

F.D Emperor 1231

Chapter 1231 The Deployment Plan

'Could this place be, as the rumors said, under the influence of Heavenly Dao, which may thus affect even Half-Step Transcendent?' Wang Wei did not like this line of thought since that would indicate that Heavenly Dao was a much more powerful transcendent than Supreme Unity and Maitreya. However, if that were the case, how could it allow Supreme Unity to take its power?

'Unless achieving Half-Step Transcendence was a standard method allowed by Grand Dao, thus granting sentient beings a chance at controlling Heavenly Dao,' Wang Wei analyzed. He grunted softly, still not liking this explanation.

'Another possibility is that Heavenly Dao used Grand Dao's power to create the Lawless Zone, which is why its effect may still apply to these beings. However, why would it have to do so? Balancing the distribution of resources in the world is not a good enough reason to involve Grand Dao. So, is there a deeper secret about this place, or is my theory completely wrong?'

Wang Wei wanted answers, but he also realized that thinking alone would not help. Once he's done conquering this place, he might have to take some time and investigate its secret.

"I have one more thing to ask you about," Wang Wei asked.

"I'm listening," Mongke nodded.

"Do you know whether the Barbarian Race has an unknown origin?"

Mongke stopped drinking and looked at him.

"What is it? Did I mention a sensitive topic?"

"Kind of," Mongke replied before finishing his wine bowl. "We suffer much discrimination because of our culture and language, especially in the early days of our history. Yet, Buddhism is perfectly fine despite also being an anomaly."

Wang Wei understood what he meant. Buddhism's name and culture still retain aspects of their origin in India, meaning they are also an anomaly in the universe. However, they are widely accepted and even worshiped across the Chaos Universe.

"Your race should have been curious about your origin. Didn't you try to explore it?" Wang Wei asked.

"We did," Mongke replied. The result was that we were born in the Eternal Ascension World, just like everyone else, and our culture diverged from others at a certain point in our early history."

"Meaning there was no anomaly from your development? You just naturally evolved such a culture?"

"Correct," Mongke nodded.

"Another possibility is a higher power influenced you without even noticing it," Wang Wei nodded, and Mongke gave him a praising look.

"We deduce the same thing after realizing that most of our brethren from other Source Chaos Worlds evolved in the same way; they developed the same culture with minor changes in languages and so on."

Wang Wei pondered about the situation. He was intrigued by Buddhism and the Barbarian Race's origin, believing them to have some connection with the Prehistoric World in one form or another. He also thinks Grand Dao is involved in this, and probably the cause of the uniqueness of these two groups.

"Well, thank you for answering my questions." Wang Wei knew he wouldn't get an answer about these things until he was a Half-Step Transcendent. By then, it might not even be difficult as asking Hongjun directly might get him answers.

"It's fine, but can I ask you a question," Mongke nodded.

"By all means."

"Why is your Battle IQ so high?" Mongke asked. "The way you fight is not the result of talent alone. It's more like you've experienced trillions of battles, but from what I can detect, you're a very young Empyrean — maybe too young. So, how is that possible?"

"Quite observant," Wang Wei praised as he raised his hand to condense a talisman. "Consider a meeting gift."

"Dream Combat?" Mongke uttered after detecting the information inside. He closed his eyes before opening them five minutes later. The big man did not hide his excitement. "Thank you," he said sincerely. He could not fight and learn at all times, even when awake or doing menial tasks—there was no greater gift for someone like him.

"No problem."

"I did not expect someone else to love battle as much as I do," Mongke added. Such a brilliant technique—why didn't I think of it before?"

"I wasn't the sole creator, but we indeed enjoy the art of combat, but I doubt as devoted as you."

"Oh, there is someone else? Can I meet him?"

"He's still in the lower dimension and probably won't ascend for a while."

"That's a shame. However, when he does, please notify me, and I will hold a grand banquet to welcome him."

"No problem."

The two chatted briefly before ending this meeting. The outside world was shocked by the Barbarian King's defeat, but the big man lay on his huge bed beside his wife. "So, what do you think?"

"Only someone chosen by fate with such tremendous destiny could defeat you," Dulgun nodded. Then, she asked: "You said his name was Wang Wei?"

"Yes, why?"

"Do you think he's from that Wang Clan?"

"Hmm, it's possible, but Wang is such a common surname."

"What do you think is most likely? That he's an extremely talented individual with great destiny with that surname or chosen for that destiny because he's from that Wang Clan?"

"You have a point," Mongke nodded. "If that's the case, our alliance doesn't have to end once we defeat these parasites. We can extend it to involve our respective factions."

"Are you sure about this?" Dulgun asked. "You should understand how our Elders value their neutrality."

"Many people believe that once these parasites are removed, the world will return to the era of the [Thirteen Overlords]. However, these people have not figured out that the two suns have broken the previous situation.

"The upcoming era is not a return of the old time, but a new competition to re-establish the game board. Whoever can reach the same realm as them will become the new chess player," Mongke said.

"But can anyone achieve such a cultivation realm?" Dulgun asked, not hiding her certainty. These two seemed to be outliers." So many Paragons and top powerhouse from this world participated in that event, but only those two survived.

"Being the first to do something is usually the hardest part," Mongke commented. "Now that everyone knows it is possible and can even observe the person who succeeded, it will become easier to recreate. More importantly, I don't believe all those participants who died in that event did learn or bring something with them from the experience." Mongke had to think of his future. Once he perfected his Body-Will Fusion, he can open the Gate of Flesh to become an Inextinguishable Paragon. With his talent and the support of the clan, he had complete confidence in attaining the title of a [Primal Paragon]. So, his vision must be wider and look beyond the Paragon Realm.

"You have a point," Dulgunn nodded. The two discussed their future in the night, and the next morning, they started the negotiation. To their surprise, Wang Wei was not strict or difficult about

the binding contract they needed to sign, making Dulgun — the master negotiator — suddenly feel at a loss given how easy and smooth the entire thing was.

Wang Wei could discern Mongke's personality, and he was the loyal and honorable kind who would keep his word even if it meant his death. As such, he showed his charisma through this discussion by being lenient; this was an excellent way to show his trust and create a better relationship with such a talent as Mongke.

"Since everything has been negotiated, let's discuss our next step," Wang Wei declared. The three of them pooled their knowledge together about this place before laying out a plan to sweep the place. The simplification of the plan was that Wang Wei would deal with the Pavillions while Mongke dealt with the Demons. Then, they worked together to take down the gangs before facing the Ruthless King and the Hidden Master.

Once everyone had their roles, they deployed. Wang Wei went to the Dark Cloud Pavilion, Mongke visited the Poison Demon, and his main wife — Dulgun — who was an Everlasting Empyrean with a cultivation of 73% — went to see the Puppet Demon.

Wang Wei secretly returned to the Dark Cloud Pavilion's city, and a few people were already waiting for him. He calmly looked at these assassins that he took control of.

"What is the situation?"

"We've taken control over the Law Enforcement Hall," replied the petite assassin. "However, the most powerful members of the pavilion are the Dark Mist Assassins, and they only served the Pavilion Master. We could not even come close to them, let alone try to control them."

"You did more than enough," Wang Wei nodded. "Anything else to report?"

"The Pavilion Master may have been suspicious of our movements."

"May?"

"He has always been suspicious by nature," the petite woman explained. Suspensions came with this job, so that was not surprising. "However, lately, he has been ramping it up a little."

"It's fine if he's suspicious since we can use that against him." The only problem Wang Wei feared was the Pavilion Master to hide and now show his face, forcing him to waste time and search for him.

Chapter 1232 Experimental Material

The Dark Cloud Pavilion Master stood on the hidden thirteen floors of his pavilion, overlooking the city. Although a mist still surrounded him, any discerning individual could detect his slightly restless mood. He suddenly sensed something somewhere in the city.

Although it was brief and swiftly disappeared, he sensed one of his people somewhere they should not be. 'Was I right? Did something happen to my people?' He resisted his first instinct to immediately check out and, instead, sent a communication talisman to assemble the Dark Mists Assassins.

Not even ten seconds passed before countless mist shadows materialized behind him.

"Master!" They said in perfect synchronized voices.

"Some rats have infiltrated our order. Let's remove them," the Pavilion Master ordered, and the group answered: "As you wish." Everyone disappeared from their locations. The Pavilion Master led them to a house hidden underground in the worst area of this city where only mortals lived.

'Whoever picked this location chose an excellent spot, and the protection around this hidden base was also well done,' the Pavilion Master sneered. He expected as much from someone who may have successfully corrupted his men against him. However, it did not matter how capable the person was or who was behind them; he would eradicate this threat as soon as possible.

'I hope it's one of the other pavilions so I can use this excuse to extort resources from them,' the Dark Cloud Pavilion Master thought as he ordered his people to break in. As expected, the people inside resisted, using the formation in this base to fight them off. However, it was useless as the Dark Mist Assassins slaughtered everyone in sight. Most of these people were weak, which was normal since it was easier to detect people with higher cultivation when entering the city.

'Something is wrong,' thought the Pavilion Master. Things proceeded too easily and too smoothly. He ordered his people to be careful, and on their guard since something major might be coming once they arrived at the core of this base. However, the Pavilion Master was not prepared for what he saw inside. A handsome man with gray hair and eyes waited for him, with all the members of his Law Enforcement Hall standing behind him.

The Dark Cloud Pavilion Master immediately realized this was a trap and wanted to leave, but it was too late. His divine sense warned him that the room was now in an isolated dimension with potent arrays preventing their exit. He then calmed down, faced his opponent, and asked: "Who are you?"

Wang Wei did not answer him but looked intently at the Dark Cloud Pavilion Master and the Dark Mist Assassins.

"You have the rare Dark Mist Qi, which boosts assassin-related skills and allows its user to share the Qi with others, forming a bond similar to that of a hive-mind. The primary holder of the Qi has absolute control over the secondary holders; they can also perfectly sync with them, read their minds, and share abilities.

"You were wise to share the Dark Mist Qi with the creation live inside your Inner World, allowing you access to a variety of abilities and powers," Wang Wei calmly commented.

"However, despite how rare and useful your Qi is, it's not the main reason I'm interested in you — it's not why I found you extremely valuable." Wang Wei's eyes shone almost as bright as it would have if he saw his wife, and that's because of the Zerg Hive Mind Plan. The Dark Mist Qi is an excellent data-gathering method for creating such a creature in the future.

The Dark Cloud Pavilion Master's body trembled. His intuition warned him of a terrible future if this man caught him. He used his secret connection to order his men to go on the offensive, so the Dark Mist Assassins immediately activated their skills or techniques. Sadly for them, it was pointless.

A projection of the River of Fate materialized above the room, releasing strings that immediately entered these assassins' foreheads and disarming them in the process. The Pavilion Master's face turned ugly as he sensed his connection with these people being forcefully severed. He quickly calmed down to think of a solution, and he ended up using the Creation Lives inside his Inner World.

Although he could not allow these people to leave his world since he was only a Dao Ruler, his unique Qi allowed him, to some extent, access to many of their broken abilities.

[Breaking Void]

The Dark Cloud Pavilion Master disappeared from the room as he chose a talent to help him escape the situation. Unfortunately for him, he reappeared in the same room after another second after navigating through hundreds of spatial layers. Wang Wei suddenly appeared before him and punched him.

The Dark Cloud Pavilion was not instantly outclassed despite the situation. He responded by using an ability that turned her body into blue stone and even successfully blocked Wang Wei's terrifying punch. However, this was the extent of his ability and this fight. As soon as his body touched Wang Wei's fist, his face changed because a powerful seal enveloped his Inner World and sealed his power.

The Pavilion Master still resisted, trying one last effort to remove that seal as swiftly as possible and continue this fight, but Wang Wei released a Soul Attack to knock him out.

"Hmm," Wang Wei muttered as he looked at these people. 'It would be terrible if my Zerg could be dealt with so easily, especially the Hive-Mind Communication System. Maybe I should build a small and independent River of Fate for the communication system. This should prevent most people from being capable of interfering with it.'

Wang Wei nodded as he liked this plan. However, he also understood he was getting ahead of himself. He had a long way to go before he could even attempt this plan.

"Let's move on to the next step," Wang Wei ordered. With the Dark Cloud Pavilion under his control, Wang Wei swiftly took control of over 80% of the pavilion before targeting the remaining 20%.

The pavilion had its own people for assassination tasks. However, the pavilion master was a wise man who still found a way to expand his numbers and preserve his strength in the process. He divided the Assassination Hall into the Inner and Outer Halls.

The Inner Hall belonged to the Dark Mist Assassins, or people close to him, while the Outer Hall recruited foreigners who served as assassin mercenaries. Anyone can join the Assassin Hall; they complete missions and receive resources as compensation. The pavilion will even invite talented individuals to join the Inner Hall; thus, this hall also serves as a recruiting method.

Wang Wei controlled the Pavilion Master to activate the [Supreme Summon], which is a rare event in which the pavilion demanded all the outer members to show up for an important meeting. This was the only mandatory thing in the Outer Hall, and anyone who refused the call could forfeit their identity. Based on the situation, these people might be blacklisted from the entire Lawless Zone.

With this massive summon, assassins as low as Iron and as high as Gold swiftly headed to the Dark Cloud Pavilion. Sadly, they were walking into a lion's den. Wang Wei showed no mercy and controlled these people, forcing them into his servitude. Once everything was under control, he prepared to head to the Green Earth Pavilion when he received a talisman from Mongke.

"Did something happen?" Wang Wei read the information, and soon afterward, the space between him opened a portal to release something.

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Mongke traveled to a small planet. At first glance, this planet seemed beautiful and could be described as a heavenly paradise. The mortals were happy, had plenty to eat, and lived fulfilling lives. However, only a few people knew this was just a facade. Mongke teleported directly to a towering mountain surrounded by a mist.

As soon as he arrived, the mist on top of the mountain receded, showing a woman who embodies the idea of a demoness. She wore a long white robe that trailed behind her, but her hair was abnormally dark — it could be described as Vanta black.

She used a dark green powder to shade her lips, and her pointy nails were purple-black. The Poison Demoness looked down the mountain with her violent eyes.

"Barbarian King? Why are you here?" she asked before suddenly remembering something. "I heard you were defeated yesterday." She did not hide the schadenfreude from her voice. "Are you here to get some poison from me to defeat your opponent?"

"Do you think I'm that kind of person?" Mongke rebutted.

"True," nodded the demoness. "So, what's your purpose here? I haven't cultivated a new batch of poisons that are somewhat effective for your body tempering." Her voice contained a hint of annoyance and embarrassment at the last sentence.

"I'm here on behalf of the new lord I serve under," Mongke said calmly, making the demoness squint her eyes.

"Surrender or be forced to do so."

Chapter 1233 Death-Root

"Are you serious?" the Poison Demoness asked.

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

"What the hell happened to you?" The Poison Demoness was truly baffled. She had a decent relationship with the Barbarian King, as he sold the latter unique poisons that helped him temper his Willpower. However, he suddenly turned on her out of nowhere.

"Aren't you tired of hiding in this tiny place?" Mongke asked. "Force to leave on the little resources and being alienated from the outside world. Well, if you join us, you'll have an opportunity to live freely in the outside world."

"You're really crazy," the Poison Demoness stated.

"So, is that a no?" Mongke asked his voice, his voice no longer as calm and reassuring as it used to be. The two looked at each other from across the mountain, and after a few seconds, the demoness walked away, and the mist completely swallowed the mountain.

Boom!

The mountain trembled as Mongke attacked the arrays. The mountain's defense force activated, releasing thousands of horrifying poisons, but they were useless to him.

'Damn it, I must run away,' the Poison Demoness thought as she quickly flew to her palace at the center of the mountain. Although she was an Empyrean, and a scary one due to her high achievements in the Dao of Poison, body refiners like Mongke were her anti-thesis, rendering her abilities useless.

The demoness heard a terrifying sound from a distance, and she knew the bastard easily dealt with her formation, meaning time was running out. She did not care about all the disciples/slaves around the mountain and activated the power from her palace — which was, in fact, her Empyrean Artifact called the Poison Garden.

The palace turned into a green light that flew into the sky, trying to leave this planet as swiftly as possible. However, the humongous hand of a giant manifested in the void and slapped the palace down, crashing it down to an ocean on the planet.

"Mongke, do you think I'm scared of you? Do you take me for a soft persimmon?" the demoness shrieked, her voice scattering the clouds and agitating the ocean. She immediately summoned the Dao Will Artifact she had spent so much money on from the Azure Sky Pavilion.

Her gaze penetrated the walls to see the intimidating small giant floating outside her palace. The demoness gritted her teeth before going on the offensive:[Lust Poison]. She waved her hand to summon a pink fog that surrounded Mongke. However, the Barbarian King remained calm and composed.

Although the enemy had boosted this poison with a Dao Will Artifact, their utilization of this power was leagues apart. As such, the powerful illusions/projections of beautiful women that he saw meant nothing to him. Additionally, his absolute control over his body prevented him from even reacting to this poison.

'So, this is a distraction?' Mongke thought, so he focused on the Poison Palace. As expected, the latter had applied another poison that could create illusions to hide herself and escape. His eyes turned red as he used his technique, the [War God Eyes], which was excellent for seeing through falsehood.

Mongke then saw everything. Instead of flying out of the planet while he was distracted, the palace hid deep underwater, hoping he would not notice it, forcing him to search for it mindlessly like a chicken who had lost its head. Mongke secretly shook his head before opening his mouth and inhaling; he instantly swallowed all the water and sea life on the ocean, leaving the planet bare.

"You should realize I've been lenient so far, but this is my last warning. Surrender peacefully. Otherwise, I'll start to get rough."

"Do you think this is over? No, this is just the beginning," the Poison Demoness declared with gritted teeth. She knew the poison would not be that effective, but the effects were truly subpar compared to her calculations. The Demoness was proud of this poison. She made the people of this planet so happy to absorb the Six Emotions and Seven Desires from them to cultivate this poison, and yet, it was such a major failure.

She exhaled to calm down. Now that things had come to this, she had no choice but to use her last resort. A black, majestic, metallic dragon rushed out of her palace, looking at Mongke with terrifying eyes.

"A metallic dragon?" Mongke asked. The creature was so lifelike, and even its aura was similar to the ones he'd read about. But his eyes quickly saw the truth. "No, this is a puppet, probably the work of the Puppet Demon." Mongke looked at the palace with a strange expression.

"It's common knowledge that the Puppet Demon lusts after your beauty. What did you do for him to build such a thing for you?"

"Bastard, do you want me to claw your eyes out?" The Poison Demoness yelled, almost losing all her composure. "I only promise to owe him a great debt."

"If you say so."

"I'll kill you," she screamed, controlling the dragon to rip the bastard apart. However, Mongke calmly shook his head. "Many people believed the Barbarian Race's contradiction with the Innate Demon Gods was recent, but only a few people know that we used to hunt dragons during the Innate-Acquired War.

"In fact, hunting dragons used to be a part of culture. It was a way for any warrior to prove their might."

Mongke grinned. "I always thought it was unfortunate that this custom was no longer in place. However, your little dragon might allow me to live some of my childhood fantasies." He clenched his fist before attacking:

[Dragon Slaying Fist: Penetrating Spear]

Mongke's attack released a piercing attack that left a hole in the dragon puppet. The hole immediately released a green poisonous gas, but such a thing was useless to him. So, he continued his attack.

[Dragon Slaying Fist: Destruction Hammer]

He appeared above the dragon's head and used a brutal attack that pulverized the creature's cranium. However, the puppet was still moving despite losing its head. Its metallic claws and dragon tail continued attacking Mongke, who easily evaded. With his eyes, he soon found the Puppet Core, and his body flew into the creature to rip it out from the other side.

The Poison Demoness looked at this with hopelessness. She prepared this expensive puppet in case she had to deal with Mongke or any other body-refining bastards one day. However, she did not expect the bastard to be this powerful.

"Don't make me break your palace," Mongke declared. He knew if he broke her Proven Dao Artifact, it would take some time to fix, thus rendering her unable to perform at full capacity. Such a fact could delay their plans to end this era, so the best way to deal with her surrender was for her to give up now.

The Poison Demoness sat on a throne in one of the rooms in her garden. She looked at Mongke outside with loathing and hatred. However, when she saw him clenched his fist, she exhaled to calm down before deactivating the garden's defenses. Not long after, the barbarian appeared in her throne room, and the Demoness did not stop looking at him with hatred.

"If only I didn't lose that poison," she said with gritted teeth. "I would have you beg for your life before killing you."

"Oh? What kind of poison would make you so confident?"

"Death-Root Poison."

"That's a Tier 12 Poison that can even kill a Paragon. How on earth would you get your hands on such a thing?" Mongke asked, his expression not hiding his doubt.

"It was broken, already reduced to Tier 10," the Demoness explained. "To restore that poison, I planted it inside my Grandmist World and killed every living being. Then, I had to recreate these creatures and repeat the process three billion times before the thing fully revived. I spent so much time and effort."

Her eyes turned red as the memory of what happened resurfaced, along with the uncontrollable anger. She spent so much time and energy, even almost dying once the Death-Root had to experience tribulation before returning to its original power.

"Then, not long after I succeeded, one of my disciples took it and ran away."

"What horrible luck," Mongke commented.

"If I still had it, this ending would have been different."

"Not necessarily," Mongke replied. In the Lawless Zone, even Tier 12 resources are affected, meaning the Death-root Poison's power could not exceed that of the Empyrean Realm. As such, Mongke was confident in dealing with it while still here.

'The information about the Death-root seems important, so let me tell Wang Wei.' Mongke's finger forced out a drop of blood that condensed into a communication talisman that flew into the distance. Then, he looked at the Poison Demoness.

"Before meeting the new boss, I have a proposition for you."

"What is it?" "Do you want to become my new wife?" Mongke asked.

"Bastard, what did you say?"

"You heard me," Mongke replied. "You're such a talent that it would be a waste not to try to have you." The Barbarian Race has cultivated Poison Masters for various reasons, including medicine, body tempering, and to use against their enemy. There are even a few tribes with a Poison Spirit Temple.

One of Mongke's wives also cultivates Poison Dao, but she is nothing compared to this demoness; that's why he would buy poison from her.

"You!"

"If you accept my offer, I can talk to the new boss to treat you better while you're under his service," Mongke said with a grin.

Dulgun arrived before an enormous black cauldron floating in the void. She had over a hundred people behind them, all in rank 11 but from different paths. She was still dressed regally, and the serpent-shaped staff in her hands accentuated her noble aura.

"The Barbarian King's wife?" said a cold but tired voice. "Why are you here?"

"My name is Dulgun, and you know that," she stated calmly. "I'm here to ask you to surrender and follow me peacefully."

The void was momentarily quiet before the Puppet Demon stated: "It seems the Barbarian King did not come. Go away. I don't have time to waste on you."

Dulgun remained calm, and she did not utter another word. She raised her staff to release a red light that enveloped the people behind her: [War God's Blessing]. These cultivators' aura suddenly increased significantly; to be precise, their strength rose by 3-fold. There were a few individuals whose strengths were on par with 7-fold, and they immediately reached the peak of the Empyrean Realm.

Dulgun's men roared as they sensed the power coursing through their veins. They loved going on missions with the queen because they could fight all out without worrying about their lives. Dulgun waved her staff again, this time releasing a white light. For the second blessing, she removed these men's sense of pain so they could fight without any concerns or restraint.

An elderly man dressed in a black robe, heavy bags under his eyes, scattered white hair, and a pair of creepy eyes appeared before the group. "What's the meaning of this?" the Puppet Demon asked.

"Attack," Dulgun said as an explanation, and her men did not hesitate. The fastest of them condensed a bolt of lightning in his palm before throwing it at the Puppet Demon. A warrior clad in black armor that covered it from head to toe appeared before the demon and cut off the lightning bolt with its long sword.

The Puppet Demon had received the message loud and clear. With a thought, he summoned an army of millions of puppets that looked exactly like the first warrior. This puppet legion was perfectly aligned like a well-trained military. As soon as they appeared, they activated an array that blessed all their strength to the commander or the first warrior who protected their master.

The Commander Puppet's long blade released a dark light before slashing toward Dulgun. Her men came before her to erect a shield, but something unexpected occurred. The slash disappeared, and

when it reappeared, it had already hit someone called the Fire Ash Empyrean, cutting her body and soul into a hundred percent.

However, the Fire Ash Empyrean did not scream in pain, nor did her eyes show any despair at the fact she was instantly killed. On the contrary, her eyes contained this obvious smirk, and it did not take long for the Puppet Demon to know why.

[Life Goddess Blessing]

Dulgun expertly used her Blessing Dao by releasing a green light from her staff that returned the Fire Ash Empyrean to her peak state; anyone who looked at her would not know she was someone who had died less than a second ago. Her soldiers roared in excitement before rushing toward the opponent.

Although they were heavily outnumbered, these men did not care and fought as if they were protecting their families. The word defense did not exist in their vocabulary, as they used one powerful attack after another. And every time they were severely injured, a green light would descend from the sky to return them to their peak state.

'There were rumors that the Barbarian King's wife was behind his operation. However, who would have thought she was so capable,' the Puppet Demon thought. However, little did he know how stupid his thoughts were. Dulgun was an Everlasting Empyrean, and only talented individuals can achieve such a thing. As such, he should have immediately taken her seriously after laying eyes on her.

'It's probably best for me to end this fight as soon as possible in case the Barbarian King is not far from here,' he thought. If there was one person all the leaders of the Lawless Zone hated to fight the most, it would definitely be the Barbarian King. The brute was extremely powerful, but on top of that, he was essentially unkillable. No attack worked on him, and underhanded methods like poison or assassination were also useless.

As the Puppet Demon was deciding on his next move, Dulgun had already chosen her next move.

[Affliction: Non-Flesh Life Curse]

Her Dao did not only allow her to give people blessings but also afflictions or curses. For this fight, she used an affliction that targeted non-flesh creatures like puppets. Her staff released a brown light that enveloped the void, and as soon as it passed through the puppets, a startling change occurred.

Many of the puppets melted, releasing a decaying odor. A few survived, but their aura was drastically weaker, and their bodies seemed to have turned rusty, thus limiting their mobility or other abilities.

'Daman it," cursed the Puppet Demon, preparing to do something. However, he greatly underestimated his opponent, thus losing the momentum of this battle. The Fire Ash Empyrean and the Thunder Piercing Empyrean used a Thunder-Flame Tornado Attack, killing the commander and most of the surviving puppets.

The demon immediately tried to summon more of his creation, but his face contorted as he realized Dulgun had used her Dao Will to block the surrounding space, cutting access to most of his legions. The demon then calmly watched as a group of attacks rushed toward him.

He could tell these attacks were not enough to kill him but severely injured him so he could be captured. 'Do you think I'm helpless without my puppets?' he thought with a sneer. Unfortunately, these people did not know that he was the ultimate puppet.

The Puppet Demon calmly raised his left hand, and it turned into a shield that was tall enough to reach above his head. The shield blocked these hundreds of attacks, and then, he went on the offensive.

[Myriad Dao Core: Space]

The Puppet Demon's heart, which he had replaced with a unique puppet core, activated; a rune representing space flashed on the core, and the demon's right hand turned into a sword.

[Dimension Slash]

The demon created two slashes. The first targeted the space blockage that prevented his access to his puppets, and the other directly targeted Dulgun. However, she ignored the attack and focused on ensuring the opponent remained isolated. Meanwhile, two of her men appeared before her and released all the blood in their bodies to form a cocoon that protected them.

The blood cocoon was effective, allowing Dulgun to focus on her opponent. She used another affliction targeting puppets, but the demon was unaffected for two reasons. Firstly, he teleported

away and activated the Curse Rune from his core. Dulgun countered by using a Domain Technique, changing the surroundings into a dark universe composed of curses.

The Puppet Demon opened his mouth to fire a light beam that purified this entire domain in a matter of seconds. However, Dulgun previous attack was only to buy time for her real trump card:

[The War God Descend]

An intimidating spirit appeared before everyone. He was almost as tall as Mongke and muscular, too. However, he was not as big as Mongke, and his body was more streamlined. The spirit had pants and boots but not a shirt. It looked at one of Dulgun's men and showed contempt. However, in the end, the spirit entered its chosen vessel.

The War God Vessel was a Dao Ruler with a special Inner World designed to receive the power of the War God Spirit. As soon as the vessel fused with the spirit, his eyes turned golden, and his aura became fierce.

The vessel raised his hand to condense an ax. Then, it moved so fast that the Puppet Demon could barely perceive him. The vessel slammed its ax on its opponent with unparalleled force and terror. The demon reacted swiftly, turning his core to the Gold Rune and the Defense Rune.

The Puppet Demon's arms turned golden as he crossed them, with a thin but potent shield surrounding them. However, this was useless. The ax shattered his left arm as it contained a brilliant skill that targeted a person's weakness. The Puppet Demon barely saved his right arm by using the half-hearted Indestructible Rune he's been working on. However, the arm was still cracked and on the verge of being useless.

"This vessel truly cannot contain my power," said the War God Spirit in a voice that contained echo. He raised his ax for a second attack. The Puppet Demon activated his Space Rune to exchange places with one of his puppet debris that survived the previous battle.

However, to his horror, he discovered his opponent was still before him, and the ax was rapidly lowering toward his head. Despair enveloped his mind as it was too late for him to move.

Clink! The sounds of metal clashing echoed in the void.

The War God Spirit looked at the person who suddenly appeared and blocked his attack. 'Red skin?' was the first thing he noticed about the newcomer, followed by how odd the person's life energy was. It was as vibrant as some of the best body refiners, but this evil and twisted sensation was on top.

"Brother," said the Puppet Demon. "I'm glad you're here."

"I couldn't possibly let you die in vain, could I?"

"The Flesh Demon," Dulgun said. "There were rumors you two were related; it seems that it's true."

"You've crossed the line," said the Flesh Demon, his black clothes perfectly fitting his well-toned muscles. He was a handsome middle-aged man despite his odd red skin, but there was this evil aura around him that instantly made people weary of him.

"Crossed the line? Said the man who enjoys taking other's body parts to strengthen his flesh," Dulgun sneered. "Didn't you once boldly proclaim you would turn my husband into one of your flesh collections? Well, this is your opportunity."

The Flesh Demon quietly stared at her. "The Master never truly trusted you or the Ruthless King, believing that your background meant that you were not one of us. Your actions have proven him correct."

"No need to use him to scare us. Since we made this move, it means we're ready to confront him."

The Flesh Demon frowned, wondering where the Barbarian King's confidence originated from. Even if he gained some success in his cultivation, it was not wise to attack the other factions and antagonize the entire Lawless Zone.

"Remember — you're the one who chose this path," the Flesh Demon declared before looking at his sworn brother. "Can you still fight?"

"I can, but with only one arm, my strength will drastically reduce."

The Flesh Demon pondered briefly, and in the next moment, he pushed out his Humerus bone and handed it over. "Will that work?"

"Of course." The Puppet Demon put the bone in his left socket, and instantly, it turned into a new puppet arm. He moved it around, nodding in satisfaction.

"I'll support you from the back so you can go on the offensive." The Flesh Demon ripped out his spine before turning it into a bow. Then, he expelled a muscle from his thigh to use as the bowstring. He pulled the thing, and the resentments in his body from years of experimenting on people's flesh condensed into an arrow.

He pointed the arrow toward the War God Spirit and fired without hesitation. The spirit casually turned his head to avoid the arrow, but the thing turned around without losing its momentum and speed and rushed toward him. No, the arrow became even faster. The spirit waved his ax to destroy it but frowned in the process.

The War God Spirit immediately noticed a black spot on his hand. 'A curse? Moreover, it's a potent one based on resentment.' A golden light descended from the sky, curing him of this curse. However, this was just the beginning.

The Flesh Demon started to fire thousands of arrows, all moving at unreasonable speed and containing a terrifying curse that resents all life. The War God Spirit could only evade while complaining about how weak his vessel was. Meanwhile, the other people Dulgun bought had to confront these arrows.

With her help, they barely survived these powerful arrows. However, they were not useless, leaving the Puppet Demon ample time and opportunity to move on this battlefield as he saw fit. He activated his core and teleported a few meters away from her.

The Puppet Demon looked at her with derision and hatred. "You'll make an excellent piece in my collection, while your husband's body is the best material to upgrade my brother's body."

"It seems I must do this the hard way," Dulgun stated, and her staff released myriad color lights that entered her body. The Puppet Demon's face changed, and he rushed over for the kill, but she casually swung her staff to counter his sword.

The Puppet Demon planned to go for a flurry of attacks; he even activated his Speed Rune to ensure he overwhelmed his opponent. However, he had to pause as he realized his sword had decayed after coming into contact with that staff.

Dulgun took this opportunity to go on the offensive. She rushed toward him to punch him into oblivion. However, the demon was fast, so he moved backward. Dulgun moved her staff counter-clockwise to release a potent pulling force that drew the demon to her before punching him through his chest and holding his heart.

'That idiot really left his core in the same place as his heart,' she thought before putting a seal on the core, shutting down this puppet body. The Puppet Demon was decisive and immediately abandoned this body after realizing her intention. His soul flew out, trying to get away. Although this body was his greatest work, it did not matter; he could build another one as long as he was alive and free.

Dulgun predicted his movement and acted. Her staff released a blue light that forced the Puppet Demon's soul back to the puppet. Simultaneously, she detected five terrifying arrows rushing toward her back. She gritted her teeth and held on.

Boom!

The moment she forced the soul back into the puppet, the arrows hit. Her defense broke apart, and she was hit. Black blood oozed from Dulgun's mouth, but she sighed in relief. She was in the Infant Fiendgod Realm, and she blessed her flesh, which allowed her to survive that attack. She gazed fiercely at that damn demon.

'What a stupid idiot,' thought the Flesh Demon. 'It seems like I must run away. In that case, I need a distraction and cannon fodder.' Blood suddenly spread from the pores in his skin, and each drop turned into these enormous red spiders.

'These flesh puppets should do the work,' he thought. However, as soon as he had this thought, his sense of danger suddenly went haywire. The Flesh Demon trusted his instinct since he acquired it after grafting a genius's brain into his body, which was born with a Sixth Sense Ability. He looked in the distance, and his face paled. He immediately ordered his puppets to attack while also using his bow to the limit. Sadly, the other people risked their lives to stop him. During this time, Dulgun had raised her staff to the sky and muttered: "The spirit of light, justice, and all that is pure — I wish to cleanse this world of an ultimate filth, so please give me your blessing."

A golden light descended from the sky to envelop Dulgun. She then waved her staff, spreading the light to every corner of the battlefield. The Flesh Demon tried to run away, but it was useless. The light was fast, and it forcefully purified the resentment in his body.

"No," he roared. His [Flesh Grafting Art] requires resentment to keep his body intact. It's one of the keys to why he has a body on par with Indestructible Emperors without having to experience the pain and struggle of body refining.

The Flesh Demon's body turned into a red goo similar to slime before turning into a vaguely humanoid shape. The process repeated a few times as he tried to prevent his collapse. Dulgun watched all of this with a frown, and after pondering briefly, she provided him with some resentment to prevent him from completely collapsing. She sealed him before putting him away.

'The Flesh Demon was supposed to be husband's target, but his presence saves us a lot of time,' Dulgun thought. She sent a message to her husband before taking a moment to heal herself and her companions before heading to her next target: the Ghost Demoness. This person's way of fighting is similar to the Puppet Demon as she relies on her vast army of Ghosts. As such, she was the perfect counter to this kind of enemy.

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Poison Demoness' Garden:

"Repeat what you just said?" the Demoness demanded, still baffled by what she heard.

"You heard me," said Mongke.

"I knew all of you men were the same."

"Think about all the poison you can make from my blood," Mongke persuaded.

"The answer is still no," the Poison Demoness replied with a sneer.

"That's a shame," Mongke sighed. It seems he will have to find another Poison Wife. "Anyway, you should see the new boss." He pointed his finger before him to open a portal, and with a wave of his hand, he sent the demoness and her garden into it.

"Alright, Curse Demon, here I come," Mongke uttered before disappearing. The battle with the Curse Demon will be like the Poison Demon. However, he looked forward to fighting the Flesh Demon since he heard he was an accomplished body refiner.

Dark Cloud Pavilion:

Wang Wei calmly looked at the woman before him while processing the information Mongke sent him. 'A Paragon Tier Poison that has disappeared? That indeed might be valuable news.'

Chapter 1236 Green Earth Pavilion

Wang Wei pointed his finger to the woman's forehead, instantly souring her expression. As the seal entered her Sea of Consciousness and targeted her soul, a terrifying soul poison rushed from the Poison Demoness' mind, targeting him. Although it appeared she had given, that was far from the truth.

Someone of her cultivation level and status would never give up hope of freedom until she exhausted every possible measure. As such, when Mongke did not kill or immediately control her, the demoness planned her escape. Sadly for her, she jumped from one monster's mouth to another. Ultimately, she sighed, resigning herself to her fate.

"What can you tell me about the Death-root Poison?" Wang Wei asked.

"What is there to say? I spent so much time and effort cultivating the thing, but someone stole it."

"Who stole it?"

"It was an apprentice. No, not even an apprentice, but a medicine slave I bought," the Poison Demoness replied nonchalantly. Wang Wei frowned. His intuition told him this news was important, but he could not pinpoint how. His eyes turned gray as he divined some information, but a vaguely familiar fog blocked his true sight. He tried other divinations and discovered a clue.

"Where did you get the poison?" Wang Wei asked.

"A fortunate encounter."

"In this place or outside?"

"Of course, this place. I haven't had anything to do with the outside world for a while."

Wang Wei frowned, wondering whether the Lawless Zone could give birth to a fortunate encounter of such a level. Although rare, it should be possible if someone who came to hide in this place brought the poison and died, thus leaving it as a fortunate encounter.

"You said you bought the medicine slave? From who?" he asked.

"The Green Earth Pavilion," the demoness replied.

"Them? They sell people?"

"One of the biggest sources of wealth from the Green Earth and Azure Sky Pavilion is selling slaves," the Poison Demoness calmly explained. "They even used the 4 gangs to help --- especially the Crazy Thief Gang."

'That would explain the source of all the ordinary women and men in Mongke's Battle Coliseum,' Wang Wei thought.

"Did you make a fuss to the Green Earth Pavilion after the medicine slave escaped with your property?"

"I did," the demoness replied. "But they only offered twice the price I bought her for, which was nothing compared to the poison's value."

"It seems you might be immediately useful," Wang Wei muttered. He instructed her of something before turning into one of the demoness' strings of her.

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Green Earth Pavilion:

The Poison Demoness calmly waited in the room where the pavilion received VIPs of VIPs. She had made trouble, asking to meet their pavilion master, and after she refused to be handled by their main manager, these people had no choice but to contact their leader.

A few minutes later, the Earth Pavilion Master entered the room, followed by two guards. He was a fat middle-aged man, wearing a luxurious white-gold robe with jades and gold jewelry pieces as accessories. He was a Great Emperor with a cultivation of 59%, and his aura reeked of debauchery/hedonism.

It was apparent to anyone that this man had his cultivation achievements because of his wealth, and if not for his [Immortality], his body would be weak due to indulgence in food, alcohol, drugs, and sex. However, some credit should be granted to him since he could still use his power, meaning his Dao Heart was intact, and his state of mind — no matter how twisted — had some sense of purpose and direction.

A look of disdain flashed in the Poison Demoness' eyes. However, she still gave the Earth Pavilion some respect, mainly because of the twin bodyguards accompanying him. Meanwhile, the Earth Pavilion controlled himself and did not gaze at her with any lustful thoughts or intent. On the contrary, he showed her the most respect despite detecting the disdain in her eyes.

"Poison Master, what happened to you to make such a fuss?" the Earth Pavilion Master asked with a business-like smile. The demoness was about to open her mouth and make a fuss about her poison, even demanding them to search for her medicine slave on the outside. However, Wang Wei did not give her, or anyone else, the time to react.

A group of strings suddenly appeared out of nowhere to capture the Pavilion Master. The twins reacted and tried to protect him, but everything was sudden and fast; they did not react in time.

As precautions to personally meeting the Poison Demoness, the pavilion master prepared numerous pills and talismans, mostly ways to deal with her poison. However, he also prepared if he needed to run away, so his talisman tried to take him away from the situation. Sadly for him, these strings contained the power of fate, thus blocking all possibilities of escape that he could think of. Wang Wei then appeared in the room with the pavilion master as his captive.

"How did you bypass our defenses?" the fat businessman asked.

"It's not as hard as you imagine," Wang Wei replied casually.

"Put down the Pavilion Master," said one of the Fire-Ice Twin Emphyreans.

"And you may still walk out of this room alive," finished the other.

Wang Wei focused on them. "False Everlasting Empyreans? And two of them?" These two used to be Eternal Emperors but failed to become Everlasting. However, they had a Dao Will and Secret Vaults.

"Kill this bastard," said the Earth Pavilion Master. The twins hesitated. They could cultivate peacefully because the pavilion master was an excellent business. If they lost him, the Green Earth Pavilion would not last long despite being the most powerful martial force.

"Don't hesitate," the fat man continued. If you kill him swiftly enough, it won't matter whether he kills me since you can revive me." The Pavilion Master was an Emperor, so he had prepared plenty of resources for his fast revival. "You're really the embodiment of not judging a book by its cover," Wang Wei commented, silently praising this man for his boldness and quick thinking. Maybe having such a capable merchant under his command was not bad.

The twins glanced at each other before taking action. Their cultivation was 84% Grand Dao Source, but they used their boosting techniques. The first one was from their Empyrean Artifact, which was a pair of red and blue throwing disks. The artifact gave them another 2% boost. They followed that with a Soul Resonating Technique, and since they were twins that did everything together since birth — including proving the Dao simultaneously — they had another 2% boost. Finally, they used their best skill — Dao Will Fusion — which boosted them to the limit of the Empyrean Realm: 89.99%.

One twin released a terrifying heat, and the other turned the other half of the room into an ice tundra. They did not throw their artifact but held it in their hands before rushing for a close combat attack.

'That Dao Will Fusion technique is actually brilliant, even better than the one Mongke used when he added his Muscle Will,' Wang Wei calmly commented. He pointed at the twins to release a Yin-Yang Symbol that rotated counter-clockwise.

Before the twins could react, their Dao Will separated, and their soul resonance also dissipated. Even their artifacts, which were usually perfectly in sync, seemed out of balance. Then, before they could think of another solution to this situation, the Yin-Yang Symbol turned into a seal that captured them.

'It's over,' the Earth Pavilion Master thought. After so many years, after countless battles and catastrophes, his life has ended today. He felt sad, but a part of him always knew this day would

come. Factions in this place do not usually last long and have a cyclical nature, and sadly, it seems it was time for a new era.

After taking control of the upper echelon of the Green Earth Pavilion, it was relatively easy for Wang Wei to secretly take over the rest. He did not spend long in this place before heading to the Azure Sky Pavilion. Time was of the essence since he needed to control all these factions before the Hidden Master took note of the changes. Although he was confident in himself, he was unsure whether he could be victorious against the latter under these circumstances.

Wang Wei took a moment to see if he could find any more information about the medicine slave that stole the death-root. However, the pavilion's record only stated that it was a woman, and she was a loose cultivator with no family or background — hence why she was targeted.

Without much to go on and divination failing him, Wang Wei headed for the Azure Sky Pavilion. His plan for them was slightly different. He detected one of the spies they had in the Green Earth Pavilion and released the news that he was a newcomer to the Lawless Zone, and he came to sell a piece of important news that involved the Azure Sky Pavilion.

The information was about the secret routes they used to acquire resources from the outside. This news was, in fact, true, as Wang Wei had acquired it from the merchant that his Fate Shadow Guard accidentally saved. After setting the bait, Wang Wei waited.

Chapter 1237 Lawless Iron

"Damn these stupid people. I'm trying to sell them such valuable information, but they act as if I'm mad," Wang Wei cursed as he walked out of the Green Earth Pavilion. He looked around, sighing to himself. He searched around the city to buy a place to stay but felt everything was too pricey. At first, he thought of just living inside his Grandmist Wheel but thought this was too embarrassing. So, he gritted his teeth and found an inn.

Despite being an inn, the room he rented was extremely large due to the use of Space Arrays. Wang Wei rested while thinking of his next move. As he sat cross-legged on his cushion, deep in meditation, a purple mist enveloped his room.

"Who dares?" he yelled. However, his actions only made it easier for the mist to enter his body. As such, his desperate attempts to deal with this potent poison proved useless, and he fell to the ground as everything turned black.

"Where am I?" Wang Wei asked. He looked around, and he was in this damp room with his hands tied like he was on a cross and about to be executed. He noticed a potent sealing technique severely suppressed his cultivation, and the cuffs were also a sealing artifact that added another layer of seal.

"You're awake," said a rough but serious voice.

Wang Wei's eyes moved away from the torture devices in the room to a serious-looking man dressed in black and a scar over his left eye. Wang Wei knew this man for a variety of reasons. Firstly, he was part of the information he bought. Secondly, he had never passed out, so he saw every part of being transported to this dungeon.

Wang Wei frowned. The Spirit Particle he previously separated did not detect the Sky Pavilion Master anywhere near this place. 'Since he's not here, I must draw him out.'

Bang!

To the warden's horror, Wang Wei ripped the cuffs in his hand as if his sealing was useless, and before he could react, Wang Wei was holding him by the neck.

"Have a nice little nap," Wang Wei uttered before dropping this expert torturer to the ground. Then, he started turning this place upside down, beating anyone who was in his way and freeing all the other prisoners. As expected, it did not take long for the person he was waiting for to appear.

A man dressed in a luxurious, long, dark green robe with pointy shoulder pads and one eye closed walked into this prison. He had a calm demeanor, almost snake-like. He looked at the destruction around him and his men on the floor.

"How useless are you people?" the Sky Pavilion Master uttered before glancing at Wang Wei. "Something is fishy about you." The information he received was that a loose cultivator was selling information about their secret route, but why would such a powerful loose cultivator lack resources?

"I can say the same about you," Wang Wei rebutted, and he was telling the truth. He was on guard against the Azure Sky Pavilion for one reason — they were the oldest faction of the Lawless Zone. They survived the parasites' attempt to clean up this place and remained a top faction after the political power was redistributed. Such longevity meant they had a deeper foundation; a profound foundation meant unknown and unexpected trump cards.

'The information said he was an Insurgent Dao Ruler who fused his Inner World with an Empyrean Artifact that was perfectly suited for his Dao. However, they were wrong,' Wang Wei thought. 'He fused with a broken Paragon Artifact.'

"Such a potent detection technique," the Sky Pavilion Master uttered after detecting that Wang Wei saw through his Inner World. "Now, I'm more curious about your true identity." The Azure Sky Pavilion was a family business that had existed in the Lawless Zone for countless years, and all family members had excellent business skills. The Pavilion Master's business senses told him capturing this person would be an excellent opportunity. He activated his Earth Dao to surround his arms with rocks before also activating his Dao Will Artifact.

[Strength of Earth]

He rushed to his opponent to devastate them. After being empowered by the concept of the earth itself, the pavilion master could fight directly with some of the best body refiners. Sadly for him, Wang Wei had labeled him as a threat and went all out.

Wang Wei blocked the attack with his arm and secretly frowned. As expected, this man was not simple. This punch looked like a straightforward attack, but the bastard was secretly using his Paragon Artifact to influence his mind/soul.

Although the artifact was restricted in power level by the environment, its essence was still of a higher quality. The Pavilion Master used the higher essence to influence his opponent's mind and soul. In other words, people without a Paragon Soul or strong will are easily influenced by him. Unfortunately, he met the wrong opponent.

As soon as the two were closed, Wang Wei used his [Fate Shackle Innate Talent] to basically rewrite this man's pass and made it as if the Paragon Artifact did not perfectly suit him/his Dao. And since the Sky Pavilion Master's Insurgency originated from that artifact, his strength drastically decreased. Wang Wei then immediately went for his throat in an attempt to catch him as swiftly as possible.

However, his attempt failed. When his arm was less than ten centimeters from his opponent, his own strength suddenly decreased. His cultivation realm was suppressed to the Emperor Realm, and even his body-refining realm dropped down to the Dragon-Phoenix Realm. The Pavilion Master used this opportunity to escape.

"What in the Nine Hells," Wang Wei commented. His power had returned, but he was slightly baffled.

"I can't believe you forced me to use it in less than 10 seconds of fighting," the Pavilion Master sighed. His aura returned to its normal state as this ruthless man sacrificed all the lives inside his Inner World to remove the shackle on his fate and regain his connection to the artifact. This kind of sacrifice was permanent, meaning he could not recreate these lives again, showing his ruthlessness and decisiveness. He then opened his closed eyes, revealing an all-black pupil. The environment suddenly changed.

Wang Wei's strength once again returned to the Emperor Realm, and even the Sky Pavilion Master's aura had a drop in strength to the early stage of the Empyrean Realm.

"Lawless Iron," Wang Wei commented. Any unique environment will evolve unique material — that's one of the fundamental laws of Heaven and Earth. This law also applied to the Lawless Zone, and the unique material this place created was the Lawless Iron, which was an ore with the same effect as the cultivation suppression of this place.

"I thought the parasites destroyed all the Lawless Iron mines in this place," Wang Wei asked. Lawless Iron mines are rare and would appear in small quantities. However, when the parasites cleaned up this place, one of their main targets was the mines.

"No, that's not important," Wang Wei continued. "The truly impressive thing is the fact that you found a Weapon Master that can refine Lawless Iron into such a small, powerful, and detailed artifact."

Lawless Iron is valuable even in the outside world because of its main use in creating prisons to hold powerful creatures or entities. However, it's not as valuable as an ore to create weapons or artifacts because of how difficult it is to retain its power of suppression after being processed or when fused with other metals. One of the lawless iron's natural characteristics is that it works better when there are large quantities of it; that's why Wang Wei found it incredible that he had an eye artifact with this effect.

"You're very knowledgeable and astute, but you talk too much for a prisoner," the Sky Pavilion Master stated as he once again encased his arms into a rock armor before going on the offense.

"I had no choice but to," Wang Wei replied with a smirk. Then, to the rock man's horror, they clashed with both of them intact, meaning their strength was on par.

"You! How is that possible?"

Wang Wei smirked. He was not conversing mid-fight with an opponent for no reason. In this short time, he got a basic enough understanding of the composition and effect of lawless iron to use his Freedom Dao to become free of its effect.

He did not return to his peak, but he regained his Empyrean Level strength and his [Limit Indestructibility], which was enough for him to deal with the situation.

"Damn you."

The battle waged for a while, but ultimately, Wang Wei was the winner. In the same cultivation realm/strength, it's a sure thing to bet on Wang Wei. As the Sky Pavilion lay on the ground, he held the Lawless Iron Eye in his palm.

"Truly masterful work," he praised. "I have plenty of resources but not enough professional talent to put them to use. Now, it seems I'm about to recruit a master Weapon Refiner."

Chapter 1238 A Talented Ally

Wang Wei followed the Sky Pavilion Master to a sun in a cosmic star area of the Lawless Zone. At the center of the sun was what Wang Wei would describe as a smithing house that used the sun to create Samadhi Flames for weapon refining.

Wang Wei walked into a room with a muscular elderly man in a simple black robe, a long white beard twisted in a braid, and using a hammer on the mold of a sword. The sight was odd because the elderly man had the aura of an Everlasting Empyrean, but his way of refining weapons resembled a blacksmith instead of a cultivator.

The blacksmith did not pay attention to their presence and continued hammering. Once he finished, he used his fingers to draw a simple rune on the air that fused with the sword, releasing a golden light indicating its complexion. The blacksmith looked at the sword briefly and shook his head in disappointment. He threw it to the small weapon pile next to him before finally focusing on the people present.

"Pavilion Master? Are you here for another unreasonable request? I told you there is a limit to even my skills."

"No, no, that's not why I'm here," the Sky Pavilion Master swiftly said. "This is Empyrean Wang, and he is...well, the new leader of the pavilion. I brought him to make your acquaintance."

The blacksmith was not stupid and understood the situation, so he gazed at Wang Wei. His eyes were weird; it was as if he was appraising a weapon. Wang Wei was slightly surprised by this man's detection technique, so he did not resist much.

"With such a unique soul and sub-Dao of Refining, it's a shame you're a combatant," the blacksmith uttered.

"Thank you for the compliment," Wang Wei replied. "But how do I address you?"

"You can call me the Flame Blacksmith, and as long as you accept the same terms I had with the pavilion master, I don't care who the new leader is."

Wang Wei already learned the relationship between those two was not of servitude but more of an equal partnership. "I have no problem with keeping the previous agreement, but my goal is not to be caged in this small place. I have goals and ambitions I must accomplish in the outside world.

"So, can you leave this place and be more active?"

The Flame Blacksmith looked at him briefly. Then, his eyes suddenly turned fiery red. "You are... So, that's how it is — that time has already arrived." He looked at the Pavilion Master. "Give us a moment to talk." The latter looked at Wang Wei, who nodded to him.

"Do you know my identity?" the Flame Blacksmith asked.

"I do not."

"I'm the direct disciple of Paragon Blood Rune."

"Paragon Blood Rune? One of the 2 Primals of the Skill Dao Association?"

"That's right."

"From what I know, he only had 2 direct disciples, and they were all Paragons," Wang Wei stated.

"My master left his inheritance scattered all over the world to find disciples, and I only passed the test after he died," Black Flame explained. He's met his teacher a handful of times from Limbo, but despite such an odd situation, he was acknowledged as the third direct disciple and received Paragon Blood Rune's teaching.

"That explains it," Wang Wei nodded. "But why are you telling me such sensitive information?"

"For many reasons, but primarily, I want us to be straightforward with our identities or backgrounds to ensure a better alliance or cooperation."

"Background? You seem sure that I'm not a simple loose cultivator," Wang Wei stated.

"These people have erased, twisted, or hidden history, so only a few top lineages still have perfectly intact records. The fact that you recognized my master's name and knew how many disciples he had proved you're not from an ordinary background."

"Fair point," Wang Wei nodded. "My name is Wang Wei, from the Dao Opening Sect."

"Them? My master did say the chances of the destined one having a deep connection with them were very high," the Flame Blacksmith uttered.

"Oh? What else did he say?"

"He said that if I have a chance to participate in the closure of this era, I should take it. The blessings from my achievements will help me tremendously in the next era — an era which will be even more brilliant than the Golden Era."

"Your master is wise," Wang Wei said, but his mind was thinking of something else.

'Based on the information the sect gave me, the Blood Rune Paragon's goal was always to get his hands on the Refiner Dao Position. However, he also accepted his limitations, thus focusing on cultivating an apprentice to accomplish his dreams.

'His other two apprentices have great achievements, but they did not meet his expectations. Could he be trying again with this Flame Blacksmith? Does he have this much potential?'

If his deduction is true, then an alliance with the Flame Blacksmith will not only help him in his fight against the parasites but also be a perfect opportunity to expand the Dao Opening Sect's alliances. With this mindset, Wang Wei had a deep conversation with the blacksmith, laying out the groundwork for their alliance/cooperation. Finally, he left with the Sky Pavilion Master.

"By the way, what was the unreasonable request you asked of him?" Wang Wei casually asked after returning to the Azure Sky Pavilion.

"I wanted him to refine an artifact with lawless iron that was as small as sand, maybe even smaller."

"That is unreasonable," Wang Wei agreed. "But why would you want something like that? No, he said it was a customer request. Who would want such a thing?"

"My apologies, I can't say."

"Excuse you?"

"No, don't get me wrong," Azure Sky swiftly said. "It's not that I don't want to say, but I can't. The customer made me sign the most restrictive contract not to reveal their info. I couldn't even keep any records of this request."

"Why all the intense secrecy?" Wang Wei complained, feeling something was odd. "Why did you even entertain such a request in the first place?"

"I had no choice," Azure Sky declared. "These parasites crippled my family's connection to the outside world, and it was that person who reinstated it. In fact, this person basically controls our lifeline when it comes to accessing resources from the outside. Although they never interfered or made things difficult for us, it does not change the fact how much power they secretly held in our pavilion."

"Well, you don't have to worry about that from now on," Wang Wei reassured. Now that he was in control, the pavilions could go through him to get resources. In fact, they will start to operate on a large scale in the outside world while the branch in the Lawless Zone will become less important.

Wang Wei detected Mongke and Dulgun had returned, so he went to meet the demons since these people would be underneath him. He needed to assess their potential and know what to expect of them in the upcoming struggles. As such, he gathered all five of them, including the Poison Demoness that he had already met.

He sat on a throne, observing all five of them. Wang Wei read their fate lines to have a better understanding of their personality, experiences, and capabilities.

'The Poison Demoness is an excellent Poison Cultivator. She's efficient and ruthless in her approach while also keeping a more experimental mindset. However, she becomes useless once her poison does not work. Maybe she should add Gu Dao to expand her repertoire.'

His gaze turned to the Puppet Demon.

'Another ruthless bastard. I guess all of them are ruthless, hence the demon in their name. However, this one even abandoned his flesh and turned himself into a puppet. However, he's too confident in his work as he made such a stupid mistake of leaving his puppet core where his heart was. Once he fixes that and I help him condense the other runes for his Myriad Dao Core, he will be a force to reckon with. Plus, I can take all his knowledge and experience as a gift for Cai Song.'

Wang Wei frowned as he looked at the Flesh Demon.

'This grafting technique is quite unique, but this bastard went the wrong way. He acquired the body of an Indestructible Empyrean but not the strength of one. He used his grafting method to avoid the tedious and painful process of body refining, but that only made his flesh full of flaws and his willpower extremely weak.'

Despite his potent flesh, this demon did not even achieve Willpower Manifestation.

'He even avoided the True Power Dao Realm tribulations by taking body parts from people who succeeded. Such an act ruined his luck as he achieved strength without paying the price.'

Wang Wei could tell this bastard would probably be the first to die in the outside world with how terrible his luck and destiny was.

'So, I must shield this bastard with my own luck and turn him into a genuine body refiner — starting by tempering his willpower. Once he meets my requirements, I can give him my and Mongke's body parts to turn him into a top expert.'

Wang Wei was satisfied with this plan, especially after realizing the Flesh Demon was the most cunning of these five individuals. He will be an excellent pawn if used correctly. He turned to the Curse Demon, a young man with a morbidly pale complexion and tattoos of black rose that ran from his neck to his back.

'He looked nothing extraordinary from the surface. However, it seems he was born with a terrifying bloodline curse. The origin of that curse will probably lead to something interesting, but for now, this is not something I can deal with.' Wang Wei pondered.

'However, if we can find a way to use that bloodline curse as his power, he will be a great asset.'

Finally, he looked at the Ghost Demoness. She was an ugly elderly woman dressed in a dark purple robe. Cultivators can change their appearances at will — unless something unexpected occurs — but she chose that ugly appearance despite having no extenuating circumstances.

Through the Fate Line Reading Technique, he knew it was due to a heartbreak she suffered in her youth, so he no longer cared.

'If I can fuse her Ghost Army with the Puppet Demon's puppet army, I can cultivate a ferocious legion.' He knew how deep the parasites' background was, so he needed all the help possible.

Now that he had a better understanding of his team, Wang Wei prepared to finish conquering this place by targeting the four gangs. He wanted to be as swift as possible since he sensed that time was not on his side.

Chapter 1239 The Ruthless King

After planning the next step, everyone separated to fulfill their task. Wang Wei chose the Bloodline Gang as his target, and he dealt with them relatively quickly. He lured their leader — a somewhat rare Snow-Thunder Leopard — who was a second-tier Earth Primarch, meaning he was on par with an Empyrean but did not have a Heaven Will.

Wang Wei created a secret realm and left his bloodline inside before luring one of the Bloodline Gang members to find it. The poor lad hurried to notify the upper echelon of the gang, and this secret news soon reached the Snow-Thunder Leopard, who quickly rushed over.

Once that happened, defeating him and taking control of his gang was relatively easy. Wang Wei returned to their base, where two of the other groups were already waiting.

"So, he's the leader of the Grandmist Gang," Wang Wei commented as he looked at this man that could be described as beautiful due to his many feminine features.

"Was there any problem?" he asked. He sent Mongke to deal with this person as the Grandmist Gang Lord because the latter hated Emphyreans, Dao Rulers, or any cultivators capable of creating lives.

"He granted me an audience, but after knowing why I came, he immediately turned hostile," Mongke replied. Wang Wei nodded as such a response was expected.

"What's your name?" Wang Wei asked. However, the Grandmist Gang Lord just stared at him.

"Zou Bo? A good name," Wang Wei nodded. "You're a weird man. You have such a strong hatred for us [Creators], but you also secretly wished to find one worthy enough to serve, to dedicate your life. I guess it's not so weird since your master treated you so nicely; you probably wanted to relieve that time which was dear to you."

"Shut up. Don't act like you know me," Zou Bo yelled.

"But I do."

"I would rather die than serve you," Zou Bo said with gritted teeth.

"That's fine by me," Wang Wei replied casually. "You're not as valuable as you think, especially after I extract your memory on how you survived an Emphyrean Tier Creation Tribulation."

"However, do note that if you kill yourself, I will have the Bloodline Gang Leader desecrate your body and soul by letting him eat you and all your people."

"You monster," Zou Bo said with gritted teeth. If there is one person he hated more than those Emphyreans who played with life as if it meant nothing, it was that racist bastard. He would rather be subservient to someone else than let that leopard win over him.

"Let's make a deal," Zou Bo said. "Let me kill that leopard, and my life is yours."

"As I said — you're not that valuable," Wang Wei replied casually.

"What you're saying is if I'm way more valuable than him, you'll allow it to happen?"

"Interesting," Wang Wei muttered as he held his chin. "I'm open to your bargain. But how will you prove your worth?"

"By becoming an Everlasting Emphyrean," Zou Bo said with gritted teeth.

"Oh? That's right. If you become one of my creatures, I can allow you to retake the Creation Tribulation to become an Everlasting Emphyrean. But, can you survive the tribulation? Unlike my original creations, you'll be truly dead once you fail."

"I'll survive," Zou Bo declared with gritted teeth. He knew such tribulation would be, at minimum, ten times harder than a Creation Tribulation for a regular Grandmist Life trying to become an Everlasting, but he did not care; he would put his life on the line to kill that leopard.

"Well, I look forward to the result," Wang Wei commented.

'Did you see how he used this man's desire to control him? It seems I have much to learn in the Ways of the Human Heart,' Mongke said to his wife.

'Yes, you can learn much from observing him.' Once this era ends, it might be difficult for the Barbarian Race to maintain their neutrality, given their participation in ending the parasites. By then, Mongke will have to deal with many of these elders who are set in their ways, so having leadership and diplomatic skills like Wang Wei will be crucial for him to navigate the situation — especially before he becomes a Primal Paragon and has absolute power in the clan.

Wang Wei turned his focus on the two people from the Crazy Thief Gang that Dulgun, Ghost, and Puppet Demon brought. "Who is their leader?"

"These are the Vice-Gang Leaders," Dulgun explained. "As for their leader, well, he disappeared."

"He ran away from you?"

"No," she responded. "He appeared a while ago to announce to the gang that he was entering a deep state of retreat. He did not show up when we raided their headquarters and controlled everyone."

"So, he abandoned his men?"

"The Gang Leader did not abandon us," said Thin-Finger, one of the two Vice-Leaders. "Wait until his cultivation is successful; he'll come to kill all of you and return our gang to normal."

"What a strong faith you have in your leader," Wang Wei commented.

"Do you think this is the first time this has happened?" Thin-Finger sneered.

"Shut up," yelled Black Tooth, the other Vice-Gang Lord. "Do you want to give the enemy all our information?" Thin-Finger immediately quieted down but still stared ferociously at Wang Wei.

"Indeed, a reliable leader," Wang Wei commented as he observed their past. However, he could not see their leader clearly as he was enveloped in a black fog. 'This place is full of unique characters,' he thought to himself with a smile.

"Where is the last..." Wang Wei suddenly stopped to look in the distance.

"Did something happen?" Mongke asked.

"The last group was captured."

"Really? Their task was to observe and wait for us, so how could they be captured? Did they disobey their orders?" Mongke asked.

"No. The Martial Outlaw Gang already knew they were coming."

"It seems that our movement was leaked, or the Ruthless King detected some kind of danger and preemptively attacked," Mongke summarized.

"It seems we must do this more directly," Wang Wei said with squinted eyes. He did not waste time and teleported everybody outside the Martial Outlaw Gang's headquarters, a colossal continent. These people were already awaiting their arrival, all dressed in armor and perfectly lined up.

'These men are not gangsters. They are a well-trained army that has experienced countless battles,' Wang Wei thought.

"I did not expect you would be the one behind this, Barbarian King," said a handsome middle-aged man with a few strings of white hair in his tightly bun hair, black clothes with dragons' designs, and a regal aura.

"I thought this was an attack from the five demons," continued the Ruthless King. "But now...No, this may not even be your doing." He noticed the fact that Wang Wei was the one in front, and he remembered the news he heard not long ago — someone defeated the Barbarian King.

"And who might you be?"

Wang Wei did not immediately answer him as someone else caught his attention. Two people stood behind the Ruthless King, and he knew they were his sons, given how much they resembled him. They were both only Eternal Emperors, which should not have garnered his attention. However, the one on the left was odd.

Firstly, Wang Wei could not tell this young man's exact cultivation realm. At first, he appeared to be only 54% Grand Dao Source, while his brother was 67%, but Wang Wei knew he was hiding his real level, and whatever means he used, it was something even he could not see through.

The second thing that drew his attention was this young man's eyes. He was born with the 17th Heavenly Physique — the Double Pupil. Lastly, the young man's reaction to their presence was strange. He first glanced at Mongke with great worry before looking at Wang Wei with horror. All these emotions were very fast, almost unnoticeable before he controlled himself to look calm.

'Another interesting character,' Wang Wei thought before focusing on the Ruthless King. "The name is Empyrean Wang. It's a pleasure to meet you, but what should I address you as? The Ruthless King, or, would you prefer a more familiar term, like his Majesty."

The Ruthless King squinted. "Ruthless is fine. After all, I'm just a Nationless Ruler."

"I know it must have been hard, but could you quench my curiosity?" Wang Wei asked. "How was your dynasty destroyed? I'm assuming the parasites did it, forcing you into exile in this place. But why did they destroy it in the first place? Was there a particular reason, or were you guys just part of a long list of places to clean up?"

"I don't believe this is the kind of conversation strangers should be having," the Ruthless King responded with clenching hands, trying to control his anger.

"Fair," Wang Wei nodded. "So, let's get back on track. I believe we reached the part in our conversation where you asked me why I'm doing this. What animosity do I have with you or your gang?"

The Ruthless King stared at Wang Wei. He could not remember the last time he had a conversation where the opponent completely dominated the rhythm. He used extreme means to calm himself down.

Chapter 1240 The Second Prince

"There are no grudges or any relationships between us," Wang Wei said, not giving the Ruthless King time to respond and gain control of the conversation. "I need a new force to end the situation outside, and the Lawless Zone was the best place to amass power."

The Ruthless King squinted. "So, you're..."

"That's right," Wang Wei nodded. "How about this? If you join me peacefully, I promise to ally with you, and once we achieve our goals, we can go our separate ways."

"That is not happening," the Ruthless King replied decisively.

"I figured as much," Wang Wei sighed. "I guess I now understand why you're in this situation."

"You don't know anything about me, so don't pretend like you do."

"I don't, but it's not hard to deduce," Wang Wei continued casually. "You're probably from a top dynasty with Paragons. However, they died during the Ultimate Taboo or the clean-up afterward. Despite these circumstances, your dynasty should still have existed, even if they had to live in embarrassment."

"Unfortunately, your ego and pride hurt the entire nation. You probably did something that provoked these parasites, or they tried to use you in one of their ploys, and your pride made you bluntly refuse them, causing one of them to annihilate your dynasty. "In the end, you had to run with your tail between your legs, living in this place in exile as a shadow of your former glory. That should be the gist of it. Did I miss anything? I should be off in some of the small details."

The Ruthless King looked at him, his killing intent almost palpable.

"The odd thing is it seems you haven't learned anything from that experience," Wang Wei continued. "Your ancestors must be rolling in their graves in Limbo. I assume you did not come to this place simply to hide from the parasites but also to hide from the consequences of your actions."

"After all, once your ancestors are revived, they will definitely dethrone you and may even directly execute you. This restricted place is your best chance at surviving their wrath."

"You have a sharp tongue," the Ruthless King commented, secretly clenching his fist. "It's a shame you used to spew nonsense."

Wang Wei ignored his feeble comeback, his gaze focusing on the legion behind him. "It seems you're not completely useless. Your men's spirit and morals have not wavered the slightest with my words. So, your forte is military training? It's probably how you became the successor in your generation despite your terrible personality and unsuitable mindset for a ruler."

Wang Wei then turned to the princes behind the Ruthless King. "Your father's fate is sealed. If any of you can control his legion, I will be more than happy to work with you instead of him. If you wish to exercise filial piety, I can even spare his life as long as you promise to control him properly."

"Stop talking nonsense," yelled the First Prince. "You're stupid if you think we will betray our own father."

"I see," Wang Wei replied with a hidden smirk. His focus was on the second prince, the eye with the Double Pupil. Although the latter nodded in agreement, Wang Wei detected his hesitation.

"What a shame," Wang Wei sighed. "Anyway, where are my people?" The Flesh and Poison Demons were captured, and he wanted to know their whereabouts.

"They are safely kept by me," the Ruthless King quickly replied, feeling he finally had some sense of control over the situation. "However, I don't know how —"

"I won't negotiate anything with you regarding their safety," Wang Wei cut him off. "If you keep them alive, I promise not to touch your family lineage. Although you'll be gone, you can take comfort in the fact your lineage remains and might one day keep their status as emperors."

By this point, veins were popping on the Ruthless King's neck. "This is not how things are going to proceed. Do you understand me?"

"Do you not understand your situation?" Wang Wei rebutted. "Do you think you can win in this situation?"

"I have experienced millions of battles, and one thing I've learned is that there is always a way — no matter how dire the situation," the Ruthless King sneered. Wang Wei sighed, slightly exasperated.

"Do you think you're the only one accomplished in military tactics?" Wang Wei asked. "In your current situation, the only way out is to draw long enough against us until the Hidden Master hears of this disturbance and comes to put an end. Sadly for you, his presence will not change the situation."

The Ruthless King's heart skipped a beat; the enemy was correct. As soon as he saw all these leaders show up, he knew this method was the only way for him and his people to survive.

"Now that we have everything laid up, I'm giving you one last chance — surrender peacefully and spare your people this bloodshed."

'Father, please accept his offer,' the second prince thought to himself, despite knowing it would be pointless, giving his father's pride and stubbornness. He knew how terrifying this group was, especially the Barbarian King and this Empyrean Wang.

One of his Double Eye abilities is to determine people's talent. Over the years, he developed his own system to classify an individual's talent: Worthless, Genius, Heaven Chosen — which is further divided into low, middle, and top— and Monstrous. Monster-level talent is the highest tier that someone can be born with, but not the highest level he's created.

Above that are [Once in a Generation Talent], [Once in an Era Talent], and [Anomalies]. However, to achieve these levels, innate talent is no longer applicable. Cultivators must achieve certain tasks or goals — like breaking the barrier between mortals and Immortals or achieving Nine Supremacy — to go beyond the Monstrous tier. Then, there is the level at the top of this list — the Anomalies.

The second prince did not even know such a level existed until he one day accidentally saw Empress Wu from afar, and his eyes detected a level of talent that he'd never seen in someone else. The prince thought his eyes may have made a mistake for many years until he met the Barbarian King.

The latter was the only person close to the [Anomalous] level, seemingly very closed but missing some other factor. So, he classified the Barbarian King as [Pseudo Anomaly]. Today, the second prince met the second true anomalous talent in his life — Empyrean Wang.

The second prince did not know why these [Anomalies] were so scary, but they have displayed extraordinary powers and accomplishments so far. He knew his father did not stand a chance, even if he convinced himself that talent was not always equal to strength.

...

"The answer is still the same," the Ruthless King said calmly, already regaining his composure. "A man should die standing up, never on his knees."

'Father, your stubbornness has doomed us again,' the second prince sighed. 'I must do something.'

"I can respect your choice and mindset as a cultivator. Of course, you're very unfit as a ruler and leader," Wang Wei said. "However, ultimately, my view of you does not matter. Since you've chosen, let's get this over with."

Under Wang Wei's order, the Puppet and Ghost Demon summoned their armies. He used his Yin-Yang Dao to summon a symbol underneath these legions floating in the void. Then, the ghosts started to fuse with the puppets, turning their eye sockets into soul flames.

Wang Wei nodded in satisfaction. With his actions, these powerful puppets now had more soul/spiritual attacks. Additionally, they can transform into a Ghost State, providing them some intangibility. Such a state is also an excellent way to protect their puppet cores.

Then, Wang Wei proceeded to activate his [Awakening] and summon his 11 fate palaces. He arranged them in a weird shape before they suddenly linked into a magic circle with intricate designs. The palaces released a unique fluctuation that affected the area.

The Emphyreans were the first to notice what had happened. They could not summon their creations from their Grandmist World. Wang Wei knew one of his weaknesses was his young age, which prevented him from even cultivating enough creation lives. As such, he immediately banned them in this battle.

"Be ready," the Ruthless King ordered with an ugly expression, and his legion responded in unison to his command. The two princes suddenly swallowed a pill, and their strength instantly reached the Emphyrean Realm. Then, a Qi Luck Dragon from their dynasty manifested in the void before fusing with the three and blessing them.

'Be careful,' Wang Wei strangely warned the group.

'Did you also notice that fleeting gaze?' Mongke asked. 'I thought I was overthinking.'

'No, it was there,' Wang Wei stated. 'You're familiar with the Hidden Master. Do you think it's him?'

'It was so fast that I couldn't tell,' Mongke replied. 'However, if someone can spy on us without being detected — it would be him.'

Wang Wei groaned softly. 'Anyway, prepare for possible interference and maybe even a sneak attack.'