

F.D Emperor 641

Chapter 641 Eating Time

'Is it Di Tian?' was Wang Wei's first thought. He knew the latter had the sect's Lord's Shadow technique and should have cultivated a powerful Shadow on par with Wang Ju. However, he quickly denied this possibility since Wu Hong sealed him too early. The techniques have specific requirements, and he could not have met them when he was sealed.

Despite eliminating this possibility, Wang Wei realized it was about time for Di Tian to be released. He has to participate in the Cleanup to acquire a token and fight in the final battle.

From now on, he can no longer be at ease when doing things since he has someone who can match in power and use experiences to compensate for the tactics department.

"I'll go see her."

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"It's fine. Focus on cultivating."

Wang Wei teleported to the small world where Wang Ju was recuperating. When he saw her, he squinted. A part of her body was disappearing while the other half tried to prevent this from happening. She was too focused on saving her life that she could not respond to his presence. Luckily, he had access to the formations and did not have to use force.

'Someone or something has erased her time,' analyzed Wang Wei. He could tell someone hit her with an attack that erased part of her past. And if Wang Ju did not have access to some of his Time Laws, she would have ceased to exist by now.

"No, not erase but ate." Wang Wei came closer to analyze the situation. If Wang Ju's time could be represented by a line similar to the Fate Line, the attack took a bit out of her timeline. The attack's purpose could only erase certain events in her life, or it could wipe her out of existence.

Wang Wei raised his hand to manifest his Time Law, trying to fix the gap in Wang Ju's timeline and save her. He failed. He tried again after borrowing the power of his incarnations. No response.

Wang Wei instantly deployed his Domain to surround her and boost his strength. This attempt was also of no use. He then accessed the River of Time, which should contain records of Wang Ju's timeline. He used the records to recreate her timeline and fix the gap.

'What level of Time Dao is this?' His attempt at even using the River of Time failed; this is not something even he can do.

'Fate surpasses time, so let's try that.' He connected to the River of Fate and found Wang Ju's Fate Line. Using the record of her life in the Fate Line, he fixed the part that was eating. There was great resistance, but he succeeded in the end.

Wang Ju stopped disappearing from reality and opened her eyes.

"Sect Master! Thank you for saving me." This experience was horrifying. Having hundreds of years of her life vanished from her memories, having to question her sanity on whether these events occurred before slowly watching her dissipate from the world.

"What happened? Who did this?"

"The upper-dimension people," she replied, making Wang Wei frown.

"Although you can only use 70% of my main body's power, only Immortal Venerable and above could injure you. And there is that strange Time Technique."

"It was a trap," explained Wang Ju. "I was investigating some suspicious people when I discovered the possible existence of another alliance against you. My investigation led me to a strange Heaven Chosen who seems to use insects. However, it was a trap.

"When I further investigated, they were prepared. They knew about the Lord Shadow Technique and had a Light-based Formation that could affect my Shadow Status and weaken my access to your strength."

Many thoughts flashed in Wang Wei's mind after hearing this. But he let continue without saying a word.

"Luckily, I've acquired some of your intuition and felt danger. Before they completely deploy the array, I use the talisman you gave me to create a hole and flee. Unfortunately, someone hit me with a strange Time Technique."

"Was it a person who attacked you or an item?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't remember. Everything proceeded too quickly, and I did not have time to detect the surroundings."

"It's fine," Wang Wei replied. "What's your analysis on this event?"

"These people knew the Lord Shadow Technique quite well, most likely from the upper-dimension Dao Opening Sect. They came prepared with the knowledge, readied to deal with you through eliminating me."

"You are probably correct." Wang Wei thought deeper about the situation.

'Time Eater is involved.' Wang Ju's attack suits perfectly for the latter's name. Furthermore, he is one of the Paragons who did not participate in the Ultimate Taboo and knew and interacted with his Ancestors.

There is a high chance that he knew the Shadow Ruler, interacted with him, and even competed with the latter.

"You need to be more careful from now on."

"I will." Wang Ju also realized she was too intoxicated with her newfound power and was slightly careless.

"I have to go through Mortal Dust. When I'm done, I will refine a talisman for you to access all my powers." Wang Wei was slightly annoyed as he kept discovering the "flaws" of the unorthodox way of the Nine Extremity Dao Foundation.

"Thank you, sect master. But do you need the Fate Shadow Guards to protect you secretly?" Mortal Dust is a moment of weakness for many cultivators since they usually seal their memories and

strength. Although they can instantly regain it when attacked, it is still a moment of vulnerability that can be exploited.

"No, Shadow One is in charge of protecting me."

"I see." Wang Ju was slightly disappointed but felt relieved since her young master's safety was what truly mattered.

'I wonder if I can become Shadow One instead of Shadow Three?' She quickly removed this intrusive thought from her mind since she knew such a request would cause a seniority issue that could lead to real problems.

"Do you remember what the runes of the formation looked like?" asked Wang Wei, not knowing her inner turmoil about being called Shadow Three in the future despite being the most powerful Shadow.

"I do remember some of them." She did not see the entire thing, but she saw a good portion of it after he saw the light emanating from the runes.

"Write them down and have the sect analyze them. Since you said it was Light-based, they can consult my mother."

"As you wish."

"Do you know where Yu Zhou is?" Wang Wei decided to eliminate him even if there was no evidence to prove he was innocent. Anyway, since he is a Heaven Chosen, he is his enemy, and if he were a spy from the upper dimension, he would have eliminated an unstable factor of the world.

And he could still kill a few Heaven Chosens without affecting his Son of Era Title.

Wang Ju did not immediately explain but checked the Fate Shadow's Headquarters for information.

"He disappeared after the trap. We currently do not have his location."

"He's not the in the Soul Race's Small World?"

"No."

That was more suspicious.

"Forget it. He has to show up for the Cleanup."

Wang Wei ordered her to keep up her work before going to say his goodbyes. Then, he headed to a mortal world for his Mortal Dust.

Primordial Chaos, outside the Eternal Ascension World:

Seven people fought an enormous creature with dark red skin and two horizontal black horns that almost met before his forehead. Its body was muscular, displaying its developed muscle. It has leather pants and boots on, and these items shone with magical light, indicating their value.

Primordial Laws flowed out of his body as he fought all sevens. The battle lasted a few days, with at least six of the others slightly injured. But the creature was perfectly intact—even his skin was not broken.

The creature looked at one of the seven and then at the Eternal Ascension before leaving. He treated Primordial Chaos as its home as it navigated its endlessness like a pool in his backyard.

"That's the seventh attack in the past hundred years," commented Undead Phoenix. "More should be coming." They could tell these attacks were nothing but testing the situation.

"We need to do something," added Earth Emperor. The two suns seemed occupied and told them to deal with the situation.

"Do what? This should just be the beginning," added Blood Dragon.

"Damn Qiyuan," snarked Five Feather Phoenix. The current situation is because of the All-Seeing Temple's predictions. Many people in the Chaos Universe believe the Eternal Ascension World will be responsible for the upcoming chaos and want to either deal with them or enter to prepare.

"There is no point in complaining. We need solutions," reiterated Earth Emperor. "What about the previous recruitment plan? As long as some potential Paragons side with us, we can increase our power."

"Most of them do not want to associate with us," replied Blood Dragon. He tried to entice Chen Tong and a few other people in Limbo. But they all looked at him in disdain.

"I still do not agree with this method," countered Five Feather Phoenix. "We do not need to share our power and resources."

"I don't believe I'm going to say this, but I agree with her," added Undead Phoenix.

"Then, what do we do once the situation is beyond our control?" asked Twin Flower.

"Don't we have the suns? They can protect the Eternal Ascension World with their power."

Chapter 642 Mortal Dust (L)

"Are you sure you want to do this line of work?" asked Big Mouth, a fat and muscular man; that's the best way to describe his appearance. His arms were muscular and well-defined, his legs thicker than a tree, but his belly might mistake him for a pregnant woman. Of course, there was his oddly shaped big mouth.

"Yes, sir," replied a slightly thin young man dressed in coarse clothes. However, despite his social status, indicated by his clothes and seeking employment, he had an odd charm around him that caught people's attention. However, they could never pinpoint or describe what his appeal was.

"It takes guts to do this job. Can you handle it?"

"No problem, Sir."

"Hmm," grunted Big mouth. "You're a little too skinny."

"Don't look at my appearance. But I have divine strength." The young man looked around and easily picked up a large saber weighing a few hundred Jins with one hand.

Big mouth's eyes lit up. He initially accepted this lad Yan Wei because one of his acquaintances called for a favor and because not many people were willing to do this dirty job. However, he became convinced after meeting the latter and seeing his respectful nature and strength.

"Good. Come tomorrow at dawn. I'll begin your training."

Yan Wei immediately bowed and profusely thanked him for this opportunity. He rushed home with excitement. The next day, he arrived an hour before dawn, when night still loomed over the world.

Big Mouth also arrived an hour early, and he was surprised when he saw the young lad waiting for him before the prison.

"The cocks haven't even crow yet. Why are you here?"

"I didn't want to be late."

"I like spunky people like you. I hope you can last long." So far, he was satisfied with the new employee. Discipline is one of the key traits to succeed in anything.

Big Mouth took the keys hanging on his side and opened the door, leading Yan Wei through the corridor. The young lad looked at the cells and people imprisoned. The majority looked miserable and dressed poorly. But a few looked like nobles, so he guessed they were either corrupt ministers or people who offended even more powerful individuals.

Big mouth did not say much as he walked to three different cells and walked out with a prisoner. Then, he led them to another section of the prison.

"Normally, I don't have this kind of authority. But since I need to train you, I can do this."

Big mouth led the prisoners to a platform and placed the first one in a device where his neck is shown and his hands tied behind his back. He took a blade and raised it above his head.

"The key is to have no hesitation, aim for the neck, and use all your strength, or the head won't fall."

Chop!

Yan Wei watched with horror as blood spilled on the ground. Although he already knew what job he was applying for, it was completely different to experience it personally. Suddenly, he felt his breakfast rushing to his throat, and he swallowed it back.

"So, you didn't throw up? Better than the previous guy," commented Big Moth after seeing the young lad's pale complexion. "Let's see how you do when it's your turn."

He changed to another prisoner and handed Yan Wei the blade. He took the blade with trembling hands.

"Breathe in and out," instructed Big mouth. "The first time is usually the hardest."

Yan Wei followed his direction and breathed in and out. He effortlessly raised the blade above his head. But as he glanced at the prisoner's neck, he could not find the strength to drop it.

Big Mouth did not give him any motivational words like this person was the most heinous criminal. He waited to see the young lad's capabilities.

Yan Wei hesitated for more than a minute. Then, he gritted his teeth and dropped the blade, cutting the head off cleanly. As he watched the result of his actions, he rushed to the side of the platform and hurled everything inside his stomach. He did not stop after an entire minute of vomiting.

"Well, at least it was not messy," said Big mouth as he patted the latter's shoulder. "How can it get messy?"

"The last guy did not use enough strength. The head was not cleanly cut off, showing the inside. Plus, the prisoner was screaming and had to chop more than three times before things ended."

Yan Wei felt like throwing up again.

"Don't be such a wuss. Anyway, this is the easiest part of the job."

"How can it get worse?"

"You'll see."

Yan Wei did not wait long to know what his superior said. A week later, after participating in a few public executions, he began to become acquainted with this job. He still felt squeazy at the fact he had killed people, but he had begun to become numb to the sensation.

Then, everything worsens after that execution. Big Mouth had to travel to another city, and he was the only one left. And a big case occurred. Some ministers committed treason or something, and the governor ordered the execution of his entire family.

Chop! Chop! Chop!

At first, everything proceeded smoothly. The only issue Yan Wei had was how he had to kill so many people consecutively, which was a first for him—especially without Big Mouth supports. However, the subsequent executions hunted him.

"Please spare us. Our family is innocent," screamed a woman, one of the many concubines of the treacherous minister. Yan Wei had to wear a mask that only showed his eyes, and they trembled after hearing this.

He gritted his teeth and prepared the woman.

"I'm begging you, please don't do this. Our family did nothing wrong; we were wrongly accused." The woman screamed and argued with him during the process. Yan Wei raised his blade, but when he saw the pleading look in her eyes, his body once again quivered.

He questioned himself, but as the supervisor of the execution asked him if there was a problem, he only shook his head before dropping the blade. It took every ounce of the strength of Yan Wei's body to prevent himself from violently reacting. However, his heart palpitations did not stop no matter what he did.

Amidst people's screams calling for their innocence, he mindlessly chopped people's heads. However, he was in a daze after killing that woman. His body moved, but his mind was elsewhere; it was like he watched himself from a three-dimensional point of view, observing the actions of a stranger.

However, something brought his spirit back to reality. The last people to execute were children. The youngest was only 8 years old.

When Yan Wei dropped that blade, something in him broke. He could not forget that child's eyes, full of fear, ignorance, and innocence. In her eyes, he saw a future that could have been: she could have become a great scholar, mother, healer, artisan, poet, and so many possibilities.

But his blade ended these futures.

In the prison, Yan Wei drank nonstop while sitting beside his execution blade. He did not know how long he drank until he heard footsteps.

"How are you doing?" asked Big Mouth, but he received no response. The veteran executor knew how to deal with this situation, so he left before returning with some food. He sat next to the youngling and drank with him.

"People should not be able to kill each other," Yan Wei suddenly said.

"What do you mean?"

"No one should have the power to end someone else's fate. Such power should not be in the hands of mortals. No, even immortals should not have such power."

"A world where people cannot be killed? That would be interesting. Unfortunately, this is not possible. And even if it was, I'm sure there would be some other trouble," commented Big mouth.

"Like what?"

"Do you think there wouldn't be any problem if everyone were immortal? Society would collapse in a very short time."

"I don't mean for everybody to be immortal. I mean that people should not be able to kill others. But dying of natural death, aging, or sickness is fine."

"What about criminals?"

"They can be imprisoned and rot in jail for eternity."

"I still feel it is a naive idea."

"If such a world like this existed, these innocent people would not have died."

"You don't know if they were really innocent or just lying to save themselves," argued Big mouth.

"In what world will an 8-year-old child not be innocent?"

"It's a shame what happened, but the son has to bear the crime of the father."

"What a stupid thing to say," replied Yan Wei before spitting on the ground, disdain all over his face. Big mouth sighed and ignored his disrespect, knowing what the young lad was going through.

He experienced the cruelty of this job. But after so many years, he was now used to it. He patted Yan Wei on the shoulder: "Don't drink on an empty stomach. Go to bed, and tomorrow, decide whether you want to continue this line of work."

Chapter 643 Mortal Dust (L1)

Big mouth watched a young man with a cold and emotionless face casually chop the head of two noblewomen. The latter did not bat an eye, there was no change in his expression, and he did not even care to hide his face.

'This kid changed so much in just two years.' Big Mouth was worried since this was the first time he had to deal with this situation. Most people would become numb to the constant killing and take things like drinking and visiting brothels to deal with the guilt.

However, the new hire, Yan Wei, became cold and emotionless, worrying him that something terrible would happen to the young lad.

"Yan Wei, come here." The lad calmly walked before his employer, staring directly into Big Mouth's eyes.

"I'm going to Red Tree City. Come with me." Big Mouth did not give him the time to reject it and stated it was an order. The next day, the big belly man took the young lad to Red Tree City, a place known for its vibrant lifestyle and the red light district. He hoped Yan Wei could get out of whatever headspace the latter was on and meet some new people.

Regrettably, Yan Wei remained quiet during the entire journey. The only time he reacted was after arriving. Numerous people surrounded two people: a fat youngster dressed in embroidery clothes and another malnourished youngster in coarse garments.

The fat noble constantly kicked the other on the floor, swearing at the latter for dirtying his clothes. Everybody watched with empathy in their eyes, but no one dared do anything. They can only pray that the noble has enough and leave the youngster alone.

"Don't look," said Big Mouth as he dragged Yan Wei from the large crowd.

"Who is that?" asked Yan Wei.

"The Lai Family's Third Young Master."

"The Lai Family is the richest family in the surrounding prefecture. Don't mess with them."

Yan Wei did not say anything. He followed Big Mouth around the city with the same blank look. They stayed at an inn for the night, and Big Mouth prepared to continue the tour tomorrow; he did not want to give up so easily.

However, the following day, he walked inside Yan Wei's room, trying to control his trembling body.

"T-Third Young Master is dead."

"Who's Third Young Master?" asked Yan Wei.

"Lai Family. His head was chopped off in a back alley."

"Oh."

Big Mouth clenched his hands as he stared directly at the youngster: "Did you have something with his death?"

"No." He could not tell whether this was the truth or not. In the end, he took a deep breath to calm down: "The entire city is on lockdown by the Lai Clan. You better hope you had nothing to do with this murder."

For the next week, no one could enter and leave Red Tree City. The Lai Clan searched every nook and cranny to find the killer. At first, nothing proceeded smoothly until the last day when they found a man with the blade that killed their Third Young Master.

The person tried to deny it, but the evidence was in his possession. However, the clan still wanted to interrogate him to find the motive behind his actions. Unfortunately, the man died due to poisoning. The conclusion was that someone hired him for the job and eliminated him to prevent him from talking. The Lai Clan had many enemies, and they concluded this was an attack on them.

During the entire week, Big Mouth was on edge, fearing someone would barge into their inn and arrest the two of them. But after the Lai Clan lifted the lockdown, he left in relief. Nevertheless, part of him still believed the youngster Yan Wei had something to do with that murder.

Soon after returning to their city, Yan Wei began to learn martial arts. And soon, the latter displayed his incredible talent. He could learn most techniques after seeing them once. Yan Wei even acquired a breathing technique that absorbed Spiritual Qi between Heaven and Earth to strengthen the body. Adding his natural divine strength, he was a born-martial art genius.

All these improvements should have been positive, but Big Mouth could not stop remembering what occurred in Red Tree City and feared something would happen. Part of him hoped Yan Wei would quit his job and use his newfound strength to make a living.

Regrettably, three years passed, and Yan Wei was the same: his face was cold and emotionless, always doing his job without any expression, remorse, or guilt—no matter who the prisoner was. At first, Big Mouth thought he maybe was being too sensitive, and things would return to a certain level of normalcy. However, he soon began to notice the disappearance of people in Droplet City, where they lived.

First, it was nothing but criminals the law did not catch. Then, it was corrupt government officials, nobles, martial artists, and wealthy merchants, then...

Bang!

Hundreds of armed soldiers barged into the prison, surrounding Yan Wei.

"What is the meaning of this?" Yan Wei asked before he saw someone in the middle of the soldiers: Big Mouth.

"I can't allow you to continue your rampage," said Big Mouth with a slight pain in his voice; he always blamed him for allowing this youngster with a bright future to fall down this rabbit hole. "Don't try to deny it; the government has gathered enough evidence that leads to you."

"Why are you doing this?"

"I am an Emissary of Fate, delivering their final judgment to these scums," Yan Wei replied coldly.

"Scums? I can understand your actions for the criminals. But what about the innocent people you killed?"

"That's only because of their poor luck. I put the name of every person in this city in a bowl and chose one at random. The selected person will receive a final judgment from fate, from me."

"Who are you to decide people's fate?" roared Big Mouth.

"Who is a nobleman to decide the fate of a poor countryman?" rebutted Yan Wei. "He does it because he has the strength to."

Big Mouth looked at this youngster with red eyes; he knew the person he knew was long gone. And nothing he did would change that fact.

"Get him."

The soldiers rushed with their weapons to arrest or permanently eliminate Yan Wei. Unfortunately, his martial art was truly superb. He used the room or environment to his benefit and ran away with severe injuries. A few months later, the Fate Killer struck again by stealing names from the magistrate, selecting them randomly, and massacring everyone chosen.

And from now, this became his M.O. (modus operandi). Whenever he traveled, he would repeat the same things. Unfortunately, his actions offended countless martial art sects and the government, leading to an alliance to eradicate him.

Yan Wei fought a legendary battle for three days against the coalition of martial artists and the government. Unfortunately, his ultimate end was being stabbed by dozens, if not more, weapons.

Wang Wei dug himself out from his grave.

"Being corrupt by the power of Fate? I've never thought about that," he muttered. His goal has always been to control fate, but he never thought about the possible side effects of his actions. Well, he thought about them, but he always believed his cultivation and state of mind should be on par with the task by the time he could achieve such a feat. However, he realized this might not always be true.

"Maybe nothing is incorruptible—including Grand Dao," he muttered as his eyes lit up. This experience taught him that he should always be on the lookout and be vigilant to prevent corruption of his mind when he can control the power of Fate of the entire Chaos Universe and beyond.

He disappeared before reappearing in Droplet City. He stood before a grave. Wang Wei cleaned it up and placed some flowers.

'An eight-year-old child: how young and innocent.' he thought while also pondering whether to revive her. With his mastery of life and death, it's as easy as eating for him to revive a mortal child.

However, he shook his head. He knew fate was cruel: every day, millions of innocent women and children die because fate has determined their lives and outcome. And one day, he has to get used to that cruelty before he can bend everything to his whim.

Wang Wei stayed before the grave for a while before disappearing. He learned his lesson and will approach his goal of being free and unfettered by controlling fate with more prudence. He did not want to slowly lose his mind like Yan Wei, corrupted by the power he wielded.

After leaving, he proceeded to his next persona: the king of an interesting kingdom. Wang Wei hoped he could also learn something valuable from this experience; he hoped to learn something from all his persona for this Mortal Dust.

Chapter 644 Mortal Dust (III)

Inside a medium wooden house, a woman had dinner ready as she waited for her husband. She sat in a chair, waiting for at least a few hours before a man entered the room. After seeing someone waiting for him, the man's face became stiff: "Honey—"

"Where have you been?" asked the wife.

"I went to Shi Yaozu's house to help him on his farm."

"It's been more than hours since the sun has set." She looked at the food on the table. "And the food is already cold."

"I'm sorry. I didn't pay attention to time. And when I realized how late it was, it was already dark outside."

The wife did not immediately reply. She stared at the food she had spent hours cooking before sighing out loud: "Who is she?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't treat me like I'm stupid! I know you're cheating, and I want to know the other woman's identity."

"No, no, honey. In the name of the Death Controlling King, I swear there is no other woman."

"I don't believe you," replied the wife. "I want a divorce."

"Nothing but this," said the husband as he knelt before his wife. "Please, forgive me. I won't do it again."

"I've forgiven you three times already. And each time, you promised me you would not do it again. But then?"

The husband did not know what to say.

"It's because you know I'll forgive you that you keep doing it. Well, I've had enough," continued the wife. "Tomorrow, I will apply to the magistrate to annul our marriage."

After saying that, the wife stood from her chair to walk toward the bedroom.

"No, no, no," muttered the husband. According to the kingdom's law, he would lose more than half of his property(farm) because of his infidelity after the divorce. Then, there is the stigma associated with a divorced man; he did not want to live his life like this, shunted by his community.

The husband's eyes suddenly turned red, and he lost his mind. He took one of the knives on the table and rushed straight into his wife's back, stabbing her more than a dozen times.

When the husband regained his mind, he found blood all over his clothes, and he was holding a knife. His wife of 7 years was bleeding heavily on the ground. The husband took a step back, questioning what he had done.

However, before he could think properly, something magical occurred. The wounds on his wife magically healed, and her pale complexion returned to normal. The scene scared the husband, so he instinctively stabbed her again. However, a magical shield manifested out of nowhere and protected her.

The husband watched the fear and dread in his wife's eyes, and a new realization dawned on him. Without wasting time, he rushed outside the house. Unfortunately for him, people from the kingdom's public security had already surrounded his home. And when they saw the blood on his clothes, they took their weapons.

Then, the leader said to the husband: "We have detected an attempted murder in this location. And according to the law, killing is an illegal act."

The husband did not resist since he knew it was pointless. The patrolman from the Public Security Bureau arrested him before taking the wife's statement. Attempted murder is one of the highest crimes in the Empire, so the husband will probably spend the rest of his life in a dark cell.

Undying Kingdom, Royal Palace:

The Death Controlling King, Li Wei, sat on his throne, overlooking his ministers.

"Is this necessary?" he asked.

"Yes, your majesty," replied the Prime Minister. "These people have committed the greatest sins and must be executed. Furthermore, our prisons are getting too crowded: we must either eliminate some people or build more."

Li Wei did not immediately respond. A few minutes later, he sighed before waving his hand to manifest a black talisman that would release a strange black-and-white light. All the citizens of this kingdom are immortal, but only the king has the power to strip this immortality from them.

"I need you to supervise the entire thing," ordered the King.

"As you wish."

Li Wei dismissed everybody and stayed in the Throne Room. He sat for hours, alone with his thoughts. He was only disturbed when Queen Wang Hong entered the room with today's dinner.

"Are you alright?" she asked as she checked his forehead for temperature. "You've been distracted—even dazed—the past few days."

"You remember how this kingdom started?"

She did remember. Back then, they were struggling to feed themselves and survive. So, her husband took a job as an executioner since it was good pay, and few people wanted to do this dirty job.

However, after being forced to kill a family that was most likely innocent, he began to question things—including his sanity. Then, one day, an immortal came to see him and offered him the power to create a kingdom where everybody was undying; a kingdom where only he could decide a person's fate—including life and death.

"Ever since that day, I've been thinking about why the Immortal chose me for this mission. I wonder if there is a reason."

"We've had this conversation before: we cannot fathom the Immortal's mind. So, for the sake of our family and this kingdom, don't think about these things," pleaded his wife.

"If only things were this easy," argued the husband. "I can't sleep peacefully if I don't think about it."

Queen Wang Hong sighed. "Alright, I'll indulge you. Did you find a reason?"

"I thought the Immortal wanted to test me. Well, not me but mortals in general. Test whether we would succumb when given absolute power. So, in the past 15 years since the establishment of this kingdom, I've done my best not to let power corrupts me."

The Queen knew it was not an easy task. Her husband is the only individual capable of granting death to people in this kingdom. And with such power, he has done an excellent job of not abusing his power and becoming a ruler dedicated to serving the people.

When things do not go his way, when he loses control of his emotions, or when confronted with the vilest part of the human mind, it takes a lot of Willpower not to abuse such power.

"I'm sensing a but?" asked the Queen.

"Yes. I feel that this is not the correct conclusion."

"What exactly do you expect to achieve?" asked the Queen. "You yourself are nothing but a mortal with no real power. So, how would you be able to identify the purpose of such an unfathomable being as the Immortal?"

The King did not reply.

"I understand how you feel," continued the Queen. "I also want answers. But I care more about our survival. So, please think twice before you do anything stupid."

The King followed her advice throughout his entire reign. Whenever he had to make any decisions—especially regarding his powers—he would think twice. Nevertheless, he never stopped trying to figure out the purpose of his existence; why he had such power.

At 93 years old, the king lay in bed, death approaching him. The old Queen stood by his side, also ready to journey into the afterlife with him.

"I've figured it out. Well, I figured something out."

"What is it?"

"What if Fate wanted something from me—just like the Immortal wanted something from the king? What if my desire to become free and unfettered was an objective granted to me by fate because it wanted something from me."

"Wanted what?"

"Someone to control it. Or someone to create it. After all, time is not linear."

"I believe you called such phenomenon Temporal Causality Loop," added the Queen.

"Yes. Fate created me so I can create it," muttered Wang Wei as his eyes became more brilliant. "Although this might be a nonsensical idea, I need to watch out for this possibility."

"And how are you going to do that?"

Wang Wei did not answer her, but he muttered to himself: "Grand Dao's River of Fate...My River of Fate."

As he regained his memories, power, and youth, he felt something had changed because of his enlightenment. He raised his hand to manifest nine small magnificent buildings in the palm of his hand. There was one in the middle and four on the left and right that orbited the central one.

"Are those your Fate Palaces?" asked Wu Hong as she sensed the power fate these things emanated.

"Yes," he replied. "Something seems to have changed with them after my enlightenment, but I can't tell what it is."

Wu Hong looked at them: "The Fate Palace is a form of Spiritual Foundation connected to your cultivation realm. The reason you only have nine is that you are still a mortal. After proving the Dao, you can condense the tenth and know what the change is."

"Do you know something?"

"No, but I have some guesses."

Wang Wei did not continue asking, but his intuition told him the Fate Palaces became more than tools he used to achieve 5-Root strength in his Nine Extremity Dao Foundation.

He dispersed the Fate Palaces before looking at his wife, "Couldn't you let me have a harem during my Mortal Dust?"

"If you want to lose access to Little Wei, you can try."

"I won't argue with you. I'm better than that."

Wang Wei then left for his other persona. He became an assassin tasked with dealing with corrupt officials. This person involved the concept of being the Sword of Fate. After spending his life as an assassin, the king ordered his execution once he was no longer helpful. He learned of his possible eventual fate if he was not careful in his path of controlling fate—especially if his theory was correct.

The following persona was a person who controlled a kingdom from the shadow. Despite not being the Sovereign of that dynasty, that person could control the fate of every individual in the kingdom—including the Sovereign and other royal family members.

Ultimately, he died after someone close to him betrayed him. Wang Wei learned how fickle fate could be. A person might think they are controlling or playing with fate, but fate is also playing with them.

Finally, Wang Wei decided to use the Science and Technology World for the remaining of his Mortal Dust.

Chapter 645 Mortal Dust (IV)

A high school boy laid his head on the desk, deep in sleep. It was a period of self-study, and the teacher had not arrived, so the students could not contain their restlessness; they enjoyed every second of their freedom.

And despite the noise and chaos, the student sleeping next to the window did not wake up. Fatty Jun—his best friend—knew the teacher was fast approaching and he would get in trouble if caught sleeping. So, he walked to his best friend—Wang Wei—to try to wake him up.

Before he succeeded, the latter suddenly stood up from his desk with a look of shock followed by confusion.

"Fate Nexus...My death," muttered Wang Wei before becoming even more confused; he did not know what these words meant. He just had a vivid dream that told him he would die at a very young age. Typically, he would ignore such a thing as nothing but a dream.

But for some reason, he believed in that dream.

"Are you alright?" asked Fatty Jun.

"I'm fine. Just drowsy from the nap."

"Well, Teacher Long is on his way, so be presentable, especially since he doesn't like you very much."

Wang Wei nodded before removing a bottle of water from his backpack and washing his face. He did not want the teacher to use his appearance to cause trouble for him.

During the entire self-study class, Wang Wei pretended to be studying, but he was distracted, thinking about that dream. Luckily for him, this class was today's last, and he rushed home as soon as school ended. He called his chauffeur to take him home.

And as soon as he arrived, his mother asked him why he did not stay for after-school activities or attend his Private Lessons.

"Mom, I think I'm dying."

Yu Yan stopped cooking and looked up and down at his son. If he did not know his son was usually a good student, she would have used the spatula to teach him a lesson for saying something so ominous.

"Boy, what are you talking about?" After hearing her son's explanation, she really wanted to beat him up.

"It's just a dream," she reassured him.

"But it's not."

Yu Yan wanted to rebut him, but she stopped herself when she saw the determination in his eyes. For some reason, she believed him—or at the very least, decided to indulge him.

"What do you want me to do?"

Wang Wei was shocked since he did not think that far. After pausing for a moment, "Let's go to the hospital. Maybe there is something wrong with my body."

"Fine," replied Yu Yan as she contacted their primary physician. Their family can be considered wealthy elites, so it was not a big deal to use the most extensive and expansive medical tests to reassure his son.

An hour later, Yu Yan had already texted her husband about the situation while taking Wang Wei to the nearest hospital. Wang Wei asked the doctors to run all possible tests, and they acquiesced.

And when he saw Doctor Yan walk into the room with a serious look, he knew his hunch was correct.

"Doctor Yan, is something wrong with my son?" asked Yu Yan as she also felt something was odd. The doctor arranged her hair before answering; this was a habit she had when stressed or needed to deal with an anxiety-ridden situation.

"Madam Yu Yan, I don't know how to tell you this," said Doctor Yan in a plain but reassuring voice. "We have detected a genetic anomaly in your son."

"What does that mean?" asked Yu Yan, trying hard to control herself.

"This anomaly has only recently been detected, and—"

"Be direct, Doctor," said Wang Wei, making her sigh.

"You won't live past 35 years of age."

Yu Yan immediately wanted to break down. However, she knew it was not the time. "Is there anything you can do?"

"This anomaly has only been recently detected. And with our technology, there is nothing that can be done."

"What about Genetic Warriors?" she hurriedly asked. "His father is one of the few Third Level Genetic Warriors in the world. Maybe he can do something."

Doctor Yan was slightly surprised. Although she had these people as patients for quite some time, she did not expect them to be a family of Genetic Warriors—especially a Third Level one.

More than 20 years ago, an alien ship crashed on this planet. And from the remains, the people of Blue Ocean Planet were introduced to the Genetic Warrior, a method for humans to actively evolve and control the process. Unfortunately, most of the ship's records could not be recuperated, and scientists only retrieved the first three levels.

And in these short 20 years, any individual who can become a Third Level Genetic Warrior is exceptionally talented.

"I don't know much about the detail of Genetic Warriors," continued Doctor Yan. "So, I can't say for sure. But I know that he can't reach the first level with his genetic mutation."

Yu Yan could no longer control her tears. Meanwhile, Wang Wei was quiet, left to his thoughts. Yu Yan thought her son had difficulty processing this news, which further broke her heart. She took her cellphones and contacted her husband.

Less than five minutes later, everyone in the hospital heard a booming sound from outside before the entire building trembled for a brief moment. Then, Wang Tian came rushing inside the room.

"Let me see the result," he asked directly while hugging his family. As a Genetic Warrior, he had an in-depth understanding of the gene. And after analyzing it, the light in his eyes faded a little. Luckily, he was prepared and hid it from his wife and son.

Back home, the family had a quiet dinner: no one knew what to say. That same night, Yu Yan convinced his son to sleep in the same bed as her. Meanwhile, Wang Tian went to use his contacts. He traveled all over the planet and met with the planet's best doctors, scientists, and Genetic Warriors. He only returned home three days later.

"How did it go?" asked Yu Yan over the diner table. The quiet Wang Wei looked at his father, hoped deep in his eyes. Unfortunately, Wang Tian shook his head, sending the family into despair.

"Don't give up yet," he hurriedly said. "I will go to Prehistoric Continent to see if I can find something."

Everyone became quiet. The alien spaceship did not only bring forth evolution for humans. In the continent it first landed, it released some unknown substance that forcefully accelerated the evolution of all lifeforms: animals, plants, and even some inorganic lifeforms appeared. As a result, the entire continent became inhabitable, forcing large-scale migration.

The Prehistoric Continent contained many creatures, many on par with Genetic Warriors. There are even rumors there are Fourth Level Creatures deep in the continent. Unfortunately, satellites cannot properly capture images or information on that continent.

The Blue Ocean Federation tried to drop numerous nuclear bombs on the continent to deal with these powerful creatures. Unfortunately, a powerful attack prevented these bombs from landing. Furthermore, the power of technology has drastically been reduced on the Prehistoric Continent.

"This is too dangerous," argued Yu Yan.

"It's worth it to save our son's life."

Yu Yan choked her counterargument; she could not disagree with this sentiment. "In that case, I'll start training as well. If I become a Genetic Warrior, I can help you."

"And who will stay with Xiao Wei?"

"I'll be fine," replied Wang Wei.

"No, you won't," cried Yu Yan as she knew her husband was correct. She also knew he wanted to undergo all the danger by himself.

After dinner, Wang Tian quickly left. Wang Wei asked his mother for some time alone to think. While sitting on his bed, Wang Wei thought about his life. He had a bright future ahead of him, a good brother in the shape of Fatty Jun, and he hoped to declare his love for the school's flower, Wu Hong.

Unfortunately, everything changed after one nap.

"I must take matters into my hands," he muttered before going to sleep. The next day, Wang Wei began to focus on his studies. He usually was in the top 5 of the school. But now, he turned into a study tyrant, always with a book in his hand.

He ignored all other after-school activities; he forwent socializing or even interacting with people; he only studied. In just one year, at 16, he graduated high school and scored in the top percentile on the planet during the college exam.

Wang Wei applied to Blue United University, the best university on the planet, sponsored by the Federation. His major was Biology, with a focus on Genetics. He completed a 6 years course in just three years, graduating at the young age of 19.

In a lab, Wang Wei looked at a recent blood test result.

'I've already started to decline.' The numbers looked slightly off, but he knew this was the beginning of his decline. Suddenly, his phone rang, and he answered:

"Xiao Wei, when are you coming home? I haven't seen you in three years."

"Mom, I also want to see you," replied Wang Wei with a sigh. "But I don't have time."

Yu Yan became quiet on the other side; she could not blame her son for trying to save himself. But as a mother, she had to watch her family slowly fall apart as her husband kept adventuring in that dangerous place, and her son tried to beat the clock.

"How about I come live with you."

"No," replied Wang Wei. He did not want to be cold, but he already theorized how alarming his decline would be. And he did not want his mother to watch him slowly die.

"Where are the things I asked for?" he changed the topic.

"Your father has paid for a top-of-the-line research facility for you. However, according to him, you have to recruit personnel yourself."

Wang Wei did not mind since he knew Geneticists are extremely valuable in this age of Genetic Warrior. Everyone—from the government to private corporations—will do anything to recuperate, even a mediocre one, because of the hope of finding a way to create a Fourth Level Genetic Warrior.

Wang Wei knew he would not have as much problem recruiting people since he had made a slight name for himself in the community with some of the papers he released in the past three years.

Chapter 646 Mortal Dust (V)

"Exploring the Limits of Genetic Engineering," "The Future of Genetic Diversity: Implications and Challenges," "The Path of Genetic Medicine," "Discovery of the Gene Core," and "The Correlation Between Genes and Energy Lifeforms."

In the past five years, with non-stop research and unrestrained funding, Dr. Wang Wei has changed people's understanding of the genome. His discoveries in Gene Medicine have reduced the threshold to becoming a Genetic Warrior, thus pushing the planet into a new era of fast evolution.

Unfortunately, such a genius, considered a gift to humanity, does not have long in this mortal world. Maybe, god or the Heavens envied his talent and cursed him with such a disease.

Cough! Cough!

Wang Wei wiped out the blood from the corner of his mouth with a tissue.

"Dr. Wang Wei, are you alright?" asked one of the lab assistants.

"I'm fine," replied Wang Wei, his complexion paler than a ghost. While looking at the result on the computer, he took a bunch of pills from his desk and swallowed them.

He coughed again, but a bit dry compared to his previous wheezing. His phone suddenly rang, and he frowned when he saw who it was.

"Mom, I told y—"

"Xiao Wei! *Crying*. Y-Your father... *Crying*."

"What's wrong with father?" he hurriedly asked.

"Your father... *Crying*."

"Calm down, take a deep breath, and tell what happened. I promise everything will be alright."

"...Your father is missing."

"What do you mean he's missing?"

"He went deep into the Prehistoric Continent since he heard there was a flower that could cure your disease. However, a Fourth Level Creature appeared in the same location he headed, and no one has heard of him since then."

Wang Wei became quiet. One of the main reasons for all his success is the odd things his father brought back from that hell of a place. And as he learned of its mystery, a part of him believed that there might really be something from that place that could cure his condition.

But now, his hope was gone, and he might have lost his father in the process.

"Alright. I'm taking a plane home."

"I'll wait for you."

Wang Wei stood up from his chair, prepared to tell his assistant to get his private jet ready. Unfortunately, before opening his mouth, he suddenly felt light-headed, and everything went black.

When he opened his eyes, he was attached to a bunch of machines, and someone was resting next to his bed.

"Xiao Wei, you're awake," cried Yu Yan after hearing the sounds of the machines. She hurriedly called the doctor.

"What happened to me?" asked Wang Wei, still dazed and groggy; it was a terrible feeling since he felt his mind was not in the right place, no matter how hard he tried.

"I'm sorry, Profession Wang," said the doctor. "Your gene collapse has accelerated."

"Is this why I cannot feel my legs?" The doctor nodded.

"H-How long do I have?"

"2, maybe, 3 years." Yu Yan could not control her tears.

'So, I was not guaranteed to live to 35. I just won't live past that,' thought Wang Wei. He never forgot that dream that foretold his death. He looked at his mother, and he could not recognize her. And it was not because he rarely went home in the past 8 years.

But also because the woman before him was not the mother she knew. She was thin, her skin was dull, and she had heavy bags as she had never slept a wink for years. The most significant difference was her eyes; they were listless, full of sadness and despair.

"Get me my phone," said Wang Wei. He did not waste time using all his contacts to ask people for help to find his father. He offered many of his cutting-edge research—especially the gene medicines that Genetic Warriors sought after—as a prize for anyone who could find his father.

After doing all this in front of his mother, he finally looked at his medical records.

'I have no hope.' That's the conclusion Wang Wei came up with. His fate was sealed, and there was nothing he could do about it. So, he decided to spend the rest of his life with his mother. He left home when he was sixteen and rarely interacted with his family.

And in his final moment, he decided to change that fact.

Sadly, Wang Wei soon regretted that decision. As his mother watched him rapidly die before her, and with his father's disappearance, Yu Yan was simply inconsolable.

Many times, Wang Wei wanted to end his existence in this mortal coil. At the very least, he can go on his own terms or have some control over his fate. But he never dared to do as he feared his mother would follow him.

So, two years and three months later, he died in the hospital bed. And the world mourned the passing of such a brilliant mind.

"Where am I?" muttered Wang Wei as he stood up, looking at all the chairs and students next to him. He looked at his youthful and powerful hand, feeling his healthy body.

"Big brother, are you alright?" asked Fatty Jun. "You better stop sleeping before the teacher arrives."

Wang Wei mindlessly nodded before sitting back in his seat, processing everything that had happened to him.

'Am I stuck in some sort of loop? Or was it just a dream?'

After school, he rushed to the hospital to take a whole-body test. And as expected, he had the same disease. His parents reacted the same way as his dream or first life. However, Wang Wei was different.

Something ruthless awakened deep inside him, and he decided to test his theory. He did not try to cure his disease, nor did he allow his father to venture into the Prehistoric Continent to try to save him. When Wang Tian tried to argue, Wang Wei would be ruthless and threatened to take his own life if his father left him alone.

As such, he spent the next four years of his life with his parents before dying a second time at the hospital. And as expected, he found himself at sixteen, back in the same position and in the same class.

'I am indeed in a loop. And it seems the purpose is to cure this disease,' analyzed Wang Wei. Then, he focused on his previous experience of the past two lives.

'The approach in the first life was wrong: I should not have focused on curing the disease, but managing the symptoms and ensuring I live to the limit of 35 years old.'

Wang Wei understood that his disease was very complex and could not be easily cured in just a few years; it might take decades—if not longer. Luckily, he appeared to have ample time.

After school, he did not get tested or tell his parents about his disease. He convinced his mother to become a Genetic Warrior and his father to give him a large sum of money for investment.

He used that money to acquire a state-of-the-art laboratory in just over a year. And for the next three years, he continued his research until...

"When were you going to tell us about your disease?" asked Wang Tian, trying extremely hard to conceal his anger.

"If it was up to me, never."

"Boy, this is not the time for you to be cheeky. Look at the state of your mother."

"I'm just telling the truth," he argued back. "Telling you would only make things worse. You probably are thinking about going to that dangerous continent to find a way to save me. But I can tell you it won't work."

"And how would you know that?"

Wang Wei opened his mouth but could not say anything. Then, he suddenly wondered what would happen if he told his parents about the Time Loop. He did not know whether some god or devil placed him in that loop, but he was not happy that his fate was decided for him.

Furthermore, he was unhappy about keeping it a secret when revealing the truth might make things easier for him. So, he decided to gamble and tell the truth. To Wang Wei's surprise, nothing happened—except for his family not believing him.

However, he had many other ways to convince him, like knowledge about the future and so on. Then, his family established a code word to believe him easier and faster in his subsequent life.

With his family's help, things proceeded smoother. In this third life, Wang Wei lived to 30 years old, three more than the first. However, he concluded that he had reached a bottleneck in his research to manage his disease.

The fastest way to deal with this issue is with some faunas or species in the Prehistoric Continent. Otherwise, he might use hundreds of lives before succeeding. Unfortunately, that place was too dangerous. So, in his fourth life, he focused on creating the method to become a Fourth Level Genetic Warrior.

With the scattered data from the alien spaceship, he finally succeeded in his 8th life. In other words, it took him 4 lives of living to 30 years. However, he only had 15 years of research for each, so he spent 60 years.

With both his parents Fourth Level Genetic Warriors, Wang Wei had access to all the rare resources in the Prehistoric Continent. In his tenth life, he could manage all the symptoms of his disease and live until he was 35 years old.

From his 11th life onward, he focused on finding a cure for his disease. And he only succeeded in his 27th life.

Chapter 647 Mortal Dust (VI)

Wang Wei's twenty-eighth Life:

He opened his eyes in the same classroom with the same Fatty Jun looking at him with concern. However, the difference was that he had a joyous smile. In his previous life, he finally created a cure for his disease in his late twenties. As such, Wang Wei decided to start fresh in this life, starting from his youth to make up for his regrets.

"Fatty, I'm fine," reassured Wang Wei.

"That's good."

"Hey, I just had an excellent idea: why don't you ask school flower Yan Liling out, and I will do the same for Wu Hong."

Fatty Jun looked at him as if he was an idiot. He raised his hand to touch his big brother's forehead. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Better than I've been."

"Then, why are you spouting this nonsense?"

"I just think we are only young once, so why not take risks? So, what's the worse that could happen? Rejection? Well, them humiliating us in public is probably the worse that can happen.

"But if that is the case, then that's only because of their poor characters. So, why would we want to be associated with these kinds of people?"

Fatty Jun felt these words made sense. At the same time, he felt something was wrong but could not find the words to argue back.

"Do you really think I should declare my love for her?"

"Why not?"

Fatty Jun frowned for a moment. "How about I wait until I lose some weight? Maybe, my chances would be higher than." He knew many handsome and rich men in this school who lusted after the school flowers. Although his family did indeed have money, he lost considerably in the look department.

"If she cares about your appearance, then she does not deserve you." Wang Wei lied. He knew most women had a preference for physiques when choosing a partner, and that was perfectly fine. After all, some do prefer Fatty's type, and some men also prefer bigger women. However, he needed to build the little fat man's confidence.

"Plus, if you ever wanted to lose weight, you should do it for yourself, not to please someone else."

"You know what, you're right," said Fatty Jun, his voice a little too loud and catching the attention of the other students. The two had to continue their conversation with lowered voices.

That afternoon, a piece of shocking news traveled throughout the school: two students asked the school flower Wu Hong and Yan Liling out, and they accepted. When the men discovered two of the top 5 school flowers were no longer available, they almost lost their marbles—especially when they realized they lost one to Fatty Jun.

The next four years became interesting, to say the least.

After returning home, Wang Wei once again convinced his parents of the loop. Then, he used their financial means to set up a lab and acquire a few things from the Prehistoric Continent. Finally, he concocted a cure for his genetic disease.

"Finally free," muttered Wang Wei. Without the burden of death, he decided to enjoy his life normally despite his high mental age. He wanted to experience the hormonal years of high school or the freedom of university.

And he had all these experiences he missed.

His love life blossomed with Wu Hong. He and his close brother—who was no longer a fatty by the second year—were now the envious couple in both high school and university: everyone wanted to be them.

The only downside to his life was his terrible talent for the Genetic Warrior Path because of his illness. Nevertheless, he did not mind since he had plenty of experience, knowledge, resources, and time; he would achieve something on this path. He became a First Level Warrior at 32 when his wife and close friends were already Third Levels.

However, Wang Wei did not care about this. His life was considered successful because of the few revolutionary papers he released, forever changing the scientific world.

Today, he was celebrating his 35th birthday, a special year for him. It was a grand celebration, but only a few people knew why the reclusive renowned scientist, Dr. Wang Wei, would throw such a lavish festivity.

Wang Wei overlooked everyone attending over a balcony with his family next to him. He raised his glass to make a speech.

Bang!

Wang Wei stood up with heavy breath, looking at the desk before him.

"Are you alright?" asked Fatty Jun.

Wang Wei looked him directly in the eyes, myriad emotions flashing in his eyes.

"You're scaring me. Did something happen?"

"Nothing. Just had a nightmare." Wang Wei motioned him to sit down as he processed what had just occurred.

'That was the sound of a gunshot.' Now that he pondered on the situation, he remembered the vivid sensation of something penetrating his skull. Thinking back to that experience, he felt fear and panic but quickly regained his mind to concentrate: it was not time for such emotion.

'My time loop is not my disease, but my death at the age of 35 years old. Is this what I meant by Nexus of Fate.'

Many thoughts flashed in his mind as he analyzed the situation. Then, he slammed the desk with his hand.

"Who the fuck placed me in this time loop? I don't care who you are, I don't care whether you are a God, Devil, or even the Heavens itself. Once I'm out, I will gut you and your entire life: I will make you regret your existence."

There was nothing he hated more than being manipulated.

Suddenly, Wang Wei was embarrassed as he realized he was in a classroom. The next few hours were quite embarrassing since he had to see the principal, and his mother had to come to pick him up from the office.

However, after calming down that night, Wang Wei learned something from this event. He mentioned the existence of the Time Loop to a large group, but there were no consequences. Of course, there was the possibility it was because no one believed him, but he decided to test the boundaries of this rule.

So, the next day, he tried to convince Fatty Jun, Wu Hong, and Yan Liling. He knew these people were trustworthy and individuals with excellent capabilities; they could be great allies in this unknown journey of saving his life.

Convincing Wu Hong was easier than expected. After telling her a few intimate details that no one should know, she easily told him she believed him. Fatty Jun was loyal to a fault and told him he would believe him if he said the world they lived in was nothing but an illusion.

The real issue was Yan Liling. However, after more than a month of predicting future events, she had no choice but to believe. So, the next step was establishing a way to come together faster in the next life.

Then, the group began to work together to save Wang Wei's life. Wu Hong was in charge of figuring out the cause of the time loop. Li Jun had to create a powerful military force to protect Wang Wei. Yan Liling was tasked with finding a way for Wang Wei to transfer knowledge of their future self to their younger self, making it easier for them to work together and be efficient.

As for Wang Wei, he worked to change his talent in this life to become a powerful Genetic Warrior. And since the other's tasks were not simple things that could easily be achieved, they would also help.

He died in this life because one of his researchers accidentally brought a dangerous plant from the Prehistoric Continent. The plant looked like an average office plant, and she used it as decoration.

Unfortunately, it released a dangerous and undetectable toxin that is deadly to all First Level below Genetic Warriors. With this death, Wang Wei knew for sure he was in a time loop around living more than 35 years and that he could die in the most ridiculous way if he were not careful.

In his 29th life, he successfully cured the problem of his genes and acquired an ungodly talent for evolution. Unfortunately, he died because something went wrong with his laboratory, resulting in a powerful explosion.

Li Jun, Yan Liling, and Wu Hong could not save him in time despite their Third Level.

In his 30th life, he cured his disease and the problem with his genes. And in a short time, he and his family became Fourth Level Genetic Warriors using countless resources and even affecting their foundation.

As one of the most powerful entities on the planet, he still died. How? The Beast Disaster. All the creatures or odd species from the Prehistoric Continent invaded his region of the world.

This event revealed to humans the horror of that place, with countless Fourth Level Creatures. Wang Wei died while protecting his mother as a creature swallowed him whole.

Chapter 648 Mortal Dust (Finale)

Wang Wei sat on his school desk, breathing in and out. He placed his elbows on the desk and supported his head with his hands. Thirty Times. That's how many times he had to experience death. And each time, the experience was not pleasant.

He ignored the noise around him as he took a deep breath. He concentrated on the sound of his beating heart, slowly alienating all the noise in his surrounding. And when he could only hear the soothing rhythmic thumping of his heart, he felt calm, peaceful, and composed.

'Let's see if it works.' He closed his eyes, using a medication technique to enter a realm of absolute silence. As he traveled into the depth of his mind, he soon saw five floating lights, and a rare smile appeared on his face.

He opened his eyes to look at the worried Fatty Jun and said: "I have something for you."

"Huh? Something—Forget about that. Are you alright?"

"You'll understand soon." Wang Wei placed two fingers on Fatty Jun's forehead as he closed his eyes: "It might hurt, so be prepared."

Immediately afterward, Fatty Jun groaned as his eyes changed: it was no longer youthful and full of vigor. Instead, it contained the vicissitudes of life. Li Jun faltered for a moment, and Wang Wei supported him.

"So, I've failed," said Li Jun, his eyes full of wisdom beyond his age. "What life is this?"

"The 30th. But you should not blame yourself."

"I couldn't protect you, so who else should I blame?"

"We knew things would not be so simple. Anyway, we should focus on the positive sides. Liling's method worked."

Fourth-Level Genetic Warriors have evolved their brains to detect the magnetic fields of the universe. And this process is often referred to by scientists as achieving a Higher Consciousness.

Wang Wei's group theorized the further evolution of the Higher Consciousness in Fifth and above Genetic Warriors would allow humans to transfer their consciousness into another body, abandoning the flesh and becoming pure consciousness creatures; to become soul creatures.

So, they experimented to see if they could leave a piece of their Higher Consciousness to Wang Wei, and when he died and restarted, whatever power placed him in the time loop could bring them with him.

Separating the Higher Consciousness took some time to achieve through technology. And right before Wang Wei's 35th birthday and death, the group proceeded with the plan.

"Let's go get the others," said Wang Wei before meeting with Wu Hong, Liling, and his parents. After accessing the previous life's memories, the team had a better chance at surviving since they did not have to go through all the hurdles of becoming acquainted and convincing each other.

"It's good that at least one of our plans succeeded," commented Yan Liling. "So, what's our next game plan?"

"Fifth-Level Genetic Warrior. If all of us can be this powerful, nothing on this planet can kill us," said Wang Wei.

"That's not as easy as stated," added Yu Yan. "We have already theorized that further study of the Higher Consciousness is the way to the fifth level. But how will we achieve this stage in less than 20 years?"

She was correct. Achieving Fourth Level Genetic Warrior with the limited time the group had was already a daunting task. And each higher evolution needs more energy or resources and more time.

"Do you want to study Temporal Fields to create a Time Acceleration Room?" asked Wu Hong.

"Exactly," replied Wang Wei.

"This level of technology cannot be developed easily."

"Yes, but we have time."

They did have time, but at what cost?

Wang Tian patted his son's shoulder while Yu Yan tried not to cry. Then, the group got into action. Wu Hong and Wang Wei worked on the Temporal Field, while Yan Liling and Yu Yan worked on the Fifth-Level Genetic Warrior Path. Li Jun and Wang Tian were in charge of calculating all possible dangers that could lead to Wang Wei's death and preventing it.

The group also did not give up trying to survive in this life. They tried to build an underground bunker to hide and pass the time. Somehow, a group of Fourth-Level creatures that had evolved underground ambushed and killed them.

The next attempt was to build a spaceship and leave the planet with their research crew. Unfortunately, one crew got infected by an alien species that is a brain porosity and sabotaged the ship, killing everybody.

The group tried again, this time with only themselves on the spaceship. They were caught by some abnormal cosmic phenomenon and died.

On the 50th life, they completed their research. With Time Acceleration, the group became Fifth Level Genetic Warriors. Their cause of death was the planet's explosion. Typically, a Fifth Level Warrior should be able to survive a planet's destruction with no issue.

Unfortunately, the real cause of the destruction was a secret research program gone wrong that affected the planet's core and exponentially increased the explosion.

The group tried again. They reached the fifth stage and left the planet. With their strength, they should have been able to survive in the universe. Unfortunately, they encountered a Sixth-Level Cosmic Creature.

On the 59th Life, they pushed the boundaries of the Temporal Field and created the method to achieve the sixth level. An Alien Empire discovered their planet, and they died fighting off an invasion composed of too many Sixth Level Powerhouses.

From the 60th life, the group focused on using the power of time to deal with the situation. They concentrated on mastering its power to escape the Time Loop. Unfortunately, they could not comprehend how it operated.

So, they tried a different strategy: escape into the past or the future. The travel to the past was to see whether they could find any information on how Wang Wei became entangled in that Time Loop. Furthermore, they wanted to know what would happen if the two of them existed.

Unfortunately, this attempt was futile. They did not find any new information, nor did anything change after Wang Wei met his younger self. When his future body turned 35, an accident occurred, and he died.

Then, they proceeded on their voyage to the future. The year that Wang Wei always died was 2136. So, the group wanted to know what would happen if they traveled beyond that year.

Nothing occurred. And when his biological age reached 35, Wang Wei died.

Then, the group realized an anomaly: If they counted the Time Acceleration, Wang Wei had lived longer than 35 years old. And yet, previously, he always died in the year 2136. But now, after traveling to the future, they cannot understand how exactly his death time is calculated. They tried to use this information to their advantage. However, they soon gave up on this idea since they no longer knew the rules and regulations.

Without knowing the exact time Wang Wei would die, the number of variables that needed to be considered dramatically increased.

100th life:

Wang Wei walked on a beach, lost in his thoughts. He stopped and turned around: "Why are you guys following me?"

"We are afraid you'll give up."

"Give up, huh? *Sigh*" He turned around and continued walking.

'Is this what I need for this to stop? Accept my fate and give up?' thought Wang Wei as he looked at the sand.

Ptooey!

He spat on the ground with disdain in his eyes. He refused to just give up. He promised himself that he would punch whoever it was that made him suffer through this. And even if it is out of spite and hatred, he would never stop until he succeeded.

He took a moment to calm down and analyzed the situation, taking into account all his previous experienced.

'This feels like a sick twisted game.' He felt that way because of the events in the future. It was like he went outside the boundaries of the game, and without knowing the rules, it became even harder to win.

'So, I need to play the game to win; play within the confine of the rules.'

He then looked at the entire situation like he was playing a game against an unknown entity. 'Let's call it Fate.'

He drew his name against fate on the sand before drawing a line. At one end, he wrote sixteen and the other 35. He then crossed the 35 and placed the year 2136 underneath.

'My greatest move was that High Consciousness Transference.'

Wang Wei wrote the name of his name against fate. That move granted him the support and help needed to continue this battle. Otherwise, he would never be capable of making so many moves.

'That move was brilliant and cunning,' he thought with a smug look before stopping. 'Why did it work?... The mind...memories...thoughts...Part of the game's rules?'

He squinted his eyes, deep in thought. 'Fate is not absolute; it has to allow room for possibility. And since it's not absolute, it can be conquered, but how?'

Wang Wei was not stupid to think he could overwhelm such power.

'Play within its rules and limitations: trick it.'

In this life, Wang Wei did nothing extraordinary besides managing his disease. And when he turned 35, the group placed him in a machine with two pods. And when the time arrived, the machine beeped, signaling his death.

Pushee!

The other pod opened, and a teenager walked out.

"Success?" asked Wu Hong.

"It appears so," replied the teenager as he looked at the dead Wang Wei. "Fate wanted Wang Wei to die in the year 2136, and he did." His plan was simple: accept his fate, die, and transfer his mind, memories, and consciousness into another body.

As such, he was now a "new person" with a new identity. He did not agree to the plan to transfer his mind into a clone to ensure success.

"So, are you really Wang Wei?" asked Li Jun.

"The answer to this question is quite philosophical," he replied. He did not transfer his Higher Consciousness to another body. Instead, he transferred his memories and thought patterns to a prepared body with its mind wiped.

On a physical level, he was different. On a conceptual level, he had a different "soul" if such a thing existed. But on an existential level, he had the same memories, ideologies, likes, dislikes, fears, aspirations, and everything that made him Wang Wei.

After thinking about this, Wang Wei suddenly smiled as his eyes and hair turned gray and his face changed. Meanwhile, his family dispersed since they were only projections.

"This was an interesting experience."

Chapter 649 The Game

'The discordance of fate,' thought Wang Wei, which is one of the most important things he learned from this experience. Fate is all about determinism; it deals with the absolute. Yet, it yearned for the people under its control to have unlimited possibilities and escape its shackles.

Wang Wei raised his head to condense a silver-grey star and looked deeply at it. Cultivation is a process of slowly escaping the control of fate. The higher the strength, the more choice an individual has; the more capable they have of becoming responsible for their actions.

Then, there are [The Fateless], people born outside the control of fate. They are the blessed few. A better way to describe them is that the River of Fate does not register them.

Finally, there is another group of people that he just learned of: people who have condensed their Fate Star. When a mortal break free from their fate without outside influence. The influence includes finding a cultivation technique and becoming powerful. To condense a Fate Star, they have to be similar to the Mortal Dust Wang Wei, using their intelligence, resourcefulness, and Willpower to fundamentally alter the course of their life or a specific event.

'This is not as easy as it appears,' thought Wang Wei as he looked at the planet he created in a corner of the Science and Technology World for this Mortal Dust.

'I can control the fate of everyone present to a scary level,' he thought before looking at two couples walking in the street. If he wanted, he could determine the very genetic components of this couple's descendants a hundred million years from now.

He could control the air particle their descendant 234,987 years from this exact moment would breathe. Wang Wei could determine the precise molecular composition of every mortal that will exist on this planet for up to a few billion years; he can determine their personality, choices, trauma, success, failures, and so many more.

'The River of Fate should be more even horrifying than I am. So, how difficult is it for a mortal to condense their Fate Star?' Wang Wei could not fathom the difficulty of achieving such a thing. Even he only "defeated" fate because he had unlimited time.

'There should be some people who succeeded. And if these individuals walked the cultivation journey, they would be scary.'

He shook his head before dispersing the Fate Star since it was not real. Anyway, he was still a Fateless, and to his knowledge, the star granted similar capabilities. Wang Wei then teleported to the beach, where he had his epiphany. He looked at the sand, deep in thought.

'In the grand scheme of things, it does not make sense for fate to allow any being possibilities to become free; it undermines its core concept of absolute control—unless someone needs it to do so.'

"Grand Dao," he muttered out loud before writing its character on the sand.

'The entire Chaos Universe is like a game, and cultivation is a way to level up. Based on the player's location, they can choose different classes: Emperor, Dao, and Immortal. In some locations, the Emperor Class is not available.'

Wang Wei felt his understanding of fate—especially Order-Disorder Laws—increase at an alarming rate.

'In this game, there are technically twelve levels. There are many rules and regulations reinforced by Game Masters (Heavenly Dao). Once a player does something outside the game's cognition or becomes too broken, the Game Master will place limitations on them.

'At the same time, the higher a player's level, the more rules they can learn and break. Nevertheless, the highest level player does not come close to the Ultimate Game Master (Grand Dao).'

Wang Wei's eyes became more brilliant.

'Not everyone in the game can be a player. Some people have to be NPCs. And when an NPC becomes a player, those are the people who give birth to their Fate Star. Meanwhile, Fateless are people born with some small bugs. Hum, maybe there is a better analogy for them.'

Wang Wei placed a pinned on the Fateless analogy before continuing with his train of thought.

'After level 12, there is no way to move forward. No, some players have gone beyond that level. And in that realm, they seem to be able to compete with the Ultimate Game Master.'

Wang Wei remembered when Honjun protected him from Grand Dao and allowed him to break one of the game's rules: a taboo.

'From level 12 to 13, there is no path. Players have to create their own method. And upon success, the players will acquire some of the powers of Game Masters to bend the rules of the game or even establish them themselves.'

His mind became clearer as he understood his next step after becoming a Peak Paragon.

'The Ultimate Game Master wants players to level up and maybe even challenge it. But why? Did someone program it that way? Or does it benefit in some ways as a result?'

Heavenly Dao's goal is to make their world stronger. Then, the same could apply on a large scale. Maybe, Grand Dao desires the infinite Chaos Worlds floating in Primordial Chaos to evolve, strengthen, and give birth to even more powerful cultivators.

'Or, it could be something more sinister: we are stuck in a cage, raised like pigs to be slaughtered. And, of course, the pig has to fatten up first.'

Wang Wei squinted his eyes and took note of this possibility. However, if that was true, he was only level 8 and could do nothing about such a thing now.

'The Ultimate Game Master has many modules to help him in the game, and the most powerful is the River of Fate. But what are the others?'

His Innate Paragon soul began to function rapidly. Every one of his spirit particles acted as one Wang Wei, boosting his comprehension speed.

'Grand Dao Source, River of Time, Source Qi Space.'

Wang Wei frowned as he felt there were more critical modules. For example, the True Power Dao Realm, but he was not sure. It seemed his comprehension was not enough.

'It's fine. I have time to figure things out.' One of the ways to win this game is to figure out its rules and essence. Most level 12 players do not even know the game's existence, let alone have such a deep comprehension of it.

The majority of them became cannot even reach level 12. And those who do give in to the despair of not having a path forward. Meanwhile, exceptional players like his ancestor, Qiyuan, knew to create a path forward. After all, he created a way from level 0 to 9.5. If the Ultimate Game Master did not place severe restrictions on level 10 and above, players like Qiyuan would have continued to find a way to level 12.

'I now understand why he created the Second Origin War and the purpose of the Ultimate Taboo: to find a way to level 13. Of course, I'm guessing things were not that simple.'

He looked at the writing in the sand about the game. If someone from Earth saw them, they could immediately enter a deep state of enlightenment and understand Order-Disorder Law and even a

tiny portion of fate. No, as long as a cultivator was the gaming terminology he used, they would also become enlightened.

He waved his hand to remove these writings: some secrets of the world cannot be written down.

"Play the game to win the game," he muttered.

Wang Wei then flew to the atmosphere, looking at the planet from above, reviewing his final Mortal Dust for a second time. He learned many lessons that he feels would be vital to his future cultivation path—especially when he tries to reach level 13.

Furthermore, his comprehension of [Existence] increased slightly after the method he used to cheat death. He understood that Eternal Emperors' eternal attribute is also a form of Memetic Power: they exist in the form of memories, words, and even historical events.

Additionally, not all Eternal Emperors are the same—for example, Qiyuan and the Absolute Beginning Emperor. However, because of all the events that Qiyuan has accomplished, it is at least a thousand times more difficult to kill him than the Absolute Beginning Emperor.

Qiyuan has created events that have affected the entire universe. And if someone wanted to kill him, they would have to erase him from the history of the entire Chaos Universe, which involved near-infinite Chaos Worlds.

As he pondered all these things, his mind felt clearer than before. The Silver Law Tree in his Sea of Consciousness bloomed to give birth to a fruit.

"There is only one thing I need an answer to now: why do I want to become free and unfettered?"

The moment he learned about the cultivation world, he decided that this would be his primary goal. But the question is, why was this his goal? Was he a person naturally born desiring freedom? Did the environment of his past life mold this desire? Or was there another sinister reason he was obsessed with becoming free and unfettered?

'I just need to find the answer before proving the Dao.'

Wang Wei connected this planet to the rest of the Science and Technology World before leaving to enter the Supreme Realm.

Chapter 650 Supreme Realm

Wang Wei sat cross-legged in a mountain, deep in cultivation. The Law Tree inside his body shone brightly as a fruit rapidly condensed. The fruit was silver with nine symbols—each representing an aspect of Wang Wei's Fate Law: Destiny, Fate, Karma, Samsara, Space-Time, Luck, Order-Disorder, Yin-Yang, and Free Will.

As his comprehension reached the required level, he had no problem condensing his Dao Fruit. Wang Wei could feel his Laws sublimated to a higher level; they became Dao, the source of all Laws.

However, this was the first part of condensing the Dao Fruit. The next step was to instill all his desires, goals, and ambitions similar to what occurred in the Divine Body Realm.

Not everyone can pursue the Dao, and there are differences between the people who do. Does a cultivator have their own Dao? Or are they relying on the path of the Ancestor? Is their Dao Heart and state of mind worthy of pursuing the Dao? All these things will determine success in entering the Supreme Realm.

Wang Wei used his Spiritual Strength to instill his ideas and ambitions, and in the process, he felt resistance. In the process, countless doubts manifested from the deep corner of his mind. He began questioning himself, his ideas, his beliefs, and whether he would succeed.

Could he prove the Dao in this generation? Everything seems to be going smoothly, but is that the case? What about his plans? What will happen to the people who are counting on him?

Then, there is his dream, no, his goal of becoming free and unfettered. Is that really possible? Can absolute freedom be achieved? Can his version of absolute freedom become a reality?

Wang Wei pushed through everything and did not let these doubts stop him. Despite the many questions he had about his life, despite the worries, he never doubted his eventual success—no matter the situation—and kept pushing forward.

After the process finished, his Dao Fruit shone a little, indicating his success. The next step is to condense his Dharma Body or the other fruits of his secondary Daos.

Cultivators cannot have two primary Daos. They can cultivate as many laws as they want. But there has to be the main Dao Fruit that is used to prove the Dao. Luckily, the Dao Fruit can be composed of countless laws.

Wang Wei proceeded to condense two more secondary fruits that he labeled Profession Dao Fruit and Battle Auxillary Dao Fruit. The Profession Dao Fruit contained the laws of the Five Elements, followed by his understanding of the other five professions like Array and Alchemy.

The Battle Auxillary Dao Fruit contained Soul, Destruction, Devour, Thunder, and Sealing Laws.

The process of condensing the second Dao Fruit was simpler than the first and did not cause much trouble. So, Wang Wei watched the two other small fruits below the main one.

'Next is the Dharma Body,' thought Wang Wei. This part of the breakthrough involved control of laws and the Domain. This part was the easiest for him because of his Force Control Skill.

An enormous version of himself appeared above the mountain. If Wang Wei did not isolate the surrounding with formation, the entire Myriad Emperor World would have noticed the presence of that Dharma Body.

After making the shape, the fruit inside his Sea of Consciousness shone brilliantly for a few minutes before stabilizing itself. Wang Wei stood before the enormous version of himself.

"Not bad," he commented to his handsome self. "Last step. Well, second to last." Another enormous version of himself appeared: his physique's vision. Under his control, the two fused. The Dharma Body then released a more mighty and profound aura.

"As expected, the power of River of Fate gave me a small boost.' He fused his physique's vision with the River of Fate from the Heavenly Abode Realm. And now, it benefitted his Dharma Body.

Wang Wei looked at the giant and dispersed it before summoning it.

"Dharma Body, the Dao manifesting in a physical body: it's both real and unreal." When he dispersed it, Wang Wei felt this thing did not exist. But upon wishing it, the Dharma Body reappeared again. Furthermore, he felt if it were severely damaged, he would also suffer.

"8-Leaf strength," Wang Wei muttered as he calculated the devastation he could unleash with the Dharma Body. "Not as much of an increase as I hoped for." He understood that he was rapidly approaching a plateau that his main body could reach

He then focused on how he will cultivate this realm. There are two stages in the Supreme Realm, and they are cultivated at the same time. Technically speaking, there are two stages for some people.

The first stage and only stage is the Fruit Ripening Stage. As the name implies, it is to continue ripening the Dao Fruit until perfection and reaching the peak of the Supreme Realm.

The second stage is the Dao Tribulation Realm, where cultivators without their own Dao will undergo numerous tribulations to prove they are worthy of keeping their power.

An example would be someone like Yan Chen—Wang Wei's previous Dao Protector—whose Dao is partly himself and partly the Sword Empress: he has to pass Dao Tribulations in the Supreme Realm.

Of course, some geniuses use secret techniques to call upon artificial Dao Tribulation to help temper their Dao Fruit.

"The Supreme Realm is too easy for these Heaven Chosens," muttered Wang Wei. "This is probably one of the reasons there have been so many Pseudo Emperors. In this realm, it should be mandatory for them to undergo Dao Heart Tribulations at the very least."

He felt the Heart Road was not enough. A cultivator should never stop tempering their Dao Heart.

"I'll change the Order of Heaven and Earth after I prove the Dao. I'll also add a Dao Heart Tempering Stage."

Wang Wei waved his hand to disperse the small world he had created and the formations. Then, he waited for the tribulation. Wang Wei was not in the mood to experience tribulation, so he swallowed everything that came for him and used it as nutrients for his body.

Finally, the tribulation condensed the projection of a past Heaven Chosen. A young man full of confidence and ambitions, dressed in fur coats, pants, and boots.

"The Heaven Opening Emperor."

The Heaven Opening Emperor did not waste time and rushed toward Wang Wei, punching him with unimaginable force.

"The Law of Power, and strength on par with 10 Primordial Dragon Force," commented with a slight surprise. He was not amazed by the latter's strength since he expected as much from the Heaven Opening Emperor. After all, he was one of the critical reasons Acquired Lifeforms won the war during the Null Era.

However, Wang Wei was surprised the latter cultivated Power Law and did not enter the True Power Dao Realm.

'The Heaven Opening Emperor seems like an ambitious person to me. So, I assume he would try to open that gate.'

He shook his head before deciding to end this charade. He wanted to prepare for the Cleanup and did not want to waste any more time. So, he slapped his opponent into oblivion.

However, the thunder recondensed instead of disappearing. Immediately, Wang Wei knew what was happening after seeing the clarity and wisdom in the new lightning projections.

"The Heaven Opening Emperor."

"Shouldn't you call me Ancestor?"

"Qiyuan is my ancestor."

"I see that young lad has tarnished my name," the Heaven Opening Emperor commented.

"Has he?"

"History is not always as it seems," said the Emperor as he looked into the distance. "They say the Primordial God fell in love with me, and I used this opportunity to study her body and create the Ancient Cultivation. But is that what happened?"

"No. That bitch treated me like a toy, torturing me for her sick pleasure. I had to have a strong body to survive."

The Emperor paused as he reminisced. "My original intention was not as noble as history said. Of course, after acquiring strength and seeing the plight of the human race, I tried to help by perfecting and spreading the system.

"But during that time, how many times I came close to death by her hunting me? She almost destroyed the Wang Tribe." The Emperor sighed before shaking his head.

"I'm sure your life was not easy. Not one who lived in that era had a good life. That does not change your action," commented Wang Wei.

"The bloodline imprint was common in my era," argued the Emperor. "Great Emperors were the cornerstones that prevented the extension of the human race. So, having a fast way to revive was a common tactic."

"I have no problem with what you did back then."

Heaven Opening Emperor was slightly surprised; he thought this descendant was similar to Qiyuan, a little too righteous. But maybe he was wrong.

"My issue with you is that you did not remove your method before you ascended, which could have affected me."

Wang Wei suspected this man killed two Aristocratic Wang Clan Emperors to prepare for his resurrection from Limbo.

"Interesting," commented the Emperor. He could tell this kid inherited some characteristics from Qiyuan and him.

"Well, it was nice meeting you. I guess we will see each other very soon."