

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1131 1125: CDIS, Everything Until Now



"..." Wei Wuyin silently analyzed the blood Crystal, his emotions slightly stirring. Jiang Feilan and Qing Qiumu were missing, vanishing mysteriously from the Elven Sanctuary without a single clue of their whereabouts. They weren't the only ones to have disappeared; however, Wei Wuyin knew where they were. Unfortunately, he couldn't find the place.

Not even the Legion Commander could find the location despite his vast powers that greatly exceeded the standards of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. By his estimation, he'd need to meet certain conditions to do so, and he'll need the assistance of a powerful Heavenly Seer, likely even the Grand Seer of the Golden Gate Pavilion.

"I'll find you, Qing Qiumu—I promise."

Remembering her gorgeously natural smile filled with warmth and gentleness caused his heart to suffer a pang of pain. The depths of his silver eyes flashed with seething saber light. Fortunately, he soon calmed his mind and thoughts, placing the Yin Renewal Essence Blood Crystal aside.

Bai Xiu meticulously inspected it, deeply intrigued.

Wei Wuyin carefully brought out another object, a cylindrical glass bottle the size of a baby. The bottle was clear, but a glowing white mist gently rolled within.

"Boundless Mist of Heaven's Purity!" Bai Xiu cried out shockingly; her reaction was so intense that she trembled erratically as she clutched the bottle with her

little fingers. Her eyes were wide as could be! "How did you...where did you find this?!"

Wei Wuyin had a nostalgic smile, and memories uncontrollably flowed through his mind. This mist was previously referred to as Boundless Essence Mist, and he had located it in the Four Extreme Continent. It was a part of the Holy Ceremony of Divine Bestowal, the Demi-Mortal Blessing, the selection to find the Holy Child. At the time, all Wei Wuyin knew of the Boundless Essence Mist was the eccentric ramblings of a single Alchemist that believed that the mist was special, not just a product of water and wind energies.

He was right; Boundless Essence Mist was called the Boundless Mist of Heaven's Purity, and its purpose was to cleanse the turbidity of objects before the Impartation of the Heavens that birthed demons. However, just like the Soul Ash of the Divine Jade, failures occurred, leaving behind these remnants that could be considered genuine treasures of the heavens.

Unfortunately, alone and without proper cultivation, utilizing these items to the best of their potential was impossible. Furthermore, Wei Wuyin had solved a heavy mystery in his heart that plagued the Sealed Regions: Why did the Heavens fail so often?

The Sealed Regions' Sealing Array! It stifled the soul and, as such, often snuffed out the process via indirect interference. As one entered Secret Realms or World Realms, these failures would be more constant, if not nigh certain. This was why demons were rarely effectively born in the Sealed Regions.

Shockingly, though, was that demons were only born near the nodes of the Sealing Array. It heavily implied the effectiveness that the eye of the storm was often its weakest or calmest area. The Everlore Starfield was directly settled on a node, so it generated the most demons. The other two nodes

were isolated, in the lifeless Dark Void, so the range of the 'eye of the storm' didn't reach any living location.

That said, strange void creatures existed and were often reported. These were often demons formed via planetary debris or deceased corpses of cultivators floating lifelessly in the Dark Void.

"This is good stuff!" Bai Xiu excitedly exclaimed.

Wei Wuyin nodded, "Materials like this are excruciatingly rare beyond the Sealed Regions. I'm fortunate to have collected quite a bit." Bai Xiu readily agreed, lovingly stroking the bottle. "Good stuff," she whispered gently with an expression of longing.

"Don't let her eat it," the Heavenly War Spirit warned gravely.

Wei Wuyin had long since learned from the Heavenly War Spirit that materials like the Boundless Essence Mist were highly beneficial to Spiritforms like her, Wang Yutian, and Bai Xiu. The bottle was thoroughly sealed, and Bai Xiu understood not to consume it solely based on their mental connection.

What Wei Wuyin brought out next was his artificially created material, the Infinite Dao Soul Ash. This material fueled his specialized line of Infinite Variations products that were tremendously beneficial to certain Spirits of Cultivations. The best characteristic of this item was the ability to experience endless transformations and permutations, constantly malleable in its intrinsic nature. Furthermore, it was forged from Soul Ash of the Divine Jade, another product of a failed Impartation of the Heavens.

"I've never seen this before!" Bai Xiu cried out in shock. She had been merging the two cauldrons as one and thus hadn't assisted Wei Wuyin in any concoctions since. She shot over to grab the ever-changing jade, her body shaking uncontrollably. She opened her mouth, salivating at the mere thought

of eating it. However, her willpower won in the end, and she depressingly placed it down.

Wei Wuyin couldn't hold back his smile. "I'll feed you some after if I have any left." Wei Wuyin didn't mind testing out how effective it would be on Spiritforms like Bai Xiu, and if he could, he would've tested it on the Heavenly War Spirit when she told him about these types of desired items if she wasn't currently housed in her egg form within his Sea of Consciousness.

"Okay! You promised!" His words brought a joyful gleam to Bai Xiu's eyes as she flew energetically around the cauldron. The previous exhaustion she felt seemed completely gone, invigorated by all these new things.

Wei Wuyin's smile soon faded as he reached into his Saint Ring, finding an item that began the initial formation of his idea. He gently retrieved it, his eyes exuding wisps of emotions, and he brought out a rectangular golden box that glowed with cool light.

Gingerly, he opened the box's lid.

This item belonged to a cultivator that was, like him, captured by Trueborn. The cultivator was hung inside a cold, unfeeling cell without any limbs, like a piece of dead meat, as his Yang Energies was continuously extracted for five...hundred...years...

**FIVE! HUNDRED! YEARS!**

Unable to die, he was abused in darkness by people he didn't know, given periods of extreme pain over and over and over without the slightest restraint. He hadn't just been de-limbed, but the most precious treasure that identified him as a man, the pride of his gender and the tool to continue his family line, had been severed mercilessly.

Bai Lin had shared her memories of his pleading words, state, and emotions to explain the origins of this item, and even now, after everything he had experienced, this was one of the most gruesome things he'd ever heard.

"The Yang Source Quintessence of a Yang Renewal Physique," Bai Xiu halted her flight, her expression changing as she gazed at the golden bead no larger than a child's marble. "I sense...great turmoil from it. So much...resentment, pain, intense hatred, and agonizing desire for death." Her tone grew several times lower, her expression dignified as she eyed the golden bead gravely.

"..." Wei Wuyin remained silent, his eyes gradually tainted by inner darkness.

"There's a little bit of happiness too—relief." Bai Xiu hovered her little hands over the golden bead. She solemnly said, almost uncharacteristically in tone and seriousness, "this Yang Source Quintessence is unimaginably large. Most male cultivators are the size of a speck of dust, but this is the size of a marble. The only way to cause such a change is for a cultivator to train their Yang Source through continuous usage or refinement.

"Either the one who this belonged to was so deprived to the limits of his sexual desire, or his Yang Energies was endlessly extracted for tens of thousands of years." Bai Xiu surmised.

"Tens of thousands of years?" Wei Wuyin was stunned instantly. But then Bai Xiu's words allowed him to realize the reality of the matter; the Yang Renewal Physique can regrow their Yang Energies and damage their Yang Source endlessly, a unique property of their physique, but there were methods of replenishing Yang Energies. In Bai Xiu's estimation, this only meant that they went crazy constantly replenishing and extracting the cultivator's Yang Source before it could 'naturally' recover.

They farmed him...

Constantly.

Endlessly.

Like a daily cycle...

Tens of thousands of years condensed into five hundred...

How much did they push this man? How brutal were their actions? How uncaring? HOW VICIOUS!

Wei Wuyin gritted his teeth. He wasn't a saint by any means, and he wasn't usually caring of other cultivators' plight, regardless of what they suffered, but whether it was because of being a man himself, he felt deeply affected by this matter. Perhaps it was due to receiving this item, this treasure of his, that Wei Wuyin felt this way.

Was it the Karmic Ties affecting him?

He felt profoundly shaken, feeling as if the Heavenly Daos were readying him to act to slay sinners.

In the end, Wei Wuyin suppressed his emotions once again. The journey that led him to this alchemical product thus far had caused him to collect many things, discover the truths of a few profound mysteries, and feel tethered to individuals emotionally.

The next item was less complex, with no conflicting history. He had been 'gifted' it from the treasures from the Parasitic Clans of the Elementus Domain—the True Element Crystal! A unique Essence Refining Crystal that could absorb Elemental Intent, and then emulate and expel its exact essence structure to be cultivated. For example, Absolute Zero Ice Essence is extremely rare to find in massive quantities, but with Absolute Zero Ice Intent, Wei Wuyin could infuse it into the crystal and generate Absolute Zero Ice Essence.

Wei Wuyin's eyes brightened considerably. With this, he would be able to create Apex-level Elemental Origin Essence. This was something that, even if he tried, he wouldn't be able to achieve with Elemental Heart Intent. While powerful, Elemental Origin Intent had limitations and could only effectively convert into Elemental Origin Energy, not Essence.

Even if he tried, it was simply impossible because the essence quality converted wouldn't reach the same level as all nine Apex-level Elemental Essences. Not even the Eye of Creation could effectively replicate this feat! While it could get remarkably close, for some odd reason, he always fell short of true Apex-level Elemental Origin Essence.

He had discovered this a little under six years ago, shortly after he began to fully organize his gains over the years while waiting for Lin Xianxian, Mei Yang, and the others to arrive. He was initially shaken by this discovery and tested it thoroughly to verify its abilities.

This crystal was absolutely heaven-shaking, a genuine heavenly treasure! The value of Elemental Origin Essence was already inestimably high everywhere, but Apex-level Elemental Origin Essence could be considered priceless.


"So many precious things!" Bai Xiu's eyes glowed, losing a little bit of their solemnness.

Wei Wuyin deeply inhaled and exhaled, likewise feeling the same. But they hadn't even gotten to the truly precious materials!

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Chapter 1132 1126: CDIS, Stars & All





Bai Xiu's eyes sparkled with wild anticipation as her beautiful little face formed a manic grin. The rarity and uniqueness of the items thus far surpassed her expectations. These items and materials were all heavenly treasures in their own right, ones that can only be stumbled upon and never created. Even the Yang Source Quintessence was impossibly rare, as only those at the Resonant Soul Realm, beings beyond the Mystic Ascendant Realm, have the power to extract a Yang Source Quintessence by force without bringing it harm.

If the cultivator hadn't harmed himself permanently, rending his soul by extracting it through a profound method, this object wouldn't exist. Not only was it a Yang Source Quintessence, but it also contained the qualities of the Renewal Yang Physique, capable of replenishing itself. This physique contained a Unique Intent that was no less profound than the Nirvanic Flames Intent.

Next, Wei Wuyin brought out a large bottle of golden lightning. Despite being deeply sealed, it crackled throughout the alchemic chambers, releasing a surge of electricity that induced hair-raising phenomena. Wei Wuyin's eyes lit, exerting his Mana Dominance of four Zenith Origin State Astral Souls, and the crackling abated obediently.

This was Sky-World Lightning Essence!

Wei Wuyin had obtained it from the Myriad Gravestone Poison User, the sadistic woman without a face, and it was originally meant for Jing Jiu, a karmic fortune designed by the Heavenly Daos for him to complete his Origin State cultivation. Unfortunately for Jing Jiu, Wei Wuyin rode on his Karmic Luck and obtained it instead.



It was said that the Origin State allowed comprehension of Mystic Intent to be easier, and smoother, and that was correct. Wei Wuyin hadn't reached the Star Core Phase, so despite having all his potential and foundational advantages, he hadn't gotten to the point where he could form Mystic Intent.

It would be better to say that the Mystic Dao refused to allow him to grasp its will, emulating it and executing control over its vast power, as he currently was.

Then, Wei Wuyin's eyes grew abnormally focused as he took out a glistening shard of metal that was shaped somewhat like a triangle. This was another piece of fortune—his own. When he was casually talking to Wu Yu, he felt a sting to his consciousness, a warning of the Bloodline of Sin, and then felt a ripple streak through the Dark Void that stimulated his Zenith Origin State Astral Souls.

Curious, he exerted his powers over the void and grasped it from afar, bringing it over without much thought. After conferring with the Palace of Eden's stores of information, he learned that this was a piece of a Heavenly World Core. It was a profound treasure containing Heavenly Mana, a mixture of Heavenly Chaos and Mystic-graded Mana. It could be used to power a Mystic-World level array or cultivate certain cultivation methods that can create or elevate a cultivator's Origin State.

Wei Wuyin waved his hand as two more surfaced on the table, humming slightly as they resonated with each other. These were all part of the same Heavenly World Core. Wei Wuyin had tracked these three down curiously, finding one embedded deeply within a rogue planet, and another surrounded by Stellar Rain on a devastated Voidship within a long-deceased starfield.

Wei Wuyin knew there were likely more, but finding these two already exhausted a lot of time. Furthermore, his Spiritual Sense might be vast, but the Dark Void was even vaster. It would take years to scour across territories,

not to mention doing so overtly in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region would bring about all sorts of complications.

Unfortunately, only he could locate them after they'd entered their hibernation state. So they were fortunes that could be stumbled upon, not found unless you already possessed an Origin State Astral Soul or Mystic Soul.

"They're useless to me," Wei Wuyin thought solemnly. These shards of a Heavenly World Core were valuable, simply not to him, a possessor of a Zenith Origin State. Moreover, he had already been in the process of creating the Neo-Dawn Origin Paste, already nearing its completion, and had long since finished it.

Shortly after learning about the Forsaken Zenith, Unto Origin Method from Jing Jiu, Wei Wuyin realized that his way of thinking was wrong; he didn't need to replicate the Sky-World Lightning Tribulation to recreate Origin State but could do so by gathering ambient mana and condensing it, generating a mote of Origin Essence. This method followed the same path that those four knuckleheads performed, continuously condensing the Sky-World Lightning before refining it.

They directly jumped to the Zenith Origin State!

"The Neo-Dawn Spirit-Origin Paste is formed by using the Origin Essence I've condensed through the four Astral Souls' Mana Dominance and Forsaken Zenith, Unto Origin Method's process, and then intermixed that with various materials that can stimulate Spirits of Cultivation. I've even had to extract Everlore Essence from Everlore Ascension Pills to process the paste and safely allow easy integration." Wei Wuyin thought back to his process, creating this peak-tier, ninth-grade product that could create the Origin State of Spirits of Cultivation.

Unfortunately, despite his continuous efforts, even transcendent versions of the paste only allowed Origin States to reach the 4th level, with low, high, and peak quality products corresponding to 1st Origin State, 2nd Origin State, and 3rd Origin State respectively.

It seemed his four reckless monsters really performed an inconceivable feat during his Sky-World Lightning Astral Tribulation. Unfortunately, the Heavenly World Core fragments' Heavenly Mana could at most reach the 2nd Origin State through the cultivation methods in alternative Wei Wuyin's memories, and he would need a larger shard or a complete Heavenly World Core for better results.

This meant this shard that cost 423 Karmic Luck Value was entirely worthless to him. It was too small to act as a power source.

"You'll be suitable nevertheless," Wei Wuyin set it aside for later. Regardless of its loss of significance for cultivation, it was extremely useful for concoctions. It was Heavenly Mana, and it contained a stable form of Mystic-graded Mana intermixed with Heavenly Chaos. He already calculated his future concoction plans.

"This product will be a mixture of mortal and mystic, so it will definitely help for coagulation during the Transformation Stage." Wei Wuyin settled on its purpose and brought out the next object, no, objects! With a flourish of his sleeve, dozens of spherical and colorful orbs floated above the Neo-Dawn Ascension Cauldron

"Oh!" Bai Xiu exclaimed, "Divinity Spheres! So many!"

Each orb was a Divinity Sphere, a unique physique-refining treasure! They contained all sorts of attributes, from Yin, Yang, Martial, and Warring Martial, to Lightning, Fire, and even Space, Time, and Gravity. There were all types present!

They could generate the foundation for an Earth-Refined Physique, often used in conjunction with Earth-rank Cultivation Methods to do so. With these objects, it could ensure your physique could handle a higher Rune Seed Ascension!

Sometimes, cultivators weren't just limited by their comprehension of the path of cultivation, but by their physiques as well. To possess tremendous power, to contain the will of the Mystic Dao, one needed an equally powerful container!

Wei Wuyin had collected these over the years, with some of the harder-to-obtain ones found in the Soldier's List at the Battlefield for upwards of 1,200 War Souls with the lowest being roughly 20 War Souls.

After inspecting each sphere, Wei Wuyin nodded approvingly.

Then, Wei Wuyin brought out the item that sparked the solidification of his idea entirely, not just direction, but entirely: the Ultimate Astralis Star!

The miniaturized Solar Star floated on its own power, spinning on its axis, and exuding scintillating rays of solar light and unrefined essence. It has the qualities of a Solar Star to the exact but was miniature. In fact, Wei Wuyin knew the difference between a Solar Star generated by Ma Zheng, a Solar Star made natural using his Elemental Origin Energy, and this Solar Star.

This Solar Star was blessed by the Mortal Dao. If the Heavenly Daos had Blessed, then the Mortal Dao had objects by which they received blessings, and this was one of them. A rare object that could manifest an Ultimate Astral Idol, the greatest Astral Idol!

The Mortal Dao Aura within felt natural and complete, reminiscent of the brief moment of an Astral Tribulation descending. It would probably be accurate to say that the Astralis Ultimate Star was a product of Apex-level Mortal Intent.

Wei Wuyin was awed by its sheer brilliance. No wonder that masked figure went through so much trouble to obtain it, and why they were thoroughly enraged upon seeing his plans ruined, especially when Wei Wuyin split it in half. Unfortunately, upon further study, Wei Wuyin knew half wasn't enough to form an Ultimate Astral Idol for him, especially not four of them.

Therefore, his plan to use it to concoct this product was the best, and unbeknownst to him, the greatest decision he could make.

"It's an Astralis Ultimate Star!" Bai Xiu was in awe as she floated over, her eyes glued to the star. "But...it's smaller than I remember," she said doubtfully.

Wei Wuyin bitterly smiled; after being cut in half, the star had shrunk as it regained its spherical shape.

"Is that it?" Bai Xiu felt more and more shaken by all the items that Wei Wuyin was bringing out, especially the shards carrying Heavenly Mana and the Astralis Ultimate Star.

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "There's one last item." With that, Wei Wuyin brought out the last item that completed his intentions entirely, an item tainted so thoroughly by the will of the Mortal Dao and Mystic Dao that neither could claim ownership of it. An item born from the process of countless years!

While it wasn't the rarest or had the greatest value out of all the items, it was the most crucial! It was the core material of the entire product!

"Crystal Essence of Ascension!" He brought out the treasure of the Golden Life Pavilion, his heart slightly racing at the moment. His decades of experiences and events, his choices and efforts, his study of the Alchemic Dao, his constant seeking out for inspiration driven by his ingenuity, and his never-ending determination to pursue higher heights had led to this moment.

Bai Xiu asked, "We're ready?"

Wei Wuyin looked at the crystallized Solar Essence in his hand, feeling its profound aura, and he nodded heavily. "We're ready."

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1133 1127: Harmony Of Mortal, Mystic, & Something Else



Slowly but surely, time marched on. Within the Original Dawn Palace, seven beauties were awake and gathered into a group. They exchanged words, looks, and thoughts as they discussed cultivation.

Since residing in this precious palace saturated with the highest quality, purest, and thickest essence, the seven of them had long since come to terms with each other's existence, including their roles and duties. They decided, as a whole, to conduct sessions of cultivation together, especially since there was Lin Xianxian present, a genuine Mystic Ascendant Realm expert with a complete grasp on the Mortal Realms, who could assist them in their comprehensions.

Additionally, they needed time to refine the overbearing Yang Essence that Wei Wuyin released.

Mei Yang held a firm hand-seal while seated in the lotus position. Her hair and skin shone with a rich, glowing healthiness that highlighted her latent beauty. She exhaled a breath of sweet air, the turbidity within her body had long since been thoroughly expunged over the years. At the moment, her body was a treasure of innate energies without the slightest impurity.

She opened her eyes, seeing Lin Xianxian gesticulating profoundly to the others. "The Essence of Time is divided into multiple flows. To touch upon its

enigmatic nature and imbue it into your power, you must grasp the flow of all things, sensing it with one's Sea of Consciousness where the Mind's Eye resides, using your mental energies as a guide. You can do so by..."

She was currently delving into the profound principles of Time Energy. The experiences of a Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivator at the Soul of Mysticism Phase were helpful to even Ai Yin, Si De, and Da Shan who've already entered the Temporal Eye Phase. They were acutely grasping concepts of time energy Infusion within various arts and spells.

One could tell they were thoroughly invested in Lin Xianxian's insightful words. Despite her role as a maid of the palace, no one disrespected her in the slightest. Not because of her cultivation base, but out of respect for her. Moreover, she was patient with her explanations, accepting all their questions and regurgitating proper answers.

Mei Yang smiled. It was often described that harems were chaotic palaces rife with competition and jealousy. And from her experience in the Myriad Yore Continent, this was true. It was even more likely to occur if the man in question was outstanding, having a high position such as an Emperor, as his affection and thoughts directly affected their standings and benefits, but since they've gathered over these years, there was a rare harmony formed.

In her mind, she thought about Wei Wuyin. An incomparably bright smile formed, infused with warmth and her purest emotions. Who would've thought that she, the Helios Witch that had to escape from her enemies into the Elven Forest, struggle for every resource, and bitterly suffer time and time again, was capable of ever feeling such contentment and happiness?

"You've finished refining?" Xiang Ling edged over to her, staring curiously.

Mei Yang kept her bright smile, "Uun." With a nod, she glanced at the faintly glowing skin of Xiang Ling, indicating that her refinement of Wei Wuyin's Yang Essence was ongoing.

Xiang Ling pouted, frustrated at her slow refinement speed.

Mei Yang chuckled heartily, using her two fingers to squeeze those puffed out cheeks. Xiang Ling huffed and blushed, turning away as she redoubled her efforts. Mei Yang saw her and couldn't help but find her cute. An intrusive thought blipped into her mind, and she acted as soon as she saw those unguarded plump peaks.

"Ah!" Xiang Ling shrieked softly in surprise. She held her arms over her chest, eyes shooting daggers toward Mei Yang who was snickering sinisterly. "What are you doing?!"

"Let me help. I give good cultivation massages!" Mei Yang looked like the poster child for mischief and suspicious intentions. She lunged towards Xiang Ling and they fell on the bed, rolling about on the satin sheets. Xiang Ling's cries went ignored by the rest, all too involved in Lin Xianxian's lecture. Even as the cries turned into blood-boiling moans of stimulated yin, they were ignored.

After 'assisting' Xiang Ling with her cultivation, Mei Yang deeply inhaled the sweet-smelling air that comforted the heart, body, and spirit. This was a life she thought she'd never have. If possible, she wouldn't mind staying in this moment forever, even with a hundred other women. Even a thousand. Would she finally have a real family?

Xiang Ling's bodily glow had faded. She lay there like a wet noodle, her eyes glossy, her cheeks painted a sensual pink, and her legs quivering slightly. As she stared at the ceiling, visualized that unearthly handsome visage staring smilingly at her.



"It's been seven months...do you think Wei Wuyin will come back soon?" Xiang Ling dazedly asked.

"Hu!" Xiang Ling jumped and landed beside her as the bed caused rippling waves. She looked at the ceiling too, her eyes smiling. "Miss him already?" She teased. Since coming here, this was certainly the longest they've been without seeing Wei Wuyin. This simply meant that what he was doing was important.

"Yeah," Xiang Ling said absentmindedly.

Mei Yang was a little startled by the direct response. This woman didn't know how to conceal her feelings at all. Reaching out to hold her hand, making sure it was firm, she said with a gentle voice: "Don't worry, we'll have thousands and thousands of years to miss him, together."

"...yeah."

"..."

Suddenly, a strong wind without a source sprung up, lifting all their hair, rustling their robes, and causing them to stop their discussions and cultivation. The seven women all looked around, confused by the feeling they'd just had.

"What was that?" Da Shan asked, her eyes vigilant as she leaped up from her seated position, her aura seething beneath the surface. The others rose too, their eyes searching all over.

"&^%#\$@\*!"

Lin Xianxian's heart began to race. "Did anyone hear that?!" A voice swept through her mind. She twisted and turned, agitated by that voice. She couldn't understand it. It was as incomprehensible as the Language of Mysticism to a Mortal but felt as eternal as the heavens.

"Hear what?" Ai Yin questioned. She hadn't heard anything, only felt a surging wind.

Lin Xianxian's spiritual sense flowed out to inspect the surroundings, but she noticed that every last one of their heartbeats was quickening, but also...strangely, they were all throbbing at the same cadence.

"What's this?!" Nyla Shur cried out. The others stared at her, finding that her hair was standing up and her arms were littered with goosebumps. Her feline pupils grew abnormally focused as her fangs were bared.

"Ah?" Da Shan's eyes grew dazed as her golden irises became entirely violet in color, the signature color of demons. She stared absentmindedly in a direction. "My love" she called out with a voice that contained a ghastly tone that made the others shiver.

"Ugh!" Ai Yin held her stomach as she bowled over, her knees thudding to the floor. She grunted in pain, clutching at her chest and dantian with both hands. If one looked closely, tears fell from the corner of her eyes.

"What's happening?!" Mei Yang panicked, grabbing Xiang Ling and placing herself before her. While the latter was more powerful than her, she still acted instinctively and tried to protect Xiang Ling. It didn't take long to realize that humans weren't affected, excluding Lin Xianxian who heard something strange.

"I...don't know." Lin Xianxian tried to use her spiritual sense to understand the situation but found nothing besides elevated heart rates. She even tried to inspect Wei Wuyin's room to no avail. Eventually, she sent him a transmission. She could only hope that he knew what was happening.

What the humans noticed was that their faint shadows were disconnected from their movements, moving just a little bit off.

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Inside the Original Dawn Palace's Alchemic Chambers, Wei Wuyin was forming impossibly fast hand-seals as he stared intently at the Neo-Dawn Ascension Cauldron that spun before him. Both were levitating off the ground. Surging wind currents without any discernible source were madly flowing within the chambers, causing Wei Wuyin's robes to violently flutter.

His facial expression was one of unprecedented concentration.

"YOU NEED TO STOP!" The panicked voice of the Heavenly War Spirit erupted as loud as thunder. But Wei Wuyin's eyes only grew sharper, an unyielding will flashed within his gaze.

"Master! Master!!" Bai Xiu cried out, her voice suffused with anxiety and trepidation. She wasn't anywhere in the room, but if one looked closely, one would find her image within Wei Wuyin's dark pupils. She was surrounded by eight stars that glinted brightly!

Much like how Element merged with sabers, Bai Xiu had merged with Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Stars! They profoundly orbited her, releasing bursts of light sporadically.

"You have to stop!" She pleaded.

Wei Wuyin's hands never stopped, the Mark of Eden's unrefined lifeforce kept pouring into the cauldron. With a low roar, "No! Continue!" Two words, but they carried his biting unwillingness to back down.

Bai Xiu drastically paled. She had experienced this sensation before, and it was during her memories of concocting the Mystic-Refined Divinity-Forging Pill! "But Master! This is what happened during that time! We can't...we can't! You said-"

"I know what I said! DON'T STOP!" Wei Wuyin ordered as his Alchemic Eden Force poured endlessly into the Neo-Dawn Ascension Cauldron, drawing upon the reserve astral force of his other three Astral Souls. Bai Xiu didn't

wasn't simply the spirit of a cauldron, but she had the ability to integrate with her master and elevate their Alchemic Energies by half a level.

It was half as effective as the benefits of an Alchemic Soul. At the moment, his Alchemic Eden Astral Force bolstered by her power elevated it to levels that only Earthly Saints could possess! Moreover, with the Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence, the Mystic Alchemic Star present infused it with a unique Mystic Intent that the Dao of Alchemy possessed.

Wei Wuyin's astral force was no less effective than the Alchemic Mystic Power of a bonafide Earthly Saint!

Bai Xiu was absolutely right; Wei Wuyin with her help could concoct a Mystic-Earth grade pill! At the very least, he possessed the minimum qualifications to do so. She was the key! She drew out the greater potential of the Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence!

"Are you being a hypocrite?! You want to ruin your future?!?!" The Heavenly War Spirit raged. She didn't want Wei Wuyin to suffer the rejection of the Mortal Dao or the refusal of the Mystic Dao. This would sever his outstanding potential.

"..." Wei Wuyin's brows tensed, but he didn't stop. In his heart, he knew he couldn't stop. It wasn't the Bloodline of Sin or the Heavenly Daos or the enigmatic Fuxi or the urgings of his reckless Astral Souls. It wasn't a feeling from his heart, soul, or mind.

It was inexplicable.

"They'll hate you for this!" The Heavenly War Spirit shouted. The 'they' were the Mortal Dao and Mystic Dao, especially after just receiving their forgiveness. It'll be the worst stab in their backs

"Oh no!" Bai Xiu cried as she looked up. Beyond the Original Dawn Palace, invisible to most, the Dark Void was trembling endlessly. She recalled this exact moment in her memories.

Dao Punishment!

Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes erupted with spiritual light, yet he didn't dare to look up to see the turbulent world beyond. It wasn't out of fear. It was out of pure, unequivocal concentration! It was impregnable and driven by an inner, unrelenting pride.

This was the greatest invention in his life, summoned forth by using the entirety of his life's fortunes thus far, each step of his life brought him here, and he refused to take a single step back. If it fails, it'll be because he failed, not because he gave up!

Wei Wuyin violently howled as a flood of Alchemic Eden Force flowed into the cauldron, causing its surface to become thousands of mini stars that formed and exploded at a rapid pace.

"They're here!" The Heavenly War Spirit exclaimed, growing more and more despondent. Was Wei Wuyin trying to ask for forgiveness and not permission? After everything he said! She could acutely feel the auras of those two Daos approaching. It took them little effort to breach the formations of the Original Dawn Palace despite it being reinforced by a dozen Earthly Saints.

"HA!" Wei Wuyin slammed his palm against the cauldron, inducing a uniquely harmonizing sound. The two Dao Auras flowed in, and then without any hesitation or fear, Wei Wuyin lifted his gaze.

Suddenly, a faint smile surfaced on his face. "Both of you came!" There was a light of incomparable excitement in his eyes as the two surging auras of light, one Mortal Light and one Mystic Light, entered the chambers.

"What?!" The Heavenly War Spirit and Bai Xiu were thunderstruck by the scene. The two lights swirled around Wei Wuyin, thrumming slightly as if communicating, and then they flowed like a seamless stream into the cauldron!

The two Daos were...helping?! What?!?!

Wei Wuyin's product wasn't like the Mystic-Refined Divinity-Forging Pill that abandoned the Mortal Dao to forcefully breach the Mystic Dao. It was one that brought harmony to both Mortal and Mystic, joining them together in a type of mutual augmentation and suppression that they innately possessed.

"&^%#\$@\*!"

"...!" Wei Wuyin's head lifted in shock, hearing an exceptionally strange voice. It was indecipherable by the mind, but he felt an aura of eternity. What was that? It was brief, but he felt a wind creep against him as the Mortal and Mystic Lights kept entering the cauldron.

Wei Wuyin didn't know if it was his imagination or not, but he could've sworn he saw a third type of light enter. It was very insignificant in comparison to the deluge-like qualities of the other two but felt not the slightest bit inferior.

"Master!" Bai Xiu shouted urgently. Wei Wuyin's heart sank as he found himself almost losing control of the situation. He no longer had the strength to regain control! The product inside was simply too terrifying, and its final step was unimaginably difficult.

"Ignite us!" All four Astral Souls roared.

Wei Wuyin didn't hesitate! All four Astral Cores ignited as he was flooded with latent power that sent him to an absurd limit!

With one last howling roar, he formed the last hand-seal, and smashed his palm against the cauldron!

BOOOOOM!!!

A thunderous sound resounded but no explosion occurred. Instead, the light of the Daos faded, the glow of Alchemic Eden Force was sucked away into the cauldron, and the sourceless wind vanished. Slowly, the cauldron and Wei Wuyin descended to the table and ground respectively.

"Haa!" Wei Wuyin deeply exhaled, sweat covering his brow, and his eyes brimming with power that could shake Earthly Saints. The power of four ignited maximized Astral Souls!

Wei Wuyin took a few minutes to compose himself, ceasing the igniting power as minute cracks on his skin, bones, and muscles healed as the Mark of Eden's lifeforce flooded him. Satisfied that he still had more than enough for the Third Calamity, Wei Wuyin finally looked into the cauldron.

"There you are," Wei Wuyin softly said as he put his hand into the cauldron, slowly taking a single round object out. It was a pill! The pill was clear like glass, with not a single imperfection or impurity. It didn't seem to be a ninth-grade pill at all, lacking the Solar Light, but neither did it seem to resemble a Mystic-Earth Pill, lacking Mystic Runes.

Looking at it, Wei Wuyin smiled with contentment. While it was only low-quality, it was perfect. Absolutely perfect.

Then, Wei Wuyin touched the cauldron with his free hand. The remaining Utmost Purity Mist, the entirety of his decades of efforts in continuous concoctions, originating from his first seventh-grade pill, was quietly flowing within.

"Come on," Wei Wuyin emotionally said as he summoned all the Utmost Purity Mist, executing the Eighth Source Transcendence Spell! The spell that could allow a pill to transcend its limits post-concoction!

[PARAGON OF SIN](#)



The entirety of decades of accumulated effort, hundreds of millions of flawless successes, had all been exhausted in a single go, but Wei Wuyin felt neither dissatisfied nor at a loss. Floating at the center of his palm, hovering quietly, the clear pill that represented the culmination of his study of the Alchemic Dao, ingenuity as an inventor, and determination as a cultivator that dared to glimpse into the Heavenly Daos' secrets, challenge the embodiment of the World itself and face the eighteen Calamities of Hell.

It now contained the full extent of his life as an Alchemist, proving itself as unordinary to the greatest degree describable.

The Eighth Source Transcendence Spell utilized Utmost Purity Mist to elevate the quality of a product post-concoction. It was a rough spell, raw at first, still requiring a heavy-duty load of work. It lacked refinement, and when Wei Wuyin had grasped the numerous other post-concoction alchemic spells that existed and his memories of his alternatively suave self, he had corrected many of its flaws, shaping it into an entirely new and masterful spell.

The current Eighth Source Transcendence Spell revised by all these sources of knowledge was unfathomably, profoundly powerful. The clear pill had fully absorbed the entirety of the Utmost Purity Mist, including the unrefined lifeforce and Seven Source Soul Light. There was no disharmony, only a further growth of its potential.

However, this pill was unordinary. Even after exhausting 30% of the Utmost Purity Mist and over fifty thousand years of unrefined lifeforce from the Mark of Eden, it only elevated to the high-quality. It required almost the entirety of



the remaining Utmost Purity Mist and an additional one hundred and fifty thousand years.

Then, and only then, did it experience the intrinsic transformation determining it as a peak-quality product in accordance with the Alchemic Dao. When it finally completed its transformation, Wei Wuyin's brows lifted intriguingly.

"That aura I felt before, where it felt like the scent of everlasting permanence, is present in this pill." Wei Wuyin was extremely curious about what that was. Was it simply the unique aura formed by the harmony of the Mortal Dao and Mystic Dao?

Unbeknownst to Wei Wuyin, it wasn't the harmony of two Daos, but something profound that felt equally as interested in his actions, lending its assistance as a result. In fact, the moment it reached peak-quality, it had transcended beyond with ease due to this aura.

"I didn't expect the Mortal Dao and Mystic Dao to descend personally and assist you," the Heavenly War Spirit commented emotionally. This was unprecedented. Was it because of Bai Xiu's apology or the pill that sought to bring forth Mortal and Mystic into harmony? Regardless of the reason, if the Alchemists of the world beyond the Sealed Regions knew this, they would go absolutely ballistic with madness.

"He's OUR Master! Of course they would assist, hmph!" Bai Xiu arrogantly said after leaving Wei Wuyin's eyes, hand on her hip, chin in the air, and a hint of a smug smile on her beautiful little face. The pride was as clear as solar light within the Dark Void. So much so that the Heavenly War Spirit was rendered speechless.

Bai Xiu blushed slightly, feeling the Heavenly War Spirit's disbelieving stare at her audacious statement. She cleared her throat and flew toward Wei Wuyin's palm. A little bit of dejection flowed through her eyes, "this little thing took all

my food. Hungry, greedy little thing you are." She extended her dainty finger and poked it lightly. It moved slightly but nothing else.

"What is it? It doesn't have the solar form of a ninth-grade product, lacks a Transcendent Radiance Belt, and doesn't have the school of fragmented runes that Mystic-Earth grade products possess." Bai Xiu was a Spirit of Dao, infused with the essence of the Alchemic Dao, and yet she was rather baffled by the final result of all those resources and sacrifices. She turned to an exhausted Wei Wuyin, her eyes glowering for answers.

If anyone in the world would be able to identify it, it would be its creator, and Wei Wuyin was the only cultivator below the Realm of Sages that could ever hope to glimpse at the effects of this particular pill. As for its grade, he was unable to say.

"It's a physique-establishment pill," Wei Wuyin declared. As he did, the clear pill trembled so slightly that even Wei Wuyin couldn't feel it.

"A physique-establishment pill? Oh!" Bai Xiu was immediately interested. When cultivators ascend to the Star Core Phase, they begin to interact with their already existing physique developed based on their birth and cultivation thus far, or using Divinity Spheres; then, Starlords further cultivate their physique using it as a foundation to generate unique Astral Physiques.

These Astral Physiques can be considered the second layer framework for cultivators' physiques. They cultivate this physique by refining it with their uniquely-possessed Starforce, a power that contains the entirety of their cultivation base. They do so until it's fully refined by raw resources or certain cultivation methods, transforming into an Earth-Refined Physique. The Dawnbreaker Swordlight Method and Warring Soul, Triumphant World Method both cultivate Earth-Refined Physique, with the former being of a high-grade and the latter as a peak-grade.

The double-layered framework can bolster a cultivator's abilities and even their innate talents by a considerable degree, making it extremely important. When Wei Wuyin entered the Nexus Battlefield, the faceless poison woman had an Astral Idol, which was only brought out if one's Earth-Refined Physique is cultivated to the limits, inducing a miraculous fusion of Astral Soul and Physique—the greatest manifestation of strength that a Starlord could possess.

That said, cultivating one's physique to its limits was abnormally difficult. There's never been a single record of any Starlord throughout the entire recorded history of the Sealed Regions of a single cultivator that manifested one, albeit in the life of his alternative self later learned that wasn't true. Furthermore, within the World Between the Fold, only a single cultivator was said to have reached that level: Zhangjie Wushu!

As for the one cultivator in the Sealed Regions that achieved that feat?

The one and only...Tian Taizong!

The Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor!!

"Everything stems from the mortal body," the Heavenly War Spirit said mysteriously. This single sentence touched upon a principle of cultivation that contained a profound, everlasting truth.

The body was the container of the soul, of the mind, of the Bloodline Source, of the Primal Yin, of the Primal Yang, of the Spirit of Cultivation, of the Primary Light Source, of affinity toward time and space, and of the heart. It was extremely vital to all aspects of cultivation. Wu Yu understood this the most after his close call with death. His rush for a greater stage of cultivation led to him losing his body, becoming a discarnate soul tethered to his soul and preserved by a ring.

When Wei Wuyin first read the Myriad Monarch Canon, learning about the principles of the three Mortal Realms, he came to realize that all of it was designed to transform one's physique. It might seem that their miraculous powers were fantastically magical, capable of shattering planets, soaring across the Dark Void, shifting through space, harnessing light, and unleashing mysterious world-bending abilities, but all of it was simply a byproduct of refining a source of energy that could transform one's physique—Starforce.

Energy that could rival a Solar Star.

Only a body that can handle this power can contain the power of the Mystic.

"What type of physique will it produce? Will it be heaven-defying?!" Bai Xiu grew increasingly interested as she zipped around Wei Wuyin's palm, analyzing the pill from multiple angles. She still couldn't fathom what the pill does despite bringing forth the fullest extent of her knowledge.

Amused, Wei Wuyin lightly chuckled, "Heaven-defying? Maybe. Maybe not." When Wei Wuyin soon waved his hand, producing a comfortable chair. He sat in it with a soft sound, his chest heaving up and down as he carefully held the pill. "When I set out to concoct a physique-establishment pill, my goal was simple: Exceptional. A simple word but one that contained endless meanings."

Bai Xiu sat on the armrest, her eyes sparkling as she listened.

"I learned very early on that amongst cultivators, what I lacked the most was bodily talent. In comparison to the average human, I might be a few notches above them, but my bodily talent was considerably low. In my early years, looking back, I've mostly gained advantages through my high comprehension, work ethic, and fortunate encounters.

"If it wasn't for inventing the Externalize Method, capitalizing on having two complete Spirits of Cultivation to regulate my turbulent innate energies, I

would never have reached my current level in the time I've lived, even if I possessed the same amount of resources." Wei Wuyin lamented this undeniable truth, but a wisp of pride leaked as well.

Bai Xiu and the Heavenly War Spirit both agreed with his statement, summoning upon their knowledge of cultivators. They, too, were utterly astonished by how incredible Wei Wuyin's cultivation base was, especially the Heavenly War Spirit, who watched him refine vast quantities of ninth-grade products like they were candy. The Externalize Method allowed his Spirits of Cultivation to cultivate on his behalf, allowing him to reach such an ungodly level of foundation despite his bodily limitations.

But it was cyclic in nature; Wei Wuyin only had his high concocting times and exceptionally vast quantities of energies to endlessly concoct without going tired solely because of his cultivation base, and only had his cultivation base because of his ability to concoct. As they grew, they both continuously rose.

Wei Wuyin wasn't like those truly blessed individuals with Saint Alchemists tending to their cultivation since infancy or parents beyond the Mystic Ascendant Realm, he had reached his current level through effort and hard work.

Wei Wuyin wryly smiled, "Truthfully, almost all of the Valkyries, even some of the Ascendants like Hong Chunhua, have a greater degree of bodily talent than I do. Su Mei is so talented that, whether it's in bodily talent or comprehension, she eclipses me considerably. I don't even need to talk about Qing Qiumu, I'm envious of her innate talents for Wood Cultivation. It's quite hard to admit it. It hurts the pride a little, haha."

Since the Externalize Method was developed, his four Spirits of Cultivation had been leading their own cultivation, refining their own products, and he was simply reaping the benefits.

"..." Wei Wuyin went silent for a long, long moment. Eventually, he shrugged and sighed. "It started off with that thought, to rectify my bodily talents. With alchemy, this is a relatively easy solution. While I didn't want to be ordinary, I could easily change this. I could give myself a unique set of Meridians, a Mind Palace, and Blood Essence through Alchemy, matching even Qing Qiumu's talents. I can then elevate them endlessly, and grow as I grow.

"But as I continued to march along this arduous path of cultivation, I realized that I couldn't settle for that. I wanted to solve every problem I've faced thus far, and every problem I will face in the future due to my body, especially the time I was blinded by my own Spiritual Strength—I refuse to let that happen again. So, I wanted to obtain a physique without limits.

"I was seriously pondering this issue endlessly, unable to find a solution. What would that even be? What could that even look like? And then, I realized! A physique without limits must be unbreakable, inexhaustible, compatible, adaptable, and powerful!" He held up the pill, his eyes shining with a shocking brilliance that could recoil the bravest of hearts.

"Unbreakable and inexhaustible! I've met continuous situations where my Bloodline Source, Yang Source, and Primary Light Sources within my body have been exhausted, experiencing an inability to function properly. This has always limited me. With the Unique Intents of both Yin and Yang Renewal Physiques, I can create a perfect balance where all forms of innate energy will automatically recover! Where all my Sources of Power will never shatter!

"Compatible! To have an affinity for all things Mortal and Mystic. The Crystal Essence of Ascension greatly demonstrated this power, containing both aspects to the point that neither can properly claim it as theirs!

"Adaptable! The ability to refine any and all sources of energy and power without consequence, and to transform any type of energy into another type at

will! The True Element Crystal might seem simple, but its core power is the ability to transform ordinary essence through will, becoming anything!

"Powerful! Powerful enough to refine energies and contain strength far surpassing my cultivation stage limits! I became blinded, crippled, utterly handicapped after my Spiritual Strength reached unprecedented levels; I refuse to allow that to happen ever again!"

Wei Wuyin strongly declared, his eyes glossing with a tint of madness. As he spoke, the two Spirits of Dao shivered endlessly, completely shaken by Wei Wuyin's ambitions. They gradually began to understand what Wei Wuyin wanted to accomplish, and it sent them reeling.

Wei Wuyin took a deep breath. He was completely drained of every ounce of his energy, being unimaginably empty. This was the perfect ideal state to consume this pill. He opened his mouth, deeply exhaled, and then swallowed it whole.

As it slowly made its way down, Wei Wuyin realized that he forgot to name this pill.

"I'll name you...let's see...Neo-Dawn Defying-Limits Pill? No, that sounds very childish. Neo-Dawn Limitless Awakening Pill? That's a little better, but I feel like it's not right. Neo-Dawn Perfect Limit Pill? Eeh." Wei Wuyin could feel the pill begin to settle, a coldness seeped into his body.

Then, all four Astral Souls shook. They, unanimously, shouted their joint name that's conceived since the beginning, long before Wei Wuyin had even started concocting the pill!

"Paragon-Forging!" They shouted, causing Wei Wuyin's mind to tremble. Stunned, he couldn't help but smile. Forging a physique of a legendary Paragon of myth? How ambitious was that? Sure!

"Neo-Dawn Paragon-Forging Pill!"

The Sealed Regions, the sealed World Between the Fold, the World Beyond the Fold, and even further beyond, all trembled slightly!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1135 1129: Changes; Returned From Beyond



"Urgh! Guuuh!" The sounds of vehement vomiting resounded from multiple figures within Wei Wuyin's bedroom chambers. The sheets were stained, the air grew acidic enough to sting the nose and brim the eyes with tears, and the bodies of seven beauties were quivering together, hurdled and afraid.

They were all expelling out rancid liquids of a variety of different colors. Ai Yin was the worst; she was on her knees as Lin Xianxian held her hair, unable to stop the elven from gushing out copious amounts of putrid liquid. If the room wasn't large enough, it would've long since been flooded.

"What the fuck's happening?!" Da Shan screeched between vomiting, her fists tightly clenched as she hugged her stomach. Seemingly about to curse again, she bent over deeper and released another spurt of gushing liquid. Agonized by this, she howled.

"I...guuh...I—Urgh, don't know!" Lin Xianxian had it easier, but it was exceedingly painful as her veins could be seen on her forehead. Since the others underwent a strange change and regained consciousness, all of them began to blow chunks uncontrollably. As an Ascended being, she was unable to comprehend what was happening.

This had already lasted for an hour. An entire hour of horrific vomiting!



Then, Ai Yin let loose one final gush of liquid. As if a sign of the end of their plight, the rest began to stop as well. While they continued to retch, nothing came out. Soon, things settled down as Da Shan supported herself against the wall, Xiang Ling and Mei Yang hugged each other, Lin Xianxian helped Ai Yin up using her shoulder, and Nyla Shur was halfway up a nearby pillar, her nails deeply embedded in its surface.

"It's over?" Da Shan asked with a cough.

"..." They exchanged glances as they waited an entire minute, but everything soon settled. What was all that? This was the question that pounded their hearts relentlessly.

Suddenly, Nyla Shur cried out in fear as she slinked down the pillar. "I never want to experience that again! We need to find Wei Wuyin and make sure we weren't poisoned."

"What?!" They all turned to her, and then their eyes explosively widened. Da Shan stuttered out in shock, "Nyla! Your...ears! Your hair! Oh my heavens!" The rest were taken aback, so much so that they all took steps back from Nyla Shur, unable to grasp what was happening.

"What?!" Panicked overwhelming her, she hastily touched herself all over and soon felt fleshy ears. They were still there! Wait...fleshy ears? When did she have fleshy ears? Weren't they always furry like a feline? Baffled, she turned to see a nearby mirror that Wei Wuyin often used to show their embarrassing expressions as he pounded them various...lessons.

"...!" She was frozen stiff. Her reflection revealed a woman with a slender body, shorter than average, with long brown hair and jade-like white skin. She gasped, stunned once more by the utter lack of sharp incisors in that woman's mouth. She touched her teeth disbelievingly.

"I...Did I—" Nyla Shur couldn't finish as she sought confirmation from others, unable to believe her own eyes.

"You're human!" Xiang Ling exclaimed with undisguised shock. Technically, Nyla Shur was always a human, a product of a human infused with a beast's bloodline through various methods—a beastman, but always human.

However, today, she no longer had the feisty fur of a Havana Feline Lineage Beastwoman or biting incisors.

Mei Yang cried out, pointing at Da Shan. "You!" This instantly caused all eyes to dart toward Da Shan, finding her leaning against the wall, and they were confused. Da Shan had grown at least two feet taller, but her proportions hadn't changed, even those massive fleshy mounds of hers. If shrunk down to five feet, she would look indistinguishable from her current self.

Da Shan looked at her hands, immensely relieved to see her beautiful violet skin. She knew Wei Wuyin loved this skin of hers. Unable to find out what Mei Yang was pointing at, she scanned her internal body fearfully.

Then, her eyes widened. "WHAT?!" The others thought she noticed her bodily changes, so they didn't jump, but when Da Shan cried out her discovery, all their expressions changed!

"My Spirit of Cultivation is GONE!" She was completely panicked.

"WHAT?!" They had all cried out this word more times today than they had done in their lives. Lin Xianxian hurriedly set Ai Yin down and shot over, using her spiritual sense to inspect her body, and was unable to find her Spirit of Cultivation. It was indeed gone! As she was waiting for a volatile cultivation deviation to erupt, she found something strange.

"Your innate energies are flowing in an orderly fashion. How?" Lin Xianxian said with a frown, finding that despite the lack of a Spirit of Cultivation, Da Shan's innate energies were perfectly fine. In a way, cultivators were walking

bombs of tremendous power. The Spirit of Cultivation acted as a central organ that regulated this typically volatile power. Even Ascended beings had this restriction, and Wei Wuyin had once capitalized on this to instigate a Cultivation Deviation Event to deal with a nosy and rude cultivator.

This prevented them from externalizing their Spirits of Cultivation despite their strength being more than enough to exist outside. For example, Wu Yu had destroyed the physical body of an Earthly Saint, and despite losing this, it could exist out in the open for a short period in the hopes of having its body recreated.

Wei Wuyin's independent Spirits of Cultivation initially allowed each of them to handle the innate energies, enabling him to allow them to cultivate directly. Later, Wei Wuyin's True Void Dragon Bloodline could regulate his innate energies, replicating feats of genuine beasts, a sign of a true hybrid, and all four could externalize with ease.

Da Shan was shaken, terrified that she was about to explode. She had enough power to shatter a small planet should her innate energies go awry. But after hearing Lin Xianxian, she calmed herself down and summoned forth her spiritual sense to inspe—

Wait!

She still had Spiritual Sense?!

Lin Xianxian noticed this, too, as she felt the spiritual strength flowing through Da Shan's body, seemingly emanating from her bones, and was deeply confused about what was happening! "How do you have Spiritual Sense without a Spirit?"

Before they could get to the bottom of this, a startling sound resounded. They were all still jumpy, so their attention immediately shot toward the source.

Ai Yin!

She was looking at herself with astonished eyes. Ai Yin lifted her gaze and looked at the others with deeply perplexed eyes. Da Shan wasn't the only one that underwent a physical change; Ai Yin had gotten slimmer and slightly taller, her ears grew sharper and longer, and her irises no longer had their typical color, becoming several shades brighter, resembling fossilized amber, and her pupils were no longer circular, but star-shaped! If one looked behind her, one would find a fluffy bronze-colored tail growing from just above her firm romp that swayed cutely.

Out of them all, she had the most drastic change!

She looked like an entirely different race!!

"My Spirit of Cultivation changed shape! It's like a pentagram?" She also had an internal change, which was why she cried, not noticing her drastic physical changes.

"You...?" No one knew what to say.

What the hell was happening?!

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In the Sealed Regions, three nodes maintained the Sealing Array. Of those three, two were destroyed, and the remaining one was unknown to the populace of the Sealed Regions despite their continuous efforts.

This node wasn't located in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region nor the Desolate Dragnet Region, but a far-off Stellar Region long abandoned by the current world that sat at the edge of the Sealed Region's borders. The borders were invisible to most, but should anyone attempt to enter it, they would find themselves miraculously on the other side of the Sealed Regions without any indication of signs. It formed a perfect Spatial Loop.

The region was once called the Heptasage Pillar Stellar Region. Its name was symbolic by design, referring to the Seven Sages Tower, the legendary Alchemy Organization renowned for creating products such as the Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill that led to the cold, horrific death of trillions.

The now-extinct power was a part of history as one of the core reasons for the War of Fallen Stars, a cataclysmic event that altered the very essence of the Sealed Regions.

The Heptasage Pillar Stellar Region contained the last node; it was the last string that kept the Sealed Regions' inhabitants suppressed!

A sword howl erupted here! It was extremely eye-piercing, birthing a line of sharp sword light. Then, a long slit formed in the Dark Void, slicing into Fixed Space with domineering power.

Silently, a figure shot out of the slit of sword light. They tumbled slightly, a little unseemly, and then the figure looked left to right as if to gather their bearings. When they saw the gigantic Aeternal Sky Solar Star in the far, far distance, the figure whooped with a sword in hand!

"I MADE IT! I'M BACK!" The figure cried with unrestrained excitement filled with joy. "After over a decade, I've returned! I didn't think using the Void Piercer would cause me to leave the Sealed Regions."

After a short silence, the figure said as if replying to someone: "I know, I know. You said it could send me anywhere, even outside the Sealed Regions, but to the Azure-Prime Galactic Zone's Exalted Republic? I should've just fought that silver-eyed bastard to the death."

"..." Another stint of silence.

"Yeah, yeah. I'll find him soon. For now, I should find San Yongli, Jiang Feilan, Ma Sujiang, and Tang Xingyun and let them know that I'm still alive.

Especially Tang Xingyun, our marriage agreement hasn't been settled yet,

and I refuse to be given the green hat." After saying this, the figure brought out a small-sized Voidship from his ring. It was exceptional, definitely forged from rare materials by the hands of master craftsmen that vastly exceeded the ability of the Sealed Regions.

Woosh!

He sailed off toward the Aeternal Sky Starfield!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1136 1130: The Blessed Of The Sealed Regions



The end of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit signaled the precursor of a grand era of cultivation, especially for the upcoming Chosen King Competition. The reshuffling of organizational rankings, eligible qualifications, and true Chosen had instigated the largest shift in focus of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

The disappointing showcase of the Everlore Association and Evergod's ability was merely a single highlight of the last eight years. The most important highlight was the race to obtain one of two products, the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and Sharded God Domain Pill. They constructed the foundation of all Chosen; the Chosen Standards set by the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, and by extension—Wei Wuyin, the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Sovereign, had made it absolutely necessary.

There was no reasonable way for a Soul Idol Phase cultivator beneath a hundred years old to defeat a Lesser Realm Lord without it. Moreover, only by virtue of possessing a Worldly Domain, could they strive for the perfect

foundation prior to reaching the Realm World Phase—Nine-Ringed Soul Idol, Nine-Ripple Spatial Resonance, and White-colored Primary Light Source!

The struggle for excellence was vicious. The betting stations only exacerbated the issues; the heavy risks these organizations had taken by placing their trust in the Everlore Association and Evergod had almost entirely been fueled by the need for wealth to support their Chosen. The cost of products was too expensive, especially as inflation hit and scarcity rose due to the upcoming Chosen King Competition.

It wouldn't be an understatement to say these organizations and former Chosen were incredibly desperate.

As a result, the expected tumultuous period occurred. With alliances being wildly established, the need for wealth and resources instigated no small amount of wars between organizations. The long-standing peace of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region fragmented as the need for resources grew. It was unimaginably difficult to meet those new Chosen Standards, and this was the only way these organizations would have a semblance of a chance to survive.

While consolidating their resources and efforts to a select few had worked for some alliances, most alliances shattered due to the inability to properly abide by this agreement. Who didn't want to be an expert in the new age? To have a greater chance of producing an Ascended? The forces that belonged to former Chosen and those with wild ambitions of creating a new ten thousand-year legacy clashed without end.

Yet, as the flames of war and battle rained upon the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, the current developments were only the beginning of the chaos to come.

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The Golden Life Pavilion was a merchant organization that offered a plethora of resources, including, but not limited to, Secret Realms. These Secret Realms heavily resembled the Devil War Realm, a former True Element Sect's Chosen Trial Secret Realm, that was turned into a training ground for prospective Chosen such as Ming Yuling of the Ming Clan or Tang Xingyun to train and gather rare, limited-in-number resources and fortuitous opportunities that only these Secret Realms possessed.

At a price, of course.

The Secret Realms themselves often had the potential to gain far greater returns than the initial price. With the War Devil Realm as an example, its four seasons provided unquestionably astonishing stages for cultivating one's arts, spells, and Intent. Furthermore, even Apex-level Elemental Intent can be manifested with the right talents, while items such as Desolate Pearls could be acquired.

After the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit's end, the Golden Life Pavilion announced that five years later, they would open these Secret Realms with limits to their cultivation base entry, providing an explanation of the possible advantages, while birthing a healthy type of competition. Furthermore, if the organization wanted, they could pay an additional fee to allow an Ascended vagabond to ensure that their Chosen or genius wasn't killed, but was unable to interfere directly with the competition.

Furthermore, in some of these Secret Realms, a Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill could be acquired in a variety of ways.

When these Secret Realms opened, despite the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's lesser forces being at war, they sent their geniuses and talents. Most had done so as a way to save them from the flames of conflict and icy death should they lose in battle, while others had done it with the faint hopes of producing top-tier talents for the upcoming Chosen King Competition.



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Golden War Realm, Endless Prosperity Domain.

"FLEE!" A group of black-clothed men, numbering nine, dashed away in different directions. They seemed experienced in fleeing.

"NO ONE IS LEAVING!" A white-clothed young man with a nine-colored dot at his forehead, handsome and dashing, held a white-colored spear that glinted with an aura of origin power, and he slammed the butt of his spear against the ground.

CRACK!

Fissures formed in an oddly shaped circle with the group and young man at the center. A wall of white, slicing wind erupted from the cracks. A black-clothed man roared, producing a longsword as his cultivation at the Temporal Eye Phase roared to life! He stabbed at the wall with his all.

BOOM!

Despite the deafening explosion of a windy howl, the wall maintained itself. Shock overwhelmed the black-clothed man's eyes as his arms quivered. He was a former Chosen at the Timelord-level, having cultivated for four hundred years, and he was unable to break through this flimsy wall of wind?! Moreover, it belonged to a younger Realmlord?!

Before he could cry out in indignant rage, a spear protruded out of his chest. He spurted out a mouthful of blood, but before he could beg for his life, his flesh expanded, and then BOOM! He exploded with a torrential outpour of wind force.

A spatial ring flew into the air, and with a wave of the white-clothed young man's hand, it sucked into his palm. He smiled with relief after scanning it with his spiritual sense, but then his eyes grew vicious with killing intent as he

turned to the other black-clothed men who realized that the wall wasn't something they could break. They gathered together to put forth a last act of resistance.

With a spear in hand, the white-clothed young man slowly walked toward them.

A few minutes later, the wall went down.

The white-clothed young man walked out, his eyes glimmering with joy as he held a resplendent key. "While it took so long to track them down, those thieves had the last piece of the Golden Essence Key as I thought. Now, I just need to find the Radiant Door."

"Lin Ming, the Radiant Gold Fruit should be your priority. Your body is your weakness at the moment, and refining them will bring your primary physique to another level." A voice in Lin Ming's head echoed, giving him some advice towards cultivation.

Lin Ming nodded; he decided to do some more preparations before challenging the Radiant Door, one of the few trials in the realm, and refining his body will definitely go a long way, especially since he didn't want to miss any opportunities in the Golden War Realm.

Just as he was about to leave, a figure walked into his view. A scent of flowers flowed through his nose, and his eyes narrowed as he turned around.

A gorgeously valiant figure walked forward, dressed in red embroidered with a myriad of flowers. Her auburn hair stood out alongside the rose petal-covered hilt of her sheathed sword.

"Hand it over," the woman demanded indifferently. She exuded an air that was fragrant and commanding, absolutely breathtaking in both the most aggressive and lovely way possible.

"Be careful, Lin Ming. This girl isn't ordinary." The voice warned grimly.

"You are?" Lin Ming controlled the ambient mana to keep the Golden Essence Key behind him, his hands now free to face this new arrival.

"Hong Chunhua." The woman announced plainly, but Lin Ming's pupils constricted. This name wasn't unknown to him. The First Commander of the Ascendants! He clutched his Origin Spear tighter in response.

"Foolish," Hong Chunhua casually commented as she no longer decided to discuss, seeing this white-clothed's youth willingness to fight. She gripped her sword's rose-covered hilt, a surging Sword Intent erupted alongside a sweet fragrance and piercing sword hum!

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Martial Mountain Realm, Endless Prosperity Domain.

A jointly-owned Secret Realm of the Golden Life Pavilion and the Boundless Martial Sect.

A black-haired young man with platinum highlights was scouring an underground temple ruin. When he arrived at the end, finding a staircase that led to a crystal that contained a silver-colored Pill, his eyes brimmed with excitement.

The Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill!

"A half-elf? So you're Yi Yun. " A voice echoed out in the shadows, revealing a human with a hundred spatial rings hanging around his neck and wrist, yet none on his fingers.

The black-haired young man's eyes shrunk as he turned to see the human, his eyes sharpening by the moment. He was intent on gaining this pill. He didn't hesitate to take the initial and strike!

A fist containing vast physical power shot forth explosively.

Zu Zun, the human, wryly smiled as he flickered effortlessly to the side, dodging the fist that slammed against the wall and caused the temple to shake. "Powerful, definitely." He commented, bringing out his bow. "Let's see how powerful you are for his Majesty to be so interested."

-----

In the depths of a dead rogue planet, waves of undulating mystic power surged out explosively, filled with a vibrant and raging energy. A heavy shout came from within and the planet fractured endlessly until it could fracture no more.

BOOM!

It exploded!

At the epicenter of its destruction, a cloaked figure stood there, their Mystic Aura was incredibly stable and flourishing. "Using this darn sword is too difficult. Shit, Yun Che, why does it take so long to recover Mystic Energy?" the cloaked figure sighed to himself, feeling that as one's cultivation base grew, so did the preciousness of every ounce of energy.

This was one of the reasons why Ascended beings rarely fought unless it involved life and death, the recovery period was stupendously long if one didn't have Mystic-Earth grade products to assist. It took him nearly a decade to recover fully without any!

Of course, if others who knew of his outstanding strength in his cultivation stage were to hear that, they wouldn't know whether to cry alone or cry to their mother's at the unfairness of the world.

But now that his strength was back, he felt that he could finally seek out those thieving bitches!

"The Bing Clan."

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1137 1131: The Shadow Moves



The Blessed of the Sealed Regions were awakening as the eve of the Chosen King Competition approached, and they sought fortune and reputation through fortuitous encounters and risky struggles to ready themselves. The Secret Realms of the Golden Life Pavilion, opened by the dozens, accepting all across the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, served as the most effective flame to these moths of Karmic Luck.

Very little effort was put in before Karmic Luck deductions flashed across the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region over the last three years, bringing countless hopefuls to their destiny. Yet the shadowy hands of a certain someone were present, guiding these Blessed to encounters that even the Heavenly Daos couldn't resist.

At those times, these Blessed were met by various challengers of superb strength and outrageous talent; they were tested through battle, wits, and fortune. Fortunately, those challengers never sought to slay these Blessed, merely establish contact and glance at their gains through various means.

Li Yungu, a member of the First Commander's Unit, even found a Blessed with an ancient, discarnate demon soul tethered to an amethyst necklace. Her efforts caused the demon soul to violently retaliate, exerting powers of the Soul of Mysticism Phase, and she swiftly escaped shortly after using a profound Ever-Starlight Pellet, deeply stunning demon soul and Blessed alike. With the Ever-Starlight Pellet, even the low-quality version, it was difficult for Second Stage Ascended beings to hinder their escape.

Many of the Ascendants were given tasks or assigned targets, and a few met unbelievably surprising resistance. From unique treasures, exquisitely powerful arts and spells of ancient lineages dating back to the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's pre-Sealed Region era where the Worldly Saint, the Grand Cyclic Titanic Emperor had reigned supreme, and discarnate souls resembling Wu Yu.

It was clear that the Heavenly Daos, like any other being, was quite predictable. Wu Yu wasn't the only discarnate soul that was present. Wei Wuyin had long since deduced that the Sealing Array was affecting the natural cycle of reincarnation, even hindering the Impartation of the Heavens in many areas.

Most of the time, the Ascendants defeated their targets. Other times, they scurried away at the first encounter with an impossible obstacle. At the times they claimed victory, some were spared and sought to gain their trust, learning about their origins and fortunes. Then, they would leave behind good fortune that would have these Blessed surging with endless happiness, and then mysteriously vanish like profound seniors.

Quite a few of these Ascendants were hundreds of years old, so in actuality, many were genuinely acting as benevolent seniors that didn't fight over these youngsters' good fortune nor had greed over their fortuitous encounters. They were patient, merciful, and relatively kind—in their own way.

However, while they scoured and reported back their numerous findings and pleasant discoveries, the true target of their search remained elusive.

-----

Ancient Sky Realm, Everlore Domain.

This was a small-sized World Realm with a white-colored dwarf-sized Solar Star with a faint, illusory Mystic Radiance Belt. This belt gave a sense of

incompleteness, yet the essence provided by the Solar Star, filtered through it, vastly exceeded the peak-quality essence, more akin to pinnacle-quality essence.

The surface was a planet with a maintained ecological system with flourishing flora and fauna, freshwater lakes, mountains, and white clouds. The entire world gave off a magnificent feeling of richness and purity. This was San Luoyang's personally cultivated World Realm.

Unlike others, this was his personal project, kept secret and only a select few had access to it or was even aware of its existence. As such, in his downtime he would treat it as his World Garden, caring for it and letting it grow as a mortal would a typical garden. The hobbies of an Ascended being would scare any mortal.

At the moment, by a crystal clear lake filled to the brim with pure water energies of the pinnacle of mortal energies, three auras were present, each a distance apart. They belonged to the trio that had stolen from the Evil Blessed, seizing good fortune at the conclusion of a Chaosnova—San Yongli, Highlord Spiritwalker, and Highlord Frostwind, also known as Bing Tian!

They were each cultivating their own way. Bing Tian was absorbing an ice-attributed mystic stone; Highlord Spiritwalker was meditating with a ghastly pale complexion; San Yongli's hands hovered over a spherical shadow enveloped in a misty exterior. The Heavenly World Core!

San Yongli was, with great effort, extracting fine, string-like wisps of Heavenly Mana from the core using a unique method. Her mouth struggled to open as the wisp entered through it and down her esophagus. It traveled until it reached her Dantian Region, illuminating her body in resplendent light.

After several hours, her forehead was drenched with sweat and her fingers trembled. Her normally beautiful expression was incredibly tense, throbbing veins could be seen pulsating on her neck and temples.

For the last eight years, she's been carefully extracting the Heavenly Mana, at least one each year, and then refining it through continuous effort using her Spirit of Cultivation. This was all for the efforts of evolving her Spirit of Cultivation from its Mortal State to its Origin State. While this might seem slow, it was best to compare Jing Jiu's two hundred years of effort to formulate an incomplete Origin State.

Just from this, it could clearly be seen that the Heavenly World Core's Heavenly Mana was world-shaking!

After finishing the refinement, she breathed out lightly. "One more!" She told herself, reinvigorating her ambitions. After one more wisp, according to the method, she should form an Origin State Spirit. She couldn't predict its initial grade, but considering she had a Zenith Mortal State Spirit prior, it should reach the 2nd or 3rd Origin State.

She looked at the Heavenly World Core, her eyes glistening excitedly. If she could refine this entire Heavenly World Core, reaching the 7th Origin State might be possible!

"Cough!" Highlord Spiritwalker had suffered immense damage to her body and cultivation base, and despite cultivating for the sole sake of recovery in this pure environment, she wasn't even ten percent recovered. She lacked Mystic-Earth grade recovery products, and not even San Yongli had any.

As a Demi-Mortal Lord, given the extent of her injuries, her recovery period could be roughly estimated to be eighty to a hundred years. She sighed heavily in her heart; as cultivators grew in strength, the recovery process was



similarly costly. If she was still in the Soul of Mysticism Phase and suffered these damages, she could recover in fifteen years at most.

She gritted her teeth, only soothing her depressed emotions due to now possessing over twenty thousand years of lifespan. While she lost a few thousand due to the depths of her injuries reaching her Life Source, she was alive, and she had thousands more.

Bing Tian was still recovering, her arms had been fully regrown, and she simply needed to cultivate her energies once again. However, she kept feeling a faint pressure laying on her chest, an ominous feeling lingering over her heart.

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Everlore God Realm, Everlore Domain.

The Central World Realm of the Everlore Association and home of Evergod. It had a dwarf-sized Solar Sky with a seven-colored Mystic Radiance Belt, tangible and spinning. Currently, the Everlore Association's top Alchemists were fully focused on their concocting efforts of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and the Sharded God Domain Pill.

They were termed the number one Alchemist Organization of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region for a reason; Shortly after completing their first concoction of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, they went into overdrive, vastly exceeding the quantity that the Golden Life Pavilion could produce. They soon dominated the market over the last five years, the majority of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill's currently out, roughly 60%, was theirs by the eighth year.

Despite the three-year head start, the Golden Life Pavilion was unable to match the prowess of the Everlore Association. That said, this success was strictly regarding raw production numbers. In terms of quality, 100% of the high and peak-quality products belonged to the Golden Life Pavilion.

This only caused the Everlore Association to invest more time and energy into perfecting the concoction process, putting everyone on it to devise various ways to elevate its quality. While the public was largely unaware of it, the Everlore Association's intentions to dominate the market of the new era were clear in their actions!

While Evergod himself never gave direct orders, he tactfully allowed his Alchemists to send out their Alchemic Knights and disciples to find Wei Wuyin's products to examine! In fact, it was through this that they succeeded after three years.

The products of Wei Wuyin severely lacked a typically present component in completed products—Spiritual Aura!

They soon realized that they couldn't oversaturate the cauldron with Spiritual Aura from Spiritual Sense, causing a volatile process thanks to the material compositions. So, while they couldn't remove Spiritual Sense and its resulting aura entirely from the process, Evergod devised a way to use Alchemic Force to contain the Spiritual Aura during the process!

Through this, he found instant success!

Since then, they've strived to find out Wei Wuyin's concoction methods through any means!

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At the borders of the Everlore God Realm, the Spatial Walls that stabilized the realm, a wisp of shadowy smoke penetrated through it without causing the slightest bit of disturbance. As it did, the tiny hole that the smoke generated flickered with a profound power of time vastly exceeding anything the Sealed Regions was familiar with, reversing the damage as if it didn't exist.

As the observation array and alarm formations swept across the area, it kept going without stopping.

The shadowy smoke fell weightless towards the lands below, seemingly carried by the light energies of the Solar Star, and arriving at the atmospheric layer of the planet. It soundlessly penetrated the layer until it landed on the surface of the planet.

It shook slimpossiblelightly, then burrowed into the nearly -to-perceive cracks in the planet's crust, vanishing completely.

Among the numerous powerful Ascended beings or Ever-Knights was aware, but the Everlore Vault that served as the core of the planet was about to have its first unpermitted visitor.

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1138 1132: Carnage Awaits



As the hidden undercurrents quietly stirred the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, the world continued advancing towards the single goal of the masses, rife with anticipation and opportunity: the Chosen King Competition!

After years of sub-par showings, unable to produce a Chosen King, this event slowly earned the reputation of having some superficial importance to the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, seen more as a means to gain rare alchemical products, resources, and remembrance of the grand legacy the King of Everlore left behind. It was mostly treated as a farm by which to obtain resources to nurture talent or seize rare products for Ascended beings; now, with the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill's existence and the advent of the new Chosen Standards, the hope of a Chosen King rising amongst the hopefuls was rekindled.

Moreover, due to the indeterminate manner by which the King of Everlore had left behind the rules and requirements of rewards, the gains this time were bound to be more bountiful than ever! Spurred by such promising futures, the Chosen were working harder than ever before to prove themselves, and organizations risked it all to support them.

This period between the Chosen King Competition's beginning date and the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit's end was coined by the common people as the Era of Rising Immortals. It was speculated that due to this period of rampant cultivation, the next generation of elites would far, far surpass their ancestors. While this was merely hopeful speculation, fueled by the desire to be part of the greater change, the common people rallied for it.

The Golden Gate Pavilion was flexible in their approach as well, and they hastily announced the removal of their Immortal Hero and Immortal Saintess Ranking, replacing both rankings with the Immortal Monarch Ranking. Those on this ranking were deemed by the Golden Gate Pavilion as having the greatest chances of becoming future pillars of the next era of cultivation, non-categorized by gender. Essentially, they had the greatest chance of becoming Earthly Saints!

The pot was stirred and stirred! The Chosen aspiring for greatness sought to enter the rankings to validate their genius and talents, letting the world know of their outstanding future! It soon became commonplace to term Chosen that are in the top 100 ranking as Chosen Princess or Chosen Prince, while the #1 ranking was given the title of Young Chosen King or Young Chosen Queen!

When the Golden Gate Pavilion announced the list, the uproar was filled with excitement, and then when they revealed their initial top 100 rankings, the uproar could be described as cataclysmic!

Why?

Because it was none other than...

...Wei Wuyin!

The Neo-Dawn Alchemic Sovereign!!

The announcement caused quite a commotion because the concept of Chosen wasn't based on their skills in alchemy or any of the Creationists' Daos of study, but legitimate combat strength by virtue of cultivation! A vocal few felt that the list was unfairly determined, calling into question the standards that the Golden Gate Pavilion had set. Fortunately, by the established rules of the rankings, Wei Wuyin was soon dethroned after a single day after he declined to enter the Rising Immortal Stadium as a projection that was regulated by the Golden Gate Pavilion to determine the rankings.

The Rising Immortal Stadium was funded and overseen by the Golden Gate Pavilion, creating an artificial Spiritual Incarnation of two Chosen and pitting them against each other. Due to the lopsided nature of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and this generation, the older Chosen wasn't able to dominate the stadium, with many not even entering the top five hundred.

To be honest, the Golden Gate Pavilion was unable to reach Wei Wuyin! They didn't publicly announce this, only saying he declined to enter! Still, others fought for the recognition and opportunity to be classified as a Chosen Prince, Chosen Princess, or the Young Chosen King or Queen!

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At the edge of the Everlore Domain, there was a lone, tiny-sized Lunar Satellite that exuded a sanguine glowing tint, basking in the distant radiance of the Aeternal Sky Solar Star. It was mostly barren, lacking an atmospheric layer to grow an ecological system.

On this moon, there was a mountain that was twenty thousand feet high, the tallest on the surface, standing out. In fact, there were five mountains in total, and if one saw it from afar, one would feel as if the moon resembled a five-clawed palm. At the peak of the tallest mountain representing the middle claw sat a lone figure, cross-legged, without any shoes. They wore a loose robe of grey with their defined upper-torso half-exposed.

Woosh!

From afar, a Voidship approached. It was a small-sized, well-crafted vehicle with its hull embroidered with various roses. Despite being out in Dark Void, where there was an absence of air particulates, just seeing it felt as if a particular fragrance could be smelled.

It soon arrived at the edge of the gravitational influence of the lunar satellite. At the helm of the Voidship, an auburn-haired swordsman of elegant looks yet command presence observed the lunar satellite with a glint of apprehension. There were few things that Hong Chunhua feared, but if she had to name the cultivators that terrified her, there were three that sent shivers down her spine.

The first was Wei Wuyin; he was her Ascendant Emperor, and her reverence and belief in him were firmly established, further cemented by her current achievements, the feats he'd performed thus far, and those silver eyes that felt as if all truths were grasped. She always felt exposed.

The second was Su Mei; she was Wei Wuyin's right hand, and her strength brought her a sense of inferiority that was impossible to remove. There was just something about her, something dangerous that originated from the depths of her soul.

The third was none other than this person here, sitting alone on his declared territory. She held back her urge to gulp, recalling those scarlet eyes, that

innate ferocity within his aura that seemed bound to unleash indescribable levels of carnage.

Zuhe!

Not even Wei Wuyin nor Su Mei brought her this level of unease.

Hong Chunhua skillfully anchored the Voidship. With a heavy breath, she formed a hand-seal and sent out a spiritual ripple toward Zuhei. She knew better than to land on his territory. She lowered the barriers and waited.

"..." A breath later, Hong Chunhua felt a presence behind her. Her eyes constricted slightly—she smelled death. An icy sensation overwhelmed her spine, and she had to circulate her cultivation base to disperse it. She was still the First Commander of the Ascendants, a designation of her greatest pride, and not even discomfort could overwhelm that unwillingness to disappoint her life's title.

She turned around, her eyes steady and calm.

Zuhe! was there, no more than five meters away, staring at her with those scarlet eyes that resembled bloody stars! She clasped her hands respectfully using the Ascendants' unique greeting, "Lord Zuhei." While she was the First Commander of the Ascendants, Hong Chunhua knew that there were statuses within the Ascendants that exceeded her authority.

The Ascendants called them titled Ascendants. One of them was Zuhei—the Fangs and Claws. Others called Su Mei by a title as well—the Light of the Ascendants. In the beginning, she was the guiding light of the Ascendants, assisting them and being the greatest driving presence of their growth. While Wei Wuyin was the reason, he was elusive, rarely showing himself except at critical moments, such as orientation or inspections.

Zuhei unblinkingly stared at Hong Chunhua. The latter soon dispersed her hesitation, "Here's the report." She brought out a Spiritual Jade and sent it over.

Zuhei smoothly grabbed it, his senses delving into its contents, and his eyes closed. Suddenly, Hong Chunhua felt that all the death, blood, and sensations of carnage within Zuhei receded like a tide, allowing her to appreciate his long white hair and handsome features. Despite being a beastman, Zuhei was outstanding for his gender.

"Tell me," Zuhei said, his eyes remaining closed.

Hong Chunhua nodded, "I met Lin Ming, the Archaic Chosen of the True Element Sect, at the Golden War Realm three years ago. His cultivation base was at the Realm World Phase, I..." She proceeded to detail her experiences, including their first fight for the Golden Key. This was their 'first' fight because, over the course of the next three years, they had fought a total of four times.

The first fight was her victory. But he escaped with the Golden Key after a Golden Storm sprung up in the area without reason, allowing him to escape. Golden Storms were one of the spontaneous dangers of the Golden War Realm, and she had to resist.

The second time they fought was after she obtained her own Golden Key and they fought at one of the Caches. Unfortunately, she was ganged up upon by Lin Ming and four women. One of which was the Tang Clan's Young Mistress, Tang Xingyun, including Bai Yuxi, the Granddaughter of the Guardian of the Elements, and a body-refiner of the Boundless Martial Sect.

She was bound to be equally as important.

With a few external factors contributing, the fight was inconclusive.

The third time was shortly after. She fought Lin Ming for a brief period, only a few exchanges, but his strength had considerably risen during that period.



"...he used a powerful Spiritual Art that lowered my Spiritual Strength by sixty percent. Due to the restrictions, his Majesty placed when interacting in these training realms, I was unable to gain an advantage and could only retreat..."

The fourth time was at the end of the Golden War Realm's three-year period. At the time, Hong Chunhua used her Dawnbreaker Swordlight Quintessence to resist the Spiritual Art's restriction at the cost of some cultivation, but Lin Ming had...

"He used Elemental Heart Intent."

Zuhei's eyelids quivered slightly. This was a power that only his Master had grasped before.

She compiled the information that Zuhei sought, and as his Majesty instructed. To put it in his Majesty's words: "To remind him." Clearly, this Lin Ming was a whetstone which Zuhei was using to fuel his cultivation, sharpening his fangs and claws. And in truth, seeing the seething air around him, she felt her heart race—it was certainly working.

After a long while, Zuhei opened his eyes to reveal their scarlet-colored allure and then gave a nod. Hong Chunhua nodded in response.

Woosh!

Zuhei vanished with a flicker.

Hong Chunhua wasn't shaken by his speed but felt her heart grow cold as she was unable to sense him. She turned to the lunar satellite and sighed in her heart. Only a single figure sat there. Hong Chunhua thought back and recalled the orders of his Majesty, and how it wasn't just given to her, but the other Ascendants as well.

Hong Chunhua softly whispered, "Good Luck." Then, she flew off. She still had an assignment to complete.

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Karmic Luck Value: 41,132.3.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 0 Year.

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Karmic Luck Value: 41,132.3.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Initiating.

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1139 1133: Third Calamity, Blade & Fire



Hell.

A spherical orb of unknown power existed within this hellscape of unimaginable horrors and indescribable vastness. It was larger than ten Sealed Regions combined. Yet above this orb, a shadow loomed over. This shadow was utterly gigantic, its ends unable to be seen from any stretch of a mortal's imagination. It possessed infinite eyes of infinite colors and infinite arms stretching even further than its enormity as if it grasped the entirety of the observable reality.

"The Sinful Pride Mortal has returned."

Serving as a stark contrast to the indistinct body of the looming shadow was a thin, dark crimson-winged figure. The wings were cracked and dry. The thinnest layer of flesh served as its sole reliance for structure and strength, with every fiber of muscle and bone protruding through. While the wings felt as if they would give the feeling of an object of absolute malevolence, the figure exuded not the slightest hint of such within its aura.

"Sinful Pride Mortal!" Another voice resounded. A silvery orb flew in from an indeterminate direction and an indeterminate distance. It seemed to have always existed yet just been born into existence, a true conundrum of the senses. It belonged to a silver-winged figure. Unlike the dark crimson wings of earlier, the silver wings of this figure were robust, healthy, and exuded endless radiant energy. In a similar vein as before, the expected holy aura of these wings was absent.

Sinful Pride!

If any figure of Hell were to hear this, they wouldn't have any particular individual in mind. Too many have come and gone, fought and resisted, lived and died, failed and been eradicated in body, essence, and soul! However, adding the word 'Mortal' to the name and only a single figure would emerge in their minds!

Sinful Pride Mortal!

"So soon?" The silver-winged figure said questioningly, its voice extremely rough and gravelly, unbecoming the majestic beauty of its wings. The Sinful Pride Mortal was the only Inheritor of Sin that had entered Hell as a Mortal and survived, not just once but twice, and the last Calamity hadn't simply been survived but conquered! It was an unbelievable development that stirred a few of Hell's residents.

The two winged figures gazed at the spherical orb with unswerving interest. The sphere's immensity didn't hinder their perception in the slightest, viewing all they wanted to see and experience.

Another mysterious orb manifested. The orb was violet in color, seemingly having existed beneath the looming shadow since time immemorial yet equally as recent as an infant's birth. The figure had violet-colored wings. The wings had no feathers but tooth-like lizard scales. The wings themselves were robust, possessing firm, ample muscle, and they exuded a type of charm that was irresistible.

It, too, lacked the aura that one would expect from it, but it was an aura that was difficult to describe in simple words. The best description of the impression it gave was a mixture of beast and demon.

"He's here?" The figure's voice was silky to the ears, pleasant and gentle. The new arrival immediately focused on the sphere in the immeasurably far distance. "The Agonized Road Dimension? With a Mortal Soul?" The voice questioned curiously.

"I agree with you; surviving this dimension will be impossible." The crimson-winged figure asserted with a hint of amusement. Unlike the Calamity of True Loss or the Calamity of Endless Regret, the Calamity of Blade and Fire cleansed the soul through a direct approach, not indirectly through emotions.

"..." The silver-winged figure remained silent. Since this Sinful Pride had survived two Calamities in a row, even having conquered one, the silver-winged figure felt it unnecessary to add its commentary or opinions. It firmly took its position as a speculator, unwilling to add anything else.

Seeing the silver-winged figure not arguing, the crimson-winged figure seemed less inclined to continue, and the violet-winged figure was similarly disinclined to open a discussion of opinions and thoughts. As beings of their

level, they were acutely aware that the thoughts of others were irrelevant to the outcome of Hell's Eighteen Cleansing Dimensions. They simply observed quietly.

Beneath the looming shadow, three other distinct orbs of different colors also manifested, but they were far away from each other. Each situated themselves beside one of the many infinite arms of the looming shadow, their focus on the sphere. They didn't approach or speak to each other, but it was clear that Wei Wuyin's incredible feats had brought his existence to these residents of Hell's attention.

A Mortal Soul that hadn't just survived the Memory Abandonment Dimension but conquered the Regretful Heart Dimension!

If Wei Wuyin knew the waves he'd caused as a mere mortal, he wouldn't know whether to laugh, cry, shiver, run away, or hold his chin up with enormous pride.

"The Calamity of Blade and Fire is initiating." A voice of indifference and remarkably leveled cadence, deeply mechanical, resounded. It belonged to the looming shadow, reaching into the depths of the soul with every syllable! The sphere shook!

Despite his decision earlier to not speak, the crimson-winged figure couldn't help but say: "The Agonized Road isn't a mental-influencing dimension that can be overcome with intelligence or willpower. It's impossible to stop the cleansing process. You either last the eighteen cycles, or you're cleansed—there's no way out early.

"Unfortunately, he's still a mere mortal; his True Soul's Outer Shell lacks any type of refinement. He can't last on the Agonized Road." The crimson-winged figure voiced what was likely all their thoughts. Despite being so far away, the

other existences all reacted with their auras fluctuating slightly. One of them even left, seemingly no longer interested in the outcome.

"Don't underestimate this mortal," the silver-winged figure warned. Since this Sinful Pride Mortal had been selected as an Inheritor of the First Sinner, having survived the First Calamity and conquered the Second Calamity, it wasn't suitable to judge him by ordinary standards. It was best to wait and see!

"..."

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The world was empty as far as the eye could see. The sky had no color, the ground had no texture, and the sensation of wind was absent. There was a stillness in the breathable atmosphere that felt stifling.

"So this is the Third Calamity?" Wei Wuyin's casual tone resembling that of an intrigued tourist was highly unfitting for a mortal about to tackle Hell's greatest purpose—cleansing! Of all the Calamities, of all the bits of information he'd acquired from Wen Mingna's efforts, Wei Wuyin held the greatest confidence in surviving this calamity the most!

Wei Wuyin inspected his hands; the faint silvery glow on them caused his eyes to flicker with a wry light. After consuming the physique-establishing Neo-Dawn Paragon-Forging Pill, his body exuded a unique mucus that enveloped him in a thick cocoon. This vastly exceeded his expectations as he felt his body had entered a unique state of metamorphosis.

After the first hour of trying to refine it, he was sent into hibernation, which caused his consciousness to grow foggy and indistinct. Despite that, as a possessor of the Minor Authority of Time, he could accurately determine the passing of time. Unfortunately, he couldn't break out of the cocoon.

Wei Wuyin could still hear the muffled cries of confusion and concern of women weeping tears from outside the cocoon. These voices belonged to his seven beauties after they unceremoniously entered his Alchemic Chambers out of worry for his state after what they had experienced. A reasonable, faultless response.

Yet, he was unable to escape. Fortunately, his mental connection with Bai Lin was strong, and she arrived and protected his cocoon from the others. Who knew what would happen if Lin Xianxian acted and used her Ascended might to split the cocoon?

This led to him staying in the cocoon for the remaining months leading up to the Third Calamity's initiation and entering his semi-metamorphic state, hence the silvery light on his skin.

The light was some kind of embryonic fluid that was generated by the cocoon, much like a mother's womb, that adhered to his skin like protective armor. Typically, physique-establishment products only took a month at most, so he felt confident in taking it before the Third Calamity, adding an additional trump card to resist any unexpected variables.

"Seems like my initial impression of the pill was wrong? But how?" He wrestled with this question for so long. If there was anyone that could predict 100% of the effects of a product, then it was the creator, especially if it was a new product. This could be considered a blessing of the Alchemic Dao, granting them this knowledge and assisting them in their understanding.

However, it was clear that the pill hadn't aligned with what he expected. Something had changed. He didn't know when or how, but something had changed! After being left with his thoughts for months, he could only deem that the outlier was the unfathomably eternal aura that had accompanied the Mortal Dao and Mystic Dao Auras.

Using his experiences, the only conclusion he could conceive was that the pill had transcended beyond his understanding somehow. This was similar to how he couldn't grasp the effects of his transcendent products due to his lack of understanding of the Mystic Dao, either causing wildly amplified effects or entirely different ones that heavily diverged from the original effects.

This was very troublesome; he couldn't determine what this change would eventually lead to or if the Third Calamity would ruin his physique.

Furthermore, he didn't have the materials to concoct another Neo-Dawn Divinity-Forging Pill at the moment, especially after exhausting all of his Utmost Purity Mist, the totality of three decades and countless successes.

Szzzt.

A sound of flames searing subtly sounded, catching Wei Wuyin's attention.

"It's beginning," he softly whispered as he touched his chest to feel the pumping of his fleshy heart.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1140 1134:Third Calamity,Burn!



Hot.

Wei Wuyin found that his surroundings were heating up, like a pre-heating prelude to his eventual frying. If a normal soul was here, they would feel abnormally discomforted by the slowly rising heat, but Wei Wuyin was here with his physical body. Light-emitting silvery embryonic fluid aside, Wei Wuyin's physical body was refined by Absolute Hot Fire Energies and



Scorching Ash Magma Energies, two Apex-level heat-exuding elemental energies elevating his resistance to typical heat to be absolute.

For now.

"This is only the start," Wei Wuyin murmured as he realized that the mucus-like substance on his body wasn't evaporating despite the rising heat or experiencing any adverse reaction at the moment. This only further strengthened his belief that this strange fluid wasn't ordinary, capable of remaining unaffected and even coming to Hell with him.

"Am I still in a cocoon?" Wei Wuyin still didn't understand the transportation of the Calamities of Hell very well; he was only able to verify that his physical body and soul would accompany him, a stark difference from normal souls. This was the core advantage that the Bloodline of Sin granted him and likely contributed to why the Bloodline of Sin Inheritors, those typically within the Realm of Sages, would be able to continuously survive these calamities.

"Woo!" Wei Wuyin lightly exhaled, expelling a breath of condensed Absolute Ice Origin Energy from his mouth into the surroundings. The heat within the vicinity cooled instantly, but only for a brief period. "So my cultivated power and inherent energies can affect this calamity." With this discovery, he no longer felt the slightest hint of trepidation towards the Third Calamity in his heart, his confidence rose to the highest level possible in his circumstance.

"This space... it is named the Agonized Road Dimension," Wei Wuyin recalled the information that Wen Mingna had risked her life to transmit. The calamity itself was called the Calamity of Blade and Fire, a sign of its characteristics and power. "The Agonized Road Dimension is a forceful journey of a path. To survive, one must fully travel the road amidst blade and fire. This was my analysis; It seems to be correct."

The surroundings were a haze of heat and red, overwhelming the scenery, but there was a stretch of road that was extremely clear within his senses. It urged him to move. The urge originated from his soul, telling him that traveling was the only route to survival.

Sinners who arrived here would face this Calamity of Hell with only their souls, without their physical bodies, and would already be roasting and feeling deeply uncomfortable by the rising heat. With utmost urgency to preserve their lives, they would rush across the Agonized Road for an escape or flee from the path.

"Don't stray from the path," Wei Wuyin reminded himself with all his heart before he lifted his foot and stepped forward. As he did, the heat within the world rose by several degrees. To someone with a physical body and a high affinity for fire, he easily felt the sudden difference.

"Don't run yet," Wei Wuyin lightly breathed as he took another step forward. The heat rose once again, but the rate of its increase was a degree or two higher. Despite his internally-issued self-warning, a hum of blades resounded behind him, causing the nape of his neck to grow cold, and his heart leaped out of his chest as he instinctively moved to dodge.

He leaped forward, easily traversing a thousand steps.

"Shit!"

Suddenly, the rising heat exploded!

**FIRE BLAZED!**

Flames!

Flames erupted everywhere!

The visible world was overwhelmed by a flood of flames, enveloping Wei Wuyin in an instant. The Agonized Road was instantly drowned, and Wei Wuyin's eyes remained open, keeping track of a single direction!

The heat emitted from the flames seared his skin, and the flames licked his eyes, scorching them a dark color, and igniting his hair. While he was in his fleshy body, the Calamities of Hell were not so simple.

Eye of Immortality!

Wei Wuyin's eyes had been on the verge of melting as they burned, but the Eye of Immortality was evoked, and those silver eyes of his were instantly reborn alongside the flaring of a wisp of eternal aura.

"Hm?" Wei Wuyin was stunned for a brief moment as his body was slowly being burned, forcefully calming himself down as the flames drowned him, entering his orifices, trying to eradicate him from every angle.

His blood burned! His bones burned! His cells burned!

His physical body was being scorched and seared by the passing moment, but Wei Wuyin remained calm. A normal soul would've been howling in despair, wishing for death at this point, especially since the searching flames burned everything. Fortunately, his fleshy body acted as the first layer of defense and the flames couldn't touch the Outer Shell of his soul as long as it existed!

While Wei Wuyin wasn't entirely scorched black, his skin looked molten with a heated glow.

He didn't feel any pain.

Using the Seven Source Soul Light and Alchemic Eden Force, he applied the aspect of Containment to his sense of touch. At the moment, he was entirely numb as all his terrifyingly hellish responses to burning pain from his fleshy

body and Primary Mind were being scooped up and placed at the edge of his Sea of Consciousness.

"I rushed it a little, but it works." Wei Wuyin sighed in his heart after acting on instinct, dashing a thousand steps when he sought to test his theory of pain containment. Unfortunately, there was a sacrificial piece to this tactic.

"AHHHHHHH! AURGH!!!" Wei Wuyin's Secondary Mind was howling while in indescribable levels of agony as if it was in its death throes. It could rip apart a person's psyche just hearing such raging howls seeking the comfort of death, capable of instilling everlasting nightmares.

The sensation of pain must be felt, this was an unchangeable law of the Calamity of Hell.

Fortunately, using Seven Source Soul Light, his Second Mind's connection with his Soul was severed, so the cleansing process of this hell hadn't been initiated.

"The Agonized Road releases the Cleansing Power of Hell depending on the degree of pain felt by the Soul." Wen Mingna's information had been absolutely crucial to coming up with this tactic. If he had entered here while ignorant, chances were that he would've never been able to come up with this strategy while experiencing agonizing pain or resisting the cleansing power.

Stronger Souls felt less pain. As a result, stronger Souls often survived the Agonized Road for longer, while those True Souls refined through extraordinary methods such as the True Soul of Sin might be entirely unaffected by the rising heat to a certain extent.

Unfortunately, Wei Wuyin had a Mortal's Soul; There was no amount of cultivation in the Mortal Realms that would change that, and the amount of cleansing power that needed to affect him for him to be eradicated was utterly

insignificant in quantity. After all, it took three minutes of the Second Calamity's cleansing power to lose eighty percent of his Soul's Outer Shell.

The Third Calamity's Cleansing Power was considerably stronger.

This was why Wei Wuyin, unknowingly, had observers that were curious enough to come. It should be a virtual impossibility for a Mortal's Soul to survive given the conditions of the Calamity of Blade and Fire. There was no escape path—either be cleansed or traverse the entirety of the Agonized Road.

Wei Wuyin's eyes peered ahead as the flames soon abated, but the heat was ever-rising! The Agonized Road was ahead of him, and if Wen Mingna's information was correct, then he had to traverse 108,000,000 steps!

He pressed his palm over his heart area, "It's almost your turn."

Ba-Dum!