

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1321 1315: CKC, Tri-Sentinels



San Luoyang's forehead began to sweat. There were signs of exhaustion in his eyes, complexion, and hasted breathing. "It's not easy using the Ever-Key Control Spell. I have to ensure each use counts." He softly remarked, wiping the sweat that dripped to his brow with the back of his fingers.

If the participants of the Everworld knew that San Yongli, or anyone for that matter, was receiving such one-sided advantages, there would certainly be harsh riots. However, Everworld Venture's principle was that all things matter, both self-cultivated, born, and gained through one's recognized talents such as a good master, support from a great organization, or wealth acquired through other forms of skills.

It was this rule that allowed He Yanglei to summon his Ancestor; it was this rule that allowed the usage of Mystic-graded tools, armaments, and pellets; it was this rule that allowed Lin Ziyang to unleash a heaven-devastating attack far beyond Mortal Limits.

San Luoyang lightly breathed as he formed a hand-seal, scouring for an even greater opportunity for San Yongli, his adopted daughter, to enjoy so that she can bring out the best of her talents.

The trio was dumbstruck. He Yanglei's abrupt, inexplicable disappearance left their hearts both raging and pounding.

"Wasn't that Stellar Transit Light?" Na Xinyi asked with shock still lingering in her voice.

Wu Baozhai was a little calmer, nodding as she replied: "I think so." They were both top-tier experts that spent the majority of their time on cultivation and the aspects of cultivation, so this mixture of chaotic spatial energy, fixed spatial energy, and light energy was something they had both learned. Moreover, from the scrolls that Wei Wuyin had given them regarding the three dimensional layers of space, spatial arts, and spells of the spatial-attribute.

After giving each other glances, the trio went to scour for signs of He Yanglei's trail. While it seemed as if he was taken out of Everworld, they had to make sure that was the case before anything else. If he was simply sent elsewhere, they were already dead-set on giving chase.

Unfortunately, the trio concluded rather easily that the Stellar Transit Light had left the unique atmospheric limitations of the Everworld.

"Why is the space here different? It doesn't seem like we're in the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region." Lin Ziyang pointed out as she stared at the sky, lacking any sign of the Aeternal Sky Solar Star, and only a normal, dwarf-sized, yellow-colored solar star with no discernible special properties.

The two Saintesses exchange knowing and weary smiles. They knew that Lin Ziyang's decision to participate in the Chosen King Competition was entirely a spontaneous decision on the spot. She didn't have even the basic knowledge of this stage.

Wu Baozhai had always taken the role of the more knowledgeable sister of the group, so she comfortably slipped back into their previous dynamics as she once again began to explain to Lin Ziyang with a smile, just like old times.

"The Everworld is-"

"-an interdependent World Realm; it's the first stage of the Chosen King Competition, referred to by most as the Everworld Venture or the Sifting Stage. It's inherently dangerous, with heavy, insidious environmental conditions, the possibility for collateral damage, and unrestrained usage or possession of various items." A white and gold-robed young woman sat upon a severed stump of a tree, talking to another young woman who was sitting quietly cross-legged while listening intently.

They were both Chosen, their ages slightly apart, with the white-robed woman being younger by a few decades. Still, she was patiently instructing the older Chosen.

"Interdependent World Realm? Sifting Stage?" The older Chosen woman muttered softly. She was Zeng Xiaohui, belonging to the Dark Genesis Starfield. Her master was a relatively decent Starlord, properly earning her a spot. Amongst her seventeen other Senior Brothers and Senior Sisters, she was the most talented.

When she arrived at the Everworld, she had gotten caught in a fly trap and nearly devoured whole. If she wasn't helped, she would've been part of the world's soil by now, decaying without a doubt.

Zeng Xiaohui was talented, and while the standards of the Chosen had risen, the environmental dangers of Everworld weren't cultivation specific like the Evil Sentinels. If you fall for any hazardous traps in any way, you'll face a lethal crisis immediately. While the difficulties to escape were dependent on the plant itself, including the Sentinel behind it, thousands had died in the first hour.

"Ah, right." The white and gold-robed woman knew that information about the Everworld was religiously sealed. It took a lot of effort to gather this information initially, and most of it was from the initial Chosen King

Competition that was participated in that hadn't had any heavy restrictions like now.

Only ancient and relevant forces back then had glimpses of relevant information, and they kept it tightly sealed just as well. The Chosen King Competition was a competition after all. The knowledge was sufficient to gain an advantage. If those who had died in the first hour knew of the peculiarities of Everworld and its dangers, would they have died?

"It's said that Everworld, the planet and the space itself, is located between the crossroads of two worlds. While it's never been verified, it's always been referred to as an Interdependent Realm, the only one of its kind throughout the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region. Well, that's not true." The young woman thoughtfully recalled as she said with a slight nod, "The Stellar Nests of the Stellar Rain could be said to be an Interdependent Realm as well."

"Stellar Nests?" Zeng Xiaohui tilted her head to the side. All of this felt strange to her. She knew she was ignorant, but she felt incredibly ignorant. "Sister Ma, what is the Everworld Venture, this stage, supposed to sift? Us?"

The woman referred to as Sister Ma, otherwise known as Ma Luling, smiled. Seeing the light of curiosity and having the ability to alleviate gave Ma Luling the feeling that all her exhausting study efforts were worth it.

"It's never confirmed, but largely believed that the Everworld Venture's goal is to sift out those who lack the aspects of a Chosen-cultivation, fortune, intelligence, wisdom, and survival instincts. These five aspects are absolutely vital to the cultivation of a proper Chosen, let alone the one who would claim the title of Chosen King. Right?" Ma Luling asked.

Zeng Xiaohui nodded, "Yeah." If one didn't have cultivation, they lacked means and strength; if one didn't have fortune, they likely lacked a good master, good innate talents, a good environment, and good luck in general; if

one didn't have intelligence, they were bound to ignorantly die along the arduous path of cultivation; if one didn't have wisdom, they were bound to be schemed against by others; if one didn't have survival instincts, how can one possibly survive?

These were crucial attributes needed for any Chosen, especially cultivation, fortune, and survival instincts.

"What else is there in the Everworld?" Zeng Xiaohui asked.

Ma Luling's eyes brightened. "Well, there's the Tri-Sentinels, the World Sentinels, as well as Zones of Earthly Treasures-Fortune Zones for short. The Everworld has twelve roaming Sentinels, four of each type, and stationary World Sentinels that control the various plants to a certain extent. The Tri-Sentinels are the Life Sentinels, the Fortune Sentinels, and Evil Sentinels, and they each have a single member at the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth stages of the Astral Core Realm."

"Oh?!" Zeng Xiaohui's interest was piqued.

Ma Luling continued, "The Life Sentinels roam the Everworld and they assist cultivators who are in life-or-death circumstances. Moreover, they have some control over Everworld, and they can assist you even if a trap that could kill a Starlord snags you. Unfortunately, they are limited to assisting only those at their cultivation bases or lower. So if you're a Timelord about to die, and the Gravity Emission Phase Life Sentinel shows up, while they could save you, you can consider yourself unlucky.

"But Evil Sentinels are different, they have similar limitations, but they roam about finding those who emit killing intent or have killed in Everworld. They are vile, brutal existences designed to kill. Fortunately, they can only act against those at or higher than their cultivation bases. None of them are weak, and they have mystic-graded armaments at their disposal. Of course, killing

them has rewards, not only do you obtain their armaments, they often have the resources of those they killed. It's also said they have a token that can be used to exchange for resources after the Everworld Venture's conclusion.

"As for Fortune Sentinels, they are strange entities. If you can catch them, they will guide you to a Fortune Zone before vanishing. They have different cultivation bases too, and anyone can catch them. But they only guide you to Fortune Zones relative to their strength. And that causes each Fortune Zone to be graded, going from one to five, from lowest to highest.

"Each grade of the zone gets increasingly better, and it's said that grade three zones are useful to those at the Star Core Phase. But I guess that's subjective, depending on what's in the zone itself."

"The Gravity Emission Phase Fortune Sentinel can only take cultivators to a grade one zone, while the Star Core Phase Fortune Sentinel is limited to grade four." After Ma Luling reached this point, she furrowed her brows slightly as a silvery light subtly flickered in through her pupils.

Zeng Xiaohui didn't notice her change, enthralled by the lesson. She asked excitedly, "What about grade five Fortune Zones?"

"Oh? Right!" Ma Luling laughed as she regained her former brightness, "They can only be chanced upon and found, a testament to being fortunate. You can, of course, stumble across any of the other Fortune Zones yourself without a Sentinel to guide you."

"I see," Zeng Xiaohui wished in her heart to find a grade-five zone. "So this Everworld is supposed to promote adventure through risk and unknown dangers! How marvelous." She couldn't help but think this competition was greatly different than any other she was a part of. Then, as the thought abruptly hit her, she asked: "How long does it last?"

"Hm?" Ma Muling was absent-minded for a second. She came back to Zeng Xiaohui and asked that question. "The Everworld lasts eighty-one days, every stage does." After saying that, she smiled at Zeng Xiaohui. "I'll be right back." Just as she spoke, her body flashed a silvery brilliance and instantly vanished.

"Wha-?" Zeng Xiaohui was stunned. She couldn't help but grow a little tense, her heart beating a little faster, and her sense of security fading as she realized that the surroundings were oddly silent. There wasn't even the sound of grass whistling with the wind.

The tension began to grow in her mind as panic set in. She had just escaped death, and now she was alone. The feeling was so abrupt and terrifying that her heartbeat could be heard in her ears. She gulped as she softly whispered, "Sis-Sister Ma?"

An uncomfortable crawling sensation began to spread within her skin. She jumped to a standing position! Was the grass trying to kill her? The air? She held her breath. Perhaps it was the entire world?!

The fear began to erupt. The urge to run swelled. To run far, far, far away.

Run.

Run!

RUN!!!

Her legs trembled as they began to move.

Suddenly, the feeling vanished.

Woosh!

A silvery light flashed beside her, startling her as she jumped. She launched an attack out of sheer fear, unleashing her Gravity Emission-level Astral Force with unimaginably chaotic force. But a soft hand gripped her wrist, diffusing the power as easily as a hurricane snuffing a candle's flame.

"Sorry about that," the bright, beautiful smile of Ma Luling was all Zeng Xiaohui could see as her focus honed in. When she fully processed what happened, her heart was soothed instantly. When her vision finally expanded to include the rest of the world, she noticed Ma Luling was holding a strange-looking squirrel by the throat. Its eyes were like jewels and its fury looked smoky.

The way she clenched was violent, and the squirrel was struggling to escape, yet it could only futilely waste its energy within her grip.

"What...was that?" Zeng Xiaohui realized her feelings were far too intense to be normal.

"That was likely this thing's fault. It's a Realm World Fortune Sentinel. Each Sentinel has ways to prevent others from finding it as well as escape. This one should be the Terror-type Fortune, a creature that can stimulate the sensation of fear as it directs you to your death." Ma Luling casually explained as she lifted the struggling squirrel-like creature. She knew what Zeng Xiaohui meant because she had silently shielded her from the effects earlier.

"What?!" To one's death? Zeng Xiaohui was terrified. She had thought that Fortune Sentinels were creatures that ran away, to be caught by the swift and cunning. Wasn't that too evil?

Ma Luling could understand her shock, saying seriously: "All fortune conies with its own challenges, risks, obligations, or difficulties. If you can't overcome them, you die, or worse- you succumb and lose yourself. The Everworld Venture is the first journey to proving your qualities as a Chosen." After explaining, Ma Luling exerted strength in her fingers. While her hands were delicate, she crushed the Fortune Sentinel with a brutal crack. It exploded into golden dust.

Then, the golden dust transformed into a twenty-foot-tall twister as it began to move along the world. The golden tornado gave off a rich aura of high-grade astral essence.

"...Wouldn't that cause others to notice?" Zeng Xiaohui asked.

Ma Luling gently smiled, "That's the point. Do you want to come with me? The chances of encountering environmental danger are extremely low unless you move around recklessly. I can't say for cultivator dangers though. But I'll come back after if you want to stay, help set up some safeguards for you."

Zeng Xiaohui nodded. She didn't want to stay! Moreover, she wanted to see the fortune! At the very least, she had the heart of a Chosen. Ma Luling was satisfied with this as she grabbed her hand, following the golden tornado as it sped toward the fortune zone.

Within an underground chamber, several dozen black-robed cultivators were cultivating in cross-legged positions. Suddenly, one of them glowed with a bright-red light.

"Oh? One of us died so early? The idiot." The one glowing said with a sneer, rising as his robes changed from black to blood-red. They placed a necklace sporting a cross on their neck, allowing it to freely dangle for all to see.

"Let's see how incredible these little brats are!" The glowing cultivator unleashed a burst of silvery spatial light, vanishing from the underground chamber.

The Starlord Evil Sentinel had been replaced!

PARAGON OF SIN



The first stage of the Chosen King Competition, the Everworld Venture, had started incredibly intense. In simply three hours, out of the millions of Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's properly graded Chosen and ungraded Dark Chosen, over ten thousand had died in gruesome ways, the vast majority to environmental dangers.

While alarming, this number was considerably less than in past competitions. The elevated standards of Chosen had greatly improved these Chosen cultivated strengths, granting them higher chances of survival as well as senses. In the first hour, the casualties typically reached in or above twenty thousand.

Moreover, the number of participants present was far greater than in past competitions, largely due to Dark Chosen. While the official standards of Chosen had been increased, so had the strength of others not selected by their respective forces. Quite a number of former Chosen, prospective Chosen, or egotistically self-confident believers had taken it upon themselves to recklessly participate, greatly inflating the number of cultivators in the competition.

This was the very first Chosen King Competition whose number of official Chosen and Dark Chosen was relatively close, shockingly surpassing the numbers of past competitions which had a significantly lower rate of standards for those to enter. That said, those validated and approved upon Chosen were not without advantages; the Everlore Association had bestowed each approved force's Chosen with a token. This token was called the Ever-Token.

While its name sounded simple, its effects were not.

Firstly, the tokens explained the very basic rules of the Chosen King Competition's Everworld Venture. Lin Ziyang was a Dark Chosen and was rightfully ignorant while Zeng Xiaohui barely had time before being caught by a deadly trap shortly after entering the stage. Ma Luling had arrived and given her far greater information than what the Ever-Token provided.

The Ever-Token only warned of the Everworld's dangers vaguely while briefly mentioning aspects of potential fortune within the stage, such as a clue that a golden tornado of dust often led to greater fortune. It informed Chosen of the eighty-one days limit, including possessing a live timer within that ticked down by using the format of days, hours, minutes, and seconds remaining.

Thirdly, Everworld had peculiarities throughout the world. Everworld had restrictions on flight and there were clear risks of foolishly moving without caution, but often running hectically was the only way forward. As such, each Ever-Token carried within it a unique compass that could consistently determine cardinal directions. Everworld was only tiny-sized, but relative to the average cultivator's size, it was utterly massive to those forced on foot.

Lastly, the Ever-Token had a built-in spatial formation that was forged from the Ever-Key. If used, it could act as a one-time usage escape talisman against environmental dangers. It was important to pay attention to 'environmental dangers' closely; the shifting effects of the token were only limited to a set hundred meters of distance, sending the Chosen into a marked safe area without any environmental dangers within the range of ten meters. It simply wasn't far enough to escape stronger cultivators nor safe.

A few Chosen had inadvertently gotten caught very early, used the Ever-Token to escape, panicking due to this, rushing off in a fright-filled frenzy, and getting caught again by another environmental danger. They either lost their lives or a portion of their strength.

Additionally, the Everworld had no ambient astral essence or mystic essence. The only ambient essence was the essence of heaven and earth generated from the planet itself, only sufficient to assist Foundation Establishment Realm and Qi Condensation Realm cultivators in their cultivation or recovery. There were, however, various fortune zones with astral essence of various grades, but they were extremely difficult to find and often surrounded by lethal dangers.

Therefore, previously cultivated energies, astral stones, and recuperation products brought were the sole sources of one's reliable power. If expended, they would be left powerless.

While the environmental dangers were lethal, they were also escapable and avoidable with sufficient strength and wisdom. While only slightly over ten thousand Chosen and Dark Chosen had died in the first three-hour period, hundreds of thousands had been caught, some even multiple times. The fact that only a small number had died showed the effects of Wei Wuyin's increased standards for Chosen.

The brutality and challenges of the competition and the aspects that it tested perfectly aligned with the King of Everlore's initial assessment of what a Chosen should be equipped to handle. He had invented, implemented, and populated the term 'Chosen', so his personally designed competition to choose the king of that title was bound to be perfect in the only way he'd imagined...

...including how unfair the world was.

77 Days : 23 Hours : 21 Minutes : 33 Seconds.

"This is insane! How can this competition just put every one of all cultivation bases against each other?" An annoyed voice complained as they stabbed

the bloodied bladed end of their white kunai attached to a chain leading to a dark-colored wristlet into the torso of a still-warm corpse. The corpse slightly shook.

Truly dead.

"After three days, everyone has more or less adapted to this crazy environment. Now, they're just running toward those with fortunes or good looks like stupid beasts." The voice said as she pushed her loose hair away from her face, tidying her appearance, and revealing a delightfully beautiful countenance. Yet when she pulled her kunai out of the corpse, the sound of bone and flesh was disgustingly eerie.

"Eh...I don't know about that. They seemed focused on obtaining the fortune zone. And this one was a woman," a young, strapping lad carrying two corpses on each of his broad shoulders, tall, fiercely built, and with chiseled facial features said honestly.

"Shut up," the young woman said as she pouted, annoyed.

The young man wryly smiled, "Sure, Junior Sister Yuling." His tone and expression only further annoyed the young woman as she muttered under her breath, ignoring him as she reached to grab the spatial ring of the one she killed. "Why are there so many Dark Chosen?" After briefly scanning the spatial ring, the young woman found no Ever-Token, a sign of a Dark Chosen.

Due to the characteristics of an Ever-Token, the death of the owner resulted in it shattering into dust. Furthermore, it couldn't be used by anyone else except the one who refined the token initially.

"The requirements were increased but past Chosen had seen a lot weaker Chosen find noticeably heaven-shaking gains. How could those who meet past requirements not try and seek fortune?" The young man said as he dropped the two corpses beside the other. It was clear that he was fully aware

of why the number of Dark Chosen had experienced an exponential increase from earlier years.

Junior Sister Ming, or Ming Yuling, sighed to herself. This was her first official Chosen King Competition, but she belonged to two Mystic-tier forces, the Ming Clan and the Boundless Martial Sect while possessing great status in both. Yet she was likely going to be a part of the most chaotic competition.

There were simply too many people here. Moreover, they were all cultivators who experienced the last vestiges of the Aeternal Sky Era and the boons brought about by its last flaring light of life. No one denied the upcoming era, and many knew that the end of this generation's Chosen King Competition would likely mark its beginnings. None of these cultivators could be underestimated.

"How many others have answered our call?" Ming Yuling asked. They belonged to the Boundless Martial Sect. While the Chosen King Competition was a challenge for Chosen, there were no rules that prevented others from teaming up with allies. Considering how exposed most of the fortune zones were, usually marked by a phenomenon or a tornado of golden dust, it was hard to seize benefits alone without absolute strength.

The young man, named Chen Yangzi, rubbed his neck, "Two others-Junior Brother Yun and Senior Sister Qiao."

"Yun? Yi Yun? The half-elf?" Ming Yuling was taken aback by this name. The Boundless Martial Sect, and other large forces, often seized the tyrannically seized spots of their subordinate forces through various competitions, so they had far greater numbers participating than the norm. That said, only those of a certain status could do so. However, Yi Yun was a junior and hadn't been allowed to enter any of these competitions.

Chen Yangzi nodded, "The one and only." He grabbed the spatial rings of the two corpses. When he found that they had some good stuff, he smiled in satisfaction. Despite his status as a Chen Clan member, one of the greater Noble Clans of the Eight with an Earthly Saint Ancestor, he was not of the main lineage, so he had to scour for his own resources.

"Senior Brother Yangzi, he entered as a Dark Chosen?" Ming Yuling asked with abnormal curiosity in her voice.

"The only way he could've," Chen Yangzi casually stated. He seemed entirely unbothered by Yi Yun's presence in the competition, focusing more on the fortune zone before him. A small pond with metallically grey-colored liquid was present, exuding a strange combination of metal and spatial energy fluctuations.

"It really is Tungsten Realm Liquid. What fortune! This must be a third-grade fortune zone." Chen Yangzi chuckled. This was a pinnacle astral-graded material that was extremely difficult to cultivate, even for Mystic-tier forces at the Demi-Mortal Lord level. Additionally, even if it was cultivated, the chances of him obtaining it over others were extremely low without arduous effort. He could barely contain the greed in his eyes.

Everworld truly was the planet of abnormal miracles and incredible fortune!

"!"

His pleased expression dramatically changed as he looked to the west. The Boundless Martial Sect wasn't the only organization that had decided to team up nor was it restricted to solely forces. Alliances of all sorts were formed on a dime-he felt four auras coming.

"You gather the liquid, I'll hold them off." Chen Yangzi said. The briefly absent-minded Ming Yuling's eyes flashed as she turned to the west, sensing their approach. She didn't speak, nodding as she rushed towards the edge of the

lake, bringing out a specifically designed bottle meant to hold astral-graded liquids of various properties.

She executed a spell activating the bottle and a thick strand of Tungsten Realm Liquid began to stream into it.

"Haha! Is that Tungsten Realm Liquid?! How about we share!" The leader of the party of four chuckled brightly as he yelled. His loud voice was bound to alert others. He had a middle-aged appearance and a life aura nearing five hundred, and so was the rest. They were likely a rogue group of Chosen with masters.

Chen Yangzi's eyes narrowed as his pupils began to exude a temporal light, circulating his Temporal Eye Phase cultivation. Besides the leader of the four, the other three were Reamlords. So this tactic of yelling was calculated and malicious, essentially wanting to bring others here to at least seize a small portion rather than none.

Ming Yuling clenched her delicate fists as she exhausted greater degrees of her Spiritual Force to thicken the strand and increase the gathering speed. She was only at the Realm World Phase, so her strength was limited when interacting with this type of high-level material. Suddenly, her expression changed as she looked to the northeast.

"Oh? Tungsten Realm Liquid?!"

"STARLORD! æ" She called out to Chen Yangzi who had already rushed toward the four. The four instantly went on the defensive with the Timelord as the leader, boggling Chen Yangzi down with cautious moves.

Chen Yangzi and the other four expressions changed instantly, and they became ugly. They looked at each other, thoughts circulating fiercely in their eyes. Starlords were incredibly rare, even in these great times. The vast

majority of Chosen were Reamlords due to the three types of Domain pills that had reached the market in the last three decades.

"Together?" The lead Timelord asked cautiously.

"60-40!" Chen Yangzi said.

"...What abo-" The Timelord tried to negotiate.

"NO NEGOTIATIONS!" Chen Yangzi shot back, primed to leave. The Starlord was nearing with each passing second. The four looked at each other, realizing how unlucky they were, and they gritted their teeth. "Twenty seconds!" The Timelord said through gritted teeth. He was partly responsible for this.

"Agreed!" Chen Yangzi didn't even think about it. He shot back toward Ming Yuling and the Timelord and three Reamlords followed. As they flew past her, Chen Yangzi said firmly: "Twenty seconds!"

Ming Yuling firmly nodded. The Tungsten Realm Liquid was a pinnacle astral-graded material, so taking some was better than none. If twenty seconds was all she had, then twenty seconds was all she needed.

The Starlord's aura was daunting as the air grew abnormally thick with it. Ming Yuling gulped softly as she repeatedly cursed at how unfair that there were no cultivation base restrictions like most trials by fire.

After eight seconds...

Without warning, her body felt goosebumps and her pupils constricted.

"WATCH OUT!" Two words screamed through the air, but before Ming Yuling could hear them, the sound of air being pierced was all that enveloped her senses, and she rapidly turned her head to find a spear of gushing wind spiraling toward her. Her eyes widened as she saw a Reamlord with a large

hole punched through their abdomen trailing behind it, carried by the wind currents.

She instinctively tried to move but it was too late!

"No!" Her mind cried out.

WOOSH!!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1323 1317: CKC, Fortune Zones (2)



Ming Yuling saw death. It was bleak, cold, unforgiving, and pervasive. It touched her very soul, forcing her to feel as if time itself had frozen, no-had slowed. Very, very slow. It was a single moment elongated into a thousand clear, substantial thoughts. Her life was all thoroughly reviewed, flashing across her distressed eyes with stunning clarity.

The wind-splitting, sky-sundering, life-ravaging power contained within the spear was steadfast in its intent, supported by refined wind-attributed starforce; it wanted to end Ming Yuling's life.

Was this how it all ended? By an attack of a random Starlord in the lands of Everworld?

WOOSH!

The spear was only a few meters away from her chest, unleashing a stifling aura that made her chest feel stuffy and discomforted. Just as it was about to pierce her through and through, a hazy figure distorted by its high speed

crashed against the spear. It pressed its right leg against the spear's shaft, its knee bent, its eyes exuding a fierce light, and proceeded to push its leg out violently!

The spear was instantly shifted by sheer force! Its trajectory was forcefully altered by pure strength, and it kept going down its life-ravaging path as it passed Ming Yuling by a hair's breadth. Her right arm, cheek, and eye stung from the raging winds.

BOOSH!!

The spear kept going until it stabbed into a large tree, producing a mountain-shaking explosion! The air currents went wild as robes fluttered and bits of grass flew for miles.

Chen Yangzi unleashed a soul-rousing roar as he attacked the Starlord in tandem with the others. The death of their companion had come as a shock to them, but they were all experienced Chosen, so they fully knew that escaping at this moment would only make them an easier target, especially the weaker ones.

They all unfurled their Worldly Domains as colorful domains enveloped the world, distorting the scene and causing a clash of rampantly chaotic power. The Starlord was instantly boggled down without his weapon! While it was merely two Timelords and two Realmlords, they were not ordinary at all.

Chen Yangzi belonged to two top-tier Mystic-rank forces of the Aeternal Sky Starfield, so despite his relatively irrelevant degree of status held in either power, he was a far cry from the average ordinary cultivator. As for the other three, they were experts that had been cultivating for nearly five hundred years! Since their birth till now, they fought for their resources amongst others.

The Starlord was a young man, mid-twenties in looks, garbed in light combat armor. Its cobalt sheen gave it a fiercely imposing presence. He weaved his

hands into fists as he clashed with the four with a frown, shifting his attention slightly to find two figures in the distance. The young woman who was collecting his Tungsten Realm Liquid and a young man.

That young man...

...he had redirected his spear with a kick!

A simple kick!

Ming Yuling's heart was racing so fast, pounding so hard, that she could hear the blood pumping joyously through her ears. Her body shook with happiness as she gasped in the breathable air to confirm her status as alive! However, her thoughts were instantly brought back to reality as a young, tall, lean man stood before her.

"Senior Sister Yuling, are you okay?" He called out to her, his vibrantly bright blue eyes flickering with concern. From the sides of his head, his sharp-tipped ears stood out alongside the duality of black hair with platinum highlights.

Elf?

Ming Yuling instantly recognized the figure, "Yi Yun?" Her tone was slightly absentminded. The youth before her was a known figure of the Boundless Martial Sect, some may even consider highly controversial due to the ill-carried reputation of the Elven Races' inferior status throughout the eighteen regions.

WOOSH!!

Before Ming Yuling could properly respond, a sky-changing light pierced through the sky. Her eyes constricted as she looked toward the ongoing fight between the two Timelords, two Realm Lords, and one Starlord! The four fought fiercely yet they were clearly on the losing end despite the Starlord throwing his weapon.

But this light belonged to an entirely different aura! It split the clouds and sundered the earth, piercing toward the group of five with unerring determination.

"Huh?" The Starlord's eyes slightly shifted as the incoming light blazed his sight. It fixated on his figure, threatening to collide with him. He remained entirely unfazed despite being besieged on all sides. With a soft palm, the older Timelord was pushed over a hundred meters away in distress, blood flowing from their nose and ears, and their arms flailing about wildly.

BOOM!

"ARGH!" He crashed heavily into the ground with a painful, heart-shaking yelp.

The Starlord twisted his body, unleashing a burst of wind-attributed starforce that sent the three others flying. Chen Yangzi growled as he resisted the pushing force with his Astral Ward, sliding across the ground for fifty meters with deeply entrenched leg marks through the dirt.

With a soft slap of the Starlord's palm, starforce gathered and erupted in a torrential outpour of wind! The incoming light was instantly battered by a torrential storm of wind and shattered. The sheer ease of his actions left Chen Yangzi's heart sinking. This Starlord was not ordinary!

"Oh?"

A gracefully, beautiful green-robed figure arrived on the scene! She descended in front of Chen Yangzi while holding a shortbow, an arrow primed. The tip of it glistened with astral force as it was aimed at the Starlord.

"Senior Sister Qiao?!" Chen Yangzi exclaimed in shock. This graceful woman was Qiao Shulin, a disciple of the Boundless Martial Sect! She was a Timelord! Qiao Shulin kept her bow trained on the distant Starlord's figure, asking: "Can you still fight?" Her tone was valiant and strong, like a great

warrior. Despite her feminine beauty that could stir the heart, she was definitely not defined by her looks. The will to fight echoed through her every breath.

Chen Yangzi was briefly taken aback by her question before his eyes glinted fiercely. He nodded, "I can." He was stimulated by her voice, and his Astral Soul grew rowdy as his cultivation base was pushed a notch higher in effectiveness. He felt the urge to go twelve full rounds with this Starlord!

The Starlord stayed silent during this exchange, quietly inspecting the new arrivals cautiously, sizing up their cultivation bases, auras, and weapons. "Battle Intent!" Qiao Shulin's Battle Intent was instantly recognized by the Starlord, his eyes gleaming intriguingly.

Qiao Shulin ignored his gaze, looking at Yi Yun and Ming Shilling. She transmitted through spiritual strength, "Continue!" After sending this, her expression drastically changed. Woosh!

She released her shortbow's string! The arrow flew true as it pierced through the air, viciously sundering the air as it sought to impede the Starlord's explosive dash!

Boom!

The Starlord was unfazed as he exerted strength through his palm, slamming against the arrowhead, crushing it and the astral force it carried to nothingness. Unhindered, he continued his dash. He was like a gust of rabid wind, devastating the ground, grass, and trees near him.

Qiao Shulin's pupils constricted slightly; her hands kept flowing like moving shadows across the shortbow's string, releasing arrow after arrow in a steady, rhythmic motion backed by hundreds of years of practice. Her lithe figure retreated with light steps.

Chen Yangzi, however, roared as he rushed forward. Those arrows shot as if they had eyes, weaving through Chen Yangzi perfectly, and he roared as his body expanded two sizes, and he punched with both fists. His sleeves madly fluttered as earthforce gushed out!

The Starlord's eyes lit with interest, but that was all. His retaliation was swift and simple, launching a palm once again toward it all! This palm gathered eighty percent of his strength, and it caused a barreling storm of raging winds that blasted Chen Yangzi and the arrows.

The hyped young man's eyes filled with the Battle Intent of Qiao Shulin instantly gained a sense of clarity as the sensation of lethal danger enveloped his soul. He roared as he unleashed everything he had remaining!

The palm was unstoppable.

The storm was ravenous!

Chen Yangzi's body was instantly engulfed and vanished within its might as the arrows were obliterated. Qiao Shulin's eyes widened uncontrollably as her calmness broke along with her arrows. She executed a profound Movement Art, gliding across the grassy surface like a fairy as she tried to retreat toward Yi Yun.

"Run!" She sent through a spiritual scream.

Despite her earlier shock at Yi Yun's appearance, Ming Yuling went into action the moment she heard Qiao Shulin's order to continue. She executed the spell as the Tungsten Realm Liquid flowed into the bottle, but this lasted less than two whole seconds before she got the order to run.

Just two seconds!

Yi Yun decided to act as her protector to ensure another strike wouldn't impede her from gathering the liquid, but his expression changed as he saw the cataclysmic power being unleashed in the distance.

"Senior Sister Qiao!" He shouted instinctively.

Qiao Shulin was frighteningly fast for a Timelord, but only for a Timelord.

"You're interesting," the Starlord's voice echoed through her Sea of Consciousness as his Spiritual Strength invaded her mind. She instantly wobbled in her movements despite her spiritual protection items, her eyes widened once again as her heart shivered. This small disturbance of her movement was enough for her to be overtaken in speed.

"Let's talk later," the Starlord flashed behind her like a looming shadow, the raging storm was lagging behind him, and he reached out to grab her neck. Qiao Shulin tried to react, her Astral Ward erecting in full force, but those fingers were like heaven-sent vice grips, grasping through her Astral Ward as if it was wet paper.

"Guh!" A throaty sound left her soft lips as her body was seized. A wave of invasive Spiritual Force instantly breached her body, robbing her of her cultivation base almost instantly. She nearly lost consciousness.

"!!!" Ming Shilling barely caught sight of Qiao Shulin being captured and her heart was disturbed. The spell failed and she didn't know what to do. While she was a Chosen, she was too young, and she had never experienced genuine war and death. Was Chen Yangzi dead?

She didn't know!

And this caused her mind to be enveloped in fear!

At this point, the Realmlords were stunned. They couldn't even approach when the Starlord began to launch his attacks.

"Flee!" The old Timelord shouted at the two Realmlords. But just as they were about to leave, a whooshing sound passed by their body, leaving a gaping hole in their heads!

The spear!

It spun and twisted after reaping two lives, pointing toward the older Timelord with a murderous glow. The Timelord's heart nearly leapt out of his chest. He didn't hesitate to ignite his Astral Core!

Instantly, his aura explosively increased to the point even the Starlord glanced at him. The Timelord then released a terrifying wave of power, and with an explosive burst, shot off into the distance like a shooting star.

Gone!

He left without looking back.

"No."

The Starlord muttered only a single word, pointing their finger casually toward the distant Timelord. With a soft breath, the Timelord's movement was halted as the world around him spun chaotically. His body twisted as if caught within a whirlpool.

"AHHH!!" His screams could be heard for hundreds of miles.

Spiritual Art!

Yi Yun and Ming Yuling instantly recognized the terrifying power! They watched as the older Timelord's body kept spinning and spinning until he twisted eerily and exploded into a burst of blood, bones, and energy. The resulting explosion sent a turbulent wave of air that battered them, pressing against their faces and clothes, and sending shivers down their spines.

The acrid smell of blood tainted the air.

The Starlord's hand trembled as he lowered it. His expression was slightly pale. The Spiritual Art had exhausted a lot of his starforce! However, the signs of observing auras began to rapidly retreat in tandem. Those who were watching it all unfold, hoping to seek out benefits in the chaos, ran away with the quickness of a thousand horses.

After adjusting himself, the Starlord looked at Ming Yuling and Yi Yun with a narrowed gaze.

"..." Ming Yuling's mind was in total chaos.

"..." Yi Yun's fists clenched tightly, his eyes focused on the dangling Qiao Shulin held like a baby chick at the neck.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1324 1318: CKC, Fortune Zones (3)



The sight of the Starlord's unbridled display of tyrannical might sent Ming Yuling's senses staggering into the hollow abyss of despair. After escaping death once, her focus had snapped back, yet it had been broken entirely after seeing how easily the Starlord suppressed everyone else. Her body couldn't stop shivering when the Starlord's piercing gaze swept across her body.

The unease was distressing and uncomfortable. An urge to flee simmered in the pit of her stomach, yet her feet refused to move.

"Juni-Junior Brother Yun..." She subconsciously called out as her mind grasped straws for comfort. Yi Yun's cultivation was the same as hers, and he was younger by several decades.

He hadn't even been recognized as an official Chosen, recklessly coming to the Chosen King Competition as a Dark Chosen. She didn't know why she sought out hope in his presence.

Perhaps it was because he was steady-footed and present? Because he was a man and calm? She had never thought of herself as a weak damsel needing the rougher sex to save her, often thinking such thoughts were diminishing to the concept of cultivation and its limitless potential, but all of that vanished when death once again reared its ugly head.

Her thoughts were entirely nonsensical-before death, all genders were equal; before death, all races were equal; before death, everything was equal. To find reliance and hope in the nearest thing before its terror was a soul's instinct.

Yi Yun was unaware of Ming Yuling's thoughts and emotions, his focus entirely on the Starlord and Qiao Shulin's struggling expression of pain. She was trying to resist the imposed seals on her body. But alas, her efforts only stirred the air slightly and caused her to quiver within his grasp.

Her expression was incomparably dark.

Qiao Shulin kept struggling, her Battle Intent blazing within her body. Her Battle Force fought valiantly against the Starlord's Spiritual Force, liberating its suppressive restraint by a teensy bit. It was just enough for her to breathe a little, air escaped her throat as she hoarsely called out to Yi Yun.

"...run..." Her desperate warning caused Yi Yun to shiver. While the Starlord's left eyebrow lifted in shock. "What a terrifying woman," he remarked as he

reinforced his restraints. Her consciousness tethered on the edge of emptiness as her body went entirely limp. She couldn't struggle anymore.

"I must say," the Starlord continued, giving Yi Yun and Ming Yuling a look of admiration and mirth, "all of you are extremely brave, stupid, and foolish." After saying that, he glanced at the area where the older Timelord met his end, saying with a hint of a smirk, "Well, most of you were brave."

Despite deliberately releasing his aura to alert them of his arrival, they had rushed out to immediately hinder him for time instead of trying to flee. Additionally, Qiao Shulin and Yi Yun entered the scene to save their companions in spite of his existence.

"If you all had just left when I showed myself, I wouldn't have to do all this." The Starlord felt that his kindness was being looked down upon and this infuriated him. How could these young Chosen be so avaricious? There was a fine line between being brave and being greedy to the point of idiocy, and their actions were idiotic to an extreme in his eyes.

Yi Yun clenched his fists tightly. Within the depths of his blue eyes, a seething, unfathomable emotion began to manifest.

"Oh?" The Starlord felt Yi Yun's emotions stir. "An elf? No. A human? Ah! A rare hybrid! What a find amongst Chosen. Are you a genuine Chosen or a Dark Chosen?" The Starlord's tone was casual and fearless. Ming Yuling and Yi Yun were both Reamlords, no threat at all.

After subduing Qiao Shulin and getting rid of the rest, even the hungry spectators who escaped, the ease of his attitude began to leak out. He had completely dominated the scene and seized the Tungsten Realm Liquid pond for himself. He had won this battle for fortune.

Step.

When he took a step forward, Ming Yuling's hands trembled as she retreated two steps, her heart pounding in her chest. She looked at Yi Yun. The tall, lean human-elf hybrid was glaring at the Starlord without taking a single step back. The sight of his back brought about a strange, inexplicable sense of comfort. "Let her go." Yi Yun said three words, slowly, clearly, and forcefully.

"Her?" The Starlord lifted Qiao Shulin by the neck, amusement in his eyes as he kept approaching. Yi Yun and Ming Yuling were both too young, certainly first-time competitors of the Chosen King Competition. How could he possibly be anything but amused?

"What if I don't?" The Starlord teased.

"Guh!" The hand around Qiao Shulin's throat tightened. While she couldn't move, her throat still released a saliva-filled choking gasp. Her eyes grew increasingly unfocused. Her life was entirely in the Starlord's hands.

Yi Yun impatiently stepped forward as a flash of panic swept across his expression. However, after the first step, he halted himself. At the corner of his gaze, the floating spear of the Starlord was caught. It hovered calmly and silently, but he knew that he couldn't move.

It wasn't out of fear for himself, but Ming Yuling would be killed if he carelessly acted.

The Starlord had keen senses, immediately realizing that Yi Yun seemed to be at a crossroads of a decision. While he wanted to act, he couldn't due to Ming Yuling's life. Chuckling, the Starlord lifted his left eyebrow in question: "You don't want to abandon your girlfriend? But considering the quality of her attire, her background isn't too simple. Given your racial limitations and innate inferiority, there's no way her clan or family will accept you."

Ming Yuling shook. While the Starlord told the truth, she didn't have much of a relationship with Yi Yun outside of some minor interactions. However, she

realized from his words that Yi Yun didn't want to abandon her, and a feeling of warmth surged in her heart. In times of absolute crisis, the smallest gesture could be more effective than a lifetime of devotion.

Moreover, he was right; the Ming Clan or her grandmother would never allow Yi Yun, who was a hybrid of an inferior race, to wed a Chosen of their family. Yi Yun could only watch silently, caught between two wants-to protect and to save. If the Starlord knew his internal dilemma, he would likely laugh in ridicule. He wasn't an Entity of the Saint Cyclic Renewal Summit, a mindless amalgamation of energy with disadvantages, but a genuine Chosen at the peak of the Mortal Realms.

Furthermore, he was an 'official' Chosen!

By Wei Wuyin's newly established standards, his strength **MUST** be at the Pinnacle Starlord level at the very least! However, he was 137 years old today; his strength was solidly between peak Starlord and lowest Exalted(Mystic Star Phase).

Inexplicably, the urge to see this young hybrid struggle swelled within his heart. Normally, he'd dismiss such an impulse, but the strength and means of an elf had always been a curious question of his. They were an inferior race, isolated and unseen by most of the population, so he hadn't seen many in his lifetime. Those he had seen were often the female maidservants of upper-class members of the cultivation society that wanted to 'taste' something different.

With a thought, the spear shot toward him. When it reached his grasp, the Starlord stowed it away in his Spatial Ring with a smirk. Then, he reinforced the seal on Qiao Shulin's body threefold. Besides her hazy consciousness, she was unable to do anything. Uncaring of the fairer sex, he tossed Qiao Shulin aside.

Her body bounced off the ground, almost like a corpse. He had captured her to study her Battle Intent, not for anything insidious. It was one of the rare Intents that could be grasped through studying those who've comprehended it. Unfortunately, it was extremely rare, especially in a world where war wasn't actively waged. The story of this Qiao Shulin grasping Battle Intent at a young age must be quite traumatic.

Afterward, he intended to simply kill her. There was no reason to lower himself to seize her Primal Yin or body for his cultivation or pleasure-he had lines he wouldn't cross. If he was an Evil Cultivator or one that lacked any backing, he might have been desperate enough to do so. But he was a Starlord at the peak of the Mortal Realms, he had his pride!

Yi Yun's eyes widened slightly.

"Let me see what a hybrid like you can do," the Starlord spread out his hands as he challenged. While Yi Yun was a mere Realmlord, his curiosity kept pounding against his mind. Why were elves inferior? Show it to me!

They stood just a few hundred meters from each other. This distance was negligible for those of their cultivation, even in the strange Everworld.

Yi Yun turned his head slightly, "Back away." His tone carried extreme calm and an unquestionable tone. Ming Yuling felt her heart shake as her body listened before her mind could offer protest or questions at the ludicrous demand. Yi Yun was a Realmlord!

Not even an Astral Core ignited Timelord could survive this Starlord! He was not ordinary. He represented the peak of the Mortal Realms! Her words, however, were unable to escape her throat as she found herself running away from the area.

The Starlord didn't mind Ming Yuling trying to run. If he wanted, he could hunt her down to the ends of the earth with ease. She couldn't escape his grasp.

As for her trump cards from her background, he didn't care as long as an Earthly Saint hadn't supplied her with any. After all, he also had his own trump cards! Suddenly, the air tensed. Yi Yun's blue eyes exuded a boundless intensity that felt world-suppressing and tyrannical.

The Starlord frowned.

BOOOOOSH!!

The ground beneath Yi Yun's feet was overturned, forming a cloud of dirt, grass, and dust as his figure vanished with a single step. That step was boundlessly powerful, exerting a degree of physical strength that caused even Everworld to shake!!

WOOSH!!

Pupils constricted from every spectator, especially the Starlord! His Astral Ward instantly manifested out of sheer survival instinct! In a ghostly, distorted flicker, Yi Yun's slender figure arrived before the Starlord in a readied position, his fist cocked back, his eyes utterly determined, and his deep inhale was like a dragon!

True World, Martial Way!

ONE FIST, WORLD'S END!!!

Yi Yun's fist was launched at the Starlord without holding anything back! His body, forged and refined by incredible fortune and an exceptional cultivation method, reinforced by the world's glue-Mana-began to exert a pressure that shook that glue to its core!

FORCEFUL!

Tyrannical!

INVINCIBLE!

A single fist carried with it the might of the world itself, carried the way of the Martial Dao, and struck true! A spiraling whirlwind blazed into existence as Yi Yun's fist twisted as it moved!

The Starlord could only watch as the fist met his Astral Ward. The protection that could guard against the force of other Starlords was treated like hot butter, pierced through with utter ease! His eyes bulged as he tapped into his various powers, erupting with the quickest retaliation imaginable, yet all it did was briefly slow down that fist!

It then pierced his Astral Ward, coming in direct contact with his Astral Physique, and he felt as if his entire body began to cry out in unfathomable pain! It entered his gut with all of its force, transferring all that power into him! His mouth went agape, spitting out saliva and air in his lungs.

His body bent like a prawn, his feet lifting off the ground, his arms stretched out, and his head tilted oddly...

BOOM!!!

Like a rocket, the Starlord was sent flying!

FLYING!!

He was at the horizon of the planet in the blink of an eye, twinkling as his starforce belatedly raged in retaliation, and then he vanished in the next second!

Yi Yun's expression was utterly imposing like a Martial God yet as pale as a ghost. His body was covered in bulging, pulsating veins as blood leaked out of his ears, nose, and left eye. Only his right eye remained unharmed, and he didn't hesitate despite the absurd pain he was experiencing. He shot toward Qiao Shulin, grabbing her sealed body with all his remaining strength.

With a pivot of his heel, he turned and rushed toward the wide-eyed, slack-jawed, and frozen Ming Yuling who was deeply astounded. He grabbed her by the waist without caring about where he touched and then shot off with the gentleness of a feather and the quickness of lightning.

He flashed across the landscape and vanished before the eyes of any remaining spectators!

After a minute, a tall figure that stood at least ten feet in height arrived at the location where Chen Yangzi met disaster. Carried upon their shoulder was a severely damaged and unconscious Chen Yangzi. In certain areas, his bones were exposed and portions of his facial skin were gruesomely missing, revealing half of his fractured set of teeth, but his breathing and life aura was still present.

"I hope you make it to the second stage," the figure said as they looked in Yi Yun's direction. Then, they turned to see a blood-red-robed Evil Sentinel moving across the landscape, rushing toward the area where the Starlord had landed.

Eventually, they waved their hand at the lake of liquid. Their Saint Ring was fundamentally different from a typical Spatial Ring and stored all of it in a single motion. At this sight, those who were still watching the situation to see how it'll unfold began to move!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1325 1319: CKC, Blessed Duo



The first grand stage of the Chosen King Competition-Everworld-began to instill degrees of intense competition, savagery, and desperation within the participants. Every Chosen King Competition had deaths, and these deaths often led cultivators to be abnormally safe and vigilant after each Chosen King Competition passed.

The dangers of Everworld had Strength requirements that very, very few could attain. So the priority for most at the time was to survive until the second stage, to group up and find safety in numbers, or a location that has been deemed free of environmental hazards. Typically, this had become common 'meta' amongst Chosen.

However, the standards of Chosen over the last three decades grew, but the perilous dangers of the Everworld that stabbed fear into the hearts of Chosen hadn't-they became conquerable. As the average cultivator's cultivation base rose to the Realm World Phase, the seventh stage of the Astral Core Realm, even for those first-timers such as Ming Yuling, Zeng Xiaohui, and Yi Yun, the dangers that once instilled the 'meta' of survey, understand, camp, and survive had begun to lose their influence.

The opportunities on Everworld, at least the vast majority, could be fought for by everyone! The fight for survival had shifted to the fight for fortune! Across the landscape, countless Chosen fought, either single-handedly or in groups.

Top-tier Chosen with unquestionably high combat strength often tried to seize Fortune Zones alone, obtaining all the benefits themselves. This was a feat they could have originally achieved with ease before but this competition proved different.

Those of outstanding talent and strength began to meet allied groups, either sect-oriented, clan-oriented, or benefits-oriented with other Chosen at an equal or slightly lower cultivation base. These formally tyrannical existences began to be contested by ordinary Chosen using numbers. They were either

pushed out, forced to flee, or in rare cases -killed. These groups occupied Fortune Zones and split their fortunes amongst themselves.

Due to the last sixty-odd times of the Chosen King Competition, the instructions given by masters and elders had mostly been about survival regarding perils of the environment, not the insidious dangers of other Chosen. They prioritized survival over combat, and as such, besides extremely rare cases such as He Yanglei where Incarnations were created using Incarnation Manifestation, a profound ability of the Mystic Dao, costing lifespan and precious energy, most seniors and masters gave tools for fleeing or escaping, not fighting.

Lin Ziyang's bracelet was similarly a rarity amongst Chosen. Even Na Xinyi and Wu Baozhai had been astounded by her bringing out an offensive tool of such power. The usually held belief was that using one's own strength was more important in the Chosen King Competition, preached by almost all.

This type of conditioning that hadn't caught up with the change of average cultivation levels had inadvertently caused individual strength of prominent and talented Chosen of the first stage to have considerably less influence than ever before. Moreover, due to the tiny-sized planet area of Everworld, escaping other cultivators without the ability of flight was extremely, extremely, extremely difficult!

As the days passed, the fight for fortune evolved further, as groups began to form to do other things...

...such as...

HUNTING!

The hunting of Chosen!

By Chosen!

69 Days : 13 Hours : 37 Minutes : 42 Seconds.

There was a grassy knoll, it was quiet and peaceful, surrounded by verdant trees, picturesque rivers, and tranquil, fragrant flowers. The land was utterly bewitching. The air was incredibly rich in astral essence, a rarity in Everworld.

Atop the grassy knoll, sitting cross-legged at the center of a cleanly sliced tree stump was a tall, lithe woman with an oval face and smooth skin. She was garbed in burnt orange-colored robes, standing out considerably before the green and blue scenery.

"The times have changed. No longer is independent superiority vital in this stage of the Chosen King Competition. I wonder if this is what the King of Everlore intended?" Her words were calmly spoken in a soft tone, yet there was an underlying dominance that was hard to overlook. Her thoughts, however, were not unique to her. The King of Everlore was a renowned Alchemist with extraordinary rallying strength, it wasn't unlikely that forming groups to seize fortune wasn't the intended function.

"Zhu Dandan!" A voice called out as several auras approached, disrupting the peace and beauty of the world. Half a dozen young and middle-aged men and women stomped their way over.

The burnt-orange-robed woman lifted her lowered chin, revealing a pair of soul-stirring amber eyes. It was as if the eyes of a Queen were opened, surveying the world with utter carelessness and disregard.

"This grade four fortune zone is not yours to occupy alone! Share it, or we'll have to remove you." The leading man's voice was borderline growling with hatred and humiliation. He was young, handsome, and clearly of the truly talented variety even amongst Chosen, yet before this woman, all his innate pride and sense of superiority that was entrenched in his bones were abolished.

"This is my territory. Shoo." She casually spoke in an understated and indifferent tone, gesturing with a wave of her hand as if these Chosen were all petty flies before closing her eyes.

A beautiful woman with sharp eyes chuckled at this, "Long Gua, it seems you can't control your fiancée. She has utterly no respect for you." Her words caused the atmosphere to tense, instigating a raging flame in Long Gua's eyes.

"Zhu Dandan!" He shouted.

Zhu Dandan's eyes opened halfway, seemingly utterly bored, but there was a faint, flickering light that contained a forceful power. The single action caused silence to befall the tense atmosphere.

Before long, dozens of other auras began to appear from all over. Zhu Dandan's eyes furrowed.

Long Gua's expression changed. He instinctively turned to the beautiful woman beside him, his eyes carrying a wisp of shock.

The beautiful woman smiled sweetly, "I simply asked for a few others to assist us. Shouldn't be an issue, right?"

"Fool," Zhu Dandan said as she rose from her stomp. The action caused those who had stomped their way here to instinctually back away, even the beautiful woman's smile faded as a vigilant light flashed across her eyes. The only one to not move was Long Gau.

"You keep choosing those devious beauties again and again, always thinking with your other head." Zhu Dandan commented as her aura began to seethe into the air, stirring the world's energies and essence. The dozens of others, almost causing the number to exceed forty, had gathered together and formed a united group behind the beautiful woman.

Long Gau flew into an extreme rage. "Zhu Dandan!" As if he lost his mind, he rushed toward Zhu Dandan with his fists clenched and aura raging. However, the moment he reached a certain distance, his body abruptly twisted in a spin and he punched viciously toward a certain figure standing behind the woman.

The man was middle-aged, carrying an amused smile as he watched the lover's quarrel, but his eyes widened as a terrifying fist force crashed against his skull at lightning speed. He didn't even have time to exert his Star Core Phase cultivation before he was a headless corpse.

There was no heavy explosion or booming impact. The fist force was abnormally concentrated, aiming at the head and only at the head. The level of technique was impressive even amongst top-tier Chosen.

Long Gau shot toward Zhu Dandan, standing beside her with an amused, prideful smile on his handsome face. "Did you set up the formation correctly?" His words, however, were useless as Zhu Dandan executed a series of hand-seals in rapid succession. The area of tens of miles, enveloping the forty Chosen present and the hundred or so hiding in the surroundings trying to seek out benefits, both independent and grouped.

"What?!" The beautiful woman was shaken to the core, unable to process the situation. Suddenly, a few weaker cultivators began to stumble as their cultivation bases began to grow sluggish and unresponsive.

"What is this?!" The beautiful woman questioned in shock and disbelief. She looked at Long Gau with fierce, aggrieved questioning, as if she was betrayed by her lover. The headless corpse of her sect's oldest Chosen with the highest cultivation base was at her feet, leaking blood profusely and tainting her shoes.

Her question was ignored, Long Gau looked at Zhu Dandan with a faint smile, "Time to harvest?"

Zhu Dandan nodded calmly, her temperament as aloof as before.

"Perfect! All of you are fish on my cutting board! You can either surrender your tools, armaments, alchemical products, and everything else, except your underwear of course, and swear oaths, or die here-today!" Long Gau took the lead and loudly exclaimed as the formation's sealing power began to take effect. He was entirely unaffected, so her aura at the Star Core Phase bellowed in the air, causing those standing to fall to the ground, with a few directly on their knees.

"Long! Gau!" The beautiful woman screamed as she fell to her knees with a weak thud. Her strength was being sealed away, causing her complexion to grow weaker. That Zhu Dandan was a talented Formation Master, but to think she could set one up so quickly with this degree of power!

"I was thinking of sparing you from our harvest, but you betrayed me first. Well, I calculated it, but don't blame me for that." Long Gau smilingly said, his eyes sly and meaningful. She could only growl along with the others in her heart. Some tried to escape, but a thick wall of energy prevented it, and it was so strong that even Starlords would find it difficult to escape in a short time.

They could only scream before surrendering. Over a hundred Chosen were caught in this trap, all had their previously acquired fortunes taken, their cultivation bases sealed, and buried in the depths of the planet to await the competition's end or they were freed. The fortune of the grade four fortune zone was thoroughly taken.

Long Gau and Zhu Dandan left, standing side-by-side. Long Gau was filled with laughter while Zhu Dandan was utterly serene and indifferent. After they walked for a while, Zhu Dandan turned to Long Gau. "Did you do something with her?"

"Eh-" Long Gau's bright happiness was instantly frozen on his expression. His eyes grew shifty before he smiled large with his pearly whites on full display, turning around and grabbing Zhu Dandan's hand in both palms and with the most sincere tone he could muster, he said: "You're the only one for me, my lovely wildflower."

"..." Zhu Dandan stared calmly into Long Gau's eyes for a long, long moment. Yet Long Gau remained smilingly bright and sincere, outwardly unfazed by her piercing eyes.

She pulled her hand away and kept moving. Long Gau saw this and sighed in his heart, humming delightfully as he followed her.

"Let's find somewhere to rest," she suddenly said as Long Gau was taken aback briefly before smiling lewdly.

"Haha, okay! I know just the place," he happily said as he led Zhu Dandan away. The two would count their gains and bask in their achievement soon, very soon. Shortly after they left, San Yongli's body shimmered into existence, removing her concealment art. She glanced in their direction, the light of curiosity in her eyes, "Are those two..."

She recalled two figures written in the Book of Heaven's Path, and she felt that they closely resembled those two.

A legendary Formation Master that was said to be able to arrange stars to seize fortune from heaven and earth, and a Martial Arts Emperor that could crush entire worlds with a single finger.

The Grand Constellation Heaven Empress and Star Crushing Earth Emperor.

"...Interesting," she regarded the book as she contemplated the best way to act. She was no longer acting as passive as before, and she felt the need to be more proactive, just like Wei Wuyin had since his return. "I'll bring them to my side," San Yongli's thoughts no longer focused solely on being an

independent powerhouse. She wanted to develop a true organization that could contend with the World Beyond, just like Wei Wuyin was trying to do!

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1326 1320: CKC, Competitive Hearts



65 Days : 8 Hours : 42 Minutes : 03 Seconds.

"Your Royal Highness! Your Royal Highness!" Calls echoed outside a small grassy enclosure surrounded by a thin, translucent barrier for two hundred feet. The shouts originated from outside a gathered group of dozens of individuals, all Chosen, all outstanding in aura or looks, yet they were hurdled up before the enclosure like a low-born mob rallying for attention while protecting a treasure.

A few of those present among the group were highly recognizable amongst the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's younger generation. They were ranked on the Immortal Monarch Ranking, the ranking list that had replaced the Immortal Saintess Ranking and Immortal Hero Ranking, similarly launched and upheld by the Golden Gate Pavilion, often referred to as Chosen Prince and Chosen Princess by their peers.

Those on this ranking was not segregated by gender nor determined by backing, looks, or other superficial levels of relevance; the Immortal Monarch Ranking listed only those most likely to become the future pillars of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's next generation, those with the highest chance of reaching the Earthly Saint Phase in their lifetime!

Inside the enclosure, guarded by a thin barrier that any of these Chosen could shatter with ease, concealed by a hazy mist that barely prevented the inspection of Ocular Spells, only renowned, greatly feared and respected Dragonborn Saintess sat lazily, leaning against a lone rock as she playfully caressed an azure-scaled, one-horned dragon that snuggled comfortably in her lap, it's size roughly about that of a typically domesticated house-cat. It cutely roared from time to time.

Xue Yifei!

Her stunning countenance that had once ensnared the Ascendant Emperor's heart with a single glance looked utterly bored. Her hazel eyes occasionally swept across the excited and determined faces of these talented and exceptional youths of the younger generation. Unlike most Chosen, her experience in the Chosen King Competition was fundamentally different from the rest. When she arrived on Everworld, she didn't bother to conceal her identity and was therefore recognized by anyone with up-to-date knowledge of the happenings of the world.

She was Wei Wuyin's sole and only officially-recognized Concubine! While he had known lovers, none of them had any official position nor tangible power within the Neo-Dawn Starfield. She was special. And her treatment in the Neo-Dawn Starfield over the last few years only amplified this. After Wei Wuyin had effectively gone 'missing' for two years, she had taken the leadership position of the Neo-Dawn Starfield, commanding Earthly Saints, regulating order, officiating legislation of the citizens and immigrants, and doling out judgments for major events.

Her status was 'technically' higher than Empress Xiaocheng during that period, solely due to her unquestionable authority, elevating her presence and identity in the eighteen regions to incredible heights. This was why most referred to her respectfully as 'Your Royal Highness' or 'Your Majesty'. She

could remember blushing when she first heard such an appellation, initially seeing it as a sign of utmost flattery of her future of becoming an official wife and place in Wei Wuyin's heart.

The moment she set foot on the Everworld, she genuinely expected and anticipated there would be covert plots or insidious schemes to bring her harm by Wei Wuyin's enemies, and was excited to fight her way through them all. She wasn't exactly clear on Wei Wuyin's agenda, but during the times they talked over the last three decades, Wei Wuyin had this lingering aura as if a great enemy was hunting him down constantly, an inescapable fate that trudged behind him tethered to a burning chain, forcing him to almost always be active and away.

Whenever they were together, she always tried her hardest to be his peace and stability. A stone that he could hold that would permeate a cool comfort into his tense spirit, a home of blood and flesh. It was because of this that, recently, Wei Wuyin would often find her at odd times, simply to talk, gazing at the starry skies, and sharing intimate thoughts and feelings. They grew closer with each meeting.

Her becoming the 'temporary' Empress of the Neo-Dawn Starfield, however, was far from her expectations. Moreover, the 'enemies' she thought existed might not exist, at least in the current climate. Her presence in the Everworld only brought forth the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region and Neo-Dawn Starfield's Chosen that were seeking her audience and attention.

Anyone who dared to even look at her wrong was brutally assaulted. When golden tornados sprung, she didn't even have to investigate or travel, a host of Chosen would leave and retrieve whatever was present, bringing it to her. It was because of their agenda that dozens of Chosen were at her door, all learning of Xue Yifei's presence and their purpose of offering fortune to her.

While they were aware that her husband, the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn, a genuine Worldly Saint Alchemist, did not need middling treasures, they still offered it as a clear-cut gesture of their desire to gain favor. When she had said she wanted to cultivate, these Chosen, even those on the Immortal Monarch Ranking, took it upon themselves to act as protectors.

While some were too prideful, going their own way, most Chosen was relatively insightful, intelligent, and self-aware. Gaining the favor of Xue Yifei was a million times greater than seizing any random fortune in Everworld. Just a single word of hers and their lives would change entirely, and any good impression would define their future.

"Your Royal Highness!" A figure arrived in haste, barreling through the crowd urgently. "Let me through! Let me through!" The group of Chosen were instantly infuriated by the figure's audacity, but their expressions of rage and harmed pride were instantly tamed after recalling where they were. They instead firmly blocked the figure from moving forward.

A few days ago, a figure had tried to approach like this one, standing out with his Starlord cultivation base, but the other Chosen acted as 'protectors' and had beaten them black and blue, silly and delirious, and tethering on the verge of crippling. Xue Yifei had to speak some words before he was spared. Now, he was respectfully 'guarding' this area.

Xue Yifei told them not to resort to violence unless necessary or ordered.

"Your Royal Highness!!" The figure cried out as he was held down. No one dared to use their cultivation base, so it was a contest of pure physical strength. His expression seemed to be particularly urgent with bedraggled clothes and hair.

"Let him through," a voice resounded that was imposing yet gentle. Those Chosen shot glares at the figure, quietly moving aside as killing intent flashed across their eyes.

The figure stumbled forward, arriving at the barrier, and their eyes brightly lit with a resplendent light of excitement. He was a slender young man with a faint Evil Aura about him. He was clearly an Evil Cultivator. Additionally, he was a Dark Chosen as no one present recognized him. Despite that, while his aura was waning from exhaustion, his cultivation base was solidly in the Temporal Eye Phase.

While most cultivators were at the Realm Lord level due to the three Domain-creation products released in the last three decades, reaching the Temporal Eye Phase was still a sign of talent considering his life aura was between 120 and 140 years old. Due to his cultivation with low-quality Nascent Energy, it was difficult to grasp his exact age from aura alone.

"Your Royal Highness! I believe that I've found the location of a grade four zone!"

"...!" The Chosen was all taken aback by that openly given announcement. In Everworld, Fortune Zones had five levels, each increasingly greater than the next. A grade four zone was zones that those of the past generation had used to greatly assist them in their path to Earthly Saints. They weren't astral-graded but mystic-graded. Moreover, they were often incredibly useful to Starlords in condensing their Mystic Rune Seeds while simultaneously gaining insights into the Ways of Mysticism.

"Oh?" An interested voice resounded from the hazy mist. Xue Yifei didn't rush out at the sign of a grade four zone. While the other Chosen were already itching at the bones to interrogate this fellow, none of them made a move.

"Go on," Xue Yifei said as her lazy posture straightened out. While she was Wei Wuyin's concubine, not needing wealth, her interest couldn't help but rise. Grade four zones had lethal dangers, so she could still challenge herself despite her mob of Chosen. The thin barrier faded slightly, allowing spiritual transmissions.

The Evil Cultivator Dark Chosen's eyes brightened again, and he hurriedly began to send information over.

From afar, the elegant figure of Na Xinyi watched the scene quietly, her robes and hair dancing in the slight wind. Her grey eyes reflected the mob of prominent Chosen, all seeking Xue Yifei's slightest favor.

A woman flashed beside her. "So this is where you were," the woman held a halberd in her hand, her aura a little restless and rowdy. Wu Baozhai gave the scene of Xue Yifei being protected by Chosen a look and faintly smiled amusingly. "You can have that, you know."

Na Xinyi's brows furrowed slightly, but then they instantly relaxed. Out of all the Valkyries, out of all of Wei Wuyin's lovers, she was the only one with the rightful claim as Wei Wuyin's official wife, while Xue Yifei was a close second given her position as his first officially-recognized Concubine. If she exposed this to the world, her position would have heaven-shaking changes, exceeding Xue Yifei in the eyes of everyone instantly.

"I will have that," Na Xinyi confidently said. The sight of prominent members of a generation all worshipping her will come, but off her own merits. This was what her heart felt.

"Good," Wu Baozhai said as she glanced behind her as if expecting something or someone to arrive.

"Did you find your Evil Sentinel?" Na Xinyi asked curiously. The objective of the Everworld Venture had greatly changed from every other iteration, from

survival to outright hunting. Evil Sentinels hunted Chosen, Chosen hunted Fortune Sentinels, Chosen hunted Chosen, and Chosen hunted Evil Sentinels.

The fact the Evil Sentinels carried badges of fortune only alluded to the fact that this type of hectic, multi-layered, multi-threat environment and competition was likely the King of Everlore's original vision for Chosen. Unfortunately, no one could properly survive his initial belief of a standard of Chosen, and when those standards lowered after his disappearance, the original intent vanished with it entirely.

Wu Baozhai smirked, waving her hand to bring forth an Evil Sentinel badge. She didn't parade it, as it wasn't too difficult to obtain, especially for those like her and Na Xinyi. But afterward, she frowned, saying: "The Evil Sentinel I faced was a level higher than the one we originally met."

Na Xinyi didn't think Wu Baozhai was saying this to show off her victory, and a brow of hers lifted out of curiosity. "How much stronger?"

"Without the suppression, their Domain was fifty-two thousand kilometers-about twenty-six meters with." Wu Baozhai said as she turned away from looking behind her, focusing on the movement of Xue Yifei and her group of Chosen. They were on the move, and the Chosen were taking the lead to pave the way forward.

"...Do they get progressively stronger?" Na Xinyi muttered thoughtfully. If this was true, the Evil Sentinels are going to be a menace very soon. The difference between this generation was at a fundamental level.

Suddenly, she felt a gaze upon her and she lifted her eyes. She saw Xue Yifei standing there, gazing in her direction with those hazel-eyed with blue flecks, capable of stirring up souls with a single glance. In that gaze of hers were two figures.

"..." Xue Yifei.

"..." Na Xinyi.

"..." Wu Baozhai.

The trio stared at each other, unsaid feelings transmitted across from them. The air of competitiveness wafted through the air. Eventually, Xue Yifei was called out to by a worried female Chosen, and smiled, turning away from the duo and following the lead of the bedraggled Evil Chosen that had trudged his way here.

"You know, you can have that," Na Xinyi cheekily remarked to Wu Baozhai as she smiled. The sentence shattered the developing tension, and Wu Baozhai rolled her eyes.

"Of course I can." Wu Baozhai confidently replied in a similar tone as Na Xinyi had, turning away before rushing off in a different direction from Xue Yifei. She still had to hunt for fortune, honing her cultivation and her skills. As for matters of the heart, that could be placed aside for now.

Na Xinyi's smile widened, color-stealing and world-shaking. But after a few seconds, the wind felt colder, and her smile began to fade. Whether it was Xue Yifei and Wu Baozhai, they were both aiming for the same objective, even if the latter never once stated so.

The competition between them was only just beginning.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1327 1321: CKC, Spirit - Bound Lotus





54 Days : 20 Hours : 30 Minutes : 05 Seconds.

The Everworld Venture of the Chosen King Competition had proved far from anyone's initial anticipation, causing hectic chaos and an increasingly dreadful environment of death, fear, and fame. There was no small number of talents amongst the Chosen and Dark Chosen that proved themselves fearsome, seeking and seizing opportunities, either as a single entity or a group of entities.

Across this tiny-sized planet, battles unfolded ceaselessly as fortune zones kept emerging, as if infinite. It didn't take long for the keen-minded Chosen to discover and realize this peculiarity of the endless emergence of heavenly-blessed environments and earthly treasures despite nearly a month of constant fighting, including their constant scouring.

There was only one logical reason:

The Everworld was creating them!

It was unprecedentedly unheard of for this many opportunities and Fortune Sentinels to exist, equally as relevant, it was unprecedentedly unheard of for this many opportunities to be seized!

The Fortune Zones across Everworld were either easily accessible and therefore highly contested or difficult to find and littered with lethal dangers that could make one's skin crawl or soul flee. For grade four zones, news of Timelords failing to seize these zones spread like wildfire, with many even losing their lives in their attempts!

This uniqueness of Everworld elevated its magical and mystical nature by several levels, serving as fuel to those ambitious and courageous enough to

seek out gains for their future. The competition only increased in intensity with each passing day!

The most interesting development was the establishment of strange groups.

There were Heavenly Seers, referred to as the Heavenly United. Those of this group were wildly disseminating information at a hefty cost, giving updates on various Chosen feats, battle outcomes, and potential areas of astounding fortune. They earned a small fortune as they established bases of operations. Due to the tiny size of Everworld, those at the Realmlord, Timelord, and Starlord could easily locate them, pay the fee, and easily depart with purpose and knowledge.

They even established Heavenly Outposts, which were strange golden trees that accepted essence stones or other materials for certain degrees of information transmitted spiritually. This allowed these Chosen to quickly acquire information without having to go to their headquarters.

The most sought-after information was the life and death statuses of various Chosen and potential locations. Despite the tiny size of the planet, finding cultivators was extremely difficult due to the randomly sprouting fortune zones and continuous battles. Moreover, there were far too many traps being established by Chosen for Chosen.

There was a Timelord that was infuriated by Heavenly United releasing information about him, so he launched a fierce assault on their headquarters. But when he arrived, it was empty, and when he left, a planet-wide bounty was placed on his head that eventually led to him being hunted down and executed by a group of greedy Chosen. Since then, almost no one had any intentions to get on Heavenly United's downside.

However, the Heavenly United was not the only group that had formed; strangely enough, Alchemists began to sprout as well. They established a

location in Everworld that sold products, such as battle-related and survival-related products. These included products for energy recovery or antidotes for poisons often seen in the Everworld environment.

Eventually, the location was referred to as the Evershield Station. Due to their specialty products designed for the deadly and hectic environment of Everworld, this name caught on. These groups began to rack in gains without having to risk their lives or move, a literal dream.

By the third week, those with talents in the Art of Forging decided to establish an auxiliary branch to the Evershield Station to repair damaged astral-graded armaments.

"Haaaa! Haaaa!" The labored breathing of multiple cultivators resounded beneath a large tree with leaves as big as an average adult human. The thickness of its branches needed at least three full-grown men to hug it, and the tree itself was massively tall, reaching over a hundred meters in height. It provided a constant source of shade.

At the base of this tree were five cultivators, all young. Among them was Yi Yun-the human-elf hybrid, and his two Senior Sisters-Ming Yuling and Qiao Shulin. Ming Yuling was incredibly pale, resembling a ghost, while Qiao Shulin was a little better, her arm had a horrible bone-deep gash that still leaked fresh blood.

"Let me see your arm," Another voice resounded beside Qiao Shulin, causing her body to slightly tremble, but she didn't resist as the owner of the voice inspected her arm. A wisp of a pleasantly cold and refreshing mixture of wood and ice energy infused into her arm, causing the gash to noticeably begin to heal. Her vibrant vitality and refined physical energies assisted as well, displaying the fearsome qualities of a Body Refiner.

"Haaa...thanks," Qiao Shulin hoarsely said, stifling her bodily urge to blush from their close contact.

Ming Yuling's legs teetered on the verge of collapse as she leaned against the large tree. She caught sight of this interaction, looking at the handsome grey-eyed youth that had assisted them in the nick of time, and felt indescribable emotions. He was extremely familiar to her.

"You're Lin Ming, right?" She asked breathily.

The grey-eyed handsome youth was none other than Lin Ming!

Yi Yun regained a bit of his breath and energy. He couldn't help but spout out after hearing the name: "The Archaic Chosen?" That name had grown incredibly popular not only in the Elementus Domain's social circles but in the Aeternal Sky Starfield as well. This was especially so because the Archaic Chosen was briefly listed in the Immortal Hero Ranking shortly before it was removed and replaced by the Immortal Monarch Ranking.

Lin Ming seemed entirely unaffected by the title as he nodded. While that appellation had once brought him dissatisfaction and anger, it was now a source of pride, a reminder that his beginnings did not define him.

"It's been a while, Big Sister Shulin." The fifth of the group was a young woman with a tall, curvaceous figure, who wore sky-blue leggings, and a matching long-sleeved top with a midriff, exposing her fat-free, lean belly. She was Bai Yuxi! The granddaughter of Han Yuhei, the Guardian of the Elements.

Qiao Shulin gave Bai Yuxi a slight smile, her eyes reflecting her state of joy at reuniting, especially now.

Just a few days earlier, Qiao Shulin, Yi Yun, and Ming Yuling were caught in a contest for fortune. A group of Chosen from the Solar Zenith Palace and its subordinates, one of the top-tier organizations of the Star Sanctum Starfield,

had contested them for it. Unfortunately, the treasure was a unique Earthly Treasure that binds with the target at first contact after receiving its approval, and Yi Yun miraculously obtained it.

It was called the Spirit-Bond Lotus, and it was classified as a pinnacle astral-graded Earthly Treasure that could boost one's innate cultivation of Spiritual Energy, Spiritual Strength, Spiritual Aura, and improved usage of Spiritual Force. The only way to seize it was to slay the one who bounded with it and retrieve it from their corpse. More importantly, the Spirit-Bond Lotus can be used at the Mystic Ascendant Realm to create a flawless Incarnation at one's exact cultivation! Even Ascended beings would fight for it.

As a grade four classified fortune, the group refused to back down, understandably, and began hunting them at the behest of their leader. They were relentless and ferocious! They chased them for several days!

To think they would all meet then, especially at such a time. Lin Ming and Bai Yuxi jumped right in, beating them back before Bai Yuxi used a trapping tool that sealed the entire group for an hour. Her timely assistance allowed them to escape.

Lin Ming, Bai Yuxi, and Qiao Shulin had met in the Golden War Realm, having traveled together after several events alongside Tang Xingyun. They fought together, even against the First Commander of the Ascendants-Hong Chunhua!

Yi Yun finally took an incomparably deep breath, his body surreptitiously absorbing the ambient mana as a miraculous change occurred within his body, converting mana into physical energy via a uniquely refined and small-sized Internal World, allowing him to rapidly replenish his depleted Stamina. Once again, he was satisfied with the effects of the True World, Martial Way Method.

If the Sealed Regions knew that he had an Internal World as a mortal, when typically only Demi-Mortal Lords who've refined their bodies to absurdly great limits can do so, there would be an uproar.

Lin Ming felt the quiet shift in ambient mana. His eyebrows furrowed as he briefly glanced at Yi Yun. As someone with an Origin State, he noticed his subtle action. "Does he also have an Origin State?" Lin Ming was somewhat taken aback by how a human-elf hybrid could develop to such a level.

This reinforced his belief that rumors were hard to trust. Was the Elven bloodline truly inferior?

The group of five talked for a while, exchanging pleasantries and introductions. Despite Ming Yuling and Yi Yun having never met Lin Ming or Bai Yuxi personally, there was no disharmony in their interaction.

Suddenly, the air grew tense. Lin Ming and Yi Yun's spines instantly straightened as they looked to the west. While slower, Qiao Shulin and Bai Yuxi followed closely after. The slowest, Ming Yuling, didn't sense anything and merely followed their gaze. When she looked over, her pupils constricted out fear rippled across the whites of her eyes.

"How did they find us so quickly?" She panickedly exclaimed. Her cultivation base instinctively circulated as she readied herself, but her innate energies and Astral Force were near empty. She couldn't fight.

Lin Ming frowned as he felt a familiar aura, "Heavenly United." If they paid heavily enough, the Heavenly Seers of Heavenly United will assist in tracking down any party. This left Lin Ming feeling infuriated but also helpless. The Heavenly United dared to act against others, but the moment someone acted against them, they sent out bounty notices to turn the world against them!

"Those bastards," Yi Yun cursed as he clenched his fists.

"How can they be so ruthless?" Bai Yuxi questioned with a dissatisfied frown.

"It's not unexpected," Qiao Shulin said, glancing at Yi Yun, her eyes a little conflicted. She added, "The Spirit-Bound Lotus' core can be used for a Mystic-Earth graded product, and its leaves for quite a few known peak-tier ninth-grade products. The value is incredible."

"Spirit-Bound Lotus?" Lin Ming was taken aback as he glanced at Yi Yun. That was one of the things that can assist one in becoming a Spiritualist!

Before he could properly process this information or make any type of a decision, the Solar Zenith Palace's group alongside their allies was already nearing. Their leader laughed heartily, "You won't be able to run from us in this lifetime!"

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1328 1322: CKC, Chaos Reign



The situation instantly began to intensify as the quintet of Chosen faced their pursuers, ruthless and determined, led by a Heavenly Seer that was actively and openly tracking their movements. They had nowhere to run. Forced to respond, Lin Ming, Bai Yuxi, and Qiao Shulin exchanged glances, sensing the thoughts of each other with precise familiarity.

Fight!

Yi Yun was still tired, his breathing a little heavy, but his eyes were increasingly lively as a fighting spirit forged from constant battles and challenges blazed from within. He was deeply aware of the situation as well, knowing that a stand must be made.

Ming Yuling was thoroughly exhausted-she couldn't fight. However, she felt the rising tension in the stifled air, and determined not to be a burden, brought out a talisman forged by her grandmother. It radiated stifling traces of Mystic Aura, exuding a terrifyingly oppressive aura of warning.

Sensing this, the lead character of the Solar Zenith Palace and the others' expressions dramatically changed. However, did they lack trump cards at that level? In fact, there might be Venerable elders that left behind even greater measures to protect their descendants and pride's life than some Highlords or Earthly Saints had despite the outstanding personal cost. This was a true display of love.

Instantly, Qiao Shulin visibly panicked as she glared Ming Yuling's way. Over the weeks that passed, it became an almost unwritten rule to not bring out these talismans, tools, and treasures unless one's life was in imminent crisis. Why? Because it was almost entirely pointless.

If you bring out yours, they'll bring out theirs.

Then the world goes to hell.

There've been far too many instances of unfortunate casualties from mystic-forged talismans and tools, and the sorts of Ascended beings. It's a wonder why the King of Everlore didn't outlaw those things. While not everyone could afford to bring them, those who had were at an overwhelming advantage.

"Put it away!" Bai Yuxi softly growled as she saw the other group begin to bring out their own mystic-forged talismans and tools. If this went wild, forget about the Spirit-Bound Lotus, they and everything they have will be obliterated.

Ming Yuling clenched her talisman tightly, her heart racing. She clenched her teeth, deeply unwilling. It was only when Yi Yun reached out and grabbed her hand, giving her a reassuring look, that her heart inexplicably grew calm.

"I won't let them touch you," Yi Yun said firmly, his gaze unwavering. Ming Yuling's eyes widened as a sense of security overwhelmed her body. She put away the talisman, her eyes losing a lot of their fear.

Seeing this, the other group's tension was instantly relieved as breaths of subconscious relief left their chests. A bead of sweat was across the forehead, palms, and backs of those without protection. Not all of them had Ascended beings to sacrifice a portion of their precious power or lifespan to protect them nor would pay for the materials for talismans, tools, or the like. Not everyone had a grandmother like Ming Yuling who doted on her, most of these Chosen were even abandoned by their masters due to the changing era standard putting them at a severe disadvantage to those of the younger generation, forced to become Dark Chosen.

It wasn't easy making any of these tools or talismans. Why waste it on the old?

Woosh!

Lin Ming didn't hesitate, he brought out his Origin Spear and valiantly rushed toward the group. Clearly, the only way to resolve this was to fight! Qiao Shulin brought out her bow, steadying it to support him. While Bai Yuxi brought out a nine-colored longsword, gorgeous as a rainbow, and charged beside Lin Ming fearlessly.

The Heavenly Seer fled far away seeing the situation erupt.

The Solar Zenith Palace's group matched Lin Ming's intensity and intent. A few members shot out, weapons in hand, and fighting spirits flared. They were here to hunt, so hunt they will hunt!

"Don't hurt that half-elf!" The leader shouted.

Before long, the two groups clashed intensely! A battle of epic proportions unfolded for fortune and treasure that left that portion of Everworld trembling and forever changed.

45 Days : 10 Hours : 15 Minutes : 00 Seconds.

The Everworld became a hunting ground for Chosen. The death toll reached greater numbers than ever before in the shortest period. Simply a month and nearly eleven percent of the population had lost their lives to environmental damage or other Chosen.

The Everworld was tainted with the hot blood of a million talented and hopeful youths of the last Aeternal Sky Era's generation. While most of those that died had been outdated Chosen who've decidedly become Dark Chosen in a desperate bid to prove themselves or those who've grossly overestimated themselves and fought against truly terrifying existences, the fact remained that the sheer casualties number exceeded the last twenty Chosen King Competitions.

Normally, besides the environmental dangers and unavoidable battles for fortune that leads to death, which later leads to being hunted down by Evil Sentinels, few Chosen died during the Everworld Venture Stage of the Chosen King Competition. To see such great numbers of death was incredibly unprecedented, only exacerbated by the increasing number of Fortune Zones that kept arriving sporadically and endlessly.

Additionally, Evil Sentinels were overwhelmingly sweeping across cultivators that have killed or tried to kill others. On the other side, equally as shockingly, Evil Sentinels were dying daily. Top-tier Chosen were hunting them so heavily that they were hiding. Not only were the tokens of Evil Sentinels worth value, but they carried and never used ANY thing they looted from those they killed.

They were literal walking treasure troves. Eventually, it was normalized to send messages of sightings of Evil Sentinels.

There were many times when Evil Sentinels had cornered their prey, only to get surrounded and counter-killed. Chosen who were hunted even resorted to delaying Evil Sentinels, focusing entirely on defense, knowing that Evil Sentinels would sooner or later attract enough attention and get slaughtered by someone more powerful. Some even actively baited out Evil Sentinels with their killing auras, like fishes to a hook!

The ridiculousness of this Chosen King Competition vastly exceeded every last one before it!

Pluck!

"What type of chaos is this?" San Yongli said as she sensed a group of cultivators fighting to kill an Evil Sentinel at the Timelord Phase from afar. The battle was incredibly intense. A few Chosen were graciously injured and had to bow out, roars of frustration resounded thunderously. Whenever the Evil Sentinel was about to get killed, someone would divert their focus to saving them. This led to a fierce fight with multiple layers.

"Is this what the King of Everlore anticipated? Is this what he wanted for this competition?" San Yongli commented in her heart with a wry smile as she took a grade four fortune zone fruit from an apple. Her fortune with fruit-based, tree-grown fortune zones was beyond magical. She looked at the sky, knowing that her guardian angel was pointing her to these fortunes.

Fruits and the like were the best materials because they were meant to be eaten and digested naturally, so one could actively move about while cultivating. Things like the Tungsten Realm Liquid required extensive periods of refining to properly extract its essence.

San Yongli had already claimed over 70 different types of fruits from various graded zones, having consumed them for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and a midnight snack. She hadn't slept yet her every breath, every beating heart, and every blood movement induced great changes to her cultivation base. She was growing stronger!

The latent, organically refined mana in these fruits was the greatest benefit for her. The True World, Martial Way Method she had acquired by following Yi Yun was pushing out outstanding results, pushing her physical body to incredible levels. This feeling of passive cultivation was utterly blissful.

She bit into the juicy fruit she just plucked casually, enjoying its sweet flavor before retrieving the rest. San Yongli pocketed it all. If it was before, she might have been more conservative, but Wei Wuyin had reminded her constantly that her passivity had affected her potential strength and standings.

If she had, from day one, taken the route that Wei Wuyin had, using his foreknowledge of their former timeline to obtain everything she could, she felt that she would have been far, far stronger in cultivation. While she didn't have Wei Wuyin's Alchemic Talent or knowledge given her wasted past life, she knew about major events, access to San Luoyang and the Everlore Association, and the Book of Heaven's Path.

Clicking her teeth, she pushed the regret beneath her heart as she left. More gains awaited.

40 Days : 00 Hours : 00 Minutes : 01 Seconds.

A hierarchy began to form soundlessly, organically, and pervasively throughout the Everworld Venture. Chosen began to understand their limitations and the limitations of their groups' power, which eventually caused

gains to be lopsided and difficult to obtain, further leading to a division amongst groups as many went on their lonesome for gains.

It almost became natural for Realmlords to seek out grade one and two zones, Timelords to seek out grade three, and Starlords to only seek out grade four. Regardless of where, it was often that societies with unspoken rules would be formed for the sake of preservation.

This heavily prevented lopsided distributions of gains and kept competition to those in the same cultivation base. It was only when a zone possessing multiple rare materials appeared that chaos would temporarily reign supreme, and cultivators would fight in groups and launch small-scale wars. More often than not it was one versus many, with Starlords being besieged by those of lesser cultivation until they either retreated, died obstinately, or dominated the whole lot, leaving hordes of talented, young, bloodied corpses strewn about.

Not a single cultivator was contemplating the dangers of killing so many important cultivators. Besides Dark Chosen, those who've officially entered had their seniors all swear oaths to not seek vengeance for the outcome of their Chosen by the Everlore Association. Interestingly enough, they and the Golden Gate Pavilion solemnly vowed to protect or avenge those targeted by seniors of Dark Chosen.

After many, many Chosen King Competitions were completed, it was simply understood by Ascended beings that death was potentially possible, and sending their juniors here to seek out fortune was a risk they could only accept. The only precaution allowed was bestowing tools, talismans, pellets, or the like to serve as means of protection.

The Everworld Venture kept unfolding...

30 Days : 23 Hours : 59 Minutes : 59 Seconds.

Fifty days passed. The intensity of the competition began to slowly lower as cities were formed with safeguards by Starlords, elite Chosen, or an entire group ensuring the protection and safety of one's gains. The deaths had gotten to far too many people, and the Evil Sentinel's Strength started to become far too great while they moved sinisterly, striking at the most unseemly times to slaughter those who'd killed.

Fear began to permeate as the Timelord Sentinel vastly exceeded Pinnacle-tier standards. A top-tier Timelord Chosen that was flagrantly slaughtering for treasures, who even fought against some of the older Starlords that relied on time and hard work rather than talent to reach their level, establishing shoddy foundations at a young age, was killed by this Timelord Evil Sentinel.

The sight caught everyone off-guard. They could only watch as the Timelord Evil Sentinel looted his corpse of likely hefty treasure and flicker away silently, hiding like a rat instantly. Their tactics began to change, slaughtering, running, and hiding, even if the prey was far weaker than them, and this left everyone in constant fear due to their previous killing spree leaving behind tracking markers.

Cities had to be established for the safety of Chosen, and after several days, there were brightly lit Fortune Zones that remained untouched across the planet.

Everworld quietly became a near ghost world, hordes of Chosen isolating themselves in these fortified cities for fear of the retaliation of Evil Sentinels.

The Starlords were no different, especially the Dark Chosen Starlords that couldn't reach the minimum requirement set by Wei Wuyin. Unlike those at the Gravity Emission Phase and lower, they hadn't received too much support from anywhere! Their strength barely changed in the arriving light of this new era.

The only ones brave enough to traverse Everworld were the truly top-tier talents blessed with fortune and protection of their seniors.

The stage had now become theirs.

00 Days : 23 Hours : 59 Minutes : 59 Seconds.

BOOSH!!!

Along the equator of Everworld, a thick, mile-long golden pillar shot into the sky for all to see!

San Yongli sat on a shattered rock, her eyes that were like treasured rubies gazed at the pillar piercing the sky. She softly muttered with great anticipation and excitement, "Grade five!"


Notes from the author: After receiving your feedback <3, I gladly decided to accelerate through some intended small arcs(2-3 chapters) of the Everworld Venture that were like half-fillers, which might have spanned half the month. The Chosen King Competition is better than that. You all deserve better! So let's start!

Notes from Erdiul: Thank the gods. Chapters lately were quite painful.

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1329 1323: CKC, Ascendants Awaken





The sky-breaching, world-dazzling golden pillar's emergence signified the end of a venture, the fight for survival and fortune within Everworld was coming to an end, and the gazes of Chosen of all ages, genders, races, and experiences all turned to it with varied emotions flashing within their eyes.

Some were excited.

Some were determined.

Some were fearful.

Some were relieved.

Others, however, were awakening...

Within an isolated man-made cavernous region of Everworld, ripples of space began to manifest chaotically with increasing frequency. As the ripples enlarged, the aura of time started to leak out from within. Fixed space began solidifying into a glass-like orb that could house a single entity.

Pop.

Like a bubble bursting, the orb ruptured. Waves and waves of space flooded the cave, smashing gently across the cavern's walls. A valiantly striking silhouette briskly took two steps out of the orb's previous location, manifesting seemingly out of nowhere. The fragrance of flowers wafted out, and the silhouette came into abrupt focus, firmly existing in a single dimension of space.

Within the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region's younger generation, not a single relevant individual would be ignorant of this woman's existence. However, the Chosen would all be deeply shaken as questions of her whereabouts had circulated endlessly, often with a fearful and cautious undertone.

Hong Chunhua!

The First Commander of the Ascendants!!

She brushed her auburn hair aside, lightly touching her rose petal-designed sword hilt hung at her waist, and glanced around curiously. The cave's entrance was painted in a golden radiance from the sky-reaching pillar.

A rare, dangerous smile surfaced on her face.

From behind her, by the dozens, more spatially-condensed orbs formed! They popped, gushing out spatial energy that lightly smashed against the cave's walls and exuded the aura of time.

"Ugh!" A soft grunt resounded as a figure took two steps forward, immediately coming into focus. The bald demon, with tribal tattoos littered across his face, appeared, his hand rubbing his bald head with a nauseous expression. "Why does exiting the Temporal Vortex-Zone always make me, ugh..." the bald demon grunted again, holding his mouth anxiously as if fearful of chunks flying.

A figure stepped out right beside him, sneering with ridicule, chiding: "It's because you never take the precautions His Majesty gave us. Always eating solid foods inside! Only liquids or nutrient pellets."

"You! I get hun-Ugh. Meat is deli-Ugh!" The demon tried to retort, but the actions nearly caused him to lose control of his stomach, and he leaned over helplessly on the nearest wall, retching. Only when he sensed someone's warm hand on his back did he feel relieved. The gentleness of it was comforting, easing his urge to regurgitate his years of solid food at once.

Hong Chunhua gave a side glance toward Bei Yunhan and Zu Zun, inwardly shaking her head at Zu Zun's dependence on meat. When she looked behind them, another rare smile formed, but this time, with a sense of personal pride hanging from her lips.

Pop. Pop. Pop.

Dozens upon dozens of spatial orbs began to disperse, revealing figure after figure that abruptly came into focus, none of which were in the typical uniformed colors of the Ascendants. Before long, the large cave was littered with cultivators, all exchanging spiritual transmissions while inspecting the golden radiance leaking into the area from outside.

A dark-haired elf with silver-rimmed glasses walked forward, stopping three steps back from Hong Chunhua. She looked like the reserved type in her modest attire, yet those who knew her understood the villainy this woman could reveal was hell-shaking.

"Commander Hong, all members are accounted for." She was absurdly quick as the spatial orbs had just stopped popping. Li Yungu was diligent as always!

Hong Chunhua nodded in acknowledgment. "Ascendants of the First Legion!"

"Yes!" All the spiritual transmissions ceased instantly, and the unified sound of men and women standing at attention with a voice of acknowledgment thundered, shaking the cave and nearly causing its collapse. Whether it was the hungover Zu Zun or Li Yungu, they all respectfully stood ramrod straight, holding a one-handed seal unique to the Ascendants. They awaited orders!

Hong Chunhua stepped forward and stomped on her heel, forming the same sign: her eyes were utterly forceful and intense. With a passionate voice, she said: fight, to stand out, to showcase to our world and the World Beyond the ability of the Ascendants!

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!" Hong Chunhua shouted.

"YES!" The entire cave was filled with resonating tones that meshed shockingly well. The cave began to crumble and rumble, verging on total collapse.

"In victory we say!" Hong Chunhua shouted.

"For His Majesty! For the Ascendants!"

"In defeat we say!" Hong Chunhua shouted.

"..." The entire cave was dead silent; not even the sound of breathing could be heard.

Hong Chunhua smiled in her heart but was outwardly intense. The only true defeat was death; everything else was a victory. Life was a victory-His Majesty's principles permeated throughout all of their hearts. And in death, there was nothing to say.

"Good! Go!" Hong Chunhua strongly ordered. Almost ten thousand shadows flashed beyond Hong Chunhua, exiting the cavern, all moving toward the golden pillar of light. Only three figures remained -Bei Yunhan, Zu Zun, and Li Yungu.

"Commander Hong," Li Yungu softly said.

Hong Chunhua glanced at her, gently shaking her head. "You don't have to hold back. Go wild."

Li Yungu's eyes became brightly lit. Then, her face very briefly flashed with a terrifyingly sinister expression of soul-distorting greed before revealing the most reserved, shy smile toward Hong Chunhua. She shot out of the cave immediately afterward.

Hong Chunhua couldn't help but feel a little concerned about Li Yungu, but she decided to leave it be. Zu Zun and Bei Yunhan looked at each other, easily understanding the other's concerns, and they looked to Hong Chunhua.

"..."

"..."

Eventually, Hong Chunhua sighed, "Make sure she doesn't cause too much trouble to the other Ascendants." Despite what she said about them acting independently, the trio had been together for far too long and was nigh inseparable. A look of relief flashed across their expressions as they rushed out hastily.

She finally felt a weight lift from her chest. Since the day she had been declared the First Commander of the Ascendants, acting as a Legion Commander. She had put aside her identity as an independent cultivator and wholeheartedly pursued cultivation as the First Commander, but the strange feeling of regaining her independence, even this little, felt extremely relaxing.

Trying to control all those monsters and their mixture of egos, personalities, and habits was undeniably difficult, an enormous task, and she had performed it beautifully. But now, she could finally act alone.

"His Majesty was right...we all needed this," as she said this, she heard a shrieking scream from outside. When she sent her spiritual sense outwards to investigate, her expression immediately became helpless.

A female Chosen was lying unconscious on a grassy plain, stripped of everything, even her undergarments that were likely astral-graded treasures; Zu Zun and Bei Yunhan stood above her exposed body while looking at each other with concern endlessly flowing out of their eyes. Sensing her spiritual sense, they looked helplessly toward Hong Chunhua.

Temporarily creating a set of astral force-formed undergarments, they left the poor female cultivator alone, hastily following after the disaster.

"..." Hong Chunhua didn't know what type of chaos would be unleashed, especially during the third stage. Regardless, she should put that aside. For now, her only concerns were the other Commanders and the Prime

Ascendants. As Fighting spirit swelled within her soul, she walked out of the cave.

Throughout several locations across the Everworld, the scene of ten thousand shadows exiting from man-made cavernous areas of Everworld or from out beneath lakes and gigantic trees was unfolding. The Commanders of each legion gave orders similar to Hong Chunhua, and beings forged by the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn began to flood the world.

The Ascendants who decided to participate as Dark Chosen or Chosen of their specific Sect instead, such as Yi Yun, all received alerts of the change. Within these alerts, details of the Ascendant Emperor's orders spread out.

The most notable was an unquestionable demand:

"All Starlords MUST reach the 90th Wall! All Timelords MUST reach the 95th Wall! All Realmlords MUST reach the FINAL WALL! Anything less-Your status as an Ascendant ends."

It was absolute, yet besides a few shaken members, tens of thousands of Ascendants all felt their hearts burn with an undaunted passion and fighting spirit!

They all rushed toward the golden pillar of light, the grade five Fortune Zone, and the final segment of the Everworld Venture!

San Luoyang was silently sitting within the subspace as he observed the situation, ensuring San Yongli and a few other San Clan descendants obtained fortune, but when the tens of thousands of Ascendants all began to show up, his eyes bulged uncontrollably. "What?!"

PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1330 1324: CKC, Years Of Refinement



"What?!" San Luoyang rapidly rose from his seated position as the Ascendants began to awaken. He hastily formed several hand-seals, interfacing with the Ever-Key as eagle-eyed view-pointed images across Everworld flashed before him within a hazy mist. His eyes flared intensely with spiritual light, piercing and pervasive.

"Vortex-Zones? Hidden within the folds of space?" San Luoyang was perplexed as he concluded his investigation. How had these people eluded his overseer's senses? Why did they hide away? What about the various fortunes of Everworld?

Gradually, as time passed, his expression grew increasingly darker as insight dawned on him. Little by little, he assessed why. To verify this, he actively executed a few hand-seals, investigating the folds of space left by the Vortex-Zones' recent dissipation.

"...!" A few minutes later, his pupils constricted. "What a genius!" He grabbed the screen before him with his left hand and gently moved his right hand across its surface. The area where the First Legion had awakened was revealed, and then layers of flamboyant colors replaced the normal colors of the image. They were astonishingly beautiful to behold.

Everworld was an interdependent World Realm-this was a well-known fact by most in the know, but what most didn't know was that it was supported by existing in a sub-dimensional layer of space between three planes. The first plane was the natural spatial region that was the eighteen regions, the utter

pinnacle of 'stable' space; the second plane was the artificial region of 'fixed' space generated by the Endless Void Mirror-the Sealed Regions enclosure, while the last one was the 'chaotic' space that permeated silently beneath.

It drew power from those three sources while simultaneously existing as an independent subspace of a World Realm. The sheer ingenuity of it was boundlessly wondrous; it was the greatest realm wonder known amongst the eighteen regions, exceeding even the Neo-Dawn Starfield and Endless Prosperity Domain's Realm Regions! More importantly, it could only be created with the active participation and explicit permission of the Void Voyage Sect.

No-it was more accurate to say the creators of the Endless Void Mirror's permission was needed!

The King of Everlore had accomplished this.

He was the only one that could.

It was also why no force or power, not even the Chaosnova, could disturb Everworld's peace. However, as the world connected to these spaces, it had unique and exceptional qualities. For example, the potency of ambient spatial and temporal energies within was phenomenal! There was nowhere in the entire Sealed Regions, not even in the obscure World Between the Fold, with such quality of time and spatial energy.

Time and space-attributed objects were both deeply restricted while simultaneously being unfathomably empowered. Time and space-attributed objects like the Neo-Dawn Vortex-Zone Pellet! It would increase the pellet's strength by manyfold! The pellet was also a source of enlightenment! He had experienced that himself!

If used correctly, this could leapfrog one's comprehension of space and time to absurdly high levels. For Realmlords, Timelords, and Starlords,

comprehension of those attributes was undeniably the most important. San Luoyang was utterly awed as he gawked at the sheer audacity and genius to use the Everworld as a foundation to assist one's cultivation! Additionally, the Vortex-Zone's temporal difference would significantly increase.

No...that wasn't all...

The pellet was a temporary existence, naturally dissipating as time passed, requiring the compounded expenditure of pellets for every ten days desired. Moreover, continuously entering and exiting was a hectic and dangerous act, so cultivators had been advised to stay within one as long as possible by preparing lest they suffer dissonance of time and space.

But if used with the unique spatial and temporal potency of Everworld, wouldn't that be unnaturally elongated? A single pellet could last...

"Indefinitely?" San Luoyang immediately realized the implications as an Alchemic Saint who had studied the pellet. Not only would this make a single pellet last for as long as needed, but the ninth-grade limitation of ten days for every one day would be grossly expanded.

How long were those cultivators in that zone? For the rest of the Chosen King Competition, it was only eighty days, but to them...was it eight thousand days? Eighty thousand days? Was it adjustable?!

The more he thought about it, the greater his disbelief.

Could they have been training for decades? Centuries?! Millennia?!?!

"Wait! Such a long time would definitely cause a level of unimaginable dissonance, if not outright death. That shouldn't be possible." San Luoyang soon realized a critical issue as he inspected some of the Ascendants. Then, his pupils constricted to their limits as he found a peculiarity between their lifespans and their soulspans' ages.

Each Ascendant's lifespan was vibrant and at its maximum potential allowed by their cultivation base, possessing nearly two thousand years, some even more, of life force within their bodies while their age was all beneath five hundred years old.

"Unless!" He exclaimed as he once again conducted a series of investigations, his heart racing intensely, and he finally found his answer. "A frequently timed state of repeated hibernation of consciousness and soul! And the segregation of the body and mind! How genius! How fantastic!!"

At this point, San Luoyang had literal stars in his eyes as he was deeply shaken by his discoveries. The hibernation aspect was ingenious; by doing so, those within could experience a thousand years with such rich, condensed spatial and temporal energies without exhausting their soulspan. However, it was more intricate than that because even while in hibernation, the flow of time affected the soul equally within the area, so if a thousand years passed in a single area, no amount of hibernation would prevent the soul from experiencing a thousand years.

Unless!

A cultivator's soul and mind were segregated prior, existing in a normal flow of time while their physical bodies hadn't. In the right circumstances, one could temper the body in accelerated time for tens of years without exhausting the same quantity of their soul's age! By going in and out of hibernation, they could cultivate and rest without suffering dissonance.

It was an eccentric idea, extremely difficult to pull off! Yet if a cultivator succeeded, the cultivator could undergo tempering for a long time as long as they replenished their bodies' lifespan continuously. To ensure that, a paste product such as the Waters of Life was needed. These seem like methods used by immortals!

San Luoyang was unaware, but this type of temporal bodily tempering and refinement was standard amongst true Chosen of the World Beyond! It was simply outside of the Sealed Region's current depth of cultivation to achieve it without incredible support and personal cost. Without Everworld and his ability to leverage its unique existence, Wei Wuyin wouldn't dare do such a thing on a grand scale!

"Tch!" San Luoyang clicked his tongue as he began to calm down. He deeply regretted not applying this method to San Yongli. As an Earthly Saint, he could easily replicate the Spacetime Vortex-Zone of that pellet, including forcefully segregating San Yongli's consciousness and soul from the accelerated flow of time. Wu Yu had done something remarkably similar as a discarnate spirit at the Soul of Mysticism Phase to Hong Ru, saving her life.

Unfortunately, replicating everything as a whole would likely cost San Luoyang thousands of years, perhaps even tens of thousands of years of his lifespan! The cost of using the Mystic Dao's grand powers was not easy!

A single Earthly Saint could achieve it but at the cost of their entire future! Was it worth it?!

As he finally calmed down, his eyes located a dark-haired elf's body that was zipping through Everworld with ease. If Wei Wuyin had done all this, then not only was his understanding of the Sealed Regions substantial, his knowledge of space and time was unfathomable.

Unbeknownst to San Luoyang, in another time, Wei Wuyin was the Void Voyage Sect's Sect Master, and he currently had comprehended the Minor Law of Space and Time as a mere mortal!

However, he grew increasingly worried as he kept watching the body of the elf rapidly move about, agile and effortless. "Their physical bodies might have experienced...hundreds... perhaps thousands of years of refinement and

tempering..." Even if one's bodily talent was absolute garbage, this advantage was indescribably great, but the cost would be equally terrifying! What type of force was this Wei Wuyin trying to create?!

As his thoughts led to this point, the image shifted to San Yongli. She was currently rushing toward the grade five fortune zone with a determined light in her treasured-like ruby eyes. A wisp of fatherly worry floated between his brows.

The Chosen of Everworld all looked toward the light; no matter where they were, from within cities or caves, the piercing glare of golden radiance was unmissable.

Atop a grassy knoll, two figures were sitting on a stone bench, calmly looking at the pillar piercing the sky. One of them wore a nondescript porcelain mask with simple features and a neutral expression, while the other was a middle-aged man with a scruffy dark-colored beard in grey swordsmen robes, his sword hung at his hip, and his expression was nonchalant and lackadaisical.

Yet within his hazel-golden eyes was a latent imperialistic will that could reign over all. Those of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region would instantly recognize this figure as the one and only Tian Jianghan, the Sixth Prince of the Imperial Clan!

"Seventh Brother, it seems like the hidden forces you noticed before have begun to move." Tian Jianghan said as he lazily looked toward the moving shadows. While most Chosen resided in cities, these existences had just emerged from seemingly nowhere.

The masked figure was thoroughly concealed, from aura to gender. Internally, however, he was quite helpless as this half-brother of his had easily identified him at a glance.

Seeing that the masked figure wasn't responding, Tian Jianghan was unbothered as he naturally changed the topic, "Have you found out who was protecting them?" With his aura concealed, this was the only indicator of his change of emotional state. His gloved fists clenched.

An androgynous voice emotionlessly resounded, "No."

"I see," Tian Jianghan glanced at the masked figure. When he thought of those two, he couldn't help but feel helpless. While this brother of his didn't care about her affairs, seeking to sever the agreement with an unwilling power, the moment he came back with sufficient power to do so, the matter had become too tainted. The fact that she dared to do so, even under the unverifiable presumption of his death, while their marriage agreement was still in effect was no longer a simple matter but one of personal pride and disrespect. "I'm shocked you couldn't get through them."

The masked figure's breathing relaxed suddenly, "I could have." Those words were said with the utmost confidence as if it was a matter beyond the shadow of a doubt. This took Tian Jianghan by surprise. The masked figure continued, "That strange shadow cultivator said that I simply had to wait until the end of the second stage of the competition. Then, no one would stop me."

"Oh? If you could've pushed through, you should've just done so." Tian Jianghan was of the mind that the sooner it was done, the easier he could move on. This was the perfect environment too, where Chosen died in droves.

"I was handsomely paid to hold back. Moreover, neither of them is worth offending 'him' for," the masked figure calmly stated.

"Him?" Tian Jianghan's eyebrows furrowed slightly, granting his lazy expression some hint of seriousness. Then he regarded the various shadows, and his hazel-golden eyes lit with the light of realization. "So he's not missing?" The confrontation with the Void Wyrms was a matter spread

amongst the higher-ups, and the sight of Wei Wuyin facing it and being devoured like F.vergod had widely circulated. However, not a single person thought he was dead, especially since both the Everlore Association and the Neo-Dawn Starfield acted normal without the slightest change.

In most people's minds, Evergod and Wei Wuyin had seized some unfathomable opportunity by being devoured, especially when there were reports of Wei Wuyin mining the Void Wyrms' scales with his forces. Otherwise, why would Evergod bring out such a soul-staggering hidden force before the world? And Wei Wuyin's forces had even caused it to retreat!

It seemed too calculated to think otherwise, so no one thought of seizing this moment to take advantage of other forces.

"This mask is pointless," the masked figure abruptly said. Then, they reached toward their mask and removed it, exposing their appearance to the world.

Handsome!

Beautiful!

Beautifully handsome!!

From his softly curved cheekbones, bright hazel-gold eyes, sword-like eyebrows, a confident, charismatic light flickering ceaselessly within his unfathomable gaze, and each strand of his flawlessly healthy black hair with a dark luster, he exuded a transcendent aura that made one form the preconception of a fallen immortal!

"I told you it was," Tian Jiangnan calmly smiled.

Tian Yinwu! The Seventh Prince of the Imperial Clan! The worldwide sensation that had shaken the world time and again!

"Will the Chosen King be determined this time?" Tian Jiangnan asked lazily.

"Yeah," Tian Yinwu answered without any hesitation.

The two brothers from the same father shared a bench, watching as the last stage of the Everworld Venture unfolded.

As time passed, more Chosen began to gather at the golden pillar. They stood out by a few tens of miles, yet the sheer radiance was blinding that most had to execute Ocular Spells just to protect their eyes.

No one noticed the tens of thousands of new figures that hadn't been in Everworld in the last eighty days, and they didn't act either.

Tang Xingyun stood next to Na Xinyi. After they shared time at the Imperial Clan's palace, they could be considered acquaintances. While they hadn't teamed up prior, they had met on the way here and wordlessly agreed to stand next to each other.

After the Neo-Dawn Alchemic Expo concluded, Tang Heihei had taken her daughter away, bringing her to a strange space utterly devoid of essence and energy that the Ancient Fire Phoenix lived, so the Imperial Clan couldn't take her back as they originally intended. Even if they wanted to, the Absolute Void Region was extremely dangerous without someone like Bai Lin or Wei Wuyin.

"There's only three," Na Xinyi suddenly said.