

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1291 1285: NDAE, Seventh Fortune



"THREE?!"

"AN ALCHEMIC SOUL?!?!"

Wei Wuyin held nothing back after revealing Eden, exuding a distinct aura of Alchemical Energies. Its purity, quality, density, and intensity were all at levels that Earthly Saints would find difficult to convert properly, even with time. This energy was stable and natural, without any signs of having been transformed through an externally designed method.

But that wasn't all; Wei Wuyin's Dantian-contained Astral Souls, the Alpha Origin Soul, and Omega Saber Soul exerted the faintest aura, roaring out their existence from the background! Unfortunately, the spectators could only determine that those two souls were an Elemental Origin Soul and Saber Soul.

With his soul age freely displayed, his cultivation base revealed, and three Astral Souls exposed, Wei Wuyin kept focusing as the first process of alchemy started. He diligently, quietly, and perfectly began extracting the mystic-graded essence and energies from each material before him. The first material's method was tailored perfectly to the material's age, type, attribute, and species, bringing forth a flawless extraction of sky-blue radiance. The sky-blue radiance poured into an alms bowl at the side, filling it to the absolute top with light and liquid.

Then, Wei Wuyin switched Extraction Methods; the second material experienced a different type of extraction, causing a scarlet brilliance to roar to light as the essence was once again flawlessly extracted and poured into another alms bowl! Not only was the extraction process incomparably smooth, but the pace at which it was done was mind-blowing!

FREESTYLE PROCESS!

ADVANCED METHOD!!

The Freestyle Process that Wei Wuyin utilized was fundamentally different from the Predetermined Process and the typical Freestyle Process, a very different style of concoction. The Freestyle Process typically used seven distinct methods to complete a concoction process, but that was at its minimum requirement. Alchemists who relied on this focused on increasing their production quality by getting the best out of the process.

The Predetermined Process focused on Mastery rather than flexibility, aiming at skillfully exerting the same Extraction, Growth, Containment, Refinement, Creation, Transformation, and Fusion. Alchemists who relied on this focused on increasing their success rate by being consistent above all else.

"How is this possible?!" The Radiant Wave Alchemic Sovereign, the Twilight Alchemic Sovereign, and every single other Mortal Sovereign Alchemist asked nearly the same question simultaneously in their hearts. How could Wei Wuyin have an Alchemic Soul?!

By the time most of them gathered their thoughts, Wei Wuyin was already extracting the fourth material into a fourth alms bowl. Eventually, they mostly calmed down their chaotic thoughts and intensely gazed at Wei Wuyin.

"Thi-this...this makes sense!" San Luoyang exclaimed in realization. At first, many believed that Wei Wuyin was using an Alchemic Proxy or a uniquely designed Alchemical Method that could generate greater levels of refined

alchemical Energies to assist him in the concoction process. Otherwise, how else could he have become a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist prior to reaching the Ascended level?

Given his mysterious background and the fact this was a well-known method that some Alchemists relied on to increase their success rate and production quality, this made sense at the time! This was especially so when the Armored Saint and Wu Yu were regarded as Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Knights. Why?

Because Alchemic Knights weren't solely meant to protect an alchemist, but since their cultivation bases often greatly exceeded their Alchemists, they could assist them by converting their Mystic Power into Alchemical Power via the typical conversion method!

Sam Luoyang was a step ahead of most in realizing that this all made sense, and the eyes of most turned his way from all over the world, all trying to understand what he could mean. How could any of this make sense?

San Luoyang didn't hold back after realizing the elites of the world were looking to him for an explanation. As a globally recognized Alchemic Saint, he didn't feel the slightest hint of pressure. "During the early years of the King of Everlore, there was a cultivator by the name of the Sacred Elven Queen who cultivated the Multi-World Clan's lineage method and had given birth to three different Spirits of Cultivation after modifying it. Seeing how Wei Wuyin likely cultivated that method, it makes sense that he has three Spirits of Cultivation and not two."

"..." The crowd was silent as they stared at San Luoyang. The Tri-Vision Alchemic Saint had answered the one question people simply didn't care about. So what if he had two, three, or seven Spirits of Cultivation? There were quite a few cultivators, even amongst their Chosen, that had multiple spirits. While there had never been a Starlord with multiple Astral Souls, due

to the nature of the Star Core's formation process, which included the assimilation of one's entire cultivation, it wasn't that shocking to see.

The most important detail wasn't how Wei Wuyin acquired three; it was how he acquired three different Astral Souls, with one of them being an Alchemic Soul!

Furthermore, he still possessed his combat abilities!

This was the most important!

"I..." San Luoyang was stumped. While all of Wei Wuyin's feats could be explained with him already possessing an Alchemic Soul, none of that was as relevant as how he possessed an Alchemic Soul alongside two others and maintained his combat prowess!

The discussions went wild!

Wei Wuyin had just completed the eleventh extraction when an unexpected voice that hadn't shown itself until now resounded!

"It's possible that Alchemic Sovereign Wei cultivates a unique isolation method that segregated his Alchemic Soul's intrinsic properties away from his innate energies, only releasing it in intermittent bursts, such as now." The voice instantly deliberately highlighted that person's existence, showcasing their appearance to the world.

The Imperial Advisor!

She was tall, middle-aged, with an elegance that spoke of the quality of her temperament and wisdom. Her primly-styled grey hair stood out, adding a touch of age to her presence. Those closed eyes of hers made people feel as if they couldn't read her at all.

Similar to the Sky-Zenith Alchemic Saint, she had maintained a distance from the Imperial Clan's main group. When she appeared, she instantly enlightened

quite a few minds as they felt that it was indeed a possible method to approach this issue. Isolation!

A few other theories had been thrown in but were swiftly argued against and dismissed.

The discussion went to another level!

While everyone was engrossed in this, from throughout the World of Eden, new members began to show themselves.

"His Majesty is finally deciding to no longer hold back, I see." A smug grin and a bald head were the two features one would instantly notice in Zu Zun! The demon Ascendant was alongside Bei Yunhan.

"Aren't you happy?" Bei Yunhan commented while rolling his eyes.

"Of course I am! It's about time the world understood just how amazing His Majesty really is!" Zu Zun proudly exclaimed.

"...An Alchemist that can kill a Demi-Mortal Lord, beneath the age of a hundred..." Hong Chunhua was beside them. They had been together since the early days of the Ascendants. And while they had taken leadership of their own units, with Hong Chunhua being the boss of the entire Legion, they were still a tightly-knit group of inseparable friends.

Unlike the rest of the world, the Ascendants fully believed that Xun Yicao had been killed on that day. While being a Timelord, Wei Wuyin one-shotted a Demi-Mortal Lord. Moreover, he had an Alchemic Soul!

There was no facet of talent that he was lacking at all. He was at the highest possible limits in terms of cultivation speed, level, or skill.

Li Yungu was crunching on some sunflower seeds while eyeing Wei Wuyin, "His Majesty can already dominate the world. There's no need to feel worried,

Boss." In a non-official capacity, they referred to Hong Chunhua as 'Boss' instead of 'First Commander'.

"..." Hong Chunhua didn't respond. Who knew the ripples this would cause in the future?

Wei Wuyin completed all eighty-one extractions in under six days. His technique was perfect, causing Alchemists to gradually grow silent as they observed wholeheartedly. He was flawlessly executing an Advanced Freestyle Process without the slightest incongruity within any of his actions. Some of the Extraction Methods belonged to well-known Alchemists; some were even among those currently present!

Wei Wuyin didn't stop as he began the Growth Stage of the Alchemical Process. He started to formulate hand-seals as strands of Alchemical Power split apart and poured into each of the eighty-one alms bowls. The radiance within some bowls increased while others dimmed.

"A Multi-Growth Method?!" Eyes bulged from their sockets as Wei Wuyin executed a method typically reserved for a type of mass production assembly line! Moreover, he was doing so using eighty-one different materials!

Each strand of Alchemical Power contained its own unique Growth Method! The degree of concentration and skill this required wasn't small. No! It was insane!

"It seems I have to work harder," Na Xinyi was standing amongst the Dark Yin Palace's forces. She faintly smiled, not feeling the slightest bit daunted by Wei Wuyin's extraordinary growth as an Alchemist. She still intended to establish her legend, one not one whit inferior to Wei Wuyin's.

For cultivators, this wasn't based on skill but on the limits of the cultivation path they could reach. This was what Long Chen believed, and while it had come from him, there was some truth to it. She had all her life to establish the

greatest legend she could. And more importantly, Wei Wuyin would be supporting her throughout.

Even now, was she not hiding her brilliance from the world? When fully exposed, the world as a whole would know her name.

After three days, Wei Wuyin finished the Growth Process.

"His Alchemical Power is so terrifyingly powerful!" An Alchemic Sovereign commented disbelievingly. Wei Wuyin was a Starlord, yet his Alchemical Power was not the slightest bit inferior to most Earthly Saints in any way! This was the benefit of having an Alchemic Soul, but not even Luo Ning was remotely close to this quality!

"This likely has to do with the difference in their Innate Alchemic Talents," San Luoyang said thoughtfully. It seemed pretty clear that Wei Wuyin was far more talented than Luo Ning, and not by a small margin. It was once said that raw Alchemic Talent could exceed conventional beliefs. For example, despite not having an Alchemic Soul, there have been cultivators at the Mortal Realms who could convert Alchemical Force to have a similar quality as the Alchemical Power of lower-stage Ascended beings.

While rare, these cultivators were often high-level Alchemists relative to their cultivation base. Xun Yicao was one of them. However, he refused to become an Alchemic Soul cultivator.

The following process was Containment. This method was extremely difficult! Wei Wuyin proceeded to execute a single Containment Method, pouring all eighty-one extracted energies and essences that experienced considerable growth in their intrinsic quality, prepping them for further refinement, into his cauldron.

The cauldron might be mystic-graded, but it was entirely ordinary. Besides its quality, it was a fresh cauldron with very few assisting formations etched onto its surface.

"He doesn't seem to want anyone to say that his feat is based on the quality or functions of his cauldron," Tian Dingjian finally regained her mental calm as she lightly commented. She was a fellow Alchemic Soul cultivator and was completely aware of its drawbacks and flaws.

Tian Xiaolu had a unique ancient method to avoid those drawbacks, and since one existed, how could another not? This thought did little to calm her turbulent emotions, especially as envy spread across her heart alongside unrestrained greed! While Tian Xiaolu's method was impossible for her...

If she could obtain this method of isolation, perhaps...just perhaps...

"I agree," the Boundless Martial High King said while unleashing the biggest sigh of awe in his heart.

At this point, all the elites and powerhouses of the entire world were gathered via Proximity and Projection Links, no longer segregated by anything.

The process of Containment went smoothly as all eighty-one essences and energies were brought together without the slightest disharmony. This stage was often the most precarious because the Growth Stage often increased the volatility of these extracted essences and energies, and their clashes have led to the most deaths of amateur alchemists.

By the eleventh day, Wei Wuyin was starting the fourth process-Refinement!

"I always knew he was special," A gigantic azure-scaled dragon with a single horn said through mental transmission. A lovely figure in blood-colored robes mixed with inner clothes of black and white sat on its forehead, her eyes gleaming with happiness and excitement.



They were Ann and Xue Yifei! Beneath Ann were countless intelligent beasts that were obediently quiet, all observing Wei Wuyin's figure as he performed movements that beguiled the mind, controlling copious amounts of Alchemical Power with the skill of a Grand Maestro.

"Oh? I remember you telling me that you thought of eating him at one point because of how arrogant he was?" Xue Yifei smiled as she leaned closer as if to get a better look at her husband. The love and heat in her eyes were hard to miss by even the blind.

"Eh? You're misremembering! I said I was tempted to feed him cause he was so precious! You know. Precious!" Anu's large eyes shifted in guilt.

The World of Eden's audience soon became fully engrossed by the innate beauty of Wei Wuyin's technique, falling into a lull of appreciated silence. As he refined the gathered essence and energy into a single whole, causing a beautiful array of spurting radiance and harmonious sounds reminiscent of music, the entire world went silent.

From time to time, Mystic Rune fragments would flutter out of the cauldron, threatening to unleash mayhem, but Wei Wuyin accurately brought each into a state of serenity, lightly pushing them back into the cauldron. It seemed utterly effortless!

Only after the thirty-third day did he finish, and it seemed as if time itself had simply passed everyone by in the blink of an eye.

"What is he concocting?" The material that had just been refined in the cauldron exuded a terrifying aura!

"..." Evergod felt as if giant ants were crawling upon his entire body. His negative emotions had been boiling since Wei Wuyin revealed his Alchemic Soul. The image of that man! That silver-eyed bastard from all those years

ago flashed endlessly within his mind alongside all sorts of repressed memories.

Now, overlaying with it was the image of another silver-eyed bastard! He didn't know when, but he had started gnashing his teeth with a feral expression. The killing intent in his heart threatened to spew over, and those in the area had subconsciously stepped aside with worrying and fearful gazes.

Tian Dingjian glanced at Evergod's state, which seemed to be on the verge of a complete breakdown, but she didn't comment on that. She instead answered the other question, "Without a doubt, a mystic-graded product. But it's strange..."

"You've noticed it too?" San Luoyang instantly chimed in.

"Oh?" The Imperial Advisor alerted them of her presence, clearly intending to jump into the conversation.

The two Alchemic Saints had experience with mystic-graded products vastly exceeding everyone else. While San Luoyang may have taken a shortcut thanks to San Yongli's treasure, he had participated in many joint sessions of Mystic-Earth grade product concoctions, oftentimes leading them.

"Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Dao is not at the Alchemic Saint level, but the way he moves show's a deft understanding of manipulating mystic essence and energies. It's almost as if he had done so for a long, long time," Tian Dingjian noted.

"You're right; Alchemic Sovereign Wei's skill with mystic-graded materials is considerably higher than mine, showcasing a degree of practice and experience that couldn't be gained without continuous concoction." San Luoyang said without any shame, frowning as he did. Skilled Alchemists could easily understand another alchemist's level while they were concocting. It was subtle, but it had to do with the way the Alchemic Dao moved.

Wei Wuyin was undeniably a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist! But the way he moved made him seem like an experienced Earthly Saint Alchemist!

"Simulations?" The Imperial Advisor asked.

"Possibly," Tian Dingjian softly replied.

It was hard to reason out such perfect skill with only mental simulations. There was a practical element in it.

"He's already starting the Creation Process!" Mu Yura exclaimed as her heterochromatic eyes shone brightly. Her words caused many to realize that Wei Wuyin wasn't taking any breaks, simply pushing forth!

One of the main reasons alchemists took an exceptionally long time was to recover their Alchemical Energies, Alchemical Forces, and Alchemical Power. These things either required a conversion method or diligent cultivation to replenish-almost always both unless one had an Alchemic Soul.

What was converted would rarely be sufficient to undergo the entire process. They would slow down and gradually recover their energies while maintaining the balance of whatever process they were at.

The Creation Process determined the state of the product-Pill, Pellet, Paste, or Elixir. This would also give them some understanding of what type of product he was creating, given the various materials used.

"It's a pill!" San Luoyang pointed out.

"It is," Tian Dingjian calmly concurred.

The other Alchemic Sovereigns had no place to say anything more, but their excitement began to bubble. If, at first, they believed that Wei Wuyin would unhesitatingly fail the concoction as a mortal, with his Alchemic Soul revealed, the doubt vanished like snow on a hot day.

Their hearts have already been swayed into believing, especially after watching the sheer beauty of Wei Wuyin's technique.

"Will he run out of energy?" Mu Yura asked in concern. If Wei Wuyin didn't pace himself and kept speeding through the process, there was a chance that his Starforce would dry out and leave him in a precarious position.

"..." This concern began to echo in everyone's hearts.

Yet Wei Wuyin seemed like a bottomless chasm of energy, unleashing floods of it as he began to shape the refined energy and essences into its state of existence.

"He has three Star Cores!" The Soul Saint King remarked, reminding everyone that Wei Wuyin had three times the amount of Alchemical Force than the typical Starlord.

"Three!" Understanding started to dawn on many as they realized why Wei Wuyin was pushing through so fearlessly.

"Are you suggesting that his two other Astral Cores can contain Alchemical Starforce too?" The Imperial Advisor asked curiously.

"If not, how could he possibly keep this type of expenditure up? Moreover, it is not very different from conversion methods." The Soul Saint King stated firmly.

The pill's shape had fully formed in the cauldron. Wei Wuyin's hand-seals had been well-timed as bursts of varied Alchemical Force kept the pill consistent despite the continuous threat to unravel. The pill, however, seemed slightly faint in substance and radiance.

Wei Wuyin stared into his cauldron for an entire day, his silver eyes gleaming with light.

"What is he doing?" A princess asked as her heart fiercely pounded.

"Shh!" Tian Lingyu put her hand over the princess' mouth. The last two steps of the Alchemical Process, Transformation, and Fusion, were extremely dangerous and sensitive. The slightest mishaps were sufficient to cause all the past effort to be wasted. Luo Ning nearly failed her Fusion Process.

WOOSH!

Without any prior indication, Wei Wuyin's palms reached out and clasped the pill between them. With a slow, violent roar, they unleashed an explosive sound!

Wei Wuyin was the type of alchemist who performed both the Transformation and Fusion Processes in one domineering act! His actions were obscenely reckless, but his exceptionally heaven-defying concoction times were due to these reckless actions!

For example, throughout the entire process, Wei Wuyin never once used his Spiritual Sense!

For example, Wei Wuyin never once paused his concoctions at any stage!

For example, Wei Wuyin applied the Growth Process to each simultaneously, not spending time on them individually!

All of this had cut down what could've taken several years to decades into three months!

As his hands clamped down fiercely, Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes penetrated through his palms, seeing the rampant energies and essences that refused to fuse perfectly. They desired freedom through violence! But who was Wei Wuyin?

He was the first Mortal Saint Alchemist!

Without even being able to manipulate Mystic Energies, he could concoct transcendent ninth-grade products. Now that he was at the Star Core Phase,

his Starforce capable of interacting with mystic energies at the lowest possible level, how could he possibly fail to subdue this pathetic resistance?!

As veins began to bulge on his hands and arms, Wei Wuyin poured an unfathomable amount of Alchemical Force vastly exceeding what any Starlord should be able to possess, sufficient to drown a small starfield several times over!

A woman observed Wei Wuyin calmly from afar, sitting atop a winged beast. Her black hair and black eyes were unfathomably pure, without the slightest turbidity. The woman and beast weren't alone; a barefooted, long-haired beastman sat to her right; a shadowy indistinct figure covered in void-black mist that absorbed light stayed to her left; directly beneath the winged beast was a young woman with a pair of resplendent golden eyes; behind the winged beast was a man with an empty quiver on his back, his eyes closed yet it felt as if he could see all.

These six existences were together.

"Here it comes," the black-haired, black-eyed woman said. The aura of the six started to solidify as they readied themselves.

"Kree!" The winged beast cried out.

"This...isn't a Mystic-Earth product!" Evergod's eyes widened as he blurted out in his shock!

"What?!" The field of powerhouses all had changes in their expressions. Before they could discuss further, the world started to tremble! Not just the World of Eden! THE REAL WORLD!!

"IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S...IT'S..." Evergod's eyes nearly shot out of his sockets in both worlds.

BOOM!!

A wave-like surging quake erupted. A sensation of pressure against one's body, mind, and spirit. That feeling of being surrounded, engulfed, and then tightly strangled.

SPIRITQUAKE!

The Imperial Advisor's calm shattered for the first time in countless years as her almost always closed eyes jolted open, revealing a burst of blinding light!

"A WORLD AWAKENING OF A TRUE SAINT?!"

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1292 1286: Out Of The Shadow



A precursor to the grandest incident known in the Sealed Region eighty-thousand years of written history was unfolding yet again today, on the eve of the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo's final feat!

The third feat!

The fifth product!

The seventh fortune!

Wei Wuyin had promised that this last segment would showcase his words, either spoken himself or by his elegant and beautiful mouthpiece that was Tian Xiaocheng, and he was delivering on all fronts!

Everyone's hearts were deeply, unfathomably, incredibly, indescribably, and utterly shaken by the rising tension of the Spiritquake! Their Spirit of Cultivations, from the lowest Heart of Qi to the highest Mystic Soul, reacted with vigorous shivers and stifled howls.

There was no expert, no gender, no race, no species, and no existence that wasn't stunned by this phenomenon! Unlike before, where Wei Wuyin's artificially invoked, multi-layered Soul Idol Tribulation had emulated the feeling of a Spiritquake, this was the genuine article, and there was no way those of the highest in the hierarchy of cultivation could remain silent.

In the Aeternal Sky Domain of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, an existence sat firmly, lazily, yet arrogantly upon a throne. They lifted their chin slightly, opening their eyes. From the depths of their pupils was the fantastical radiance of endlessly beautiful stars, as if it contained the vast cosmos and more.

"So it's true-you are the prophesized Nine World's Blessed. Still, I'll need you to cooperate just this once." They slowly lifted their right arm, causing a wave of vigorous Mystic Power, far exceeding an ordinary Earthly Saint, to surge forth. The wave flowed into the Dark Void and then twisted violently until a single strand of condensed power remained. The strand of power exuded the brilliance of a thousand stars.

WOOSH!

The strand entered the Aeternal Sky Star in the blink of an eye. It burrowed into the solar star without any resistance.

"It's almost time," the existence muttered as they lowered their right arm and closed their eyes. Unbeknownst to the rest of the world, within the molten core of the Aeternal Sky Star existed a realm-a single object laid dormant within that unique realm.

Within the All-Fury Starfield, the largest Shadow Egg of the Sealed Regions, the violet-robed figure stared at the shadowy mirror, their body trembling slightly.



"What type of monster are you?" The violet-robed figure's voice quivered as they spoke, showcasing their surprise, fear, and disbelief. Not only had a mere mortal brought forth four heaven-defying products that would certainly change the entire cultivation climate of this world, but they were invoking a Worldly Awakening of a True Saint!

For the first time in a long time, they were thankful that they decided to negotiate a peaceful solution. They no longer thought Wei Wuyin's earlier threat was empty bluster but genuine thoughts. With that alone, he hastily sent forth an order to recall his insidious plans to excavate the location of the third node.

It was all but guaranteed that the former Heptasage Pillar Stellar Region was the housing location for it, but with Wei Wuyin determined to protect it, there was little reason to stir the pot and provoke a creature of such monstrous power! Oath-Bound loopholes? Trying to scheme? All of his plans dissipated like thin smoke in a vicious hurricane.

"..."

Stellar Nest.

A soft grumbling resounded from beneath the strange ground surface of the Stellar Nest. A turbulent rumbling erupted, yet besides the tiny, barely noticeable fissure growing slightly thicker, there was no other response.

"Another one?"

Devastated remains of the Everlore Starfield.

The Tiangou remained in her slumber, entirely undisturbed as she had seemingly entered an unfathomably deep sleep. The Spiritquake did little more than cause her to wiggle her nose. However, a cyan-colored existence within the depths of an intact Secret Realm stared at the world beyond, observing the profound changes across the Sealed Region's worldscape.

He was a silent observer since his duty-bound oath had been reduced to an impossible task, especially since there were no longer any living beings to take the trials.

"Hahaha! I knew it! He was bound to be incredibly outstanding!" The Worldly Saint-turned-Spiritform laughed heartily. Then, his piercing gaze became profound as he observed the Spiritual Network World. "So many of those old dogs are finally awakening. It must be on the verge of escaping soon. What should I do? Hm."

The cyan-colored existence was none other than Wang Yutian! The overseer of the Elementus Chosen Trial and the Myriad Dao Palaces.

From within San Yongli's mind, the soul-containing, mind-nurturing treasure glowed faintly. The woman inside released a soft sound of surprise despite her shock at Wei Wuyin's actions. She sent her Spiritual Sense out from San Yongli's real body, finding a trace of a familiar aura in the Dark Void above.

"Alive? So he did escape." The woman's voice was filled with a little hint of anger and helplessness. Eventually, the softest sigh was released. "You can't blame me for this-I want to live too."

After saying this, the woman entered a somber silence.

The Spiritquake was merely the beginning of the Worldly Awakening of a True Saint. Like the True Earthly Recognition, the True Worldly Recognition was a phenomenon of great potential benefit for all those blessed enough to witness its brilliance.

Throughout the entire Heptasage Pillar Stellar Region, including the Defiant Dawn, Mystic Runes manifested. These runes were of varying colors; some were blue, others were crimson, a few were jet-black, and there were even crystalline Mystic Runes!

Wu Yu was sitting cross-legged on the peak of the Eternal Monarch Sect's highest mountain, observing the situation from his perch. By his side was the valiant Lady Clearwind. They, too, had been connected with the World of Eden from the very beginning, observing without commenting or engaging, as previously instructed.

Without any prior warning, directly before Wu Yu, a sanguine World Rune appeared. It exuded a thick bloody aura that contained a feeling as if it contained the entire world itself! Wu Yu's eyes opened as he focused his attention on the rune. From within his Imperial Mystic Soul, the sanguine World Rune borne from the Blood Origin Method began to glow brilliantly, seemingly resonating with it.

"Worldly Awakening!" Wu Yu softly muttered as he reached out, but just as his fingers were about to touch the edges of this rune, his Imperial Mystic Soul howled softly. His eyes darted as his Third Grand Transformation was instinctively initiated. A rune containing boundless and endlessly infinite stars in animated and continuous motion arrived, bearing similar aesthetic characteristics to his Grand Transformations.

"Exalted Heaven World RÃine!" Wu Yu's hand moved past the sanguine rune, touching the starry one. It ballooned before exploding, stumbling into gossamer strands that moved into his glabella. His eyes glazed over; he had been forcefully pushed into a state of surreptitious enlightenment!

Lady Clearwind also saw a Mystic Rune, one that she had never seen before in her entire lifetime. In her state of bewilderment, she reached out curiously and experienced the same thing as Wu Yu.

She wasn't the only one.

Across the Sealed Regions, numerous fortunate individuals received such miraculous blessings.

While the general gains of an endless formation of Mystic Runes of the Ways of Mysticism formulated at a far greater clarity than the True Earthly Recognition, specific individuals were met with a type of unbelievable fortune that would follow them until the Eighth Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the absolute limits of the Mystic-World's reach!

Wei Wuyin's hands were tightly clasped around the pill; his silver eyes had long since been overwhelmed by the Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence. The nucleus of his Alchemic Stars, the Mystic Star that acted as its core, rapidly expanded, forming a four-pointed star-like existence that touched upon the edges of the iris, breaching the pupils' dark sea. It exuded an aura of endless permutations and transformations of all things beneath the heavens!

Wei Wuyin instantly obtained information from the Alchemic Dao! This was its acceptance, a sign that Wei Wuyin was worthy of its notice! If the Alchemic Stars of Spiritual Transcendence he originally had was given a stage, then it could be considered the middle stage of development, or the second level of the Alchemic Stars following the Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality! Now, his Alchemic Stars had experienced an unimaginably drastic increase no less inferior than the progression of Intent from the Awakened Stage to the World Heart Stage!

Third Level of the Alchemic Stars!

The Alchemic Stars of Transcendent Purity!

While differing by only two words, the difference was as great as the space between the earth and the sky!

A gush of information flowed into his mind. But as it did, he felt a continuous prick at the back of his head! Instinctively, he looked at his right arm.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Claimed - 3/3.

Fourth Calamity: Suppressed - 21 Years.

Karmic Luck Value: 217,663.3 -> 195,754.0.

Wei Wuyin watched as over twenty thousand Karmic Luck Value was siphoned from his Bloodline of Sin tattoo! Within the air, the aura of the Heavenly Daos ran rampant. If the previous thousand-point-valued Karmic Surge was a tiny splash in a pool, this feeling was like seeing an incoming tsunami!

Wei Wuyin could feel that the Heavenly Daos was seizing control over his fortune, manipulating the blessings of the Worldly Awakening of a True Saint, and he felt the karmic ties of his companions quiver!

Before Na Xinyi, a black rune with a yin chill manifested.

Before Xue Yifei, twin runes of black and white bound together in a strange unification manifested. Shockingly, there was a faint blood-red rune at its tail, as if it was mistakenly pulled from somewhere.

Before Wu Baozhai, a starry rune manifested.

Before Yue Songli, an amethyst rune manifested.

Before Ma Zheng, a silvery rune manifested, producing ripples throughout all three dimensions of space.

Before Ai Yin, an earthly brown rune manifested that seemed to contain the heaviness of planets.

Before Si De, a grey rune effusing desolation and desire to siphon all things healthy manifested.

Wei Wuyin's eyes remained completely calm as he felt the raging interference of the Heavenly Daos capitalizing on this event. He lowered his gaze to the pill between his palms and faintly smiled.

"No longer will I walk beneath your shadow, but side to side with my own legend." Wei Wuyin softly said as his words echoed across the entire World of Eden, announcing to everyone: "Today, I, the Neo-Dawn Alchemist, have become a Worldly Saint Alchemist!"

"I used your creation to enter the Mortal Sovereign Stage, but this is my very own creation to send me further. I reveal today, the low-tier Mystic-World graded pill-the Neo-Dawn Eclipsing-World Pill!"

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1293 1287: NDAE, Curtains Close



"...Neo-Dawn Eclipsing-World Pill!"

Wei Wuyin's announcement etched itself into the hearts, minds, and souls of all who heard it by a strange, mysterious power. Regardless of their currently preoccupied states, none of them were able to forget.

Meanwhile, the greatest fortune of the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo was unfolding, causing countless ordinary cultivators, geniuses, Chosen, elders, experts, and peak powerhouses to be lulled by the opportunity. The Everlore Association's voidship, however, was quite peculiar. Their situation in the World of Eden was excluded from the connective and amplified senses of the Spiritual Network World. In the real world, they were at the center of an

overwhelming spiritual flow that seemingly caused many to become mentally blank.

Evergod himself was unaffected by the raging turbulence of spiritual flow within his isolated world, but this meant he was completely segregated from the extraordinary fortune. In a hectic fashion, he tried to leave, only to find that the strange spiritual flow seemed to have been caused by the Worldly Awakening of a True Saint, sealing him within.

At first, he thought it was Wei Wuyin's doing and his rage was unmatched until he inspected the realm and realized it was purely natural. His decision to remain concealed had eliminated him from experiencing any good fortune.

"NO! NO! NO!" There was a series of explosively violent sounds from the Everlore Association's Voidship. The madness within each sound was heart-rending. Unfortunately, there was little Evergod could do unless he exerted a power that could shake the foundation of the Mystic Dao that was inducing these strange effects or destroy his realm entirely, likely resulting in the deaths of everyone on board the ship. However, even then, there was something that seemingly resisted his attacks leaving him helpless.

Wei Wuyin's Karmic Luck wasn't solely meant to benefit his allies, it could be used to serve as a detriment to his enemies! The Heavenly Daos' viciousness knew no bounds in its calculations.

San Yongli, however, was an exception alongside her adopted father. They had seemingly noticed the phenomenon's effects, leaving the Everlore Association's ship at the nick of time, avoiding the overwhelming spiritual flow and spatial restriction.

"Whew..." San Luoyang breathed out in relief. San Yongli was currently hovering under San Luoyang's protection, meditating as various Mystic Runes fluttered about her. They zoomed past like colorful comets.

"The Worldly Awakening of the True Saint awakens The World! These are all World Rune blueprints; you must seek out the best one for you. You'll only get one chance unless they choose you naturally, so don't waste it." The woman calmly educated and instructed San Yongli. "These World Rune blueprints aren't simple by any means, and if you can acquire one, becoming a Worldly Saint is almost predestined. Few could enjoy such benefits as this only occurs for the first Worldly Awakening!"

San Yongli digested all this information as she began to meditate. But the thought couldn't help but cross her mind: this phenomenon was never mentioned during the King of Everlore's True Worldly Recognition. Only the Spiritquake! Did that mean it was concealed or was there something strange about his True Worldly Recognition?

San Yongli had grasped a crucial point that would eventually reveal to the world an extremely shocking fact about the King of Everlore! Regardless, she no longer dwelled on the topic and fully focused on obtaining the greatest fortune.

San Luoyang observed this adopted daughter of his and faintly smiled with a trace of admiration and pride. Just as he was about to watch over her wholeheartedly, his Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality surged forth! Unlike the King of Everlore and Sky-Zenith Alchemic Saint, San Luoyang hadn't concocted a ninth-grade transcendent product or a high-tier Mystic-Earth graded product with his efforts, so he was unable to evolve his Alchemic Stars to the next level.

A seven-colored light shot toward him from afar. He was stunned as it arrived before him, hovering gently, and he subconsciously reached out. The seven-colored light erupted and San Luoyang's mind was instantly overwhelmed with a trove of valuable information! It was extremely similar to the Unity of the Alchemic Stars!



Wei Wuyin carefully stored the Neo-Dawn Eclipsing-World Pill in a jade case specially crafted for containing such a precious object, sealing its aura entirely, originally belonging to Xu Yun of the Endless Voyage Realm, he didn't publicly expose the effects of the pill. The fact he created it and received the recognition of the Alchemic Dao was enough.

He remained silent as he allowed the Heavenly Daos to perform its duty, working hard to benefit him with its machinations, and simply rested. Despite his seemingly flawless display, the concoction of a Mystic-World product was by no means a simple feat. He was thoroughly exhausted, especially in terms of mental energy.

It wasn't an exaggeration to say that he was nearing empty on multiple reserves of power, such as King, Ori, and Eden had almost been tapped dry. Kratos was the only exception, hidden from the world entirely. It was ideal to keep at least a few secrets, especially an existence like Kratos that would proudly brag that one day, it'll invade Hell itself.

There was no place that it could not reach and no place that it could not escape. Those arrogant words still resonate with Wei Wuyin's heart to this very day.

"You're...something else," the existence that resided in Wei Wuyin's Sea of Consciousness, the Heavenly War Spirit, said with genuinely earnest awe in her tone.

"Oh?" Wei Wuyin grinned, stretching his limbs lightly.

"I've seen your cautious side, and it's extremely meticulous, but when you exert yourself, there's no one you wouldn't be able to shake to their very soul. To think that I was selected by someone like you. Is this my greatest luck or my greatest misfortune?" The Heavenly War Spirit's words were surprising, causing Wei Wuyin to slightly frown.

"Don't misunderstand," she hastily said, beginning to explain herself: "Your path is one filled with uncertainty, but most Heavenly War Spirits are obtained by those destined for greatness. Their futures were all clear, alongside backgrounds that could move the world with a single whisper. But you, you're entirely different.

"Everything you have is built by yourself. Besides your former sects, which were more like playgrounds for mortals, you have no true background. This could be the sight of something new ushering into our world, or it could be your greatest detriment. Or do you think that the fortune you obtained from a mere trial is sufficient to match those truly blessed by the world in all categories from birth?"

Wei Wuyin kept silent.

"The Nexus War Flag is only a man-made item, casually given out. Even I, a Spirit of Dao, was merely given out because my true value isn't enough to be treasured by the strong. Haaa..." Eventually, the Heavenly War Spirit released a heavy sigh filled with indescribable emotions. It seemed as if she wanted to speak out a thousand words, but could only say a scant few.

Yet Wei Wuyin understood what she wanted to convey. She sought to remind him that this was merely the beginning, and on this path built by his lonesome, he would have difficulty going forward. His outstanding characteristics were soul-shaking, but they were equally prone to producing all sorts of horrific calamities.

He had long since realized that the Calamities of Hell might be his greatest threat, but he couldn't walk with his head too high, his eyes seeing too far, or else he would inevitably fall to those beneath his gaze. The debonair version of himself in that accursed timeline had learned that the hardest way imaginable, having been enslaved while simultaneously losing a precious member of his family.

Things like the Nexus War Flag that allowed him to be invincible within the Sealed Regions weren't sufficient to ensure his safety or life in the future. Will his soul-shaking shine cause calamities or unimaginable blessings? This was the Heavenly War Spirit's intent.

panda---novel.com He was aware of her concerns and fears, and Wei Wuyin had decided to do this with all of that fully in mind, fully aware of the dangers that it involved. And this path he chose was one that he couldn't stop, no matter what! The greatest decision of his life was to walk on the path of a paragon, all to resist Hell as a mere mortal. He intended to continue doing so, and this meant no longer hiding everything about himself to seize the greatest fortunes.

"If it becomes your greatest calamity, then we'll avoid it together; if it's your greatest fortune, then I'll make sure that we obtain every iota possible from it, leaving not even the bones behind." Wei Wuyin promised as seven minutes soon passed. The True Worldly Recognition began to dissipate, and The World went into a slumber once again.

"...I'll hold you to that," the Heavenly War Spirit said softly. Subtly, she began to change. She no longer held any qualms about Wei Wuyin's future path, regardless of how intense it may seem from here on out. She only had to say this last warning for her own heart. This reveal was an action that could never be taken back, and the fall of dominoes that followed will certainly be extraordinary! And she was ready to ride along and see where it leads!

The curtains of the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo began to close. The last remaining bits of it were left in the fortune that everyone could seize from his feat.

Wei Wuyin smiled as he left the stage.

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1294 1288: NDAE, Future Together No More



Two weeks went by since the Worldly Awakening of a True Saint's exceptional seven minutes phenomenon. The True Worldly Recognition's effects were considerably greater than the True Earthly Recognition, meaning the benefits were also more difficult to digest. While many have settled their gains, they would need secluded cultivation and in-depth pondering to grasp what they've obtained here.

As such, the World of Eden gradually awakened cultivators from the state of enlightenment in the gentlest of manners, easing them out as they came to.

"What fortune..." Lin Xianxei sat cross-legged, expelling turbid spiritual air from her mouth. Her golden irises shone gorgeously. Since she met Lin Ming roughly seventy years ago, she had always been at the Star Core Phase, and as a Saintess of her faction with her Master's backing, she had long since accumulated her Mystic Rune Seeds. She had been pondering them for so long, ensuring she established the best possible foundation to ascend. With the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo fortunes, she felt confident of reaching at least the 8th Rune Ascension, perhaps even the 9th!

She couldn't imagine the sheer benefits gained by everyone else. Wei Wuyin wasn't simply generous, he was a literal saint for allowing cultivators not affiliated with him to experience such incredible benefits. Given his strength, he could've easily isolated all souls from the Neo-Dawn Starfield's territory, and all they would've felt would be the Spiritquake.

When she thought about Wei Wuyin, from his unforgettably handsome visage to his status as a Worldly Saint Alchemist at the Mortal Realms, her heart began to pound fiercely as her cheeks grew slightly red.

What was an outstanding man?

A man who did not lack strength; Wei Wuyin had, as a Timelord, slaughtered a Derni-Mortal Lord's Avatar with a single swing of his saber.

A man who did not lack skill; Wei Wuyin was a ninety-five-year-old Worldly Saint Alchemist.

A man who did not lack talent; at the tender age of ninety-five, he was a Worldly Saint Alchemist and a Star Core Phase cultivator strong enough to fight against powers that exceeded Mortal Limits.

A man who did not lack personal forces; Wei Wuyin had at least eighty-odd Earthly Saints at his beck-and-call, including an Ancient Fire Phoenix that could threaten Trueborn!

A man who did not lack ambition; Wei Wuyin established his own territory, claimed the greatest known Solar Star in the world, and had no qualms about fighting for what he wanted!

A man who did not lack charisma; Whether in terms of temperament or intellect, Wei Wuyin's attractiveness was unimaginably heart-seizing, and his presence alone could move Earthly Saints to kneel and submit!

A man who did not lack looks; the obvious didn't need to be stated.

A man who did not lack wealth; Wei Wuyin's existence as a Worldly Saint Alchemist was already extraordinary, but even before then, the Neo-Dawn Starfield was a prime piece of wealth that would continue to provide throughout his lifetime, and he could freely support the cultivation of quintillions in number without issue!

What was an outstanding man?!

If not Wei Wuyin, there was not a single man who could be called outstanding in this entire world! Lin Xianxue's heart kept racing as she couldn't remove his mark on her heart, recalling every interaction they'd had since the beginning, including his offer to take her as his. Before, she had scoffed at the idea of being a concubine or having to 'earn' someone's place as a wife, but now... as she thought about how many women just as beautiful or talented as her, if not more, were willing to be his...

The level of competition inspired dread as regret flooded her heart, whether she was consciously aware of it or not.

On the other end of the spectrum, Yang Chaoyue's eyes were forever bright as she left her cultivation state, staring at the empty stage. She no longer hesitated and sent a transmission message to Wei Wuyin via his given spatial ring. In the real world, a Void Portal emerged before her, and the Sky Monarch's heart howled as she beautifully smiled.

She walked into the Void Portal, lightly brushing a strand of hair away from her face.

Within his Neo-Dawn Starfield, under the protection of Baby Defiant's radiance, not even that creature could sense his Void Portals. He was free to conjure them without any fear of attracting its attention.

"..." Tian Muyang, Tian Lingyu, Tian Shangyang, Sky Monarch Bai, and the Princes and Princesses were all awake as well, having been for the last day or so, and they observed the Void Portal with shock. Yang Chaoyue simply left?

But the Void Portal remained open. Tian Lingyu's eyes shook, and her breathing sped up slightly. Just as she was hesitating, a hand pressed lightly

on her shoulder. She turned to see its owner: a smiling Tian MUYANG. "We're not at war yet," he gently reminded her.

Her heart shook. "Huuu...Haaa!" After a deep inhale followed by a heavy exhale, she lifted her chest and strode into the Void Portal.

Seeing this, a keen-minded princess realized the Void Portal's destination, and hope spurred in her heart. She moved toward the Portal, shocking the others, but just as she was about to reach it, it trembled slightly and then closed instantly.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Eventually, Lin Ming slowly awoke from his cultivation state. Finding himself in the real world, to his side, he saw Lin Xianxue, whose aura seemed to be in chaos. "Senior Sister Lin?" He called out, but there was no response.

"Senior Sister Lin!" He called out, but again-no response.

It was only when he reached out to her, nearly touching her robes, that her body reacted as she moved away, giving him a glance of surprise. "Lin Ming?" She said with a tinge of bewilderment and lingering blush. "What is it?" Her voice was slightly cold. Whether subconsciously or not, the Grand Seer's seed had settled deeply in her heart, and the golden halo that once surrounded Lin Ming began to feel like dark clouds to her.

Perhaps his talent was exceptional, perhaps he was destined for great things, perhaps he was favored by her master, but the Grand Seer's words prophesied that her fate would be horrific and that Wei Wuyin, this man...he was possibly capable of bringing her everything she ever wanted in life.

A prick stung Lin Ming's heart as he heard the coldness in her voice. It was excruciating. While he and Lin Xianxei never had a real relationship, the possibility had always existed for more, yet for the first time since they met, he felt as if that would never happen.

"Nothing..." He said gloomily, not even feeling the desire to tell her about the World Rune blueprints that he obtained of the Wind Element. He simply remained silent.

Lin Xianxei looked at Lin Ming, and she sighed in her heart. They were inexplicably linked, but that didn't mean she had to choose him. How could she not know his thoughts? His desires? The Grand Seer had pointed it out clearly that day, and she simply refused to acknowledge it as his Senior Sister. She had even entertained the possibility as she saw him overcome obstacle after obstacle. From henceforth, she decided to sever that possibility.

Even if Wei Wuyin wasn't an option, Lin Ming wouldn't be one for her either.

The atmosphere between the two instantly became awkward.

"There is a way for you to win her heart, you know. Overcome Wei Wuyin's current brilliance by exceeding him on the path of cultivation," the voice in Lin Ming's head whispered.

"What?!" Lin Ming was taken aback by the voice's claim. Desperately, he urgently asked: "How?!"

"It's simple yet extremely difficult. All you have to do is become a Spiritualist." The voice said confidently.

"A Spiritualist?" Lin Ming lifted his brow.

"Yes. The Path of a Spiritualist is the strongest path in the entire world. And you meet almost every requirement. If you take this path, not even Tian Yinwu or Wei Wuyin would be able to exceed you in terms of strength. What eighty



Earthly Saints? When you first ascend, you'll have no match at your cultivation level or against those weak, factory-made Earthly Saints." The voice said with incredible allure.

Lin Ming gulped, "Really?" "Really."

"..."

After a long, long time, Lin Ming glanced at Lin Xianxue, who was rotating her spatial ring with a thoughtful light in her eyes. He clenched his fists, bit his lips, and firmly said: "How do I become a Spiritualist?"

"Great! Haha. You'll be the greatest cultivator in the world one day! Even Wei Wuyin will have to respect and terror you."

Little did Lin Ming know, his Blessed path had bottomed out alongside his Karmic Luck. If Wei Wuyin had learned that he had acquired a measly Wind Attributed World Rune and not an Elemental Origin World Rune, he could have easily guessed this and warned him of the consequences of having outstanding fortunes without the needed value to support it.

Unfortunately, no one could tell him.

And no one would.

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1295 1289: Stay



panda---novel1.com "You may re-enter the World of Eden. The closing statement of the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo will begin in an hour," the pleasant

sounding voice of Tian Xiaocheng resounded throughout the Neo-Dawn Starfield's dual-dawns. Countless souls were enlivened, discussions had been rampant the last month, and activity was virtually endless.

The Neo-Dawn Alchemic Sovereign, no, the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Saint, had revealed himself as having an Alchemic Soul, completely shattering the conventional beliefs of every last individual as he displayed three Astral Souls at the Star Core Phase, the ninth and final stage of the Astral Core Realm! If it wasn't for the fact that Wei Wuyin's entire existence had been founded by breaking conventions time and time again, the shock and disbelief wouldn't have been digested so easily.

Once was world-shaking, twice was shocking, but the third time was expected.

In much the same way, Luo Ning's ascension was a sign that the cultivation society was experiencing rapid growth in the Alchemic Dao for the coming era, Wei Wuyin's actions were similarly a sign that beings of the King of Everlore's level were on the horizon. The hype for the future grew.

While their reactions might not be froth-inducing and crazed to absurdity, Wei Wuyin's generosity throughout the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo was unparalleled. He stood out from all the other renowned experts, especially from the King of Everlore, garnering the gratitude of quintillions. He was an excellent host, accommodating the breaks between each segment and the trip here, and he provided a venue that was easily used, allowing for peak interaction and endless horizon expansions.

The world was often unfair, and cultivators could exist in a small corner of a planet their entire lives, never being able to do anything more than look to the sky and dream. Wei Wuyin had shown many that the world was wide and humanized those legendary figures. While they still had a type of worship, it wasn't as blind and ignorantly held anymore.

The Everlore Association experienced the most significant backlash from this belief, as the glory and prodigious reputation that was built by the King of Everlore no longer seemed as great. In fact, the King of Everlore was relatively selfish compared to Wei Wuyin.

After all, the King of Everlore was a wealthy alchemist of the highest level, yet his Alchemic Expo had only been reserved for the wealthy, talented, strong, and highborn figures of the world. He never paid the little guy any mind, and the same stayed true for the Everlore Association's operational creed.

Their products were inflated in value, and some of their practices were questionable. The most notable was the Ever-Domain Pill which was less effective than a Sharded God Domain Pill, a product literally an entire grade lesser and considerably cheaper. The dominoes that had been set up for the Everlore Association proceeded to tip over, one by one.

A new name began to spread-Hepta-Dawn Alchemic Corps.

The advantage they had, the existence of two Earthly Saint Alchemists, collapsed instantly from Luo Ning's ascension and Wei Wuyin's True Worldly Recognition. Moreover, unlike the King of Everlore, Wei Wuyin was establishing his own territory from nothing, acting as the Ascendant Emperor, so he was an existence that was set to stay!

The King of Everlore had always felt like an elusive figure without any roots, but Wei Wuyin had established roots. They were currently breathing the air of his roots!

"If only we didn't have to go back," a random teenager said as they kicked a rock in frustration.

Whether this was the first person or not, those words began to echo throughout the Neo-Dawn Starfield's celestial bodies and numerous realms.

They echoed from the hearts of millions, then billions, and then trillions, infecting them without any sign of stopping!

Not only was the Neo-Dawn Starfield home to the largest Solar Star in the known world, but the natural environment was also nascent; ripe for shaping in any way one could wish; space was ample with a severe lack of population, protected by dozens upon dozens of Earthly Saints, and led by a genuine Worldly Saint Alchemist with seemingly unlimited potential!

Just the fact that there was an association called the Defiant Creation Association that focused on fostering Creationists of all three types- Alchemists, Forgers, and Architects-was endlessly alluring to many. The future here was promising. In comparison, what of their homes?

Return to their struggles, trying to earn enough to feed their family, trying to rent a piddling piece of lowly land to settle? Some of the Starfields they belonged to were depressing, lacking stars with Mystic Radiance Belts. Some belonged to isolated World Realms, working day and night to barely feed themselves. If not for Wei Wuyin's announcement, including his actions of ensuring each person was aware of the Alchemic Expo by sending out messengers and enforcing certain alerts from peak powers lest they offend him, they may have lived and died without ever seeing the real starry void.

How could these individuals who were given land and homes sufficient to house their families ever want to go back?

But there was that fear in their hearts despite their thoughts. The fear that trying to stay was like being a leech, trying to siphon from the Neo-Dawn Starfield without permission, and they would be forcefully sent back. While they might not want to leave, how could they possibly resist?

Wei Wuyin might be generous, but he was also someone who wielded terrifying forces. They were mere mortals, a single thought, and they'd be sent

off to their next lives, and not a single person would dare to utter a whisper in retaliation. They might even be ridiculed.

So while the infection grew, the common man could only enter the World of Eden obediently and sullenly. They found themselves once again in the breathtaking and wondrous world that was the World of Eden. The dragons were a welcomed sight as they smiled, remembering the assistance rendered at every turn. Those seven existences would miraculously notice their gazes, returning them with looks of joy and acknowledgment that shook them to their core.

A Qi Condensation Realm elderly man who had been stuck at the Fifth Stage, the Yang Growth Phase, for nearly two hundred years, only to have recently made consecutive breakthroughs and entered the Qi Essence Phase, couldn't help but stumble slightly after seeing a dragon notice him.

It lingered as it waved its claw in greeting and then went on its way.

"Grandpa? Why are you crying?" A young girl tugged at the elderly man's robes. This girl wasn't even his granddaughter. Merely a little girl that he had shockingly befriended in the early days. She had approached him because he was too lonely, one-sidedly deciding to call him 'Grandpa'. She was of higher cultivation than him, considerably younger too, and her innocence had moved him.

"Crying?" The elderly man wiped his eyes to find them wet. Suddenly, as if triggered, a wave of suppressed emotions surged forth. He had long since given up on the path of cultivation. He had suffered untold levels of indirect humiliation from his lack of talent, being ignored by so many, and never having the means to find a beautiful wife often hoped for in his long life due to his severe lack of ability and backing.

When he felt acknowledged for the first time in his life, how could he not be touched?

It was almost as if that existence who governed this entire world, the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Saint, had looked his way, smiled, waved, and said: "I see you."

It might have all been in his imagination, but none of that mattered.

What he felt was the only thing that mattered.

He was but one of many, the forgotten that would typically die nameless in history, unhappy in life, and regretful in death. They could not do more than live in their isolated worlds, struggle, and die an uneventful life, short and ignored.

Wei Wuyin's small act of bringing them here had shown them an entirely new world of possibility! It revitalized their perspectives in once unimaginable ways.

After an hour, quintillions had re-entered the World of Eden, ready to hear the closing remarks of the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo. Unfortunately, only a few felt happy about this. Because it meant the end of the greatest event of their entire lives. They had met people they likely never could otherwise, made friends along the way, ate, talked, and discussed with those living starfields away, experienced things they thought only existed in their dreams, and obtained gains that could make the past generation spew blood in anger.

When Tian Xiaocheng took center stage, the rowdy crowd slowly went silent. The somber mood birthed was hard to ignore, and even Tian Xiaocheng felt it. The ending of something special was always bittersweet.

"Thank you all for coming. It is my honor to have been your host, seen your growth and felt your joy at each heaven-shaking segment. Truly, thank you."

Tian Xiaocheng had first entered this unwillingly but eventually ended up liking it. It was hard to describe her current feelings.

"On behalf of the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Saint," she said, thinking of that heaven-defying figure, and her heart couldn't help but tremble at the sheer terrifying existence he had become so quickly before she continued: "I would like t-"

"Stay."

Tian Xiaocheng's words were interrupted as a voice softly resounded throughout the entire World of Eden. It caused countless heads to lift in shock and disbelief. That was Wei Wuyin's voice!

"You've all experienced something unforgettable with me, witnessed my growth into what could barely be worthy enough to obtain the title of the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, upholding the people's expectations. And of those expectations, I can see your desire to live alongside me, to experience the highs and lows of our journey that has just begun together.

"So stay-all those who want to stay in the Neo-Dawn Starfield and make this place your home, to make this your family's home, I say: If you wish to, you simply have to speak."

"..." The World of Eden went silent.

"It's too big for me alone to enjoy anyways, haha." Wei Wuyin chuckled heartily. "Tian Xiaocheng, there's no need for a closing statement. This isn't an end, but a beginning."

After saying that, his voice faded away.

"..."

"..."

"..."

Countless souls looked at each other, their eyes displaying their bewilderment and astonishment.

Stay?

Just speak?

The elderly man's eyes widened slowly, looking at the dragons soaring across the skies, gazing upon the world with inviting expressions.

He gulped a wad of saliva loudly. The wholesome reverberated throughout the entire World of Eden somehow, seemingly causing many to feel a type of lingering, increasingly rising desire within their chests.

"St-ay...Stay! STAY! I WANT TO STAY!!!" From the top of his lungs, he shouted with his soul!

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1296 1290: Didn't See It



"Our dog days are over!"

"This is our new home, right, Mommy?"

"I've always dreamed of owning a farm, building my own house, and raising some Golden-Tailed Chickens. And now, after living for nearly eight hundred years without ever getting remotely close, I've achieved it!"

In the subsequent days after the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo's shocking closing remarks, cultivators simply had to say they wished to stay, and a mark would



be placed upon their foreheads. This mark would only be removed after a member of Ascendant Emperor Wei's patrol arrived, taking note of their information, granting them deeds to certain land, and placing them into safe zones.

While the Neo-Dawn Starfield had ample land, Ascendant Emperor Wei was building a non-competitive utopia; as such, specific areas were demarcated as being peacefully regulated, overseen by Ascended beings, while other territories, such as World Realms that no one had entered previously or newly created planets, lunar satellites, or realms established were not conflict-free.

Therefore, cultivators could claim or fight territory through martial might as well as build their own lands freely. While there was some taxation, no strict laws were established besides general tributes based on a small percentage of the land's earnings, paid out by the sitting lord at the time.

There were certain procedures in place regarding establishing a new planet, lunar satellite, and realm. These procedures weren't too complicated, especially since Defiant Dawn potentially spanned the entire Ileptasage Pillar Stellar Region, while the current Neo-Dawn Starfield's Defiant Dawn was severely limited.

They would generally have particular regulations concerning the location to prevent conflicting orbits. Moreover, no oaths were established to maintain these rules, so the laws were extremely flexible. Some cultivators shamelessly sought to bring their planets over, but doing so would significantly impact any array established, and those who reigned over those starfields weren't willing!

Fortunately, Wei Wuyin didn't permit foreign planets to enter the Neo-Dawn Starfield, only allowing the creation of new ones. If they needed help in constructing one, they could apply for assistance, and an Ascended being would promptly assist. Of course, they must have the strength to maintain that

planet themselves, including having Void Gates established on it to ensure its connectivity to the rest of the starfield.

"This is unprecedented," Tian Muyang observed from the edge of the Neo-Dawn Starfield. It wasn't just the Imperial Clan, countless ships of peak forces were there, completely lost on how to react. Wei Wuyin was blatantly stealing their citizens!

At first, it was only a few passionate thousands, and at mind-boggling speeds, those few thousand increased to millions! Then millions became a few billion, and a few billion began to spiral out of control to a few trillion!

panda---nova| com It was ever-increasing!

"Will anyone choose to come with us?" Tian Shangyang asked, genuinely worried. It was certain that those with abundant connections would stay, including those with this advantageous mindset of seeking greater gains due to a lack of a populace, but this was different from a typical migration.

A delicate system for cultivators had been established over tens of thousands of years, and this system would collapse without those at the bottom assisting. Of course, some were ignorant of this understanding.

"Who needs them? Filthy traitors," A prince spat.

A few agreed with him. The ones leaving were all talentless, low-born cultivators. Why was there a need to have them around? If they wanted to go, then go! Humans were the best at birthing babies, so their numbers would be filled soon enough. It wasn't as if the ones here were all the people in the world!

"..." Tian Muyang was speechless. No wonder this prince wasn't one of the seven Official Princes. His mindset was short-sighted, narrow, and ignorant. He didn't have the energy to educate this little brat.

He swept his gaze across the Voidships. They were all waiting for cultivators who had decided to leave with them, including those that might change their minds. As for trying to forcefully take them away? There was someone who tried, but their headless corpse floated quietly in the Dark Void as a reminder to everyone else, glowing faintly so that Ascended beings could easily see it.

The idiot had tried to take his concubines and wives back home, likely having forced them into submission, and when they were given the opportunity, they shouted at the top of their lungs to stay. He must've believed this meant to leave him, so he tried to take them away in a panic, only to be captured and publicly executed despite his pleading wails.

Wei Wuyin was incredibly vicious.

There was no need for further warning, and they all became extremely obedient. If anyone abused or suffered from their living situation, they merely had to report it to the arriving Ascendant taking their information, and they would promptly be relocated to a conflict-free zone.

There was someone who tried to silence their victims, unwilling to let them free, only to have a Demi-Mortal Lord, Highlord Bluecloud, arrive and reverse their deaths on the spot and then cripple the perpetrator. Then, news spread as the cultivator's execution was scheduled.

Why?

It wasn't because he tried to silence his victims or prevent them from leaving by killing them, simply because he tried to kill in a conflict-free zone. There were no specific examples of punishment, just general, simple rules that must be followed under any circumstance. One of those rules was: No killing.

It was simple, yet thousands of executions happened in the first hour, including tens of thousands of Temporal Reversions. Some individuals were

simply idiots, thinking Wei Wuyin wouldn't punish them or spend resources to revive useless people.

Unfortunately, to Wei Wuyin, every living being was critical to the growth of his starfield. And he was shamelessly taking them from everywhere else! Why would he allow them to be harmed?!

Tian Muyang laughed suddenly, shocking the others. "Haha! This was his plan from the very beginning!" He realized as soon as he got enough time to think about it.

"What?" Sky Monarch Bai frowned in disbelief.

Tian Muyang shook his head, "A starfield with no people? How do you solve that? You bring the people and convince them to stay. Everything from the very beginning was meant to showcase the astonishing growth of the starfield, showing that there was nothing inferior about it relative to anywhere else. I can't believe I didn't see it!"

Tian Muyang couldn't hold his laughter any longer.

"No! No! NO ONE SAW IT! I'm not the only one, haha." Tian Muyang's admiration for Wei Wuyin reached an absolute limit and couldn't be increased anymore. Who knows what behind-the-scenes things he had done during the World of Eden to motivate individuals to stay behind? After a long, long while of continuous laughter, Tian Muyang abruptly revealed a severe expression. Then, he stepped off the Voidship and flew away!

WOOSH!!!

He sped toward the Aeternal Sky Starfield!

Wei Wuyin was now a Worldly Saint Alchemist, so the King of Everlore's Concoction Method of an Oath-Breaking Product was bound to reveal itself in the coming years. He needed to make his preparations.

While the rest shockingly watched as Tian Muyang departed without a single word, they felt lost.

What now?

Meanwhile, on the Everlore Association's Voidship, Evergod stared unblinkingly at Baby Defiant. His gaze was glazed with an unfathomable chilly light.

"Do you think you're invincible?" Those words were calmly said, yet they were laced with such hellish emotions that even demons might tremble in fear. "Do you think you can make me submit to you again? That I'll kneel with my mouth open? That I'll simply lay down and take it for crumbs?"

"You silver-eyed bastard...never again."

"NEVER AGAIN!"

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Another mass release by the one and only Author, KevinAscending. As usual, if you can support him, go ahead and do so through the links below. He really worked hard this week, give him some love. Hope y'all had a good read.

-Erdiul

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1297 1292: Half-Spoken Title



With the mass settling of new citizens, the Neo-Dawn Starfield experienced an unfathomable degree of activity, far greater than at its initial establishment. Ascended beings, Starlords, and Timelords of the various organizations that

had previously submitted to Wei Wuyin were running about handling all sorts of tasks, informing these newly established settlements of policy, regulation, and communication.

Territory was the easiest to sort, generally focusing on taxed tributes and demarcated borders. If there was one thing the Neo-Dawn Starfield had in spades, it was uninhabited areas and fertile grounds. As requests for new planets, lunar satellites, and flat continental earths were received, territory became an increasingly easier thing to obtain for those of all cultivation bases.

Moreover, each newly established territory, be it a celestial body or realm, would experience regulated guardianship for a period to ease settling and prevent any chaotic bloodshed. Ascendant Emperor Wei provided great freedom to these new territories, only restricting combat of certain cultivators dependent on the grading of the territory itself.

For example, tiny-sized planets often had combat restrictions established alongside an agreed-upon Protective Array. The restriction prevented all Ascended beings, including Mystic Star Phase cultivators, from fighting within the bounds of its territory. The Protective Array was very similar to the Bloodforge Continent's array, capable of automatic activation to prevent the common citizens from being unintentional casualties of the unexpected. Moreover, it served to seal all Ascended beings at the Soul of Mysticism Phase and lower, forcefully limiting their maximum power to the pinnacle Starlord levels.

These restrictions elevated as the celestial body or realm's size and quality increased. The healthy spirit of competition among cultivators remained prevalent.

Clinics for the injured were established across all newly created territories, in addition to robust Creationist Academies and Medical Sage Schools. These were all linked to the Defiant Creationist Association, but others were free to

establish their lineage and legacies without interference from the organization. Moreover, those associations, if they applied, could seek proper protection or resources for their initial growth or under dire circumstances.

Creationists and Medical Sages were given certain privileges by default; they were protected by laws. However, they weren't untouchable; these laws were only present should they seek refuge or needed assistance from the Defiant Creationist Association.

As for sects, palaces, pavilions, and clans, they had certain imposed regulations, but besides the general need to pay a small percentage of their earnings and be subjected to occasional review by the Ascendant Emperor Wei's Ascendants, there was little that they not could do. The freedom was quite liberating, as ruling starfields like the Ninestar Starfield and Trihex Starfield had heavy regulations and a strict hierarchical system that must be followed.

The entire Ninestar Starfield was an extension of the Ninestar Sainthall, ruled by their members and only their members. While the Trihex Starfield was reminiscent of a dictatorship, ruled by a single power with very little freedom and benefits afforded to non-direct descendants of the ruling organization.

The system brought many a breath of fresh air and a relaxed heart, especially the conflict-free zones and the constant protection of the common people from being unintentional casualties in large battles. The Aeternal Sky Starfield had imposed rulings on conflicts between Ascended beings at the Demi-Mortal Lord level and higher, but Starlords and Mystic Star Phase battles often slaughtered swathes of innocent lives that went largely ignored. Moreover, opportunities were often limited by nepotism.

The future of the Neo-Dawn Starfield was looking bright.

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The Voidships of the various ruling organizations of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region soon realized that these citizens weren't going to return, and those that had were mostly limited to the big fishes in small ponds that didn't wish to start over, even seeing this as an opportunity to seize greater resources back home. The Neo-Dawn Starfield was a delicious piece, but if they had to choose between competing with others or obtaining what was already before them, most would lazily choose the latter.

That said, some of the ruling organizations were undergoing intense debates regarding relocating to the Neo-Dawn Starfield given the newly established system with easily acquirable territories. More importantly, the Neo-Dawn Starfield had eighty-odd Earthly Saints, an Earthly Alchemic Saint, and Wei Wuyin!

A few folded easily; they rushed to submit their applications to pledge allegiance to Ascendant Emperor Wei. Within a week, hundreds of organizations, mostly clans ruled by a singular power, were brought over to the Neo-Dawn Starfield and allowed to obtain a free spot within a World Realm or establish their own celestial body relative to their strongest might.

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The Everlore Association's vessel remained at the edge of the Neo-Dawn Starfield's border. Within her private quarters, San Yongli sat cross-legged thoughtfully; her eyes were closed as she contemplated various insights gained from the World Rune blueprints and the two True Recognition Phenomenons.

Eventually, she exhaled strongly, opening her eyes to reveal bright, beautiful eyes that resembled treasured rubies. She brushed aside loose strands of her snow-white hair from her face, "Wei Wuyin's actions are so large-scale. It's unfortunate that he started early by taking maximum advantage of his foreknowledge while I started very late."



San Yongli was convinced that Wei Wuyin was an old monster that had regressed to this timeline. There was no other logical conclusion in her mind, given that he went from the Mortal Sovereign Alchemist level to the Worldly Saint Alchemist, unless he had ample experience as an Earthly Saint Alchemist.

Wei Wuyin's divergence, which conflicted with her memory, only started after she experienced her temporal reincarnation. This was his Alchemic Clash against Qingye Ying, which, in her memory, ended as a draw and not a one-sided victory. As she thought about it, she firmly believed the Wei Wuyin of her time must have had a hard-fought battle to eke out a lucky tie.

Since then, many things have changed, such as Wei Wuyin's entrance into the Devil War Realm or the arrival of the Star-Devourer that obliterated the Everlore Starfield. "Wei Wuyin must have attracted it somehow, prompting an early interference from the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region to bring away his established forces to greater pastures. Insidious but ingenious.

"After doing so, he introduced the convention-breaking, era-accelerating Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill into the market and slowly accumulated a reputation. Was it all for this? To establish his own kingdom?" San Yongli regretted wasting years of her past life despite her talent and backing. If she hadn't, she might have been able to quickly extract greater gains and elevate her cultivation base.

"Hm?" From her glabella, a faint golden radiance surged.

San Yongli's eyes gained a faint golden glow, mysterious and heavenly, accessing the contents of the Book of Heaven's Path. Instantly, she noticed a few names slowly vanishing from the pages. "The book is changing? Oh?! The True Elemental Emperor's name is gone..."

There were lesser-known names that had vanished, but the True Elemental Emperor was a figure she had taken fortune from on several occasions, including the soul-containing, mind-nurturing jade that was in her Sea of Consciousness. It was meant to be found by the True Elemental Emperor. While she initially didn't know what it was, she was stunned to discover an ancient soul.

"Why did the True Elemental Emperor's name vanish? Because of me?" San Yongli frowned as she recalled the likely candidate. According to the past events lining up with the Book of Heaven's Path's fortunes, it should be Lin Ming, the Archaic Chosen of the True Element Sect.

"Why are you so intense?" The woman's voice resounded in her mind, causing San Yongli to take a breath.

Curiously, she asked: "Do you know of anyone by the name of Lin Ming?"

"Lin who?" The woman was taken aback.

San Yongli was going to simply dismiss her curiosity as asking the woman about someone she was ignorant about was a pointless endeavor, but then a spark of inspiration slammed her. "Do you have any ties with the True Element Sect? Or perhaps the Jade Element Sect?"

"True Element Sect? Jade Element Sect? What nonsense are you talking about?" The woman grew slightly annoyed at the random questions she was ignorant about. Why would she know about these organizations in a restricted region like this?

San Yongli expected as much. She heaved a soft sigh of resignation and tried to regain her cultivation state. The True Elemental Emperor was just one of many Emperor-level names, so she wasn't bothered about losing it. The incident of names vanishing or changing as they either ascended to great

fortunes was continuous, likely a result of her and Wei Wuyin's actions of changing the previous timeline.

This only caught her eye and attention because it was the first Emperor-level character to vanish from the book entirely.

"Oh? Hm." After a while, the woman exclaimed thoughtfully. "Jade Element Sect? While I don't know about that, I am familiar with the Paramount Jade Sect and the Lin Clan of the Exalted Republic."

San Yongli's cultivation state was instantly broken. Her interest grew explosively, especially at the mention of the Exalted Republic. She had only read obscure references of such a place existing in the World Beyond. How could she not be interested?

The woman didn't need any additional inquiries as she recounted her knowledge, "The Paramount Jade Sect was a Titan-led force, ruled by a terrifying Spiritualist at the Earthly Saint level. They were loyal to the Grand Cyclic Titanic Emperor. That Spiritualist likely died after that 'event', especially since the stellar regions surrounding the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region were ground zero for the 'event'.

"As for the Lin Clan, it is a prominent Overlord Clan of the Exalted Republic. From what I remember, the Mystic Overlord that ruled over the clan was obliterated during that 'event' in body and soul; they were originally a part of the primary investigation unit. Most of the investigation unit died that day, however. I wonder how they're doing after so many years..." A melancholic emotion leaked from the woman's voice, including a longing that reverberated throughout her tone. It was as if she was recalling a fond memory of a lover.

"Lin Clan are of the Titan Race?" San Yongli lifted her brow.

"Ugh! No. I keep forgetting your backwater ignorance," the woman's mood seemed to have been spoiled as she angrily pointed out. San Yongli stayed

quiet despite her displeasure, not wanting to antagonize the woman lest she would no longer provide information.

"The Exalted Republic is a human-led Galactic Empire-the Lin Clan are all humans," The woman corrected snappily.

"Oh," San Yongli calmly acknowledged. Did this mean that the Lin Clan of the Jade Element Sect was connected to the Overlord Clan of the Exalted Republic?

The woman continued, "The Lin Clan were specialists in Wind-Attributed Cultivation, as they all had a strange affinity to it linked to their bloodline. Their Ancestor, the Mystic Overlord, was someone that grasped the Law of Wind. They were terrifying in the Exalted Republic, and even the Ascended Sovereign Stormheaven respected them. I guess that's why they were trusted to be the first investigative party. Haaa..."

Ascended Sovereign Stormheaven?! San Yongli's eyes brightened considerably from the mention of an Ascended Sovereign. Every single recording about them was extremely shoddy and unclear. This was the first time she had heard any of their names, and it provoked a strange, irresistible feeling in her heart. The urge to speak swelled within her heart.

"Ascended Sovereign Stor-"

"Oh! Shit!" The woman suddenly exclaimed in a frenzied panic. "Don't say the name!!" She hurriedly interrupted San Yongli by sending a jolt to her Sea of Consciousness.

San Yongli instantly spasmed in a brief seizure, collapsing weakly to the floor, cold sweat covered her body from head to toe, and her breathing was extremely heavy and shallow. Her trance ended, and she felt terrified in her heart.

"Wha-what did you do?!" San Yongli questioned angrily, her breathing growing increasingly frail.

"Saved your life," the woman replied softly with guilt in her voice. "No need to thank me," she snorted coldly after feeling San Yongli's animosity.

"What are...you...talking about?" She tried to regain her breath but found it extremely difficult to do.

"Names and titles can be bestowed and often possess power; you'll understand when your cultivation reaches the Heavenly Saint Phase if you're fortunate enough. Just don't speak any of the Ascended Sovereigns' names casually if you learn them in the future. Understand? From now on, you can refer to the Ascended Sovereign as the Exalted Sovereign but never use their title unless you've entered the Mystic Ascendant Realm. Even then, it's best to hold off until you become a Worldly Saint." The woman explained, the guilt was still present, so she made sure to layer the warnings.

"..." San Yongli had never felt so exhausted in her two lives. She plopped to the ground and simply nodded. Whatever just happened, she didn't want to experience that again. However, this made her realize her weakness once again. Just a half-spoken title was enough to render her in this state!

Despite her feelings, she stared at the ceiling as the desire to see more of the world grew explosively in her soul.

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1298 1292: Trust; Never Again



The Neo-Dawn Starfield's 'grand settling' proceeded with little to no hitches, as if it was all logistically planned and properly organized beforehand. The Ascendants handled their tasks efficiently and swiftly, being an accessible part of the starfield with many avenues for communication. Furthermore, the conflict-free zones and early-establishment protective regulations helped the transition.

The last thing was the transport of members of sects, clans, and their respective families. Wei Wuyin footed the bill in sending off Voidships to fetch those who were unable to come, handled by the Golden Life Pavilion, along with some supportive assistance from the Ascendants to ensure that manpower was never lacking.

Naturally, two months passed since the eight-month-long Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo had finished. Despite the excitement, there was almost no news regarding the four Mortal-Rank Neo-Dawn lineage products shown at the expo. As the Chosen King Competition was fast approaching, only two years away, the top-tier forces urgently sought to acquire a few of these exceptional products.

Unfortunately, it was becoming increasingly clear that Ascendant Emperor Wei did not intend to publicly release these products before the Chosen King Competition. This disappointed countless souls, but what could they possibly do? Moreover, besides the Neo-Dawn Soul-Sea Elixir and the Neo-Dawn Vortex-Zone Pellet, the other two's effects were either uncertain or likely to take too long to develop for the upcoming Chosen King Competition anyhow.

Despite two months passing by like the wind, not every vessel of void-fairing capabilities returned to their homes countless miles away with urgency or immediately. There were a few that lingered, trying hard to communicate, and some simply stayed.

Ascendants would arrive on board for a while, discussing with respective leaders, and then they would return to the Neo-Dawn Starfield with the leaders. This happened quite often. After a while, those ships would make their way into the Neo-Dawn Starfield for a while before leaving with additional vessels.

While extremely late, numerous forces sought to pledge allegiance to Wei Wuyin and abandon their starfields. The fortune of the Aeternal Sky Starfield was now theirs, and they wished to occupy such great land and space. While they had to deal with remarkably higher taxation rates for a period, either for decades or centuries, these forces relented after seeing the growth of the Neo-Dawn Starfield.

The Ascendants' secondary legion and overall membership continued to expand as certain individuals were recruited directly from their clans, sects, palaces, pavilions, or associations. In contrast, others had to indirectly prove themselves by joining various organizations under the Ascendants, led by Lieutenant-level Ascendants.

One of those ships was a small, compact-sized, nondescript ship that belonged to the Sky-Zenith Alchemic Saint. She hovered at the edge of the Neo-Dawn Starfield's border. Inside, located within a deeply hidden secret realm, Tian Dingjian observed the surface of a clear freshwater lake. She was no longer veiled by seven-colored mist, exposing her tall physique and near-peerlessly gorgeous looks to the world.

She hadn't left due to her promise to Tian Xiaolu. Despite the end of the Alchemic Expo, she was unable to learn of Tian Xiaocheng's condition despite inquiring every day. It was rare for her, an Alchemic Saint, to be ignored for months! Moreover, she was feeling abnormally complex and indecisive, a rarity for her.

"Tian Xiaolu..."

Just as she was feeling a certain emotion swell in her heart, her beautifully breathtaking gaze lifted to the sky of the secret realm. Her perfectly trimmed brows furrowed inwards, causing the colors of the world to distort slightly.

"Dingjian." A voice called out, and Tian Dingjian was instantly shocked as she vanished on the spot. She reappeared on the deck of her small ship; her eyes widened in surprise as she saw the one who called out her name.

Empress Xiaocheng!

She was garbed in her imperial attire, exuding the aura of an Empress of a great nation. Her gaze contained indescribable majesty befitting one that reigned over countless lives. Her presence and bearing were exceptional.

Tian Xiaocheng's gaze softened a little, an uncharacteristic sight that briefly took Tian Dingjian by surprise. In truth, their relationship wasn't close, tethered only by the string named Tian Xiaolu. They needed to work together to assist her in cultivating her unique Cultivation Method and send her off to the World Between the Fold, among other things.

"You're relentless; you know that?" Tian Xiaocheng grinned, her beauty equally as breathtaking, siphoning off the colors from the starry void.

"...Are you free?" Tian Dingjian cautiously asked as her gaze discreetly scanned the starry void. Tian Xiaocheng was a great political hostage and an Earthly Saint of exceptional power, so it was strange that Wei Wuyin would freely let her leave. She had even silently activated her various treasures meant to protect. As an Alchemic Soul cultivator, she had very little strength relative to her cultivation base—the second stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, the Soul of Mysticism Phase!

Tian Xiaocheng's grin lowered slowly, and she openly heaved a sigh. "You haven't realized it yet? I'm as free as I can possibly be. Let me in." She moved



to enter the ship, making Tian Dingjian frown slightly. But she didn't restrict Tian Xiaocheng from entering, allowing her access. They stood together on the small vessel, their combined beauty enough to outshine fairies.

"How is she?" Tian Xiaocheng softly asked.

"Is it safe?" Tian Dingjian frowned slightly.

"Earth-Saint Sky-Zenith, I'm under no restrictions. There are no foreign seals on my body, my cultivation is not restrained, and I'm not being shadowed by anyone. By all measurements, Alchemic Saint Wei had never once treated me as a hostage or prisoner. I've been a respected guest, completely unharmed and unmolested. I acquired a lot of benefits as well." Tian Xiaocheng honestly said as she formed a one-handed hand-seal, allowing her spiritual fluctuations to be freely inspected by Tian Dingjian.

As an Alchemic Saint and an Ascended being, it was extremely easy to discover lies if one opened themselves to spiritual inspections. While minute, the fluctuations produced by committing deceit were noticeable, similar to monitoring a mortal's heart rate, but far harder to deceive.

Tian Dingjian cautiously inspected the Empress before she settled on trusting her but kept her tools and treasures active.

"So, how is she?" Tian Xiaocheng asked again.

"She's doing good. While the separation was a little hard for her, she's adapting fairly well." Tian Dingjian answered; only she and Tian Xiaocheng would understand the implied meaning within her words to avoid any eavesdroppers. Those listening in would only think Tian Dingjian was referring to Tian Xiaolu missing Tian Xiaocheng but only they knew the truth.

"Good; I thought being away would be harmful to her, and she might experience a shock." Tian Xiaocheng's words were filled with undisguised relief. Seeing how she had spoken with veiled words, Tian Dingjian realized

that Tian Xiaocheng was still doubtful if anyone was shadowing her or eavesdropping outside her sensory abilities.

"Will you be returning?" Tian Dingjian asked. A large portion of the Imperial Clan had voted against acting recklessly in their discussions of war because of the Empress' captive status. With her return, many would lose their main argument. That said, it was extremely unwise to launch a war against the Neo-Dawn Starfield given their strength.

Tian Xiaocheng looked back at Baby Defiant, her eyes exuding a complex light of emotions. "I'll be following you back," she said, adding: "It's the only way to finish this."

Tian Dingjian could feel the reluctance from Tian Xiaocheng. It was evident that this year-long absence had changed her feelings toward certain things. "I have to ask, do you think he'll be enough?"

Tian Xiaocheng closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. "We don't have a choice," she solemnly said. When she opened her eyes, she gazed at the starry void. "The descent of 'that' place is a calamity that the Tian Clan cannot survive unless he can regain some of his freedom. Not even you will be spared. Well, you might be enslaved and sold to him, but is that what you want?"

Tian Dingjian frowned at the mention of being enslaved, and her eyes glinted fiercely at the last portion of her sentence. "I refuse," she spat.

"Then, we trust him." Tian Xiaocheng firmly said, looking at Baby Defiant once more. "That's all we can do."

After a little while, the dainty ship left, traveling back to the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

Not too far away, a figure emerged from fixed space like a ghost. Wu Yu watched as the ship went further away.

Behind him, another figure arrived from fixed space. It was Ma Zheng!

"Are you sure about this?" He asked solemnly.

"There's no need to question me-I'll get it done. Also, there's something I need to ask the so-called Divine Emperor." Wu Yu gazed at the Aeternal Sky Star in the vast distance.

"I've always been curious about you too," Ma Zheng said. As an existence that had lived through thirty-thousand years, Ma Zheng had been through multiple eras, and he had seen things that have long since been forgotten in history. Wu Yu's existence had always been an interest of his, but out of respect for Wei Wuyin, he remained reserved in his inquiries.

This Wu Yu was undoubtedly linked to the Heaven-Bound Imperial Era's Wu Clan, the 'Saviors' of that time, bringing stability to the chaos and giving birth to the Supermassive Solar Star that was named the Aeternal Sky Star. While he was extremely knowledgeable and experienced, the Wu Clan and their lineage's Cultivation Method was a great mystery that few knew about, not even him; they only knew that the Wu clan had a strange bloodline power that was similar to the Multi-World Clan in uniqueness.

As for those who were still alive during their reign, there were very, very few. Even Ma Zheng was only born on the verge of the Heaven-Bound Imperial Era's end. The Dark Stars Era and Aeternal Sky Era caused countless experts of the Ascended level to fall in the bloody chaos. He could likely count on a single hand the number of 30,000-year-old Ascended beings that were still alive, and he was one of them.

Even the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor was younger than him, around 25,000 years old, born during the Dark Stars Era, and hadn't lived during the Heaven-Bound Imperial Era.

Additionally, the Tian Clan's Cultivation Method was mistaken for Wu Yu's. The link there was undeniable, but given that Wu Yu didn't have the bloodline characteristics of the Tian Clan, this only furthered the mystery of how they were connected, especially if Wu Yu was of the Wu Clan. Ma Zheng really wanted to know the story behind this.

"When will you act?" Ma Zheng asked.

"During the Chosen King Competition," Wu Yu answered flatly before leaving. Aeternal Sky Starfield, Ancient Sky Realm.

San Yongli and San Luoyang had returned to the latter's World Realm.

"I'm going to make last-minute preparations for the Chosen King Competition," San Yongli informed her adoptive father. She had greatly benefited from the Alchemic Expo, and she needed to digest it all. But when she said this, she found that her adoptive father was absent-minded.

"Is everything okay?" She couldn't resist asking.

"What?" San Luoyang's concentration seemingly shattered as he looked at her with a tinge of shock as if he hadn't expected to be interrupted.

San Yongli could tell something was wrong, asking: "What is it?"

"..." San Luoyang hesitated. Then, he lowered his gaze thoughtfully. "I can't sense Evergod's presence."

"H111? Perhaps he's secluded himself," her mood was spoiled instantly upon mentioning that abominable thief.

"It's not just that...I can't sense the Everlore God Realm, either.

"What? What do you mean?"

"I mean...I can't sense the Everlore God Realm at all. It's like...it's like..." San Luoyang frowned while trailing off.

"It's a World Realm; he probably just sealed it off. What? Don't tell me you think it was taken away." San Yongli joked, not caring much about Evergod's antics, but San Luoyang's expression suggested a level of severity that caused San Yongli's expression to change. "Do you think it was taken away?!"

The Everlore God Realm was the greatest World Realm nurtured by tens of thousands of years of effort. It was the first World Realm of the Godpill Association and later was the King of Everlore's personal realm after he seized it. It was pretty much affixed to this layer of space. How could it be taken away?

"I don't know," San Luoyang couldn't quite shake this uncomfortable feeling in his heart. It was ominous and foreboding. "I don't know.."

In the vast Dark Void, a restless figure moved across at startling speeds, blasting through everywhere without any consideration. At times, incessant mutterings shook the Dark Void and nearby dead starfields.

"Never again. Never again. Never again."

The figure was moving toward the largest star in the Dark Void!

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1299 1293: Intercept



Silently, the world screeched, thrummed, and quivered.

Between the vast, cold, unforgivingly dead space between the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's lively but recently reduced population and the Neo-Dawn

Starfield's thriving and budding populace, Evergod's incessant mutterings and high-speed movement violently distorted the nearby three layers of space.

"Never again. Never again. Never again." It was clear that Evergod's mental state had suffered tremendously and was on the verge of, if not already, shattering with every additional muttering. However, this was not a sudden event but a gradual process that began long ago, resurfacing due to the silver-eyed trigger named Wei Wuyin, reinforced by the constant shadow of the legendary King of Everlore, and founded by treasured belief in his sense of identity and purpose.

The threat to it, that is.

eaglesnovel.com The chestnut-skinned Earthly Saint Alchemist gathered his Earthly Saint cultivation base and explosively shot forth with no attempt to hide his tracks. In fact, he was unable to do so. Within his tightly-clenched right fist, an irradiant light bled through his flesh, muscles, and bones. It was like a kaleidoscope of colors, exuding a world-trembling power. While subdued within his enclosed fist, there were clear signs of it being difficult to contain, such as his fingers being pushed sporadically away, only to be forcefully entrapped by his strength.

Evergod's flight soon led him to enter a long-defunct, abandoned Stellar Region known as the Earthbound Wave Stellar Region. Before the Sealed Region's formation, it once belonged to a prominent Titan King, a cultivator of the Titan Race with an Earthly Saint cultivation base. They, too, were affiliated allies with the Grand Cyclic Titanic Emperor during that time.

By this point, Evergod regained a sense of clarity as he looked at his hand and cursed in his heart. This item couldn't be casually carried through fixed space. If not for that frustrating restriction, he would've already long since completed his goddamn objective! Even now, that dastardly bastard was likely chuckling at his snail-like movements, finding enjoyment in his pain.

The face of that silver-eyed bastard flashed incessantly within his mind; the cause of his tens of thousands of years of hard work to be invalidated within moments, taking everything he and worked for as his own, from his realm to his dignity to the organization that he had built from absolutely nothing during the darkest of times in recorded history. Just the thought of it all caused his soul to feel a wave of unbearable pain. And now, that image that had lingered within the depths of his soul had been replaced by a fresh set of eyes even more villainous, younger, and conniving.

"Grrr!" Evergod gritted his teeth, and a low-sound guttural roar shook his throat. Those eyes that still seemed to exude the utmost calm and focus were bloodshot to the utmost.

"Stop."

A voice resounded, thundering toward Evergod. Despite its loud volume, it gave off a calming sensation, reaching the depths of one's Sea of Consciousness. The sound, however, didn't cause Evergod to stop. Not even for a single moment. He pushed onwards; the reflection of his pupils was indistinct, showing the images of two men side-by-side with the shadow of a Solar Star behind them.

Before Evergod could travel ten thousand more miles, a tall woman shimmered into existence directly in his path. Her Mystic Aura spread out, explosively transforming into Fate Power, forming a gargantuan wall of heaven-like clear-colored power that seemed capable of ravaging all life at the slightest touch.

If Wei Wuyin was here, he would be deeply shaken by this wall! Why? Because it bore extreme similarities to the Wall of Heaven! The same wall that he had to survive as a Rite of a Sinner.

There it was, spreading out to hinder Evergod's path, seemingly unable to be surpassed. Evergod's pupils flickered as he gradually slowed down, reaching a ten-mile distance between him and the newly arrived woman.

"Do you think that'll be able to stop me?" Ironically, Evergod stopped, his voice calm, yet the sinister undertone resulting from his chaotic mental state caused the woman's body to flinch subconsciously. The murderous intent laced in each and every one of his words was undisguised, deep, and merciless.

The tall woman had eyes with no pupils or irises, simply a sea of gorgeous white that instilled her an enigmatic bearing.

"Grand Seer," Evergod called out. The bright light bleeding through his right fist intensified a single level.

The Grand Seer stared at Evergod as she retracted her power. As she did, she stated: "I've been sent by the Grand Sage." She needed to establish grounds for the current Evergod to listen to her, so she unhesitatingly used the Grand Sage's name.

"So?" Yet, against expectations, Evergod was emotionless before that name. "Do you intend to protect him?" His words were once again calm-the peak of serenity, yet the baleful intent was laced within every syllable.

"..." The Grand Seer realized that Evergod was off the deep end. "Your flagrant actions have leaked into the world; You're handling power far beyond your means to control, and your actions have caused great alarm and disturbance. I've been tasked with steering you away, to prevent you from risking your life." Her words were flat, emotionless.

"Ha," Evergod chuckled. "Make your choice," he didn't give her words any heed. It wasn't that he was ignorant of the dangers but simply believed that



their attempt was all to dissuade him from bringing an end to that promising chess piece of theirs.

"Choice? Do you not see? Earth-Saint Evergod, the Grand Sage told me that should you wish to continue this road of no return; you'll have to pass along the Ever-Key." The Grand Seer only attempted to convince Evergod once, no longer bothering with reminding him again.

"So that's your goal. You wish to give that brat you've nurtured the Ever-Key?" By this point, those once serene eyes began to exude a dangerous light of madness. "Was this your plan all along? Haha! Was it?! TO GIVE HIM EVERYTHING OF MINE! AGAIN! AGAIN!! AGAIN!!!"

Madness was like a seed of the dead, infecting one's heart, mind, and soul until that was all that was left. Evergod felt his beliefs were reinforced, so it only nurtured that seed. The Golden Gate Pavilion, in his eyes, slowly was merging with those silver-eyed bastards, their symbol etched into the solar star behind them.

"Conspirers. The w'hole lot of you." Evergod's right fist clenched a little harder. The entire Earthbound Wave Stellar Region trembled!

"..." The Grand Seer might have tremendous powder, but the Evergod before her terrified her to no end. She found herself taking a few steps back through the Dark Void. If she had pupils, they might have constricted to their limits. The aura of that power and feeling of deadly might was enough to bring her, an Earthly Saint, to her knees.

She gathered her courage, "You're wrong; the Grand Sage will pass it along to Earth-Saint Luoyang. The risk of losing it to Wei Wuyin is why I'm here. Don't be blinded. If the Grand Sage wanted anything of yours, would you even have the ability to react before he seized it all? Moreover, only the Everlore Association can use the Ever-Key. You should know' this."

"..." Evergod went stiffly silent for a long, long while. Eventually, the madness retreated slightly as the reasoning was there. He, too, didn't want the Ever-Key to end up in his enemy's hands should anything unexpected happen.

Seeing this reaction, the Grand Seer hastily added: "The Grand Sage has already sworn an oath that the Ever-Key will be delivered and kept in San Luoyang's possession. If you feel it's needed, I can attest to being a witness to that event by swearing on my spirit."

"..." Evergod stared at her. His eyes said: "Then do so." Clearly, the trust he had in the Grand Sage was no longer as absolute as before.

The Grand Seer didn't feel bothered by this, only relieved as she swore an airtight oath regarding witnessing the Grand Sage personally swearing an oath to the heavens regarding delivering the Ever-Key to San Luoyang. Then, and only then, did Evergod's eyes ease, madness gradually receding. With a toss of his left hand, a seven-colored skeleton key exuding a rich and refined alchemical aura was sent to the Grand Seer.

This was the Ever-Key, the only way to access the Chosen King Competition's Secret Realm! Without it, not even the Trueborn's leader or Divine Emperor could breach into its confines without dying. If this was lost, the chaos that would follow would be unimaginable.

The Grand Seer reached out and carefully pocketed the Ever-Key. Just as she was about to leave, she turned around and said: "Earth-Saint Evergod, your actions have alarmed the world. The consequences of your intentions are too difficult to divine, even by the Grand Sage. I advise you to retreat for today lest you suffer." After saying those words, the Grand Seer shimmered out of view, vanishing entirely.

"..." Evergod.

After a few seconds, an explosive outburst erupted, and Evergod's trajectory remained steadfast-the Neo-Dawn Starfield!

"I won't make the same mistake I did before. Today, he dies!"

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Silently, the world screeched, thrummed, and quivered.

All over the Sealed Regions, a few felt this change.

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Within the Stellar Nest, a voice rippled through the faintest cracks within the strange, icy surface.

"Interesting."

The incessant pounding on the icy surface continued.

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Within the Ancient Sky Realm, San Luoyang's World Realm, San Yongli sat quietly in the lotus position, diligently refining the Neo-Dawn Star-Seed Pill. From time to time, seven-colored shiny mist left her orifices. This was the expelled Alchemical Spirit Remnants that were being simultaneously refined out as the pill was.

From within her Sea of Consciousness, the discarnate soul of a woman caused the soul-containing, mind-nurturing jade to tremble.

"Fool!" She cried out angrily. The rage and panic she felt bled into San Yongli's mind, and the young Temporal Reincarnator began to suffer a seizure. San Yongli shouted in agony as she tumbled to the ground.

"You!" She slowly crawled up, weakness in her eyes. She hurriedly formed a few hand-seals, sealing the pill mid-refinement, and cursed the soul out

countless times. Yet her rage received no response as the woman was too preoccupied to respond.

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Desolate Dragnet Stellar Region, Myriad Dao Palace Secret Realm.

Wang Yutian's gaze was focused intensely beyond the realm. There was a solemn light within his eyes alongside a deeply furrowed set of spiritual brows. "Idiot! What are you trying to do?!"

From the depths of his gaze, unforgettable memories surged. He subconsciously shivered as he gritted his spiritual teeth. "If that thing wakes up..."

He kept observing, praying in his heart.-----

Woosh!

Within the vast Dark Void, ripples began to manifest at strange locations. As if answering the world's call, something began to move.

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## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1300 1294: Indulging In Ascendeds



"Hnnrg!~ Ahh!~" The sounds of sweet, breathy moans and soft, sensual pants filled the rich air of a spacious bedroom. The bed was utterly gargantuan, twelve feet by twelve feet. The heart-resonating, mind-stimulating, bed-rocking events were in full swing with a party of four, and at the center of it, all was a young mortal.

Atop this grand bed that could easily house several full-grown bodies, the sounds of sensual pleasures and flesh-pounding echoes, rhythmic and stimulating, kept reverberating. If one listened closely, other sounds coincided. The smooching of lips, the soft pucker of a lip pressed against soft flesh, and the heavy breathing of desire.

"Mn~ Hnng~" A beauty by the very definition of the word was on all four, clutching fiercely at the satin sheets with both hands. The beauty didn't know when, but a soft, cool pillow was held by her teeth as her body kept twitching endlessly. A surge of never-ending tidal waves of pleasure kept occurring as an incessant feeling of peak climax that trounced every self-derived pleasure she had ever experienced kept attacking her senses.

She could only feel that astonishing, tireless, and addictive monster pound deep into her insides, stirring, exploring, and pushing spots that she had never thought existed. At times, her consciousness would go wild as an electrifying outburst occurred, especially when it touched the deepest area that could be reached.

"HNNGÃœ" It struck like a lightning bolt, releasing the literal floodgates, staining the bedsheets in a gush of bodily fluids. The beauty's body went limp after a stint of indescribable tightness overtook her.

Tian Lingyu lay atop the bed with short, heavy breathing as her body kept twitching, her legs spread wildly, and her back arched in a way that could bring the world's greatest artesian archway design to absolute shame. She had just gone through a wild ride, understandably one of the most intense experiences an existence could have-intimacy with the sole silver-eyed, mortal Worldly Saint Alchemist of the Sealed Regions.

"Hn!~" Wei Wuyin gently rubbed that alluring bottom, causing Tian Lingyu to release a subconscious moan with unfocused eyes and post-orgasmic

twitches. He reveled in the exquisite sensations of an Ascended being's body, especially one that he and only he had explored and experienced.

From behind Wei Wuyin, two soft, nail-painted hands rubbed against his chest and abdomen. A pair of gentle lips repeatedly kissed his neck. The burgundy hair of the culprit came into view.

"How merciless of you, your Majesty." The burgundy-hair owner, Yang Chaoyue, softly whispered coyly as she never stopped moving her hands. If the Imperial Clan learned that Yang Chaoyue was flirtishly using the title of 'Majesty' to stimulate Wei Wuyin's male ego to receive her share of attention and pleasure, who knew what their response would be?

"She was only a virgin a month ago," Yang Chaoyue said as she glanced at the half-conscious Tian Lingyu. A woman that had the might of an Earthly Saint, enviable and world-destroying, was sprawled out in such an embarrassing manner with her wits pounded out of her. Even a god-like existence of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region worshiped by quintillions was merely a woman before that grand beast.

"She held up better than you," Wei Wuyin bluntly replied. Yang Chaoyue's hands stopped and her face blushed an indescribably deep red. She leaned her head in and buried her face into Wei Wuyin's neck as if trying to hide from the gazes of others.

Before Wei Wuyin could enjoy such a pleasantly shy response, he felt movement beneath him as suckling sounds resounded beneath him. A head of wild, messy hair and a pair of lazy blood-red eyes of a female met his gaze, her mouth and tongue occupied thoroughly as her throat bulged.

"Wu Jinyan," Wei Wuyin said as he softly caressed that head as she devoted her full focus to trying to extract the yang essence that remained. Wu Jinyan was none other than Venerable Bloodtorrent, no-Highlord Bloodtorrent, the

wanted vagabond across multiple starfields. Her rise in cultivation did little to assist her untameable hair.

"Greedy," Yang Chaoyue pouted as she watched tears form at the sides of Wu Jingyan's eyes as ecstasy painted her complexion. She was diligent and experienced, but even then, she could only take three-fourths of the Ascended slayer, a commendable feat. "Your Majesty, I'm next. Right?" The Earthly Saint asked in a begging tone, gentle and feeble.

If the Imperial Clan knew that the arrogant, disrespectful, and disdainful Sky Monarch was now acting like this...

They might very well understand where her confidence comes from!

"Mn," Wei Wuyin agreed with a responsive sound. Yang Chaoyue smiled sweetly. Her gaze moved and she caught sight of a golden-haired woman laying on the edge of the bed, her beautiful body was dry with sweat, and her breathing was long and peaceful. She was in a deep state of slumber. Out of the four Ascended beings, she was the one with the weakest cultivation base and the lowest endurance.

Lin Xianxian!

The True Element Sect's nominal Sect Master had only lasted until her twelfth outburst before her body, mind, and soul could no longer maintain themselves, sending her to a long-forgotten state of true sleep. Yang Chaoyue barely contained her envy and anticipation as she kissed harder, using her hands to stimulate the portion that not even Wu Jingyan could take.

Wei Wuyin took this moment to recall the past few months. Since the end of the Alchemic Expo, Wei Wuyin had been pushing the Stellar-Paragon Physique to its physical limitations, including the extent of his Mystic-Rank True Void Dragon Bloodline-refined Body, and he was incredibly satisfied with his discoveries. The most important discovery was his ability to withstand

having intercourse with Ascended beings without exploding via Cultivation Deviation. Furthermore, his Mortal Aura didn't stain them either. He analyzed this and realized it was due to his Harmonized State of Mortal and Mystic, the aspect of the Stellar-Paragon Physique that allowed both powders to exist without any intense reactions.

Almost immediately, he tried dual cultivation; the current situation of his cultivation base was in dire need of exceptional resources, and the Yin Energies of an Ascended being was one of the most precious treasures of the cultivation world. He tested it out on Yang Chaoyue first.

And!

It was a success!

The Harmonized State of Mortal and Mystic wasn't limited to simply his body or aura, but his Yang Essence, which was eternal and incredibly refined, could be used to interact and intermingle with an Ascended being's Yin Essence without any backlash as well. Moreover, they could even take in his Yang Essence and refine it themselves for a gargantuan boost to their cultivation base.

After that, he brought along four of his Ascended lovers, with the few' exceptions being those of the Valkyrie, such as Cao Cuifen, and those he didn't think would take kindly to having their first time with a bunch of strangers-Yue Songli. He was smart enough to not involve Yue Songli's first time with others; during the first month, he did have the sensitivity to perform a one-on-one session with Tian Lingyu before bringing her to this five-party bedroom frenzy.

In truth, Wei Wuyin had some regrets about taking Tian Lingyu's Primal Yin so early. While his cultivation base experienced a great leaping improvement, her standard of cultivation foundation was not very good. If the World Beyond was



used as a rubric, amongst Earthly Saints, Tian Lingyu would be incredibly average, and her refined Primal Yin of thousands of years was middling at best despite its years of maturation.

Regardless, his absurdly terrifying cultivation foundation experienced a noticeable rise. If at his ascension into the Star Core Phase, each of his Star Cores was at 25% of their fully consolidated states, essentially the benchmark as a genuine Starlord who can exercise the bare minimum of their full cultivation base and true Starlord strength, then Tian Lingyu's Primal Yin had pumped all his Star Cores to 35%. This was a 40% boost!

If he had just one core, he would've been at 65%! While initially seemingly underwhelming, when his heaven-defying foundation was taken into account, this was an extremely generous boost. Additionally, it was almost immediate thanks to his innate refinement talents. The benefits of the Stellar-Paragon Physique were continuous and endless.

With the last few months of dual cultivation with two Demi-Mortal Lords and two Earthly Saints, Wei Wuyin's foundation reached 39% of 100%. Fortunately, with Wei Wuyin's current wealth and means, allowing Lin Xianxian to reach the Demi-Mortal Lord after a few decades of cultivation wasn't difficult at all.

The effectiveness of this penta-cultivation session was much greater than stuffing his Star Cores with Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pills-more enjoyable and less time-consuming, too.

Unfortunately, this reminded Wei Wuyin that his cultivation foundation had reached an outrageous point. He hadn't even fully consolidated his Star Core cultivation base despite it all! He couldn't imagine the difficulties of expanding his Star Cores to their maximum. This even accounted for Little Defiant's continuous refinement of his Star Cores and Physique.

However, the most shocking development was the sheer advancements of these four women. They hadn't noticed yet, but their four innate energies were subtly undergoing monumental growths. If Tian Lingyu's foundation could be considered a five-out-of-ten as an Earthly Saint when the World Beyond was taken into consideration, then she just jumped half a level in this single month! Silently, the world screeched, thrummed, and quivered.

Wei Wuyin's focus instantly shifted. His Celestial Eyes' Eye of Truth activated subconsciously in response to the hectic change in the World's Trends. "Something's wrong?" Yang Chaoyue blinkingly asked as she slithered her way around, ready to tag-team the indomitable monster with Wu Jingyan. She had noticed Wei Wuyin's aura changing slightly just now, a result of her keen observation of everything Wei Wuyin was doing, feeling, or wanting.

"..." Wei Wuyin's Eye of Truth was connected with the unfathomable world, capable of glimpsing at its flow, and all of its changes. This change was sudden, reminding him of the moment when the Trueborn leader had informed him of the All-Ending Stellar Calamity or what he experienced shortly after his Soul Idol Tribulation had completed.

It was a feeling of incoming dread, a precursor of untimely demise, and an omen of a deadly threat.

"Evergod."

If it was Wei Wuyin before his Temporal Eye Astral Tribulation, he would've reacted differently. However, he was extremely knowledgeable regarding the Sealed Regions, and he only had two words to say: "Suicidal idiot."

"Hm?" Wu Jingyan looked up as her lips made a soul-stirring popping sound. "What?" She asked. Wei Wuyin had whispered his words, but they had caught every syllable. They were both trained warriors, killers even, so their eyes sharpened instantly as their bodies tensed. They were both Ascended beings,

but only a Worldly Saint or greater could grasp some insight into the flow of the world's trends. To them, nothing had happened.

"It's nothing," Wei Wuyin smilingly chuckled. "Just a mess I'll have to clean up later. But not now. Now, I'm here." His words caused Yang Chaoyue's expression to ease and her heart to throb as her complexion grew a shade redder. She couldn't resist the urge to smile, clearly realizing that Wei Wuyin had prioritized them over something that could snag his attention. Before Wei Wuyin knew it, two sets of lips and tongues fought against him.

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Evergod was on the verge of escaping the Earthbound Wave Stellar Region, his eyes glinting fiercely with increasingly maddened light. The sight of Baby Defiant stimulated all his murderous intent.

"...!" Despite his state of rage, Evergod instantly felt the sensation of crisis, an experience that brought out his long-forgotten memories of the Dark Stars Era's instincts. He hurriedly twisted himself, solidifying a platform of Chaos Mana beneath his feet, and then lightly kicked off at spatial-bending speeds, and then explosively shot off twenty thousand miles into the distance in a blink of an eye!

That degree of Mana Control was the exclusive power of an Origin State, MANA DOMINANCE! However, no one could be astounded by this shocking discovery.

"Who?!" Evergod calmly shouted with an air of dominance as he eyed the Dark Void. While there wasn't any sign of anyone, he knew what he felt was incredibly real. If he hadn't reacted, he definitely would've met immense danger!

Was it Wei Wuyin's Earthly Saints?

The mere thought caused him to interface with his Internal World. Several auras within readied themselves. WOOSH!

But what he saw was something he had never expected. A rippling wake of chaotic space formed a few tens of thousands of miles ahead of him. His pupils instantly constricted to their limits!

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