

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1111 1105: Hard-Fought Battle; Truth Of The Failed Phase



The next forty-eight hours bore witness to a grand bout of one against seven, one that saw an invincible figure thrusting and piercing his way to victory. While besieged by devious hands, warm tongues, and sensual screeches, the lone male remained undefeated in his conquest.

The first to tap out was an elf, her glistening bronze skin drenched by a mix of sweat and fluids; she roared out as her body trembled so violently she believed the heavens were calling forth her soul. She lay there in the comfort of those satin sheets as if she was boneless, her semi-conscious eyes suffused with a misty light that dwelled on her recent experience. If the Grey Sands Elves knew that their elected leader was defeated like this, she might never be able to lift her head again. Ai Yin soon let herself fall asleep, drifting off as her body recovered.

The next to fall was Lin Xianxian; her cultivation was sealed, her body cleansed, so she experienced the worst onslaught, especially after the conqueror assaulted her weakness with targeted attacks.

Pah! Pah!

Her upper cheeks were as red as her bottom, and she found herself accompanying her comrade in the shivers of defeat—not once, but three times back to back without pause. However, she felt a tinge of pride as she wasn't the first to lose like many times before. To her, that was a minor victory worth celebrating.

"..." Unfortunately, this meant the numbers dwindled, and the fighting grew ever fiercer. The beautiful demon, born from a human with titan lineage and a Violet Mountain that was bestowed a soul by the heavens, teamed with the brown-haired fang-bearing beastwoman; their movements coordinated as they attacked from multiple angles.

Da Shan and Nyla Shur were the most experienced when it came to teaming up, often experiencing this battlefield. As such, they worked particularly well together as Da Shan assaulted below and Nyla Shur pressed above, both using the most succulent parts of their bodies as the deadliest of weapons.

They rode, holding on as the conqueror launched his assault from beneath them. Despite holding steady, as that devilish tongue moved in a manner that was rife with profound skill, the first to submit was the Havana Feline Lineage Beastwoman herself, Nyla Shur. She left behind a raining splash of love dew as her pupils closed and that flexible spine bent.

"Nyla! Mm~ Nooo~" The competitive giantess cried out emotionally as she watched her ally fall before her. But when that hand clutched at her waist, she couldn't afford to pay the half-dead beastwoman any mind. She focused! By the heavens, she had to make sure that he didn't...!

Yet, as she was distracted, those powerful hands that could crush planets and douse stars gripped her hips and pulled her down.

"NO!" She moaned as, despite being eight feet tall, her stomach began to bulge slightly from its base as if showing evidence to the world of her eventual defeat. Despite her size, she was relatively shallow down there, but when pressed against the limits, touching her most intimate area, she could never last long.

The conqueror was merciless with repeated offensives, showing absolutely no mercy. Just three minutes in, her tongue wagged freely, and her golden irises

that could beguile the hearts of men were murky. Looking closely, one would find that while she didn't shake like her fallen allies, her body had goosebumps all over.

A sign of her current continuous state for the past three minutes. Seemingly endless, truly merciless. Despite her mental protest, she was already out, falling onto her enemy with a last desperate attack to snuff him out with the supple mountains of her voluptuous body. Those prideful peaks failed, however.

The remaining fighters were all human. They included the sensual Mei Yang, the alluring Xiang Ling, and the pious Si De. As if of one mind, they gathered together as their enemy rose, staring at them with those silver eyes as if they were simply fish on the chopping block.

Mei Yang and Xiang Ling glanced at each other, seeing the churning emotions of hopelessness in each other's eyes, yet they also refused to lose. They dove down, using their lips, mouths, hands, and tongues to subdue that terrifying weapon of massive destruction that sought to slay them.

The pious Si De didn't mind, feeling no fear as she simply embraced her enemy as if surrendering before the final battle.

"Traitor!"

The two thought as they worked in tandem. They were the weakest humans and cultivators of the seven, so they found unity in their shared plight. Their joint offensive had some effect. Unfortunately, simply the dance of five extremities executing the Martial Art—Plundering the Depths Art—saw their last ally quivering off to the side, defeated with the most joyous smile, tightly clenching onto the fleshy peaks of the slumbering Lin Xianxian.

"Anh~"

At this point, the air subtly changed as the conqueror's focus seemed to shift. Outside of the Original Dawn Palace, the Dark Void was experiencing faint changes as the Third Ascension of Venerable Bluecloud was occurring. They took this opportunity to attack with everything they got!

The two's valiant efforts did not go unnoticed, but they were taken down all the same. That day, seven beauties had fought with their all. That day, seven beauties had lost. That day, the conqueror remained undefeated.

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An hour later, Wei Wuyin sat at the edge of the bed, his silver eyes staring at the empty space as his Celestial Eyes shone faintly with spiritual light.

"He succeeded. Good," Wei Wuyin commented with relief. This was a sign that the devised spells and arts that were theorized after obtaining his suave version's memories were practical and applicable. It was a type of Infusion Cultivation Method that directly injected alchemical energies alongside broken down alchemical products into key locations of an individual's body, such as meridians, acupuncture points, and organs, to drastically increase the ease of refinement.

Thanks to the Library of Eden, he had invented a version for Mortals. However, he was still determining if he could properly apply it to Ascended beings, and only because of his alternative version's memories of being an Ascended being, his experience, and insights, was he able to elevate it to the next level.

Since time immemorial, there had never been a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist who had invented a Mystic-Grade Cultivation Method for Ascended beings—NEVER. It defied common sense, broke societal conventions of the cultivation world, and exceeded what should be possible.

But Wei Wuyin was already a heaven-defying irregular, abnormal to a pinnacle at this point. Especially because of one incredible fact: He understood the Language of Mysticism!

A Mortal Cultivator that could UNDERSTAND, which meant read and write, not speak, Mysticism was entirely against everything that defined the world. But thanks to the Library of Eden and his alternative version's memories after reaching the Earthly Saint Phase, Wei Wuyin had fully grasped the intricate language as if it was the common tongue. Considering that Eden couldn't perceive the memories of Ascended beings and the Existential Framework for them were typically unchangeable, this showed how unnatural his circumstances were!

The River of Time had truly regressed his alternative version in every way, making an Ascended being a genuine mortal!

The effects this would have on his cultivation would definitely be unprecedented! After all, Mystic Runes were composed of the profound language of the Mystic Dao, the very same language of Mysticism, and cultivators at the Star Core Phase, the peak of the Mortal Realms, would try to comprehend these profundities. While their success only needed to be elementary, sufficient enough to overcome the Second Ascension, reaching the Soul of Mysticism Phase, it was an extremely difficult threshold that few could overcome.

The Soul of Mysticism Phase required a certain degree of comprehension of the Way of Mysticism and its nine runes: Mana, Spirit, Radiant, Spatial, Temporal, Oceanic, Infusion, Permanence, and Conversion. As long as one had an elementary level of understanding of all nine, they would ascend! It could be likened to a test, and should one pass, their efforts would be rewarded with an existential elevation and tremendously increased lifespan.

Furthermore, he finally understood why the Mystic Star Phase existed!

°A stage of preparation; it's easier to comprehend the Mystic Dao as an Ascended, so the heavens grace cultivators with a second chance at an impossibly difficult realm as long as they didn't completely fail the test of comprehension.°

This 'failure of the test' is typically when a cultivator has yet to comprehend the Way of Mysticism's runes to an 'elementary' level, reflected by their level of Runic Ascension. As such, cultivators that make it to the Mystic Star Phase don't fail their Mystic Ascension. Instead, they are given more time for their efforts!

As for those who were at the bottom of the barrel in terms of comprehension, likely comprehending too little of the Way of Mysticism or none of it, their lives were forfeit. There was no redemption.

The heavens were fair and reasonable; Cultivation was difficult.

In a way, those at the Mystic Star Phase were genuinely considered as living failures of the Mystic Dao, like a student failing their grade short of a few points. Wei Wuyin's perspective had changed, but he now knew that other societies similarly saw the Mystic Star Phase as a legitimate stage of cultivation in the Mystic Ascendant Realm for a reason! It was used as a tempering stage!

This gave Wei Wuyin a unique opportunity, one that his alternative self wasn't able to capitalize on due to his aggressive rushing to the Realm of Sages. He knew that there was a type of special cultivation method that could only be used at the Mystic Star Phase! A way to create an unimaginably sturdy foundation befitting demonic geniuses and their fortune, one that might shake the very heavens!

Those beyond the Sealed Regions, those with exceptional backgrounds, almost all used this type of method to ensure their dominance of the Mystic Ascendant Realm and the highest foundation possible.

As he thought about it, he faintly smiled.

'All I have to do is survive my Star Core Tribulation...and the Third Calamity of Hell.' Despite the harrowing thought of those two events, Wei Wuyin had never felt so confident.

Shortly after, Wei Wuyin's Saint Ring shone with faint spiritual light. He scanned the transmission, and his eyes brightened, "She's here." With that, he rose from the bed, swiped his hand over his body, and his clothes made of Essence of War formed.

He gave the two-day-long battlefield a brief look, his eyes content, and he left. The seven beauties, including the Sealed Ascended Lin Xianxian, were all sleeping not exclusively due to their physical exhaustion, but their bodies refining the pure, dense, rich yang essence that entered them. They were bound to experience unimaginable advances in their innate energies.


Traveling the halls of the Original Dawn Palace, he arrived in a large room with a Void Gate within it. Waiting at its side was a dark-haired, white-robed woman with her slender back facing him. The woman inspected the Void Gate curiously, her hand on her chin. Wei Wuyin called out smilingly, "Na Xinyi."

The dark-haired woman turned to reveal a pair of gorgeous grey eyes and an exquisite countenance.

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Chapter 1112 1106: Her Desire; Her Ambition





"Na Xinyi."

The dark-haired woman garbed in pristine white robes turned, and Wei Wuyin's heart experienced the softest of tremors; the bearing of this woman had become exceptional, containing a type of innate supremacy and authority, possessing a refined demeanor befitting an Empress of a Nation. He had only recalled sensing this type of disposition and self-attained aura from either Earthly Saints that ruled over trillions of lives such as Lady Clearwind of the United Source Starfield or Empress Xiaocheng, a legitimate Empress of a Nation—the strongest one in the Sealed Regions, the Aeternal Sky Starfield.

While the intensity wasn't at their level, it was nevertheless sprouting and present. This alongside her natural beauty from head to toe, her potent and alluring Yin Aura, and her empress-like demeanor, made her an up-and-coming challenger for the Number ONE Beauty title of the Aeternal Sky Starfield. Wei Wuyin pointlessly wondered if Empress Xiaocheng felt her position was being threatened.

Na Xinyi's thin eyebrows furrowed slightly, a wisp of displeasure emerging in her eyes. She looked behind Wei Wuyin, finding no one there, and said aggrieved: "Na Xinyi?" Her tone was soft, enough to sway the heart, and Wei Wuyin's smile grew slightly awkward.

"Xinyi." He corrected himself. His tone contained a warmth and gentleness that only a lover possessed the right to hear, and Na Xinyi's frown melted away without a trace, replaced by a content smile.

Wei Wuyin could only chuckle in his heart, finding this side of her quite cute. She walked over with graceful steps, arriving before Wei Wuyin, and staring into his eyes. They had a noticeable height difference, with Wei Wuyin towering over her by more than a head.



"You don't have to be so distant, especially when no one's around." Na Xinyi complained, lightly pressing her right hand on Wei Wuyin's chest, and rightfully so. After all, she was Wei Wuyin's fiancée. This was a status that Wei Wuyin had given her, proposed and accepted, all to take responsibility during their younger days.

Wei Wuyin tactfully stayed silent. His powerful heartbeat which was slightly elevated in pace was enough to convey his thoughts, and Na Xinyi had deliberately touched his chest to feel that. She smiled beautifully with genuine elation.

"No one's coming, right?" Na Xinyi quietly asked, looking up at his radiant silver eyes. Wei Wuyin shook his head; those seven were all either asleep, cultivating, or both, and they wouldn't leave the room for twelve or so hours. As for the others, they were cultivating or training in a Secret Realm.

As if to verify this, Na Xinyi swept her Spiritual Sense throughout the room, flowing into the hallways and nearby rooms, finding not a single sign of life. She tightly gripped Wei Wuyin's robe with one hand, and pulled him down to her, bringing Wei Wuyin closer before their lips joined together in a warm union.

The kiss lasted for what felt like an eternity, and soon Wei Wuyin grabbed Na Xinyi's waist, took control, and brought her in until her prideful chest was pressed against his. After who knows how long, Na Xinyi gently pushed Wei Wuyin away, her grey eyes containing an enchanting allure were misty, and her lips were slightly perked as if enjoying the lingering blissful feeling.

This wasn't their first kiss; they had shared many kisses during their first time together, those dangerous days on the Myriad Yore Continent, and Wei Wuyin had been Na Xinyi's first time in everything then, but it felt as equally as significant as their first.

While Na Xinyi was immersed in the lingering feeling, Wei Wuyin wasn't satisfied, and pulled her to him this time, stealing another kiss. Then, another. Then, another. Their lips barely left each other's for a full two minutes, exchanging all sorts of spirited emotions and Na Xinyi's occasional moans as Wei Wuyin's hands roamed.

It was only when her body trembled, feeling extremely heated as an impressive bulge pressed against her most intimate part, that Na Xinyi regained her senses, pushing Wei Wuyin away again. "I can't," she breathily said. Her breath was fragrant alongside the scent of her hair and body, and that facial expression was hard for any normal man to resist. Fortunately, Wei Wuyin was no longer the type to persist without thought, and slowly loosened his grip until Na Xinyi regained herself.

She had to take a few minutes to herself before she fully calmed down, giving Wei Wuyin a gaze that once again openly contained her aggrieved feelings. Seeing that cute expression, Wei Wuyin could hold back his teasing laugh.

"You're one of the few women in the cultivation world that can regrow their Primal Yin, and you have multiple of them, while I can give you the alchemical products to do so, and yet you're so insistent on not taking that step." Wei Wuyin couldn't help but mention, finding her actions amusing. Especially since she was almost always the one to initiate it in the past five years, and then stop herself just before, wasn't that a form of self-torture?

Na Xinyi calmly fixed her wrinkled robes, regaining that bearing that exuded a refined bearing. She disapprovingly said, "Do you know how difficult it was to reach the Nine-Point Yin Physique? How long did it take for them to be refined individually to their current level?" There was a wisp of anger in her tone.

Wei Wuyin threw his hands up into the air, admitting defeat. She wasn't wrong; the refinement times for normal cultivators still existed despite his products' ease of refinement being one of the best, if not the best, in the entire

Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. While she had reached the heaven-defying Nine-Point Yin Physique, possessing a total of nine Primal Yins that were all nurtured by her cultivation base, which was a result of exceptional effort and time on her part.

If she lost one, it'll take her time to regrow and then to nurture it again to the same level as the others, stalling her cultivation by a few years. Moreover, her Nine-Point Yin Physique might downgrade. Considering her physique, Na Xinyi was the best dual cultivation partner in the entire Sealed Regions, and likely amongst mortals, she might rank near the top even in the World Beyond the Fold.

Then, she angrily turned to the side, muttering: "It's not as if you don't have others." Who didn't know that Wei Wuyin was outstanding? The entire world was already aware that Lin Xianxian, the True Element Sect's Sect Master, was serving as Wei Wuyin's maid. Moreover, the Titanic Hell-Crushing Queen's personal disciple was rumored to be his lover, causing quite a ruckus amongst the Boundless Martial Sect.

This didn't even include the public declaration made by Yue Songli, the former Number ONE Saintess of the Immortal Saintess Rankings and daughter to the recently ascended Highlord Worldbreaker, now known as the ruler of the Soul-Breaking Domain, the Soul-Breaking Saint. This world-stirring woman had announced Wei Wuyin as her one and only in this life, shocking the entire world.

Others tried to follow suit, but the Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn, Wu Yu, would descend upon any baseless accusations and punish those who falsely declared themselves as having any relationship with Wei Wuyin. One of the former Saintess ranked third two generations ago had followed suit, and when Wu Yu arrived, he severely crippled her ancestor, destroyed the portion of the

planet that they based themselves on, and gave her a public slap, humiliating her deeply.

Since then, not a single person dared to make false announcements for fear of the consequences.

Over these last eight years, countless cultivators and nation-toppling beauties sought Wei Wuyin's favor or eye. What woman didn't want him? Not only did he have a beautiful ancient Fire Phoenix that was said to rival an Earthly Saint, but he also he had two Earthly Saint Alchemic Knights, was a true Grand Mortal Sovereign Alchemist, and he was a Mortal beneath the age of a hundred who helped define the next era.

More importantly, Wei Wuyin was flawlessly handsome, enough to put many men to shame. His handsome looks were different from the beautiful and refined appearance of those like Cheng You or Tian Yinwu in the Immortal Heroes Ranking, instead possessing a masculine flavor that suited a true Immortal male of myth.

"..." Wei Wuyin could only wryly smile in his heart seeing her disgruntled attitude. She was jealous? Wasn't it her choice? But, intelligently, he kept silent and didn't comment.

Na Xinyi eyed Wei Wuyin, "At least you're not ruled by your lower half." While her words came off a little scathing, this was a type of praise that contained a type of hidden happiness. Not even a former third-ranked Immortal Saintess who had suitors lining up from the Everlore Domain to the Skyrend Domain was accepted.

A man that could have any woman yet was selective was endlessly valuable and worthy of any status he earned. After all, who didn't want a harem of 3,000 nation-toppling beauties like some peerless Emperors of legends? It was hard to resist such temptation.

Wei Wuyin smartly changed the topic, "Isn't it a little risky to make a trip here considering your goals? Why did you need to see me in person?"

Five years ago, Wei Wuyin had met Na Xinyi, reminding her that he would stay true to his word, allowing her to grow and develop without a shadow lingering over her, establishing herself as her own person, and not as the pretty foil of another. That was her role while with Long Chen, a damsel that could only follow, an existence that was cultivated solely to be used by a man.

Wei Wuyin deeply respected her ambition to pursue her own fame and fortune, and he, as her future husband, supported her silently without any indication of their relationship. At most, the world had some inkling of her relationship with those in his circle, affording her certain benefits. But she wasn't the sole one with such loose connections. Those who were friends with Yue Songli, Da Shan—like the Titanic Hell-Crushing Queen, and the True Element Sect's Lin Clan, all openly benefited from their association. She was one of many.

Na Xinyi's expression changed slightly, growing increasingly solemn. "I want to first say this: I didn't come here to get your help for this of mine. I came to inform you of this, and that I'll handle it myself." Hearing the seriousness in her tone, Wei Wuyin nodded in understanding.

Seeing him accept her choice, Na Xinyi sighed lightly. "When I ascended to the Temporal Eye Phase, the Imperial Clan approached the Dark Yin Palace, and the Second Son of the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor, Tian Guyan, proposed marriage."

"..." Wei Wuyin continued listening, not showing any emotion.

"It was conditional on my successful ascension to the Mystic Ascendant Realm," Na Xinyi explained. Then, her eyes radiated a murderously intense light as she recalled his smug, smitten look. "I, of course, refused; however,

the Emperor himself wrote an Imperial Edict hosting a private competition among the Tian Clan for my hand in marriage. It no longer had the condition attached."

"Oh?" Wei Wuyin was somewhat stunned by this development, but he remained entirely calm. Wei Wuyin was already well aware from Wu Yu's research that the Dark Yin Palace was a nurturing sect for breeding outstanding women cultivators, and they were under certain obligations to those in power. It was borderline Evil Cultivation Practices, only saved by various rules that gave them some power of choice.

As for the Imperial Edict, it had been silently issued due to its shameless nature, but openly accepted by the organizations. Supposedly, the Bing and Xing Clans had similar obligations. They were simply the strongest breeding grounds for female cultivators in the Aeternal Sky Starfield, only saved by their lofty strength and connections to the Imperial Clan formed due to doing so.

"So, you...?" Wei Wuyin lifted his left brow curiously.

"I'll handle it." Na Xinyi strongly stated. It was clear there was a way for her to obtain her freedom from this situation, and while difficult, she was intent on handling it herself. Wei Wuyin could only smile, holding a type of approving warmth in his heart.

"Alright. But that can't be it, right?" Wei Wuyin asked. Did she really want to tell him just that? He already knew all of it, except the removal of the condition until marriage.

Na Xinyi shook her head, "It's not; I think I've found a clue to where Long Tingyu is." Her voice contained a relentless resolve, clearly a sign of her determination to find this little girl that she considered her sister.

"..." Wei Wuyin finally went silent, his eyes flashing with memories of another life.

"I think...she might have been taken by the Demonic Abyss Master, the one renowned as the Demonic Hegemon of our starfield." This was information she gained from sightings on the planet Abyssal Dawn of a woman that resembled Long Tingyu and a demon that resembled the ancient descriptions of the Demonic Abyss Mountain nearly eleven years ago.

"I know that you don't care about her as much as I do, but I was hoping if you could..." While she had refused to ask for Wei Wuyin's help with her own matter, she unhesitatingly asked for his assistance in finding Long Tingyu. One could easily see her love for that little girl.

"I'll look for her, and see if I can find anything out." Wei Wuyin smilingly promised. This reassured Na Xinyi who released her stifled sigh, feeling a little more certain. She didn't stay for long. They talked for a few more minutes, and Wei Wuyin stole a few more kisses before she entered the Void Gate to return to the Dark Yin Palace.

Wei Wuyin stayed at the Void Gate for a while, his silver eyes flashing intensely.

The Demonic Abyss Master...

## PARAGON OF SIN

### Chapter 1113 1107: Round Two,Trio's Promotion



Outside the room that was the stadium of the recent battlefield of eight bodies stood Wei Wuyin with a contemplative expression. He had returned after his meeting with Na Xinyi to rest in the warmth of those who held the strongest emotions towards him, bearing their bodies and souls for him to explore

thoroughly. A blessed fortune that he would've never imagined himself to have forty years ago.

"Where are you headed?" A strong, euphonic feminine voice asked. It belonged to Da Shan, the one and only, and she was half-dressed in thigh-high black shorts, loosely wearing a silk robe that barely contained her heavy bust. She moved confidently, with her chest raised, her spine upright, and her golden eyes exuding an actively vibrant light.

"Hm?" Behind her was Nyla Shur, whose stature was considerably shorter, and she cutely blinked as she observed a dressed Wei Wuyin about to leave. Unlike Da Shan, she was entirely nude. One could tell from the sleepiness in her eyes that she had just recently awoken, following Da Shan out of the room.

"Are you leaving again?" Nyla Shur was the feistier of the duo, often causing the most fuss when Wei Wuyin would leave. Her churning emotions rife with fear and anxiety weren't without any warrant; she was one of the Beastmen who was snatched from their home, stuffed inside a foreign realm, and then forced to wait without any understanding of their future. It was a hectic time that left some remnant trauma.

While she wasn't mistreated by the Golden Life Pavilion, she was someone who cared deeply about those she formed a connection with, and she formed the deepest bond with Wei Wuyin in the Myriad Monarch Sect. She felt her heart tearing just knowing that he was going on an expedition to an unknown realm with unknown dangers and had to reconcile it with Wei Wuyin seizing an opportunity.

Wei Wuyin turned to see Da Shan's inquiring gaze and Nyla Shur's noticeably worried face. They were very sensitive to Wei Wuyin's emotions these past years, so these two acutely discovered that Wei Wuyin's mental fluctuations were slightly different from a few days ago.



"..." He turned completely around and warmly smiled, "I'm going to test my limits. But to truly know my limits, I have to fight without holding back, and so will my opponents."

"..." Da Shan's eyes softened, realizing where her feelings that felt uncomfortable in her heart originated from. Wei Wuyin moved as if he was about to enter a true life-and-death battle. She had seen this aura a few times before. It was determination. Da Shan was a warrior through and through, with the will to fight imbued into her soul, so she didn't say anything.

"What? Who are you going to fight? Why?" Nyla Shur was less understanding. She moved to hold Wei Wuyin's arm, her body pressed against it as if to restrain him, and her eyes reflected her unwillingness. "Have your knights fight for you!" She cried out.

Her voice was slightly loud; rustling began to resound from inside the room.

"Just stay with us, okay? You have Wu Yu; you don't need to fight anyone. Test what limits? Just stay here. Anyone you can't face, they'll do so for you. So, just...stay." Nyla Shur pleaded without stopping, constantly trying to convince Wei Wuyin.

"..." Da Shan saw this, and her own emotions became unimaginably complex, conflicted, and uncertain. She understood more than anyone the importance of personal power, so she couldn't say anything. But in the same vein, Wei Wuyin was a Mortal Sovereign Alchemist with endless alchemical talent. He was already a Timelord at sixty-eight years old, so he would undoubtedly ascend in the future. With his alchemic talent, becoming an Alchemic Saint wasn't a question of 'if' but 'when'.

Should she speak out?

Wei Wuyin looked at Nyla Shur, and his gaze grew increasingly soft like water. He caressed her head of messy bed hair, offering a silent smile. This

only caused Nyla Shur to pout, tears to well up at the edge of her eyes, and her grip to strengthen around Wei Wuyin's arm. She seemed to be on the verge of crying, but she held it in with her last semblance of mental stability.

By this point, he could feel auras emerge at the other side of the door. They were all awake, investigating the situation, but none of them left the room. After all, Wei Wuyin often left to do things like concoct, cultivate, and meet others. It wasn't anything out of the ordinary, but these two sensed something different.

Perhaps it was because they spent the most time with him out of any of the others.

"...You're going to go...?" Nyla Shur pitifully asked.

Wei Wuyin learned from his suave version's memories what the scarred version told him of his past, discovering that he had indulged in women to the point that he lost everything. Wei Wuyin had once dreamed of doing the same, enjoying himself until death claimed him, until the Calamities of Hell descended, and his soul was obliterated.

Fortunately, he arose far above that grim belief of his certain death, affirming his Heart of Cultivation, and relentlessly strove to climb out of these Calamities alive.

Da Shan swiftly moved, grabbing Nyla Shur's slender waist, and with a swift pull, the feline femme fatale was easily lifted away. While Da Shan had carried her out, it was Nyla Shur that let go of Wei Wuyin's arms, not kicking or screaming, showing that she knew in her heart that her man couldn't sit back and always let others handle everything for him.

"Go. We'll be here waiting for you." Da Shan promised with a firm expression. Wei Wuyin nodded, tilting his head slightly to see the five auras of the women in the bedroom trying to conceal their obvious eavesdropping attempt.

Wei Wuyin turned and walked out.

As soon as he left, five fully dressed figures came out, with Si De in the lead. They exchanged gazes, a tinge of worry in their eyes. What was Wei Wuyin planning to do? Si De didn't speak; she just followed after Wei Wuyin.

"Let's follow," Mei Yang suggested. She didn't know where Wei Wuyin was going, but since Si De had already left, then he might not be traveling far. And if he took the Void Gate, they could still follow, right?

Ai Yin followed Si De shortly after. This led to them all eventually following. Nyla Shur and Da Shan hurriedly dressed and left. They finally got to the entrance of the Original Dawn Palace, and they saw Si De staring at the vast Dark Void with her head lifted.

"Ascended beings..." Lin Xianxian muttered. She might have her cultivation currently sealed, but her instinctual senses were extremely acute, and she instantly felt the aura of a Mystic Ascendant Realm from above. Moreover, they didn't originate from auras familiar to her. Who was it?

"Three of them." Ai Yin pointed out, her brows deeply furrowed. Was Wei Wuyin about to fight against three Ascended beings?

"Where's Bai Lin?" Xiang Ling asked worryingly. Bai Lin had incredible strength and could protect Wei Wuyin. Where was she?

"As expected of the man that I, Da Shan, chose." Da Shan's eyes shone excitedly, and while her heart was similarly besieged by worries, she was deeply intrigued by the thought of Wei Wuyin fighting and claiming victory against Ascended beings!

This wouldn't just break conventions; it would defy the natural order of the world and shatter the invincibility of Ascended beings! If anyone could do it, it should be the man that conquered her heart and body!

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Wei Wuyin did not unfurl his Worldly Domain, soaring through the Dark Void by riding chaos mana. As a possessor of four Zenith Origin State Astral Souls, his Mana Dominance alone was sufficient to keep the chaos mana's degrading power at bay. In a way, he heavily resembled a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivator who slightly grasped the Way of Mystic Mana.

The three Ascended beings seemed to be brimming with confidence and power, entirely unlike before, and there was an air of fighting spirit churning around them. Wei Wuyin traveled tens of thousands of miles out, meeting the three Ascended beings in the vast Dark Void with a few hundred miles separating them.

He inspected all three Ascended beings who were silently observing him back. Kun Yiming had no inward change to her aura, but her Silverflow Wings had streaks of grey intermixed within its silver color. Venerable Slayingsword's aura was sharper than before, and his gaze exuded an endless sword light. Venerable Bluecloud sat on a deep-blue fluffy cloud, seated cross-legged, while his body exuded an aura that was considerably greater than Kun Yiming and Venerable Slayingsword.

A Demi-Mortal Lord!

Those eyes of his were calm, containing an unfathomable light. Wei Wuyin felt his blood seethe, feeling the latent killing intent within it. It was clear that all three understood the assignment.

Kill or be killed.

This was the stage he set for himself.

"Ready?" Wei Wuyin asked, activating the hourglass that remained in the Dark Void from earlier.

BOOSH!

His question was met by a violent rush! A battle to the death needed no reply!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1114 1108: Round Two, Onslaught Of Ascended Power



BOOSH!

A violent rush of Mystic Aura rolled forth! It didn't belong to the all-slaying swordsman nor the winged illusionist, but the cloud-riding Daoist. Venerable Bluecloud made the first move, exerting the fullest extent of his Mystic Aura to barrel towards Wei Wuyin, mightily sundering chaos mana, ambient solar essence, and mixed energies in its path.

This was a genuine Mystic Aura belonging to a Demi-Mortal Lord, and it was incomparable to a Soul of Mysticism cultivator—far, far stronger and endlessly more tyrannical! It enveloped tens of thousands of miles in a flash, instantly encapsulating and dominating the immediate territory.

'So you've learned.' Wei Wuyin's facial expression showed the faintest of smiles, leaking out the tiniest inkling of pure anticipation. Venerable Bluecloud had learned from his initial mistake, allowing Wei Wuyin to dictate the battlefield and seize the initiative in an instant. As an Ascended being, his Mystic Aura was incomparably faster at expansion than Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain. If they hadn't absent-mindedly watched as Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain expanded to its utmost limits, solidifying completely, underestimating Wei Wuyin's power, then it would be typically impossible to fully unfurl or envelop an Ascended in a Worldly Domain.

Venerable Bluecloud demonstrated perfectly why that was the case; with his Mystic Aura infused into the environment, sundering space while simultaneously sending the ambient mana, essence, and energies into complete chaos, Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain would find it absurdly difficult to form or seize control should it be able to. Simply put, Venerable Bluecloud was preemptively destroying his Worldly Domain on multiple fronts.

Additionally, the two other Ascended beings kept their Mystic Auras condensed, ensuring that their powers don't interfere with each other's, allowing Wei Wuyin to turn the situation around. A sign of great coordination and planning, however minor it may seem.

Wei Wuyin, however, wasn't helpless before this aggressive tactic. The tyrannical Mystic Aura contained incredible force, enough to crush any ordinary Timelord into a bloody mist at best or wipe them out of existence entirely at worst.

'Su Mei.' Wei Wuyin thought of this inventive figure who conceived a portion of a Worldly Domain's true power alone as he began to utilize the recently excavated power of the Sealed Regions—World Armor!

By using the explosive initial torque of unfurling a Worldly Domain repeated, overflowing waves of worldly light danced upon his skin and clothes. The world-crushing pressure exuded by Venerable Bluecloud's Mystic Aura was perfectly defended against, not even wrinkling Wei Wuyin's robes.

Venerable Bluecloud's thick brows formed the slightest frown. Wei Wuyin's Worldly Domain wasn't just terrifying, it possessed ridiculous power likely stemming from an even more ridiculously developed Domain Seed. He, as a Demi-Mortal Lord, was unable to suppress Wei Wuyin with a single move despite seizing the initiative! The world would never believe this.

The seven women all had varying expressions, but shock was certainly within their eyes within a single instant. The aura of Venerable Bluecloud was foreign to them, but most had experienced the might of Ascended beings at different times, and they easily discovered that this degree of intensity belonged to something below an Earthly Saint and above a Venerable—a Highlord!

Their heartbeats revved up, and with each passing breath, their bodies grew colder. Unfortunately, they couldn't exchange speech as the fight had just begun, and the pace that it was occurring was simply too fast.

Wei Wuyin perfectly defended against the first assault, but that was merely the beginning!

WOOSH!

Kun Yiming's Silverflow Wings quivered; she vanished with explosive momentum, her figure growing indistinct as her aura was fuzzy and confusing to the senses. She seemed to merge with space and Venerable Bluecloud's Mystic Aura, her existence became difficult to pinpoint.

Spatial Merging!

An ability exclusive to those at the Grand Convergence Spatial Resonance and Spatial-type Way of Mysticism! Her Silverflow Wings had executed such a profound power that Venerables and Highlords without a Spatial Soul rarely grasped! When she disappeared, Wei Wuyin's Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity glinted fiercely, and his expression slightly changed.

Kun Yiming's figure at an indeterminate time had split off, her fuzzy aura that was rocketing towards him was a deliberate distraction of an insubstantial clone. If Wei Wuyin was an ordinary cultivator without the Celestial Eyes or Void Dragon Bloodline, he wouldn't have noticed this clone.

However, the genuine Kun Yiming circled, subtly charging up Spatial Power while merging with space and Mystic Aura, perfectly capitalizing on the newfound abilities of the Silverflow Wings and coordination with Venerable Bluecloud to disguise her actions.

Wei Wuyin felt a tinge of respect in his heart from this tactic as he tried to find her with his silvery eyes. However, he needed to prepare himself. With a soft breath, he tapped into his fleshy beating heart.

ROAR!

A draconic roar emanated from his body, pulsing out a wave of Void Force that shattered the illusory spatial clone of hers. At the same time, Wei Wuyin didn't dare to hold back.

Draconic Transformation!

True Dragon's Armor!

The Martial Art of the True Dragon Transmutation Method was executed, and his body was transformed into that of a hybrid—a humanoid True Dragon! As he did, the hexagonal scales of his body glistened with Draconic Force, a physical-type astral force originating from his bloodline, and reinforced his scales by eighteen times their normal strength!

Venerable Bluecloud was already forming roughly a thousand hand-seals while all this was unfolding, completing them within a mortal's blink of an eye! While Venerable Slayingsword kept his hand on the hilt of his sword, his eyes closed while faint wisps of ghastly sword light leaked from the edges.

He perfectly resembled an unsheathed sword.

Venerable Bluecloud executed a Spiritual Spell! Blue Sky, Grey Clouds Spell! His intense spiritual power began to spread throughout his Mystic Aura which had already taken control of the environment as a hue of deep blue



conquered the space. Without warning, grey-colored clouds shimmered into existence around Wei Wuyin, thousands of them the size of a mountain, and they merged into a total whole that resembled a tiny lunar satellite!

Wei Wuyin was instantly enveloped by the spell, trapped within the wad of grey clouds that thrummed with a spiritual vibration that resembled a claw against a chalkboard.

Venerable Bluecloud was a Spirit-type Cultivator, and his first genuine move targeted the Spirit! If this was an ordinary Soul of Mysticism cultivator, they would find their ability to commune with their Spirit of Cultivation severely limited, enduring tremendous pain as they tried to prevent the vibrations from infecting their Mystic Soul and forcing its collapse.

Kun Yiming got directly behind Wei Wuyin, separated by a thousand or so miles, and her eyes flashed with a shocked light at how easily Wei Wuyin had dealt with her spatially merged illusory clone. Typically, a cultivator would muster a defense to guard against her direct assault, only to be surprised by the disorientation spell. However, she didn't deviate from the plan.

She formed a single hand-seal, holding it as her Silverflow Wings began to exude silvery light that was deeply concealed by the ambient space, preventing the leaking of any type of aura or energy lest one could sense the depths of Fixed Space. Her eyes flickered with killing intent as she gathered a little over twenty percent of her Mystic Power, the absolute limit she could do in an instant, her meridians were already screeching in pain and her Mystic Soul cried out.

Venerable Slayingsword floated behind Venerable Bluecloud, hand on the hilt, eyes closed, and his aura was subdued. It seemed as if he wasn't going to make a move.

Within a world of grey spiritual clouds, Wei Wuyin's eyes suffused with silvery radiance. His gaze never left Venerable Bluecloud.

The Dark Void quivered slightly as Kun Yiming condensed her Mystic Power to an extreme. Before her hand-seal, an eight-inch silvery feather with dots of grey light manifested. There was a pervasiveness to it, emanating profoundly destructive power that caused fixed space to collapse with every pulsating wave of its barely contained might.

"Go!" She roared in her heart. The feather acted according to her will, and it shot forth at a perverted speed that mortals could never react to. It penetrated through the grey cloud instantly.

CLANG!

BOOOOOM!

The grey cloud was thrown into chaos, scattering after impact, and indirectly causing the spell to dissipate.

Venerable Bluecloud formed dozens of hand-seals, pumping renewed spiritual power into his spell, once again the grey clouds surrounded Wei Wuyin but with a stronger vibration that shook the spirit.

Kun Yiming loosened her hand, formed another hand-seal, and generated another silver feather that had an extra centimeter in length. Her eyes went bloodshot as throbbing pain struck her from every cell in her body as Mystic Power condensed instantly. She silently roared out, sending another feather forth!

BOOOOOOM!

Again!

BOOOOOOOOM!!!

Unleashing three feathers in almost an instant, she exhausted nearly seventy percent of her Mystic Power, her breath was heavy, and her Silverflow Wings

trembled, not because of its over usage but due to her shivering body! She held nothing back as she unleashed a repeated onslaught of attacks!

Each time, Venerable Bluecloud would infuse greater spiritual power that would cause the clouds' vibration to grow increasingly stronger, losing little of its power despite Kun Yiming's attack!

By this point, the audience of seven beauties could finally react. The one and only Ascended being had unsealed her cultivation base, once again allowing her Mystic Power to reinvigorate her body, enhancing their rate of perception and senses!

Lin Xianxian!

She was intending to help! However, her pale expression betrayed her heart's overabundance of justified fear. Each feather of Kun Yiming could slay her two times over. While she knew that this was largely due to her drawing power from her armament, the might could threaten typical Demi-Mortal Lords.

Moreover, she wouldn't even be able to breach Venerable Bluecloud's Mystic Aura to reach Wei Wuyin, clearly aware of her limits. Since she had joined Wei Wuyin, she had acted as a maid through and through, and the benevolent resources of Wei Wuyin were given to her daughter. Her own cultivation had stagnated these years, so she hadn't improved at all.

She gulped.

Instantly, she heard a voice, and her eyes shone with momentary disbelief. She didn't hesitate to form a hand-seal, her Spiritual Strength slithered into the bodies of each woman, connecting their Spiritual Sense and allowing them to communicate and sense the events via a spectator spell, a minor version of what was used during the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit.

To these mortals, all they saw was colorful light flashing in an instant. Some hadn't even processed the formation of a lunar satellite-like cloud forming yet.

They were too delayed. When they caught up, sharing her perception, their eyes widened as they quivered in horror.

"Wei Wuyin!"

"HOLY SON!"

They cried out.

At this time, as if timed perfectly, the world shook.

ROAR!!!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1115 1109:Round Two,AnIn Jured Mortal



### TRUE DRAGON'S SPIRITUAL ROAR!

The true dragon's roar was a mythical legend even those at the Resonant Soul Realm feared. It was sacrilegious for the True Dragon Transmutation Method, an art that was designed to generate a lineage of dragon-blooded cultivators that may eventually free the captive dragons of the Auric Sea, to be named as such.

The majesty of a True Dragon could not be easily displayed in any art, spell, or method. If the dragons beyond the Sealed Regions knew of this act, they would eradicate Anu's grandmother's lineage from existence. However, to Wei Wuyin, the sole cultivator of the Sealed Region, no, the sole being in the Sealed Region, to possess a True Dragon Bloodline, this fit him as if it was his destiny to obtain it!

The method's name had manifested into reality; a human had been transmuted into a True Dragon through it, tapping into the foundational strength of this legendary, mythical power. So when this Spiritual Spell was used by Wei Wuyin, backed by the purest Draconic Energy that originated from his True Dragon Bloodline, by lungs that resembled a True Dragon, its truest might was unleashed!

ROAR!!!

The pupils of Highlord Bluecloud and Kun Yiming expanded in an instant. They felt as if time had been distorted, as if they were moving through space at speeds faster than light, yet their bodies remained unmoved as a glacial chill and blazing heat assaulted them; their hearts pounded with an instinctive fear that threatened to cause them to explode!

Time.

Space.

Astrological Forces.

Astronomical Forces.

The Void.

All were affected in their senses, contorted to a bizarre degree that made them feel as if they weren't alive or dead, dreaming yet not, and their thoughts were no longer consistent in their Sea of Consciousness.

Kun Yiming was lost; her Mystic Soul was instantly overwhelmed, causing her Spiritual Strength to collapse and her consciousness to start fading as the stress of her body was no longer contained. Her Silverflow Wings were insidiously dim, but at the last moment, a silvery rune with a hue of blue formed at her glabella, and her Silverflow Wings quivered slightly as she spatially shifted away.

Highlord Bluecloud and Kun Yiming had jointly left behind a fail-safe spell rune to secure her safety in the event of her life being threatened, yet this was activated with Wei Wuyin's first true move, greatly exceeding their expectations.

The closed-eyed Venerable Slayingsword remained unmoved. As the roar's fluctuations threatened to impact him, a triple-layered Spiritual Ward of silver, blue, and white light flashed beautifully and encapsulated him in an egg-like structure.

CRACK! CRACK!!

It experienced deep and eerily numerous spiderweb-like cracks on its surface. Fortunately, it remained strong, and none of the True Dragon Roar's power could influence Venerable Slayingsword. The edges of his eyes that exuded wispy sword light intensified.

The spiritual force of the roar had disintegrated the grey clouds. It had temporarily lost its controller, so it could no longer reform. All that Spiritual Power had been lost, a sad event.

A dry cough permeated the world. A grey figure garbed in white robes soon emerged.

"He's alive!" The girls were unaffected, protected by the Defensive Array of the Original Dawn Palace, a result of numerous upper-level Earthly Saints' joint efforts. It was impregnable.

Xiang Ling was the one who shouted energetically, her eyes reflecting a sign of immense relief.

"He's injured." A grim-toned voice followed—it belonged to Lin Xianxian! While sharing her perception, she still had the most clarity of the bunch.

Wei Wuyin floated within the Dark Void, his skin covered by beautiful flexible hexagonal dragon scales. He seemed subtly slimmer, yet his body felt as if it possessed enough power to flick away large-sized planets with utter ease. There was a newfound domineeringness within his movements, and it caused the hearts of a few of the girls to shake with an equally newfound passion.

They blushed as they found themselves thinking inappropriate thoughts while Wei Wuyin was seemingly fighting against enemies trying to kill him!

Lin Xianxian was right; Wei Wuyin had three fist-sized holes in his back, and the Essence of War's robe was slowly restoring itself. There were tiny fissures in those areas that penetrated deeply into his body; silvery light lingered within as if chaotically destroying anything it came into contact with, preventing recovery. At the left-side corner of his lips, a strand of grey blood leaked.

Wei Wuyin touched his lips with his right hand, rubbing the liquid with his fingers and feeling the warmth of his own blood on his scales. A flash of complex light flitted through his True Dragon Eyes; their vertical pupils reflected the particular glint of the grey blood.

"Heh," Wei Wuyin chuckled softly. He was a Mortal, and this was an undeniable fact. This was easily forgettable since he had, just three days ago, fought against three Ascended beings and one-sidedly beat them down as if they were rude children. They even seemed to flee from his hand.

But that was far, far from the truth. Despite hitting the Soul of Mysticism Venerable Bluecloud with world-rending strength, penetrating through his Mystic Ward, and directly hitting his body, he hadn't been able to deal any severe or lasting damage. The refined physique of an Ascended was not weaker than his True Dragon Transformation. Moreover, he was harnessing his Draconic Void Force, Elemental Origin Force, and converted nearly five hundred thousand miles of ambient power into his strikes, yet he still wasn't able to do more than cause him to leak blood and send him flying.

And he was JUST a Spirit-type Cultivator.

If one paid attention to that fight, Wei Wuyin hadn't defeated any of them. Instead, they exhausted themselves and got caught in traps due to their carelessness. It was either due to their shock, confusion, inability to jointly combine their strength, or simply acting stupidly. For example, Kun Yiming was dead set on escaping, not fighting.

As for Venerable Slayingsword, he was swinging his sword without much conviction until the last moment, and by then, Wei Wuyin forced him to redirect his attack due to Kun Yiming's carelessness. And Venerable Bluecloud hadn't unleashed a single spell.

This was a real battle, and it showed Wei Wuyin a truth that was hard to swallow yet also undeniable: He was only a Mortal. It sounded strange to point out something so obvious as if it was a profound realization, but regardless of his outstanding foundation, the principles of cultivation and its resulting benefits were deemed invincible for a reason.

He couldn't even react before Highlord Bluecloud unleashed his Mystic Aura, seizing the entire world, and while mighty, his only response was the World Armor. This was also what Su Mei experienced. Despite being powerful, a Transcendent Starlord had much faster unfurling speed than her, forcefully causing her and all the other geniuses to rely on World Armor. And that only reduced the disadvantages, not eliminated them.

It's not that he didn't try, but the unfurling of a Worldly Domain was disgustingly slower than Mystic Aura. Then, he was suppressed by the Mystic Aura, preventing it from even escaping from his body like a gigantic hand crushing against it.

While his foundation was phenomenal, he was bound by the limits of the Mortal Dao. Due to the suppression, he actually lost track of Kun Yiming. It



was hard for his True Void Dragon's Spatial Sense, Celestial Eyes, or Spiritual Sense to perceive through the turbulent Mystic Aura due to its Mystic Dao qualities that he couldn't sense, and he hadn't noticed that Kun Yiming had vanished nor sensed her attack coming from behind him because she was an Ascended and his Worldly Domain no longer trained her.

Yet that wasn't all!

While it took a long time to describe, Highlord Bluecloud had unleashed his Blue Sky, Grey Clouds Spiritual Spell at almost the same instant as his Mystic Aura seized control, and Wei Wuyin was assaulted on a spiritual level in a flash. If it weren't for his four Astral Souls working in tandem by themselves to defend against it, he would've lost his senses entirely, likely even self-detonated. If he was at the typical standard of a Transcendent Starlord, perhaps even a Mystic Star Phase cultivator, he would've instantly lost in that single move.

The advancement to Demi-Mortal Lord or the spiritual power of a Spirit-type Ascended being were not to be underestimated.

"This is the stage I set for myself, huh?" Wei Wuyin's dragon eyes lifted to see that Highlord Bluecloud was slowly coming to, but his Mystic Aura was still dominating the scene without any gaps. This suggested that he was using a segregated Mystic Rune to maintain his Mystic Aura so that, should he suffer mental damage or spirit disorientation, Wei Wuyin wouldn't find an opportunity to free himself during that time or unfurl his Worldly Domain.

This was calculated planning to the utmost, a sign of a true cultivator who could devise perfect counter-strategies against their opponent if given enough time.

The three holes in his back weren't bleeding, but Kun Yiming's Mystic Power ground away at his physical cells, attempting to infect and devastate his body's organs and Astral Souls. It contained genuine killing intent.

Fortunately, while the Mystic Aura was still permeating the surroundings, he still had an opportunity born from Highlord Bluecloud's temporary absent-mindedness, and the tactics of his older brother ingrained in his soul erupted.

He formed a hand-seal.

Using their connection, Kratos and Ori linked, while King and Eden began to unhesitatingly send copious amounts of astral force into their Astral Cores. This was a single moment, a hard-fought opportunity for freedom, and he was going to fully seize it!

One hundred and sixty-two centimeters of Kratos and Ori's astral force were instantly used!

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

Yet, forty centimeters of Astral Force, half from Eden and half from King, were also used!

SHIING!!!

THMMM!!!

He could no longer hold anything back.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1116 1110: Round Two, Elemental Origin Dragons Roar!





The dragon roars shook space, time, spirit, and soul!

Dragons began to manifest, condensed from pure, refined astral force, stimulated by the bloodline of a True Dragon, and infused with the quintessential profundities of Kratos, Ori, King, and Eden!

There were not one, three, or nine, but TEN DRAGONS! Nine were obscenely gargantuan, their slithering with clawed forms extended for 108 Kilometers in total length. They were pristinely white, yet their scaled forms were all substantially different, each embodying the characteristics of one of the nine elements of the Material Dao—Earth, Water, Fire, Wind, Metal, Lightning, Wood, Magma, and Ice!

The tenth dragon was considerably smaller, roughly 108 meters in length, an extremely miniaturized version of the others, yet it exuded an equally majestic and tyrannical aura. They all had richly vibrant eyes that were spiritually active, reflecting an awareness that was no lesser than any other sentient creature in existence. As they danced amongst each other, coiling and twisting freely, they exuded a faint milky nine-colored mist that gave the dreary Dark Void life.

Standing upright atop the tenth dragon's head that was silver as his eyes, Wei Wuyin had his arms folded, his expression incomparably calm, his eyes effusing the purest of chilly light, and his aura was rising by the second.

In the brief moments of their formation, Highlord Bluecloud regained his awareness, instantly raising his guard, and his heart was deeply shaken by the sight before him. His jaws slightly dropped as ten dragons, nine of which were titanic-sized. He saw how they each had their own gravitational force, how their five-clawed limbs rent space with every casual movement, how their

eyes contained an overabundance of spirituality, and how the chaos mana was being drawn in with their every breath!

°He has dragons?!°

With all the information his Spiritual Sense was obtaining, Highlord Bluecloud saw these dragons as real as true beasts of hardened flesh and flowing blood. While their master, Wei Wuyin, steadied himself atop the smallest one's head, seeming like an Emperor of Dragons, unmatched and unchained by heavenly law. This perceived moment felt as real as his own heart pumping blood through his chest—incomparably so.

There was a wisp of fear that slithered into his mind, linking these dragons with the Ancient Fire Phoenix, feeling as if they were beasts that were reared by Wei Wuyin and summoned by that young Mortal Sovereign Alchemist. As such, he felt a chill course through his spine.

Unfortunately, he didn't have time to gather his thoughts and launch a thorough investigation, and his beliefs, no matter how mistaken, wouldn't change what would happen next!

"Go!" Wei Wuyin ordered in his heart, exuding the charm of a Great Commander. The nine dragons heeded his orders, roaring with their sharp teeth-riddled mouths wide as they did. With violent movements, they acted; their claws rent space as they clawed forward, their slithering bodies exuded light energies, and their breaths contained nine-colored mist.

Highlord Bluecloud immediately went on the defensive, forming a hand-seal which resulted in an outburst of his Mystic Aura and thrusting out a palm in Venerable Slayingsword's direction, sending copious amounts of his Mystic Power into the nearly fractured barrier. The barrier began to heal rapidly, faintly growing thicker.

Woosh!

Highlord Bluecloud was met by the fastest of the nine dragons, the Lightning Origin Dragon; its body flickered and screeched with active lightning. It was like a ray of literal light as it seemingly instantaneously emerged beside Highlord Bluecloud. It opened its ravenous maw and a rumbling thunder resounded!

BOOM!

TRUE THUNDER DRAGON'S SPIRITUAL ROAR!

His eyes contracted instantly as a violent rush of Spiritual Force assaulted his Mystic Soul. This was the exact spell that Wei Wuyin had used a moment earlier, eliciting surprise from his mind as he hadn't expected this dragon to be able to execute that spell nor move so fast! He felt odd, as if his sense of temporal awareness was slightly irregular, but after spreading his spiritual sense, he discovered nothing similar to Temporal Dissonance.

Fortunately, despite this strangeness, he was a Demi-Mortal Lord, adept at Spiritual Spells, and had already established defensive measures against it to avoid his previous embarrassment.

BOOM!!

The thunderous roar infiltrated his Sea of Consciousness, causing Highlord Bluecloud's expression to shift aggressively to become an extremely unsightly sight distorted by pain, confusion, and uncertainty.

This Spiritual Roar was far, far stronger than before! The thunder clapped in his Sea of Consciousness, turning his limbs cold and his scalp eerily numb. At his chest, a Mystic Rune shone brightly, exuding a vivid Mystic Light that enveloped him into an egg-like construct, as solid and sleek as refined steel.

SNAP!

The maw of the Lightning Origin Dragon chomped down, consuming the tiny-by-comparison Demi-Mortal Lord in a single move.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Not even a millisecond after, hundreds of thunderous booms resounded as the Lightning Origin Dragon shrunk with each rumbling sound of thunder within its body. It kept going until it was only 108 Meters in size, which took only a second to do.

BOOSH!

From the stomach area of the Lightning Origin Dragon, a streak of Mystic Light shot out, freeing itself from the confines of its body. There were tethered strands of thin lightning arcing around this zooming light. After it traveled a hundred miles away, it was revealed to be none other than Highlord Bluecloud, his aged face holding a particularly grim expression.

WOOSH! WOOSH!

ROAR! ROAR!

Before he could rest or think, two dragons twirled around him, unleashing world-shaking dragon roars that distorted space and mana. Highlord Bluecloud's eyes widened as an unbearable heat swelled within his chest, and his limbs were consumed by a frigidness that could freeze ice itself. Again, he was too slow to react to their approach, as if they were far away one moment and extremely close the next!

"Argh!" He explosively shouted as a burst of Spiritual Power violently erupted from his body, expelling those chaotic sensations, including the searing heat and frostiness from his Sea of Consciousness, affecting his every thought with great discomfort.

SNAP! SNAP!

That moment caused him to be consumed twice as the Ice Origin Dragon and Magma Origin Dragon melded together with an explosive collision, merging as one and becoming an uneven ball of ice and magma with the recently ascended Highlord at the center.

Once again, raging sounds erupted as the ball shrunk and then unfurled to become two 108-meter dragons. These dragons were remarkably swift, slithering away just before an explosion occurred, freeing Highlord Bluecloud once again. His pre-prepared defensive Mystic Rune at his chest went dim, suffering considerably from the continuous assaults.

WOOSH! WOOSH!

Highlord Bluecloud refused to fall for the same tactic. With a thought, he executed his Movement Art as the deep-blue cloud beneath his feet glowed a faint light, and then like a burst of sudden lightning, he vanished! Instantly, he arrived eight thousand miles away, clearing a considerable distance between those large dragons.

At this point, he realized that those dragons might not be real creatures and that something was affecting his sense of perception. Unfortunately, as said before, this did him little good!

Pop!

A strange sound pricked his ears despite being within the Dark Void. He felt something through his Mystic Aura, but before he could properly react, once again, six Void Portals manifested around him. Through each of these Void Portals were six different yet remarkably similar sounds that sent his heart into turmoil!

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

The remaining six Elemental Origin Dragons—Fire, Earth, Wind, Water, Metal, and Wood—unleashed their respective Spiritual Roars, causing Highlord Bluecloud to experience a siege of spiritual spells as if fighting against six individual cultivators with stronger spiritual strength than Wei Wuyin himself.

He was immediately sent into a stupor, his eyes losing the light of awareness as the elements assaulted his body, mind, and spirit. If it weren't for his recent advancement to the Demi-Mortal Lord, this attack would've caused his Mystic Soul to suffer irrevocably severe damage.

CHOMP!

They all collapsed, colliding with the unfortunate Demi-Mortal Lord at the center, and they similarly unleashed devastating explosive sounds befitting their respective elemental origins. In the distorted sphere of six elemental powers, Highlord Bluecloud's Mystic Rune at his chest ignited fiercely into flames, and the light enveloping him solidified.

Six 108-meter-sized dragons soared out of the sphere, flying towards Wei Wuyin as they circled him in a draconic dance, bearing their fangs, roaring ferociously, and sending disdainful gazes toward the world. With his arms folded against his chest, his back like a heaven-holding pillar, and his eyes exuding endless majesty while circled by those ten obedient five-clawed dragons, he resembled a true Divinity of Dragons.

BOOSH!!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1117 1111: Round Two, Death





BOOSH!!

An even greater eruption of power exploded. A figure shot out of the elemental sphere with mind-shaking speed.

Highlord Bluecloud!

With the light enveloping him, he was unscathed if one discounted his bulging, bloodshot eyes that exuded a type of terrifying rage that was absurdly intense. The Mystic Rune at his chest shattered into bits, sprinkling across the Dark Void beautifully.

Instinctively, he looked towards the closed-eyed Venerable Slayingsword, untouched and undisturbed, and the surface of his shielding wasn't marred by the slightest damage. This confused him slightly. Why didn't Wei Wuyin attack him when he was preoccupied?

Instead, Wei Wuyin remained in place without moving an inch; his silver eyes fixated on him from start to finish. There was a wisp of disappointment in his eyes, but merely for a moment, disguising it using his rousing state of rage and frustration as he focused on Wei Wuyin.

Then, the two stared at each other for seconds, neither making a move, and this created a temporary stalemate. Seeing that Wei Wuyin wasn't attacking, Highlord Bluecloud took out a Mystic-Earth grade product, the same one that Wei Wuyin had given him to recover, and consumed it. Then, he sat cross-legged on his cloud, closed his eyes, and began to refine it.

"..." Wei Wuyin remained unmoved by this provocation. He kept his eyes solely on Highlord Bluecloud, not once allowing him out of his sight. Those unaware of the powers of the Mystic Ascendant Realm might carelessly have directed their attention to the unconscious Kun Yiming or Venerable Slayingsword, that was seemingly preparing a big move as sword light thrummed around him, but Wei Wuyin wasn't ignorant, reckless, or stupid.

The greatest threat will always be Highlord Bluecloud; the true advantage of a Demi-Mortal Lord was their Demi-Mystic State, a power that could temporarily grant them a fraction of an Earthly Saint's power. While costly, overly exhausting, and limited in its usage, it was capable of unleashing the greatest power imaginable in a blink.

Wei Wuyin's silver eyes combined the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity with the profound Temporal Eye, exerting his Minor Authority on the laws of time, seizing the time essence beneath the heavens to gaze upon the world.

Aware of this, Wei Wuyin decided to take him out for certain using his greatest means, dealing with the biggest threat first. He formed a hand-seal; the space around Highlord Bluecloud seethed slightly, causing him to open his eyes. Curiously, he glanced around himself with a wisp of confusion.

"SEAL!"

「Tenth World Origin Art: Primordial Seal of Elemental Law」

Highlord Bluecloud found that, within the literal blink of a Demi-Mortal Lord's eye, the entire world was flooded by a nine-colored mist that seemingly emerged out of nowhere! This was the remnant power of the nine Elemental Origin Dragons, their excess power was pulled into the Void as soon as they were used, and they had been summoned all at once!

Wei Wuyin's astral force contained the profound power of Permanence! Unless Highlord Bluecloud actively destroyed it with a greater force, it would persist for as long as naturally possible! Highlord Bluecloud had merely defended, and the power that had launched their initial strike had been sucked away by space, hidden within the Endless Void.

For all that power to instantly appear, all congregating in a single location, Highlord Bluecloud was immediately taken aback and off-guard. Before he

could react, the energy was as fast as light itself, encapsulating him and solidifying instantly!

A White Solar Star-like object emerged.

A Prison!

Wei Wuyin's eyes flashed brightly! This was an opportunity! With his ten dragons beside him, he rushed towards Venerable Slayingsword with maddening speed. It didn't take long before he arrived by the shield of the meditating swordsman; his ten dragons roared as they attacked!

AT THAT MOMENT!

A silver flash flickered into existence behind Wei Wuyin, only a few miles away, a degree of distance that was as small as an infant's first step to Ascended beings holding a spear in her hand. Veins were protruding from her neck and arms, bulging violently with each throbbing pulse, and she tapped into her Mystic Power once again, ignoring the tremendous strain her body was under.

She pushed herself forward with every iota of her remaining strength toward Wei Wuyin's back!

Wei Wuyin was unable to sense the Ascended being Kun Yiming with his Spiritual Sense as a mortal; furthermore, her adeptness in Illusions meant she was skilled in concealment, and while it seemed she had been transported out while unconscious, it was merely a ploy!

The substitute of hers, a mere clone that was hundreds of miles out and safely away, began to break down just as she acted! The decoy that Wei Wuyin could sense from afar was gone.

Wei Wuyin's physical senses were abnormally powerful, especially his instinctual sense of danger, so he hurriedly turned around as his World Armor

pulsed violently upon Kun Yiming's approach. He only turned halfway before the spear pierced his ribs, plunging itself into his lungs from the side, and this redirection of attention had led to him losing his composure.

"UGH!" Wei Wuyin's eyes widened uncontrollably.

Shiing!

Yet the assault was merely the beginning; the meditating Venerable Slayingsword explosively opened his eyes at this moment, rays of condensed sword light in his gaze, and swung his sword upon Wei Wuyin's head! The sword light of his entire cultivation base had all condensed to the edge of his sword. At that moment, Wei Wuyin felt the sensation of an incomparably deadly crisis almost rivaling the Calamities of Hell.

Unwillingness emerged in his heart as he struggled! The images of his mother, father, brother, Dai Lyn, Su Mei, Du Ling, Mei Mei, Wei Si, Xue Yifei, Na Xinyi, Wen Mingna, Da Shan, Nyla Shur, Xiang Ling, Si De, Yue Songli, Wu Baozhai, Qing Qiumu, Ai Yin, Ai Juling, Liu Suyin, Cao Cuifen, Lin Ziyang, Hong Ru, Xiao Bing, Mei Yang, Lin Xianxian, and Zi Fu flashed across his mind. They were followed by other faces, faces of those he hadn't met yet and those he had in his entire lifetime...

The Solitary Sword Sect Elder...

The spear-wielding girl of the Scarlet Solaris Sect, Yan Zhu...

ROAR!!!

He attempted to conjure up the power to roar out his True Dragon's Spiritual Roar to halt them immediately! He refused to die here! NOT HERE!!

BOOSH!

A humanoid figure entirely blue in color shot out of the White Solar Star-like seal, seemingly composed of only roiling clouds exuding rich spiritual light! The entire world quivered in the figure's presence.

Demi-Mystic State!

The figure thrust out a well-timed palm, sending a rushing wave of targeted Spiritual Power towards Wei Wuyin in an instant, and those silver eyes of his went blank, losing their radiance while all four Astral Souls were nearly shattered by the impact!

The sword swung!

The spear stabbed!

Nothing stopped them as their killing intent and coordination were as pure as they were impeccable!

A streak of glistening grey blood tainted the Dark Void as an unearthly handsome head flew through the air. Wei Wuyin's body and Astral Souls inflated from the Infusion of Mystic Power through the spear, instantly expanding and exploding into a bloody mist, ravaged by Mystic Power!

As it lonesomely spun and spun, Wei Wuyin could feel the world fade away as sword howls and rumbling clouds sundered his Sea of Consciousness without remorse. With the last remnants of his awareness, his Celestial Eyes saw the aghast expressions of his subordinates, deeply shaken and fearful that their attacks had gone through, as if expecting an Earthly Saint to interfere at the last minute.

Then...

...it all went black.

PARAGON OF SIN



Death was something very few could experience and live to tell the tale. It was something hard to describe. Whether it was the sensation of the collapse of one's consciousness, the signs of your awareness that seemed to feel everlasting at times fade, or the unforgiving coldness permeating throughout your limbs as your heart stops beating, they were all incredibly difficult to describe.

"HUUUUUUU!"

But amongst what should've been eternal darkness, a speck of radiant grey light flashed in what felt like the entire world.

"Haaaaa..."

A sharp exhale followed that sound of an incomparably deep inhale, expelling all those feelings of death sweeping across the soul, the mind, the heart, and the skin.

Wei Wuyin's lonesome head that formed some kind of eternal loneliness froze in the Dark Void. Then, the head reversed its spin. The body that had been detonated into bloody mist alongside those four Astral Souls began to shiver as it gained substance, bone, and flesh.

As if the world was a video placed on rewind, the life-slaying sword that swung viciously down and the spear that violently pierced into those fleshy lungs began to reverse. The neck that was severed regrew as the sword left, the lungs regained their completeness as the spear was removed, and those holding it began to move away.

Their beguiled expressions filled with unanticipated fear shifted to a ferocity infused with genuine killing intent. Venerable Slayingsword returned to his barrier, eyes closed, the sword light receding and hidden as he prepared himself. Kun Yiming hid in the Dark Void, awaiting her opportunity to strike, vanishing within the vastness of Highlord Bluecloud's Mystic Aura.

The Highlord himself retracted his palm. The white Solar Star-like seal began to repair itself, entrapping the Highlord once more. Soon, Wei Wuyin's body was completely intact, undamaged, exuding the aura of a Divinity of Dragons, and his charge towards Venerable Slayingsword reversed just as well.

「waL latnemeIE fo laeS laidromirP :trA nigirO dlroW htneT ㄱ

"LAES"

The world kept rewinding rapidly, speeding up as it did, to the point where the white Solar Star-like vanished, revealing a closed-eyed and recovering Highlord Bluecloud, the astral force returned to the Void, and Wei Wuyin's hand-seal was undone.

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Wei Wuyin's silver eyes combined the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity with the profound Temporal Eye, exerting his Minor Authority on the laws of time, seizing the time essence beneath the heavens to gaze upon the world.

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"HAH!" Wei Wuyin's heart began violently beating as if a stampede of ten thousand riled bulls ravaged within. If it wasn't for his refined flesh and muscles resembling that of a True Dragon, Wei Wuyin did not doubt that his heart would've exploded then and there.

Dizzy still, Wei Wuyin wearily eyed Highlord Bluecloud, who kept refining the alchemic product to recover, waiting for a moment to unleash his Demi-Mystic

State and deliver a decisive strike that would lead to Wei Wuyin losing his life. Wei Wuyin's Spiritual Sense swept hundreds of thousands of miles in a second, yet he only sensed the far away Kun Yiming's clone, the long-prepared Venerable Slayingsword, and the patient Highlord Bluecloud.

Even then, the Mystic Aura made his perception extremely fuzzy. At first glance, it felt as if his Spiritual Sense was so powerful that Highlord Bluecloud's Mystic Aura couldn't suppress it, but he knew that truth was far more sinister now. It was a deliberate move by Highlord Bluecloud solely to feed in a false narrative of Kun Yiming's defeat, all while the true Kun Yiming was hidden in his Mystic Aura, waiting for the perfect time to strike.

They weren't just coordinated but had thoroughly planned out several layers of tactics to push Wei Wuyin to a dead-end. This was the result of preparation against an enemy that had an understanding of your power. This was what Wei Wuyin needed to experience. While he knew of his enemies, his enemy would similarly grasp his abilities and plan accordingly.

In some cases, he could be abruptly ambushed without any preparation or at a severe disadvantage, leaving him in a predicament where escape might not be possible. As he possessed the bloodline of a True Void Dragon, his means of escape was unrivaled within his stage of cultivation, but that didn't mean his abilities couldn't be suppressed, or escape was impossible or inadvisable.

"The Minor Authority of Time Law is profound," Wei Wuyin heaved an emotional sigh and cleared his thoughts and built up anxiety. Using the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity's Eye of Truth, his Temporal Eye, True Void Dragon Bloodline Energies, Future Time Energies, and the Minor Time Law, Wei Wuyin had developed a unique application of their combined powers and qualities, executing a Spiritual Art.

「Profound Void Art: Eyes of Fated Avoidance」



He personally named this profoundly powerful ocular-type Spiritual Art.

For only a few seconds, just three seconds, by channeling all those powers in an exquisitely united manner, he could send himself into a physical realm of the future, a temporary sequence of possibilities within the boundless river of time based on his initial desires, and perceive the eventual result.

He actually experienced his death.

Furthermore, he added a little bit of mental manipulation to its casting, preventing him from knowing if or when he cast this Spiritual Art. This allowed him to act and react as if it was his only life. This knowledge would immediately be reintroduced after the Spiritual Art completed its process.

While Wei Wuyin had died during that possibility of events, it wouldn't have been permanent—Wu Yu was on standby. After his death was absolutely certain, the Grand Knight of Neo-Dawn would swoop in and execute Temporal Reversion of Mysticism to reverse his death.

Wei Wuyin had extracted that memory inside his Sea of Consciousness ,too, hiding it within his Secondary Mind, and currently believed that Wu Yu wasn't anywhere near and that death was genuine. With his cultivation foundation, the three Ascended beings wouldn't be able to reverse his death even if they exhausted all their lives to do so.

This was the cost of Temporal Reversion; the greater the target, the higher the cost, and Wei Wuyin's soul was enveloped by the Minor Time Law, so the energy needed would require at least the Earthly Saint level, and the poor soul would likely need to exhaust thousands of years to succeed.

If Wei Wuyin had died for an entire eight minutes, unless a being at the Worldly Saint stage took action by exhausting their entire life, Wei Wuyin would be permanently dead. While being extremely strong had its advantages, it made defying death equally difficult. Despite being a Mortal, it

was harder for him to experience Temporal Reversion than a typical Soul of Mysticism cultivator.

Subconsciously, Wei Wuyin touched his necklace.

「Profound Void Art: Eyes of Fated Avoidance」

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Wei Wuyin's silver eyes combined the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity with the profound Temporal Eye, exerting his Minor Authority on the laws of time, seizing the time essence beneath the heavens to gaze upon the world.

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Wei Wuyin formed a hand-seal.

「Tenth World Origin Art: Primordial Seal of Elemental Law」

Highlord Bluecloud was sealed in shock. Then, Wei Wuyin rushed Venerable Slayingsword. When Kun Yiming took action, the Wind Origin Dragon transformed behind him, opening a Void Portal directly behind him.

Boom!

Highlord Bluecloud exploded out using his Demi-Mystic State, tapping upon a fraction of an Earthly Saint's true power, and roared as he thrust out with his palm to send a wave of cataclysmic Spiritual Power.

Kun Yiming, grimly bewildered, found herself in the direct path of the wave of spirit-annihilating power. Aghast, she was impacted.

Venerable Slayingsword hadn't reacted, his entire focus upon his sword as sword light spewed out of his eyes, and he struck with terrifying killing intent. The blade was abnormally quick, but Wei Wuyin reacted by manifesting a...

Just as he was about to react, he was hit by a wave of aggressive Spiritual Power. His eyes bulged as his Astral Souls, while prepared, were besieged by

destructive power that sent them spiraling. His attempt to react was halted midway, and the sword stayed true to its course, swiping across Wei Wuyin's neck and sending his head flying.

「God-Slaying Art: Greatfall」

The resulting sword light swept his body, causing his body to be obliterated. Without Kun Yiming behind him, Venerable Slayingsword no longer cautiously held back and unleashed the outburst of sword light he had long prepared.

"HUUUUUUU!"

But amongst this darkness, what should've been eternal, a speck of radiant grey light flashed in what felt like the entire world.

"Haaaaa..."

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Wei Wuyin's complexion grew eerily ashen. Dying once was already difficult, but twice felt as if it had impacted his soul in some extreme way. The sensation of death was far too terrifying, especially since he had extracted his memories of his past experience, removing the knowledge of the Spiritual Art and only keeping the mindful change of strategic tactics and their reasoning. He once again had his life flash across his mind, those figures' faces, their meanings to him, and the unwillingness to die erupting with his entire willpower.

He breathed out a mouthful of turbid air containing wisps of deathly aura. It wasn't a lie to say that Wei Wuyin had died just then. The possibilities of events were replicated using the Minor Time Law and his True Void Dragon Bloodline, conjuring a temporary physical realm that essentially ran a simulation, and he was experiencing all these events as if they were happening. Then, time would reverse for him, but in reality, it hadn't happened.

It was increasingly profound and complicated as one thought about it. He was generating a timeline solely where he existed, a timeline that could only exist for three seconds and not a single second more.

Others would call this heaven-defying!

In actuality, this Spiritual Art wasn't without its disadvantages. If Wei Wuyin was equally as strong as he was but was an Ascended being, he might not get three picoseconds, let alone three seconds. This was largely due to his Mortal Existential Framework needing far less energy to simulate, yet still roughly a thousand times more than the three Ascended beings he faced altogether.

Moreover, should any of these Ascended beings grasp the Temporal-type and Spatial-type Way of Mysticism, they might even be able to interfere with his power. Fortunately, they weren't Earthly Saints.

As for the cost of executing this art, while most of the fuel was ambient time and spatial energies, the Bloodline Energies was the most significant consumption and thus limited Wei Wuyin to only six times at his current level before his Bloodline Source was depleted.

"Again!"

「Profound Void Art: Eyes of Fated Avoidance」

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Wei Wuyin's silver eyes combined the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinity with the profound Temporal Eye, exerting his Minor Authority on the laws of time, seizing the time essence beneath the heavens to gaze upon the world.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1119 1113: Round Two, Getting Our Asses Kicked; Saber Howl!





Six times.

A total of six times that Wei Wuyin had executed the Eyes of Fated Avoidance, effectively justifying the name by avoiding six gruesomely bleak deaths. By now, due to the memory extraction portion of the art, Wei Wuyin became acutely aware of his inner heart demons and deepest regrets. The forced self-inspection facing the precipice of death six times brought unimaginable clarity.

Alas, Wei Wuyin was unable to solve the puzzle of his inevitable defeat as his Bloodline Source had exhausted itself, forcefully causing the canceling of his Draconic Transformation. The third time he had adapted his strategy, layering a secondary explosion to the seal. After Highlord Bluecloud escaped in his Demi-Mystic State, the seal would forcefully detonate as he used Kun Yiming as the shield against the first spiritual attack.

But with the power granted by the Demi-Mystic State, the tolerance and resilience levels were monstrous, completely heart-despairing as Highlord Bluecloud pushed through both layers, launching a second strike.

During the fourth time, he had performed a feint to avoid the incoming second spiritual attack and after dodging sword art from Venerable Slayingsword using a Void Portal, Highlord Bluecloud had somehow emerged behind him, and he found his body exploding into mist soon after. The same expression of horrified disbelief as before was on Highlord Bluecloud's blue-skinned face.

They all expected that, at the critical moment, an Earthly Saint would swoop in and save Wei Wuyin from any lethal damage, so they held nothing back in their attacks. This was the stage he set, but seeing how ruthless they were, he was unable to conjure any happiness.

The fifth time he used the Fixed Soul Spell, but despite his vast, domineeringly powerful Spiritual Strength, his spiritual energy was intrinsically of the Mortal Dao, and thus was ineffective against the Mystic Ascendant Realm whose Existential Framework was evolved by the Mystic Dao, unable to affect their souls. The limitations of being a Mortal were abundantly clear to him, fair and frustrating.

Despite his cultivation foundation being transcendent, despite resorting to precision tactics, resorting to various arts, spells, and advantages of his foundation, he was unable to stop the three from claiming his life.

The last time, his sixth iteration, was abnormally intense. Wei Wuyin had decided to resort to his raw cultivation might, using his Elemental Heart Intent, Minor Time Law, and Astral Core Ignition, his power reached a terrifying level, and he instantly struck at Kun Yiming and simultaneously sealed Highlord Bluecloud.

Kun Yiming was stunned; she retreated but was met with everything Wei Wuyin had to offer, and he crushed her entirely, shattering her Sea of Consciousness, Physique, and Mystic Soul in one domineering strike. She died.

Then, he sent nine Origin Dragons towards Venerable Slayingsword. Promptly, he detonated all nine just as he was about to attack, predicting his movements to the exact millisecond, and as he exited the barrier to strike, the nine Origin Dragons came out of a Void Portal and exploded in his face.

Wei Wuyin was then met by a wave of Spiritual Power, instantly throwing him off balance, yet when Highlord Bluecloud escaped the seal in his Demi-Mystic State, he discovered that the Wei Wuyin that he had attacked began to dissipate, revealing itself as a False God Avatar. His next move shook Wei Wuyin as he used Temporal Reversion, bringing Kun Yiming back, and then rushed toward his original body.

At this point, Wei Wuyin was met by a world-sealing pressure as Venerable Slayingsword, injured as he was, used his Sword Heart Intent and enveloped him in a mixture of World Pressure and Sword Energy. Resisting this pressure, Highlord Bluecloud moved like lightning alongside a Mystic Core igniting Kun Yiming, and Wei Wuyin only felt his body explode once again.

Despite using everything he had with precision planning, speed, exquisitely performed feints, and perfect decoys, Wei Wuyin died.

He died.

Again.

A particular phrase emerged in his mind as he returned:

Before absolute strength, everything else was dust in the wind.

While fighting a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivator was within his means, even killing one, a Demi-Mortal Lord was too much for the current him, allowing him to accurately gauge his current limitations.

Of course, if the world knew that Wei Wuyin was dissatisfied with this, a mere mortal at the Temporal Eye Phase, having the strength to kill a Soul of Mysticism Phase cultivator, there would be endless wails of despair and bleeding hearts. Additionally, Wei Wuyin was using purely his own cultivated power, no talismans, armaments, pellets, or formations—just raw cultivated strength.

If heaven-defying was in the dictionary, this would be the example.

It might just have written beneath it as the definition: Wei Wuyin, age sixty-eight.

"ARE YOU DONE?!" Kratos' enraged roar resounded in Wei Wuyin's heart. Wei Wuyin couldn't help but form a wry smile. The True Void Dragon was teeming with complaints, not due to exhausting his Bloodline Source, but...

"I don't think this is fair," King, shockingly, spoke out its point of view. As an Omega Saber Astral Soul, it was meant for combat, and out of all four Astral Souls, he possessed the most lethal offensive power, yet Wei Wuyin hadn't unsheathed him throughout this fight. Not even his Saber Intent was used.

The primary sources of power were Kratos and Ori, and even the Eyes of Fated Avoidance Spiritual Art relied on Eden and Kratos, and that excluded him from all aspects of this battle.

"..." Wei Wuyin was silent.

"Just kill them!" Kratos roared disgruntledly.

"We're using a blunted knife to chop vegetables, while capable of doing the job, it isn't nearly as effective." Eden reasoned as it similarly agreed with Kratos.

Wei Wuyin frowned. "All of you agreed that we wouldn't use it in this fight." This was the agreement that they settled on, having Ori and Kratos act as the primary forms of power. In truth, Ori was powerful, but her strength suited fighting against numbers and widespread destruction, that's where the volatile elements shone the most.

It's why the elements were heavily involved in the Dao of War, capable of resonating with the Essence of War to form his robes. The environment was deadly to any army.

As for Kratos, it was a True Void Dragon, while it provided outrageous physical might, the core strength of a True Void Dragon lay in its manipulation of space, time, astrological forces, and Void Energy. Essentially, the Dao of Void. Kratos could escape from the Everlore Association's Mystic Array that Earthly Saints couldn't escape, avoiding the tracking senses of Earthly and Worldly Saints in optimal circumstances. In fact, most applications of space



focused on sealing, creation, distortion, or shifting, and time focused on confusion, disruption, perception, acceleration, and insight.

It wasn't a battle-focused power.

"..." Ori was uncharacteristically silent. But like its siblings, it understood that its power, while it could be used for everything, couldn't rival its siblings' field of specialty. King had a higher single-target lethality; Eden had better creation and refinement abilities; Kratos was uncontrollable and stealthy.

She could burn, shock, explode, destroy, drown, freeze, collapse, seal, conceal, heal, grow, slice, erode, refine...pretty much everything that the elements can do. But Ori didn't have an inferiority complex by any means, knowing that it had its own advantages that the others couldn't hope to compete in, such as creation.

Out of the four, it was the only one that can create a self-sustaining ecological system and a perfect planet within the Mortal Dao. It could conjure natural-born Solar Stars under the heavens, essentially capable of making its own starfield.

"That was before you were getting our asses kicked!" Kratos unapologetically shouted. It was thoroughly angered by the results of experiencing six deaths, especially after seeing how tyrannical a Demi-Mystic State was, it refused to simply admit defeat facing this seemingly invincible power.

"..." Wei Wuyin felt a little bitter in his heart. This was their choice too. Why was it all on him all of a sudden?

"We're supposed to be testing our limits; the Third Calamity of Hell is coming in a year, so we have to know what we can do." Eden once again was the voice of reason, trying to calm down all sides by justifying their past decision while supporting a new one.

The limits of Ori were clear here, and Kratos' strength wasn't derived from standing and fighting in such a direct manner, while Eden was an Alchemic Soul that contained the profoundness of the Mind Dao—King was all that remained.

"I know what you're worried about," Kratos' voice calmed, growing slightly softer with each word as if he was about to bestow some understanding words, but then he violently roared out and caused Wei Wuyin's soul to shake: "BUT WE DON'T CARE! JUST FUCKING KILL THEM!!!"

The rage from dying six times was having a heavy emotional impact, and Wei Wuyin could only sigh in understanding in his heart. Kratos had never been so irritated and belligerent before. Kratos' pride and belief in itself as a True Void Dragon wasn't being harmed by these deaths, but the feeling of watching his siblings die was too painful.

Wei Wuyin could only relent.

"Tch!" King's excitement leaked.

He looked at the closed-eyed Highlord Bluecloud, turned to see the meditating Venerable Slayingsword, and then his gaze shifted to the hidden Kun Yiming, whose expression drastically changed as she realized she had been discovered. In her panic, she revealed herself, her eyes flashing with intense light.

This disturbed Highlord Bluecloud out of his refinement, and he realized that Wei Wuyin had discovered their planned ambush, and he couldn't help but sigh. Despite their double-layered concealing efforts, this mortal still found her. Terrifying. Wei Wuyin was definitely the most outstanding mortal in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. He once again reaffirmed his decision to use his Demi-Mystic State to deal a critical blow. If this was delayed, the chances of something happening were increasingly likely.

Wei Wuyin pressed his hand against his chest. The ten Origin Dragons flew towards him, entering his body through various angles, vanishing almost instantly. All their contained astral force funneled into King, replenishing it within a few blinks of a mortal's eye.

The tension grew.

Wei Wuyin held out his right hand, and then with a soft breath, his silver eyes flashed with saber light.

ELEMENT!

Wei Wuyin called forth as he withdrew his fully sheathed Essence of War manifested saber that Element, his Nascent Saber Soul, had possessed. Shortly before Wu Yu's Earthly Ascension via serendipitous enlightenment of Awakened Mystic Intent, Wei Wuyin had refined Element into a Level Two Nascent Saber Soul using 100 War Souls and forty days of continuous refinement.

That was over a decade ago.

SHIING!

A saber howl resounded, but the Dark Void didn't tremble. It didn't shake, rumble, or howl. None of that. The fixed space of the Dark Void, the Chaos Mana within it, all the ambient energies and essence floating about for a million miles, all ceased motion.

Fear.

Respect.

The arrival of an Apex Predator—this was how it felt.

"Element, are you ready?" Wei Wuyin softly whispered, gently grasping the hilt of the saber.

SHIING!!!

A sonorous saber howl was its reply. A saber howl that originated from a Level Three Nascent Saber Soul!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1120 1114:Two Rounds, Omega



Amidst the rising tension, the audience of seven beauties of various races, origins, charms, and dispositions watched on with increasingly vivid expressions. Using Lin Xianxian's jointly-shared spiritual perception, they had seen Wei Wuyin suffer an injury. Then, they gasped when ten dragons formed.

They shook the world and their anxiety-filled hearts!

Those dragons roared ferociously, dancing majestically about and bestowing upon Wei Wuyin a visual imagery that resembled a literal Divinity, his draconic transformation aiding in his portrayal as a humanoid dragon that ruled over dragonkind.

"Praise the Holy Son!" Si De clasped her hands together and solemnly prayed. She murmured in a unique language developed in the War Devil Realm's Four Extreme Continent, propagated as the language of the elemental children, those born from the grace of the nine Elemental Divinities.

Her pious behavior only elicited a small reaction from the others, mostly from Ai Yin who similarly, instinctively, clasped her hands too. While she wasn't devoted to religion, she had been raised on the religious beliefs regarding the nine Elemental Divinities.

With their spiritual senses connected, their speed of communication was abnormally fast. Mei Yang exclaimed, "I thought Ascended beings were invincible to all Mortals! But he..." Her question was echoed through the hearts of everyone, especially Lin Xianxian who was acutely aware of the tremendous difference between Ascended and Mortal beings.

They weren't simply a simple realm away in distance, but different on a fundamental and existential level. Those of the Mystic Ascendant Realm were largely classified and considered as higher lifeforms. They wield greater power and could achieve heaven-defying feats, such as reviving the recently deceased through Temporal Reversion or traveling vast distances in a blink through Spatial Shifting or creating Solar Stars!

They were beings that grasped the Mortal Dao entirely, and they were invincible to all non-Ascended. Of course, 'were' being the operative word in her thoughts. Wei Wuyin, a Timelord, was fighting against three Ascended beings and withstood a direct attack.

What happened next left their jaws nearly to the floor! The dragons launched an assault against the strongest being present, the enemy Demi-Mortal Lord! The Ascended being was besieged, seemingly distressed, and was soon caught in a heaven-shaking explosion.

"Did he do it?!" Xiang Ling asked joyously. If the Demi-Mortal Lord was killed then the other two with noticeably weaker auras, likely at the Soul of Mysticism Phase, would be far easier to handle. Her eyes were absolutely radiant with hope and pride.

Seeing your lover fearlessly fight against the impossible and claim victory was a sight that could inspire all sorts of heated feelings.

"No." Lin Xianxian calmly asserted using her experience as an Ascended being as a reference. While Wei Wuyin's power was definitely exceptional, the

Mystic Rune at the Demi-Mortal Lord's chest was a type of talismanic spiritual rune that could be prepared by those of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, infusing wisps of power to passively unleash arts or spells. It was clearly a defensive rune, so the Demi-Mortal Lord shouldn't be defeated so easily. Wu Yu had used this same type of talismanic spiritual rune to protect Na Xinyi or inscribe a spell to block off Heavenly Seer's investigations.

Furthermore, Wei Wuyin might seem majestic and mighty to mortals, but his power output wasn't enough to threaten a Demi-Mortal Lord's refined physique. She knew that all too well, especially given the trump card of those at that stage, capable of invoking the Demi-Mystic State.

The hearts of everyone fell. As if to verify Lin Xianxian's assertion, the Demi-Mortal Lord escaped unscathed. Then, he silently took an alchemical product and closed his eyes to refine it.

"What?!" Da Shan was stunned and angry, especially seeing how nonchalant the Ascended being was acting. It was one of the highest forms of disrespect to refine products and meditate within a battle. It was a literal indication of telling your opponent that they were no threat. "That bastard!" She cursed, wanting to smash him into a bloody pulp.

"It's not so simple," Lin Xianxian grimly explained.

"Wei Wuyin's transformation has ended!" Nyla Shur was the first to note that Wei Wuyin's bloodline energies were depleted.

"I didn't know Wei Wuyin cultivated a Bloodline Cultivation Method," Lin Xianxian furrowed her brows as she said this. Many humans had strange bloodlines, such as the Aquatica Clan, Multi-World Clan, and Tang Clan were renowned for using powerful Bloodline Cultivation Methods to generate terrifying affinity towards certain elements, such as the Aquatica Clan's Water Arts, or unique cultivation deviations like possessing multiple Spirits of

Cultivation, or the Tang Clan that infused Vermillion Bird's Bloodline Energy into their physiques, allowing them to have the highest number of Demi-Mortal Lords of any individual family Clan.

These Bloodline Cultivation Methods often had unique transformations tethered to them, such as the Aquatica Clan's ability to transform into various aquatic lifeforms. While they weren't beastmen, they could transform into beasts.

Nyla Shur blushed slightly; she remembered the first time she swallowed Wei Wuyin's Yang Essence and felt the vigorous Bloodline Energy within. As a Beastwoman, she was the most sensitive to this power, especially since Bloodline Energy was nigh-indistinguishable from Blood Energy, a type of Innate Physical Energy. That day, she treated him like a hose.

She felt embarrassed just thinking of it.

"Does that mean the battle is over?" With the Demi-Mortal Lord refining in meditation and the other two Ascended beings either unconscious in the distance or quietly standing there while protected, it seemed to them that the battle had concluded.

Da Shan shook her head as those golden irises of hers shone, "It's not. I can feel their fighting spirits and killing intent; this isn't over." She was an experienced fighter and while connected to Lin Xianxian's spiritual perception, she could acutely feel the seething killing intent from the Demi-Mortal Lord. He was waiting for a moment to strike.

Xiang Ling grew increasingly anxious. Not only was Wei Wuyin injured, but that summoning of ten dragons must've consumed copious amounts of his astral force, and his transformation had ended. Despite exhausting his powers that shook her soul, these were genuine Ascended beings, and one was

definitely a Highlord! These beings were top-tier, only inferior to Earthly Saints in the entire Grand Cyclic Stellar Region.

How could she not feel anxious?

Where was Wu Yu?!

She looked around and didn't notice Bai Lin anywhere either. Why were they so useless?!

A strong hand pressed against Xiang Ling's shoulder, causing her to shudder slightly and look at its owner. It was the fearsome giantess that towered over her considerably. She gulped slightly, but then she heard words that dipped her heart and mind in a calming bath of reassurance.

"Trust him."

Two words were all that was needed for her to vividly remember who Wei Wuyin was, and he wasn't simply a mere mortal nor a mere man, but a figure that had defied conventions and possessed heaven-defying talents, both at home and in the outside world. She suddenly felt that her anxiety was wasted as warmth filled her heart, a warmth that could be described as trust.

She strongly nodded, her eyes reflecting her renewed feelings, not of hope but of belief. And with their connected spiritual perception, the other women here all found themselves feeling the same. The image of Wei Wuyin floating there in his white robes was etched in their hearts as someone that could hold the sky and overturn the world.

"..." Lin Xianxian could feel that each one of these women had already fallen for Wei Wuyin, and their willingness to share him was a sign of their completely devoted states. He didn't know their origins or backstories, but the way they looked at him showed that, in their lives, Wei Wuyin had established a permanent, unerasable mark. This was highly atypical for a harem, but somehow...it felt extremely comforting to know that she was now a part of it.



SHIING!

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While the women watched, Wei Wuyin gripped Element's hilt. The Level Three Nascent Saber Soul imbued within the high Mystic-World grade saber, a sub-grade higher than his Elemental Robes, exuded the faintest and dimmest of saber light the world may have ever seen.

Immediately, Highlord Bluecloud and Venerable Slayingsword both opened their eyes, shock infecting everywhere within their respective gazes. Kun Yiming was breathing heavily, but her breath became muted to her own ears. She couldn't hear anything through her spiritual sense, only the faint sounds of...

a...

...saber howl?

Wei Wuyin then lightly tugged at his saber, releasing half an inch from its scabbard. The faint saber light grew ever fainter as if it was on the verge of vanishing from existence.

Ba-dum! Ba-dum!

Highlord Bluecloud's heart began to rapidly race, and it wasn't just him. Venerable Slayingsword and Kun Yiming also felt their bodies react, and intensely at that. They gulped, anxiety overtaking the light in their eyes, joined by a wisp of confusion, and at the very corner, at the very, very edge of their gaze, the creeping light of primal fear that originated from the depths of their souls.

Wei Wuyin withdrew another half-inch.

In the senses of Kun Yiming, she could've sworn the saber howl was growing louder yet also fainter. It was as if the sound was establishing distance.

Highlord Bluecloud's upper body went taut, his eyes widened explosively! "Attack! NOW!" He was a Demi-Mortal Lord, so he sensed it before anyone else, and he didn't hesitate to unleash his greatest trump card—Demi-Mystic State!

He evoked the transformation, becoming a deep-blue figure with rumbling and animated clouds existing beneath his skin, and didn't hesitate to bring forth his mightiest spell!

World-Engulfing Sea of Clouds!

He thrust out his two palms with the ferocity of lances, and a cloudy light shot out at speeds that exceeded imagination! Even other Highlords with more experience wouldn't be able to dodge, and some slower Earthly Saints might've been caught after a moment of carelessness, so Wei Wuyin definitely couldn't react, especially as it was concealed further by his Mystic Aura, and to a mortal, it'll be all but invisible.

WOOO!

DUNNNN!

A strange sound echoed out as the cloudy, ghastly spiritual light cascaded upon Wei Wuyin. Venerable Slayingsword and Kun Yiming were too slow, unable to react despite Highlord Bluecloud's order, and so they hadn't moved yet. By the same time the spiritual light dispersed, they had just received the order.

But it was too late.

Wei Wuyin had unsheathed his saber in full, and the Omega Saber Light was enveloping him. The cloudy spiritual light was rebuffed by the light, and while it pulsated with world-engulfing spiritual power, it was kept at bay with a few inches of distance between them. Whenever it tried to push forward, it would vanish—forever.

"By its edge, all things end." Wei Wuyin profoundly muttered as he held his saber, the killing intent within his heart was rising to unprecedented levels. Throughout his life, since he first learned about the saber from his older brother, Wei Wuyin wholeheartedly believed that, should he unsheathe his saber, a life must be taken.

Either taken in safety or taken in death.

But a life must be taken.

This sharpened his Saber Dao to the utmost limits, treating his saber as an ultimate tool to bring everything and anything to an end, danger, life, and even death. As such, his Saber Intent and King's personality embodied this principle to an extreme.

He turned his silver eyes to Kun Yiming. He didn't do any superfluous moves or anything flashy, merely slashed in her direction. It was an extremely simple slash that emitted six-inch wide saber light from its edge.

Kun Yiming's frowned despite her fear as she readied to attack.

"DODG-"

A horrified shout resounded as Kun Yiming felt herself grow lighter. The Dark Void spun around slightly. Her consciousness soon faded to everlasting darkness.

Highlord Bluecloud watched as the saber light decapitated Kun Yiming. It was so disgustingly fast that he couldn't even move, barely capable of sending out a spiritual warning. And those were extremely fast!

Realizing something, he turned to see Venerable Slayingsword standing in his barrier, sword in hand.

His head was gone.

The once head-possessing swordsman's body began to glow with a type of annihilating light that stung the senses. It consumed him entirely.

Highlord Bluecloud felt his heart cease beating, held firmly by the grips of fear.

Then, a faint sound resounded behind him and his eyes widened. He explosively turned around and saw a white-robed figure with a saber beside him, appearing as if he traversed time and space, the Endless Void, in a single step and appeared before him.

SHIING!

He felt a distinctively foreign coldness sweep across his neck and the glint of a saber shone in his eyes. Losing sensation to the rest of his enhanced body, his mind was unable to reconcile with reality.

Did he die?

When the creeping darkness consumed his senses, visual and spiritual, he knew the truth—this was the end. The last thing he saw was his headless body facing front, and then as if prompted by some stimuli, it turned to face the saber-wielded, white-robed, silver-eyed Mortal.

Didn't he already turn? Unable to figure out what happened, all ceased with endless questions.