

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1331 1325: CKC, Only Three



"Only three?" Tang Xingyun's brows furrowed slightly. However, before she could express her curiosity and confusion, the surrounding crowd of Chosen began actively discussing. The word 'three' was mentioned ceaselessly, vigilance and greed flashing within their spiritually lit eyes.

Tang Xingyun realized that the golden pillar hid secrets, so she followed suit and circulated her Spiritual Force through her eyes, executing her Ocular Spell. The depths of her pupils ignited with a scarlet, blazing flame as spiritual light was filtered through it, granting her extraordinary visual perception as her sight pierced through the golden pillar.

The blinding radiance of the golden pillar began to dissipate through her eyes as the insides were fully revealed to her. Her eyes widened. There was a single tree within the golden pillar, gargantuan in size. It was sky-piercing, reaching tens of thousands of meters into the sky, towering over all creation, with a thickness comparable to a small city!

It was an apple tree!

The tree was utterly breathtaking to behold, soul-stirring and mind-inspiring, with tens of thousands of green, lustrous leaves tens of meters in length with the thickness of several grown men. While it was cluttered with lustrous leaves and numerous healthy branches, the vibrantly lively tree was nearly barren of fruit despite it seeming to be able to give birth to an untold amount.

Tang Xingyun's sight was immediately attracted by golden rays of light that shone in three different, incredibly far apart areas of the tree. The rays were blinding, nearly resembling a miniaturized solar star. Her flaming pupils intensified as she peered into the depths of the radiance.

"Apples!"

Scattered in the tree were three apples; they were as if cast from pure gold, almost metallic in the sheen of their skin, and exuded a solar-like radiance that was glaringly bright. Despite their shockingly normal sizes, comparable to standard apples, they exuded scintillating rays of solar light that easily stood out among the verdant green leaves.

Tang Xingyun now understood why others were constantly mentioning three! There were only three! Three apples! More importantly, she found the origin of their greed and vigilance.

Na Xinyi's eyes calmly observed the pillar and the tree within, "Those golden apples are Astralis Sacred Fruits." Her words caused Tang Xingyun to gasp, sucking in a breath of cold air.

utter lack of 'natural' Solar Stars led to the Wu Clan gathering the eighteen stellar regions' Solar Stars to forge their Supermassive Solar Star, leaving the seventeen other Stellar regions' starless-leaving them dark.

During the War of Fallen Stars, the usage of 'natural' Solar Stars was being experimented to their limits, and this greatly assisted cultivators of that time in breaking into the Mystic Ascendant Realms, shattering their Mortal Limits. The Astralis Sacred Fruit was one of those experiments, a man-made product created by using densely compressed and crushed Solar Star Cores as fertilizer.

While the more commonly known Astralis Fruit existed, the single word difference had the same impact as a 'natural' and 'artificial' Solar Star!

In the current era, as 'natural' Solar Stars have become endangered entities in the eighteen regions, the Astralis Sacred Fruit was considered extinct.

Instantly, Tang Xingyun felt her Astral Soul heat up and throb intensely; her eyes leaked out a green shade of ravenous greed, want, and hunger. While she wasn't salivating to the point of looking unseemly, there were several hundred Chosen in sight that were!

Na Xinyi, however, was entirely unaffected. She wasn't the only one. The tens of thousands of figures that had recently emerged were all looking at the Astralis Sacred Fruit with absolutely no passion or desire.

In fact, some even had rampant disdain and contempt in their eyes. No longer suppressed by the rules of order that were established and firmly upheld, some of the Ascendants no longer felt the urge to hold back. It was hard not to feel their emotions, given that they enjoyed Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pills far too often.

Tang Xingyun reined in her emotions as she glanced at Na Xinyi's serene expression. She couldn't help but say as she stifled the urge to gulp a wad of desirous saliva, "It's said that a single Astralis Sacred Fruit is comparable to a peak-quality Echoing Stars of the Vastness Pill!" While she tried to hold in her feverish excitement, her tone made her emotions far too obvious.

"I know," Na Xinyi indifferently replied. Suddenly, she felt an aura fluctuate to her right. When she looked that way, she discovered a familiar figure. She recalled her period in the Myriad Monarch Sect and instantly knew that this cultivator was a member of the Ascendants. Her eyes finally exuded a faint wisp of spiritual light, inspecting that cultivator.

They instantly noticed her probing, turning to her in a blitzy instant. The Ascendant in question was a little peeved that someone was inspecting them, about to counterattack and teach them an unforgettable, crippling lesson, but

when they saw that it was Na Xinyi, they frowned slightly and turned away, completely ignoring her as if she didn't exist.

Na Xinyi didn't find this strange and stopped probing, thinking to herself: "So he succeeded in his attempt after all. He actually leveraged this world's unique strength for all of them." She could still remember Wei Wuyin's talks about using the Chosen King Competition to temper the Ascendants. He had asked her if she wanted to undergo his experiment, which would be a more controlled environment, and she had agreed instantly.

Wei Wuyin hadn't been able to do the same to all the Ascendants in the outside world without risking certain dangers, but the Valkyries and Prime Ascendants were his 'test subjects' and experienced a very similar tempering. When she recalled her own experiences during the tempering process and the results it yielded, she smiled.

"At least that'll make it a lot more interesting," she softly said as her fighting spirit blazed within her soul. Alongside this blazing spirit was a wisp of pride and admiration. Wasn't her fiancé always seeking to do grander and grander things? This only inspired her to try to do more.

"What?" Tang Xingyun couldn't understand Na Xinyi's words.

Na Xinyi smiled at her, "Nothing. So, will you compete for it?" She naturally changed the subject. Considering the quality of fruit and the objective of the Ascendants, it was unlikely they'll be taking action here. That said, unlikely didn't mean it wouldn't happen.

"Compete?" Tang Xingyun clenched her fists as her eyes stared at the three fruits with desire. She wanted to compete! Of course! But there were only three, and there were hundreds of thousands of Chosen all eyeing these fruits, likely realizing their origins.

The fight would likely be bloody.

This was befitting a grade-five fortune zone!

"The leaves are valuable, too," Na Xinyi pointed out. Tang Xingyun was taken aback. She inspected the leaves, sensing wisps of Astralis Essence circulating within the veins.

Considering there were numerous leaves, these were treasures too.

Suddenly, tens of thousands of Ascendants all felt a mental transmission into their Seas of Consciousness, discreet and unseen, and their eyes all gleamed intensely. Few of them sought to compete for such pitiful treasures, but the message was able to instantly perk their senses.

Hong Chunhua was observing the golden pillar, her eyes entirely indifferent and lacking passion as she received the transmission. Her eyes brightened. It was His Majesty's voice!

"Occupy a single Astralis Leaf-all those standing atop an intact, connected leaf by the end of the Everworld Venture will receive ONE Merit of Ascension!" Hong Chunhua's heart rapidly raced alongside tens of thousands of Ascendants.

Merits of Ascension were very similar to Imperial Merits of the Myriad Monarch Sect, a system by which to reward outstanding feats of achievements. But they were exceedingly difficult to obtain. Wei Wuyin was an existence that typically demanded a bare minimum, and while that was exceptionally great, it allowed the Ascendants to maintain their standard set of resources.

They would all obtain an equal amount! Regardless of position! But! Merits of Ascension were similar to a favor of the Ascendant Emperor, and they could demand any type of resource that fitted their cultivation bases, exceeding the 'standard' given products and granting them an advantage over others.

While the Ascendants were an organization that demanded unity, the way of competition remained as each month, year, and decade required a standard of strength, cultivation base, and minimum achievements to be met before being relegated to parts of Ascendants that weren't the Legions. This happened to many Ascendants over the decades, being filtered out as unsuitable to be Wei Wuyin's sword and shield. While Wei Wuyin provided products, his standards were indescribably high, and he often urged competition and a sense of pressure.

Only a Merit of Ascension, granted due to an outstanding achievement or feat, could allow Ascendants a chance to obtain 'additional' resources beyond the 'assigned' amount. That being said, the fair 'assigned' amount would shake the foundations of most Chosen's True Souls, and while Ascendants could 'earn' their own resources and materials through their allocated free time, anyone knew that Wei Wuyin's products made the pinnacle market resources seem like dirty bathwater.

Hong Chunhua's eyes focused intently on the tree. No longer were her eyes lacking passion or desire, flooded by these heated emotions. She wasn't the only one! Like sharks eyeing bloodied prey, the Ascendants exuded fierce killing intent and competitive will.

The message didn't end as the second part came through: "Any usage of lethal or crippling force toward other cultivators or the tree itself will result in a Demerit of Calamity."

"..." Like a cold splash of water to a raging flame, the Ascendants' heated emotions were doused. They couldn't help but rein in their killing intent. Just the three words-Demerit of Calamity-caused their intent to slaughter everyone in their way to dissipate, but not the will to compete!

Hong Chunhua chuckled. If Wei Wuyin hadn't said anything, the Ascendants would've likely destroyed the entire tree in milliseconds. With their heads

cooled down, the Ascendants began to plan and target their respective leaves, coming up with various plans of action.

Na Xinyi, the other Valkyries, Prime Ascendants, and those Ascendants that decided to act on behalf of their sects, either as Chosen or Dark Chosen, such as Yi Yun and a few other Blessed, did not receive the message. For those like Yi Yun, they wanted to assist their sect members during the stage, so Wei Wuyin didn't stop them from doing so.

Na Xinyi frowned slightly as she felt the air grow tense. Tang Xingyun suddenly felt cold sweat on her palms and back as a wave of discomfort surged in her heart. Looking at the Ascendants in her view, she felt their auras all change.

Noticing this, she looked at Tang Xingyun. "The last segment of the Everworld Venture is this grade five fortune zone; It'll end after all three fruits are either taken or the timer reaches its end."

00 Days : 23 Hours : 52 Minutes : 09 Seconds.

"I think I'll just watch," Tang Xingyun decided in her heart. Despite her desire to obtain a fruit or leaf, she felt that fighting for either was going to end up as a calamity. "What about you?"

"I'll take a fruit," Na Xinyi said flatly. It was as if it was already predetermined. She wasn't here to watch and observe but to be known, remembered, feared, and respected. How could she not enter this competition? Even if the rewards were utterly trash, how could she not?

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"It's starting," Tian Yinwu and Tian Jianghan saw as the golden pillar began to dissipate from the sky. The last stage was beginning!

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A tense, stifling silence enveloped the atmosphere across the area as the golden pillar began to dissipate from top to bottom. All eyes focused on the west, east, and northwestern areas where the fruits resided!

Tang Xingyun's skin developed goosebumps as the subtle circulation of hundreds of thousands of Chosen-level cultivation bases distorted the air, pricking the spirit, and squeezing the heart.

"Sister Xinyi..." Tang Xingyun called out softly with her tone bereft of courage, rife with concern, and quivering fearfully. While she was strong for a Chosen, even possessing an Origin State, the sheer intensity in the air was causing her to have no confidence.

"Step back." Na Xinyi cautioned as she took a step forward. She instantly noticed thousands of gazes turn toward her direction once she did. The vigilant gazes were unable to affect her dauntless spirit, allowing her astonishing valiant beauty to shine through.

The cause of the stifling air was the Ascendants. Na Xinyi was fully aware of this, as each Ascendant had a minimum requirement that was utterly heavenshaking, requiring them to birth an Intent of at least high-level. As Intents were divided into low-level, mid-level, high-level, and apex-level, this was a world-crushing obstacle to most. However, EACH Ascendant had at least one!

Their developed wills were permeating throughout the air, causing this stifled, oppressive atmosphere.

Tang Xinyun bit her lip slightly as she retreated a few steps, immediately feeling better. Her action was tantamount to bowing out of the competition, so those wills swept across her harmlessly. Regaining the ability to breathe normally, Tang Xingyun took a deep, relieving inhale and exhale.

Na Xinyi's eyes were utterly indifferent, but her thoughts were lively. "The Ascendants are all competing?" She was taken aback by how each was readying themselves to move, but she was unafraid.

In another location, Lin Ming was alongside Bai Yuxi, Yi Yun, Qiao Shulin, the returned Chen Yangzi, and two others—two females, both beauties with unique flairs. They all seemed rather close, especially the two young women who flanked Yi Yun from the right and left.

"This is tense," Chen Yangzi commented fearfully. While he was a Chosen, just the tense air was enough to allow him to understand that contesting for the fruits was beyond his means.

"We'll go for leaves," Qiao Shulin intelligently measured her limits and set an obtainable goal. The others agreed. But Lin Ming and Yi Yun's eyes were focused heavily on the westernmost fruit. They both had desire in their eyes. The Astralis Sacred Fruit was equivalent to a peak-quality Echoing Vastness of the Stars Pill! The value was unimaginable! As for the leaves, they were priceless treasures as well.

"I'll take two leaves," Bai Yuxi looked at Lin Ming as she softly, warmly, and determinedly said. Lin Ming was taken aback, but his heart immediately felt her warmth as he understood her intentions. She was going to get two so that he could focus wholeheartedly on obtaining an Astralis Sacred Fruit! He didn't give her any lovely words, only a thankful expression, and a smile.

For Bai Yuxi, that was enough. She grew even more determined.

Back on the stone bench, the two Imperial Princes of their generation observed the situation.

"Speed will be crucial," Tian Jianghan analyzed and stated. The first to obtain the fruits will be able to focus wholeheartedly on fleeing or relying on their trump cards to keep the fruit. Moreover, it'll serve as protection as no one would launch attacks that might destroy the fruit.

"Mn," Tian Yinwu acknowledged as his hazel-gold eyes focused on the collapsing golden pillar. It was almost like a timer.

"Will you not compete?" Tian Jianghan curiously asked.

"..." Tian Yinwu didn't answer, but the light in his eyes was easily readable for Tian Jianghan. The Fifth Prince didn't say anything else, merely smiled knowingly. How will this mystifying half-brother of his take action? He was quite excited to find out!

Na Xinyi's eyes looked at the three fruits, and her grey eyes seethed with a hazy yin light. "Heh," she quietly scoffed, a faint smile tugged at her lips. Her slight shift in expression caused those observing her vigilantly to grow absentminded. She was too gorgeous! Drop-dead!

The golden pillar's descent finally reached the first leaf, and then...

...Swoosh!

The entire golden pillar dissipated with an audible sound!!

It was abrupt, unexpected, and unpredictable!

BOOM!

BOOSH!!

WOOSH!!!

From every direction of the tree, Chosen shot toward the tree at mind-boggling speeds. They stirred up storms, sending dirt, dust, gravel, and air into a frenzy! Some used raw power to gain a few milliseconds before circulating their cultivation bases; some immediately executed their Spatial Arts to flit through fixed space; some drove their cultivations to their limits, drawing upon it all as they blasted themselves into the sky.

While flying was prohibited and Spatial Arts were reduced in effectiveness, these Chosen that were the first to act seemed to ignore all these restrictions as they moved! Fast!

"What?!" Chen Yangzi's eyes bulged as figures flickered across his vision as his robes buffeted by the rampant winds and his footing grew unstable from the spatial tremors produced by various Spatial Arts. The intensity of the first second was enough to suffocate him!

Lin Ming had been forewarned by the voice in his head of the barrier's peculiarity, so he was already moving just before the barrier dissipated abruptly, granting him an unrivaled advantage over the others. With gritted teeth and a determined expression, his heart roared as his Elemental Origin Astral Soul circulated his cultivation base at 110% faster than normal!

"I have to be first!" The thought pounded his head ceaselessly. As long as he could obtain an Astralis Sacred Fruit, he had the utmost confidence in ensuring that it would be his! This was backed by decades of continuous successes, bestowing him with a level of supreme confidence.

However, as he moved, he felt shadows flashed by his side.

"Behind you!" The voice in his head warned as he hurriedly circulated his cultivation base a full cycle, propelling him further as his body was wreathed in resplendent nine-colored light. This light spiraled until a perfect mixture

transformed it perfectly white, the sign of Elemental Origin Force! His speed doubled -no, TRIPLED!

BOOM!!

The surrounding air and space shattered as he sped forth, targeting an Astralis Sacred Fruit nearest to his location-the Western Fruit! The strain on his cultivation base and circulation of energies caused the veins on his face, neck, arms, and legs to bulge fiercely through his skin. He could hear his heart beat like a war drum!

His actions of disturbing space sent those who had just started to execute their Spatial Arts to feel an added hindrance. His actions were deliberately performed, intelligently, and well-timed as well! This was gained from years of experience facing and competing against Spatial Arts!

Several Chosen that were about to Spatially Shift were met with a throttling sensation as they fumbled to the ground or air, smashing heavily against the world in failure!

"Watch out!" The voice in Lin Ming's head warned as several auras blasted his senses with the strength of raging gods, piercing through his shattered space and pulsating power with utter ease. They moved as if they were fish in the water, ignoring him entirely. While he had moved first, he could only watch with a bulging, despairing gaze as shadows flickered ahead of him!

These shadows didn't even pay him any attention, soaring across the air, passing him with totally focused looks. The urge to send out attacks swelled in his heart, but his cultivation was fully focused on propulsion. Gritting his teeth to the point of near shattering, he roared like a beast from Hell!

The spiraling white light explosively increased by double as his body felt terrifyingly flesh-ripping, bone-crushing pain!

BOOOOM!œ!

He redoubled his efforts and sped even faster! In that brief moment, he surpassed those shadows as he neared the Astralis Sacred Fruit! It was only a few tens of miles away! Only a few miles!! The hope in his eyes was intense, and the excitement gave way to greater degrees of inner strength.

Whoosh.

Whoosh.

Whoosh!

"What?!" The despair that had been pushed away by his second acceleration immediately returned.

In a deeply shaken tone, the voice in his head exclaimed: "FAST!"

Before he could process that single word, dozens, no, hundreds of shadows of men and women, all outstanding, even a few with cultivation bases at the Temporal Eye Phase, surpassed him!

"NO!" Lin Ming was unwilling! But just as they entered the range of the crown of the tree where the gargantuan leaves were, these figures all split as if agreed upon beforehand, their spiritual senses locking on certain leaves, and landed on them with gentle ease. The leaves barely trembled, and these cultivators all were hyper-vigilant!

Lin Ming was deeply confused by this. So were those who were observing and saw the desperate rush of several others. Tens of thousands of cultivators landed on leaves, and they erected either Astral Wards, established a Spiritual Barrier, or stood quietly with their Worldly Domain unfurled!

But not one...

**NOT ONE!** Went for the Astralis Sacred Fruit!

Na Xinyi was an existence that had the gazes of countless observers that decided not to participate, and they couldn't help but wonder if the Extreme

Yin Saintess would be able to claim a fruit! After all, she was often spoken of in the same breath as Wei Wuyin and Tian Yinwu!

Na Xinyi's movements were the definition of nonchalant. She didn't resort to raw strength, a raging push of her Astral Force, or execution of exceptional Spatial Arts; the Extreme Yin Saintess moved with nine steps, leaving behind alluringly beautiful hazy images of herself like afterimages. Each image showcased her taking a single step, traveling miles with each, and by the time she finished her ninth step, she was directly on the branch with the Eastern Astralis Sacred Fruit!

She cut an impressive figure, illicit gulps from those heated and awed gazes of all genders! Those indifferent eyes as she turned to view those hectically rushing toward her were utterly soul-stirring!

The last fruit, the Northeastern Astralis Sacred Fruit, also saw two figures standing upon the branch.

They both cut equally as lovely and enchanting figures!

Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei stared at each other calmly, standing directly between the fruit that hung on the branch. The tension was greater than a hundred times before!

The Dragonborn Saintess!

The Eternal Monarch Saintess!

Lin Ming was unaware of the other fruit's situations, but he was focused heavily on the last fruit! He was now a mile from it! He was the closest! Strangely enough, those faster than him were focused on occupying leaves like treasured scats, and while this was incredibly odd, he didn't have enough time to think about all this as he aimed for the fruit!

He reached out, executing his Origin State's Mana Dominance as he urged the surrounding mana to solidify! With a single thought, he actively hindered all those nearby! This was the advantage of the Origin State!

"They're really fast," Tian Jianghan watched all this with a lazily intrigued expression. He found it equally as confusing as those tens of thousands of cultivators that shot toward leaves.

"Hm," Tian Yinwu acknowledged as he touched the air with his right hand. He made three taps as sputtering of alluring silvery light splashed outward, and then swiped his hand across the sky as if ravaging a canvas with his ferocity. Tian Jianghan's eyes brightened! The Seventh Prince was making his move!

Lin Ming's hand was four feet away from the fruit, his grey eyes sparkled with elation and ferocity. There was no other faster than him!

"Shit!" The voice in his mask exclaimed as the fruit began to glimmer with silvery light, forming a spherical outline around it. Then, the silvery light exploded like a supernova!

Lin Ming's eyes widened as he was blinded for a millisecond!

Na Xinyi calmly watched as the silvery light of her fruit manifested. "This is mine," she calmly said as she used two fingers as a sword, slicing softly toward the fruit. It was as if space, time, gravity, mana, and light became concepts without form or power.

The silvery light exploded!

Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei were staring at each other, exchanging spiritual transmissions.

"Rock-Paper-Scissors?" Xue Yifei suggested indifferently.

"Do you even need this?" Wu Baozhai retorted, but her Mental Energy was already gathering into a readied shape! They were going to play a game of mental rock-paper-scissors to decide ownership!

"Do you?" Xue Yifei smiled with a lifted brow. Her mental energy began to formulate as well!

Suddenly, the fruit began to envelop with silvery light! The two merely glanced at the fruit, and their eyes shone with silvery light. The light surrounding the fruit fizzled out, and they turned to each other without even giving that a second thought!

"Go!" They both began!

Tian Yinwu calmly sat as three silvery stars manifested before him. Two of them formed properly while one collapsed, causing his expression to slightly shift. "Interesting," he remarked as he retrieved the two stars. But his eyes revealed a hint of confusion as only one Astralis Sacred Fruit was present! The other was empty!

Lin Ming's hand touched air and only air. His eyes were utterly shaken as he was unable to comprehend what just happened...

Above Na Xinyi's flawless skin of her palm was an Astralis Sacred Fruit. Her eyes gazed in Tian Yinwu's direction.


The two Saintesses were already on their 73rd game with no winner.

By now, the ordinary and outstanding Chosen of the eighteen regions had just begun to reach the outer leaves!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1333 1327: CKC, Serious





"Huh?" In a screeching halting attempt, Lin Ming smashed against the apple tree's trunk with both legs. The explosion sent ripples across its bark, but the tree remained unmoved and undamaged as a whole. The Archaic Chosen was unable to marvel at this durability as his pupils constricted to their limits, staring into his hand, recalling the previous scene with a fervent frenzy, all while besieged by confusion.

"Someone exe-" The voice was just about to explain as the Chosen crossed the tree's crown boundary. The Chosen from all over were rushing toward Lin Ming, their eyes filled with a maddened glow, ravaged by greed, frustration, and murderous intent. The Astralis Sacred Fruit's details began to wildly spread about during the waiting period, so almost all those with the capability to fight for it were charging at Lin Ming in hopes of seizing this heaven-defying opportunity!

Woosh!

Lin Ming felt a prick of lethal danger as his back hairs stood. His pupils dilated as his eyes filled with astral force, swiftly causing his strained cultivation base to vigorously pump Elemental Origin Astral Force throughout every part of his body, and he let loose a low, guttural roar as he pushed off! His body glowed white as he moved!

BOOM! BOOM!! At his original location, the area was devastated by powerful attacks! They bombarded the tree violently, sending ripples coursing through the bark, but the apple tree's trunk remained unmoved and undamaged still!

"HAND OVER THE FRUIT!" A female Chosen at the Timelord Phase roared. She was remarkably fast as her Radiant Wind Astral Soul went into full effect. She was an exceptional beauty, yet her sharp eyes revealed a type of viciousness that was willing to kill, capable of sending shivers down the soul.

Behind her was a cluster of Starlords and absurdly talented Timelords that had all targeted the same fruit!

Lin Ming flew! With Mana Dominance in full effect, Lin Ming could control the ambient mana to envelop him, avoiding the uniquely imposing world power that prohibited flying!

"He's flying?!" The Chosen all screamed in shock, but their eyes blared with relentless ferocity. This was especially so for the beautiful young woman at the lead despite her lower cultivation base!

"Mana Dominance?" The woman landed on the tree trunk, using her astral force to tether herself to the tree's trunk. Then, she tapped into her Origin State Radiant Wind Astral Soul! With a light, airy breath, she shot after Lin Ming!!!

She flew!

Lin Ming's main source of confidence in keeping the fruit and reaching the fruit was his ability to fly, so when he turned back to see the young woman doing the same, his dilated pupils once again constricted instantly! But this shock was a little too early. As he left, a few other Realmlords and Timelords all began to exert Mana Dominance as well!

They flew!!!

The Starlords used their raw starforce to manipulate Wind Force, and they forcefully resisted the world power crashing against them as they followed! At this point, Lin Ming was baffled!

Hastily and urgently, he shouted: "I didn't obtain the fruit!" That young woman was stupendous fast, and she was at his heels in two short moments. It was only after observing her so close as she chased that he realized who she was!

She was the Soul Saint King's disciple!

"Hmph!" She replied with a single throaty sound.

Lin Ming was unable to explain himself; he was too close to the fruit, a mere few feet, and the fruit vanished in a flash of silvery light, so it could have easily been sent into a Spatial Ring using a unique art. It didn't make any sense that Lin Ming wouldn't have the fruit, so neither she nor the others believed him no matter how he tried to explain himself.

WOOSH! WOOSH! BOOM!

The pursuers launched several attacks! Lin Ming erected his Astral Ward as he began to execute evasive maneuvers relying on the trees' branches and chaotic leaves. He was stunned to find Chosen situated protectively over the leaves. Before he could try to think about this oddity, his pursuers kept pursuing!

"Give us your Spatial Ring then!" A chasing Timelord running while tethered to the trunk and branches using the soles of his feet screamed out angrily. A few others echoed his sentiment but also found that Lin Ming was disgustingly agile and hard to hold down.

He had a potentially abnormal Spiritual Strength that fought back all their Spiritual Spells aimed at disorientation and disruption!

Lin Ming's expression darkened as he dodged a large wind serpent biting at his waist narrowly. This Soul Saint King's disciple was frustratingly sticky! But how could he possibly give them his Spatial Ring? He had a ton of treasures within, and they definitely exceed the Astralis Sacred Fruit in value.

He'd be a fool to do so.

Did they take him as an easy target?! A surge of anger crashed against his heart with burning intensity.

Na Xinyi looked to the far west at the hectic activity. She, too, was surrounded by cultivators of all types observing her cautiously. Few knew her name, and they were sweating despite not making a single move. While thousands and thousands stood around her, her understated attitude of indifference was terrifying. She even showcased the fruit as it floated in her palm. It was as if she was asking for it to be taken!

The scene was majestic and incredible. A single woman, as gorgeous as a full silver moon hanging peacefully in the starry sky, stood alone against tens of thousands of elites, and they were the ones afraid!

Xue Yifei and Wu Baozhai were still performing their game, reaching their 324th game, yet the tens of thousands of Chosen were strange here. More than half were facing outward, giving off frightening gazes and auras toward the other Chosen!

The air was so tense it was as if a war of Chosen was about to begin. Those hyper-protective Chosen were all here for Xue Yifei! They defended her as she stared at Wu Baozhai, refusing anyone from entering into a certain range! The situation grew awkward too as more Chosen that was initially ready to fight turned sides, defending Xue Yifei with impassioned words such as:

"Fools! You dare try to harm Her Majesty?!"

"How impudent! KNEEL AND BEG FOR FORGIVENESS!"

"Truly imbeciles. I'll give my life before any of you can even reach a mile toward Her Majesty!"

The dynamic between the three different areas was insane! Moreover, the sight of tens of thousands of Chosen all occupying leaves while being extremely vigilant and guarded was far too unexpected!!

Those observing from a distance were utterly flabbergasted by the situation. Shockingly though, most of them felt that each situation made ample sense. A

few Chosen that hadn't originally decided to not participate rushed toward Xue Yifei's area, ready to join her side.

Others thought the leaves were worth it after seeing how hard Lin Ming was to chase, Na Xinyi's imposing figure, or Xue Yifei claiming a fruit, so they rushed to contest for them. Unfortunately...

Within the first few seconds, hectic and incessant cries of agony resounded as Chosen fell from the tree like fallen stars, crashing to the ground haphazardly. It was extremely shocking! Who were these people exactly?!

Tian Jianghan frowned as he looked at Tian Yinwu with a genuinely shocking light. To be perfectly honest, he fully expected to see three Astralis Sacred Fruits in Tian Yinwu's hands as he flawlessly seized all the gains, but there was only one. Did the Seventh Prince fail? Was that even possible?

As if reading his thoughts, Tian Yinwu calmly said: "I miscalculated." Tian Yinwu's admittance of his failure was said with incredible poise, completely accepting it as his fault. He stood from his seated position.

Tian Jianghan's eyes glistened. Was this Seventh Brother of his going to get serious?

Tian Yinwu's hazel-gold eyes reflected the tall, outstanding apple tree. Then, those eyes of his began to become tainted by a silvery light, potent and seething. It was as if space itself was in turmoil within his gaze. Suddenly, an aura began to spread out from him.

At the base of the tree while conflict raged or built up at the crown of the tree, a beautifully white-haired woman was using a jade shovel to dig at the roots of the tree under an exquisite concealment art. She was nigh-invisible and her actions exerted no signs of activity. Since everyone was focused on the world above, very, very few were looking at the base of the tree.

San Yongli shoveled the dirt, getting her hand and pants dirty without a single care. If it was her before, the spoiled, selfish, lazy version of her before her death, she would find such laborious activity beneath her, but today, she felt a deep swelling of satisfaction as her hard work was being put towards an amazing goal.

"The Astralis Root is mine!" She was determined. The Astralis Root was the life root of this tree, and if it was chopped down at the base it would be this root that provided the essential energies for regrowth. It contained a large quantity of pure Astralis Essence. In fact, it rivaled an Ultimate Astralis Star! In some cases, it might even exceed it!

When it came to nurturing one's World-Bound Star Domain, it was an indescribable treasure.

"You need the root! Even in the World Beyond, this tree is incredibly rare and desired!" The woman in her Sea of Consciousness reminded her incessantly.

"I know!" San Yongli softly grunted as she shoveled more. The woman had told her that the root could be refined, granting a World-Bound Star Domain the unique ability to absorb other stars to grow, a rare ability that was extremely difficult to obtain, while simultaneously enhancing the innate talent of absorbing solar essence by several-fold!

In some ways, it was too heretical and evil!

In other ways, it was too precious and world-shaking!

The root will be hers!

At the other side of the tree, a hooded figure leaned against the tree, observing Na Xinyi from below with a glowing root of gold and white in their right hand. It was roughly the thickness of a large python, extending across nine meters, but rigid and dirty.

"Oh?" There were subtle ripples in space, causing the hooded figure to glance in the distance where Imperial Princes sat. "Law of Space?"

San Luoyang was monitoring the situation with his Ever-Key, reinforcing San Yongli's concealed position so no one would notice her or when the Astralis Root was exposed. A wisp of pride was in his heart as San Yongli dared to go big while everyone went for the obvious bait.

Suddenly, his expression dramatically changed. He shifted his visual imagery to the two princes, and his pupils constricted slightly. "What's this aura?" Tian Yinwu's aura was beginning to cause the immediate air to palpitate. He slowly lifted his two hands toward the east and northwestern areas of the tree, where the three Saintesses were. He grasped softly and slowly, the faintest spatial ripples exuded from his fingers.

Tian Jianghan's eyes brightened as he was deeply excited by the soul-stirring aura!

Xue Yifei and Wu Baozhai's game was almost never-ending. They kept tying as they contested their mental energies to read and beat the other, always ending in a tie. Then, their game stopped.

They looked at the Astralis Sacred Fruit in unison.

"Again?" They both said frowningly. Then, their eyes exuded stronger rays of silvery light, working in perfect, remarkable tandem! They were now determined to give this thieving idiot a backlash!

Na Xinyi's eyes frowned as she looked at the fruit above her palm. "Law Aura?" Her heart sped in pace as she began to circulate her cultivation base, exerting her powers over the fruit, turning it illusory as if it didn't exist. She was using Yin to take substance! A profound aspect of using overwhelming Yin to negate Yang!

Tian Yinwu faintly smiled, his beautifully handsome appearance sufficient enough to awe gods and ghosts alike. With a soft breath, he tapped into a power that Wei Wuyin was absurdly familiar with!

Minor Authority!

Law of Space!

As his grasp reached a certain point, the fruit before the three Saintesses vanished!

Gone!

Disappeared!

And where did they go?!

Tian Yinwu held two fruits in his originally empty palms.

Instantly, he felt three notable gazes sent in his direction. Na Xinyi, Wu Baozhai, and Xue Yifei all simultaneously found him in an instant! Their Spiritual Senses were terrifying! But Tian Yinwu seemed completely unbothered by it all as he gave a handsome smile that made it hard to stay mad at, and pocketed all three fruits openly.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Tian Jianghan stood up and gave excited applause. Without taking a single step, Tian Yinwu had gotten all three fruits!

WOOSH!!!

A figure, graceful and beautiful as could be, soared across the sky!

Na Xinyi was rushing toward Tian Yinwu!!

**PARAGON OF SIN**



Wu Baozhai and Xue Yifei both stared in Tian Yinwu's direction and while their outward expressions were calm, their eyes glinted with a barely perceptible light of astonishment. The Astralis Sacred Fruit was taken away right beneath their eyes! Despite their direct intervention!

Truthfully, the two didn't care in the slightest about the Astralis Sacred Fruit. The value of the fruit wasn't in the fruit itself but the prestige gained from obtaining it. This was why neither Wu Baozhai nor Xue Yifei came to blows for it despite both wanting it. The fruit simply wasn't worth an iota of their refined starforce.

"Tian Yinwu." Wu Baozhai frowned slightly, exuding a tyrannically imposing aura of the Imperial Heaven wafted out from her slender physique. She had sent this to Xue Yifei via spiritual transmission so that no one else was aware. In the eyes of almost everyone, Xue Yifei and Wu Baozhai had likely decided ownership of the fruit. Due to this, the atmosphere grew tense as people awaited the results.

If it was Wu Baozhai, Xue Yifei's sporadic loyalists would wait for the order to besiege the Eternal Monarch Saintess. If it was Xue Yifei...everyone wished it wasn't Xue Yifei. Those seeking favor from Xue Yifei could assist her while those who've yet to side with her could act and fairly try to seize the treasure if it was Wu Baozhai, but not if it was her. While a chaotic battle might unfold, they could still try! That gave them hope.

Xue Yifei's hazel eyes glinted. Then, she smiled. "She obtained the fruit," her words were airy, light, and direct while pointing at Wu Baozhai. The Eternal

Monarch Saintess was already ready to jet off to retrieve the fruit when Xue Yifei's words rang in the air, her expression changing slightly as a blank, shocked pair of eyes stared at the Dragonborn Saintess.

Before Wu Baozhai could question her, Xue Yifei revealed a gloriously beautiful smile rife with knowing amusement. "Get it for me." After giving out this four- word instruction bearing the weight of an Imperial Edict, she stepped forward and lightly tapped her foot on the tree branch as she propelled herself with her physical body. She was fast!

Regardless of her speed, no one dared to stop her! She was the Dragonborn Saintess, but her world- renowned status as Wei Wuyin's sole officially- recognized concubine and the temporary Empress of the Neo-Dawn Starfield was sufficient to put the fear of heaven into each of them! Touch her? Stop her? They'd rather fight the devils of ancient myth!

"..." Wu Baozhai's expression instantly darkened as Spiritual Senses descended upon her en masse. The air crackled as a ragingly thunderous storm of spiritual strength erupted where she stood. This Spiritual Strength was from Realmlord, Timelord, and even Starlord Chosen-level cultivators. Moreover, these individuals were from both sides of the conflict pond, essentially all of the Chosen present!

Thousands!

Tens of thousands!

"Ha!" Wu Baozhai didn't waste time nor tried to convince them of what really happened; her Imperial Heaven Aura was directly unleashed! A heavensuppressing storm contested the Spiritual Strength of tens of thousands of Chosen-level existences!

A single valiant woman faced the ferocious might of tens of thousands of Chosen! The Eternal Monarch Saintess! Wu Baozhai might be intelligent, but

she was of Wu Yu's Grand Monarch Lineage, and her will was as imposing as Heaven itself, her bloodline burned hot with arrogance and imperialistic authority, and her pride was unable to be stepped on!

Fight?

Tens of thousands?

"Not enough!" Wu Baozhai rushed toward the crowd of gathering Chosen all with the intent to take her down!

Xue Yifei could feel the earth-shakingly explosive shockwaves from behind her, but she didn't look back not once nor even had a wrinkle of a frown on her beautiful expression, utterly calm and relaxed. She was fully aware that Wu Baozhai would figure out her intent if she hadn't already. If so, she expected thanks later.

No longer paying the cataclysmically developing battle behind her any attention, her hazel eyes reflected Na Xinyi's swift figure as she flew directly toward Tian Yinwu! The Extreme Yin Saintess was incredibly energetic and quite clearly pissed. She had moved faster than she did!

"Xinyi..." Xue Yifei couldn't help but worry as she recalled Wei Wuyin's warnings. Before the third stage of the Chosen King Competition, there were a few figures to avoid, and one of those was none other than the Seventh Imperial Prince of the Imperial Clan, Tian Yinwu!

She touched her sash that tightly hugged her slender waist. It was light grey, exuding no type of aura, but when she grazed it lightly, faint esoteric runes manifested. They emanated the auras of time, space, gravity, and light. She took another step forward and her entire figure warped outright, vanishingly entirely as if merging with space itself.

Na Xinyi wore an utterly indifferent expression, but her eyes exuded a wisp of infuriated anger, almost palpable. Her speed was mind-boggling, so much so

that those who wanted to seize the fruit were still tensely staring at her illusory afterimage as she long since left. By the time her image began to dissipate, she was already halfway to Tian Yinwu!

Tian Jianghan was astonished by Na Xinyi. "The Extreme Yin Saintess!" While he was normally lazy, even he felt a string of desire tug at his heart and nether regions at the mere sight of her. Moreover, her Yin Aura was beyond stimulating. As a cultivator, a male cultivator, every mortal cell in his body wanted a taste.

"..." Tian Yinwu, however, lifted only a single left brow curiously. His beautifully handsome face had a faintly thoughtful expression as the light of calculation surged in his eyes. While he was undergoing a series of considerations, Tian Jianghan uncharacteristically remembered that the Extreme Yin Saintess was single, and she was once betrothed by Imperial Edict to a competition's winner, but she challenged the Imperial Clan's pride, dominating and rejecting them all!

Tian Jianghan hadn't participated during that time, nor had Tian Yinwu, but the stories left him curious. He had his pride, and the Imperial Advisor clearly wanted to shamelessly exhaust Na Xinyi with numbers and send out the big shots after, but he refused to do so. Given his lazy and prideful personality, this was expected by everyone.

But now, after seeing her, his heart couldn't help but form a wisp of blaze. He remembered that the Imperial Edict and the challenge conditions were still in effect; the itch to challenge Na Xinyi was unbearable. Moreover, there was no unfairness here!

"I'll talk to her," Tian Jianghan said to Tian Yinwu. The latter was taken aback, giving Tian Jianghan a look. Before he could say a word, the Fifth Imperial Prince was already moving. He jumped forward!

Na Xinyi was focused on Tian Yinwu, her Spiritual Sense bore down with honed focus, unwilling to suffer a loss at his hands. But just as she was about to make her move, Tian Jianghan shot forward with a leaping move, his eyes glinting with a familiar light that she had seen thousands, no, millions of times before.

He used sword rays to tether his existence to the air, directly moving in her path. As he did, the world shook slightly as a sharp aura pervaded the air.

Na Xinyi halted her flight, her eyes glancing at the surroundings. "Sword Heart Intent?" She softly said with a little bit of surprise. Sword Heart Intent was a profound level of Intent that could allow one to become a true Sword King, and rarely, if ever, was it on a mortal!

Tian Jianghan had hidden himself thoroughly! He was a peerless genius of the sword!

"You..." Tian Jianghan was taken aback by Na Xinyi's sharp insight, realizing that his trump card was instantly exposed despite his attempts to hide it. If it was anyone else, they wouldn't have been able to figure it out so easily, but Na Xinyi was intimately familiar with Ethereal-type World Heart Intents.

It took a while for him to regain himself as he shook his head, "Of course. You're the Extreme Yin Saintess, so trying to hide this bit from you was likely never going to work." He praised, remembering once again that Na Xinyi was often spoken of in the same breath as Tian Yinwu and Wei Wuyin. In truth, he never felt she was worthy enough for such a right. Both of those existences were simply TOO outstanding! But, if she was placed on that level, she should be able to do at least this much, right?

"..." Na Xinyi didn't reply to his praise, only indifferently saying: "Move."

Tian Jianghan's lazy expression perked up as he subconsciously exuded the aura of a swordsman. "Forgive me for this, but I'd like to see the strength of

the Extreme Yin Saintess myself!" As he said this, his bearing grew explosively as Sword Heart Intent flared!

The desperate chase between Lin Ming and the Chosen and the ferocious fight between Wu Baozhai and the Chosen came to an abrupt stop as sword light flashed across the sky. The tiny-sized planet of Everworld was unable to bear the impact of the Sword Heart Intent's worldly influence. Across the planet, on trees, the ground, lakes, and the air itself, sword scars manifested without warning!

These were converted sword energy!

The eyes of all the Chosen turned to Tian Jianghan.

Na Xinyi was utterly indifferent as a cold light glistened in her eyes. With two outstretched fingers, she formed a sword of Yin. The killing intent roiling from those two fingers was earth-shattering!

Tian Jianghan's heart shook slightly, but his Sword Heart Intent flared intensely, ferociously shattering the influence of the killing intent.

"Die." Na Xinyi didn't even have the slightest emotion as all eyes fell on her. She swung her two fingers from afar, and the stretch of sky grew illusory!

Tian Jianghan's eyes widened uncontrollably! His pupils constricted as sword light flashed wildly from his body, but as they reached a few tens of feet from him, they grew increasingly illusory and weak as if their substance was being depleted! The sword of Yin felt as if it was slicing across creation, eliminating the growth of the world itself, returning it to its purest form of insubstantial form!

Tian Yinwu frowned slightly, taking a step forward at this critical moment.

**ROAR!!!**

A draconic roar exploded into the sky, shaking the illusory sky as the substance of the world returned!

Xue Yifei's slender figure stood before Na Xinyi, the sword of Yin at her throat. There were small, intricately beautiful scales of blood-red color blocking the sword!

"Are you trying to destroy this entire world?" Xue Yifei questioned with a flat tone.

Na Xinyi's eyes narrowed.

Tian Jianghan was behind Tian Yinwu, who held out a single hand toward Na Xinyi's direction, gazing at the Extreme Yin Saintess with genuine interest.

"Gargh!" Tian Jianghan's spewed out a mouthful of blood that was lacking in vitality. It was the blood of the dead! His countenance was incomparably pale and ghostly, seemingly as if he just escaped from purgatory itself.

Tian Yinwu's eyes brightened. What a profound Yin Force! It had negated yang, vitality, and substance! This was very different from siphoning or absorbing, the Yin Force was directly eliminating the yang properties of creation via overwhelming Yin!

Tian Yinwu thought for a moment, and then he brought out an Astralis Sacred Fruit. With a simple toss, he threw it toward Na Xinyi.

Na Xinyi's eyes barely moved as she used a wisp of Spiritual Force to bring the fruit to her, keeping it floating by her side for all the see. Only then did she remove her sword of Yin formed from her fingers from Xue Yifei's neck.

Na Xinyi gave Xue Yifei a deep look, and then openly sighed. She understood some things, but she didn't like having anything stolen from her. She quietly sent out an apology to Xue Yifei, mostly because she couldn't stop her attack

before touching her, as she had appeared literally out of nowhere, and then flew back toward the apple tree without any further words.

Xue Yifei watched Na Xinyi leave without a fuss, feeling relieved inside. There was a reason why Everworld suppressed various powers such as Worldly Domains, and that was for the sake of self-preservation. If she allowed Tian Yinwu and Na Xinyi to fight here, the Chosen King Competition would end then and there as the planet collapsed.

At the very least, they'd have to wait for the third stage.

Xue Yifei then turned toward Tian Yinwu; she held out her hand, causing countless eyes to focus on her and noticing Tian Yinwu finally! The Seventh Prince!

Tian Yinwu gave a small smile that dazzled the hearts of all spectators. He brought out another Astralis Sacred Fruit and threw it over. Xue Yifei caught the fruit, smiled in return, and promptly left without complicating the situation further.

While all this went down, Lin Ming who was haggard looking as exhaustion flashed across his face was wide-eyed as rage flashed through his expression!

"Tian Yinwu!" He growled with a bestial tone as he realized the one responsible for taking his Astralis Sacred Fruit! He decided to rush over and claim his fruit!

But just as he was about to move, the apple tree began to glow with bright golden light!

San Yongli's expression darkened as she increased her shoveling with her cultivation base, not caring if it disturbed the world! She needed to find that root! But time was closing, and while she kept digging, the world didn't wait for

her as the bodies of the Chosen began to exude bright silvery light amidst the radiant gold glow!

The first stage was over!

San Luoyang's expression was unsightly as he realized San Yongli didn't have enough time to dig for the Astralis Root. He tried to interface with the Ever-Key to delay the spatial shift, but Na Xinyi's lingering Yin Force seemed to have affected his control!

He was astonished. What type of power could do that? Not letting himself get distracted by marveling in shock, he decided to grab the Ever-Key, directing showcasing the 3D design of Everworld, and hurriedly concentrated on the base of the tree.

"The main root is gone?" Instantly, he realized why San Yongli couldn't find the root. But he acted fast, locating the secondary Astralis Root, the root meant to be a contingency for if the main root was harmed somehow. While significantly smaller and weaker, it'll have to do!

He exerted his cultivation base as the Ever-Key dragged out the root, directly causing the ground beneath San Yongli to break apart, revealing the root!

San Yongli's eyes glowed as she reached out, grabbing it anxiously, and then feeling the power of space wash over her! In the nick of time, she had seized the root!

But San Luoyang's expression was incomparably dark; the implications of his actions today will likely affect several Chosen King Competitions in the future...

"Haaa..." He sighed heavily in his heart as blood leaked from his lips.

"You must make it to the third stage," San Luoyang gently said as he weakly sat. The Ever-Key's influential power grew considerably weaker in the second stage. He couldn't help but any longer.

Now, it was all up to her.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1335 1329: CKC, Everpath Voyage's Loading Dock



As a golden glow basked Everworld in its radiance, the Chosen of the eighteen regions all could feel the heavy sensation of silvery spatial swell within their bodies. The first stage of the chosen King Competition, the Everworld Venture was coming to an end! No one resisted; the light properly did its job as the warm bodies of talented cultivators began to vanish in a stream of dazzling multicolored light as if sucked away by Stellar Transit Light! The cold, lifeless, dreary bodies of the dead, at least those fully intact, were jolted out with a tremor, spit out by Everworld to be sent to the Dark Void that Everworld had once occupied when it first arrived.

Those corpses, incomplete, dirty, pale, and filled with unwillingness, floated in the Dark Void awaiting the Everlore Association's timely retrieval. For the seniors, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, children, grandchildren, friends, and lovers of those who lost their lives in this incomparably dangerous venture, today was going to be a sad, unforgettable day...

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

Multicolored pillars numbering beyond a million descended from the sky, lightly smashing into the new area before rapidly dissipating, leaving behind

all sorts of cultivators behind. Shockingly, as the appearances of the various Chosen became clear, tens of thousands of cultivators tightly held onto the Astralis Tree's leaves as if they were the most precious treasures.

Woosh!

A young woman garbed in white- colored robes with a youthful glow and traces of lingering awe on her expression was amongst them. Her pupils were spiritually active, remembering details of that sword of Yin that nearly ruined all creation. The tips of her fingers felt numb as she licked her lips with a deep inhale.

Ma Luling!

She was still reveling in Na Xinyi's beautifully profound attack that seemingly tried to erase the world itself! It was only then that she realized that there were existences that could be THAT terrifying! She finally knew why the Imperial Clan was intent on having such a godly beauty as theirs.

"Sister Luling!" Zeng Xiaohui descended beside Ma Luling, giving out a rather intimate form of address. Since arriving in Everworld, despite being older, she had tagged along as a reverential party. She was completely awed by Ma Luling's strength and means, and she had more or less accepted herself in the role of a maidservant. She was being of any use she could think of for Ma Luling, and that role seemed to have naturally developed.

Ma Luling finally broke out of her daze as she noted Zeng Xiaohui's presence. She acknowledged her with a smile, and then looked around. The world in her view was flat; all the Chosen were standing upon a large disk, very resembling a Flat Continental Earth in design.

The surface material that formed the ground looked like light-grey marble segmented in clear-cut squares that could fit an entire person. The entire world likely had trillions of these squares all laid together, each exuding a

comforting, earthy air. The tension within Ma Luling's body felt as if it was dissipating with a single whiff.

In the sky, there was a single, dwarfsized, white-colored Solar Star with the most mundane solar essence imaginable. It was much further away than Everworld was, causing its radiant light to be dimmer than before. It caused the ambiance to grow a little more solemn as if telling these Chosen they were further away from home than before.

"Is this the Everpath Voyage Stage?" Zeng Xiaohui asked Ma Luling as she marveled at the surroundings. She was fairly ignorant of the stages when she first came, only having been told the bulk of it by Ma Luling during their time together. Still, she was taken aback by the setting despite preparing her heart.

Ma Luling adjusted her mental condition, settling herself as she nodded. "This is the Everpath Voyage's Dock. The beginning of the second stage. It hasn't started yet," she mentioned as she swept her gaze across the other Chosen, "this is the reward stage."

"Reward stage!" Zeng Xiaohui seemingly recalled this detail as her expression grew excitedly. As she said this, as if on cue, rays of white light cascaded down forcefully from above, instantly enveloping several figures throughout the Chosen. Before Zeng Xiaohui could do anything but exclaim aloud, one of these rays crashed into Ma Luling and segregated her from the Ma Clan's Chosen with a heavy resonating thudding sound.

She was sent stumbling, falling on her buttocks with widened eyes as Ma Luling, her emotional and spiritual pillar in this deadly competition, was drowned by the gushing white light that was seemingly solid. Panicked, she scrambled up as she tried to assess the situation. She saw tens of thousands of lights similar to this one swallow other Chosen.

She thoroughly tried recalling Ma Luling's earlier description of the second stage, including this reward stage. According to Ma Luling, the second stage was named the Everpath Voyage, and after the Everworld Venture, one enters the Everpath Voyage's Dock, the location where one takes before proceeding onwards.

In her words, it was as if one was traveling the deadly Everworld to arrive at a strange, unfathomable sea that one must overcome. The purpose of doing so was to get to the other side of the vast sea! To conclude the voyage! But in the thousands of years since the Chosen King Competition, not a single person, Dark Chosen or otherwise, was known to have reached the end.

It was this reason why no one had the right to even remotely claim themselves as Chosen King of their generation! When one claims a Fortune Zone or a token from an Evil Sentinel, they gain an invisible award of points that are calculated after they survive the Everworld. These unseen points could then be used to obtain various materials and alchemical products from the Chosen King Competition. They were mostly useful for cultivators in the Mortal Realms.

At the end of the second stage, as the clock tilts to zero, depending on how far one's voyage went, and provided they remained alive, the Chosen would gain another set of unseen points that could be used to the benefit of Mystic Ascendant Realm cultivators or preparation for Starlords to ascend! It was this reward that the Ascended beings had used to establish themselves!

Moreover, the grade of these materials and products were enough to cause world-shaking ripples throughout the eighteen regions' foundation time and time again, having greatly impacted the society's hierarchy of this era. Most Venerable, Highlords, and Earthly Saints had either gained products from here through their Chosen or by themselves long ago, allowing them to cross that threshold and ascend!

Zeng Xiaohui was envious; she had stayed with Ma Luling had hadn't captured any Fortune Zones herself or killed any Evil Sentinel, so she was left without any rewards. This was true for the vast majority of Chosen as well. While they may have obtained fortune zones of the first or second grade, it was well- documented and verified that those fortune zones simply didn't gain any points.

Therefore, only a few tens of thousands of Chosen out of the over million present were able to gain any rewards. She wasn't the only one filled with envy. The dewy eyes of these Chosen were wet with unwillingness, frustration, anger, and sadness. They may have survived, but that was it...they survived! The rewards for a successful venture were not theirs to have.

The reward only lasted an hour. Uniformly, the cascading light vanished across the world, revealing those outstanding Chosen that had seized fortune, fought evils, and earned their gains.

When Ma Luling came back, Zeng Xiaohui instantly called out to her. She, however, was shocked by Ma Luling's exasperated expression as she slightly rubbed her spatial ring.

"Sister...Luling?" Zeng Xiaohui gently called out again.

"Hm?" Ma Luling's thoughts and feelings were brought back to normal as she regarded Zeng Xiaohui, smiling soon after. Before she could say anything, a thunderous boom erupted from above!

81 Days : 00 Hours : 00 Minutes : 00 Seconds.

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

80 Days : 23 Hours : 59 Minutes : 58 Seconds.

Up above, a large, impossible-to-miss timer decorated the sky.

The two Imperial Princes looked to the sky, both having just returned from obtaining their respective rewards. The Fifth Prince, Tian Jianghan, had a considerably pale expression, resembling a ghost, as he spoke hoarsely. Tian Yinwu, however, was the picture of serenity, coolly staring at the sky.

"Seventh Brother..." Tian Jianghan saw the timer, but ignored it as the question that hung at his lips remained unsaid for the last hour: "Why did you give them the fruit?" Despite his weakened state of health, he was a naturally curious existence, and he felt that Tian Yinwu was not inferior to Na Xinyi. In truth, in his heart of hearts, he felt that Tian Yinwu was several tiers higher!

However, after being suppressed by a single move, he felt the horror of the true elite Chosen of this era. They were terrifying! His Sword Heart Intent and Star Core Phase cultivation base which may have been enough to reign supreme across the previous younger generation was only slightly good in this upcoming era.

While he normally had a lazy countenance, pride was burned into his bone cells, and he was unwilling to admit defeat so easily nor suffer any losses. He knew Tian Yinwu, while seemingly the Paragon of Calm at all times, was equally, if not even more unwilling, to suffer any losses.

If not for that, he wouldn't have tried to slaughter Tang Xingyun and her adulterous partner at the first chance he got!

How could this person who climbed his way by clawing at any and every opportunity he could give up anything? Tian Yinwu's eyes were utterly calm. He quietly sent via spiritual transmission, "I never wanted the fruit." His answer baffled Tian Jianghan. Didn't he use some mystical spatial art to retrieve them from a distance?

"What?"

Tian Yinwu brought out his fruit, and then he pointed at it with a smile. "Every five thousand years, the Astralis Tree will give birth to a single fruit that contains just one seed of life. It could give birth to millions of other Astralis Fruits, but only one will give birth to this type of seed."

"S-seed?" Tian Jianghan weakly stuttered as his eyes started to become increasingly bright with realization.

Tian Yinwu, however, slightly furrowed his swordlike brows. "It's not as valuable as the main root, but I believe Earth-Saint Tri-Vision had acted the moment the Astralis Tree showed up, even before the barrier fell because I couldn't sense it." From his tone, while it was minuscule and barely perceptible, the frustration was there.

"Earth-Saint Tri-Vision acted?" Instantly, Tian Jianghan realized that Tian Yinwu had multi-layered goals. He never cared about the fruit itself. He might have not even wanted to take the fruit, but had done so because the main root was missing!

Tian Jianghan was wrong! Tian Yinwu intended to take both the seed and the main root in one swoop!

"Haaa..." Tian Jianghan sighed heavily as he relaxed. While he had suffered a loss here, Tian Yinwu had allowed him to regain some of his pride by taking the seed!

"..." Tian Yinwu turned his gaze toward Xue Yifei's clustered entourage of loyalists. While he had gained the seed in the end, he knew that neither the Extreme Yin Saintess nor the Dragonborn Saintess cared about either. They cared more about the public prestige of obtaining the fruit than the fruit itself. As for the seed, was it even worth it in their eyes?

Especially the Dragonborn Saintess. When he recalled her knowing smile, he felt that she knew his intentions and simply said nothing. When he

remembered that the fruit with the seed of life was Xue Yifei's, he couldn't help but ponder deeply on the scene.

Both of these breathtakingly outstanding women intrigued him as an irresistible smile tugged at his lips forming a picturesque scene that could outshine the world.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1336 1330: CKC, Walls (1)



"The Everpath," Wu Baozhai gently muttered, her eyes glistening with starry light, her breath even, and her posture steady. Despite having fought tens of thousands of Chosen, there was a single hair out of place, and the countless eyes sweeping her way from the other Chosen filled with vigilance, fear, and awe was well-earned.

"What did you get?" Xue Yifei walked over and lightly asked. At her back, her entourage followed several steps behind, looking like pious worshippers following the shadow of their divine goddess without the slightest qualms.

Wu Baozhai looked over with irritation. Xue Yifei had played her, simultaneously stopping Na Xinyi and claiming an Astralis Sacred Fruit from Tian Yinwu. Moreover, those idiots that were tricked were fully aware that she had lied earlier, yet none of them dared to take her to task or mention it.

Xue Yifei smiled, entirely unaffected by Wu Baozhai's expression, and it caused the hearts of those focused on her to ferociously race or outright stop. Her innate charm seemed to have elevated after confronting Na Xinyi and

Tian Yinwu, and opinions of her status began to subtly change as they remembered that Xue Yifei was here as a Chosen.

"What does it matter?" Wu Baozhai still replied begrudgingly.

"You're right. Why does it matter?" Xue Yifei's smile grew a little, and Wu Baozhai felt as if she was waiting for something. They were both aware that the treasures from the first stage were incomparable to Wei Wuyin's stipends. Moreover, both of them led forces and possessed planets, so Wei Wuyin gave out planetary- nurturing resources alongside subordinate-developing resources with their Valkyrie-earned resources.

The sheer quantity of high-level materials and resources they handled vastly exceeded the imagination. The paltry scant they got from their points was only a small drop in another sea of resources. But they wouldn't forfeit it, of course. Wei Wuyin was deliberate with his resources and products, almost exclusively giving them enough to achieve their goals of cultivation, nurturing their planet, and developing their forces.

If they wanted more, they needed to seek it out themselves. Xue Yifei had done so very early on, using her Dragon Army to seize planets and realms from Timelords, Starlords, and Exalted. She grew her forces with a domineering fist. Of course, this was pre-Neo-Dawn Starfield.

Now, as Wei Wuyin's officially- recognized concubine, all she had to do was collect taxes to earn more.

Wu Baozhai sent her forces out on frequent expeditions in the Void- Blank Space throughout the eighteen regions, acting as Void Hunters, and seizing ruined realms, planets, and taking down strange creatures that lived and thrived in the Dark Void. They both had their own paths.

Despite that, the fact that she had been delayed while Wu Baozhai knew what Xue Yifei wanted, but she refused to give it to her. "You-

"Thank you," Xue Yifei abruptly interrupted with a soft tone, gratefulness in her eyes and thankfulness in her expression, startling Wu Baozhai for a moment. Even the entourage of loyalists was taken aback. Xue Yifei continued, "for not killing anyone."

"..." Wu Baozhai's eyes widened slightly for a few moments, and then her gaze softened as she turned away. She was facing tens of thousands of Chosen, all attacking her, yet she decided to not unleash a slaughter toward those idiotically brain-deficient Chosen followers of hers.

Still, she was aware that while she hadn't obtained the fruit, her prestige had grown just as equally if not more, achieving her end goal as she held her own against the Grand assault of numerous Chosen. Just the vigilance others had in their eyes was enough to know her reputation had grown tenfold in one sitting. Since only one of them could obtain the fruit and prestige, this would've caused the other to inevitably suffer a loss.

While Wu Baozhai didn't say anything, Xue Yifei read her expression and her smile grew larger, dazzling the eyes, uplifting the spirits, and ravaging the hearts of countless men and women in the surroundings. She was a focal point of the competition, especially as she stood out while leading thousands of Chosen, so her every expression was difficult to miss.

Xue Yifei turned around, about to walk away, when she received a concealed spiritual transmission, causing her steps to lag for a brief moment.

"Thank you."

Just two words-they allowed Xue Yifei to know that their relationship, while maintained as rivals, contained enough respect and consideration towards each other. If only she hadn't experienced her past with 'that' man, suffering that incomparably irreparable loss of purity.

"I'll make it through first," Wu Baozhai declared aloud.

"We'll see," Xue Yifei kept going, not turning around, as she lightly said. The spark of rivalry between the Eternal Monarch Saintess and Dragonborn Saintess ignited interest in countless souls, especially amongst the male Chosen. A few decided to court Wu Baozhai after the competition. While that unfolded, Lin Ming was seething as he was on the verge of erupting in rage. Qiao Shulin and Bai Yuxi had to calm him down, while Yi Yun, Chen Yangzi, and the two beautiful young women watched from the side.

Yi Yun saw Qiao Shulin comfort Lin Ming, and his expression was unreadable, but imperceptibly, in the depths of his pupils, there was a light of discomfort festering. In his mind, since Lin Ming suffered a loss, he should be able to accept it.

By now, most knew that Tian Yinwu had seized all three fruits as this information widely spread during the last hour. However, in the end, Na Xinyi and Xue Yifei reclaimed theirs, while Lin Ming suffered numerous injuries and intense exhaustion after being besieged by greedy Chosen. While he had fiercely counterattacked, killing a few, this only caused the other Chosen to try harder!

Besides Yi Yun, the others could fully understand Lin Ming's emotions! How could they not? Tian Yinwu had taken his fruit and left him utterly embarrassed. Well, at least it wasn't them.

"Lin Ming!" A young woman walked over, her lovely figure and countenance attracting countless gazes. Many of the male and female Chosen couldn't help but wonder how there were so many outstandingly breathtaking women here! Just the group of Lin Ming that was one of the focal points of the stage after the fiasco in Everworld had four gorgeous top-tier beauties, while a fifth had just joined, and many had recognized her!

Lin Ming found that voice incredibly familiar. "Xingyun?"

He was thunderstruck as he hadn't expected her to approach. She walked over quite fast, her expression uneasy and anxious. While she kept her distance deliberately before, as they agreed upon, she was a little terrified now.

She didn't dare let Lin Ming rush over to confront Tian Yinwu, so she hastily made her appearance. Her presence was enough for Lin Ming to realize many things, and his gaze softened dramatically.

The rage dissipated as her worries poured cold water over him, and reminded him that while he had suffered a slight loss here, Tian Yinwu suffered the greatest loss of his life.

Didn't he win in the end? Hehe.

A content grin formed on her handsome face. Tang Xingyun instantly knew what that grin meant, and she blushed slightly as she greeted the others respectfully and cheerfully. They were shocked that Tang Xingyun was here, given that her mother was ousted as the Tang Clan's Matriarch by her sister, and went into hiding. It was last said she was in the Imperial Clan, housed there awaiting her marriage ceremony with the Seventh Prince!

Countless envious gazes from female Chosen crashed against Tang Xingyun with many thinking that her current lack of status should disqualify her from being given such a precious position. They should have it instead!

While she was beautiful, so what? Were they not beautiful too?!

Tian Jianghan saw this, and his lazy expression darkened as killing intent flashed across his gaze. This adulterous couple dares to openly flaunt their relationship here? Before everyone present?!

He couldn't help but grind his teeth as the Imperial Clan's pride was stabbed several times just from the sight of this. Moreover, Tian Yinwu was being utterly disrespected. Her fiancée was right here, yet she went to greet and

comfort another man?! His thoughts weren't his alone, quite a few notable Chosen noticed this as curious, speculating gazes swept their way.

Tian Jianghan cursed heavily in his heart as he sent spiritually to Tian Yinwu, "Why does 'he' want to protect them?" The fact that they still breathed his air felt too humiliating.

"I don't know..." Tian Yinwu answered honestly. The shadow cultivator had merely said to wait for the end of the second stage before acting, and then there'll be no further interruptions. He hadn't wanted to offend 'him' for Lin Ming and Tang Xingyun earlier, but as he watched on, it was hard for any man to hold themselves back.

In a nondescript corner of the flat stage, a hooded figure in loose grey robes, no inner clothing baring their well-toned chest, and bare-footed sat down with one leg lifted, one leg laid down while wrapped around the other, their right arm placed above their kneecap, their face leaning into its forearm, and their left arm holding their upward sitting posture.

Beneath the hooded figure, eyes of raw scarlet pierced through the crowd as if no one else existed but a single individual!

**BOOM!**

A thunderous sound instantly caused almost everyone's attention to shift as the stage began to tremble intensely. From above, in nine different directions, thick curtains of golden light began to descend!

The group of Chosen was soon surrounded by walls of light bent at certain points! A nonagon! And they were inside!

"It's finally beginning." Ma Luling said as she watched the walls of light form! The Everpath Voyage, the stage that has never been passed since the creation of the Chosen King Competition, was finally here!

Will the current Chosen be able to surpass their ancestors? Or will they fail once again?!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1337 1331: CKC, Walls (2)



It's here!

The nonagon of thick golden light crashed resounding around the various Chosen present. The sight and sound caused many of their hearts to rapidly pound with tension, fear, and anticipation.

The second stage of the Chosen King Competition: the Everpath Voyage!

This gloriously notorious stage was famed for resulting in the rise of countless peak experts of the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region, the incredibly prestigious, supremely talented, and peerlessly gorgeous Empress Xiaocheng! As a Dark Chosen, she had made her name and talent known here!

Oh!

The thick, golden walls of descending light didn't simply stop after forming the first nonagon! Beyond the first, a mile away, the gathered Chosen could all see another curtain of light descend from the sky, thunderously crashing against the marble surface! The light was in every direction, once again forming a second, larger nonagon around the first!

This continued again! And again! AND AGAIN! Each nonagon was larger than the last, always surrounding the others, eventually reaching a point where the

number of nonagons they were inside was difficult to determine through the thick layers of radiant light.

"The paths have been created," Qiao Shulin softly muttered, her tone dazed, emotional, and gentle. The path that had defined the future and direction of their society was now before her, how could she not be emotional? The thoughts and desires that she had cultivated throughout her many years, striving continuously to improve through effort, pain, and loneliness, were all pouring into her heart and spirit, infusing her cultivation base with a stimulating thrum.

She wasn't the only one.

All the Chosen of past generations, especially those who've been ousted as Chosen by their sects due to the younger, greater generation, forced to participate as Dark Chosen to prove themselves and the value of their centuries of cultivation, felt the same! The new era was beckoning, and they'd already been pushed to the side, but if there was one thing that could change their future, these walls of golden light, this path established by the King of Everlore, was their only way!

Yi Yun, Ming Yuling, Tang Xingyun, and Lin Ming, while unable to resonate with their emotions, could feel their rising passion in the air. To the youngest of this generation, the upcoming era was a godsend, but to those who had struggled this far, aged to the point where they either couldn't afford to wait for Wei Wuyin or San Luoyang, or afford to purchase those products even in the future, the Everpath Voyage was their only chance.

Qiao Shulin took a step forward, gazing at a wall of golden light, one of nine walls. She deeply remembered that wall-it was the path she took eighty-one years ago. She turned her head, spotting the wall beside it-one hundred and sixty-two years ago. Her gaze kept traveling down...

Three paths that she took, yet...

"Senior Sister Qiao," Yi Yun called out. Qiao Shulin was too immersed in her memories, unable to extricate herself.

"Shulin," It was only when Lin Ming lightly touched her shoulder, his voice gentle, understanding, and comforting that she broke out of her immersed reality of ceaseless failures.

She turned to see the handsome, smiling visage of Lin Ming caused her heart to settle calmly in its roiling sea of turbulent emotions. "I'm okay," she softly replied.

Like most others, the Chosen King Competition was rarely for those beneath the age of a hundred, and in the past, cultivating to the Realm World Phase was a danger, even to Chosen.

They focused heavily on their foundation and comprehension, splitting their cultivation time to improve their strengths relative to their cultivation, especially since Chosen needed roughly three stages above in competent combat prowess. She had entered her first Chosen King Competition at the Light Reflection Phase, the fifth stage of the Astral Core Realm, and was in her mid-hundreds by that time.

After experiencing three competitions, this was her last and final try. After which, she'll have to focus on reaching the Star Core Phase, and spend the next century or so comprehending the Mystic Dao to ascend. If not, just like countless before her, she'll inevitably fade away into obscurity with either a short life as an Exalted or outright death upon failure.

Who would remember Qiao Shulin then?

Who would care?

Yi Yun's eyes glinted at the contact that Lin Ming had with Qiao Shulin. However, he didn't comment on it, asking: "What are these walls?" Since he entered as a Dark Chosen, especially as one of the youngest candidates to survive, he was fairly ignorant of the upcoming stage. Whenever he asked, he was always told to simply wait and see if he could even make it.

Now he made it.

His curiosity was flaring intensely.

Qiao Shulin took a deep breath, regulated herself entirely, and looked at the group of talented, young Chosen before her. These existences here would likely be the pillars of the next generation.

She began to explain the intricacies of the Everpath Voyage. Lin Ming, Tang Xingyun, Ming Yuling, Yi Yun, Chen Yangzi, and the two beautiful women that stayed relatively close to Yi Yun all listened intently.

Qiao Shulin had in-depth knowledge of the Everpath Voyage, so her explanation was incredibly comprehensive and clear.

The Everpath Voyage was a journey of difficulties and challenges, testing the four aspects of cultivation. While they couldn't see all the nonagons, there were reportedly 108 Walls of the Everpath, and the voyage was crossing these obstacles.

After challenging and surpassing each wall, crossing the sea of bitterness that was the space between, the challenger would receive a blessing of invisible points that could later be redeemed similarly as earlier, allowing cultivators to acquire resources, materials, and products that they would never have had a chance to obtain otherwise.

When facing a wall, after crossing the sea of bitterness between each, there were only three ways to enter: The first method was the most potentially peaceful and equally as dangerous method. If a cultivator survived within the

sea of bitterness for an entire day, otherwise known as the space between two walls, the wall will allow them through automatically. This was by far the easiest method to pass, and using it, a cultivator could theoretically reach the 81st Wall without fighting a single individual.

The second method had cultivators use brute force to break each wall before them and enter the next stage, relying on their cultivated strength. This was typically the most commonly used method early on, but at the latter stages, it becomes one of the most impossibly difficult paths to take.

The last method was certainly the most bloodthirsty and combative. When a cultivator has tried and failed to enter the wall on their first try using the second method, they will be marked by that specific wall. This mark was called the Mark of Bitterness. The mark is branded on one's body and can only be retrieved from corpses of its possessor, or willingly extracted from a Chosen who decided to surrender their right to compete, forfeiting all previously earned points in the stage. They will then be automatically evacuated and sent back to the original nonagon, forced to bask in their failure.

If a Chosen gathers five of these Marks of Bitterness, they are granted access to the next wall. After which, all the marks will disappear.

These were the only three methods known to bypass each wall, each increasingly more brutal than the last.

After Qiao Shulin finished her explanation, bloodlust could be sensed in the air.

Her thin brows furrowed, "Ready yourselves. Ensure that you've reached your peak stage before challenging any path." She reminded them, recalling her first attempt as a light of anxiety flitted across her pupils.

Those who were experienced in challenging the walls were already sitting down cross-legged, consuming elixirs and pills to help boost their cultivation states by a little bit or recover any expended energy they'd yet to regain. It was of paramount importance to ensure one's conditioning mentally, physically, and spiritually was at its peak.

"Wait," Yi Yun said.

"What?" Qiao Shulin asked as she retrieved a few recovery products that she had prepared for this, including a few pills that would stimulate her Spiritual Strength and Physical Body slightly beyond their limits. She was already ready to begin making preparations.

But Yi Yun was still confused by the nine walls of the nonagon encasing all around them. "What about the nine walls? Do we enter any of them?" The question perked everyone's ears.

"Oh, right..." Qiao Shulin realized that she had forgotten the most important part. She gestured toward a wall. "Do you see that?" Her finger led to the base of the wall. There was a shimmering black haze there, very reminiscent of a portal.

"Yeah," Yi Yun replied.

Qiao Shulin then moved her finger to the wall next to it, pointing at a shimmering white haze. "And that?" Yi Yun nodded.

"Each wall is marked by its difficulty. There's no cultivation restriction or age restriction here, purely the choice of which path you wish to take. Using the system of Primary Light, the black haze there is the lowest difficulty path, and the white haze is the highest difficulty path.

Lin Ming noticed that each door had a haze, going from black, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, and white. They truly corresponded with the levels of Primary Lights one could cultivate.

Qiao Shulin explained further, "I'll repeat: there are only difficulty levels, no cultivation or age-based handicaps or restrictions. These colorful portals lead you down the path, and after you take it, you can not return before completing the selected path."

Min Yuling gasped. Nine different difficulties? "Wait!" Her heart rate began to increase, "Has no one ever reached the 108th Wall of even the lowest difficulty before?"

Her words caused the younger generation in the group to jolt with shock. If the lowest difficulty was never completed, how difficult were these walls exactly?!

Qiao Shulin shook her head with a wry smile, she had a similar reaction when she learned of the varying difficulties. "There's a total of 108 Walls! Each path only has twelve walls, and everyone begins on the Black Path of Bitterness, going all the way to the White Path of Bitterness.

When you finish a path, you return here."

"Ah!" Enlightenment dawned on them. This meant everyone started on the same path, but their ending might not be the same!

"Get ready," Qiao Shulin said as she sat down to cultivate and recover.

"Will no one attack us here?"

Ming Yuling asked nervously as her intuition felt as if an apex predator was looking her way.

Qiao Shulin was already focused on cultivating, so Chen Yangzi took the lead to answer. "The center here is also referred to as the Dock of Rest, and fighting here is forbidden. There's no need to worry about any dangers before beginning your voyage. Also, you don't have to worry about being attacked UNLESS you have the Mark of Bitterness. Don't attack anyone without one, you'll suffer." Chen Yangzi said as he recalled some of his Seniors losing their

lives here after failing to break through the next wall. He heavily sighed, hurriedly sat down and began to do his all to reach his peak state.

"..." Lin Ming's brows furrowed suddenly. He felt a gaze, but when he tried to sense it, there was nothing noticeable there.

Strange...

The two Imperial Princes stood at the Black Path of Bitterness. The hazy black portal was beckoning them to enter with a soft, whirring sound.

Tian Jianghan looked to Tian Yinwu, "Will you do it here?" He knew Tian Yinwu had agreed to act only at the end of the second stage, but if neither of them reached the wall he had, there would be no going back. Will he follow through with the deal?

"The end of the second stage is the last wall they can reach," Tian Yinwu calmly stated as he entered the black haze.

Tian Jianghan's lazy expression suddenly formed a bright, contented smile. Leisurely, he walked into the black haze.

Author's Note: Alright.[Tosses table aside] Enough rule explaining and hype. LET'S START!

Make your guesses here: What wall do you think each Blessed will reach?! San Yongli, Yi Yun, Lin Ming, even our new duo couple!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1338 1332: CKC, Mysteries Of The Path



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

The indescribably familiar voice of the Ascendant Emperor echoed in the hearts, minds, and souls of each Ascendant once again like a divine reminder. The gains from acquiring a leaf had been set aside as their focus was incomparably concentrated on the walls and this second stage. Would possessing a Merit of Ascension matter if they were unable to maintain their positions as Ascendants?

"..." Yi Yun glanced at his Spatial Ring, hearing the reminder for the first time, and his heart began to pound. He was among the rare few that had decided to participate as a Dark Chosen to assist his original sect and allies, a choice he didn't regret after Qiao Shulin, Ming Yuling, Ye Zhi, and Duan Ru almost died several times without his assistance.

While Yi Yun had to give up certain, unclear opportunities for the Ascendants during the first stage, he didn't think it was worth the lives of his companions or loved ones. However, with this announcement, his heart began to fiercely pound and his eyes sharply narrowed.

As a Timelord, Yi Yun had to reach the 95th Wall? 95 out of 108?! Or be stripped of his status as an Ascendant?! Considering how no one had ever reached the end throughout history, wasn't this a little too unreasonable? However, as someone who was recruited and participated in the Ascendants, he was deeply aware that Wei Wuyin's nurturing was invaluable. Not only were the Ascendants given generalized cultivation resources, but they also obtained seventh, eighth, and ninth-grade products with remarkable ease tailored to their specific cultivation, and Exalted, Venerable, Highlord, and Earthly Saint instructors taught them various arts, spells, and knowledge about cultivation.

The status as an Ascendant was incomparably glorious and valuable. Moreover, it allowed a remarkable degree of personal freedom! While he originally joined for other reasons, he didn't want to be removed!

"How far did the Empress get?" Ming Yuling and Ye Zhi were talking, seemingly getting along easily, and this question popped up. Ye Zhi was a fanatical admirer of Empress Xiaocheng, and if one looked at her clothing, one would realize this style was often used by Empress Xiaocheng during her younger years.

Ye Zhi energetically answered, perking Yi Yun's slightly sharp ears, "She has one of the furthest records! She's ranked 2nd out of all, having reached the 71st Wall as a Starlord! This was her last attempt before she aged out of qualifying, but it shook the entire world!"

Ye Zhi was a modestly dressed beauty, with mid-length black hair, a lithe figure, and bright, yellow eyes. Her yellow irises were tinted with the flow of pure energy, indicative that it was not her natural born color, but a byproduct of an Ocular Cultivation Method. This only served to elevate her unique charm.

While Duan Ru was dressed in flamboyant pink, body-hugging cheongsam with dark leggings, standing out noticeably among the normally dressed robed cultivators. Despite her sultry allure, her Yin Aura was frighteningly pure, unsullied by any man. Her enchanting eyes were black and beguiling as the night sky, while her hair was tied in a low sleek bun with a sharp pin stabbed through, giving off a strange aura of professionalism.

Ye Zhi was the sole daughter of a renowned Highlord Void Hunter while Duan Ru was an Auctioneer for one of the few competitors for the Golden Life Pavilion, her background was equally as terrifying as she was the daughter to two Highlords, one of which owned the Merchant Association and the other was a Matriarch of a Sect.

When Yi Yun heard that Empress Xiaocheng had only reached the 71st Wall despite being a Starlord in her mid-400s, he felt incredible pressure bearing down on his soul. If he got kicked out of the Ascendants "Tian Yinwu entered already!" Comments began to spread as word got around to Tian Yinwu entering the Black Wall of Bitterness. When the comments reached their group's ears, Lin Ming's emotions instantly riled.

He took a step forward, about to enter the Black Wall, but Tang Xingyun grabbed his forearm anxiously. Her eyes emitted a deeply worried light as she reasoned, "We should reach our peak states before going. Why rush?"

Her words were rife with concern and fear, thinking that Lin Ming would go and offend Tian Yinwu immediately. While she believed Lin Ming was outstanding, she would be foolish to think he could confidently fight against Tian Yinwu.

"..." Lin Ming silently gazed at his beautifully caring lover, and seeing her heartfelt concern, his heart softened and he eventually nodded agreeingly. In his mind, however, he didn't think he would fight immediately with Tian Yinwu given the rules of the Everpath Voyage. "You're right."

The group began to meditate and adjust their mental, physical, and spiritual states while recovering any expended innate energies, refining new Astral Force or Starforce, and healing any minor injuries that might affect their combat strength. This tactic was taken by the majority as a silent oppressive air permeated throughout, causing hundreds of thousands of Chosen to patiently take their time for fear of wasting this chance.

As there were those who were patient, there were also those who weren't. There were tens of thousands who immediately went to challenge the Black Path of Bitterness!

"How reckless!" The juniors instructed by their seniors to rest and regulate their condition spat and sneered as they saw these individuals rush the portal. To them, this was the difference being having "There's always those who foolishly rush ahead. They'll simply be fodder for us, so why care?" Those who were experienced and had challenged the walls once before remarked mockingly, not paying those tens of thousands of 'fools' any attention.

Among these daring few, a valiant swordswoman emitting a fragrant scent calmly strode into the Black Path of Bitterness.

Hong Chunhua instantly felt as if she was washed by a violent waterfall, her shoulders heavy and her vision foggy with the black misty haze of the portal. She didn't execute any Ocular Spells to alleviate her vision's fogginess, simply kept walking forward without stopping.

For the next three minutes, that was all she felt. To her, it was merely a mild inconvenience, but she felt that an ordinary Light Reflection Phase cultivator would likely be crushed into meat paste within an instant.

"The Sea of Bitterness?" Hong Chunhua noted as she realized this was the first challenge, the pressure of the Sea of Bitterness.

It wasn't World Pressure or Spiritual Pressure, but a type of strange power that heavily pressed against the mind, body, and spirit equally. It not only exerted potentially crushing pressure, but it also sapped one's physical, mental, and spiritual strength by a set amount. Unless one's foundation was strong enough to resist, by staying here, a cultivator would feel continuously weaker as time went on.

If her Sea of Consciousness was too fragile, it would've shattered instantly, and if her Spirit of Cultivation was too fragile, it would've collapsed, causing her to experience Cultivation Deviation instantly.

In that case...

...BOOM!

Her interest was immediately piqued by this unique environment. Fortunately, her cultivated foundation was exceptional, and this strange power couldn't sap away any of her strength or provide any sense of pressure.

1st Wall!

Suddenly, Hong Chunhua discovered a thin film of golden light a few feet away from her that reached into the sky above to limits she couldn't visibly determine. Curious, she thought about the rules of the competition. She lifted her finger and lightly tapped against the barrier. A notable feeling of feedback immediately gushed toward her, sending an electrifying sensation into her body!

She measured the feedback's strength, feeling as if an ordinary Light Reflection Phase cultivator would've walked away with severe internal injuries. Abruptly, she felt the sensation change, feeling as if worms beneath her skin were gathering. Using her Spiritual Sense, she saw internally that golden-colored energy was slithering across her body, trying to ravage her cells and meridians while gathering to her forehead.

She felt no discomfort, just a mild, annoying itch. The energy converged and began to wiggle until manifesting at her glabella, forming a terrifying rune that could be seen by the entire world. Above this rune, the number '1' was present.

"The Mark of Bitterness?" Hong Chunhua inspected the mark and realized that she could, with relative ease, shatter the mark and eradicate the energy. But, she didn't. Instead, she pressed her finger against the gargantuan wall before her and pressed lightly, exerting a wisp of her strength.

CRACK!

That single finger could shatter the body of an ordinary Light Reflection Phase cultivator in an instant, causing catastrophic damage to a small area of a tiny-sized planet at the astral-grade. However, it wasn't enough to shatter the wall!

"I see," Hong Chunhua realized the limits of the wall's strength and she exerted just a tad bit more power. The cracks on the surface began to spread violently, bursting like glass, and then...

**SHATTER!!**

The wall, or a portion of it, shattered entirely into motes of golden light.

"Oh?" She walked near the hole she created and the bits of golden light immediately began to flow into her. This golden light was considerably different than before, as a nurturing and nourishing aura emitted from it. Moreover, from her glabella, the Mark of Bitterness began to dissipate rapidly. She circulated her Cultivation Method and began to refine the energy from the motes of light.

After thirty seconds, she took a deep breath as she felt the faint, extremely minor, benefits to her cultivation base. Moreover, it had allowed her to regain a portion of her expended physical energy used to shatter the wall.

"Marvelous," Hong Chunhua had seen many things in her life, such as a net that had an entire world in itself, capable of transporting trillions, the Neo-Dawn Defiant Star, the World of Eden, and the Void Wurm, as well as all sorts of unique trials by fire, but this was the first time she came across such a strange power used as the foundation of a trial. It was so versatile, reminding her of Wei Wuyin's unique trials.

She walked through the hole and entered the 2nd Level of the Sea of Bitterness. Instantly, she felt an increased pressure and sapping power here, and her eyes brightened considerably. Despite that, she felt her foggy vision

grow even more hazy, and she could barely see anything with her normal visual ability.

This astounded her. If she was like this, she could imagine that others might be outright blind. After all, she was a Starlord with an Astral Physique!

"Let's see," she didn't execute any Ocular Spells, merely infusing her eyes with her refined spiritual energies, greatly enhancing her sight. Instantly, everything cleared up as she looked at the world before her.

There was no haze. The ground beneath her was the marble floor from before, and the next golden wall was about a few miles away from her. It seemed slightly thicker than the previous one.

When she turned back, the golden wall she damaged had already cleared up.

Moreover, she could see others far, far away from her. They, too, were inspecting this world curiously. She recognized one of them as an Ascendant of the Third Legion. The Ascendant felt her gaze and turned her head to see Hong Chunhua. While there was a light of respect and recognition in her eyes, she made no gestures as in this competition, there were no rankings or affiliations.

All the Ascendants were independent cultivators here, and the others were their competitors!

Hong Chunhua nodded. This was how it should be. Turning her attention back to the 2nd Wall, she kept sensing the sea of bitterness -the space between the two walls, and the unique power exuding from the sky. Its strength was slightly higher than before, but to her, it wasn't much.

She soon reached the 2nd Wall. Just like before, she exerted pure physical strength, causing the wall to shatter and erupt, exposing a large, human-sized human. When she went through, she felt the pressure increase again!

Shortly after the Ascendants entered, a cloaked figure sat among the over a million Chosen that were all regulating their conditions cautiously. The figure looked at the sky, inspecting the Solar Star hanging there.

"It's time" the cloaked figure said as their eyes began to change, transforming from well-concealed silver to possessing seven stars in each eye! An aura of the Alchemic Dao began to diffuse into the air, startling the nearby Chosen.

Just as he did so, dozens of other figures in cloaks all looked at the sky, their eyes changing to reflect seven differently colored stars!

Alchemic Stars of Mortal Spirituality!!!

The white dwarf Solar Star that hung in the sky began to rapidly change colors! It began to morph into seven different colors, perfectly matching the seven aspects of the Alchemic Dao, and then began to grow in brightness. The sight shocked the Chosen as their surroundings began to grow hazy, a seven-colored haze similar to the Paths of Bitterness' portals began to manifest before several individuals!

These cloaked figures all stood up in uniform, walking into the portals without hesitation! After they entered, vanishing from sight, the portals vanished abruptly.

As soon as the last one disappeared, as if everything was an illusion of the grandest scale, the dwarf-sized Solar Star returned to its white, ordinary brilliance and the environment regained all normalcy! Gasps and exclamations resounded yet few could understand what just happened!

A woman with pure black eyes and short black hair stared at the location where the cloaked figure that spoke earlier had been. She inhaled a deep breath and then looked to the Black Path of Bitterness. Exhaling out any lingering turbidity in her breath, she lightly touched the hilt of her saber as she moved toward the Black Path's portal.

She wasn't the only one.

Several other figures moved as well!

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Neo-Dawn Starfield.

Wu Yu stood in the Dark Void, glancing at his palace that housed his second wife and unborn child. His heart warmed as he let loose an incomparably joyous smile. But after a few seconds, his gaze hardened as he turned his gaze away, looking at the Supermassive Solar Star in the vast distance- the Aeternal Sky Star!

He heard a voice ripple through the Dark Void.

"It's time."

Taking an incomparably deep breath, Wu Yu erupted in starry light, blazing a path toward the Grand Cyclic Stellar Region!-----Everpath Voyage's Docking StageThe grey-robed, bare-footed figure sat unmovingly, muttering two words repeatedly beneath their breath: "I will." Those scarlet eyes of theirs never once left that grey-eyed handsome figure.

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A blasting flare of light erupted at the black haze of a portal. When the light dimmed, dozens of figures were present. Soon, more and more flares began to erupt, and thousands of figures began to reveal themselves. Among them was Hong Chunhua.

After thirty minutes, Hong Chunhua had completed the 12 Walls of the Black Path of Bitterness, and she realized that the strength limit of this path was at the initial Realm Lord level, not too difficult. The only reason she and the others took time was purely from cultivating the golden lights and cautiously inspecting the strange power that exerted pressure and tried sapping her

strength.5Hong Chunhua glanced at the faintly shocked expressions of the Chosen before her, and she ignored it all. With her expression neutral, she walked toward the Red Path of Bitterness!

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1339 1333: CKC, Characters Of The New Era



"Woah! They've already conquered the Black Path?" A scholarly-looking young man with a breadth of wisdom far exceeding his age said with an expression rife with interest and surprise. His words echoed out, causing many to break from their cultivation states, opening their eyes to observe those who just returned.

"Who cares? The first of the nine paths can easily be conquered by anyone with lesser Realmlord - level strength. Which Chosen doesn't have a Worldly Domain, even if they don't have a Realm World Phase cultivation base?" A tall, muscle-heavy human said dismissively. His tone was deep and resounding.

His loud words caused the observing Chosen to immediately lose interest, especially those who were first-timers. None of them had any belief they'd fail the first path given its strength. If it was before, there was a heavy chance as some Soul Idol first-timers might fail, but today? The three Domain-bestowal products have outright changed the climate of the world!

Hong Chunhua paid these words no mind as she entered the Red Path of Bitterness. The field was almost the same as before, as there was an additional red tint in the sea of bitterness. The unique power crashed against her, and her vision was as blurry as could be. Only when she infused her

Spiritual Energy into her eyes did it clear up with remarkable quickness, granting her greater clarity of the world.

"First Commander?" A voice caught her attention as she turned her head, finding a young male elf who was taken aback after seeing her. They both saw each other and had realization flicker through their eyes. The hazy portal was randomly placing them in different locations regardless of entry order, so even if Chosen entered together, they might not be near each other.

"How peculiar," Hong Chunhua remarked as she walked toward the 13th Wall. She hadn't felt any sign of spatial displacement. What power was shifting them then? The more she learned about this stage of the Chosen King Competition, the greater the curious mysteries grew.

When she arrived at the wall, she used her finger once again. She exerted a wisp of strength, sufficient to shatter an ordinary Realmlord into pieces. The wall immediately cracked chaotically, on the verge of collapse, yet it maintained itself.

"Pinnacle Realmlord?" She was taken aback by the leap in strength. The 12th Wall was roughly at the lesser Realmlord level! The 13th jumped beyond 'greater' tier and reached Pinnacle!

**BOOSH!**

Hong Chunhua turned to see the young elf punch through the wall, shattering hundreds of feet of it in an instant. The half-elf had a strange expression on his face before leaping forward, absorbing the motes of golden light.

Unlike Hong Chunhua, the young elf was taking the most brutal method.

**BOOM! SHIING! SHATTER!!**

Hong Chunhua could now hear the sounds of various powers impacting the 13th Wall. She bitterly smiled as she accepted that her slow, cautious pace

was utterly unnecessary! After testing out the baseline of the first twelve walls, there was no need to hold back! The other Ascendants were of the same mind!

Hong Chunhua moved! She leaped forward with her Astral Ward erected, slamming into the 13th Wall with heavy momentum! As she did, reaching the next sea of bitterness, she heard continuous shattering sounds from all over, and the wall before her was quivering violently.

She grinned. Then, she leaped forward without assessing!

SHATTER!

15th Wall!

SHATTER!

17th Wall!

SHATTER!!

20th Wall!!!

SHATTER!!!

Within a single minute, Hong Chunhua had reached the 24th Wall. She didn't even hesitate, blitzing toward the 24th Wall with her accumulated momentum. It didn't even last a single millisecond as it shattered! There were motes of golden light that followed her, creating a beautiful wake of golden light sparkling behind her like a cosmic tail.

Suddenly, she found herself and tens of thousands of others in the Docking Stage once again. In the crowd, she went largely unnoticed.

"Huh?" The tall, muscle-heavy Chosen from before had just sat down, adjusting their position to once again recover every iota of spent energy. When he heard the unique sound of people arriving, signifying the conquering

of a path or surrendering of one's Mark of Bitterness, he turned his head to find tens of thousands of cultivators gathered.

"Are they carrying someone?" The scholarly-looking young man in a Daoist outfit asked curiously, his eyes gleaming with intelligence. There was once an Alchemist that had tried to use the Mark of Bitterness functionality to reach a higher path with no effort. He used four Alchemic Knights, all of outstanding talent, to reach a wall and then have them deliberately fail, giving him their marks before they returned, and then they would rush forward again, reaching the next wall, and then repeat this again and again and again.

At the time, the idea was marvelous. That was...until the Alchemist reached a level that he couldn't withstand with his defensive and protective treasures. The unique strength of the Seas of Bitterness between each wall ended his life within moments. While this was often replicated a few times in each competition, very rarely would these people be able to get any real rewards. The term eventually became known as 'carrying'.

"There's no way. There's too many!" A young female Chosen remarked. Unless there were thousands of Alchemists all trying to do the same? Even if that were the case, wouldn't the Alchemic Knights repeatedly exit?

The disturbance was quite large this time. Qiao Shulin's cultivation state ended as the commotion rose to audible levels that made it difficult to maintain her concentration. "What's happening?" She asked as she gazed at the tens of thousands of cultivators.

Ye Zhi answered cautiously, "I think these cultivators have just conquered the Red Path." She wasn't exactly sure, so her tone was lacking a little confidence.

"What?!" Qiao Shulin's eyes widened. The Black Path of Bitterness' 12th Wall required the strength of a Lesser Realmlord to properly surpass, but the 24th

Wall required a Lesser Timelord strength. When she first challenged the competition, she was unable to get past the 20th Wall. Of course, the rating of strength was based on the outdated Chosen standards.

Yi Yun's eyes constricted as the tens of thousands of cultivators began to move toward the Orange Path of Bitterness! Instantly, he realized who these tens of thousands were!

"Ascendants!" He softly muttered.

His words were not missed by the attentive Duan Ru. Moreover, she didn't shy away from expressing her interest in Yi Yun, teasing him often, so she paid extra attention to him. Hearing his words, her heart began to race. Was it truly the Ascendants?

Moreover, his words might have been soft, and the commotion of others might be a little loud, but that word was caught either subconsciously or consciously by these Chosen, and the discussion immediately began to shift.

"Ascendants?" The scholarly-looking, Daoist-robed Chosen's ears perked as the whispers of the word 'Ascendants' began to spread. Few were ignorant of the Ascendants! The faction nurtured by Wei Wuyin, the Ascendant Emperor of Neo-Dawn! He was their Emperor!

Moreover, the Ascendants took a large part in assisting the newcomers of the Neo-Dawn Starfield to acclimate. They were the ones taking taxes, regulating a baseline of order, protecting others, and taking jobs to help various organizations establish themselves.

Lin Ming frowned, his heart itching as the name was continuously spoken. They had fought against Hong Chunhu in a secret realm before, and it was a very, very difficult fight.

Qiao Shulin's eyes narrowed as she gazed at the tens of thousands of differently dressed and various racial characters. Her eyes widened once

again! She found there were Demons, Elves, Beastmen, and Humans! While appearances were a different metric to gauge race, some humans looked like beastmen and demons due to various Cultivation Methods or obscure bloodlines, even the mythological Titan Race! So when the Ascendants were mentioned, the connection clicked in her mind instantly.

They were Ascendants!

The racially diverse elites of the Neo-Dawn Starfield!

"Are they the Legions of Ascendants?" Ye Zhi asked curiously, giving Yi Yun an asking look. Yi Yun's status as an Ascendant was relatively unknown, but she had inadvertently learned of it.

Legions of Ascendants! There were many rumors of Ascendants, and one of them was established very early on when Ascendants acted to fight against various forces in the Aeternal Sky Starfield to contest for resources and planets. It was during this time that they began to be known!

Yi Yun could feel her gaze but didn't dare to answer. There was no specific oath that said revealing information about Ascendants was forbidden, but doing so meant that one had to report it or else they could lose their position if discovered. After experiencing such a grand treatment, why would anyone risk losing it?

Ye Zhi felt that his silence was telling, and she couldn't help but marvel at the Ascendants. Her eyes glittered with heated passion. Unfortunately, her father refused to join the Ascendants despite Wei Wuyin's existence.

The tens of thousands of Ascendants didn't delay! They all walked toward the Orange Path of Bitterness and entered without the slightest pause. To them, they were extremely anxious and unable to rest until they reached their required stages!

"They actually completed the Red Path! But it's been less than a minute?!" The scholarly-looking Chosen exclaimed as he stood up straight, his eyes gleaming with insight. It was utterly impossible to enter the next path without conquering the path before it!

When the first of the tens of thousands entered, this only proved that they had conquered the 24th Wall! When they all vanished, the crowd was utterly silent.

Qiao Shulin's heart couldn't stop pounding, and she bit her lower lip anxiously. "The Orange Path requires a Pinnacle Timelord strength to conquer! It's much more difficult than the Red Path." She noticed that there were Realmlords amongst the tens of thousands, so this shouldn't be so easy!

Even for past Chosen, some Realmlords couldn't pass the Orange Path!

Yi Yun, however, had an awkward expression. He was fully aware of the treatment Ascendants received, and Wei Wuyin had ordered all Ascendants to reach at least the 90th Wall or Higher depending on cultivation base! Those at the Star Core Phase had to conquer all 108 Walls!

Sixty-eight seconds later...

The sound of tens of thousands of cultivators arriving once again rang through the air. They hadn't all arrived at the same time but most had been fairly equal. When the ones that made it a little bit later noticed this, their eyes revealed a little dissatisfaction.

The tens of thousands didn't even wait for the rest to speculate or make any observations, they rushed the Yellow Path of Bitterness!

Subtly and unexpectedly, the Ascendants began to compete. They were all cultivators with their own egos! As they began to push through each wall, competitive spirits flared in their hearts as they began to see who could break what the fastest!

Shadows fluttered through the Chosen visions as the yellow path was rushed through, leaving most open-mouthed and wide-eyed.

"I-I..." The tall, muscly Chosen stammered. This was his third time, and last time, the Orange Path had stopped him dead in his tracks. He was beaten by someone until he had to forfeit his Mark of Bitterness. If it wasn't for their mercy, he would've lost his life. He never saw that person again.

While he was shown mercy, the next sea was their grave.

The brutality of the Everpath Voyage was not for the weak-willed.

Eighty-three seconds later!

"I'm first! I'm first!" Zu Zun, the bald demon, shouted as he trembled forward excitedly. His arrival shook the hearts of countless Chosen! They were competing?! Before they could process this, hundreds of others all arrived. They looked at Zu Zun with a tinge of frustration or displeasure, but they didn't move.

Whether it was subconsciously agreed upon, none of them moved to the Green Path of Bitterness.

They were waiting. As more arrived, the tens of thousands all arrived once again, and not a single figure was missing.

"...!"

"Finally!" A beastman of a tortoise lineage remarked before rushing toward the Green Path! They vanished into the portal with explosive speed! The blasting wind sent robes fluttering and hair whipping about!

"The-they..." Qiao Shulin's heart was unable to calm down. If the Orange Path required Pinnacle Timelord strength, then the Yellow Path required Lesser Starlord strength! She had stopped there last time! For eighty-one days!

"What's the strength level for the Green Path?" Chen Yangzi finally spoke, his words a little dry.

Ye Zhi's eyes were abnormally bright. This was her first time participating, but she was extremely knowledgeable and obsessed with Empress Xiaocheng and her feats, so she knew the rough strength needed to conquer each. For example, while the Yellow Path needed Lesser Starlord strength to conquer, this wasn't absolute!

Someone with the strength of a Greater Timelord could shatter the walls with powerful arts, especially Spiritual Arts, or even exceptional armaments. It was simply a matter of resisting the various Seas of Bitterness and the expenditure of energy that followed. It took a long time to recover an iota of astral force or starforce, at least long enough to make eighty-one days incredibly short!

She answered excitedly, "Pinnacle Starlord!" Empress Xiaocheng had reached the 71st Wall, which was the second to last wall of the Blue Path of Bitterness! The Blue Path was abnormally difficult because it exceeded the Mortal Realms, entering the Mystic Star Phase!

Empress Xiaocheng was a recently Ascended Starlord at the time, yet she reached the 71st Wall! Her achievement was legendary!

At the time...

"There's no way Realmlords could beat this path!" A Chosen commented confidently.

Forty-nine seconds.

A figure walked out. It was a flaming-red-haired young man who was enveloped in blazing flames that distorted the air, mana, and space surrounding him. There was a terrifyingly powerful aura of fire leaking out of his body. It was abruptly snuffed out almost immediately after he arrived. His cultivation base wafted out for all to sense.

Their hearts shook intensely!

A Realmlord!

"Am I first?" The young man scratched their head curiously as they looked around, finding none of the other Ascendants nearby. "Am I, Shui Fengbao, really first?!" A bright, excited, and simple smile formed, making it very difficult for anyone to feel any ill feelings toward him.

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Erdiul Notes: Shui Fengbao is the old man from the Expo, from chapter 1280. He was the old farmer that decided to attend the expo and was found by WW. He gave birth to a Law Seed of Fire.

## PARAGON OF SIN

Chapter 1340 1334: CKC, Exposed; Unable To Wait



A simple smile, that's all it was; yet on Shui Fengbao, a genuine, undisputed Realmlord, it unsettled the hearts of countless Chosen to utterly indescribable levels. The Green Path of Bitterness that sent Chosen from several generations spiraling in depression, fear, and distraught emotions of defeat and resignation took all of forty-nine seconds!

Moreover, it was by a mere Realmlord! What was abnormal?

**THIS WAS ABNORMAL!**

"Haha," Shui Fengbao chuckled heartily as he innocently scratched his head, seeming entirely ignorant of his heavenshaking, world-changing, heart-defeating feat!

A few notably silent seconds later, the air distorted as another figure was revealed. When they arrived, Shui Fengbao turned his head with a bright smile.

The fragrant swordswoman calmly absorbed the gaze of the million Chosen of an ending era. Her eyes were extremely serene, gazing briefly at Shui Fengbao. Hong Chunhua didn't comment on Shui Fengbao as she walked toward the hazy Blue Path while waiting.

Soon, as the time reached ninety-eight seconds, thousands upon thousands of figures began to arrive. Their races were as diverse as their cultivation bases, ranging from the Realm World Phase to the Star Core Phase.

This sight caused the silence to become eerily uneasy, weighty, and heart-palpitating. A single word echoed in their hearts and minds:

Ascendants!

Ascendants!!

Ascendants!!!

Normally, these proud and talented cultivators would spew out garbage refuting these existences, slowly bringing them down with falsely spread gossip about their ill-gotten reputations, attributing their strengths and feats to solely their Alchemist to alleviate their endangered ego and Heart of Cultivations, but what was this?

Tens of thousands of elite Chosen? All under a single figure? Even if someone told them all of it was due to Wei Wuyin, the newly ascended Worldly Saint Alchemist, they'd have to throw logic and common sense out of the window as most of these figures were essentially older and Wei Wuyin could, by no means, cultivate these figures to this level in his short time alive.

If he could do so by himself, then what was the purpose of their organizations? The Everlore Association? Any other Alchemist Association? ANY FORCE?!

What was the only logical conclusion? Every one of these cultivators was of the most outstanding caliber, trained properly, nurtured efficiently, and talented beyond measure. This was hard to accept, truthfully.

The Sixth Prince-Tian Baiyan-was among these unwillingly Chosen, surrounded by a posse of followers, his entourage all gawking silently at the tens of thousands of Ascendants.

"No, we're part of the new era too!" The Sixth Prince claimed through gritted, grinding teeth as his eyes pulsed with deeply mustered fighting spirit. His words had a profound impact on the numerous Chosen as their spirits began to faintly shine through their collapsing willpower. The thought of being part of the old, soon-to-be-discarded, generation was far too demoralizing.

Inspired, the Chosen of the previous generation began to rally into a commotion and shared affirmations to their friends of their relevance and strength while rivals shot each other gazes of contention. The sight was very motivating, and it served to increase the liveliness of the area while simultaneously coating the air with a hopeful and joyous air.

"Let's go!" Tian Baiyan said as he walked toward the Black Path of Bitterness with a gait of confidence and presence. His reputation and status rallied the other Chosen behind him as they stopped their acts of cultivating and recovering to challenge the paths!

Just as the Ascendants had all arrived, not a single individual failed, and they were about to challenge the Blue Path of Bitterness! But a figure stood in front of the portal. The Ascendants all gazed calmly at the figure.

It was a middle-aged man with grey hair, mid-length, parted brilliantly at the sides and tied into a short ponytail at the back. He was garbed in an azure robe, and at his back and right hip were two differently designed quivers, both empty. His eyes were mysteriously covered by a jet-black headband with no symbols or runes. With a carefree laugh and a smile, he said: "How about we watch?"

The Ascendants were all growing in the rousing momentum of challenging each other, but as this middle-aged man appeared, none of them hastily acted.

"What are you doing, Hao Youyi?" Hong Chunhua took the lead, questioning the man's intentions instantly. She didn't bother using any honorific in her address due to this being an independent trial of the Ascendants. They were all competitors, they were all enemies, and there was no reason to be respectful.

"I wasn't talking about you." The middle-aged man 'glanced' toward Shui Fengbao, who felt that 'gaze' and laughed awkwardly while looking away, guilty and evading.

Hong Chunhua gave Shui Fengbao a sidelong glance. She felt it was a little unfair for Prime Ascendants to be acting so early and intervening in the competition of regular Ascendants.

Only Shui Fengbao would be so shameless; she had only met him a few times during training over the last two years, and this child of fire was abnormal to the zenith, incredibly unpredictable despite his seemingly simple smile.

"Sorry," Shui Fengbao laughingly apologized as he walked off to the side, vanishing from the eyes of everyone present. The sight caused a few Chosen who hadn't rushed the portal to be utterly shaken. Where did he go?

When they looked back, they swiftly realized that the two- quiver-wielding, middle-aged man who had been called Yao Houyi by Hong Chunhua had vanished as well. There wasn't an inkling of his presence anywhere!

"What?!"

Lin Ming's eyes widened as his Spiritual Sense caught glimpses of their presence. It was hard to pinpoint, but he realized what they were using!

Environmental Integration!

A profound type of concealment!

As a possessor of the Elemental Origin Astral Soul, Lin Ming was quite adept in Environmental Integration and had used it to his advantage greatly over the decades!

While Yi Yun's nose sniffed lightly, and through the over a million different smells present, he found the direction of the two. His sense of smell wasn't just abnormal, it was disgustingly heaven-shaking! However, even he couldn't determine their exact location!

None of the Ascendants felt too surprised by this, but most felt dissatisfied as they had set their hearts on giving their everything in the upcoming paths to surpass Hong Chunhua and Shui Fengbao. Fearless! Their mindsets were unequalled, granted the heavily competitive environment of the Ascendants, how could they not be?

"What do you guys think about watching too?" A voice resounded amongst the Ascendants. Gazes turned to find a young tall, icy-cold human beauty with tied-up black hair, chilly black eyes, and a beauty mole at the side of her upper lip.

"Fourth Commander?" A few Ascendants instantly recognized her! She was Bei Weiwei, the Fourth Commander of the Ascendants.

Hong Chunhua looked too, her heart was always shaken by how frighteningly similar this woman looked to her mother.

Bei Ming was once a Knight of Enforcement that served Wei Wuyin. Almost everyone knew her story, especially the part about her birth that was solely due to Wei Wuyin's existence and grace. Her mother, Bei Ming, served Wei Wuyin diligently in the Myriad Monarch Sect and it translated to her existence here.

However, she wasn't given the slightest benefit of her association with Wei Wuyin as her feats, talents, and disposition despite her young age were worthy of her position. There were no Ascendants who would refute her status, nor dare show her the slightest disrespect due to her age!

Bei Weiwei continued, "We can make wagers on who will go the furthest or reach the Blue Path first." Her words were met by simultaneous shifting gazes to the still-present Chosen and the Black Path's portal that had already been entered by numerous other Chosen. The idea was quite intriguing to many. Moreover, while they didn't want to admit it, the Realmlords had exhausted quite a bit of astral force to pass the Green Path, so this could give them some time to recover.

While they were Ascendants, their energy reserves weren't unlimited.

Eventually, after a series of gaze-exchanging discussions, Hong Chunhua took the lead to say, "How about we bet for each stage-Realmlords, Timelords, and Starlords, and the ones who reach the furthest stage or reach the Blue Path first wins? Three wagers?"

Bei Weiwei added, "Let's exclude a few cultivators from the list." This was all that was needed before the Ascendants began to enter into a commotion as they began to discuss the wagers, betting the 'assigned' resources of Wei

Wuyin for a few months. The risk was incredibly high! But the gains...the gains were unimaginable!

Lin Ming's expression was dark. Were these Ascendants treating the rest of Chosen as race dogs? Who can get the furthest? Who can make it first? He had even heard his name being mentioned a few times in the clamor, which had somehow both given him a feeling of pride and disgust, a mixture that was extremely complex and conflicted.

"Should we go?" Chen Yangzi was burning with fighting will, wanting to compete. The momentum of the Ascendants had subtly infected the others, clearly seen as most had already rushed into the portal.

There was a fierce debate being had with Yi Yun as the topic, with some defending adding him to the list of Realmlords while others fiercely fought against it due to his status. Like most forces, the identity of Ascendants wasn't a hidden secret, and they didn't mind spreading it. Yi Yun was simply being cautious with exposing or mentioning anything about the Ascendants. He simply didn't wish to risk breaking a rule by mistake and losing his status and position, especially after choosing his fellow Sect Members over the opportunity offered earlier.

"You're an Ascendant?" Lin Ming's ears perked as the Ascendants debated.

By this point, individuals had already begun to exit from the Black Path. Most of them were Timelords and Starlords, the quickest and strongest bunch of the pack. The feeling of easily conquering the Black Path fueled their momentum as they rushed toward the Red Path.

"Ascendants?" Duan Ru's eyes sparkled as her interest in Yi Yun spiked by a few notches.

Qiao Shulin, Ming Yuling, Tang Xingyun, and Chen Yangzi were also taken aback, not expecting that Yi Yun was an Ascendant! It was only then that Qiao

Shulin and Ming Yuling felt that Yi Yun's abnormal strength as a half-elf, half-human hybrid was justified! This was especially so how indiscriminate Wei Wuyin was with accepting members into the Ascendants, having demons and beastmen among them!

Exposed, Yi Yun awkwardly smiled in reply. These Ascendants truly weren't subtle! "I think we should go," Yi Yun said as he decided to disperse this awkwardness by venturing into the Black Path of Bitterness. Chen Yangzi's expression changed several times, and then he sighed softly as he nodded his head. Those fast Timelords and Starlords had already rushed into the Red Path!

Yi Yun ignored the questions in their gazes and rushed into the Black Path.

"..." Lin Ming's gaze on Yi Yun had changed from before. It was a curious thing. Before Lin Ming had more or less accepted Yi Yun, especially after Yi Yun traded him the Spirit-Bound Lotus after he offered a spell that could safely separate it from his spirit. Lin Ming had always thought it was strange that he didn't like this youngster, but now he felt as if he knew why!

"Let's go," Lin Ming decided not to stay passive. The first path was the easiest, so there was no need to worry about fighting others or gaining a Mark of Bitterness. With him leaving, Qiao Shulin and Ming Yuling followed. This led to Ye Zhi and Duan Ru following as well!

As they moved, the grey-robed, bare-footed figure observing from afar stood up. After Lin Ming entered the portal, so did they!

When Lin Ming entered the portal, Tian Jianghan and Tian Yinwu were together in the Sea of Bitterness of the first path, between the nth Wall and 12th Wall, standing calmly amidst that strange power while holding a hand-seal. They seemed to be executing a strange spell that gathered the power using wisps of Spiritual Strength. The wisps carried the power into their eyes,

causing their signature hazel-golden eyes to illuminate with radiant, splendorous light.

"Oh?" Tian Yinwu hastily broke his hand-seal. Tian Jianghan reacted and his eyes flashed with spurts of golden light. He, too, broke his hand-seal and concluded the spell.

"You're really not going to wait?" Tian Jianghan asked softly yet the excitement in his eyes was nearly palpable. Tian Yinwu shook his head, "Like I said: If they pace themselves and wait till the last minute to challenge their limits or reach the end with their own power, I won't be able to act due to the restrictions of the Everpath Voyage. The Mark of Bitterness is too unreliable. I rather not risk it. They did move faster than I originally anticipated though."

Tian Jianghan nodded agreeingly! While his expression was slightly pale due to his injury sustained by Na Xinyi, he was incredibly energetic for someone known for his innate laziness. The pride of the Tian Clan was going to be rectified today!

Tian Yinwu walked toward the 12th Wall calmly. He pressed his right palm against it. Three strange runes formed on the back of his hand. If Yun Che or Wei Wuyin was here, they would instantly recognize one of these runes!

A Heavenly Saint's Mana Rune!

Suddenly, the 12th Wall began to shift in hue, including the Sea of Bitterness.

"What are you doing?" Tian Jianghan asked curiously. While he didn't expect an answer, the heart-pounding aura from Tian Yinwu's palm was far too incredible to resist asking!

"..." Tian Yinwu was focused, but he still had the energy to hold a conversation. He explained as the hue of the Sea of Bitterness began to grow violet, "I'm temporarily moving a few functional aspects of the walls. I'll make

the 12th Wall have the 96th Wall's durability. While it'll only last for a short period, it's enough."

Tian Jianghan was awed. That was possible? The profound means of Tian Yinwu always shook him! Suddenly, he had a thought that he blurted aloud: "What if he shatters it?" Lin Ming was a Chosen, and Tian Yinwu just said there was a chance that Lin Ming could make it to the end! He didn't want to risk it!

"I'm adding a delaying response to the spatial transportation function as well, " as he said this, one of the three runes began to tremble intensely, exuding an aura of Law! Of Minor Spatial Law! He added: "It'll be delayed for the next twenty-four minutes, so even if he breaks the wall, it won't activate."

Abruptly, a Realm Lord had just blitzed through the 11th Walls, exerting a simple punch toward the 12th Wall! Shockingly, the scene they expected didn't occur! The harsh backlash of the 12th Wall smashed against them, infusing them with golden strands of energy that formed the Mark of Bitterness!

Stunned, they tried again and again but to no avail!

This happened to all the slow-entering cultivators! They were utterly baffled!! What was happening?

At the same time, a young woman with black-haired with exceptionally pure, untainted black eyes looked across space and time, landing upon Tian Yinwu acting. Her palm was on the barrier, exuding a faint wisp of starforce. Fortunately, only the durability had changed, not the backlash, otherwise, countless lives would've been unfairly lost.

The young woman removed her palm, and then after accepting that the Seventh Prince had done a proper job, causing her to no longer need to take action, she used her index finger as a saber and sliced into the wall.

A sharp light ripped a hole in space as she waltzed through, no longer paying the next events any mind. She only turned back, gazing once again across time and space, entering the 2nd Wall as a bare-footed, grey-robed figure calmly stalked his prey.

"Don't let someone else take your chance away. It'll be your only one," the woman's words echoed across, and the grey-robed figure lifted their eyes, revealing a pair of scarlet eyes that reflected unforgotten death, bloody slaughter, and intense battle.

"I won't," the figure, no, Zuhei replied!

The Fangs and the Claws of the Ascendant Emperor would never allow someone to take his chance away!

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Author's Note: This was a double-stacked chapter into one! As in the typical standard of when semi-colons are used in the title.

Oh boy! I'm antsy with anticipation!