

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1101 1095: Magi



The River of Time!!!

Wei Wuyin hadn't been able to react as a formless power froze him in a literal instant, so powerful that even the Heavenly Daos' usage of Present Time Energies to freeze the universe vastly paled when compared! This wasn't the Heavenly Daos using the power of time, but the manifestation of time ITSELF using its own power!

There was no comparison at all!

A frightening power that bore a resemblance to Paradoxical Correction formed, and it enveloped Wei Wuyin instantly. It was genuinely in an instant, as there was no time between its manifested existence and the progression of the world.

He was enveloped without being able to react, only capable of sensing through his soul, and solely due to the Minor Law of Time that formed a bridge of sorts between his soul and the heavens alerting him!

"Haaa..." An ancient, benevolent sigh echoed throughout the world.

Vrrrrr!

Suddenly, the Eye of Truth, Eye of Illusion, Eye of Immortality, and the Eye of Creation began to vibrate at such a frequency that even the dead could hear. The sound transcended time, space, life, and death and caused Wei Wuyin's silver eyes to erupt in a volcanic-like explosion of spiritual radiance!

The entire Time Vortex shook!

"You're quite the little troublemaker, huh?" A voice that instilled incomparable warmth and comfort resounded in the depths of Wei Wuyin's soul. The gentleness within sublimated his existence, and he felt himself grow lighter, freer.

The River of Time wanted to eradicate him! He didn't know why, but the voice was like a guardian's tightest hug, and the horror and terror of death were expunged by its presence.

In his state of suspension, the voice kept speaking to Wei Wuyin's soul. "First, you dare to look at the inner workings of the Heavenly Daos. Now, you impatiently find a way to link your Karma with my own? Far, far before you're ready. A brazen yet praiseworthy child, I must say."

Like an elder half-heartedly chiding a child with amusement, the voice echoed out. The River of Time that Wei Wuyin could not perceive, only slightly sense, began to recede its killing will with an unwillingness that snapped at his soul. Despite the receding will, the desire to annihilate was ever-present!

With the Minor Time Law achieved by fully awakening his Seed of Law, Wei Wuyin's soul had already deeply resonated with the Law of Time, including its manifestation—the River of Time. He could feel it due to its extremely close proximity! He also could feel that while the River of Time had stayed its hand, it wasn't going to leave!

His heart quivered. If the River of Time refused to free him, he would forever be trapped within the Time Vortex or likely placed under its power, regressing or progressing at such a rate that his existence would simply...vanish.

"Oh?" The ancient voice spoke out curiously, but it wasn't directed at Wei Wuyin. "You're hurt."

"This child is a little impatient; how about I repair your damage, and then we'll turn this into a forgettable event?" The ancient voice bargained, but there wasn't any hint of pleading, merely an earnest will filled with good intentions and a hope for unity. It was hard to say no.

"..."

Wei Wuyin could feel the River of Time quiver ever-so-slightly. His understanding of the River of Time, gained from two lives, from two different tribulations, had been overturned as it felt like a living entity! He had the urge to gulp, knowing his life was on the line.

He also knew that the ancient voice wanted him to be privy to this conversation. If not, he would've been frozen at this point in time despite having the Void Dragon Bloodline or Minor Authority of Time Law.

"See? Wasn't so bad." The ancient voice said with a wisp of a chuckle, filled with heart and acceptance. It truly was hard to find ill feelings from it.

Instantly, Wei Wuyin's flow of time resumed. He breathed heavily, cold sweat drenching his back and forehead, and his silver eyes illuminated his area of the Time Vortex with raw, forceful spiritual light. With a heavy shut of his eyelids, he restrained that radiance.

"Karmic Laws shouldn't be casually disregarded, little one. Ah, you're still a mortal." The ancient voice spoke profoundly, only to realize that Wei Wuyin was still too young to know what any of that meant.

"..." Wei Wuyin caught his breath. He could still feel his soul quivering from fear, but his will forced him to settle his thoughts and emotions, exerting tremendous strength to ask: "Why?!"

He wanted to say more, but all his power could barely form a single word.

"Why? Hm." The ancient voice made a thoughtful sound. Wei Wuyin was confident that this existence that he felt was none other than Fuxi, the same being that saved him once before, wouldn't answer. But much to his surprise, he received a response!

"Normally, your actions wouldn't have caused such a tremendous reaction from the little river. But, you tried to gain knowledge beyond your means using Paradoxical Linking— sharing knowledge between Nebulous Timelines. You might not understand now, but in doing so, you have infected the little river with karma it was unwilling to possess, forming ties it refused to hold.

"In the simplest explanation, you implicated the little river by your careless actions. Isn't it normal for it to be mad?" At the end was a hearty chuckle, and Wei Wuyin found himself unable to disagree. He understood some things, especially when they related to Karmic Ties.

The Bloodline of Sin and Karmic Luck Value related to Karmic Fortune and Calamity. The River of Time wanted to kill him because the alternative version of himself had shared information using its power as its foundation! He understood that much.

He didn't blame the River of Time; he had no right or power to!

"You understand. Quite intelligent, little one." The ancient voice said smilingly. "Let me take this away; You'll learn of it when it's right, not a moment sooner or later."

Wei Wuyin felt the memory file of Magi left behind by his suave variant dissipate into nothing. It was gone! However, he didn't feel forlorn by this lack of knowledge, only relief that he was still breathing.

The River of Time was an existence that vastly exceeded what his own Karmic Luck Value could warn against. He imagined he would need an

absurdly high value before the Heavenly Daos' would take action to save him or warn him, such as when it sent a Blessed through time...

Through time...

He couldn't help but recall the Black Skeleton's words when the Temporal Reincarnator's phenomenon occurred: "You can kill the reincarnated, taking their karmic luck value and the piece of damaged Heavenly Dao for yourself or allow them to live!"

The last bit, did the Heavenly Daos simultaneously damage itself and the River of Time to send back the Temporal Reincarnator? If so, did the Temporal Reincarnator's existence grant him an escape from death? He wasn't certain, but the River of Time seemed to refuse to back down despite Fuxi's arrival.

"This will be the last time we meet before you've performed your Rite of Passage, little one. Don't take too many risks or too heavy shortcuts." After saying this, the voice vanished, and the presence that Wei Wuyin felt from the depths of his soul disappeared just as quickly.

He heaved a heavy, very heavy sigh as his body began to float within the Time Vortex. Wei Wuyin couldn't help but feel slightly overwhelmed yet also...oddly at ease. Perhaps his horizons were simply too broad, his Heart of Cultivation too firm, but he wasn't too shaken by all this.

He took it all in stride, already thinking about other things now that he knew his life wasn't in any immediate danger. Digesting everything that happened, Wei Wuyin swore to be more careful.

"Yes," Eden echoed.

"Tch." King acted as King acted.

"..." Kratos was silent, uncharacteristically so, yet Wei Wuyin could feel its emotions were the most chaotic of the four. The River of Time was a part of the Void Dao, and Kratos might be a Void Dragon Spirit but the innate superiority the River of Time held over it was there.

"Is he gone? Like, gone gone?" Ori shyly asked.

Wei Wuyin warmly smiled, replying: "Yeah."

"Gone gone gone?" Ori sought another confirmation.

Wei Wuyin chuckled softly, "He's gone gone gone." After feeling the wave of relief Ori released, Wei Wuyin closed his eyes and rested. He felt tired. Extremely tired.

He decided to rest here for a bit. Afterward, he'll set a lethal trap.

While they hadn't done anything to him yet in this timeline, he refused to give them the slightest chance. Especially not that bitch.

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Back to the present.

Wei Wuyin rested in his wicker chair as he fiddled with his Saint Ring, his thoughts seemingly preoccupied with something else. He had just gotten word of Du Ling's victorious efforts, and the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit was coming to its conclusion. There would still be certain benefits that the Everlore Association had planned to give to the Chosen, Immortal Saintesses, and Immortal Heroes, but they were relatively inconsequential to him.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1102 1096: Sharded God Domain Pill





Karmic Luck Value: 41,132.3.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 9 Years.

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Since Du Ling's victory at the center stage of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, fifty-six days had passed. To some, these days were as long as an arduous activity, and for others, this was like a blink of an eye, melting away with their countless years.

On this day, the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit was officially concluded by the 244 Mortal Sovereign Alchemists and 187 Earthly Saints in attendance, excluding the recovering Great Sea Oceanic Queen, with Evergod at the lead. The events of the summit began to spread like flames in a dry forest, rapidly with an uncontrolled intensity.

The names of the Chosen, Saintesses, and Heroes had taken a back seat to the antics of Wei Wuyin. From his arrival, he overturned the summit's proceedings with logic and belief, and it was difficult to argue, that the once lethal contest meant to test the Chosen had been supplanted by a competition of Alchemic Sovereigns.

Moreover, the wager for victory? The Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill's Concoction Method! It was the allure of this recipe that allowed Wei Wuyin to change the predetermined rules, overturning the proceedings in his favor, and then he, as a mere mortal, proceeded to obliterate the Alchemic Sovereigns.

Not even the recently ascended Earthly Saint, Grand Secretariat San Luoyang of the Everlore Association, was capable of matching this unprecedented

genius' efforts! Du Ling, unanimously considered the most untalented cultivator amongst the Chosen Knights, had his destiny changed by Wei Wuyin, becoming invincible!

The disparity began to show itself. Alongside it, excuses and reasons blared from the shadows. Luo Ning having an Alchemic Soul was said to be unfair. The fact that Wei Wuyin had used the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill was said to be unfair. Since Wei Wuyin proposed this type of challenge, he was the most prepared mentally!

It was unfair!

It was rigged!

The disgruntled emotions of those Alchemic Sovereigns sprouted like rotten flowers, tainting Wei Wuyin's achievements by levying any accusations. However, what turned most top-tier figures against Wei Wuyin, what the Alchemic Sovereigns had spent nearly two months debating, was how they could properly nurture Chosen by those newly established standards of his! It was ludicrous!

"The only reliable way for geniuses to be geniuses is if they obtain a Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill! How is that fair?"

"The Ninestar Starfield is the only starfield that has priority rights to purchase from the only supplier, the Golden Life Pavilion, so we'll have to wait decades, maybe centuries!"

"Perhaps we can find an alternative? After all, we can't just let this single pill dominate the Chosen li-"

"Idiot! Alternative? What? The Ever-Domain Pill? Are you blind or mentally deficient?!"



The arguments flared as many Alchemic Sovereigns grew heated. The Ever-Domain Pill was the only existing alternative product, but the effects could be likened to dogshit compared to the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill, and that was displayed just now by Du Ling's victory.

Due to Du Ling's achievement, the Earthly Saints all applauded his comprehensive ability. The Alchemic Sovereigns too sucked on this excuse like it was the finest cow's udder, finding nourishment and comfort from it for their egos, but after Du Ling was brought to the forefront by the Earthly Saints and tested a little, they found out an incredibly depressing realization!

Du Ling's comprehensive talent was disgustingly low. While there were products that could elevate a person's comprehension of specific things, these products were temporary as comprehension began from the soul and then to the mind.

If the mind could be considered as the storage space containing its own battery of energy, then the soul was the processor and emulator of detail, so that was almost extremely difficult to change unless one used one of the Seven World Wonders' four pills that the King of Everlore theorized.

Du Ling's comprehensive ability was infantile. He simply wasn't skilled enough to grasp a Spiritual Art in such a short period, applying it as if he had mastered it entirely. What was even more thunderously lethal to the heart was their discovery of the product list! In the beginning, the Everlore Association had set up safety measures to prevent others from cheating by inspecting every product concocted and used by the cultivator. It was covered by several privacy oaths so that even Evergod wasn't privy to the information until after the winner had been decided, and even then, the quality wasn't revealed.

When the list of products concocted was finally revealed, there wasn't a single comprehension-enhancement product amongst them!

NOT. A. SINGLE. ONE!

To these skilled and experienced Alchemic Sovereigns, they could only find the reason for his cultivated Spiritual Art to the most reasonable conclusion: Du Ling had taken a peak-quality Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill! It was widely known that Worldly Domains offered endless cultivation benefits, and grasping profundities due to its abilities was one of them!

"...So what? Do we have to wait until the pills become publicly available? That could take as long as they want, like after the Chosen King Competition?" An Alchemic Sovereign pouted with vexation. This type of emotion seethed in many of these prodigious figures' hearts.

Unfortunately, this was a difficult situation to navigate. The simplest answers to this issue, such as jointly pressuring Wei Wuyin to publicize the concoction method or overwriting his Chosen standards wasn't so easy. The first wasn't remotely feasible—Wei Wuyin had two Earthly Saints as his Alchemic Knights, and an ancient, once-forgotten Fire Phoenix that made some of these Earthly Saints uneasy as it lazily laid there, and the Golden Life Pavilion supported him.

The first to leap out to suggest this might not grasp enough momentum, and they'll essentially be left to the lurch and awaiting Wei Wuyin's retaliation. No one wanted to take that risk.

The second, to overwrite his Chosen standards, would simply be too embarrassing than anything. They would be publicly admitting that they weren't just inferior to Wei Wuyin, but vastly inferior! Some would rather end themselves than accept that loss of face. Even shamelessness had its limits.

Fortunately, they were rescued from their incessant circlejerk of non-solutions and fantastical dreams, Ma Zheng had announced that the priority rights order of the Ninestar Starfield had been fulfilled.

Furthermore, they will be offering another auction for 999 Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pills after the summit! There would be 9 peak-quality, 90 high-quality, and 900 low-quality offered at this auction, allowing forces to purchase them using the bidding system with a purchase limit per organization.

"WHAT?! Nearly a thousand?!"

"Ooooh! The Golden Life Pavilion is always prepared. That old man must've seen this long ago. Hehe, as expected of the Old Pavilion Master who founded it all."

But it didn't end there.

A derived version of the Ever-Domain Pill, a peak Eighth-Grade Alchemical Product's Concoction Method, will be offered with mandatory security oaths of secrecy and creation limits!

Ma Zheng's announcement sent waves throughout the entire summit, especially the other Alchemic Sovereigns, with San Luoyang's expression outright growing increasingly unsightly as the bad feeling in his heart began to intensify.

"A derived version? What does it do?" Empress Xiaocheng was extremely curious alongside everyone else about an eighth-grade revised product. Moreover, it was marketed as a derived version of the Ever-Domain Pill, so this was alluding to something quite juicy on the horizon. And as expected, Wei Wuyin, no, Ma Zheng, didn't disappoint. To them, Ma Zheng was orchestrating this all!

Nail.

"At its low-quality version, its effects are roughly the same as the Ever-Domain Pill..."

Meets.

"...!" The uproar was intense, filled with shocked silence and breathy gasps from the spectators below.

Coffin.

"...at its peak-quality." That sentence elicited nothing but the most solemn of gazes, many eyes darting at San Luoyang who represented the Everlore Association, or stared fixedly at Ma Zheng's calm smile.

The first question on everyone's minds wasn't that Ma Zheng was lying, there was no point, but that Wei Wuyin had discovered that the Ever-Domain Pill was elevated artificially. This wasn't uncommon practice amongst shady alchemists, who falsely elevated their products to heighten prices despite the effects having no difference.

But if that was common practice, this was outright disgustingly horrid of an action! Why? Because those shady Alchemists typically falsely advertised, but if the low-quality version of an eighth-grade product matched a ninth-grade product's peak-quality AND the product was high-tier...

If upgrading falsely was a distrustful practice, then what about this?

"Bullshit," San Luoyang coldly declared without holding anything back. No one else was refuting Ma Zheng's statement, so he had to! If this pill did exist, then the Everlore Association's reputation wouldn't just be shot, it'll have been shotgunned to death. This type of scandal was irreparably damaging.

How could he let that happen?

However, Ma Zheng seemingly grabbed the hammer and brought out the pill! There were over two hundred Alchemic Sovereigns present, and they were all experienced Alchemists who've investigated the Ever-Domain Pill, so they merely needed a single look and sweep of their spiritual sense to conclude on the product's effect, quality, and grade.

It lacked the unique solar radiance that ninth-grade products possessed, and it was definitely low-quality.

It was...

It was...

"..." San Luoyang's mind shook. When he approached Ma Zheng, inspecting the pill up close, some even thought he would attack Ma Zheng despite the mythical oaths in place, but he instead looked at the pill with a spiritual glint in his eyes.

"So you perfected the King of Everlore's Concoction Method. No wonder, no wonder." The hostilities and rage that many expected didn't erupt. Instead, San Luoyang calmly admired the pill. But his words caused many to begin to think of the rumors that sprung out when the Ever-Domain Pill was brought to market—it was an incomplete product of the King of Everlore, never completed due to various unforeseen matters, and rushed to compete with the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill.

"Its name?" San Luoyang asked without any anger.

Ma Zheng grinned on the surface, but he felt pure admiration for San Luoyang to follow the only line to save the Everlore Association's face in his heart. Within the Saint Ring Wei Wuyin had given him, there was a series of detailed instructions to take after the summit ended, and this event of San Luoyang suggesting that this was a 'perfection' of the concoction method, but Wei Wuyin never intended to kill the Everlore Association with this move.

"It's not a perfection, merely a derived version inspired by it." Ma Zheng reiterated, not letting San Luoyang escape without any issues that'll leave the Everlore Association with a limp for a while.

San Luoyang didn't react much to his words, only smiled as if he didn't take Ma Zheng's words seriously and knew the truth. While internally, his heart was

thumping fiercely as panic began to settle in his heart. If Ma Zheng had prepared a certain move, that nail in their coffin wouldn't just be hammered in, but it'll be covered in liquid concrete.

"The Sharded God Domain Pill."

"..."

"..."

"..."

The name typically didn't matter, but that name...

That name...

San Luoyang's expression contorted slightly, unable to keep himself from reacting due to his shock.

"Phenomenal!" The Boundless Martial High King applauded, appearing as he laughed with such power that the entire realm shook. The Soul Saint King was beside him, and while he wasn't clapping or laughing, the interest in his eyes was unconcealed.

"A domain that shatters convention, taken from the gods themselves—merely fragments of its full might. A respectful tribute to the King of Everlore. A befitting name." Empress Xiaocheng smilingly lauded it as if it was the greatest thing since sliced bread. Her smile that usually stole away attention however wasn't able to do so now.

To those with the keenest of minds and quickest of thinking knew that this name, this timing of this announcement, this type of derived comparison, and all of it was none other than the Golden Life Pavilion and likely Wei Wuyin was declaring to the entire world two things:

New competition was arriving!

And, Evergod...we're coming for you, one piece at a time.

It was extremely apparent that Wei Wuyin held a grudge for the Evergod's killing attempt! And the Golden Life Pavilion was fully joining Wei Wuyin's camp by essentially declaring war!

In the subspace of the realm, Evergod's eyes darkly narrowed as he floated before the oval mirror that showed Ma Zheng's grinning face, a slight smile hung on his lips. This smile contained ghastly killing intent within it.

"Come then. Next time, I won't miss." Evergod coldly muttered to himself. The icy light in his eyes could freeze over a blazing Solar Star. He refused to lose anything else.

However, just as everyone thought it was over, Ma Zheng made an offer that took everyone by surprise, especially after that brazen declaration!

"My Golden Life Pavilion invites the Everlore Association's Alchemic Emperors, Alchemic Sovereigns, and legendary Alchemic Saint and Vice-President, to perform a joint concoction effort of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill and Sharded God Domain Pill to supply the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region with products as the Chosen King Competition is nearing!"

"...!"

Not only did the Evergod's smile freeze in place, but Empress Xiaocheng, Soul Saint King, and the other top-tier Earthly Saints and Alchemic Sovereigns all had drastic changes to their expressions, completely baffled by this move. What was Ma Zheng thinking?

If Evergod could personally concoct the product, he'll definitely be able to create an alternative version of the Neo-Dawn Eclipse Pill with time?! Wasn't this...

What...?

They were extremely confused!

Yet, the Evergod laughed. As the target, he instantly realized the purpose of this move. Wasn't this a challenge? Wasn't this another shot?

It was as if that silver-eyed little brat was smugly smiling in his face, saying: "I'll give you a chance, so give it a try. Haha!" But should he fail to deliver, this would fragment his face just a little more. A targeted attack.

How could he refuse after that? He'll teach this child a lesson on what it means to be a true Alchemic Saint, taking his only value to the starfield!

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Dragnet Desolate Stellar Region, Neo-Dawn Starfield.

Original Dawn Palace.

Wei Wuyin was surrounded by four externalized Astral Souls as they devoured Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pills without holding anything back within his cultivation chambers. Suddenly, his eyes slowly opened as he received confirmation of the Evergod's participation in the joint effort concoction session between the Everlore Association and the Golden Life Pavilion, including some volunteers of the Alchemic Sovereigns.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled as he shook his head: "Predictable." Evergod was always too easily distracted, too prideful, too arrogant, and now he was out of the way with a single move.

Wei Wuyin looked to his right, visually piercing through the wall to see a mass of gaseous shadows growing thicker by the second in the cultivation chamber next to him.

## PARAGON OF SIN







Karmic Luck Value: 41,132.3.

First Calamity: Survived - 7/7.

Second Calamity: Claimed - 1/1.

Third Calamity: Suppressed - 1 Year.

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Kree!

In the Dark Void of the Neo-Dawn Starfield's shattered remnants, a clarion cry echoed out through the chaos mana, rippling across the world as a ray of dazzlingly gorgeous scarlet-gold flames freely streaked across it. In the background, the slumbering Star-Devourer served to enhance the scene as freeing and majestic.

As if in a blink of an eye, or in reading a sentence, eight years had passed. The Grand Cyclic Stellar Region had subtly entered a state of peace, welcoming the new era, as the Everlore Association and Golden Life Pavilion jointly united to usher in a new group of up-and-coming Chosen.

The auction for the Sharded God Domain Pill, the world-changing revision of the Ever-Domain Pill, had proceeded with great success. The effects had been as advertised while the price was extremely affordable. With the two largest associations of their respective fields—alchemy and business, cooperating openly, the products soon flooded the market as organizations and cultivators went wild with collecting wealth.

This induced a strange peaceful state of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region as the theme had moved from the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit to the Chosen King Competition. There were continuous whispers that this competition,

thanks to the convention-defying efforts of Wei Wuyin, the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Sovereign, would produce the one true Chosen King. It was hard for the youths not to be thrilled, thrusting an era of rapid cultivation as seniors emptied their coffers.

Countless talented geniuses began to rise, especially with the momentum of an early Worldly Domain, allowing those with outstanding comprehension to greatly capitalize on their golden years.

Unfortunately, as geniuses rose left and right, organizations suffered. The first casualty was the title of their ranks. Before the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, the forces were divided into two tiers—Mortal and Mystic. Mortal-tier forces were further divided into three ranks: Bronze, Silver, and Gold.

While the Mystic-tier was divided into two classifications: Noble and Imperial.

The three ranks of Mortal-tier forces were dependent on their leading strength, defined solely by cultivation. A Bronze-rank force had a Timelord at the helm, while Silver and Gold-rank forces respectively needed a Starlord and an Exalted, otherwise known as those at the Mystic Star Phase of the Mystic Ascendant Realm or Tenth Stage of the Astral Core Realm.

Mystic-tier forces two classifications had different meanings, and they weren't rigidly determined by cultivation level. All forces with 'genuine' Ascended beings were given the title of Noble, and only the top-tier force of a starfield, such as the Tian Clan of the Aeternal Sky Starfield or Inferno Solaris Church of the Hexaflame Starfield was considered Imperial-rank forces.

They were the undisputed strongest forces of their respective starfields. It should be known that this system was archaic, not having changed since the previous Imperial Clan's rule. At that time, Demi-Mortal Lords were exceedingly rare, and there were no Earthly Saints present. Countless cultivators capitalized on this archaic categorization as many forces could

devote their entirety to a single cultivator and receive an unimaginably good fortune from the Chosen King Competition slots they were given.

This had become such a heavily abused practice that few wanted to change it, especially amongst the weaker cultivators. Unfortunately, and depressingly for many, these abusable systems were changing, and the good fortune was slipping away for mediocre showings.

Now that the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit had redefined the Chosen standards, the rankings changed as well.

The first change to this system was the upper limits of forces in the Mortal-tier, which induced countless wails and likely caused many crushed objects.

Bronze-rank forces' minimum requirement had been changed to the Star Core Phase, the Ninth Stage of the Astral Core Realm. This instantly eradicated 99% of these forces from participating in the upcoming Chosen King Competition.

As for obtaining the rank of Silver, this has one of two entry requirements: A leading cultivator with the strength of a Pinnacle Starlord OR A force with five Starlords. The testing process was agreed upon by all the Earthly Saints, with the leading figure setting up testing locations in accordance with the Everlore Association's set parameters.

Gold-Rank forces required a Transcendent Starlord or a total of eighteen Starlords. These requirements have already seen a new wave of alliances form. Unfortunately, this still greatly reduced the number of slots these forces possessed, but they could at least obtain slots.

Numerous forces across the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region were disbanded or merged to create large World Sects, jointly controlled by clans, factions, and associations.

The most shocking change was the elimination of Exalted amongst the leadership, truly demoting Mystic Star Phase cultivators in terms of relevance amongst forces. Before, they carried the peak of the Mortal-tier with pride, and while they were failures, they were still important to seize slots to nurture their future generations. Yet this decision had relegated them to being subordinates, unqualified to lead forces with their shortened lifespans and limited potential.

To accommodate their continued existence, not placing them entirely aside, there was a rule that was put in place that made them somewhat important. Those at the Mystic Star Phase were considered as two Starlords. But, should they create a force, they as leaders wouldn't be considered as such so that two count consideration would be reduced to zero.

Who knew how many Mystic Star Phase cultivators vomited blood out of sheer rage and humiliation!

While they were powerful beings, their limbo-like existence that the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's society saw them as remained unchanged. They weren't fit to be called Ascended, and they weren't filled with unlimited potential as Mortals. While this type of rule dissuaded them from becoming leaders, many Exalted still formed their own organizations anew amidst the shuffling of forces with Starlords from all over gathering to them.

While they were considered failures by society, they still had power that vastly exceeded the typical Starlord. This was a reliable form of military might that couldn't be easily dismissed despite the Earthly Saints' efforts.

As for the rank of Noble and Imperial among the Mystic-tier, they were largely unchanged with slight differences. The rank of Noble was divided into three grades, Lesser, Greater, and Pinnacle, and they were granted to Venerables(Soul of Mysticism), Highlords(Demi-Mortal Lords), and Earthly Monarchs(Earthly Saints) led forces respectively.

Imperial-Rank was still given solely to the strongest force of the Starfield.

However, an additional title was formed!

The Eternal-Rank! The addition was only given to the force that was widely accepted by the majority of Imperial-Rank forces as the strongest, undisputed power of the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

After seeing the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor take action, revealing his Mystic Heart Intent, there was no disagreement with accepting the Imperial Clan of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, the Tian Clan, as the strongest force. This an act to display the entire stellar region's acceptance of their supremacy and status!

With the Tiers and Ranks of organizations redefined, the stellar region was ever restless and endlessly active on all fronts. The youths were devoted to cultivating themselves to pursue the possibility of becoming a Chosen while the older generation was struggling to stay afloat and determine their future going forward.

Yet all this didn't matter to the young Fire Phoenix that was soaring in the Dark Void of a desolate starfield.

Kree!

Bai Lin released a joyous sound as she sped up, zooming across the debris and scorching chaos mana.

"Haha!" A peal of hearty laughter resounded atop her back. It belonged to none other than the silver-eyed Mortal Saint Alchemist that had triggered the countless changes in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region—Wei Wuyin!

"It's been a while since we've just flown together just for the sake of it, huh?" Wei Wuyin asked as he enjoyed the rush of chaos mana smashing against his scales. He was currently in his Draconic Transformation state, freely enjoying

the chill of the Dark Void, breathing chaos mana with every breath, and refining it through his powerful physical energies.

Woosh!

Bai Lin sped up further, even more energized than before. At this point, she was moving so fast that Earthly Saints using Spatial Shift would find it difficult to catch her.

"It has!" She sent through their mental connection, her heart at ease and warm with Wei Wuyin on her back. Wei Wuyin caressed her back, not bothered by the blinding speed despite his Temporal Eye Phase cultivation base. If anyone saw how he could ride Bai Lin comfortably despite the rapid speed she moved, they would all be sent into a state of total disbelief.

Bai Lin circled the slumbering Tiangou, not caring about whether she would wake up or not. She couldn't help but remember when she had first awakened and learned that the Tiangou had destroyed her home, and how she unleashed ceaseless attacks for a few years, yet she wasn't able to scorch a single hair. At the time, she struggled to resist the innately emitted gravitational force generated by the Tiangou, but now she could freely circle without the slightest effort.

This was a sign she was indeed growing stronger!

Wei Wuyin simply enjoyed the ride as they traversed the gargantuan mountain-like hairs of the Tiangou, zipping through the vast, valley-like gaps.

It's been eight years since he entered the Temporal Eye Phase, and the Third Calamity was approaching. He had one last year left before he would challenge this Calamity of Hell, either succeeding or failing. Unfortunately, his alternative version had also been a single year off from challenging the Third Calamity.

Unlike him, the version of himself hadn't killed any Blessed and expedited the clock, challenging them as they came. That version of him had an aversion to risk, going with the flow, and eventually led him to suffer unimaginable grievances.

Wei Wuyin realized that, with his Heart of Cultivation, if he was placed in a similar position, he would've detonated all his pellets without any hesitation, taking Liu Yinlan with him. And his four Astral Souls agreed.

If one of them died, they would all die. With their deaths, they would take down everything and everyone without remorse.

This was an agreement that they all made, swearing upon their souls to fulfill it.

He much rather die than lose his family again.

Never again.

Seeing Bai Lin's smile as her golden eyes glinted excitedly, Wei Wuyin's heart was enveloped by an unimaginable warmth.

Never again.

"Oh! They're here!" Bai Lin exclaimed as she somersaulted through one of the Tiangou's curly hairs that formed a hoop. Wei Wuyin looked and found a large-sized Voidship incoming, breaching safely the concealed Starfield-sized Array that was placed by the Legion of War.

"Let's go." Wei Wuyin said as Bai Lin spun and then blasted forth with a flap of her wings, blitzing towards the three Voidships.

The Voidship belonged to three familiar figures, two men and one woman. They were none other than Wei Wuyin's first subordinates upon entering the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region—Venerable Bluecloud, Venerable Slayingsword, and Kun Yiming.

"It seems you were right; this is the former Everlore Starfield that was the rumored home of our Lord." Venerable Bluecloud said to Kun Yiming. While the men were middle-aged with faint wrinkles, she was youthful as if in her early twenties and could be considered a beauty.

Venerable Slayingsword smiled, "Of course she's right, she's my wife."

"Yeah, yeah. She's your wife, but where's my great-grandchild huh? I'm growing old, and you ain't getting any younger." Venerable Bluecloud waved him off. This sword-wielding brat always likes throwing out that he had a wife here and there. At first, it was endearing, but now it was just annoying. You can show off, but do you need to show off before this old man?

"You!" Venerable Slayingsword was embarrassed but hid it behind his anger. It was notoriously difficult for Ascended beings to have children, and it was definitely not for the lack of trying. After all, Kun Yiming was at the edge of her fertile cycle unless she became a Demi-Mortal Lord.

Kun Yiming faintly blushed, her eyes ignoring the two as she glanced at the streak of scarlet-gold flames coming their way. "He's coming," she warned.

The eyes of both men changed and they turned serious as their postures grew slightly straighter. When they felt the radiating power from Bai Lin's casually emitted flames, their hearts shook, and as they saw the fast-approaching Bai Lin, their minds were in awe.

So fast!

In a blink of a low-leveled Ascended's eye, Bai Lin had arrived before the Voidship as it proceeded to set their spatial anchors. These anchors tethered them to fixed space, preventing them from being overwhelmed by shockwaves of experts from afar or various natural phenomena of the Dark Void that mimic planetary weather calamities in Blank-Void Space, such as Chaos Blizzards.



Bai Lin landed on the ship's deck, her golden eyes sweeping the crew and three Ascended with a light of domineeringness. Wei Wuyin internally shook his head as he saw their backs grow straighter and more respectful, especially the crew who was slack-jawed and shivering.

Wei Wuyin jumped from Bai Lin's back and arrived before the three Ascended.

The three bowed low as they paid their respects with a greeting, "Lord Wei, welcome."

"You three have grown considerably from all those years ago. Especially you, Venerable Bluecloud. You're on the verge of becoming a Demi-Mortal Lord." Wei Wuyin appraised them with a slight, contented smile.

"...!" Venerable Bluecloud was shaken by Wei Wuyin's insight despite his body permeating the aura of a Mortal. His heart trembled alongside the other two. Their image of Wei Wuyin's inscrutable brilliance was renewed once again.

"Lord Wei's eyes are as all-seeing as always." Venerable Bluecloud said, not denying it. He had cultivated the longest and forged his Mystic Physique the longest. With Wei Wuyin's funding, he was capable of obtaining resources that gave him the confidence to challenge his Third Ascension.

"That's good," Wei Wuyin nodded.

"My Lord, may I ask what you called us for?" Kun Yiming got to the point, asking a little confused. For the last eight years, they had been cultivating their forces in the United Source Starfield as ordered, even receiving the help of the United Source Starfield's sole Earthly Saint, Lady Clearwind.

Wei Wuyin could see the blooming curiosity in their eyes. He decided to not drag the matter. "I called you here to help me with something."

"Something?" The three Ascended were deeply taken aback. Wei Wuyin had a Fire Phoenix that felt as terrifying and unfathomable as an Earthly Saint and

two known Alchemic Knights at the Earthly Saint Phase. What did he need three little Soul of Mysticism Phase experts for?

"Mm. It's not much of an ask. I just need you to try to kill me." Wei Wuyin's eyes fixated on their three figures, reflecting their images within his silvery gaze.

"..."

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1104 1098:As Lf To Kill



"Ki-kill y-you?" Venerable Bluecloud stumbled over his words as his expression grew animated and disbelieving. Venerable Slayingsword and Kun Yiming both shook; they hurriedly took a step back as their thoughts rapidly circulated into why this was being brought up. They were both keen individuals, especially Kun Yiming whose expression underwent a drastic change as dreadful fear flashed across her face.

Thud!

She fell to her knees urgently, her body trembling as she asserted with her chest, "My Lord! We would never!" Her cry was met with shock by her husband, Venerable Slayingsword, for a brief second until his mind took hold of Kun Yiming's line of thought. Suddenly, panic swelled within his heart. His eyes uneasily went to the disdainful Bai Lin, this ancient beast that could eradicate him in a blink of an eye, and his heart grew extremely cold as if it was dipped in liquid nitrogen.

Thud!

He kneeled, following Kun Yiming with his head down. "Lord Wei, we have never been disloyal to you! Not even in a single day of my life have I thought of harming you in any way!" Venerable Slayingsword was trembling as he begged for his life, deathly afraid that Wei Wuyin was handing judgment here.

"..." Venerable Bluecloud was equally as intelligent, but he was pragmatic and had not conceived even the slightest ill-intended thought since joining Wei Wuyin. It had never once come across his mind that Wei Wuyin was mockingly suggesting that they were traitors or that one of them was intending to kill him through their actions. So when this husband and wife pair fell to their knees, exclaiming their loyalty, he was caught entirely off-guard, simply standing there dumbfounded without words.

The thought process of an Ascended being was much faster than sound, so Wei Wuyin hadn't even gotten a chance to verbally explain before those two acted, and even if he had predicted this, he wouldn't have stopped them. It was clear that out of the three, Kun Yiming had thoughts of escaping control or was tempted by others. While it might not have been a full-blown betrayal with the intention to kill, there was something there.

Unlike those who practiced the holistic oath culture of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, Wei Wuyin believed that this was ineffective to cultivate loyal and extraordinary subordinates. Moreover, there were always loopholes to these oaths, requiring long, very long, oaths that covered a lot of bases. For example, if Venerable Slayingsword swore to never reveal Wei Wuyin's location to any person, he could simply bring along a servant when meeting and reveal that person's location.

If he added a clause to prevent bringing a living person with him when they meet, then they could do the same with a non-living object. The issue with broadness was that it left gaps, and the issue with specific oaths is that they

never covered enough, often giving glimpses on how to circumvent those oaths.

Wei Wuyin's eyes flashed as the crew began to process the situation, fear seeping into their eyes, facial expressions, and bodies. If their leaders were proven to be disloyal, wouldn't Wei Wuyin casually clean them up as well?

Wei Wuyin's vocal tone deepened, "Rise."

The order caused both Kun Yiming and Venerable Slayingsword to shiver; they didn't dare to rise. They were both hanging their heads down, fearful that Bai Lin was going to spew out a burst of flames and cause them to vanish from the face of this world.

"Rise!" Wei Wuyin ordered; the two let loose one last shake before they lifted their heads, finding two silver eyes exuding a forceful light, and they slowly rose with their waist low and their postures showing deferential behavior. In those eyes, Kun Yiming saw herself reflected with another. As for Venerable Slayingsword, he saw himself and Kun Yiming in bed, talking about various matters. They both thought it was an illusion.

Venerable Bluecloud finally had time to process what just happened, and his expression grew dark, increasingly becoming livid with rage. "WHAT DID Y-" Just as he was about to inquire into their guilt, Wei Wuyin interrupted him.

"Enough," as Wei Wuyin spoke, Bai Lin's aura flared and Venerable Bluecloud went silent instantly. The urge to kneel and beg for forgiveness for his stupid descendant of his was suppressed. "I already know about your dealings with the Everlore Association and contact with Trueborn. You've both done little wrong; I wouldn't stop you from seizing advantages from other forces. But if you need resources, simply ask me."

"...!" Kun Yiming and Venerable Slayingsword's eyes contracted to needlepoints. They felt naked and exposed before Wei Wuyin's silvery gaze,

as if it was reflecting the events of their guilt, and they couldn't hide the slightest secrets from him.

Venerable Slayingsword turned to his wife, "Contact with Trueborn?" He was stunned; she had never told him about that, only that she made certain deals with the Everlore Association by offering products made by Wei Wuyin in an underground deal for nearly thirty times their worth. Supposedly, the Everlore Association was quietly seeking out products made by Wei Wuyin to investigate. They weren't the only ones, but they certainly gave the best offer.

Wei Wuyin coldly laughed in his heart. Evergod must be struggling to replicate the same success, wanting to figure out what type of alchemical methods Wei Wuyin used to bring the greatest effects and purity out of his pills. This was mostly because most self-created Product Concoction Methods were forged through the basis of specific methods, and it was easier to find success if you replicated using the same original steps.

Unfortunately for Evergod, Wei Wuyin was a freestyle Alchemist, using the Freestyle Process, not the Predetermined Process, changing his methods with each product and concoction based on material quality, age, and amount. One of the core reasons for his phenomenal success rate in his concoctions, while simultaneously being unimaginably consistent in quality. While those with Predetermined Process might perform the exact same methods on the same set of materials, because of their environmental growth differences or age, they could produce different quality products or outright fail altogether.

Despite Wei Wuyin's outward nonchalance after learning about Kun Yiming's greedy actions with the Everlore Association, and Venerable Slayingsword being complicit in not reporting their dealings, two types of actions that didn't exactly inspire confidence in their capabilities as loyal subordinates, Wei Wuyin had no intention of leaving it at a verbally dismissive warning even if they would never do again out of fear of being discovered.

°While they only capitalized on the situation, benefiting as cultivators do, I'll be sure to teach them a little lesson later and remind them of the consequences that could happen.° Wei Wuyin thought, already satisfied by how terrified they looked from being exposed. But that was only the start.

Wei Wuyin's Temporal Eye receded, no longer glancing at the unprotected past of these two Ascended beings. This was a unique ability that he obtained by exerting the Eye of Truth with the Temporal Eye, channeling his Minor Time Law to glimpse into a cultivator's brief past. As long as it didn't involve the hands of the Heavenly Daos and there wasn't a high-level Mystic-grade Spiritual Spell guarding against Heavenly Seers, Oracles, and those with exceptional sight.

Cultivators like Ma Sujiang and Chosen talents were given these by powerful Ascended beings to protect them from others wishing to know their movements, especially with the Golden Gate Pavilion stationed in the Aeternal Sky Starfield. It brought everyone a sense of unease, but those from other starfields oftentimes forgo such precautions or go through with such complicated efforts that could cost them years of training and practice, typically purchasing low Mystic-Earth graded tools that functioned similarly. Unfortunately, those external treasures couldn't protect them from Wei Wuyin's Temporal Eye, not even if they were Ascended beings.

Wei Wuyin was slightly amused that they thought this was a betrayal; moreover, they had refused to join Trueborn. Kun Yiming was stronger than the average Venerable, so it made sense they would attempt to recruit her. Considering she was forced to swear an oath to not reveal their attempt, Wei Wuyin found no fault with her actions. She might have told Wei Wuyin immediately if not for that since there were rumors that Trueborn was at war with Wei Wuyin.

Fortunately, it was all exposed by Wei Wuyin.

Kun Yiming subtly sighed with relief. If Wei Wuyin already knew, then her breathing still was a sign that he didn't give it much thought.

"Back to the topic at hand; I need you to try and kill me. What I meant by that was I want you three to fight against me." Wei Wuyin explained without letting them overthink the situation.

Kun Yiming's eyebrows shot up, "Fight you?"

Venerable Slayingsword's emotions calmed after being exposed and pardoned, like a child that found out their parent always knew of their indiscretions yet didn't care to punish them, and he said disbelievingly: "But, you're...Lord Wei, you're at the Astral Core Realm."

"..." Venerable Bluecloud remained silent.

It wasn't wrong to say that Ascended beings were invincible to all mortals. Furthermore, they were genuine Ascended beings, not Mystic Stars Phase cultivators. Some Exalted have suffered defeat at those older Chosen that reached the Starlord level. It was this possibility that led most to consider it the tenth stage of the Astral Core Realm!

But for the Soul of Mysticism Phase? There have been countless elite Chosen and former Chosen that aged out of their qualifications at the Star Core Phase who've tried to break this feat. Yet...they all failed.

Entirely.

Completely.

Undeniably.

The strength of true Mystic Power could not be underestimated, and couldn't even be compared in the same breath or sentence. Wait, as Mystic Force of Mystic Star Phase cultivators, let alone Astral Force.

"I'm aware," Wei Wuyin replied with a hint of a smile.

"..." The husband and wife pair exchanged glances, clearly seeing the uncertainty in each other's gazes.

"Okay," Venerable Bluecloud outright said and accepted Wei Wuyin's order. "We can spar, let you understand the difference between Ascended beings and Mortals." His words enlightened the pair as their eyes brightened. So that's what it was! Countless geniuses wanted to test their limits against overwhelmingly powerful cultivators.

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "I don't want you to approach this as a fight—come at me, as if to kill. No, with the intent to kill. I have no protections, and my Alchemic Knights are all in seclusion. Without Bai Lin, I'm simply on my own. So if you attack me with an attack to kill, then I'll die."

"...Lord?" Venerable Slayingsword was stupefied, unable to believe what Wei Wuyin was saying.

Wei Wuyin's eyes sharpened. "I have no safety net. I'm at my most vulnerable right here and right now. But make no mistake," Wei Wuyin's aura flared, "I'll also be trying to kill you. And if I'm unable to do so in three hours, or if you hold back in the slightest, I can promise you this—you won't live after."

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1105 1099: Limits Of His Domain!



Kree!

Bai Lin's golden eyes glinted with murderous intent that could freeze the soul.



"...!" The trio's expression shifted with a mixture of disbelief, fear, and solemnity. They could tell by Wei Wuyin's words and aura that he was telling the truth! They were still Ascended beings, and determining the truth from a Mortal's aura was easily done.

"So if we don't kill you, we'll die?" Kun Yiming grimly asked.

"That's right; I'll have Bai Lin burn you all alive together, peacefully send you off as one family." Wei Wuyin said as if it was a minor matter.

"And if we do kill you?" Venerable Bluecloud asked, his heart rate increasing.

"Then, you'll be awarded by my Alchemic Knight. But not with death, but with a great fortune. It'll be enough to allow you to ascend to the Earthly Saint Phase in this lifetime."

"..." This was highly unusual, and they couldn't grasp Wei Wuyin's thoughts, but they knew that Wei Wuyin could easily kill them if he was displeased, so they weren't left without a choice.

Wei Wuyin could see the will to live slowly solidify in their eyes. He nodded. Then, he looked at the Tiangou, which drew the other gazes. They saw nothing despite its titanic frame, largely due to existing within a concealment array established by the Legion of War.

"Come," Wei Wuyin said as he stepped to the edge of the Voidship, and then lightly pushed off. He flickered a hundred miles away within a blink, and then kept flickering until he reached about three thousand miles out. The Voidship was already erecting its protective formations. Bai Lin stayed there.

He had canceled his Draconic Transformation the moment the trio's ship was spotted, so he was entirely relying on his innate physical energies to ward off the chaos man's chilling powers. This was something only those with exceptionally powerful physical energies could pull off, temporarily replicating the feat of beasts. Even without his Draconic Transformation, Wei Wuyin

could achieve this much. As for Ascended beings, they could accomplish this feat with genuine ease.

In the very same instance when Wei Wuyin came to a stop, three figures surrounded him in a triangle formation with ten or so meters of distance apart. This was the speed of Ascended beings.

"If we offend you, Lord Wei, please forgive us." Venerable Bluecloud said despite the conditions set. It was either them or Wei Wuyin!

"We'll let you make the first move, Lord Wei." Venerable Slayingsword hadn't taken out his sword, but his body was wreathing in sword light. This was a type of unique Mystic Ward Art, significantly more useful yet equally as costly.

"..." Kun Yiming's back was her high Mystic-Earth grade Armament, the Silverflow Wings! It had elevated to another level from her time against Wu Yu! Her figure grew illusory as if hundreds of images tried to claw themselves out of her.

Wei Wuyin could feel Kun Yiming and Venerable Slayingsword's killing intent bear down on him, causing his heart to turn glacial. This was the killing intent of Ascended beings! Most Mortals would find themselves frozen on the spot, transforming into little lambs to the slaughter for these three.

Wei Wuyin, however, looked calm. "When I was a Realm Lord, I had forged my foundation to the greatest extent within my means, and I wasn't able to test my limits then. I found it a shame really, since my Worldly Domain had reached levels that even those beyond the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region hadn't heard of."

"..." The trio allowed Wei Wuyin to speak, with Venerable Slayingsword chiming in: "What did it reach?"

Wei Wuyin looked his way, a tinge of pride danced at the edge of his lips, forming a slight grin. "When I first ascended to the Realm Lord level, I had a Worldly Domain of 333,000 meters. This was already abnormal, but as I drove it further, realizing each additional kilometer was of increasing difficulty, I maximized my limits to 999,000 meters. I had hit some plateau that couldn't be exceeded normally. But then, I took a transcendent domain-expansion product. I then realized that I wasn't cultivating using actual Domain Seed Expansion products, not directly at least."

The Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill was extremely useful for generalized cultivation of Starlords. Unlike specific products, it wasn't able to directly expand one's Worldly Domain, merely nourishing its strength. The expansion of size was an indirect representation of its strength, yet size mattered as equally as the power the Worldly Domain contained within its limits.

For example, if a cultivator could 'convert' an additional 1,000 meters in their power, then against a similar enemy, they could Summon forth more external power for an advantage.

There were even Cultivation Methods that achieved this. It was one of the justifications for Wei Wuyin's absurdly large Worldly Domain by countless cultivators who saw it. This wasn't an abnormality, but that was temporary, and alchemy was more permanent.

"...!" The trio was thunderstruck. 333,000 meters at the beginning? 999,000 Limit? As a Realm Lord?! That number vastly exceeds the standard of eighty to a hundred kilometers for ordinary Starlords!

Wei Wuyin continued despite their expression changes, "So I used that to their limits, bringing myself from 999,000 meters to 1.8 million meters. I once again hit a peak, not even transcendent products could breach this limit."

1.8 MILLION?!?!

Wei Wuyin's eyes slowly began to shine. "Now, I've once again hit my limit as a Timelord."

If 1.8 million meters was his limit at the Realm Lord, then what would it be at the Timelord? The trio was immensely skeptical, yet they also held an incredible degree of respect and trust in Wei Wuyin's words, unable to dismiss it as pointless bragging of a mortal youth. After all, this was a figure that blazed a trail to new Chosen standards, who had an Earthly Saint Alchemic Knight, two in fact, and rode an ancient beast that was the Fire Phoenix!

Was there a point in bragging with lies? Just the fact he was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist recognized by every Alchemic Sovereign while being under the age of a hundred and a mere mortal would grant him endless bragging rights.

RUMBLE!

Suddenly, Wei Wuyin's aura began to cause the surrounding chaos mana to move forcefully. Then, with a breath, Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain unfurled!

The Worldly Domain of Elemental Origin!!!

A gushing wave of pure white color expanded endlessly, instantly reaching its limit and forming a spherical shape! With Wei Wuyin at the epicenter, it reached...

Venerable Bluecloud's eyes widened.

Venerable Slayingsword's fists clenched.

Kun Yiming exclaimed, "What?!"

Their Spiritual Senses were far-reaching, and while they greatly exceeded Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain's limits, they only served to fully grasp the enormity of such power!

SEVENTY HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN MILLION METERS!!!

"ITS SO MASSIVE!"

"THE ENERGY IS INCREDIBLY CONDENSED!!"

"THE WORLDLY PRESSURE IS SO HEAVY!!!"

The trio voiced out their first thoughts as they were besieged by the powers of a Worldly Domain. As for who said what, it mattered not. What mattered was their thoughts all screamed similar things, and that was the Worldly Domain was:

Exceptionally Thick!

Unimaginably Big!

Immensely Powerful!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1106 1100: Terrifying Mortal,Continuous Onslaught



Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain unfurled to an unimaginable extent, enveloping the three Ascended amidst their shock and astonishment. The Worldly Domain of Elemental Origin conquered the world of nearly five hundred thousand miles in diameter. If the Neo-Dawn Starfield was still intact, almost three-fourths of the starfield would've been encompassed by its authority.

"..." Venerable Bluecloud found himself in a sea of thick whiteness, exuding a strong elemental aura that stung the senses and widened the pores. It felt as if he was brought into the world of another, forced to resist its unique pressure. There was a tightness to his forearms and legs, the World Pressure encroaching on his refined physique like sun-rising shadows.

Huu!

A feeling of threat emerged in his heart, instinctively causing him to default to his practiced response—Conjuring a Mystic Ward! A layer of blue light flared into existence, pushing away the World Pressure that surged towards him from every direction.

With his Spiritual Sense, he observed Kun Yiming and Venerable Slayingsword, and their responses weren't much different. Kun Yiming conjured her Mystic Ward and exerted the power of her Silverflow Wings to manifest a silver-colored Mystic Ward reinforced by her armament. Venerable Slayingsword's pre-existing ward of sword light intensified, circulating with a hum of the blade.

Yet, despite appropriately and relatively easily defending against the World Pressure, not a single one had any sort of calm or happiness from this result. The fact that the World Pressure of a Mortal had brought them, genuine Ascended beings, a sense of threat was enough to wipe away all complacency.

Wei Wuyin nodded approvingly. "Good. If I had made my move and you all died due to carelessness, I'd have felt deeply unsatisfied."

"..." The three exchanged looks, seeing the uncertain emotions flowing through each other's eyes. Wasn't Wei Wuyin an Alchemist? Wasn't he at the level of a Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist before the age of a hundred? What type of foundation had to be required to manifest a Worldly Domain of this size? Or was this a result of a Cultivation Method that focused on Worldly Domain expansion? They were unable to determine which, but they felt increasingly sieged by waves of uncertainty, shock, and disbelief.

If someone told them a Worldly Domain of a Temporal Eye Phase cultivator could reach 777,000,000 meters in diameter, no, even if it was a Starlord, they

would laugh at them and call them ignorant fools with grand dreams. Maybe, just maybe, they shouldn't let their imagination run too wild.

WOOSH!

The expressions of the Ascended trio drastically changed. They were only a few meters away from Wei Wuyin, an entirely negligible distance for them, but this also meant it was an equally irrelevant distance for their Lord!

Venerable Bluecloud's eyes contracted slightly as he put out his right hand, Mystic Power flowing through his arms into his palm as he opened it to catch the incoming fist. The fist was like a planet-devastating meteor, searing across space so powerful that distortions formed, and a wisp of gravitational power erupted!

Venerable Bluecloud found his open palm moved on its own, his entire body was soon affected as he was pulled in. His eyes widened as he felt a gushing wave of World Pressure crash against his spine and legs, causing his Mystic Ward to ripple endlessly, and his right arm felt as if it was pulled by a magnetic force, attracted to the palm. The short distance between them was enough for him to accelerate to an ungodly degree of speed, and his palm slammed into the already forceful and speedy fist causing two fast-moving forces to collide!

BOOM!

The Mystic Ward around Venerable Bluecloud's fingers resisted, but the resulting explosion caused him to explode backward as his arm ached, only soothed by the circulation of his Mystic Power.

His body flew back uncontrollably for ten thousand miles. During this, World Pressure struck like vicious eels, smashing at him from every angle, causing him to spiral out of control for a second. There was no way to describe the level of shock that Venerable Bluecloud's heart felt at this moment!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Shiing!

Two violent explosions and a sword howl erupted within Venerable Bluecloud's perception as he exerted his control over the ambient mana to regain his stability, yet he found the mana was unresponsive, sending him further back. His heart thumped fiercely as the mana refused to heed his call despite his Mystic Soul's greatest efforts. It was as if it was under the control of a true administrator, and his rights as its moderator were stripped from him. A type of domineering will lingered within the mana, one that he had never felt before as an Ascended being!

It took him another moment to exude a wave of forceful Mystic Power, beating back the assaulting and destabilizing World Pressure, halting his momentum, and regaining an upright figure with his eyes flaring with spiritual light. Despite all this, he felt a line of warmth at the sides of his lips. He subconsciously wiped it away with his left sleeve, his eyes focused on the explosive and howling sounds.

In the distance, a figure wreathed in silvery light was spiraling tens of thousands of miles away, just as he was, with two others fighting as the white world seethed.

"Such strength!" Wei Wuyin was launching his physical body at Venerable Slayingsword, thrusting out continuous punches that were met by sword light. The sword light flowed sharply, carrying an innate will to kill, yet the sword light scattered with every planet-destroying fist of Wei Wuyin! It was like fireworks at this point, with scattering bits of sword light bursting intermittently with each assault.



"Hm?" Venerable Bluecloud saw the glaring deep-blue color on his blue robes, finding it quite noticeable. It reeked of blood and physical energies. His head reeled back in disbelief! Was he bleeding? He was bleeding? Was he really bleeding?

From a mere mortal?

Injured by a single punch?

While protected?

Ba-dum! Ba-dum! Ba-dum!

He could feel his heart throbbing violently as the situation that hadn't fully taken hold in his mind was slowly doing so.

WOOSH!

"Don't get distracted." A cold, indifferent voice sounded as Venerable Bluecloud lifted his head. He saw a shoe speed towards him, and he tried to react. Unfortunately, as he did, World Pressure besieged him from the legs, spine, and shoulders, and his response was delayed by the smallest of milliseconds. On the opposing side, his body jolted forward by a strange gravitational force that he could barely resist.

BOOSH!

A leg kicked into his face, while protected by a layer of Mystic Power, was enough to generate a thunderous sound!

His head reeled back as he was sent backward, spinning chaotically through the Dark Void, or to be more precise, Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain of Elemental Origin! A wave of heat and pain stung his nose, and he could see deep-blue blood flow out of his nostrils.

Shiing!

A sword howl screeched!

But it was followed by an even louder thunderous sound, causing the sword howl to abruptly cease unnaturally.

Instinctively, Venerable Bluecloud once again attempted to resort to using the ambient mana to stabilize his turbulent body—it failed. Fortunately, he was quick to realize his mistake and erupted with another wave of Mystic Power, immediately halting his momentum once again.

"If you continue to be this slow, you'll sooner die without fighting back." A voice that felt ghostly and ghastly to hear resounded from behind him via a spiritual transmission. A pang of fear struck his heart as he felt a fist smash against his right ribs, somehow piercing through his Mystic Ward, causing his internal organs to shriek out in pain as he was once again sent flying.

"Old Man!"

SHIING! SHIING! SHIING!

Three sword howls erupted as Venerable Bluecloud barely saw a gushing ocean of sword light fall toward his previous location. A figure was facing this ocean without fear. While his aura was permeated with a Mortal Dao Aura, he was fearless before the grand might of an Ascended. That tall, confident figure had inspired both boundless respect and endless fear.

Could this really be a mere mortal?!

Before Venerable Bluecloud could see the end result of the clash, a ray of silvery flowing light zipped by his side, grabbing him by the robes as it shot in the direction that he felt was upwards. A smooth hand had clutched at his robes, and there were lines of blood dripping from that hand, staining his robe. He discovered that the bloody hand was injured.

"Yiming?" He realized that Kun Yiming, the wife of his lucky grandson, flying with a grim countenance that marred her pretty looks, was carrying him. She was clearly trying to reach a destination!

"We need to escape the range of this Worldly Domain!" Kun Yiming said, but it didn't feel like she was talking to Venerable Bluecloud, but herself as a wisp of dread leaked out of her eyes in the form of dreary spiritual light.

"Worldly Domain?" Venerable Bluecloud was truly a little slow at this moment. He had been the first struck, so he was reeling from the disparity between personally held belief and reality, while the other two had seen and noticed the strength that the silver-eyed heaven-defying demon they called Lord Wei had attacked with. They instantly responded, both were younger and faster than Venerable Bluecloud, a dedicated Spirit-type Cultivator, and attacked without holding back!

Seeing Venerable Bluecloud sent flying without the ability to resist had instantly brought them to the realization that Wei Wuyin was serious—he was aiming to kill them!

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1107 1101: Terrifying Mortal, Inescapable Domain



How?

Didn't matter how!

It didn't even matter why, because Wei Wuyin was too terrifying right now!

"Yes!" Kun Yiming responded as she pulsed with waves of Mystic Power, warding off the continuous siege of World Pressure. "We're entirely cut off from using external power here! And the World Pressure here is greater than ours. But all the energy, essence, and mana here, everything, it's—" She hastily explained, but halted midway. Those at the Mystic Ascendant Realm's

Soul of Mysticism Phase still had World Pressure, and it was empowered by their Mystic Soul and Power, yet while intrinsically it was stronger, Wei Wuyin's World Pressure was far, far heavier.

After all, even if they had a thousand pounds of gold against ten thousand pounds of feathers, the feathers would still be heavier!

"Cut off?" Venerable Bluecloud tried to access the ambient energies and chaos mana, attempting to exert some type of control but found himself unable to do so.

BOOSH!

Kun Yiming's speed increased as panic seethed in her pupils. In the distance, a figure was coming towards them as a comet of sword light was sent flying in the opposite direction, releasing spurts of chaotic sword light. With her Silverflow Wings, she was undeniably the fastest among the three.

Venerable Bluecloud turned to see the youthful and unearthly handsome visage of Wei Wuyin walk towards them casually, like an immortal of ancient myth, and with each step, the elemental forces of the world, even light energies and spatial energies, all gathered to push him forward.

His pupils shrunk!

With a single step, Wei Wuyin moved ten thousand miles.

There was a reason why very few wished to fight others within a Worldly Domain. In this domain of theirs, they controlled the entire world! And they were stupid enough to allow themselves to be caught in it.

"Shatter it!" Venerable Bluecloud shouted urgently, realizing that Wei Wuyin was fully capitalizing on the abnormal power and size of his Worldly Domain, essentially seizing nearly 500,000 miles of ambient energies and essence into his own strength!

But they were Ascended beings, while Wei Wuyin was a Mortal, and this was still a mortal's Worldly Domain. While Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain might be ten thousand pounds of feathers, it was still feathers in the end! It could be scattered with a single blow!

"Shut it and focus!" Kun Yiming rebuked, but her expression changed as she flew a gravitational force of ungodly levels causing her body to slow them. A flash of horror flitted across her pretty face, and she clenched Venerable Bluecloud and tossed him with her Mystic Power exploding.

The old man was sent tumbling away as his eyes watched Wei Wuyin engage Kun Yiming in close combat. They struck with the force and speed of lightning, and in the end, a silver light scattered as the protective ward of Kun Yiming collapsed.

"Use your spells! Hurry!" She cried out in panic, followed by a sharp groan of pain as a loud, bone-shattering sound shook the Worldly Domain. Her wings shook as ten thousand clones of her manifested, and then she scattered into all directions.

Venerable Bluecloud's eyes flashed, forming hand-seals as his Spiritual Power began to manifest. As a Spirit-type Cultivator, his spells could affect ordinary Demi-Mortal Lords! If he began to unleash disrupting spells, the flow of battle will definitely fall in their favor as Wei Wuyin was halted. This was why Wei Wuyin attacked him first!

"Let's not," Wei Wuyin's domineering voice resounded from everywhere in the Worldly Domain as if he was a divinity, causing Venerable Bluecloud's body to be assaulted by World Pressure and terrifying Spiritual Strength, forcing him to defend himself. He was disrupted!

While it was for a brief instant, it was enough to cause Wei Wuyin to catch up to Kun Yiming, pinpointing the truth amongst the falsehood as he punched at

her fleeing figure. She erupted with vast power in her defense. There was no art or form to it, simply pure and explosive Mystic Power! It was a quick and explosive move that even Wei Wuyin had the shortest time to react to, causing him to be sent back.

Kun Yiming clutched her broken left arm, grimacing in pain as she increased her speed. She looked back to Venerable Bluecloud who was pulsing with power. "No! Don't!" He was trying to gather strength to shatter Wei Wuyin's Domain!

But how could they not have thought of that? Shattering a Worldly Domain was the hardest to do from the inside, hence why she wanted to escape. At their cultivation against Wei Wuyin's, typically it should be easy, but Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain was simply too big! Yet that wasn't all.

Before she could warn Venerable Bluecloud, Wei Wuyin shifted his focus from her to him, and her eyes trembled.

"HUU!" Venerable Bluecloud unleashed a piercing area-of-effect Mystic Art, intending to sunder the Worldly Domain as he would a planet, destroying it in every direction! If this was a normal planet, it would've suffered complete annihilation like Ever-Sky.

"Idiot!" Kun Yiming cursed, but she too was like the old man. The issue was that to them, the preconceptions of their abilities and limitations were deeply inaccurate when it came to this situation! Why?

The Worldly Domain was too...

Venerable Bluecloud expelled his Mystic Power in a grand, devastating manner, sundering left, right, up, and down without the slightest bit of mercy. While shattering Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain would damage his Domain Seed, he had given them the go-ahead to fight without holding back lest he let that Fire Phoenix of his burn them into ash!

So, he decided to exert everything!

His Mystic Power spread wildly outwards, causing the Worldly Domain to seemingly suffer, scatter, and grow increasingly unstable as if it was going to fall apart. Wherever the Mystic Power went, the Worldly Domain was dissipated! It lost its ability to seize energies, essence, and mana in those areas while revealing a large swath of empty space in the Dark Void.

It spread...

Ten miles.

Thirty miles.

A hundred miles.

A thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles!

Fifty thousand miles!!

**HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES!**

Venerable Bluecloud's Mystic Power was truly destructive and working! And then, it reached a hundred and twenty-three thousand miles, and the fuel that was Venerable Bluecloud's Mystic Core began to experience some depletion signs. His eyes widened as he inspected the Worldly Domain, and as his Mystic Power grew further away, so did the power he could fuel it, while it had to maintain an equal degree of strength everywhere else.

Kun Yiming cursed, remembering her first action when she realized the absurdity of Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain. She had similarly tried to shatter it, but it was just too...

...TOO FUCKING BIG!

What she didn't initially realize was that while yes, Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain was simply too massive, spreading nearly five hundred thousand miles of distance; more importantly, the Worldly Domain of Elemental Origin was empowered by Shifting Elemental Soul Light! It gained its unique properties of endless permutations and transformations, and this was merely the tip of the iceberg!

Therefore, while it seemed that the Mystic Power of Kun Yiming had destroyed a portion of the Worldly Domain, that was far from the truth, and Venerable Bluecloud, a Spirit-type Cultivator with vastly superior Spiritual Sense, immediately noticed as a light of fear and horror flashed after the discovery!

His Spiritual Sense expanded while he assaulted the Worldly Domain, and he extended to 300,000 miles out in a single direction, yet...he still saw nothing but a world of elemental whiteness.

"It's...it's shifting away from the attack? IT CAN MOVE BEYOND WEI WUYIN AS THE EPICENTER?" Since Wei Wuyin was only twenty thousand miles away from him, by estimation, the Worldly Domain's radius should only be 240,000 miles! But it was 300,000 miles out!

Unless Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain was over 600,000 miles or nearly a billion meters in diameter, this shouldn't be possible! It was only by observing how his Mystic Power rampaged and destroyed that he realized the white world wasn't being damaged at all, this was a misconception of it simply moving away and the brief instability this caused!

It was simply avoiding his Mystic Power!

True terror filled his very soul. What type of ability was this? A Worldly Domain that can move beyond its limits, changing its shape from the typically unchangeable sphere to a distorted one of any type?!



Not even Kun Yiming knew of this detail, but if she had, she would feel horrified simply due to the implication! As long as they were within Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain unless they escaped in a single move, he would be able to have the Worldly Domain follow them in every direction they fled.

Inescapable!

Unfortunately, Venerable Bluecloud had exhausted himself with this futile attempt, using Mystic Power that he would never regain. He didn't wish to lose any more power and cut off the fuel for the spreading power.

Woosh!

Wei Wuyin was like a ghost as he arrived before Venerable Bluecloud, the latter's eyes shrunk as he was instantly hit by two punches in the face—a left and a right. Then, Wei Wuyin kicked out, crushing his Mystic Ward with such tyrannical strength that his sternum cracked as saliva spewed out of his mouth alongside deep-blue blood!

He was sent a full thirty thousand miles back and he didn't seem to be stopping. Exhausted as he was, he couldn't easily exert another burst of power to stabilize himself like before. He was like a tumbleweed in the Worldly Domain!

Shiiing!

Venerable Slayingsword was utterly relentless amongst the three, streaking across the Worldly Domain as a ray of sword light. Amongst the three, he was unyielding in his desire to fight in close combat.

Wei Wuyin spun around; with two fists, he punched out as the energy, essence, mana, and World Pressure coalesced with his Elemental Origin Force and Draconic Force combined, jetting out like a titanic dragon of unimaginable power that smashed against the sharp and murderous sword

light. The light scattered once again, sent flying back with a speed even faster than it did while approaching.

Knowing the explosive lethality of a Sword Cultivator, Wei Wuyin refused to engage Venerable Slayingsword in close combat unless he used his Draconic Transformation or brought out his saber, especially with a Spirit-type Cultivator and a Long-Range fighter as backup.

With a step, he sped toward Kun Yiming.

Kun Yiming's eyes reflected her exhaustion. She understood that Wei Wuyin wasn't using his own power to fight them, but converted nearly five hundred thousand miles of ambient power into his own, and then struck with it! They weren't fighting Wei Wuyin, they were fighting a Starfield!

She turned and fled in an attempt to escape, drawing Wei Wuyin towards her for fear of shattering his Domain from outside, hopefully buying enough time for Venerable Bluecloud and Venerable Slayingsword to gather and plot a counterattack.

If the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region knew that three genuine Ascended beings were being crushed by a mere mortal, they would...they would...

It was hard to say how they'd react as it had never been done before!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1108 1102:Terrifying Mortal,Underestimation & Defeat



"Augh!" Venerable Slayingsword frustratedly shouted as he spun, disrupting the strength that pushed him back and bringing himself to a sudden halt. He

wielded his sword, a pulwar with an exquisitely deep curve and three meters in length, as Sword Intent flared incessantly within his eyes. While he was exuding vibrantly sharp sword light, he felt a deep sensation of shock permeating his heart.

Wei Wuyin's strength vastly exceeded his imagination, breaking every belief of cultivation he had in his soul, and bringing him all sorts of inferior feelings. Firstly, his Worldly Domain overturned the heavens with a size of 777,000,000 meters, close to 500,000 miles, capable of rivaling the size of a starfield!

Moreover, he had never felt so restrained before. The ambient energies, solar essence, and mana within the Dark Void were seized by Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain, causing him, an Ascended being, to fight solely with his Mystic Power. This was a scenario that he had never experienced since becoming a genuine Ascended being, his World Pressure was innate, and he could grasp ambient energies, essence, and mana with the utmost ease.

However, here, within this Worldly Domain, all of it was restricted from him accessing it despite repeated efforts. Moreover, it didn't stop there.

Woosh!

Wei Wuyin was casually stepping through the Dark Void, utilizing every ounce of available power that his Worldly Domain could convert to aid his movements, sending him thousands of miles with each movement. Venerable Slayingsword's eyes flared with sword light as his Mystic Power tapped into his innate spatial energies, intermixed the two, he exerted the Spatial Power of an Ascended, and attempted to Spatial Shift!

Kun Yiming was being chased—his wife—and Wei Wuyin had just shown that he has the ability to fight against Ascended beings, even injuring them as Kun Yiming and Venerable Bluecloud were bleeding. A type of fear surged in his heart as the thought of losing Kun Yiming urgently arose in his mind.

Yet, when his Spatial Shift was used, he felt as if a formless hand guided him elsewhere. If his Spatial Power carried out his will, he would've arrived before Kun Yiming, assisting her in a joint defense against Wei Wuyin. Unfortunately, he found himself roughly sixty thousand miles away. That's right!

This was Venerable Slayingsword's third attempt, but no matter what he tried, the moment he entered fixed space, he could no longer control his destination. He didn't know if this was due to the Worldly Domain or some other power that Wei Wuyin possessed!

"ARGH!" He violently roared defiantly, unwilling to accept this. With his sword gripped by two hands, he executed his movement art and cut through the Worldly Domain while attempting to approach Wei Wuyin.

Boom! BOOM! BAM!

He could only watch as Wei Wuyin used his limbs to strike the fleeing Kun Yiming. Despite her speed, whenever Wei Wuyin made a move, a terrifying gravitational force was summoned that considerably slowed her down, and she could only take several strikes.

She used her Silverflow Wings as a shield, using it to protect her against Wei Wuyin's strikes that carried the might of his own physical strength and power of nearly 500,000 miles of energies, essence, and mana condensed into a single move. Fortunately, those wings were mystic-graded and they withstood the strike, yet the resulting impact force somehow bypassed the wings and her Mystic Ward, hitting him without fail!

She tumbled backward with blood leaking from her nose and lips, cutting a desperate figure as she spun uncontrollably away.

Venerable Slayingsword had arrived after pushing his speed to the maximum, consuming copious amounts of Mystic Power to do so, and with his hands on his hilt, he lifted his sword above his head as he invested even greater

amounts of Mystic Power. There was a tinge of desperation and forceful will within his actions.

SHIING!

He no longer held back; Venerable Slayingsword unleashed his strongest Mystic Art—God-Slaying Art: Greatfall! The grandiose name was backed by a grand strength, truly utilizing seventy percent of his power to unleash! He was no longer willing to allow Wei Wuyin to Utilize external power to beat him back, so he had to strike with enough power that could vastly exceed the limits of that converted power!

Wei Wuyin's head turned, his silver eyes reflected the sea of sword light that Venerable Slayingsword had become. But there was no fear in his eyes. Instead, he reached out as Draconic Void Force was brought to the forefront, and with a wave of his hand, the spinning Kun Yiming was enveloped in a grayish light.

She hadn't even realized the formless and intangible-like light had enveloped her, manifesting from areas where Wei Wuyin had previously struck, leaving behind this power, so when she felt her body shift through space, her expression became aghast as the sea of sword light reflected similarly through her pupils.

Kun Yiming found herself held; Wei Wuyin was currently grabbing at her left wing with his left hand and her neck with his right. His two hands had undergone partial Draconic Transformation, possessing hexagonal scales that astonishing beauty and sharply exquisite dragon nails, and exerted a strength that Kun Yiming couldn't break in a short period despite her vigorous attempts.

Her Mystic Ward rippled as she resisted Wei Wuyin's strength, but her heart was full of shock as the sea of sword light approached! Her currently perilous

situation immediately dawned on her as her heart grew extremely cold, and she struggled fiercely.

"Stop!" She cried out in fear.

Venerable Slayingsword's sword contained the vast majority of his power, and it contained an unfathomable locking strength that had seized onto Wei Wuyin, typically meaning he had to face it or exert a strength powerful enough to shatter those fetters. Yet, Venerable Slayingsword had never imagined that Wei Wuyin would use his wife as a meat shield!

He was aghast; with an urgency like no other, he roared in his heart as he forcefully shifted his Mystic Art away, exerting the entirety of the remaining of his Mystic Power and even tapping into the depths of his reserve power within his Mystic Soul, bringing out everything simply to change trajectory!

WOOSH!

SHIIIIIIING!!!

An extended sword howl screeched as the sea of sword light by Wei Wuyin and Kun Yiming, missing by a hair, but the spurting sharpness still sliced into Kun Yiming's Mystic Ward, slicing apart her skin and delivering thousands of mini-cuts. She was instantly a bloody figure as she wailed in pain.

Wei Wuyin was unharmed as he effectively used her as a proper shield. Venerable Slayingsword's eyes revealed the deepest of exhaustion, and grim elation as he could sense Kun Yiming's lifeforce. That art of his could slay any Soul of Mysticism cultivator that didn't have exceptional defenses, and his wife wasn't known for her defenses, but her speed and illusory abilities to conjure clones, beguiling her opponents. If it hit, she was certainly dead.

His heart was happy that she was alive but equally as depressed that Wei Wuyin still held her by the neck, and she was not only exhausted and unconscious but severely injured. She was at his mercy.

He gulped with heavy, exhausted breathing. "Lo-Lord Wei! We-" Venerable Slayingsword tried to send a spiritual transmission to beg Wei Wuyin at this juncture, unable to muster the slightest strength in his body. In fact, he was no longer flying of his own power, simply floating helplessly within the Dark Void. Wei Wuyin, however, didn't listen. He gripped Kun Yiming's neck harder, causing it to squeeze to an unnatural extent. If it wasn't for her refined physique, her neck might have been thoroughly crushed.

"Gah!" She cried in pain despite her unconscious state, her voice stifled in her about-to-be-crushed throat.

"No!" Venerable Slayingsword fearfully shouted. He mustered what little Mystic Power he had and tried to fly towards Wei Wuyin, madness seeping from his eyes.

While this all took time to describe, it was roughly completed in the blink of a mortal's eye, and Venerable Bluecloud was still tumbling from Wei Wuyin's strike. At this point, the old man finally regained his bodily stability and saw the scene of a sea of sword light flashing for hundreds of thousands of miles until it eventually dissipated, expending all its power.

Wei Wuyin held Kun Yiming like a helpless cub, and Venerable Slayingsword was slowly flying toward the two with a maddened expression. He instantly realized the dire situation they were in. His heart, mind, and soul felt an unimaginably sharp jolt from this event.

In a few exchanges, Wei Wuyin, a mere mortal at the Temporal Eye Phase, had single-handedly fought against three Ascended beings. In fact, this might be considered a defeat. His fighting tactics from beginning to end were impeccable, truly capitalizing on each of their strengths and vulnerabilities.

He took the spell caster out of commission by continuously blitzkrieg him with physical attacks, discombobulating him endlessly at every available

opportunity. While he was nearing a Demi-Mortal Lord, his type of physique is more durable than powerful, a type of process that those at his level typically performed to handle the Demi-Mortal Lord's Ascension.

Then, he refused to fight against Venerable Slayingsword in close combat, while attacking his wife, causing the Sword Cultivator to grow more and more mentally unstable and pressed while staying close to use her as a shield when the Sword Cultivator eventually used a big sword move that might be able to slay careless Demi-Mortal Lords. After all, Sword Cultivators were renowned for having one of the strongest offensive powers, especially those who grasped Sword Intent like Venerable Slayingsword.

There was a reason why Kun Yiming pursued Venerable Slayingsword despite their age difference. He was astonishingly talented, and powerful, and forged his own path as a Void Hunter, forming an organization that was only slightly inferior to the Kun Clan.

Venerable Bluecloud gathered his Mystic Power, executing a movement art as a fluffy azure cloud formed around him, carrying him through the Dark Void until he arrived by the exhausted Venerable Slayingsword.

"Stop! There's nothing you can do," Venerable Bluecloud said as he restrained the weakened and exhausted Venerable Slayingsword. The latter struggled slightly, but he found himself thoroughly incapable. Gritting his teeth, he stared daggers at Wei Wuyin. His eyes seemed to say that if Kun Yiming died, he would ignite his Mystic Soul and bring the world down with him!

Venerable Bluecloud's eyes looked to the hapless Kun Yiming and the indifferently faced Wei Wuyin that was a few hundred miles. Taking a deep breath, he bowed respectfully. "I apologize for our disrespect, Lord Wei."

Apologize?



Venerable Slayingsword glared at Venerable Bluecloud, a wisp of confusion in his eyes.

Woosh!

The Worldly Domain of Elemental Origin receded, completely returning to his Domain Seed within his Dantian.

"At least you're not slow in your realization," Wei Wuyin released his grip on Kun Yiming's left wing and tossed her towards the two. She flew with a trail of blood left in her wake. Venerable Bluecloud hurriedly brought her towards himself, and Venerable Slayingsword rushed to inspect her, feeling a wave of relief knowing she hadn't experienced any permanent harm, but she was definitely in tremendous pain as bits of sword light flashed in her wounds. He wanted to ask Venerable Bluecloud to use Temporal Reversion, but he held himself back knowing the cost.

Suddenly, Wei Wuyin tossed a Saint Ring to them. Fortunately, Xu You had dozens of Saint Rings, and while most were low-grade, they were likely gifts for disciples or spoils of war from battles.

Venerable Bluecloud reached out and took the Saint Ring, inspecting it promptly and his breath released a soft exhale. It seemed his assumption was correct.

Wei Wuyin brought out an hourglass designed to last three hours, filled with dark grayish sand that sparkled with solar light. It was like a miniature star, hard to miss in any environment.

"...!" Only then did Venerable Slayingsword realize the truth—the battle hadn't started!

Venerable Bluecloud warily smiled; they vastly underestimated Wei Wuyin and had been scattered instantly. It was more of a 1v1v1v1 than a 1v3, especially considering how Kun Yiming was trying to flee, Venerable

Slayingsword was trying to attack, and Venerable Bluecloud was just blitzed into the inability to act. This was all the result of their carelessness! Not truly treating Wei Wuyin's words of warning with any worth!

Moreover, Wei Wuyin hadn't exuded the slightest killing intent while attacking. If he wanted to kill them, he could've slayed Venerable Bluecloud first due to his slow reaction, especially since Venerable Slayingsword wasn't attacking with his all and Kun Yiming was focused on escaping the Worldly Domain than supporting shortly after their initial clash. Instead, they were using Mystic Power exhausting methods to do everything but fight.

All in all, they weren't fighting as if their lives depended on it.

"The ring has recovery and energy replenishing products at the Mystic-Earth grade, and I'll give you guys three days to refine them as well as plan your strategies. Then, your life and death will be decided in three hours." Wei Wuyin calmly stated, causing shivers to course through Venerable Bluecloud's and Venerable Slayingsword's spines.

Kree!


Bai Lin streaked across the Dark Void, allowing Wei Wuyin to ride her within an instant. He flew back to the Original Dawn Palace.

"..." Venerable Bluecloud was silent, but he realized that the three of them had expended most if not all their Mystic Power, yet besides Venerable Slayingsword, most of that wasn't against Wei Wuyin. This time, they would understand that their lives were truly at risk, and it wasn't Wei Wuyin's Safety that they needed to be worried about, but surviving themselves.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1109 1103:The Lord's Efforts;Preparing For Round 2





"..." The trio was tense in body, mind, and spirit; Wei Wuyin had given them only three days to recover before deciding to place them in a trial of life and death, something that they wouldn't have remotely taken seriously just an hour earlier. However, Wei Wuyin, a mere mortal at the Timelord level, had overturned their beliefs with a heaven-defying battle power.

This was talented!

They had heard the stories of Tian Yinwu, the seventh son of the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor, and his astounding talent and strength. While he was merely at the Sky Ruler Phase, using his ingenuity and cultivated strengths, he defeated a Realmlord at the age of thirty! Thirty!

Despite his humble origins as a son of a concubine of the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor, only accepted as the Seventh Son as his talents were revealed, he had developed to the extent he had and was widely considered as a heaven-shaking talent that had a chance of becoming the next Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor should he continue his momentum.

Venerable Slayingsword and Venerable Bluecloud repeatedly exchanged wary glances as the former held his wife gently, infusing her with wisps of his mystic energy to stimulate consciousness. Kun Yiming soon woke up, notably confused by what happened, and when she was told about Wei Wuyin's actions of treating their disconcerted efforts and resulting pounding as a warm-up to ensure they took him seriously, she didn't know how to feel.

A mere mortal.

It was really hard to break one's mind out of a long-held belief of innate superiority. As Ascended beings, they could destroy planets, ending tens of billions of lives in an instant should they wish; they could conjure Solar Stars,

create planets, reverse time, traverse the Dark Void without protection, and command authority that vastly exceeded what mortals can wield.

Just her clan, the Kun Clan, was a leader of trillions of lives and controlled World Realms and fully-developed planets that produced countless resources, providing them reverence and power. They were called Ascended—beings who have transcended beyond their mortal coils and limitations, a type of existence that few had the luxury to enter in relation to the overall population.

They were special.

They were different.

Yet, they, beings who have ascended beyond the Mortal Dao, were crushed so one-sidedly that she doubted her own existence, and by a mortal no less. It was a difficult fact to reconcile, even bringing into question if they were genuinely strong or simply too weak, unworthy of their thousands of years of cultivation.

"Lord Wei isn't...normal," Venerable Slayingsword consoled his wife, seeing her internally struggle to accept this reality. None of them could be considered 'ordinary' amongst Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivators; Kun Yiming was even approached by Trueborn, indicating that her strength and talent were higher than the world's average, and not by a small amount. While he was a Sword Cultivator with the ability to, using his everything and given the right opportunity, slay a Demi-Mortal Lord with his sharpened edge. Venerable Bluecloud neared the Demi-Mortal Lord Phase, infinitely close, and was a bonafide Spirit-type Cultivator with superior mastery over Spiritual Spells that could bewilder Demi-Mortal Lords.

They weren't ordinary!

"I...I know," Kun Yiming looked away, hiding her innate shame. She couldn't even escape from a Worldly Domain's territory. She was proud of her speed

and her bewildering illusory powers were outstanding, yet Wei Wuyin caught up time and time again and continuously obtained advantage after advantage until she fell to his ploy, instantly used as a meatshield.

"..." Venerable Bluecloud remained silent, his brows slightly furrowed.

Venerable Slayingsword realized his wife was at a crossroads, his well-intended thoughts unable to soothe her in the slightest. He quietly clenched his right fist. Was his sword's edge so weak?

"Old Ma-Grandfather, I-" He was about to speak to Venerable Bluecloud, his tone growing slightly softer as he intended to ask a favor, but Venerable Bluecloud looked at him with a strange gaze, causing him to be taken aback. The old man moved, touched his chest, and then his eyes emanated a faint radiance. Taken aback, Venerable Slayingsword was about to remove his hand when the old man spoke out.

"Sense your body," he instructed with a tone that brooked no argument.

Venerable Slayingsword was momentarily stunned before he did as he was told, finding a strange wisp of World Aura circulating through his body. "His World Pressure infected me?" A heavy expression surged through his mind as he felt a soft hand touch his upper chest, belonging to Kun Yiming, as she sensed his body's condition.

"...he did something similar to me." Kun Yiming commented disgruntled and aggrieved. Wei Wuyin had somehow shifted her through space without her noticing in a literal instant, and she was brought to act as a shield, slicing all over. Fortunately, Venerable Slayingsword had calmed down the latent sword light within her wounds, allowing her to heal the superficial cuts. As a woman, her physical appearance was important, hence why she looked in her twenties despite being thousands of years old. "It's probably a tactic to be used during our upcoming fight."

"Infected..." Venerable Bluecloud muttered to himself. Then, he inspected himself again and felt increasingly strange. Just as he was pondering, Venerable Slayingsword was about to circulate his traces of remaining Mystic Power to expel this World Aura.

"I'll help," Kun Yiming said.

Abruptly, Venerable Bluecloud urgently shouted: "Don't!" His expression was fearful as he gripped Kun Yiming's hand, pulling it away, and causing her expression to change as she grimaced in pain.

"You dare to touch my wife?! Fuck you, Old Man!" Venerable Slayingsword yelled, already riled by the feeling of weakness and defeat, yet seeing his wife harmed had nearly pushed him to the edge. He held his hilt, hostility flaring in his eyes.

Pah!

Venerable Slayingsword received a hard slap!

"Idiot! Don't forget who's your grandfather, I swear!" A light of rage also emanated from Venerable Bluecloud, causing both husband and wife to be thoroughly stunned. Out of the three, Venerable Bluecloud was barely injured or exhausted. They simply weren't his match.

"How did your father and mother fail to raise you properly? Inspect yourself thoroughly—don't destroy this opportunity bestowed by the Lord." Venerable Bluecloud shouted and explained, looking at Kun Yiming with a wisp of pity. He didn't sense anything in her body, likely due to her actions that displeased Lord Wei earlier.

"...What?" Venerable Slayingsword was unable to react properly for a while, feeling the heat on his face. He hadn't been slapped since he was a rebelling youth, and a wisp of bitter nostalgia flashed in his eyes. But then he gritted his teeth, grimly staring at Venerable Bluecloud as he inspected his body.

"If I don't se-" Venerable Slayingsword was about to threaten to secure some face back, but his pupils began to shake as he felt the World Aura closer. It wasn't World Pressure, but a type of unique World Will that was infused into his meridians and flowed through his body, slowly circulating like a viscous liquid that was trying to reach his Dantian where his Mystic Soul resided.

"World Aura? World Heart Intent?" He was increasingly baffled as remnants of this unimaginably profound power were in his body. Was it infused in the continuously forceful World Pressure that Wei Wuyin exerted?

Venerable Bluecloud nodded solemnly, "I didn't sense it before, but the Lord's blows went through my Mystic Ward, impacting my physique. I feel latent alchemical energies at the mystic-grade inside my body. I think...I think he infused refined traces of a mixture of Mystic-Earth Products into my meridians and acupuncture points with chaos mana."

Kun Yiming was baffled, "What?! Why?"

Venerable Slayingsword wasn't slow, so he immediately realized what Wei Wuyin intended. World Aura? This wasn't just a beating, but an opportunity! He looked towards his grandfather, rampant excitement leaked from his eyes.

Venerable Bluecloud was also unable to contain his excitement either, exchanging heated gazes with this grandson of his. "I heard the Lord had mastered Elemental Heart Intent, and from his Worldly Domain's energy signature, it was mostly composed of Elemental Origin Aura, so it seems it's true.

"If I refine the energy in my body, I might be able to strengthen my physique enough to...challenge the next stage." Venerable Bluecloud said as he sensed the various energies intermixed in his body.

Three days?

To recover?

Venerable Slayingsword's eyes brightened considerably. The World Aura had traces of unrefined mental and spiritual energy, waiting for him to slowly refine it into his Sea of Consciousness, and likely grasp World Heart Intent! If he could do so, then he would...

It soon dawned on Kun Yiming that what Wei Wuyin had left behind the two was abnormally exceptional. She instinctively sensed her body yet found no change. Disappointment surged through her pupils. Was it because of her actions?

Venerable Slayingsword had always been attuned with his wife's mental state, paying attention to it, and despite his raving excitement, he caught the glint in her eyes. Instinctively, he consoled her with a few words and a gentle rub of her shoulder. This was merely an opportunity, not a certainty.

When he did so, his finger uncontrolled moved by itself, nearly causing him to jump. He looked at her back, finding two fueled wings that glinted with silver. There was a faint radiance of grayish light.

"Your Silverflow Wings..." Venerable Slayingsword pointed out, causing Kun Yiming to bring her wings to the front, seeing its faint grey radiance. It was infecting the spatial materials the wings were composed of...

Venerable Bluecloud's attention shifted to the wings. He faintly smiled, "I see; he didn't intend to give you any type of improvement opportunity but helped you externally." This was a type of punishment, but definitely all done to suit his goal—a better fight.

Venerable Slayingsword's confidence experienced a slight jump after seeing the Silverflow Wings have some changes. His eyes glinted as he confidently said, "We can't let the Lord's efforts go to waste. We have three days!" He no longer felt the slightest trace of frustration from Wei Wuyin or Venerable



Bluecloud after realizing this heaven-defying fortune. World Heart Intent! What swordsman didn't desire Sword Heart Intent?

The trio became increasingly aware that Wei Wuyin was no mere mortal, from power, means, wealth, or skill—he was their Lord!

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Wei Wuyin arrived at the entrance of the Original Dawn Palace on Bai Lin's back, looking back to see the extremely far trio huddled together basking in their discoveries. He revealed a faint grin, "Don't disappoint me."

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1110 1104: Maids Of The Palace



Wei Wuyin and Bai Lin arrived at the entrance of the Original Dawn Palace, a majestic semi-circular door forged by a type of cedar wood. On each door wing were carved symmetrical patterns that depicted nine dragons, and should one look from further away, one would notice that the nine dragons on each sides combined to become a single dragon that was exceptionally beautiful to behold.

The dragons on the right depicted the four basic elements—Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water, each flourishing as they shone with colored jewels as eyes. Accompanying these dragons were four dragons depicting vivid emotional expressions, they included: Joy—grinning with both mouth and eyes, Anger—frowning and roaring, Sentiments—eyes as gentle and warm as a mother's, and Affection—eyes as hot as a lover's gaze. The last dragon resembled a saber, exuding a sharp lingering radiance from each scale.

The opposing side had the five advanced elements—Metal, Lightning, Wood, Magma, and Ice, including three dragons showing different emotions from the others: Grief—the pain of suffering reflected in its jewel, Worry—the light of concern flitted through its frown, and lastly, Fear—its scales trembled lightly, its eyes shut, and its tail was pulled in. The last dragon was misty and indistinct, yet it was impossible to miss.

As a whole, they formed a single dragon that was an intermixture of various colors and states. Wei Wuyin looked at the doors that he designed, touching them as he recalled a distinct memory of the other him. For the briefest moment, like a flash of lightning accompanied by a fearsome thunderous burst, the door's vibrant wood went dull and grey, lifeless, while the dragons were cracked and shattered.

After blinking, the door returned to normal.

His silver eyes flooded with intense emotion; Bai Lin released a soft cry in response, innately sensing the distressed state of his mind. She used her head to caress the right side of his cheek.

Wei Wuyin slowly turned to see the caring eyes of Bai Lin, reminding him of who he was, and that this was his life. The other life wasn't his, and it surely wasn't his future.

A genuine smile tugged at his lips, and he replied to Bai Lin's touch by gently rubbing her beak. "I know, I know. Thanks."

Kree.

Bai Lin excitedly smiled, slightly unfurling her wings at the rise in Wei Wuyin's emotional state. She prided herself on being an emotional pillar capable of uplifting Wei Wuyin's mood, and she didn't try to hide it in the slightest.

"Haha," Wei Wuyin couldn't hold back his chuckle, nor did he try. He stepped forward as the door's formation activated, automatically opening, and as it did, it was accompanied by a joyful voice with a sensual flavor.

"Welcome back, Master!"

Awaiting his return was a woman, her outfit was that of a maid, but it was form-fitting, black and white, accentuating her curves, especially her chest area that was originally modest yet given a boost. She wore a short black skirt that barely covered anything, even her thighs were exposed, hugged tightly by black stockings that enhanced its suppleness, and smooth as jade skin.

She was unquestionably a beauty. Her irises were golden and exuded an enchanting that contained the glory of nature, yet her most breathtaking feature was her long hair which was pale white with vibrant gold highlights. She bowed slightly, revealing a flesh-blessed valley that could cause most men to salivate uncontrollably.

Wei Wuyin faintly smiled, "You're awake, huh? I thought you would be resting still." His tone contained a slight teasing, his eyes twinkling with an amused light.

The woman blushed, her cheeks gaining a pinkish hue that added a trace of allure. "Master, as your maid, I must greet you upon every return." She said softly, yet there was a little bit of grievance in her voice.

"Oh? That wasn't the tune you sang your first few months here. If I recall, you refused to even cook, clean, or tender the garden, let alone greet me at the door. If I was greeted by you, it'll only be in the bedroom, right? Haha," Wei Wuyin laughed as he walked by her, Bai Lin followed him as she glanced at the maid.

The woman pouted slightly, "I didn't think you were serious."

Kree.

Bai Lin sent out a soft breath her way. The woman jumped slightly from feeling the faint heat, hurriedly adding: "Master." Only then did Bai Lin proudly nod, since she was a maid, she should at least act like it.

Wei Wuyin gestured toward the woman, beckoning her to follow him. "Mei Yang, where're the others?"

This woman was none other than Mei Yang! The Helios Witch of the Elven Forest!

Decades ago, Wei Wuyin had once told himself that, should he reach a status that could influence the rules of the Myriad Monarch Sect, he would return for her. This was only prompted by their last meeting, whereby she cried at the top of her lungs as he was about to leave the Myriad Yore Continent to remember her.

And remember her he did.

Six years ago, he sent a request to Ma Zheng to find her, and silently bring her away. Shockingly, she was found not in New Everlore, but on a nearby planet and had hidden away in a forest. According to Ma Zheng's report, her living situation was far from good. Not only was she half-crippled, but she also had signs of injuries everywhere. Looking into it, she had gotten overly greedy and schemed against a few cultivators of the Eternal Monarch Sect and was exiled to a nearby planet as a result of the rules there.

She was fortunate to be alive.

When Ma Zheng's envoys found her, she attacked them but was easily subdued. She was brought to Wei Wuyin through a Void Gate, and when she saw Wei Wuyin, she cried for two full days in his embrace, only stopping when she went to sleep. The life of a cultivator, especially one as ambitious as she was, was difficult to live.

Mei Yang's slender legs followed a step behind, "They...they are still resting, Master."

"Mm," Wei Wuyin slightly nodded.

While they walked, Mei Yang's golden eyes stared at Wei Wuyin's tall, wide back. All those years ago, when she was at her lowest, this man here saved her. She was nothing more than a sexual encounter then, nothing special at all, and easily forgettable to most. However, he still remembered her after two and a half decades had passed, sending Ascended beings to track her down.

Moreover, it was when his reputation, status, and power reached a peak. She was but a tiny mark in his amazing life, and in terms of women of high caliber, was there any lacking in his life? With his heaven-shaking looks, his wealth, his talent, the power he wielded, and the status he possessed, what woman could he not get in this world?

Who would refuse?

But he still sent for her.

For her of all people.

"Uh!" Suddenly, a figure stumbled down the hall, fixing her skirt as she rushed forward. Her golden hair was a slight mess, and as the skirt lifted recklessly from her movements, the faint marks of a series of overlapping handprints were present.

"There you are," Wei Wuyin said, smiling as the woman lifted her head. There was shock in her eyes as she saw Mei Yang walking respectfully behind Wei Wuyin, and the faint traces of an evil smile on the Helios Witch's face caused the woman's eyes to flare with a flash of anger.

"M-Master, I-" She was about to explain herself, but then Wei Wuyin stopped her with a wave. "Xianxian, you could've continued resting, I wouldn't have minded."

The golden-haired woman that looked no older than eighteen or nineteen years of age, possessing a nation-toppling beauty, was none other than Lin Xianxian! The Sect Master of the True Element Sect! And Lin Xianxian's mother!!

Lin Xianxian couldn't resist the impulse and fiercely blushed after Wei Wuyin spoke, recalling the day before. She bit her lower lips slightly, her body heating up just recalling those memories, and she lowered her head.

That day, at the True Element Sect, Lin Xianxian had agreed to be Wei Wuyin's maid, and he promptly collected on her promise six years ago as well, shortly after he fully consolidated his cultivation base. Since he had the Original Dawn Palace, he decided to bring alongside some helpers to maintain it. Shockingly, however, shortly after she arrived, she used a cleansing bath to expel her Mystic Aura and sealed her cultivation base, and seduced Wei Wuyin shamelessly.

Wei Wuyin wasn't one to reject the advances of a beautiful woman, especially one that he desired, so he humbly partook in all she offered, and it was an amazing experience worth trying again.

And he did.

Again and again and again.

For the last six years, these two maids of his have served more than simply his palace.

Kree!

Bai Lin realized where this was going, so she walked through a different hall, stepping her way through to her quarters. She didn't want to involve herself in what was next.

Wei Wuyin looked at Bai Lin, fully aware of her thoughts, and he didn't try to get her to stay. Instead, he gestured towards Lin Xianxian to follow too as they traversed the halls. Behind him, two beauties walked, having a quiet battle of gazes.

It wasn't long before they came upon a large door that was silver without any fancy decorations. The two women's eyes blushed as they were brought back here. The two maids moved, one took the left and the other the right, and they opened the door while their faces heated.

When the door opened, a sweet fragrance was expelled that enticed the nostrils. Wei Wuyin grinned, and then he strode in as if he owned the place. Well, he did own the place.

When he entered, there was a bed that was like two king-sized beds combined, and on the satin sheets were the soft, exhausted bodies of several cultivators. They were as varied as the races of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, including a demon, an elf, and a beastwoman—five in total.

The giantess of a demon was the first to stir, her lashes fluttering as she opened her eyes.

"Hm?" A sleepy voice that resembled a faint moan resounded. "Come back to bed," the yearning voice called out to Wei Wuyin, causing the sleeping figures to stir slightly, each waking up one by one. When they saw Wei Wuyin, their eyes churned with all sorts of hot emotions. They all knew as soon as they woke up what was about to resume.

"I guess you all haven't had enough," Wei Wuyin smilingly commented as he began to disrobe. "Well, neither have I. And I have three days to waste. Haha."