

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1311 1305: Chosen Of The New World (2)



"EVERWORLD! The Everworld has appeared!" Cries throughout the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region rampaged through the streets, towns, cities, kingdoms, associations, pavilions, sects, and clans!

Every eighty-one years, the Everworld would appear, announcing the beginning of the Chosen King Competition to the world! While it was merely a tiny-sized planet at the edge of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, they could see it from everywhere in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, even an unimaginable number of miles away if they looked up. Like an omniscient deity overseeing all creation, it was there.

It was there to judge.

It was there to challenge.

It was there to find.

Gather! It called out to the hearts and souls of the younger generation, those beneath or at the age of five hundred. The Chosen of the New World was inspired by this singular event that tested their cultivated efforts, their forged convictions, willpower, and intellect in ways that were difficult to describe. Some had already experienced it three or even four times throughout their lifetimes, yet they were still awed by the Everworld each time.

Aeternal Sky Starfield, Elementus Domain.

On the surface of Neo-Origin, a planet forged by the powers of Elemental Origin Heart Intent by the youngest known Worldly Saint Alchemist of written history, by the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, and home to the True Element Sect, there was a hearty, heavy effort of cultivation throughout.

The round of testing to determine the Chosen of the True Element Sect had already been completed. It was a fierce, bloody fight that stirred the crowd, bringing forth unexpected victors and excited cheers. Among the unexpected victors was none other than the Archaic Chosen, Lin Ming.

Despite initially being a name used to ridicule his position as an unofficial Chosen gained through dubious means, the Archaic Chosen became a well-known moniker of the True Element Sect over the years. This was especially so due to the close relationship Lin Ming had with the Saintess of their Sect, Lin Xianxei, who was also the sole daughter of their Sect Leader, Lin Xianxian.

All of his efforts over the years finally grew into a delicious fruit, allowing him to attain the Chosen title rightfully, changing his reputation throughout the entire sect. At the moment, the Archaic Chosen was sweating from his brow' and head, staring at the sky with labored breathing.

"Everworld." The hand clenching his Origin Spear tightened. Since he had met Lin Xianxei, she had briefly mentioned the miraculous event known as the Chosen King Competition. She had, more or less, prepared him to face this challenge and erupt with heaven-shaking results. He wanted to make her proud, and to prove his worth, that the trash from the Myriad Yore Continent that had to run about like a rat was no longer the same.

That Lin Ming was capable of achieving great things!

The last two years had spurred his heart to cultivate. Unfortunately, he wasn't able to grasp the secrets of Spiritualism, but training to take that step

improved his strength greatly. It was fine, however, because this was his first Chosen King Competition. If not this year, there will be another.

That said...

...he wanted to claim the title this year.

The title of Chosen King!

Everlore Domain, Planet Third Sky.

"It's finally here," San Yongli looked to the clear-blue sky to find the tiny-sized planet that stood out more than any Solar Star-no matter the time of the day, no matter where you were, there it was.

Her eyes shone with nostalgic light as her memories washed through her mind without restraint. She had died once before, losing her life to an exploding World Realm Core. By heaven's will, she was given a second chance. While she might not have been the only one, she didn't think she would fall behind with enough time.

"Will everything change this time as it had before?" In her past life, chaos followed this Chosen King Competition, and at one point, she had acted to prevent or prepare for that eventuality. However, Wei Wuyin's existence deeply overturned the potential of that possible future.

Still, it could happen. She had to not be caught unprepared, especially if she wanted to strive for the life she deserved.

Her fists clenched tightly as her heart steadied itself with deep, strong breaths. When she looked at the tiny-sized planet again, a freshly invigorated light emanated from the depths of her eyes.

"It all begins on Everworld."

Aeternal Sky Starfield, Aquaguise Domain.

"I won't cower ever again!" A young man swore in his heart, or at least, a heart.

Those from the Neo-Dawn Starfield were already moving out the moment Everworld manifested in the sky. While they were incredibly far away from the Aeternal Sky Starfield, they could still see it at all times of the day from their location. The existence of Everworld was beyond profound, only furthering the pressure that enveloped the hearts of the countless Chosen wishing to test their mettle against others of their generation.

Amongst those wishing to test themselves, there was someone who sought to redeem himself. With deep, scarlet eyes, a loose grey robe casually tied by a sanguine sash, and barefooted, was the long-haired man that was determined to redeem his name, regaining his title as the Fangs and the Claws of the man who saved his life.

This was none other than Zuhei!

He stood before a Void Gate that pulsed with Void Energy. It could traverse entire Stellar Regions in a single go, completely surpassing the knowledge of what was potentially possible throughout the eighteen stellar regions and written history.

"You haven't left yet," a voice commented as they approached.

Zuhei didn't move his gaze away from the Void Gate, "He asked that we go together."

The voice softly exclaimed. "While he did ask, I didn't think you'd listen."

"..." Zuhei didn't respond verbally, but in his mind, he thought: "I will always listen." As he did, his eyes exuded a resolve that was hell-raising. It was a type of devotion and respect that exceeded the limitations of imagination itself.

"Well, it's my debut as a Prime Ascendant, so I'm happy not going alone." The voice chuckled heartily. Within the voice's tone was a carefree, unrestrained feeling, yet within was an underlying devotion that rippled with cultivated pride in oneself, one's allies, and one's leader.

"..." Zuhei was silent for a while, but after, he slowly spat out: "You'll do fine." Those three words were barely squeezed out, yet the owner of the voice's shocked expression gave way to a warm gaze and satisfied emotion.

"Thank you."

"Zuhei! Yao Houyi! Ying!" Three names were called out. From beneath Zuhei's feet, a swirl of shadowy smoke manifested. It was faint but present.

"Ready?" The voice contained a naturally commanding presence, inspiring respect without trying.

Zuhei readily responded, "I am."

"Yeah!" Yao Houyi, the Archer, shouted smilingly.

"..." The ghastly smoke-like shadow twisted slightly.

"Let's go!" At the lead, a young woman with black hair and black eyes walked through the Void Gate unhesitatingly!

Neo-Dawn Starfield, New Everlore.

The home of the Eternal Monarch Sect was thriving with activity as the entire sect gathered, millions upon millions of souls, all here to see off three

existences, and among those existences was none other than their Grand Princess-W11 Baozhai!

Standing beside her was the youngest son of Yao Zhen, Yao Wei!

And the publicly recognized and sole official concubine of the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, Xue Yifei! The Dragonborn Saintess!

The cheers were so loud that the planet itself shook. The energy was infectious, and no one could hear their own thoughts as they were drowned out by a cacophony of phrases such as 'good luck', 'For the Eternal Monarch Sect', or simply those screaming out their love for all three.

The representatives of the Eternal Monarch Sect were ready!

"We'll return!" Wu Baozhai shouted, piercing through the cheers. And then she added with a bright smile, her hand held high into the sky as a fist, and her voice empowered by her very soul: "Victorious!"

"!!!" The screams and shouts began to verge on the level of a natural disaster. The trio left with the good wishes of their home.

From all over, Chosen of the New World gathered.

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Chapter 1312 1306: The Everworld & Ever-Key



Everworld-the tiny-sized planet that was held synonymous with the Chosen King Competition. It only appeared once every eighty-one years, but its location was always the same. Because of this, the Dark Void spatial coordinates were publicly known to all. It was anchored to a specific location, spun on its axis, and followed no solar orbit.

In a way, it was a completely independent planet. The miraculous peculiarity of Everworld didn't stop there. Surrounding the planet was an invisible yet absolute barrier that prevented anyone and everyone above the age of five hundred years old from entering. There was no restriction to cultivation, only age.

The planet had no defensive or offensive power, but should anyone beyond the age of five hundred try to step onto its surface, even entering its atmospheric perimeter, it would enrage the entire world!

Mortal Annihilation!

Oddly enough, those violating this rule were automatically granted 'absolute rejection' by the Mortal Dao. Due to its ferocious strength and endlessness, Mortal Annihilation was terrifyingly horrific to Ascended beings. As for actual mortals, they would unquestionably die.

As beings of the Mortal Realms, their very strength relied on the Mortal Dao. How could they possibly survive?!

As for the arbitrary restrictions established by the Everlore Association, those 'standards' were simply to prevent needless deaths and countless youngsters occupying Everworld's space. It was needed after the initial years that sparked outrage as countless hopeful youths pining for resources and challenges met their untimely ends out of either ignorance, hubris, or the carelessness of their seniors.

There was no way to prevent anyone from entering Everworld! Yet the restrictions were readily accepted mostly because the Everlore Association was an unrivaled and terrifying existence that few wanted to openly offend, while those kind-hearted wanted to avoid unnecessary deaths, and the elites wished to monopolize the resources given out.

Because of this, the Chosen of the New World would all make their way to Everworld through Void Gates or Voidships, depending on their backings and strength. There were a few talented youths that took to the Dark Void as a Realmlord, traveling by themselves without permission or a Chosen title. They rightfully believed themselves Chosen, and they were titled Dark Chosen, inspired by the term Dark Horse.

Some of these individuals were extremely heaven-defying for their time. An example of that was Feng Qingchu, who would eventually become an Earthly Saint of a relatively high caliber and leader of the United Source Clear Palace, who was a Dark Chosen! One of the legendary few! She made her name known throughout the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region after her outstanding performance and had refused to join the Imperial Clan as a Sky Knight, a young candidate for Sky Monarch!

Ye Mufeng was also a Dark Chosen. Despite his tyrannical title as the Sanguine Demon Evil King and fearsomely brutal reputation, Ye Mufeng was extremely young for an Earthly Saint, nearly 5,500 years old!

The most notable, recognizable, and prominent Dark Chosen throughout the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region was the Number ONE Beauty of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, the current Empress of the Imperial Clan!!

After her talent was exposed alongside her outstanding looks, the Divine Emperor invited her personally to the Imperial Clan, an extremely rare occurrence that was, in hindsight, an obvious indicator of his interest in her.

The King of Everlore's legendary status couldn't be abolished solely due to the sheer impact he had on the cultivation world both present and absent. The majority of Earthly Saints greatly relied on his trailblazing feats to develop and reach their current heights. The respect, reverence, and worship they had for the man was unquestionable, and reasonably so.

He defined an entire generation and then some.

If he hadn't departed so soon, the Aeternal Sky Era may have been changed already, renamed to the Everlore Era. Named after a single man...

While Earthly Saints had existed for over thirteen thousand years before his arrival, the number of Earthly Saints was barely a tenth of today's current numbers. A shockingly blatant fact that revealed the sheer difficulty of cultivation. Moreover, the number of Ascended beings overall was far greater than a tenth.

Now, the world was coming together once again to acquire the remnants of his legacy, continuing his defining impact across this era and its younger generation, or what's left of it.

Everworld was a luscious vegetation-rich haven. There was no extremely tall flora about or the presence of wild fauna, as grass, flowers, and trees were mostly all there was. But it was undeniably beautiful. An idyllic paradise that heavily resembled a garden, the largest garden in existence.

"So this is Everworld!" Voices of awe, exclamations of excitement, and silent gazes filled with vigilance and uncertainty began to manifest.

From thin air, youths from all over began to appear. They found themselves near flower beds smelling exotic and fragrant scents or in an open field of grass with fresh air and gorgeous, thick, and healthy trees of all sorts of varieties. There was no specific limitation on what was seen, from white oak to

mokryeon trees, or amaryllis to pansy flowers, and even coconut trees to strawberry bushes!

There was endless variety regardless of season, truly a planet of greenery and life. Just the air itself brimmed with a unique life that felt energizing to simply breathe. If one lived here, even if they never cultivated, they could outlive all Qi Condensation Realm cultivators, as long as their Soulspan was elevated as well.

"Beautiful!" A young woman sniffed lavender, her eyes closed and her body felt abnormally relaxed. It was so comfortable! "And it smells amazing," she reached out to grab the flower, wanting to pick it and study it, perhaps even learn how to grow this type of planet to extract its scent.

"Don't!" A hand reached out and clasped her wrist. She was startled, nearly jumping in fright. If it was not for the fact this was her Senior Brother, also a Chosen, she would've sent him flying with a palm.

"What?!" She pouted angrily as she tried to slyly extract her arm. Her Senior Brother was so panicked that he had forgotten all sense of distance and the fact that his Junior Sister refused every last one of his advances. He was simply concerned for her well-being as well as his own.

"You can smell, you can touch, but do not try to take anything! Okay?" He hurriedly explained himself after seeing her struggle away from his grip.

"Why not?" After freeing herself, she rubbed her wrist and glared at him.

"Everworld isn't an ordinary planet. Just...don't, okay? Didn't your Master tell you that?" He could not explain it, merely saw it, and learned from that lesson.

"Fine!" She rolled her eyes, but as a Chosen of a Mystic-Rank force, she was acutely aware of the mortal dangers present in the Chosen King Competition. Her Master had told her to be wary of everything, but he explained absolutely nothing else.

Her Senior Brother had almost forgotten in his fright that the Everlore Association actively prevented information from circulating about the Chosen King Competition. He had even sworn an oath to not talk about any details regarding the Chosen King Competition, and it was a Heavenly Oath, not a Mystic Oath, so there was no chance of survival should one even conceive the thought of breaking it.

"Let's wait patiently. It'll begin soon," The young man announced as he took a deep breath to enjoy the experience.

"Begin soon?" The young woman frowned, but she didn't say anything else.

Soon, tens of thousands of Chosens from all over began to appear. If they arrived together, they would be positioned together. Before long, the numbers reached hundreds of thousands. The tiny-sized planet was still extremely spacious, so few met each other outside of their primary groupings.

Within a certain area of Everworld, there were three gorgeous women. At the lead was a woman that caused the other two to seem dull in comparison. Not only were her looks, body, and aura considerably greater, her demeanor and temperament exuded an innate pride and imperialistic demeanor that was endlessly attractive to the opposite sex, especially those with the desire for conquest.

With her signature grey-colored eyes, she swept the surroundings with a curious eye.

The Extreme Yin Saintess!

"Will he be here?" Na Xinyi searched as she softly muttered to herself.

Soon, a single day passed. A full twenty-four hours since Everworld appeared. By now, cultivators littered the surface of the planet. There were millions! All Chosen or Dark Chosen! Within the new standards set by Wei Wuyin!

None of them were ordinary. None!

Soon, Everworld vanished.

Suddenly, without any prior indication, a grand voice erupted throughout the world as a large skeleton key manifested beyond the atmodimension of Everworld."As the holder of the Ever-Key, I, San Luoyang, announce the beginning of the Chosen King Competition! Chosen! MAY THE HEAVENS BE BY YOUR SIDE!"

San Luoyang's voice was like thunder, reaching every single region within the eighteen regions, including the Neo-Dawn Starfield. Then, the gigantic skeleton key that resembled a lunar satellite pushed into the planet slightly, entering its atmosphere, before turning ninety degrees!

CLICK!

It vanished.

No one could see it from anywhere.

As strange as it appeared, it disappeared with equal mysteriousness.

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Chapter 1313 1307: A Moment Of Joy



To the observers from afar, Everworld had vanished without a trace. However, not a single individual panicked at this occurrence. The disappearance of Everworld was a common event that followed the usage of the Ever-Key.

Prayers across the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region began, all wishing for the safe return of their treasured geniuses and youthful hopes. These Chosen all carried the dreams of their seniors, family, friends, and lovers on their heads. The only thing those who felt the weight could do...was ensure they didn't lose it.

Sitting upon his throne, the Aeternal Sky Divine Emperor's eyes that resembled the vast beauty of the starry void observed calmly. As San Luoyang took action, summoning the Ever-Key, those eyes of his seemingly underwent a cataclysmic shift of a galactic scale. The movement of those stars within his gaze was abnormally fast, and they experienced birth and an end in a matter of moments. A single breath later, his starry eyes revealed an image that was vastly different than before.

The positioning of the stars, even the thickness of the nothingness that occupied the darkness, seemed greater, and each star was a tiny bit brighter than they were before. In that brief moment, it seemed as if he underwent a heaven-shaking change.

Slowly, his figure rose from his throne, and the world trembled.

"Huuuu!" He deeply inhaled. As he did, the space in the throne room began to draw towards him, including all light and gravity. He seemed to occupy the center of this world as if he was the center of the entire universe, the overseer of heaven and earth, the ruler of the stars and the void, and the controller of all beneath the sky.

"Astonishing!" His voice was incredibly deep and mighty, befitting an Emperor. The sheer bass of his voice caused the walls of stone to ripple and distort.

"One more step left."

Wang Yutian was anxiously observing the Void Wurm slither about, fearful it might awaken again. Suddenly, his ears perked, and his eyes darted toward the Aeternal Sky Starfield. A faint light emanated from his eyes, and he tilted his head curiously as he calculated and inspected the changes in the World's Flow.

"Oh? What courage you have," Wang Yutian commented as he thoughtfully placed his hand upon his chin, gazing at the Aeternal Sky Starfield. "All you need now is access. Then, freedom may very well be yours. But what a dangerous game you play."

After saying this, Wang Yutian's interest faltered as he returned to the Void Wurm's slumbering figure slithering through Chaotic Space. Wei Wuyin had stirred the hornet's nest, and Wang Yutian's heart had been unable to find peace since that day.

"As amazing as you might be, can you not be so reckless next time." He slightly gulped as the nostrils of the Void Wurm flared. It felt as if the slightest shock could wake the beast! If this kept up, his Spirit Heart might not be able to handle it.

Countless were waiting with bated breaths, hoping their Chosen would find startling success in the Chosen King Competition, coming back with loads of treasures and resources to fuel their rise to become top-tier experts of the world.

Wu Yu was not among them, as he deeply understood that the King of Everlore's leftovers would never be able to satisfy Wei Wuyin's needs. By his side was Feng Qingchu, her eyes focused on his side profile once again. The two stood together, like a noble couple bonding as they observed the

ongoings of the world. There was a unique sense of unity between them but also a thread of uncertainty.

"When do you have to leave?" Feng Qingchu softly asked.

Wu Yu raised his eyebrow slightly; Feng Qingchu knew that he had a mission given to him by Wei Wuyin years ago, and it was meant to begin as soon as the Chosen King Competition started. It was certainly going to be a dangerous objective, but he was never one to be afraid.

"I'll leave in a few hours," Wu Yu said. While he tried to have a gentle tone, given his mission, it was difficult to be truly at ease. There was always a chance that it all went wrong, and these might be the last words he would ever say to Feng Qingchu.

"...few hours," Feng Qingchu muttered softly. Her reaction was quite peculiar, and Wu Yu was a little taken aback. He grabbed her hand, showing a rare display of publicly shown affection, and calmly tried reassuring her: "You should know my track record. When have I ever failed?"

With his best effort, he smiled.

"..." Feng Qingchu, however, simply stared at him. There was an unease in her eyes that felt impossible to erase or comfort.

"What's wrong?" Frowning, Wu Yu noticed something was amiss with Feng Qingchu's attitude. He was about to see if she was feeling unwell, sending his Spiritual Sense into her body to inspect her, but the moment he tried, she jolted her hand away from him as quickly as lightning.

"What?! Did you...?" This was the first time she had avoided his Spiritual Sense since they first met, since they first had that night together, since they told each other their respective feelings, and now he was entirely baffled and unsure how to react. As a Grand Monarch, he was forceful to the outside

world, a tyrant of the highest order, fearless and domineering, yet to his lover, he was as gentle as a baby's fist and as loving as one could imagine.

Moreover, he devoted his feelings to one person and only one person. His late wife, Jimia, experienced the fullest extent of that love long ago, and today, it belonged to Feng Qingchu. Furthermore, he was not half-hearted with his feelings. So when Feng Qingchu recoiled from his Spiritual Sense, pulling away, the emotions he felt were particularly strong.

Feng Qingchu saw the devastation, confusion, uncertainty, shock, and urgency all flowing through Wu Yu's eyes. "I..." She tried to speak, but she did not know what to say or how to explain herself.

"..." They stayed there, awkwardly in each other's company, floating amongst the stars. It was as if there was only them, no one else.

After a long while, Wu Yu didn't try to force the issue. "I don't know why you are acting like this, but you can tell me whenever you're ready. No matter what, I'll never hurt you." After speaking those words from the heart, hoping she understood that, even if she wanted to end their relationship, he would not be petty and seek revenge. That was far, far, far beneath him as a Grand Knight!

He decided to leave early. It was best not to stay and have his emotions affect his mission.

"..." Feng Qingchu saw Wu Yu turn away, about to leave, and she felt as if her heart was being gripped by a large pair of devilish hands. A feeling, as inexplicable as could be, told her that if she held back, she would forever regret it.

"W-wait!" She called out, hurriedly grabbing Wu Yu's hand. The regal Grand Knight turned around, curiosity blazing in his eyes. Feng Qingchu was clutching Wu Yu's hand with tremendous force, enough to crush planets, her

nervousness was spreading throughout her entire body, and Wu Yu could feel it from every minute quiver.

"Wu Yu..." She began, her eyes lifting, finding his pair of gorgeously alluring eyes that seemed as if they contained the endless stars of the world.

"I'm pregnant."

"..." Wu Yu.

"..." Feng Qingchu.

"W-we're...pregnant?" Wu Yu was astonished, but despite his shock, there was a slowly forming smile so brilliant, so refreshing, so happy that it could take away all the colors of the world, no, the entire universe.

"We're pregnant?" He asked again.

Feng Qingchu nodded a little fearfully. She was a long-living Ascended, yet here she was, acting like a young woman. "We're?" Only when she caught on to Wu Yu's words did her brain finally react. Her fear, her uncertainty, all of it...just washed away.

"WE'RE PREGNANT!!!" Wu Yu's excitement was exhilarating, unrestrained, and thunderous as he shouted to the heavens with boisterous, booming laughter. He lifted Feng Qingchu into his arms, flying about at speeds that would be invisible to mortals. Feng Qingchu was shocked, but Wu Yu's reaction infected her, and her smile would not fade as she laughed alongside him.

Within a field of chaos, schemes, and a world on the verge of a world-ending calamity, a moment of untainted joy was found by a Grand Knight and a Lady.

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In a world of bitter cultivation, precious moments of undisturbed joy often went unnoticed amidst the sea of blood, sweat, stress, and tears. While the two Ascended beings celebrated, the Chosen of the New World were flustered, vigilant, fearful, angry, desperate, or dying.

"Ahhh!! Stop! STOP!! HELP ME!!!" A male Chosen roared as thorny vines enveloped him, encroaching upon every inch of his body with an ungodly vicious grip. The terrifying sounds of shattering bones, hellish screams, and the gushing spray of blood from their pores left one feeling horror.

He was young, extremely so, hopeful and inspired by the new era. But in all his youthful vigor, he never thought in his lifetime that he would experience this-death. His call for help had brought groups together at rapid speeds.

Unfortunately for the young man, no one made a move.

"Should we help?" A pretty female Chosen dressed in blue hurriedly asked, her eyes distressed at the violently slow death. She had the urge to act, but those who had arrived earlier, seemingly older Chosen, remained entirely still and merely watched on with pity in their gazes. A few had mirth in their smiles, shaking their heads and doing nothing else.

"Help? Go on," An older female Chosen gestured with a faint smile. "Go help," she said.

The pretty Chosen could sense the ill-intent within her words. Her caution instantly elevated a few levels.

"ARGH!! HEL-HELP MEE!!!" The screams didn't stop, nor did the sounds of his bones being crushed, his blood spurting out of his orifices like jets. It was simply unbearable to witness. The Chosen's body already looked unrecognizable, surrounded by vines. It no longer seemed...properly shaped. All except his head, which exerted bursts of hectic Spiritual Light as he struggled.

More and more arrived. A few were about to act, but seeing those of higher cultivation bases remain still, they felt the event was suspicious. Was this a trap?

"What did he do?" The blue-robed female Chosen asked those around her. The older female Chosen gave her a look, inspecting her from head to toe, and her eyes glinted with a thinly concealed lust. Whether it was a mortal or a cultivation society, those attractive and of the fairer sex often received certain advantages.

The older female Chosen sighed emotionally, "He-"

Just as she was about to answer, someone came from hearing the call for help. When he arrived and saw dozens of cultivators acting as if they were audience members of a play, there was a pit of rage in his stomach. However, his inner righteousness surged in his hot-blooded heart, and he shot toward the vines, sword-in-hand.

A burst of Sword Force was unleashed, containing a profound Intent of wind. While it wasn't high-level or apex-level, it was still strong and acclaimed amongst mid-level Intents. The Sword Force sliced into the vines, easily splitting them into multiple segments while perfectly avoiding flesh and bones. His control was impeccable.

The male Chosen was garbed in white, seemingly taking inspiration from the tales of immortal swordsmen, and he rushed toward the vine to bring out the

young Chosen caught by them. However, as he reached the body of the young Chosen, he was already dead. Not a single ounce of life was in their body, considerably different than before when they were lively and screaming at the peak of their lungs. Confused, he felt something was amiss.

"That." The older female Chosen pointed out with a pitiful gaze.

"Wha-?" The blue-robed woman was taken aback by that single-word statement that said so little yet implied so, so much. The white-robed Chosen's eyes flashed with spiritual light as he retreated. Unfortunately, it was too late!

By the time he got a few feet back, vines with a movement resembling the quickness of lightning had enveloped his limbs. He couldn't even swing his sword before he was held up, surrounded by a horde of rogue vines. They encapsulated him entirely, and as he tried to scream out, his mouth was muffled by the vine, even sealing his Spiritual Strength.

Instantly, he was helpless as his eyes bulged, his pants grew wet, and his heart pounded with the intensity of thunder. Yet even as he tried to execute a self-harming Empowerment Art to struggle free, he found his meridians, dantian, and joints entirely sealed. He dropped his sword. As a swordsman, that was taboo, and it indicated his uneventful end.

"MhnOmmmn!" His pleading voice was brief, and then the vines enveloped him completely, from head to toe. He vanished as the vine proceeded to sink into the ground without any indication of its existence aside from the corpse on the ground.

The older female Chosen shook her head, "In a few minutes, somewhere, likely a few thousand miles away, he'll be the new bait."

"...!" The blue-robed female Chosen started. She didn't know when, but the older female Chosen had moved right beside her, almost speaking into her

ear. The sensation left her entire body oddly tingling. Moreover, after witnessing such a horror-filled event, she could barely muster a response in her shock.

WOOSH!

A slender figure moved with remarkable swiftness; they reached the discarded corpse, clearly having died more than ten minutes ago, and they grabbed at their spatial ring with practiced movements. After snagging it, they fled as fast as the wind.

No one chased after them. Those that could didn't feel the need, and those that could not could only watch in surprise at the theft.

"So, he's dead?" The blue-robed female Chosen asked in her daze.

"What else is he? Alive and enjoying a thousand beautiful virgins in some palace? Trying to be a hero in the cultivation world without intelligence is only a fool's errand with a death wish. Anyways, what's your name?" The older female Chosen couldn't help but chuckle at her naive question. This was the Chosen King Competition. Did people think it was some common experience where you simply showcased your powers and you'd be recognized?

What absolutely childish thinking! All opportunities had to be earned through a trial of blood, wit, and strength. Whether you ended up like those needy fellow's or seized the opportunity, all relied on your cultivated efforts thus far, including the honing of one's mind, instincts, and cultivation base.

A few minutes later, roughly seven thousand miles away, a white-robed Chosen was screaming at the top of their lungs in hellish pain, pleading to the heavens, earth, and any kind soul for help.

There, a crowd was forming of over three dozen. Shockingly, several figures who knew each other had gathered. "Sister Baozhai?" Na Xinyi called out.

Wu Baozhai was traveling alongside Yao Wei. Shortly after arriving, Xue Yifei went off on her own. While Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei's relationship wasn't exactly terrible, there w'as a dynamic that was hard to describe between them. It heavily resembled a bond of rivalry forged by two fiercely competitive wills, but there was also something sisterly about it.

Despite the warmth that was present amidst the competitiveness, the two didn't wish to work as one unless necessary. They both wanted to show off the fruits of their labor to Wei Wuyin and receive a proper ranking in the competition without assisting each other.

Na Xinyi was traveling alongside her two Senior Sisters of the Dark Yin Palace.

"Sister Xinyi?" Wu Baozhai was astonished that they would meet, especially given the size of the planet and the number of cultivators throughout. The chances were quite low.

"You two?" Suddenly, a brunette-haired woman with eyes as blue as the vast ocean arrived. She was a nation-toppling beauty, not one wit inferior to Wu Baozhai, especially her bust size. When compared to Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi, hers was ever so slightly superior.

"Sister Ziyan?"

"Sister Ziyan?!"

The two women were genuinely surprised! How long had it been?! Decades? So, so long!

Lin Ziyan!

The three women stole the attention away from the screams. No man or woman could look away as they gathered, as if the blessings of the heavens

had been bestowed to them, sculpted into them as birth, destined to shake the world with their looks alone.

"Pitiful bastard," a new arrival uttered with a frown.

"...!" Na Xinyi, Wu Baozhai, and Lin Ziyan all experienced world-shaking tremors throughout their spines as they felt the aura of that voice. They turned toward it with shocked, disbelieving expressions. But their eyes froze when they saw the owner, seeing an aquamarine-robed man.

"I could've sworn..." Na Xinyi said.

"Sister Yu..." Lin Ziyan slowly murmured with emotional ripples.

"..." Wu Baozhai calmly stared at the man, her gaze affixed to his existence.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1315 1309: A Moment Of Silence



There once was a small continent floating in the Dark Void. It was largely unremarkable except for it being the birthplace of the legendary figure known as the King of Everlore, a blip that could easily be forgotten. But the destinies of these three women, Wu Baozhai, Lin Ziyan, and Na Xinyi, began there.

They were born, raised, and formed an unbreakable bond there. By fate, they met a young man blessed by exceptional fortune and possessing a charismatic will and charm. They had different circumstances in life, varied and eventful, yet they were brought together by their relationship with him.

A princess of a country, a genius of a sect, a vagabond with a vendetta, a woman seeking salvation from a curse, the sheltered princess of an entire race, and an adopted wild child; they were all beauties in their own right, capable of toppling entire nations, and they were gathered by the hands of heavenly will.

These six women traveled from an insignificant continent to a larger planet and a much greater stage, struggling along the way for a decade, spending almost every moment together, enjoying each other's company, arguing sometimes, and even competing at other times. Their struggles forged that bond, that union of sisterhood that couldn't be formed anywhere else. While they may have been influenced on that path, their actions still led to them developing that relationship.

These six women had segregated with time, finding their own paths away from their united ones. While some had statuses that were unknown to this day, the three present had all followed their own goals, and they attained their very own happiness and purpose for existence.

Na Xinyi sought to establish her name, a feat that she had achieved during these decades. When others spoke of her name, she was often mentioned in the same breath as Tian Yinwu and Wei Wuyin, especially regarding their combative feats and outstanding talents.

Wu Baozhai took charge of her own force, leading the Eternal Monarch Sect to greater heights with each passing day. The fulfillment of seeing something grow from something little to something breathtakingly was indescribably precious. The will of others, their hopes, dreams, aspirations, and futures were things she took pride in realizing in the greatest possible way, leading them each to a brighter day.

A true Monarch!

Lin Ziyang didn't like the fighting, chaos, and hectic lifestyle that she had before. The tension and fear of once again being treated like a tool for another's wrongs left her scarred, and she was comfortable with being with her fated partner and her lineage clan-she was happy. While she was technically in hiding, there were no complaints.

Wei Wuyin was everything she imagined and more. And while they had yet to engage in true intimacy, they had done pretty much everything else under the sun over the decades. He protected her from the one who sealed her bloodline, actively working on how to break her curse, and she could enjoy life to the fullest under the guise of his lover.

Unlike Na Xinyi and Wu Baozhai, Lin Ziyang was deeply satisfied with her life. In the future, she wanted to have many children, handsome boys and beautiful girls, and watch them grow with their curse lifted. They could pursue any path they wanted, and she knew that as long as Wei Wuyin was their father, they would not only be protected, they would want for nothing in their lives.

That was enough.

However, she still entered the Chosen King Competition. It was a strange feeling of hers as if guided by an invisible hand, but she asked Wei Wuyin to find a way for her to enter. Wei Wuyin sent her in as a Dark Chosen, unaffiliated with any particular force, and equipped her with an ungodly number of life-saving tools and items.

The event was hyped throughout the entire world, and she didn't mind joining in on the fun as a cultivator! While her reasoning felt slightly childish, she could afford that luxury because her lover was the best man in this world.

The three finally reunited together after decades apart.

Here, of all places!

However, the atmosphere grew somber. The trio instantly became the center of attention, yet their focus was on a single man. He had spoken earlier, remarking the pitiful fate of the pathetic creature wailing from being crushed by the vines.

The atmosphere was not only growing increasingly somber, but a stifling, suppressive air began to diffuse into the surroundings. After the three felt their respective emotions, from nostalgia, to love, to joy at the memory of Lian Yu, their gazes hardened.

"Huh?" The man in question jolted. A spine-tingling sensation crawled throughout his body, making him feel thoroughly uncomfortable.

"He Yanglei," Wu Baozhai said these two words with a glacial tone. If Hell could freeze over from emotions, these two words would've swept it with a blizzard several times over. Even the bystanders took a few steps back, their hearts pounding with an indescribable, heart-palpating fear.

Na Xinyi's eyes didn't hold the same degree of coldness as Wu Baozhai, but a degree of indifference that was soul-shaking. The way she gazed at He Yanglei was as if she was looking at nothingness. It was terrifying to see.

Lin Ziyang was the most open; her eyes radiated stinging rays of unrestrained killing intent. Those ocean-blue eyes reflected the murderous will of a calamitous storm threatening to drown the world and all life in it! It was outright vicious, violent, and vengeful.

"You!"

"The Extreme Yin Saintess?" He Yanglei instantly recognized Na Xinyi. He admired and desired her, like countless others. As for Wu Baozhai, it took him a while to recall her from the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit. "The Eternal Monarch Sect's Sect Master?" As he thought of those two, he recalled their

astonishing performances in the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit. They were true top-notch Chosen!

Moreover, they were heaven-rivaling beauties!

"..." They were all cultivators of excellent knowledge and experience now, and when they saw He Yanglei, Na Xinyi, and Wu Baozhai instantly knew that Lian Yu's heart was in his chest, beating fiercely and lively.

In the War Dsinister Realm, they had lost Lian Yu. For a long while, they didn't know who or why, simply that she met her end there. Wei Wuyin carried her preserved body with him, speaking to them individually, suggesting that, when all five women were gathered together, in remembrance of her life and its impact on theirs, they would all bury her properly on the Myriad Yore Continent-her birthplace. With this, she could be laid to rest with those who loved her.

Beyond that, besides explaining that her heart had been taken, Wei Wuyin didn't feel the need to involve himself any further. And as if fate willed it, they're here.

"Do you remember Lian Yu?" Na Xinyi slowly walked toward He Yanglei. The scene caught countless by surprise.

"Who?" He Yanglei was sent into a daze by Na Xinyi's eyes. They contained a soul-stirring, alluring charm that was hard to look away from. He gulped, almost forgetting about the killing intent Lin Ziyang emitted.

"She was my-our Sister," Wu Baozhai answered.

"Sister?" He Yanglei looked confused. He began to explain, "I don't know any-" Before he finished his sentence, his aura exploded, and he executed his movement art! He moved like flowing water intermixed with the tyrannical force of a dragon. With a single step, he launched himself tens of miles away! Confused? Bullshit!

He knew full well who Lian Yu was! Her heart was beating in his chest!

"Get him!" Lin Ziyang shouted as she shot after him. Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi did not immediately react, giving each other a glance, a rare moment of silence, and the resolve to act swelled within their hearts, minds, and souls.

"KILL!" They chased!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1316 1310: Chosen King Competition!



FLEE!

"Haa! Haa!" Breathily gasping, He Yanglei kept urging his Astral Force, Aquatic Dragonborn Heart, and innate energies to their maximum limits, pushing himself as he traversed through Everworld.

He Yanglei could never have predicted that that idiotic lovesick girl was sisters with the Extreme Yin Empress! While they were definitely not blood-related, the feeling of her chilling death-delivering stare he had sensed was undeniably authentic.

He was left with only one choice: Run Away! If he stayed, at the very least, he'd be fighting against three individuals. At worst, who knew how many 'kind-hearted' men would jump to the Extreme Yin Empress' aid to seek her favor?

Rushing through the foliage and greenery of Everworld, He Yanglei cautiously, speedily, and aggressively escaped. He didn't dare to spread out his Spiritual Sense too far, keeping it limited in range, trying to avoid attracting

attention. He was warned that Everworld was incredibly strange, and reckless actions could lead to an early grave. He refused to die here.

Absolutely refused!

"Hm?!" Abruptly, a prickling sensation stung his back, and his eyes constricted.

Ba-Dum!

When it came to survival instincts, the beasts of the world were considerably more sensitive than the average human, cultivator or not, and the Aquatic Dragonborn Heart was a Flood Dragon's Heart, instilled within its blood that had been diluted through the ages was wild, savage, and deadly memories passed through the genetics.

Throughout the decades, the Aquatic Dragonborn Heart had granted him a preternatural sense of danger, allowing him to traverse dangerous Secret Realms and react with a hair's breadth at all the incoming threats. He had survived by the grace of Lian Yu's fortune.

Now, that same sensation reacted with ferocious intensity. Instinctively, he pushed additional power into his legs, leaping forward in an explosive burst. The sound of his legs kicking down thundered across for hundreds of miles! The act sent him barreling haphazardly a dozen or so miles in an instant.

From where he originally was, a slicing blade of compressed wind force penetrated through the earth deeply, forming a chasm across a mile. If hit, He Yanglei would no doubt have lost limbs, skin, or his life!

Lin Ziyang landed at the spot where He Yanglei dodged with furrowed brows. She could've sworn her attack could avoid his Spiritual Sense, a perfect assassination attack. Moreover, he barely reacted. Strange.

Woosh! Woosh!

Two lovely figures arrived beside her.

"Are you crazy?!" Na Xinyi rebuked Lin Ziyang immediately.

"...?!" Lin Ziyang was taken aback. She had almost killed the bastard! Why was she being scolded? She glared back at Na Xinyi.

Wu Baozhai interfered at this point, "Don't attack recklessly; this is Everworld. It's a strange planet, and the quickest way to die is to act without thought." Her tone was calm yet severe.

"Really?" Lin Ziyang was skeptical. She recalled Wei Wuyin saying that she didn't need to fear anything with the items he had given her, not even an Earthly Saint. If she wanted to cause chaos, do so. All she had to ensure was that she had fun on this adventure of hers. Thinking of him, her eyes subconsciously softened.

Na Xinyi frowned, "Do you think we can't capture him? We're chasing him to get him to kill himself. Fighting isn't prohibited in the Everworld, but the planet is extremely strange."

Wu Baozhai looked at the fleeing He Yanglei. Despite being a hundred or so miles away, she accurately pinpointed his location. As long as he was on this tiny-sized planet, he couldn't escape their senses. Moreover, Na Xinyi and her cultivation were at the Star Core Phase, while He Yanglei was a mere Timelord. The stage difference was already lethal, especially if they don't factor in their abnormal cultivation bases.

They were Valkyries for a reason!

"Then what? Do we just chase him? Isn't the Chosen King Competition going to start soon?" Lin Ziyang didn't argue with them. While she had often taken the path of the older sister in their earlier dynamic, Wu Baozhai was always frighteningly cunning and intelligent with her actions. She was more reliable than anyone she knew.

Wu Baozhai's brows furrowed. She turned to Na Xinyi, "Did you notice?"

Na Xinyi stared in He Yanglei's direction, "Yeah. He had Lian Yu's unique sense of danger and sleek movements." Lin Ziyang might not be a devoted cultivator pursuing the peak of power like them, but she experienced Wei Wuyin's tailored and spoiled form of cultivation resources from the beginning. She could, in a single attack, kill He Yanglei even at two stages lower.

However, He Yanglei dodged the attack.

"Is it from her heart?" Lin Ziyang knew from Wei Wuyin that Lian Yu was killed and was missing her heart.

"Likely," Wu Baozhai nodded. "Let's not allow too much distance to accumulate." The trio agreed, following as they emitted killing intent. He Yanglei began to panic as he scoured for a way to escape! Unlike normal Trials by Fire, the Chosen King Competition did not have an escape mechanism.

You either survived or died.

After being chased for ten full minutes, He Yanglei was at his wit's end. The pressure from the trio was breaking down his mental state. One time, he nearly fumbled his steps, almost falling into a pile of strange bushes. If it wasn't for Lian Yu's Aquatic Dragonborn Heart, he wouldn't have exhausted additional power to dodge.

"Why is flying restricted here?!" He cursed in his heart as he tried to fly once again. However, the moment he did, an unbearable amount of World Pressure pressed against his

The trio kept following from a distance. Lin Ziyang's patience began to grow thin as she watched Lian Yu's killer continue to breathe their air.

"When is the Chosen King Competition going to begin?" She asked the two. They had avoided her question earlier, but she didn't quite understand the Chosen King Competition enough.

"It's already started. Did you not hear Earth-Saint Tri-Vision say that?" Na Xinyi said grumpily. She, too, felt increasingly uncomfortable with He Yanglei staying alive. The urge to recklessly attack was becoming increasingly difficult to resist.

"Started?" Lin Ziyang was confused.

Wu Baozhai decided to clarify Lin Ziyang's confusion, "The Chosen King Competition has begun. But there's a proving period before the first challenge begins-that's here. You don't feel it because your cultivation base is simply too sturdy. Try sensing your innate energies, the flow of it."

Lin Ziyang sensed her four innate energy flows, and as she did, she was astonished to find minute quantities of the four essential energies flowing out. It was so insignificant that it was barely noticeable.

"What is this?" She sensed its direction, realizing it was flowing into the ground. As she executed her Ocular Spell, she could see traces of energies being absorbed by the plants and trees as if they were undergoing photosynthesis.

"To us, this extraction was insignificant. But to most others, this process is extremely draining." Wu Baozhai gestured to a middle-aged-looking man that was heavily heaving at the base of a large tree. It's been less than half an hour yet he seemed to have run a marathon and then some.

Just as she was curious about this, Lin Ziyang saw the middle-aged man lying on the tree for some respite. Just as he breathed out a sigh of comforting relief, a branch of piercing sharpness moved like lightning, piercing through his glabella.

In an instant, he was dead.

He couldn't even scream, but his arms tried to reach out for salvation as lingering regret echoed out from his Astral Soul. The sight was extremely brutal."...!" She jumped at the sight.

"The Chosen King Competition is not a simple trial of fire," Na Xinyi said as she looked away from the middle-aged man without the faintest sign of emotional disturbance. As a cultivator that was intending to forge her name through the cultivation world, she had long since grown used to death and killing.

Especially since countless individuals kept seeking death, believing they could covet her body and cultivation. All they received, however, was a free trip to Hell.

"Neither are the rewards," Wu Baozhai added. However, Na Xinyi lightly snorted in retort. Shockingly, her reaction even caused Wu Baozhai to become a little awkward. Given how Wei Wuyin treated them, the things they could get in this competition greatly paled in comparison.

As for why they were here. Wasn't it simple?

The Chosen King Competition was a competition of the most elite in the world! How could they not challenge themselves?

"Oh! He's slowing down," Wu Baozhai remarked with a tinge of frost in her tone.

"The more energy you use, the greater the exhaustion." Wu Baozhai explained to Lin Ziyao who understood why the two were waiting, not trying to attack. Since He Yanglei wanted to exhaust himself, then let him run. When there was nowhere to go, his life would end.

"I do not intend to make it slow," Na Xinyi glanced at Wu Baozhai.

"I would never ask you to do anything else," Wu Baozhai's reply would terrify ghosts and devils alike.

"I'll make him experience what Sister Yu felt!" Lin Ziyang clenched her teeth.

"Haaa! Haaa! HAAA!" He Yanglei was extremely exhausted. He couldn't fathom why. Given his cultivation foundation and this world's size, he should've been able to flee for months. Not a single hour had passed yet, but he was dead tired. His power source was nearly bottomed out, and he felt lethargic.

Ba-Dum!

Danger?!

He tried to move, but his legs failed to listen to him.

"You really just traveled everywhere, didn't you? Quite a curious fellow you are, to just breathe in all that nasty seeds." An amused voice resounded. It belonged to a white-robed hooded figure, his eyes blood-red and shining beneath the hood. "What strong blood power source you have! I can smell it from halfway across this planet."


"Who are you?" He Yanglei was vigilant and ready to defend himself at any moment.

The trio soon arrived and He Yanglei's expression instantly fell to the depths of hell.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1317 1311: CKC, Evil Sentinels





He Yangeli felt as if he was caught between a mountain and three tigresses, and his heart could barely hold out. Was this how he would die? The thought of dying at the hands of a beauty wasn't too bad, if only it was in a warm bed, in her loving embrace, not on this dastardly planet!

"Oh? Seems like you have a few foxes hunting you. You must be popular with the ladies, huh? What's your secret?" The white-robed cultivator chuckled, clearly amused by this situation. However, the undertone of greed and desire was laced in every syllable. Those blood-red eyes beneath his hood were like an ocean of flowing, hot blood. It tainted the very air it looked to with a bloody scent.

It was difficult to discern the figure's facial features, as there seemed to be a potent concealment formation beneath the hood, obscuring both visual and spiritual senses. Those malevolent, bloody eyes of his surreptitiously inspected the trio's figures.

"What potent Yin you two have, and your blood energies are...delectable." As the white-robed cultivator spoke more, the more bestial his tone became. The rampant desire and animalistic nature were leaking from his body. These three were first-class women-no, beyond first-class! And two of them were still virgins!

Those greedy eyes swept across Lin Ziyang and Na Xinyi's Primal Yin-possessing bodies. There wasn't a single curve that wasn't outstanding on any of them, from head to toe, from eyelash to nail, there was nothing that he could criticize. Wasn't this his lucky day?

"How about you play with me instead?" An aura began to gently flow outward from his robes. It was dark, turbid, and bloody, tainting the vegetation in the area in a tint of glaring red.

Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi glanced at each other in unison; within the depths of their pupils, a mutually exchanged light of thought and decision flickered within.

He Yanglei heard the white-robed cultivator and he was stunned on the spot. This guy was trying to poach the Extreme Yin Empress? He must have a death wish! Well, even if he wanted to die, He Yanglei had no intention or desire to seek out death. He was about to leave, but he tumbled to the ground.

As he fell, his breathing grew rougher and labored. "Am I really poisoned?" He couldn't help but question as he inspected his body, finding no signs of any poisonous substances. In fact, he couldn't find the cause of his weakness.

"Haha, you shouldn't try to move. You've breathed in too many Desolate Weed Spores. If my guess is correct, you must possess a Water Astral Soul. Am I right?" The white-robed cultivator moved to He Yanglei's side, squatting as he inspected his pale and exhausted expression. There were drops of sweat falling like rain from his forehead and neck. He was drenched.

"Ho-how did you..." He Yanglei felt weaker by the passing second. What was Desolate Weed Spores?

"Truly an amateur; the Everworld is the King of Everlore's garden, and he conducted many different experiments to create various plant life through grafting and environmental cultivation. He was a renowned cultivator that grasped profound Wood-attributed Powers as well as an Alchemic Soul.

"As for those Desolate Weed Spores, they were grafted from Desolate Stones, the Drought-God Fungus, and the common weed. Unlike normal plants, this plant grows inside the body, siphoning the body of moisture and energy. Your Water Astral Soul is greatly compensating because of that in an attempt to regulate your moisture levels, but it's falling for the plant's predatory

intent," the white-robed cultivator gently swiped his finger against the weak He Yanglei, showing potently refined water manifested from Water Force.

"How did you know that?" Lin Ziyang was astonished. This white-robed cultivator was incredibly knowledgeable.

"Oh? Blue-eyed fairy, if you want to know more, how about coming with me tonight? I'll tell you many, many things." The white-robed cultivator smiled brightly, revealing a set of pearly white teeth.

Lin Ziyang astonished went kaput instantly, replaced with disgust and an emotionless gaze.

"Sister Ziyang, don't let He Yanglei die." Wu Baozhai said as she and Na Xinyi stepped away from each other.

Na Xinyi brushed a loose strand of her hair behind her ear, "Who are you here for? Us or her?" While the Everlore Association tried its best to seal information about the Chosen King Competition, there were a few things that could inevitably leak over the years.

One of those things was the Evil Sentinels of Everworld, a group of cultivators that were sentenced to handling the Everworld. A lot of the malicious plants were born out of their influence or outright manipulated by them from the shadows.

However, there were always four Evil Sentinels that roamed the Everworld in each competition. There was one for each of the following stages: Gravity Emission Phase, Realm World Phase, Temporal Eye Phase, and Star Core Phase. Their initial purpose was simple:

Kill those who kill!

However, they had restrictions; each Evil Sentinel could only attack those at or above their Cultivation Stage, not below.

"Oh? Seems like you two know what I'm here for. How reckless of you then," the white-robed cultivator's laughter shook the trees and caused the nearby flowers to reverse their bloomed states. "You three exuded such unrestrained killing intent, but I'm here for just you two. Did you think I wouldn't come?" As he spoke, his Star Core Phase cultivation base was faintly exposed.

"No, we expected you to come." Na Xinyi nonchalantly replied, seemingly unbothered by the Evil Sentinel's attitude or aura. "Your badge will be worth a lot of advantages in the first challenge, yeah?"

"Oh?" The Starlord Evil Sentinel brought out a blood-colored cross, teasingly saying: "You mean this little thing? Yeah. You'll get some benefits if you can take it from my corpse. But, can you?" He dangled it like a piece of meat and smiled, placing it back into his Spatial Ring in an open fashion as if screaming for them to try, "Or perhaps I'll be enjoying myself with a heavenly threesome today."

He turned to the profusely sweating and limped He Yanglei. "Fortunately for you, I can not claim your heart for myself. Silly rules, right? Well, my Junior Brother will do so later." A toothy grin was revealed beneath the hood, relishing in He Yanglei's coming death.

He Yanglei's already pale expression turned ghastly white.

"Sister Ziyang, please make sure He Yanglei does not die." Wu Baozhai asked. There were many questions she wanted to ask, and Na Xinyi definitely wanted to do other things. "Rock-Paper-Scissors?" Wu Baozhai suggested.

"Mil. Thirty-second turns?" Na Xinyi said.

"Don't you think that's too long?" Wu Baozhai eyed Na Xinyi with a knowing gaze. She lifted her palm, holding out her fingers and thumb. "Five seconds." Na Xinyi nodded, "Five seconds."

"Oh? I'm no five-second man! Please do not hype your abilities only to be disappointed when you're pleading for more," the Starlord Evil Sentinel brightly smiled, his gaze as lewd as one could imagine.

Na Xinyi and Wu Baozhai ignored him, their expression abnormally serious, as if they were about to wage war against the world.

"Rock!" Na Xinyi and Wu Baozhai uttered together.

"Paper!"

"Scissors!"

"SHOT!"

Na Xinyi had paper.

Wu Baozhai had scissors.

"I go first," Wu Baozhai brightly smiled. Despite typical her imperialistic, straight-laced demeanor, for this one moment, she looked as if she was a joyful young lady enjoying herself. Just her smile could warm the heart.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1318 1312: CKC, First Exchange



"...why can I never win these things?" Na Xinyi muttered as she twisted her lip in dissatisfaction. Since they've known each other, she's never beaten Wu Baozhai in this simple game, and it was a strange phenomenon that she could

barely understand. They both were cultivators, their reflexes and senses at extreme heights, yet she kept winning each and every time.

Aggrieved, Na Xinyi folded her arms naturally with a harrumph. Her simple action caused the Starlord Evil Sentinel to gulp with anticipation. What an astonishing body. He could barely resist the desire to pounce.

"Fine, just don't go over your allotted time." Na Xinyi said as she moved to the side. Lin Ziyang looked between Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi, a wry smile on her face. A warmth spread across her chest, nostalgia overwhelming her memories.

"Go," Na Xinyi gestured toward He Yanglei. Lin Ziyang shook her head. Then, her eyes glinted with ferocious killing intent as she moved her focus to He Yanglei's limp, hunched figure, he could barely stand on his two feet. His aquamarine-robos were drenched in Water Force.

"You deserve worse," Lin Ziyang whispered as she moved toward He Yanglei. Just as she was about to reach him, she swiftly retreated.

ZOOSH!!!

A slicing wave of blood-red Astral Force split the ground and grass, segregating Lin Ziyang from He Yanglei! Lin Ziyang's eyes narrowed; the Evil Sentinel had made a move, but he didn't aim an attack at her, merely prevented her from reaching He Yanglei.

"I may not be able to act against him, but my loveable junior can. How about you stay there, blue-eyed fairy? When she comes, you can have a little contest for him, okay?" The Evil Sentinel smiled. While their facial features couldn't be determined, those frighteningly pearly white teeth felt predatory and insidious.

"Really? You should be caring about yourself," Na Xinyi remarked from afar. That said, she still gestured toward Lin Ziyang. The latter understood

immediately, keeping her eyes on He Yanglei. There was no certainty that the strange fungus that had infected him wasn't lethal. She refused to allow him to die such an easy death.

Being so helpless, He Yanglei could only curse the heavens for acting against him. Despite being unaware of the greater workings of the world, He Yanglei's curses were remarkably close.

Wu Baozhai stretched lightly. "I've heard that Evil Sentinels are strong, rivaling top-tier Chosen. I wonder if there's truth in that." When she finished, she slowly brought out her halberd. Its design was extraordinary, sporting a crescent blade at its side. The materials of this weapon was peculiar, and even the Evil Sentinel realized this, as there was an aura of Intent naturally within it.

"You'll find out soon, and even more about our ability in other things, hehe." While he exuded utmost confidence, resorting to lewd innuendo, the aura of the Starlord Evil Sentinel began to permeate quietly. There was a solemn feeling to it alongside a malevolent presence. He was clearly taking this seriously.

Wu Baozhai's halberd wasn't ordinary. From his initial glance, it was at the Mystic-Earth grade. There was no restriction on bringing external weapons to the Chosen King Competition, and even pellets were freely allowed. Being a Chosen wasn't simply about one's cultivated strength, but one's backing and means to acquire resources.

This tested all aspects of cultivation.

However, using things far beyond your means often could backfire, especially with the various rules of the Chosen King Competition.

"Ha!" The Evil Sentinel brought out a jet-black sickle. The extreme sharpness of its edge felt as if it could cut an enemy by merely looking at it. It, too, was a Mystic-Earth graded product!

Evil Sentinels were tasked with killing killers or would-be killers, so they needed advantages that granted them such capabilities. This sickle was an extraordinary weapon passed down for several generations.

Wu Baozhai lowered her stance, gripping her halberd. The air around her changed instantly. There was tension developing, pervading the world silently. The two were on opposing sides, with some vegetative debris and trees between them.

"I won't aim for the face, okay? I'll also avoid your big brea - "

WOOSH!!!The Evil Sentinel struck mid-speech. His movements were lightning fast, brandishing his sickle as he flickered toward Wu Baozhai. There was no prior circulation of Astral Force for an art or spell, clearly deliberate.

Wu Baozhai wasn't taken aback or caught off-guard. She patiently observed. When he entered her reach, she gently slid her right foot back, and then thrust her halberd forward with a soft breath.

Clang!

Sickle met halberd in a vicious metallic clash.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Then, light two shadows flickering in the light, the two began to exchange rapid-fire attacks. Wu Baozhai clashed with the sickle using her crescent blade, twisting the shift with ease, causing the sickle to bend. The Evil Sentinel was stunned; he instantly lost balance and felt as if his sickle was being pulled away.

Wu Baozhai's eyes flickered as she struck. Her slender leg shot forth, piercing through space, air, and gravity, aiming for the most vulnerable portion of a human's abdomen. It was precise and extremely vicious, containing sufficient power to cause a catastrophe on a typical tiny-sized planet!

The Evil Sentinel's blood-red eyes glowed with a viciousness, rich in experience and courageous might. He used his free arm, blocking the kick. crack! snap!!

The sound of bone snapping in two, piercing into flesh, and a spurt of blood resounded. But the Evil Sentinel hardly flinched, using this time to regain his balance, slicing his sickle at her leg at the patella! If a Mystic-Earth bladed weapon sliced into that area, half of the leg would be sent flying!

"Hu!" Wu Baozhai exhaled. She didn't panic at the vicious attack nor was she surprised by the attempt to trade injury for injury. Instead of retreating, she pressed her grounded leg forcefully to the earth. A burst of dirt, dust, grass, and rock erupted. The added force allowed her kick to gain another spurt of strength, pressing heavily against the broken arm.

"You!" The Evil Sentinel roared as he was blown away. His sickle had missed its target entirely.

Wu Baozhai retrieved her kicking leg, regaining her stable stance as she pointed the tip of her halberd to the Evil Sentinel's throat from afar. There was only calm, miraculous calm in her eyes!

"Five seconds!" Na Xinyi exclaimed excitedly.

Wu Baozhai straightened her posture, sighing to herself, and gave the sickle another glance. "Do not die."

The Evil Sentinel violently gritted his teeth. For the first time in a long time, he felt his confidence wavering. What type of battle sense was that? Moreover,

her strength was simply tyrannical. There was something about her passively exuded aura as well. It felt as if it was restricting him somehow.

Na Xinyi shot over, gently landing a few dozen meters before the Evil Sentinel. This short of a distance could be easily covered by Starlords, so they were in the closest possible range imaginable for experts.

"Didn't you say you wanted to have a threesome?" Na Xinyi beautifully smiled, causing He Yanglei and the Evil Sentinel to feel their throats involuntarily gulping a wad of heated saliva. This woman...

"If I can not take both your arms in five seconds, I'll let you have your wish." Her voice was alluring, filled with a passiven stimulating charm of Yin, but the tone was downright domineering and disdainful. There was so much contempt that it made one's heart grow cold.

The Evil Sentinel released a guttural roar. He took out and ate a pill. The injuries on his arm began to steam with a life-stimulating smoke, swiftly repairing his bones, flesh, and skin.

In a single blink of a mortal's eye, his arm was fully repaired.

"I'll enjoy having both of you today then!" As he did, he began to exert World Pressure! Clearly, he was no longer holding back!

"At least you have some awareness," Na Xinyi smilingly remarked as she retrieved her double-edged sword with a pure white blade. Her Yin Aura unleashed a strange ghastly chill into the air.

Yo, Erdiul here. Last mass release of May from the author. Posted these a bit late because of detection from WN. The author apparently will be making changes to his privilege prices to make it more affordable, so that's nice, I guess. If you can and want to, when that happens, you can support him on

WN. Pirated content probably won't stop happening though. Chapters were short, but provides an entry into the CKC. Na Xinyi/Tian Yinwu being in the same sentence as Wei Wuyin puts a bitter taste in my mouth though. Anyways, hope y'all had a good reading session.

Until next time.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1319 1313: CKC, Last Words



The Evil Sentinel's aura seethed; his bright, blood-red eyes shone frighteningly, giving off a violent, wicked, and vile light. The lives of countless cultivators had met their untimely end at his hands, their cultivated efforts over a lifetime forming the amalgamated foundation of his strength and terror. The depth of his Evil-born cultivation base was bone-chillingly deep.

This was a true-blue Evil Cultivator, committed to the namesake. Those of his breed was miraculously rare, downright vicious. The total absence of morals or hesitation in conducting revolting acts for cultivation. If it wasn't for the rules of Everworld, there was little doubt he'd refine the millions here.

In contrast, Na Xinyi's aura was like a frosty lake. She was lofty, prideful, and dangerous yet enticing and attractive. Yet she exuded a white mist of beguiling mystery, prompting the desire to inspect and investigate.

Could this freezing lake be heated to the point of defrosting? Becoming a welcoming hot spring? How would it feel to explore its depths, both freezing and not? These questions could stir the male heart into action.

However, the eyes of the Evil Sentient were absent from these questions. While his words were laid and vulgar, the only emotion within his eyes was greed. The lust was false. Reflected in his eyes, the only thing this Evil Cultivator saw was a meal, a resource.

Na Xinyi was not human.

She was a useful plant to be plucked for his benefit; how he does it didn't matter-the attributes of a true Evil Cultivator.

Yet the woman looked down on him, claiming to take both arms within five seconds. This was outrageous! His pride was challenged. He internally decided to sever her four limbs, and then ruthlessly extract her Primal Yin in the most violent, unpleasant manner possible.

With his sharp glistening sickle, he brandished his white, twisted smile to Na Xinyi.

Na Xinyi replied with a blink.

WOOSH!

The Evil Sentinel rushed Na Xinyi. Simultaneously, his Worldly Domain unfurled. A world of bright, bloody red light shot forth, engulfing twenty meters of distance in every direction. Due to Everworld's unique characteristics, Worldly Domains were severely restricted alongside the ability to fly. Despite the size, it was two thousand thousand times smaller due to this!

Normally, this Worldly Domain would be 40,000 kilometers! This exceeded a Greater Starlord! Just this was enough to showcase the Evil Sentinel's stellar foundation!

Na Xinyi's response was simple: World Armor!

She pulsed her Worldly Domain rapidly, guarding against the Worldly Domain's devastating influence. She seemed unaffected as she brandished her white sword, indifference effusing in her eyes.

The Evil Sentinel was dumbfounded seeing such a technique being displayed effortlessly. When had those who foolishly ventured into Everworld ever known of such a highly defensive, incredibly technical skill?

Su Mei had elevated the cultivation society's standards! She unintentionally pioneered a stage of cultivation advancement for society, propagating it into its culture as the standard.

The Evil Sentinel finally realized that there were those of this generation that were of a higher standard than before. His eyes glinted greedily, and Na Xinyi's potential value increased in his heart. With his sickle in hand, he rushed forward as a whirlwind of bloody light.

Wu Baozhai's eyes narrowed slightly.

The Evil Sentinel struck first! He swiped his sickle at Na Xinyi's shoulder, intending to split her in half! His strike held nothing back.

Na Xinyi moved. She was seemingly slow as her body swayed. Then, she flickered as if reality erased her presence.

There was no clang. The two exchanged locations instantly. The world of bloody light fizzled abruptly.

Lin Ziyang's eyes widened.

He Yanglei gasped disbelievingly.

Spurt!

Two arms flew through the air, and blood gushed from the stumps, shooting wildly into the air and tainting the ground with glaringly bright and hot blood.

The grass rustled as suckling sounds gently resounded as if the ground was absorbing the blood.

"YOU!"

Na Xinyi kept her sword; she turned around and glanced at Wu Baozhai. "You must have never sparred with 'him', otherwise you'd never give me a chance." As she reached her fifth word, the Evil Sentinel's eyes bulged unnaturally as hot blood kept greysering from his arms. But after the sixth word, a perfect horizontal line slit across his throat and hood.

Slide!

Thud!

Wu Baozhai ignored the headless Evil Sentinel as their lifeless body flopped to the ground. She lightly shrugged as she kept her halberd, "I gave myself limitations." She justified her actions, but there was a tinge of regret in her voice. While she never sparred with 'him' directly, she sparred with several Incarnations of his throughout the years as they communicated.

Na Xinyi smiled, "So did I." Her words were laced with a fiercely competitive spirit. She walked to a severed arm, lightly waving her hand as the Evil Sentinel's spatial ring floated into her hand.

Ba-Dum! Ba-Dum! Ba-DUM!!

He Yanglei's heart pounded violently, threatening to burst! This was the Extreme Yin Empress! Despair enveloped his heart and soul as he had the urge to cry out.

"Sister Na! You're so strong," Lin Ziyang commented in praise as she walked toward the subconsciously crawling and sweating He Yanglei. She kicked.

POW!

The harsh sound of a bone skull being impacted by force resounded, and a soft, spine-chilling crack resounded. He Yanglei's head snapped back forcefully as he cried out in pain, tumbling around the grass, still conscious as he kept struggling with twitching fingers.

"It helped that he was so weak," Wu Baozhai off-handedly commented.

"Says the one who couldn't finish the job in five seconds," Na Xinyi bantered. While her words were rebuking, her words contained no malicious intent as she smiled. The two had fought together in a dozen battles, and they'd never had a chance to playfully exchange words like this comfortably during that time. Each time, they struggled and had to rush as a flood of enemies pursued them.

Wu Baozhai arrived next to the groaning He Yangeli. She flicked her finger. From the tip, the Imperial Heaven Aura shot forth and drove itself into his bleeding ears and nose. He Yanglei wretched in agony as he twisted and shouted a stifled scream. With this, his cultivation and powers were thoroughly suppressed.

Na Xinyi arrived beside Wu Baozhai, pressing her hand toward He Yanglei. A chilling Spiritual Yin Light flashed. The brimming vitality of He Yanglei vanished. All his active Yang Energy from his Yang Source was abolished; he was crippled in ways that would cause men to wail from Hell to Heaven.

The imbalance of yin-yang was an experience far more painful as his body began to grow extremely cold without the slightest sign of ice or frost. The feeling left him wishing for death.

The three stood before He Yanglei. Their eyes flashed with killing intent as they began to take turns. They didn't cut, stab, or remove any part of He Yanglei's body. They began to slowly but surely cripple him in every aspect of cultivation-Lin Ziyang attacked the physical, Wu Baozhai attacked the essence,

and Na Xinyi attacked the mental. His ghastly pale complexion was terrifying to behold.

"KI-KILL M-ME!" He hoarsely begged. The tone of his voice no longer contained a hint of masculine energy, androgynous in tone. The hour-long torture of Lin Ziyang's violence, Wu Baozhai's Imperial Heaven Aura, and Na Xinyi's Yin Light were unbearable.

Those who happened to arrive nearby and see this scene all sucked in breaths of cold air. These women were particularly vicious, like devilish fiends. They attacked with only killing intent in their eyes, but they didn't kill.

"What happened to Sister Yu?" The trio stopped. Lin Ziyang had asked this question, and the reprieve caused He Yanglei to feel as if he was blessed. But when he didn't respond in three seconds, Lin Ziyang kicked at his abdomen, accurately striking a vital point of his lungs.

A hellish sting took He Yanglei's breath away. At this point, his eyes were out of tears.

Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi struck again. They were even harsher than before, and He Yanglei wanted to die.

They stopped.

"What happened to Sister Yu?" Lin Ziyang asked indifferently. The trio didn't know exactly what happened to Lian Yu. Wei Wuyin never told them how or why Lian Yu died.

He Yanglei breathily huffed, "I-I..."

"If you don't speak clearly, this'll continue until your natural lifespan ends." Wu Baozhai explained indifferently as if the matter was inconsequential to her. The sheer thought of keeping someone alive for their entire lifespan until they died in a grueling state of pain and suffering was beyond cruel.

He Yanglei's eyes bulged as he struggled to speak. " I ! I kill...I killed her!" He confessed.

The way he said that caused Lin Ziyang's expression to twist in anger, while Wu Baozhai frowned and Na Xinyi's killing intent nearly exploded. She barely held herself back from ending this bastard's life then and there.

"Why? How? Where? Why do you have her heart?" Wu Baozhai asked for details.

He Yanglei didn't hold anything back. He began to explain his journey to the Devil War Realm. He began to detail how he met Lian Yu and Long Chen. When Long Chen was mentioned, all three of their expressions changed in various ways. They learned that he tried to steal Long Chen's Seed of Law, but he had escaped after he had snatched Lian Yu's heart from her chest.

The man could only watch helplessly. In fact, the idiot had sealed himself at his request, only capable of watching Lian Yu slowly die as her heart throbbed lively outside of her chest.

He even went into detail about how he cried out her name pathetically.

How he crawled.

After a while, He Yanglei began to derive a feeling of pleasurable revenge as the expressions of the trio twisted viciously. After an hour of torture, his mind had grown demented as he spoke with energy from who knows where.

"He put on those Endless Oath Shackles willingly! The fool! What a sight as he slapped her dying corpse! Hah! The look in his eyes." Now He Yanglei was truly deriving pleasure from this.

"A SEED of Law! I can't believe such an idiot had been blessed with one!" He Yanglei had learned many things from his dharma protector then, including Seeds of Law and other details. When Long Chen exposed him, that skinny

old man told him of Long Chen's uniqueness. Whether he admitted it or not, he wanted He Yanglei to take it for himself even if he didn't assist in securing Long Chen due to his oaths.

"..." The trio was silent.

"Oh! The look on his face when he heard her last words. HAHA!" He Yanglei grew increasingly deranged.

Last words? The trio grew curious instantly, but the burning hatred in their eyes was enough to cause fear in devils and ghosts.

"HAHAHA! You know what she said?!" He Yanglei lurched upwards a little, his eyes filled with a mad glow. Wu Baozhai unleashed a burst of Wind Force from her finger, smacking against his forehead, causing him to howl in pain as his head smashed violently into the ground.

But that moment did little to stifle his laughter. "H-he said!" He began, a little dizzily. He had even said 'he' instead of 'she'. But his mind grew a little confused as he said Long Chen's last words instead: "As she laid there dying, 'You're alive. You're alive. I won't let you die. I promise I'll bring you back, no matter what. Even Hong Ru can do so, so can you!'" Was what he said! Haha!" He had even tried to mimic his pathetic tone.

The hearts of the trio twisted painfully. Hong Ru had been brought back to life by Wei Wuyin's efforts, but that was because her soul was intact. By the time Wei Wuyin found her corpse, she had been dead for a long, long time, her soul gone.

"As for her! AS FOR HER!" He screamed powerfully, deriving immense enjoyment from their gazes. "She said...SHE SAID!! HAHA! WITH HER DYING BREATH, SHE SAID SHE LOVED..." He began to cackle maniacally, elongating the moment suspenseful as the trio basked in their emotions.

"I. Love. Wei. WUYIN!!" At this point, He Yanglei was lost in himself. He had forgotten why he wanted them to try killing him and was now simply enjoying petty revenge.

"..." Na Xinyi.

"..." Wu Baozhai.

Lin Ziyang.

They were all silent because...they could all understand, and while doubtful, they felt it was...possible despite Lian Yu's staunch loyalty.

"Pathetic bitch," he spat.

SHING!

Lin Ziyang could no longer hold back. She brought out her golden sword, slicing at He Yanglei's neck. Her actions were swift, catching them all off-guard. "No!" Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi cried out simultaneously, but they were too late to stop it.

"...!" He Yanglei was wide-eyed as the blade rushed toward his neck. And then, a twisted grin formed on his face.

Just as the blade with lulling intent swiped across his neck, entering halfway through, unleashing life-snuffing force-

BOOM!!!

An explosion of aquamarine light exploded from He Yanglei's chest!

The trio was sent flying back as Astral Wards guarded their bodies. Those watching were smashed by the explosive light. A few died instantly upon contact, lifelessly landing a mile or so away.

"Haha! Stupid BITCHES!" He Yanglei's raging laughter resounded through the air.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1320 1314: CKC, Backing



"HAHAHA!" He Yanglei's maniacally triumphant laughter thundered through the air. Since the beginning, he hoped for the trio to make a killing move against him, not torture him for so frustratingly long. When he saw their pointless curiosity toward Lian Yu's death, he deliberately pushed his antagonization to the limits of his capability.

Now!

It was his turn to torture.

The latent power bestowed to him to protect his life and soul by his Clan Leader, He Bojing, had been activated! The feeling of strength far beyond his limits flowed through him as his injuries began to rapidly heal, his complexion regaining a rosy tint, and his eyes shining with lively light.

The trio of women were blown away. They each erected their Astral Wards just prior to being attacked, a sign of their remarkable reflexes and instincts. They gathered together, skidding across the grass to a stop, eyeing the pulsing, raging watery power emitted by He Yanglei.

Na Xinyi and Wu Baozhai silently observed He Yanglei's situation. They didn't speak, but Lin Ziyang was smart enough to realize her error, and she apologized: "I'm sorry. I couldn't control myself. This is all my fault."

Her words were laden with guilt. However, the two women didn't harp on the situation. "It's fine, Sister Ziyan." Wu Baozhai didn't pay it any mind, knowing that amongst the three of them, Lin Ziyan was certainly the most emotionally attached among them. Her relationship with Lian Yu was greater than theirs.

Over the years in the Myriad Monarch Sect, Wu Baozhai had always felt strange around Long Chen due to their 'forced' experience while Na Xinyi had never fully accepted Long Chen, further exacerbated by Wei Wuyin's promise and continuous displays of greatness. It was different for Lian Yu and Lin Ziyan; the two were unyieldingly loyal to Long Chen, and so their relationship was much closer.

It was only when Wei Wuyin challenged Lin Ziyan's core belief of why she chose Long Chen that her thoughts skewed. This was verified by their kiss, as she learned of his four Spirits of Cultivation, indicating that in accordance with Ming Shufeng's prophecy, Wei Wuyin was always her destined one-not Long Chen.

Since then, she never regretted choosing Wei Wuyin. Just like Ming Shufeng said, she met someone outstanding to the world that would bring her happiness and satisfaction. Because of this, she felt a sense of guilt toward Lian Yu. There were even thoughts that, if she had convinced Lian Yu to come along, she would've still been alive. After hearing that Lian Yu's last words were that she loved Wei Wuyin, that guilt had exploded madly.

If only she had interfered and brought her along! Long Chen was a walking disaster and his actions always led to their suffering, from Qing Qiumu nearly being executed, herself suffering through a thorough crippling and torture, Hong Ru's bodily demise, and now Lian Yu's true death. All of it could be traced back to Long Chen's inability and fault!

If only!

She should've tried HARDER!

Maybe...

Just maybe...

As He Yanglei's aura ramped upwards, causing the grass to fly around, trees to bend, and the winds to roar, the three women stood against it without much difficulty. As for those unfortunate spectators, they were wildly screaming in a frenzied panic. The power exceeded the range of Mortal Limits, and they were sent flying for miles or outright critically wounded by its aura alone.

A lone cultivator nearby was caught unaware. While they hadn't been killed instantly, their skin was peeled off by the aura, and blood poured out of seven orifices. When they landed on the grass, the grass grew, wrapping around their limbs, and proceeded to pull them silently into the ground. Their muffled screams were concealed by the raging storm of watery power.

"..." Wu Baozhai and Na Xinyi glanced at each other. The feelings in both of their eyes were mostly the same. As they both understood Lin Ziyang's feelings to a certain extent, how could they possibly scold her? They weren't so insensitive.

Na Xinyi shrugged casually, changing the topic: "This bastard is feeling himself a little too much." The trio could see He Yanglei levitating five feet off the ground, barely resisting the World Pressure preventing flight, being surrounded by rays of watery aquamarine-colored light. He seemed to be relishing in the power, locking down on the trio with a Spiritual Aura.

It wasn't his Spiritual Aura, but an external Spiritual Aura originating from a tattoo placed on his glabella. It was shaped in a rectangular-shaped curtain of water that was animatedly falling endlessly like a waterfall.

Soon, the watery curtain and the raging power began to condense into a figure as He Yanglei was gently brought to the ground, healed and lively. "Ancestor!" He cried out excitedly to He Bojing.

The Earthly Saint was dressed in a similar aquamarine-colored set of robes, sporting the He Clan's clan symbol. His regal, imposing bearing was faultless, and he stood presently with his arms folded behind his back, quietly observing the Everworld's environment. His eyes effused a light of calculation and thought.

"It's only been a few hours?" He remarked dumbfoundedly, his expression changing slightly. This was only the Everworld Venture-the first stage of the Chosen King Competition, and it served to filter out the unworthy and unlucky. It was a trash filter, to put it bluntly.

Seeing the situation, he swept his gaze across the world. He instantly caught sight of the trio, and immediately his eyes brightened. "Extreme Yin Empress? Eternal Monarch Saintess?" He called out the two titles of the women. Wu Baozhai's title was unimaginative, simple really, but since she wasn't on the top ten list, the effort put into naming her was minimal.

After the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, Wu Baozhai's reputation experienced a skyrocketing rise, and even Earthly Saints paid attention to her and her origins. Especially the rumors that she was Wu Yu's bloodline descendant. It was hard not to make that connection given they cultivated the same method and bore the same familial surname name.

Instantly, he was vigilant. While the Extreme Yin Empress didn't have a terrifying backing, her talent was exceptionally high, almost as great as her beauty. Wu Baozhai, on the other hand, most certainly had connections with the Grand Knight Wu Yu, especially since the planet and sect moved to the Neo-Dawn Starfield early on, and her talent was one-of-a-kind as well. If Wu

Yu was any indication, she was going to be a terror when she matured, and the Eternal Monarch Sect was led was going to be exceptional.

The trio saw the apprehension on He Bojing's face.

Na Xinyi knew that when he looked her way, he saw only her own shadow. It brought caution, uncertainty, and hesitancy. In that one moment, she received validation that her efforts over the years had paid off handsomely.

Wu Baozhai knew that when he looked her way, he saw Wu Yu, the Eternal Monarch Sect, the Neo-Dawn Starfield, and her shadow. This brought fear and restraint. In that one moment, she was satisfied.

Neither of them was content with being unrecognized for their efforts, serving as mere foils to Long Chen's achievements. When they thought about Wei Wuyin, they realized that he deeply understood them on a level that Long Chen never did.

It was just a brief look, a small moment, yet it verified their decades of efforts.

As for Lin Ziyang, she was an unknown. And this brought her indescribable peace because Wei Wuyin's enemies wouldn't come for her like Long Chen's enemies had. She was happy to remain in the shadows until Wei Wuyin had fully grown to his own, capable of ensuring that the entire world wouldn't dare to move against him.

"What did you do?" He Bojing turned to He Yanglei and questioned. This descendant of his had offended these women somehow, and their lingering killing intent was still present in the air and their gazes.

"I..." He Yanglei was taken aback. He hurriedly tried to give a reason as to why they acted against him.

But while they were about to have a typical conversation, perhaps deliberately distorted with information to turn He Bojing against the trio, Lin Ziyang rubbed

her right wrist. It was a golden bracelet, ordinary and dull, but when she stroked its surface, various Mystic Runes manifested on its surface.

"Huh?" He Bojing turned to Lin Ziyang.

His pupils shrunk to their limits.

WOOSH!!!

A beam of condensed Mystic Power roared! He Bojing tried to hold his hands out, exerting his Incarnation's power to defend, but was met with an irresistible, incredible power. His eyes bulged out as his body crystallized within the beam's flow. Before he could react, his hands began to see fissures and cracks. Then!

BOOM!

IT EXPLODED!

Instantly, the Earthly Saint's avatar...was destroyed!!

Moreover, while the sound was thunderous, the effects of the surroundings were shockingly minimal. Even the wind wasn't twisted into a frenzy, not even a little bit. The beam seemed to have accurate control, dispersing three feet behind He Bojing's Incarnation with frightening swiftness, causing no damage to the surroundings.

The fragments of its Mystic Power brushed against He Yanglei's rosy face, causing a slight itch on his cheek. He subconsciously scratched it. He stammered as the situation had yet to process fully in his mind.

"...!" Both Na Xinyi and Wu Baozhai were thunderstruck, their eyes widening. What in the heavens was that?!

"Did you think you're the only one with backing?" Lin Ziyang brightly smiled. Wei Wuyin had given her tools that could make Ascended beings quiver in

fear, all for the sake of protecting her. She lightly rubbed the bracelet, sensing the warmth of his feelings. Moreover, this wasn't even the best one.

The Mystic Runes on the bracelet dimmed before vanishing.

"Y-you...YOU!" He Yanglei's rosy complexion began to pale considerably.

WOOSH!

He ran away!

Flee!

Ba-Dum! Ba-Dum!

Just as the trio was about to give chase, a roaring light pierced through the sky, slamming against He Yanglei's frantic figure. He screamed in panic, terror ravaged his very soul. Was this how he was going to die?!?!

"That's...?!" Wu Baozhai, Na Xinyi, and Lin Ziyang were startled. The multicolored light pierced through the strange atmosphere of the Everworld, enveloping He Yanglei whole, and then it vanished! And He Yanglei along with it!

"..." The trio was stupefied, looking at the sky with endless questions and boundless shock.

What just happened?!

In another area of Everworld, a figure lifted its head to the sky, seeing the ray of light sundering the sky, landing on a distant figure, and then vanishing. The sight of Stellar Transit Light was incredibly strange.

"What are you planning for them?" The figure glanced at their right arm. After a short while, the figure kept trudging along his grassy path.

San Luoyang sat cross-legged in a strange subspace of the Everworld, acting as overseer using the Ever-Key. His eyes glinted as he observed the Stellar Transit Light pierce into the Everworld.

"Did they take action?" He thoughtfully said before sighing to himself. Instead, he moved his gaze away and the image of San Yongli was being showcased on a 3D projection of Everworld. He thought for a second and then touched the Ever-Key with his right index finger. A burst of light was emitted.

The Temporal Reincarnator lifted her head to notice a strange tree a few miles away exuding a unique aura. When she executed her Ocular Spell, a few fruits could be seen hanging from its slender branches.

"Worldgreen Fruit!" Her eyes brightened considerably as she rushed toward the tree excitedly. A heavenly treasure of a fruit that could considerably increase one's affinity to World Pressure and nurture one's Worldly Domain!

"..." San Luoyang's expression was guiltless as he acted from the shadows. In fact, he smiled proudly. The Everworld had dangers, acting as a preliminary filter, but it had some unimaginable opportunities that not even the natives or the Tri-Sentinels could freely take.

"You have to make it to the third stage," San Luoyang whispered as he thought about the stage that no Chosen in the history of the eighteen regions has ever reached!
