

## **F.D Emperor 18**

### Chapter 18.2: What Price are you willing to pay for Power? Part 2

After Wang Wei made his decision, an order was sent out to his most trusted subordinates. Soon, more than 10 prisoners were secretly escorted to a hidden dungeon of the clan.

Wang Wei took all the necessary materials and drew a huge array full of runes on the floor. After drawing the array, the dungeon suddenly changed.

It was not a physical change, but more of a psychological one. The dark and deserted dungeon became more gloomy, a red atmosphere enveloping the once dark dungeon, a scent of blood permeated all around.

Wang Wei noticed the change of the dungeon after drawing the formation. For a moment, he regretted his decision and pondered the idea of giving up and just running away.

However, he thought of his mother. If he ran away with her, they would have to spend the rest of their lives in hiding, fearing that their enemy would catch up to them.

Wang Wei knew that these families or clans would never let him go. There were two futures that awaited him if he were captured: one was to be directly killed as a way to eliminate the source of trouble, the other was to become a slave of these families whose sole purpose was to make more money for them.

As for his mother, these families will not have any mercy; they would either kill her or keep her in captivity as a way to control him.

After hesitating for a while, he still continued the sacrifice ceremony. The ten prisoners were placed in the middle of the formation, bound by heavy chains.

Wang Wei walked to them holding a knife. He first drew a horizontal cut on his palm, then drew a circle around the prisoners with his blood. Afterward, he cut off their necks one by one.

The prisoners fell to the ground, gasping for air and blood oozed out of their necks. They tried to hold their bleeding neck to stop the blood from flowing out, but their hands and feet were bound by chains. Soon, they spasm on the floor for a couple of minutes before becoming silent.

Afterward, their bodies dried up like mummies as more blood was drawn from them, then they turned into dust and dissipated like the wind.

In the place where their bodies once stood, all that remained was a pool of blood and ten red floating clouds. This was their souls. The reason for their souls to be red instead of white was due to their heavy sins. As such, these prisoners were affected by heavy karma thus corroding their souls.

After the death of the prisoners, Wang Wei absorbed the pool of blood and the souls. A great amount of energy was poured into his body, and immediately afterward, a cultivation manual was inserted into his head.

He followed the direction of the manual and started cultivating. Few hours later, he finished his cultivation. He felt a great amount of strength in his body, he felt like he could easily kill anybody that stood in his way; he felt invincible.

Soon afterward, the feeling of invincibility faded away. Wang Wei thought that maybe if he had more sacrifices he could truly reach that level of invincibility. However, he soon buried that passing thought in his head as he had more pressing things to attend to. However, a seed was planted in his mind: a seed of greed for power--no matter the cost.

Two months passed since Wang Wei had his first sacrifice. During these past two months, the Wang clan faced many crises. Many powerful cultivators secretly intruded their clan's villa trying to eliminate them. However, all these assaults were stopped by Wang Wei himself.

However, the people that attacked became increasingly more powerful as time went on. After the third assault, he was greatly injured in order to stop the assailant. He knew that he could not stop the next attack, so he secretly made another sacrifice.

This time twenty prisoners were used as a sacrifice. According to the information from the book he acquired from the Ancestral Hall, every time he made a sacrifice, he needed to increase the number for it to be effective.

After gaining the necessary strength, he managed to preserve his clan amidst all of his powerful enemies. However, a great price was paid for such preservation.

The people of the Wang Clan noticed a great change from the patriarch. He became more gloomy, he was more irritable, and he would severely punish any one who made the slightest mistake.

He was a completely different person from the previous patriarch who was so nice and understanding. The patriarch who gave generous rewards to his subordinate or would pardon them when they made minor mistakes. The patriarch who would visit their family's elders and comfort them or help them when necessary.

The person who noticed the most change in Wang Wei was actually his mother. She saw the changes in her son. Previously, he would often find time in his busy schedule to spend dinner with her. During those times, she would see a happy smile on her son's face. He would talk to her about the interesting things that happened in his life.

But now, he was always cold and indifferent. He rarely came to meet her, and when he did, few words came out of his mouth. Additionally, she could smell the scent of blood from him.

Wang Wei's mother knew that her son must have done something evil in order to gain strength and protect this family. And the price he had to pay for this sudden power was his humanity.

Many times she wanted to convince her son to stop using these evil methods. But every time she opened her mouth, the words she wanted to say would not come out. In the end, she never mentioned it.

And she figured it out why she never could try to persuade him. It was out of fear. She feared that if she mentioned it to him, that she would forever drive him out of her life; she was afraid of losing her son, the only true family she had in this world.

Wang Wei's mother knew that her son's path might soon lead him on a path to be condemned by the whole world as a devil and slaughterer. But, she could not do anything about it--except to always be by his side during the harshest and most painful times.

She believed that as long as she always stood by her son's side, she could guard the tiniest bit of humanity he had left of him. As long as that tiny bit of humanity remained, one day, her son would have a chance of redemption.