

F.D Emperor 721

Chapter 721 Behind The Scene Battle

As soon as Wang Wei returned home, he teleported to the secret realm where the Ancestors waited for him.

"What's the situation? Do we have more information?"

"So far, we only know someone attacked our business stalls in the Commerce. More than a hundred disciples there died," said Origin One, trying to control his fury. They always bully people; when did they ever suffer such an injustice?

Many disciples of the sect die every year for various reasons. But as long they were not bullied by cultivators using higher realms or the disciple sought death themselves, the sect would not interfere. However, they will never allow any factions to bully or wrong their disciples.

However, this attack was a blatant provocation.

"Have we settled the compensation for these disciples' death?" asked Wang Wei, also controlling his emotions since he knew this was not the time to be irate.

"Yes." The sect has requirements for the disciples who dies in the line of duty for the sect.

"Do we have any proof who did it?"

"Who else could it be besides the Spirit Genesis Sect?" said Sword One with a sneer.

"We still need some proof. Some people might be trying to blame them," added Wang Wei, who also felt it was them; the situation is similar to how they operate in the shadow.

"Miscellaneous just did a divination and found absolutely nothing," adding Origin One, Wang Wei immediately understood what he meant. The divination would have detected even a hint if another faction tried to frame the Spirit Genesis Sect.

But they found nothing. Only the Spirit Genesis Sect has a way to perfectly hide from the Yin-Yang Calculation of Miscellaneous. Sometimes, appearing too clean is also suspicious.

"What did the Commerce Hub's President say?"

The Commerce Hub had a president who wielded tremendous political power and controlled extensive resources. Many top Emperor Lineages control the Hub, and the group with the most powerful Emperor will be in control in every generation.

And if no one in that large group produced an Emperor in the generation, they'll compete with each other to decide. Many people sought after the president's post—including the Dao Opening Sect. Unfortunately, they've just joined, and according to the rules, they must wait for at least ten generations before becoming eligible to acquire the president's post.

Of course, Wang Wei will not wait for ten generations; he's prepared to take the whole thing by force and expand it beyond its limit of a few hundred World Communities.

"He apologized to us and promised a ten-fold reimbursement, support to integrate better, and reduce our wait time to five generations," said Origin One.

"What did he say about the Spirit Genesis Sect?" asked Wang Wei.

"He said there is nothing he can do since there is no proof," added Sword One. The official event or explanation was that one customer was unhappy with one of the sect's products and went on a rampage.

The customer had a weird talisman that could delay the entire detecting system of the Commerce Hub. What's weird is that even the customer's identity could not be found.

"He's a businessman," commented Wang Wei. "And offending the Spirit Genesis Sect for such a simple thing is not worth the price."

"But it is to us," said Turtle Shell, "So, are we going start an Emperor Dao War or not?"

"They have an Immortal Sovereign, and we have Sword One. Plus, we definitely have a chance as long as Desolate One succeeds," argued Hell One.

"Things are not that simple," countered The Steward. "Recasting the foundation is not easy, and it will take time, even with Time Formation."

Emperor Qiyuan's Origin Dao involved time, so he left a Time Acceleration Formation usable by Immortals and a few secret realms. However, he did not minor Array Dao, so there are limits to the formation and secret realms. Miscellaneous improved upon it later, but it was still limited.

"Plus, we don't know if they have a second Immortal Sovereign."

"Sect master, what is your decision?" asked Origin One.

"We can't go to war, but we also can't swallow this breath," said Wang Wei with sinister light in his eyes.

"Do you want to attack their shop?"

"That would be pointless since they would watch out for this," Origin One shook his head.

"I have a plan, and I need you guys to use whatever means you have to ensure I won't be discovered."

"Leave it to us," said Origin One, and the crew began. Origin One gathered the abilities left by Emperor Qiyuan and hid Wang Wei's origin. Miscellaneous One used Yin-Yang, invisibility, and darkness to bless Wang Wei with another form of protection.

Turtle One gave him a special defensive shield that blocked tracking, calculation, and divination. Hell One hid his soul and aura. Shadow One and Two used shadow to further enhanced his hiding capabilities. Rainbow One gave him a speed blessing to run away swiftly in case he's detected. Finally, Sword One used her power to elevate all these blessings and techniques to another level.

Wang Wei felt these guys may have gone a little overboard. However, in this situation, too much caution is not a thing. After finishing all the preparations, he started.

He used his Spirit Flower Ability: Soul Network. Without wasting much time, he landed in the Battle Spirit World, accessing trillions upon trillions of souls.

He searched for people who were desperate and had nothing to live for; the only thing driving them forward was their desire for revenge. And as soon as they accomplish it, they will leave the mortal coil.

Then, Wang Wei came in like a devil, whispering sweet tempting words to them. He will give them the strength to avenge their hatred, and they need to do one thing for him afterward.

Finally, he set up the stage before the grand finale.

Battle Spirit World, Spirit Genesis Sect:

He Shiyi calmly looked at his father, Patriarch Jia, and the Disciplinary Head. His injuries healed long ago, and he was back in peak shape.

"What was the President's response?" he asked.

"He warned us and made us pay a hefty price," said Patriarch He.

"Even with no evidence?"

"Yes."

"Could we contest it with the council?" asked He Shiyi. The President did not have absolute power in the Commerce Hub since a council balanced his power. The Spirit Genesis Sect has a seat on the council and has a great deal of power.

"The other members seemed very dissatisfied with us, so they have already supported him."

He Shiyi remembered many people referred to this generation's president as a business sage, expanding the profit of the Commerce Hub beyond nothing they've seen in countless generations.

As such, many people in the council support him, and they have even been rumors of supporting him for a second term; such a thing would be unprecedented.

"It's fine if we pay," said He Shiyi with a relaxed tone. "The main objective is to give a blow to the Dao Opening Sect and slow down their development into the Endless Void."

Whatever price they pay is worth it since it weakens their enemy.

'Wang Wei, you wait,' thought He Shiyi, remembering that terrifying punch; he is confident he will avenge it after he proves the Dao. He closed his eyes to access his Sea of Consciousness and watched as five lights floated: four were bright, and the last one was dim and appeared to be still brewing.

'I have the confidence to avenge that punch.'

"Patriarch," said a hurried voice from outside, interrupting He Shiyi's thinking.

"Come in, said Patriarch Jia as the group watched an ordinary Elder walking in. "What is it?"

"An emergency talisman came in."

The four immediately had a bad premonition.

"What is it?!" asked Patriarch He.

"We just received news someone blew themselves up in one of our Pill Shops, killing all our disciples and ruining countless resources."

"What?!"

"Is the news true?" asked the Disciplinary Head.

The elder opened his mouth to respond before suddenly stopping. He took out another talisman, and his face suddenly turned ugly. Then, more talismans began to light up.

"What is it?" asked He Shiyi, trying to remain calm.

"Most of the profession shops suffered a similar attack: a customer suddenly blew themselves up," said the elder.

"What is the damage?"

"More than 2000 public shops were attacked, and more than 1800 succeeded."

He Shiyi and the patriarchs' faces turned ugly as they already understood this was the Dao Opening Sect's revenge. Although only a small part of their publicly known shops was attacked, it will still cause them a lot of resources and lives.

Before they could process and analyze the situation, another elder rushed into the room.

"Sect master, sect master, bad news. One of the ore veins was attacked. One of the minors revolted and blew herself up."

"Impossible," said Patriarch Jia. "How did they infiltrate our world without even noticing?"

Such a coordinated attack requires a powerful force with well-trained dead soldiers. And the minor in the sect's vein would be a spy. But they could not fathom how the Dao Opening Sect—who had isolated themselves from the Endless Void—could have cultivated such a force under their nose.

Furthermore, the news did not stop coming.

Chapter 722 Lou Cheng's Situation

Wang Wei calmly looked at everything that occurred. He planned an attack on 3000 locations, 2000 from public shops and the rest from mines or unique resource spots. Wang Wei did not choose anymore because the chance of the Spirit Genesis Sect detecting something and interfering increased.

After the plan began, his cautions proved correct. Only 1800 attacks on public shops succeeded, and a few of 300 of the special resources location succeeded. As for the others, the Spirit Genesis Sect detected something and prevented the attackers from succeeding.

Per Wang Wei's instructions or meticulous planning, none of the attackers survived, so the sect could not find any information.

'This is just the beginning. The next step is for you people to squirm,' thought Wang Wei with a sneer, as he could predict the Spirit Genesis Sect's next step.

They will suspect the Dao Opening Sect has a secret force in their world and even infiltrates their home base. So, they will do a rapid internal clean-up, capturing and killing countless foreign faction spies. However, things will become interesting after not finding any connection to the Dao Opening Sect.

They will become suspicious and even kill many of their own disciples; as long as there are any suspicions, the disciples will be either severely interrogated or killed.

Unfortunately, they will still not discover anything. Typically, ordinary people should give up. However, intelligent people often have a problem: they think too much. And that's when things will become interesting.

The Spirit Genesis Sect's political system is similar to the Dao Opening Sect, with families and a sectarian faction. The only difference is their sect is more balance between the clans and the sectarian faction. Nevertheless, there is bound to have competition and disagreement between the three factions.

So, they will begin to suspect and accuse each other after not finding the "hidden force" of the Dao Opening Sect. Of course, Wang Wei knew it was impossible to take down a sect with such a long and powerful heritage with this minor dispute.

He knew the ancestors would step up if things become out of hand. His purpose is to tone down the Spirit Genesis Sect's arrogance while keeping them busy so they don't do any more stupid and reckless acts.

"I always knew Dao Lords and Overlords were scary, but it's the first time I've experienced it personally," said Sword One, who watched the entire event through the Soul Network.

"Indeed," added Origin One, thinking about the benefit of this method instead of a direct battle. From now on, the Spirit Genesis Sect will always be on the lookout, wondering whether their

enemy will attack them; they always have to watch out for their backs since the enemy is in the shadow and they're in the light.

This revenge plan surprised all the ancestors except for the Steward since he knew about the Demon Supremacy World from Wang Wucheng. The sect master destroyed an entire civilization in a few months and gave humans the opportunity to take the status of the world's protagonist from the demon race. So, he was not surprised.

"All we have to do is wait to see if they will respond," commented Wang Wei. And Wang Wei did not have to wait long; he noticed something the next day.

"What is it?" asked Origin One when he saw the frown on Wang Wei's face.

"I can no longer access the souls in their world community," he replied.

"What does that mean?"

"It means they might have used something similar to the Human Preservation Array and completely isolated the Battle Spirit World."

"Since our world can have such World Wide Array, it's normal for others to do the same," said the Steward. "Now, we know one of the hidden trumps cards, and that's more than enough."

"Indeed," nodded Wang Wei. He also wondered whether the Battle Spirit World would be like the Myriad Emperor World and have different formations from different racial groups or maybe one formation for the entire world.

'I cannot find these answers anytime soon, so there is no point in thinking about them,' thought Wang Wei before leaving the secret realm. He saluted the ancestors before exiting to see Yan Liling and give her the Slaughter Heart.

He wanted to enter seclusion immediately, but he had a divination that his father's battle with Ji Lanfang was approaching, so he decided to wait.

Origin Pill Dao Sect:

Lou Cheng sat cross-legged, deep in cultivation, surrounded by a mysterious formation floating above his head. He was sweating profusely, which was odd since cultivators no longer needed to expire after the Divine Sea Realm.

Lou Cheng's face became pale as his aura leaked, showing his cultivation in the Quasi-Emperor. No one knew the person in this generation with the highest cultivation was the sect master of the Origin Pill Dao Sect.

He suddenly opened his bloodshot eyes before exhaling loudly.

"The simulation failed again," he muttered with a sense of loss. Ever since he received the Proving Dao Pill Formula and the Flame Emperor's inheritance, he used his Innate Talent to become one of the best Pill Masters of this generation.

He took control of the Origin Pill Dao Sect so he would have no problem with resources for his cultivation and to prepare for the future. Then, he focused on refining this heaven-defying pill.

The Flame Emperor knew it would be risky for Lou Cheng to attempt refining the pill without practice and experience. So, he left a special formation that allowed him to do simulations in an Illusion World. As long as he succeeds in the illusion, he can also succeed in real life.

Unfortunately, it was highly challenging to refine this pill. To be precise, many parts of the formula seemed like speculation or unverified theories, thus drastically increasing the success rate.

"And this is just one of the many problems," muttered Lou Cheng under his breath. He shook his head before walking out of the cultivation; he decided to relax and drink some tea.

He did not like to drink tea. But ever since that person took over his body, he unconsciously developed the hobby. A few minutes while resting, Lou Cheng sensed someone coming into the room, and a rare smile appeared on his rigid face.

"Senior Sister," he said with a smile.

"We are married. Why do you insist on calling me senior sister?" asked Lan Ling.

"Because I like it," said Lou Cheng, thinking about the past. The truth is Lou Cheng does not feel his current life is real. He achieved his dream of being a renowned alchemist, and the senior sister he could only dream about was now his wife.

And Lou Cheng did not know whether to thank that person, the Infatuation Flower, or fate.

In general, he has a lot of complicated feelings toward Wang Wei—especially regarding his fifth senior sister and his rise as a Pill Master.

The latter did not succumb to the aphrodisiac in that cave and did not sully the fifth sister's innocence. If he did not, their relationship would be even more complicated. After all, Lan Ling is a reserved and old fashion person, so she would have accepted his offer of taking responsibility after the event and marrying him.

However, he did not know how he would feel if that was the reason they became Dao Companions. As for the Infatuation Flower, he immediately told her about it after Wang Wei left, not wanting her to be influenced. However, the fifth sister did not mind and said it was fate.

Afterward, their master placed more seals on the flower, lowering its effect. Then, the two got to know each other until they fell in love and became Dao Companion.

Finally, Lou Cheng felt complicated regarding his rise as an alchemist. The source of his fame and glory evolved around his Innate Talent: Precision. However, he knew for certain he could not develop it to the extent Wang Wei developed it.

Maybe, he would not even acquire it in the first place if the latter did not occupy his body. Innate Talent is unique to every individual. And during that period, Wang Wei was Lou Cheng, but Lou Cheng was not Wang Wei. He may have acquired such a promising talent because of Wang Wei's existence.

Then, there is the more complicated issue with Flame Emperor; he's the latter's heir, but could he have become one without Wang Wei? He did not know exactly since the Flame Emperor chose him instead of Wang Wei.

However, Lou Cheng is also intelligent to know it might be because he is an easier pawn to control, hence why the Flame Emperor chose him.

Over the years, he has grown and is no longer the naive young man who only knew how to refine pills. He experienced too many political intrigues and assassination attempts, so he had to grow rapidly to reach his current state.

As such, he could analyze and understand many things his younger self would be entirely ignorant of.

"What are you thinking so deeply about?" asked Lan Ling.

Chapter 723 Lou Cheng's Situation (LI)

"Nothing important; I was just reminiscing about the past," replied Lou Cheng before motioning for her to sit in his lap. Lan Ling blushed in embarrassment before shaking his head.

"There is no need to be embarrassed; we are married, and there is no one else around," persuaded Lou Cheng with a smile. He liked she was so reserved and easily embarrassed even after so many years; he also liked to challenge her out of her comfort zone.

Lan Ling looked around and checked to see if any servants were nearby. Finally, after hesitating for a few seconds, she sat on his lap and laid her head on his firm chest.

"How was your attempt this time around?" she asked.

"Another failure," replied Lou Cheng with a sigh.

"I wish I could help you," she muttered with some sadness. Lan Ling wanted to help her husband, but her alchemy talent barely allowed her to be an assistant.

"Don't say that. Remember: you are the driving force. Without you, I would have long given up on this pill." Lou Cheng was not lying. After figuring out he might be someone's else pawn, he often contemplated abandoning this recipe and not refining it. After all, he never had any Emperor's dreams or ambitions. So, besides the alchemy achievement of refining this pill, he did not care that much.

However, everything changed after an assassination attempt injured Lan Ling. Lou Cheng realized the importance of strength, brewing a desire for power. He swore to gain the power to protect his loved ones and ensure they could live a long and eternal life.

And the pill is the answer. If he proves the Dao, he can follow in the footsteps of the Yin-Yang Companion Emperor and cultivate the flower into a Yin-Yang Love Flower. If the legends are true, Lou Cheng can allow his wife to also become an Emperor.

Lan Ling smiled as she liked to hear these reassuring words from him. Nevertheless, she still hoped she could directly aid him.

"Don't think about these unnecessary things. Was the news about the Eternal Seed true?" asked Lou Cheng.

"Yes, but by the time our people arrived, someone already took it away."

Lou Cheng groaned. He encountered many problems in preparation for this Proving Dao Pill, one of which was the materials: they were all rare and difficult to find. The Eternal Seed was one of the core materials that he's been searching for for the last 20,000 years.

"Do you know who got their hands on it?"

"Our information is unclear, but there is a high chance it's the Association of Commerce."

"The Eternal Seed is mainly used to extend life, so if it's in their hands, they probably want to have their alchemist refine some potent Life Extending Pill," commented Lou Cheng. "Maybe I can negotiate with them."

He's currently one of the best alchemists in the world. So, the Association might be willing to owe them a debt.

"Huh?" muttered Lou Cheng as he sensed something from his wife. "If you have something to tell me, don't hesitate."

Lan Ling opened her mouth before closing it. She hesitated for a while before saying, "I think it's time you began to rely on the sect's manpower more."

"Absolutely not," he answered immediately and decisively.

"If we had more people looking for the material, we would not be in the situation we are," convinced Lan Ling after biting her lips for determination. She does not like contradicting her husband, but sometimes, she must be tough.

"You should understand the difficulty of gathering these rare and possibly extinct materials. You'll never succeed If you only use your personal power to search; you need the sect's influence and connection to have a remote chance."

"And you should understand my worries," countered Lou Cheng. "That guy impersonated me and infiltrated the sect. I know for a fact he has numerous spies in the sect, watching my every move."

Lan Ling looked at his determined face before looking at the few strings of white hair on the side of his head; she knew they existed not due to lack of lifespan. After all, they were still young and full of vitality.

These white hairs were the result of immense stress and worries. In the past few years, she saw how her husband became increasingly paranoid that he did not even tell their masters about the pill.

"Have you considered coming to an agreement with him?"

"Are you serious?" he asked, wondering what's got into her today.

"Have you thought about the situation properly?"

"What do you mean?"

"Can you refine the pill before this generation's Heaven Will Battle?"

"That's impossible. I doubt we could gather even one-eighth of the material," replied Lou Cheng with a wry smile.

"Then, what will you do after he proves the Dao? Do you think you'll be able to hide from him then?"

Lou Cheng did not answer; he did not know how to respond.

"Once he finds it, he can just take the pill away from you," she continued. "The only opportunity we will have is if the Flame Emperor appears to help. But even then, will that really be a good thing?"

None of them completely trusted the Flame Emperor since they did not know his primary objective and plan. There is a possibility that the day Lou Cheng refines the pill is also the day he dies at the hands of the Flame Emperor. So, of the evil, Lan Ling preferred the lesser evil of Wang Wei. Maybe, allying with him might protect them from the Flame Emperor.

"I believe in the Flame Emperor," argued Lou Cheng; he can only convince himself that such an entity who reached beyond the realm of the Great Emperor does not need to plot someone as lowly as him.

"Okay, let's say you're correct, and the Flame Emperor does not plan to harm you. What will you do if Wang Wei comes to ask you for the formula? Even if you succeed and become an Emperor, do you think you will be more powerful than him?"

Lou Cheng groaned as he caressed his temple.

"If you make a transaction with him now, you will have the support of the entire Dao Opening Sect to help gather the material. Secondly, you can have Yan Liling's help to ensure success."

Lou Cheng pondered for a moment, "Your analysis is only right if he's the one who proves the Dao."

"Our situation would be even worse if other people were the final winners," said Lan Ling with a frown. "He knows us and has some karmic connection. So, he might spare us and even allow us to keep a copy of the pill formula."

"But other Heaven Chosen will not have such compassion or scruples. Most will not hesitate to raise the sect to the ground for that formula."

Lou Chen was aware of this, so he only told his wife about the pill; he did not even tell his master, Ye Lao. And he would not have told her if she did not sleep every day next to him,

He could imagine how many people would do anything to get their hands on this pill formula—including wiping out the Origin Pill Dao Sect.

If such a day ever arrived, Lou Cheng knew he would be the greatest sinner of the sect since they would not survive. Countless Emperor Lineage would band together to wipe out the Origin Pill Dao Sect.

"I will think about your suggestions," he said, ending this conversation. Lan Ling secretly sighed. Her husband was kind and gentle about most things. But when it came to that Pill Formula or Wang Wei, he was more stubborn than a mule.

"Can you at least tell the master? He's trustworthy and can help us in many ways."

Lou Cheng wanted to refuse immediately, but he realized he needed to do something different if he wanted to have a chance to refine this pill. His current method has proven unsatisfactory, as shown by the slow progress after thousands of years.

So, telling his master the truth might be a good move. Although his teacher is not powerful strength-wise, he has years of experience and extensive connections.

'Maybe the teacher can find a way to help me.' Although Lou Cheng felt this was a good idea, he was still worried about the news leaking. He trusted his master, but if the latter made a mistake, it would be a catastrophic result.

"You have to trust everything will go alright with the master—just like it did with me," reassured Lan Ling as she held his hand. Lou Cheng looked at his wife's brilliant smile and felt relieved.

"You're right," he nodded. "Let's tell the teacher the truth." Just by saying these words, he felt a heavy burden lifted from his shoulder. The two walked out of the room, heading to Ye Lao's mountain.

Lou Cheng did not go far before a disciple arrived with important news.

'The Dao Burial Ground disappear? That's not important for now,' he thought after dismissing the disciple. Then, he met with his master and told him the entire truth.

Chapter 724 Ultimate Swordsmanship Showdown (I)

Martial Hegemony World, a Martial Beast Emperor's secret realm:

Ao Shen and Zhu Tao worked together to fight a bunch of puppets. There were so many of them and of significant strength, resulting in these two having wounds all over their bodies. In the end, Ao Shen transformed into his real body to fight.

Zhu Tao was not surprised by his appearance, not because he had already seen Ao Shen's true form. Ao Shen used a bloodline secret technique to make his real body resemble a Flood Dragon with a little bit of Innate bloodline.

Zhu Tao has seen and even killed Flood Dragon in the Pursuing Longevity World, so he was not surprised about the latter's transformation; all he cared for was the strength Ao Shen displayed, which would allow him to pass this trial and receive the final inheritance.

The two worked together for the next few days to fight this endless horde of puppets. They thought it would be easy to acquire this inheritance, but the reality was much crueler than they imagined. They often came close to dying, forcing them to use their trump cards to survive. Finally, after a month of constant study, they finally passed the trial.

They entered a room with a scroll floating in the middle; strange and mysterious Dao Rhymes emanate from the scroll, soothing people's minds and making it easier to comprehend this Emperor's Scripture.

"That's it?" thought Ao Shen, who believed there would be more to the Martial Beast Emperor's inheritance. Meanwhile, Zhu Tao was excited since he had finally accomplished his goal.

"Let's comprehend together," he said, unable to control his excitement, and Ao Shen agreed. They sat before the scroll and let the Dao Rhymes nourish their mind.

"My name is the Martial Beast Emperor," said a deep voice deep in their minds. "I suppressed a generation with my companion—Little Wolf. I hope future generations can appreciate my Beast Unity Dao and continue my legacy."

The sounds of Dao reverberated into the room, making it easier for Ao Shen and Zhu Tao to comprehend the mystery of this Emperor Scripture. After an unknown amount of time, they finally awakened, each with a different expression.

Ao Shen was a little disappointed. The scripture gave him many ideas on excavating his bloodline's power to the limit—just like the Martial Beast's wolf did. Additionally, it contained a few unique and creative methods to temper the fleshly body.

However, this scripture's core concept requires two people—one human and one demon—to cultivate, making most of it useless to him, especially since he has no good feelings toward humans.

Ao Shen predicted this outcome, so he expected the Martial Beast Emperor to leave some other rare resources for his inheritor; that's the primary reason he wanted to come to this secret realm.

Meanwhile, Zhu Tao was excited, unable to contain his smile since waking up: he found the path forward for Qi Cultivators—Law Resonance. He also called this method Qi Resonance or Energy Resonance. The idea is to follow the technique of swordsmen or Profession Dao and create a way for pure energy cultivators to use their Qi/energy to resonate with the laws of Heaven and Earth.

For example, a person who used Fire Qi would resonate with Fire Laws to increase their destructive capabilities.

'I have already created a prototype of this technique,' thought Zhu Tao. 'All I need to do is complete it after I return. Then, after proving the Dao, I will spread it until it becomes more common amongst the cultivators back home.'

Zhu Tao could already foresee the sect's elders' would try to prevent him from spreading such a technique that has the potential to become an Insurgent. However, he did not care.

He had his ambitions and goals, and no one could stop him—not even the Mountain and Sea Sect that raised him since he was a child.

"Brother Ao Shen, let's go now that we have what we want."

"Indeed," replied the dragon as he took one last look before leaving.

"It was my pleasure to work with you," said Zhu Tao after reuniting with the ancestors of his sect. According to their agreement, each could bring one Ancestor, so Ao Shen also had someone present.

"The pleasure was mine," replied Ao Shen calmly as he watched Zhu Tao leave with his elders.

"Lord, how was the result?"

"Disappointing," he shook his head; the gain was nowhere worth the risks he took.

"Is that so?" asked the elder, not hiding the disappointment in his voice.

"There may be a way to turn the situation," suddenly said Ao Shen with ruthless eyes. He suddenly thought of twisting the core of this scripture and creating one where a demon race enslaved another human being, then absorbed all their cultivations to increase the demon's power.

'If I want to do this, I have to be careful not to be discovered by the humans. No, they will find out eventually, so it's best to use devil cultivators so the discovery will have little to no effect.'

He allied with the Dao Opening Sect and could use it to protect themselves once the news was released.

'Although this is risky, it's a great way to make up for the foundation of the demon race in a short time.' with this method, the demon race can give birth to many more Quasi-Emperors and maybe even a few more powerful Dao Ancestors and Immortal Sovereign. After all, there are loose immortal Dao Ancestors and Immortal Sovereigns. The demon race will significantly benefit as long as they capture them and use the new technique.

"Let's go," said Ao Shen, as he did not want to waste time; the rise and fall of the demon race counted on him.

Someone or something suddenly appeared Inside the secret realm after the two left. It was a middle-aged man dressed in animal leather coats and boots.

"These two are not the people the master was waiting for," said the secret realm's spirit, shaking his head. "After experiencing life and death together, they are still untrusting toward each other; they have no synergy."

The spirit was a little disappointed; that's why he only left the scripture for these two, not the resources part of the inheritance.

"Not to mention they are foreigners."

After complaining, the spirit waved his hand to create a few more tokens before scattering them in different parts of the Martial Hegemony World, waiting for a destined person. His master gave him a mission, and he could not leave until he accomplished it.

Regardless, the spirit was patient; he would take however long he needed until he found an excellent inheritor for his master.

Myriad Emperor World, Dao Opening Sect:

A few days had passed since the events with the Spirit Genesis Sect. Then, he received a communication talisman that his father had finally left his seclusion. So, he rushed to see him.

As soon as Wang Wei saw his father, his eyes lighted up, and he punched the latter, making Wang Tian's eyes twitch.

Bang!

The Wang Clang Manor trembled as Wang Tian caught his son's fist; his action was fast and effortless.

"7 Primordial Dragon Force: not bad," commented Wang Wei, looking at the white mark on his fist. "Plus, your fleshly body is a sword, and people will get hurt when directly attacking it."

Wang Wei's flesh body has the natural property to rebound attacks—primarily physical and energy, while his father's property is to cut anything that touches it.

"I've always wanted to regain my status and pride as a father," said Wang Tian with a terrifying intent in his eyes. "Now, I have the chance. Do you dare fight with me without using the power of your incarnations?"

"Hehehe, you get a little power, and you're suddenly swollen," replied Wang Wei with the corresponding battle intent. "I will be more than happy to put you back in your place. Don't worry, I'll seal my strength to the peak of 7-Leaf, just like you."

"Fine by me."

Then, the two disappeared, heading to a secret realm for their battles.

"These two," yelled Yu Yan, but it was already too late, and they already disappeared. "I'll deal with them when they return."

Unfortunately for those two, they returned three days later. Wang Wei was in good shape, but Wang Tian was slightly pale. However, their complexion became like ghosts when they saw the scary look Yu Yan was giving them.

"Our family was finally reunited after so many years. But instead of taking this opportunity to bond and converse, you two went to fight for three days. Well, well, look at my well-raised son and responsible husband."

Sweat fell behind these two backs. Then, Wang Wei acted swiftly, "Blame father; he's the one who provoked me."

"You!"

"Isn't it true?"

"I'm not fallen for that this time. You've grown up and should know better."

"Grow up? No, no, no. It doesn't matter how old I am, I will always be your child," said Wang Wei as he embraced his mother. Yu Yan protested for a moment before being unable to resist and held him in her embrace.

"I'm not done with you," he said to her husband, making Wang Tian smile wryly.

"So, who won anyway?" asked Yu Yan.

"Of course, it's me," said Wang Wei.

"Only because of more experience, battle tactic, and a higher recovering method because your body is more powerful."

"A win is a win. You should be proud you could fight toe-to-toe with me in the same realm," commented Wang Wei.

Chapter 725 Forging Sword Body

The battle was quite interesting, and Wang Wei learned a great deal. His father used the Sword Dao to the extreme, cutting off all his fate or any conceptual attacks. So, Wang Wei had to change tactics and use the advantage of his fleshly body to tire his opponent out before winning.

Regardless, he learned why swordsmen are the strongest attackers in this battle. With a stronger fleshly body, his father's attack method drastically increased, making him even scarier than he used to be.

In this battle, Wang Wei finally realized how much the environment and luck affect a cultivator. His father's talent is no worse than the Sword Empress. However, he suffered because he was born into the wrong generation, and his Heavenly Luck was insufficient.

He knew his father was the kind of talent that could become an Eternal Emperor without any help or even entering the Duyi Realm. Of course, it's different for an Eternal Supreme. This kind of realm or stage requires luck, talent, and opportunity. Otherwise, no matter how talented a person is, they cannot become Eternal Supreme.

"How was your retreat?" asked Yu Yan.

"It went well," replied Wang Tian with a smile. "I benefited a lot." Wang Tian explained his experience and gains during the retreat.

"Let me see your body refining technique," asked Wang Wei, and Wang Tian agreed and gave him a technique with a simple tile [Forging Sword Body]. The technique followed a similar system as the [Ancient Desolate Body Refining Scripture], tempering the skin, muscles, bones, and organs.

However, this body tempering technique does not require spiritual materials but uses the unique Sword Qi Wang Tian used to recondense his Primordial Spirit. As such, every blood and cell in his body contains sharp Sword Qi. Wang Tian even opened his Acupoints and stored potent sword energy in them.

"It's a waste to store Sword Energy in your acupoints," commented Wang Wei. "You should store actual swords: Innate Swords, to be exact."

"I thought about that," replied Wang Tian. "However, having more than 1 million Innate Swords is unrealistic."

Even with the Dao Opening Sect's deep foundation, he could not get his hands on such a large number of Innate weapons.

"You don't have to use innate swords," countered Wang Wei. "You can use the Pseudo Innate Pill Method to create Pseudo Innate Sword Embryos in your acupoints. Then, when I return the environment to innate, you can absorb innate qi between Heaven and Earth to transform the embryos into real Innate Swords."

"That's a great idea," said Wang Tian, thinking how much more powerful his fleshly body would become after he succeeded. And in return, his swordsmanship will also reach a higher level.

"The only problem is whether I can learn the Pseudo Innate Weapon Method," he said with a frown. His talent is skewed; he has such a tremendous talent for the sword that he is subpar regarding other things like pill refining, talisman making, and other professions.

"You have plenty of time to learn," commented Yu Yan. "Plus, you can have someone refine the Sword Embryo for you; you only need to use your blood and soul mark in the process."

"Mom's right," said Wang Wei. "So, don't worry too much about it."

Wang Tian nodded, "Then, it's decided."

"One last thing," added Wang Wei. "Are you going to fuse the [Forging Sword Body] into your [Absolute Cut Sutra] or leave it as a separate technique?"

"Both," he replied. "I want future generations who cultivate my technique to not make the same mistake as me and cultivate their bodies. I also think it can be used as a unique body refining technique for the sect."

"It's a good idea, but you should reduce the difficulty of cultivating this technique."

"What do you mean?" asked Wang Tian.

"Do you think anyone is you and can condense your unique Sword Qi?" explained Yu Yan and a look of realization dawned on Wang Tian. He did not use regular Sword Qi that most swordsmen can use by imbuing the sharpness of swords into their Qi/energy. His Sword Qi originated from cultivating more than a trillion different swordsmanship, taking their essence and condensing them into Sword Qi.

His method requires extremely high swordsmanship talent and a lot of time. Wang Tian took more than two generations before he succeeded.

"You guys are right, but I'm not happy. If a person is not talented enough, they should not be cultivating my technique," complained Wang Tian.

"You should think more about the sect," added Yu Yan. "The Ancient Desolate Body Refining Scripture] is one of the sect's most powerful and unique scriptures, but few people can cultivate it. I'm sure the Desolate Emperor regretted not leaving a weaker version that was easier to cultivate."

"I agree with her." Wang Wei was in the same situation as his father since he could foresee that few people would be able to cultivate his Transcending Fate Sutra. So, he left more accessible versions and things anyone could learn from; for example, how to open the Chakra and develop a more potent Divine Body Realm.

"Don't nag: I will do it," replied Wang Tian, his face immediately pale as soon these words came out of his mouth.

"What did you say?" asked Yu Yan, her eyes even scarier than Grand Dao. "So, you got a little power, and now think you can do whatever you want."

"No, no, no: wife, I did not mean that—it was a slip of the tongue," hurriedly explained Wang Tian. Unfortunately, his attempt was useless, so he looked at his son, hoping for assistance. Sadly, the latter looked like he did not see his signals, making him clench his teeth.

"Do you have any ideas to make this technique easier?" asked Wang Tian, trying to change the subject.

'I'll deal with you later,' Yu Yan told him through Divine Sense, making Wang Tian's heart skip a beat—he knew he was done.

"You can use Metal Qi for cultivation," suggested Wang Wei. "Sharp Metal Qi from swords would be ideal." Any metal or spiritual ore can release Metal or Gold Qi from the five elements. And the ones released from weapons like swords have certain properties which are perfect for cultivating the [Forging Sword Body].

"I'll add the lesser version," said Wang Tian, agreeing with his son that this method would indeed lower the requirement. The sect has a secret realm full of swords from past swordsmen; disciples can enter to comprehend their Sword Will. In the future, they can also enter to temper their bodies with his technique.

"By the way, I sense my father was not in his hut: did something happened?"

"The old man left his seclusion, and most of his Dao Heart was healed," said Wang Wei.

"Really? That's good news." Wang Tian has been with his father for many years, and he knew the latter was holding on by a thread; things got worse after his mother's death, but Wang Tian never noticed until way later.

For many years, he lived in fear that he would wake up one day and his father would tell him he decided to join his mother in Samsara.

One of the driving forces behind his desire to prove the Dao was to find a way to cure his father's Dao Heart. Unfortunately, fate was not on his side, and there was no Heaven Will Battle in his generation. Alas, he had to leave everything to his son.

Many thoughts flashed in Wang Tian's mind. He remembered how he did not fight or argue against the name his father chose for his son: Wang Wei meaning Great King. His name meant "King of Heaven," so his son should not have such a common name.

However, he did not dare take away the joy of naming his grandson from the old man for fear he might be driven to the edge and do something irrevocable. So, he and his wife decided to let him choose the name, no matter what it was.

"I'm glad he's alright after so many years," said Wang Tian with great relief. Yu Yan lay on his shoulder, caressing his back.

"Where is he now?"

"I send him to the secret realm."

"It's good for him to increase his strength and foundation," nodded Wang Tian, who knew and participated in creating Wang Chang's secret realm. "He will have a much higher chance of defeating Emperor Nine Suns."

"What's your plan?" asked Wang Wei, who felt his father might have been lost in the past if he did not change the subject; he did not want to make him sad like the old man, forcing him to get drunk while reminiscing about the past.

"I have a battle rendezvous with Ji Lanfanf," said Wang Tian with brilliant eyes. "He should be coming in a few weeks."

"Really? Excellent."

"Why do you sound more excited than me?" asked Wang Tian.

"Who doesn't like a good battle? Not to mention two geniuses swordsmen who walked the same but different path."

"Indeed; I'm also excited."

"Do you want to make an event out of this battle?"

"There is no need," replied Wang Tian. "Anyway, we won't be able to hide it."

"True."

A week later, Wang Tian left the sect to a deserted domain in the central continent.

Chapter 726 Ultimate Swordsmanship Showdown (I)

Wang Tian sat next to a boulder, waiting for the appointed time. He was dressed in all white, showing the demeanor of a peerless swordsman unstained by the dust of the mortal world.

Despite his middle-aged appearance, his looks could only be described as godlike or a face that even the Heavens would be jealous of. His black danced with the wind, displaying his peaceful nature as he blended with the surrounding.

Wang Tian conquered an entire generation not only because of his unmatched strength but also because of his handsome face. In his generation, he could not think how many Saintess, Young Lady, Sect Madame, and Empress felt for his peerless look. Many of these peerless women wanted to kidnap him and place him under house arrest so he could become their companion or plaything.

In some ways, Wang Tian had to become powerful. Otherwise, his fate would have been worse than death.

Despite how popular he was in his generation, Wang Tian was glad he ended up with his current wife. Influenced by his father, he never considered having more than one companion. However, most of the women in his generation only saw his peerless look and talent. And Yu Yan saw beyond the surface and saw his core: a simple or straightforward sword lover with a lot of emotional baggage.

During his cultivation journey, he interacted on many occasions with Yu Yan, and they always had a connection. However, they restrained themselves until they almost died inside the Blood Earth.

During that moment of desperation, as they entrusted each other lives to an "enemy," they could no longer suppress how they felt and admitted their feelings. Wang Tian remembered that day as if it was yesterday despite nearly a million years almost passed.

On that day, he liberated his mind and, in turn, his sword. His swordsmanship reached another level, allowing him to forge a blood path from that dangerous Forbidden Land.

After exiting the Blood Earth, Wang Tian realized his sword was no longer lonely; he no longer was practicing the sword only for himself—he had something to protect.

A few hours passed as Wang Tian awaited his opponent's arrival. He did not mind the wait since he could take the time to organize his mind and ensure he was in the peak shape for this battle.

Then, he sensed something and looked in one direction. Ji Lanfang, dressed in a blue robe with an alcohol gourd in his hand, rode on a giant sword, flying toward Wang Tian. Ji Lanfang was no longer as sloppy and unrepresentable as in the Deception Trial. Instead, he looked handsome in his blue Taoist Robe, exuding a more noble and sword-immortal vibe.

The only thing that destroyed his image was the strong smell of alcohol.

"Fellow Daoist, I'm sorry for my tardiness. Traveling in the Endless Void is not easy, " Ji Lanfang said as he put the flying sword away.

"It's fine. I'm just glad Fellow Daoist was willing to travel from so far away," replied Wang Tian. Although they've become close over the years, installing a Trans-World Transmission Array was inappropriate. Plus, it was too expensive, and the current Myriad Emperor World was in a semi-closed state.

As such, they discussed and agreed for Ji Lanfang to come here for the battle since he did not have to worry about his fellow competitors gathering information on him.

Then, the drunk swordsman frowned as he looked at Wang Tian.

"Such vitality, you've tempered your body?"

"Yes," replied Wang Tian, not hiding the truth.

"Why? I thought we walked the same path." Ji Lanfang did not hide his disappointment; he thought he had found a peer after so many years, but now, he might have been wrong.

"I was, but I learned our previous path was wrong."

"That is a bold statement," said Ji Lanfang with squinted eyes. The path of pure swordsmanship has existed since the beginning of time. So, he did not know whether his new friend was arrogant or he truly transcended that path and found a better one.

"But it's the truth," calmly added Wang Tian.

"Even if what you say is true, do you think body refining is the proper way for swordsmen?"

"You won't understand until you experience it yourself," added Wang Tian, not wanting to argue; he wanted to use actions to show his friends he was walking on the wrong path.

"Yes, as the sages said: actions speak louder than words," nodded Ji Lanfang.

"Before we begin, can you tell me your maximum power?"

Ji Lanfang hesitated for a moment before replying, "5-Leaf peak."

"I have 7-Leaf Peak, so I will seal myself to the same strength."

Ji Lanfang readily agreed; this was the best method to determine whose swordsmanship or path was the best. He took out a black sword and gently caressed it.

"The sword is called Black Lotus, and it's my proving Dao artifact. This was the first sword I ever touched when I was five years old, and it has accompanied me throughout many battles. In my world, it is known as the Swordsmen Reaper."

Wang Tian was envious as he heard Ji Lanfang's description; he wished his first sword could accompany him throughout his life. Unfortunately, he had to cast a new one in the Divine Body Realm as he cast his Proving Dao Artifact.

He kept that sword and hoped to pass it to his son as a form of a family inheritance. Unfortunately, his son crushed his dream when he chose not to be a swordsman.

Wang Tian waved his hand, and a blue sword appeared in his hand. Following Ji Lanfang's example, he explained the name of his sword.

"This sword is called [Life Cycle], named in honor of my mother."

He reminisced for a moment before continuing, "I have traveled all over the five continents, defeating all the swordsmen of my generation and the previous, substantiating my status as the greatest swordsman.

"And one day, I will have the entire Endless Void acknowledge this title."

"I never knew Fellow Daoist was so ambitious."

"I have to hide my edges because I know this is not my era," replied Wang Tian with a smile. "But now, my son has grown up, and his light is already shining brilliantly, so there is no need for me to hide anymore."

Ji Lanfang nodded even though he could not relate on a personal level. He had no children and was the brightest star of his generation. Just like Wang Tian, he suppressed all his peers to the point of suffocating them.

"The greatest swordsmen of the lower dimension. That's an interesting title," commented Ji Lanfang. Although he had never thought about such a thing, he suddenly had the desire to have this title. However, he still said, "This is not an easy title to acquire."

He was not only referring to the strength required to gain such a title but how feasible the entire idea was. There are 3000 World Communities with billions of worlds and trillions of swordsmen. So, a swordsman would need to defeat many people for this title to be acknowledged or accepted by Heaven and Earth. Unfortunately, it was not feasible to get so many swordsmen together.

"I have my way," said Wang Tian, who was not lying; one of his son's plans inspired him, so he had an idea on how to acquire the title of strongest swordsman after proving the Dao.

"It's good to be ambitious and take steps to achieve one goal," said Ji Lanfang. "However, you must first get past me before you can talk about being the best."

As he said these words, he gathered his Sword Will before floating in the air.

"No problem," replied Wang Tian with a smile, following him in his actions.

Twink!

As these two gather their Sword Wills, countless swords flesh from different directions of the Central Continent, floating in the void outside the domain where their battle took place.

The masters of these swords tried to prevent their swords from flying away, but it was pointless. Swords after sword left their masters, floating in the void as they wished to experience this ultimate battle of swordsmanship.

And this phenomenon did not only occur in the Central Continent. The East, West, South, and Northern swordsmen and sword users experienced the same thing. Their swords flew from their control and fled to the Central Continent, floating in the void. Most of these swords left their masters' Sea of Consciousness.

Only a few rare swordsmen could stop their swords from flying away. Regardless, they still had to fight the restlessness of their swords, trying to prevent them from leaving.

As such, the entire world became alarmed as they searched for the source of this phenomenon. Numerous Emperor Lineages and below used different means before discovering Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang's battle.

They became in awe and immediately realized this was an opportunity—especially for swordsmen and sword users. They will learn a significant amount by watching this peak battle.

Chapter 727 Ultimate Swordsmanship Showdown (L1)

The two brewed their aura and Sword Will to the peak. They observed each other closely, monitoring every aspect of their opponents—including breathing, eye movement, and muscle contraction.

Then, once their momentum peaked, Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang moved. In an instant, they met in the air and fought.

Twink! Twink! Twink!

Their swords clashed, creating brilliant silver light in the air. Whether it was Wang Tian or Ji Lanfang, none used the energy inside their bodies or the laws they cultivated. Their clash was pure swordsmanship, relying on the fundamentals of the sword, like cutting, stabbing, parrying, and other moves.

Their battle was like two mortal swordsmen battling without relying on cultivation or supernatural powers.

The sound of metal clashing echoed throughout the sky. These two swordsmen reached the pinnacle of their craft. However, like every person who dares call themselves as 'swordsmen,' they started by learning and practicing the basic of the sword when they were nothing but children.

With their talent, it only took a few days to master the basics and learn more advanced swordsmanship that involved more variations and application of power. However, these geniuses never stopped practicing the basic.

Whenever they had time, when they encountered a bottleneck in their swordsmanship, when they felt sad, happy, or myriad of emotions—they would always return to the basic.

And today, they displayed that solid foundation. Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang only used the most basic of swordsmanship that children first learn once they begin their journey with the sword. However, every one of their attacks contained Dao Rhymes, showing how they resonate with Heaven and Earth. Many swordsmen watching this battle entered a state of enlightenment just by watching these people's display of basic swordsmanship.

After fighting for nearly two hours with no victor, the two suddenly separated. And without saying anything, they attacked each other from afar with sword slashes.

They began with the first level of sword slash, which simply involved converting the energy inside their bodies into a sharp attribute and transferring them out through their weapons.

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang slashed nine times, canceling each other's attacks. Their eyes brightened before they decided to elevate the skills of this battle. So, they used second-level sword slashes.

They waved their swords and created moon-shaped slashes to defeat each other; they attacked 18 times and were still equal. The second-level sword slashes did not come from the energy from their bodies; they came from pure skill.

The slash resulted from them controlling the airflow of the surroundings to control the wind and generating wind slashes; this level of sword slash required extreme control and understanding of the sword.

After the tie, the two did not hesitate or waste time; they tested the third level of sword slash. This level involved using the sword to resonate and control the Spiritual Qi between Heaven and Earth.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang used 27 third-level sword slashes, but each attack canceled the other out. Nevertheless, their aura ab momentum continued to rise as they pushed themselves to the limit of their skills.

Four-level slash: when the sword skill is so refined and superb, the swordsman can use the very fabric of space to cut the opponent.

Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang held their swords and slashed each other. The two seemed connected to their swords as if they were an extension of it, the fabric of space bending to their will as they slashed their opponents. No energy, soul, or law fluctuations emanated from their bodies.

After 36 attacks, the two stops since the result was the same as the previous contests. However, they knew the battle had just begun. Wang Tian suddenly stopped using his swords and used his index and middle finger together as a sword before making a slashing motion. Ji Lanfang followed his example and did the same.

Numerous sword slashes and energy manifested in the sky. And this time, they were not only moon-shaped but took multiple forms. There were wave-shaped sword slashes, tornado-shaped, and spiral-shaped.

Additionally, the attacks did not only originate from these two swordsmen. They came from the grass on the ground, the dirt, the mountains, and the surrounding forests. With these two's attacks,

everything turned into a supreme sword that could slash the brilliant stars in the sky or the all-encompassing Heaven and Earth.

The two made 45 attacks before stopping this confrontation, changing to another category: Sword of the Soul. Each attack directly targeted the other's Primordial Spirit or True Spirit.

Before cultivating, the soul is both a real and non-existent thing; it exists in a spiritual plane where reality and fantasy meet. However, these two swordsmen—using only their skills and no cultivation—can touch this place of existence and non-existence with their swords.

After 54 attacks and still being equal, they elevated their skills to another level, focusing on using the Power of Heaven and Earth.

On Wang Tian's swords, 63 massive blue swords appeared between Heaven and Earth. Ji Lanfang was not intimidated nor backed down. He mobilized the Power of Heaven and Earth and created the same quantity of black swords.

Bang!

A maelstrom of sword energy devastated everything in the surrounding billion of kilometers, damaging the already deserted Domain beyond repair. The sky separated into two, appearing as if two supreme swords were confronting each other.

Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang looked at each other with excitement while ignoring the devastation of the surrounding environment. Their momentum kept rising as their understanding of swordsmanship increased at a noticeable rate.

And they were not the only ones. Any swordsmen or sword users watching this battle learned a thing or two. However, the two did not care about these other people as they focused on each other.

Wang Tian waved his sword to create 1.269 trillion Sword Qi. No, these were Sword Essences, condensed from cultivating different sword techniques, taking their core, and creating Sword Qi. The Sword Qi fused to form 72 different swords floating before Wang Tian.

Ji Lanfang squinted his eyes after seeing this before sighing. He followed the same and created 1.269 trillion Sword Qi too. Unfortunately, only 300 billion were unique, while he condensed the remaining ones with Speed Essence.

Boom!

The 72 swords clashed, generating a terrifying power that could easily wipe a Quasi Emperor into oblivion. The two floated in the sky, intact and untouched, their aura not diminishing in the slightest. Nevertheless, Ji Lanfang secretly shook his head as he knew he had lost despite the equal outcome of the 72 swords.

In this stage of their Sword Realms, his opponent went deeper than him and had a more profound foundation. Regardless, it was not over since the battle had just begun.

Ji Lanfang regained his composure and focused on this battle; he gathered and condensed his Sword Will. As the name implies, Sword Wills are the manifestations of a Swordsman's Path; it is both a prototype of their Dao and a representation of their Will, a condensed representation of all their swordsmanship skills and abilities.

Only once a swordsman reaches a higher realm could they acquire their Sword Will, which is one of the things used to distinguish between a swordsman and a sword user since the latter does usually not have a Sword Will.

Ji Lanfang created 81 swords formed from his Sword Will, which embodied unexplainable speed. His Sword Will involved the concept that only absolute speed equals absolute power. With speed, there is no obstacle the sword cannot overcome—whether it is myriad laws, the soul, the Dao, or any concepts between Heaven and Earth.

Wang Tian's eyes brightened, unable to contain his excitement; he could not remember the last time he met a worthy challenger in the Way of the Sword. Without hesitation, he also gathered his Sword Will and created 81 swords.

His Sword Will was also an extreme one, like Ji Lanfang's. However, instead of focusing on speed, he focused on cutting. Wang Tian's Sword Will manifested his desire to cut everything between Heaven and Earth—time, space, matter, energy, soul, living and nonliving, everything existing and nonexistent concept, and all truths and falseness.

Boom!

The 162 Swords clashed, shaking the fabric of space-time in this Domain. The clash destroyed everything in the surroundings; however, the very fabric of this domain was embedded with the sword intent of these two peerless swordsmen.

In the future, this domain will become a paradise for all swordsmen all over the Myriad Emperor World.

"Another tie," commented Ji Lanfang as his first words since the battle began.

"Indeed," agreed Wang Tian, who felt refreshed and free after this short confrontation. He could foresee his swordsmanship taking great strides after this battle, and it should be the same for his opponent.

"We still have two realms to test out," added Ji Lanfang. "Let's see if we can decide a victor."

Wang Tian nodded, but he had an unknown and mysterious smile. Ji Lanfang did not know the meaning of that smile and thought the opponent was confident. So, his competitive nature stirred up as he, too, was confident in his victory.

Chapter 728 Ultimate Swordsmanship Showdown (LII)

Eastern Azure Dragon Continent, Sword Casting Villa:

Villa Master Jian Yi stood before a formation, watching Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang battle it out like mortals, using only pure swordsmanship. As he experienced this peak demonstration of skills, he remembered the first time he picked a sword, learning the basic moves of the sword.

'Is this why he's so better than me?' he asked himself. Over the years, he has cultivated basic swordsmanship, returning to the basics to reach higher realms. However, he was not as consistent as he should have been.

Instead, he focused on practicing and cultivating more powerful and unique sword techniques, hoping to find a way to surpass Wang Tian and avenge the humiliation of that generation.

Jian Yi has never forgotten that year. Wang Tian had just entered the Saint Realm, so he decided to build momentum for himself before the final battle. So, he left the Dao Opening Sect and challenged every swordsman with a decent reputation.

During this grand journey of swordsmanship, the Emperor Lineages, who focused on swordsmanship, suffered the greatest humiliation as Wang Tian suppressed the younger and older generations. During that time, many swordsmen broke their swords and swore never to touch a sword and practice' they cut off their Sword Path after seeing how high Wang Tian's swordsmanship reached.

'Back then, he did not have such a deep foundation and still suppressed a generation of swordsmen. Now, I cannot fathom how high he's reached,' thought Jian Yi with a look of desolation.

He took a moment to control his emotions before taking out his swords. It was blue similar to Wang Tian, but with clouds designed on them. This sword was the first sword he ever forged, and he used it as his Proving Dao Artifact. It was blue similar to Wang Tian, but with clouds designed on them.

At that time, he was young and inexperienced, so he gave the sword a simple and direct name: Blue Cloud.

Without saying much, Jian Yi practiced basic swordsmanship as he watched the two clash. In a few hours, his Sword Realm drastically improved, thus also increasing his overall strength.

Jian Yi exhaled deeply as he finally found a way to improve moving forward. The irony is the answer was simple: practice the basic. He shook his head with a wry smile before saying: "Someone, come."

"Villa Master," said a disciple who bowed after entering the room. Jian Yi paused after hearing these words as a more profound sadness enveloped him. Their Sword Casting Villa should have already elected a new Villa Master. Unfortunately, no one in the current generation is talented enough to take the post.

"Go bring Shuang'er," he ordered after calming down his emotions. The disciple was momentarily surprised, but he did not say anything else. A few minutes later, he escorted a handsome young man in a wheelchair.

Jian Wushuang sat in the wheelchair with a listless aura and no expression. Even though someone pushed him inside, even though he met his master, he had a blank look and was not responsive.

Jian Yi looked at his disciple with pain in his eyes. No matter what the villa tried, they could not cure Jian Wushuang. So, they understood that the latter needed to get out of this situation on his own.

A cunning light flashed in Jian Yi's eyes as he rolled Jian Wushuang's wheelchair before the formation, allowing him to experience this peak swordsmanship battle.

Meanwhile, Wang Tian and Ji Lanfang's battle continued in the Central Qilin Continent.

After the previous 81 swords, the two chatted briefly before continuing their demonstration. They waved their swords to create 90 swords before them. And this time, the power of law echoed from their bodies.

Despite the appearance of the Power of Law, this battle was still a display of pure skills. Technically speaking, a mortal swordsman could cultivate their swordsmanship realm to the level of controlling the laws.

However, such action would result in their death after one attack. And that's because, without sufficient cultivation realms, their souls and body cannot withstand utilizing such a level of power.

Of course, for a mortal to achieve such a feat, they must have a high talent like Sword Empress, Wang Tian, and Ji Lanfang. And they would need some level of luck or opportunity.

The 90 swords clashed together: Ji Lanfang's Absolute Speed Law and Wang Tian's Absolute Cut Law confronted each other, trying to determine which person has the most profound comprehension of Sword Law.

The sounds of swords howling echoed between Heaven and Earth. Potent Sword Energy shone through the sky, cutting anything in their paths. All laws in the domain were scattered, leaving room only for the Law of Sword to reign supreme.

"Still a tie," commented Wang Tian with bright eyes.

"Indeed," replied Ji Lanfang with a slight surprise. He thought his friend's realm would be tainted after losing his "purity" after tempering his body. But so far, there are no indications of such a thing.

"Then, let's continue."

"As you wish," nodded Ji Lanfang as he condensed 99 Swords before him. And as soon as they appeared, Heaven and Earth changed. Ji Lanfang took complete control of the laws of the surrounding environment. At that moment, he was Heavenly Dao and determined how the Sword Laws of Heaven and Earth operated.

And Wang Tian did not fall behind. He deployed his Sword Domain which manifested in the form of 99 swords.

The domain suddenly separated into two. If a swordsman stood by Ji Lanfang's side, they would discover they could only use fast swords. They could not use slow sword techniques, elegant sword techniques, variations sword techniques, or deceptive techniques.

And if they were on Wang Tian's side, they would discover they could not stab, parry, sweep, or evade—they could only cut.

The two forcibly bend the laws of reality in their surrounding, forcing their Swords' Path on the world, forcing Heaven and Earth to acknowledge their Sword Dao as the "correct" rule of the universe.

Bang!

The 99 Swords clashed, creating devastating power. The vortex of energy produced by their clash is enough to kill 1 or 2 Leaf Immortal Venerable.

Many people became scared after seeing the aftermath—especially members of the older generation; they did not imagine Wang Tian would reach such a level. The current generation—who previously looked down on the former because of the lack of people who broke the barrier between Mortal and Immortal—finally showed some respect.

Swordsmen throughout the Myriad Emperor had complicated emotions. They were proud as Wang Tian showed the world why they were considered the type of cultivator with the greatest attacks.

Simultaneously, they despaired as they realized the immense difference between them and the pinnacle of swordsmanship. Most gave up as they saw what the pinnacle looked like, but a few became motivated and decided to follow Wang Tian's path to death—even if they could never reach such a level.

Wang Tian secretly sighed after the aftermath of their confrontation ended. He lost by a slight margin in the confrontation—just like Ji Lanfang did during their clash with Sword Essence.

"It's a tie again," said Ji Lanfang this time around.

"True."

"Then, it seems we need to decide the final victor with an actual battle," he added. Previously, they only tested their realm. But an actual battle involved myriad things like their soul, energy quantity inside their bodies, control of laws, battle experience, and tactics.

"No, you have already lost," Wang Tian declared boldly.

"What do you mean?"

"Sword Domain is not the highest realm of swordsmanship, and there are not only 11 realms, but twelve."

In the previous battle, the two displayed all the realms or stages a swordsman would experience throughout their lives. Everyone began with learning and mastering basic swordsmanship before entering the first stage: sword slash. There are four levels of sword slash, and each realm requires more skills.

The fifth realm is Sword Heart: the swordsman is no longer limited by the sword in his hand. In this realm, a piece of wood, hair, or a string of grass can be a sword.

Afterward is the Soul Sword or Mind Sword. In this realm, the swordsmen's attacks are no longer limited to physical aspects and can touch ethereal or nonreal concepts like the soul.

The seventh stage is when swordsmen begin to control the power of Heaven and Earth. In some cultivation systems, the swordsman has to comprehend Sword Intent before slowly reaching the stage of controlling the Power of Heaven and Earth. In others, they directly do it.

The eighth stage is Sword Essence, which requires swordsmen to gather the essence of countless sword techniques and incorporate it into their own, thus strengthening their foundation. The ninth

stage condenses all these Sword Essences into the manifestation of a swordsman's path—their Sword Will.

The tenth stage is to control the Law, and the eleventh stage is the Sword Domain, where a swordsman has absolute control of the law, imposing his own Sword Dao on the world.

These stages are not all the swordsmanship realms, and depending on the cultivation systems, some swordsmen will not follow a linear path when cultivating these realms. For example, some people will condense their Sword Will first before nourishing it with their Sword Essence.

And many swordsmen will skip the fourth level of Sword Slash or would cultivate it after reaching higher realms.

"I call this realm Sword and Sword Unity," said Wang Tian with a smile.

Chapter 729 Ultimate Swordsmanship Showdown (IV)

Ji Lanfang frowned as he immediately became more serious. Swordsmen must enter the realm of Human and Sword Unity to reach the four stages of Sword Slash.

There is also the realm of Human and Heaven Unity, which granted cultivators a higher level of control of Spiritual Qi and, eventually, the power of Heaven and Earth. However, this realm is not a realm that only swordsmen can achieve. Many cultivation systems require cultivators to reach the Human and Heaven Unity stage before they can comprehend and wield the power of Law.

However, with all his knowledge and experience, he had never heard of Sword and Sword Unity.

"This realm is easy to understand," said Wang Tian with a smile. "My body is the sword, my heart is the sword, and I hold a sword—I am the ultimate sword."

A terrifying momentum emanated from his body. He harnessed the power of his fleshly body, but oddly, it was not the power of blood energy: it was the power of a supreme sword.

Ji Lanfang looked at his opponent in shock. His vision changed, and what he saw was no longer Wang Tian but an actual sword; it was like the person before him had abandoned its fleshly body and turned into a real physical sword.

Wang Tian swung his sword to create 108 blades that fused into an enormous blue sword. Ji Lanfang's face changed as he mobilized his Sword Domain to respond. He also condensed 108 swords that combined.

Unfortunately, it was pointless. Wang Tian's attack cut through his sword like a sharp knife cutting through butter. And it was meaningless no matter how Ji Lanfang responded; that sword cut anything in its path.

Luckily for him, this was not a life-and-death battle, so Wang Tian stopped the sword from erasing him from the mortal coil.

Li Lanfang looked dazed, as if he had lost his mind.

"Is this the true realm of One Sword Breaking Myriad Laws?" he muttered to himself, but everyone watching through different means could hear him. Regardless, he did not care about these people as he was lost in his own mind.

"Nine is extreme, and 12 is perfection. The perfect Sword Realm: body, soul, and mind are all swords. So, we were wrong all along." Ji Lanfang's face underwent multiple changes; it appeared as if he was struggling with something, struggling to accept the truth.

"Hahahaha, so we were all wrong," he said with delirious in his voice. "We focused so much on pureness that we strayed from the true path of swordsmanship. How ridiculous."

Ji Lanfang was not the person whose mind was shocked by this revelation. All swordsmen who reached the Sword Law and Domain stage and thought they had reached the ultimate stage of swordsmanship had a similar reaction.

They realized they must temper their bodies to reach the same stage as Wang Tian. However, how could they easily accept their path was wrong? The idea of pursuing the ultimate attack of the sword by ignoring the body has been engrained in their souls and bloodlines for millions of generations.

This idea has become their core; it has formed their belief and personal philosophy, so how could they easily accept they were wrong?

Crack!

The whole world simultaneously heard a cracking sound. Many people were confused, but only a few knew this resulted from countless swordsmen having their Dao hearts broken.

Throughout the Myriad Emperor World, all swordsmen of a sufficient realm suddenly spewed a mouthful of blood and became extremely pale.

Sword Casting Villa:

Jian Yi looked at the screen with a pale face. He wiped out the blood from the corner of his mouth, trying extremely hard to reign in his mind. However, this task was more challenging than he imagined. All he could think about was his path was wrong, and he could not accept this.

'Maybe Wang Tian is wrong. Maybe he entered this stage for a different reason.' He repeated this thought over and over, trying to convince himself. Unfortunately, the evidence was right before him.

Jian Yi took a deep breath and swallowed several pills to help with his injury. The best choice for him would be to enter seclusion to heal properly. However, he knew he must watch this battle to the end.

While Jian Yi was distracted, something extraordinary occurred. Jian Wushuang suddenly moved one of his fingers. At first, it was barely perceivable, but with the passage of time, he truly moved his finger.

"Shuang'er, you!" asked Jian Yi with shock. He received no response, but he could still not control the joy on his face. He watched as Jian Wushuang moved his fingers over and over. Jian Yi did not waste time and called one of the villa's ancestors to check the situation.

Dao Opening Sect:

The ancestors—who were also watching this battle—rapidly looked at Sword One with a worried look. They detected many of the sect's swordsmen also spewed blood and even had their Dao Heart broken.

Luckily, their worry was in vain.

A powerful and mysterious aura suddenly enveloped Sword One as she looked in a daze at the Visual Transmission Array. A few seconds later, she muttered, "Is this the Sword and Sword Unity Realm? Besides the terrible name, it's not bad at all."

"You?" asked Origin One.

"The Empress already told me of this realm and forced me to temper my body. However, I could not enter it before now."

Tempering the body was a requirement to reach this realm, but it was not guaranteed.

"Your strength?" asked Origin One with excitement.

"I don't know exactly, but I'm no longer afraid of these old Immortal Sovereigns."

Sword One was confident she would not need the help of the Human Preservation Array to find the Immortal Sovereign from the Spirit Genesis Sect.

"Good, good, good."

...

Wang Tian sighed as he felt the change between Heaven and Earth. He predicted this outcome before the battle. However, he knew his action was necessary for the Sword Path to continue forward and prosper.

The swords must break before being reforged into something stronger. He knew many people would not accept his new ideology and concept even with conclusive evidence his path was the best. Regardless, he prepared to lay the foundation for this new path so it could become mainstream in a few generations.

As for the pushback he would receive from the majority of swordsmen? Wang Tian did not care and prepared to suppress all of them after proving the Dao.

'My Sword Path will become the orthodox way; I will ensure that.'

Ji Lanfang finally calmed down and regained his bearing.

"I lost," he said calmly. "However, I have not given up on my path."

He gathered his momentum again, his eyes shining brighter than before. "Let's decide which path is the best."

"Why are you being stubborn? You should know the outcome of this battle before it even started," convinced Wang Tian.

"I'm not being stubborn." Ji Lanfang was telling the truth. He knew Wang Tian's path was the best, and he even considered changing his path.

"I have cultivated this path for 230 million years," Ji Lanfang sighed. "I cannot give up so easily."

"I understand," replied Wang Tian. When the Sword Empress first suggested he tempered his body, he also refused even though he knew she was a Paragon and walked farther than him in the Dao of the Sword. And if not for his enlightenment, he would have never reached the current realm.

Wang Tian took a deep breath before also gathering his aura and momentum. He understood Ji Lanfang's last struggle was the manifestation of the desire of all the swordsmen of the old path.

Once Wang Tian defeats him, it will signify that the new Sword Path has triumphed over the old one: a new era for the Sword Dao will officially begin.

"Are you ready?" asked Wang Tian.

"I am."

"Then, let's begin."

Ji Lanfang nodded before gathering his Essence, Qi, and Spirit, ensuring they reached the peak. Then, he mobilized his law before slashing his sword.

The attack was so fast that matter, space-time, Heaven and Earth, and even fate could not catch its trajectory.

99% of swordsmen, or even cultivators, watching this legendary battle could not follow the trajectory of this sword. And even the people who could not see it but could only feel it.

Unfortunately, nothing happened when the strike reached Wang Tian. He floated in the air in the same place, not a scratch on his clothes. He still had the ethereal and sword-immortal-like atmosphere around him that wooed countless women in his generation.

Ji Lanfang sighed, "You cut my speed?"

"I did," replied Wang Tian. Although he could not react to the speed of the attack, he had a passive Domain surrounding him. So, once Ji Lanfang's attack almost reached him, the Domain responded and cut off the latter's speed.

"Good," said Ji Lanfang, drastically increasing his fighting intent. "This battle has just begun."

Chapter 730 Ultimate Swordsmanship Showdown (V)

Ji Lanfang took a deep breath before rushing to his opponent. He had a terrifying fighting intent in his eyes as he entered a state of no thought and no distraction; he only cared about doing his best to win this unwinnable battle.

[No Distance Strike]

He swung his sword so fast that he ignored the concept of distance, thus drastically increasing the speed of his strike. Unfortunately, it was useless. Wang Tian cut the "no distance" concept of his technique, thus returning distance. In other words, Ji Lanfang's attack could no longer ignore distance and had to travel from point A to point B where Wang Tian.

Ji Lanfang smiled wily as he watched the slow trajectory of his sword heading for Wang Tian, who easily evaded it.

[Beyond Death Strike]

Death is eternal and instant. However, Ji Lanfang's sword is even faster than death itself.

Wang Tian calmly watched this attack; he could feel the terrifying speed and the power of life and death in that strike. Regardless, it was pointless to him. With one strike, he cut off the death and speed power behind that strike.

Meanwhile, Ji Lanfang was not discouraged as he expected this outcome. He followed his previous strike with another technique: [Infinite Speed Momentum].

Slash! Slash! Slash!

With each strike, Ji Lanfang's momentum increased exponentially as those his speed. He touched on the concept of infinite speed and went deep into: 5 times infinite speed, ten times infinite speed, twenty times infinite speed ...

Wang Tian calmly watched the incalculable sword slashes attacking him. The current attacks were beyond his physical senses or his soul sense. However, it did not matter since his passive Domain did its job and slowed once the slashes reached him.

Wang Tian suddenly swung his sword and cut off Ji Lanfang's infinite, forcing him to take a dozen steps backward in the sky.

[Infinite Mass Sword]

Ji Lanfang changed tactics and focused on a heavy attack instead; infinite speed converted into infinite mass. Moreover, Ji Lanfang did not target Wang Tian but directed his strength to affect the domain surrounding his opponent.

With this one strike, the power Law between Heaven shook as Ji Lanfang brought tremendous pressure to the surrounding Domain. His attack was as if a mighty fleshly body used pure force to break the laws of Heaven and Earth.

Wang Tian secretly shook his head. The opponent abandoned the advantage of speed, making things easier for him. He used the passive Domain to boost his sword before slashing.

Crack!

Ji Lanfang lost the infinite mass of his sword, and it became an ordinary attack with ordinary speed or attack potential. He smiled wilyly as he finally understood how the swordsmen in his world felt when they fought him; their despair, helplessness, confusion, and doubt—he experienced them all in this short confrontation.

Luckily, he was not like these swordsmen; his mind and Dao Heart were better than theirs, so he soon regained his clarity and focused—he had not lost yet.

[Traceless Sword]

Ji Lanfang made the posture of the Sword Drawing Technique before rapidly swinging his sword. In this attack, his sword was so fast that it could not be seen, smelled, or detected; it escaped the world's shackles through sheer speed and simply disappeared—it became traceless.

The void around Wang Tian trembled for a moment before returning to normal. His eyes lit up with surprise as this attack had some effect on his Domain. Sadly, it suffered the same fate as the first attack: the domain cut off its concept of "being undetected" and drastically weakened.

"Even this one failed?" muttered Ji Lanfang before shaking his head. "I have two more attacks left. No, three. If you cut them, I'll admit my defeat."

[Future Slash]

A second illusory version of Ji Lanfang appeared next to him, wearing all-white clothes. The two fused before he slashed his swords.

Wang Tian looked in shock as he could not react. However, a potent slash suddenly appeared before him before stopping Ji Lanfang's attack. He sighed in relief as he reviewed that attack.

'He used his unfathomable speed to break the limit of the River of Time, thus accessing a future version of himself; they then fuse their speed to reach an unimaginable slash.'

Wang Tian understood this attack was similar to his son's Future Buddha Self, but Ji Lanfang used his Speed Sword Dao to achieve something similar.

Bloosh!

Ji Lanfang suddenly spewed a mouthful of blood as his complexion became pale. He hurriedly took out a talisman from his space ring and activated it.

"Are you alright?" asked Wang Tian.

"This is just the backlash from the River of Time." He did not cultivate the Law of Time, so using that sword slash will sometime have backlash. Luckily, he's always prepared with a special Time Talisman to help him resist.

"The second attack," continued Ji Lanfang.

"Do you want to recuperate?"

"No need." A ruthless look flashed in Ji Lanfang's eyes as he changed the sword to his left hand. "I've never used this attack before, and everything about it is theoretical; thus, I don't know the final result. So, Fellow Daoist, be careful."

This was only a friendly battle, so Ji Lanfang did not want to kill his friend accidentally.

"I understand," replied Wang Tian, taking the warning seriously.

Then, Ji Lanfang slashed.

[Nothingness Sword]

Nothingness has no form, no shape, and no intent. So, what would happen to a sword traveling to absolute nothingness? A sword with no matter, energy, laws, or concept like motion, distance, or friction to hinder its traveling speed?

The result would be beyond comprehension speed.

Bang!

Wang Tian flew a hundred thousand meters back before stopping. His face was pale, and his aura weakened.

"A sword that touched on nothingness taboo: brilliant," he commented. He would have lost to that sword if it was not for his previous battle with his son and learning how to cut off nothingness.

Suddenly, he frowned.

"Are you alright?" he hurriedly asked.

"Better than I anticipated," replied Ji Lanfang, who was missing his left arm; the thing disappeared after the attack, returning to nothingness.

"You're too reckless," said Wang Tian, but Ji Lanfang did not care. He created this sword but never had the opportunity to use it because he always felt something terrible would happen to him if he did.

So, he was prepared to die after that attack. Luckily, he only lost one arm. Of course, he knew he could not regrow that arm no matter what he did or what resources he used. His only chance is after he proves the Dao and becomes an Emperor.

Regardless, Ji Lanfang did not care since this sword was the pinnacle of his skill, talent, and years of cultivation. Anyway, even with one arm, he was confident of suppressing his peers and becoming the one who sat on the throne.

"I have basically lost this battle," declared Ji Lanfang. "However, I have one last sword, but it is not mine."

He looked in the distance before sighing, "Before then, I would like to apologize for being presumptuous."

He pointed his fingers at the sky, and countless motes of light suddenly flew from different corners of the Myriad Emperor World: the Eastern, Western, Central, Southern, and Northern Continent—all

had motes of light. Most originated from the Eastern Continent, with the Central Continent offering the second most number.

The motes of light gathered together to form an enormous golden sword hanging above Heaven and Earth.

"You want to open a new Sword Path, but most swordsmen will not accept it," said Ji Lanfang. "But now, this is your chance. I've condensed the Will of the current Sword Path. Defeat it, and Heaven and Earth will acknowledge your new Sword Path as the dominant one."

Wang Tian calmly looked at the golden sword in the sky. He could tell it was the final resistance of the swordsmen of the old path. Otherwise, how could an outsider like Ji Lanfang condense such a sword?

"As you wish."

Wang Tian's aura suddenly increased as he gathered all his power—including his new Sword Realm. He swung his sword to create a pure white slash toward his target.

Crack!

Ji Lanfang's face changed as he watched a considerable crack appear in the golden sword, almost separating into two.

"You!"

He did not think his old friend would be so ruthless and cut off most of the old path; this meant from now on, it would become a hundred times more difficult for swordsmen of the old path to cultivate and reach a higher realm of swordsmanship.

The only way forward for these swordsmen is to acknowledge Wang Tian's Sword Path and change their mindset or ideology; that's the only for their swordsmanship cultivation to return to normal.

"It's a shame," commented Wang Tian, sad he could not completely cut it off. "It does not matter; there is still a chance in the future." Once he proves the Dao, the first thing he would do is cut off the old path, forever eliminating from this world.

"Brat, what have you done?" suddenly roared a voice that echoed throughout the sky.

Wang Tian frowned as he looked at the old man who suddenly appeared in the sky.

"I remember you: you're Casting One from the Sword Casting Villa."

Casting One did not answer Wang Tian but looked in the distance.

"Sword One, you're a Sword Cultivator too. Don't you understand the meaning of his actions?"

"Why do you care? Anyway, people on our level won't be affected," replied Sword One.

"That's because he's too weak now," replied Casting One; he could foresee the fate of swordsmen once Wang Tian proved the Dao.

"Plus, I have to consider my sect's foundation."

"Then, change to his path," added Sword One. "His path is better and can increase the strength of your entire sect."

"Do you think it's easy for people to change paths?" Casting One could foresee the devastating catastrophe Wang Tian's actions will have on swords cultivators throughout the Myriad Emperor World.

"I don't care," replied Sword One. "The world is changing, so you guys should change to adapt. Otherwise, prepared to be eliminated by the time."

Casting One gritted his teeth before looking at Wang Tian with terrible killing intent. Then, he gazed at Ji Lanfang with the same eyes but felt another person on his level gazing at him. He understood this foreigner came with an Insurgent to protect him.

He snorted coldly before disappearing; he needed to manage the situation to ensure their sect's foundation was not destroyed.

