

F.D Emperor 1371

Chapter 1371 More War Crimes

Five Feathers sat on her throne with a smile on the corner of her mouth. She calmly listened to the reports of the war situation. Overall, their sides were not doing well due to the nature of Undead Phoenix's legions, but she did not mind. It was still possible to sever the connection between the undead legions and him, but it took time and sometimes many resources.

"Hmm?" Five Feathers muttered as she noticed something. "How dare you show up before me." She disappeared and teleported to an area not far from her castle.

"How dare you show up before me after what you did to White Phoenix," Five Feathers said with a terrifying killing intent.

"She's fine, isn't she?" Wang Wei replied. A soul collapse was not enough to kill someone of White Phoenix's caliber, especially since she had access to resources to revive herself.

"Do you think you can deal with our animosity with just a few words?" Five Feathers sneered.

"It seems your new strength has gotten over your head," Wang Wei sneered as he looked her in the eyes. "Did you forget who is in front of you? Do I need to remind you?"

Five Feather's body visibly paused for less than a second before she regained her bearing: "What do you want?" She decided not to bother him since she only faced a projection. After all, killing it won't have much of an effect.

"I came here to warn you," Wang Wei responded directly. "Stop this mass killing of mortals or face the consequences."

"Is this a joke?"

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Wang Wei replied as his eyes turned cold. The killing intent he released was even scarier than the one he used on Undead Phoenix. Killing intent is a unique ability of most cultivators, and it usually forms due to how many people someone has killed. Wang Wei is young compared to most top powerhouses, and his personality that generally solves problems with talking

means he has not killed as many people even compared to some of his peers. So, why was his killing intent so fierce?

There are two answers to that, the first of which is he can access his killing intent as the Myriad Devourer. In that void, he destroyed countless worlds and killed too many people to count. However, most of his experiences as the Devourer are still sealed, meaning it's not the primary source of his killing intent. The main source of power comes from his killing potential. If someone with his strength and mind wishes to kill someone, few people can survive. That's why his killing aura is so intense and potent.

Five Feathers calmly looked at him, not affected in the least. Then, she started laughing maniacally: "You cursed me, and I finally found a way to solve the curse, and you're telling me to stop? Hehehe. I will die either way, so why should I listen to you?"

Wang Wei frowned. He understood better than most how scary someone on the verge of death is, let alone a Paragon with so much power and resources. 'If I don't do something else, this mad woman won't care about my threat.'

"There are plenty of cultivators for you to kill," Wang Wei said.

"Not as much as mortals, and it's harder to form karmic sins from killing them," Five Feathers replied. "Not mentioning how much easier it is to kill mortals."

"That's easy to solve," Wang Wei said. "You just need to manufacture a curse that operates like a plague and ensure it targets only people with cultivation. Such a vile act is enough for you to build negative karma from killing a vast amount of cultivators."

Wang Wei had long made the hard choice of abandoning most of the loose cultivators for the mortals. Most cultivators from a sect or faction have access to longevity resources or can seal themselves to wake up in the next era. Only loose cultivators or people from weak factions have no choice but to kill mortals to extend their lifespan.

So, Wang Wei made the rational decision to abandon these people and save the mortals who are the backbone of the cultivation civilization. As long as they survive, all factions in the world will have a pool of talents, and new loose cultivators can also arise from them.

"A plague curse?" Five Feathers muttered with shining eyes. This was an excellent idea.

"Anyway, I've warned you," Wang Wei continued. "If you don't heed my words, I promise you, no matter the price I have to pay, I'll eliminate you from this earth as soon as possible."

Five Feathers calmly watched the projection disappearing, leaving her to her thoughts. No one knew what she was thinking, but she stayed there for a few seconds before returning to the meeting hall and announcing:

"Summon all the Curse Masters under our control."

The ministers looked at each other, wondering what had happened to the lord, but no one dared ask. Then, someone stepped up and said carefully, "Lord, you recently killed all the Curse Masters." Five Feathers frowned as she remembered she did kill all these rubbishes once they could not find a cure for her.

"In that case, put an announcement outside that we are hiring more of them, and tell the world that I will sign the most restrictive contract to ensure these people's safety."

"As you wish."

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Pure Death Realm, Undead Palace:

Undead Phoenix sat on his throne, releasing a terrifying aura. His world was slowly crumbling, mentally speaking. That attack was his life's work. He was sure he could kill her because he developed it specifically for Five Feathers and spent countless years concentrating its power, similar to a swordsman who nourished his sword for one attack.

That attack should have ended all his pain and suffering, but it failed, but that was not even the worst part. If it were before, Undead Phoenix would have been confident that his strength was enough to avenge himself still, but he was no longer confident. His intuition told him that this was his best opportunity, and after missing it, it would become more challenging to kill her from now on.

"Lord, someone outside wishes to see you."

"Who?" Undead Phoenix asked instinctively while still being lost in his thoughts. "Forget it; I won't see any visitors."

The announcer hesitated briefly before continuing: "The visitor said they have a solution to your problem. They offered this as proof." The announcer opened his palm to show a slight golden light, which immediately made Undead Phoenix squint after detecting the nature of this light. He also guessed who this visitor was, and after hesitating, he accepted the meeting.

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Great Chu Divine Dynasty, Supreme Yin Palace, Royal Garden:

Shu Ren was staring at a screen before him in a small pavilion next to a table with two tea cups. While watching the battle, he was shocked by how strong Five Feathers had become, but this was not his main focus. Her technique of using Earth Dao to manipulate Samsara Dao has inspired him.

'Earth Emperor — I should have thought about it since it's in the title,' Shu Ren thought. 'There also records that in the first era of this world, before the world was complete, people could reach Samsara by digging through the earth. I thought such information was insignificant, but it was the crux of the issue.'

Shu Ren shook his head. 'Regardless, with this idea, I may be able to perfect my Nine Hells into true Samsara.'

"Your majesty, why are you smiling? Did something good happen?"

"You can say that," Shu Ren replied with a smile, looking dotingly into Shu Shu's eyes.

"In that case, have a dream berry. Maybe it will make you even happier." She peeled this silver grape that was releasing mist and handed it to him. Shu Ren opened his mouth with a smile and let her feed him.

"You're right; it did make me happier," he announced.

"I'm glad I can help you."

Supreme Yin Palace, Nine Nether Sparrow Hall:

The Empress, dressed regally in black and red, was slowly tending to her gardens. She was slow and meticulous, showing how much she cared about each of these plants. A maid slowly followed her, and the Empress was used to her.

"Where is his Majesty now?" Empress Ning Zheng asked.

"In the royal garden," the maid replied.

"With her?"

"Yes," the maid answered in a low voice.

"I see," Ning Zheng nodded before continuing to her lovely flowers.

"Your Highness, do you want me to...With our power, it's impossible to eliminate her, but we can still inconvenience some of her day-to-day life," the maid suggested.

"Why would we do such a thing?" Ning Zheng replied. Throughout Great Chu's dynasty, there were countless Empresses, and she was the one who lived the longest. Why? Two reasons. Firstly, she is the Third Prince's mother, which provides her with a special layer of protection.

However, the primary reason is that Ning Zheng knew her place. She knew her position had little to no power, so she never fought for it or inconvenienced the Emperor in any way. She stayed in her place and never did anything that anyone—including the Emperor—could use against her, which is something that the maid should know.

"Xiao Chu, how long have you been with me?"

"Hmm, more than 200,000 Yuan Epochs," the maid replied.

"A long time, indeed," Ning Zheng sighed. A white light flashed in the garden, and Xiwo Chu's head fell from her body. The Empress snapped her finger, and a shadowy figure appeared, kneeling before her.

"Find out who got to her," she ordered.

"Yes, lord."

Chapter 1372 The Different Natures of Cruelty

Cui W. De took a deep breath as he glanced at this new world, and a genuine smile appeared. Before coming out, his creator had properly trained him on the situation outside, and he knew things like the fact his name had the initial character W for Wang, which was proof of his status as a Creation Lifeform, would lead to discrimination. However, he did not care about these things. He had reached the pinnacle of his homeworld, and serving the Creator outside was the only way to progress. So, when the notice reached the world, even after telling people about the restrictions, Cui De did not hesitate to sign up.

Cui De did not waste any more time. He had a mission, and failing at it would be worse than death. He activated one of the abilities his Creator granted him: Karma Eyes. He immediately noticed someone in the distance whose karma was rapidly increasing, and without hesitation, Cui De teleported more than 20 million light-years with one step, arriving at his destination after a dozen or so steps.

As expected, he witnessed a slaughter. A young man floated above the sky with countless swords surrounding him. The swords descended on the ground like rain, and each one would kill one or more mortals. It did not matter whether they were men, women, or even children. The sword had no mercy and did not discriminate against gender or age.

The dead mortals then turned into blood mists, flying to the young man and condensing into blood orbs. The young slaughterer was calm, with no expression. It was as if he were removing the weeds from his front door.

"You're young and full of vitality. So, why are you resulting in such an act?"

"What's it to you?" The young man snapped. However, his face became stiff after sensing the terrifying aura emanating from Cui De.

"Well, answer me."

"S-Sir...there are plenty of these mortals. There is no need to fight between us, right?"

"Do you think I'm a lowlife like you?" Cui De sneered. The Heavenly Fate Continent was cruel because the Creator rarely interacts, but all cultivators agree upon a hidden rule: to leave the mortals alone. He knew this world was more dangerous — especially since it was facing a catastrophe — but Cui De did not expect it to degenerate to such a level.

The young man's stiffness reached his body as he realized he had encountered a righteous cultivator. He cursed his bad luck but did not hesitate to activate his escape secret technique. Sadly, his attempt was futile. The difference in strength was so great that Cui De stopped him with just one look.

"It seems there is no need for an answer to my question — you just don't see mortals as the same kind."

"Same king?" The young man sneered. "Those—"

Cui De did not listen to his nonsense. Since his curiosity was already satisfied, he performed his mission. With a wave of his hand, the young man's body dissipated, leaving only his soul. Cui De conjured a transparent cauldron before shoving the soul inside.

A scream of immense agony echoed in the void, and the voice was that of that young man. The invisible cauldron had a Soul Burning Flame with no attack potency but made up for it by incorporating powers from Wang Wei's Pain Talent. The flame brought the ultimate agony to the soul while also keeping it from breaking from the pain; this flame is one of the tortured methods of the Fate Shadow Guards, and the creator was not Wang Wei himself but Wang Ju.

Cui De frowned at the devastation in the area. He waved his hand and used a combination of Earth and Wood Spells to restore the houses, the fertile land, and the environment. However, the looming sense of dread and darkness did not dissipate even with his actions.

'It's understandable. After all, they've just lost countless friends, families, and loved ones,' Cui De analyzed. 'In that case, should I revive them?' It would not take much energy to rebuild a body for all these mortals, and their souls have not been sent to the Underworld, so he could revive everyone who had just died.

'Maybe this is not a good idea,' Cui De analyzed. 'This world is experiencing great turmoil, and messing with life and death may complicate things. More importantly, this is not part of my mission.'

These words should have convinced him, but Cui De was still hesitant, especially after seeing a little girl crying while holding some clothes that appeared to be the remains of her parents. He sighed but did not immediately ask; instead, he contacted his Creator and asked for further advice.

The answer he received was brief but direct: "Your previous analysis was correct — your actions could complicate things. So, focus on prevention instead of repairmen."

Cui De sighed and took one last look at these people. He waved his hand to establish an array around his small kingdom to give them temporary peace and chose a new leader that he blessed with wisdom and luck. After doing all he could, he departed to the following location.

His next target was an elderly man as thin as bone with clothes too big for his body. As soon as Cui De laid eyes on him, he knew the man's reason for his actions. Although not justified, it is understandable. Cui De's presence could not be hidden with that terrified voice accompanying him, so the old man immediately noticed him.

At first, the old man was calm, thinking that someone wanted to steal his hunting ground, but he was immediately shocked when he saw the invisible cauldron and the tortured soul. With one look, he could tell that the soul was full of karmic sins, and he guessed what had happened or would happen.

The old man did not hesitate to use his greatest trump card — an Emperor Artifact. Although using such a powerful artifact with such weakened qi and blood would accelerate his death, it was better than being killed. As long as he survives, no matter how weak he becomes or how little life span he has left, he can make up with them. The world was vast, and there were too many mortals.

Cui De did not waste his breath on this man. He used his aura alone to destroy this old man's physical body, and the cauldron automatically absorbed his soul. The two screams of agony should have made Cui De uncomfortable, but on this occasion, he found this cacophony of sounds quite amusing. He swiftly cleaned the environment and settled the mortals before moving to his next target. He found a middle-aged woman burning people with a cold and indifferent face. The smell of searing flesh was rather unpleasant, but Cui De has experienced worse.

The middle-aged woman calmly turned to him, glanced at the cauldron behind him, and stood in place.

"Not going to run?"

"There is no point," she replied coldly.

"Even though you know your fate."

"Since I can kill others, I should expect to be killed," she responded, still cold and indifferent.

"Is that so?" Cui De. "Don't you feel bad at all?"

"Why feel bad?"

"You've killed children — don't you feel anything at all?"

"In this world, you either are preyed upon or be the prey. They died, not because I was cruel, but because they were weak. Weakness is a sin," she replied calmly.

Cui De shook his head: "I thought women were supposed to be more caring than men."

"Cruelty has no difference between men and women."

"Fair point," Cui De nodded before snapping his finger, and another scream added to the cauldron. "I thought you would be able to resist a little. It turns out that in the end, you feel pain — just like the people you mercifully slaughtered."

Cui De shook his head in disappointment. For a moment, he thought of giving this woman a swift death because of her reaction and state of mind. And he probably would have done so had she resisted the pain for a little while.

Cui De looked at the devastation before him and frowned: "It's too slow." He cast a Clone Spell, creating countless versions of himself. These clones only had the strength of peak Quasi-Emperor (Tier 9.5), but Cui De figured this was enough for most of these people — unless he encountered some unfathomable genius. 'If such a situation arrives, I'll just show up with my true body and deal

with the threat,' Cui De thought to himself before sending his clones away; he also continued his journey.

Wang Wei was not the only one who realized the state of the world. Others may not deduce the situation as fast as he, but that's only because they do not have as much information, nor are they directly involved. However, there are many brilliant individuals in this vast world, so many people already understand the crux of this world's catastrophe.

These people know they cannot allow the mortals to become extinct, or they will lose this "war." So, as more of Wang Wei's Lifeforms used this form of cruelty to warn these excited cultivators who became bold after Five Feathers' actions, many of these smart people realized his intention of using violence to warn and control these people and followed suit. With their swift actions, these cultivators quickly calmed down. No one wanted to experience their souls being tortured, and damage to their souls meant they could not reincarnate and would lose the chance to regain the memories from their past lives.

Chapter 1373 Sudden Negotiation

Wang Wei blended into the void, looking into the distance. His powerful soul allowed him to observe a wide area of the Eternal Ascension World. Over the past week, he saw how the efforts of his people and the actions of other lineages quickly calmed down the effect of Five Feathers' cruelty. Although a few people tried to play in the dark, these people were swiftly dealt with to ensure the stability of the current situation.

'Excellent, now, I should be able to focus on training the mortals,' Wang Wei thought. It's not feasible for them to rely only on cultivators. Now, these "wise" factions can work together for the overall situation, but these factions have to support these mortals for everything and for an extended period. Then, it's a matter of time before they become mentally fatigued. The people at the top given the orders might not care about such a thing, but those executing these orders will start behaving differently once they get tired of helping mortals.

It may sound like they have no power, but that is far from the truth. Although they cannot directly disobey orders, they have plenty of ways to delay or make it look like an accident. Ultimately, only mortals will suffer in that scenario.

'So, they must have some levels of self-sufficiency,' Wang Wei thought. 'If only I could use the Mortal Art Dao.' Wang Wei sighed. He hoped his analysis was correct and Heavenly Dao would

remove the restriction on the Mortal Civilization so that it could at least reach Tier 7. The current Mortal Civilization is only Tier 4, which is useless in the current situation.

Wang Wei left his spot to return to his hiding space, and as soon as he sat down, preparing to enter the Void Illusion Realm, he received a message from Red Mask. At first, he thought she was only reporting the current situation to keep him updated until he realized the code used was for critical situations that required his input or decision. So, he followed the previously established safety protocols before contacting by sending a projection to the designated area.

"What's so important?"

"An ambassador contacted us," Red Mask stated.

"Ambassador? From whom?" Wang Wei asked with a frown.

"Great Qin."

"Them? What did they want? No, more importantly, how did they contact us?"

Red Mask paused briefly: "They captured one of our people."

"Someone betrays us? Or did they break through the agent?" Wang Wei knew his Fate Shadow Guards were well-trained, but this world's cultivation system was too old and too developed, so he never had the mindset that his methods were absolute.

"No, they released the captured individuals to ask for the meeting."

"Killing two birds with one stone, huh," Wang Wei commented.

"I will do better," Red Masked promised. "There is no need to blame yourself. Our foundation is too weak compared to these ancient lineages. However, you should also not have the mindset that you underestimate anyone — especially the Overlords."

"I will," Red Mask nodded. "What about the meeting? Do you want to refuse?"

"No, I want to know what they want," Wang Wei said. "I'll give you a location. However, make sure they follow the appropriate precautionary protocols. Refuse the invitation if they disagree."

"As you wish."

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Wang Wei sat cross-legged on a cushion with a small table with a pot and two cups. The void twisted, and a handsome middle-aged man with two streaks of white hair appeared on the side of his temple. With one glance, Wang Wei could tell two things about this man: his natural charm was extraordinary, which was why he probably was an ambassador, and secondly, this man was very annoyed; this feeling increased after laying eyes on him.

'He's also very arrogant, but he hides it very well,' Wang Wei analyzed. He smiled as he invited his guest: "Sorry about all this, but please sit down. I've prepared a pot of Dragonrs wine, known for its divine taste. I would have prepared something better, but you understand the current situation."

"Lord Wang Wei, are you trying to play mind games?"

"What makes you say that?" Wang Wei asked calmly as he served the wine.

"First, it was all those tedious measures you had me take before meeting you. But even when I followed them, you didn't even have the decency to show up personally."

Wang Wei sipped his wine: "I'm going to assume you know about me. I mean, you've at least researched me before coming to this meeting."

"I did, but what does that have to do with anything?"

"So, tell me, what do you think would cause someone of my strength and stature to act more cautious than a rat?" Wang Wei asked, looking him directly in the eyes.

The ambassador's body suddenly paused, and his aggressive aura abated slightly. "I understand, but," he paused, trying to build tension. He could not allow his opponent to control the start of this conversation.

"This is an official meeting. I'm sure there was no need to be so excessive."

"Even your Emperor is hiding in Limbo, not fearing to come out. Now, you're telling me that my caution was too excessive."

The ambassador almost spit the wine in his mouth. He was speechless with just two sentences. He wanted to admonish Wang Wei for speaking about their rulers in such a manner, but then he remembered the latter's identity.

"Our great Emperor, the Black Ancestral Dragon, does not fear anyone, nor is he hiding. The injuries from the Ultimate Taboo were simply too severe, and he has taken his time to recover," the ambassador said.

"I bet you wouldn't have the guts to say that if not for this isolated area," Wang Wei retorted, making the ambassador's mouth twitch.

"Let's get to business," he said, trying to change the subject and regain control of the situation.

"What was your name? You never introduced yourself," Wang Wei suddenly said.

'Damn it, this bastard obviously knows my name,' the ambassador thought. "It's Dong Tian, and I'm the First Executive Ambassador of the Great Qin Saint Court." His voice did not hide the pride in his title.

"I know a very talented woman with the surname Dong, and not many people can bear having such an arrogant title as Heaven (Tian) in their names," Wang Wei calmly commented, but he did not mention anything about the latter's official title.

"I know your father—"

"You better not say anything that will turn this conversation hostile," Wang Wei warned, and Dong Tian felt a chill down his spine.

"I was just going to say it was an honor to share the same name as him," Dong Tian swiftly said.

"Is that so? I guess I'm a little sensitive," Wang Wei calmly stated as he sipped his wine. Meanwhile, Dong Tian breathed in relief before quickly realizing he had lost control of this conversation. He considered himself a master of negotiation, but he had met his match. His mind went on overdrive, thinking how he could regain control.

"Tell me your purpose in coming here," Wang Wei said. "Be straightforward."

"Is there any hurry?" Dong Tian asked, trying to reduce the conversation's temper to regain control.

"Your presence has increased the possibility of me being discovered. So, speak now or leave as soon as possible. I'm giving you 10 seconds."

"Lord Wang Wei, this is not how negotiations go." However, Wang Wei calmly looked at him without uttering a word.

"You see –"

"You've wasted 5 seconds."

Dong Tian was about to argue, but his years of experience told him this man was not bluffing. He would be kicked out if he did not get to the point.

"Our dynasty wishes to offer you our full cooperation," he immediately said. Dong Tian knew the importance of his mission, so he decided not to risk it. "We will provide you unimaginable aid in the upcoming confrontation between the mortals and cultivators."

"You, of all people, should understand how deep the foundation of any of the Overlords is. With our full cooperation, you will have a far greater chance of protecting them and saving this world."

"Hmm, that is a great offer," Wang Wei nodded. "One could say it's the kind that's irrefutable."

"Exactly," Dong Tian agreed.

"And what do you want in exchange?" Wang Wei asked.

"We only asked that you promise us something," Dong Tian said. "Don't worry. It's not something that goes against your morals or something that will hurt your sect."

"What you're asking is too vague," Wang Wei shook his head.

"There is no need to worry. Like I said, we won't ask too much of you."

"Unless you're more straightforward and tell me what you want, I can't agree to such a vague request — especially since I believe you'll require me to sign a restrictive contract."

"But it's just for insurance," Dong Tian argued.

"Like I said, this is too vague." Wang Wei already knew what they wanted, but he wanted to see if he could get more information from them.

Chapter 1374 Don't Do Anything

Dong Tian frowned, realizing this situation was not ideal. People like Wang Wei are arrogant, believing their futures are boundless. As such, they take unknown promises or restrictions seriously. There is a saying that favors are the most difficult debts to repay, and this situation fits.

He pondered briefly before changing the wording of his request: "We only require you to procure something for us. The thing is something that only you can acquire, and the process is not dangerous."

"It seems that I cannot get more information from you," Wang Wei stated directly, making Dong Tian frown.

"Yes, I do know what you want from me," Wang Wei said. "And no, I can't read your mind." Dong Tian's face was gloomy. He could not tell whether this man was telling the truth or whether this was a mind tactic to gain more advantage in this negotiation.

"No, this is not a mind-tactic," Wang Wei added. "Your Emperor's plan might be top secret to your dynasty and the world, but after you took the Demon Suppression Emperor, many people will be able to deduce what you're planning once they find out what's so unique about her."

Dong Tian instantly became gloomy and did not hide his intent to kill. However, Wang Wei just shrugged: "Don't be mad at me since it's your fault you were so sloppy when capturing her. You could have been more subtle or made it look like you captured her for something else."

Dong Tian controlled his emotions, and thus, his face became deadpan. 'I need to control myself. Damn it, I should have listened to these old geezer and be more careful.'

"It seems now your emotions are of regret, so what are you regretful for?" Wang Wei asked. "Is it because of your behavior for this meeting? It seems I'm right. Well, don't blame yourself. Many people are warned to be careful when dealing with my kind, but they rarely listen, and even when they do, it rarely matters."

"Lord Wang Wei," Dong Tian said, having calmed down his nerves. "Now that you know our purpose, what do you think of our proposition?"

"Calming down so quickly, huh? I now understand why you were chosen for this mission," Wang Wei commented before sipping his wine. "Well?"

"My answer is no."

"I don't think this is an issue of price," Dong Tian asked with a frown. "That title is not worth much to you, so why not sell it for a high price."

"I have no problem selling it for a high price," Wang Wei responded. He was telling the truth. The Human Emperor's Path of Transcendence does not fit with him, so his title/position of Three Realm Emperor meant nothing to him. At best, he might be able to create a decent technique about it once he becomes a transcendent. So, if he could get a price worth it, he might be willing to sell or exchange it.

"So, it is an issue of price," Dong Tian commented. "But I think our offer is very sincere. With our help, you will have access to two Overlords' support, thus increasing your chances of surviving this catastrophe."

Wang Wei looked at him intently: "Whoever sent you in this plan is either stupid, thinks I'm stupid, or likes to gamble. Your dynasty has existed for so long, so I doubt such a foolish person can rise high enough to influence its power.

"No one will think I'm stupid, so that leaves the third option — he's a gambler."

"What's the meaning of this?"

"Am I wrong?" Wang Wei asked. "Don't you people believe I'm desperate enough to accept such a stupid deal." He did not hide the sneer and disdain in his voice.

"My catastrophe?" he continued. "I may be on his list to deal with first, but who do you think he will eliminate next? It's people in Limbo — like your Emperor — who represent the final hope for Heavenly Dao to fight back.

"You guys should be glad that I'm alive to bear the brunt of most of his focus. But once I'm gone, the blade will hang above your necks again. You don't want to help me in this catastrophe? Fine. Wait until he's no longer occupied and start cleaning you up."

Dong Tian controlled his trembling hands: "You should understand there is a difference between having our full cooperation and not."

"I don't care if you fully cooperate or not," Wang Wei continued. "In fact, I know you will fully cooperate. Your dynasty holds the blessing of the [Human Emperor Position], and the world is in chaos. How could you not help? How many people have been waiting for an opportunity to take that position away from you?"

Wang Wei snickered: "Go ahead, do it. Don't do anything. By now, I'm sure your Emperor has fully digested the power of that position and may not need it, but there will still be some negative effects on the dynasty itself and on acquiring the other two without it."

To say Dong Tian was gloomy is an understatement. This conversation destroyed his pride as a negotiator, and more importantly, this man seemed to know the dynasty's top secrets. If he did not know how strong Wang Wei was and his terrifying background, he would have returned home and suggested the dynasty spent all its power to eradicate him.

"I suddenly had a thought," Wang Wei continued. "Can a world, or an era, have two Human Emperors simultaneously?"

"What do you mean?" Dong Tian asked, feeling a sense of foreboding.

"Once I save this world, with everything I've done, it's not too far-fetched to say Heavenly Dao will grant, no, upgrade, my [Human Emperor Position], right? So, what will happen then? Will it strip it from you and give it to me, or allow the existence of two emperors to exist simultaneously?"

Wang Wei smirked while Dong Tian panicked. "There has been no precedent, so I don't know what will happen, but I look forward to that day. Maybe, by then, you'll have to pay me to retain your title."

Dong Tian remained quiet, not knowing what to say. However, Wang Wei was done with him. "Alright, you've overstayed your welcome. Tell your people how I feel about selling my position. Unless your Emperor can take something of equal value, don't even think of getting his hands on it.

"And don't forget that he's not the only buyer. I'm sure many people walking the Sovereign Path are interested, and some might want to get their hands on it just to block his transcendent path.

"I have no obligation to only sell it to him."

These words shocked and scared Dong Tian, but that will not change anything. Wang Wei stood up and disappeared.

"Wait!" Dong Tian yelled, but it was too late. Wang Wei was gone, leaving only his voice echoing in the surrounding void as a last warning: "You should leave soon since I will be eradicating this dimension." Dong Tian did not think he was bluffing and quickly escaped. Of course, his haste was not only out of a desire to leave that dangerous place but also because he wanted to return home as soon as possible to recount what happened. Dong Tian was in such a hurry that he did not even notice Wang Wei secretly following. Well, even if he were in the correct mindset, it's doubtful whether he would notice. Wang Wei had no interest in Dong Tian's secrets, nor did he think he would find some hidden methods of the Qin Dynasty. His only purpose was to prevent someone from framing him.

He did not think Great Qin would go to war with him over the death of one ambassador, but it could turn their relationship from "neutral" to "less friendly," and he did not want that—especially if it

was not his choice. Luckily, he seemed to be overthinking. Dong Tian reached home without anyone interfering or trying to kill him. So, Wang Wei dispersed the projection following him.

As for what Great Qin would do afterward? It was easy to guess. They'll first contact their Emperors and tell them about the meeting, followed by listening to his words and trying to cover the Demon Suppressing Emperor's affairs — although it was too late. Finally, they will get more involved in this catastrophe to ensure they, at the very least, can retain their [Human Emperor Position].

Wang Wei now had more time on his hand to train the Mortal Civilizations. The Black Phoenix War, as contemporary historians labeled the current war between the two parasites, continued. The two leaders had not clashed since the last time, but the confrontation between their subordinates led to chaos, leaving a significant area of the world in turmoil.

Everyone knew that this clash was building for a climax, and if that clash had no result, everyone would once again start building momentum for the next climax. This process will repeat itself until there is a victor or a major change that either stops the war or shifts to something else.

Chapter 1375 Loneliness

Over fifty years have passed since the last battle between Undead Phoenix and Five Feathers. For mortals, fifty years equals three generations, but for cultivators, this time is not as long as most of their retreat. Typically, the cultivation world operates slowly due to all the immortals and how differently they perceive time.

However, many things have changed in the Eternal Ascension World in the past fifty years. Many people now understand that the next yuan epoch will reveal this world's fate, and the past fifty years have already shown signs of this.

Wang Wei sat alone in his dimension, reading about reports. Most of them are about cultivators about to reach the end of their lifespan and becoming more extreme. Instead of focusing on cultivating his technique to a higher level, these people opted for the easy road: killing mortals. Of course, the result was their extermination and the endless torture of their souls.

Over the years, many ancient lineages, including most of the Overlords, have become more active in this catastrophe. As such, Wang Wei had plenty of aid and support. These lineages knew what was at stake and wanted to protect themselves and their ancestors.

'I'm surprised,' Wang Wei thought as he looked at one piece of information. 'The Great Qin Dynasty's enthusiasm was not as high as I anticipated.' According to reports, the Qin Dynasty did help, but their attitude did not seem anxious or worried about the future.

'Are they doing the bare minimum to keep their titles?' Wang Wei analyzed. 'That also means they know it's possible to have 2 Human Emperors, and Ying Zheng doesn't care about someone else getting it. Hmmm, things are getting interesting.'

Wang Wei did not focus too much on the Qin Dynasty since he will still have the advantage in whatever future negotiations they will have. Ying Zheng needed him, not the other way around. He then shifted his focus to something more important — Supreme Unity.

'He's been too quiet,' Wang Wei complained. 'That could be a good sign that his ability to interfere has decreased, but I don't buy it.' The last time the latter was so quiet, he showed up with one devastating move.

'Maitreya, I don't want to blame you, but you can't allow his next move to be as big as the last time,' Wang Wei prayed. He did not like this feeling of entirely relying on someone else, of having no strength or ability to control his fate, but he had no choice in the current situation.

Wang Wei dealt with all the things he needed to, so he started thinking about his next move. He toyed with the idea of being more active. He could draw Supreme Unity out if he made enough noise.

'But what big noise can I make?' Wang Wei analyzed. 'Killing one of these parasites is enough, but such an act has pros and cons.' Wang Wei knew Heavenly Dao was helping him share the pressure by allowing others to take on the burden of the parasites, so if Wang Wei started to show up and intervene again, the target on his back would increase.

'Why are these people taking so long?' Wang Wei complained. He wished these people could be as swift as Xun Junyao. Wang Wei knew his complaint was unfair since even Xun Junyao spent countless years slowly planning out her actions.

Wang Wei exhaled to calm down. He realized he was too stressed, and his thoughts became anxious. 'This is a lousy state to be doing anything. Time is not on my side, but there is no need to rush.' The longer this peaceful state continues, the higher the chances the mortals have to grow and become independent.

Wang Wei took out a jar of wine from his space to drink. His future wife took great care of him and left him many delicacies. Sadly, he had to suppress and seal the effects of his Essence Spirit Flower to prevent lightning from descending from the heavens.

'It would be nice to have someone to drink with,' Wang Wei thought, thinking about people he could drink with. His future wife is sealed, Li Jun and Yan Liling are still in the lower dimension, his parents have disappeared, and Wang Ju has reincarnated, leaving only a few people.

"I could drink with the Ancestors, but there is still a wall of seniority between us," Wang Wei complained. His ancestor, the Sword Empress, was easy to talk to, but she could easily switch her identity and start abusing her seniority. So, Wang Wei reckoned he probably won't be comfortable talking to her until his strength is near her.

"The only 'friends' I have are Wang Qi and probably Xu Shi," Wang Wei thought. 'Wang Qi respects me too much, and we cannot even be considered friends. And there is still a barrier between Xu Shi and I due to our different backgrounds.'

"Is this what the ancients meant when they said that the path of cultivation is lonely?" Wang Wei sighed as he continued drinking.

"Wealth, method, land, and companion," Wang Wei muttered to himself. "All cultivators know these are the four fundamentals. You can plunder wealth or methods and even steal a blessing land of cultivation, but the companion part is different. Nothing is more valuable in this long journey than having people you can trust — people that can provide emotional support."

Wang Wei enjoyed the taste of the wine, but he could not get drunk. It's not because the wine is not strong enough or does not have the capability, but more like he did not dare. His mental faculty is his greatest asset in these trying times, so he could not allow anything to affect it. Ultimately, he sighed and put the drink away. Since he could not even get a buzz, there was no point in drinking now.

"Hmm? Just in time," Wang Wei muttered. He needed something to distract himself, and this communication talisman arrived at the right time. Wang Wei read before frowning. Someone had something important to report but wanted him to arrive personally to see it. After pondering briefly, he decided to show up.

Wang Wei teleported to this vast world full of people, but they were all mortals. However, anyone who looks at these mortals can tell they are different from others. Everyone wore silk clothes, their qi and blood were abundant, and their eyes contained the light of wisdom. Additionally, everything

around them — from their architecture, transportation, agriculture, etc — reeked of advancement and civilization.

'50 years passed outside, but 350 years in this world, and they've already reached this level. Although they only relied on knowledge from the lower dimension, that was still quite a feat. I should praise Du Cong, ' Wang Wei thought. Among the many leaders he chose, Du Cong was indeed extraordinary, hence why he sent one of his people as a protector.

"Jia Ping, why did you contact me?"

"Lord, you're here." Jia Ping teleported before Wang Wei's projection and saluted.

"You know the protocols, so get to the point," Wang Wei said. According to the current protocols for contacting his subordinate, conversation must be quick and direct, meaning wasting time in small chat was no longer allowed.

"I understand," Jia Ping replied. "I have two things to report, one about this world's development, and the other is personal and can wait."

"Alright, lead the way." The two flew to a secret laboratory, and Wang Wei saw the young Du Cong. Mortals in the upper dimension have a lifespan between 500 and 1000 years, so it was expected that Du Cong still looked young.

"Sir," Du Cong swiftly said before bowing deeply, shocking all the weapon refiners in this lab. They did not expect their influential and majestic leaders to bow to someone else. Jia Ping has done an excellent job at preserving Du Cong's majesty and never allowed the latter to bow to him publicly, hence the reaction of these mortals.

These people immediately became curious and looked at Wang Wei — they were more shocked. Their world worshipped one entity — the Guardian Deity, and this man looked exactly like him.

"You did a good job, Du Cong," Wang Wei praised as he looked at him.

"Thank you. It's all thanks to your effort."

"I only lay down the foundation. All the current success is the hard work of you and your people," Wang Wei said. He raised his hand to stop Du Cong's flattery and continued: "You should understand the future awaiting you. Your current peace is an illusion."

"Lord, don't worry, I know what is at stake," Du Cong replied. He knew the future of their world and civilization was endless war. They could not hide in this place and wait until the catastrophe outside passed.

"Good," Wang Wei nodded. Although he sent Jia Ping to protect these people, it was also a way to monitor them. Wang Wei did not want the sweet taste of peace to corrode these people and have them abandon their mission.

"Now, show me what made you so excited."

Chapter 1376 Progress

Du Cong led the team, followed by Wang Wei next to him and Jia Ping behind. They stood before a black energy shield that seemed to hide what was inside.

"I didn't know you had a flair for the dramatic, Du Cong," Wang Wei responded.

"This is such a monumental creation so I couldn't help myself," Du Cong chuckled. "Lord, you didn't peek inside, did you?"

"Get to the point, Du Cong, I'm in a hurry, and no, I didn't peek," Wang Wei said.

"Alright," Du Cong said as he motioned for someone to reveal what was inside. The black energy shield dissipated, and Wang Wei saw a black armor shining with magic lights. He could tell this was not ordinary armor but one similar to exoskeleton suits with its own power source.

"A power armor?" Wang Wei asked.

"Power Armor? That's an interesting way to call it," Du Cong commented. "We call it the Rune Mechanical Armor, but that is not why we call you here. Lord, haven't you detected the level of this armor?"

"Hmm? A Tier 5 armor?" Wang Wei asked with shining light. "You've broken the restrictions on your civilization?"

"That's right," Du Cong nodded. "About 50 years ago, someone accidentally built a Tier 5 Power Source that broke the limit of our records. After contacting Lord Jia Ping, we deduced that there might be hope for us to break our limit and tried — this is the result."

"Good, good," Wang Wei repeated. "Have you tested it out in battle?"

"Of course." Du Cong ordered his people, and a well-built woman walked to the armor and put it on. Then, Jia Ping waved his hand to summon a prisoner with cultivation on par with the Divine Body Realm. The prisoner was promised freedom if he won this battle, so the latter fought for his life. The final result was a tie, which was understandable, given that this armor was the first generation.

"Not bad, not bad," Wang Wei once again praised. "Can you manufacture these armors in large quantities?"

"We are currently in the process of reducing the difficulty of the manufacturing process," Du Cong said. Another advantage the upper-dimension mortals have over their counterparts is their vast number. As such, even if only a small number of their population can condense their spiritual power and use the power of runes, there are still a large number of them. Due to this large population, Du Cong was confident of increasing the refining speed of these armors.

"However, we can only build a large number of them with the help of cultivators."

"Du Cong suggested that we capture more cultivators and control them before forcing them into factories to build these weapons," Jia Ping added.

"That's not a bad suggestion, but there are some risks."

"We can be extra careful on how to select these prisoners," Du Cong added, trying to persuade him.

"I have a better way," Wang Wei said. "You can refine these cultivators' souls into a Spiritual Power Energy Source. Your civilization should accelerate its speed of improvement with an endless source of spiritual power."

Du Cong's eyes lit up. Spiritual Power was the key to their civilization. It's why mortals can use runes and control the energies in ores, the environment, and other things. So, it's obvious how such an artifact would drastically benefit them.

"Your idea is excellent, lord, but I don't think we have the technology to refine something like that."

"I'll have my people refine it for you, and you can study it and try to reverse engineer it," Wang Wei explained. The spiritual powers of mortals and cultivators differ, so this artifact will require specialized attunement to ensure they can use it.

"Thank you, Lord, your glory has blessed us again."

Wang Wei did not pay attention to this level of flattery: "Have you already started thinking about Tier 6 Armor? Maybe even Tier 7?"

"I have already shared the design with the other leaders and bases," Du Cong said. Wang Wei did not want these leaders and different mortal civilization bases to be isolated, so he encouraged them to use the Void Illusion Realm to share knowledge and advances.

"After discussing with the others, we already have a prototype blueprint of a Tier 6 armor, but we are clueless about the next tier," Du Cong replied.

"You're stuck at the power of law, right?"

"That's right. I don't think this is a power that mortals can control."

Wang Wei did not believe these words. He knew that even technology civilizations could evolve to the point of controlling the [Power of Law]. The Rune Civilization is a combination of technology and cultivation, and the fact that they can build a Tier 5 armor proves that someone was blocking their path upward, but now, this limitation has been removed.

"Under normal circumstances, that would be true," Wang Wei replied. "With access to cultivators' souls, you can meet the requirement to access and even control laws. You don't need to worry about the effect of laws on your bodies, so that removes another obstacle, leaving only the influence of laws on the mind."

Not everyone can control the Power of Law. Cultivators must have a good enough mental state to prevent themselves from being assimilated by its power. Most mortals cannot reach this level, but it's not impossible.

"You need to start developing methods to train willpower and the mental state," Wang Wei suggested. Unlike the mortals on Earth, these people have a long lifespan, meaning their state of mind can still reach the level of controlling laws. "Will that work?" Du Cong asked, his eyes shining with hope and desire.

"It should. Plus, I'll leave my people preaching to you about the law — that should accelerate things."

"Great," Du Cong said with a smile that showed all his teeth.

"Lord, have you forgotten the lock?" Jia Ping suddenly said. "It's possible that the act of mortals understanding the law is interpreted as 'cultivating' or 'increasing strength,' thus activating its effect."

Du Cong's smile was gone, and he swiftly said: "Aren't you exaggerating a little? We have acquired a great deal of knowledge and 'increased our strength,' but nothing has happened to us."

"That's probably because Heavenly Dao has been protecting you," Jia Ping responded. "However, once your civilization reaches the level of law, this will be another matter. Whether you wish or not, his gaze will be directed at you."

Du Cong was quiet, not hiding his unwillingness in his facial expression. "We don't know that for sure."

"Do you want to take the risk?"

"I —"

"Jia Ping is right," Wang Wei finally spoke. "We cannot take the risk."

"So, this is it? Our limit will always be Tier 6?"

Wang Wei glanced at him. Du Cong was obviously an ambitious man. Rather, he wanted his people to have the power to control their destiny. In the latter's mind, he probably wants his mortal civilization to be on par with cultivators. Wang Wei would not burst his bubble. According to his analysis, the minimum limit for mortals is Tier 9.

Once they start to acquire the power of Tier 10 or above, even if it's the weakest [Immortal Path], no one will allow it. All cultivators who previously supported them will stop; by then, Grand Dao will also interfere. Although Mortal Civilization involves the power of cultivators, many of its cores originated from Earth's science and technology, and Grand Dao will not allow its further expansion.

"Not necessarily."

"Lord, you have a way?" Du Cong asked.

'Artificial Intelligence,' Wang Wei thought, but he did not say these words out loud. "Simple: you construct a soul powerful enough to control laws. The next step is to strip it of its emotions and change its memory capabilities into the ability to store knowledge or data. "The third step is to modify its intelligence. Use runes that involve spirit, wisdom, and calculation to allow that soul to process a large amount of information and accomplish tasks beyond the norms.

"Once that is accomplished, you can leave the task of wielding the law to that soul."

"This method is feasible," Jia Ping commented. "In the current world's situation, building powerful weapons is allowed, and this soul falls under that category."

"Yes, it's definitely feasible," Du Cong said, almost yelling.

"Hold your excitement and think about the downside of this approach," Wang Wei said, his words acting as if he had dunk a bucket of cold water on Du Cong's head.

"This soul, or this lifeform, will be vastly more powerful than everyone in your civilization, and it will be the core of your development," Wang Wei explained. "Can you imagine how catastrophic it will be if something goes wrong with it?"

"It's easy for such a soul constantly involved in the power of law to regain its normal intelligence and emotion," Jia Ping analyzed. He could think of many ways for these mortals to restrict that soul, but Jia Ping knew they were only stopgap measures. The crux of the issue is that these mortals control power beyond their limits. As long as this fact holds true, there will always be the danger of that soul going out of control.

"I understand this, but what choices do we have?" Du Cong said in a low voice.

"Alright, no need to start feeling sorry for yourself about something that hasn't happened yet," Wang Wei said. "Focus on pushing your people to Tier 6 before thinking about the power of law."

"I understand, Lord," Du Cong nodded. He agreed with these words, but that also did not stop him from starting to prepare for the future. While Wang Wei and Jia Ping left to talk privately, Du Cong entered the Void Illusion Realm to prepare for the future.

Chapter 1377 Luck Manifestation

"What do you want to talk to me about?" Wang Wei asked directly.

Jia Ping pondered how to explain his situation and realized it was better to be direct: "I need blood, to be precise, Paragon Blood."

"Is it just blood? That's not an issue," Wang Wei replied. "But can I ask what you need it for?"

"No, I need to get myself."

Wang Wei looked at him: "Is this about Mongke? Do you feel pressure and want to prove yourself? There is no need for that. Mongke is more an ally than a subordinate, so once he returns to his clan, you will be my right-hand man. There is no need to compete with him."

"Hmmm, no, well, I do feel pressure with Mongke's strength, but this has nothing to do with why I want the blood."

"So, this is about your Double Pupil," Wang Wei realized.

"That's right. The process for the Third Awakening requires me to fight a Paragon for at least 10 minutes and draw its blood."

Wang Wei frowned after hearing this. He was not as stupid or frivolous as when he had just ascended; he knew how powerful even the weakest Paragons were, so he was not confident in Jia Ping's objective.

"Do you have to awaken it now? Can't you wait until you've become a Paragon?"

"I can, but the requirements will be more severe, and the potential of my eyes won't be as good as if I did it now."

"I see." Wang Wei remembered reading how the process of awakening these physiques was similar to a test or trial from Heavenly Dao, so it made sense why Jia Ping's test was as such.

"I think I can find a way, but you'll have to wait," Wang Wei replied. "Additionally, you'll need more training." The last thing he wanted was for Jia Ping to die because he knew nothing about Chrono Spirits while fighting another Paragon.

"I'll set up a training program for you in the Void Illusion Realm. We'll talk again once you meet the requirements."

"Wouldn't that take too long?"

"Are you underestimating Paragons?" Wang Wei rebutted. "Didn't you see that Mongke suffered a loss despite having the strength of a Paragon? I will increase your strength artificially, meaning you can't afford to make any mistakes. Understand?"

"Excuse me, lord, it seems I'm not in the right mindset."

"It's fine," Wang Wei said. "It should be ready in a few hours."

Wang Wei disappeared while Jia Ping returned to his work. Wang Wei's genuine body had a pondering expression as he gazed in the distance. "The Qi Luck Dragon of the mortal civilization should have already been condensed, but I can't detect it in any way. It seems Heavenly Dao took them seriously."

This was good news for Wang Wei as this was further proof that Heavenly Dao had regained much more strength in this fight. The destruction of the lock might be a turning point in this whole thing.

"No, this is not just condensation, but manifestation and prosperity," Wang Wei continued to observe and analyze. The fact that Du Cong's group successfully escapes the shackles of their civilization is proof of mortals' luck manifesting in the form of advancement and prosperity.

"Let's check on the others to see," Wang Wei muttered. His first visit was to the Puppet Demon. As expected, this group was influenced by him and started developing puppetry. The mortals in that world have applied Wang Wei's method to mass-produce puppets to create enormous legions. Furthermore, they have also built a Tier 5 Puppet Prototype, but theirs is still not fully functional.

The group under the Poison Demon was even more exaggerated. Their focus has been on Rune Herbology, and they have developed countless medicines and poisons. Their two most significant achievements were a medicine that increased the upper limit of a mortal's lifespan by another 300 years and a Tier 6 poison.

Wang Wei was surprised by this discovery and wondered why no one reported this to him, and he had an answer. These people accidentally created that Tier 6 Poison, and all other efforts to recreate it have failed. They've recently managed to refine a lesser version, which is Tier 5, and wanted to wait until they had cracked the formula before telling him.

Wang Wei was skeptical and thought the Poison Demoness was secretly responsible for this "accident." He had specifically ordered his people to be allowed to share their knowledge with their groups, but no direct interference was permitted. However, after checking, he discovered it was indeed an accident. Of course, to someone on his level, this "accident" was nothing but the manifestation of this civilization's luck and destiny.

The next group Wang Wei checked on was the one supervised by the Curse Master. The latter did influence that civilization, but not by allowing these mortals to make groundbreaking advancements in Curse Dao.

Curse Dao was a unique law involving cause and effect, meaning it was one of the side-door Daos associated with fate. The entry requirement for this Dao is very high, meaning that mortal civilization couldn't have high enough accomplishments in just over 350 years. However, that did not deter them from making progress. These mortals had a different approach: since they could not curse people, they would develop ways to protect themselves from curses. The Curse Demon provided enough knowledge, and they built from there.

Wang Wei was satisfied with this group's approach. Cultivators have many strange methods of killing, and he was confident that the mortals had the most basic defense. So, after encouraging them, he left for the next stop. The Bloodline Gang Lord's group studied how to control and use demons and other races for battles. However, their results were subpar compared to the others, and after finding out it was because that bastard was not doing his job well regarding sharing his knowledge, Wang Wei beat him up and told him he would die the next time he came, and there was so little progress.

"Ever since the Grandmist Gang Lord died, this bastard has lost his edge," Wang Wei sneered. If he had not been short on people right now, he would have killed that bastard for wasting his time. "Alright, there is no point in getting upset. Let's check the last stop."

"Lord, has the news already spread?" The Flesh Demon asked.

"What news?" "Isn't that why you're here?"

"It seems something good has happened," Wang Wei commented. "Show me." Wang Wei followed him to a lab and met the leader Sun Longwei.

"Sir, I present our greatest achievement — the Life Core Rune. Once implanted in our people, we can expand our lifespan to as high as 5000 years, and this is just the first generation. We project that the lifespan limit can reach as high as 10,000 years."

"13,690 years — that should be the absolute limit of mortal lifespan," Wang Wei commented. "However, you have failed to see the true purpose of your discovery."

"True purpose?" Sun Longwei asked.

"Cultivators can use it."

"Why would we want them to use our things?"

'A radical?' Wang Wei thought as he looked at them. "Don't you remember why they are hunting you down in the first place?"

"Limited lifespan," Sun Longwei muttered before looking at the projection showing the first-generation Life Core Rune. "This was not a coincidence, was it?"

"You're smart," Wang Wei replied calmly. "My methods of extending their lifespan failed miserably due to outside influence. However, this method should have a higher chance of success, and someone just used you to disseminate this method."

"Heavenly Dao," Sun Longwei muttered. He looked at this thing, lost in thought for at least half a minute. "So, what now?"

"Continue your research and complete this thing as soon as possible. I'll order the other groups to provide you with more assistance and resources to ensure this project's completion," Wang Wei responded.

"Since this is vital, can't you take over the research to ensure it's done as quickly as possible?" Sun Longwei said. His words showed his caring nature, but Wang Wei could tell he simply did not partake in this project that would benefit the people he so deeply despised and even hated.

"Do you think things are as simple as they appeared?" Wang Wei sighed. "This project represents your civilization's contribution to the world. Once you finish and it's publicized, Heavenly Dao can offer you more luck and destiny and better protect you from extinction. In other words, it's imperative you finish the work yourself. Understand? "Don't let your emotions affect your people. Remember what I said when I trained you — you are a leader before everything else."

"I understand," Sun Longwei said.

Wang Wei tapped his shoulder before walking out with the Flesh Demon. "You did an excellent job."

"I didn't do anything."

"I doubt they would be able to have today's achievement without your knowledge about the flesh."

"I'm just a pawn."

"Not everyone is worthy to be a pawn," Wang Wei commented. "Do you want any particular rewards?"

"I want the [12 Revolution Fiendgod Body]." Ever since the boss forced him to become a proper body refiner, the Flesh Demon has been lusting after that technique since he heard about it.

"Ambitious, aren't we?" Wang Wei chuckled. "Unfortunately, that technique is considered a semi-clan technique. However, although I can't give you my version, I can give you the original along with some Tier 11 Fiendgod Blood."

"Deal," Flesh Demon agreed.

"You can find Wang Qi for your reward," Wang Wei said before leaving.

Chapter 1378 Suspicious Information

Wang Wei's next destination was the mortal groups under Buddhism, the Emperor Enlightening Academy, Sage Lin Qi, and many other lineages. Wang Wei did not have enough manpower, so he had to use these people as aid. As expected, the model of development was similar to his. With protectors providing knowledge in specific fields, these groups tend to develop in that area.

For example, the group under Buddhism has made significant progress in the field of spiritual power and even has some accomplishments regarding incense. Wang Wei did not hesitate to put them in charge of the creation of the [Law Soul] that he mentioned to Du Cong.

The group under the Flame Blacksmith and another Weapon Refiner from Sage Lin Qi focused on material development. The new Tier 5 energy source and Tier 5 armor from Du Cong's group were made possible due to the research from those two, and Wang Wei knew he would have to rely on them to develop the technology on how to use materials that could hold the power of laws.

'Everything is going well,' Wang Wei analyzed. 'Now, we only need time to develop.' If the mortals can develop to be on par with Quasi-Emperors, this catastrophe will be handled without much issue. However, will things be so smooth? Wang Wei knew it would not.

Wang Wei shifted his entire focus to the war. Everyone was waiting for the climax, and so was he. However, a few weeks later, Wang Wei received an alarming message:

"It's from her? And she wants to see me? Is this a trap?" Wang Wei was in a dilemma. The message indicated it was something important, but the circumstances were more than suspicious. "Let's see her, but I need more protection."

Wang Wei first contacted Feng Heng and visited him at the Ten Thousand Buddha Haven. The sight was truly remarkable. He found himself in this endless dimension surrounded by this white mist that stretched as far as the starry skies. Countless Golden Buddhas with their palms extended, and people lived on top. Subtle chants of scripture echoed in the background. It was hard to hear without focus, but its effect on soothing the mind remains eternal.

"Donor, what do you think?" Feng Heng asked.

"It deserves its name," Wang Wei praised. "If I remember correctly, only Buddhist Emperors can have the title of Buddha and leave a golden body here, correct?"

"The donor is both correct and right," Feng Heng replied before pointing in the distance. "Notice the difference?"

"There are no monks living on that golden body's palm."

"Any monk who proves the Dao will have the title of [Buddha], but that is the lowest level in our sect," Feng Heng explained. "True or Enlightened [Buddhas] are people who have a deep enough understanding of the Dharma, have created their own schools or contributed enough merit.

"The monks living in their palms are proof that they have the wisdom to teach or enlighten others."

"It seems Buddhism hasn't lost its roots," Wang Wei commented. Proving the Dao is proof that someone has high fighting prowess, not that they are enlightened or have achieved a high state like [Nirvana]. Wang Wei was glad that Buddhism still recognized this truth.

"Indeed," Feng Heng nodded. "Donor, your status as Honorary Buddha is enough to leave your mark here."

"Is that so? In that case, I'm welcome," Wang Wei said. "What do I do?"

"Manifest your title's power and your understanding of Buddhism, and this world will do the rest."

"Very well."

Wang Wei's body suddenly released a golden light, and an unknown power from this dimension descended and took the light to condense it into a towering golden body with mist surrounding it.

"It's indeed different from the others," Wang Wei commented as he compared his body to the ones from the enlightened Buddhas. "There is no Dao, or should I say, Dharma Rhyme, that can help monks."

"Your body is better than most honorary members I've seen," Feng Heng commented. "Donor, have you spent some time studying Buddhism?"

"You can say that," Wang Wei agreed. He still planned to acquire his future self's ability to change the world by naturally helping him solve his problems. However, after discussing the plan with his future wife, they found a better approach than using Buddhism and other religions — Domains. Wu Hong and even his father Wang Tian's application of their passive domains was a better approach to this plan. Of course, Wang Wei will not abandon studying religion and its powers, but it will not be his main focus.

"Donor, please follow me."

The two flew away and soon arrived at a new golden body. It was a woman with an aura of peace and tranquility. The moment Wang Wei laid eyes on her, he had a feeling that this was the closest he could come to the realm of [Nirvana] sought after by all monks.

"I'm guessing this is not your body," Wang Wei jokes.

"The master told me to move in here."

"Master? So, it's official?"

"As fate would have it — yes," Feng Heng nodded.

"I reckon this is the holy place of Buddhism," Wang Wei stated as he followed Feng Heng toward that golden palm. "Is it alright to bring me here?"

"Donor is a guest worthy of the highest reception," Feng Heng said calmly.

"In that case, I'm flattered."

They soon reached a destination: a cave inside a mountain with minimal appliances. The entire locale screamed recluse or hermit, but Wang Wei did not mind. "Donor, what is the purpose of your visit?" Feng Heng asked after serving tea.

"I came for protection," Wang Wei said. He did not believe Supreme Unity could kill him while his true body was here.

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Wang Wei's projection arrived at the destination — a desolate dimension. He found no signs of his target — Zhen Biyu. He checked the surroundings and detected no ambush. So, with the utmost caution, Wang Wei entered to find a talisman floating at the center. He quadruple-checked before receiving the information, and his pupil immediately shrunk.

The information he received was straightforward: Seven Cauldron was Supreme Unity's direct bloodline; in other words, she was his daughter. He had her long ago but never claimed or revealed it to the world. 'How did she get such news?'

The talisman revealed that information. Seven Cauldron has seven commanders, all Emphyreans with the highest fighting abilities. The most powerful one, who boldly called himself the Prime

Cauldron, was enamored with Zhen Biyu, and he revealed the fact he was not only Seven Cauldron's direct son but also the grandson of one of the two suns.

'This is too much to analyze now. Let's leave first,' Wang Wei thought before dissipating.

Ten Thousand Buddha Haven:

Wang Wei opened his eyes and frowned. The information revealed was shocking. Supreme Unity was a mystery. According to his analysis after talking to Maitreya and others, Supreme Unity was always highly low-key, with his influence being the weakest in Taoism despite his talent and strength. He may also have created this persona, and his real personality is unknown.

'It would not be easy for someone of his strength to have such a low presence that no one knew whether he secretly had children or not,' Wang Wei thought. 'However, none of that matters. The genuine issue is whether this information is reliable.'

'No, there is no way it is. How could Zhen Biyu find such information about Supreme Unity if he could hide it for so long? In that case, he's the one who released the information? But for what?'

'He can't possibly think I'll use or act on it, but if he knows this, what's his purpose in releasing it?'

Wang Wei frowned as he pondered.

'I'm operating on the basis that this information is true, but is it? Hmm, Seven Cauldron is his vessel, so that could explain why he chose her. However, vessels don't have to be blood-related — unless blood relationships allow him to use more power.'

'However, the fights with Maitreya showed their vessels were similar in strength — unless Supreme Unity was hiding for a trump card. But if that's true, why reveal this information to me? Damn it, there are too many possibilities and variables.'

Wang Wei felt like ripping his hair. Instead, he opted to walk back and forth to help stimulate his mind. He analyzed and thought of all the possibilities but never could find an explanation with high enough probabilities.

'No, I overlooked something,' Wang Wei thought. 'What if he released this news as a distraction? He knew how I would analyze everything and waste my time figuring out what he was doing. In the meantime, he can focus on something else. "But what?" he muttered. "Where is his next move coming from? The war? The other parasites? Or maybe an extreme approach by directly attacking Buddhism?"

Wang Wei suddenly paused: "I came to this place, so did he lure me here to ensure he could kill me directly during the attack?"

Chapter 1379 Terrible Lost

As soon as Wang Wei had that thought, he wanted to do something, but it was too late. His surroundings changed, and four monks appeared around him. Before he could react, they enacted a barrier.

Boom!

Wang Wei's attack hit the barrier, but it did nothing. He was about to try again when his intuition went on overdrive, so he looked upward. A towering palm with the power of Yin-Yang rapidly descended on him, and Wang Wei's mind had only one thought that rapidly consumed his mind: death.

Wang Wei wanted to resist, but it was useless. The spiritual hint in that palm completely overwhelmed his mind, making him unable to think, let alone move. As things appeared, it appeared this would be the end for him, but fate seemed to be on his side.

The palm reminded him of this Pagoda Trial when he faced the Wrath of Heaven. He seemed to remember the anger and unwillingness he felt during that trial and quickly used it as a source of power. Wang Wei summoned his willpower to do two things:

He bit the tip of his tongue and activated his talent, using the unimaginable pain to shock his system and regain clarity over his mind and body. The pain was so intense that it could have killed even someone of Wang Wei's willpower, but it was exactly what he needed in this moment of life and death.

His body then acted almost on autopilot as he activated all his life-saving methods: Ying-Yang Protection, Freedom From Life and Death, Luck Survival, Destiny Guidance, Time Remnants Substitute, and his unifying technique, Fate Manipulation: Death Escape.

However, despite all these methods, the sense of danger he felt did not decrease immediately; in other words, that attack had reached beyond his current Paragon Strength.

'Is this how things end?' Wang Wei thought. 'No, I have a bright future ahead of me. I'm the man destined to reach the pinnacle of the universe and even transcend — how can I die here? My future self will definitely save me.'

His eyes sparked with brilliance before his death, and his intuition increased even more.

'No, I can't rely on something as fleeting as my future self,' Wang Wei said. He pushed his soul and mind to the limit, doing trillions of calculations in less than nanoseconds, trying to find a way to survive. Then, it was as if the God of Wisdom had whispered into his ears.

Wang Wei activated his Karma Dao and directly connected to Feng Heng. However, his attempts failed, so he changed the target to Emperor Kong.

'It's time to repay your karma,' Wang Wei thought, and through the link, he borrowed something crucial from the latter — his Golden Body of Merit. Wang Wei then fused it with his own, thus temporarily achieving a third-level Golden Body of Merit.

As he looked at the enormous Golden Body standing above him for protection, Wang Wei felt reassured until his mind told him another bad news: Chances of survival: 15%.

'What? Only 15%?' Wang Wei wanted to cry, but he had long abandoned such useless emotion in this moment of life and death. He wanted to use his Luck Dao to increase this probability, but it was futile — he had used all his trump cards.

'Is this really the end? Do I have to rely on chance to survive?' Wang Wei was unwilling, but there was nothing he could do. That palm was descending at a speed he could barely react. The fact he could raise his success rate to 15% in such a short window was a miracle in itself.

The palm crashed down, and the world went quiet. The people watching outside the barrier waited for the result, and once everything became clearer, a pale Wang Wei stood before everyone. He coughed a large mouthful of blood and looked at a golden crown floating above his head.

He did not survive on his own merit. At the last minute, this crown, representing his status as the [Three Realm Emperor], manifested and protected him. However, Wang Wei knew the power of this crown did not originate from him but from Heavenly Dao, which intervened to save him.

'You saved me, but at what cost? How much power did we just take back that you lost in the process?' Wang Wei thought as blood oozed out from his ears and nose. Although he was saved, he was not happy in the slightest. Forget how he had just lost control of his life, of his destiny — he knew how terrible the consequences of Heavenly Dao's interference were.

Wang Wei suddenly felt the world spinning, and he could not stand still. His aura was dropping at an alarming rate, so he swiftly sat cross-legged in the group and closed his eyes.

"Unity, your hands have reached too far." A soft voice echoed between Heaven and Earth. Although it sounded calm, anyone with some discernment could feel the anger and wrath hidden.

"That little cockroach is really not easy to kill," a cold voice replied.

Feng Heng, no, Maitreya, looked at Seven Cauldron/Supreme Unity coldly. Although she had the highest state of mind in Buddhism, even that wasn't enough to keep her calm. However, her attention soon shifted to the power surrounding him:

'Incense — so that's how he did it?'

The Ten Thousand Buddha Haven was Maitreya's homecourt, meaning she should have the overwhelming advantage. Supreme Unity should not even dare take one step into this place, but he not only did but successfully assassinated one of their honored guests. How did he do it?

The answer is simple — incense. After what happened to her, Maitreya outlawed the use of incense by all Buddhist practitioners. She even modified the rules of the Ten Thousand Buddha Haven to detect and ban that power as soon as it was detected. However, Maitreya was also a little extreme when she changed the rules.

The Ten Thousand Buddha Haven is both a world and a powerful artifact. When Maitreya changed the rules, she programmed the artifact spirit to be extremely strict; she always programmed it to make removing incense its main priority. Supreme Unity used this fact to his advantage. He filled the place with so much incense that the artifact spirit was busy dealing with it, meaning Maitreya could not use it or borrow the power from the haven.

If Maitreya was at its peak, this plan could not work since she could have forcefully regained power from the spirit with one thought, but she was now only a vessel with limited powers and powers.

'Why is it always Taoism?' Maitreya complained, feeling an emotion she hadn't in a long time — resentment. All her greatest suffering and setbacks are always from Taoism. 'Am I destined to always lose to them?'

Supreme Unity's plan looked simple, but it was far from it. Forget how he knew about the rules of the Ten Thousand Buddha Haven — how did he secretly transfer such a vast quantity of incense into this place without detection?

The answer to that question is also simple and obvious: the honorary members. Throughout history, Buddhism has always accepted honorary Buddhas as a form of diplomacy to make friends and allies. This practice did not stop even during the Two Suns Seven Moons Era. Supreme Unity had people he secretly controlled infiltrate this place using these honorary members. When the time was right, he used them as a medium to infiltrate and invade with a large quantity of incense.

Maitreya regained her bearings. She did not utter another word and went on the offensive — she wanted nothing but to eradicate this man as soon as possible. However, Supreme Unity did not want to fight directly, so he evaded her while pumping more incense into this place. However, this time, his target was not just the artifact spirit but all the surviving monks — he wanted to use the incense to corrupt them.

Maitreya immediately realized his purpose, so she changed her tactic. Time was on her side. She knew the artifact spirit would clean up the incense, and it would do it faster than her opponent could bring more in. By then, Supreme Unity will be nothing but a sitting duck. So, she focused on damage control.

Sadly for her, she also misunderstood Supreme Unity's objective. The scheming Taoist Priest suddenly changed tactics; he teleported before Maitreya and embarrassed her before she could react.

Boom!

Supreme Unity blew himself up, killing Seven Cauldron and Feng Heng in the process. The power of this explosion was truly potent, containing a hint of his power. Wang Wei suddenly opened his eyes as he sensed another danger. However, before he had to do anything, a golden light came from somewhere and blocked this explosion.

He squinted as he saw a young man floating in the sky, his body releasing a holy light and a terrifying coldness.

'Monk Wuzhi? Is he also a vessel? No, he should be the new one?'

Chapter 1380 Major Chess Moves

Maitreya calmly examined the chaos around her. She exhaled before spreading her message to all monks worldwide: "All monks must report to the haven in one form or another. Another Great Buddhism-Taoism War is about to start." As soon as she uttered these words, the world experienced a slight tremor, eventually leading to a cataclysmic earthquake. She then flew to Wang Wei's side and frowned.

"What happened to Feng Heng?" Wang Wei asked. "I can feel he is gone even though his karmic threads to me and my memories of him are still intact."

"He is dead, true death, but only in a manner of speaking," Maitreya replied.

[Existence Hierarchy], huh," Wang Wei muttered. Half-Step Detachment is so high on the hierarchy that after Supreme Unity killed Feng Heng, it did not matter whether he had countless Avatars, his Secret Vault still existed, or everyone still remembers him — he just died like that.

"Don't worry — he'll be fine as long as I'm alive," Maitreya reassured.

"But what if something happens to you?" Maitreya was momentarily silent: "I'll revive him when the time is right."

"When will that be?"

"He was my vessel, meaning my power ran deep into his body, even his [Existence]. If I don't take time and effort in the revival process, his future transcendence path will be cut off."

"So, that's why I can feel Seven Cauldron's karma line? He doesn't care about her future, so he can instantly revive her. But you do, meaning you've lost probably the best vessel."

Wang Wei chuckled to himself, but his laughter was self-deprecating:

"In just one move, he reduces me to this state, forces Heavenly Dao to use one of its trump cards, regain more powers in their confrontation, kill your disciple and perfect vessel, and starts the Buddhist-Taoist War, which will further turn the world into chaos and kill more people.

"And all he sacrificed were a few pawns and maybe one of Seven Cauldron's longevity resources — what a brilliant move."

"The war cannot stop," Maitreya stated. "It is the only way to distract his vessel and all his manpower. The rest is up to you."

"What can I do in my state?" Wang Wei said. He was, in fact, dying. The blow destroyed him enough that he was about to lose his body and soul and enter limbo. His best solution is to seal himself, but that would not change the fact that he was out of the game. And that's not mentioning whether a seal would work or that he had little time to find an effective solution.

"I can save you, but I'll need one of your Avatars," Maitreya added.

"I've already killed all the ones in the upper dimension," Wang Wei said. "I could make a new one, but that would be pointless since he would only be a mortal — unless you have a way for me to cultivate."

"I can't do that," Maitreya shook her head. Supreme Unity was careful about the lock. Although vessels can use powers slightly beyond Primal Paragons, it was not enough to destroy the lock, let alone forcefully alter the rules he had created.

Wang Wei shrugged his shoulders after hearing her answer, and Maitreya's frown deepened: "I know you're disappointed with my failure, but this is not the time to have this defeatist outlook."

"Defeatist Outlook, huh? Why don't you tell me what kind of outlook I should have?" Wang Wei snapped. "You were supposed to be my most reliable teammates, but you couldn't even protect me in your territory. So, forgive me if I don't look too favorably on our situation."

"No need to mince your words," Maitreya said calmly. "Say what you have to say before we can move on." Wang Wei looked at her with gritted teeth but then chose to close his eyes to regain his composure. He ignored his body's constant and rapid weakening and focused on controlling his emotions.

"What plan do you have?"

"That's more like it," Maitreya said. "You should have an Emperor Avatar in the lower dimension?"

"That's right," Wang Wei nodded. He had a peak Emperor Avatar to replace himself in case something went wrong after his ascension. That avatar is also the last safety net of the Dao Opening Sect.

"I'll contact Heavenly Dao to allow you to contact it and force it to ascend."

Wang Wei was not excited about this plan but looked at her seriously: "Do you know what is at stake? The lower dimension and the people in Limbo are the last fighting chances. If something goes wrong —"

"Nothing will go wrong."

"Your words are not very trustworthy currently, are they?"

"That's why this war must happen," Maitreya continued. "I have reduced the effort I put into searching for whatever threats I sensed from the River of Time. I will now focus all my time on dealing with Supreme Unity, so you don't have to worry."

"Fine...I'll trust you once again," Wang Wei agreed reluctantly.

"Good. Let's get started."

"Now?"

"There is no better time than the present."

She floated in the sky, and with a thought, the River of Time manifested between Heaven and Earth. All sentient and non-sentient beings in the Eternal Ascension World saw it and heard Maitreya's following words: Stop.

It was quick, almost instant. All matter, energy, space-time, and even concepts became still — time has stopped working. Everyone stopped moving, but only 99.999% of people were unaware. The paragons, Battle Taboo Achievers, and a few truly powerful Emphyreans still had their perception despite their bodies and souls stopping, and they were shocked by this display of power. These people knew the two suns were mighty, but there had been few opportunities for them to know by how much. Today, they glimpsed at their powers.

"Get to work," Maitreya said to Wang Wei before her eyes focused on the newly revived Seven Cauldron. With a thought, Maitreya killed the latter before repeating the process six more times. However, on the seventh time, a black and white shield surrounded her and protected her life.

Maitreya glanced at him briefly before shifting her gaze to someone else — Time Eater. She did not waste time before killing him three times, but another black and white shield protected him as well. She frowned but did not focus on this for too long.

She raised her head to glance at the lock. Maitreya observed briefly before deciding not to touch this thing — destiny was not on her side, and she knew Supreme Unity was prepared for her intervention as this was not the first time she had tried to destroy it.

Maitreya's gaze then shifted to somewhere else — the people in Limbo. She immediately blessed them, granting them protection similar to Wang Wei's Heaven Deceiving Array. She knew what these people needed the most was to move undetected under Supreme Unity's eyes; she also wanted to prevent him from secretly hunting and killing them.

Maitreya was about to move one when time started to move forward again. She sighed, thinking: 'Longer than I anticipated but still not enough.' She looked at Wang Wei, who now had an avatar next to him. She pointed at the original body, and it turned into motes of lights that fused with the Avatar. Wang Wei clenched his fists, followed by a basic boxing routine to get acquainted with his new body. "I am so weak." His current cultivation was 69% Grand Dao Source, and with his Taboo

Battle Realm, he can fight peak Emphyreans. However, that was the limit of his power. His former Paragon Tier Battle Prowess was gone.

"You will have to do with this for now," Maitreya said. She had plenty of trust in him to find a solution now that he was not dying and had plenty of time to strategize. Maitreya suddenly remembered something and swiftly condensed a golden glow in her palm, granting the same hiding blessing to Wang Wei. "This should help you better hide and plan from the shadow."

"Thank you," Wang Wei nodded.

"Here," Maitreya said as she handed him a talisman.

"What's this?"

"The key to our victory," Maitreya said. "The lock is the key, and as long as you can destroy it, the backlash he will suffer is enough for Heavenly Dao to regain most of the control and me to injure his real body severely."

"Can this thing destroy the lock? But that's just an information talisman."

"It contained my understanding and analysis of the lock," Maitreya stated.

"In the end, I still must do all the heavy lifting," Wang Wei complained.

"That's what it means to bear the burden of destiny."

"My destiny was the moons, not him."

"It was always a package," Maitreya replied. "You just never noticed it."

"In other words, I was duped," Wang Wei said with twitching lips. Maitreya shrugged. "Alright, I'm sure you want to leave, but I have a war to plan for. You can see yourself out." She disappeared, leaving Wang Wei alone. He looked in the distance and sighed: "The lesson here is I should not rely too much on others, but is that truly a good lesson?"

Wang Wei teleported away, not knowing the answer to his question.