

F.D Emperor 1391

Chapter 1391 Shu Shu's Fate

The shadow took a deep breath before slowly walking over Shu Shu's body. He carefully extended his divine sense, scanning every part of her body. Usually, such an intimate act would be considered a violation of a person's privacy. As a subordinate of the Emperor, he should never know the body of an Imperial Consort so vividly unless he was a doctor. However, the situation was different, and since it involved the Emperor's body, the shadow had to cross the line.

"Well?" Shu Ren asked after seeing the shadow frown and not uttering a word.

"Her...[Existence] is collapsing," the shadow replied.

"What? Such a severe injury?" Shu Ren asked. The anger he had previously controlled immediately resurfaced. "So, someone did get to her?"

"I'm afraid not," the shadow explained.

"What are you saying?" The shadow was quiet. "Now you want to be quiet?" Shu Ren roared, releasing his killing intent to the shadow again, making him kneel on the ground.

"Explain what you discovered."

"The Imperial Consort is...a failed experiment, after all. The foundation of her [Existence] is the concept of [perfection], and since she was not appropriately made, it is not collapsing."

Shu Ren clenched his hands after hearing this. He had forgotten about this fact. Most perfection experiments do not last long, and the few successful ones usually require the subjects to cultivate to a high enough level to make up for their flaws. Shu Shu had no cultivation and could live for so long because Shu Ren fed her many immortal pills. The worst part is that she cannot cultivate herself in the current situation.

"Do you have any solutions?" Shu Ren asked.

"For now, we can only return her to..." The shadow stops as he remembers the Emperor destroyed the dimension Shu Shu was found in case something was wrong with it. The worst part is it was the shadow's suggestion.

"We can only temporarily seal her to prevent the collapse. Maybe the scholars will have a method."

Shu Ren calmed down before walking to her; he finally checked himself, and without hesitation, he tried to inject some of his powers into her body. However, his actions seemed to accelerate the process as a quarter of Shu Shu's hair suddenly turned white. Shu Ren immediately stopped his actions.

"Summon the dynasty's brightest mind. I need an answer before the sun rises," Shu Ren ordered, his gaze not leaving her side. "One more thing — the news cannot leave this hall."

"As you wish," the shadow nodded before summoning a sword. After massacring all the maids present, he summoned these scholars and enlightened beings. Under the threat of death, these scholars gave Shu Ren two solutions.

He sat on his throne, contemplating their words. The first solution was unusable since Shu Ren knew he would lose Shu Shu if he dared show her before Supreme Unity. If he asked Taoism for help, the best scenario was that they would use her to control him, and he would still lose her in the end.

"Are you sure we don't have any resources for Perfection Dao?" Shu Ren asked his Minister of Finance who was in charge of the dynasty's treasury.

"His Majesty, as I said, these things are rare, and we don't have any at hand."

"But I remember we had a few crystals that contained some essence of perfection."

"You gifted them to Xun Junyao," the minister replied.

"Her?" Shu Ren's eyes suddenly brightened. "Yes, her. As long as I get my hands on her and refine her blood and soul, I should be able to perfect Shu Shu and save her life."

Shu Ren looked at the shadow: "It's your job to find her as soon as possible — no matter the price we have to pay."

"Your majesty, our chances at finding that woman are not high — especially in such a short window."

"It's your job to make the impossible possible," Shu Ren snapped.

"I will do my best, but I suggest we focus on finding the remains of other people experimenting on perfection. Such an approach has a higher chance of success."

"Do both," Shu Ren ordered with a slightly raised voice. He then turned to another team in the meeting: "How long will the seal last?" The team looked at each other before the leader was forced to step forward and explain:

"If we are lucky, about 200 years."

"So little? How can you guys be so useless?"

"Pardon us, Your Majesty, but we have no knowledge about perfection, and this is the best we can do," the leader, a middle-aged man with a thick beard and yellow dress, swiftly answered. He wanted to tell his majesty that his previous actions drastically shortened the Imperial Consort's time, but he did not dare.

Shu Ren grunted: "You said if we were lucky, what about if we're not?"

"...Less than 30 years."

"Are you serious?" Shu Ren asked, almost losing control. Thirty years might be long for mortals, but for being on his level, it cannot even be compared to seconds. "No, time is too short. We need better solutions." Shu Ren looked at these scholars, releasing his killing intent. They immediately knelt on the ground while yelling:

"Your majesty, we have tried our best."

"It's not enough," Shu Ren replied coldly. "Give me solutions or die."

"We have no more solutions." However, Shu Ren ignored them while slowly increasing the pressure. To say the tension in the room was palpable is an understatement. Finally, one scholar desperately yelled:

"We can try to let her cultivate."

"Stop speaking nonsense," the others yelled.

"This might be the only choice," the scholar argued. The others wanted to kill this bastard since his words could get all of them killed.

"Bastard, how is that a solution? No one in this world can cultivate, so unless you've suddenly surpassed the two suns, shut the hell up."

"We can ask Taoism for an exception."

"And you think they will agree?"

"They...might."

"Bastard, you're going to get us killed."

"Big Nose Chen, if I die, I will curse all 18 generations of your ancestors."

"You!"

"Silence!" Shu Ren yelled. He pondered briefly. Taoism has been asking for cooperation, so he might ask them for this favor in return. The issue is hiding Shu Shu under their watch while using this favor. "This might work," Shu Ren muttered.

"Your majesty, it won't work," said another scholar.

"What do you mean?"

"We considered this possibility, even theorizing using a battle technique that temporarily increases her fleshly body to stabilize the situation," the scholar explained, and Shu Ren nodded. He knew the lock's cultivation restrictions had a "flaw" involving boosting techniques or battle skills.

"However, the result of our calculations was that such an approach would accelerate the Imperial Consort's [Existence]. In fact, any attempts to heal her that do not involve perfection will only bring her harm."

Shu Ren's face contorted out of sheer anger. He looked at Big Nose Chen: "So, you lied to me?"

"I...I..." Big Nose Chen stuttered. He only said these words to buy them enough time to survive today's events. At worst, he could take this opportunity to escape. Big Nose Chen tried his hardest to find an explanation, but Shu Ren did not give him the chance. His body exploded into a blood pool, splurging the throne room. A few bold people with enough status blocked the blood with an invisible shield, but most people did not dare move and allowed their bodies to be stained.

Shu Ren slouched on his throne while massaging his temple. "Everyone disperse and do what you're supposed to do." He realized killing these scholars wouldn't change his current predicament, so he could only wait for news from his shadow.

Shu Ren never left Shu Shu's side, waiting for news. A few weeks later, the shadow sent news they had found something, but it was a trial. Sadly, no one could get the information it contained without passing the trial. Shu Ren did not want to waste time, so he tried to use his overwhelming strength to take it forcefully, but the thing self-destructed, almost injuring him.

After that, he had to be patient. The scholars reviewed the history, trying to find any information about ancient cultivators interested in the path of perfection. Sadly, Time Eater did an excellent job erasing most of history, making Shu Ren regret not keeping more records. He considered getting the information from these ancient lineages, but he dared not invade their sect without backing from the others.

Shu Ren's luck seems to have run out as Shu Shu's collapse accelerated, meaning he did not even have 200 years. Fifteen years passed, and just as she was about to die and Shu Ren was about to become mad, Shadow brought him good news.

"What good news? Hurry and hand it over," Shu Ren said as soon as he teleported to their meeting room. However, the shadow hesitated.

"What is it? Is there something wrong with what you found?"

"It seems too coincidental," the shadow replied.

Chapter 1392 Double Strike Attack

"What are you talking about?" Shu Ren asked, not hiding his impatience.

"Your majesty, all I'm saying is to consider why we suddenly discovered this thing at the last minute while you're desperate."

"I don't have time for your nonsense. Hand it over."

"Your majesty –"

Shu Ren waved his hand, and the shadow rushed to him without any resistance. The Earth Emperor held him by the neck, his eyes red with intense killing intent.

"You've tried my patience long enough. So, while I still have the last bit of respect for all your years of service, do as I say before I massacre you and everyone you love."

"I...understand." The shadow handed him a talisman, and Shu Ren immediately received the information. The talisman painted a generic story. A Paragon once became obsessed with the concept of perfection and dabbled in the subject. The result was a flawed product, but like a cliché romance novel, the creator fell in love with its creation.

However, the creation also experienced the same fate as Shu Shu, so the creator created a technique called the [Life Extension Art]. He linked his [Existence] to hers, allowing his life to sustain hers. This method allowed him to prolong her life long enough to search for a better or permanent cure.

Shu Ren looked at this talisman and understood the shadow's hesitation. The Life Extension Art can save Shu Shu, but it's at the cost of his life. The good news is that this technique is not advanced enough, meaning that Shu Ren can use one of his longevity resources to pay the price of his death. However, if he does not find a solution, he might kill himself to save her. So, he hesitated briefly on whether to use this method.

'No, I must save her,' he concluded in less than ten seconds. He had never met a woman like Shu Shu — a woman who truly gets him. Not to mention, he was close to achieving his goal, and he needed an Empress to rule by his side. He did not care much about his current Dynasty Empress or all his other concubines since his relationship with these people was primarily transactional. Only Shu Shu was the true love of his life.

Shu Ren disappeared, leaving the shadow who seemed to want to say something. He took Shu Shu to a private room and immediately executed the Life Extension Art.

...

The world entered a time of "quiet" for another 20 years. However, everyone was waiting for the climax of the current conflict. Wang Wei floated in the air in his secret dimension, with the word "worry" clearly written on his face.

The current report about the spread of the Curse Plague was far from good. The Fate Shadow Guard or any agency he contacted has not found the person responsible for the curse's formula. The only good news is that the Overlords and other ancient lineages realized this curse might be a problem, so they worked together to barricade Undead Phoenix and Five Feather's territory. No one or nothing can leave these areas without being captured and checked for any plagues.

'It really feels like I'm playing with fire,' Wang Wei grunted. He started regretting giving Five Feathers that suggestion. In the past few years, he gathered all the resources he had to gather many lineages together to study that plague as soon as possible. They have made rapid progress, but according to the current schedule, there won't be any results for a few yuan epochs unless something unexpected occurs.

Wang Wei wanted to complain. He had prepared for a situation of the plague getting out of control, but he never accounted for Sage Pure Flame as a variable. When he made his plans, Sage Pure Flame was a neutralized opponent and no longer a threat or chess player. But no, something had to happen.

'Hmm? Has it finally started?'

The two lovebirds started fighting and were not messing around this time. It had only been a few seconds, and Undead Phoenix had already received a few minor injuries.

'Her strength should be up to 95%, but it's unstable,' Wang Wei analyzed. The potency of Five Feathers' attack fluctuated from 92% to 95%, and sometimes 95.999%. The battle quickly intensified, with Five Feathers slowly increasing her advantage.

'It looked like she was about to win, but the madness from all the sins means it's easier to find her flaw and counterattack,' Wang Wei analyzed. 'However, Undead Phoenix's mindset is also not the best. He felt angry and aggrieved that her strength had surpassed hers after everything they'd experienced. His pride and ego cannot accept this fact.'

Five Feathers summoned a colossal dark phoenix that burned with the power of flame and negative karma. This was a big attack, prepared to either end this fight immediately or do as much damage as possible. Undead Phoenix reacted swiftly, finally controlling his emotions in the face of death. He discovered one of his opponent's flaws and targeted it.

He invaded her soul, trying to use her madness against her. Unfortunately for him, this was a trap. Five Feathers was not as mad as she appeared, so she laid the trap for him, and he walked out. As soon as he invaded her Sea of Consciousness, he received a counterattack in the form of an invasion by ghosts and grieving souls, making Undead Phoenix fall into a terrifying illusion.

Under normal circumstances, Undead Phoenix's understanding and application of the Soul should be leagues above his opponent. But Five Feathers relied on sheer brute force; she bombarded him with enough souls and grievances that even Undead Phoenix could not respond in time.

Everyone thought they were about to witness the first climax of this war as they watched that dark phoenix envelop Undead Phoenix. However, something unexpected occurred at the last minute. Sounds of chantings and drums echoed between Heaven and Earth, followed by a projection of a temple. Then, Undead Phoenix disappeared.

Most people were confused, but only a few knowledgeable people recognized that temple. They all had one thing on their minds: the Vendetta Ceremony. These people understood that someone else was brave enough to take a piece of the pie, and it seems they might have taken a significant chunk.

'Good,' Wang Wei muttered. 'Mongke has finally taken action, and Shu Ren is distracted. It's time to move.' He wasted no time before summoning the meat puppets he would use. Wang Wei did not put

his soul into the thing due to the risk of the next course of action. Instead, he created a pseudo-soul that was the amalgam of many of his Spirit Particles.

There were many restrictions on using this body in such a manner, but he only cared that he could use Paragon Tier strength and that it was safe. Wang Wei then closed his eyes to control the body remotely. His new body then entered the River of Time.

Wang Wei was already on guard, expecting an assassination attempt. However, nothing occurred. 'Really? Nothing?' He sneered. 'Others might be unable to detect that chrono fluctuation, but I would never believe Time Eater didn't. So, why didn't he take this opportunity to stop or confront me? Is he trying to appear as if the seal was effective?'

Wang Wei's sneer increased. He might believe Time Eater had no other ways to intervene in the world's affairs but not in the River of Time. 'Your absence reveals more than your presence.' Wang Wei took note of this before focusing on the "river" before him.

He suddenly sensed a gaze full of animosity that made his blood boil, but it was soon replaced by a more soothing one. 'Okay, Maitreya, you didn't let me down this time.'

Wang Wei raised his hand to summon a rune — it was Five Feather's Time Mark. During her battle, this mad woman forgot to hide her Time Mark, allowing Wang Wei's ChronoSpirit to detect it. Now, he had isolated her timeline to prepare for the next step.

He jumped into the river, turning into a humongous fish, swimming against the river torrents. Wang Wei sensed great resistance the more he swam, but that was to be expected. The older someone is, the harder it is to kill them from the river of time. Additionally, he was not a true Paragon, thus limiting his abilities.

Luckily, one of the core training focuses his wife ensured he had enough knowledge about was in this regard. So, Wang Wei used some of the things he had learned from her. His fish body grew wings before flying into the sky and landing in the water.

Wu Hong warned him not to fly directly to his destination while navigating the River of Time unless he's a Primal Paragon, but he could use this method to make traveling easier. Soon, Wang Wei reached his destination and entered the Eternal Ascension World.

His gaze soon caught a young Five Feathers talking flirtatiously to someone.

Chapter 1393 The Secrets of The Infinite Trichiliocosm

The person Five Feathers was flirting with was probably not Undead Phoenix, given how uncomfortable the latter appeared. 'Is that the best friend?' Wang Wei thought. He shook his head, not caring about such detail.

'This period should be close to when she took Undead Phoenix's talent,' Wang Wei analyzed. Five Feathers was currently in the middle stages of the Empyrean Realm, meaning she should have felt the shackle of her talent and wanted a way out.

'I thought I would have landed when she was close to becoming a Paragon,' Wang Wei thought. The weaker Five Feathers was, the easier it was for him to accomplish his goal. However, the fact that he missed his descending mark by such a large margin indicates his poor navigation skill in the River of Time.

'Well, that can't be helped,' Wang Wei reassured himself. He was a poor imitation of a Paragon, which limited many of his abilities. So, he decided not to be too harsh on himself. He also warned himself to become a Paragon as soon as possible.

'Let's not waste time,' Wang Wei thought before acting. He pointed at the young Five Feathers but suddenly stopped as he sensed something. His ChronoSpirit detected an anomaly in the River of Time.

'Did she finally discover something and wanted to stop it?' Someone was rapidly approaching this timeline, and Wang Wei realized it was Five Feather's ChronoSpirit. Since it was her timeline, her ability to mobilize protection was much faster than Wang Wei's.

'Unfortunately, it's too late.' With one thought, the young Five Feathers dissipated to the horror of the uncomfortable young man. Wang Wei heard the unwilling roar of the ChronoSpirit, but he did not care. His mind focused on the repercussions of Five Feathers' death.

'This woman is someone who has a significant effect in the Eternal Ascension World's timeline, meaning the death of her past life should have created butterfly effects with devastating causes. But,

from what I know, when I return, she will die, but the effects of her past self dying won't matter in the slightest.'

The young Five Feather's death should have drastically altered the timeline. For example, she would no longer be one of the eight moons, thus fundamentally an entire era of the Eternal Ascension World.

'I know this is the purpose of isolating her Time Mark, but how does this really work?' Wang Wei thought as he closed his eyes, trying to understand what was happening. He had many theories, and the one he favored the most was Cause and Effect.

The cause of Five Feather's death should have catastrophic effects (changing an entire era). However, by isolating her Time Marks, the effects were altered to her future self dying without affecting anything else.

"So, that's how it is," Wang Wei muttered as he figured it out. His theory was correct but also wrong. This process involved cause and effect, but Heavenly Dao or Grand Dao did not directly overwrite causality to make these deaths make sense. Instead, it is an underlying program of the River of Time. Instead, the effects of the death of young Five Feathers were divided into two. The first part, which involved changing an entire era and countless lives, was transferred by creating another timeline. Then, the second part, which involved the death of her future self, was transferred to the Primordial Timeline. In simple terms, another timeline bore the drastic effects, while the Primordial Timeline was responsible for a minor part.

'A brilliant design,' Wang Wei praised as this epiphany increased his understanding of Time Dao and the River of Time. 'Was this Grand Dao's design or something else it borrowed from Earth?' Wang Wei had his reasons for his doubts. A multiverse is defined as countless universes with lives and different rules, societies, cultures, etc. That also means that the composition of the Chaos Universe with countless Chaos Worlds is a form of the multiverse.

'Since the Chaos Universe was already a multiverse, why was there a need for the Infinite Trichiliocosm with parallel timelines? This idea is something that is more common in Earth's science fiction than in a typical cultivation novel.'

As soon as Wang Wei asked this question, he had an answer. The existence of the Infinite Trichiliocosm has made this Chaos Universe exponentially larger than a regular Chaos Universe, and large size means more population, which also translates to more talents and, more importantly, more possibilities for growth and evolution.

'While there are many benefits to such a vast world, there should also be a major flaw: control,' he analyzed. The Chaos Universe itself was already too large, and adding countless more timelines was a recipe for trouble when trying to control such a grand area. No matter how powerful Grand Dao is, it's only pseudo-omniscient and omnipotent, and such a large world can easily give birth to unknown or uncontrollable variables — especially since Grand Dao has to operate under certain specific rules.

'The separation of the Primordial Timeline and the rest was probably Grand Dao's solution at keeping the highest form of control,' Wang Wei analyzed. 'However, this fact also showed that countless secrets and horrors exist in the Infinite Trichiliocosm.'

Wang Wei looked forward to his exploration of the endless timelines. However, he understood that his current strength was far from enough. He regained his focus, and another thought popped into his mind:

'This epiphany is enough to increase my cultivation by a little: so, can I cultivate in this place?' The answer was immediate: no. He had already sensed the rejection of this era, and his intuition warned him of danger if he stayed here for any longer. Wang Wei did not waste time and returned to his time node, but he did not immediately descend to the Eternal Ascension World.

Instead, he wanted to see if he could find a loophole in the lock and cultivate directly in the River of Time. Sadly, someone soon proved to him this was not possible. As soon as Wang Wei sat cross-legged, an illusory creature with an illusory body that emanated a potent chrono energy appeared in the distance.

The creature looked at him with incredible vitriol before rushing toward him. Wang Wei recognized the Time Wraiths and prepared for battle, but a golden light appeared and destroyed the creature.

"it can't be," Wang Wei muttered.

"Yes, Supreme Unity has controlled a few wraiths to patrol our branch of the River of Time," a soothing voice entered his mind.

"He's very thorough," Wang Wei replied with gritted teeth.

"Indeed, but forget that for now. You can't stay here."

"I don't need long," Wang Wei swiftly said: "I just need to summon my main body, and we'll return after regaining his previous cultivation."

"Do you have any idea how dangerous this place is?" Maitreya asked. "Although I have the advantage over him here, don't forget, this place doesn't belong to me."

Wang Wei frowned as he remembered the River of Time was the jurisdiction of the Cardinals. Maitreya might be powerful but she's just a slightly bigger ant before these people. And if he thought about this logically, the cardinals are just the surface danger of this place. He was sure many other transcendents were exploring this place, and who knows whether he would encounter one; no, with his terrible luck, he would definitely meet one.

"I understand," Wang Wei nodded. However, he did not return home; precisely, this body did not. It was already on the verge of collapse, so Wang Wei accelerated the process. He also actively abandoned the spirit particles he invested in this body. Although he was confident Supreme Unity could not do anything to it in Maitreya's domain, he did not want to risk it.

Wang Wei opened his eyes in the secret dimension and quickly sealed his epiphany in the depths of his Sea of Consciousness. Then, the first sight that caught his eye was the sky turning red, followed by a grand celebration of Heaven and Earth. A massive amount of invisible luck and destiny rushed into his body.

'Hmm? 10% of my Qi Luck Dragon just turned transparent?' His White Qi Luck Dragon had a part of its tail that slowly became illusory. 'Is this what Transcendent Luck looks like? Interesting.'

Wang Wei was interested in this sudden change in his luck, especially since he always had the ability to turn his luck completely black. Such a deep mystery about luck/destiny might give him inspiration or another epiphany about Luck Dao. However, this was not the time for that.

The world already knew about Five Feather's downfall, meaning the next part of this event was the plunder of her palace and territory. Wang Wei had already mobilized his people, so he needed to get there before others could react and get the most benefit.

Wang Wei took over another body and rushed over. The entry to the Five Feather's palace was easier than Blood Dragon's because the people inside hadn't reacted to her sudden death. Without activating any protected formation, Wang Wei and his team barged in and started killing everyone they saw while taking treasures. However, the rest of the world also reacted faster than when the Blood Dragon died and quickly began their plunder.

Chapter 1394 The Vendetta Ceremony

Undead Phoenix looked around him. He was now in an endless white space, with illusory temples floating above his head and a constant drumming sound.

"Where am I?"

"Welcome to the Vendetta Ceremony," Mongke said as he appeared before him, wearing nothing but pants. Usually, warriors participating in this ceremony would wear full armor, but he opted for this simple and rudimentary approach.

"It's you," Undead Phoenix. "What have you done?"

"I'm sure you've heard of our ceremony. Isn't that one of the reasons the Earth Emperor tried so hard to find excuses to pursue us? I'm sure you discussed this, and probably Time Eater instigated it in the first place."

Undead Phoenix was quiet since Mongke was correct. The Barbarian Race was long deemed too much of a threat because of many of their weird ceremonies, so Time Eater tasked them to deal with them. Ultimately, the Earth Emperor accepted the task as he thought they would make a great addition to his dynasty.

"Do you think you can defeat me?" Undead Phoenix sneered. "Even with my injuries, you're still no match for me."

"No need to worry about that," Mongke replied. "Do you know the price for using the Vendetta Ceremony? 20% of our clan's luck," Mongke replied without giving him a chance to answer. "That's why we rarely use it unless we have a true vendetta or facing a life-and-death foe. However, people do not know that if we sacrifice an additional 10% in the ceremony, we can lower the enemy's cultivation to the same as their challengers. Although this does not apply to Primal Paragons, the effects are still wonderful.'

Undead Phoenix's face turned ugly. Could he defeat Mongke while in the same cultivation realm? He was not confident in himself.

"What? Feeling unconfident?" Mongke mocked. "I thought your hobby was to play and torture geniuses. Could it be that you can only bully people weaker than you?"

"You!"

"Wang Wei once said something about you that I remember to this day. He said you either die as a hero or live long enough to become the villain. These words perfectly summarize your life story, doesn't it? Regardless, it is still sad."

"Are you looking down on me?" Undead Phoenix asked with gritted teeth.

"Of course I am," Mongke replied. "A genius like you should have had a bright future. In fact, it's obvious you're in the current situation out of your own doing."

"My own doing? If not that bitch —"

"That's not what I mean," Mongke cut him off. "Some people might blame you for not seeing her true self, but I understand that love is blind. I believe most people who genuinely love someone could experience the same fate as you. Your failure was not falling in love or giving your heart to the wrong person."

"Your failure was how you reacted afterward. Despite a severe foundation, you did the impossible and became a Paragon. Couldn't you have just killed her and taken back what she stole from you? By then, she would have just become one of the many catastrophes you overcame in your long and prosperous cultivation journey."

"Do you think I didn't try?" Undead Phoenix snapped back. "By the time I had the strength, she was already the darling of the Phoenix Clan, fully under their wings. When they realized she was a fraud, they still protected her as long as she never left her clan."

"What about your time in the Moon Council?"

"The suns prevented infighting, and Time Eater encouraged balancing each other," Undead Phoenix justified himself.

"All I'm hearing are excuses," Mongke replied. "You had plenty of opportunities during your time at the Moon Council — especially in the early period when the suns were still experiencing their transformation. With a little bit of caution, you could have killed her swiftly and run away.

"However, the damage she did to you was more than physical. You became cautious and timid, always waiting for the right time to strike, but that time never came. Then, the power of the Moon Council further corroded your fighting spirit to the point of almost destroying your hatred for her.

"The next step was simple to deduce — you started abusing 'geniuses' as a replacement for her and to deal with the disgust you have for yourself for what you've become. Ultimately, your downfall was because you never overcame the mental strains Five Feathers left on you."

Undead Phoenix looked at him with ferocious eyes. If he had the power to kill with his eyes, Mongke would have died by now after experiencing all the torture known to the world.

"Remember this," the Barbarian King said. "This is your last chance to leave a positive footnote in history. Although it will only be accompanied by my legend, you can still make your death glorious. And depending on how brilliant my story becomes, history will have something positive to say about you as the first Paragon I slaughtered."

Undead Phoenix took a deep breath to calm down:

"Do you have to do this? If you die, your clan will lose 30% of their luck. Such a blow in such a chaotic time is enough to wipe them off."

"Your words cannot affect me mentally," Mongke replied calmly. He had enough confidence in his victory, and the reward was all of Undead Phoenix's luck and destiny. Yes, dying in this ceremony is true death, and no longevity resources can help.

"But—"

"We have reached this point, and you're still trying to weasel your way out of it," Mongke said. "It is not happening. Remember what I said — this is your last chance. Burn your last glory and return to the genius you once were, and give me a legendary battle for the history books."

Mongke's eyes turned red, and his body released a similar aura. However, it was not his previous aura of intimidation and kingly atmosphere. His aura was more barbaric, savage, and cruel. It was like he was another person—like he was the embodiment of the God of War.

...

Wang Wei arrived before a broken door and immediately frowned. Wang Qi and Dulgun flew over, and their expression already told him what had happened:

"It's gone?" he asked.

"Yes, someone already got to it," Wang Qi nodded.

"Two people, to be exact," Dulgun added. "They fought briefly before separating."

"It's a shame we couldn't get the treasure, but I got my hands on Five Fetaher's person space, so that's more than enough," Wang Wei nodded. "Let's reunite with the others before separating."

Switch!

Red Mask's projection appeared in the room.

"What's the result?"

"Someone invaded their orb while we were taking the information," she reported. "We fought, and our guard could only keep half." Red Mask did not hide her annoyance at the lord. If not for his order to not show up with her actual body, they would not have suffered such humiliation.

"Do you know who they were?"

"All the assailants were women and had a unique aura, so they were either from Lady Xun Junyao or Sunshine Pavillion, but I'm betting on the latter since these people refused our offers to share the information."

Wang Wei frowned: "Forget them for now. Since you arrived first, you should have gotten the information I wanted, right?"

"It wasn't there," Red Mask reported. "The first thing our agent did was to use divination to find the location of the plague's formula, but no matter what technique we used, the answer was negative. I didn't want to leave any stone unturned, so I searched manually, but there is a high chance that Five Feathers never recorded the plague Curse Formula."

"In other words, I still have to clean up the mess left behind. Well, technically speaking, the mess I created," Wang Wei groaned.

"There is some good news," Wang Qi added. "We've captured several professionals, including many Curse Masters who worked on the plague."

"That is better than nothing," Wang Wei nodded. He had his people participate in the creation, so he understood most of the plague except for the last formula that made it so deadly.

"Alright, everyone can disperse. Remember to move the coordinates of your mortal civilization base. The last thing we need now is for them to be discovered by anyone."

"Yes, sir."

"One more thing: if nothing unexpected occurs, Undead Phoenix should also be dead. There is no need to participate in the plunder."

Wang Qi was briefly silent before saying: "I'll relay your orders."

"Thank you," Dulgun bowed.

"We're allies, aren't we?"

"Don't worry. The Barbarian Clan always treats its friend with the utmost sincerity."

Wang Wei waved his hand before leaving. He, of course, covered his track. Back at his sanctum, he summoned the most remarkable find of this plundering: a green ring with designs of tree barks.

"A ring made from the main branch of a Life Source Tree — it should have fallen from Five Feather's hand as she disappeared," Wang Wei commented. This ring was a third-level longevity ring, meaning he now had an extra life. Although this ring was probably useless before transcendent entities, its existence allowed him to be bolder in many of his operations.

Chapter 1395 A Genius' Last Farewell

Wang Wei did not immediately put the ring on. Instead, he activated the slight remaining obsession he discovered attached to it.

"It's you!" screeched a female voice.

"Are you so afraid of death?" Wang Wei asked while looking at this obsession of Five Feathers that lingered on.

"It's your fault — it's everyone's fault," she continued. "I was so close to killing him and proving to the world I did the right thing, to prove I was better than him. Why did you have to intervene?"

'So, her obsession is about Undead Phoenix's death. That's good news,' Wang Wei thought. He had a team researching the power of obsession from the Grandmist Gang Lord, but he never actively participated due to his busy schedule. As such, he was not too confident in dealing with Five Feathers' obsession, even if it was a minor one.

"It's ironic how tragic your and Undead Phoenix's life was, but you haven't even realized it," Wang Wei shook his head.

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"Do you really think what happened between you two was an accident?" Wang Wei sneered, and Five Feathers looked at him incredulously. "We live in a world where everybody is a pawn of someone else," Wang Wei continued. "Undead Phoenix was the most talented loose cultivator of his time, and people even called him a Primal Seed. However, who would most likely benefit if he were to become a Primal Paragon one day?"

"The Limitless Exchange Hall," Five Feathers' replied with an ugly expression.

"The minimum requirement for an Overlord is the 2 Primals, but that doesn't necessarily have to be a cultivator," Wang Wei explained. "The Origin Seal Continent's second Primal is a magnificent puppet, and the Limitless Exchange Hall discovered a formation that could boost a peak Primal to that level.

"However, the appearance of Undead Phoenix brought them hope to become a true [Overlord] and not the weakest."

"But he wasn't a member of the Limitless Exchange Hall," Five Feathers argued. He knew Undead Phoenix had rejected their offers more than once.

"Wasn't he?" Wang Wei rebutted. "Most of his resources originated from them, and he had a teacher relationship with some of the top Paragons and even met their Primal once. All signs indicate that once Undead Phoenix experiences something that shows him the value of having a powerful lineage backing him, he will run to the Limitless Exchange Hall without hesitation.

"Everyone knew this, so how could the other Overlord allow their competitor to become more powerful?"

"That's not enough to prove what you're saying." Five Feathers argued with an ugly expression.

"Alright, let me ask you something else," Wang Wei continued with a playful smirk. "You were once a Paragon. Do you think the technique you used to take his talent was something ordinary?" Five Feather's pale body almost collapsed after hearing these words.

"Anything that can help someone become a Paragon is valuable beyond words can explain. Yet, someone like you with above-average luck got his hands on something so rare, and I'm guessing it was pretty easy, too."

Five Feathers was silent.

"In fact, if you think about it enough, there are even more layers to this," Wang Wei said. "After you become a Paragon, the Demon Race did not even notice that you had reached the limit of your potential and treated you like a Heaven Chosen by pouring countless resources into you. Tell me, what kind of method can fool one of the Overlords?"

Five Feathers felt her world collapsing.

"My theory is that your role as a pawn was even bigger than just destroying the Limitless Exchange Hall's future," Wang Wei added. "That cultivation method was probably meant to turn you into a cultivation cauldron. After being nourished by the Demon Race's resources, the person behind the scenes would have appeared and absorbed your cultivation, probably to reinforce their foundation and increase their chances of becoming a Primal."

Wang Wei sighed: "It was a brilliant move. I wonder who was behind it? My first instinct is to say my ancestor, but I also know there are many brilliant minds in the Overlords, and it could have been any of them."

"No, you're talking nonsense," Five Feathers denied. "If you were telling the truth, why did no one come to collect their cauldron?"

"Because you were lucky," Wang Wei responded. "The person was probably busy with the Second Origin War, and they died in the Ultimate Taboo immediately afterward. While in Limbo, the world changed drastically, and you became one of the moons, thus escaping your fate."

"No...it can't be."

"My theory is verifiable," Wang Wei casually said. "You should have kept a copy of the technique, right? I only need to understand it, and I'll know whether you were turned into a cauldron or not."

Five Feathers was quiet. She did not utter another word but returned to the ring. 'So, collapsing an obsession's worldview and spirit can affect them — duly noted,' Wang Wei thought. He was telling the truth, but that did not stop him from gathering more information on obsession. He summarized what happened and sent it to the study team.

He then focused on other things. He first discarded the body he was using before returning his soul to his original body. Wang Wei feared an attack from the obsession, so he stayed in that body in case he needed to fight back.

He prepared the next one he would use from the blood pool before focusing on something else: the Plague Curse. He waved his hand to summon two captured cultivators: a woman and a man.

'The curse attached itself to their Immortal Mansion and Inner Worlds, slowly destroying them from the source of their power,' Wang Wei analyzed. He pointed to these people and destroyed their cultivation level. He then isolated the curse in their soul to a small area before cutting it off. Lastly, Wang Wei injected life energy into their bodies to keep them safe.

The decaying aura of these subjects rapidly dissipated, but that was only for a few seconds. 'The curse returned,' Wang Wei observed, not surprised. Their main problem was this issue — the curse always returns less than a few seconds after being dealt with.

'Is the problem their [Existence]?' Wang Wei thought. He raised his palm to condense his Perfect Aura before forcefully fusing it into the subject's bodies. Such a rough approach has basically killed these two, but this was not Wang Wei's priority right now.

'A perfect [Existence] means no curse should be able to affect them, but... ' Wang Wei waited, and as expected, after a few minutes, their cursed status returned.

'It is as the report said: the curse has a potent source, and without understanding what it is or directly removing it, the curse will continue to replicate and spread,' Wang Wei grunted. He realized he needed to find Sage Pure Flame as soon as possible, or the world might indeed be doomed.

'There is one good news from this small experiment,' Wang Wei thought. He discovered that a perfection aura could delay the curse's return. So, in the worst-case scenario, he could work with Xun Junyao to create a delay pill, buying them enough time to find a proper cure.

'It's not a good thing to be this passive, so let's get ahead of the problem,' Wang Wei thought. He took his communication talisman and contacted Xun Junyao. He told her about this news and asked her to work with a few pill refiners and curse masters to create this delay pill. He promised her all the support she needed, and she agreed.

Afterward, Wang Wei headed to the Demon Race to see the Star Sage. He wanted to use her expertise to find Sage Pure Flame. He had already tasked the Fate Shadow Guard, the Overlords, and other participating lineages to search for him, but Wang Wei did not want to wait.

...

Vendetta Ceremony:

Mongke's body released a terrifying blood aura that twisted the surroundings. He held a red spear and looked at Undead Phoenix, who was kneeling. "Well, that was disappointing."

Undead Phoenix did not answer. Instead, his gaze seemed distracted as he looked in the distance. He felt it a little while ago — his life's most terrible karma thread was gone. He understood what this meant — Five Feathers was dead. He had been waiting for this day for so long, but now that it had happened, he did not know how to feel.

Relieved? Yes, since that cruel woman was finally gone. Anger? Yes, too, since he wanted to be the one to do it himself. Undead Phoenix also felt empty. His hatred had been the primary driving force in his life, and now that it was gone, he felt desolate. He realized that his hatred had turned him into.

'That barbarian was right,' Undead Phoenix thought. 'My life was a failure.' Undead Phoenix had a moment of clarity as he reviewed his life from an objective point of view. He was once the most talented loose cultivator in the world and had a bright future. But after losing his talent, everything went wrong. He made bad decisions after another, slowly turning him into a monster.

'There is no point in regretting now,' Undead Phoenix thought. The past was the past, and he could not make amends or change it. He slowly stood up while looking at Mongke.

"You were right."

"About?"

"About everything," Undead Phoenix continued. "I became what I am today because of my choices."

"It's good that you understand, but it's too late."

"You're right, but not entirely."

"Oh?"

"You were also right about my death," Undead Phoenix added. "Since this will be my last battle, it must be memorable."

Mongke squinted before grinning: "I finally see the spirit of a Heaven Chosen from your eyes."

"Death is the ultimate clarity, isn't it?" Undead Phoenix responded before raising his right hand to condense a white flame. His eyes moistened as he was lost in his memories. His original Dao was Life Flame, but he abandoned it for vengeance.

[White Phoenix Mode]

The white flame enveloped Undead Phoenix, turning to Phoenix Wings and a white crown. His aura—no longer eerie and cold like the embrace of death—was beautiful and full of hope, like the embodiment of life and creation.

"You said the world will remember me more fondly after this battle?"

"As long as you can show the demeanor of a true genius in your final moments," Mongke nodded.

"This also hinges on the fact you will grow to the point of having a true impact on the cultivation world."

"I'm confident."

"Good. I hope you're not just boasting."

Chapter 1396 The Great Wisdom Sutra

Mongke stood above the dead Undead Phoenix, no, White Phoenix, with blood and burn marks all over his body. He had a grin, but the bloodthirsty aura emanating from his body made him more savage than satisfied.

"You were a worthy opponent," Mongke said. After entering the White Phoenix Mode, White Phoenix embodied the word [immortal]. No matter how many severe injuries Mongke placed on him, White Phoenix would heal from and continue fighting. He then used his terrifying regenerative power to learn during this fight, thus increasing his battle experience.

White Phoenix showed he was a true genius at the very end of his life. He absorbed Mongke's skills and experience like a sponge to use against him. Sadly, he woke up too late.

A white light descended on Mongke, healing his injuries and bringing clarity to his eyes. 'The influence on my personality was much higher than I anticipated.' To prepare for this battle, he absorbed the experience of one of his ancestors, but while the latter was a battle genius, he was also a madman who cultivated the Dao of War and Slaughter.

'His madness is still lingering in the back of my mind,' Mongke thought, realizing the effect might become lasting if he did nothing. He exhaled before looking in the distance.

'The good news is the Paragon Slayer Title and all the luck and destiny of White Phoenix,' Mongke thought. He disappeared from this place, appearing outside.

"Young Khan," saluted an elderly man with strong muscles but way shorter than Mongke.

"How did everything go?" Mongke asked.

"Our people are now looting his palace."

"Did anyone intervene?"

"Yes, but we have dealt with it."

"Any losses?"

"Only minor ones."

Mongke nodded before thinking of something: "Did Wang Wei intervene?"

"No. Lady Dulgun sent information that he would not participate, and so far, he has kept his word."

"That's good to hear," Mongke nodded. Their alliance has been proceeding well so far, and he did wish for something like this to end or affect it in any way possible.

"Send me all the Buddhist Books and Artifacts we have in store," Mongke ordered. However, the elderly man immediately became on guard after hearing his words. Mongke noticed and understood the latter's reaction.

The Barbarian Race had its own religion or spiritual practice that involved worshipping nature and ancestral spirits. However, their clan was more exclusive at some point and included Buddhism and Taoism Gods in their fold. However, during Buddhism's catastrophe, where Maitreya went pseudo-mad, and the power of faith influenced all monks, the Buddhist Barbarians started a coup and almost conquered the clan.

Since then, the Barbarian Race has forbidden the spread and use of any other religions in their practice. However, due to Maitreya's power and presence, the clan has lowered the restrictions over the years, allowing the study and understanding of Buddhism. However, practicing Buddhism is still taboo. The Barbarian Clan was composed of countless tribes. Although united, they also compete with each other. The position of Great Khan is the leader of all the tribes with immense power. Mongke was the next Great Khan of their clan, meaning their future leader. The last thing they would want was for him to have a deep relationship with Buddhism.

"The effects of the memories are more severe than I anticipated," Mongke explained. "And Buddhism is the fastest way to restrain or eliminate the effect." Their clan had ways to deal with the problem, but that would require a ceremony that takes time and effort. Mongke understood the emergency nature of the current situation, so he wanted to be back in peak condition as soon as possible.

"As you wish," nodded the elderly man.

Mongke did not return to his tribe but teleported to the War God Temple. This was the source of his memories, which contained some measures to suppress the effect. He received what he asked for and immediately dived into the content. Not surprisingly, Mongke found a Mind Purification Mantran and used it, along with a few artifacts.

However, he was unsatisfied with the speed and continued reading more scripture to improve this mantra. Mongke suddenly paused. A few thousand yuan epochs ago, before this era became chaotic, he had an inspiration for an idea that could change his life. He believed the idea was what he needed to close the gap between himself and Wang Wei. However, that idea always eluded him like a turtle trying to catch a rabbit.

'It's coming again,' Mongke thought, feeling the same sensation. However, the result was similar — he could not grasp it. He exhaled to calm down before looking around him, especially the scriptures. Mongke squinted before muttering:

"Buddhism...focuses on developing the mind and wisdom...Wisdom?" A bright light flashed in his eyes. 'Yes — the biggest difference between me and him is intelligence and wisdom. In that case, why can't I create a cultivation that would grant me the wisdom of a Dao Overlord.'

Mongke immediately acted on this wild whim. He summoned his pagoda artifact since its ability was to help in creating skills and techniques.

'Whether a Dao Overlord's brain or soul is the source of their wisdom, I can create a method to modify my body.' Mongke frowned as he felt this was not enough. This shallow method cannot describe a Dao Lord or Overlord's wisdom.

'Wang Wei once said that his kind is not hindered by any Cognitive Limitations in their mind, allowing them to think outside of the box and see or make connections that even the most brilliant mind could not.

'So, this technique, at a higher level, must allow me to break my Cognitive Biases and Limitations,' Mongke analyzed. The Young Khan grunted softly. His idea was feasible on paper, but executing it was more complicated than he thought.

With the Barbarian's knowledge and Buddhism's Wisdom Dao, he was confident in creating the first levels of this technique. However, he was unsure when it came to removing his Cognitive Limits.

'Cognitive Limits involve the Power of Fate; it should be a way for the River of Fate to control cultivators better,' Mongke analyzed with a frown. 'I can also deduce that the Supreme Outlaw Trial is the final hurdle for Dao Overlords to completely free their mind from this shackle.'

In other words, the final level of this technique would be to pass the Supreme Outlaw Trial.

'Although this path is rough, it's something,' Mongke reassured himself. He would not give up on this idea, especially since he already had a name for this technique: the Great Wisdom Sutra.

'At the worst, I'll ask for Wang Wei's help and even offer him a handsome reward. If that doesn't work, I'll just wait for a weak Dao Overlord and capture them as a test subject.'

Mongke felt confident and immediately started. He still focused on cleansing his mind but also took time to create a better outline for this technique.

...

"So, even you can't find him?" Wang Wei said.

"Something is blocking the truth around him," Star-Sage Fan Sui answered truthfully.

"Can you tell if it was him?" Wang Wei asked while pointing at the sun.

"It's hard to tell," Fan Sui replied. "Previous attempts at getting information about him would result in absolutely no information or a terrible backlash. However, this attempt on Sage Pure Flame revealed too much without revealing much."

"This means it could have been him doing it on purpose, or the method he used is too weak because he used power from his vessel instead of his main body," Wang Wei summarized.

"It could also be another power," Fan Sui added. "Although I am confident in my abilities, I'm not arrogant enough to say nothing can be hidden from me."

"Indeed," Wang Wei sighed. The two suddenly sensed something and looked at the vision between Heaven and Earth.

"Another moon has fallen," Fan Sui said with squinted eyes.

"It seems Mongke has succeeded," Wang Wei commented.

"The end of this era is approaching," Fan Sui uttered. "Will the next era be the Era of Transcendence? Not if Time Eater has something to say about it."

"Is his plan enough to delay the upcoming era?" Wang Wei asked with a frown.

"Delay? There is a high chance he would destroy it entirely."

Wang Wei's expression became severe. He always knew Time Eater was a threat, but his deduction was the latter's plan, which involved him achieving higher realms. He believed Time Eater was planning a big move to give him the strength of half or pseudo-transcendent. With such power, he can survive until the next era and maybe even rise to power.

However, Fan Sui told him the latter's threat was not just due to personal strength but something that could affect the entire Eternal Ascension World and the next era.

"I should have taken him more seriously after Maitreya's warning," Wang Wei grunted. However, even if he knew the truth, he could do nothing. He was already occupied with the current situation, so where did he have the time to deal with Time Eater?

The latter has been hiding and planning for so long that even Maitreya couldn't tell his final goal.

'Alright, let's deal with one problem at a time,' Wang Wei reassured himself. Supreme Unity was already a hard bone on his throat, and the last thing he should do was distract himself with Time Eater.

Chapter 1397 The Inevitable Catastrophe

Although Wang Wei felt this should not be his burden to bear, this did not mean he would leave it alone. 'I need someone to monitor him and deal with the possible complications.' He pondered briefly and came up with a plan.

"Sage, do you mind if I use your name to spread this news?" Wang Wei asked. Wang Wei knew the Overlords and other top lineages were more likely to believe and take this trouble seriously if it came from her instead of him.

"That's why I'm revealing it to you," Sage Fan Sui calmly replied.

"Thank you."

"No problem, but what will you do with Sage Pure Flame?" she asked.

"I can only lure him out the old fashion way," Wang Wei replied.

"I wish your plan success," Sage Fan Sui nodded.

"One last thing," Wang Wei said. "Did Ye Dafu return to the Demon Race? I can't sense his karmic line."

"The naughty monkey? He's in punishment."

Wang Wei's lips twitched: "What did he do?"

"Should you know?"

"Me? What does it have to do with me?" Wang Wei asked.

"Aren't you the one who put these ideas into his mind?"

"Idea? Wait, he didn't really try to remove his name from the book of Life and Death, right?"

"That's right," Fan Sui nodded. "As soon as he became an Emphyrean, he sneaked into the underworld, searching for the so-called Book of Life and Death, trying to remove his name. We had to pay many resources for the Yama Kings to release him.

"In fact, that little monkey is lucky. Otherwise, he might have been stuck in the underworld once the lock appeared."

Wang Wei frowned after hearing these words. He never paid attention to the little trick he did to the Monkey King, but now, he realizes that his small actions might have bigger implications. 'Is Ye Dafu somehow related to Sun Wukong? But how? Inheriting his spirit? Or something else?'

Names have power, and there is no better proof of this saying than the fact that the Maitreya of the Eternal Ascension World has the same name as the Maitreya Bodhisattva on Earth. Wang Wei has always wondered what the connection between these two was, and the best explanation he came up with was that she inherited the spirit of the Bodhisattva. Now, he started to believe the same for Ye Dafu.

'The question I need answers to is how can they influence the Chaos Universe given how isolated the Prehistoric World is?' Wang Wei analyzed. 'Did Grand Dao allow it, or is there a more profound truth I don't know about?'

"It seems there were no bigger machinations behind your actions," Fan Sui stated after seeing his reaction.

"I'm afraid I might have been a pawn, too," Wang Wei sighed. He did not believe it was a coincidence that he accidentally altered Ye Dafu's fate to be similar to Sun Wukong back on Earth.

"I understand," Fan Sui nodded her head. One of the fundamental truths of the cultivation world is that everybody is a pawn of someone. The higher the cultivation, the more agency a cultivator has, but that also means they are more valuable pawns.

"I must leave," Wang Wei announced. "But I must say one last thing. If my guess about Ye Dafu is correct, no punishment will easily curb his wild personality, and he probably won't stop until he takes his name away from that book. Additionally, he might have a deep fate with Buddhism."

Fan Sui pondered briefly before thanking him. This information will allow the demon race to prepare for Ye Dafu's destiny and how to better train or raise him. Without it, they could have lost him after putting in countless efforts and resources.

Wang Wei disappeared, heading directly to the Origin Seal Continent to see his ancestor.

"I need to see Ancestor Qiyuan."

"Now you don't even say hello," Yan Hai said with a frown, making Wang Wei sigh.

"Ancestor, time is of the essence, and I have much on my plate, so I apologize if I don't have the time or energy for our usual banter."

Yan Hai looked at him before snorting coldly. She waved her hand to activate countless formations to isolate the area before summoning a token before activating it. A small black hole appeared in the room, and a few seconds later, a deep voice came from the other side:

"Third Sister, did something else happen?"

"The kid wants to see Big Brother — it seems urgent," Yan Hai responded.

"Is that so? Give me a few seconds."

A few seconds later, the black hole trembled before an illusory body appeared, showing a handsome man. The man immediately smiled at Wang Wei before reaching to hug him:

"If it isn't the Wang Clan's Qilin Son," Qiyuan said. "How have you been?"

"Stress and losing hair," Wang Wei replied as he returned the hug.

"I can't do anything about your stress, but I know an excellent hair-growth recipe. I guarantee Wu Hong will compliment you once the treatment is done."

Wang Wei was speechless. "But what I want is for you to reduce my stress."

"I'm dead. What can I do?" Qiyuan replied casually. "I'm kidding. Tell me what is on your mind?"

However, Wang Wei was suddenly on alert at this ancestor. He felt that this was the kind of state of mind Qiyuan was currently in. He was retiring as the clan and sect's "brain" or "wise leader" and handing all the burden and trouble to him.

'The future is worrying,' Wang Wei thought. If Qiyuan decides to "retire" and leave all the work to him, his life will be too busy. 'No, I can't let this bastard enjoy life while I do everything.' Wang Wei immediately made plans on how he will interact with his ancestors in the future.

"This is what I just learned from Sage Fan Sui," Wang Wei said before explaining the situation with Time Eater.

"So, you want us to keep a watch over him?" Qiyuan asked.

"It would be better if you could eliminate him, and please don't give the excuse you're dead."

Qiyuan glanced at him, wondering whether this kid had followed his plan. He did not dwell on this for long as Qiyuan started to observe the world. He raised his hand to summon some of the Dao Opening Sect's luck to boost his powers.

"Big brother!" Yan Hai warned.

"Don't worry. Maitreya blessed us with her power, so we can now hide from him and even interfere a little," Qiyuan reassured as he continued his observation. He observed for a few minutes before speaking again:

"I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

"What did you see?" Wang Wei asked with a frown.

"Time Eater's catastrophe is inevitable."

"Are you serious?"

"Heavenly Dao still wants to be the destiny center of the Chaos Universe, and this catastrophe is to make up for what it lacked," Qiyuan revealed.

"Wait, are you saying Heavenly Dao is the chess player behind Time Eater?" Wang Wei asked incredulously.

"One of the players," Qiyuan corrected. "By now, Time Eater should have gone rogue and become someone else's pawn."

Wang Wei grunted softly, caressing his temple: "What more can you reveal about this catastrophe?"

"The plan, all along, was to use this catastrophe to reshuffle power in the world before the Transcendence Era," Qiyuan continued. "In other words, this catastrophe was for all the Overlords and top lineages."

"You guys have ruled the world for an era, so it made sense it would want to remove some of you," Wang Wei commented.

"Yes, not all of us can become Transcendent Factions in the next era," Qiyuan nodded.

"Will our sect be alright?" Yan Hai asked.

"Because of this kid, we have transcendent luck," Qiyuan commented.

"So, we'll be alright?"

"No, without a true transcendent, luck is illusory," Wang Wei added.

"He's right. We need our own transcendents as soon as possible," Qiyuan nodded.

"And how are we supposed to do that?" Yan Hai asked.

"The answer is Maitreya and this kid."

"Me?"

"Yes. As long as you become a Primal and she gives you her method, I'm willing to bet my life you can perfect it."

"You're putting too much faith in me," Wang Wei said with a wry smile.

"Maybe," Qiyuan said calmly.

"And in Maitreya," Wang Wei added.

"That's my main worry," Qiyuan revealed. "She must be the final victor in their fight, and we can only hope she becomes our protector in this transitioning era."

"Are things really that bad?" Yan Hai asked.

"Don't forget other Chaos Worlds also have transcendents," Qiyuan reminded. "At this point, I can confidently say that the Eternal Ascension World will become the Destiny Center of the universe. However, our world might not belong to us if all these people invade and take residence here."

"In other words, we're about to become a delicious piece of meat, and Maitreya will be the only one who can protect us until we grow up," Yan Hai said.

"I couldn't say it in a better way," Qiyuan nodded.

Chapter 1398 Two True Transcendents

"What do you think the catastrophe will be?" Wang Wei asked. His ancestor was wise and insightful, so he wanted to see if he could get some information or inspiration from him. "I know it's related to the River of Time, but I can't deduce what form it will take."

"My theory is it will be similar to the ultimate taboo," Qiyuan stated. "Past, present, and future — all condensed into one place: the Eternal Ascension World. We will have to face powerhouses from past ages like the Essence Age, Lost Age, and maybe as far as the Genesis Age."

"You can't be serious," Yan Hai stated. "Such an event would fundamentally alter the primordial timeline. Grand Dao would never allow this."

"I agree," Wang Wei added.

"Not if the Eternal Ascension World is isolated into a Time Bubble," Qiyuan stated. "By then, whatever happens in this world will have a limited effect on the Primordial Timeline, just like we isolate Time Marks to erase someone from the past."

"This still seems far-fetched," Yan Hai stated.

"I also agree. Where did this come from?" Wang Wei asked. He knew what terrifying creatures existed in these ages. According to his theory, Pangu might be the reason the Prehistoric World is protected, and he most likely existed in one of these ages.

"You remember how I predicted that many of these ancient and powerful creatures did not completely die and were waiting for an opportunity to return to the world?" Qiyuan asked.

"Are you saying this catastrophe is their chance?" Yan Hai asked.

"It's one thing if only a few of them wish to return, but if they want a grand event with everyone returning, they'll need a world that is the Destiny Center of the universe as an anchor."

"So, they were behind the scenes of the Second Origin War?" Wang Wei caught on to what Qiyuan was insinuating.

"Yes," he nodded. "Grand Dao never wanted these flawed methods to become common. So, why did it succeed in the end? These people paid a lot to ensure Grand Dao compromised."

"So, all the flawed or incomplete methods in the ultimate taboo might have been from these creatures," Wang Wei commented. "That also implies that there were many half-step transcendent powerhouses and creatures in the Old Ages."

Wang Wei was slightly shocked by this revelation. He knew some people successfully walked the transcendent paths before the Ultimate Taboo, but he did not think they were so common. However, as he looked at his ancestors' response, he realized they knew this truth already.

"It's not new information," Qiyuan said as he saw Wang Wei's look. "We even know the Chaos Universe produced two True Transcendents."

"Two of them?" Wang Wei asked with shining eyes. "Can you tell me more?"

"No problem," Qiyuan replied. "We know the first one appeared in the Genesis Age, and it was a strange and unknown creature. According to my analysis, it was relatively easy to become Half-Step Transcendents, as you called it, and some creatures were probably even born with talents or skills on that level.

"Then, the first True Transcendent appeared, and Grand Dao saw the benefit of cultivating such a cultivator. It began to encourage all lives to grow and reach that stage. Unfortunately, the creatures in that era were born too powerful and had no motivation to improve.

"Grand Dao eliminated them and started over. The Primordial Chaos Age was the era of Chaos Demon Gods. Powerful creatures were born with great talent and bloodline, but they still had to work hard to improve themselves. Things did not come too easy for them.

"The Chaos Demon Gods did something terrible, leading to the Lost Age. Whatever happened in that age made Grand Dao realize that not all transcendent paths were good for the universe and started putting restrictions."

"No wonder everything is so strict now — our predecessors screwed us," Wang Wei smiled wryly. He shook his head, deciding not to dwell too much on this. "The next age should be the Essence Age, right? What happened at that time?"

"That's when the second True Transcendents appeared," Qiyuan stated. "We know he was human and a body refiner. However, his ascension did not benefit the Chaos Universe as much as the first. Apparently, his flesh absorbed too much energy from the Chaos Universe for his final sublimation, and the return did not please Grand Dao as much as the first time."

"So, that's why the Essence Age ended and more restrictions were placed on body refiners," Wang Wei nodded.

"That's right," Qiyuan nodded before continuing. "The next age is the Soul Age, but —"

"Wait, not the Paragon Age?"

"Let me finish."

"He has this bad habit of cutting people off," Yan Hai complained, making Wang Wei smile in embarrassment.

"The Soul Age was too short, so most people do not know about it or consider it part of the early parts of the Paragon Age," Qiyuan stated. Wang Wei nodded before listening intently.

"A genius quickly rose in that age, reaching the level of becoming a True Transcendent. However, they failed, and the backlash is why many Chaos Worlds have lost their Tier 10 Soul Path."

Wang Wei's eyes shone as these words solved a major puzzle he wished to know. "Do we know what happened to the Soul Transcendent? Why did they fail?"

"There are many theories, but the one I believe in is that Grand Dao eliminated them," Qiyuan said.

"You think their method would also bring danger to the Chaos Universe, so Grand Dao eliminated the danger before it became a problem?"

"Yes," Qiyuan nodded. "Anyone who does not follow a proper and beneficial transcendent path will feel its wrath."

"So, conform and follow the rules or die," Wang Wei sneered.

"That's an apt way to put it," Qiyuan nodded. They looked at each other but did not continue this topic.

"Essence, Soul — what about Qi?" Wang Wei asked. Based on this story, it's easy to deduce that Grand Dao was learning from their mistake, creating each era to better understand how to cultivate true transcendents.

"The goal has always been the Emperor or Paragon Path that combined Essence, Qi, and Spirit," Qiyuan replied. "For some unknown reason, Grand Dao turned the Pure Qi Age into the Paragon Age. I did hear rumors that a Pure Qi Cultivator attempted true transcendence in the middle stages of the Paragon Age, but the sources of these rumors were not too reliable."

"I see," Wang Wei nodded. "Back to our original topic — do you really think these ancient powerhouses will return during the upcoming catastrophe?"

"It still doesn't make sense to me," Yan Hai said. "Logically speaking, shouldn't these people return at the height of the Transcendent Era or Age instead of now? Grand Dao can then force us to fight each other to facilitate growth through war."

"That's exactly what I think will happen," Qiyuan said.

"But —"

"You seem to think when I say they will return, they will be in their peak form and immediately take over," Qiyuan said. He understood how his sister's mind thought, so he knew what mistakes she made.

"Do you think they can survive perfectly intact after Grand Dao "eliminated" them? No, they are just remnants, even echoes of their former self. The catastrophe conflict will be their attempt to take over this world and use the resources to return to their peak,

"The animosity between us and them will be established in the catastrophe before completely breaking out during the Transcendent Age when we finally have the power to confront them."

"I see," Yan Hai nodded.

"Of course, that was the original script," Qiyuan chuckled. The two looked at him, not hiding their bafflement. "Because now, there is a wild card — you."

"Me?" Wang Wei asked. "What does it have to do with me?"

"The All-Haven Fate Calamity is approaching, the strings of fate envelop Primordial Chaos, and the mad Emperor — in his path to control his fate — will do anything to reach detachment."

"That's the All-Seeing Temple's prophecy on the next major catastrophe of the Chaos Universe," Yan Hai said. "Are you saying it's about him?"

"Think about it carefully," Qiyuan said with a smile. "His Dao is Fate; his pursuit is to be free and unfettered, and we know how capable he is. How far do you think this kill will go to achieve his goal? Do you think he will play by Grand Dao's rules?"

"Now that you mention it," Yan Hai said, looking Wang Wei up and down. She then turned to her big brother: "So, what's our plan while this kid makes all this trouble?"

"As the saying goes, once someone becomes enlightened, even chickens and dogs will benefit," Qiyuan replied. "We only need to support him, and we will also transcend."

"Or perish with me," Wang Wei added.

"It's worth the risk," Qiyuan replied calmly.

"Is it?"

"The ultimate taboo showed me my limits," Qiyuan said. "I can probably come close to transcendence but never truly achieve it. And in the process, I may lose everything I hold dear." Qiyuan sighed.

"However, it's different when I look at you. In you, I not only see an opportunity for true transcendence for myself but also a future in which many people and even the sect also transcend this universe."

"Ancestor, aren't you putting too much faith in me?" Wang Wei smiled wryly.

"Maybe I am," Qiyuan smiled. "But I think you can take it. What do you think, third sister?"

"Since you trust him and I trust your judgment, then I believe he can do it," Yan Hai replied calmly.

Chapter 1399 On The Precipitous

Wang Wei was in deep thought. Recent events with Maitreya taught him that his family and sect may not be reliable in his future transcendent path, and he may have to rely on his wife, Wu Hong.

However, Qiyuan's words made him realize he may have learned the wrong lesson in that experiment.

'The sect's support may not be good for me,' Wang Wei thought. The sect's effect has always accompanied him throughout his cultivation journey, either providing him with resources and protection or serving as a safety net in case he failed. During his transcendent path, the role might be reversed, but if he plays his cards correctly, it may still make his life easier.

"I'm glad to have your thorough support," Wang Wei nodded. "Can you tell me more about the All Seeing Temple's prophecy? How many people know? And how far has it spread?" He was not surprised by this prophecy since Wang Wei had long deduced his transcendent path would terrorize the entire Chaos Universe, hence the confrontation between himself and Grand Dao.

"Are you worried that others would realize the prophecy is about you?" Qiyuan asked.

"Since you can figure it out, others might also be able to. Or, at the very least, have their suspicions," Wang Wei said.

"No need to worry too much about that," Qiyuan said.

"Did you do something?" Yan Hai asked.

"After knowing about the prophecy, I knew I needed to divert the trouble from us. So, when these two first left the world to fight in Primordial Chaos, I took the risk to contact our people in other Chaos Worlds," Qiyuan explained. "By now, a few people should also meet this description. Everyone knows the Eternal Ascension World will play a significant role in the [All-Haven Fate Calamity]. Still, it doesn't necessarily have to be the one who created the [Mad Emperor].

"However, when the time comes, these fakes must come to the Eternal Ascension World to play their role better."

"That's a great approach," Wang Wei said while also feeling his ancestor's care and meticulous mind. "But it would be better if we could get a trusted individual to spread another prophecy that fits and contradicts this one."

"I had the same thought, but I realized we would need someone on Maitreya's level to fool these foreign transcendents," Qiyuan said.

"True," Wang Wei sighed. "Regardless, thank you, ancestors." Wang Wei did not know how effective Qiyuan's method would be, but it was enough that it bought him more time to grow and develop.

"Like I said, you are our future," Qiyuan patted him on the shoulder, and Wang Wei nodded. "So, what should we do with Time Eater? Do we ignore him since we know it's inevitable?"

"No, he's still a dangerous individual," Qiyuan stated. "If we allow him to develop until the next era, he could become a major problem. So, when necessary, we must kill or weaken him as much as possible."

"Good, but as I said when this conversation started, I'm too busy dealing with that Taoist traitor and the lock, so someone needs to monitor and deal with him," Wang Wei added.

"I'll keep an eye out on him," Qiyuan nodded before looking in the distance. "Now that we are invisible under his eyes, it's time for us to start acting."

"Great." The three chatted for a few more seconds before dispersing. Wang Wei returned to his hiding dimension. As he sat on a calming mat, he reviewed every word his ancestors said. He would not just accept their words and check before coming to his own conclusion.

'I'm afraid Qiyuan's theory might be correct,' Wang Wei summarized. 'I always wondered where Lin Fan's destiny with the Chaos Demon Gods originated, and now I have an answer. Then, there is Xun Junyao. Everybody else and I have always thought her perfection originated from Grand Dao, but she might also be the pawn of some creature from the Genesis Age.'

Wang Wei was still more inclined to believe it was from Grand Dao, but he could not rule out that possibility. 'Everyone is a pawn of someone else,' Wang Wei sighed. 'This world truly sucks.' He shook his head before he suddenly stopped:

'Wait, I'm Fate and Grand Dao's pawn; my three ancestors seemed to be that Venerable Trinity's pawn, but what about my future wife? Whose pawn is she? I don't believe such a talented person never caught the eyes of someone else?'

Besides the time Heavenly Dao manipulated her to create the Hong Protection System, it did not appear anyone was manipulating her from the shadows. 'I don't believe not a single person was

interested, so either she has already escaped such a fate, or the person is hiding deep and hasn't shown up yet. This wife of mine seems to have many secrets she hasn't revealed yet.'

Wang Wei shook his head and decided to have this conversation with her in the future. Now that he was done dealing with all these theories and larger-than-life enemies, it was time for him to return down to earth and deal with the problem in front of him. He waved his hand to summon Red Mask.

"Lord," she saluted respectfully despite communicating through an Image Array.

"Spread a rumor that I will establish a Sage Council in a hundred years to gather all the world's [Sages] to create a solution for the Plague Curse."

"Lord, do you want to lure Sage Pure Flame into action?"

"Yes, but I also want to establish the council. I know for a fact that these top lineages must have hidden a few first and maybe even second-level Sages. If they could accept my invitation, it may indeed solve the current problem."

"I understand," Red Mask nodded. "Anything else?"

"That's it for now."

Wang Wei ended the conversation, remaining alone with his thoughts. 'If I were in Supreme Unity's shoes, what would I do next?' His mind went into deduction mode.

'Assuming he's the one manipulating Sage Pure Flame and he co-opted my plague idea, the next thing I would do is to make the blood of mortals a cure for the plague. No, not just a cure, but a temporary one. With this move, the Immortals will now have a reason to target mortals.

'More importantly, they are desperate.'

If mortal blood is the only way to save their lives, these Immortal Sovereigns and Dao Rulers will become ruthless to save their life. And if the plague mutates to affect mortals, then the mortals will have no hope.

'I can't let him slowly plan in the shadows. I need to force him to activate his plans before he's fully prepared.' Wang Wei did not waste time and immediately accessed the Void Illusion Realm. He modified the core program before putting his plan into action. Then, Wang Wei used it to send a message as wide as possible:

[With the password — Immortal Dream — any cultivator can receive a technique from the Void Illusion Realm called Longevity Rune Body, which can increase everyone's lifespan between 12,600 years to 1.26 million years. Additionally, this technique has other benefits similar to the Source Rune Physique for professionals and a minor increase in talent for other cultivators.]

Wang Wei knew cultivators' greatest motivation has always been benefit. But in the Post-Lock Era, the benefits have changed from an increase in strength to an increase in lifespan. "Next is Shu Ren."

Wang Wei closed his eyes, focusing on Shu Shu. The woman was the pinnacle of his understanding of [Perfection] and [Existence]. He was extra careful when creating her, and to ensure the plan's success, he never once checked on her after the creation. However, now that he sensed someone else had connected their [Existence] to her, it was time to check on her.

The first thing he did was check her memories. Well, Wang Wei was slightly traumatized by some of them, but all was worth it for the sake of this plan.

'That small dick Shu Ren does love her, but he was also cautious in not revealing much of his secrets to her,' Wang Wei commented. 'However, after experiencing life and death, they should become closer, and I may find something to use on him.'

The Earth Emperor was the last straw of the Seven Moon Era since Seven Cauldron's [Existence] should have been overridden by Supreme Unity's rough use of her as a vessel. As long as Shu Ren dies, the shackles of the world's luck and destiny will finally return to its former owners. As for Seven Cauldron? She probably won't leave long even if Supreme Unity is not dealt with.

'Whoever is planning to deal with Shu Ren, what is taking so long?' Wang Wei complained before closing his eyes, waiting for the result of his chess moves.

More than ten years passed, and besides communicating with Sage Lin Qin and Emperor Kong about the council, Wang Wei remained in place, waiting for the result. Then, Red Mask contacted him.

Chapter 1400 Civilization War: Democracy

"Your facial expression tells me you're bringing bad news," Wang Wei calmly stated.

"Not all bad news," Red Mask replied, slightly embarrassed. "There is a silver of good news."

"Start with the bad," Wang Wei sighed.

"The other lineages have sent news that there are signs of the plague in other territories."

Wang Wei sighed deeper: "Did someone break through our blockade?" All the lineages worked together to ensure the plague only remained in Five Feathers and Undead Phoenix's territory.

"So far, there are no signs of that."

"So, someone else with the source of the plague spread it elsewhere," Wang Wei commented before sneering. He looked at the sky, the sun specifically: "So, this is your doing after all." This mad Taoist has reached the point where he will do anything to kill all life in this world and take complete control over True Heavenly Dao.

"What is the good news you mentioned?"

"Sage Pure Flame has shown up," Red Mask reported.

"Did you capture him?" Wang Wei quickly asked.

"No, since he seems extra careful, but he has shown up twice now in the past three weeks, and each time seems closed to a group of cursed individuals," Red Mask reported.

"Keep a close tab on his whereabouts and capture him no matter the price we must pay — understand?"

"Yes, lord."

Wang Wei nodded. "Has there been any signs that mortal blood is the cure for the plague?"

"Nothing as of yet."

"Maybe we still have some time," Wang Wei muttered. They discussed a few matters before he dismissed Red Mask. Wang Wei's next destination was to check on the Mortal Civilization. In the past ten years, he did two things: understanding Maitreya's analysis of the lock and casting a Luck spell to accelerate the development of the mortal civilization.

Wang Wei quietly arrived at Du Cong's base, which was testing a new generation of Domain Armor. He watched as the armor released five floating scales surrounding it to form a circle with a radius of 40 meters. Then, the scales started resonating with each other before activating their power of law.

'It's indeed a domain,' Wang Wei thought. However, this thing was extremely frail, and there was no way it could beat the weakest Saint without using countless armor. However, Wang Wei still nodded in satisfaction. The first version of this technology required the mortals to build five enormous [Law Pillars] to establish the domain. But now, in just a short few years, they have already miniaturized the technology,

'They still can eliminate Tier 8 cultivators whose power systems do not involve the law,' Wang Wei thought. Now that he was satisfied with this group's progress, Wang Wei thought of checking on the others. However, he sensed his communication talisman vibrating, so he checked it.

His brow immediately furrowed after seeing the content: "So, it finally started, huh?" Wang Wei did not waste time sending the information to his allies. A few seconds later, he was at a conference with many representatives from the overlord factions and other top lineages. They discussed the next battle plan before dispersing this meeting.

Wang Wei then summoned all the leaders of the mortal civilization through the Void Illusion Realm. "Time is precious, so let's get to it." Wang Wei said as soon as he showed up with Jia Ping and the other guardians. He showed them a recording one of his Creations sent him.

All these leaders then watched, in horror, as this cultivator with purple pus on their bodies and red eyes massacred a dynasty of more than 50 million people and drank their blood. Then, the madness in his eyes faded, and even a few small pus sacks faded away. Whoever recorded this image took the time to ensure it was as detailed as possible.

"Heaven has truly forsaken us," said one of the mortal leaders. First, everyone wanted their blood for longevity, and now, it appeared to be the cure for the terrible curse/disease spreading in the outside world.

"This is not the work of Heaven, but the result of man's greed," someone else countered. This leader knew more and understood the core of their people's suffering.

"Guardian, what should we do now?" Du Cong asked. He felt the atmosphere might suddenly shift to that of depression and nihilism, so he decided to ask a question with a more hopeful tone.

"The next course of action is for you to decide," Wang Wei said. He raised his hand to condense a map with countless dots, many of whom were disappearing. Over the years, with the help of his Soul Network Ability and access to the Void Illusion Realm, he created an excellent map of large and middle areas occupied by mortals. The map was not perfect since he categorized any area with a population of less than 500 million as small, but he will do it for now.

"You have two choices: continue developing until your civilization is fully prepared for this war, or reveal yourself now to rescue as many of your fellow compatriots as possible."

Wang Wei paused, leaving his words to simmer: "I won't decide for you in this matter. From now on, all major decisions involving the fate of your civilization will be decided by you."

"We must save our people," Sun Longwei immediately yelled. He remembered what the guardian said: he levied for his people. As such, he would not accept waiting as their fellow compatriots are slaughtered and everyone else gets to live a peaceful and sheltered life.

"Don't get excited too quickly," said another leader. "If we can become a Tier 9 Civilization before leaving our base, think of how many people we'll be able to save."

"Yes, that's right. This is a matter that can affect our entire civilization, so taking a careful approach is best."

"If you fear for your life, say so," Du Cong countered. "You people saw how powerful the Law Armors were, and by our calculations, cultivators are even more powerful. Can you imagine how many of our people they will kill if we don't help? By the time we reach a Tier 9 Civilization, how many will be left alive?"

"We must fight. War is the best way to motivate technological innovation," said a leader with a more militaristic style.

"That's right. All our achievements and data on fighting cultivators have been curated and well-controlled. We have no idea whether these puppets, armors, poisons, etc, will even work in a war with ever-changing scenarios."

"But what if our bases are discovered? All our people will die, and all our progress will be destroyed."

"That's right. The people in the bases have been enlightened, so we should prioritize their safety before considering helping the outsiders."

"Do you hear the nonsense coming out of your mouth? A few hundred years of safety is all it took for you to develop a sense of superiority. Already forgotten you were also once ignorant?"

"That's not what I mean. Don't twist my words."

"Then, what did you mean?"

"I was merely concerned with preserving our rune technology and all other advancements we've made so far, and the bases are the key to that preservation."

"The people are the key," argued someone else. "We can preserve the knowledge in the Void Illusion Realm. That way, even if the base falls, someone else can rebuild it. We started ignorantly and built such wonders; since we can do it, they can, too. No, they can do it better since they will be standing on the shoulders of giants."

The argument continued while intensifying with each passing second. Wang Wei calmly watched them argue for more than five hours without stating his opinion.

"Sir, these people are not ready to be independent," Jia Ping sent him a message.

"Maybe so, but there is not enough time to slowly let go of the wheel," Wang Wei replied. He finally used his power to silence everyone. Many of the leaders, like Du Cong, hoped Wang Wei would make a decision and remove this burden from their shoulders.

"We will put it to a vote, and the majority wins," Wang Wei said. Under his control, three choices appeared before these leaders: intervene, don't intervene, and abstain from voting. "You have ten minutes."

Ten minutes later, Wang Wei announced the result:

"1.3 million votes for no interference, 200,000 for abstention, and 1.5 million for interfering. The choice has been made. Everyone leaves to prepare for this war of civilization."

The leaders looked at each other before nodding and leaving to execute this order.

"Is something on your mind?" Wang Wei asked.

"Sir, is it really necessary to relinquish power to them? They don't seem ready for the task," Jia Ping asked.

"Our existence will become a shackle to them," Wang Wei explained. "If we want their civilization to develop truly, this is a necessary step."

"But even so..."

"It seems you've grown attached to them."

"I can't deny that."

"Well, don't be too attached," Wang Wei warned. "In the current political climate, attachment is a weakness, and the last thing we need is someone to use it against you."

"I...understand."

"If you want to one day rebuild your dynasty, I have no issue," Wang Wei continued. "You can even integrate the mortal civilization into your rule. But like I said, don't get too attached to these mortals specifically."

"As you wish," Jia Ping replied with more light in his eyes.