so protected before.

...so safe.

He couldn't do anything at that moment despite having the urge to speak a thousand sentences in a thousand seconds. The 'him' of this tribulation smiled and played with his brother's nose as he heard that relieved chuckle and soft scolding.

Wei Wuyin wanted to shout: "I'll never do anything risky again...just don't leave." That mighty shout would've been spoken with the force of his entire soul. Alas, his wants went unanswered as his life continued.

"Take the Second Young Master." A tall, burly guard of the Wei Clan's estate handed him to a panicked maid that fumbled with worry in her eyes. She hastily approached, using a handkerchief to wipe away the blood stains on his face. It wasn't his.

Wei Wuyin was only three years old now, and he remembered these days with extreme accuracy. He was a little monster to the servants of the estate, and they stressed themselves dealing with his constant antics. Due to his father's obsession with curing his mother and his older brother's focus on cultivation at the Saber Wolf Sect, he was raised mostly by these guards and maids, but his tyranny was terrifying.

He escaped the grounds often, hunted beasts, and fought with the kids in Red Dove City. He was a vicious little young master, as rampant as a little devil. It was an understatement to say he wasn't feared by all he came across.

Moreover, he was frighteningly intelligent for his age. He played many for fouls, running afoul with all sorts of little schemes that left the city's youngsters running for the hills. In Red Dove City, the Wei Clan was the strongest force, led by their clan leader, who was at the highest cultivation in the city, the Third Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm, the Elemental Birth Phase. The Clan Lord was also an elder of the Saber Wolf Sect, a subordinate to the Scarlet Solaris Sect, and essentially made the Red Dove City his life's achievement.

The Saber Wolf Sect was notoriously vicious, so going against them meant having your entire family down to three generations wiped out. At the time, Wei Wuyin wasn't fully aware of the fear he invoked with each of his actions, only that no one dared to offend him.

Wei Wuyin's soul felt increasingly joyful. These were the times when he was developing his fierce streak with an eye for plans. It would later grow into the current him. After two years of this, his brother would return from the Saber

Wolf Sect as a Qi Condensation Realm cultivator, and he would teach him an unforgiving lesson.

His haughtiness was beaten down, and he was instilled with stable principles, not of righteousness or fairness, but a sense of morality. This was geared towards his older brother's beliefs, but it still impacted his decisions to this day.

Days passed, and Wei Wuyin approached 'that' fateful day.

His parents left.

Afterward, his brother became his full-time guardian.

After reaching twelve, he ventured into the mountain known for housing 'demons'. He eventually met her—Dai Lyn. Her violet-skinned beauty enchanted him instantly, ensnaring his soul, and he fell so hard into her kind warmth that he ignored all warnings issued to him. After learning of the misunderstood legacy of demons, Wei Wuyin begged his brother to teach him the Way of the Saber.

To protect Dai Lyn...

To protect their unborn child...

Wei Wuyin refused to relive what happened next.

He refused!

Yet he was forced to. He was unable to close his eyes, his senses, or shut off any connection with this tribulation. The raging fires, vile shouts of hateful curses, and the scent of blood scattered in the air alongside that black, billowing smoke that filled the skies left his heart in shambles.

Watching as those of Red Dove City turned against him, even those once 'loyal' maids and guards turned their knives his way, slaughtering their way into the clan's estate, claiming life after life was horrifically scarring. He was

only fourteen this year, still experiencing puberty, yet he watched as Dai Lyn was fatally wounded, clutching her bleeding stomach as those once gentle eyes were replaced with abject fear that originated from her soul.

Her cry still rang in his ears at night.

When an arrow pierced through her skull, her eyeball popping out in the most gruesome manner, and that cry merely lingered in the air, abruptly ended by malicious violence, Wei Wuyin's strained voice was revitalized with a roar of insanity.

The body was taken away by her clansmen and brought back to the mountains, while he was carried away by his older brother and Du Ling. They rushed and rushed for hours, chased by experts that his brother couldn't hope to rival.

Yet at the banks of the river, as it began to rain with the tint of blood, his brother's last smile as he was sent away in Du Ling's arms was unforgettable. With his saber in hand, he faced dozens of experts beyond his cultivation level, holding them all back with a demon's ferocious will.

Watching it again, Wei Wuyin's heart wasn't as bleeding and depressed as before. This event in his life cemented his life's mission, his pursuit of power, and his will to cultivate. Prior to this, he skirted by on his clan's power and reputation. But that was all ephemeral before the face of tangible benefits, and when those who disliked the Wei Clan seized their weakness—his sin—they pounced with the bloodthirstiness of starving piranhas.

It was clear that this moment was when his life truly began, as his first Karmic Luck usage was shortly after this, according to the Black Skeleton. Since he never had the will to capitalize on his Blessed status, the Heavenly Daos had never sought to bless him with its kindness.

As he thought of this, he instinctively thought of Blessed that perished with their Karmic Luck unused. What happened to those Blessed? Did they simply die tragic deaths, ignorant of the possible fortune that awaited them?

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1067 1061:Against The River,Beginnings & Divergence



Sitting domineeringly on the horizon was a tall mountain with a scarlet hue, tainting the clouds with its glaring color. It invited countless souls to strive for a greater fortune and invoked fear, weakness, a sense of loss, and a promise for a future.

Wei Wuyin experienced once again the first time he saw the Scarlet Solaris Sect's grandiose mountain that overlooked the world. He was exhausted, his eyes dry from lacking tears, with Du Ling walking beside him with a jug of water, a bag of recently picked fruits, and hunted game. Their clothes were dirty, and their bodies stank.

After escaping the mad pursuit of his enemies, the duo traversed a thousand miles to the Scarlet Solaris Sect. While his mother and father had left without explanation, his father had left a token of acceptance from the Scarlet Solaris Sect, a gift from the Saber Wolf Sect that was bestowed to him after he became a Grand Elder of the Sect.

It was originally meant for his older brother, but after the disappearance of his parents, his brother took it upon himself to raise him while attending to clan matters, forgoing even his Saber Wolf Sect's enrollment. If he hadn't done this, how could his brother not rival those who hunted them with ravenous teeth and malicious intent?

Wei Wuyin's soul stared at the scarlet oval-shaped token that symbolized his only hope for revenge at the time through the eyes of his past self. His journey for vengeance had started.

The rest of the events were incomparably familiar to Wei Wuyin, the hectic struggle to enter the sect, the arduous effort to cultivate with every piece of free time he had, and the vast disparity between him and others who were here since they were young, granted resources by their families.

He started as an honorary disciple, forced to sweep the grounds, fetch water for the outer disciples, empty the latrines, clean the floors of buildings, and cook for others. While he didn't need to do all these tasks, every task offered contribution points that could then be turned over for resources, opportunities, and even materials of knowledge.

He worked eighteen hours a day, slept for four, and meditated for two, all while never neglecting his cultivation, finding time between breaks or meditation to give it his all. He was relentless. He was driven. He was left with nothing else.

He rose slowly but surely from an honorary disciple to an outer disciple after breaking through the Qi Condensation Realm after acquiring one of his first Karmic Luck events, obtaining an essence stone after seizing a dangerous opportunity away from thieving bandits. Looking back, he knew that from the beginning, he was an Exploitative Blessed, tested by the Heavenly Daos with opportunities needing willpower, intelligence, and patience.

He had helped an old man, a former legendary blacksmith who was at the end of his life, and after some discussions, received his first custom-made saber that followed him for a decade as he rose from an honorary disciple to a core disciple. It was hard not to feel nostalgic and saddened seeing his many battles with that saber.

"Join me, okay?" The voice that sent waves of emotion down Wei Wuyin's soul once again resounded in his ears. After his hard work and outstanding will began to show their fruits, he was approached by a young woman with freckles. She wasn't beautiful or ugly, simply slightly above average, but there was a unique quality about her that drew Wei Wuyin in.

She was a leader that fought valiantly for her subordinates, valuing loyalty above all else, and carried a unique charm that was hard to describe. The Wei Wuyin before was snagged without understanding why, but the Wei Wuyin watching this all unfold knew why he decided to acquiesce to her, serving her as one of her subordinates—she reminded him of his older brother.

Mei Mei was steady, stern, and commendable. She existed with established boundaries, principles, and morals that heavily reminded him of his brother. She lived by her word, and should she grow hostile, she would be filled with endless resentment in her pursuit of revenge.

Moreover, she had started as an outer disciple and rose with her own effort, with no massive backing to her name, and was well-regarded by all her subordinates. Thinking of Mei Mei, his soul lost itself slightly.

"You want revenge?"

"...Yes."

"You'll get it."

After he became an Inner Disciple, the rivers of blood, the piked skulls of his enemies, the panicked cries of children, their elders' heads rolling with widened eyes, and fearful screams echoed endlessly in Red Dove City. It was painted red with blood, truly deserving of the 'red' in its name.

Wei Wuyin satisfied his greatest wish with Mei Mei and Du Ling by his side, his saber drenched in the blood of his enemies. He had returned and

slaughtered until his face was painted red with the mournful blood of others. He had even found his brother's skeleton, defiled and rotting...

He got the burial he deserved.

After this, Wei Wuyin ventured his way up the demon's mountain and met their clan leader, paying his respects to Dai Lyn, and was ready to end it all then and there. He had completed his greatest and only wish in this life.

What else was there?

When the blade plunged into his body by his own hands, he was extremely resolute in his will to die, but a firm hand stopped the edge from penetrating deeper, a mere centimeter away from his heart. It belonged to Du Ling's chubby arm, his eyes covered in a waterfall of tears, and standing behind him was Mei Mei, solemn and angry.

"Don't, okay? Don't...I'm still hungry, Young Master....I'm still hungry! What am I-what can I do without you?" Those words shook Wei Wuyin to his core, and for the first time in his life, after losing everything, he realized that he wasn't as alone as he thought.

Time flowed on. Wei Wuyin found himself embroiled in all sorts of schemes and plots, faced with assassinations as numerous cultivators began to speak of whispers of his talent and hard work being the result of a cultivation treasure. He became a Core Disciple and, on the same day, met Su Mei and Bai Lin.

Their hunger fueled his will to live. So did all his subordinates, and Mei Mei's dream of one day becoming Sect Master of the Scarlet Solaris Sect was the main propellant for his continued existence. He cultivated like mad, acted to push her ahead, and stole away the attention of her enemies.

The rumor of the cultivation treasure had been started by them after much planning, intending to lure those other Core Disciples into traps, have them

slip, and eliminate competitors. The day it was conceived, Wei Wuyin shared Mei Mei's bed, and a part of his heart that had been closed off from loss was slowly pried open.

Then, he became twenty-six—the age when everything changed.

The hunt of the Violet Moon Sect by order of the leadership commenced, and Wei Wuyin was ordered to lead it. A ploy by his enemies to end his life, obtain the treasure, or eliminate him began to form. Fortunately, he met Na Xinyi, his cultivation rising from the Third Stage of the Qi Condensation Realm to the Fourth Stage, Yin Form Phase.

Before absolute power, all schemes were useless.

After reaching this stage of Cultivation, Wei Wuyin was whooping with happiness, intending to dual cultivate with Mei Mei and sacrifice a portion of his cultivation to push her to the next level, even if it harmed his core foundations. As for Na Xinyi, he had made her a promise, and he kept it.

Unfortunately, after he returned to the sect, the Core Disciple Competition was unfolding, and he had no chance to communicate his intentions to Mei Mei. During the hunt, he met the silver-haired and black-eyed man trapped in a cage of froststeel. He was a captive of the Violet Moon Sect, and when Wei Wuyin investigated, he was attacked and received a bite wound to his neck. Wei Wuyin ended the man's life as he spouted some philosophical words.

"Good. Evil. Moral. Immoral. In our world, the Good gain karmic luck. In our world, the Evil gain infernal sin. The moral is just. The immoral are condemned. This world is one where the strong prey on the weak, the weak are evil and immoral, the strong are good and moral."

"In my life, I have done no wrong, yet I was deemed wrong. In my life, was I good or evil?"

The unwillingness of those words still shook Wei Wuyin's soul. However, the 'him' at the time was merciless, taking this deranged prisoner's head without a second thought.

Wei Wuyin suspected that this man was the original Bloodline of Sin holder, bestowed it to him, and made him an Inheritor of Sin, but he could never confirm it. While those words felt as if they could verify his existence, how could a Bloodline of Sin holder be killed with a single slash of his saber?

So when the flow of time approached this moment, Wei Wuyin focused the entirety of his soul.

Yet...

After he entered the cage, he discovered nothing. He soon left, not a single wound on his neck, and walked back to his camp as he gave the same orders as before.

What was happening?

It wasn't just that...

As time flowed on, as the Core Disciple Competition went on as it did in his memories, Mei Mei suffered from the scheme of his subordinate, causing him to lose her trust, and for her to lose the status of Core Disciple, everything else remained the same.

From the Haven Heart Qi Method to Lin Ziyang's multi-marriage proposal and entering the task force sent to investigate the disappearances at Lake Muu with the two other top-tier sects of the Wu Country, they were all the same. But shortly after Wei Wuyin felt the maddening call of sin, he rushed off and found a place to calm down, eventually locking into an area of fortune with Meadowlife Wood Essence.

There was no Black Skeleton.

There were no discussions regarding the Bloodline of Sin.

It was absent in the most natural manner as if none of that existed.

"The tribulation can't reveal details of the Bloodline of Sin!" Wei Wuyin's soul trembled slightly as this had inadvertently revealed that the silver-haired prisoner was indeed related to the Bloodline of Sin! The omission of his existence was all he needed.

Wei Wuyin soon relaxed. Now, the rest would be his spontaneous rise through the cultivation world. He would traverse beyond the Scarlet Solaris Sect's Domain, experience the Wall of Heaven, suffer from the escape, enter the Eden Earth Sect, and leave.

The events went off without any deviation, only visual changes and outright exclusions. The Wall of Heaven was a disastrous hurricane of epic proportions, not an invisible Wall that reaped all life on contact, and Wei Wuyin hadn't experienced any Calamity of Hell before entering the Eden Earth Sect.

Eventually, he arrived at the Myriad Monarch Sect under the guidance of Xiang Ling, otherwise known as Fairy Blessed Spirit, and became a Sky Noble outright due to his talents in alchemy.

"..."

"..."

Wei Wuyin relived every moment of his life in the Myriad Monarch Sect. He wondered what would happen should he reach his present life; what would the tribulation show him?

"Wait..."

Something was wrong.

After Wei Wuyin accepted the Alchemist Association's challenge to an All-Alchemic Clash, he started to...

No.

That wasn't right.

Wei Wuyin's soul shook violently.

During the Alchemic Clash against Qingye Ying, he hadn't won!

It was a tie!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1068 1062: Against The River, Divergence & Cultivation



The Alchemic Clash against Qingye Ying was just as hyped and spectated as before, filled to the brim with excitement and expectations as the lingering term of 'Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn' fluttered about ceaselessly in the air.

However, the end result was different; Wei Wuyin had used his Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity to inconspicuously spy on Qingye Ying and matched her at every step perfectly, resulting in a miraculous tie that left many speechless. In a way, his act of eking out a tie was heaven-defying and baffled the entire world, a sign of great unity and fortune.

The title of Prince of Everlore and Princess of Everlore flourished and solidified, a genuine sign of destiny, and the crowd of millions shouted their fateful union to the highest heavens.

"The Dragon and Phoenix of Everlore!" They cried.

"The Destined Pair!" They called them.

Qingye Ying was blushing furiously at the crowd's fervent beliefs, and she had no say in their thoughts or the course of history. They both were labeled with the title of Era-Defining Existences! Wei Wuyin saw himself talking to Qingye Ying, hitting the right notes, and the light in her eyes subtly changed as the possibility of being together was ignited in her heart.

Unlike before, this Wei Wuyin became engaged to Qingye Ying privately after the event concluded. During this iteration of events, what Wei Wuyin saw was vastly different. Firstly, Qingye Yun had never informed Wei Wuyin of Qingye Ying's plight regarding her deficient meridians.

Secondly, he learned of the Tower of Myriad Excellence and the Void Gate's existence but not their purpose. He decidedly brought ninth-grade purification products to solve Qingye Ying's issues and improve her cultivation.

Thirdly, far later in this timeline, Qingye Ying vanishes, and the Void Gate inside the tower malfunctioned after one use. They were unable to consummate their eventual marriage or hold a ceremony after she disappeared. Only then did Qingye Yun tell him the history behind the Void Gate and its purpose, leaving Wei Wuyin regretting not entering it himself.

Before that, Wei Wuyin saw himself take a vastly different path at every turn since the Alchemic Clash and decisions regarding involving himself in various matters. For example, he hadn't entered the Four Extreme Continent himself. He focused on his cultivation base, which was the most significant difference in this divergence. Unlike his current life, Wei Wuyin began to rapidly blitz through his cultivation path as soon as he could. He didn't maximize his cultivation foundation at every turn but rushed fiercely toward the Realm of Sages.

This Wei Wuyin didn't enter the Gateway Door leading to the Devil War Realm; he sent Zuhei and Su Mei instead. He focused on his mission of improving his cultivation base as the Second Calamity sent waves and waves of pressure on the shoulders. This was the first Calamity he would take as himself, and it would verify if his Mortal Existence was capable of transcending the dangers of Hell.

A feat that he had little confidence in, but his Heart of Cultivation remained terrifyingly strong and hopeful.

"I never met Xue Yifei."

Wei Wuyin also noticed another change! He never entered the Bloodforge Continent; instead, he sent a team of Ascendants down there, splitting a portion of the continent's resources and bribing the current leading Bloodforge Emperor to his side.

The events left Wei Wuyin dizzy.

What was happening...exactly?

What changed?

From his point of view, everything differed greatly after he arrived in the Myriad Monarch Sect. It took him months of observing this Wei Wuyin to realize that this version of him had never felt a sense of external threat from the world...

He acted as if nothing but the Calamity of Hells was the sole threat in his life, and thus felt the goal of his life was to reach the Realm of Sages. There was only one possibility to this...

In this timeline, in this version of him, the Temporal Reincarnator hadn't descended and he decided to remain low-key! That level of threat with someone knowing your future had acted as the impetus to Wei Wuyin

changing all of his actions from covert to overt, always believing that this Blessed that could make the Heavenly Daos harm themselves was an unimaginably vicious hammer that could strike at any time.

It instilled him with abject fear, justified vigilance, and a heart-pounding urge to be able to defeat this absurdly high-level Blessed should they ever face each other. Wei Wuyin had deliberately slowed down his cultivation, focusing on his foundation rather than swift progression, took more personal actions to handle things in the most perfect way, and even began to actively hunt or slay possible Blessed—such as Jing Jiu.

Various theories needed to be verified, and Jing Jiu was the answer to many of them. He learned what would happen should he slaughter a Blessed, confirmed that not all Blessed received their fortune the same way, and the effect it would have on his Karmic Luck Value.

Was that the difference?

"The Wei Wuyin that didn't fear others, racing against the clock." King's voice resounded in his soul after a very, very long time of being silent. While Ori, Eden, and Kratos were being as energetically optimistic, as serenely calculating, and domineeringly aggressive with their sounds and words, King was entirely silent for the last several decades.

But it had spoken here, clearly saying the most meaningful words that could shake his very soul. King was right; this timeline version of Wei Wuyin didn't fear others, simply the Calamity of Hell, a looming disaster that was as inevitable as death to a mortal being.

Wei Wuyin knew that despite this version of himself having a high cultivation by the end of the Devil War Realm's completion; when Lin Ming exited as the sole Elementus Chosen, this version of Wei Wuyin was weaker. At the same level of cultivation and even at the same age, he could kill this version of himself with a single freaking flick of his finger.

The disparity was utterly gargantuanly massive!

"Long Chen is alive," Ori pointed out solemnly.

Wei Wuyin watched as he kept interacting with Long Chen after the Devil War Realm came to a conclusion, and found that Long Chen's power wasn't very far off from his own. This version of Wei Wuyin was vigilant towards Long Chen but mostly uncaring of his future or potential threat. He distanced himself from his drama and harem, focused only on his matters of cultivation, preparing against the Calamity of Hell with nothing else mattering.

A single-minded focus on survival.

Not even Lin Ming's eventual rise in the Elemental Heaven Pavilion was enough to catch this version of Wei Wuyin's notice, ignoring all else.

"It's not wrong," Eden commented as Wei Wuyin was concocting various products with a manic madness that could elicit enlightenment of his next cultivation stage. He didn't care about his foundation at all. He didn't bother with most starfield-shaking events, merely focused on the Ascendants and his own cultivation.

The speed of his progression was wild.

Due to him not killing Yuan Longshi, not seeing Blessed as enemies, not actively hunting them down or firming his will to slay them for his own ends, by the time the Devil War Realm came to a 'natural' conclusion, his Second Calamity was still twenty-five years away, and he was fifty-four years old.

Wei Wuyin wistfully sighed. At that age, he had decided to leave a devastated Everlore Starfield behind and venture into the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region with Bai Lin. However, this version of himself was still in the Everlore Starfield, away from prying eyes, while cultivating without holding anything back.

By the time this version of Wei Wuyin reached his present age, he had already Ascended to the Soul of Mysticism Phase, exceeding every living thing in the Everlore Starfield. Wei Wuyin was thoroughly stunned by the journey, learning many different matters regarding cultivation. While the tribulations couldn't be seen from his perspective, much like the Bloodline of Sin matters, he still learned various arts, spells, formations, arrays, and concoction methods and gained cultivation experience from living as this version of Wei Wuyin. The benefits were hard to imagine but incredibly bountiful nevertheless.

Wei Wuyin had just recently turned sixty, and as the date of their age matching approached, when the timelines between these two versions began to align together, Wei Wuyin heard howls of struggling pain from Ori and Kratos. While Eden and King remained totally silent, suffering without a single groan, he could feel their violent quivering from his soul.

The Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation had just gone into overdrive, and these Astral Souls of his were bearing the entire brunt of its lethal might. The chills he felt inside his soul were horrific as he couldn't assist them as he was the spectator of this tribulation.

He could only pray for them to remain strong as the day, the hour, the minute, and the very second arrived!

Time froze.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1069 1063:Against The River,Cultivation & Opportunity



Time stood still.

It was perfectly still.

Wei Wuyin was currently living through this version of Wei Wuyin, this version that did not fear the world and only Hell, and he felt breathless. The stagnated air, light, gravity, and mana were stifling to the apex.

"This is time?" Wei Wuyin struggled to process what he felt and what he was experiencing; he was startled to the core of his being. Whenever the Heavenly Daos froze time, Wei Wuyin had always believed that it was manipulating the power of time to slow it down to the utmost, but that wasn't it.

The time wasn't slowed at all but continuously flowed at a normal rate as easy as counting to one, two, three, to infinite. A second was still a second, minutes were still minutes, and centuries remained long centuries.

He existed in the present and solely the present. There was no past or future, or slowing or acceleration, simply a single point in time stretched out for infinite moments—the present.

"So this is Present Time Energy," Wei Wuyin's soul felt enlightened. Since becoming an Inheritor of Sin and a True Void Dragon Bloodline possessor, Wei Wuyin was constantly exposed to Present Time Energy; the Heavenly Daos manipulated it without qualms, constantly freezing space and time for every reward, every punishment, and every Temporal Reincarnator.

He's traversed into the future, time-traveling by accident, exposed to Future Time Energy, and had now experienced a baptism of Past Time Energy, allowing him to grasp three of the five essential profundities of the Law of Time.

ROAR!

The sound of Kratos' disgruntled yet imperious roar erupted, shaking the very foundation of this world. Within this roar was the thrumming of the Seed of Time Law, clearly growing with each passing second in intensity! It was being nurtured!

Suddenly, Wei Wuyin saw gossamer of silky grey light flowing everywhere. As far as the eye could see, they existed. They danced beautifully, as mesmerizing as a mermaid at sea and as unfathomable as the mysteries of the omniverse.

Wei Wuyin reached out. Still frozen in the present, his soul thrummed fiercely as his fleshy hand began to glow a faint cyan and silver light. From his fleshy hand, something began to protrude, manifesting and taking shape, eventually becoming a hand of cyan and silver light.

"My hand? Is that my soul?" Wei Wuyin was thunderously caught off-guard, and a relentless urge itched inside his heart. With a thought, he scratched that itch, his hand moving further than before and revealing the cyan and silver hand.

His soul!

Soon, he completely left this fleshy version of himself, ultimately existing as a cyan and silver silhouette of himself, a representation of his Mortal Soul. He was faceless, indistinct, and hazy. This was because the Mortal Dao's refinement was limited, reflected by the vast disparity between soulspans that the Mortal Dao, Mystic Dao, and Immortal Dao could grant.

"What's happening here? Speak to me, guys." Wei Wuyin floated between the gossamers of time, gliding upon the silky strands with utter ease. They neither rejected nor fought against him. As they danced, he danced. As they sat still, so did he.

What were his Astral Souls doing? Their actions behind the scene were clearly fraught with dangers, and they were giving it their all, but what were they trying to do here? He could already sense Past, Present, and Future Energies, the requirements to formulate his Temporal Eye to grasp time itself.

This should, by all means, signify the end of his tribulation. In truth, all he needed was to comprehend generalized time energies, resisting the flow of time that threatened to claim his life, and his Temporal Eye would naturally form. The comprehension of Past, Present, and Future Energies was a level by which he'll be able to grasp the Law of Time, comprehend the Temporal-type Mystic Rune, and execute terrifyingly powerful Temporal Arts or Divination Spells.

With his current levels of understanding in time, he should be able to mimic the Heavenly Daos, instigating a World of Perpetual Present. To outsiders, this would be the very concept of stopping time.

This was beneficial to the absolute maximum. Moreover, he noticed that the Seed of Time Law was slowly growing! In the cultivation methods of the Battlefield, it said that the artificial Seeds of War could not be nurtured into Laws, and his Seeds of Law were all natural.

He knew that should he fully grasp Isolated Energy and Paradoxical Energy at the same degree as Past, Present, and Future Energies as now, the Seed of Time Law would have been fully nurtured. What type of power will it possess?

"Don't!!!" Four voices resounded simultaneously—Ori, Eden, King, and Kratos.

They weren't talking to Wei Wuyin, yet he felt their deep strength rippling throughout his soul.

Wei Wuyin looked back at the frozen body of another version of himself, and he frowned as confusion and uncertainty filled his eyes. The hand there...did it move? That shouldn't be possible.

Just as Wei Wuyin was about to investigate further, remaining cautious of any changes, the silver eyes of the frozen Wei Wuyin exuded vast spiritual light

containing the power of the past that engulfed his soul and all the gossamers of time in an instant!

The entire world crumbled before this devouring brilliance!

Hundreds of unfathomable auras floated above the Time Vortex. They stared at the chasm of churning time energies, the image of absolute chaos, and distraught power.

At the forefront of this group, closer to the Time Vortex, were five figures that were gloomily gazing at it. Each of their faces was darker than the next.

Amongst these five figures, one possessed a similar unfathomable aura as those hiding behind them. That was none other than the Guardian of the Time Vortex. Of the other four, two of them were figures that Wei Wuyin would recognize.

The first was Zhangjie Wushu, the gorgeous librarian and 'hidden' expert of the Myriad Miles Library. The other was the Lord of the City of Endless and Void Voyage Sect's Sect Master, Liu Yinlan. Her expression was faintly pale, yet her eyes were piercingly sharp with a glimmer of suppressed rage that could shake the heavens.

The other two were men. One was in a suit of azure full-body armor, covered from head to toe. His facial features and physique were difficult to determine, but he was average in height and build. The other was an elderly man with a long, string-like glossy mustache that reached his chest, having a head full of grey hair tied in a bun, and he kept twirling his mustache with his index finger and thumb. He had beady eyes and a thin frame and wore violet-colored robes.

They were the Lord of the City of Guardians and the City of Voyage, respectively—Su Nianzu and Xu You.

Xu You twirled his mustache with a solemn light in his eyes, "You're saying the Time Vortex just...reversed?" His voice was ancient yet forceful, capable of terrifying little kids.

The Guardian of the Time Vortex wore a dignified expression and solemnly nodded. They were all watching as the Time Vortex, what should've been the image of absolute chaos, showed a world of order. There was no longer a power that could force a stasis state or progress one's age, but it was capable of regression. Moreover, this regression was far, far more terrifying than anything they'd seen before.

While it still had the image of chaos, of churning time energies, of distraught power, this had all changed to become a singular type of power. A wisp of consistency in chaos!

"Have you sent anyone to investigate?" Su Nianzu asked; his voice was fairly normal despite his full-body armor that resembled a being built for war, death, and slaughter. There wasn't any bloodthirstiness or righteousness in it, as if he wasn't a warrior or a guardian, merely a common man in armor.

"Those on the outskirts, sensing the power, began regressing in their cultivation base. Unless one is an Earthly Saint, just sensing the power is enough to instigate a regression event." The Guardian explained. The edges of the Time Vortex were devoid of the typical comprehending cultivators.

When the Time Vortex began to go into full reverse, those who were at the edges were instantly affected. Some had lost their entire cultivation base, losing a lifetime of effort. A few of the Ascended beings died as they underwent Cultivation Deviation. It was impossible for Ascended beings to return to the Mortal Dao—only death awaited them.

Even Cao Cuifen couldn't change her Ascended Existential Framework with her mystic-graded pellet, the Mortal Returning Pellet. That was merely a trick,

a bypass to replicate the Mortal Dao's given physique and allow certain things to be possible.

"Where's Wei Wuyin?" Liu Yinlan asked after exhaling a deep, unsettled breath.

Zhangjie Wushu glanced at Liu Yinlan. Was she planning to feign ignorance?

The Guardian furrowed his brows. "This change happened shortly after he jumped into the vortex."

"..." The five of them were all aware by now that Wei Wuyin was Liu Yinlan's True Destined Voyager, the eventual and long-awaited successor to the Lord of the City of Endless. If he took the mantle, she would be capable of retiring. Considering her origins and cultivation base, she'll be able to obtain a certain degree of freedom after some concessions.

They couldn't fathom why this happened or why Liu Yinlan's True Destined Voyager had decided to jump into the Time Vortex, an act that could be considered suicidal.

"..." Liu Yinlan clenched her fists, her eyes unleashed a yin chill that contained glacial killing intent. She didn't know who she wanted to kill, simply that she wanted to kill!

RUMBLE!

Suddenly, the entire Endless Voyage Realm began to shake. All the Earthly Saints and the four with auras far surpassing theirs lifted their heads to observe the sky, the Solar Star of this world was shaking slightly.

"It's...?!" Zhangjie Wushu's eyes contracted.

Xu You's twirling became extremely intense, as if he was going to pull off his entire mustache. "It's shrinking?!" The shock in his ancient voice was profound.

In the depths of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, in a location where the Solar Star had long since been taken away, nine Shadow Eggs concealed within the Dark Void orbited each other in a mystical formation, empowering their concealing power to a level that even ordinary Worldly Saints might find it difficult to locate.

In one of these Shadow Eggs, these enormous vehicles, a shadowy figure sat on a throne forged from mystic stones, enriched by the energies of darkness. The figure's eyes slowly opened, revealing endless stars in the vast darkness. Those eyes brightened.

"The Endless Void Mirror..." The voice was indistinct, and it was hard to determine if it was male or female, but there was a formless authority that felt impossible to resist. It contained a hint of worldly charm, touching upon the Mystic Dao.

A cloaked figure manifested before the throne-sitting figure. "We've finally located its core!" The voice contained shivering happiness despite its attempt to maintain its composure. "This is our opportunity!"

The throne-sitting figure's starry eyes began to move in a mystifying manner, and then as they sat up, a world-shaking power surged out of them, causing the light of the world to dim.

"Initiate True God's First Symphony."

"Yes—for Trueborn!" The cloaked figure vanished. The Shadow Eggs began to change their orbiting path.

"...For Trueborn." The shadowy figure softly spoke.

"Where am I?" Wei Wuyin asked, his voice weak and soft.

"Who are you?" Wei Wuyin asked, his voice fierce and demanding.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1070 1064: Against The River, Opportunity & Mirror

Wei Wuyin was enveloped by a sudden outburst of light, devoured, and sucked away. For a split second, he felt himself delve into the depths of nothingness as if he was welcomed by the divinity of nihilism. He lost his sense of self and awareness.

Slowly, his senses returned. Accompanying them was the smell of raw mud, wet grass, and the scent of birds. This scent was specifically of the Red Dove, a creature that was etched at the forefront of Wei Wuyin's memories. As a child, he would spend time near the demon mountains with the naivety and bravery of a young master, as fearlessly as a newborn lion's cub.

The guards would make haste to retrieve him. They scoured and yelled their lungs out, while Wei Wuyin loved hiding within the trees, perched on the horizontal branches while petting the nearby baby doves. Those were days of mischief and happiness, totally unforgettable.

Their smell, especially when wet, was faintly fragrant.

The air had a tint of the faintest violet color, emitting an insidious aura that made one instinctively develop disgust and distaste. But to Wei Wuyin, this air felt peaceful and gentle, like the most beautiful lover.

"Where am I?" Wei Wuyin asked, his voice weak and soft.

Surprised, Wei Wuyin clutched at his throat with his right hand. The softness of unrefined flesh and calmly flowing blood within his veins caused his heart to race. "I've lost my cultivation?" A jolt of panic struck his mind, causing him to look about curiously.

Accidentally, he kicked a slightly big pebble and felt a sting on his exposed toes. He looked down and noticed the dangling piece of prideful manhood between his legs; his eyes narrowed slightly as he found himself naked, possessing a fleshly body that hadn't experienced a single day of cultivation.

But what made him narrow his eyes wasn't that discovery; what made him narrow his eyes were the flowers growing nearby. They were violet-colored roses with twisted, tendril-like thorns—Deep-Violet Lunar Roses. They glowed during the night, releasing a soft, gentle light that resembled lunar satellites in the sky.

"Dai...Lyn..." Those words struggled to come out of his throat, tragic and painful as a freshly dealt fatal wound. The smell of doves, the tint of the air, and the Deep-Violet Lunar Roses, this was none other than Dai Lyn's burial grounds, located to the southeast of Red Dove City before its bloody destruction at his hands.

Why was he here? Where were his Astral Souls?

He instinctively touched his upper torso, recalling the crystallized Myriad Yore Continent he carried with him, typically dangling right there. He had never left home. But he found nothing. A sense of indescribable emptiness and loneliness emerged in his heart.

When was the last time he was truly, truly alone? He couldn't remember.

"Who are you?" A voice of incomparable familiarity resounded, fierce and demanding. Wei Wuyin turned around; his eyes widened uncontrollably, and his thoughts instantly stilled. Before him was a downright devilishly handsome man, his stature was tall, his posture upright and majestic, and his eyes, those silver eyes that seemingly contained the innate truths of the world and boundlessly infinite illusions, were as alluring as a beauty seducing you with no ulterior motives.

"Oh?" The voice exclaimed slightly, a notable amount of killing intent within its voice subsided. "Another Temporal Apparition? Interesting."

Wei Wuyin was deeply startled and puzzled as he heard the man's voice but was unable to understand the language he spoke. It felt as if he was looking into a mirror! This man was identical to the smallest detail, and while he was clothed, groomed, and debonair, standing with strength and presence, all aspects absent from the currently nude Wei Wuyin, he was indeed Wei Wuyin!

Or at least, he was another Wei Wuyin!

"..." Wei Wuyin scrambled to think, finding his enhanced and empowered mind to be completely absent. He had no cultivation to speak of, as mortal as they come, as weak as he's ever been. He weakly took a step backward, instinctively feeling hesitant and fearful of the passive aura that this Wei Wuyin released.

There was an air of unfathomability to him. While his cultivation was gone, his senses were as acute as ever, and he easily spotted this powerful presence that could only exist amongst those at the Earthly Saint Phase! However, he had the faintest feeling that Wu Yu wouldn't be this Wei Wuyin's match.

"Stop." The Wei Wuyin before him softly ordered.

"...!" Wei Wuyin found his body seizing up into a sudden pause, his breath caught in his throat, and his heart racing rapidly. He was terrified...of himself? But he saw the mirror image of an existence before him begin to point his finger slightly to a space behind Wei Wuyin.

"I moved their grave a little; she's resting there beneath the roses." The words that this Wei Wuyin spoke were incomparably gentle, without the slightest ill-intent, and Wei Wuyin instantly took a deep breath and moved forward, sending a gaze behind him as emotion dripped from his eyes.

"So she's here," Wei Wuyin muttered with a melancholic tone. A light of gloom and depression flashed. After a while, Wei Wuyin turned back to his mirror copy, his eyes flashing as he regained his calm. The sense of fear left his body, his thoughts flowed smoothly, and he felt a wisp of cultivation flow back into his body.

"It'll take some time for you to regain your strength. It'll catch up," that clothed Wei Wuyin said patiently, walking forward as he stood next to the naked Wei Wuyin, seemingly unbothered by his existence. The clothed Wei Wuyin kneeled on one knee, his silver eyes staring at the roses with the softest and warmest of gazes.

Wei Wuyin just stood there, silently watching as he felt his cultivation slowly return. The energies were coming from nowhere and fueled him with great, unparalleled strength. He was now at the Qi Condensation Realm, the first stage of it—Qi Creation.

A long, long silence followed. Wei Wuyin soon regained his cultivation to the third stage—Elemental Birth. He could feel the elemental powers re-enter his body one by one, manifesting as if he was cultivating them.

"You're...?" The naked Wei Wuyin asked, his eyes staring at the visage of this groomed and powerful Wei Wuyin. He didn't know what to ask.

False Reality.

The clothed Wei Wuyin didn't look up. He lifted his left hand and softly caressed the rose petals, replying: "One hundred and twenty-eight this year." Despite the nude Wei Wuyin's inability to find the right question, this Wei Wuyin answered as if predicting what he'd ask.

Qi Essence.

Wei Wuyin's heart violently shook. This Wei Wuyin was over twice his age! But, how? No, that wasn't the correct question. He was currently too

disoriented to think correctly, lacking his cultivation, once more reappearing on the Myriad Yore Continent and then facing himself. It was hard to get a good grasp on what the right questions even were. Was this even him?

Sky Ruler.

"Do you know why I'm here?" The nude Wei Wuyin cautiously asked. This Wei Wuyin was far too calm not to know what was going on. Furthermore, he called him something in the language of Mysticism, and Wei Wuyin couldn't understand it.

Soul Idol.

"You're a Temporal Apparition; those four spirits of mischief love causing all sorts of trouble, and this is merely a consequence of their choices. No need to worry; I, too, faced this once before." The tone with which he spoke was incredibly leveled, lacking the slightest bit of surprise or shock. It was clear that this version of Wei Wuyin had faced this once before. Fortunately, he was speaking in a language that Wei Wuyin fully understood, allowing him to realize that he was a 'Temporal Apparition'.

Light Reflection.

Suddenly, a nostalgic light surged in his eyes. "I remember my River of Time Tribulation, terrifying and confusing, to say the least." There was the faintest of smiles on his face, clearly finding what he had faced before amusing.

"River of Time Tribulation? The Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation?" Wei Wuyin was uncertain, feeling instinctively in his heart that this wasn't the correct name for his tribulation.

Gravity Emission.

"Hm?" Finally, the clothed Wei Wuyin glanced upwards, curiosity slowly fueled his gaze as he began to frown. "No—the River of Time Earthly Tribulation

Gate. What are you...?" Suddenly, the clothed Wei Wuyin's eyes began to widen ever-so-slightly.

Wei Wuyin had finally regained all of his cultivation. He completely ceased rising in his cultivation base, ending at the Realm World Phase, the Seventh Stage of the Astral Core Realm! The aura he exuded was peerless, as transcendent as his cultivation base!

"You're...!" The clothed Wei Wuyin slowly rose while the shock in his eyes grew. "How old are you?"

"Sixty, this year."

A frigid silence descended.

Then, they both turned their gazes.

"What the hell is this?" An annoyed voice laced with some weakness and irritation resounded. "You have got to be shitting me! Do you guys want to kill me or something?!" Despite the hoarseness, the voice was enraged to the maximum.

The two Wei Wuyin looked over, finding another 'Wei Wuyin', as nude as the day he was born.