

## F.D Emperor 1221

### Chapter 1221 Blank Check

Wang Wei was in deep thought after returning home. He had technically written an empty check for the Celestial Race. His relationship with the Heaven Opening Emperor was not so close. He now knew the man wasn't as bad as history, or he believed him to be, but that was the extent of their relationship or communication.

His promise relied entirely on his talent/prospect (as he told the patriarch), his ancestors' words or power, and his interest in taking the Celestial Race in case the Heaven Opening Paragon proved stubborn. 'Plus, maybe I should start thinking about reuniting the Wang Clan,' Wang Wei thought. However, this would not be simple. According to the book Wu Hong left for him, the official most powerful faction during the Golden Era was the Grand Sect Alliance with 5 Primal Paragons.

These bastards would never allow for the Wang Clan reunion since that would mean the Dao Opening Sect catching up to them. Additionally, the Myriad Clan Union would lose one Primal Paragon, so they would also fight tooth and nail to prevent this union.

The other factions may also be dragged. For example, Wu Hong's Origin Seal Continent was one of the [Thirteen Overlords] and an ally of the Dao Opening Sect. Their presence — which contains 2 Primal Paragons — could shift the balance. However, the [Skill-Dao Association], another overlord with all the Profession Dao, had a rocky relationship with the Origin Seal Continent, and they might intervene to counter Wu Hong. They also have 2 Primal Paragons.

'And I'm not even considering the other factions that will secretly intervene and ensure the Dao Opening Sect does not get stronger and break the balance,' Wang Wei summarized. 'However, this is not the Golden Era — the balance is already broken, with Taoism and Buddhism now being the most powerful factions of the original [13 Overlords].'

In the upcoming era, Primal Paragons will no longer determine the standing of a faction or lineage —transcendents will.

'So, as long as I can become the third Half-Step Transcendence of the Eternal Ascension World, no one can stop the Wang Clan's reunification,' Wang Wei thought with a smile.

'Although this plan is far away, I can lay out the foundation now by establishing a good relationship with the Heaven Opening Emperor: get to know what kind of person he is.'

Wang Wei teleported to an isolated mountain and created a cave. After establishing all the necessary protections, he drew a summoning ceremony on the ground. He activated it by dropping his blood and muttering the Heaven Opening Emperor's name and title. Wang Wei had to wait a while before getting an answer, but soon enough, the summoning circle shone, and a muscular elderly man appeared at the center.

"Ancestor," Wang Wei bowed politely.

"It's you?" Wang Guo scrutinized Wang Wei. "Why are you suddenly so polite and sincere?"

"Isn't this the normal attitude of a descendant facing their ancestors?" Wang Wei replied, greatly puzzled. His tone hinted that it was the greatest travesty for his ancestors to have such a terrible opinion of him.

"The last time we met, you were polite, but that was only on the surface. You were on guard against and even had a hidden disdain," Wang Guo stated.

'These old monsters are really keen,' Wang Wei complained to himself. "You can't blame me, ancestor. I had a lot of misinformation about you. After our discussions, I researched your life more closely and learned how our family's recorded history wronged you."

Wang Guo looked him in the eyes. 'This brat wants something or is planning something — maybe both.' He smiled internally. 'He is like Qiyuan, especially with his weird destiny. Maybe it's not such a bad idea to have a relationship with him.'

"Brat, I've lived too long, and one of the side-effects is that I've grown to despise people who spoke like politicians with flower tongues, speaking in a roundabout way and never getting to the point. So, state your intention directly."

Wang Wei sighed internally. 'I guess being direct is another trait of the Wang Clan.'

"Fine, but I'd like to point out that I wasn't lying about researching your life and getting a new perspective," Wang Wei stated before explaining the entire situation with the Celestial Race. "So, Ancestor, are you going to give this descendant a little bit of face?"

"No problem."

"Really? So simple?"

"Even if you didn't say anything, we wouldn't annihilate them or something for their betrayal," Wang Guo explained.

"Why?"

"The Celestial Race is the primary reason our union has the largest number of tier 10 and 11 cultivators among all the overlords and the highest number of Insurgents. They are more valuable than they realize."

"Indeed. Their ability to safely navigate the Source Qi Space makes them crucial to building middle-level officers." Although Paragons and above are usually the determining factors in battles between lineages, when their strength is relative, the deciding factors are the number of Emperors, Emphyreans, Insurgents, and immortals from the other paths.

"Are you sure the other two families won't give you much trouble?" Wang Wei asked. "Even if they would not eliminate the Celestial Race, this was a perfect opportunity to weaken and ultimately control them using their treason as an excuse. Your interference will prevent that."

"You don't have to worry about that," Wang Guo replied. He knew how to get them to agree. The Ye Clan is the only non-human amongst the three, which makes them wary of the Wang and Xiao Clan. As long as Wang Guo approaches them, they will accept his offer, as they'll see this as an opportunity to weaken the bond between the Wang and Xiao Clan. Of course, Wang Guo will only see them if the Xiao Clan does not want to give him face.

"Okay, now is my time to be direct," Wang Wei stated. "Your unilateral cooperation is suspicious." Even the political implications behind Wang Guo's actions cannot wholly explain why he agreed so readily.

Wang Guo chuckled. "You can think of it as a way for me to repay you."

"Repay me? For what?"

"For the Human Fiendgod Bloodline," Wang Guo revealed. "It is an excellent way to push the Wang Clan's bloodline to another level."

'Another bastard that stole my idea, and this time, without me even knowing,' Wang Wei thought while sighing. 'I guess I should be glad it remains in the family.'

"I guess that makes sense."

"Is there anything else?"

"Huh, no, but we can have tea if you want."

"I'm a dead man; where can I enjoy tea? Plus, I hate tea,

Wang Guo stated. "Since there is nothing more, I'm leaving. Here." He raised his hand to condense a necklace with a blood-red crystal.

"What's this?"

"It's to hide your bloodline fluctuation," Wang Guo explained. "We don't want others to notice its uniqueness and have ideas. As far as these people are concerned, they only need to know our Wang Clan's bloodline is unique — nothing more." Although he knew not everyone had the knowledge, capabilities, and luck to elevate their bloodline to be on par with Fiendgods, Wang Guo did not even want these people even to have the thought.

Wang Wei's lips twitched. The bastard stole his idea and wanted to protect him from others stealing. Wang Wei took the necklace while secretly complaining. He wished the patent system he created in the lower dimension would apply to the upper dimension. No, he wanted it to be even more strict.

"Thank you, Ancestor," Wang Wei said as he put the necklace on.

"You're welcome, and clean this mess up as soon as possible," Wang Guo added. "Being dead is not a fun experience."

"I will."

After the Heaven Opening Emperor's limbo projection disappeared, Wang Wei eliminated all traces of his presence in the mountain before returning home. He removed the necklace and temporarily unsealed his soul to access most of its power. He scanned the necklace to its subatomic particle but found nothing wrong.

"Wang Qi," he summoned.

"Sect master."

"Take this necklace and ask her if something is wrong."

Wang Qi held the necklace and observed it briefly. "Sect master, do you want me to ask the sect madam for a communication talisman?" He did not mind being the intermediary between those two love birds, but he also felt it might be time for them to start communicating directly now that they were in the same place and not separated by dimensions.

"No need," Wang Wei replied. "We can establish communication after meeting during the celebration."

"If you say so," Wang Qi left and returned a few hours later. "The sect madam said there is nothing wrong with the necklace. Its purpose is to hide bloodline, and whoever created it has an extreme understanding of genetics. However, she added her own seal to reassure you."

"That's good to hear," Wang Wei nodded. He observed the thing and sensed a potent seal. Then, without hesitation, he absorbed the necklace's crystal into his Bloodline Source, sharing this protection with all members of the Wang, Yan, and Li Clan.

Chapter 1222 Betrayal???

"For now, I'll hide it, but in the future, we'll need protection from people who actively tried to research our bloodline," Wang Wei muttered. Now that he no longer had to worry about the Celestial Race, he focused on his next task.

"From now on, you'll be in charge of our exchange with the Celestial Race."

"Hmm, sect master, I'm a little spread thin. I need more people, especially talents," Wang Qi quickly said. Although he was glad the sect master believed in himself to give him so much power, he also wanted to do his job correctly.

Wang Wei suddenly remembered someone. "Go find the Brilliant Smile Emperor and have him join our cause." Wang Wei condensed a guiding talisman connected to the latter's fate.

"One last thing," Wang Wei said. He raised his hand to create a new dimension to house the ocean of Immortal Qi he received as a gift. "Use this place to increase your cultivation once everything temporarily calms down."

"I will."

Wang Qi left, and Wang Wei followed soon. He teleported near the corner of Taoism's territory before changing his clothes, hair, and demeanor to that of a Taoist Priest. He used his Yin-Yang Dao to accentuate the Taoist vibe he wanted to portray.

For the next few days, Wang Wei traveled in this territory, observing and listening. Nothing happened to him, which was good and bad news. The bad news is Supreme Unity's lack of action — despite gallivanting in his territory — made him wary. The good news is he may not have to worry too much when dealing with Taoism and Seven Cauldron.

Wang Wei activated his Soul Network and locked on the soul he wanted, which was located in the Peaceful Heart Temple, a place of solitude and exile for many priests. He did not immediately interact with it but observed the surroundings. 'As expected, it's an ambush.' He summoned the soul to the fog space.

Zhen Biyu looked confused. She was meditating when a powerful force pulled her primary soul into this place. Her resistance was futile. She looked at the person before her: "I knew you could meet me without anyone noticing."

"I guess I don't have to worry about which side you're on," Wang Wei commented.

"I resent the fact you think I'm this kind of person," Zhen Biyu replied.

"Tell me what happened to you," Wang Wei changed the environment into two cushions facing each other.

"After I ascended, I started doing missions for the Rebellion to understand the situation and gather resources," Zhen Biyu explained. "I used the talisman you gave me to track Emperor Five Heart and eliminate her." She had a bright smile while mentioning this. Without that obstacle, her state of mind reached a higher level, and she perfected her Dao Heart. These achievements made her more joyful, and her cultivation speed increased significantly.

"Then, two people from the Five Element Balance Palace came to see me. They asked me why I didn't return to the sect, and I told them I had personal matters to attend to. They wanted me to return immediately, and one of them was even rude about it. Luckily, I had prepared for this.

"I told the Rebellion of my background, and they suggested I become a double spy, so they gave me something called a False Mind Pill, which would allow me to hide my thoughts and lie to an Emphyrean. They even help me clean up my aura."

Wang Wei nodded as he understood what she meant. Zhen Biyu proved the Dao in the upper dimension, and with the proper method or person, it's possible to determine this fact from her aura.

"I told them about you," Zhen Biyu continued. "I didn't tell him any important information, but enough for them to have some understanding of your personality and capability. It was the only way to get their trust."

"Don't worry. I understand," Wang Wei reassured.

Zhen Biyu sighed in relief. "I'll hand over Emperor Five Heart's artifact to you."

"No need. This thing has no destiny with me, so you can keep it. You can repay your debt later on with something else?"

"Are you sure? I've come to learn that this thing is valuable."

"Oh? How valuable?"

"It's a Supreme Chaos Treasure Embryo," Zhen Biyu explained. "Although its power is only on par with a Chaos Treasure now, as long as you provide it with enough resources, it can grow to such

heights. Moreover, you don't have to feed it unique resources, just a certain quantity, and it will condense into shape."

"That's indeed valuable."

"So, have you changed your mind?"

"Not at all," Wang Wei replied calmly.

"Your personality is indeed odd."

"What makes you say so?"

"You're obviously greedy, but you can also give up on such a rare item without hesitation."

"What can I say? I'm an enigma," Wang Wei shrugged. This artifact had a similar effect as the Dao Burial Ground, so there was no point in having it now. Additionally, his intuition told him the best use of it was with her.

"Tell me about your sect's situation or Taoism in general."

"Heavily divided," Zhen Biyu answered. "A small and new faction supported by the Supreme Ruler and Seven Cauldron ruled the sect, while the majority faction — which originated from ancient times — is very dissatisfied with the current situation."

"I haven't figured out exactly why the old faction is unhappy, but my deduction is something to do with the restrictions that there can be no Paragons born in the world. And from what I gathered, most other Taoist lineages are similar to ours."

Wang Wei pondered. He could deduce the source of these people's dissatisfaction. Supreme Unity and Maitreya killed all their previous Paragons and prevented them from reviving or creating more. Additionally, the resources they used to control were not drastically reduced and were in the hands of Seven Cauldron. It would be weird if these factions were not dissatisfied.

"Why are you in this place?" Wang Wei asked.

"It was a big deal after you ascended, so I approached the sect and said I owe you karma, and there is a chance you may contact me. They agreed to this ambush operation, but I just wanted an opportunity to contact the outside world."

"You have something you want me to pass to the Rebellion?"

"Yes, I've gathered valuable information, and unfortunately, I still have a debt to pay them for the Heaven Will," Zhen Biyu explained. "You can read it before passing it on." Her soul condensed a talisman, and Wang Wei took it.

"You don't have to worry about them. I'll pay your contract, so from now on, you report directly to me," Wang Wei said.

"That's fine." Zhen Biyu would rather deal with Wang Wei than the Rebellion because he knew what kind of person the latter was. However, the Rebellion was an assembly of all types of individuals, many with different ideals and goals from their primary cause.

"If you want to contact me, leave the sect to an area not covered by a Paragon Formation, and I can reach you anytime and anywhere," Wang Wei added.

"I understand."

"I'll give you a parting gift." Wang Wei condensed his Soul Network Ability into a seed that manifested as a lotus flower on his palm. He accessed his Paragon Soul temporarily to bless the lotus and did the same with the sect's Void Rushing Talisman. Finally, he fused the lotus with Zhen Biyu's soul.

"If your identity is detected, activate this ability, which should take your soul away even from a Paragon Formation. However, you must be quick and decisive. This thing might work on a formation in passive mode, but once someone takes control of it, you're screwed."

"Don't worry, I'll be fine." Zhen Biyu was confident she would not be caught. The False Mind Pill mutated after she used it due to her two personalities or souls, granting her a new ability to hide her thoughts and memories in an undetectable layer in her Sea of Consciousness. She was even confident about lying to Seven Cauldron's face.

"It's good to be confident, but don't be cocky," Wang Wei warned.

"I know." Her personality was usually calm and patient, so she would not do anything unnecessary or stupid despite her confidence. Wang Wei waved his hand to teleport a small pile of second-rank Dao Sources.

"This should be enough to turn your artifact into a peak Supreme Innate Treasure, but be careful that your sect doesn't force you to hand it over."

"I won't let them," Zhen Biyu nodded with determination. She was more confident with her mission as a double-spy with the artifact once this thing evolved to the next level. And if she could somehow get the resources for a second evolution, that would be ideal.

"That's good to hear."

"However, I'm now more indebted to you."

"I'm sure one day, I'll need you to return the favor," Wang Wei stated. "Now, let's put on a little show to increase these people's trust in you."

## Chapter 1223 The Lawless Zone

Zhen Biyu opened her eyes, and Wang Wei's projection manifested before them. They glanced at each other briefly before Wang Wei started speaking.

"I'm glad to see you too, but I'm not here for pleasantries. Do you remember the favor you owe me? Well, I'm here to —"

Bang!

The space around him trembled, and everything turned black and white. He immediately noticed someone teleported the room to another space. Wang Wei raised his head to see a Yin-Yang Formation above his head, and his expression turned ugly.

"You betrayed me?"

"Tchh, this guy is the destined one?" said an annoying and arrogant voice. "Fate is blind to choose such a stupid person."

"We are all humans and make mistakes," said a calm and peaceful voice. "There is no need to judge something for something uncontrollable."

Two people entered the room, followed by a hundred more behind them. The arrogant voice was a young man with short red hair, permanent smudge, and an overall punchable face. The other was a middle-aged man in a blue Taoist robe and a blindfold. It appeared he was cultivating a technique that required him to block his sight.

Wang Wei observed these two with an angered face. "Two Emperors and their cultivation are both 85%. 20 Emperors, ranging from 15% to 69%, and many other path cultivators.'

The red-haired young man spit on the floor. "I'll judge if I want to, and this guy is useless. At least his face is handsome — he has that going for him. Unfortunately, I hate pretty boys the most, so your life will be hell once I get my hands on you."

Wang Wei ignored him and looked at Zhen Biyu with fiery eyes. "No one has ever betrayed me and gotten away with it. Mark my word — you'll regret this."

"Stupid bastard," he yelled before punching forward, releasing a maelstrom of red flame. However, his attack was useless as Wang Wei's body rapidly disappeared. "A projection? How is that possible?"

"Remarkable," the blind priest remarked. "My Hollow Eyes could not detect it was a projection."

"Damn it. Scatter around and search for his original body; it might be close," the red-haired youth yelled, and all his men followed orders. He also flew away, using all detecting means he knew to scan the surrounding territories. In a short period, the team covered an area about a hundred thousand times more extensive than the lower dimension, but they did not find Wang Wei.

"Fuck, this is all your fault," the red-hair yelled, pointing at Zhen Biyu.

"He bypassed your surveillance, and I had to call you secretly, but it's fault — that makes sense," she replied straight-faced.

"Are you trying to be snarky with me?" The red hair released his powerful aura, trying to suppress her.

"Enough!" The priest stopped his companion's actions. "This bastard knows Zhen Biyu is a rare talent sawed by both factions, but he does something stupid like this. What if he pushes her to those old antiques?"

He cupped his hands to Zhen Biyu. "I apologize on his behalf. This is our mistake and our mistake alone." The blind priest sensed his partner was about to say something stupid again, and he gave him a deep glare, sending chills down his spine. Despite their similar cultivation realm, the red-haired youth knew he was weaker than the latter.

"It's fine," Zhen Biyu. "Let's return to the sect and report the situation." She then pretended to pause before saying: "Let's go slow."

"Is there a reason?"

"Wang Wei is a vindictive person, and he refuses to suffer any losses. He might attack us on our way back."

"Is that so? Then, we will do as you say."

Soul Network Space:

"She's quite good at this job," Wang Wei stated as he watched everything from the shadows. He condensed one of his Spirit Particles into a clone and sent it to harass this group during their return.

He then reviewed the information Zhen Biyu gathered before sending it to his guards to archive. He teleported away to his next destination: the Lawless Zone. The entrance to this bizarre area was a massive purple black hole. Wang Wei immediately felt a weird aura emanating from it, and after brief observation, he allowed the gravity pull to suck him in.

As soon as Wang Wei appeared on the other side, he sensed a terrifying pressure weighing on him. "This power!" He summoned his Dao Protector Puppet and observed the effect. "The puppet can only use peak Empyrean Strength." This was in line with what he knew about the Lawless Zone.

This place forbids strength higher than Empyrean, meaning their strength would be limited even if a Primal Paragon came here.

'I understand why this place became a place to hide from the top powerhouses of the world,' Wang Wei commented. 'However, I wonder whether this place will have the same effect on Half-Step Transcendence.' The Lawless Zone has existed for a long time, so long that no records of its origin are left. As such, there are many rumors about how this place came to be, and the most popular theory is True Heavenly Dao created this place as a haven for loose cultivators and balanced out the top lineages of the world.

Wang Wei did not believe in this theory. In his opinion, True Heavenly Dao operates much more cruelly in the upper dimension, meaning it would not care if top lineages hoard all the wealth and resources — especially if they keep cultivating top talents and cultivators.

Wang Wei put away the puppet and looked at his surroundings. He was in a desolate field with dark red earth. The world around him was not clear but slightly dark, and it was not due to the purple sun above his head. 'Hmm? Someone with karmic ties with me is here?' He closed his eyes to focus on the thread. 'Empyrean Black Heart? Oh, bastard. Your time of reckoning is coming.' He still remembered one of the few times he came so close to death, and it was all due to that bastard.

'Previously, I had to rely on someone else's name to deal with you, but now, the situation will be reversed,' Wang Wei sneered. He focused on his surroundings and immediately picked on clashing sounds more than three hundred light-years away. His divine sense scanned the area and noticed two people fighting.

A black mantis over five meters tall was slashing a woman with long dark hair more than two meters long. She tried to resist, but it was futile, as the opponent's slashes were too fast.

"That's what you get, you lowly mist life. You should have died with your creator," the mantis yelled before leaving a severe wound on the woman. Then, a ruthless light flashed in her eyes.

"The Grandmist Gang will not perish," she roared. Her hair turned into snakes that bound the mantis before exploding herself, taking him out with her. Wang Wei calmly watched everything before shifting his gaze to a dozen more battles in his vicinity.

'A chaotic place indeed,' Wang Wei thought. He changed his appearance, reducing his aura, making his face more fierce with a scar on his left eye, and transforming his clothes to appear more ordinary.

He raised his hand to summon an ox demon that had just won a victory against another creation lifeform from the Grandmist Gang. Wang Wei searched his soul and learned two important pieces of news: he was from the Bloodline Gang and was in the midst of a war with the Grandmist Gang. Secondly, if he wanted to get detailed news of the Lawless Zone, buying it from the Dark Cloud Pavillion was best.

'Where to go next?'

Wang Wei calmly eradicated the ox demon, who was only on par with a Saint, before teleporting away to an enormous city floating in the void. He frowned as he pondered whether to enter through the regular entrance or secretly break through the formation covering the city. After hesitating for a few seconds, he decided to stay low-key.

He rushed to the entrance and waited in the short line. Less than ten minutes later, it was his turn. Two Dao Rulers stood guard at the gate, and one had heterochromia. He glanced at Wang Wei and frowned. After a few seconds, he motioned to his partner, who asked for the lowest fee.

Wang Wei paid the Dao Source before entering. The first thing that popped into his mind was a city of sin. Ninety percent of mortal cultivators he saw were full of karmic sins, and the only reason it was not the same for the others was because they were immortals and had higher immunity to karmic sins. Even then, some had a red cloud hanging above their heads.

Wang Wei headed directly to the city's center. Flying and teleportation were prohibited, so he had to pay for more than five teleportation arrays to reach his destination. He cursed these black-hearted criminals who designed things purposely to make more money. His destination was a towering building that surpassed the artificial clouds.

'For a place that mainly sells information, it sure is eye-catching,' Wang Wei thought.

## Chapter 1224 The Lawless Zone's Political Landscape

Wang Wei entered the Dark Cloud and met with a beautiful female receptionist. After glancing at him, she checked something, and a slight surprise flashed in her eyes.

"A noble guest," she said with a bright smile. Their pavilion treated all Emphyreans with the utmost respect.

"Are you, by any chance, a VIP?" she asked

"No."

The receptionist jolted something down on a piece of paper. "Do you have a membership card? If not, do you want to apply for one? The price is only a small fee paid every 10,000 years, and you get a discount on all our services."

"No, thank you," Wang Wei refused. She nodded and kept her gentle smile.

"Are you a buyer or applicant?"

"Buyer."

"What are you here for? Assassination, Mission, or Information?"

"Information," Wang Wei replied. The receptionist finished writing before handing him a talisman. "Someone on the 11th floor will be waiting for you." Wang Wei activated the talisman, and he disappeared from the first floor. The smile on the receptionist's face disappeared.

'Is that a new Emphyrean?' If that person was not hiding their appearance, it meant a new powerhouse had entered the Lawless Zone. 'Based on what he does, the current situation might be shaken. She immediately reported this news to her superior before attending to the next person in line.

Wang Wei found himself in a well-decorated room with beautiful vases and paintings. A middle-aged man dressed in flowing green and an infectious smile awaited him. "The name's Tang Yi and it's my pleasure to serve your excellency."

"Emphyrean Restless," Wang Wei replied succinctly.

'An odd title which can mean many things,' Tang Yi thought. "Please, sit in. I've served tea." Wang Wei immediately noticed this room did not have cushions and a small table, but two comfortable chairs and a medium-sized table. It felt like he was at a restaurant instead of a personal meeting, but there was still a sense of intimacy to the decor.

"I'll be straightforward," Wang Wei said after sitting, not touching the tea or snacks. "I just arrived here and need to know who not to offend."

"You've come to the right place," Tang Yi replied. "The most powerful forces are the 1 Hidden Master, 2 Kings, 3 Pavilions, 4 Gangs, and 5 Demons. These forces have the highest combat powers and the highest number of powerhouses, and they control most of the resources. You can join them but must avoid them if you want to remain independent." Tang Yi closely observed all of Wang Wei's reactions.

"Interesting name, but it would have been better if they went to nine."

"There used to be 6 Halls, but not long ago, it was revealed that one person secretly controlled all of them, and he died, so the other forces divided his assets."

"Oh? Who is so capable?" Wang Wei asked.

"A man named Gu Xuan."

"The one who cultivated Deception Dao?"

"You know him?" Tang Yi asked.

"He has some fame on the outside."

"I see."

Wang Wei was not surprised that Gu Xuan had his own power in this place. As a Dao Monarch, he was on the list of people to be hunted down; this place was the only way to hide. He even knew that Gu Xuan had left his treasure for re-cultivation in this place. However, he did not know the exact details of Gu Xuan's power since Wang Wei only had his partial memories.

"How much do I need to pay for detailed news on information about these factions?"

"How detailed are we talking about?" Tang Yi.

"The highest level your pavilion is allowed to sell."

"That will be costly," Tang Yi replied, rubbing his hands.

"I'm good for the money."

Tang Yi pondered briefly before mentioning an absurdly high price. Wang Wei did not hesitate to pay – no bargaining whatsoever.

'This sucker must be a nouveau rich, spending money like it means nothing,' Tong Yi thought. Little did he know that Wang Wei did not care about the money because it would return to him a hundredfold after conquering this place.

"Excuse me," Tong Yi went to a backroom and returned with a talisman half a minute later. Wang Wei used his divine sense to receive the information it contained. His first major observation was how little information about the Dark Cloud Pavilion this thing contained, which made sense they would not sell themselves out. His second observation was about the Hidden Master.

"Why is there so little known about this Hidden Master?" Wang Wei asked. There were no pictures, information about his realm, or even his Dao. The only information was that whenever the Time Eater came to this place to clean it up, the Hidden Master would appear and band everybody together to deal with him. Afterward, he would disappear and never show his face to the world.

"I'm sorry, but this is the only information that our pavilion is willing to sell about the Hidden Master," Tang Yi swiftly replied, his face showing genuine regret. Their pavilion did not even have much information about this person, so there wasn't much to sell in the first place.

Wang Wei nodded. "What about independent powerhouses? Is there anyone I should be wary of?"

"There are a few. Although they don't have a large force behind them, their fighting prowess is top-notch," said Tong Yi. "Do you want news about them?"

"Yes."

"A moment."

Wang Wei then paid an exorbitant price before receiving the talisman. He stood up. "Well, thank you for your service."

"Wait," Tong Yi said before handing him a purple card. "This is our VIP Card. Next time you arrive, someone from the 12th floor will serve you. Additionally, the card comes with a free mansion."

Wang Wei took the card and received the information it contained before calmly putting it away and leaving. His new house was in a prime area near the pavilion, meaning he did not have to travel too far. The card served as the control center of the mansion's formations, so Wang Wei took control of them.

'They should have done a better job monitoring this place,' he thought. He removed all the flaws in the mansion's formations and the ones on the VIP card. Wang Wei found a room he liked and settled down.

'Let's get some more information.' He used his Baxian Turtle Shell to divine more information on these factions and their leaders — especially for the Dark Cloud Pavilion.

'The effect of my divination has dramatically decreased in this place,' Wang Wei complained. 'But even so, it's odd that I found nothing about this Hidden Master.' He was not satisfied with the result of the divination, but it still provided him with crucial detail/information.

'The best place to start is with either the 2 Kings or the 5 Demons,' Wang Wei thought, and after analyzing everything, he chose his first target — the Barbarian King.

'The man is simple and lives his life by the creed that strength is above everything. So, as long as I can defeat him, he will willingly become my follower,' Wang Wei concluded. Now that he had a plan, it was time to execute. However, he did not immediately leave this city.

Instead, he spent the next few days traveling around this city, observing and leaving the seeds for when he conquered the Dark Cloud Pavilion. Once that was done, he headed for the Battle Colosseum, ruled by the Barbarian King.

After flying quite a distance from the city, Wang Wei stopped and turned around. His gaze focused in one specific direction, and a group of people appeared after a minute.

"So, you found us?" said a petite woman, accompanied by a thin man beside her and a dozen more individuals behind them. "It seems we underestimate your capabilities."

Wang Wei looked at this group composed of two Emphyreans and a few more Great Emperors. He did not care for them since the highest cultivation was the woman with a 73% Grand Dao Source comprehension. However, he detected a strange aura from them.

The petite woman frowned, displeased at his lack of response. However, she controlled herself for the sake of the mission. "Our Pavilion Master would like a meeting."

Wang Wei did not answer, focusing on these people's strange aura. His intuition told him it was valuable information once he figured it out.

"Are you not going to give our Pavilion Master face?" The woman asked in a grave tone while releasing an intense killing intent.

"How annoying," Wang Wei uttered before his soul released a fluctuation that knocked out all these people. He immediately searched their souls, and as expected, they had restrictions. However, by all standards, these restrictions were sub-par in quality despite containing the power of a peak Emphyrean.

Wang Wei pondered briefly before placing a Deceiving Heaven Array in these people's Sea of Consciousness to deceive their master from knowing when he breaks and replaces the restriction in their souls. Once that was done, it was easy for him to search their memories before enslaving all of them.

"Master," said the petite woman while kneeling in the void. The other people followed him.

## Chapter 1225 The Battle Colosseum

"So, that's why their auras are so weird," Wang Wei commented, finally figuring out the puzzle. "So many talented individuals: it seems I made the correct decision to come here." He glanced at his new subordinates and started beating them up. He then handed a talisman with access to his strength to the petite woman before disappearing.

The petite woman then secretly led the group back to the pavilion; they immediately entered a secret room to activate a formation. "Pavilion Master," they all saluted as they knelt on one knee.

"Things didn't go well?" asked a hoarse voice hidden by a black mist.

"We have failed you."

"How strong is he? Do you have a reference?" The Dark Cloud Pavilion Master asked.

"He defeated us with such ease, I'm guessing a minimum of 80%."

"Guess?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but it was truly an overwhelming defeat."

"Is that so?" the shadowy figure muttered. "One last question: why are you still alive?"

"He wanted us to send a message," the petite woman replied.

"A message? What a bold fellow," the pavilion master sneered, not hiding his slight irritation.  
"What message?"

The petite woman hesitated.

"Speak."

The hesitation did not abate.

"Do you want me to repeat myself?" the pavilion master asked sternly.

So, she quickly answered: "He said the next time you people play such tricks on him, he will burn our pavilion down."

The Pavilion Master laughed, his voice containing a hidden chill. "I can't remember the last time an overconfident brat has entered this place." He exhaled deeply. "Maybe this is good news. We've been a little too quiet lately and I need someone to make an example of."

"You're dismissed, and don't forget to head to the Law Enforcement for your punishment."

"Yes, Pavilion Master."

The communication ended, leaving the mysterious figure alone with his thoughts. "I need to start moving." The Dark Cloud Pavilion's current situation was not ideal, especially compared to the other pavilions. The Azure Sky Pavilion sells weapons, talismans, and special ores. The Green Earth Pavilion's primary focus is pills and spiritual herbs. Both these people control over 90% of the market.

The Dark Cloud Pavilion's primary service is information and assassination, and they also control the market. However, the nature of their work was different from the others. Resources are rare in this desolate place, so the other pavilions could only do business because of their secret connection to the outside world. However, the Dark Cloud Pavilion did not have to rely on the outside for their work.

This fact was previously a great advantage to them. After all, they did not need to risk trips to the outside world for their business to continue. Sadly, fate was not on their side. The situation on the outside drastically changed, leading to fewer people coming to the Lawless Zone and more people leaving.

The other pavilion's business became easier to conduct, leading to a drastic increase in profit. The Pavilion Master even suspects these pavilions have already established a footing in the outside world, preparing to possibly leave this place. Meanwhile, he's stuck here.

His information network was useless on the outside, and his previous attempts at establishing one failed miserably. The situation has reached the point where he needs to make drastic changes to maintain his power and maybe even increase it.

...

Wang Wei soon arrived before a floating continent with a towering pagoda at the center. 'These people seem to enjoy tall buildings,' Wang Wei remarked. There were no entrance guards or fees, so

he casually entered; the process was easy as the formation did not even stop him. However, Wang Wei immediately felt another formation scanning his body.

Once that was done, a few characters appeared above his head: [Empyrean. Victory: 0. Loss:0]  
Then, a spatial power enveloped him, teleporting him to the east side of the continent. Wang Wei looked around, and everyone was the same, with their cultivation and win-loss ratio written above their heads.

'The information so far is correct. The east side is for immortal cultivators, and the west side is for mortals,' Wang Wei thought. He suddenly took a deep breath and inhaled. 'The energy in the environment can accelerate healing, but it also makes it easier for people to be violent and start fights. This Barbarian King truly worshiped the art of combat.'

"Hey, you over there."

"Yes?" Wang Wei replied.

"I like your clothes. Give them to me," said a middle-aged man with a lion mane for a beard.

Wang Wei looked above his head: [Empyrean. Victory: 3134. Loss: 12.]

"No," he declined.

"Ballsy, aren't you? I like your kind. Come, let's decide the ownership of your clothes with combat," the middle-aged man declared with a grin. "Do you want Regular or Killing Battle?" In this place, you cannot refuse another person's challenge unless you're a [Titled] individual, in which case only other people with titles can challenge you. Of course, people with higher cultivation can challenge lower cultivation, but only in regular combat.

"I choose Killing Battle."

The middle-aged man's smile froze. "Do you understand what you're doing?"

"I do," Wang Wei nodded. "After killing you, I can inherit everything that belongs to you, including your house, wives, and resources, and even your dead body will now be my property."

The middle-aged man turned red. Most people will choose regular battles unless they have deep animosity. He only wanted to take this bastard's clothes as a welcoming ceremony to this place. He did not expect to meet a madman.

'Where does his confidence come from?' he thought with gritted teeth. 'No matter. I'm confident in my victory, and I'll make sure he regrets his choice.' Anyway, it's not like he can decline this fight, especially since he's the one who initiated it.

"Fine." As soon as he uttered these words, the surroundings changed. A force suddenly appeared and teleported them to a desolate world with a red sun and no life in sight. The middle-aged man rushed toward Wang Wei immediately after the teleportation process ended, using his knowledge and experience in this place to his advantage.

Boom!

Wang Wei slapped him, and a loud cracking sound echoed in the sky, followed by a large explosion as the middle-aged man crashed on the ground. Wang Wei appeared next to him, looking at him with cold and indifferent eyes.

"Mer...mer...cy."

"No problem, but you must be my follower from now on," Wang Wei bargained.

"O...okay."

Wang Wei pointed at his forehead before releasing a blue light. However, he soon frowned. 'A restriction? Moreover, it's odd. Although its power is only at the Empyrean Level, its essence is much higher. What's more, this one contains a slight Innate aura — is the restriction from a Heaven Primarch, or maybe, a Supreme Chaos Treasure?'

Wang Wei analyzed the situation swiftly. He looked at the middle-aged man. "Why did you surrender when you already belong to someone else?"

"I do?"

"You didn't know?"

The middle-aged man shook his head.

'It seems the Barbarian King was not some brute that only cared about fighting. He must have been secretly building his power to ensure his position in this place.'

"Please, don't kill me."

"Don't you have any pride?" Wang Wei suddenly asked.

"What is pride worth? There is hope for me as long as I'm alive."

'I forgot these cultivators in the upper dimension don't have as much pride as the lower dimension because of how accessible the Emperor Path is,' Wang Wei commented.

"Alright, I'll spare you. Now, hand over the key to your house and access to all your resources."

"Thank you." The middle-aged man handed him a space ring, and after checking it, Wang Wei nodded. His surroundings changed again, and they returned to the Colosseum. His victory increased by one, and Wang Wei flew away. He fought four more people to check their souls, and two had secret restrictions.

He headed to the center of this continent, where the pagoda was located. The middle-aged man was less than 2000 victories away from meeting the requirement to enter the pagoda.

Additionally, he was strong enough to buy housing close to the tower. Although it was not as good as those people with 4000 or 5000 victories who could live directly next to the pagoda, it was decent. After entering the house, he found more than a dozen women waiting for them.

They were slightly surprised by his presence, but that was the extent of their reaction. "Master," they bowed to him, speaking fluently without hesitation. One of them stepped forward. "What is it you desire today?"

Wang Wei observed her, and he could immediately detect a strong emotion — worry. 'She must have been the favorite, and now, she's worried whether she will lose her position.'

He took a moment to think about what to do with these women. Releasing them would only mean they would become someone else's property. 'Let's just keep them until I take over this place. Then, I can fight for a better way for them to survive.'

"How many of you know how to cook? And I mean, truly know how to cook," he asked. A slight majority raised their hands. "Cook me your best dish; you can use the best materials around."

## Chapter 1226 Long Way To Go

A few hours later, Wang Wei was casually eating these women's food. He did not care nor had any expectations. He gave them a task as a way to psychologically comfort them since he knew they would feel useless if he ignored or completely dismissed them. And in this terrifying place, being useless meant they would be killed, discarded, or even worse, traded as goods to someone else.

"Hmm?" Wang Wei uttered after taking a bite in one of the dishes. He focused and ate even more. "This is delicious even by my standards." He added the meat to the rice and took a bite. "They perfectly combine, and the taste even elevates each other." He drank the soup next, and his eyes shone even brighter: "A three-piece combination meal?"

Wang Wei quickly finished the meal before summoning the woman who made it. He looked at a thin woman with large eyes that had lost their luster. She had shoulder-length black hair and a mole underneath her eyes, and her body smelled of naturally alluring herbs — she was an unconventional beauty.

"What's your name?"

"Chen Zhilan," she replied while secretly holding the corner of her green dress.

"Where did you learn to cook like this?"

"I...I cultivate Food Dao."

Wang Wei shook his head. "You're only a Quasi-Emperor, so even with such a unique Dao, it's impossible for your cooking to reach such a level unless you're an unparalleled genius. Are you an unparalleled genius?"

Chen Zhilan lowered her head.

"You can tell me the truth," Wang Wei reassured. "Unlike your predecessor, I have no desire to... take advantage of the weak."

"Are you going to abandon us?" Chen Zhilan quickly asked. Such a fate might be worse for them. Their previous owner might be a bastard, but he was not one of those sick bastards who used them to fulfill his demonic desires.

"No, I'll find a better and more peaceful life for the rest of you," Wang Wei reassured. "However, if any of you have talents or abilities I appreciate, life will be much easier for you once I leave this place."

Chen Zhilan was silent for a few seconds before saying: "I understand."

"Can you answer my question now?"

She still briefly hesitated before telling the truth, "I had a master who was, in fact, an unparalleled genius. With his Food Dao, he became an Everlasting Emphyrean in record times. His skill even reached the level where he could make food beneficial to Paragons as long as he had the material and enough time."

Chen Zhilan became teary.

"I'm guessing fate was not kind to him," Wang Wei said as he waved his hand to manifest a handkerchief for her.

"Sadly," she nodded. "The Moons heard of him and came for him. Some wanted to eradicate him, while others wanted to use his gift. In the end, the Blood Dragon took him away, and I've never heard from him since."

'She's not an Immortal, and her lifespan is limited, so this should have happened recently, probably between a million to a few billion years.' Wang Wei leaned on the latter because the main events that occurred in the past few million years mainly involved the lower dimension. If anything had happened before, his guard should have records of it.

"What happened to you afterward?"

"Many of the master's apprentices died or scattered during the confrontation," Chen Zhilan explained. "I was one of the lucky ones who escaped. " She wiped out her tears. "Life was hard after that, but with my cooking, I could live a decent life even in hiding. Unfortunately, I was caught by Slave Traders and brought to this place, and ..."

"I understand," Wang Wei nodded. "Well, you don't have to worry anymore. I'll even help you find your master."

"Thank you for the offer, but I doubt he's still alive."

'She's not that bright, is she?' Wang Wei thought. 'Maybe just ignorant.'

"You said your master was an Everlasting Emphyrean, correct?"

"That's right."

"In that case, he's definitely alive. After all, you remembered him, didn't you?" Wang Wei explained. Chen Zhilan looked at him with shock. "That's right. How can I forget about that?" Then, she started to sob again as she sat on the floor.

"What is it?" Wang Wei asked while helping her up.

"I spent so many years mourning him," she replied with tears and snot on her face. "I even built him an ancestral shrine. Do you think he's going to be mad at me?"

"I'm sure he'll understand," Wang Wei reassured. 'Poor girl, all that trauma must have severely affected her spirit.' His mind released a unique fluctuation, making Chen Zhilan pass out as her body and mind completely relaxed. Then, her body flew to her room.

"What a strange girl," Wang Wei shook his head as he walked to his room. However, he suddenly stopped. 'I did something on a whim but found a pair of talented master disciples with a rare Food Dao? Is my luck this good?'

His Essence Flower Ability required him to consume delicious food, which was a welcome surprise. However, Wang Wei felt something suspicious. His luck was excellent, but many good things happened recently, meaning it was time for him to calm down.

'Could it be that fate realized it might be a while before I can taste the future wife's food and sent me a temporary replacement?' Wang Wei thought but soon shook his head. 'It loved me, but not to this extent.'

He looked at Chen Zhilan, peacefully sleeping, and his eyes changed. 'Hmm? She's related to Xu Junyao?' Wang Wei's lips twitched as he put the pieces together. He had a [Fated Love] connection with Xu Junyao, meaning they must experience many events to build an emotional bond naturally. Chen Zhilan and her master are part of those events.

Wang Wei exhaled deeply. "It's horrifying if you think about it logically." For this event regarding his love life, Fate involved three Emphyreans and a Paragon (Blood Dragon) as the primary participants. The power of the participants is not even the most impressive aspect; the scale of Fate's operation is.

Wang Wei, Xu Junyao, Chen Zhilan's master, and Blood Dragon are only four individuals in an infinitely large world. Fate has absolute control over the mortals of this world and weaves its influence amongst all the cultivators — who are considered Gods and Demons. Moreover, the Eternal Ascension World is only one world amid the infinite worlds in the Chaos Universe.

Wang Wei suddenly felt or realized how tiny he was. His fate manipulation is a joke compared to the River of Fate or its guardian/manager — the Adjudicator of Fate.

'There is no need to beat myself down,' he thought, inhaling and exhaling to calm down. 'This only means I have a long way to go to attain my freedom.'

"Look, he has an invincible streak."

"That's nothing. It will only be impressive if he can keep it while battling the tower."

The next day, Chen Zhilan woke up refreshed, having had the best sleep since her master's disappearance. She quickly went to apologize to Wang Wei for how she behaved yesterday, and the latter reassured her. After breakfast, Wang Wei warned the other women — who were already displaying hidden jealousy toward Chen Zhilan — before leaving to start his challenge.

According to the rules, as long as a cultivator in this continent leaves their house — considered a sacred and protective place — they must experience a minimum of five battles and a maximum of 1000 battles. Wang Wei challenged all the Emphyreans, but there were only 210 of them. He was not surprised since most of them had already entered the pagoda. Regardless, he won his matches as quickly as possible — usually with one punch. After that, he challenged the Dao Rulers, which was even easier and quicker. Although a few Insurgents were among them, most were just regular Dao Rulers. In fact, they exercised their right to give up this battle once they encountered Wang Wei, and he was okay with it since it still counted as his win. In five days, Wang Wei met the requirements and took everyone from his room to enter the Pagoda. As soon as he stepped inside, a golden crown condensed above his head, alarming everyone in the lobby. Wang Wei sensed countless gazes focusing on him, but he remained calm.

"Someone who's going to get a [Title]?" murmured an Emperor on the corner.

"Look, he has an invincible streak."

"That's nothing. It will only be impressive if he can keep it while battling the tower."

"Look at this man's face. I think he might keep it."

"Keep dreaming. Only a few people can remain undefeated as they climb the tower, and they all lose that streak anyway after fighting the Barbarian King," sneered another bystander.

"Either way, I have a good feeling about this one, so I'll bet on him."

"That's what you said, but the person you chose was defeated on the third floor."

"I'm telling you, my intuition is telling me this person is the real deal."

Wang Wei calmly observed and listened. An administrator from the pagoda came to lead him to a private room.

## Chapter 1227 The Barbarian King

Wang Wei sat comfortably in a chair with a list in his hands, which contained the resources he could exchange in this Battle Pagoda. As someone with 5000 victories, he's entitled to 5000 Battle Points and an additional 5000 points for a perfect winning streak.

'Most of the resources are not rare. However, the fact he could get his hands on them in this place, and possibly on a large scale, is proof of the Barbarian King's ability,' Wang Wei commented.

'However, a few things are eye-raising.' He saw Heaven Wills on the list as exchangeable resources. 'Could this place also give birth to Heaven Wills?' He immediately denied this. If this were true, the top lineages would do everything they could to conquer this place.

'Maybe he has deep connections, including with the pavilions,' Wang Wei summarized. His eyes shifted to what genuinely caught his attention on the list. "What is the effect of the Battle Temple?" He was curious since this was the priciest thing on the list, requiring Battle Points per hour to access.

"I'm sorry, sir, but only people on the fourth floor are privy to this information," replied a well-mannered woman with blue hair, a white robe, and a reassuring smile.

"That's fine. Anyway, let's get this over with."

"It's good to be confident," the receptionist replied with a businesslike smile. After reviewing footage of your battles, we've granted you the title [Domineering Fist]."

'Cliche, and a little bit cringe, but that's fine since it's not that important in the grand scheme of things,' Wang Wei thought.

'No reaction?' thought the receptionist. "Do you want to climb immediately or rest in the housing area?"

"I have some people with me, so let's rest first."

"As you wish."

Someone led Wang Wei to a mansion on this floor. He let all these women stay there while he observed the house. He sensed something, so he closed his eyes.

'This house provides a small blessing to comprehending the Grand Dao Source,' he analyzed. 'I'm starting to get a bigger picture of the Barbarian King.'

The next day, Wang Wei started his first match on the first floor. According to the rules, he might have to experience one or multiple battles to determine whether to ascend to the second floor, and the exact criteria are unknown to anyone. Although this seems unfair, Wang Wei had no complaints.

His first opponent was a strange Dao Ancestor Insurgent who held a shield in his left hand and a curved sword in his right with the title of [The Elusive Guard]. The two stared at each other as a number manifested between Heaven and Earth to serve as a countdown.

3... 2.... 1... Begin.

Wang Wei appeared before the man and punched him. "Hmm? You actually evaded it?" Although he was not trying, not just anybody could evade his attack. "How did you do it?" The Elusive Guard's body trembled as these two gray eyes looked at him up and down; he felt naked as all his secrets became an open book.

"Reading the electrical impulses of my body to predict my movements? No, not just the electrical impulses, but a unique aura that they create," Wang Wei uttered, "Quite the decent technique." Wang Wei moved, and before his opponent could react, he knocked him out. His win ratio increased, and after waiting for a few seconds, he ascended to the second layer.

In this battle, he faced an Insurgent Immortal Sovereign with a unique Qi called the Immortal Army Qi, which allowed him to summon a large quantity of Immortal Venerables. Of course, someone of Wang Wei's caliber does not care about numbers. However, this Qi was not so simple as it allowed its user to fuse these summons into more powerful entities, and the summons were immortal as long as their summoners were alive, conscious, and had enough Qi. Additionally, the summons also had decent techniques similar to the first floor.

This battle was more tedious than challenging. The pagoda's power hid the whereabouts of the summoner, forcing Wang Wei to fight a few rounds before he found his opponent and ended the charade. On the third floor, he faced an assassin. They fought in a misty space, and the environment was designed to give his opponent the advantage.

On the fourth layer, Wang Wei headed directly to the Battle Temple. He found himself before a large bronze mural with drawings of people fighting. The mural had no easily discernible aura, but it felt ancient and powerful. Wang Wei closed his eyes and immediately felt his mind even more active than usual; ideas and thoughts flashed around at an alarming speed.

'So, that's what it is,' Wang Wei thought with a smile. 'I've been thinking about improving my techniques, and Fate sends me this place.' The Battle Temple's sole purpose was to help people create better techniques or battle skills; that's why the previous challengers all had decent techniques despite mostly being loose cultivators with no foundation and not being unparalleled geniuses.

Wang Wei lost himself in the act of upgrading his techniques when he was suddenly interrupted. "Not enough Battle Points? What a shame." He was annoyed that he had to stop; the process of creating/upgrading his technique was never so fluent, smooth, and daresay — easy.

He exhaled: 'No need to be upset. Once I defeat the Barbarian King, this place will be mine to use as I see fit.' After knowing what was waiting for him, Wang Wei speed ran through the next challenges. He had to face Empyrean from the seventh floor and battle more than once before ascending, but nothing could stop him. The only battle he paid attention to was on the ninth floor when he faced a series of battle puppets, the last one of which even forced him to use 50% of his strength.

After passing the ninth floor, the pagoda became lively. It's been a while since someone had reached the tenth floor, meaning the Barbarian King hadn't displayed his might in a while. So, this battle suddenly became grandiose. Everyone in the pagoda and outside gathered to experience this major event. People bet on who was going to win, and of course, the majority favored the Barbarian King. The official gambling hall of the pagoda focused on specific bets, for example, how long will Wang Wei last. Or whether he'll be able to injure the Barbarian King in the slightest.

Wang Wei floated in the air with his arms crossed, ignoring all the whispers outside. He was interested in an opponent like the Barbarian King, and luckily, he did not have to wait long. A space crack appeared in front of him to spew a towering, muscular man.

The Barbarian King was 3.5 meters, making him a small giant compared to Wang Wei's 1.95 meters. His braided hair made his face fierce but with a hint of suaveness. The Barbarian King wore a simple black robe but did not put on the top, leaving his upper torso bare, showing his intimidating physique. His muscles were so defined that it could be said his muscles had muscles.

Above him, a win-lose ratio of 2349 to 0 manifested. This ratio might appear small, but considering the high requirements for the ninth floor, it was actually impressive that so many people finally received the opportunity to face him.

"Hmm? A Barbarian with a Giant Race bloodline?" Wang Wei commented. "What a strange combination. This battle might be interesting." As soon as he laid eyes on this person, he knew he was a worthy adversary. The Barbarian King was a peak Indestructible Emphyrean that achieved [Limit Indestructibility].

'His Body-Will Fusion is already in the Advanced Stage, one step from perfection,' Wang Wei thought, and his eyes immediately shone. "This man is an unparalleled genius."

"Interesting indeed," The Barbarian King spoke, his voice deep but also reassuring. "I thought this would just be a match to display my power after so long. But you might be a truly worthy opponent."

"I'm honored," Wang Wei said without any signs of respect whatsoever. He released his aura, and the Barbarian King grinned, showing his rows of white teeth before also doing the same. Their aura clash twisted the void, and the crowd watching went wild. The battle countdown ended, and Wang Wei rushed forward.

Boom!

His body flew backward, crashing through a few mountains. He had to use his superb control of force to reduce the attack's effect and stop himself from continuing. He looked at the right side of his body, and it was gone. It calmly regenerated as he sighed.

'As expected,' he sighed. The Barbarian King had reached the peak of 10 Heavens while he was still in the third. Additionally, this monster had the bloodline of the Giant Race while being a barbarian — meaning strength was his strong suit.

The Barbarian King laughed as he appeared before Wang Wei. "You have it! The madness of truly talented body refiners who wish to test the limit of their bodies against anything and anyone. It's been a while since I met another kin."

## Chapter 1228 A Battle of True Will

Wang Wei smiled at this comment. Few body refiners can reach their level without being masochists and mad. After his body regenerated, he clenched his fist. His body had high immunity to all Dao — including the Power Dao. So, he had to deactivate that immunity to test his strength, which is why he was hurt.

However, he was prepared for a real battle after learning about the wide gap between the third and tenth Heavens. He activated all his Grand Dao Boosts. He raised his hand to summon a purple bolt of lightning before throwing them.

The Barbarian King casually swapped the attack away, and Wang Wei appeared before him, plunging his hand into the latter's stomach. He used his five fingers as a spear, and normally, such an attack could pierce a universe, breaking it into two parts. However, it did not even scratch the Barbarian King's skin.

The king responded by dropping his massive elbow on Wang Wei's cranium. The viewers expected to see a headless corpse with blood spilling, but the attack merely created a massive shockwave that destroyed the surroundings. As for Wang Wei? He was perfectly intact.

The two stared at each other before clashing repeatedly. Wang Wei mostly used elemental attacks, while the Barbarian King was direct, using his fist and powerful body to annihilate anyone or anything in his path. After clashing for over a minute, the two stopped. They immediately knew that with their [Limit Indestructibility], no attack would work on each other.

There was only one way to determine the victor: Willpower Manifestation/Dao Will/ True Will. Only this power that negates defense and regeneration can injure them and decide the fate of this battle. As such, red lightning manifested around these two eyes.

'Hmm? I thought he would reject using a Dao Will Artifact,' Wang Wei thought. His initial assessment of the Barbarian King was that he was similar to those headstrong swordsmen of the Extreme Path but for body refining. Such a person should only use Willpower Manifestation and reject the power of True Will despite it being objectively better.

'He's powerful, has a scheming mind, and is not headstrong or pedantic—he's truly a talent.' He was genuinely excited about acquiring such a talent. In the lower dimension, he had to mold the people around him into talents, while the other talents were either his enemy or too prideful to serve under him. But today, he did not have to worry about that.

The Barbarian King went on the offensive with a palm attack. He appeared before Wang Wei and slapped downward with his enormous hand. Wang Wei's eyes squinted before punching. He sensed it as soon as their attacks touched.

The palm contained an invisible swirling power that could grind even a black hole into a fine paste. However, the more impressive aspect of this technique was not its strength but the fact that the Barbarian King's True Will was also rotating at an alarming rate. If Wang Wei was not careful, his True Will would be dispersed, and he would be injured for real.

Unfortunately for the Barbarian King, he met an expert. Wang Wei's True Will seemingly assimilated with his opponent before reverting the rotating force, turning it into a backlash. The Barbarian King's huge body moved with terrifying speed a few kilometers away, and he glanced at a tiny red part of his palm — he was injured.

"I haven't bled since I fought that Old Man," he commented, his voice trying to contain his excitement. Then, he grinned: "It seems I still underestimate you."

'What a quick reaction,' Wang Wei thought. That attack should have pulverized the Barbarian King's entire arm, just like what had happened to him. 'More importantly, his body is unnatural.' After these short clashes, Wang Wei realized the Barbarian King's body was not due to a special physique or bloodline but more so the result of a body refining technique. Unfortunately, the opponent's information was protected by this pagoda, so Wang Wei needed more time to gather and analyze more data.

"You should take this seriously," Wang Wei replied. "Otherwise, you'll suffer, and I won't accept any excuses for your defeat."

"I would never do such a sacrilegious thing and tarnish the sacred art of combat," the Barbarian King responded seriously.

'Sacred? I never thought I would meet someone more battle-hungry than me, Li Jun, or the Monkey,' Wang Wei thought. 'Maybe my ancestor was like this. After all, he chose the Battle Maniac name.'

The Barbarian King's body suddenly lit up as if it were a shining diamond. He slashed his hand downward, managing to generate a sword slash more than ten meters long, heading toward his opponent with unparalleled speed. Wang Wei waved his hand to the side to break the attack, and his eyes squinted.

'That bastard learned my technique,' he thought. The Barbarian King learned his True Will application of melding his power into his opponent to disarm it. Wang Wei was sure he did not know it beforehand, given how he reacted after coming into contact for the first time.

The Barbarian King did not give him time to respond, so he continued. He flew, no, jumped, higher into the sky. As he reached a few kilometers above Wang Wei's head, he landed, and the space underneath his feet caved in. The Barbarian King expertly controlled his strength to bend space-time under his feet. He then used it like a slingshot to shoot himself with immeasurable speed toward Wang Wei.

Wang Wei would have praised such a brilliant body-refining movement technique, but the opponent's speed had reached the same level as him, maybe even slightly higher, so all his focus was on how to react. He did not evade and clashed head-on with a fist of his own.

To the normal viewers, this clash was a confrontation of power or attack potency. However, only a few people and the two involved knew this was a confrontation of their True Wills. This is the deciding factor in a battle with strength that is so close together.

The Barbarian King used a different True Will Technique. This time around, he condensed his True Will to increase its potency before exploding. The explosion should have eliminated the opponent's True Will while also doing great damage to the body.

Unfortunately for him, Wang Wei retaliated with the same condensing approach but executed more brilliantly. The clash of True Will is invisible, undetectable, and indescribable to normal individuals. However, if it were to be expressed in a way for mortals to understand, then it could be summarized as such:

The Barbarian King's condensation was as if he took the tallest mountain possible and crushed/condensed it into a ball the size of an egg before removing the pressure and allowing it to explode. However, Wang Wei's was as if he took the largest star possible and condensed it into a tiny dot.

The result was the Barbarian King's right arm exploding in a pool of blood. However, this injury was nothing. On top of his cultivation talent, the man also had a terrifyingly high Battle IQ. He accepted his loss in the confrontation, and before his arm was entirely blown up, he removed a significant part of the right side of his body to prevent Wang Wei's True Will from remaining inside his body.

The Barbarian King also realized that for an opponent of this caliber, the less than a nanosecond his body needs to regenerate is plenty of time. So, the moment his arm was blowing up and he was protecting himself, he was also making a third move — growing three more limbs from his back.

So, when Wang Wei was about to follow up with a second attack, the Barbarian King's four arms slapped each other, releasing a potent force that pushed the space between him and his opponent, thus separating them by a few hundred light years.

The Barbarian King expected the opponent to be more aggressive and come after him, but Wang Wei stopped and waited for him. The king frowned: "What is this? Pity? Mockery?" His voice did not hide his annoyance.

"Not at all," Wang Wei replied. "I just know this is still not your true pinnacle state, and I want to see and fight you at your best."

"I understand," the king replied, his voice containing a deeper respect for his opponent. "I prepared this technique for the Old Man, but I guess you'll be the first one to see it." This was not the first time the Barbarian King faced an opponent that was exponentially better than him at utilizing their True Will.

After that defeat, he trained his True Will nonstop but felt it was not enough. So, he developed a method that was unique to him to give him an advantage.

[Muscle Will]

An unknown will awakened from the Barbarian King's body to fuse with his True Will. The answer to his problem was that he would win with numbers and raw power since he could not fight with skill against these experts.

'What's going on?' Wang Wei asked himself, extremely baffled. The body could not have another will — especially after starting the Body-Will Fusion. Any will awakening from the body would just be part of someone's Will Manifestation.

'Unless he has two souls, which could make it possible, but it doesn't seem to be the case,' Wang Wei thought as he observed every detail of this technique, trying to figure out its in and out.

His gray eyes lit up, and he saw something. 'This bastard. No wonder his body is so abnormal. Who knew he could think of such a thing.'

## Chapter 1229 A Monster In The Flesh

As the Barbarian King used his technique, Wang Wei was able to notice the changes in his body, allowing him to know why he was such an anomaly and solve a mystery that puzzled him. From what Wang Wei knew, the Giant Race had been extinct for a long time; they existed in a time that could be described as ancient history even by this world's standards.

The current Giant Race is the product of evolved Creation Lifeforms and has nothing to do with its ancestors. So, how did the Barbarian King acquire his bloodline? He could have found a relic or inheritance of the Ancient Giant Race and acquired the bloodline. However, the chances of anything related to them still surviving in the modern era were slim.

The only other explanation is that one of the Barbarian King's distant ancestors had some affairs with the Giant Race, and the Barbarian King accidentally won the bloodline lottery, awakening that Giant bloodline countless Yuan Epochs later.

Such an act already made the Barbarian King special. The Barbarian Race was known for its powerful physiques and talent for body refining, and now, he also had the talent from the Giant Race, who could grow taller and bigger than the Innate Demon Gods and the Fiendgods. However, what truly impressed Wang Wei was what he did with that bloodline.

The Barbarian King's body-refining technique involved using his bloodline to condense a giant clone. He would cultivate that clone to be as big or strong as possible before fusing them into himself; this technique was like an origin cultivator had cultivated hundreds of Dharma Bodies to fuse with.

Wang Wei could tell that the Barbarian King's skin, muscles, flesh, bones, organs, and blood were fused with hundreds of giant clones, turning his physique into the monstrous entity that it is currently.

'One giant already takes so many resources to cultivate, but he fused with hundreds of them,' Wang Wei lamented. 'The Barbarian Race must have dedicated so much effort to train this bastard, but

why was he living in this desolate place?' As soon as he asked his questions, Wang Wei had an answer, so he could only shake his head.

The Barbarian King awakened the will of all the giant clones he had previously absorbed, fusing them into one before combining them into his True Will. The lightning around his eyes was no longer red but purple.

"Now, I'm at my best," the Barbarian King declared.

"Indeed. In that case, let's get this show started." Wang Wei used his [Fate Escape] technique to appear before his opponent and punched him in the stomach. The Barbarian King responded by blocking with his left elbow. This attack was an initial test, so Wang Wei used the previous condensing technique.

As expected, the Barbarian King learned from the previous battle and drastically improved, but he was still not in the same league as Wang Wei. However, he did not need to. His [Muscle Will] made up for the parts he was lacking, allowing him to make up for the gap.

[Invincible Aura]

A golden shade enveloped the Barbarian King's body, and his overall atmosphere changed. Anyone looking at him would know he was a man of indomitable spirit. Yes, he had an invincible battle streak, but that was not why he was invincible. He was invincible because of his nature to never give up no matter the situation; he was invincible because he believed that no one could stop his path forward.

The Barbarian King's power increased since this technique could grant a Grand Dao Boost. He went from a strength of 89.99% of Grand Dao Source to 89.9999%, climbing closer to the strength of the Paragon Realm. His right hand then went directly to Wang Wei's head, but the latter responded appropriately.

[Determinism Aura]

A dark gray hue emanated from his body and enveloped the world, turning into a dark shade. The golden light around the Barbarian King's body faltered as a terrifying feeling of fatalism. The Barbarian King's mind was suddenly full of the idea that a higher power determined everything in his life, and all his accomplishments — including his battle victories — were not the result of his actions or capabilities but determined by fate.

These thoughts almost destroyed his belief system. Luckily, he was a man with incredible willpower, so he soon overcame these thoughts and feelings. Unfortunately for him, the effect of his aura was rendered useless, allowing Wang Wei to evade his punch while counter-attacking with another punch to the chest.

The Barbarian King took a dozen steps back with a hole in his stomach. Wang Wei had finally used the true trump card of his True Will Technique — versatility and change. So, in this attack, his True Will started with a condensing method to lure his enemy into a sense of complacency before turning into a twisting attack, which caught the Barbarian King off guard.

However, the talented body refiner also made the correct choice in this situation. He used his two Wills to force the opponent's power from his body, allowing him to continue this battle. Wang Wei was more aggressive since he was now taking this battle seriously, so he teleported before his opponent and used one of his old techniques.

He gathered vibrations from every aspect of his otherworldly body—his skin, muscles, bones, cells, and even every atom of his existence—and condensed them into a force that he released through his hand. Such an attack should have been devastating, but the Barbarian King had an answer.

A white projection of a Giant manifested behind him, and the creature embraced the Barbarian King as if it were a mother protecting her child. Cracks spread throughout the projection as soon as Wang Wei's fist touched it, but the technique still granted its user a moment of respite as it blocked most of the attack's strength.

Wang Wei's eyes suddenly released a beam of Chaos Flame as a follow-up, and the Barbarian King responded by opening his mouth and swallowing it; his mouth was like its own black hole, and this was not far from the truth. After fusing so many giants, the Barbarian King's body had mutated. His stomach was like a condensed version of a Giant's stomach, meaning it contained its own dimension to make up for the size.

Wang Wei manifested strings that swiftly attached themselves to the Barbarian King's limbs, but the big man escaped this technique by a surprising means. In a matter of less than an attosecond, he shrunk his body to the size of a particle before returning to its original size after escaping the immediate range of the strings.

[War God's Three Talents]

The Barbarian King created three projections/clones with the same strength as him. He decided to use numbers to give himself the advantage in this battle, so he ordered the projections to attack as he waited on the side to assist or make use of an opportunity. The clones immediately surrounded Wang Wei before attacking his head, all their first turning into a lion energy projection.

Boom!

The attack seems to have worked. Upon contact, Wang Wei exploded into a gray mist, but before anyone could rejoice, the mist enveloped the clones. The mist dissipated soon after, leaving an intact Wang Wei and the clones with a mark on their forehead. They then looked at their creators with undisguised malice.

Of course, the Barbarian King tried to secretly disperse his technique, but it was useless.

[Ancestral Roar]

He opened his mouth for a sonic attack with a wide area of effect. Two phantoms—a barbarian and a Giant—manifested behind the Barbarian King and roared along with him. This sonic attack not only released a potent vibrational effect but also contained an oppressive power that wanted to crush everything in its path. It also includes a third characteristic: attacking the mind/spirit/soul.

Wang Wei controlled the three clones to stand before him and combined their strength for one attack, which created a direct path into this terrifying roar. He then manipulated his blood to condense into a spear and threw it through that path.

The Barbarian King's face changed as he sensed an unbelievable penetrating power from that spear. Even the True Will attached to it involved a skill based on penetration. His mind went into overdrive to analyze the situation, and he realized that most of his defensive skills would be instantly pierced.

So, he controlled his body to dissipate his skin, muscles, flesh, blood, and organs, leaving only his bones — which were the hardest part. He raised his bony arms to block the blood spear. For a brief moment, the Barbarian King stopped the attack, proving he made the right choice. Sadly, his opponent was thinking a few moves ahead of him.

The blood spear suddenly exploded into blood needles with the same piercing potential, embedding themselves in all his 365 bones. The Barbarian King's face changed as he realized the severity of his situation. The needles contained scattered True Will, so he immediately tried to remove them.

Unfortunately, there were so many of them that it would take him way too long to deal with every individual one.

The king turned his attention to Wang Wei, who was already before him. As he was about to respond, the blood needles and True Will exploded, temporarily paralyzing him. Then, Wang Wei calmly touched his bones and sealed his power.

"You lose," he declared.

Chapter 1230 MÖngke

"Indeed," the Barbarian King nodded. This feeling is still terrible." He'd only been defeated a handful of times in his life, and it was never a positive experience.

"That's true," Wang Wei nodded.

"You've tested defeat?"

"Once, well, a few times, but only once that I truly acknowledged," he nodded.

"Someone has defeated you? I would love to meet such a talent."

"Dead."

"That makes sense," the Barbarian King nodded. He took a moment to break the seal from his body as he did not like the sense of weakness he was currently feeling. "My intuition tells me you came here for a purpose, so let's talk somewhere private." He punched the air to create a space passage, and Wang Wei followed him.

They soon arrived in a lavish palace, and as soon as they landed, a beautiful woman rushed into the Barbarian King's arm.

"Mongke, are you alright?"

Wang Wei looked at this woman. She wore an elegant dress that reminded him of Mongol Royalty from Earth, especially with the over-the-top headdress. She was taller than him but still looked tiny before the Barbarian King.

'The Barbarian Race's culture and identity resembled Mongolia from Earth. Why is that? Could there be other races inspired by Eastern Asia? What is the connection with Earth? Why is Grand Dao allowing their existence but not other races from the Prehistoric World?' Wang Wei had these thoughts for a while after meeting the Barbarian Twins during Gu Xuan's trial. However, they resurfaced after today's meeting, and he hoped he could find some answers.

"I'm fine," Mongke reassured his wife. He then introduced her to Wang Wei. "This is my main wife, Dulgun."

'Main wife?' Wang Wei thought, but he did not state that out loud. He saluted: "It's a pleasure to meet you, madam."

"You have defeated my husband in combat, meaning you're our honored guest. So, the pleasure is all mine," she saluted back.

"Give us some privacy while I talk to him," Mongke said, and his wife nodded. The Barbarian King led him to a beautiful garden with a waterfall that spewed rainbow-colored water. Wang Wei's eyes lit up since this garden was even more marvelous than the one he built in his court.

"Your wife's work?" he asked.

"It looked so, doesn't it?" Mongke laughed. "But no. I built this place to reduce my bloodlust and calm my mind."

"That's a wise move," Wang Wei praised. It's one thing to love battle but another to be obsessed with it. The two sat down, and Mongke served his best wine reserved for opponents that he respects.

"What did you want to talk about? Before that, I don't even know how to address you."

"The name's Wang Wei, meaning great king."

"I'm Mongke, representing 'eternity' in our language," the Barbarian King replied.

Wang Wei nodded. "I'll be direct. Are you not completely cut off from the outside world?"

"I know what's going on."

"Then you should have heard of the Son of Era or the Destined One?"

"You don't mean?"

"That's right."

"That explains your monstrous talent," Mongke muttered. "So, you came here to hide?"

"No, the opposite. I came to conquer this place," Wang Wei admitted directly, making the Barbarian King squint. He paused briefly before saying:

"I have no issue serving under you," Mongke replied. "However, I have two conditions, one being non-negotiable."

"I'm listening."

"The non-negotiable condition is that my servitude is temporary until we end this era, and you cannot enslave my soul."

Wang Wei squinted his eyes. He mulled it over but did not immediately reject such a condition. "Can I ask why?"

"I am the hope and future of the Barbarian Race," Mongke replied succinctly.

"You're their Primal Paragon Seed?"

"That's right."

Wang Wei grunted softly. The Barbarian Race was not part of any of the [Thirteen Overlords], but they were a top lineage with 1 Primal Paragon. However, if they had a second one, they would meet the minimum requirements for a seat as one of the overlords.

"I can accept your condition, and we can even sign a binding contract," Wang Wei agreed after pondering about it for a while. He considered many things before making this decision, but the crux of the reason he accepted is the Barbarian Race.

Firstly, they acted similarly to the Dao Opening Sect when it came to treating their people — especially their genius. As such, Wang Wei knew there was a high chance these people would go to war with the sect for Mongke — even knowing they had a small chance at winning.

In general, the Barbarian Race is a low-key and pretty isolated faction, probably due to their different culture and customs. As such, they are neutral in most situations or events, but their only enemy is the Primarch Origin Temple—one of the [Thirteen Overlords] composed of the Innate Demon Gods. Their feud started because one of their geniuses was assassinated, and since then, they've been at odds with the Innate Demon Gods. They even formed a loose alliance with the Tribal Sacred Mountain, another Overlord ruled by the Demon Race and enemy of the Primarch Origin Temple.

Wang Wei did not want to make an enemy of the Barbarian Race, even though it may be worth it for Mongke. In the new era coming, Primal Paragons will no longer be the deciding factors of the top factions, but Half-Step Transcendent will. He hasn't known Mongke long enough to determine whether he's talented enough to walk the Path of Transcendence, and forcing him to serve him might ruin his talent. So, he accepted his proposal.

'Having the Barbarian Race as an ally should be very beneficial to the sect,' Wang Wei thought. "What's your second condition?"

"I want the opportunity to personally tear off the Earth Emperor's head," Mongke said with bloodlust in his eyes.

"He's the reason you're here?"

"That's right," Mongke nodded, his eyes containing deep hatred. "The bastard envies my talent, so he first tried to force me to become his son-in-law. When our tribe refused, he found an excuse to persecute us. To save me, the clan had to label me as a traitor and exile me, but even then, the bastard would not let it go. I had to come here to hide."

"Given the fact he might have secretly eliminated some of his talented children, I'm not surprised by this," Wang Wei commented. "Well, I have no issue with this condition. Anyway, whether you kill him or I do is fine by me — as long as he's dead."

"In that case, I'll offer you my strength and talent." Mongke raised his large wine bowls, and Wang Wei followed him. They toast to their new alliance before chugging the bowl down. The next step was to sign the contract, but Mongke said his wife would negotiate the nitty gritty details, and Wang Wei was fine with that.

"Can I ask about this Pagoda?" "You can use it, but you can't have it."

Wang Wei's lips twitched. "I didn't want it; I simply wanted to know its details."

"I see. Well, this is what I received from my [Blessing Ceremony]."

"You received a Supreme Chaos Treasure from your ceremony?"

"That's right."

"No wonder your race has so much faith in you," Wang Wei sighed. The Barbarian Race was not a monolith, meaning they were divided into tribes and different bloodline lines. One thing they had in common was their spiritual practice, which involved worshiping spirits. As such, each Barbarian Tribe had a different Spirit Temple, the most famous ones being the War God Temple, the Wolf Spirit Temple, and the Life Tree Temple.

Every barbarian child between the ages of 0 and 10 must experience a blessing ceremony in one of the temples, which usually increases their luck and talents or allows them to receive gifts from the temple.

Mongke smiled proudly. Stories of his ceremony are still talked about to this day in the clan. Many people even argued that he was responsible for the War God Temple's current domination over the other two.

"Enough with the chit-chat," Wang Wei said. "Tell me your opinion on my attempt to conquer this place."

"Hmm, your biggest obstacle should be the Hidden Master and the Ruthless King," Mongke responded.

"Why is that?"

The Ruthless King will not surrender to anyone, no matter what. His pride is too high, so he won't ever serve under someone else. On top of that, he technically has the biggest force in this place since the Martial Outlaw Gang is one of his hidden powers."

Wang Wei nodded. "What about the Hidden Master?"

"Him? He will only intervene when the Lawless Zone faces an external threat, and he might interpret your actions as such."

"So, what makes him so dangerous?"

"He's a Paragon that survived the cleansing," Mongke said.

"Are you serious?"

"I don't need to lie about such a thing."

"How did he survive? Is he that powerful?" Wang Wei asked.

"I think it has more to do with his hiding abilities," Mongke explained. "From what I know, he always hid once the parasites came to this place together to clean up the hidden Paragons and only fought them individually."

Wang Wei frowned. "What about the Suns?"

"There are no records of them entering this place."

"That's odd."

"Indeed," Mongke nodded.