

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1071 1065: Against The River, Mirror & Death



Both Wei Wuyins, naked and clothed, looked at each other with surprise before zipping towards the southwest, their silver eyes pulsing with the full might of their respective Celestial Eyes. The third voice that resembled Wei Wuyin felt uncultured, ruffled, and rife with violence and aggression.

When they saw the naked Wei Wuyin, his body riddled with old saber scars, his face marred by a deep, vicious diagonal cut that went from his right forehead to his left chin, slicing even his lips, their hearts shook in unison. The silver-eyed Wei Wuyin turned to face them, his eyes as bright as stars, yet his expression was sunken with exhaustion and weakness. Despite that, the rowdy energy and violent temperament were clear for all of them to see.

The clothed Wei Wuyin slowly stood up; his suave temperament and dignified air of an Immortal served as a sharp contrast to this newcomer. As for the nude Wei Wuyin, his aura was very nascent, fresh, and young, which showed by the vast difference in their age.

The two stood side by side, staring at the scarred Wei Wuyin with curiosity in their gazes. Both had their cultivation in full, and they served to grant them the greatest degree of confidence, so neither showed the slightest iota of fear. But the frown on the clothed Wei Wuyin was still present.

He muttered, "Another Temporal Apparition?"

"..." The nude Wei Wuyin gave the clothed Wei Wuyin a sidelong glance, then returned to the scarred Wei Wuyin. What in the hell was this? It wouldn't be an

exaggeration to say that he was shaking with surprise from his very soul. And it seemed that this older Wei Wuyin had a greater clue as to why this was happening, likely believing himself to be the cause.

"Ugh! Where the fuck am I?" The scarred Wei Wuyin asked with a soft snort. Eventually, he turned to find things familiar; nostalgia flowed through his silver eyes, granting his menacing face a wisp of gentleness and melancholy. "The Demon Mountains?"

He finally spotted the two Wei Wuyins. A glint of surprise in his eyes as they went back and forth. Then, shocking the nude Wei Wuyin, this one shrugged and sighed; he wasn't the slightest surprised at their existence. He walked over with something between his legs flopping in the wind without care. When he arrived beside them, he glanced at his hands and noticed the energy manifesting within his flesh.

"Takes a little too long," the scarred Wei Wuyin spat, clenching his fist as his muscles bulged. While he lacked the pure power of refined physical energies, his physique was phenomenal. It was a body meant for battle.

"Tell me about it," the nude Wei Wuyin remarked disgruntledly. He had to wait quite a while in mortal flesh, and it took some time before his cultivation returned.

The scarred Wei Wuyin glanced at the nude Wei Wuyin, his eyes rippling with surprise. "So you're both my Temporal Apparitions? Didn't expect two. Well, Paradoxical Power is quite something."

"..." The clothed Wei Wuyin's gaze went from nude Wei Wuyin to scarred Wei Wuyin, switching curiously between them.

"Whatever," the scarred Wei Wuyin went on one knee, his posture and expression identical to the clothed Wei Wuyin as he lovingly caressed the petals of the Deep-Violet Lunar Rose, "we can begin whenever either of you

wants." By this point, his cultivation had already exceeded the Mortal Limits, reaching the Mystic Ascendant Realm.

"..." The clothed Wei Wuyin's eyebrows furrowed deeper, becoming nearly vertical. "How old are you?" He directed this question at the scarred Wei Wuyin, his tone calm and even.

"Hm?" The scarred Wei Wuyin's left eyebrow lifted questioningly, looking at the clothed Wei Wuyin. "One hundred and twenty-eight years this year."

"..." The clothed Wei Wuyin looked at the nude, no, young Wei Wuyin, and his brows lifted slightly. The silver sheen of his iris was tainted by uncertainty and confusion. This only grew as the scarred Wei Wuyin reached the Third Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase! He was just shy of reaching the Earthly Saint Phase, fully awakening his Mystic Intent and grasping a portion of the Mystic Dao's grand powers.

"What's a Temporal Apparition?" By this point, the young Wei Wuyin could not keep his ignorance hidden. He was completely unaware of the changes that his Astral Souls had evoked. But regardless, it was clear that something was amiss here.

"Hm?" The scarred Wei Wuyin slowly rose, exercising his shoulder and neck as if readying for a great bout, but he couldn't help but look at the young Wei Wuyin with confusion. "Your cultivation base hasn't risen yet. Is there an issue now that there's two instead of one?" After saying this, the scarred Wei Wuyin eyed the clothed Wei Wuyin with his stylish and competent air, finding it quite confusing that this Wei Wuyin was an Earthly Saint but the other wasn't.

"...I'm not an Ascended being," Wei Wuyin bluntly stated. He knew that this situation was geared toward combat, but he wasn't an Ascended being, and he didn't understand what was happening in the slightest.

"I see." The clothed Wei Wuyin remarked with a soft sigh. "This Wei Wuyin here is only sixty years old," he pointed out.

"What?!" The scarred Wei Wuyin gave the young Wei Wuyin an astonished look. "Sixty? What did those little bastards do to screw with my Earthly Ascension? God dammit, if I can't properly ascend because of them! I swear!" With gritted teeth, the scarred Wei Wuyin openly cursed his Spirits of Cultivation's hectic and unpredictable antics. He spat, "I'll wring their little spirit necks until they're thoroughly juiced!"

"I didn't think I'd see my younger self. Haha! In the River of freaking Time! HAHA!!" the clothed Wei Wuyin laughed, and he laughed incredibly hard as if he was nearing insanity. Then, the insanity faded into one infused with acceptance and joy; satisfaction was written all over his face. The scarred Wei Wuyin frowned; his expression became gloomy, and his Celestial Eyes surged with tremendous spiritual light.

The young Wei Wuyin was temporarily blinded. When he regained his sense of sight, the scarred Wei Wuyin was utterly silent and had a frightening expression that could kill. He said coldly, "But this is my Earthly Ascension."

"Doesn't matter—you've failed." The clothed Wei Wuyin halted his laughter and said, while stretching his arms out. He turned to the young Wei Wuyin, "a Temporal Apparition of an Avatar of the River of Time, it's a manifestation of another you, taking another path, a result of Paradoxical and Isolated Time."

"...This shouldn't be happening. How can he be younger?!" The scarred Wei Wuyin snarled, his silver eyes tainted by a bloody color, and rich bloodline power began to ripple outwards. However, the young Wei Wuyin didn't feel the slightest bit of pressure. It merely seemed impressive, yet couldn't do a thing.

The clothed Wei Wuyin ignored the scarred Wei Wuyin, holding a smile as he continued: "You don't face the River of Time, typically, until you try to resonate

your True Soul with the Law of Time. But as you've likely figured out, our Spirits of Cultivations are haters of the ordinary and simple, and they often leapfrog us into problems that vastly exceed our abilities."

The scarred Wei Wuyin growled, discontent written on his face, and deep, unsettled frustration contained in his every breath. With clenched, trembling teeth, he balled his hands into fists and quivered with barely contained rage.

Wei Wuyin eyed the scarred Wei Wuyin that was undergoing a meltdown. He couldn't comprehend why. But he had a question and asked the clothed, suave version of himself: "Are we all Temporal Apparitions or just you? Or me? Or both of us?" This was something he didn't understand.

Was he here to face the scarred Wei Wuyin in his tribulation? Or was he here by accident? Why was he here?

"We're all Temporal Apparitions; we can't exist in the same Time and Space without suffering from Paradoxical Correction. The entire world, the three true Daos of the heavens—Mortal, Mystic, and Immortal— will retaliate by ridding itself of this abhorrent development to protect the 'Core Timeline'. So we're all existing as Avatars of Time imbued with our cultivation by the River of Time. Our Spirits aren't here, just us—our True Souls."

Core Timeline? River of Time? True Souls?

Kratos had once mentioned Paradoxical Correction after they briefly traversed through time. It was a terrifying force...

Wei Wuyin was baffled. He was just a mere mortal, yet he was exposed to these heavenly secrets. He felt that he shouldn't be able to even grasp what this clothed Wei Wuyin was saying; it was far beyond Mortal Limits. In fact, he now realized that his words weren't aligning with his lips. It created odd surrealism.

"You must be wondering how you can understand me. Well, you can say it's a unique power of the Magi." He pointed towards his silver eyes. Only then did Wei Wuyin realize that the silver irises of this clothed Wei Wuyin were flashing with an intricate network of miniaturized spiritual formations so tiny that they were microscopic, and there were millions of them.

Magi?

"Right, you're so young. My heavens, truly fascinating." The clothed Wei Wuyin remarked thoughtfully with an emotional chuckle and said: "I won't say more about this. You'll learn of it as long as he wishes you to."

"..." Wei Wuyin subconsciously nodded. For some reason, he felt that learning more would be dangerous after he escaped. What type of feeling was this? However, he couldn't quite figure out why he had a faint hint of distrust towards this clothed Wei Wuyin. There was just something...off.

Suddenly, a spark of realization ignited in his thoughts. "If we're in the River of Time, why are we in the Myriad Yore Continent? Why were you surprised that I was here?" His eyes narrowed.

The clothed Wei Wuyin wasn't taken aback or startled by Wei Wuyin's questions, only saying: "It seems I'm a little smarter than I was before, haha. Right now, you're in my timeline, and we're isolated in this moment of my existence. So, you're in my reality, and I didn't nor could expect it. One day, perhaps you'll face your Temporal Apparition and be equally as surprised. Let's hope that doesn't happen, though."

"I don't understand," Wei Wuyin still couldn't quite understand everything he was talking about. It was like he lacked crucial information, and it was simply because he did. As a mere mortal, his comprehension of time and space wasn't at the Mystic-level. There were profundities there that allowed the

active regression of time and various other powers that Wei Wuyin hadn't come in contact with.

While he was one with the Void Dao, Kratos' explanations were as clear as frosted glass. He was just now obtaining his Temporal Eye, yet to explore the benefits of being able to physically observe the existence of time flow and interactions. Not even his Celestial Eyes or Draconic Eyes could clearly perceive this.

"How can you be so fucking slow?!" The scarred Wei Wuyin spat out irritably. The tension within his bloody eyes was tangible, and his rage was hell-rising.

To be complimented by one and insulted by the other, Wei Wuyin couldn't help but bitterly smile at his 'Seniors'. He shrugged; it is what it is; his age and cultivation base were just too low.

Moreover, they were discussing topics that exceeded the Mystic Ascendant Realm, so how the hell could he even begin to grasp it?

"Ahhh! Fucking Heavenly Daos! Fuck you! You shitty fucking piece of shit!" The scarred Wei Wuyin howled at the sky, causing both Wei Wuyins to jump slightly. The clothed Wei Wuyin amusingly smiled, a wisp of pity in his eyes.

"Let's deal with us first, alright?" The clothed Wei Wuyin said to the scarred Wei Wuyin. The violence and rage of the scarred Wei Wuyin finally found a tangible target!

"Fine! But before we do us," he was teeming with rage but surprisingly calmed down for a moment. After a series of heavy breaths, he turned to the young Wei Wuyin, and his eyes grew extremely emotional. "I want to know, no, I have to know: is Su Mei alive?"

Wei Wuyin was taken aback. Su Mei?

The clothed Wei Wuyin turned his gaze to the young Wei Wuyin, and his eyes grew equally as emotional.

Wei Wuyin could feel the tension rising, the desperation and desire within the scarred version of himself's eyes. He answered solemnly, "Yes, she is."

The scarred Wei Wuyin's entire body seemingly relaxed, his arms fell weakly to his sides, and his head lifted upwards as he gazed at the sky. The clothed Wei Wuyin's eyes widened slightly, but he didn't speak.

After a long while, the scarred Wei Wuyin smiled, regaining a trace of his unearthly handsomeness despite his horrific scar. "No matter what, don't lose her. Okay?" While he was saying this, it felt like he was begging.

Wei Wuyin instantly replied with the utmost seriousness, "I never intended to."

"Let's begin," the clothed Wei Wuyin interrupted as he started to float into the sky.

"Alright!" The scarred Wei Wuyin roared with renewed vigor; his anger had dissipated by a substantial amount. He seemed strangely...content.

"..."

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Chapter 1072 1066: Against The River,Regret & Difference



With knitted brows and a pensive expression, Wei Wuyin watched the two older versions of himself float into the sky, exiting out of the Myriad Yore Continent's space into the vast Dark Void. Their speed was exceptionally fast,

yet their movements didn't disturb the slightest trace of mana or essence in the world.

They were deliberately exerting a degree of self-control, avoiding damage to the continent. Wei Wuyin subconsciously looked at the Deep-Violet Lunar Roses—Dai Lyn's favorites. Despite the lack of the crystallized continent, Wei Wuyin clutched at the place where the Myriad Yore Continent usually would be.

He felt his heart groan in indescribable pain, torn asunder by his past.

While he had never told anyone, when he experienced Kratos' Mortal Star Formation Tribulation, causing him to experience all his first with two divergent memories, he had held out the strongest hope that, should his cultivation base reach a high enough level, he would be able to overturn the heavens and revive Dai Lyn, his older brother, and his parents.

The moment he learned of the Heavenly Daos' ability to alter the course of time, bringing a Blessed back to life, his hope bloomed to its limits. If the Heavenly Daos could do so, then if he became strong enough, couldn't he?

The core reason propelling his desire to maximize his foundation, risk his life by taking so many borderline suicidal risks, and grow in strength heavily laid in that hopeful desire. His four Astral Souls felt the same; they struggled to bring their power to the greatest, with Kratos working the hardest out of the four.

But these two versions of himself, particularly the debonair Wei Wuyin, who's as composed and dignified as an Immortal noble, was unable to perform this feat despite his Earthly Saint Cultivation Base, despite overcoming this ridiculous tribulation!

Moreover, the scarred, violence-harboring Wei Wuyin had lost his Su Mei.

"We."

In the Myriad Yore Continent, she followed him into the unknown without the slightest hesitation. She followed his whim and wants without offering a single objection. She stayed beside him with complete and total trust. He couldn't lose her, or Bai Lin, or Du Ling, or Mei Mei.

He just couldn't.

It took a long while before he calmed down. Up above, the sky was as serene as it always had been. Wei Wuyin was a mortal; the two versions of himself were Ascended beings and certainly not ordinary beings of their level. Their speed of movement vastly exceeded Wei Wuyin's perception.

He could only wait until they'd decided on a victor because they refused to cause the slightest bit of damage to the Myriad Yore Continent despite it likely being a mere manifestation conjured by this so-called River of Time. It was clear that these Wei Wuyin, regardless of their cultivation bases, were unable to escape from their emotions.

He felt oddly comforted by this; the thing he feared most was losing his Original Heart after cultivating to a supreme level of power, growing distant and uncaring as he aged. While he wasn't too old, the experience of age and time was relative. While these versions of Wei Wuyin might be able to live for tens of thousands of years, to him and them, doubling their age was a tremendous period.

Soon, Wei Wuyin felt two auras descend from above. One of them was dissipating slowly, and the other was extremely powerful, enveloped by Mystic Power. Wei Wuyin didn't feel the aura of unfathomability from the roaring power; his eyes contracted slightly.

"He lost?" Wei Wuyin was thoroughly shocked when two figures breached the Sky Layer of the Myriad Yore Continent. When those figures descended, Wei Wuyin's confusion grew.

The clothed Wei Wuyin looked entirely unharmed, his saber at his waist, his eyes as bright and lively as the day he was born, but his aura was at the Demi-Mortal Lord! As for the scarred version of himself, his mouth as foul as his bloody aura, that Wei Wuyin's life aura was dissipating. There was a dissatisfied expression on the scarred Wei Wuyin's face.

The scarred Wei Wuyin had lost!

They both landed, and the scarred Wei Wuyin wobbled slightly, clearly having suffered extremely severe injuries. However, Wei Wuyin couldn't find any sign of damage on his body, simply sensing his life force dispersing bit by bit.

"It didn't fucking matter anyways," the scarred Wei Wuyin sluggishly spat as he saw the young Wei Wuyin's curiosity, concern, and confusion. He glanced at the clothed Wei Wuyin, his eyes glinting with a wisp of pity. "Guess I'll leave it to you then."

The clothed Wei Wuyin gave him an impassive sidelong glance and gently nodded. It was clear they didn't just fight up there, likely discussing something important, and came to an agreement.

Soon, the Demi-Mortal Lord aura of the clothed Wei Wuyin regained its robust and mysterious aura of unfathomability, signifying his return to the Earthly Saint level. This transition was seamless, completely unlike a typical deliberate suppression of cultivation. It was as if he was genuinely at the Demi-Mortal Lord, losing all his powers of an Earthly Saint for a short period.

"Ugh! Cough! Shi-shit! Well, it's fine. I wouldn't have survived the Third Calamity anyways; who fucking cares." The scarred Wei Wuyin coughed out a lung and a half, cursing as he kicked a nearby pebble a few inches to the side. He strutted about with obvious dissatisfaction on his face, weakly arriving at Dai Lyn's grave. He tumbled into a half-hearted seating position.

"I won't be able to see you again—I'm sorry." Touching the petals with indescribable gentleness, the scarred Wei Wuyin's eyes became wet, his expression grew slack, and the light in his eyes dimmed. "I'm so, so, so sorry."

With the weakest of voices, he whispered something as he leaned towards the roses, his head drooping to the right as the last traces of lifeforce within his body faded. There was no Mark of Eden here, no second chance, merely his entire cultivation and solely that.

"..."

"..."

A long silence formed. The two remaining living Wei Wuyins were observing the deceased one, his hand littered with scars still touching the stem of a rose, his eyes dripping with tears that had only fallen after his death.

"This is the second time I've seen myself die," the young Wei Wuyin remarked emotionally. How many people can say that?

"It doesn't get any easier," the clothed Wei Wuyin calmly stated. Those words were spoken like a man who had experienced this more than twice. Moreover, he was the one who caused at least one of those deaths.

"Do you know what's different about his life?" The clothed Wei Wuyin suddenly asked.

Young Wei Wuyin's eyes lowered, "He lost Su Mei." Were the scars on his body...were they not a form of self-punishment and a reminder of his weakness?

The clothed Wei Wuyin shook his head, "He didn't just lose Su Mei—he lost so much more."

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"..." Wei Wuyin's heart shook. Does this Wei Wuyin know about the other's history? The past that led to them diverging? How?

As if predicting young Wei Wuyin's question, the clothed Wei Wuyin answered: "He told me. You've yet to grasp the power of Magi, but he has. It's not hard for us to break certain taboos, even the taboos that the River of Time prevents due to the paradoxical nature of it. Well, to a certain extent." While he spoke, his lips didn't match his words, clearly, he was using a different form of language, and the millions of intricate formations in his silver eyes were shining softly with mystifying light.

"..." Wei Wuyin was shaken, but he remained quiet. He wasn't slow, and he knew that this was a manifestation of the River of Time, and they were being monitored. Furthermore, he knew that with his nature, this version of himself would tell him what he needed to know.

As for completing this tribulation, he had some clues that this wouldn't be difficult at all. In fact, from the scarred Wei Wuyin's reactions, signs of his power being unable to affect Wei Wuyin, and the regressing cultivation base, he had some theories that suggested the two Wei Wuyins knew the outcome of this tribulation.

"Do you want to know?" The clothed Wei Wuyin asked, his eyes never leaving the Deep-Violet Lunar Roses.

"..." Wei Wuyin lifted his gaze, directing a surging desire to learn the difference.

The clothed Wei Wuyin didn't need to look at Wei Wuyin, already knowing his answer. "Since you've arrived here, you must have seen my life unfold before your eyes, but considering your age, and the fact you were experiencing the Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation...hm, uhm...did you undergo tribulation in the Time Vortex?" The clothed Wei Wuyin's train of thought diverted as he realized something.

Young Wei Wuyin nodded with a soft confirming noise.

"No wonder. Haaa...truly divergent. Well, my life and this one here aren't much different from the beginning, except I didn't neglect Su Mei, giving her an Everlore Ascension Pill. She succeeded in her Mortal Star Formation Tribulation, but I..." A leaking of raw emotion occurred, causing clothed Wei Wuyin's voice to quiver slightly, but soon regained its serenity, allowing a brief silence to form before continuing.

"Since you know my life, you'll know that I saved Qing Qiumu from execution." The clothed Wei Wuyin pointed out, and he glanced at the silent young Wei Wuyin, and then faintly sighed. "You did too, interesting. So we don't diverge there." His words contained relief and a wisp of happiness.

Young Wei Wuyin saved Qing Qiumu from the execution platform due to Na Xinyi declaring to the world that Qing Qiumu was his wife. The entire sect went wild as he had his hands in every jar imaginably, stealthily controlling the benefits of countless individuals. Not even the Grand Imperial Sages at the time could refuse his bribes, allowing him to gain the ability to quietly use the Void Gate and visit the Bloodforge Continent.

This was a consistent part of both of their lives, except the clothed Wei Wuyin focused on cultivation, and sent the Ascendants instead of going himself.

The clothed Wei Wuyin continued: "He had saved Qing Qiumu during her execution, and this led to him proclaiming to the world that they were his

wives. His priorities changed then and there, and he began to...it didn't matter. What matters is that he didn't concoct a ninth-grade product and focused on cultivating the Ascendants and his harem.

"Su Mei died during her tribulation. Since then, everything went downhill. He grew irritable and violent, obtaining the desire to conquer instead of relaxing, to grow in strength, and suppress. Even Long Chen went into hiding, saved by Wu Yu as he tried to kill him. The oldest scars on his body were from his defeat against Wu Yu after being spared and forced to run like a beaten dog, kept as a reminder of his weakness. A habit he kept carrying from every fierce battle and defeat."

"..." Young Wei Wuyin's eyes widened slightly. He recalled himself exercising extreme caution because Wu Yu was an unknown variable, and Blessed was insidiously difficult to deal with. Long Chen was likely the worst thus far, having a literal Ascended being's spirit protecting him.

Not even Jing Jiu had such an unreasonable degree of protection growing up. While his means were terrifying at the time of death, capable of even resisting certain death in the face of Demi-Mortal Lords, that wasn't during his Qi Condensation Realm, but earned through his efforts.

"Slowly, this Wei Wuyin began to neglect his loved ones. His enemies after he entered the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region were endless and relentless. He lost Qing Qiumu to her ancestor; he lost Na Xinyi to Trueborn; he lost Bai Lin to the Imperial Clan; he lost Du Ling and Mei Mei to the Everlore Association; he lost his freedom to the Endless Voyage Realm." Every word sent thunderous waves through Wei Wuyin's mind.

"He lost everything little by little until he had nothing left—nothing." The clothed Wei Wuyin's eyes rippled as he walked towards the corpse of the scarred Wei Wuyin, and then he gently touched his shoulder. The corpse

glowed with soft earthen light, and then it sank into the ground without disturbing any soil or grass.

A few moments later, a silver-colored rose sprouted out of the ground, hurdled by endless violet roses. It swayed happily.

While this was merely symbolic, not occurring in any true reality, it felt right.

"Have you faced your Second Calamity?" The clothed Wei Wuyin asked, his eyes observing the silver rose dancing amongst the violet-colored ones. There was an indescribable presence to his aura.

Young Wei Wuyin nodded.

"Third?"

"Eleven years."

The clothed Wei Wuyin turned to give Wei Wuyin a sidelong glance, "You've killed Blessed?"

Young Wei Wuyin frowned, "...". But the clothed Wei Wuyin was silent, his eyes contemplative, and the young Wei Wuyin added: "Three—Long Chen, Yuan Longshi, and Jing Jiu."

"Jing Jiu? You met him?" The clothed Wei Wuyin was unable to contain the surprise in his voice. Immediately after, an extremely perplexed frown emerged on his expression. "He shouldn't be someone you can face at your level or age. If my memory is correct, he's at the Galactic Battlefield."

Wei Wuyin shrugged. Jing Jiu wasn't that difficult to kill when he was merely at the Gravity Emission Phase, and that was six years ago. Now, he was reaching the Temporal Eye Phase.

"...You've truly taken an accelerated path. I genuinely want to know what went differently in your life." The clothed Wei Wuyin sighed admiringly.

"..." Young Wei Wuyin remained silent.

"Guess I have no chance of living, huh? Well, we all die someday. I've always been irritatingly perceptive, but I don't think I could've held my tongue this long without bombarding me with all sorts of questions." The clothed Wei Wuyin placed his left hand on his saber hilt, but there was no ill intent within his movements.

"I don't have any intention of dying," the young Wei Wuyin flatly said.

The clothed Wei Wuyin softly heaved a sigh filled with equal parts unwillingness, dissatisfaction, and praise. It contained all his emotions.

Wei Wuyin knew from the beginning that this version of himself felt distrustful, but he couldn't quite pinpoint why. It was an instinctive feeling that scratched at his heart, so he kept himself in a passive and cautious situation. However, as the clothed Wei Wuyin continued, Wei Wuyin realized that he was trying to cause Wei Wuyin to speak out about certain things.

"What was it?" The clothed Wei Wuyin asked, his eyes brightening by the second.

"The other one," the young Wei Wuyin pointed at the graveyard.

"He told you?" The clothed Wei Wuyin frowned, finding that to be impossible.

The young Wei Wuyin shook his head, "He told me not to lose Su Mei, but he never once told me how to do so. Moreover, he used that trick of yours. I couldn't hold that in towards others no matter what I've experienced. He lost more than his loved ones, but even his slyness has dulled."

"Huh. So from the beginning, how 'Wei Wuyin' of you. Haha," the clothed Wei Wuyin chuckled softly, a wisp of pride in his eyes. It seemed that Wei Wuyin's acute senses and intelligence were satisfying to him.

The young Wei Wuyin stared straight at the clothed Wei Wuyin, his eyes exuding a sharp light. They both wanted him to ask questions about the future. To inquire about anything.

They were in the River of Time, and some taboos existed that he was unaware of, but the other Wei Wuyin made it seem as if they, as Magi, could easily overcome these issues by circulating the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity. Wei Wuyin was capable of freely seeing every formation, openly shown them by the clothed Wei Wuyin, and he felt that he could replicate it. He had even tried it for a moment, succeeding with extreme ease.

It was clear that the clothed Wei Wuyin expected him to grasp it, especially given his desire to skirt the rules of the world. It was an innate desire of his, born from his Bloodline of Sin and Exploitative Blessed status. They knew each other too well.

With this so-called Magi power activated, they could openly communicate, but Wei Wuyin wasn't so idiotic to fall for something like that. He was already vigilant, feeling that something was off about this entire event, and refused to actively seek out any answers of the future or past by asking them himself.

After a long while, the clothed Wei Wuyin shook his head, saying: "We can't defeat you, so we had to do this play, letting the River of Time kill you for us." The admission was the first time that Wei Wuyin felt that this version of himself was speaking without ulterior motives.

"The tribulation regresses your cultivation base to my level?" The young Wei Wuyin inquired.

Nodding, the clothed Wei Wuyin admitted without holding back. "Not exactly, but you can say that. The tribulation will bring my cultivation base to yours, but I'll be at my level of peak foundation at that stage of cultivation. This one here," he pointed at the silver rose, continuing: "indulged in women, drink, and

vices of life, accumulating a harem of thirty-three women at the Realm World Phase, so his cultivation foundation was as shitty as they come before he began to lose everything as he never fought using his own power. This was why he lost everything, he fell back into weakness—he deserved death."

"..." Wei Wuyin clenched his fists tightly. He had sworn to himself that he'd never fall back into weakness, but this version of himself had fallen, satisfied with living a life of luxury until it took everything from him.

"He was enslaved to the Endless Void Mirror by that ruthless bitch of a woman too. No, she's lower than a bitch could ever be." The once debonair Wei Wuyin, incomparably serene and patient, surged with a killing intent that was irrepressible. He bared his fangs to the world, and wisps of draconic power surged out of him.

But he soon calmed down, clearing his throat and faintly smiling: "So when we fought, we were both brought to your level. I easily trumped him. In truth, I definitely wouldn't have defeated him if you weren't here." The clothed Wei Wuyin snorted softly, shaking his head.

"After all, in the Demi-Mortal Lord level, he still had four Astral Souls." A wistful expression formed on the clothed Wei Wuyin's face. "I'm not his match or yours. After all, you've triggered the River of Time Earthly Ascension Gate during your Temporal Eye Phase. What type of transcendent cultivation base requires that? But that's how the River of Souls works when deciding...timelines. Haaa..."

"What? You didn't fight up there?" Wei Wuyin's heart shook. If they were both brought to the Realm World Phase, then wouldn't that mean he could've sensed them? But he hadn't.

"No, he dealt himself those fatal injuries. He had no chance of beating me. Moreover, should we fight, my chance of succeeding against you becomes

considerably less. He gave me a chance. Apologies." It was quite deceitful, a little shameless even.

Two of his senior versions of himself had plotted to entrap him into committing a taboo and dying to the River of Time.

"You must be wondering, having so many questions, and since I've already failed and am unable to kill you, I might as well push the taboos for your benefit. That said, it's a little sad though." The clothed Wei Wuyin bitterly smiled.

"..." The young Wei Wuyin remained silent, his eyes narrowing sharply.

The clothed Wei Wuyin laughed, clearly amused that he hadn't been able to get Wei Wuyin to inquire about something, about anything he shouldn't ask, and not something like what it meant to be a Temporal Apparition, or things involving the tribulation. After all, these are things that were 'expected' to be known. "Haha, can't blame me for trying, right? Anyways, we don't have a lot of time, so I can't give you everything even if I wanted to. The River of Time isn't infinitely stable, especially since the Heavenly Daos took action recently, damaging this part of it. So how about you choose.


"Do you want my sixty-eight years of life that you hadn't seen yet or my entire life's knowledge of cultivation? Whatever I transmit, it doesn't matter—I'll be destroyed by the River of Time instantly after. Take it as me gifting my younger self something nice. So make your choice."

"..."

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1074 1068: Against The River, Failure & Success





"Do you want my sixty-eight years of life that you hadn't seen yet or my entire life's knowledge of cultivation?"

"..."

Such a choice was ripe with endless temptation. Young Wei Wuyin stared intently at the clothed Wei Wuyin's expression, gauging the truth within those words. From the very beginning of their conversations, the clothed Wei Wuyin had been seeking to entrap him into a pit of taboo with trickery and deceit. It was hard to accept this generous offer, but everything was telling him that this Wei Wuyin was telling the absolute truth.

He would sacrifice his life to give young Wei Wuyin either of these choices, so as a show of respect, young Wei Wuyin genuinely considered the possibilities, implications, and benefits of each choice.

It was clear that Wei Wuyin was largely ignorant of many details that this clothed version of himself knew, and he clearly had a grudge against the Endless Voyage Realm, which could include a powerful female perpetrator, such as Zhangjie Wushu or Liu Yinlan. He was leaning towards the latter. Furthermore, there were bound to be various Karmic Encounters that he'd experienced or learned about regarding other Blessed that Wei Wuyin could capitalize on if given foreknowledge of events.

In a way, this choice would grant him a similar power as a Temporal Reincarnator. A power that he'd envied since learning of their existence, enough to cause him to alter his actions to induce as much disruption, disarray, and changes to their believed knowledge.

On the other side, however, the entire lifetime's worth of cultivation knowledge was unimaginably priceless. Considering this clothed Wei Wuyin had become a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivator at sixty years old, likely given his age, he

has tremendous experience concocting Mystic-Graded Alchemical Products and various comprehensions towards all sorts of powers, spells, arts, and more.

Wei Wuyin had experienced just sixty years of his life and greatly benefitted from simple observation by viewing through those eyes of his. While he couldn't experience the thoughts, feelings, insights, enlightenment, tribulations, and Bloodline of Sin's Karmic Powers, he grasped a lot of intricate details that improved his understanding. It couldn't be underestimated either.

It was an extremely difficult choice.

A cruel one.

To gain foreknowledge of possible outcomes, learn crucial details about Trueborn, the Endless Voyage Realm, the hidden experts and secrets of the Sealed Region, and even the events that led to the current Wei Wuyin becoming an Earthly Saint at merely one hundred and twenty-eight years old was endlessly useful to the current him that has Grand ambitions.

But, to gain his comprehension and insights into Arts, Spells, Cultivation Methods, Concoction Methods, and likely Mystic Intent was equally as useful to his personal strength.

Knowledge...

Or...

Cultivation...

Young Wei Wuyin knitted his brows as he seriously considered both options, weighing their pros and cons. For example, this clothed Wei Wuyin's path was notably different than his, so whether it was his knowledge of future events or cultivation insights, they could both be detrimental to his current developments.

Moreover, he didn't know what level of Calamity of Hell this version of himself completed. He knew that he couldn't outright ask anything regarding his future or past, so he didn't try to skirt the taboos or test them. But if he completed his fourth or fifth, then wouldn't life knowledge be far more valuable than cultivation knowledge?

The clothed Wei Wuyin seemed relatively relaxed, allowing Wei Wuyin to decide on his own. He gazed warmly at the Deep-Violet Lunar Roses, a faint smile on the surface of his extremely handsome face. If anyone were to observe this marvelous scene, the wind softly blowing his hair, the solar light cascading from this angle, and his stylish outfit, it was hard not to be enraptured by it.

Young Wei Wuyin closed his eyes.

"You should hurry, the tribulation won't last forever. The River of Time's power isn't limitless." The clothed Wei Wuyin calmly reminded, seemingly without any ill intent. And young Wei Wuyin could feel it, this strange space was quivering slightly. Even the River of Time was unable to maintain this type of Isolated and Paradoxical Space without consequences. Or at least, the very small portion of it that was governing this tribulation couldn't.

Eventually, young Wei Wuyin opened his eyes, the softest of silver and cyan light emitting from his irises, granting him an everlasting beauty that felt as peaceful and majestic as an Aurora Borealis of the night sky.

"I nearly fell for it; how can temptation muddy the mind so easily?" The young Wei Wuyin shook his head, looking at the Deep-Violet Lunar Roses with clear eyes, unaffected by any hectic emotions.

"Hm?" The clothed Wei Wuyin sounded genuinely surprised. "You think it's a trick? That I have some godly method to fool you into losing this tribulation?"

The young Wei Wuyin shook his head softly.

"Oh? Do you think I'm going to try to seize your mind or something? Or am I just stalling for the tribulation to end? Because I'll tell you honestly: I have no plans. When the tribulation ends, we'll both die, swept away in the River of Time, becoming insignificant specks before an unforgivingly long stretch of boundless time. One of many, there's no reason to stall." This time, the clothed Wei Wuyin ended his Magi Spell, speaking in plain Mortal Language. It was clear this information was genuine details of the tribulation.

"And taking over your mind does nothing for me. You exist as a True Soul, your mind is but a replica loosely linked to your Sea of Consciousness. None of it is real. None of this is real! I can't take over your True Soul. Perhaps if I've reached the Resonant Soul Realm, then I'd give it a shot. Haha." The clothed Wei Wuyin seemed amused by Wei Wuyin's decision. He couldn't help but think that he was always so cautious, so it made sense that this Wei Wuyin would do so.

He disappointingly shook his head, saying: "Then, don't accept it—just kill me." With those three words, he removed his hand from his hilt as the remaining fighting will within him faded. It was foolish to think he could defeat a younger, stronger version of himself using his Realm World Phase cultivation when this version of himself could invoke a tribulation vastly exceeding the Mystic Ascendant Realm.

If anything, he wanted to benefit a version selfishly. Since he was going to die, he didn't want those bastards to have an easy time in any timeline. It would be best if this version of himself brutally massacred the whole lot.

The clothed Wei Wuyin wistfully smiled with a wry chuckle. Knowing himself, how could he possibly believe in himself after being so deceitful? Given the circumstances, he surely wouldn't have accepted the slightest benefit from those that wanted him dead. Even if the probability of such an incident was ten-thousandth of a percentage of likelihood, he wouldn't do so.

"No," the young Wei Wuyin calmly spoke out, causing the clothed Wei Wuyin to frown, continuing with: "I meant that I've nearly allowed temptation to muddy my thoughts with your false dichotomy."

"...?!" The clothed Wei Wuyin was baffled. What did that mean? What false dichotomy?

"I know now why we're different, why I'm standing here at age sixty while you're here at one hundred and twenty-eight. I know why that one," Wei Wuyin pointed at the silver rose dancing amongst the violet roses, "had suffered so much."

"Hm? Haha, really? Do you REALLY?! The difference is clear, your cultivation base is higher because you've experienced greater fortune and no losses in your life after Dai Lyn. Isn't that it?" The clothed Wei Wuyin laughed with a tinge of mockery, feeling as if this was absurd.

"..." Wei Wuyin saw the frustration and envy in the eyes of this older version of himself, rage and loss, pain and suffering, and so much more was swirling within his silver eyes. It was incredibly moving but to Wei Wuyin...

Wei Wuyin no longer bothered to explain. He took a step forward, and as he did, the clothed Wei Wuyin's expression slightly changed as his cultivation base began to rapidly regress. Swiftly, it fell to the Realm World Phase. There was a light of acceptance in the clothed Wei Wuyin's eyes.

He turned to face young Wei Wuyin, unsheathing his saber, and then readied himself. Despite accepting his defeat and death, he was unwilling to simply lose. He circulated his four Astral Souls, and while they lacked their sentient consciousness, they were still extremely powerful. A light of reminiscence emerged in those eyes of his, clearly emotional regarding feeling the power of all four once again.

His cultivation foundation was revealed as four thirty-nine-centimeter-sized Astral Cores emerged, two in his Dantian, one in his Sea of Consciousness, and one in his fleshy heart. They thrummed with tremendous power!

A light of confidence emerged in his silver eyes. In the Sealed Regions, this was unprecedented at his age! Even Tian Xiaolu was six centimeters less than this despite being supported wholeheartedly by an Alchemic Saint. When he reached this point, he was unmatched in his cultivation despite rushing towards the Soul of Mysticism Phase at an early age.

"Do you know what my first thought when I arrived in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region was? Learning of its endless vastness, of its greatly powerful experts controlling it?" The young Wei Wuyin took measured steps as he calmly asked.

The clothed Wei Wuyin grinned slightly, "Let me guess: So even this place doesn't have those at the Realm of Sages?" In his life, this was his objective to find life amidst despair, and he thought of this every single time he found that the cultivation stage was far away from him.

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "My first thought was—this is mine."

The clothed Wei Wuyin's eyes contracted to needle points. An explosive tremor shook throughout his body. For some reason, his saber lowered itself, and his eyes lowered. Then, with the driest of chuckles, he heaved a deep sigh.

The young Wei Wuyin's Astral Cores manifested, revealing their eighty-one-centimeter-sized greatness, a sharp contrast to clothed Wei Wuyin's thirty-nine centimeters.

It didn't take long for both Wei Wuyins to stand face to face. Despite their age difference, their height was the same. As a cultivator, and one who fully matured at the Qi Condensation Stage, Wei Wuyin always looked

considerably older and taller than those of his age in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

"I see; you're right—I was limiting you with my own limitations." The clothed Wei Wuyin was only able to achieve one of those before suffering a backlash, so he felt it was his only way to assist this younger version of himself, but this sealed off other paths.

The clothed Wei Wuyin closed his eyes as the young Wei Wuyin reached out with his hand, firmly placing it on his head. While this might be a manifestation of the River of Time, their powers and abilities were fully intact.

Wei Wuyin's eyes exuded a strong Alchemical Eden Force as they seeped into the orifices of this older version of him. Choose? Why choose?

Wei Wuyin was, by his innate nature, an Exploitative Blessed that had the greatest of ambitions towards everything, not thinking about just survival, but thinking about a continuation of his life after his inevitable success. His Heart of Cultivation was affirmed through constant introspection of what he wanted, and his fears of risk had drastically lowered in this life of his, only reinforcing his desire to forge contingencies and ample preparations.

He stayed in a doomed starfield to face the Tiangou, a Star-Devourer, off a mere instinct and unwillingness to leave Bai Lin behind, robbed a trio of Ascended beings of an entire planet beneath their noses, killed a Blessed knowing full well that a monstrously talented Demi-Mortal Lord would pursue him to the ends of the earth, faced 10,000 Ascended beings as a Mortal with only his Astral Souls and Saber in hand, dared to glimpse at the Heavenly Daos' secrets, willingly declared war against an organization solely for a woman he met and spent time with for merely an hour, and he was going to actively seek out that Void Creature.

These were things neither the scarred Wei Wuyin nor the clothed Wei Wuyin versions of himself would ever attempt to do, always passive until they needed to be active. They lost themselves in their greatest in the Myriad Yore Continent.

He didn't seek just survival. No, he sought his best path with the greatest future with no regrets in his wake.

He felt thankful for the Temporal Reincarnator, but he felt that even if the Temporal Reincarnator didn't exist, he wouldn't end up as either of them!

He was an Exploitative Blessed, and he dared to take risks and seize the greatest benefits! Right now, the Existential Framework of this older version of himself perfectly matched a Mortal's, so...

Why choose?

He can just take both!

The light in the clothed Wei Wuyin's eyes faded, the faintest of smiles on his face.

In his last moments, he mouthed a few words silently.

Wei Wuyin stared at this older version of himself for a long while, his astral force ravaging the remaining lifeforce of the clothed Wei Wuyin.

"I will." Was his reply.

And the smile on that dying face became peaceful.

An earthen light covered the clothed Wei Wuyin's corpse as he slowly sunk into the ground. In moments, a second silver rose grew amidst the Deep-Violet Lunar Roses, accompanying them in a gentle dance.

PARAGON OF SIN



The Sealed Regions can be considered unimaginably vast. Before the Grand Unification of Starfields initiated by the former Imperial Clan, the Sealed Regions had numerous active and thriving starfields with all sorts of unique locations, natural-born Solar Stars, and countless planets filled with all sorts of life. After the Grand Unification of Starfields, the former Imperial Clan took the lead to consolidate their imperial power and territory into a concentrated area, extracting value and rich resources from other starfields into a single starfield—the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

They conducted a massive exodus of experts, all for the sake of completing their plan of expanding their territory and creating the Supermassive Solar Star with an equally Supermassive Mystic Radiance Belt that shadowed over the Sealed Regions. This success generated an unexpected event where the true experts of the Sealed Regions congregated towards this Supermassive Solar Star. Just being at the periphery of its mystic essence-exuding reach was more beneficial than anything the Sealed Regions had ever seen.

Moreover, the joint efforts of experts at the Ascended level saw countless natural-born Solar Stars being pulled away, sacrificed to the Supermassive Mystic Radiance Belt's construction efforts. In the history of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, their efforts, while brutal, paved the way for the entire Stellar Region to have access to a path to utter greatness.

The Mystic Ascendant Realm!

Not only would the lucky, blessed at birth, and monstrously talented be able to have access to this potential realm of absurdly high power, but as long as one

lived within the vicinity, they could soak in its solar rays and have the tiniest of chances.

And many, many did over the tens of thousands of years.

The existence of the Supermassive Solar Star, the Aeternal Solar Star, rewrote the entire layout of the Sealed Regions. The once numerous Starfields were forcefully merged by the elite powerhouses, shrinking the territorial lines of what was once tens of thousands into a twenty-three.

Since the world-fueled annexation of the Ravenous Edge Starfield, only twenty-two.

Due to this congregation where territories moved closer to the Aeternal Star, the Sealed Regions had lost its multi-layered name, with it being widely regarded solely as the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. A single region with the Aeternal Sky Starfield was its central-most territory, and each Starfield amongst the twenty-two left was larger than the former largest independent Stellar Regions before that made up the Sealed Regions.

They could be classified as Supermassive Starfields.

However, this concentration inevitably led to a lot of Void-Blank Space, where deceased planets, lunar satellites, and crumbled debris of flat continental earths all floated lifelessly in areas bereft of any Solar Star. The Void-Blank Space soon became incomparably dangerous with strange phenomena and unseen creatures, but also areas where Void Hunters sought to profit from the ancient and forgotten despite the risk.

The Rogue Planet that carried so much Terra-Mystic Ore that full-blown war would've been initiated to acquire just a tenth of it belonged to this boundless dead space, still unexplored despite the eighty-thousand years since the Sealed Regions' creation.

The Sealed Regions are unimaginably vast!

The Grand Cyclic Stellar Region only occupied 17% of the Sealed Regions, and the rest was endless Void-Blank Space caused by the Grand Unification of Starfields and the procession of elite powerhouses gathering around fervently near the sole Supermassive Mystic Radiance Belt of their entire world.

However, some starfields survived; the Grand Unification of Starfields and the exodus of elites only affected those with natural-born starfields. They still thrived in desolate areas far away, containing still thriving populations of people, cultivators, and strange beasts.

The Everlore Starfield had survived due to this. It was housed by a dwarf-sized Solar Star, overlooking only a dozen or so planets, and housing countless beasts that were obstinate in their willingness to stay in their homes. The Dragons of the Desolate Dagnet Stellar Region were just like this.

Amidst the wars, unification efforts, and territorial declaration, the Desolate Dagnet Region was widely considered extremely desolate for cultivators, unable to naturally nurture anything beyond the fourth stage of the Astral Core Realm, and only Dragons, with their long lifespans, and indiscriminate hunger, and unique bestial refinement abilities could properly survive. Due to the will of certain forces, they were largely left alone to their devices like many other tribes and forgotten starfields containing artificial stars of the lowest quality.

It was only after the King of Everlore emerged that the Everlore Starfield gained notoriety and then protection by the reverential Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Over the years, besides the Everlore Starfield, the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, and those starfields that were extremely, extremely lucky, the Tiangou laid waste to many, leaving them as true dead spaces with countless corpses and scattered ash littering the Dark Void.

Still, these Void-Blank Spaces forgotten by the cultivators of the world, seen as desolate locations rife with death and trash, were a part of the Sealed

Regions. And the Endless Void Mirror's three nodes were all located throughout the Sealed Regions!

One of these locations was none other than the Everlore Starfield, and despite the tremendous efforts of the Void Voyage Sect to avoid the piercing eyes of the hungry Tiangou, a Star-Devourer that not even the World Between the Fold's powerful forces could handle, she inevitably located it and destroyed the Node's Core unintentionally.

This led to several flaws in the Endless Void Mirror's Sealed Regions' Sealing Array, causing various terrifying forces to begin to make moves in the shadows.

The most crucial flaw that displayed itself related to the Mobile Spatial Pathways leading to the Node Cores, interconnected with various locations throughout the Sealed Region and World Between the Fold to galvanize Mana, Essence, and Energy to maintain the rotation of the Sealing Array. Countless mobile pathways were like veins and arteries of a body, providing and filtering out these three sources of power, and they were as elusive and ever-changing as snakes in a grassy field, while they led to the true Node Cores, the actual location was extremely difficult to pinpoint. Furthermore, the sheer vastness of the Sealed Regions made it absurdly difficult to locate anyone besides those who wielded the powers of the Endless Void Mirror.

Recently, Trueborn had been abnormally active after several pathways had been transixed due to the devastation of a Node Core. This led to them launching endless assaults in these pathways that only Destined can defend against, causing a bloody war.

The Destined of the Void Voyage Sect defended these pathways with ardent fighting will, preventing anyone and everyone from traversing into the depths and reaching the Node Core with their lives as the cost. However, the goal

wasn't reaching the Node Core, as Trueborn in its many years has reached the end of the pathways many times.

The issue was finding the 'true' location of the Node Core in the Sealed Regions, not some mobile isolated spatial dimension. Why exactly?

Because the 'true' location is the most indefensible weak point. There were no formations and arrays pre-established, no elite experts stationed there, and the Endless Void Mirror's powers were severely limited, all for the sake of ensuring that it went unnoticed. The Everlore Starfield was a prime example of the weakness and fragility these Node Cores possess outside of the Endless Void Mirror's mobile pathways and protected dimensions.

The goal was simply to mark the Node Core in the hopes of finding their actual locations in the Sealed Regions!

Just like the Everlore Starfield...

And to destroy them!

Since Wei Wuyin left the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, exactly twenty months had come and gone.

Above the Time Vortex, two figures floated with unfathomable auras that contained an innately worldly charm. Their eyes were grave, reflecting a deep gloom that contained the darkest light imaginable.

They were Su Nianzu and Xu You, the Lords of the City of Guardians and City of Voyage respectively. For nearly a year, they were religiously keeping tabs on the developments of the Time Vortex.

After Wei Wuyin had fallen in, instigating a strange and abhorrent regression event after it began to flow in complete reverse, the Time Vortex's churning force gradually grew docile and its energy levels waned. It was as if

something was not just actively controlling it but absorbing the raw time energies within.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the Time Vortex that was originally a gargantuan chasm of erratic time energies, like a tempest sealed in an ocean, had become a calm sea of time liquid. In fact, that was the best way to describe it!

Boosh!

A figure shot out of the docile Time Vortex as if it was a subsonic missile exiting a still sea, flying upwards until they reached the two City Lords. The figure was slender with delectable curves and a mature charm.

Zhangjie Wushu!

She no longer wore her round lens glasses nor had her brunette hair in a sleek ponytail. It was styled curly with robust volume and a faint golden hue to it, reaching her shoulder. It eliminated her librarian look, granting her a more exciting image.

However, her current expression was dignified and solemn to the utmost. The foreboding of that look left the two City Lords with deep frowns.

"Still nothing?" Xu You said with vexation in his tone. For the last few months, they've committed to risking themselves time and time again to perform deep-diving expeditions into the Time Vortex in hopes of either finding Wei Wuyin or the cause of this change. Alas, they found bupkis.

What they did suffer was a massive loss of mystic power to resist the power of time within the vortex. As cultivators at their level, every iota of mystic power was extremely refined and absurdly difficult to replenish without the appropriate Mystic-Earth products or essence stones, mostly Mystic World Stones, a resource that was so difficult to find yet heavily wanted that it was beyond priceless.

"Nothing," Zhangjie Wushu announced as she fixed her hair.

"The Time Vortex is linked to the Endless Void Mirror, it's already causing changes in the environment of the Endless Voyage Realm. If we don't solve this issue, the foundation of the Sealing Array could be disturbed." Xu You anxiously said.

"Do you think I don't know this?" Zhangjie Wuhsu sent a glare his way, her expression only growing more irritated. It's been over a year since Wei Wuyin jumped into the Time Vortex and its changes. They interrogated Liu Yinlan regarding his origins and they discovered that he was extremely mysterious, yet they still had strong suspicions about her, so they kept her on house arrest.

Out of all of them, Liu Yinlan had the greatest motive to cause chaos in the Sealing Array. Besides organizing the Destined in the ongoing fight against Trueborn and others, she was limited in movement and authority until further notice. A decision unanimously made by all the Endless Voyage Realm's leaders.

Su Nianzu frowned and said, "I've penta-checked the foundation of the Endless Void Mirror, all the arrays are still functioning, but...the blip of inconsistency in its energy readings shortly after the changes of the Time Vortex is still something we should be concerned about."

"How many times will you bring that up? Didn't you say it was the briefest of changes and only because the Time Vortex had experienced its regression event? Wasn't it fixed, in your words, in a nano-second of time? We need to focus our time and efforts on fixing the cause of the issue, not an already corrected error." Xu You said irritatingly as he stared sharply into the Time Vortex.

"I'll go in next, searching area forty-three." Xu You said as he shot into the Time Vortex shrouded by his Mystic Ward. The Time Vortex was huge and perilous, so they divided it into seventy-nine areas that they could search effectively for the cause.

In their opinion, Wei Wuyin had regressed into nothing shortly after entering, and even if he hadn't, spending over a year in this time energy was lethal to any mortal being.

Zhangjie Wushu frowned as an ominous feeling entered her heart. "How's the recent activity of Trueborn and the pathways?"

"Hmm?" Su Nianzu was briefly taken aback before answering: "They're continuously assaulting the recently transfixed pathways like rabid animals, seeing their chance, but only suffering death. The Grand Architects have already deployed the solution to trapping them and regaining its elusive movement capabilities; it'll take a few days and they'll be trapped like rats with no escape or reinforcements." There was a hint of brutality in his voice, finally matching his heavily armored appearance.

"..." Zhangjie Wushu couldn't help but feel uneasy.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1076 1070: Greed Leads To Legion



1076 Chapter 1070: Greed Leads to Legion

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Within the depths of the Time Vortex's sea of time energies, the elderly and thin figure of Xu You, the Lord of the City of Voyage, was swimming expertly at a rapid pace. He was encapsulated by his Mystic Power-fueled Mystic Ward, perfectly protecting his body against the substantial threat that foreign and uncontrolled time energies presented.

It had been a total of three hours since he dived into the Time Vortex, and while he was a cultivator of vast power and renown, his ability to traverse the Time Vortex could be likened to a snail's pace when compared to his unencumbered movement anywhere else. The generated momentum of his movements kept regressing, forcing him to accelerate continuously while simultaneously resisting the time energies' degradation of his Mystic Power.

"Bothersome," Xu Yu spat. This wasn't his first time entering the Time Vortex, yet his time within hadn't allowed him to adapt in the slightest. The oddity that was the Time Vortex kept frustrating him, but he had no choice but to figure out why the Time Vortex experienced its changes and how to reverse it, if possible.

After expending a percentage of his power, which could have devastated entire starfields thousands of times over, he finally arrived at the zone jointly labeled as area forty-three. Xu You immediately frowned upon entering, finding that the flow of time energies here was highly irregular, even more so than in other areas.

Then, his eyes, containing the light of worldly power beyond the Mortal Dao, widened excitedly. With a tap of his foot, he leveraged the time energies to propel himself explosively deeper, exhausting a thousandth of his Mystic Power doing so. However, his efforts bore fruit almost immediately.

"This is?" He soon came to an abrupt stop. His Mystic Ward rippled as he anchored himself in place. If he hadn't, his momentum would experience a sharp reversal, and he would have exhausted that burst of power for nothing.

What he saw caused his mind to stir, and he brought his hands together with a practiced air.

Suddenly, his hands began to weave into shadows. He was completing hand-seals at a mind-blowing speed! As one grew stronger, one would harness greater degrees of power, requiring more control and fundamentals of cultivation than ever. These hand-seals were profound, exerting a unique force that helped him regulate and direct his Mystic Power with purpose.

Xu You gathered copious amounts of Spiritual Power, the combination of Mystic-graded Spiritual Energies and Mystic Power, into his eyes to unleash an unfathomably powerful ocular spell that covered his eyes in a violet sheen. An ancient aura erupted, piercing through the time energies in an explosive manner.

Within the blink of a mortal's eye, the Time Vortex was pushed away by the residual force of his spell, and his Spiritual Sense drilled itself until it came upon the abnormality.

"Oh?" Xu You exclaimed as he saw a swirl. The swirl was odd, like seeing a twist underwater, but it led nowhere. After assessing the potential dangers and finding none, he pushed himself forward with his eyes bursting with Spiritual Power. After roughly ten minutes of effort, he found himself directly beside the anomaly.

Xu You's cultivation base was profoundly high, and he had comprehended the Temporal-type Mystic Rune during his Earthly Ascension, one of the major reasons why he could occupy the position as a City Lord of the Endless Voyage Realm. The benefits of such a position were not minor, and while few would ever ask to be the City Lord of the City of Endless, his position governing the City of Voyage was lucrative and demanding.

It needed terrifying strength and means. As such, his analytical abilities were great for his cultivation base, exceeding the ordinary. "Someone opened a Void Portal here," he concluded with a slight frown.

Void Portals was a product of Void Gates—this was the widely believed truth of the Sealed Regions, and they weren't wrong. However, beyond the Sealed Regions, the Void Gates they considered so highly were merely the lowest form of Spatial Gates. It tapped into the power of Spatial Energies, particularly stable and fixed space, conjoining the two. Even the Stellar Transit Light was merely an advanced application with Chaotic Space principles added in.

A genuine Void Gate used Void Energy, and its abilities were absurdly difficult to deal with and even harder to power. However, it was disgustingly powerful and useful in all forms, from simple transportation to sieges of war.

This was because unless one was a Heavenly Saint capable of disrupting the ambient mana of the world, they couldn't hinder the creation of a Void Portal conjured by a true Void Gate. Moreover, it was impossible to sense.

This required a legendary Zenith Origin Mystic Soul, a challenging thing to acquire without phenomenal good fortune or hegemon-levels of background.

"Trueborn?" Xu You speculatively murmured but then immediately shook his head dismissively. Those pathetic worms were merely frogs struggling inside their wells, the walls littered with spikes and blades, so they shouldn't be able to harness such profound power. The outside force supporting them was equally irrelevant, minor nuisances.

If they had this power, their efforts over the tens of thousands of years would've borne greater fruits, likely leading to their success. After all, Wei Wuyin had used tens of thousands of years of unrefined lifeforce to transform a simple Spatial Jade Crystal into its Void Variant. Even the Endless Void

Mirror, a Heavenly Treasure of the three Ascended Sovereigns, couldn't produce Void Energy very often.

"Hm? The Void Energy here isn't very high level, still containing the scent of the Mortal Dao. A product of a treasure, limited by his cultivation? That Wei Wuyin eluded our senses. If so, then he..." Xu You's eyes narrowed as he speculated that Wei Wuyin was alive alongside a Void-type Armament. Thick wisps of greed swam in his eyes without reservation. According to reports, this Wei Wuyin had easily escaped from the observation of Earthly Saints as a mere mortal. If Xu You had powered this treasure, wouldn't its power be peerless? It even allowed him to resist the Time Vortex, right?

If he could trade it to a Worldly Alchemic Saint, the gains would be unimaginable.

"The Void Portal isn't fully closed, just needing an external power to fuel it. Huh, unable to truly leave without a trace? The Time Vortex has all sorts of mysteries, and an ignorant mortal can't comprehend it." The regression-type power of the Time Vortex was preventing the Void Gate from closing, a flaw that Xu You believed no one could've predicted. After all, who would create a Void Portal in the Time Vortex?

Void-type items were absurdly precious items, let alone treasures that could evade Earthly Saints, travel freely in the Endless Voyage Realm despite its restrictions, and protect one in the Time Vortex. The last power was an assumption by Xu You, but it was well-known that Void Energy had superiority over Spatial and Temporal Forces.

With ardently roaring excitement in his eyes, he approached closer. At this point, he was a mere few feet away from the twister-like opening. It had been a year, so Wei Wuyin had likely long since escaped. He hesitated; what if this led to a space inside the Sealed Regions?

Xu You was one of the few who possessed the rights to direct the Endless Void Mirror, so he could temporarily bypass the Sealing Array for the briefest of moments. A minute? Maybe less.

But with his terrifying cultivation, he could scour the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region within a few measly seconds. Moreover, he obtained his aura from those blind women, so pinpointing him shouldn't be difficult. He even had the aura of this Void-type treasure, so as long as he was quick, he could dispose of Wei Wuyin in a literal blink of that mortal's eye. Additionally, Zhangjie Wushu had received an ungodly amount of Alchemical Products from him. What if he had more?

He revealed a nasty, excited grin. His heart was moved by the possibilities. Without any further hesitation, he shot into the anomaly using his grand powers to surf to its destination.

As Xu You left, the lingering Void Gate that he speculated was left open due to the unique properties of the Time Vortex closed in an instant, leaving no trace. The area dubbed as forty-three went silent, returning to normal, including the closure of the lingering Void Portal.

The elderly figure of Xu You shot out of a quivering Void Gate, causing him to be besieged by a brilliance of multicolored walls that surged upwards like rain. His eyes widened, instantly recognizing the origin of this type of Stellar Transit Light; was he inside a Rainbow Bridge?

"I thought it was supposed to be a woman? Wrong one?" A voice brought Xu You out of his curiosity. He was an elite expert of the ages, practically invincible in the Endless Voyage Realm and Sealed Regions, so he didn't fear any situation.

"Our orders are to kill, not gender-assume." A female voice shouted loudly, containing a terrifying authority. "BEGIN!"

"Hm. We'll just have to check their corpse," a tyrannical voice containing vibrant strength emerged. A roaring fighting spirit dominated the atmosphere!

Xu You's eyes widened slightly, mildly shocked by what he saw.

Before him, floating in a unique formation, were thousands of Demi-Mortal Lords! And at their lead, a half-dozen Earthly Saints! And at the foremost position, a heavily armored figure with a dragon-head helmet, his aura terrifyingly unfathomable, robust, and commanding! The coldness of his eyes was fueled by apathy for heaven and earth; only the concept of war existed in his heart.

Xu You smirked, his heart utterly calm.

Then...

BOOSH!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1077 1071: Xu You's Strength



"..." Xu You.

The Lord of the City of Voyage's facial expression had fallen into the depths of night, as dark as one can possibly imagine, but his eyes exuding an ancient and peerless might contained no fear—absolutely none.

The robust and explosive joint aura of the Ascended beings before him was impressive, but they couldn't move his heart by the slightest millimeter. What

caused his expression to drop considerably was the unity of their Mystic Aura.

There was no disharmony; every trace of power in their Spirits of Cultivation, Sea of Consciousness, and Innate Energies were all as one as they connected. This wasn't like the typical standard of thousands of Ascended beings fighting together in the slightest. Instead, what he faced was a single Mystic Aura of one will, a single entity!

This was a true army, forged as one.

The bloodthirstiness, savagery, unity, and will forged by the flames of war and the hot blood of their enemies were deeply entrenched into their souls. He could feel it instantly, and his heart was only moved by this fact, and not even close to their tyrannical aura that would cause Earthly Saints to flee with their tails between their legs and hands on their heads.

"Who trained you all?" Unable to contain his brewing curiosity, Xu You asked with a light voice that boomed as if he originated from an ancient god of yesteryear, instilling a sense of reverence and abject, irrepressible fear into the beating hearts of countless with the greatest of ease.

However, under Legion Commander Zhan Zheng's lead, the Legion of War was unaffected by his pitiful attempts to exert his superior spiritual strength. He didn't even need to move, yet the damning strength of Xu You swept and dissipated across the entire legion as it was split apart and ground down by each of their spiritual strength.

Xu You slightly frowned.

Woosh!

His thoughts were interrupted as the Legion of 10,000 launched their attack! A battalion of them split off, a total of 1,000, jointly surged with forceful power, and then they launched a series of Mystic Power volleys. They were

condensed strength in their simplest form, but when Xu You faced these meteorites of vast power, he felt as if they resembled wall-crushing boulders launched by catapults of war.

He felt as if he was being sieged upon!

He took a single step to the side. It was merely a single step, but he flashed like a shadow and traversed a thousand miles in the blink of a mortal's eyes. When he did, he frowned as his eyes inspected the rainbow walls. He hadn't gotten any closer.

Abruptly, his expression slightly changed as he turned to see dozens of meteorites barreling toward him with tremendous, planet-destroying strength. They can track him? He was mildly amused at how these Ascended beings could home onto his location.

With another step, he vanished two thousand miles away. However, his aura was concealed, merging with fixed space as if he was one with it. He had little intention to fight this Legion directly. While he held no fear, he had cultivated for so long, survived countless plots, schemes, and deadly encounters, and easily recognized this as a trap laid down by someone competent, resourceful, and powerful.

It would be extremely foolish of him to recklessly engage without understanding the entire situation. Moreover, the force that could cultivate ten thousand Ascended cultivators, all at least at the Demi-Mortal Lord, was certainly fearsome. There was no power in the Sealed Regions that could do so, so this must involve outside organizations.

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

The volleys of power, much to his surprise, kept blazing toward him. His frown became more pronounced as he waved his sleeve casually, sending out a gust of wind that could rearrange planetary orbits, and the volleys were easily

spiraling out of control and fell towards every which way without order or control.

"This Stellar Transit Light is acting as the foundation of a Sealing Formation," Xu You deduced with his vast experience and comprehension of the Law of Space.

WOOSH! WOOSH! WOOSH!

The meteorites changed course once again, regaining their swift momentum, and darted toward Xu You as if they were destined to hit him! Another casual wave, Xu You completely upended their undying determination and sent them every which way.

Xu You's eyes flashed with explosive spiritual light as he analyzed the walls. Then, his heart finally shook for the first time. With haste, he checked his connection to the Endless Voyage Mirror and was unable to receive any hint of its power.

"They've segregated space using the Stellar Transit Light's chaotic space properties?" As a Lord of an Endless Voyage Realm's city, he possessed the talisman that can allow him to exert a degree of control over the Endless Voyage Mirror, activating a few of its mystical powers that Heavenly Treasures possessed.

However, this formation didn't simply trap him, it separated him from connecting with the Endless Voyage Mirror. He instantly realized this cage was tailor-made for a cultivator skilled in the Laws of Space. Moreover, it was a disruption formation as his attempts to execute Spatial Integration had left him with little success, the meteorites of power still targeted him. He couldn't even perform a Spatial Shift.

"What supreme expert is taking action against us?" It was hard for him to stay calm. The profoundness of the Sealing Formation meant the cultivator had to

have manifested a Seed of Law regarding Space, and they must possess an intricate knowledge of the Endless Void Mirror's formation structure, internal limitations, and connectivity strength.

Could one of the Mystic Overlords have taken action against them?

His heart shivered at the thought. "Wait, it can't be that simple, right?" As he said this, he realized that the volleys launching toward him had increased to two hundred. The Legion was sending continuous attacks his way. He didn't even glance towards them, moving a little, waved his right sleeve, and kept inspecting the walls with a dignified gaze.

The meteorites of power might have the means to collapse a tiny-sized Starfield instantly, but towards Xu You, this pitiful degree of power wasn't worth a single iota of his attention. He only spared a little to deal with it like it was—a minor nuisance. Like when an ant dares to crawl on your skin, and its fate was already determined when noticed.

Xu You formed the same hand-seals as earlier, unleashing his tyrannical ocular spell. As the explosive rays of spiritual light rocketed towards the rainbow-colored walls, they found themselves reaching a certain point until they completely stopped. Soon, the gushing ray that led to his eyes began to freeze as if caught in a single moment of time.

His pupils shrunk ever so slightly.

"Present Time Energies?" He hastily canceled his ocular spell, his body moved to dodge the incoming meteorites, unwilling to exert even a little effort to even send them elsewhere. In fact, he wanted to get further away from the walls.

"No wonder, no wonder. They've isolated me completely by locking me into a Sealing Formation encapsulated by a shrouding formation fueled by Present Time Energies. Such an intricate trap," said Xu You with a voice containing a

heavy load of anger. He felt incredibly aggrieved that someone was targeting him, and it was likely a joint effort of supreme experts capable of manipulating advanced profundities of time and space! While he was unlikely to be specifically targeted, it was clear that only experts of his level could safely explore the Time Vortex, so it could've been any of the Endless Voyage Realm's powerhouses.

He was just unlucky.

"Fortunately, the energy fueling this Sealing Formation is only at the Earthly Saint Level. The heavens always grant a path," when he concluded this fact, he calculated the time needed to escape this carefully constructed cage.

Three minutes?

No.

Two.

He wasn't a Lord of the Endless Voyage Realm for nothing; his comprehension of Temporal Arts and Spatial Arts was exceedingly high level for the typical cultivator at his level.

With a curt nod, Xu You was relieved as he flickered. Tens of thousands of meteorites whizzed by him, like a school of violent fish, they moved and homed onto his position once more. A chase of cat and mouse, but to him, he was the cat and they were fruit flies that he could deal with utter ease. In fact, he would let them accumulate as he searched for the door.

By this point, the female Battalion Commander specializing in poisons and strategic deployment of environmental factors neared War Commander Zhan Zheng who was acutely following the rapid and elusive movements of Xu You. This was the same Battalion Commander that suffered at the hands of Wei Wuyin once before, rushing away as others threw away their lives for her, and eventually was beheaded mercilessly.

Her aura contained an unfathomable quality, having reached the Earthly Saint Phase. She was named Zhan Gu.

"We've accumulated enough, Commander." Zhan Gu quietly said, her eyes extremely calm as she watched the thin elder zip across with an air of domineering nonchalance. At times, he would glance their way, lacking the slightest sense of fear or danger. To him, six Earthly Saints and thousands of Demi-Mortal Lords was the mildest of inconvenience.

An army or not, they were just flies.

It was time to prove him wrong.

Oh so very wrong.

Zhan Zheng nodded. He lifted his hand and...clenched his fist!

Xu You dodged seamlessly or deflected with a wave of his sleeves as he had already found a few flaws to exploit in the formations. As long as he breached the Sealing Formation containing the profound properties of chaotic space, he could brute force the Present Time Energies that were preventing him from connecting to the Endless Void Mirror.

As long as he escaped and connected with the Heavenly Treasure, even Mystic Overlords will have to retreat for fear of bringing upon them the Ascended Sovereign's wrath. A wisp of relief flowed through his heart and body. He needed to leave as soon as possible.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Abruptly, Xu You found himself surrounded by exploding meteorites! The explosions were terrifyingly destructive, collapsing fixed space everywhere, and it would leave an ordinary Earthly Saint greatly distraught. With Spatial Shifting restrained, one had to face these explosions head-on!

But Xu You merely snorted softly, his Mystic Aura erupted as a power that greatly restrained Mystic Power was unleashed! A worldly will emanated from Xu You as if he was decreed by the Mystic Daos as a noble of its governed world!

Heart of the World, World of the Mystic Intent!

Mystic Heart Intent!!

The sign of a Worldly Saint!!!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1078 1072: The Rose's Fragrance



Xu You's aura was god-like. He stood in the vast space, surrounded by the cascading brilliance of the rainbow walls, and his thin body, which seemed to contain little power, was shaking every single thing in existence—there was no exception.

The bodies of all the Spirits of War, including the Legion Commander Zhan Zheng, shook as if they were experiencing an internal earthquake, their Mystic Auras violently reacting to the Mystic Heart Intent that swept the world tyrannically.

The waves of explosive power unleashed by the Legion's efforts were dealt with in the blink of an eye by Xu You. With a single breath of his, everything was repulsed without exception, and he hadn't even twitched in the slightest to accomplish this feat!

By this single action, Xu You's nonchalance while facing an entire army of Ascended beings revealed the origins of his boundless confidence and relaxed attitude! As cultivators progressed, each phase of their stage of cultivation granted far greater prodigious power than the last. To Xu You, unless a hundred well-trained Earthly Saints performed a joint formation Empowered by Mystic-World graded materials or armaments, everything was a non-threat.

However, Xu You didn't take action against this pesky army after shutting down their assault. Throughout his long life, he was always a cautious figure, avoiding traps and keeping himself from offending those he couldn't. In his mind, these soldiers were acting on the orders of a powerful figure, and that figure certainly invested tons of resources and time into their growth and cultivation. If he slaughtered them, an undying grudge would form between them.

The one thing true experts hated the most was a reduction of their profits and assets.

After a soft snort filled with displeasure, he redirected his attention to inspecting the walls and continuing to pinpoint his opportunity to escape. By now, these soldiers should understand that his strength wasn't something they could handle with simple numbers.

"A Worldly Saint," Zhan Zheng's eyes beneath his helmet glinted with a sharp, war-ravaged light. This wasn't a simple Worldly Saint either. From his integrated knowledge, the levels of Mystic Aura fluctuations and depth of Worldly Pressure on the Mystic Dao were sufficient to conclude that this thin, dismissive elder of a cultivator was exceptional among Worldly Saints.

Xu You was a Lord of the Endless Voyage Realm's city, a position that granted unimaginable benefits and was fiercely fought over by others at this level, yet he claimed this seat in the end. Whether it was his knowledge of

time and space or strength as a Worldly Saint, while he might not be a demonic existence, he was undoubtedly a powerhouse worthy of respect.

Zhan Zheng had once told Wei Wuyin that with the changes to the War Talisman after his continuous investments of War Souls, he should use them as a vanguard to sweep across the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Regions. In his mind, if the Soul Saint King was considered a top three expert, then just him was enough to clean out the entire Stellar Region, let alone if they included the other nine Earthly Saints and 9,990 Demi-Mortal Lords under his command.

Not only were all of the Battalion Commanders at a level that could topple the Soul Saint King, the skill usage and foundations of the Sealed Regions were terrifyingly, pathetically low.

However, Xu You changed his opinion of the situation instantly.

While they didn't fear an average Worldly Saint, Xu You's Mystic Aura suggested that his cultivation base was supplemented by top-tier mystic-graded energies, Mystic-Earth-graded alchemical products, and World-tier Cultivation Methods like the Blood Origin Method.

A formidable opponent.

Normally this would be the War Commander's thoughts, but Zhan Zheng inwardly shook his head with a tinge of pity for this once potentially formidable opponent. Xu You's passivity was detrimental to being ambushed, and make no mistake—this was an ambush. It was beautifully executed, well-planned, and contained several contingencies that would have Xu You turned for a loop with baffled eyes and confusion bombarding his soul at every step.

Zhan Zheng didn't know what happened, but after that mortal Master of his reached the Temporal Eye Phase, he felt as if he saw a new man that had trudged through a thousand years of adversity, and his steeled determination

was refined by endless suffering and overcoming outrageously difficulty obstacles. That renewed will and presence were as unyielding and hot as their desire for battle and blood.

It excited him.

It also terrified him.

But merely thinking about that silver-eyed monster that played them like a fiddle and beheaded him while facing overwhelming odds that even gods couldn't predict the outcome of, what will happen when a being of such supreme talents, intelligence, means, and willpower ascends, caused his soul to boil even hotter than solar stars.

As beings refined by his Soul Light, their upper limits were determined heavily by their controller's ability. If it wasn't for the Sealing Array being in place, and Wei Wuyin's plans for the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, he would have long stepped beyond the Earthly Saint Phase to rival Xu You. Then, they would be able to have a proper fight.

Unfortunately...

"It's time," Zhan Gu calmly stated. The other soldiers had been relatively silent despite their aroused states, ready for total war as if they were waiting for their moment. Facing a Worldly Saint, the air was taut, yet the confidence and fighting spirits in their eyes were exuberant and restless.

Xu You was busy deciphering, and after displaying his true strength, he firmly believed that he needn't exert another iota of power. The army here should be well aware that their difference was insurmountable. A truly pointless task to fight him. After all, should he remain content staying away from them, what could they possibly do to him?

He faintly grinned as he deciphered a weak point in the Sealing Formation, satisfied that the soldiers had got the hint and seemingly lost their pointless

aggressive tactics. It seemed that the cool-headed dragon-head helmet-wearing Earthly Saint, who appeared to be their Commander, could determine when his opponent was vastly beyond his means.

As for fearing the likely Mystic Overlords acting themselves? That was pointless. Experts at that level had their movements monitored by all sorts of forces, and should any genuine expert above the Worldly Saint level dare to approach; they would be met by an Ascended Sovereign's Incarnation or long-range attack.

Death would be the only result then.

This was why Trueborn and the other organizations deluded by their nonsensical beliefs of the Sealed Regions, threatening to dispel the Sealing Array, had yet to be able to succeed despite the eighty thousand years since its inception. And why he, Lord of the City of Voyage, only felt that they were rats scurrying about trying to find loopholes in certain agreements. For example, setting such a tiny trap like this.

Tch.

Absolute fools.

His grin deepened.

Sniff.

Xu You's nose instinctively twitched as he sniffed slightly. After a brief inspection of his internal body and Mystic Soul, he ignored this spontaneous impulse, finding nothing irregular.

Sniff.

"..."

Sniff. Sniff.

What? Xu You frowned as he realized his nose was catching a faint fragrance. However, this isolated space was similar to the Dark Void, absent of air, water, and life-sustaining gasses, and smelling should be highly improbable, if not outright impossible, without air particulates to carry the fragrance.

Sniff. Sniff. Sniff!

"There's definitely a scent here," Xu You wasn't slow, so he swiftly concluded that there was a particular scent permeating throughout the world. He hastily halted his attempts to break free from the Sealing Array as his Spiritual Sense swept the world, even smashing against the joint Mystic Aura of the army of Ascended before him.

"Ha!" The Legion of War roared! Then, without hesitating, they rushed toward Xu You as one unit under the leadership of their Battalion Commanders. Their flight speed was disgustingly quick! Their auras were tyrannically imposing, suppressing all eight directions, and fueled by raw willpower to engage in bloody battle!

Xu You frowned slightly, but he couldn't pinpoint where the fragrance was coming from. But it mattered not; he scoffed with disdain and contempt as the army seemingly decided to launch a suicidal attack as a unit. He still didn't seek to engage them in battle. If they were deathsworn, no matter how unlikely and wasteful that might be, their joint self-detonation would still send shivers down his spine.

So he circulated his Mystic Power in a mystifyingly intricate manner within his body, preparing to unleash a profound movement art that relied on physical movement rather than spatial movement. With a single step, he would evade the incoming roaring soldiers without issue.

...Is what he thought.

Without warning, he found that his Mystic Power was sluggish, and the foundation of its existence was crumbling, as if something was leeching away at its essence with a world-devouring ferocity!

BOOM!

The Legion's movements were simple—a raw tackle! They barreled toward Xu You and violently smashed against him.

Instinctively, Xu You responded by circulating his Mystic Power to erect a Mystic Ward. He succeeded; the Mystic Ward protected his physical body as he was pushed a hundred miles back. He pushed out a single palm toward them, instantly causing their momentum to halt.

His physical strength was disgustingly horrifying to witness! Despite not being a body cultivator or a beast, his body had been refined to the point where a single clap of his hand could snuff out Solar Stars and ruin entire Starfields. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that Xu You possessed genuinely god-like powers amongst Ascended beings.

"What is this?!" Xu You shouted.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1079 1073:A World Falls



"What is this?!" Xu You loudly questioned as his Mystic Ward began to shiver chaotically, seemingly on the verge of collapse. His eyes widened as he inspected his body once again, finally noticing that something was affecting the crucial components of his Mystic Power—Physical, Mental, Essence, Spiritual, and Mystic Energies. They were experiencing a decline in their

intrinsic stability and their strength was seemingly been devoured by an unseen force. This force was undetectable by his Spiritual Sense!

As Xu You found his internal situation continuously deteriorating, his heart shook as he recalled the floral fragrance that caught his attention. He swiftly calmed down as he redirected his energy to reverse the effects of this unseen force, using his Mystic Intent to aggressively maintain his innate energy's structural integrity.

"Poison?" An ordinary cultivator would've succumbed to their growing fear at the unexpected and ludicrous discovery of their deteriorating situation, besieged by panic and dread, but Xu You was an experienced old fox and instantly calmed down. This wasn't his first time being poisoned.

He hastily withdrew a general antidote peak Mystic-Earth grade purification elixir from his Saint Ring and downed it into his mouth without any hesitation in his movements.

"CHARGE!" The Legion of War did not wait for him to solve his current predicament or assess his situation, and they struck as a unit and charged Xu You with their Mystic Auras fully evoked. While individually, each Spirit of War was inferior to Xu You, some even vastly superior, as a Legion, they easily matched his power.

A true army of cultivators wasn't scattered and acted as mortals, but was a united force that could gather their strength through miraculous tactics and combat formations that relied on each soldier as the central component of the whole. Together, they could fight off a Worldly Saint!

They rushed Xu You with killing intent, ramming against him in what could be considered an extremely simple tactic. However, by forgoing arts and spells, they cut down their offensive initiation time to the barest minimum imaginable.

Xu You hadn't even had the time to properly begin the refinement process of his antidote before his Mystic Ward was slammed by their united Mystic Aura!

"Ugh!" Xu You's eyes reflected a wisp of rage as he was blown back. His Mystic Ward scattered and shrunk, weakened again and again. Before Xu You could react, the Legion of War roared with blood-boiling ferocity and charged once again!

Zhan Zheng's eyes contained an unbearable chill as he watched Xu You struggle. A Worldly Saint was unable to muster much of a response as he was assaulted both externally and internally, a fearsome combination that could collapse the strongest of cultivators. The fact that Xu You reacted calmly and intelligently displayed his experience and strength once more. It would be a lie if Zhan Zheng didn't wish to summon his mount and charge in first, fighting this expert with everything he had.

In the fields of slaughter and death, it was the fight with beings beyond your ability and the ensuing triumph that invigorated the spirits and provoked the greatest changes in one's potential. His fists clenched as he grew restless.

Unfortunately, Xu You had fallen into this quagmire of a death trap. He wouldn't get the chance to have a true battle. Truly unfortunate.

Zhang Gu led her Battalion in the joint assault, her eyes brimming with excitement and ardent fervor. This ambush was exquisitely designed, and she felt thrilled that others could feel how she felt once before—how they all felt!

Their earlier attacks had been slowly infused with Myriad Gravestone Poison, but it was properly refined unlike before, containing genuine Mystic-graded materials and an entire World Devouring Rose as the core material. The Myriad Gravestone Poison that had conquered them before they even realized it was raw, easily seen through by Spiritual Sense, and could be countered by simple tactics. It was constructed with over 40 different mortal-

grade materials and could only affect Ascended beings because of the single World Devouring Rose's petal being introduced and forcefully fused into it.

This Myriad Gravestone Poison lacked any mortal-grade materials, contained the entire World Devouring Rose, and was properly refined by what could be considered a Mortal Saint Alchemist! While not entirely perfect, have a few flaws, but these flaws were easily covered up in this ambush.

For example, this entire space enveloped by Stellar Transit Light might seem unbearably large, expanding thousands of miles across, but this was remarkably small in terms of what beings at their levels could traverse in the briefest of moments. To them, this was a small cage similar to an adult human being caught in a chimpanzee cage.

Here, the poison could be spread without any extra power that might betray its existence. After all, if this was outside, the fragrance would spread out for tens of thousands of miles, thinning out and becoming increasingly ineffective. If a poison cultivator were to use it, they would try to attack their opponent with their various forms of power, be it Qi, Astral Force, or Mystic Power, and others would never allow it to easily hit them. A sealed cage was its best delivery environment.

Another flaw was that it's easily repelled by a simple Mystic Ward. In true battle, a cultivator almost always has their Mystic Ward erected. Xu You was tainted by his belief in his unmatched invincibility, so he went essentially naked throughout the entire process. He had only summoned his Mystic Ward after finding out the effects of the Myriad Gravestone Poison and was forced to face their initial charge!

Furthermore, cultivators at the Earthly Saint or higher stages rarely used their Mystic Powers to perform movement arts. They were used to executing Spatial Shifts by using the world's power, not their own. In fact, most experts at their level refused to use a single iota of their own power unless they faced

genuine danger. They would exert their Mystic Aura, stir their Mystic Intent, and manipulate the mystic-graded worldly forces to eliminate their enemies—Space, Time, Mana, Light, Etc.

To them, losing a percentage of their Mystic Power could take months, if not years, to recover. The stronger they were, the truer this became. It was either to refine their mystic power naturally or rely on rare, expensive mystic-graded alchemical products.

The Myriad Gravestone Poison needed to be circulated to affect the body, so restricting their usage of Spatial Abilities such as Spatial Shifting effectively forced them to execute Movement Arts that used Mystic Power. These flaws were perfectly circumvented, and Xu You had willingly fallen into this trap as if he was a paid actor.

Zhan Gu was extremely excited! She manically shouted in her heart that Xu You should die faster, that way she could inspect his body and see how the Myriad Gravestone Poison could be improved to better affect Worldly Saints. If Xu You knew the glee and expectation in her thoughts at dissecting his corpse, he would probably risk it all to kill her first.

However, Xu You still didn't feel that things were out of his control. This was merely little poison. So he defended while trying to refine his antidote.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!!

The Legion of War was relentless. They kept charging repeatedly, driving Xu You into an explosive retreat that took him a hundred miles away. He wished he could focus on two things at once, possessing two minds, so he could focus on defending and refining. Unfortunately, while his Mystic-graded mental energies were terrifyingly powerful, and he could multitask effectively, true splitting of one's attention always left a divergence of focus and energy that led to inefficiency.

With a soft roar, he pressed his palm forward and his Mystic Heart Intent went into action, exerting a forceful conversion of the ambient Spatial Energy into Mystic Energy. He clenched that open palm, and the Mystic Energies condensed into a round shield that blocked the legion's next charge.

This only stopped them for a fraction of a fraction of a second before it shattered with an explosive burst. Their charge rushed through with even greater intensity. But this was the slightest bit of time needed to refine the generalized antidote, circulating it to combat the Myriad Gravestone Poison.

While he didn't hope to eradicate it, he hoped that it would cause a distraction enough to retain sufficient strength to escape! He had already figured out how to do so, but his Mystic Power was extremely unsteady, and without a stable source of power, he wouldn't be able to breach the Sealing Formation.

Zhan Zheng praisingly nodded; Xu You's usage of his Mystic Heart Intent was extremely refined, and it was clear that he knew how to shatter the Sealing Formation after he forcefully seized the spatial energies in this space with it and converted it into Mystic Energy. By his estimation, Xu You should be able to escape if given the time.

Unfortunately, he made a misstep.

Xu You's generalized purification antidote was extremely efficient in combating foreign material within the body by attaining the foundation of the Mystic Soul and figuring out what should and shouldn't be there. Even if the poison evaded his Spiritual Sense with frightening means, it wouldn't normally be able to avoid this as the poison couldn't be accepted by his Mystic Soul as part of him.

But Wei Wuyin's refined Myriad Gravestone Poison wasn't so simple, and he was a Mortal Saint Alchemist. How could he not account for such purification antidote products? If it was simply a skilled apothecary turned poison master,

then this might work, but Wei Wuyin was an ungodly talent in alchemy skilled in all types of products—including poison and antidotes.

Xu You's eyes widened as the antidote circulated throughout his body like ferocious lightning seeking its prey, but after undergoing a complete circulation of his body, he sensed the antidote had lost about 30% of its effective purification strength.

Then, his Mystic Ward began to weaken even further.

"The poison is stronger?!"

However, as if finding its foe and feeling good about its chances, the purification power made another circulation cycle and seethed.

Another 30% was lost.

By this point, the Mystic Ward of Xu You shattered entirely after a violent charge of the Legion of War! Their united roar defended his ears after he lost his protection, absolutely at a loss as he felt his four essential energies begin to collapse at a much faster rate. Moreover, it was as if the purification power wasn't attacking and expelling any poison, but his energies!

Horror was finally rising in Xu You's eyes!

"CHARGE!!!" Zhan Zheng gave the order and the Legion of War listened!

They were like manic bulls as they flew towards Xu You with everything they had!

Xu You was about to activate his Mystic Heart Intent, but then he felt a strange power begin to suppress his Mystic Intent! No, his Mystic Soul!

The World Devouring Rose's name wasn't given due to its poisonous traits; in fact, it wasn't poison by any means. It was capable of absorbing every type of energy source in the world and using it to bloom! But its true horror was its ability to devour Mana, the glue of everything!

How were Natal Souls formed?

By developing a type of personalized mortal-grade Mana in the False Reality Phase and infusing Spirituality in the next!

The states of a Natal Soul, from 1st to Zenith, were all based on how empowered one's personalized Mana is by the merging of Qi Essence! It wasn't just the glue of everything, it was the glue of Natal Souls, Astral Souls, and Mystic Souls! And these souls were the basis by which Intent gained strength.

The Myriad Gravestone Poison was originally designed as a poison capable of slowly weakening a cultivator, and the World Devouring Rose changed that to slowly siphoning the cultivator's energies and strengthening itself! While it was short-lived if left alone, it was terrifying if interacted with.

The Soldiers of War painfully knew this truth.

And Xu You was about to learn this as well.

His Mystic Soul began to grow unstable causing his life to flash before his eyes as all sorts of hectic emotions, memories, and thoughts of regret flowed through his mind. But no one would be able to know these things.

BOOM!

The fruits of the Legion of War's efforts pushed Xu You's unprotected body into a rainbow wall. His eyes widened so much that one would fear eyeballs might pop out of their sockets. Suddenly, a flow of Present Time Energies invaded his body and his thoughts, twitches of his muscles, and the circulation of his power stilled.

The Legion of War watched as Xu You was finally trapped. They watched calmly, nearly ten thousand eyes observed the Worldly Saint that had reached unimaginable degrees of power with obscene levels of effort, struggle, and

willpower. No matter what, he was an enemy and thus should be respected for his journey thus far. This was something ingrained in the Dao of War—respect. Not just towards your enemies but yourself as well.

From beside Xu You's frozen body, a white-robed figure exited out of the rainbow wall. Behind him, three figures with unfathomable auras followed respectfully, their auras enveloping him. The Legion of War's spines all straightened immediately after this white-robed figure's arrival.

When his silver eyes swept them, containing a light of satisfaction, they felt a sense of swelling pride. This was none other than their lord who infused them with his Soul Light, Wei Wuyin!

But he didn't speak; he grasped the hilt of his saber at his waist, and without hesitation, stabbed it into Xu You's dantian, piercing the Mystic Soul that struggled against the Present Time Energies.

"It's too bad you don't know who I am. While you aren't who I wanted to come here, you deserve death all the same." Wei Wuyin said with a chilly indifference. He plunged his saber deeper! Annihilation Saber Force erupted with the greatest intensity imaginable!

It was supported by the three Earthly Saint's Mystic Power beside him, giving him enough strength to pierce and kill!

Xu You's eyes, for the briefest of moments before his consciousness would eternally fade, regained a light of consciousness despite the Present Time Energies, but all he saw was the mystifying brilliance of those silver eyes. In his last moments, he was stunned by how he had never, in his entire life, seen such beautiful color before.

Today, a Worldly Saint fell.

PARAGON OF SIN



Xu You exhaled his last breath.

The dying wane of it was tragic to hear; there was unwillingness, confusion, and disbelief within it. The abrupt finality of his death lingered throughout the air as the Legion of War silently paid their utmost respect. Whether he was a vile existence, an enemy they held the strongest of grudges against, or simply an unfortunate soul caught amid vengeance, it mattered not—his cultivation base reflected his effort, willpower, and journey with immaculate precision.

He was exceptional in life.

He deserved the respect that experts earned.

Wei Wuyin's saber trembled slightly as the ebbing of his life, the abrupt conclusion of it all, flowed away with a twist of force, devastating the remnants of Xu You's Mystic Soul and depleting the remaining signs of life within his body.

"..." Wei Wuyin silently observed the corpse of this Worldly Saint with the most serene eyes. However, when his eyes reflected the visage of Xu You, memories flashed through his mind that weren't his yet felt like his. It took him a while to break free from the quagmire of those vivid memories.

With a sickening sound of a saber slicing flesh, he yanked out Element from Xu You's abdomen. There was no carefulness in his actions; Xu You's Mystic Soul fragmented into countless specks of brilliant light that illuminated his insides. Xu You's soul had begun to undergo the natural progression of the life and death cycle—the heavens claimed what they needed to.

Wei Wuyin brought out the Nexus War Flag, bringing it before Xu You as it began to thrum and sounds of chaotic war started to resound. The scent of blood wafted out, the blood in one's body flowed slightly faster, and the eyes of the soldiers became increasingly dignified by the second.

You keep what you kill; this was a principle of the Dao of War, as everlasting as life itself. Wei Wuyin had used the support of three Earthly Saints and his Legion of War to act on his behalf, but since the beginning, his actions and schemes contributed the most to Xu You's death.

At normal times, if a cultivator tried to seize the fortune of others through the Dao of War using an army without participating, merely claiming the last hit, the Dao of War would not only reject them, but it would punish them in a way that the heavens will not interfere. It would summon its Quintessential Law and curse those who tried to insult its power.

This punishment would lead to a horrific, painfully terrifying death. There was a chance that one's soul would be eradicated, forever severing their karma with the world.

The Nexus War Flag was a treasured instrument of war, capable of harnessing the power of the Quintessential Law that the Dao of War has marked beneath the heavens—the Law of War. It can evoke its principles if brought to a high enough level, making it a Supreme Heavenly Treasure!

The Heavenly War Spirit hadn't told him this; he learned it from those memories of his alternative self. The Endless Void Mirror was inferior to the Nexus War Flag. The only difference was their respective functions, and the Nexus War Flag's growth potential was disgustingly high, while the Endless Void Mirror's strength was static unless reforged.

That said, Wei Wuyin had fulfilled the requirement to claim Xu You as his spoils of war. His contribution to this fight was the highest. Not only had he

fielded the Legion of War, but he also devised the strategy like a General, harnessing the power of the Time Vortex and three Earthly Saints of his Legion to capitalize on its ridiculously high-level time energies that could affect the refined physique of a Worldly Saint, and concocted and personally refined the Myriad Gravestone Poison.

Even Xu You was terrified by the power of the Present Time Energies in that formation. It threatened him, and Xu You knew that he had to find a way to circumvent it, not face it head-on without a plan. If it wasn't for the Present Time Energy formation, Xu You would've long since escaped.

Lastly, he dealt the finishing blow.

There was no doubt that this entire ambush was Wei Wuyin's most remarkable feat on a battlefield. Unfortunately, he planned it all for that dastardly little bitch, not Xu You; nevertheless, he was content with his gains.

The Nexus War Flag went to work. The actions went beyond Wei Wuyin's senses, still unable to see things pertaining to the Mystic Dao despite his newfound cultivation base at the Temporal Eye Phase. So he held the Nexus War Flag out and allowed the Heavenly War Spirit to handle the circulation of its profound ability.

Xu You's fragmented Mystic Soul was sucked into the Nexus War Flag. Then, his skin became liquefied as it followed like droplets of water. Then, his muscles. Then, his internal organs. Then, his bones.

Until nothing was left.

Wei Wuyin knew that only his Soul couldn't be claimed as a Spoil of War through the power of the Dao of War. Much like other Daos, many refused to directly resist the natural orders of things that were governed and deemed necessary by the Heavenly Daos, especially the process of Samsara. The

extraction of souls was the greatest taboo beneath the heavens, and damaging them was one of the greatest sins.

Wei Wuyin's eyes exuded an innate time energy that allowed his gaze to contain the vicissitudes of time. From the debonair Wei Wuyin's memories, he knew that when one reached the Resonant Soul Realm, they no longer were protected by this law. At least not directly.

Wei Wuyin had learned a lot from that version of himself, but he hadn't learned one thing: the Third Calamity of Hell. If one calculated the time, if Wei Wuyin hadn't slayed any Blessed leading to him forcefully accelerating his remaining time, as long as he survived the Second Calamity, he would've faced the Third Calamity at the age of one hundred and twenty-eight.

The debonair Wei Wuyin was on the cusp of challenging his Third Calamity. Moreover, he had no confidence in succeeding. The plan that Wei Wuyin intended to rely on after acquiring Wen Mingna's help wasn't something that Wei Wuyin could use for many, many different reasons.

In Wei Wuyin's eyes, that version of himself would have certainly died at his current stage and strength. There was no doubt in his mind of this outcome—a truly pitiful fate.

In truth, Wei Wuyin still didn't know if that version was real. At times, recently, he doubted if he was real. The only saving grace was that the Temporal Reincarnator was sent here. If the Heavenly Daos had injured itself, then this...

He just held onto the hope that it was different.

After several hours of refinement, the Nexus War Flag had its 10,001 Spirit of War. Moreover, its intrinsic structure was only inferior to Zhan Zheng. However, it was dim and lifeless. It needed to be refined by his Soul Light and brought to life, granting it a new consciousness. This was the benefit of the

Dao of War's profound law towards claiming the spoils of victory. It was tyrannical and unimaginably terrifying.

"Xu You's life talisman won't register his death for now," Wei Wuyin quietly said with certainty, reaching out to Xu You's last location and exerting his draconic void force to interact with the void; an object revealed itself. It was a token in the shape of a golden-colored solar star that had emerged from the void. Wei Wuyin's eyes glinted as he stared at this token.

This was the Endless Void Mirror's control talisman. It was refined using Xu You's blood Essence, linked deeply with his Mystic Soul. While Xu You had died, his Mystic Soul wasn't truly dead, so the returning mechanisms of the talisman were still inactive until it could conclusively determine that Xu You had passed.

This will eventually happen after he fully refines Xu You's remnants with his Soul Light, transforming him into a different entity entirely, but until then, it'll remain passive. This was perfect.

Suddenly, four strands of Soul Light exited his body from his eyes, bathing the talisman in its multicolored brilliance. The Seven Source Soul Light and Formless Divinity Soul Light took the lead. At the same time, the Shifting Elemental Soul Light acted as a natural supporter, and the Omega Saber Soul Light merely accompanied the others.

After ten full hours, Wei Wuyin retracted his Soul Lights, and the token was perfectly normal, as if nothing had changed. But from Wei Wuyin's pale complexion, it was clear he had exerted tremendous efforts.

"That'll buy us some time," Wei Wuyin's eyes shone faintly with a calculating light. Then, he tossed the token into the Stellar Transit Light. It vanished like a pebble into a source of water, clearly bypassing the formation with utter ease.

"Unfortunately, this space will collapse soon. Such a good location to ambush others," Wei Wuyin remarked wistfully as he swept his gaze across the rainbow walls. This was a segregated space manifested through the efforts of three Earthly Saints after obtaining a Spatial Art from him. It was extremely difficult to manifest and would collapse should no one maintain it.

That said, there was no point in having it. It was isolated from the world and within the Time Vortex, so there was no entry point, and not even Worldly Saints would be able to discover it now that the only entrance was sealed. He had carefully ensured that the entire space was air-tight to prevent spiritual communications.

A single Worldly Saint was fine, two were not. He didn't dare to even consider facing four or five. The chance of reinforcements was a terrifying prospect that could quickly devolve into a full-blown war.

"Let's go," Wei Wuyin said calmly. With the Legion of War as his guard, they exited the space and left the World Between the Fold.

In a distant location, a manic cry infused with a hardened and ardent will resounded with such intensity that the World Between the Fold shook at its core!

"FOR TRUEBORN!"