

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1081 1075:First Symphony,Battle Of The 7754th Pathway



The World Between the Fold, referred to as the Endless Voyage Realm by its natural-born natives, was renowned for its extremely vast and spacious area. Besides the three cities, the World Between the Fold was largely empty. However, this was merely on the surface.

The foundation of the World Between the Fold was the Endless Void Mirror. When Wei Wuyin first arrived, he playfully produced music on its unique sound-producing surface, and Liu Suyin had warned him of being careful lest he fell in. According to her, falling in represented being stuck beneath the surface for eternity.

This wasn't entirely true.

Beneath the surface of the Endless Void Mirror were the elusive entrances to the numerous Mobile Spatial Pathways that led to the various Node Cores. Each Mobile Spatial Pathway, excluding their chaotic lengths and ever-changing nature, was like an independent dimensional.

There were two entrances only for each, one that led to the Sealed Regions and one to the World Between the Fold. They were interconnected by the snake-like tunnel, and they served as veins and arteries to the World Between the Fold, slowly bringing forth essence, energy, and mana to this guard station of a realm to sustain itself and the Core Nodes.

If one traversed the pathways, they would soon find themselves in one of five World Realms on par with the Devil War Realm, with a fully sustained

ecological system, and a continental landmass that served as its foundation. No, one of four World Realms.

When the Tiangou expelled its latent energies after consuming three Solar Stars, one of these three World Realms collapsed, leading to the destruction of countless pathways and entrances, but also severely damaged the structure of every other still-functioning pathway and lessened the living conditions of the World Between the Fold.

Each World Realm contained what Destined and Seekers called the Core Projection Star. This was the Solar Star of that World Realm, very reminiscent of the Devil War Realm's Solar Star, and it maintained the functionality of the Mobile Spatial Pathways and distribution of resources to and fro the Endless Void Mirror, granting it power and sustaining the Sealing Array that kept the Sealed Regions as the Sealed Regions.

The Solar Stars weren't real; the Destined, Seekers, Trueborn, other hostile organizations, and most native Citizens knew that these Solar Stars were the projection of the Node Cores that existed in the Sealed Regions and the World Beyond the Fold. It merely served as a medium and connection to actively affect the Sealed Regions while simultaneously supporting the Endless Voyage Realm and other functions.

These World Realms were heavily defended, reinforced by thousands upon thousands of years of effort in the form of Mystic Arrays. They were bonafide fortresses. Throughout their long history, due to certain slip-ups, such as the Destined tasked with defending the World Realm recklessly chasing after those who assaulted them or corrupt Seekers, these attackers have damaged the Core Projection Star and the territory, resulting in these defenses weakening it considerably for a period.

Unfortunately, they couldn't hold the territory long enough to trace the true location of the unguarded and vulnerable Node Cores situated within the

Sealed Regions or World Beyond the Fold, nor could they mount a strong enough counteroffensive after reinforcements arrived to uproot their occupation due to how difficult it was to find the Mobile Spatial Pathways. If it wasn't for Tiangou's unexpected expulsion of world-devastating power, the rough equivalent of a body burp, it was unlikely that any assault would've yielded tangible results.

It hadn't in tens of thousands of years.

Skirmishes still existed year-round despite these seemingly impossible odds and consistent failures, forcing Destined like Chen Shanghe and Seekers against powerful, relentless foes. While these skirmishes weren't too dangerous, they still resulted in a few deaths here and there.

These violent fights occurred almost exclusively in the pathways leading to the World Realms where the Core Projection Star was located.

Since Tiangou's unintentionally destructive actions, some of the elusive pathways had grown static, losing their ability to shift locations and avoid the continuous piling of enemies at its gates. This led to an obvious outcome—these pathways were attacked by the largest force seen in millennia!

Those pathways leading to the Sealed Regions were the most active.

Within 7754th Pathway.

This was but one of the non-functioning pathways that had grown completely still, causing it to become a location of extreme contention. The entrance of this pathway was located in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, within the Void-Blank Space that segregated the Hexaflame Starfield and the Trihex Starfield.

At the moment, these two Starfields' leaders—the Hexaflame Starfield's Inferno Solaris Church's Pope Huoyan and Trihex Starfield's Trihex Unity Sect's Sect Master—were occupied by the Saint Cyclic Stellar Region, acting

as observers to the greatest event organized by the Everlore Association in the last thousand years.

However, they were unaware that two gargantuan Shadow Eggs surrounded a specific spatial distortion near their territory, and a continuous outflow of jet-black cloaked figures was surging through it fearlessly.

The pathway was a total war zone. There were corpses of Destined littering the pathway for miles and miles, bloody and broken into pieces, while the number of jet-black-robed figures kept pouring into the pathway through the entrance with manic fervor. Thousands upon thousands of Astral Core Realm cultivators rushed forward with a fighting will.

While the number of black-robed corpses made from this moment to the start of the battle could be summed up as tens of times greater than the Destineds' numbers, there wasn't a single corpse of any black-robed figures anywhere to be seen. It created a sense that the Destined were losing without a shadow of a doubt.

However, the scent of death was deep and rich. It was clear that this battlefield was extremely terrifying.

Shiing! Shiing!

Woosh!

A powerful male Destined at the Timelord Phase fought three Starlords with a sword in hand, exuding a peerless sword aura that sliced fixed space apart. He was average in appearance but domineering in demeanor. With a single swipe of his sword, waves upon waves of sword force were unleashed that sent the three black-robed Starlords back for tens of miles.

"NO!!" A wail of death and fear resounded as a Realm World Phase Destined had their Worldly Domain shattered, besieged by five Realmlords with heart-

shaking killing intent. They rushed him and intended to leave the Destined as one of the many corpses in the pathway.

"Hmph!" The Timelord Destined coldly snorted; with a palm, he pushed out a forceful amount of Worldly Pressure that caused the attacking Reamlords a few miles away to tumble, halting their lethal siege. With a swing of his sword, a ray of sword light flashed and encapsulated that nearly-crippled Reamlord Destined, sending him further into the pathway to seek treatment.

This, however, caused the three Starlords to rush the Timelord Destined with cold eyes behind their masks. They all knew how terrifyingly powerful this cultivator was, capable of facing three cultivators who were a stage above them, and they ignited their Star Cores.

By doing so, they temporarily gained unimaginable power!

The Timelord Destined reeled, his dignified and powerful demeanor gave way to fear and terror as he felt the exuberant lifeforce aura and powerful auras emit from his opponents. Without hesitation, he attempted to retreat after sending waves of sword light toward his attackers in the hopes of delaying them. Yet their empowered forms at the cost of their cultivation shattered those waves of obstacles with ease, and they got within a hundred meters of the Truelord Destined.

The battle changed to close-range, fierce, and deadly, and it didn't take long for the Truelord Destined to have his head shattered by a planet-destroying fist. His headless corpse fell, completely lifeless. Unlike Ascended beings, if a mortal lost their head, the result was none other than instant death.

The three Starlords had tattered robes littered with sword scars. Their eyes glinted coldly as their lives faded. They also fell. They had exerted a terrifyingly powerful self-damaging method that ignited their Star Cores and Lifeforce.

Their corpses followed shortly after, but then a faint sound resounded from their corpses and they scattered into black dust that exuded a turbid deathly aura. If Wei Wuyin was here, he would instantly recognize it as remnants of Necro Energy!

They completely disappeared as the dust became as tiny as particles of air. These particulates flowed back to the entrance of the pathway and flowed into the Shadow Eggs that were stationed outside.

After a day, three Starlords with similar auras rushed out and re-entered the passageway. Their auras were vibrant, and full of life, and their cultivation bases were stable. The killing intent they exuded was endless.

When they entered the pathway, the trio shouted with manic vigor: "For Trueborn!"

And they flew until they found new targets.

To the Destined defending the passageways, it seemed as if the enemy had a seemingly endless army that was fueled by the belief in a single mission. It shook the hearts of these Destined, but they too had their own beliefs, beliefs that they were willing to give their life for.

Due to the Sealing Array's design, the Mobile Spatial Pathways prevented Ascended beings from entering without being forcefully suppressed and outright killed. This was to prevent any type of damage to the pathways, and it was unforgiving for any side. Those beneath that were merely supposed to act as guards, maintenance workers, and inspectors; therefore, the only cultivators in the passageways were Astral Core Realm cultivators.

Those at the Ascended being level guarded the World Realms directly.

Near the entrance to the World Realm, hundreds of miles away, a female Unyielding Destined with the rank of a Commander used her cultivation base at the Star Core Phase of the Astral Core Realm to unleash an explosive

shout that traversed through the hundreds of pathways that led to this location.

"We can't let them near the entrance! No matter what!" The Unyielding Destined had the tensest of eyes. If these cultivators made it to the entrance, they'll once again set up their Spatial Formation and allow Ascended beings to bypass the Pathways restrictions. They'll invade the World Realm!

She was extremely tense. For the last few years, they've defended the pathways with tremendous vigor. At first, they thought this was an excellent opportunity to train, but during the recent year, these attackers were like rabid dogs, completely endless and ravenously seeking to get here.

"We can't let them get here. We absolutely can't." She reminded herself of her mission, renewed by a sense of purpose. Furthermore, the Mystic Ascendant Realm experts within were all prepared to defend against the incoming attackers, including planning various measures to disrupt the Spatial Formations that could be set up to bring forth stronger enemies.

However, while the static pathways were filled with endless figures, in an area within the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, extremely close to the Aeternal Sky Starfield, three Shadows Eggs were roaming a devastated and lifeless Starfield. They were flying about erratically, sending faint vibrations throughout the Dark Void and disturbing the chaos mana.

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Chapter 1082 1076:First Symphony, Fury Of The Resurrected



Endless Voyage Realm, City of Guardians.

Above the Time Vortex, Zhangjie Wushu and Su Nianzu hovered with dignified expressions. It's been a full day since Xu You had ventured into the Time Vortex to investigate the area numbered forty-three. This wasn't particularly concerning, as a single trip could take a few days to a week's worth of time to complete any meaningful search, but the current Time Vortex wasn't as it once was.

Before its changes, the Time Vortex was a chasm of chaotic time energies that was filled with Past, Present, and Future Time Energies that could invoke very dangerous changes to all those who came in contact with it. This made it one of the major danger zones of the entire Endless Voyage Realm but also allowed it to be capitalized as a unique cultivation ground for Ascended beings and Realmlords to grasp insights into time.

This served them in completing their Temporal-type Mystic Rune or easing their completion of the lethal Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation. It wasn't to be underestimated as, even in the Endless Voyage Realm, the success rate for the Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation was roughly 8%, while those who spent time comprehending time at the outskirts elevated that rate to 17%, and those who were placed inside of a Protective Flowshell had a staggering 64% success rate.

This didn't account for the survival rate as the numbers were slightly higher due to the various protective measures that the Endless Voyage Realm had for Realmlords, only factoring in eventual success versus failure.

The sudden changes caused its energies to become sporadic and overflowing, and those on the outskirts experienced temporal regression that led to a loss of life and cultivation base. But eventually, the Time Vortex grew docile and flat, like a still sea.

The trio of Worldly Saints—Zhangjie Wushu, Xu You, and Su Nianzu—had taken it upon themselves to investigate while keeping the Lord of the City of

Endless on house arrest due to suspicion of her possible involvement. While extremely unlikely, it was best to be safe now than suffer regret later.

The reason for their current dignified expression was due to another change that the Time Vortex had undergone, including their growing concerns.

"The Time Vortex returned to normal," Su Nianzu said with a soft voice, his eyes behind his helmet narrowed ever so slightly. "Emperor Xu has succeeded."

By all accounts, in his eyes, Xu You had investigated and found the cause for the changes to the Time Vortex and promptly solved the issue. Su Nianzu had this belief due to Xu You's strength and power.

However, Zhangjie Wushu's eyes flickered solemnly. The former docile version of the Time Vortex was relatively easier to traverse and resist, its energies less chaotic and powerful than before. Right now, the Time Vortex was a whirlpool of rampant violent power. Xu You was relatively deep, and if he instantly solved the issue, then this could pose an issue.

Su Nianzu completely understood her thoughts. "If he's at area forty-three, chances are he'll be stuck for a few decades—perhaps longer."

Zhangjie Wushu stared at the churning Time Vortex for a long while, shaking her head slightly with a wisp of pity. She knew that the Time Vortex was an abnormality within the Endless Voyage Realm, and it was heavily connected to the Endless Void Mirror as an abnormality formed after its creation, and its powers were somewhat ineffective. If he relied solely on his own power, chances are he'll be in a swamp of chaos, unable to accurately determine direction at his depths.

She would struggle to do so, and he was no different. Moreover, unless all three tokens were joined together to harness the true power of the Endless Void Mirror, escaping using it was a dream. Xu You had one of the core

talismans for controlling it, so this led to a dilemma of him being trapped. It was quite funny too if one thought about it.

Xu You was certainly the most irritated by the abrupt changes of the Time Vortex, wanting to solve it the quickest and return to his cultivation, yet he was ensnared by the same thing he eventually fixed. Furthermore, if it had been her, they could've used the Endless Void Mirror to pull her out.

"I'm returning; I'll leave the Guardian to look out for him should he resurface any time soon." Su Nianzu was also impatient. With the issue solved and the Time Vortex returning to normal, there was no issue to linger. When Xu You escaped, he'll be able to debrief them on the cause of the changes.

Zhangjie Wushu nodded; she felt that her ill-feelings earlier might have been merely her imagination. The Time Vortex had completely returned to its normal state. According to their investigations, the cause of the static pathways was largely due to the Time Vortex's changes generating unpredictable effects. It wasn't the only change that the Endless Voyage Realm experienced.

With it solved, the static pathways will change, and the intensity of the conflict within the pathways will slowly decrease. Those fanatics seeking death will slowly retreat to their holes and await another opportunity.

Su Nianzu flew away without another word. He didn't feel the need to stay any longer.

Zhangjie Wushu stared at the chaotic churning of time energies, the great chasm of chaos, and she exhaled a breath of relief. It was unfortunate about Xu You's predicament, but at least they didn't have to worry about the integrity of the Endless Voyage Realm being threatened.

"At least it's not me." She felt happy that she wasn't the one trapped like Xu You. If she had been, the others might not exert their power to extract her or

delay it out of pettiness or amusement. As for thinking that something horrible had happened to Xu You, that his life was in danger, it never crossed her mind for the briefest of milliseconds.

He was a Worldly Saint stronger than the average standard, terrifyingly powerful with all sorts of exceptional means. Even she feared him a little. Moreover, he was known for his overly cautious behavior that never took action unless he was confident in the end result. That alongside his Life Talisman remaining intact, there was no need to think that he was anything but trapped.

But a few decades, even a century, to Worldly Saints weren't too long relative to their lifespans. So he'll just suffer a little here.

"That Wei Wuyin..." She recalled that silver-eyed genius that was outstanding to the apex for his age, cultivation base, and appearance. It was hard to celebrate knowing that his life was over, likely due to the plots of others. With a slight frown, she looked towards the City of Endless' direction. She decided to take a trip and interrogate Liu Yinlan properly.

She vanished.

The changes to the static pathways were rather abrupt. With the Time Vortex no longer interfering with various formations of the Endless Void Mirror, it began to commence a sequence of rapid repairs that could send Earthly Saints for a twirl. Moreover, to instigate these changes, the pathways were sealed off automatically.

In Pathway 7754, the black-robed and masked cultivators pushed further inward as if their numbers were essentially endless as Destined fought valiantly against their attackers, slaughtering them with extreme prejudice.

The corpses of Destined lay strewn across the tunnel, from the entrance to the Sealed Region to the entrance of the World Realm. The death was abundant and purely one-sided. It felt like a massacre despite the scent of death that filled the tunnel indicating that the number of individuals who'd died during this period was far, far more than the number of corpses one could see.

The entire tunnel was roughly seven hundred miles long, and while this might seem like a small distance to powerful cultivators, the tunnel was like a snake on the ground, coiled and twisted, and as such it was difficult to determine how many miles one had to truly travel to reach the end

However, the black-robed figures had already pushed halfway there. They roared with the fury of gods as they ignited their Astral Cores, burnt away their Lifeforce, performed overtly suicidal tactics that sought a life for a life, and while the standard of cultivators amongst the black-robed cultivators was considerably lesser in comparison to the Destined, the sheer numbers were utterly overwhelming. This including their tactic of risking their lives left them at a loss on what to do.

The female Unyielding Destined who commanded the other Destined at this moment had the darkest expression, her eyes suffused with anxiety accompanied by strong murderous intent. Her spiritual senses could encapsulate the entire tunnel thanks to various pre-established formations, and she was directing them in real-time through various transmissions.

While it wasn't a strictly cohesive army, they worked in tandem to help each other, to slaughter the enemy, and to survive. One of the reasons that outstanding Timelord could spare time to save that Realmlord earlier was solely due to being told of his predicament, and as such, he saved that cultivator's life.

Of course, that Reamlord ended up as a corpse eventually, but he had been saved.

"Commander, this is not normal!" A Spiritual Destined under her command shouted with fear and panic in his eyes. He wasn't the only one to point this out, and the Commander was not ignorant of this either. She knew that the corpses of those slayed would dissipate unless totally destroyed. She didn't know where they went, but she was certain they were dead through her senses.

While they've fought Trueborn before, the corpses would always do this, so it wasn't unordinary to her who had experience fighting them. It was just a method to prevent them from capturing these fanatical idiots and interrogating them. They had similar methods as well. But this time was a little different.

However, the situation was entirely different than before; the Pathways were static and so the enemies only needed to head to a single location and rush the entrance fully. They expected a rise in attackers, but they never expected THIS level of assault.

They had lost over sixty times their number, all experts at the upper-stages of the Astral Core Realm, and they hadn't stopped sending in reinforcements for a single moment. At first, everyone was energized and full of astral force to resist any attack, but after a long while, the wells of energy ran dry and their fighting strength deteriorated.

Most cultivators were forced to retreat and recover what little energy they could before rushing back to reinforce their positions.

"The entrance!" She softly shouted with gritted teeth and clenched fists. The pathway's currently static location led to these Trueborn bastards allowing them to send themselves forth with brainless intensity. They must be transporting countless of their members over to recklessly implement such a

strategy. This wasn't something they could do any other time. These bastards were capitalizing on this opportunity!

Woosh!

BOOM!!

A comet arrived with tyrannical pressure, crashing before the female Commander. It belonged to an older man, roughly in his forties, but his body was fit, sturdy, and tall, and his appearance contained a unique mature charm. His cultivation base was at the Star Core Phase, and it was robust and forceful. On his shoulder rested a bo staff that dripped with fresh blood of various colors.

"Commander! I fought and killed the same person three times now," the cultivator calmly stated without a shadow of a doubt. He had been on the battlefield since the beginning, and this was the first time that he had retreated.

"What?!" The Commander was stunned. How was that possible? She tapped into her viewing formations, inspecting the raging fury of these cultivators, ready to die without hesitation. She still couldn't believe it.

The three Shadow Eggs had concluded their search, forming a triangular orbit around a specific location. At that very moment, they began to glow with a silver light.

At the edges of this space, close to the border of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, a woman sat on a lone Voidship, completely concealed by a formation no less profound as the ones on the Shadow Eggs. She observed quietly with her crimson irises that shone like treasured rubies, brushing strands of her loose white hair away from her face.

At her glabella, a faint golden light flickered with a distinct softness. Behind her were two cloaked figures, both with Ascended auras of Demi-Mortal Lords, and both with feminine physiques that could topple entire nations.

"The cores of these Shadow Eggs better be intact," one of the cloaked figures said with a tone of displeasure and uncertainty. However, she had an icy, chilly aura about her.

"They certainly will be," the white-haired woman assured. She waited in anticipation for these Shadow Eggs to commence their final purpose in this world.

"I trust Miss San, so you should too." The other cloaked woman said with a wisp of a smile. If Wei Wuyin were to feel this aura, he would instantly recall a memory in the Devil War Realm where a cultivator halted his plans to claim all the Elementus Tokens.

"..."

"It's going to start soon."

The Shadow Eggs' emission of light began to gradually intensify!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1083 1077: First Symphony, Star Lmplosion



The trio observing the Shadow Eggs changes from a distance of safety tensed slightly. The radiance of silver light intensified gradually, releasing a strange droning sound that could set one's mind abuzz with apprehensiveness and

fear. At a certain point, it seemed as if three silver-colored Solar Stars had abruptly emerged, orbiting each other in a strange, mystifying formation.

"This is safe, right?" The cloaked woman emanating an icy aura asked skeptically, the faint quivering tone of her voice betrayed her lack of confidence despite her high cultivation base. "We're safe, right?" She changed her question almost immediately, her icy-blue eyes began to become tainted by the silver light growing in brilliance.

Her heart pounded heavily in her chest.

She was Bing Tian, a high-ranking member of the Bing Clan, rivaling the Clan Leader in terms of personal power and authority, only losing out on seniority and relations. If Wu Yu was here, he would instantly recognize her as the Demi-Mortal Lord that had chased him across the Aeternal Sky Starfield after he had brazenly slaughtered that rather forgettable Young Master of theirs.

"We're safe." Those words came from the crimson-eyed, white-haired young woman with the aura of a mortal. She was also a figure that many would recognize, the beloved adopted daughter of the Everlore Association's San Luoyang, the Grand Secretariat of the association, who recently rose to prominence over the last few years—San Yongli!

"..." The last woman that felt trust in San Yongli remained silent, her eyes watching as the brilliant light show began to expand for thousands of miles. She was a recently Ascended Demi-Mortal Lord, a former subordinate of the Soul-Rising Saint, and once the ruler of a Spirithall—Highlord Spiritwalker.

While she presented herself as being calm and assured, her tense fists similarly betrayed her stressed heart and mind. The fear in her couldn't help but stir. They needed to be close, but if they were too close, they would be caught in the world-ending aftereffects if what San Yongli said was the truth.

Moreover, they had to do so without being caught or leaving any evidence. The thought of being hunted by Trueborn, this clandestine organization with all sorts of ties, connections, and unknown power was soul-crushing. She would likely die without even knowing how.

Unfortunately, the gamble was already set and the die was cast. She could only hope that it worked out in their favor. If it worked, the benefits would be ecstasy-inducing.

"It's here!!" San Yongli abruptly shouted as the light seemed to reach a crescendo, even the three Shadow Eggs couldn't be seen, and the entire space for tens of thousands of miles was dyed by the silver light.

This light was quivering as if it was releasing seismic waves across the Dark Void. This was a sign of the power unique to those amongst Star Cores—Star Implosion!

The Shadow Eggs were like genuine Solar Stars at this moment, and they were undergoing one of the most intense astronomical transformations possible beneath the Mortal Dao!

Supernova!

The depth of their brilliance deepened as the Shadow Eggs began to shrink inwardly, sucking the light with it, seemingly as if it was on the verge of absorbing all of itself into a single molecular point in space.

It was often said that the Dark Void was a vast expanse where sound could not be transmitted, but while air particulates were lacking, Chaos Mana was as abundant as any type of gas on any type of planet or continental flat earth.

"..." The trio of women was shielded by the Voidships protective arrays, yet they all saw waves upon waves of quivering space ripple out in every direction as the silver light shrunk further and further. In their chests, it felt as if their

hearts were mimicking this phenomenon. But what caused them to feel shaken was the...

The sound...

The sound of three pseudo-Solar Stars shrinking to an absurd state, exuding a type of unique pressure that could barely be described. It was like classical music composed by the world itself, as beautiful and intense as one could possibly imagine.

"Amazing..." Highlord Spiritwalker sincerely praised. She wasn't hearing the sounds with her ears or her eyes but through her Mystic Soul.

They heard a symphony.

A symphony preluding death and destruction, but also a cry of a desire that every cultivator of the Sealed Regions felt in the depths of their souls—freedom.

Then, the three Shadow Eggs expanded!

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!

Just a few seconds earlier, in the City of Endless, Liu Yinlan sat within her cultivation chambers, lounging lazily on a comfortable L-shaped couch. Her eyes were dazed, her expression languid, and her body was soft as if she was a pile of loose strings. She was sprawled across the couch without a single care for her image.

Within the room were two females, seated in a lotus position, quietly cultivating. The air was stiff and heavy. They were Ye Ziling and Liu Suyin.

After Liu Yinlan had arrived at the City of Guardians, she was met with a grand interrogation that threw her for a loop. She learned about Liu Suyin's imprisonment after she had assaulted a member of the Myriad

Transformations Academy named Cao Cuifen, and supposedly went mad with rage. Before answering any questions, she hastily retrieved Liu Suyin from her cage and then proceeded to learn everything else.

It would be a gross understatement to say that she was mad. She was freaking livid! After spending months refining, and exhausting her strength, she learned that Wei Wuyin, her True Destined Voyager, had committed what could be essentially referred to as suicide by Time Vortex.

Unfortunately, when they wanted to verify his death by checking his life talisman, she was placed in an awkward situation as Wei Wuyin had never left behind one. However, she smartly said that he was cultivating a special method that prevented leaving a wisp of his Astral Core's Spirit into a life talisman. While frustrated, they could only accept this explanation.

There were a few that could be brought up off the top of her head. Still, their suspicions led to a vote that placed her on house arrest until the reason for the Time Vortex's changes was identified and dealt with properly. She could only agree, taking Liu Suyin with her.

As for the two Earthly Saints that she had trapped with Wei Wuyin, she went there and found two lifeless puppet-like avatars. It seemed like Wei Wuyin had fooled everyone into believing that he actually had two Earthly Saints following him at all times. But she discovered that the Avatar Art was quite interesting and profound, containing wisps of a real Earthly Saint's Spiritual Aura and Mystifying Unfathomable Aura.

However, as she delved into it, she easily discovered Wei Wuyin's Soul Light infused in both avatars. Since Wei Wuyin hadn't entered the Temporal Stasis Field, he couldn't leave behind his Soul Light unless these two avatars were already made before arriving. She had learned of his unique usage of Soul Light during his initial arrival. She was unaware that the Legion Commander

had been refined using Wei Wuyin's Soul Light as well, and that he could replicate Wei Wuyin's False God Avatar Art.

Unfortunately, they were unresponsive without their owner, so she just kept them with her for further study on this strange avatar art. As for reporting their existence to others? They would want to study them too, and she refused to let them benefit after their accusatory behavior.

Suddenly, Liu Yinlan's eyes became focused and intense. She rose rapidly, her bountiful chest bounced, but she didn't care as her eyes erupted with Spiritual Light.

Ye Ziling was still cultivating, but Liu Suyin broke out of her half-hearted cultivation efforts due to her ancestor's sudden movements. Her thoughts of Wei Wuyin were chaotic and depressing. She couldn't reconcile that he had died. Not like that. Not after what she experienced. What she felt...

"Hm?" Liu Suyin's thoughts were stifled as she heard a beautiful symphony of music from everywhere in the world. She couldn't pinpoint its origins, but she felt moved.

"Fuck!" Liu Yinlan's eyes widened in abject horror. She hurriedly moved, grabbing Liu Suyin and Ye Ziling before breaching space, immediately conjuring her control talisman of the Endless Void Mirror from her glabella. Even if the others were suspicious of her, they couldn't take away the authority and power bestowed to her by the grace of the Ascended Sovereigns.

WOOSH!

She instantly vanished using a Void Energy-empowered Spatial Shift!

RUMBLE!!

The World Between the Fold began to rapidly tremble!

In the 7754th Pathway...

The Commander had just learned that Trueborn had some method of resurrecting their soldiers. If they could replicate this feat with Ascended beings, the World Realm was in genuine danger. She hastily attempted to send back word to the World Realm.

"..." The staff-wielding Starlord looked at her as she sent spiritual force into her communication talisman. He frowned slightly. She was taking a long time. He was also feeling just as urgent as his family was in the World Realm. It was best they evacuated if these Trueborn were making their greatest push yet.

Impatiently, he asked: "Did you sen-"

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!

The tunnel they were in was enveloped by destructive power, sweeping across them in a fraction of a second. The figure of the Commander who couldn't figure out why her talisman fizzled out and the outstanding Starlord that dominated countless enemies was swept away by blinding light, obliterated in the briefest of moments.

The others in the tunnel followed suit, Trueborn or Destined. It didn't matter...

In the World Realm that contained the Core Projection Star, tens of billions of lives, and Ascended beings of the Human and Celestial race, including Destined, Firstborns, and Guardians native to the World Between the Fold, were all preparing for the possibility of Trueborn coming in from one of the many static pathways they were assaulting.

But most citizens didn't feel any danger; when had Trueborn ever succeeded? It was only by the existence of an accident that they lost one of their Core Projection Stars, and the Worldly Saints had excavated the World Realm ahead of time after learning of the Tiangou's trajectory and possible result. If they were in any danger, the Worldly Saints of the Endless Voyage Realm, those beings of true god-like power, would easily save them.

Unfortunately, their complacency was no longer solvable.

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!

The Core Projection Star, the reflection of one of two remaining Central Nodes of the Sealed Regions, exploded!

A deluge of destructive silver energy swept in from every direction, sweeping through the World Realm like a world-ending catastrophe. No, that wasn't right. It was a WORLD-ENDING CATASTROPHE!

The event happened so fast that even the Earthly Saints stationed couldn't react, being obliterated in body and Mystic Soul without the slightest chance to retaliate.

Only death and destruction were born from the symphony of Trueborn.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1084 1078: First Symphony,Finale



The Earthly Saints of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit had left the secret realm of the summit that had nearly collapsed without their joint effort to

stabilize the situation. Han Yuhei was the first among them to do so, his eyes effusing nine-colored spiritual light to observe the situation.

'What is this?' Han Yuhei's heart throbbed fiercely as he felt rippling waves spread across the Dark Void. While his ear hadn't heard anything, his Mystic Soul perfectly relayed the stimulation as a rapid, rhythmic sound. His heart subconsciously matched its pace, and this stimulated his blood and soul as he felt the urge to resist and struggle surface in his thoughts. He didn't know what he should resist or how he should struggle, but he felt that he needed to.

In the distance, beyond the borders of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, three intense silvery lights were rising in intensity steadily.

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

Soon, the other Earthly Saints followed. They had properly stabilized the situation by reinforcing the secret realm with their united mystic power.

"Music?"

The Number ONE beauty of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, Empress Xiaocheng, curiously spoke out. She was just as thunderstruck as everyone else. They easily realized that the near collapse of the secret realm of the summit was solely due to their full-seal method of restricting chaos mana from entering.

Most secret realms had semi-permeable formations established during secret realm creations, allowing chaos mana to enter and be refined through pseudo-atmospheric layers, generating a field of refined mana that cultivators were most familiar with, but the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit had elected to remove this, pouring their own type of refined mana that improved the natural cultivation environment and conditions for the eventual geniuses that would define the future Era.

This decision led to the chaos mana crashing against the secret realm with violent intensity, nearly causing its collapse and destruction.

Ma Zheng concluded this too. He lifted his hand and waved it across the flowing chaos mana, his eyes gleaming with interest. The waves formed a sound that stimulated his Mystic Soul, urging him to act against the oppressors. It was a call to arms.

"Star Implosion?" The Soul Saint King stood beside Ma Zheng, his eyes narrowed as he noticed the origin of the light. This was a prelude to a Star Implosion, a unique power harnessed by Star Core Phase cultivators that could replicate the celestial phenomenon of a supernova.

"Trueborn," the Imperial Advisor of the Tian Clan, the Imperial Clan of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, said solemnly with the softest of breathy whispers.

These were all beings at the Earthly Saint Phase, possessing unfathomably great powers that mortals could only worship, so they all noticed her whisper of realization and suspicion. The expressions of everyone changed in some way, some were shocked, some frowning, some with killing intent, and others with an unsettled calm.

"I don't think we sh-" Pope Huoyan was about to suggest they don't jump to wild conclusions, but he was interrupted.

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!!!!!

The explosion caught every Earthly Saint off-guard, their eyes widening as the explosive wave of the triple supernova vastly exceeded their expectations. The ability of Star Implosion was the peak power of a mortal, nothing they should fear even if the strongest Starlord in existence was to unleash it, so they hadn't felt any type of danger.

Until the explosion!

The condensed power was like a gust of torrential thunderous wind that swept across the Aeternal Sky Starfield!

"Shit!" San Luoyang was amongst the Earthly Saints, largely going unnoticed as everyone focused on the music produced by the chaos mana and the imploding solar stars in the distance.

The condensed power was merely a shockwave of the explosion, most of its power was concentrated elsewhere, but it would be enough to directly obliterate some of the planets at the edge of the starfield if it hit. Even they would be affected!

If it hit the Everlore Domain, billions of weaker lives could end in an instant.

If before was the core of the symphony at play, then this was its crescendo—the finale!

San Luoyang hurriedly tapped into the Everlore Association's Earth-Sky-Heaven Mystic Array, executing the Sky Shell Formation of the array. Despite the oaths in place, San Luoyang had made ample preparations due to the volatility of Wu Yu and the unknown. He wouldn't be the Grand Secretariat of the Everlore Association if he lacked predictive foresight. While his decision was fueled largely by his animosity and desire to put Wu Yu in his place, he still did so to defend against the unexpected.

And this was THE unexpected!

However, this was the greatest extent that San Luoyang could do—protect the Everlore Domain.

"What about the other Domains?" The sole Earthly Saint of the Rainbow World Starfield's greatest force asked calmly, seemingly unconcerned, mostly curious. The eyes of the other foreign Earthly Saints also turned to San Luoyang now that he activated the array.

The Earthly Saints of the other forces in the Aeternal Sky Starfield, except the Imperial Empress, had ugly expressions, especially Han Yuhei. The Sky Shell

Formation would protect the Everlore Domain, but it would also isolate them entirely and prevent the Earthly Saints from leaving.

Han Yuhei glared at San Luoyang, but he and everyone else knew that their anger was misplaced. While they were speaking and reacting with relative ease, this was due to their absurdly high speed of perception. They, however, knew that even at their fastest, they wouldn't be able to reach their Domains in time.

As for those Demi-Mortal Lords who were still exiting the secret realm of the summit, their movements in their eyes like snails, they wouldn't be able to do anything. Considering how sluggish the Demi-Mortal Lords were in reacting as the shockwave approached, it was likely their own Demi-Mortal Lord protectors left behind wouldn't be able to do so either unless they acted cautiously.

But a quick sweep of the starfield revealed that no other Domain had reacted.

Ma Zheng swiftly acted, his hand forming a hand-seal as silver light flowed into the Dark Void from his skin, vanishing.

Suddenly, the Endless Prosperous Domain's planets erupted with golden light, shielding the entire Domain in a trapezoid of gold Mystic Energy!

The expressions of the other Earthly Saints of the Aeternal Sky Starfield drastically changed. He can activate his Domain-wide Array remotely?! Moreover, while the Sky Shell Formation was active. This caused them to realize that Ma Zheng was not ordinary nor did he lack preparations.

The losses the other Domains would suffer might not be heavy relative to the total population of the starfield, and the vast majority would be protected by passive shielding formations, but those weak lifeforms and cultivators would undoubtedly suffer.

Those who would be affected were extremely tense. It wasn't just the lives, but the cultivation fields and grounds would be disrupted if chaos mana leaked into the planets, secret realms, or world realms of theirs. It could ruin thousands upon thousands of years of effort in a single moment.

They despaired.

As Earthly Saints, they needed absurd levels of cultivation resources, and if a single mystic-level cultivation ground stopped producing wealth and materials, they would have to experience thousands of years of lost benefits.

"It's fine," Empress Xiaocheng said. Her words were spoken with the most confidence and calm as if their worries were entirely unfounded.

They looked at this outrageously beautiful woman with disbelief. Then, they found the Imperial Advisor's expression was equally as calm, her closed eyes lent her a greater sense of unfathomability than the typical Earthly Saint.

"It's here," Pope Huoyan pointed out.

The shockwave had reached the borders of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, pushing in a violent flood of chaos mana and thunderous power that sought to ravage everything it came across.

Weng!

"What?!"

The Mystic Souls of every Earthly Saint, Demi-Mortal Lord, and Soul of Mysticism cultivator in the Aeternal Sky Starfield trembled! The eyes of the Soul Saint King, Boundless Martial High King, Rainbow World Starfield's Earthly Saint, Ma Zheng, and several others who were unordinary amongst the Earthly Saint, began to flicker incessantly with spiritual light.

An intense wave of World Pressure surged forth and swept across the entire Aeternal Sky Starfield at the speed of light, encapsulating the entire starfield. A bubble of an invisible-like power shielded the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

The shockwave crashed against this bubble, unleashing a deep, screeching sound that only those with Mystic Souls could hear. Their hearts thumped fiercely as they witnessed the sheer enormity and swiftness of this protection!

It wasn't a Domain-wide Array, but it felt like one.

It wasn't fueled by Mystic Power, but the Mystic Energy within it wasn't the slightest bit inferior!

There was a peerless will containing a worldly charm that shook their hearts.

Ma Zheng's eyes glinted, 'Mystic Heart Intent.'

With but a thought and a blink, the Aeternal Sky Starfield was safe.

This was true power.

After the shockwave dissipated, the music came to an end, and the bubble collapsed gently into non-existence. There was no evidence of a bubble once existing, even to their senses, it was as if the world itself was moved to protect the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

They all knew that it wasn't the world, but a figure they all dreaded—the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor.

Empress Xiaocheng had the faintest of smiles on her face, aiding her beauty by several levels, causing even some of the stunned Earthly Saints to look her way and become intoxicated.

At the same time, the World Between the Fold was undergoing world-shaking events as the Solar Star with three Mystic Radiance Belts began to expand

and contract erratically, unleashing fierce solar rays of light that beamed across the vast landscape, eviscerating anything it came in contact with.

As for the world environment, the once flourishing space grew extremely barren! The energies, essence, and mana that once poured into it were redirected to maintain its other functions to prevent a collapse of the Sealing Array. There was no more excess given to them to enjoy!

Endless wails of despair erupted as the scene that happened nearly a decade ago was happening again! Moreover, they had no preparations for this unlike before.

The terror and fear in everyone's hearts roared in madness! These roars were the final piece of the grandest symphony that Trueborn had ever unleashed.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1085 1079: Seizing Fortune,Foreknowledge Changes Future



The Sealed Regions, Desolate Dragnet Region.

Within the deserted, desolate Dark Void that was originally the homeworld of great beasts, three figures stood upon a rogue piece of planetary debris amidst a cluster of others. They traversed along the natural pull and push of the Dark Void's celestial bodies, traveling without purpose. They were all looking at a distant location in the Dark Void, the faintest of silvery light emanating from there.

Despite it being millions upon millions of miles away, they could still observe it. If they concentrated, they could feel the faintest of ripples in the Chaos Mana of the Dark Void through their spiritual senses.

"Young Lord, that's..." Wu Yu's brows were furrowed in a deep frown, his eyes containing deeply rich spiritual light and reflected the endless stars blanketing the night sky, absolutely beautiful and vast.

"A Chaosnova," Zhan Zheng softly pointed out.

"Chaosnova?" Wu Yu was taken aback by the term, only knowing about supernovas, a result of the direct explosion of a Solar Star. A natural phenomenon that every Star Core Phase cultivator had grasped. It was their strongest means of power, extremely exhausting, and said to be the only power that could be used to threaten legitimate Ascended beings in various records.

It wasn't the last ability granted by cultivating to the peak of the Mortal Dao without reason.

"Chaosnovas are artificial supernovas that are enhanced by the Law of Space and specially refined Heavenly Mana," Wei Wuyin explained as he observed the ongoing devastation that Chaosnova was unleashing. While Wu Yu's attention was grasped by interest, Wei Wuyin continued: "It's an ability that those at the Heavenly Saint level can unleash. These three are considerably weaker than the genuine article, however."

"Heavenly Saints?" Wu Yu was deeply ignorant of the stages beyond his cultivation, only knowing the bare minimum to strive for the next stage, a natural gift of knowledge after succeeding in his Earthly Ascension. The Heavenly Saint Phase was two stages above them, preceded by the Worldly Saint Phase, the Fifth Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm.

"So they're mystic-graded Supernovas?" Wu Yu inquired.

Wei Wuyin shook his head and elaborated, "No; they're Chaosnovas. Fundamentally, they're different. Chaosnovas aren't natural abilities of cultivation, but a devised art that can infuse both Mortal and Mystic Dao. To

clarify, Chaosnovas, unlike Supernovas, aren't something that can naturally occur as a celestial phenomenon."

"..." Wu Yu soaked this in as he turned to see Wei Wuyin, his expression flat and calm as he explained. There was a trace of scholarly intelligence emanating from his eyes, breath, and demeanor. Since his stay in the Stasis Field, Wei Wuyin seemed to have matured in a way that he couldn't quite pinpoint. "I see."

"Is it only restricted to Heavenly Saints?" Wu Yu knew the answer, but he still felt the need to ask. This power felt domineering and he sought to grasp it.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes flashed with vigorous light.

"It's not," Zhan Zheng answered on Wei Wuyin's behalf. He then spoke in the Language of Mysticism: "Grasp the Origin State, seize Heavenly Chaos, Infuse Heavenly Chaos with Mana of Mysticism and Conjure a Solar Star's Quintessence, then you can execute this ability with the right art by combining the two. Even Mortals can do so if they're abnormal."

"Heavenly Chaos...." Wu Yu grew absent-minded. He knew that Wei Wuyin couldn't say 'Heavenly Chaos' in mortal language so Zhan Zheng had explained on his behalf. But that last sentence caused Wu Yu's heart to shake. Even Mortals can do so if they're abnormal?

He knew that this dragon-head Earthly Saint that served Wei Wuyin like a loyal subordinate was speaking about Wei Wuyin. The term abnormal probably couldn't do this Young Lord of his justice. The feats he accomplished as a mere mortal were utterly mind-blowing.

However, what Wu Yu didn't know was that his innocently genuine questioning gave birth to grand inspiration.

'I have all the materials to concoct a pellet that can replicate this power.' Wei Wuyin had concocted countless offensive pellets just in case he needed to

face another Cai Liuyun, and he intended to concoct some more to face that creature hunting him, but now...his plans had changed.

After the silvery light dissipated, and the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor took action to defend his starfield, the trio stayed silent for several minutes until Wu Yu broke the silence.

"Was that the power of a Worldly Saint? How terrifying," Despite being millions of miles away, his Mystic Soul still shook slightly from bearing witness to Mystic Heart Intent.

Behind his helmet, Zhan Zheng couldn't contain his disdainful smirk from forming. They had just ambushed and slaughtered a true Worldly Saint, and this power might seem awe-inspiring to the plebians and the ignorant, but he knew the truth of the situation just from a single glimpse.

"Just a display of false and temporary power," Wei Wuyin dismissed casually. He had learned of the truth of the Sealed Regions after scouring the memories of his alternative self and thus no longer felt threatened by the Imperial Clan's Divine Emperor. That said, there were forces and individuals in the Sealed Regions he had to be cautious of.

The Firstborns.

Trueborn.

Rainbow World Starfield's Sole Earthly Saint, Xia Jia.

Imperial Clan's Tian Yinwu.

Sacred Elven Queen, Jiang Feilan.

Demonic Abyss Master, Gao Zi.

Divine King Han Xei.

Everlore Association's Evergod.

Golden Gate Sect's Grand Sage.

And lastly, the Temporal Reincarnator.

Since arriving in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, Wei Wuyin had never relented in pursuing the identity of this unknown variable that the Black Skeleton warned him of. It haunted him, thinking his fortune could be seized by others at any moment, that he could die from another's schemes, forcing him to take greater risks to face possible danger.

He had scoured and scoured using his agents of information and he had tens of thousands of candidates in the Aeternal Sky Starfield alone.

Normally, this list wouldn't be worth the paper it was written on, because it was impossible to determine the Temporal Reincarnator from a typical Blessed. If Wei Wuyin's guess was right, roughly 80% of those on the list were Blessed of varying degrees. Most likely contained small values of Karmic Luck like he had in the beginning, experiencing fortune and great reputation as they slowly rose to become prominent figures, slaying sinners as they came.

But now...

After obtaining the memories of the older, suave Wei Wuyin, he pinpointed the extreme outliers of the two timelines, the nine most likely candidates out of the list.

"Hao Meifen, Long Gua, Yi Mingxa, Yi Yun, Wan Lanying, San Yongli, Lin Tian, and Yang Yongzheng."

One of them was the Temporal Reincarnator—he could feel it.

"What's next, Young Lord?" Wu Yu asked after digesting Zhan Zheng's explanation.

"I need to consolidate my cultivation, the Ascendants, and the Valkyrie. Especially the Valkyrie, I'll need them." Wei Wuyin said seriously.

"Need them?" Wu Yu was briefly taken aback. What did he need the Valkyrie, those mix of female lovers and subordinates for? He had two Earthly Saints.

"..." Wei Wuyin's eyes shone. The Valkyrie was essential in completing many goals of his, especially Hong Ru and grasping Nirvanic Flames, a critical power against Trueborn. Additionally, he had to settle the Tang Clan once and for all.

And...

"The Chosen King Competition." Wei Wuyin indirectly answered what Wu Yu hadn't asked.

The trio would be busy for a long time.

"WOW!" Unable to contain her amazement, Highlord Spiritwalker exclaimed from the Voidship. Just now, a majestic power manifested as fast as light, shielding them a few miles ahead, and blocking the world-ending power that she felt was going to end their lives.

She could only perceive it, but her physical speed was far, far too slow to react. She could only stare blankly as she felt death approaching. In her heart, she cursed this white-haired pretty bitch of a princess a million times.

However, all those curses vanished as the barrier formed and blocked the fierce wave of devastating power.

When she turned her head, she saw faint sweat drops on Bing Tian's forehead. She was clenching her fists so hard that they bled, releasing an icy-blue liquid that turned into ice as it clinked against the deck.

The fear in her eyes was extremely genuine. Due to her own heightened sensitivity, Highlord Spiritwalker could hear the pounding beat of Bing Tian's heart. But when she turned to San Yongli, not only were her eyes exceedingly

serene like a still sea, but her heartbeat was beating at only a slightly elevated rhythm. This was understood as growing excitement or anticipation rather than fear in her eyes.

'What a freak.'

Despite the fear, she calmed down as she felt her confidence in San Yongli grow considerably. She had perfectly calculated the safest distance to observe with the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor's likely interference. This was a degree of knowledge that was terrifying to behold.

However, San Yongli was familiar with the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor's border of influence, something she learned from her past life. Moreover, there was no minimum or maximum, so they couldn't be excluded where they were. Just like in her past, this world's future, the chaosnova's aftermath was defended by the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor.

This was just the benefit of foreknowledge of motivations and behavior.

That said, she was stunned that there were three chaosnovas unleashed simultaneously here unlike what was reported in her time.

Bing Tian steadied her breathing after a long time. She regained her composure, suppressed that bloated sensation of fear in the depths of her Sea of Consciousness, and focused. "When do we go?"

"Not yet," San Yongli said.

The current epicenter of the chaosnovas were a mess of space and time, and will be for a brief period. If she was right in predicting the Book of Heaven's Path prediction of this cultivator's fortune, then he'll settle it for them.

After thirteen minutes, a lone figure flashed over using an empowered-Spatial Shift harnessing Void Energy. The figure held a crumbling necklace of grey

radiance. With its final bit of radiance, the figure tossed it into the distorted space where the chaosnovas was unleashed.

The rippling, lingering power and heat seethed for a bit before dissipating, forming a large tube-like tunnel of white energy. The figure shot into the tunnel without hesitation, unaware of the Voidship that slowly made its approach.

"When he leaves, we'll go in." She said with a faint smile, satisfied that everything was going according to plan.

This figure should take out a single Shadow Egg Core, for whatever reason, and then depart with the utmost swiftness. They can reinforce the remaining power and take one of the remaining two.

Three minutes later.

The figure shot out of the white tunnel.

"...!" San Yongli's eyes widened.

One.

Two.

Three!

Floating before the figure were three cores emitting a unique type of mana, granting it a misty appearance.

"Shit!" She internally screamed.

The figure was about to leave. And with him, the three cores!

Fortunately, she had made ample preparations. With a light of urgency, she pointed at the figure, "Stop him!"

The two female Demi-Mortal Lords didn't even need San Yongli to speak, instantly understanding as they glanced at each other before a single syllable of San Yongli completed, and burst forward with violent momentum.

They rushed the figure!

The figure responded with a shock, his Mystic Ward conjured instinctively.

If Wei Wuyin was here, he would recognize the aura of this figure. This cultivator had escaped the death sentence that Bai Lin was dishing out to Trueborn in their first encounter!

The Evil Blessed!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1086 1080: Seizing Fortune, Evil Blessed's Power



WOOSH! WOOSH!

Bing Tian and Highlord Spiritwalker flew aggressively, their Mystic Qards manifesting. Bing Tian's Mystic Ward was icy-blue, exuding a frosty wind that caused the chaos mana to solidify into clear crystals. Highlord Spiritwalker's Mystic Ward was a mixture of cyan and white, exuding a heavy feeling that weighed upon the Spiritual Sense.

Their target's Mystic Ward violently rippled, defending against the invisible surging spiritual strength that Highlord Spiritwalker had unleashed! The bright golden color spurted out vigorous bursts of light, deformed slightly, and then rapidly restored to its original appearance.

Highlord Spiritwalker's spell had been blocked!

Their offensive was without any words. Bing Tian withdrew a crystal spear that reached for eight feet in length, its internal body glistened with starlight. It was forged by using Everlasting Ice and refined by the Bing Clan's treasured

material, the Stellar Icy Dew. When she gripped it, her icy aura amplified instantly.

The Mystic Ward of the masked, cloaked figure was coated by a layer of ice. His vibrant gold Mystic Ward seethed and began to melt away the ice, producing wisps of icy mist. Despite lacking the fire element, his Mystic Power had a hot, feverish type of strength.

Yang-attributed Mystic Power!

Their joint assault sent the figure reeling back in retreat while they blitzed forth. Their initial long-range spells had crashed heavily against his Mystic Ward in a blink of a mortal's eye. Due to the unexpected assault, the figure was caught off-guard and had a delayed reaction despite conjuring his defense immediately out of instinct.

"..." The two women exchanged glances, seeing the shock in their eyes amidst their forceful rush. The Mystic Ward's fluctuations of Mystic Power indicated that this cloaked figure was at the Soul of Mysticism Phase, yet he had blocked both of their spells with his hastily conjured Mystic Ward.

This was highly irregular, and their attitudes became exceedingly serious as they decided to be swift in their approach. They were unable to execute Spatial Arts due to the turbulent spatial energy in the Dark Void, a result of the Chaosnovas, so they circulated their Mystic Power to unleash their respective movement arts.

Their actions were unintentionally synchronized, and they turned into comets wreathed in Mystic Power as they accelerated!

BOOM!

A single thunderous boom that sent the chaos mana of the immediate world into disarray could be felt.

Highlord Spiritwalker's movement art left many spiritual images in the Dark Void, her steps left a trail of Spiritual Strength that diffused into the Void, and if a cultivator were to focus their Spiritual Sense in her direction or future path, they'll find tracking her movements as dizzying as looking at a hazy blur on a racetrack. While she wasn't faster than Bing Tian, she was certainly more difficult to grasp.

Bing Tian's movement art was more straightforward, resorting to simplicity rather than trickery, and she was like an ice arrow as they sliced through the ambient spatial energies and chaos mana, removing the typical resistance one might face.

She blew past Highlord Spiritwalker at twice her speed. Despite their cultivation bases being the same, Highlord Spiritwalker had only recently ascended to the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase while Bing Tian had been a Highlord for thousands of years, so her foundation of Mystic Power was considerably weaker.

Highlord Spiritwalker's expression changed minutely. But she kept focused, following along as her hands exuded a faint cyan and white-colored spiritual light. She would follow-up with a lethal attack should Bing Tian fail to subdue this cultivator.

The one that Wei Wuyin had deemed an Evil Blessed had withdrawn his weapon, and the entire world shook!

The thing was too big to be called a sword. Too big, too thick, too heavy and too rough. It was more like a large hunk of iron. It felt as if with a mere swing, it could slay demons, immortals, and dragons alike. Its edges weren't particularly sharp yet it glinted with a terrifying sharpness that felt as if it could, with merely a single swing, slice through an entire planet.

At times, it felt as if it was just two meters in length. With a blink of one's eye, it felt as if it could reach four meters in length. The length, girth, and presence defied perception.

However, while it was being wielded by the Evil Blessed, it was hard to concentrate on anything else. Bing Tian felt her Mystic Soul tremble as a wave of dread suffused her heart, seizing it like a mighty grip, and she felt death.

By this point, she was a mere few miles away from the Evil Blessed, and this type of distance was an eighth of a step to experts at their level.

"...!" Her developed experience after thousands of years of cultivation and effort forged through battles and struggles stimulated her survival instincts. She didn't hesitate to slam her hand forward, conjuring a defensive art that surged forth like an avalanche of icy wind. She roared in her heart as her entire body glistened!

She began to undergo a miraculous change as the Mystic Runes within her flesh, etched into her after success in her Third Ascension, began to exude latent mystic strength! Her skin became like ice, her breath exuded icy wind, and her fingertips and eyes became like glistening crystals.

DEMI-MYSTIC STATE!

The strongest form of a Demi-Mortal Lord as they temporarily gained the physique of an Earthly Saint at a cost of tremendous Mystic Power and energy exhaustion. She utilized her strongest strength to defend! However, forward momentum couldn't be canceled so easily—not even for an Ascended being.

The Evil Blessed performed a swipe of this gargantuan blade. The avalanche was split into two with what seemed like genuine ease. The path towards the

Demi-Mystic State Bing Tian was opened clearly, and her crystal-like eyes widened in fear as the Evil Blessed turned his titanic blade and sliced again!

A wave of rippling strength that seemed as heavy as a titanic-sized planet and as fearsome as a Choasnova surged forth!

She tried to retreat!

She wanted to flee!

Her heart and soul screamed at her to do so, and regret surfaced on her face.

"No!" Bing Tian saw death; she refused to let it end here. She shrieked like a banshee as her Mystic Soul ignited! This was a forceful Ignition, not mitigated by any preparatory arts, so her burst of power was sudden and explosive. She slammed both hands forth as Mystic Power backed by her Demi-Mystic State and Ignited Mystic Soul gushed out!

BOOM!!!

A world of icy sprinkles formed as a figure was sent flying back. If one looked closely, they would see a pale-faced woman with both of arms shattered at the base; they didn't bleed as they had frozen over.

Bing Tian used her enhanced strength to execute her movement art again, but this time she shot backwards with greater speed than she arrived.

This took a long time to describe, but it was a disgustingly quick sequence of continuous events. While Bing Tian was on the retreat, Highlord Spiritwalker was still rushing forward. She saw Bing Tian shot backwards, and when she caught a glimpse of Bing Tian's horrific state, her pupils violently shook.

But as her attention was drawn over, she felt a terrifyingly heavy power coming her way! It was the same weighty as a world and forceful as the explosion of a Choasnova degree of power. The Evil Blessed had turned his blade towards her!

She, however, lacked the foundation and instincts of high-level Demi-Mortal Lord combat, so her first thought was to retreat in the face of death, not risk it all using the Demi-Mortal State and Mystic Soul Ignition.

She reinforced her Mystic Ward and sought to retreat. The power smashed against her defenses and crushed them like glass, her eyes widened as she felt her body met an irresistible force.

BOOM!

Her body flew back at a speed that was even faster than Bing Tian! In a blink, she caught up to Bing Tian.

Bing Tian's crystal-like eyes saw Highlord Spiritwalker and her soul shuddered. Her eyes had exploded, her skin was ravaged by lacerations, and her defensive clothing and cloak had blown off as her body was as bare as she was at birth. But her broken bones, her deformed skull, and ragdoll-like movements were horrific to witness.

"Shit!"

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1087 1081: Seizing Fortune, Incomplete Chapter



"Shit!" Still, Bing Tian took into account their identity as partners and decided to not let her corpse stay here. She pulled and brought her over with a wisp of Mystic Power. With a tug, she held Highlord Spiritwalker and shot off into the distance, abandoning San Yongli.

As she got further, she was shocked that Highlord Spiritwalker still had her Mystic Soul intact and lifeforce was hanging in there—she was alive! Of course, Highlord Spiritwalker wasn't an Earthly Saint, so if her body was destroyed, her Mystic Soul would swiftly follow without a treasure to store it, such as Wu Yu's ring. She didn't have such an item on hand.

The lingering traces of lifeforce meant her container of a body was still good to sustain herself and keep her Mystic Soul functioning. Her luck was absurdly good.

However, while she was blitzing back to the Aeternal Sky Starfield, hoping to seek safety in her home, a figure flashed before her in a burst of grey light!

The Evil Blessed was garbed in a concealment cloak, his features unable to be determined, and he seemed like a slayer of hell with that gigantic blade hanging from his shoulder in a casual heft.

Bing Tian's heart shook with fear. She hastily shouted, "I'm Highlord Frostwind of the Bing Clan! By the oath of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, I can not be harmed! If you do, you'll be the enemy of the entire stellar region!"

She said this, but she knew that certain rules were put in place, and since they had attacked first, they were no longer protected by this oath. In fact, it was only because the figures operating under Trueborn were also excluded by a sentence. They could be considered 'foreign' entities due to a non-officially recognized position of power.

That said, if the figure said he was from a specific force, they would similarly have to stop attacking. This was why they both unleashed spells at first, to disorient their enemy to not reveal his origins, and slaughter him at first sight. It wasn't completely unknown that some official powers were part of Trueborn as well.

The Evil Blessed didn't respond to her, clearly undaunted by her threats. Before him were three shadowy cores that quietly hovered. Bing Tian gritted her teeth, her hand clutching around Highlord Spiritwalker.

If the Evil Blessed attacked again, she would infuse Highlord Spiritwalker with Mystic Power and stimulate a self-detonation to tank the next strike.

"What do you want?" She asked solemnly with a low-tone.

The Evil Blessed sent her a spiritual transmission and her expression changed immediately. She tightened her fists with unwillingness in her eyes.

"He's weak! He can only unleash the Heretical Berserk Godsword strikes three times with his cultivation base! Don't be fooled! He can't attack and he can't run!" San Yongli's frantic yet confident voice sounded out inside Bing Tian's mind, their previously set-up spiritual formation had been activated!

Heretical Berserk Godsword?!

Bing Tian's mind grew suspicious; was this woman trying to send her to her death? But she couldn't grasp the Evil Blessed's physical status with his concealment or sense his cultivation.

"Think, Highlord Frostwind! What cultivator at his level can unleash that type of power?!" San Yongli cried with urgency. She couldn't let the Shadow Egg's Cores escape her grasp.

She absolutely couldn't.

At first, San Yongli was planning to avoid the Evil Blessed. In her original timeline, the Shadow Egg had two cores, a primary core, and a backup core. According to the Book of Heaven's Path, the primary core ended up in the hands of a Trueborn agent only known as the Heretical Godking Emperor shortly after the Chaosnova. While the backup core later found its way to the Six Paths Empress during an accidental journey through chaotic space.

In this timeline, three Shadow Eggs were used, but only three cores would be found and existed, with no backup. Why? Because the cores weren't the typical engine cores, and they were extremely costly to make. She speculated that Trueborn only had three readily available.

The Book of Heaven's Path had registered this change, and it allowed her to take notice of this opportunity. While it had changed from two to three, and the third core eventually ended up with the True Martial Emperor, she could still seize two for herself. Just because they would end up eventually in their hands mattered little to her.

Unfortunately, the Book of Heaven's Path only said that the three cores will eventually end up in those three legendary figures' hands, not how...

She thought...the Evil Blessed, referred to as the Heretical Godking Emperor by the Book of Heaven's Path, would only seize one and the other two would linger in the chaotic space generated by the Chaosnova.

She was wrong.

She realized her assumption was wrong, and the cores would likely be lost or sold by the Evil Blessed.

San Yongli gritted her in frustration. Why can't the Book of Heaven's Path be clear? Be more specific? Still, she had made preparations to fight. The current Evil Blessed should only be at the Soul of Mysticism Phase, and wouldn't become a Demi-Mortal Lord for long, so she only needed a few experts at her side.

Unfortunately, the summit meant all the Earthly Saints were preoccupied, even San Luoyang, so she was at a loss and forced to rely on two greedy Demi-Mortal Lords with her short notice.

Highlord Spiritwalker had been stabilizing her cultivation base and Bing Tian had been recently freed in the middle of the summit, and she didn't wish to

see her captor—He Yangzhen, He Clan's Earthly Saint—again so soon. They were readily available cultivators that had an appetite for power and benefits, capable of enticing with ease in the limited time frame she had.

Bing Tian eyed the black-cloaked figure that wasn't privy to their conversation. She was still left with the opportunity to accept his offer, but she decided against it. She had been a captive by He Yangzhen and almost forced to become his concubine against her will, and she refused to accept being used by a man in this lifetime.

While she said this, if San Yongli had never mentioned it, her panic would've left her relenting. She had already ignited her Mystic Soul forcefully and didn't want to die, so she had a 90% chance to have given in for life. However, since there was a possibility this was a mere bluff, she decided to risk it.

If something went wrong, she had a decoy that was Highlord Spiritwalker. She clenched her teeth as her raging Mystic Power flowed in her body, the Mystic Runes embedded in her body glowed, and her eyes effused an icy killing intent.

The Evil Blessed didn't stand down and even grasped his world-shaking sword a little tighter as if threatening her. However, this didn't deter Bing Tian from taking the risk. She kicked off on a platform of condensed chaos mana, explosively shooting toward the Evil Blessed. Her mouth gathered a storm of icy power, and she blew with great strength, expelling a planet-enveloping blizzard!

The Evil Blessed clicked their tongue, and regret flashed through their eyes. With a heavy grunt, he pressed against his chest and a grey light of Void Energy surged outwards, enveloping him, and then he vanished!

Unfortunately, the three cores remained. They were engulfed by the blizzard of icy power and frosted over instantly.

"..." Bing Tian was stunned; the Evil Blessed had departed with a quickness, and it seemed he used a unique talisman that prevented him from bringing along the three cores. She rushed into her blizzard as if it was a happy stroll and saw the three cores floating without the slightest foreign power over them. Her heart raced excitedly.

San Yongli was right! It was a bluff.

The greed of that scum bastard! If he had just run away before, not appearing before her and proposing a core for her Primal Yin, she would've left by now in fear.

An urge to laugh at how the disgusting habits of men cost this idiot such great fortune. But she didn't shame him for thinking of the plot. After all, she was amongst the very, very few Ascended women that had her Primal Yin intact. If she had to count, the number of female Demi-Mortal Lords that had their virginity intact throughout the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region could be counted on one's fingers.

The vast majority had children and husbands as mortals or shortly after reaching the Soul of Mysticism Phase. The chances of succeeding to the Mystic Ascendant Realm were too slim to sacrifice your intimate life. And many females agreed with that sentiment, especially since dual cultivation with a stronger male increases one's chances greater than keeping it for yourself.

Woosh!

San Yongli arrived beside the raging blizzard, communicating with Bing Tian via their formation.

"Hurry! We need to leave. The others will be arriving soon," she said as she received a message from San Luoyang that Earthly Saints have jointly agreed

to investigate the event together after an extended discussion and were flying over.

Bing Tian broke out of her excitement and snagged the three cores before flying towards the Voidship. It entered concealment and began to fly away. They had succeeded, but the events left her trembling.

Far, far away, a figure tumbled out a spatial shift empowered by Void Energy. The cloak that covered his identity was removed, revealing a handsome figure with sharp features, a few old scars on his face that highlighted his looks, granting it a war-like feeling, sword-like eyebrows, short black hair, and a glint of evilish light within his pupils. The light was berserking with a tinge of madness, clearly a result of an external power.

It was the Evil Blessed!

His breathing was hectic and heavy, while his arms and legs trembled. Swinging the Heretic Berserk Godsword was extremely difficult, and doing so three times in a row exhausted almost his entire reserves of Mystic Power and damn-near bottomed out his innate energies.

"Fuck!" He cursed vehemently as he kept the Heretical Berserk Godsword in his heart, a uniquely cultivated Internal World meant to hold the world-crushing weight of this fearsome weapon.

"Yun Che! Fuck! Why did you try to pull that stunt?! You should've just left! Fuck." The Evil Blessed smacked his head repeatedly in irritation at his own actions, causing him to bluff, and he had paid the cost. The three Heavenly World Cores contained Heavenly Mana that could only be refined by infusing Heavenly Chaos with Mystic-graded Mana.

Unfortunately, it's very nigh-impossible to transport it via fixed space or store it inside an Internal World, and doing so was suicide without being a Heavenly Saint. Only those who can dominate Mana can prevent the aggressive

reaction it'll have using their Mana Dominance, an ability granted by the Origin State.

These Heavenly World Cores can be used to cultivate certain arts to take one down that path, but other materials were needed.

He had just lost that.

But he refused to leave it at that!

His eyes glinted viciously while gazing at the Bing Clan's distant planet. He'll take those cores back no matter what.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1088 1082: Unexpected Aftermath



"Ahhhh!"

"Urg-urgh...i-is it...urgh..."

"Daddy! Mommy! Daddy!! Mommy!!"

The dreadful, spine-tingling wails of the citizens of the World Between the Fold were endless, filled with the pain of loss and injury. The Solar Star that granted them brilliance with each passing day had unleashed a torrential downpour of hellish rays that sundered the world, and the three cities' defenses had been erected too late. It was simply far too sudden and unexpected.

The consequences of their belated response were death, destruction, and hopelessness. Many died. More was hurt.

Out of the three cities, the City of Voyage suffered the worst, and the City of Guardians faced the least damage and loss of life. The City of Voyage had lost their Worldly Saint, Xu You, and their leader, so they were left unprotected after the backlash until Su Nianzu, the Lord of the City of Guardians arrived to exert his secondary degree of authority to erect the barrier and defenses.

But this was only after he had ensured his city was safe from destruction, so he was delayed. Su Nianzu cursed Xu You for getting trapped but also realized that they had lost one of the remaining Core Nodes within the Sealed Regions. This was problematic.

After settling down the situation and giving orders to the remaining elites still alive, he scoured the World Between the Fold to find Liu Yinlan and Zhangjie Wushu. The former had established the defenses in the City of Endless but hadn't stayed there. The latter had helped reduce the damage to the City of Guardians, helping him ease the protection efforts, but had immediately left after he headed to the City of Voyage.

It took him a few minutes before he found them both, standing at what could be described as a corner of the World Between the Fold, or the foundation of the Endless Void Mirror, and they were close together as they observed a strange phenomenon beneath them.

When he arrived beside them, they glanced his way for a brief moment and then returned their focus to the phenomenon below. Curious, he restrained berating them as he followed their spiritual senses.

"Another Time Vortex?" Su Nianzu was stunned. The phenomenon below was a chasm, smaller in size, and silver in color, that heavily resembled a Time Vortex.

"No; this is a Spatial Vortex," Zhangjie Wushu corrected. The two were highly similar in structure, but one was composed of time energies and the other was spatial energies. The Time Vortex existed since the inception of the Sealed Regions, but this Spatial Vortex was a newly formed territory. Much like a Time Vortex consisted of Past, Present, and Future Time Energies in total sporadic chaos, Spatial Vortexes were a mixture of Fixed, Stable, and Chaotic Spatial Energies.

Su Nianzu furrowed his brows.

"It's growing," Liu Yinlan said with an underlying tone of joy that she couldn't restrain.

"Growing?" Su Nianzu inspected the Spatial Vortex and realized that it was indeed growing by an inch every few seconds. His heart throbbed from this discovery. As a Worldly Saint with profound knowledge of space, he realized the cause of such a change.

"It's devouring the Endless Voyage Realm?" The World Between the Fold was the physical body of the Endless Void Mirror, and the Endless Void Mirror stabilized the space that they resided in, the World Realm referred to as the Endless Voyage Realm. This was the differentiation.

The Spatial Vortex was a part of the World Between the Fold, and it was devouring the latent spatial energies of the Endless Voyage Realm, growing ceaselessly.

Like cancer.

Zhangjie Wushu's eyes narrowed sharply. "If this continues..."

Liu Yinlan finished her thought for her excitedly, "the Sealing Array will decrease in effectiveness and the Endless Voyage Realm will vanish."

"...does that mean?" Su Nianzu's heart trembled at the implication of Liu Yinlan's words.

Zhangjie Wushu closed her narrowed eyes, taking a deep breath before exhaling a turbid breath of pent-up anxiety. "The Sealed Regions will lose its ability to restrict foreigners from entering. Moreover, the Sealing Array's prohibition of Mystic Heart Intent will be lifted."

"And that's just the beginning," Liu Yinlan's eyes glinted with elation and killing intent, a chaotic mixture of the two that painted her expression in an interesting grin, one that gave her beauty another type of charm of madness.

"..." Silence reigned supreme for several minutes. Should the Sealing Array begin to lose its effectiveness and the Endless Voyage Realm would be slowly devoured, then the entirety of the Endless Voyage Realm's inhabitants, Celestial and Humans, Destined and Seekers, will be allowed to enter.

Boom!

Su Nianzu shot off.

After an hour, he came back with his armor stained in glistening blood, leaking from the various openings of his body. While he expected this result, he still tried.

"The Endless Voyage Realm is sealed off; I can't exit." Those words were spoken in the deepest voice of his suffused with vexation. Not even he, a Worldly Saint, could escape. Why?

"Of course," Liu Yinlan began to say casually, "the Endless Void Mirror registers this Spatial Vortex as a world-ending threat and has sealed it within the Endless Voyage Realm. Not only will it replace the Endless Voyage Realm, but it won't let us escape out into the greater world until it's either dealt with or genuinely contained. So like my descendants..."

"We're trapped." Zhangjie Wushu now finished Liu Yinlan's words as she opened her eyes and gave her a sidelong glance.

Su Nianzu took a deep breath and healed himself, the blood dissipating and his aura stabilized. "Any ideas to deal with it?" The Spatial Vortex had already grown to a certain extent during their conversations. It was clear that it'll grow to an absurd level and devour everything eventually, like a gaping maw of a ravenous beast.

If they could deal with the Spatial Vortex, they could solve this issue.

Zhangjie Wushu looked down and stared at the ever-growing Spatial Vortex. It was similar to the Time Vortex, a byproduct or mutation of the Endless Void Mirror, a Heavenly Treasure, but far more chaotic and aggressive. "Only the minor authority of the Law of Space can resolve this or the Ascended Sovereigns."

"..." Liu Yinlan and Su Nianzu.

The minor authority of the Law of Space! This meant fully nurturing and awakening a Law Seed of Space! As for the Ascended Sovereigns intervening, they were figures that certainly wouldn't move until the situation needed them. For some reason, for the last five thousand years, the Ascended Sovereigns have essentially never communicated with the Endless Voyage Realm.

It was as if they had all tacitly agreed to leave the Endless Void Mirror be. The City Lords have tried to send messages and receive updates or explanations, but they merely obtained succinct messages from the Mystic Overlords under their charge, essentially saying to stay on mission and prevent the compromise of the Sealing Array with their greatest efforts.

They couldn't even get into contact with the incarnations left behind by them. It was clear that something had happened in the background in these last five

thousand years that caused them to sever communications. It wasn't an issue since nothing was happening, but now...

While the trio was Worldly Saints, possessing god-like powers, the Endless Void Mirror was created by those Peak figures, vastly exceeding them by more than three stages of cultivation. It wouldn't be an understatement to say that they were mere ants before the Ascended Sovereigns.

The Time Vortex and the Spatial Vortex were both products of a Heavenly Treasure, and they weren't even Heavenly Saints, not even coming close to that level of power.

Zhangjie Wushu once again eyed Liu Yinlan, "You must be happy." She mockingly remarked without holding back her ill tone.

"Happy? To be honest, I'm concerned for the citizens." Liu Yinlan said, but her quivering smile betrayed the extreme joy she felt. She didn't need to hide it so why do so?

"When the Sealing Array weakens to the point we can enter the Sealed Regions, we'll just make a new Endless Voyage Realm inside the Sealed Regions to ensure an easy transition. They have a Supermassive Solar Star with a non-attributed Mystic Radiance Belt, after all. Considering what we suffered here, the Endless Voyage Realm is complete trash." With the second node destroyed, the fuel that remains could only maintain the Sealing Array, not provide them with any resources.

The World Between the Fold could be considered a Desolate World Realm.

"WHAT?!" Su Nianzu was taken aback, causing his armor to jolt with metallic clangs. A Supermassive Solar Star with a non-attributed Mystic Radiance Belt? This was the first time he'd heard of it.

Zhangjie Wushu's eyes widened slightly.

Liu Yinlan shook her head, "The Sealed Regions' resources are grossly abundant, massively underused by the inhabitants living there. You two are restricted from seeking out information about the Sealed Regions; in fact, everyone except Destined is, and even they are restrained by Mystic Oaths to never speak of it to non-Destined, so none of you know the circumstances of the Sealed Regions. Of course, I could tell the so-called Overseeing Guardian and his deputy, if I wanted to. Now that you know a little, maybe you'll share my concern about the safety of the citizens."

After saying that, she vanished. She was going to return to the City of Endless and make her preparations. The time was approaching for her to slaughter that bastard. It seemed that all her schemes to obtain freedom had been pointless thanks to the efforts of Trueborn. Unfortunately for them, after they enter the Sealed Regions, they'll be eradicated as an obligation to 'protect' the Sealed Regions, a part of their oaths.

Their successful assault after tens of thousands of years of effort will eventually lead to their unavoidable deaths—karma is quite the bitch.

It was true—not even Trueborn predicted the Spatial Vortex would manifest, a result of various factors that heavily involved Wei Wuyin's tribulation and actions after. As for the Mystic Oaths, the ones that stipulated the Worldly Saints' stay in the Endless Voyage Realm would be inadvertently voided due to its inevitable erasure.

Without an Endless Voyage Realm, the binding oaths would vanish just as well. While they can't escape back to the World Beyond the Fold, they could enter the Sealed Regions until the Ascended Sovereigns took action.

"If the Sealed Regions have a Supermassive Solar Star with a Non-Attributed Mystic Radiance Belt, then..." Zhangjie Wushu couldn't contain the surprise in her voice. The longer such a treasure existed, the richer the world.

If it was only for a thousand years, then so what.

But what if it was five thousand years? Eight? Ten?

The resources would be to die for.

The thought caused a barely suppressed burst of greed to flourish in her heart. What she didn't know was that the Supermassive Solar Star had been present for nearly thirty thousand years! The efforts of the former Imperial Clan, the rulers of the Imperial Martial Starfield, shortly before they were usurped and driven out.

Su Nianzu didn't know this either, but his eyes glinted beneath his helmet. The two exchanged gazes briefly, and then, without a single need to communicate, they reached out and poured Spatial Power into the Spatial Vortex.

It began to grow! And grow! AND GROW!!

This wasn't harming the nodes or betraying their position! After all, neither of them was obligated to protect the Endless Voyage Realm, but the World Between the Fold, unlike Liu Yinlan and Xu You! They were either special guests invited by overseers, such as Zhangjie Wushu—officially recognized as Su Nianzu's deputy, or overseers to ensure that the Ascended beings were given regulatory oversight, like Su Nianzu!

Far away, flying towards her city, Liu Yinlan formed a wickedly devilish smile.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1089 1083: Deadly Investigation



Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

Several comets of light soared across the Dark Void in a colorful display of power and speed, arriving at the edge of the Aeternal Sky Starfield's border where the remnant chaos of rampaging space existed. The Chaosnovas explosions had caused fixed space to become a monsoon of spatial energies, so they could only cautiously fly over to avoid unexpected consequences for Spatial Shifting.

These lights soon dispersed to reveal the dignified appearance of dozens upon dozens of Earthly Saints, eventually totaling over two hundred. Their joint unfathomable auras unintentionally stirred the chaos mana in unpredictable ways.

At the forefront of this group were the Soul Saint King, Boundless Martial High King, Empress Xiaocheng, and Pope Huoyan. They were preeminent figures recognized for their authority or power. The Imperial Advisor, Grand Seer, and Evergod were notably absent.

However, there were subordinates of theirs there, such as the Ever-Knights and Imperial Monarchs. These Earthly Saints were using various recording tools to gather information regarding the ongoing scene in an open manner.

"What caused that explosion?" An Earthly Saint of the Twisted Earth Starfield's(13th) pinnacle force asked with deeply furrowed brows. Over two hundred pairs of eyes were glowing brilliantly with spiritual lights, some radiant while others were dim, but they all scoured the area before them with a type of scrutinizing intensity that would leave one deeply uncomfortable.

Before their mighty gazes, it felt as if all the secrets of the world bled through the hidden folds, allowing them to see all of it. Unfortunately, the Mobile Spatial Pathways had all collapsed and been eviscerated. There was nothing remaining of them or anyone within them.

"..." There was a clear silence that caused the atmosphere to feel awkward. No one answered.

He Bojing's eyes glinted slightly, "The presence of three auras lingers here." The reason he pointed this out was that he felt familiar with one of these auras. There were faint traces of icy crystals of chaos mana dispersed throughout the Dark Void. The other two auras were foreign to his memory, but one of them felt terrifying.

He Bojing was stunned to find that the more he investigated this particular aura, goosebumps emerged on his forearms while his heart sped up slightly in its pace. This was highly irregular.

Soul Saint King frowned for a brief moment. But he swiftly rectified his expression, not giving away his thoughts. Internally, however, he was contemplating why he felt the aura of Highlord Spiritwalker and what she could possibly be doing here.

Was she unintentionally caught up in the destruction? Was she dead?

"One of them belongs to the Bing Clan's Highlord Frostwind, the other belongs to the recently Demi-Mortal Lord, the Ninestar Sainthall's Highlord Spiritwalker." Empress Xiaocheng, however, didn't have any misgivings at ousting those auras' origins. The eyes of many Earthly Saints lit with a burning light of curiosity.

It was abundantly clear that a manhunt will be performed on those two cultivators to find out what they were doing and what they witnessed, should they be alive. Many gave the Soul Saint King and his Soul Monarchs glances. There were too many unknowns here.

While some might have theories as to what happened here, they didn't offer up their theories, so most were left ignorant of the Chaosnova, a power of a Heavenly Saint. Moreover, the chaotic space was too dangerous to explore.

Unfortunately, not everyone was intelligent enough to stay calm and stifle their curiosity. A middle-aged female with a calming aura garbed in ocean blue robes stepped toward, her eyes as gorgeous as sapphires of the sea. She was the Earthly Saint of the Great Blue Starfield(20th), also known as the Great Sea Oceanic Queen.

She looked at two other Earthly Saints, communicating with spiritual transmissions before she exerted her Mystic Power, an intermixture of her Mystic Power and Innate mystic-graded Spatial Energies formed through the Spatial-type Mystic Rune, and she breached the fixed space obstacles of chaotic power.

She vanished before the eyes of everyone present, leaving behind a rainbow-colored scar rupture that flashed with light.

"..."

The two Earthly Saints that had communicated with her stared at the scar intensely.

Fifty-two seconds later.

The two Earthly Saint's expressions drastically changed as the radiance emanating from the scar intensified, growing chaos like a swirled whirlpool of light and energy. They shot forward like fierce lions! They pounced towards the scar, exerting their Spatial Power to breach too.

BOOOM!!

They were blown back as the scar explosively expanded and shrunk equally as fast, vanishing before their very eyes.

"No!" One of them screamed violently, his Mystic Aura roared to life. The other uninvolved Earthly Saints flashed backward, observing intriguingly at this series of events. They all had curious expressions, but they didn't take the slightest action to help.

The two Earthly Saints pressed forward again, arriving at the location where the Great Sea Oceanic Queen had vanished. They jointly merged their Spatial Power as they tried to rip through fixed space, but found it as difficult as a mortal trying to split hardened concrete with their bare hands—unimaginably difficult.

This was due to neither having comprehended the Spatial-type Mystic Rune, their Spatial Power even together lacked in comparison to the Great Sea Oceanic Queen. After two minutes of effort, they had expended large quantities of their Mystic Power to no avail.

"Useless," the Soul Saint King commented openly. The two Earthly Saints' expressions distorted instantly, and one was considerably uglier than the other. That Earthly Saint stared at the Soul Saint King with vehement eyes, rage and madness in his eyes.

But the Soul Saint King felt neither impressed nor concerned, not even glancing at him. There were weak Earthly Saints and strong Earthly Saints amongst these two hundred-plus powerhouses. These two were part of the weak, only possessing two Mystic Runes despite cultivating for thousands and thousands of years.

As for him, he was terrifyingly strong. The Great Blue Oceanic Queen could be considered equally as weak, only having two Mystic Runes under her belt—Oceanic & Spatial. She wasn't the Eighth Sea Grand King; In fact, the Eighth Sea Grand King was quietly staring at the area she vanished, not moving a single inch. The apathy in his eyes was chilling to behold.

Despite being ranked 20th, the Great Blue Starfield had two Starfields, but due to the type of hierarchy they had, the Great Blue Oceanic Queen was a competitor for him, and it was said she refused marriage during his ascension, even going as far as refusing to concede territory, resources, and refuse to acquiesce to his authority.

Despite his status and authority, he wasn't capable of dealing with the Great Sea Oceanic Queen due to having two dogs that chased her skirt—these useless baboons. She contested for resources, and because of their division, this type of civil struggle, they were unable to rise in ranking as a starfield, forced to be classified as 20th among twenty-two starfields. If they joined together, they could easily enter twelfth or thirteenth after a few centuries.

Their complicated relationship ripe with internal rife aside, the Earthly Saints all had the same thought coursing through their minds: What happened to her?

"Do you dare enter?" The Soul Saint King glanced at the Boundless Martial High King who seemed to be filled to the brim with an adventurous and competitive spirit. There was a hint of mocking and urging in his tone.

The Boundless Martial High King's eyes brightened, seemingly ready to try his hands at it, but he eventually relented. He shook his head, "I'm not an idiot." That explosion had disrupted fixed space and immersed it in chaos, the situation was largely one he was ignorant of, and while there were often benefits in danger, he refused to risk his life stupidly without knowing the possible benefits.

Of course, if it was known about the Heavenly World Cores and their effects, there wouldn't be a single Earthly Saint here that wouldn't force their way through at any cost. The scramble might lead to a culling if it wasn't for the oath in place.

The two Earthly Saints verged on madness. Their repeated attempts continued to fail without any sign of change. The desperation in their faces grew by the second. A feeling of growing unease surfaced in their hearts. They could feel if they didn't bring her out soon, she would die!

"Pavilion Master Ma! Please assist! Please save her!" The Earthly Saint that was the most subdued in his response cried out pleasingly. He was a vagabond Earthly Saint with his World Realm, not governing any starfield. The Great Blue Oceanic Queen was his lover, and they had three children together. The other Earthly Saint was another lover of hers, but unlike the vagabond, he was one of the weaker Earthly Saints of the Star Sanctum Starfield(7th), managing his clan within. Among those in the clan, the two had secret descendants together.

Ma Zheng sighed in his heart. The eyes of many turned his way with curiosity. Was he going to help?

"Don't." Huoyan Liulan sent. The unknown was the scariest, and even Pope Huoyan, her grandfather, had told her not to recklessly act. Amongst Earthly Saints, he could firmly be considered as 'strong'. If he said to not be reckless, then the danger was likely lethal to her!

The two Earthly Saints sent tempting messages offering countless treasures they've accumulated over their long cultivation, including exclusive contracts to establish Golden Life Pavilion branches in his territory, even offering to get others in the Star Sanctum Starfield to agree.

Ma Zheng was a renowned Spatial Cultivator, widely considered as the best, and even an ambush of Earthly Saints when he was a Demi-Mortal Lord was unable to kill him, and he safely escaped. It was clear his prowess was unimaginably high. Now that he was an Earthly Saint, no one doubted his expertise in Spatial Arts given his vast experience blessed by age.

"I'll do my best," Ma Zheng eventually relented. He didn't recklessly enter, sending Wei Wuyin a spiritual transmission first. Only after knowing that it was received after twenty-eight seconds, twenty-eight very intense seconds to the two Earthly Saints, did he fly forward. With his Nexus Spatial Mystic Soul, he

galvanized his refined and vast quantities of Spatial Power and produced a rift once more. With a steady breath, he entered.

"..."

The rift vanished immediately after.

The Earthly Saints all waited with bated breaths.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1090 1084:Saved;Unpredictability Of Life



Ma Zheng found himself in a space similar to the Third Voyage, the Voyage of the Wanderer. The entire fixed space was overtaken by chaotic spatial energies, warping and distorting the normally calm space. It was now a world of silver fuzziness, indistinct and endlessly changing. He couldn't grasp a sense of direction or distance, had no sense of color or form, and as far as the eyes could see, there was only endless chaos.

It was extremely disorienting. However, he possessed an acute sense toward spatial energy and a high degree of resonance with it, so he hurriedly stabilized himself and fixed his position with tentacles of Spatial Power. Unfortunately, he couldn't find the Great Sea Oceanic Queen.

He lifted both hands to his face, realizing that the waves of chaotic power contained traces of terrifying solar energy empowered by a type of uniquely rich mana. It was eating away at his passive defenses, ripping away at his skin without any sign of pain or discomfort. In a way, it was shedding him.

Ma Zheng conjured a Mystic Ward; then, without wasting time, began to formulate a series of hand-seals while circulating his Mystic Power into his Mystic Soul, seeking to amplify his Spiritual Sense. Since he had taken it upon himself to act, he'll do so cleanly and attempt to save the Great Sea Oceanic Queen using his greatest effort.

Just as his Spiritual Sense was about to spread far and wide, a voice resounded from every direction.

"Stop."

Normally, Ma Zheng wouldn't listen to such an abrupt, unexplained answer, but the voice rippled through the chaos and arrived before him, and it was an incomparably familiar voice that he could never disregard—Wei Wuyin!

Instantly, he halted the circulation of his Mystic Power and stayed where he was. It was difficult to discern the passing of time in this sea of literal chaos, but Ma Zheng wasn't the slightest concerned about that. Since Wei Wuyin's arrival, the degree of trust and belief in his means, ability, and intelligence was unparalleled. If he says stop, then he'll stop until told to go.

He owed him at least that much. Moreover, he was in an unexplored region, recently contacted Wei Wuyin, and was now receiving a message from him here. The situation screamed that something was occurring that he was ignorant of.

"You should have waited for my message," Wei Wuyin's voice boomed all around once again, causing Ma Zheng to gently nod. "Apologies," he directly said sincerely. The old man had experienced such much, so he could hear that there was a wisp of exhaustion in Wei Wuyin's voice, followed by a bit of irritation.

He had jumped the gun to save a fellow Earthly Saint, and even Huoyan Liulan didn't wish for him to risk himself. In truth, he felt that he could enter

and exit, face any dangers due to his various means of survival, and profoundly cultivated Spatial Power. Unfortunately, his thoughts were hubris that often led one to death.

Wasn't the Great Sea Oceanic Queen not the same type of person? Her confidence was endless, and she risked herself to explore the unknown, entering this space that was like an inescapable cage. "I had to come, there's a fellow Daoist of mine that I have some relations with here, and I'm concerned about her."

It wouldn't be wrong to say that the Great Sea Oceanic Queen and him had some business dealings. She wasn't overly powerful, but she had definitely helped sustain the Golden Life Pavilion's Third Branch's external branches in various areas. She wasn't tethered to the interest of her starfield, so her values were more loosely based on individual profits and benefits. She was easier to deal with than the Eighth Sea Grand King and his bloated arrogance. "She's dead."

Wei Wuyin's voice responded flatly.

Ma Zheng felt his heart quiver. Dead? How? He frowned, and his aura began to rapidly recede.

"Don't!" Now, Wei Wuyin's voice sounded urgent. Ma Zheng hastily halted his execution of his concealment spell mid-usage. He suffered a backlash as his meridians and Mystic Soul trembled violently, the pain suffused his entire body and Sea of Consciousness, yet he stifled his throaty grunt.

A second...

Thirty seconds...

A minute...

Seven minutes and thirty-two seconds...

Ma Zheng couldn't tell whether he was up or down, distinguish colors, or determine distance, especially with his Spiritual Sense contained, so he couldn't tell where anything was. He didn't know there was a shroud of grey energy in a sphere shielding him, blending in with the chaos.

This was Void Force.

However, he suddenly felt a hand grasp his shoulder. Then, his body felt as if it was thrown out of a high-speed vehicle, and his surroundings instantly changed. Ma Zheng's senses still functioned, so he swiftly figured out that he was extracted from the chaos-filled fixed space, and brought back to the vast Dark Void.

He followed the palm on his shoulder to find a white-robed young man with silver eyes, on his impossibly handsome visage that could affect anyone's orientation was a bitter smile. On the other side of him, nestled beneath his armpit, was the body of an unconscious female, her clothes were completely gone, and her hair was a total mess. On her face were two streaks of dried tears that were tainted by dreadful feelings.

Wei Wuyin was a mere mortal, yet the way he carried two Earthly Saints, genuine Ascended beings, like children that needed to be saved left Ma Zheng with all sorts of uncertain feelings. The smile on his face revealed the degree of danger that Ma Zheng was in, and his aged heart shivered.

"If your luck wasn't good, you'd be dead right now." Wei Wuyin casually said as he let Ma Zheng go, lifting the Great Sea Oceanic Queen and tossing her into his arms. Her body was unharmed but her innate energies felt as if it was sucked dry by some strange power.

She was alive!

"You saved her?" Ma Zheng said after inspecting her condition. She was stable.

"Haaa..." Wei Wuyin heaved a heavily exhausted sigh, his silver eyes looking at the vast Dark Void, his draconic eyes that were vertical returned to normal. "That thing from earlier is exploring the chaos within that area of fixed space at the moment. I was lucky that I could evade its notice."

That thing?

Ma Zheng recalled the time they fled at the fastest speed by Wei Wuyin's order without warning. A strange spatial creature within fixed space was perceived as a threat to Wei Wuyin, and he had never heard of or seen it before. Fortunately, he had experienced so much and was able to contain his stress.

"Do you know what it is?" Ma Zheng said as he imbued the Great Sea Oceanic Queen with life-sustaining energies to further stabilize her condition. Moreover, he'll be able to leave evidence that he was the one who saved her, not Wei Wuyin. It was best if the world didn't know that a mere mortal had just saved an Earthly Saint from a terrifying being of unknown origins living amongst them.

Wei Wuyin shrugged, "I do."

"..." Ma Zheng tacitly didn't follow with more questions. Since Wei Wuyin said only those two words in response, then explaining it was not within his agenda today. Instead, he inspected Wei Wuyin and his eyes brightened.

"Congratulations on your successful breakthrough," Ma Zheng noticed that Wei Wuyin's eyes contained a wisp of refined time energies, exuding a type of temporal radiance unique to the Temporal Eye. This signified the successful ascension to the Temporal Eye Phase, the Eighth Stage of the Astral Core Realm. This was heaven-shaking as Wei Wuyin was only sixty years old with multi-Astral Souls.

"Mhm," Wei Wuyin nodded absentmindedly. "Thank you," he faintly frowned as his gaze never left the Dark Void as if seeing the activity beyond many folds of space. After a long while, his frown lessened and he sighed with relief. "Life really can't be predicted."

Wei Wuyin had thought that he'd find a safe and secure location to settle down, cultivate, concoct, consolidate, and plan, yet he was almost instantly met with an exceedingly dangerous event that could've cost his life. But if he hadn't acted, Ma Zheng's life and death would've been up in the air. He chuckled as he reminded himself that the world didn't revolve around his schedule.

"It really can't," Ma Zheng said as he lifted the Great Sea Oceanic Queen slightly.

"Also," Wei Wuyin suddenly turned away and looked at the unconscious woman in Ma Zheng's hand, saying: "Involve yourself in the politics of the Great Blue Starfield, have her become the Ninth Sea Grand Queen."

"...?" Ma Zheng was taken aback.

"The Eighth Sea Grand King-" Wei Wuyin was about to explain, but Ma Zheng interrupted.

"Will do. She'll be the Ninth Sea Grand Queen within the decade. Is that fast enough?" Ma Zheng confidently said without any hesitation. He didn't need to know the reason, trusting Wei Wuyin entirely.

Wei Wuyin gave Ma Zheng a long look. A soft warmth emerged in his heart. When the alternative version of Wei Wuyin entered the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, despite not participating in the Devil War Realm and attracting Ma Zheng's attention and confidence then and there, he was still a reliable ally that helped establish himself as an alchemist.

Unfortunately, he died.

It was an ambush organized by Sheng Jizi using his connections with Trueborn. Ma Zheng had experienced the same ambush in this timeline, yet he survived with very little breath in his lungs.

Ma Sujiang had taken his place and their relationship continued somewhat. This was mostly due to Huoyan Liulan's Inferno Solaris Church's deal regarding business with Sheng Jizi, established after Ma Zheng's passing.

Eventually, Ma Sujiang began to follow Tian Yinwu, and she abdicated from her position as a Third Manager despite her mother's protests.

The suave version of himself felt indebted to Ma Zheng and helped Ma Sujiang from the shadows with Mystic-Rank alchemical products after he became an Earthly Saint Alchemist. While he was relatively low-key, he still possessed similar principles that Wei Wuyin had.

It was hard not to get overly emotional because, without Ma Zheng, many things would've been extremely difficult in both lives. He was unimaginably reliable.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "It's fast enough. I'll send Wu Yu to assist. It'll be best if it's known that I'm backing her." The benefits of foreknowledge were tremendously advantageous because he knew that the Eighth Sea Grand King would eventually become an enemy of his, considering he was a part of Trueborn. It was best to sever his power and authority before making his move to clean up the starfield, Shadow Egg and all.

"Understood," Ma Zheng replied.

Wei Wuyin thought about the World Between the Fold; they most likely believed that he was dead by suicide in the Time Vortex, and Liu Yinlan must think that Wu Yu and Zhan Zheng were avatars if everything worked out perfectly. However, he didn't want to be thought of as dead. If it was before his

Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation, then he would like nothing more, but after...he couldn't.

Liu Suyin.

Cao Cuifen.

He needed to make sure they knew he was alive. While he was quite vicious at times, he never treated his lovers with anything but respect, care, and thoughtfulness. While he wasn't always present, he couldn't accept his lovers' thinking he was dead. For an hour, a day, let alone an entire year as it was.

If it wasn't for the feeling of encroaching dread, that he now knew originated from Liu Yinlan, he wouldn't have left so suddenly before. He had told them that they'll meet again, but he couldn't be certain if they understood him.

"Contact the Void Voyage Sect, and tell them to send a message to their Vice-Sect Master and Sect Master: The Time Vortex was a nice swim, my sincerest apologies for not being able to stay for long. But if you want, you can come to my homeland to visit." Wei Wuyin said with a tinge of an icy chill. It was downright dreadful that Ma Zheng felt a shiver down his spine.

"..." Ma Zheng nodded.

Wei Wuyin knew that Liu Yinlan wouldn't be able to come to the Sealed Regions, but she'll send Liu Suyin to bring him back, especially if she thought that his Earthly Saints were mere decoys. Predicting her personality and intentions, she'll send a stealth unit to bring him back.

"One day," Wei Wuyin calmly said with a sharp light in his eyes.

Unfortunately, Wei Wuyin was unaware that Liu Yinlan no longer needed him for her plans. The Spatial Vortex was a variable that no one could predict, and the consequences of its existence will cause one of the greatest events in the Sealed Regions, heavily affecting the World Beyond the Fold!

