

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1341 1335: CKC, Hunted; Hunted



Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Deep, resounding booms of desperation, confusion, and fear pounded against the 12th Wall. The Chosen of the eighteen regions found themselves restricted from progressing amidst their raging bewilderment. The obstructed Chosen began to panic after they noticed their Marks of Bitterness and the presence of others nearby. They hastily executed various Spiritual Arts that were from their sect's lineages, smashing against the 12th Wall violently.

Unfortunately for them, none of them found success in their attempts!

The 12th Wall's durability had been shifted with the 96th Wall's durability, the last obstacle of the Violet Path of Bitterness, and needed strength that far surpassed Mortal Limits. Without great mystic-level treasures, top-tier Spiritual Arts, and exceptional cultivation foundations, breaking through the 96th Wall was extremely difficult.

Lin Ziyang gently touched her forehead after feeling the golden energy forming a Mark of Bitterness there. She had made a low-effort attempt to breach the 12th Wall, thinking it would be extremely easy, but it resulted in her being considered a failure.

Curious, Lin Ziyang felt that the Mark of Bitterness could be shattered. When she tried to do so, she succeeded! Unfortunately, the Mark of Bitterness only reformed at the next breath. She twisted her lips in a pout, feeling a mixture of confusion and dissatisfaction. "What's going on?"

Lin Ziyang had been inspired by the Ascendants' display of dominance, so she decided to join the others in entering the Black Path of Bitterness. But her curiosity about this path delayed her as she inspected the strange power and walls here. How could she not be curious? This delay led her to not breach the walls recklessly. By the time she reached the 12th Wall, it had already been shifted with the 96th Wall.

"Is it supposed to be this difficult?" Quietly muttering to herself, she spread out her Spiritual Sense and discovered a few auras nearby. They, like her, were hindered at the 12th Wall. The urge to use her bracelet to shatter the wall rose in her heart, but she recalled the reminder of Wu Baozhai to not use any external powers, such as talismans and Incarnations, that were not her own against the walls. Supposedly, the backlash was quite deadly.

"What is going on?" Lin Ziyang heard a feminine voice nearby. She turned towards it and was slightly surprised.

"Isn't that Tang Xingyun?" Lin Ziyang hadn't involved herself personally with the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, but she kept herself abreast of certain interesting characters and events.

For example, Tang Xingyun was a Saintess that was engaged to the renowned and outstanding Tian Yinwu, and her Mother, the former Tang Clan's Matriarch, was recently overthrown by her sister.

While the in-depth story wasn't well-known to others, she had heard the exact details from Wei Wuyin, including how that portion of the Tang Clan was reduced to servants by Bai Lin and how the former Matriarch had betrayed her sister. According to Wei Wuyin, Bai Lin was quite brutal early on to these newly acquired servants, often scorching them with her Nirvanic Flames, sending them on difficult tasks, and berating them for the slightest slip-up. She was a fiery master.

After they tried to capture her before for her essence blood, Lin Ziyang felt that this was a fitting end for them, especially since they harmed Bai Lin. The only other option was to slaughter them to the last. If Wei Wuyun had taken that route, she wouldn't have felt it was wrong by any means. The world of cultivation was that brutal at times.

Lin Ziyang hadn't expected to see Tang Xingyun here. While her status couldn't be removed easily due to her engagement with Tian Yinwu, it was still a shock to see her participate in the Chosen King Competition, given her current life circumstances. As she noticed Tang Xingyun, the Tang Clan's Saintess also noticed her.

They both had a Mark of Bitterness on their glabellas. Their eyes narrowed slightly as an air of tension began to develop between them. If the normal rules were considered, this meant these two would fight until one either surrendered or lost their life.

"There's something weird about this wall!"

However, before anything could develop, a Chosen off in the distance shouted as they pounded. This caused both Lin Ziyang and Tang Xingyun to give the wall another look. They both concluded that this was true. There should be no reason for the 12th Wall to be so difficult. What was going on?

Tang Xingyun thought for a moment, and seeing that Lin Ziyang was focused on the wall, she proceeded to walk over. "I think someone tampered with the wall." Her words caused Lin Ziyang's brows to lift as she gently touched the wall.

Tang Xingyun didn't get too close, but she got close enough to talk. The other Chosen was also approaching, similarly a young female Chosen of high beauty. The three women found themselves exchanging ideas suddenly, eventually landing on noticing the violet hue in the air.

"Could we have been shifted to the Violet Path of Bitterness by mistake?" Lin Ziyang questioned. The other two were startled. Before long, seeing three outstanding beauties, other Chosen that were curiously traveling along the sea of bitterness gathered near them. They were mostly men, all trying to look capable and intelligent.

Tang Xingyun realized that they were gathering together and frowned slightly.

"Do we have to work together to break through the wall?" A first-time participant asked.

"Absolutely not. Joint coordination only causes the walls to automatically fail you." An experienced Chosen said, proud of himself for answering first as he glanced at the various beauties here. The Chosen King Competition's second stage was a solo stage meant to test your cultivated powers, which was why external objects such as talismans and tools beyond your powers were outlawed to be used on the walls.

That said, it wasn't too inflexible. If you wanted to rely on external power, the option to collect Marks of Bitterness from others was present for that reason. The usage of external powers against others was freely allowed in the various seas. During this circumstance, you weren't fighting the walls but others. If the Chosen you're using it on refused to surrender or was unable to do so, they deserved death either way, greatly overestimating their strength and their backers by traveling to that wall.

Unfortunately, none of the Chosen here could figure out why the wall had experienced a change. Lin Ziyang began to feel some heated gazes and she felt annoyed as several male Chosen sent spiritual transmissions or tried to approach her.

In her eyes, they were truly overestimating themselves.

Who was her man? The Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn! A Worldly Saint Alchemist! A top-tier cultivator of this generation! They couldn't even compare to his pinky toe, yet they had to gall to lust for her? She didn't feel like staying a millisecond more, proceeding to take her leave with a brisk walk out of the cluster of questioning Chosen.

Tang Xingyun had the exact opposite experience. The moment she was recognized, not a single man dared to single an ambiguous gaze her way. Who was she? The fiancée of Tian Yinwu! They wanted to live a nice, long life. So instead, the females tried to get closer with smiles and compliments. This otherwise tense situation had devolved into a social gathering of Chosen almost naturally.

Tang Xingyun suddenly felt anxious as her gaze flitted through the crowd of Chosen, noticing Lin Ziyang leaving without so much as a word. Her heart began to race suddenly, and her Astral Soul trembled. The urge swelled her and she rushed calmly and politely declined the other Chosen and followed Lin Ziyang.

The other Chosen was about to follow, but in the back of the Chosen, a burst of astral force erupted and signs of fighting began! Someone realized they had to collect Marks of Bitterness to escape and decided to test it out! Tang Xingyun felt the burst and her eyes flickered with uncertainty. She rushed toward Lin Ziyang, catching up after a while.

"What do you want?" Lin Ziyang asked indifferently as she didn't bother turning around or stopping in the slightest. She didn't fear Tang Xingyun in the slightest.

"I-I..." Tang Xingyun uncharacteristically stuttered as she was unable to articulate her intentions. Her instincts, however, unleashed thunderous impacts on her heart. She clutched at her chest, feeling her fleshy heart

pound intensely as a wave of panic overwhelmed her, and her complexion grew ashen pale.

Lin Ziyang felt the change in her aura, turning around curiously. Then, her eyes widened slightly. That feeling of uneasiness, that look of panic, that quivering of her body, Lin Ziyang's fist clenched tightly as she recalled that familiar sight. Her Spiritual Sense began to rush outwards. Besides the fighting, she sensed nothing else of note.

But she still responded, reaching out to Tang Xingyun's hand. The act wasn't resisted at all!

"Wha-" Tang Xingyun could barely catch her breath. Lin Ziyang dragged her along by the wrist, moving fast. By the time Tang Xingyun could even react, they were back at the 11th Wall.

Lin Ziyang touched the 11th Wall, but a backlash of lethal proportions, enough to eviscerate a Starlord, was unleashed! Her bracelet shone brightly, absorbing the damage, and Lin Ziyang only felt her hair whip about. Shocked, she tried again, but this time...a stronger backlash exploded!

She and Tang Xingyun were blown backward as the bracelet shone with a bright glow, then a crack formed on its surface. The treasure was damaged!

"Wha-what are you doing?" Tang Xingyun finally caught her breath, feeling as if her chest was a little less tight. She struggled to free herself from Lin Ziyang's grip.

Lin Ziyang's expression was calm with a tinge of solemnness, but seeing Tang Xingyun's complexion grow a little better, her eyes flashed curiously. She cautiously looked around but found nothing.

"So it's only toward you," Lin Ziyang said.

"What?" Tang Xingyun's breath was slowly but surely returning.

"You've experienced the effect of a Heavenly Seer's scrying spell," Lin Ziyang said as she said with extreme familiarity and nostalgia. She was Meng Shufeng's closest friend, so her knowledge of Heavenly Seers and their various spells was far greater than others. For example, a Heavenly Scrying Spell that tracked the spirit. Typically, if done perfectly, a cultivator would remain unaware, but for certain cultivators of outstanding animalistic instincts, their bodies and spirit would react violently. Moreover, this feeling intensified if the person unleashing the spell had ill intent.

Tang Xingyun had the bloodline of the Vermilion Bird, so its animalistic instincts had long since embedded themselves into her body and spirit.

Baffled, Tang Xingyun was unable to understand.

Lin Ziyang saw the confusion and said flatly, "Someone's trying to track you here and likely trying to harm you. If it's what I think..." She looked back at the 12th Wall and her pupils constricted slightly as realization flashed across her beautiful face.

"Someone's hunting you," Lin Ziyang stated plainly.

"Hunting me?" Tang Xingyun gathered her breath trying to process what Lin Ziyang was babbling about. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt striking her soul, her eyes darted to the 12th Wall at the speed of lightning. Her pupils constricted to needlepoints.

"Oh no...!"

Lin Ziyang saw the dawn of realization on Tang Xingyun's face, and this validated all her assumptions.

"Xingyun?" Suddenly, as if ordained by the heavens, a familiar voice resounded that caused Tang Xingyun to jump.

"Lin Ming?!" Tang Xingyun cried out excitedly, feeling as if her pillar of security was discovered. The handsome grey-eyed youth had walked toward them from the 12th Wall. Just like Lin Ziyang and Hong Chunhua, Lin Ming was curiously inspecting the sea of bitterness and its strange power. He realized that the power could be absorbed and refined with the proper method, but when he arrived at the 12th Wall, he realized it was far more durable and gained a Mark of Bitterness after testing it.

Before he could exert greater strength, he felt the aura of fighting from nearby and then Tang Xingyun's aura rushing toward him.

Lin Ziyang was taken aback. Wasn't this the Archaic Chosen? The one that tried to steal Wei Wuyin's fame and was exposed? Oh right! Wei Wuyin had once mentioned how he first met Tang Xingyun during the Chosen Trial in the Devil War Realm, and how she hindered him using her Exalted dharma protector, allowing Lin Ming to seize the chance to become a Chosen.

Her thoughts became slightly conflicted considering Tang Xingyun and Lin Ming were annoyances in Wei Wuyin's younger years. In truth, Lin Ziyang had a habit of being spiteful, especially after being chased, hunted, assaulted, and crippled in her lifetime. She didn't even know why she pulled Tang Xingyun here or why she acted. Was it because she had been hunted so often that she tried to help someone else instinctively?

But when she saw how Tang Xingyun hastily escaped her grip and rushed toward Lin Ming, her brilliant smile, Lin Ziyang's pupils expanded slightly.

How familiar...

"Wait," she quietly said. Wasn't Tang Xingyun engaged to Tian Yinwu? She looked at her hand, feeling the faint lingering aura of Yin. She recalled when Wu Baozhai would disguise her Yin Aura during the Myriad Yore Continent. She once described how she was almost caught as her Primal Yin Aura that

was being falsely replicated often had an issue of exuding too much Yin Aura to compensate whenever her cultivation base grew unstable. When Wu Baozhai touched a nobleman's wife after a training session, she was instantly suspicious of her!

Boom!

Like an explosion, her mind connected all the pieces.

Just as those pieces fit, a faint howl echoed in the air. Lin Ziyan's hair stood as goosebumps grew on her arms, legs, and neck.

The howl was heard by Lin Ming and Tang Xingyun too and they turned to its origins. They saw a grey-robed, bare-footed cultivator with a hood draped over their head, barely showing their silvery hair, without the slightest aura. Each of his steps was utterly silent, yet they pounded against the heart with savage strength.

Lin Ming placed his body before Tang Xingyun and the cultivator, his brows furrowed deeply as he felt a strange sense of danger from this cultivator. From how they walked, he instinctively knew they were here for him!"What do you want?" Lin Ming asked with strength.

The bare-footed cultivator stopped. Then, he used his two hands to lift his hood, exposing his face, revealing the face of a man, beautiful as the full moon hanging from a clear night sky. A Mark of Bitterness shone on his glabella.

Lin Ming's pupils were instantly constricted as if he had seen a ghost from hell! "YOU?!"

Zuhei, the Fangs and Claws of the Ascendant Emperor, calmly stared at the man who had defeated him, staining his purpose for existence after being saved all those years ago. Since then, he was unable to rightfully claim his

position as Wei Wuyin's weapon to ravage the world! The reality had ravaged his soul in ways that others could never understand.

Lin Ming, however, was deeply shaken that the one who once gave him his closest and most intense fight, barely escaping alive, was also still alive! His expression darkened as he realized the severity of this matter.

"Step back, Xingyun." He told Tang Xingyun as he brought out his Origin Spear. There was no reason to talk here. Since Zuhei dared to show himself before him, then he was only here for one purpose and only for that purpose.

TO FIGHT!

"Be careful." The voice inside the Aegis of Elements resounded in sync with Tang Xingyun's soft voice. She retreated, trusting Lin Ming.

Lin Ziyang was stunned; this woman had complete confidence in Lin Ming that she seemingly forgot that she was being hunted!

"I'm not who I was before," Lin Ming reminded himself as he remembered how desperate and dangerous that fight was. But he was no longer that naive youth that lacked experience!

Since he won once before, he'd do so again.

Zuhei didn't speak a single word. He slowly but surely walked toward Lin Ming, his hands at his side, his posture relaxed, and his eyes reflecting the Archaic Chosen's existence.

Tensions rose.

Lin Ming gripped his spear tightly, his cultivation base circulated at its fullest potential.

Suddenly, a burst of explosion from the fight from afar reached the two.

WOOSH!

The Claws and Fangs of the Ascendant Emperor and the Archaic Chosen moved simultaneously!

They flickered across each other, landing on the exact location the other had previously been standing.

"..." Lin Ziyun and Tang Xingyun gasped.

"You..." Lin Ming quiveringly looked down.

Ba-dum! Drip. Ba-dum! Drip. Ba-dum! Drip.

Within Zuhei's right hand was a heart, bloody, dripping, and still beating.

Author's Note: Wow. Another long one, but the situation is going to get really intense. I'm so excited! Pray to the Writing Gods for me. <3

Erdiul Note: Gah damn boys, shit is ramping up. RIP Lin Ming.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1342 1336: CKC, Rebirth Of A Purpose



The two no longer faced each other, their backs to each other. The air was stiff, almost unmoving.

"You..." Lin Ming's expression was bewildered, distorted, and changing indefinitely as his eyes saw a large, basketball-sized gaping, bloody hole in his chest and clothing, piercing through his inner armor and heart guard. His free hand moved to quiveringly pushed his hand through the empty portion of

his chest, the warmth of his blood dripping on his fingers. He felt the taste of his own blood leaking from his throat into his mouth.

It was oddly sweet.

Holding the heart, its color as white as the light of dawn, Zuhei whispered to himself: "A heart for a heart." He lifted the heart refined by the qualities of Elemental Origin Energy to his face, visual memories flashing across its fleshy surface. As if he was a spectator, he saw Lin Ming and himself, their final attack decades ago, as Lin Ming drove his spear through his chest, obliterating his heart in a single move.

All those years began to flash after, all those years of hatred, shame, and anger. When Zuhei finally gripped the beating heart, feeling its desperate desire for life, fragile and at his mercy, all those negative emotions swept through his thoughts in an incomparably violent manner, only to begin to melt like snow on the hottest summer day.

Zuhei's eyes solidified into a pair of pure intensity, his body began to exude the aura of savagery, blood, battle, death, time, and the spirit! He viciously opened his entire maw, revealing four incomparably sharp canines that felt as if they could pierce into the entire world, and his mouth chomped into the beating heart!

The heart gushed with copious white-colored blood and primal, physical power!

"Hah!" Tang Xingyun felt as if her mind were deceiving her, unable to believe her eyes for even a second. Within the blink of an eye, beyond her perception's capabilities, the two switched places, and she saw Lin Ming standing quietly there with a gaping hole while Zuhei held onto a throbbing heart. She instinctively, without even needing to confirm, knew whose heart that was!

But when Tang Xingyun saw Zuhei bite into it, she felt as if her own heart was being eaten! She gasped so deeply that she felt as if she couldn't breathe, her knees grew weak, her mind rumbled, and her heart lost its strength to beat!

"No..." She cried out dryly, her voice hoarse, dripping with unimaginable disbelief and abyss-like despair.

Lin Ziyun hadn't expected any of this, but her heart and mind were incredibly calm despite the horrific, stomach-churning scene before her. Whenever she saw Zuhei exert his feral presence, she strangely felt as if there was a warm halo emitting from him, as if even if he devoured the entire world, his fangs and claws would never bear themselves against her in the slightest, only toward those that dared to threaten her. The feeling was inexplicably trustworthy! She would even bet her life on it.

Zuhei devoured the heart in three seconds and three bites, eating it entirely as a splash of white painted his lower jaw and upper torso. A look of utter euphoric relish flashed across his wild eyes, rippling chaotically as his soul reached a state of radically profound enlightenment. The white-colored heart contained Lin Ming's entire lifetime of physical cultivation, containing the purest, most condensed physical energies Lin Ming had ever cultivated. The Elemental Origin Energies had refined his heart to a point where even Ascended Beastmen's cultivated hearts would pale in comparison.

Thud!

Lin Ming's right knee slammed against the marble floor, inducing a strangely hollow sound, blood from his body leaking across his pants to the floor, staining it a bright harmonious white. With his Origin Spear as leverage, he barely kept himself upright as the feeling of weakness and pain swept against his body and spirit.

Zuhei hadn't just snatched Lin Ming's heart, but ravaged his insides, disintegrated his spine, crushed the nearby organs, and violently clawed against his spirit. This feeling was unbelievably painful! The urge to cry out in agony swelled within his True Soul, but desperately, he kept it bottled with gritted teeth. However, that urge won out in the end as scarlet rays of light flashed across his skin, digging into his flesh ravenously, as if tiny canine predators were incessantly biting into it.

"AHH!"

Unbeknownst to Lin Ming, this feeling was almost the exact sensation that Zuhei felt at the precipice of death. The spear that ripped through his heart, the Elemental Origin Power that ravaged his inner organs and flesh, dissipating his lifeforce brutally without the slightest hesitation.

°Am I dying? Was the only thought that hung on Lin Ming's mind as he tried to circulate his cultivation base, only to receive a startling pricking sensation of pain throughout his body.

"Gurgle!" He spat out a gargantuan amount of blood, almost impossible for the size of his body. The feeling of his throat being filled with blood wasn't unfamiliar, but this sensation felt noticeably different. It felt as if this blood was his lifeblood, signifying the last flight of his blazing will to live. Without his Astral Soul's strength, he couldn't regulate his energies to heal.

"HAA!" Tang Xingyun cried out as her stifled breath and suffocating body finally breathed out alongside Lin Ming's scream. She stepped toward Lin Ming but her weakened legs stumbled and she collapsed halfway to the floor, her body bent over as she tried to reach out.

Lin Ming wasn't far, but in her vision, she felt as if there was an unfathomable type of distance between them. If best described, it would be as if the road of life and death now stood before them.

Lin Ziyang caught Tang Xingyun instinctively, awed by how chaotic the Tang Clan's Saintess' body and cultivation were acting. °She must really love him,° Lin Ziyang thought. She couldn't help but recall her feelings when she heard that Long Chen had died at Wei Wuyin's hands. In comparison, it was incredibly lacking.

Was she too cold-hearted? Or was this just a sign of the truth that Long Chen was never her destined lover, and it was Wei Wuyin all along? Shockingly, she felt this verified her belief even further, and her emotional attachment toward Wei Wuyin grew to another level. Just the thought of something happening to Wei Wuyin, no matter how little, was enough to bring her panic and fear.

Would she be like this if she heard of his death?

If she saw it?

She pitied Tang Xingyun. Unfortunately, it wasn't strong enough to interfere. In fact, she was thinking if she should eliminate this woman to prevent any future issues. Killing intent flashed across her ocean-blue gaze, directed at Tang Xingyun. The target was completely unaware, her thoughts and mind focused on Lin Ming.

The last vestiges of life within Lin Ming were flickering out as Zuhei's power and Intent kept ruthlessly ravaging his body.

He was on his last breaths, chaotic thoughts of his past flashed before his teary eyes. All his attempts to resist that calling of the abyss of death failed.

All of them.

"He...lp...m...e..." Lin Ming's desperate words echoed in the air.

Doosh!

His body lost its ability to stay upright, falling face first into the marble.

With that sound, Lin Ming, the Archaic Chosen, life came to an end at the age of 86.

The Origin Spear stayed upright, pointing to the sky as if embodying Lin Ming's unwillingness to collapse.

Zuhei's state of enlightenment came to an end. While short, his eyes once contained endless death, focus, and brewing savagery that could shake God's began to merge and be infused with a unique light of life and soul.

"I did it," Zuhei closed his eyes as he felt the heart of Lin Ming be refined thoroughly by his own. The terrifying power within the heart granted Zuhei an unimaginable change. His life aura could now be felt.

The Fangs and Claws of the Ascendant Emperor had redeemed himself, regaining his purpose and the right to possess it. His cultivation base converged, his mind sublimated, and his soul was enlightened, all unified together to establish a resonance with the heavens! A resonance with three Three Thousand Worlds of the Heavens!

Approval!

Natural, seamless approval!

Zuhei's cultivation base was fundamentally a Sirius Soul of Blood Force, but over the decades, his Intents began to grow and develop, naturally infusing itself into his body, spirit, and soul. All of its hidden effort began to converge at this moment.

The first was the Intent of Battle; Zuhei had an undying will for conflict, inextinguishable and eternal. He rose within the Myriad Yore Continent due to his terrifying potential for battle, allowing him to stand out amongst his peers before Wei Wuyin had ever discovered him.

The second was the Intent of Slaughter; Zuhei had lost his family, and, enraged beyond imagination, he forcefully slaughtered through the sect, cleaving and clawing through all obstacles to find those murders! He earned the title: The Silver Wolf of Slaughter!

The third was the Intent of Necros; Zuhei delved into a state of death several times, hanging at the verge, unwilling to die, and experiencing a rebirth, not once...but twice! This Unique Intent was incredibly strange, as it didn't simply embody death, but concepts so profound that it was hard to truly grasp, not the slightest bit inferior to the Nirvanic Flames that could interact with the Dao of Void and the cycles of life itself!

The Necros Intent was incomparably pure, far greater than anything within the eighteen regions, and not even Trueborn could replicate it!

The fourth was the Intent of Predation; an equally terrifying Unique Intent born from the Ethereal Dao, strangely unique to Apex Predators! It harbored the will to devour and thrive! When Zuhei consumed Lin Ming's heart, he grasped this Intent thoroughly! The cycle of redemption and hunting had come to an end, all his preparations and patience gathering for a single moment.

At the core of these four Intentions was a Bestial Will of his Ancestor! Sirius! The Silver Wolf! It was this will that was established that resonated with the heavens!

Within his True Soul, a seed was born!

The Conception Phase!

But it didn't stop there!!

Zuhei's blood began to churn, draining into the seed ferociously! From within Zuhei's Mind's Eye, a Solar Star of silvery and sanguine soulful radiance, resembling a luminescent full moon more than a solar star, began to send light to his soul! Soul Light!

Within moments, the seed entered the Nurturing Phase, as ravenous as a hungry infant wolf! It devoured and devoured and devoured!

"Oh? What's this?" A voice resounded. Lin Ziyang was taken aback as she turned around, finding two figures slowly walking toward them. One of them was a swordsman with a lazy expression and the other was beautifully handsome, almost peerlessly so, with an unfathomable presence. Wei Wuyin's unearthly masculine handsomeness had distorted her sense of aesthetic so she found this type of beautiful handsomeness a little underwhelming and uncomfortable.

Tian Yinwu!

Author's Note: This was a Zuhe dedicated chapter. Hundreds of chapters and his role as Wei Wuyin's Fangs and Claws, worthy enough to do so, will finally reach its completion! If you think Wei Wuyin is abnormal, none of the Prime Ascendants will be ordinary!

Erdiul Note: o7 Lin Ming, was not nice knowing you.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1343 1337: CKC, Ancestral Awakening



Lifeless, fading of warmth, and laying eerily still, Tang Xingyun's gaze only reflected the image of Lin Ming, her mind ravaged by disbelief and her body weakened by fear. She was unaware that two new existences had arrived, both focusing on her and her sole focus.

"Tian Yinwu?" Lin Ziyang instantly recognized the Seventh Prince and her eyes widened. He was here! Her assumption had more or less been verified, and that strange, oddly detached Yin Aura on Tang Xingyun's body alongside her current distraught state allowed Lin Ziyang to understand almost the full story.

This Seventh Prince of the Imperial Clan, rumored to be one of the most talented cultivators in the entire world, had taken to hunting down Tang Xingyun. For what purpose? Seeing how Tang Xingyun's love for Lin Ming was as incredible as the heavens' will-adultery and murder!

The mere thought that Tian Yinwu, such a renowned and exceptional figure, had lost out on love to the Archaic Chosen cascaded with scandals, lacking in looks, talent, and backing, made Lin Ziyang feel a wave of icy-cold disbelief. Lin Ming's inherent charm must have been heaven-shaking. Shockingly, she, who just felt killing intent toward Tang Xingyun, moved before the collapsed Tang Xingyun protectively, facing Tian Yinwu who was approaching with calm, settled steps and a curious gaze.

"Are you here to kill her?" Lin Ziyang asked with incomparable calm. She couldn't grasp why she was acting this way, at least not consciously. But subconsciously, Lin Ziyang had somehow appreciated Tang Xingyun's daring to love while pitying her harsh, pathetic fate.

Perhaps it was because she believed in finding her true love her entire life or perhaps it was something else entirely...

All she knew was that she didn't want Tang Xingyun to die to Tian Yinwu right this moment.

Tian Yinwu's steps came to a stop a few dozen meters away.

He looked beyond Lin Ziyang; he saw Zuhei whose mouth was dripping with white heart blood, the faint aura of laws emanating from his body, and Lin Ming's gradually cooling corpse. Then, his hazel-golden gaze of the Imperial

Clan's rightful lineage turned toward the collapsed Tang Xingyun, whose entire focus was on Lin Ming. She laid there helplessly. Not the slightest iota of pity entered his gaze, simply a tinge of regret.

Towards what?

If only he had been the one to launch the killing blow.

Now he finally knew why Wei Wuyin would place importance on protecting Lin Ming and Tang Xingyun. The beastman cultivator of canine lineage was in the process of the Heavenly Resonance of Three Thousand Realms, forming a natural link with the force of laws, granting him an incomparably precious opportunity. From within that aura, Tian Yinwu felt the Awakened Intent of Predation, a Unique Intent often belonging to the apex of predators.

To think that while he was setting a cage, readying himself to hunt down his targets, a beast was lurking from the shadows, eyeing his prey with ravenous desire, all with the intent of consuming him for sustenance to the soul and self. Once again, Tian Yinwu was astonished by Wei Wuyin's methods and means.

Within his heart, Tian Yinwu shook his head, letting out a soft breath. "I'll send you off with your lover, Tang Xingyun." Those words carried faint wisps of emotions, past memories, and hardened determination. Before his unexpected adventure to the World Beyond and subsequent intense struggle to return, Tian Yinwu once fancied the idea of accepting Tang Xingyun as his wife. She was an undeniable beauty with potential and talent exceeding the Sealed Regions' typical standards. While he had strove to break apart the marriage agreement, this was solely because she looked unwilling and unhappy during their first encounter.

In his mind, at that time, he entertained the idea of possessing the right to sever their agreement, signed and accepted by his Royal Father, and presenting Tang Xingyun with a choice. She could then choose to stay with

him as his first wife or go off and live her own destiny. He worked extremely hard to achieve that feat. Alas, his hard work and struggles were met with nearly becoming a cuckold. As a man, even Tian Yinwu was unwilling to accept such gargantuan levels of disrespect, especially since she even gave away her purity before reaching the Mystic Ascendant Realm, a grave taboo for any woman that strove for higher cultivation levels.

Moreover, all she had to do was one, very simple thing-wait. But not only did she not wait, she even tried to hide her illicit and irresponsible actions from the powerful Imperial Clan, not even trying to take accountability, as if it would work. If she had told the truth, while her reputation might have been irreparably damaged, her cultivation likely crippled, and her clan forced to pay a heavy price for her actions, Tian Yinwu would've pleaded with her for leniency, even if it meant including Lin Ming's life.

They both would have suffered greatly, but at the very least, the two of them could've been together in this life. Yet here they were...

How whimsical was fate?

He slowly began to walk toward Tang Xinyun.

Lin Ziyang's eyes constricted slightly. She stood protectively before Tang Xingyun, and while Tian Yinwu wasn't emitting any killing intent or bearing a vicious expression that was well within his rights to have, Lin Ziyang felt her heart enter a glacial field of utmost cold. Undoubtedly, he was here to kill!

"Stop!" Lin Ziyang pushed out her arm, the cracked bracelet on her wrist shone with a faint mystic light. As it did, the crack increased in depth and length.

Tian Jianghan was amused; while it was a real pity that Lin Ming died so easily, this Temporal Eye Phase woman was trying to protect Tang Xingyun with a damaged trinket. The sight was quite admirable.

"Pretty Fairy, you should move aside." Tian Jianghan calmly advised. If Lin Ziyang wasn't a peerlessly graceful beauty with an utterly heat-inducing figure, he might not have even given this little warning.

Lin Ziyang's eyes hardened, "Or?" She coldly asked, her bracelet exuding an increasingly bright radiance. The one thing she hated was being told what to do while being looked at by those patronizing eyes that only saw her outward visage, disgustingly assessing her.

Tian Jianghan was unbothered by her tone, only gaining increased interest in this exceptionally fearless woman. "Or else," he said with a faint, genial smile.

Tian Yinwu didn't care about this exchange. He lifted his right hand-

"Else what?" An utterly glacial voice resounded, and Tian Jianghan's body felt extremely uncomfortable as his heart began to pound intensely. His eyes uncontrollably bulged as a hazy figure exited out of a state of Environmental Integration, seemingly merging with the illusory yin prevalent in the world. She stood between Lin Ziyang and the two Imperial Princes.

Tian Jianghan staggered a little backward, an unseemly sight for an Imperial Prince and a swordsman. If others saw him, they would be totally shaken by his current state.

Tian Yinwu was unsurprised by the new arrival, having sensed her long ago, but simply hadn't thought that she would interfere. The peerlessly beautiful Extreme Yin Saintess had made her appearance!

"Sister Xinyi!" Lin Ziyang was astonished and excited by Na Xinyi's arrival. Her form of address instantly caused Tian Jianghan to blanch.

Na Xinyi didn't look back, her gray eyes focused on Tian Yinwu. While she didn't wield any weapon, her eyes carried the intent to act should he continue.

Tian Yinwu halted his steps, "Are you protecting her or Tang Xingyun?" While he spoke, his tone was incredibly calm, undaunted by Na Xinyi's demeanor or intent.

"Does it matter?" Na Xinyi answered flatly.

Tian Yinwu glanced at Lin Ziyang who tried to protect Tang Xingyun and faintly smiled, saying: "I guess you're right-it doesn't."

Suddenly, Zuhei's aura expanded, enveloping tens of miles, whooshing through the sea of bitterness with bone-chilling presence!

Na Xinyi and Tian Yinwu both slightly flinched while Lin Ziyang was entirely unaffected and Tian Jianghan's eyes lost their colors for a brief moment, seemingly going unconscious. The aura was downright feral and savage, bloody and brutal, endlessly vicious as if it preludes the awakening of an apex predator of gods and ghosts!

HOWL!!!

Zuhei opened his bloody maw toward the sky, and unleashed a terrifyingly world-shaking howl of a wolf! No-of the Silver Wolf, Sirius!!! The will of his ancestor permeated the air, tainting the world in a hue of silver and blood-red, overwhelming the faint traces of black and violet that was once prevalent in the world.

"Ancestral Awakening?!" Tian Yinwu and Na Xinyi both said as they moved far away. The former took Tian Jianghan and fled a few miles away while Na Xinyi grabbed both Lin Ziyang and Tang Xingyun, gliding beautifully through the air as she took to the skies, her Mana Dominance exerting its profound might.

They were both stunned; Ancestral Awakenings were typically limited to beasts. It occurred typically when a Star Beast awakens their Ancestral Lineage's Bloodline and becomes a Genesis Beast.

Na Xinyi was aware of this because Bai Lin had undergone her Ancestral Awakening, becoming a Fire Phoenix from a White Crane. Tian Yinwu was aware of this because the World Beyond had numerous Genesis Beasts! Also, they too were called Genesis Beasts, shortened to Ascendant Beasts of Ancestral Genesis! It was the beginning of when a beast touched upon their ancestral lineage, and at that time, they could freely absorb and refine mystic-graded materials, so they were titled Ascendant Beasts!

Some referred to them as Genesis Beasts as well, depending on the era of their birth!

As the aura pervaded the air, Lin Ming's lifeless corpse was being washed by the Intent of Predation, slowly being consumed! Zuhei's aura was eating his body!

"NO!" Tang Xingyun, shockingly, was completely conscious as her focus was fully on Lin Ming, and even the aura of Zuhei hadn't broken her concentration or consciousness! The sheer might of this only showed how unwilling she was to lose him!

Na Xinyi frowned, but she didn't try to save Lin Ming's corpse. For some strange reason, she kept feeling an uneasiness pounding against her heart.

Tian Yinwu's eyes narrowed; Zuhei's current state was unexpected. How could a beastman undergo Ancestral Awakening? With a casual thrust of his palm, across several miles, a burst of condensed air and mana violently crashed into the 96th Wall!

SHATTER!

The wall, the 96th Wall with astounding durability, had been shattered by a mere palm! Tian Yinwu tossed the unconscious Tian Jianghan through the opening, turning him into a bolt of light. The wall swiftly repaired itself. His

actions were incomparably swift and outrageously smooth, but his gaze never once left Tang Xingyun.

BOOM!

A thunderous boom erupted, taking both Na Xinyi and Tian Yinwu's attention away as they focused on Lin Ming's corpse.

Zuhei's aura was trying to eat away at it when a voice resounded alongside the thunderous boom.

"You bloody mutt!" A voice filled with indignation and rage resounded through the spirits and coursed into the mind for the entire sea of bitterness to hear! From Lin Ming's glabella, the Aegis of the Elements began to shine with a faint spiritual light. The predation aura surrounding Lin Ming shattered!

"The Spirit-Bound Lotus?" Both Tian Yinwu and Na Xinyi recognized the item as a lotus attached to a Divine Elemental Origin Soul that began to escape from Lin Ming's dantian area. There was a bloody claw on the white-colored soul, but it was slowly being erased by the Spirit-Bound Lotus.

Both of their pupils dilated. With their powers, they hadn't sensed the presence of Lin Ming's Astral Soul! They had thought it vanished in accordance with natural law. But then, as if struck by lightning, they both realized that there was a lack of the Star Ascension phenomenon earlier!

"Lin Ming! I'm only doing this once, so you better survive!" The voice was raging and forceful. Then, the Aegis of Elements shot out of Lin Ming's glabella, flying into the Astral Soul bound with a Spirit Lotus!

A profound, unexpected change began to take place!