

R Cultivator 336

Chapter 336: Adventure of Girls Group

"This wine comes from overseas," said the woman clad in flowing red garments, her voice soft but laced with authority. "It is called Cleansing Spirit Wine, crafted over a thousand years using the finest Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures. Its primary function is not to enhance cultivation but to soothe inner injuries and weaken the Heart Demon."

She gracefully poured three cups of the radiant amber wine, the aroma instantly filling the ornate chamber. Though she carried herself with elegance and command, her demeanor was humble and respectful before the three masked guests seated before her.

Her subordinates stood behind her in silence, observing everything. They noted how deferential their mistress was acting toward the three visitors, and while a few found it surprising, they dared not show any discontent. If their lady showed respect, so would they.

One of the three masked women immediately reached forward, lifting her cup without a word. With a single tilt of her wrist, she downed the wine in one gulp.

The red-clad woman's subordinates flinched internally. Such behavior would typically be considered rude in such a refined setting—no toast, no formal acceptance—but again, their mistress said nothing. Instead, her eyes remained fixed on the young woman, watching carefully for her reaction.

A soft, satisfied hum escaped the drinker's lips.

"Mana likes this... Mana wants more," she said simply, licking a bit of the wine from her lips.

The red-clad woman let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. A subtle smile played across her lips. She took Mana's casual approval as the highest form of praise. Her efforts hadn't gone to waste.

Seated beside Mana were the other two guests—Mathilda and Astrid. All three women wore traditional cultivator robes of fine silk, adorned with intricate patterns that seemed to shimmer subtly under the

light. Although they wore masks, their natural beauty still shone through, leaving no doubt that they were beings of high status and extraordinary cultivation.

Unlike Mana, Mathilda's gaze hadn't been on the wine—it had been on the woman in red.

The red-clad woman noticed it. She could feel the heat in Mathilda's eyes, that confident, unapologetic stare that sent a shiver down her spine. She wasn't used to being observed like that—not appraised, but desired.

And though she had never once looked at a woman that way before, she found herself strangely drawn to Mathilda.

'Is she just looking, or does she want me?' the red-clad woman wondered, cheeks flushing.

She tried to maintain her composure, speaking politely to Astrid and Mana, but her thoughts kept drifting to Mathilda's gaze, to the way she smiled so faintly but knowingly. And when Mathilda finally spoke, her voice smooth and playful, it was like a spell.

That night, the woman in red awoke to find herself wrapped in warm silk sheets, her body bare, her skin still tingling from what had transpired. Beside her, Mathilda lay half-covered, breathing softly in sleep, her arm draped casually over her waist.

The red-clad woman—Lady Yuehua—stared at the ceiling in silence, her heart pounding with confusion and contentment. She had never imagined this would happen. And yet... she didn't regret it.

Mathilda stirred and smiled lazily. "So this world is called Xuan World, huh?"

Yuehua nodded softly, brushing a strand of hair from Mathilda's cheek. "Yes. Our highest cultivation level is the Golden Core Realm. Only a few achieve it in a lifetime."

Mathilda chuckled and stretched. "Golden Core... That's about equal to the Master Level in our world. Well not really the pinnacle."

Her words left Yuehua stunned. So casually spoken—yet it confirmed what she already suspected. These women were from another realm entirely, a place far beyond her imagination.

"But it doesn't really matter," Mathilda said with a yawn. "I'll be leaving this world once my boss finishes his seclusion."

A flicker of sadness passed through Yuehua's eyes. She turned her face away slightly, hiding the emotion behind her long lashes.

Mathilda noticed. She leaned in and kissed her gently on the lips "Hey... don't look so gloomy."

Yuehua sucked her lips with passion and said "I just... I didn't expect you'd be gone so soon."

Mathilda smiled softly and took her hand. "I'll leave you some pills and potions. Cultivation resources too. When you break through your current realm, try to ascend to the Boundless World."

"Boundless World..." Yuehua whispered, as if the name itself carried weight and wonder.

"If fate allows, you'll find me there," Mathilda said. "Who knows—maybe we'll share another drink... or another night."

A blush crept onto Yuehua's cheeks again, Mathilda's fiendish claw extended towards Yuehua's breast.

That night continued with passion, warmth, and whispered promises under the moonlit sky.

The next day, Mathilda met Astrid at the palace gates. Dressed in elegant travel robes, both women looked radiant under the morning sun. With Lady Yuehua accompanying them, the trio embarked on a journey to explore the vast lands of the Xuan World.

Despite its seemingly ancient atmosphere, the Xuan World had developed certain advancements in spiritual transportation. Flying boats powered by spirit stones glided through the skies, offering a serene and majestic mode of travel across vast continents.

Mathilda stepped onto the wooden deck of one such flying vessel, her eyes surveying the intricate runes carved along its surface.

"Where is Mana?" she asked casually.

Astrid chuckled softly. "She went back to Tyler. It's time for a refill again."

Far away, deep within a lush forest shrouded in mist, stood the majestic palace Tyler had summoned near the riverbank. The tranquil surroundings belied the intense energy churning inside the cultivation chamber at its core.

A sudden ripple of space appeared just outside the palace gates. Mana, gracefully stepping through a shimmering portal. The Grandmasters stationed outside noticed her arrival and immediately offered respectful nods.

One of them greeted, bowing slightly.

She nodded back politely and walked past them without delay. As she entered the grand cultivation chamber, a wave of powerful mix of Aura and Prana energies greeted her. The air was thick with the scent of rare herbs, dragon essence, and elemental energy.

The room was unlike any ordinary training space. Numerous boxes were neatly stacked around the formation circle, filled with rare ingredients—dragon flesh, aura stones, prana stones—all marked with glowing inscriptions and sealed with protective talismans.

At the center of the chamber was a massive, intricate formation etched into the floor and walls, revolving with a low hum. A glowing vortex hovered in the air above, pulsating in rhythm with the swirling currents of Aura and Prana energies.

In the eye of the vortex sat Tyler, cross-legged and completely still. His entire body radiated a subtle golden hue, his aura blending with the formation as if he were one with it.

Mana didn't disturb him. Instead, she moved quickly and efficiently, pulling out Tyler's copper. She began replenishing the depleted boxes—replacing spent aura stones with fresh ones, pouring new dragon blood essence into the absorption pool, and inserting fresh prana stones into the auxiliary inscriptions.

Despite the complexity of the system, she moved with practiced ease. Within minutes, everything was refilled and calibrated, ensuring the cultivation cycle would continue uninterrupted.

"Done," she whispered, glancing at Tyler one last time.

Then she left the palace and activated the portable waypoint terminal. A glowing circle formed before her, and in a blink, she vanished again.

Back on the flying boat, Mathilda was sipping tea while Astrid and Yuehua admired the passing clouds. The moment Mana reappeared beside them, Yuehua's eyes widened in awe.

"That device... Was that teleportation?" she asked, her voice filled with wonder.

Mana gave a small nod and raised her wrist, showing the sleek teleportation watch strapped to it.

"This is a portable waypoint terminal. It uses spatial coordinates and advanced tech to jump between preset locations."

Yuehua's eyes sparkled. "Such precise and instant teleportation... I've never seen anything like it."

"Hehe, if you want more advanced tech," Mathilda said with a grin, "I can give you some. Mana here has our boss's storage device. It has almost everything."

Yuehua stared at the two women in amazement. "Is your boss... very wealthy?"

Mathilda laughed, sipping her tea again. "Super-rich. Like, he can buy your whole world if he wants."

Yuehua blinked. "That's... beyond comprehension."

Far far far away from the girls,

Atop a grand platform carved into a mountain peak, an emperor stood with a terrifying aura radiating from his body. He was a powerhouse at the Nascent Soul Realm, his presence enough to shake the heavens. Before him stood an army of 10,000 cultivators, each clad in battle armor. The weakest among them had already reached the Qi Refining Realm (Novice Level), while the strongest stood proudly at the Golden Core Realm (Master Level).

The emperor raised his hand, his voice echoing across the vast battlefield. "Cultivators are chosen by the heavens—blessed with the ability to refine Qi and ascend to immortality. Mortals, those unable to cultivate, were never meant to exist in this world. They are a burden to the heavenly path. Today, we will purge them. Let us wipe out all mortals from existence! The world shall belong only to the worthy—FOR THE HEAVENS!"

"FOR THE HEAVENS!" the soldiers roared in unison, their voices shaking the mountain.

Without delay, they mounted their spirit beasts—ferocious creatures bred for war—and began their march. Thunderous footsteps and wingbeats filled the air, as a crusade against mortals had begun under the emperor's command.

Chapter 337: Emperor Chang Shengzun

"Peering into the Yin to break the Yang, heaven and earth converge at the divine pivot; the Sword is void, the heart is the reality, the heart follows the movement of the Sword, the Sword follows the intent of the heart..."

Emperor Chang Shengzun chanted solemnly, his voice resonating with ethereal clarity. Seated in the lotus position atop an ornate meditation platform inside his flying warship, he radiated an oppressive, divine aura. His presence alone could silence the wind and bend the clouds. Around him, spiritual energy surged and flowed like a river of light, coalescing into a sword-shaped vortex that danced around his body in perfect harmony.

Emperor Chang Shengzun was not merely a sword cultivator—he was the sword cultivator, a legend spoken of with reverence across the realms. A Nascent Soul powerhouse who once singlehandedly split a mountain range in half, his mastery of the Dao of the Sword was unparalleled.

Beneath his warship, an endless procession of armored flying boats followed, each carrying scores of cultivators clad in sleek battle robes. The fleet stretched across the skies like a sea of celestial fireflies, casting shadows over the land below.

His army—ten thousand elite cultivators—marched toward the Xuan Continent under a single banner: The Great Purge.

They had already razed several cities, burning them to ash and rubble. Screams of mortals had faded into silence, their bodies reduced to cinders. Cultivator or not, anyone who dared resist had been cut down without mercy.

"These mortals are like ants," one of the younger cultivators sneered, standing near the observation deck of the warship. He flicked the blood off his blade with contempt.

Another elder nodded solemnly. "They've grown complacent in their weakness. Clinging to their lives, refusing to step onto the path of cultivation—how pathetic."

"The Great Purge has only just begun," a third cultivator

Meanwhile, in the heart of a lush valley where a grand waterfall cascaded down glittering rocks, four girls were enjoying a leisurely bath beneath the silken curtain of falling water. The sun filtered through

the canopy above, painting the pool in shimmering hues of gold and blue. The sound of the rushing water, the chirping birds, and the fragrant scent of nearby blooming flowers created a serene paradise untouched by the chaos of the world.

Laughter echoed as the girls playfully splashed each other. Steam gently rose from the crystal-clear pool, warmed by an underground hot spring. Their flawless skin glistened in the sunlight, and their relaxed expressions reflected the bliss of peace and quiet.

Only Mathilda's hand, however, couldn't quite behave.

"Hey!" Mana yelped, jumping a little as Mathilda grinned mischievously, her hand having wandered again.

"Oh come on, just a little squeeze," Mathilda said with an impish chuckle, dodging a splash from Mana and ducking behind Astrid for cover.

"You're incorrigible," Astrid said, laughing despite herself.

Just then, a flash of spiritual energy flickered in the sky above the waterfall. A beautiful young woman dressed in elegant robes descended gracefully, landing near the bathing area. She bowed deeply, her demeanor respectful and composed, though her cheeks were tinged red at the scene before her.

"My apologies for the interruption," she said, holding out a sealed envelope. "This is the latest information."

Yuehua, who had been quietly enjoying the tranquil moment, stood and accepted the letter. "You may leave," she said softly.

The messenger bowed once more and quickly retreated.

Yuehua broke the seal and unfolded the paper. As her eyes scanned the contents, her expression darkened. The peaceful atmosphere around the waterfall immediately shifted.

"What's wrong?" Mathilda asked, sensing the tension.

Yuehua sighed, lowering the letter. "It's the Fiend Emperor—Chang Shengzun."

The Girls also turned their attention to Yuehua.

"He's broken through to the Nascent Soul Realm," Yuehua continued gravely. "And instead of ascending like others, he's chosen to remain here... and wage war. He believes mortals are unworthy of existence and is purging entire cities—villages, towns, everything. He's leading an army of ten thousand cultivators, conquering from the west and advancing rapidly."

Astrid's brows furrowed. "Isn't there anyone to stop him?"

"Normally, after reaching Nascent Soul Realm, cultivators ascend to higher realms through the Ascension Stair," Yuehua explained. "But it seems this emperor has acquired some ancient treasure—a tethering artifact that anchors his soul here. He's using it to remain in this world and strengthen his dominion."

Mathilda leaned back in the water, resting her arms on the rocks behind her. "Hmm... But why kill mortals? Something sus."

Yuehua nodded.

"Hmph," Mathilda flicked water lazily, her expression unreadable. "I was getting bored anyway."

Yuehua expression changed. She doesn't want Mathilda to get involved. She can't sense their realm. But it seems like around Golden Core Realm.

Mathilda noticed her worries and patted her breast "Don't worry... Trust me... "

"Say that without sexually harassing her..." Mana quickly said.

"Stop," Emperor Chang Shengzun's voice echoed across the sky, calm yet commanding, as his enormous flying fortress slowed to a halt. Around him, thousands of flying chariots, boats, and beast mounts came to a still hover in mid-air. The vast formation of ten thousand cultivators paused as one, their auras burning like wildfire across the heavens.

Perched at the forefront of his warship, the emperor stood tall, robed in flowing black and silver robes, with his long hair dancing in the wind. His piercing eyes scanned the distant horizon. His brow furrowed slightly.

"Something doesn't feel right," he muttered under his breath, as an unusual ripple passed through the spiritual winds. He waved his hand, summoning a glowing golden command token.

From the nearby chariot, a figure soared toward him. The commander—a man with a sharp gaze, clad in refined war robes—landed respectfully and knelt on one knee.

"Reporting to Your Majesty," he said, his voice steady. "We have already obliterated two small kingdoms and ten sects that dared resist your divine march."

Emperor Chang Shengzun nodded slowly. "Good. And the next destination?"

The commander hesitated for a moment. "It is... Reverse Fate Country, Your Majesty."

The emperor raised an eyebrow. "Reverse Fate?"

"Yes," the commander continued. "There is an ancient legend. Many powerful emperors throughout history, blessed with great fortune and destiny, attempted to conquer that land. Yet, one by one, their fates were reversed. Their armies were destroyed, their empires crumbled, and they themselves... perished mysteriously."

Though it sounded like superstition, every record they found echoed this eerie tale.

"Hmph," the emperor scoffed, dismissing the notion with a cold smile. "Fate? Reversal? I forge my own destiny with the edge of my sword. Let us see if this Reverse Fate Country dares to defy me."

The commander bowed again, but deep down, a shadow of unease flickered in his heart.

Just then, distant cries and flashes of spiritual light exploded in the far east. Several battalions of sword cultivators from Chang Shengzun's army had reached a new region—an ancient sect nestled in a mountainous valley.

"Surrender your mortal kin!" a cultivator bellowed, his sword gleaming with killing intent as he descended.

"We are a neutral sect!" the sect elder cried, raising his hands. "We've taken no sides—"

But his words were cut short as a flying sword pierced his chest, exploding him into a cloud of blood mist.

"Sect Master!" disciples screamed, only to be cut down one after another. The sky rained fire and blades as the army unleashed their wrath. Giant spiritual formations exploded. Blood painted the once-sacred grounds crimson. No distinction was made between warriors, scholars, or children.

"They housed mortals," a cultivator spat. "That alone is sin!"

In another region, a bustling mortal city lit with lanterns and laughter turned into a battlefield within moments. The gates were shattered. Creatures mounted by cultivators stormed the streets. Sword light flashed like lightning, carving buildings in half.

"Please, my child—no!" a mother cried, shielding her toddler as a blast tore through their home.

"Mercy! We're only farmers!"

"There is no mercy for insects," a cultivator replied, hurling his blade forward. Blood splattered, lives ended, and silence took over where once was joy.

The Great Purge had turned into a continent-wide massacre.

Within hours, multiple sects, villages, and cities were reduced to ash. Smoke curled into the sky, and the scent of burning wood and blood filled the wind. The once-vibrant lands now bore scars of destruction.

Far away from the chaos.

Four figures soared atop a graceful flying boat — Mathilda, Mana, Astrid, and Yuehua.

Mana looked down and saw countless mortals fleeing in desperation. Even some cultivators were helping their mortal families escape from the continent, carrying their loved ones through the skies or guiding them across treacherous terrain.

"Even if they manage to escape," Yuehua said grimly, "the emperor will simply continue his purge beyond this continent. He won't stop."

"Don't worry," Mathilda replied confidently, a smirk playing on her lips. "He won't get that far."

Her eyes glinted with amusement as she added inwardly, "Should I just poison the entire army? That'd be fun."

"What is our next destination?" Mathilda asked Yuehua.

"We are reaching Reverse Fate Country."

Chapter 338: Confronting the Emperor and the Army

Reverse Fate Country - a nation nestled in the center of the continent, home to more than 50 million people, over half of whom were mortals. It had long been known for its tranquil landscapes, ancient traditions, and mysterious legends. Among these legends was one spoken in hushed tones by kings and sages alike: "Those who march against Reverse Fate Country shall have their destinies twisted, their fates reversed."

But Emperor Chang Shengzun stood tall aboard his floating chariot, his expression cold and indifferent as he gazed down at the peaceful lands below.

"Hmph," he sneered. "So this is the famed Reverse Fate Country? Let's see if it can reverse my fate."

He turned toward his commander and raised his hand. "Activate the formation."

The skies darkened instantly.

From the heavens, strange and ominous symbols began to materialize, glowing across the clouds like divine script. They spiraled and expanded, forming a vast net of runes that blanketed the entire country. A loud, resonating hum followed—like the groan of heaven itself. Within seconds, a massive Isolation and Confinement Formation locked the nation from the rest of the world.

Panic erupted.

In every corner of the land, people looked up in confusion and fear. The skies had turned eerie, heavy with a pressure that pressed upon their chests like an invisible mountain. Those trying to flee toward the borders found themselves repelled by an unseen wall, their escape routes sealed off.

"We... we can't leave!" one man cried, slamming his fists against the invisible barrier.

Children cried. Mothers clutched their babies. Cultivators who had once believed they could escape this purge were now trapped alongside the mortals.

"Heh... like mice in a trap," Emperor Chang Shengzun smirked. His voice echoed through the air like thunder. "Let's begin the Purge. Let's see if this land can really reverse my fate."

Raising his sword high into the sky, he shouted with chilling fervor: "For the Heavens!"

"FOR THE HEAVENS!" the 10,000 cultivators roared in unison. Their war cries shook the air, reverberating across the mountains and plains. The sky itself seemed to tremble at the declaration.

And then came the slaughter.

The army descended upon the first city—Brightfall City, a prosperous trade hub with nearly a million citizens. With no warning, the cultivators rained down from the sky, swords blazing, spells erupting like firestorms.

Civilians screamed as homes were reduced to rubble. Buildings crumbled, rivers ran red with blood, and desperate parents shielded their children from incoming attacks. Cultivators who tried to resist were cut down mercilessly, their corpses thrown into the streets.

In Willowshade Town, the next target, resistance sects tried to form a barrier to protect the people. But the moment they activated their defenses, a Golden Core cultivator from the Emperor's side shattered it with a single wave of his palm, turning all defenders into dust.

Village after village fell. Sects were eradicated, their libraries burned, their disciples slaughtered. Even children training in beginner cultivation stages were not spared.

Despair settled upon the hearts of the people like a heavy fog.

"We're doomed... There's no one left to stop them..." a sect elder whispered before being struck down.

The Emperor's forces showed no remorse, no restraint. Their so-called crusade for the heavens had become an apocalyptic march of blood and fire.

As the army approached the next city—Moonveil, the capital of Reverse Fate Country—the citizens prepared for death. The city gates had been sealed, not to defend, but to prevent chaos within. People wept in silence, lighting incense and praying to the heavens one last time.

Suddenly, just as the soldiers began charging, shouting "FOR THE HEAVENS!", a voice cut through the despair like a blade.

"Hmph... For the heavens? How laughable."

It was soft, feminine—but somehow it echoed in every corner of the city, as if heaven itself paused to listen.

The charging army froze mid-step. Confusion rippled through the ranks.

The commander, a Half-Step Nascent Soul expert, frowned. "Who told you to stop?! Keep marching!"

But just as they began moving again, the front row of soldiers collapsed.

One by one, cultivators dropped where they stood—lifeless.

A wave of unease swept over the formation. Those behind stumbled back in shock, eyes wide with horror. Their comrades hadn't been cut or burned—they had simply died, as if something invisible had severed their connection to life.

"Who... who's there?! Who dares use cowardly poison?" the commander bellowed, his voice laced with fear.

Suddenly, from the skies, a crimson flying boat descended, elegant and radiant.

On top of it stood Mathilda, Mana, Astrid, and Yuehua—their robes fluttering in the wind, their expressions calm yet imposing.

"You call poison cowardly, yet you use your cultivation to suppress and slaughter the mortals." Mathilda said coldly, her tone enough to make hearts tremble. Though she is Filurious all the times, she was from Demonic Sect after all.

The soldiers below trembled in confusion and dread.

Astrid narrowed her eyes, studying the formation in the sky. "This isn't just an isolation formation... It's an Absorption Formation. Every time someone is killed, their blood and soul are fed into it."

Yuehua's face darkened. "He's using the entire Continent as a blood sacrifice..."

"Sacrificing for what?" Mana looked confused.

"Who art thou?" A dignified voice shouted.

Emperor Chang Shengzun had arrived.

His golden robes fluttered in the wind, inscribed with divine runes, and his presence alone made even the bravest cultivators kneel in reverence. The ground beneath him trembled slightly, reacting to the sheer force of his spiritual pressure.

The soldiers below let out a collective sigh of relief. The presence of the four mysterious women had shaken them to their core. Though none of them could clearly sense their cultivation realms, their very presence instilled an instinctive fear, as if something ancient and untouchable stood before them.

"Who are these women...?" some murmured, afraid to even look up.

But Mathilda didn't even spare the Emperor a respectful glance.

Her eyes were fixed on the bloody runes in the sky, pulsing rhythmically with a strange, sinister energy.

"Absorbing blood and soul into a formation?" she muttered, frowning deeply. "Are you trying to revive some ancient spirit or something?"

Her tone was casual, even mocking—but the sharpness in her gaze was undeniable.

Emperor Chang Shengzun's expression shifted ever so slightly, his pupils contracting. That single moment of hesitation confirmed what Mathilda had just guessed.

A sly smirk formed on her lips. "I see. So I was right."

He tried to regain his composure. "The mortals who cannot cultivate are beings rejected by the heavens. By cleansing them from this world, I am performing a divine duty. I am doing it all... FOR THE HEAVENS."

His voice rang out with conviction, and many soldiers roared in agreement. But it only made the silence from the four women more chilling.

Mathilda replied coldly, "Resurrecting an Evil Spirit requires millions of departed souls, if not more. How many innocent lives have you taken, yet you dare talk about doing this for the heavens?"

Chang Shengzun scoffed and laughed, "Since ancient times, those who have achieved great things have all ascended over a mountain of bones. As long as we succeed and then bring prosperity to future generations, posterity will still sing our praises and may even deify us. Histories are written by the winners. Losers are just bad guys in the history. As long as I win, I will write the history however I wanted."

His words sent a chill down the spine of even his own troops.

But Mathilda didn't falter. She gazed calmly at the Emperor, unfazed by his ambition or grandeur.

"So you admit it now," she said softly. "You're not a savior. You're just another tyrant wrapped in delusion. Fine then—let's see the power of so-called Nascent Soul of a lower world."

Her voice hadn't even finished echoing before Mana vanished from the red flying boat in a flicker of light.

Down below, the Half-Step Nascent Soul Realm Commander suddenly gasped. His body jerked, eyes wide in shock. Before anyone could react, he suddenly turned and raised his sword—then began slaughtering his own soldiers.

"W-What's happening?!"

"Commander?!"

He swung his blade in a frenzy, his face twitching, caught between confusion and terror. Blood sprayed everywhere as he cut down three soldiers in a single stroke.

"STOP HIM!" someone cried out, but the soldiers couldn't even get close—his movements were erratic, unpredictable... possessed.

The emperor vanished in a flash and reappeared beside the commander, delivering a powerful punch to his chest. Mana was forcefully expelled, her figure flying out of the commander's body.

"Tsk... No fun," she said with a sigh, stretching lazily in mid-air. "His attacks even contain soul force... how troublesome." With a shrug, she ceased her possession technique.

Without wasting another moment, the emperor unsheathed his sword and disappeared again.

In the next instant, he reappeared above the red flying boat, his sword already slashing downward. A violent wave of sword qi, brimming with spiritual energy and killing intent, surged toward the boat like a crashing tsunami.

However, just as the strike was about to land, an invisible barrier shimmered into existence and deflected the attack effortlessly.

The emperor's pupils trembled in shock. But he didn't retreat. Gritting his teeth, he continued his relentless assault, unleashing strike after strike against the mysterious barrier—determined to break through.

Chapter 339: Summoning the Ancient Devil

The once-proud cities of Reverse Fate Country was reduced to smoldering ruins.

Buildings stood half-collapsed, streets were painted red with the blood of innocent lives, and the cries of the wounded echoed through the night.

Women clutched their children, shielding them with their bodies. The elderly, unable to flee, knelt and prayed to the heavens, even though the heavens had long abandoned them.

A young boy, no older than seven, stood amidst the bodies of his family, his small hands trembling as he reached for his mother's cold face.

Tears streamed down his cheeks as he whispered, "Mom... wake up... please... wake up..."

Yet no warmth remained in her once-loving embrace.

In another corner of the city, a cultivator stood over a group of civilians. His blade dripped with fresh blood as he raised it again.

"P-Please... spare my son...!" a father begged, shielding his child.

The cultivator sneered, "The heavens have no use for weaklings."

With a swift motion, he brought his sword down.

SPLAT.

Before the blade could reach its target, the cultivator froze, his body suddenly convulsing violently.

Dark veins bulged across his skin as his breathing turned ragged. His sword fell from his grip.

He stumbled forward, blood gushing from his mouth.

"W-What... is this?" he gasped, clawing at his own throat.

A second later, he collapsed, lifeless.

The father, still cradling his son, opened his eyes in shock.

"W-What just happened...?"

"Who... who's there?! Who dares use cowardly poison?" the commander bellowed, his voice laced with fear spread throughout the country.

That's when Mathilda appeared.

"This array was given to me by Tyler," Mathilda murmured, watching the emperor's relentless slashes.
"Like hell he can break through it."

"Mysterious rich boss..." Yuehua muttered under her breath.

The other girls turned to look at her with amusement. Realizing she had spoken out loud, Yuehua's face flushed red.

"How the heck does he 'rizz' girls even when he's not here?" Mathilda sighed, shaking her head.

"Money can make the universe go Big Bang," Astrid added, arms crossed.

As the emperor continued his barrage of sword strikes, the girls stood on the red flying boat, completely unbothered. The barrier surrounding them flickered slightly with each attack but remained unscathed.

After an hour of continuous slashing, Mathilda finally let out a yawn. The emperor, drenched in sweat, panted as his spiritual energy was beginning to deplete. The once-proud cultivator who stood at the Nascent Soul Realm looked at them in disbelief.

"How... is this possible?" Emperor Chang Shengzun muttered, his voice laced with frustration. For the first time in his conquest, fear crept into his heart.

Mathilda smirked. "You done? I was hoping you'd at least crack it a little so this wouldn't feel like bullying."

The emperor's eyes blazed with fury. He gritted his teeth and growled, "Thou dost conceal thyself as a turtle dost! Let me see if thou can save these mortals while cowering behind thy shell!"

With a wave of his hand, he commanded his army of cultivators to continue the slaughter.

The soldiers, still standing at a distance, immediately dashed toward the city to resume their massacre. However, the moment they crossed a certain point, their bodies stiffened, their eyes widened in horror, and—one by one—they collapsed lifelessly onto the ground.

The streets, once echoing with screams of terror, now fell into an eerie silence.

A gust of wind carried the faint scent of something sweet yet deadly.

"Oh... I forgot to mention," Mathilda whispered, her lips curling into a mischievous smile. "My poisons are still lingering in the air. Be careful."

Yet despite her hushed tone, her voice carried throughout the entire city, reaching the ears of both cultivators and mortals alike.

The soldiers still alive staggered backward in horror.

"Poison... she's a demon!" one of them shrieked before vomiting blood and collapsing.

The civilians, initially on the verge of despair, suddenly felt a glimmer of hope.

Their executioners, who had once towered over them with divine arrogance, now lay rotting in the streets like vermin.

In the air, the emperor's face twisted with uncontrollable rage. He clenched his sword so tightly that the veins on his arm bulged.

"Despicable wench...!" he spat through gritted teeth. But then, controlling himself, he straightened his posture and narrowed his eyes at the girls.

"What dost thou truly desire?" He forced himself to ask.

Mathilda placed a hand on her chin, as if deep in thought. Then, with a sly grin, she answered, "Give me thy 300 wives and 3000 concubines." Her voice was righteous, yet the corner of her lips were visibly drooling.

A sharp bonk landed on her head.

"Ouch!" Mathilda yelped, rubbing the sore spot.

Astrid, the culprit, gave her a deadpan look.

"Be serious," Mana retorted, arms crossed.

"Alright, alright..." Mathilda sighed, straightening her back.

But the emperor was beyond livid. His body trembled in rage.

"Thou dare mock me?!"

Emperor Chang Shengzun roared furiously.

His patience had run out. The humiliation of being unable to break through the barrier, the deaths of his soldiers, and the girls' nonchalant attitude—all of it pushed him beyond his limits. He had no choice but to use his trump card.

High above the battlefield, a massive formation began to take shape, its glowing inscriptions spinning rapidly. Ancient symbols flickered in the sky, filling the air with an ominous hum.

"With all the flesh, bones, blood, and souls thy hath collected," the emperor chanted, his voice echoing, "I summon the Ancient Devil!"

The sky turned red.

The world shook.

A suffocating pressure descended upon the city, causing even the strongest cultivators to stumble.

A voice—deep, arrogant, and filled with contempt—rumbled across the heavens.

"Useless! Canst thou not even sacrifice an entire world properly? Thou hast not even cleared 15% of the mortal population, yet thou summoneth me? Pathetic!"

The voice carried a sinister aura, making every soul tremble in instinctual fear.

The red clouds twisted and churned as a monstrous figure emerged from the swirling energy.

It had a humanoid appearance, yet its mehendi-colored skin shimmered unnaturally. Six piercing eyes glowed like molten lava. Sharp teeth protruded from the corners of its unnaturally wide mouth. It had four muscular arms, a long lizard-like tail, and massive bat-like wings stretching into the crimson sky.

The Ancient Devil had arrived.

"I will dissipate in few hours. With pitiful amount of blood and souls you can only summon my soul not revive me." He glared at Emperor.

Mathilda tilted her head. "Ancient Devil?"

Yuehua paled. "How could this be? He was a calamity that appeared 100,000 years ago. How can he be revived?"

Mana folded her arms. "Could it be that this 'Ancient Devil' is an idiot?"

"Eh?" Yuehua blinked.

"Probably." Astrid nodded in agreement.

Mana smirked. "He just explained his own situation like a fool. He admitted that he's only been summoned and not fully revived. He even told us how long he can last in this form. What kind of idiot tells the enemy their time limit?"

Mathilda nodded sagely. "Yeah, not the smartest devil out there."

Yuehua's mouth twitched. These three girls were joking—even before a legendary calamity!

Meanwhile, Emperor Chang Shengzun bowed deeply to the towering Ancient Devil.

"Please forgive me, Master. Help me kill them," he pleaded.

The Ancient Devil snorted and turned his six glowing eyes toward the girls.

"I cannot sense spiritual qi from you," he murmured, his voice rumbling like distant thunder. "Instead, I sense another type of energy... You are not from this world."

Mathilda yawned. "He said he had only limited time, right?"

Mana nodded. "Yes."

"Then why is he wasting his time speaking nonsense?" Mathilda asked lazily.

The Ancient Devil's eyes twitched.

Unlike the emperor, the devil did not get enraged by their insults. Instead, he watched them with vigilance.

Then, a sinister smile spread across his monstrous face.

"If this is all you have," he said coldly, "then you can die."

With a clap of his hands, the sky ignited. A storm of fire and wind surged toward the flying boat like a cataclysmic wave. The sheer force sent tremors through the city, and the barrier around the boat shook violently.

Emperor Chang Shengzun grinned with delight.

The Ancient Devil smirked. "Hmph... It was able to block one attack. Not bad."

Without hesitation, he attacked again, his four arms conjuring destruction. Flames roared. Dark lightning crackled. The city below trembled as the sheer force of his power distorted space itself.

The mortals watching from below fell to their knees. Their faces were pale, their hearts filled with despair.

Even cultivators who had once held hope trembled in fear.

Could they really survive this calamity?

Would this be the end of Reverse Fate Country?

As the next attack crashed down, the sky was filled with smoke.

The devil laughed.

But when the smoke dissipated—his laughter stopped.

The emperor froze.

The flying boat remained untouched.

A new barrier had appeared. The girls stood unharmed.

The Ancient Devil's expression darkened.

The emperor's eyes were filled with horror.

"Let's see how many formations you have!" The devil snarled, his six eyes burning with rage.

He attacked again.

His four arms moved simultaneously, conjuring devastating spells and ancient curses—each strong enough to wipe out nations.

Yet, each time his attacks connected, a new barrier emerged.

Mathilda smirked. "Quantity is never a problem for us."

Chapter 340: 340. Perverted Queen

It had been two years since the legendary Battle of Devils and Angels—a name given by both mortals and cultivators alike. It was a battle that shook the very foundation of this world, a battle that people would tell their children and grandchildren for generations.

Yet, at its core, it was a battle between Mathilda and the Ancient Devil.

When the Ancient Devil was summoned by Emperor Chang Shengzun, the world trembled in fear. Cultivators believed their end had come, and mortals could do nothing but pray for salvation. For an entire hour, the Ancient Devil threw everything it had at Mathilda's unbreakable defenses.

Fire, lightning, dark curses, and chaotic destruction rained down from the heavens—all in vain.

The flying boat remained untouched. The barriers never wavered.

It was not a battle. It was a humiliation.

And when the hour finally ran out, and the Ancient Devil felt its form fading, it could do nothing but scream in rage.

"This is not over!" it howled as its monstrous body was swallowed back into the void. "I will return! And next time, I shall tear this world apart!"

With those final words, it vanished.

The world held its breath.

The feared calamity had failed.

The legendary battle had ended with nothing but Mathilda's boredom.

And as if to add insult to injury, Emperor Chang Shengzun—who had placed all his hopes in the devil—stood powerless before the victors.

With the Ancient Devil gone, the fate of Emperor Chang Shengzun and his army was sealed.

Mathilda and the girls captured him and the army with ease.

There was no trial. No mercy.

Chang Shengzun and his army already slaughtered many people. Now, his fate would be decided not by divine judgment, but by the very people.

The mortals took their revenge.

His execution was public, brutal, and absolute.

Same with the Cultivators, They were a step late before getting poisoned by Mathilda.

With the fall of Chang Shengzun, the country of Chang was left without a ruler.

Many Princes and Princess wanted to take the throne. The battle of throne was about to begin.

But

Before things could spiral out of control, Mathilda arrived at Chang Country.

"You know what?" she said, standing in the throne room of the now leaderless empire. "This place is mine now."

And just like that, she claimed the entire country.

From that day on, Chang Country was no more.

Instead, a new ruler sat upon the throne.

For the past two years, Mathilda had lived as the Queen of her newly claimed nation.

And the first thing she did?

She took over the Emperor's harem.

Three hundred wives, three thousand concubines, and countless daughters.

All of them were now under her rule.

As for the former princes?

She kicked them out without hesitation.

"No sausage fest in my palace!" she declared.

The entire nation was left in shock.

Never before had they seen such an unconventional ruler.

Some of the emperor's former wives and concubines tried to resist.

They failed.

Others embraced the new change, swearing loyalty to Mathilda.

But for Mathilda, it wasn't about power or control.

It was simply fun. These beauties were all charmed by her in less than few days after getting the country.

Being a Queen was amusing. As a former unorthodox sect member she thoroughly enjoyed many things.

Making rules like all the women in harem should only wear sexy dress. She also allocated a day in month where everyone should walk in the palace naked. Of course no men was allowed near the palace forever.

She spent her days lounging in the grand palace, indulging in luxury, and making ridiculous decrees just to see people's reactions.

She ruled with a mix of randomness, charisma, and absolute dominance.

Despite her unconventional leadership, her overwhelming strength ensured no one dared to challenge her.

Mana and Astrid rolled their eyes at Mathilda.

While she was busy enjoying her role as queen, ruling over her newly claimed empire with Yuehue, Mana and Astrid had spent most of their time traveling the world.

At first, the journey was exciting—visiting many countries, ancient ruins, exploring hidden sects, and uncovering long-lost mysteries. But soon, both girls found themselves missing the conveniences of technology from their own worlds.

"This place is so backward," Mana often sighed, exasperated.

Astrid chuckled. "Well, what do you expect? It's like Southern Part of our world. But I can't believe that the world is round."

Still, despite the lack of technological advancements, there were plenty of wonders to see.

"I can't believe the North here is so dull. I thought I could see edge of the world." Astrid pouted.

Mana also nodded, though she was once stayed in Zi World. But she never know that Zi World was also spherical.

During their travels, Mana and Astrid also introduced some small technological innovations—nothing too drastic, but enough to make life easier for some of the locals they befriended. Magical communication talismans, refined alchemical tools, and even a crude prototype of a steam-powered engine had slowly begun to circulate in select places.

Then, one day, Mana suddenly stopped in her tracks.

Astrid, who had been walking beside her, immediately noticed the shift in her expression.

"What's wrong?" she asked, glancing at her with curiosity.

For a moment, Mana was silent, her gaze distant as if she were sensing something.

Then, slowly, a small smile crept onto her lips.

"Mana feels Tyler," she said, her voice carrying a mix of excitement and amusement.

Astrid's eyes widened.

"Mana feels that He's ending his seclusion," Mana added.

Astrid's heart skipped a beat.

It had been two years since they had last seen him—two years since Tyler had locked himself away, lost in deep cultivation.

Astrid couldn't hide the spark of excitement in her gaze.

"About time," she said, grinning. "Let's see how much stronger he is now."

Mana smirked. "And let's see how Mathilda reacts when her reign comes to an end."

They both laughed.

They couldn't wait to see that 'Smug Pervert' getting dragged out from her Harem. She even invited them with ill intention.