The People's God: Sacrificing Trillions to Ascend

Chapter 1056 - Power of the Void Jurisdiction

Quite a few lecturers were keeping an eye on Han Wu's channel. They watched as thousands of powerful creatures poured into his territory, unable to help but worry for him.

"Good lord, just how many tricks has Han Wu been hiding? He's breeding units faster than every other student in his year combined!" one of them exclaimed.

Saliya was also watching Han Wu's channel. As she marveled at his overwhelming strength, she noticed the Wandering Sorcerers lurking in the zone and asked, "Are there supposed to be creatures this powerful among the scheduled invaders?"

The surrounding lecturers followed her gaze and spotted the Wandering Sorcerers activating Spatial Lockdown. Multiple Wandering Sorcerers cast the skill in unison and sealed Han Wu's territory. The portals could still send creatures in endlessly, but nothing inside the Spatial Lockdown could escape.

"Those are absolutely not the creatures that the college arranged!" one lecturer shouted after pulling up the Wandering Sorcerers' full stats.

Realizing something was amiss, Saliya hastily used her authority to recall Han Wu. However, no matter her commands, the civilization's Will didn't respond. She couldn't bring him back.

With no choice but to change tactics, she instead tried to warn Han Wu so he could prepare. She still didn't know the Wandering Sorcerers' intentions, but their unexpected appearance was undoubtedly bad news.

Saliya picked up the broadcasting device, only to discover it had been blocked outside the sealed space. The signal couldn't reach Han Wu at all.

This all but confirmed that this was someone's plot. Their goal was to harm Han Wu during the final exam—perhaps even kill him.

“Hurry, go find the Wisdom God King!” Saliya yelled.

Meanwhile, Han Wu was still fighting off the invading creatures. His Energy Points, treasures, and Sacrifice rewards only grew as the kills piled up.

He extracted all the Sacrifice rewards and merged them to form even more powerful units. As for the treasures, Han Wu similarly screened and merged them before feeding them to suitable units to boost their attack power.

With his powerful units holding the line, Han Wu gradually stabilized his position in Infinite Mode.

That was when he noticed a special invader. It was a spirit made entirely of flame. Flame Spirits were pure elementals and immune to 99% of physical damage. This allowed it to slip past the frontline of Microcosm locusts with ease.

Luckily, the defenses near Han Wu himself weren’t just Microcosm locusts. He had plenty of core race units specializing in elemental attacks. The Nuclear Locusts’ Self Detonation, the War Angels’ light magic, the Umbral Demonesses’ dark magic, and even the Heavenly Dogs’ Moon Eater could all deal massive damage to pure elemental entities.

Strangely enough, killing the Flame Spirit didn’t net Han Wu a Sacrifice reward. There was also no treasure or Energy Points either.

He naturally grew suspicious.

No Sacrifice reward meant the Flame Spirit wasn’t a life form but a construct of pure elements. That was understandable. Even the lack of treasure could be attributed to bad drop rates.

But no Energy Points? That made no sense. The rules clearly stated that killing invaders would yield Energy Points. It felt wrong to kill such a distinctive enemy and get nothing.

One invader giving no Energy Points seemed like a minor issue, but to Han Wu, it felt like a warning. It left him uneasy.

I need to create more and stronger units as fast as possible! Han Wu pushed himself harder.

He rapidly spent every Energy Point on drawing units while extracting every Sacrifice reward available, merging the results to create stronger units.

With the support of his growing army, the first Mythic Titan was born through Merge.

[Mythic Titan: Subcosm life form. Attack method: Physical Blows (area damage). Range: 10,000. Damage: 200,000. Attack interval: 5 seconds.]

[Skill: Power of the Void Jurisdiction. It can release Void Energy that absorbs surrounding energy to deal massive anti-energy damage.]

The moment Han Wu read the Mythic Titan's stats, he understood that he had cultivated a Mythic Titan carrying the embryo of a Void Jurisdiction.

He had a rough grasp of Void as a concept. If elemental energy, qi, demonic energy, and similar forces were considered as positive energy, then Void Energy was negative energy. Void Energy could absorb positive energy to achieve a state of equilibrium. The impact generated during that process was damaging.

With this in mind, Han Wu ordered the Mythic Titan to unleash its Void Jurisdiction power against the enemies ahead. The Mythic Titan obediently coated its fist in Void Energy and threw a devastating punch downward.

Its fist didn't actually reach the ground, stopping some distance above, but the Void Jurisdiction's power rode the shockwave down onto the creatures below.

The invaders' flesh and energy were consumed as positive energy, feeding the negative energy of the Void Jurisdiction until a state of equilibrium was achieved.

That single punch wiped out ninety percent of the creatures in the blast zone. The surviving ten percent barely clung to life. Some had their limbs partially devoured by the Void.

Han Wu couldn't help but gasp in approval. "Incredible!"

This power far exceeded the Jurisdictions any of the previous Mythic Titans had wielded.

Once this Mythic Titan mastered the combat transformation abilities that other Titans possessed, its Void Jurisdiction would become even more devastating. At that point, it could potentially become a Mesocosm fighter.

Although Han Wu had several Subcosm fighters, only he had Mesocosm combat power. He very much wanted this Void Jurisdiction Mythic Titan to become his first Mesocosm unit.

As he was basking in this delight, Han Wu suddenly detected his Microcosm locusts near the portals taking damage.

That's not right. The civilization's Will said that invaders prioritize attacking the host. Why are they attacking my units? Han Wu wondered, sending his consciousness flying toward the portals.

A crowd of Elemental Spirits had gathered near the portals. There were even powerful Subcosm Chaos Spirits among them.

His Microcosm locusts were being picked off one by one under their assault. The sight brought an amused smile to Han Wu's face.

Looks like someone's set me up. That's fine. Let's see what you've got to kill me with!

Chapter 1057 - Subcosm Unit Summoning Ticket

In the Imperial College's exam monitoring room, Xu Hai stared at the bizarre scene unfolding on Han Wu's channel with a deep frown.

"Contact that civilization's Will immediately and demand that it release Han Wu!" he ordered.

"We've already tried," Saliya answered with a hint of frustration. "The Will of that civilization gave no response. We suspect somebody has jammed the signal. We can't control the equipment installed in that civilization remotely either."

These reports had Xu Hai's frown deepening. Someone was clearly sabotaging things behind the scenes, destroying the relevant facilities and blocking the signal transmission between the two civilizations.

"That leaves only one option: Send someone to deliver Imperial College's decision and order the Will of that civilization to release Han Wu," Saliya said. She'd already exhausted every method she could think of.

"I'll handle this mission!" One lecturer volunteered.

This was a golden opportunity to earn favor with both the Wisdom God King and Han Wu. As long as they did a good job, the benefits would be enormous.

Several other lecturers silently cursed their luck. They'd been half a beat too slow and lost the chance to a colleague.

Xu Hai glanced at the volunteer. The man's little scheme was obvious.

It would've been one thing if this were a trivial matter, but this involved Han Wu's safety, and evidence pointed to someone pulling strings behind the scenes. An enemy capable of jamming inter-civilization signals and silently destroying Imperial College's equipment was no ordinary foe.

Xu Hai worried that sending a single Major God lecturer would result in an interception along the way. Losing one Major God lecturer wasn't a big deal, but missing the window to rescue Han Wu because of it would be a catastrophic loss.

"I'll personally head to that civilization and bring Han Wu, as well as every student taking the final exam, back," Xu Hai decided. "Keep an eye on the channels and notify me immediately if anything changes."

"Understood, Your Majesty!" Saliya and the lecturers answered in unison.

The Wisdom God King calculated the distance between the Divine Civilization and that civilization. It would take at least two hours to get there with his Subcosm speed. He departed without delay. Every second saved was a second sooner that Han Wu would be safe.

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On the Chaos Clan's side, Di Bin had received word that Wisdom God King was personally heading to that civilization.

He knew Xu Hai and the Death God King were both Han Wu's backers, and that the former was a relatively new God King. If Di Bin chose to act, he could easily kill Xu Hai.

After a few seconds of thought, though, Di Bin dismissed the idea.

Unlike Han Wu. Xu Hai was a God King. This meant the Divine Civilization's Will paid attention to him. If a God King died under suspicious circumstances outside the civilization, the Will would have people investigate. If they found any connection to the Chaos Clan, there was no way the Wealth Faction would just sit still.

Zhao Zihong had publicly declared in front of numerous powerhouses that the Chaos Clan was forbidden from seeking revenge. Di Bin didn't want to provoke the Wealth Faction unless absolutely necessary.

"Xu Hai needs at least two hours to reach that civilization. I just have to kill Han Wu within those two hours. Better yet, destroy the entire civilization and leave no evidence behind," Di Bin muttered to himself.

He then sent his orders through the pre-arranged special channel to the Wandering Sorcerers busy summoning Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits. The Wandering Sorcerers each pulled a pill from their pockets and swallowed it. Their auras exploded with power, leaping from Microcosm rank straight to Subcosm rank.

This massive power boost came with severe consequences. Their remaining lifespans were cut to less than a single day. However, they had no choice if they wanted to complete the mission.

With their newfound power, the Wandering Sorcerers could call upon far more powerful summons. Subcosm Elemental Spirits appeared one after another and unleashed devastating attacks.

Meteors rained from the sky, ice spread for thousands of miles, and storms swept across the land. Even the air itself crackled with thunder and lightning. Mountains and rivers were devastated as countless Microcosm locusts were beaten half to death.

Han Wu sensed the situation rapidly deteriorating. The powerful enemies entering his territory were growing in number, and his outer units were taking hits left and right. Rather than allowing them to be picked off with no gain, Han Wu decisively activated Sacrifice to offer up every Microcosm locust stationed near the portals.

Their immense Life Energy flowed into the Sacrifice array and formed three options that were unique to the Will of this civilization's rules.

[Option 1: 10 million Energy Points.]

[Option 2: Microcosm treasure, Ghost Slayer. When equipped on a unit, each attack will randomly summon a hundred ghosts to assist.]

[Option 3: Subcosm summoning ticket. Select and summon one Subcosm unit to assist in battle.]

Han Wu analyzed each option and immediately eliminated the first one.

Experience had proven that, with his luck, trying to draw powerful units through Energy Points was hopeless. The 10 million Energy Points play was to summon massive numbers of units, merge them, offer them through Sacrifice, and repeat.

It was a Matryoshka Doll strategy that could produce powerful units, if not for the fact that Han Wu only had one active Sacrifice per day. He didn't have time for that approach.

The Microcosm treasure, Ghost Slayer, seemed decent, but the moment Han Wu saw the word "randomly" in the description, he crossed it off. Once again, considering his terrible luck in this civilization, he didn't believe he'd randomly summon anything useful.

This left only option three, which Han Wu took without hesitation.

He had nine Subcosm units in total. Any one of them could dominate a battlefield. After considering the situation, though, Han Wu selected Dark Locust, as it had recently ascended to the Dark God King.

Dark Locust's abilities were better suited to this civilization than any of his other Subcosm units.

Chapter 1058 - Intensifying Battle

Han Wu selected Dark Locust and used the Subcosm unit summoning ticket.

Every invading creature cowered in fear as its pressure descended. Its aura had become incomparably stronger after ascending as the Dark God King.

Han Wu checked Dark Locust's stats.

[Dark Locust: Subcosm life form. Attack method: Shadow Nail Rain (multi-target). Range: 20,000. Damage: 20,000. Attack interval: 0.01 seconds.]

[Skill 1: Power of the Dark Jurisdiction. Creatures killed by Shadow Nail Rain will be turned into Dark Undead Puppets under Dark Locust's control.]

[Skill 2: Clone Summon. Summons stored Dark Clones with 50% of the original's stats to assist in combat.]

[Skill 3: Dark Self Detonation. Releases a powerful dark-attribute explosion dealing one hundred times the normal damage. All creatures killed in the blast will be turned into Dark Undead Puppets under Dark Locust's control. Dark Locust will regenerate ten seconds after detonating.]

These stats were no joke. Dark Locust's power was on par with the Mythic Titan. The only difference was that the Mythic Titan's Void Jurisdiction was far more devastating than the Dark Jurisdiction.

Han Wu positioned Dark Locust beside himself, where it immediately activated Clone Summon. It had been stockpiling energy and condensing Dark Clones through the Dark Jurisdiction for some time, and this was the perfect moment to deploy them.

Over a hundred Dark Clones, all smaller than the original, materialized around Han Wu. Each one had 50% of Dark Locust's stats and could also use Dark Self Detonation, though they wouldn't regenerate afterward. They were one-time explosives.

Their basic attack, Shadow Nail Rain, maintained its effect as well. Any creature killed would be turned into Dark Undead Puppets.

Over a hundred Dark Clones, plus Dark Locust itself, unleashed Shadow Nail Rain at the incoming invaders. Creatures fell in droves and turned into puppets under Dark Locust's command.

These puppets attacked the Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits. The Dark Energy clinging to the puppets allowed them to deal some damage to the pure elemental entities and temporarily slow their advance. *eel*.

Han Wu used this chance to use Replicate on the Mythic Titan. His two Subcosm fighters simply weren't enough against an army of Subcosm Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits. If he wanted to win, he would have to increase the number of Subcosm units on his side.

Soon, Han Wu's four avatars transformed into four Mythic Titans through Replicate, each wielding the power of the Void Jurisdiction.

As a battle-hardened Major God, Han Wu's combat instincts far surpassed the fresh-faced Mythic Titan. His four avatars fought with greater ferocity and precision than the original Mythic Titan itself.

They worked in perfect unison, unleashing devastating Void Energy that countered the elemental energy and Chaos Energy, slaughtering Subcosm Elemental Spirits one after another.

The Wandering Sorcerers responsible for the summons felt the pressure mount like a boulder on their shoulders. They had planned to overwhelm and crush Han Wu with an army of Subcosm spirits, never expecting that their summoning rate would end up falling behind Han Wu's killing speed.

Spirit after spirit fell to the Void Jurisdiction, and there was nothing the Wandering Sorcerers could do to stop it.

When Di Bin received this intelligence, he was stunned. He had meticulously calculated everything and devised this plan specifically because Han Wu's powers were sealed inside that civilization.

He never imagined Han Wu could still unleash this kind of strength under such harsh restrictions. Not only was Han Wu surviving, but he was actually massacring the spirits Di Bin had sent.

As much as he wanted to admit that he didn't care about the spirits, they were still the Chaos Clan property. It would be hard to explain this level of wastage to the clan.

"No. I can't abandon this operation. I've invested too much effort, resources, and subordinates to give up. I won't be satisfied until Han Wu's dead!" Di Bin growled.

This was the final stretch. He couldn't let Han Wu survive.

Contacting the Wandering Sorcerers through the special channel once again, he ordered them to perform a combined summoning. He still had a Mesocosm Chaos Spirit up his sleeve.

The Wandering Sorcerers had less than a day to live anyway, so they accepted without hesitation. They mustered their last reserves, joined forces, and cast the summoning spell.

An exceedingly violent aura erupted from the summoning array.

Han Wu could feel its immense power even from a distance. It was the kind of pressure that only three or more Elemental Jurisdictions could produce when combined.

His four avatars locked onto the source. A towering Chaos Spirit had appeared. Earth, Fire, and Wind Jurisdiction powers orbited it, gradually fusing into devastating Chaos Energy before being unleashed.

Dozens of Dark Clones and hundreds of powerful units at the front lines of Han Wu's formation were annihilated in an instant. Han Wu suffered massive losses.

His four avatars immediately attacked the Chaos Spirit. Four blasts of his Void Jurisdiction powers struck it simultaneously.

The Void Energy formed a massive negative energy vortex on the Chaos Spirit's body, draining enormous amounts of energy before dissipating. Unfortunately, its effect was negligible to the Mesocosm Chaos Spirit.

Channeling its three Elemental Jurisdictions, it continued to bombard Han Wu's units with devastating force. Each hit killed swathes of them. If this continued, Han Wu would run out of units, and the Chaos Spirit's attacks would be directed toward him instead.

Worse still, the space had been sealed with Spatial Lockdown, which prevented anything or anyone from escaping.

Han Wu's four avatars and two powerful units only equated to six Subcosm fighters. The gap between them and a Mesocosm Chaos Spirit was enormous.

While Han Wu's main body wouldn't die, even if all his avatars were destroyed, it would still suffer catastrophic damage.

The four avatars exchanged glances. Dragging this out would only lead to death. Rather than sitting and waiting for the end, they decided to take a gamble.

Under the restrictions of this civilization's Will, Han Wu only had one option left: Merge. He would merge his four avatars, in their Mythic Titan forms, into a single entity. This wasn't the usual avatar recall. It was a true Merge.

Once completed, only the Merge avatar would remain. The other three avatars would enter a state equivalent to death, and their three abilities would be rendered unusable.

Thankfully, this “death” wasn’t permanent. Given enough time, Han Wu could restore all three abilities. This was his only path forward in this crisis.

: Chapter 1059

Chapter 1059 - Void Jurisdiction

Han Wu didn’t hesitate to activate Merge and fuse all four avatars. The four avatars were identical in every way except their abilities, so there were no complications.

Four Subcosm Mythic Titans thus became one Mesocosm Mythic Titan. This was the absolute limit of power Han Wu’s main body could sustain.

The fusion had combined the four Void Jurisdiction embryos and multiplied their power dozens of times over. While it still fell short of a true Void Jurisdiction, it was enough.

The Mesocosm Mythic Titan towered over 100,000 meters tall. Han Wu wasted no time aiming the Void Jurisdiction’s power at the Chaos Spirit and attacking.

A terrifying force rode alongside the Void Energy, tearing the very fabric of the world apart. The civilization cracked and crumbled under the impact.

The Chaos Spirit took the blow head-on and suffered critical damage. The Void Energy that had amplified ten times over devoured its energy at a ferocious rate that even surpassed all three Elemental Jurisdictions channeling at full capacity.

The Chaos Spirit used its body to compensate for this difference, and by the time the Void Energy finally dissipated, half of its body had been consumed.

It wasn’t dead, but it was crippled. It tried to counterattack with Chaos Energy, only to realize that its remaining body couldn’t support the firepower necessary to combat a Mesocosm fighter. Subcosm attacks wouldn’t scratch the fused Han Wus.

There was no time for the Chaos Spirit to recover. It had lost.

Han Wu gathered his energy for one more strike. A second blast of Void Jurisdiction power wiped out the Chaos Spirit along with the already dying Wandering Sorcerers in one sweep.

The world was finally quiet. The Spatial Lockdown shattered along with the deaths of the Wandering Sorcerers, and the cage imprisoning Han Wu was finally broken.

Saliya had been watching Han Wu's channel the entire time and immediately contacted him through the newly restored communication devices. As she was about to recall Han Wu to the Divine Civilization, he stopped her. He wanted to collect his rewards first.

The invading creatures' rewards had already been converted into unit upgrades. The Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits, however, had left behind something far more valuable: large quantities of various elemental Jurisdiction fragments.

These fragments could accelerate a Jurisdiction's development, and Han Wu wasn't about to leave them behind. Calling Dark Locust over, the two swept the battlefield clean of every last fragment.

Meanwhile, Di Bin was stunned to learn that Han Wu had killed the Mesocosm Chaos Spirit.

That was a Mesocosm Chaos Spirit! Even Di Bin would've had trouble fighting it on his own. It was baffling that Han Wu managed it, especially while in a civilization that had sealed his powers.

Di Bin couldn't figure out where he'd gone wrong.

In truth, Han Wu's victory had involved some luck and cleverness. It mostly came down to the Void Jurisdiction he'd replicated. The Void Jurisdiction countered all positive energy, and a Chaos Spirit was essentially a composite of positive energies. That was why Han Wu could destroy it in just two strikes.

If the original Mythic Titan had had any other type of Jurisdiction, the outcome would've been vastly different. It would've been a toss-up as to whether he could've survived long enough for Wisdom God King Xu Hai to arrive and save him.

After collecting every elemental Jurisdiction fragment, Han Wu made the journey back, reflecting on the battle on the way. The power of the Void Jurisdiction had left a deep impression on him. Fortunately, his Life Jurisdiction had already reached 100% development, which freed up a slot for a new Jurisdiction.

Han Wu went straight into his divine realm the moment he returned to the Divine Civilization. He didn't even greet anyone. Instead, he dove straight into seclusion to comprehend the Void Jurisdiction while his understanding of it was still fresh.

He remained in seclusion for two months in Divine Civilization time.

During that time, his units handled every message from Xu Hai and every video call request from Qin Shuang, Sun Qingnian, and the others.

He and his other avatars gathered in a time-dilated space in his divine realm to study Void Energy together. Two months in the Divine Civilization translated to 120 years in his divine realm.

Combined with the time dilation and the number of avatars working simultaneously, Han Wu's total study time amounted to tens of thousands of years. Every second was worth it.

After integrating the insights from all his avatars, a Void Jurisdiction covered in negative energy materialized in his palm. Through vast resources, abundant time, and focused comprehension, he'd successfully transformed his experience with the Void Jurisdiction from an abstract feeling into a tangible Divine Jurisdiction.

The instant the Void Jurisdiction was fully developed, Han Wu felt the Divine Civilization's Will calling to him. No Void God King had ever existed in the Divine Civilization before. If Han Wu so desired, he could use this Jurisdiction to become the civilization's first and only Void God King.

As the Void God King, his power would surpass the Light God King, the Dark God King, and even the fabled Chaos God King, who had once dominated the elemental hierarchy. It would rival the Death Jurisdiction and Life Jurisdiction as well, even surpassing them in certain areas.

But Han Wu knew better. Although the Void Jurisdiction was powerful, it didn't encompass all his abilities.

Besides, he'd already cultivated a Mythic Titan with a Void Jurisdiction embryo. He would rather let the Mythic Titan ascend into a Void God King instead. When Han Wu wanted to use the Void Jurisdiction's power, he could just borrow it from his unit.

He declined the Divine Civilization's Will. He wouldn't become the Void God King, but that didn't mean he didn't appreciate the power of the Void Jurisdiction. The Void Jurisdiction's ability was called Void Principle.

It converted the energy inside Han Wu's body into negative energy that could neutralize positive energy. When paired with the Conversion Jurisdiction, Han Wu could instantly nullify elemental attacks powered by Divine Jurisdictions.

Han Wu had become unbeatable in energy-based combat!

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: Chapter 1060

Chapter 1060 - Han Wu's Plan

Two months of secluded comprehension meant Imperial College's winter break had ended by the time he emerged. It was now the second half of his third year.

The first thing Han Wu did was contact Xu Hai and the others to let them know he was safe. Qin Shuang, Jing Jing, Sun Qingnian, and Xiang Meng rushed over to celebrate his breakthrough.

During the gathering, Xiang Meng's trio expressed interest in seeing the Void Jurisdiction's power. Han Wu didn't hide it and simply told the trio to attack him with everything they had.

They used their Three as One technique, combining their energy into a massive blast aimed at Han Wu. Han Wu simply tossed out a ball of Void Energy in response. It absorbed and neutralized the entire attack.

Everyone gained a deep appreciation for the Void Jurisdiction's power after witnessing the nature of its negative energy. It was the natural enemy of all positive energy, and it packed serious destructive force.

This was an undeniably powerful Jurisdiction. It made sense that even someone with Han Wu's extraordinary talent and resources had needed an immense amount of time to comprehend it.

After the celebration, Xiang Meng's trio departed. Han Wu asked Qin Shuang, Jing Jing, and Sun Qingnian to stay behind.

He had killed swathes of Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits during the exam and collected large quantities of Jurisdiction fragments as a result. Merge had allowed him to then reassemble said fragments into complete Jurisdictions.

There were twelve in total, and all were major, pure-elemental Jurisdictions.

Qin Shuang, Jing Jing, and Sun Qingniang were stunned when Han Wu revealed them.

"Han Wu, where did you get all these complete Jurisdictions?" Qin Shuang asked with some concern. While she trusted Han Wu, seeing this many Jurisdictions appear out of seemingly nowhere still made her nervous.

"From the enemies I killed," Han Wu explained, "The Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits I killed during the final exam dropped lots of Jurisdiction fragments. I picked them all up, then used Merge to piece the fragments back together."

Qin Shuang relaxed after hearing the explanation.

“A God does as a God pleases. No need to worry,” Jing Jing said, completely unconcerned. She picked up a water-attribute Jurisdiction from the twelve. “My God, I’d like this one. I’ll use it to deepen my understanding of the Soul Jurisdiction and gain something akin to the water attribute.”

“Take it,” Han Wu said generously.

A faint smile appeared on Jing Jing’s pale face.

Sun Qingnian approached to take a closer look. “Han Wu, since you’re offering, I won’t hold back.”

In the end, he picked a wood-attribute Jurisdiction from the remaining eleven. He already had a Jurisdiction embryo that he could develop at his own pace, so he technically didn’t need a wood-attribute Jurisdiction.

Han Wu guessed Sun Qingnian probably just wanted it for health and vitality purposes.

That left Qin Shuang. Her gaze had settled on a purple Lightning Jurisdiction. Although her existing Lightning Jurisdiction wasn’t fully developed yet, absorbing a second one once she finished developing the first would certainly accelerate her progress.

Noticing this, Han Wu picked up the Lightning Jurisdiction and pressed it into Qin Shuang’s hand. “Work hard. Ascend into a God King soon.”

“I will. I’ll become the Lightning God King as fast as I can.” Qin Shuang held up a small fist in determination and shot a challenging look at Jing Jing.

Jing Jing couldn’t be bothered to bicker with her. She turned and headed back to her divine realm to continue researching her lightning attribute skeletons.

Sun Qingnian and Qin Shuang returned to their own divine realms as well to continue developing their respective Jurisdictions.

Han Wu stared at the remaining nine complete Jurisdictions and distributed them among his units. As Han Wu himself had yet to ascend to God King, these units couldn’t either, even if they developed a Jurisdiction to 100%. He also had no more Rulebreaker Stones to get around this restriction.

Nevertheless, opportunity favored the prepared. Han Wu looked forward to the day he ascended to God King and several of his units became God Kings alongside him.

After distributing them, Han Wu received a call from Xu Hai, requesting Han Wu’s presence at his office. The Wisdom God King sensed the increasingly powerful aura around Han Wu and couldn’t help but feel like he was getting old.

Skipping the small talk, he got straight to the point. “Han Wu, do you know who tried to ambush you during the final exam?”

“I can’t think of anyone besides the Chaos Clan who would be capable of summoning that many Elemental Spirits and Chaos Spirits,” Han Wu said directly.

This was a question he had turned over repeatedly in his mind during his seclusion. He was certain of his answer, but he lacked proof. If not for that, he would’ve gone to Wealth God King Zhao Zihong long ago to make him honor his promise and deliver justice.

Xu Hai sighed. “Our investigation points to the Chaos Clan as well. They bribed one of the college’s lecturers to kill you while the Will of that civilization had your powers restricted. The bribed lecturer is already dead in his own divine realm. No concrete evidence was found at the civilization either. It’ll be nearly impossible to take down the Chaos Clan without hard evidence.”

“Sir, I understand,” Han Wu said seriously. “Until there’s solid proof that the Chaos Clan was behind the attempt on my life, I won’t act rashly.”

“Good.” Xu Hai sighed again. “This incident has prompted the college to exempt you from future activities for the remainder of your time here. We don’t want you to get into another situation like this.”

“Thank you, sir.” Han Wu knew that this was the Imperial College’s way of protecting him.

“So what are your plans going forward?”

“Sir, during the Wealth Faction’s auction, I received an invitation from the Ancient Dragon Clan. I’d like to go train with them,” Han Wu openly admitted.

Xu Hai nodded approvingly. “The Ancient Dragon Clan has powerful guardians. The Chaos Clan won’t dare to cause trouble there. You’ll be safer with them.”

With that settled, Xu Hai pulled a gift box from his desk and added, “You took first place in the final exam by an overwhelming margin. This is the college’s reward for your achievement. It also includes compensation for the incident during the exam.”

Han Wu opened the box. Inside was a Rulebreaker Stone! The Imperial College’s final exam couldn’t possibly award something this valuable. The compensation component clearly made up the bulk of it. This was exactly what Han Wu needed.

“Thank you, sir. I thank the college as well,” he said with heartfelt gratitude. With this Rulebreaker Stone, he could create another powerful God King from among his units.

Who should the next God King be?

: Chapter 1061

Chapter 1061 - Chaos God King

Han Wu returned to his divine realm with the Rulebreaker Stone in hand and summoned every powerful unit under his command.

Steely, Dark Locust, the Pride Dark Tyrannosprite King, the Wrath War Tyrannosprite King, the five newly born Mythic Titans, the Origin of Mutation, V piloting the Supreme Power, and a host of Great Dragons arrived. These were his elite forces, the backbone of his divine realm.

When Han Wu couldn't make a decision, they had every right to step forward and advise him. The question was simple: Who did they think was the best option to use the new Rulebreaker Stone and ascend as the next God King after Dark Locust?

Every powerful unit present showed interest. A Divine Jurisdiction was an incredibly potent force. Obtaining one meant a massive leap in strength. No living creature would refuse that kind of power.

However, there was only one Rulebreaker Stone. It had to go to whoever would benefit Han Wu the most.

The Pride Dark Tyrannosprite King was the first to voluntarily give up its chance.

Its reasoning was sound. As a dark attribute creature, the Jurisdiction best suited for it was naturally the Dark Jurisdiction. If it chose to ascend to a God King, the Divine Civilization's Will would force it into a confrontation with the existing Dark God King, Dark Locust.

Under the Divine Civilization's rules, only one God King could hold any given Jurisdiction. Dark Locust already held the title of Dark God King, which effectively blocked every other dark attribute unit in Han Wu's divine realm from claiming it.

The Wrath War Tyrannosprite King also bowed out immediately after. Its reasoning was even more straightforward. Anything the Pride Dark Tyrannosprite King didn't want, it didn't want either. It insisted on staying even with its counterpart.

Han Wu understood them both. Neither was native to the Divine Civilization, so while ascending into a God King would be great, not ascending wouldn't hurt them much either.

The Black Dragon King Alpheus withdrew next for the same reason. Dark Locust had blocked its path. Unless another route to a God King could be found for dark attribute units, Alpheus had no viable option.

Steely, Fire Dragon King Esquiem, Gold Dragon King Smog, and several others also withdrew one after another. While Dark Locust wasn't an issue for them, the Jurisdictions they'd been developing already had corresponding God Kings in the Divine Civilization. Ascending would trigger a mandatory divine war.

Han Wu didn't fear divine wars, but his plans to head to the Ancient Dragon Clan meant he didn't have time for one, so they chose to postpone. Surprisingly, the Rulebreaker Stone was quickly becoming a hot potato that nobody wanted.

That was when Silver Dragon King Erebard stepped forward and volunteered.

Erebard had the most diverse attributes among Han Wu's Great Dragons. It wielded water, fire, earth, and wind. Through those four elements, it had developed a Chaos Jurisdiction embryo. Erebard had studied the Chaos Jurisdiction extensively in its previous life, so mastering the embryo would be trivial.

Moreover, Erebard ascending into a God King would bring Han Wu multiple benefits.

First, Han Wu would gain a God King fighter. Second, he was about to visit the Ancient Dragon Clan. Bringing a God King Great Dragon would absolutely win him favor. Third, Erebard would claim the title of Chaos God King, which had once belonged to the ancestors of the Chaos Clan.

The Chaos Clan had since abandoned that title, preferring to combine multiple Elemental Jurisdictions into a stronger hybrid Chaos Energy, leaving the Chaos God King seat vacant. For Erebard to claim it would be a slap in the Chaos Clan's face.

With all those advantages in mind, Han Wu did not hesitate to approve Erebard's request.

Erebard didn't disappoint. With the Rulebreaker Stone, it took only two months in the divine realm to develop its Chaos Jurisdiction embryo to 100% and ascend into the Chaos God King under the Divine Civilization's Will.

The phenomenon blanketed Han Wu's dormitory once again. Students and staff at Imperial College sensed the ascension of a God King and rushed over. They stood there dumbfounded.

"Hold on, is Han Wu ascending to God King again? Didn't he just ascend recently?"

“You’re behind on the news. I have insider info. His unit became the Dark God King last time, not Han Wu.”

“Han Wu’s terrifying. His unit is already a God King while I’m still stuck as a Major God. My self-esteem can’t take this.”

“At least you’ve reached Major God. I’m still a God. I feel like trash compared to him.”

“What’s this aura? I think I sense Chaos Energy.”

“Chaos Energy? Does that mean Han Wu’s ascending to Chaos God King? Doesn’t the reclusive Chaos Clan hold that title?”

“Ahem. Colleagues, I didn’t sense anything or hear anything. Pretend I was never here,” one Major God lecturer announced before hastily departing.

The rest quickly caught on. The Chaos Clan were reclusive, but they’d been causing trouble lately and acting arrogant about it. Getting tangled up with them meant losing Divine Essence at best and dying at worst.

“Hello? What?” Another God lecturer pretended to be on their communicator. “My pet sow’s having a difficult birth back home. Wait for me, I’m going to cheer her on!”

“Mom, I suddenly miss my mama. Goodbye!” One student bolted.

Soon, the area outside Han Wu’s dormitory fell silent. Even the birds in the sky chose to fly around it.

Erebard’s understanding of Chaos Energy deepened after receiving the energy from the Divine Civilization’s Will. Its body grew more formidable, and its strength broke through to Subcosm rank.

The combination of the domineering Chaos Jurisdiction with its innate advantages of a Great Dragon allowed the Subcosm Erebard to hold its own against Mesocosm opponents for short periods of time.

Erebard had become the strongest unit in Han Wu’s roster. Han Wu felt far more confident about the upcoming visit to the Ancient Dragon Clan with a Great Dragon God King at his side.

“All Great Dragons, follow my lead. We’re visiting the Ancient Dragon Clan!” Han Wu ordered.

Gathering his Great Dragons, he opened a teleportation gate to the Ancient Dragon Clan's provided coordinates and stepped through.

Han Wu and his Great Dragons appeared outside the Ancient Dragon Clan's hidden realm.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 1062 - Visiting the Ancient Dragon Clan

The area outside the Ancient Dragon Clan's hidden realm was lush with towering ancient trees and dense vegetation. It felt like stepping into a tropical rainforest.

Han Wu was about to release his pressure to signal his arrival when heavy footsteps echoed from behind him. An enormous Tyrannosaurus Rex charged straight toward him, its body radiating wild, untamed pressure.

As he was about to have Gold Dragon King Smog intercept it, a muscular man leaped off the Tyrannosaurus Rex and landed in front of him.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" the muscular man asked, eyeing Han Wu and the Great Dragons behind him. In his hand was a Microcosm Divine Weapon.

Han Wu's eyes widened in shock. This muscular man appeared to be a member of the Ancient Dragon Clan. *The Ancient Dragon Clan really is wealthy. Even their gatekeepers carry Microcosm Divine Weapons!*

Luckily, he wasn't here to cause trouble but as a guest. He needed to make the right impression.

"I was invited to visit the Ancient Dragon Clan," Han Wu explained.

The man remained skeptical, though the fact that Han Wu knew about the Ancient Dragon Clan's presence had him lowering his guard slightly. "Who invited you?"

"Elder Long Qi."

The man's eyes went wide, and he nearly dropped his Divine Weapon. "My great-grandfather invited you? Impossible. He barely leaves home. There's no way he'd invite someone your age."

Han Wu chuckled bitterly. *I guess I hid too much of my strength*.

With that in mind, he stopped concealing his aura and released his Mesocosm pressure along with his Defier aura.

The man froze. It took him a few seconds to recover. “Honored guest, please wait here a moment while I go and announce your arrival.”

He vanished instantly. While waiting, Han Wu studied the Tyrannosaurus Rex. It had reached Microcosm rank through raw physical power alone. Unfortunately, it was classified as a dinosaur, only a distant relative of Great Dragons. Its bloodline leaned more toward beast than dragon.

The Microcosm Tyrannosaurus Rex had developed its own intelligence and wasn’t interested in small creatures like Han Wu. Its attention was locked on the Dragon Kings behind him, particularly Gold Dragon King Smog with his massive frame, powerful muscles, and stunning golden scales.

In the Tyrannosaurus Rex’s eyes, Smog was clearly the strongest Great Dragon in Han Wu’s group. Being a natural fighter, it wanted to test itself.

It let out a series of roars. Han Wu understood dragon speech and could roughly decipher the Tyrannosaurus Rex’s garbled dialect. It was challenging Smog to a fight.

The Dragon Kings behind Han Wu bristled with anger. This was a provocation. It was unacceptable for a creature closer to beast than dragon to have the nerve to challenge them!

Smog immediately turned to Han Wu for permission. “Great Defier, let me teach this ignorant mongrel a lesson.”

Han Wu glanced toward the hidden realm. There was still no sign of the clan members. His original intention was to avoid a fight. This was like going to someone’s house and beating their dog. It would be rude to the host.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex took their hesitation for cowardice and launched into a string of roaring insults that were particularly creative and filthy.

Black Dragon King Alpheus, Han Wu’s longest companion among the group, found their patience snapping. “Let me hit it. When it begs for mercy, I’ll even make sure it cries with a rhythm!”

“It challenged me,” Smog protested. “Don’t steal my opponent.”

Young Esquiem chimed in, “Uncles, stop arguing. It looks weak. Let me handle it.”

When did my Great Dragons start fighting over who got to throw punches? Han Wu rubbed his forehead.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex had no idea what it was about to face and kept up its stream of insults in broken dragon speech.

Han Wu had finally heard enough. While it was undoubtedly best to look at the owner before hitting a dog[1], patience also bred ovarian cysts, and retreating caused breasts to get inflamed[2].

Han Wu didn't have ovaries or functioning mammary glands, but he wasn't going to tolerate the insults any further. Even when he was weak, he hadn't held back, and he wasn't about to start now.

Drawing Peerless, he prepared to deal with the Tyrannosaurus Rex himself. His Great Dragons rushed to stop him, crying that it wasn't worth his time. A measly Tyrannosaurus Rex was unworthy of both Han Wu's blade and the Dragon Kings.

In the end, the weakest dragon in the group, the Wicked Dragon Veritas, got shoved forward.

Am I just a bin for your rejects?

It opened its maw to protest, but Alpheus's claw pressed down on its head. "Veritas. Either you hit it, or I hit you."

Veritas immediately straightened up. *I'm absolutely just a bin!*

It scrambled out from under Alpheus's claw and charged at the Tyrannosaurus Rex. The Tyrannosaurus Rex sneered at Veritas's pudgy frame. All that flab clearly belonged to something that never fought. Veritas wasn't even worth its time.

If Veritas could read the Tyrannosaurus Rex's thoughts, it would've fired back. *It's not that I don't fight. It's that I never get the chance!*

Moreover, Veritas's pudgy frame was its pride. That flab came from eating well every day. It was a sign of the good life. Ignoring the Tyrannosaurus Rex's mockery, Veritas unleashed its signature move.

"Seal Arts! Wicked Dragon Stomp!" This attack sealed the target's leg mobility. Even though they were both Microcosm fighters, the Tyrannosaurus Rex immediately face-planted into the dirt.

Veritas seized the opening. It flew up high and dropped its full weight onto the Tyrannosaurus Rex's face, landing rear-end first.

Han Wu's mouth twitched. That was hard to look at. As far as he knew, Great Dragons didn't wipe.

A single butt slam dealt both physical damage and mental damage. The Tyrannosaurus Rex was in for a rough time. It only got worse from there. Veritas followed up by systematically sealing all of the Tyrannosaurus Rex's movements, then bound it head to tail with ropes of Wicked Energy.

Veritas was going to show the Tyrannosaurus Rex the true meaning of bondage.

1. 打狗看主人 (dǎ gǒu kàn zhǔ rén) is a saying that advises one to consider the status of a person's boss, protector, or associated connections before punishing or criticizing them ☜

2. 忍一时卵巢囊肿，退一步乳腺增生 (ren yi shi luan chao nang zhong, tui yi bu ru xian zeng sheng) is an internet slang humorously warning women against swallowing down their frustration as that risks them getting an autoimmune disease. This is actually a twist on the more traditional proverb 忍一时风平浪静，退一步海阔天空 (ren yi shi feng ping lang jing, tui yi bu hai kuo tian kong), which literally means "Forbear a moment, and the wind and waves will subside; take a step back, and the sky and ocean will be boundless," which advises patience and compromise. ☜

Chapter 1063 - Core Race Ideals of the Ancient Dragon Clan

By the time the man returned from making his report, the Tyrannosaurus Rex had been beaten so badly that large patches of scales had fallen off.

Normally, a Microcosm life form could heal that kind of damage in seconds. However, Veritas was devious in that it had infected the wounds with Wicked Energy, preventing recovery and causing intense pain. The Tyrannosaurus Rex dared not try another taunt while under that level of torment.

The man's face darkened at the sight of his beloved unit, but he knew his Tyrannosaurus Rex's personality well enough to guess it had brought this on itself by running its mouth.

Thus, despite being displeased, he kept a poker face and simply recalled the Tyrannosaurus Rex into his divine realm.

"Honored guest, the patriarch invites you in," he said to Han Wu. "Please follow me."

Han Wu nodded and followed him into the Ancient Dragon Clan's hidden realm.

Inside was an entirely new world.

Great Dragons of every type soared freely through the sky. There were Great Poison Dragons trailing purple mist, Great Wind Dragons wrapped in cyan wind blades, and even a two-headed Great Dragon. The sheer diversity left Han Wu shocked.

His arrival drew attention from clan members and Great Dragons alike. The dragon scent on Han Wu was slightly unusual compared to a pureblooded Great Dragon, but his Defier aura was unmistakable.

Even more eye-catching were the Great Dragons following behind him. Five of them radiated the aura of a Dragon King. The royal authority rolling off them was undeniably heavy.

An elder with graying hair stood atop a Two-Headed Demonic Dragon to greet Han Wu. As his gaze swept over Han Wu and the Great Dragons behind him, his eyes flashed with surprise.

This was Long Lie, the patriarch of the Ancient Dragon Clan. His strength had reached the peak of the Mesocosm rank, and his core race, the Two-Headed Demonic Dragon, allowed him to hold off even Macrocosm fighters for a time.

Han Wu and his Great Dragons didn't seem to have the bond that Gods and their units typically shared. In other words, the Great Dragons weren't contractually bound to him through the usual unit system, yet they followed behind him with absolute loyalty. That alone spoke volumes about their respect.

Long Lie's curiosity about Han Wu deepened.

"You must be Han Wu," the elder said warmly, approaching the group. "Our ancestor mentioned you when he returned from the Wealth Faction's event."

"I'm Han Wu. May I ask your name?" Han Wu responded politely.

"Long Lie, patriarch of the Ancient Dragon Clan."

"Patriarch Long Lie. It is an honor to meet you."

"Our ancestor said you'd come, but after a month of waiting, he went back into seclusion. We've notified him of your arrival. He should emerge in about seven days. In the meantime, please stay with us and enjoy what the Ancient Dragon Clan can offer."

Han Wu quickly said it was no trouble. After all, he'd been the one to put off the visit after accepting the invitation. He had spent two months comprehending the Void Jurisdiction instead of coming right away. The clan was already plenty generous for not holding that against him.

Following Long Lie to the guest hall, where many clan members were already waiting. Once Han Wu took his seat, small Wyverns carried platters of food for Han Wu and his Great Dragons. *eel*.

During the meal, Han Wu noticed the Ancient Dragon Clan ate alongside their dragons. The Great Dragons' enormous appetites meant their portions were massive. Some dishes towered over Han Wu himself.

He ate a small amount and was soon full. Meanwhile, his dragons kept going without stopping. Eventually, a clan member asked about Han Wu's core race.

"Locusts," Han Wu answered honestly.

The room went silent.

Every clan member stared. Even the Great Dragons stopped eating. It was extraordinary that someone with locusts as their core race had earned their ancestor's recognition and invitation.

The clan members peppered him with questions well into the evening. Han Wu shared his story and also learned about the Ancient Dragon Clan in turn.

Surprisingly, the clan placed great importance on a member's core race. They used it as the primary criterion for deciding who received the clan's full support.

The Ancient Dragon Clan had many members, but few had Great Dragons as their core race. Even with their pure bloodlines, fewer than ten percent of the clan's offspring were born with a Great Dragon core race. Bloodline influence meant most members' core races were at least related to dragons, though, and most got Drakes instead.

For those whose core race wasn't even a Drake, they wouldn't receive any resources, regardless of how noble their birth.

Han Wu thought of the muscular man who'd escorted him in. Despite being Long Qi's direct descendant, his Tyrannosaurus Rex core race meant he'd been relegated to guarding the perimeter. He wasn't even allowed inside the hidden realm unless he had a specific reason.

Han Wu felt a pang of sympathy. He didn't agree with a system that judged a person's worth by their core race. Still, this was the Ancient Dragon Clan's internal affairs, and he had no business interfering, so he kept his thoughts to himself.

After several rounds of drinks and courses of food, the slightly tipsy Patriarch Long Lie glanced over at Han Wu and his Great Dragons. "Young Han Wu, our clan will be holding our annual Great Dragon Championship soon. Are you interested in joining?"

Chapter 1064 - Great Dragon Championship Qualifiers

“What’s the Great Dragon Championship?” Han Wu asked.

“The Great Dragon Championship is the Ancient Dragon Clan’s annual event,” explained a clan member on Long Lie’s behalf. “It symbolizes the friendship between the Ancient Dragon Clan and the Great Dragon Tribe, with the two groups co-hosting it.

“The Ancient Dragon Clan sends its best members to compete against the Great Dragon Tribe’s finest. The goal is to foster stronger dragon bloodlines. As part of that, the winning side receives treasures that can greatly enhance the purity of their bloodline.

“Elder Long Qi himself used the Championship’s prizes over the years to evolve his core race to its current level.

“The clan is running qualifiers to select our best representatives. There’s an important rule, though. Only members with a dragon-type core race can participate. Given your situation... Han Wu, you might not be eligible,” the clan member awkwardly concluded.

Long Lie sobered up slightly at the realization that he hadn’t considered Han Wu’s circumstances. Downing another shot, he apologized, “Young Han Wu, I’m sorry. Please forget what I’ve said.”

Han Wu stood up and turned to the clan member who’d explained the rules. “So... as long as I present a dragon-type core race, I can enter the qualifiers?”

“Technically, yes. Your core race is the locusts, though, isn’t it?” the member asked with visible confusion.

Han Wu smiled, wordlessly opened his divine realm’s gate, and summoned a Yinglong. Yinglongs were the ultimate form of his dragon-attribute evolution line, with a base strength starting at Heavenrender rank.

Every clan member and Great Dragon in the hall froze at the sight of it. The Yinglong differed completely from a Great Dragon, yet the dense dragon attribute radiating from it left no doubt. It was indeed a dragon-type unit.

Every Great Dragon in the room, regardless of strength, felt a sharp sense of danger from the Yinglong, as if it carried something that could counter them.

“That’s a dragon too?” someone asked.

Patriarch Long Lie had shaken off his drunken stupor with his energy the moment the Yinglong appeared. Studying its aura, he nodded. “Definitely a dragon. It also shares an inseparable bond with Han Wu. It’s his core race, that’s for certain.”

The clan members were stunned. They knew core races weren’t fixed and that they could be changed through methods like evolution paths or genetic mutations. A shift from insect to dragon was undeniably extreme, however—the kind of leap that was almost unheard of in the Divine Civilization. Han Wu had clearly invested significant time and effort in this.

Impressive as that was, the clan members weren’t optimistic about the Yinglong’s combat potential. Anyone whose core race hadn’t reached the Microcosm rank would be embarrassed to summon it before others of the clan. Han Wu’s Yinglong was only a Heavenrender life form.

Even if the Yinglong carried some hidden counter to dragon-type units, the raw power gap would likely mean defeat in the qualifiers. Han Wu remained oblivious to their skepticism. All he cared about was whether this qualified him for the Championship.

The Ancient Dragon Clan generously agreed, figuring the Yinglong posed no real threat anyway.

After the banquet, Han Wu was shown to a guest room, while his Great Dragons went off to socialize with the local Great Dragons.

The room was decorated with items made from teeth and bones. Some came from Great Dragons, some from Drakes, and some from dinosaur species like a Tyrannosaurus Rex. These were easily differentiated by the faint Dragon energy each piece carried. Dragons had truly become inseparable from every aspect of clan life.

He slept through the night. When he stepped out the next morning, the muscular man was already waiting at his door. “Honored guest, I’m here to escort you to the qualifiers.”

Along the way, he conversed with the man and learned that he was allowed inside the hidden realm because of the qualifiers. Even though those without Great Dragons as their core race were treated rather poorly in the clan, they were at least still allowed to participate in the qualifiers for the Great Dragon Championship.

It was one of the few chances for members like him to change their fate. Han Wu also learned that the muscular man’s name was Long Xiang, and that he was Patriarch Long Lie’s youngest son.

Han Wu unwittingly clicked his tongue. The Ancient Dragon Clan’s rules applied equally to all. Despite Long Xiang’s noble birth, they had still booted him out to guard the gates just because his core race wasn’t Great Dragons or Drakes.

The two soon arrived at the grounds.

Long Xiang explained the qualifier rules. The qualifiers were used to select the elite among them. The three categories of speed, defense, and attack would be tested across three days. As this was the first day, their speed would be tested.

Each contestant could summon one core race unit as their main, though other core race units could assist from the sidelines. Assistance could mean buffing their main participating unit or hindering others' units as long as no one was harmed. Violations meant instant disqualification.

Each category was scored out of a hundred. The top five across all three categories on average would represent the Ancient Dragon Clan in the Championship.

These rules stirred Han Wu's excitement. Being allowed to openly use tricks to interfere with other contestants sounded fun. With his enormous variety of core race units, he had plenty of options.

"Time to put on a show," Han Wu muttered to himself as he stared at the complex obstacle course ahead.

Chapter 1065 - Breaking the Record

After completing the registration, every contestant received a token to record their results.

Han Wu rode his Yinglong to the starting line. All manner of dragon-type units stood at the ready along both sides of the course, from Great Dragons and Drakes to Wyverns and even dinosaurs. These were the obstacles meant to hinder contestants.

They eyed the course with burning intensity as they waited for someone to enter their range. Over a hundred members had entered the qualifiers. Three had pureblooded Great Dragons. The rest rode Drakes or dinosaurs. They all had at least Microcosm auras. One of the Great Dragons even radiated a Subcosm aura.

Long Xiang's Tyrannosaurus Rex was among the competitors. The bondage session with Veritas had left faint marks on its body, but the pain wasn't enough to slow it down.

At the referee's signal, every contestant except Han Wu sent their mounts charging forward.

Great Dragons, Wyverns, and some flying Drakes took to the sky. The rest, including most Drakes and dinosaurs, raced on the ground, relying solely on raw physical strength.

There were two tracks with different obstacles. Those flying barely covered a kilometer before wind-attribute dragons along the course unleashed powerful gusts. Smaller Wyverns got blown off course entirely, with some even sent tumbling all the way back to the starting line.

Those running on the ground had it worse. Earthquakes, swamps, and constantly shifting terrain made progress painfully slow, and they quickly fell behind the fliers. That was just the first wave of obstacles.

Han Wu observed this all from the starting line.

“Han Wu, are you forfeiting?” the referee asked. “If not, get moving!”

Han Wu stretched and summoned a Mythic Titan from his divine realm. It was Ah Tai, the Mythic Titan with the Diamond Jurisdiction embryo. It towered at 100,000 meters tall and radiated Subcosm pressure.

The referee tensed and shifted into a combat stance. “Han Wu, what are you doing? The rules forbid you from harming the other contestants’ units.”

“Relax,” Han Wu said. “I’m just summoning a core race unit to help me out. The rules allow assistance from other core race units, right?”

The referee frowned. While the rules did allow it, a towering Mythic Titan was simply hard to make sense of in this context.

Han Wu ordered Yinglong to activate War Dragon Form. Its scales locked together into dense armor, and its claws gleamed like blades. The transformation had the referee and the clan members raising their eyebrows.

This Heavenrender life form was projecting the pressure of a Microcosm life form! The Yinglong was clearly stronger than it looked.

Han Wu rode the Yinglong up to Ah Tai’s open palm. Ah Tai activated its Diamond Jurisdiction and encased both Han Wu and the Yinglong inside a sphere of diamond.

The referee finally realized Han Wu’s intent.

Following Han Wu’s instructions, Ah Tai hurled the diamond sphere toward the finish line with everything it had.

A Mythic Titan’s raw power was staggering. The diamond sphere tore through the air. The headwinds that other contestants struggled against didn’t slow the sphere at all.

Whenever it approached a physical obstacle, Han Wu and the Yinglong simply shifted their weight inside the sphere to adjust its trajectory.

The course spanned over 10,000 kilometers. Less than five minutes after the race began, Han Wu and the Yinglong crashed at the finish line like a meteor.

The deputy referee at the finish line was speechless. He had overseen more than fifty Great Dragon Championship qualifiers, but nobody had ever reached the finish line this quickly.

Even the previous record was ten minutes and twenty-three seconds. Han Wu had just clocked four and a half minutes, cutting the record by more than half. It was unbelievable!

“Han Wu, I’ll need to report your result to the clan elders for review,” the deputy referee said.

Han Wu waved his hand, unbothered. He had placed his own core race units along the course and was using them to watch the other contestants.

As expected, those with Great Dragon core races had a natural advantage. Their massive frames let them power through the headwinds and maintain a steady lead.

The ground runners with Drake and dinosaur core races had it rough. They’d fallen far behind due to the sheer number of obstacles that loomed before them. Han Wu spotted Long Xiang riding his Tyrannosaurus Rex near the front of the ground pack, but even he remained well behind the flying contestants.

Han Wu repaid kindness in equal measure. Although his Great Dragons had roughed up Long Xiang’s Tyrannosaurus Rex, Long Xiang had not held it against him. That didn’t sit right with Han Wu, so he decided to lend Long Xiang a hand.

This was where the core race units he’d planted along the course came into play. The Golden Scarab focused its gaze on every contestant’s mount—except the Tyrannosaurus Rex—and unleashed its signature technique, Forced Defecation.

None of the contestants escaped its stare. Those in the air and on the ground all felt the impact. Even Subcosm life forms weren’t immune to it if they weren’t specifically guarding against it.

Every dragon in the sky suddenly lost control of its bowels. The mid-flight barrage was spectacular.

The involuntary purge loosened their energy and killed their speed. Some caught a gust of wind at the wrong moment and were blown backward.

Those on the ground had it worse. They not only had to deal with their own situation but also had to dodge what was raining down from above. More than a few got splattered right in the eyes mid-sprint and crashed.

Long Xiang noticed something was off. Every other contestant's mount was suffering while his Tyrannosaurus Rex was perfectly fine.

While undeniably fishy, it was also the opportunity of a lifetime. He urged his Tyrannosaurus Rex to pick up the pace and leave the competition in the dust.

Chapter 1066 - Let's See Who Outplays Who

The ruling on Han Wu's score came down. Since Mythic Titans counted as his core race, everything he did was allowed. His result was deemed valid, and he was awarded full marks.

The second-place contestant only crossed the finish line atop a Subcosm Great Dragon after fourteen minutes and forty-five seconds. Even though it had the strength of a Subcosm life form, his performance was embarrassingly poor since the Golden Scarab's Forced Defecation had hit him.

Once the judges confirmed that the Golden Scarab was indeed a part of Han Wu's core race, the contestant wanted to punch Han Wu in the face. However, the deputy referee issued a warning. If he laid a hand on anyone, his qualification would be revoked on the spot. Naturally, the contestant had no choice but to back down.

Third place went to Long Xiang, whom Han Wu had helped. In terms of raw power, Long Xiang's Tyrannosaurus Rex ranked somewhere in the upper tier among the contestants' units, but its bloodline purity was too low. No one had ever taken it seriously. The fact that it had made this far was entirely thanks to Han Wu's assistance.

The Ancient Dragon Clan's referee grumbled about that but didn't lower Long Xiang's score. Luck was a form of strength too. The fact that Long Xiang could make Han Wu willingly help him was a skill in itself.

The remaining contestants reached the finish line one after another. The airborne bombardment they had endured left them seething with resentment. Unfortunately for them, the referee hadn't called it a foul, so they could only pinch their nose and accept it.

The next morning, Long Xiang came to fetch Han Wu again and brought him to the venue for the second trial. This round tested their defenses.

What made the Great Dragons famous across countless civilizations? Their formidable physique.

Defensive power was a critical measure for the Great Dragons.

The Ancient Dragon Clan had prepared attacks of varying intensity to test each contestant's unit. The contestants simply had to let their core race endure the attacks, starting with the weakest and progressing to the strongest. Their scores would depend on the strongest blow they could endure.

This time, however, the Ancient Dragon Clan's leadership had added a last-minute rule. Each contestant could field only one unit from their core race. No assistance from any other units of their core race was permitted. It was obvious who they were targeting.

Han Wu couldn't help but feel that the Ancient Dragon Clan was being petty. All he did was make the other contestants' units lose control of their bowels. Was that really worth targeting him over?

Ridiculous. I already deployed the Golden Scarab ahead of time, and now it's all for nothing! Han Wu quietly recalled the Golden Scarab from its hiding spot and summoned the Yinglong for the defense test instead.

The Yinglong's base stats weren't low to begin with. It also had its War Dragon Form, a skill that weaponized its scales and dramatically boosted their defensive power. The problem was that the Yinglong's overall strength ranked near the bottom compared to the other contestants' units, so it didn't have much of an advantage in this test.

In the end, the Yinglong placed eighth with a score of eighty-six. Meanwhile, Long Xiang's Tyrannosaurus Rex performed exceptionally well. Its thick hide and raw durability carried it to third place.

Naturally, first place went to the contestant whose Subcosm Great Dragon scored ninety-eight points.

He deliberately walked past Han Wu with his clanmates in tow. "Tricks will only get you so far. They won't help you pass the Great Dragon Championship qualifiers. If I were you, I would take that scrawny excuse for a dragon and withdraw before you embarrass yourself further."

Han Wu didn't flinch at the mockery. He even laughed. "If I'm not mistaken, my cumulative score still puts me in first place, ain't it?"

The contestant froze. Han Wu's performance in the first speed trial had been so far ahead of everyone else that he had earned a perfect 100. Everyone behind him had suffered from the Golden Scarab's sabotage. Even the one in second place had only scored seventy-three.

By that calculation, Han Wu was firmly in first place. It wasn't even close.

"*Hmph.* We'll see. There's still the third trial!" The contestant snorted and walked off with his Subcosm Great Dragon in tow.

Han Wu watched him leave and scoffed. "Subcosm or not, the purity of your core race's bloodline hasn't even reached that of the Dragon Kings. What are you so proud of?"

Only Long Xiang stood beside Han Wu. As a fellow member of the Ancient Dragon Clan, he couldn't stand Long Lin's arrogance either. His core race consisted of pure-blooded Great Dragons, and he had even cultivated one of them to the Subcosm rank.

In contrast, Long Xiang's core race consisted of dinosaurs, which practically made him a discarded member of the clan. He didn't even have the standing to talk back.

"Honored guest, please be careful. Long Lin is extremely petty. He'll find a way to get back at you for sure," Long Xiang whispered.

Han Wu waved it off. If they believed that the Yinglong's strength represented his full power, then they were severely underestimating him. He knew better than anyone that relying on one's own strength was the key to survival. If Long Lin wanted trouble, Han Wu would face him.

Let's see who outplays whom.

The third day soon arrived.

Long Xiang once again brought Han Wu to the testing grounds. The number of contestants had already been cut in half. After two rounds, some had already accepted that they wouldn't be selected, so they didn't bother showing up for the third trial.

With fewer contestants, this round would proceed much faster.

This round tested attack power. The Ancient Dragon Clan had prepared a special relic that could display the damage it received as a numerical value, which made it an important tool for this round.

Han Wu happened to be placed right behind Long Lin in the lineup.

The test soon began, and the referee in charge explained the rules. The relic was called the Wooden Dragon Post. It possessed powerful regenerative abilities and defenses on par with a Microcosm life form. Any attack that hit it would register as a numerical value based on its intensity. A Microcosm attack scored one point, while a Subcosm attack scored a ten.

Han Wu furrowed his brow when he heard that the Wooden Dragon Post had defenses on par with a Microcosm life form. Even if the Yinglong activated War Dragon Form, it would barely manage to break through those defenses. If his score fell too far behind, his cumulative total wouldn't place him in the top five, and he'd lose his spot in the qualifiers.

What can I do?

: Chapter 1067

Chapter 1067 - Let's Make A Bet

While Han Wu was considering a solution, the test was already progressing. The contestants ahead of him summoned their units one after another and attacked the Wooden Dragon Post.

Fire, ice, lightning, wind, claws, and even full-body tackles were unleashed. Every conceivable attack method was on display.

The Wooden Dragon Post absorbed each hit silently and returned a damage value. The contestants at the front all had Microcosm units, so their scores exceeded one, with the lowest hovering around two or three.[1]

The highest was an impressive 9.8, achieved by Long Xiang's Tyrannosaurus Rex. Its bite force was staggering, nearly on par with that of a Subcosm life form. Even a Subcosm fighter caught in those jaws wouldn't walk away unscathed.

As Han Wu mulled things over, another Ancient Dragon Clan member stepped up for the test. His approach differed from everyone else's. Rather than having his core race attack directly, he used a skill to fuse with his Steel Drake, then threw a punch at the Wooden Dragon Post himself. The hit scored 7.9.

The referee raised an eyebrow and recorded the result. This gave Han Wu an idea. If the Yinglong couldn't do it alone, he could go up there together with it. He had exactly the ability he needed.

While Han Wu was formulating his plan, Long Lin stepped up ahead of him. Before starting the test, Long Lin turned toward Han Wu and announced, "Someone claimed yesterday that his score put him in first place. After this round, I'm guessing that he'll be dead last."

Long Lin didn't name anyone, but everyone knew he was talking about Han Wu.

The referee didn't appreciate it, but he didn't want to call Long Lin out in front of everyone either. He simply urged him to hurry up.

Long Lin nodded and summoned his Subcosm Great Dragon. It unleashed a devastating blow against the Wooden Dragon Post and shattered it on impact. Moments later, the damage value appeared. He scored 13.4.

Not only did he break the Subcosm benchmark of ten, but he also surpassed it by a wide margin. Some of the contestants friendly with Long Lin had already started congratulating him. They were convinced he'd claim first place in this round. As for Han Wu and his Heavenrender Yinglong, what could it possibly do?

"Hmph! See that? That's real strength!" Long Lin boasted.

Han Wu was tempted to unleash his Mesocosm aura right then and there to scare Long Lin. On second thought, though, he decided against it. There was an old saying that fit the situation perfectly.

If a dog bites you, do you bite it back? Of course not. Han Wu would catch the dog, skin it, debone it, and make soup![2]

It was his turn now. Under everyone's watchful eyes, he summoned the Yinglong. The Heavenrender aura it radiated drew laughter from the crowd. They had assumed Han Wu was hiding some secret weapon, but it turned out to be the same old thing.

"He's not from the Ancient Dragon Clan, after all. Such a promising dragon, yet he couldn't even raise it properly." The referee shook his head as if mourning the Yinglong's wasted potential.

Han Wu chuckled, then turned toward Long Lin, who was laughing the hardest. "You don't like me very much, do you? How about a bet?"

Long Lin didn't take him seriously at all. "A bet on what? Whether you can even score above one? That's going to be tough."

Han Wu ignored the mockery. "I'll bet that I can score higher than you."

"Are you dreaming? What makes you think you can do that? With that Heavenrender unit of yours?"

"Brother Long Lin scored 13.4! What are you going to use? You'd have better odds betting that you can make the Wooden Dragon Post have diarrhea."

The jeers had no effect on Han Wu. He kept his eyes locked on Long Lin. "What's the matter? Scared?"

“Me? Scared? I’m just worried you’re a sore loser!” Long Lin shot back.

The elders had told him that Han Wu was the Ancient Dragon Clan’s honored guest, but he had no idea how strong Han Wu really was.

The referee and Long Xiang both knew Han Wu’s real power. The problem was that this test measured the core race’s attack power. If Han Wu bypassed his units entirely, the rules wouldn’t allow it, and the result wouldn’t count.

Everyone stared at Han Wu, but no one knew what he was planning.

“If I score higher than you, I don’t want much. Just give me a sincere apology.”

The referee nodded approvingly. Long Lin had provoked Han Wu repeatedly. An apology was about the lightest punishment imaginable.

“What if you lose?” Long Lin’s face twisted with amusement. There was no way he could lose.

“You decide,” Han Wu said with full confidence.

“Fine. If you lose, you kneel and kowtow to everyone you’ve offended.”

That struck a chord with several contestants. The Golden Scarab’s ability from two days ago was still seared into their memories. Some of them still felt nauseous whenever they thought about it.

Long Xiang stepped forward and stood between Han Wu and Long Lin. “Long Lin, he’s a guest of the Ancient Dragon Clan. He’s someone my great-grandfather values! You can’t handle the consequences if something happens to him.”

“Don’t wave the ancestor at me. All I want is fairness,” Long Lin snapped. “You already got a free ride from him, Long Xiang, so don’t come over here playing the good guy. Without his help, that dinosaur of yours wouldn’t have even reached the top twenty.”

Long Xiang growled. He wanted to keep arguing for Han Wu’s sake, but the latter raised a hand to stop him. “Deal. We will do it your way.”

Long Lin could barely contain his excitement at the thought of Han Wu kowtowing. “Then let’s see it. Show me how you plan to hit harder than me.”

Han Wu approached the Yinglong, placed his hand on it, and muttered, “Monster Armor.”

Long ago, Han Wu had obtained a sliver of the Monster Armor Will and integrated it into his divine realm. He rarely used it because its functionality had been unremarkable. Now, however, it was perfect for the situation.

The Yinglong responded at once. It reshaped itself and ultimately transformed into a sleek suit of armor that covered Han Wu from head to toe. Han Wu flexed his limbs briefly, suppressed his aura, and threw a simple punch at the Wooden Dragon Post.

The fist didn't even make contact. The Wooden Dragon Post exploded into countless fragments, which scattered across the ground.

A long time passed, but no score appeared.

Stunned silence engulfed the arena. Nobody understood what had just happened.

The referee examined the shattered remains for a long moment before arriving at a conclusion. "Han Wu's attack exceeded the Wooden Dragon Post's measurement threshold."

1. The WDP converts Microcosm attacks into numerical value, not the life form's rank. ☜

2. WE DO NOT CONDONE THIS ☜

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Chapter 1068 - A Successful Lesson

"What? How is that possible!" Long Lin refused to accept the referee's verdict and pointed at Han Wu as he shouted, "Cheating! He must be cheating!"

"Silence!" The referee's voice boomed and crushed every murmur in the crowd. "Han Wu took the test right in front of me. The result was my judgment. Are you suggesting I'm playing favorites?"

Behind the referee, the projection of an Ice Great Dragon materialized. It felt as though anyone who dared talk back would be frozen solid on the spot.

"We wouldn't dare," the contestants replied hastily.

Anyone capable of serving as referee at an event this important held a considerable standing within the Ancient Dragon Clan. The younger generation had no business questioning him.

The referee's gaze swept across the contestants before settling on Long Lin. "Get over here and apologize."

Long Lin's face twisted with defiance. "Why should I apologize to him? He cheated—"

The referee's aura slammed down on Long Lin. The Mesocosm pressure forced his knees to buckle and drove him to the ground. No matter how hard he struggled, he couldn't get back up.

"Apologize!" The word came out cold as frost.

Long Lin was the most promising member of the younger generation and had never suffered this kind of humiliation before. He clenched his teeth and refused to utter a single word of apology.

The referee intensified the pressure, and layers of ice crystals started to form on Long Lin's body. The ice crept upward with slow, relentless intensity. If it covered him entirely, he'd be crippled at best and dead at worst.

Even so, Long Lin said nothing. He kept his neck stiff and his mouth shut.

Disappointment flashed through the referee's eyes. He stopped holding back and increased the pressure further, fully intending to freeze the insolent brat to death and make an example of him.

At nearly the same time, two individuals stepped in.

Long Xiang grabbed the referee's arm and cut off the escalating pressure. "Sir, Long Lin just hasn't realized his mistake yet. That's not worth dying over. Please, give him another chance."

The other person was Han Wu. He went straight to Long Lin's side, dispersed the referee's aura with his own, and pulled Long Lin free from the ice. "I came to the Ancient Dragon Clan as a guest. If someone dies because of me, that will make things awkward for everyone."

His words gave the referee a graceful way to step down. His expression softened immediately. As long as Han Wu didn't press the issue, everything would be fine.

Unfortunately, Long Lin was the kind of person who would charge headfirst into a wall and then blame the wall for getting in his way. The moment he realized that Han Wu had saved him, he started shouting that he would never accept Han Wu's charity and demanded the referee finish what he started.

The referee's frown deepened. *Are all members of the younger generation this stupid? Do they all have rocks for brains? Are they only good at mocking others?*

Then he looked at Long Xiang. Everything that boy said and did was exactly what the referee wanted to see. If only his core race were a Great Dragon instead of a dinosaur, how could someone like Long Lin have ever claimed the title of the clan's top prospect?

The angrier the referee got, the more he wanted to slap Long Lin into oblivion and spare the clan future headaches.

Han Wu stepped in with a smile. He had seen this kind of person plenty of times. The best remedy was a good beating. Long Lin needed to learn that the world was bigger than he thought and that no one outside his family was obligated to tolerate him.

"You really can't accept it, can you? How about this? We fight, and the winner takes all," Han Wu suggested.

As expected, Long Lin immediately perked up. He absolutely refused to believe that Han Wu's punch hadn't involved some kind of cheating.

The referee understood that Han Wu intended to teach the reckless youth a lesson on the clan's behalf, so he didn't interfere. He simply allowed the match to proceed.

The contestants cleared a wide space for them, and Long Lin immediately summoned his Subcosm Great Dragon. In the next instant, its overwhelming presence pressed down on the surroundings.

In Han Wu's eyes, however, it was nothing special. He summoned his own core race units. Dark Locust appeared first. His Subcosm aura and the Dark Jurisdiction engulfed the entire arena.

Long Lin felt the pressure but didn't let it show. He still believed that his Subcosm Great Dragon could overpower Dark Locust through the inherent superiority of a Great Dragon. What he didn't know was that Dark Locust was Han Wu's most iconic unit of his core race, not his strongest.

Then the others emerged. Five Mythic Titans answered Han Wu's call and descended onto the arena. The combined pressure of their auras, along with five separate Divine Jurisdictions, nearly forced Long Lin's Subcosm Great Dragon to its knees. Mythic Titans were beings that rivaled Great Dragons in every way, and their Divine Jurisdictions granted them even greater potential.

The five titans completely shattered Long Lin's sense of superiority. He had believed that having a Subcosm Great Dragon at his age made him an unmatched genius. Yet Han Wu, who was roughly the same age, had five Mythic Titans, each with more potential than any Great Dragon. The realization hit him like a freight train.

I... I was the clown all along. Under the five Mythic Titans' combined pressure, Long Lin's knees buckled. He dropped to the ground in front of Han Wu.

“I was wrong. Please give me a chance to make things right.” His voice was low and heavy.

Han Wu felt his momentum falter. He had been fully prepared to give Long Lin a proper beating. The fight hadn’t even started, yet his target had already caved. He almost wanted to say that he preferred the defiant version. Of course, he couldn’t say that in front of the referee.

Long Lin’s apology seemed sincere enough, so Han Wu let it go. He waved his hand and recalled his units.

The referee was quite satisfied with the outcome. Not only had Long Lin’s arrogance been crushed, but every young member of the Ancient Dragon Clan present had also witnessed what a real powerhouse looked like. It had been a successful lesson all around.

“Very well. I’ll now announce the members selected to represent the Ancient Dragon Clan in the Great Dragon Championship. They are Han Wu, Long Xiang, Long Lin...”

Amid the cheers of the Ancient Dragon Clan, Han Wu had finally secured his spot in the Great Dragon Championship.

: Chapter 1069

Chapter 1069 - Dragon Hierarchy

The three days of qualifiers were designed to select the Great Dragon Championship’s candidates. The remaining four days were dedicated to training them.

The Ancient Dragon Clan had prepared special treasures capable of enhancing the attribute of a Great Dragon or a related life form. Those treasures were distributed among the five selected contestants for use on their units.

Through the clan members’ explanations, Han Wu learned that dragons had their own unique hierarchy. At the very bottom were mixed-blood dragon species, including dinosaurs, Drakes, and half-dragons. Those hybrid creatures enjoyed minor benefits from their dragon attributes, with varying degrees of enhancement.

Above them in bloodline purity were the Great Dragons. They were the representatives of dragonkind, renowned for their devastating attack power, impressive defenses, and innate mastery over one or more elemental forces.

Above Great Dragons were Dragon Kings. A Great Dragon became a Dragon King when its dragon attribute reached a higher state. Compared to ordinary Great Dragons, Dragon Kings boasted superior physiques and greater authority. A skilled Dragon King could inflict damage to another entity's soul through its aura alone, though the exact effects varied by individual.

Beyond Dragon Kings were Dragon Emperors, the rulers of dragonkind. Their physiques and auras far exceeded ordinary Dragon Kings. According to the Ancient Dragon Clan, a Dragon Emperor was powerful enough to make most God Kings from the Divine Civilization flee on sight. Very few would dare to fight one.

Long Xiang quietly told Han Wu that his great-grandfather, Long Qi, held his current position precisely because he had cultivated a Dragon Emperor among his core race.

Above Dragon Emperors were Dragon Gods. The very Dragon God that maintained a relationship with the Ancient Dragon Clan was the legendary Nine-Faced Dragon God. It was said to possess enough power to shake the entire Divine Civilization on its own.

Whether the Ancient Dragon Clan had exaggerated those claims, Han Wu couldn't say. At present, all he cared about was how the Yinglong would change after consuming the treasure.

Under Han Wu's eager watch, the Yinglong underwent its metamorphosis. Its scales peeled away one by one, while its claws and fangs fell out as the transformation progressed. A fresh layer of harder scales covered its frame, and new claws and teeth emerged.

Han Wu noticed a small, fleshy growth on the Yinglong's head. It was soft to the touch and shaped like a crown.

Upon completing its metamorphosis, the Yinglong broke through directly into the Microcosm rank. Han Wu also discovered that its True Dragon Might had received a massive upgrade. When it unleashed the skill, its terrifying aura could manifest as lightning-like energy that orbited its body. It could launch that energy as a ranged attack or channel it through itself to amplify its melee damage. Either way, the attack inflicted physical and soul damage simultaneously. Based on that alone, Han Wu was certain that the Yinglong had attained Dragon King status within the dragon hierarchy.

This was only the beginning. What truly surprised Han Wu was the Yinglong's evolution path. The route from Yinglong to Yinglong King had been preserved. That meant that future Yinglong units could follow this exact path to break through from the Heavenrender rank to the Microcosm rank!

That represented a genuine extension of the dragon-attribute enhancement route. Han Wu could already picture a future where his divine realm housed an army of Yinglong Kings.

The other contestants' units also improved to varying degrees, though none matched the Yinglong's transformation. The biggest change occurred in Long Lin's core race. After consuming the treasure, his Great Dragon attained Dragon King status. Unfortunately, its Subcosm rank didn't advance alongside its enhanced bloodline. It was a shame.

The other major surprise came from Long Xiang's Tyrannosaurus Rex. As a mixed-blood dragon, it sat at the lowest tier of the hierarchy. Once it consumed the treasure, however, the impurities in its bloodline were cleansed, and it evolved into a true Great Dragon.

It didn't sprout wings like a typical Great Dragon. Instead, it grew even more massive, its body expanding to several times its previous size. Its rows of sharp teeth were replaced by dark, metallic fangs that looked as though they had been forged from steel. They were steel fangs in every sense of the word.

Han Wu looked at those fangs and silently mourned every future opponent the Tyrannosaurus Rex would face. One bite from those things wouldn't just crack bone. It could shatter diamonds too.

The other two contestants' core races also improved, though not as dramatically as those of Han Wu, Long Lin, and Long Xiang.

Over the next few days, Han Wu and the others trained under the Ancient Dragon Clan members' guidance. Their core races' units familiarized themselves with their newfound power and learned dragon-exclusive combat techniques and Dragon Tongue Magic.

Four days passed quickly, and the Great Dragon Championship officially began.

Han Wu and the four other contestants took their seats in the competitors' section as the Ancient Dragon Clan's representatives.

For such an important occasion, Long Qi emerged from seclusion to preside over the event.

The Great Dragons arrived right on schedule. Han Wu watched as a Great Dragon over 1 million meters long descended onto the Ancient Dragon Clan's grounds with five smaller Great Dragons in tow. Upon landing, all six rapidly shrank and assumed humanoid forms.

"It's been a while, Jade Dragon Emperor," Long Qi greeted him personally.

The humanoid Jade Dragon Emperor let out a hearty laugh.

"Long Qi, you haven't changed a bit. Your strength seems to have improved a little, though." The Jade Dragon Emperor spoke as though catching up with an old friend. Its dragon claw landed on Long Qi's shoulder in a casual pat, yet the impact produced a series of sharp cracks.

The surrounding Ancient Dragon Clan members instantly tensed. A casual greeting didn't require that much force. Evidently, the Jade Dragon Emperor was testing Long Qi's true strength.

Long Qi shook himself off as though nothing had happened.

"I'm getting old. My body isn't what it used to be." Without warning, he whipped his foot toward the Jade Dragon Emperor's midsection.

The Jade Dragon Emperor shifted half a step to the side. Where Long Qi's kick landed, an emerald dragon scale cracked and crumbled to dust.

"Hahahaha!" Both of them burst out laughing simultaneously. That brief exchange had given each of them a rough measure of the other's current strength.

Long Qi gestured toward the seat. "Please, Jade Dragon Emperor, take the seat of honor."

The Jade Dragon Emperor returned the gesture. "Together, then."

Once both were seated, the Ancient Dragon Clan's elders collectively exhaled in relief. At least, the two powerhouses had managed not to start a real fight. Otherwise, things could have gotten very messy.

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Chapter 1070 - Protecting The Civilization In A Roundabout Way

From the competitor's section, Han Wu had a clear view of the two powerhouses' brief exchange. Confused, he quietly asked Long Xiang about it. "Why would Senior Long Qi trade blows with someone from the Great Dragon race? I thought the Ancient Dragon Clan and the Great Dragons had a good relationship."

Long Xiang replied in a whisper, "They do, but only relatively speaking. Those born from the Ancient Dragon Clan have a higher chance of obtaining Great Dragons as their core race.

"The clan wants to build ties with the Great Dragon race to accelerate their core races' growth. On the other hand, the Great Dragon race wants to use the Ancient Dragon Clan's influence to expand their population."

Han Wu blinked at the explanation. A moment later, it clicked. “You’re saying the Great Dragon race has always wanted to absorb the Ancient Dragon Clan.”

Long Xiang nodded, somewhat surprised by how quickly Han Wu had caught on. “One option increases their own race’s numbers. The other adds the Great Dragons’ combat power to the Divine Civilization. The Great Dragon race isn’t stupid. They know which option benefits them more.

“Thankfully, our clan has my great-grandfather, Long Qi. His strength is on par with a Dragon Emperor. That’s the only reason that the Ancient Dragon Clan hasn’t been swallowed up.”

Han Wu raised another question. “What about the Dragon God above the Dragon Emperor rank? If it intervened, the entire Divine Civilization probably couldn’t resist.”

From the Ancient Dragon Clan’s lessons, Han Wu had learned that the current ruler of the Great Dragon race was the Nine-Faced Dragon God, a being powerful enough to shake the entire Divine Civilization at will. If it made a move, forget the Ancient Dragon Clan. Even the Divine Civilization would have to beg for mercy.

“I used to wonder the same thing,” Long Xiang said quietly. “Then I heard a rumor. Apparently the Nine-Faced Dragon God did try once, but someone incredibly powerful from the Divine Civilization scared it off.”

“Who?” Han Wu’s eyes lit up. The Divine Civilization had someone that strong? He had to know.

“Supposedly, it was the former Destruction God King.”

Han Wu choked. *Great. Wonderful. The Destruction God King.* Han Wu, who had wiped out the entire Destruction Clan, suddenly felt sweat dripping down his back.

“But didn’t the Destruction God King enter the Chaotic Starfield?” Han Wu pressed.

If that weren’t the case, what he had done to the Destruction Clan would earn him a punishment far worse than death. Not only would the Destruction God King kill his parents, but they would also uproot his entire family tree, three generations above him and three generations below. Not even his pet would survive.

“That’s what they say, but the Great Dragons don’t know that.” Long Xiang gave him a meaningful look. “Who do you think the Great Dragons trust most within the Divine Civilization?”

Han Wu glanced at Long Xiang, then up at the viewing platform, where Long Qi sat beside the Jade Dragon Emperor. It hit him all at once.

Long Qi, with his honest-looking face and thick eyebrows, was actually a double agent. On one side, he cozied up to the Great Dragons to secure benefits for his clan. On the other hand, he fed them false intelligence to the Divine Civilization's benefit and kept them in check. In front of the Great Dragons, Long Qi was the most loyal ally. In front of the Divine Civilization, he carried the civilization's weight on his shoulders.

Brilliant. Absolutely brilliant!

The Jade Dragon Emperor sitting right next to Long Qi suddenly looked like a clueless fool. Han Wu even suspected that Long Qi was still feeding the Great Dragons fake sightings of the Destruction God King every now and then. Naturally, it was all mere speculation. He wasn't about to go ask the Jade Dragon Emperor to confirm it.

Han Wu mentally saluted Long Qi's roundabout method of protecting the Divine Civilization. He then shifted his attention to the five Great Dragons that the Jade Dragon Emperor had brought along. They were all Subcosm Dragon Kings. Each held its head high with an air of supreme arrogance as they took their seats across from Han Wu's group in the opposing competitor's section.

Long Qi stood on the podium and delivered a rousing speech about the Great Dragon Championship's significance.

When it was the Jade Dragon Emperor's turn, it said exactly one word. "Fight!"

With the two powerhouses as witnesses, the Great Dragon Championship began.

The rules were straightforward. Projections of all ten contestants from both sides would be placed into an arena, where they would fight until one side was completely eliminated. The surviving side would be declared the winner.

The winners would split the prize pool, jointly contributed by the Ancient Dragon Clan and the Great Dragon race, according to their individual performances.

The prizes sat on a table in front of the two powerhouses. Even from a distance, Han Wu could sense treasures brimming with potent dragon attributes among the rewards. His Yinglong had already attained the purity of a Dragon King bloodline after its recent power upgrade.

If he could contribute enough and win the championship, the Yinglong could ascend into a Dragon Emperor. More importantly, the Yinglong's evolution path would likely be preserved as a template for every future Yinglong. That was the real prize.

I have to win this one, he thought.

The moment the referee announced the start, the ten contestants' projections were randomly teleported into the arena.

Han Wu immediately felt the arena's rules take effect. The Great Dragons faced no restrictions whatsoever and could unleash their full power. Meanwhile, those from the Divine Civilization faced two constraints.

First, the only units the contestants could summon were dragon-related ones of their core races. This restriction prevented contestants from cheating by borrowing powerful units from others. Second, the contestants couldn't use their own powers inside the arena. They could only rely on their core races.

The two restrictions massively crippled Han Wu's capabilities. Under those conditions, even he could die at any moment. He had no choice but to proceed cautiously and play it safe. His first priority was scouting. Without access to his powers, his own eyes were practically useless for surveying such a vast area. Deploying units to scout was his only option.

He opened a portal and summoned a large swarm of his core race, the Pterlings. Those were adolescent Unique life forms cultivated through Han Wu's dragon-attribute enhancement routes. Their dragon attributes were diluted enough that they barely qualified as mixed-blood dragons, which meant that using them didn't technically violate the rules. *free*

The Pterlings had evolved from locusts, so their numbers were staggering. Han Wu couldn't use his powers, but his strands of faith were still intact. Under his direction, the Pterlings quickly covered a 100-kilometer radius and showed him a complete picture of the surroundings.

None of the Great Dragon contestants were within his scouting range. However, he did pick up trails of Drake activity that led him to one of the Ancient Dragon Clan contestants.

Han Wu wasn't particularly close with that teammate, but they had trained together for four days. That counted for something. As such, he decided to link up with that teammate first, then search for the rest of his squad. Together, they would have a much better chance against the Great Dragons.

Chapter 1071 - The Jade Dragon Emperor Reunites with Kin

Han Wu summoned his newly promoted Yinglong King and rode it toward his teammate's location at top speed.

He had barely covered forty kilometers when a Great Dragon contestant entered his scouting range. It was a Subcosm Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King, several times faster than Han Wu, and it reached his teammate at blistering speed.

Han Wu watched helplessly as the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King killed the Ancient Dragon Clan contestant along with all of his core race's Microcosm Great Dragons. The contestant had released over 1,000 units, but none of them could resist the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King's pure Dragon Fear. Its mere aura killed them all, after which they became its food.

Once Han Wu realized that he couldn't save his teammate, he immediately abandoned his approach and concealed himself on the spot. The last thing he needed was for the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King to notice him.

The Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King did detect the Pterlings, but after sensing their auras, it ignored them entirely. Mixed-blood dragons with such a diluted bloodline probably weren't the core race of any serious contestant. The Pterlings' weakness had saved Han Wu's life.

After the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King departed, Han Wu exhaled heavily. Its display of power had been terrifying, especially its speed. That level of performance would make it stand out even at the Mesocosm rank.

If the remaining four Great Dragon contestants were as strong as that one, this championship would be brutal. Nonetheless, his priority remained finding his other teammates. Once they grouped up, their situation would be far more manageable.

Outside the arena, the Ancient Dragon Clan and the Jade Dragon Emperor watched the match unfold.

When its own contestant drew first blood, the Jade Dragon Emperor laughed even more heartily. The Ancient Dragon Clan's treasures meant nothing to it or the Great Dragons. What mattered was the opportunity to gloat over the victory in front of Long Qi. For powerhouses of their caliber, even the smallest edge in a contest between equals could be immensely satisfying.

Long Qi's expression was considerably darker. After observing both sides' performances, he had already assessed the gap between them. The Great Dragon race had five Subcosm Dragon Kings. At full power, each could hold its own against a Mesocosm fighter.

His own side was a different story. They were a ragtag handful at best. Han Wu was the strongest, but the restrictions had crippled him. The only contestant who could realistically fight a Great Dragon opponent was Long Lin, but even he could handle only one at a time. If two attacked him at once, he would lose. The remaining two contestants were even less promising. The strongest units of their core races hadn't even attained Dragon King status.

Even so, Long Qi was somewhat surprised to see his great-grandson among the five contestants. He knew exactly what level the boy was at. There had to be a reason Long Xiang had made the cut.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex's peculiar evolution gave Long Qi a faint glimmer of hope. *It's a shame that the beast didn't gain the ability to fly after becoming a Great Dragon. Nevertheless, those jaws can inflict some serious damage, even to a Mesocosm Dragon King.*

While the two powerhouses were lost in thought, a flock of Great Dragons came flying back. They were Han Wu's dragons, returning from their outing.

The Jade Dragon Emperor sensed the approaching dragons and paid them no mind at first. Then it caught a trace of something familiar. It shot to its feet and swept its full Dragon Fear across the flock. Its awareness locked onto Silver Dragon King Erebard.

The Jade Dragon Emperor leapt into the air and flew toward Erebard. "Silver! Is that you?"

Erebard spotted the Jade Dragon Emperor too. He recognized the scent of his childhood companion and cried out, "Little Green!"

"Silver!" The Jade Dragon Emperor called back, its voice thick with emotion.

The two dragons embraced in midair and celebrated their reunion.

Amid their joy, the Jade Dragon Emperor suddenly realized something. "Silver, weren't you supposed to be dead?"

Erebard let out a sigh. "That's a long story."

"Then tell me everything. I've got all the time in the world." The Jade Dragon Emperor invited Erebard to its viewing seat for a proper conversation.

Erebard introduced his daughter, the Ice Great Dragon Leng Ning. Though Leng Ning's soul technically came from Reincarnation, the pregnancy and birth had been completely legitimate. She carried Erebard's bloodline. It wasn't pure, but she still qualified as a Great Dragon.

The Jade Dragon Emperor immediately pulled premium treasures from its Microcosm and started showering its newfound niece with gifts.

The Black Dragon King Alpheus watched from the side, green with envy. He tried to claim kinship too. He had no blood relation to the Jade Dragon Emperor, but he had heard tales of its exploits back when he was still part of the Great Dragons. The Jade Dragon Emperor simply didn't know Alpheus.

Alpheus laid on the flattery thick. “*Um*, Dragon Emperor, sir, I’m your biggest fan. I’ve heard all about your legendary deeds.”

The Jade Dragon Emperor was too busy reconnecting with its resurrected best friend to care. It gave Alpheus a curt reply and nothing more. As a Dragon Emperor, it had heard plenty of dragons praise its heroism and had long since grown accustomed to such flattery.

Seeing that, Alpheus quickly added, “I used to be a Defier of the Great Dragons!”

That got the Jade Dragon Emperor’s attention. The Defier title carried serious weight among the Great Dragon race. Even a Dragon Emperor had to show some respect. It probed Alpheus with its senses but found no trace of the Defier title’s aura.

“You little brat. I’m in a good mood today, so I’ll forgive you for lying to my face. Now scram!” A single roar sent Alpheus tumbling several thousand meters away.

Every dragon present was stunned. Alpheus ranked second in strength among Han Wu’s Great Dragons, behind only Erebard, who had just ascended, becoming the Chaos God King. Yet against the Jade Dragon Emperor, Alpheus might as well have been made of paper. The gap between Dragon King and Dragon Emperor was clear as day.

With Alpheus dismissed, the Jade Dragon Emperor dragged Erebard and its niece away to continue catching up.

Alpheus flew back in humiliation. The Jade Dragon Emperor hadn’t even given him a chance to explain. The snickers from the other Great Dragons didn’t help. Alpheus looked around for someone to take his frustration out on, but nobody was an easy target. Finally, his gaze landed on Wicked Dragon Veritas.

“You’re breathing too loud. You’re bothering me. Scram!” One roar sent Veritas tumbling several thousand meters into the distance.

Veritas’ indignant wail trailed through the wind. “What the fuuuuuuuc...”

: Chapter 1072

Chapter 1072 - A Combined Kill

Inside the arena, Han Wu used the Pterlings to extend his scouting range and quickly located Long Xiang. The situation wasn't good. A Great Dragon contestant was hunting him down.

This opponent was a Blackwater Horned Dragon King. Black scales covered its entire body, and a sharp, elongated horn protruded from its head. It attacked by channeling massive amounts of energy through its horn and firing Black Water Shells. Those projectiles carried extreme corrosive power. The instant one hit the ground, it could create a hundred-meter deep crater into the earth.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex ran for its life with Long Xiang on its back as it dodged the Blackwater Horned Dragon King's attacks. Corrosive splashes had already eaten away large patches of its hide. Thankfully, a beast as thick-skinned as the Tyrannosaurus Rex could endure those wounds and hold out for a while longer.

The situation was maddening for Long Xiang, though. The Tyrannosaurus Rex was a ground unit, and its Dragon Tongue Magic was too low-level to threaten a Dragon King that could soar through the sky. From the beginning, the Blackwater Horned Dragon King had been toying with them like a cat batting at a mouse. The Tyrannosaurus Rex could do nothing but run. If this continued, it would inevitably fall, and Long Xiang would be eliminated.

Just as Long Xiang began to lose hope, Han Wu appeared atop the Yinglong King. The latter activated War Dragon Form. Its scales hardened into battle armor, and its claws gleamed coldly as afterimages flickered around them. Then it unleashed True Dragon Might, and a terrifying wave of Dragon Fear transformed into lightning and shot toward the Blackwater Horned Dragon King.

The Dragon King reacted in time and blocked with a shield of black water infused with its own Dragon Fear. Han Wu seized the opening. He ordered the Yinglong King into close combat and summoned swarms of Pterlings from his divine realm to obscure the foe's vision.

By sacrificing Pterlings to the corrosive black water, Han Wu bought the Yinglong King an opportunity to strike. It drove its claw into the Blackwater Horned Dragon King, but the metallic clang of the impact was all that rang out.

The Blackwater Horned Dragon King roared with laughter. It boasted that among the five Great Dragon contestants, its defense ranked second. The idea that the Yinglong King could break through its scales was nothing more than a delusion.

The very next second, a sharp crack came from the spot where the claw had struck. A scale shattered, and the Yinglong King sank its claw deep in the Blackwater Horned Dragon King's flesh.

The Blackwater Horned Dragon King thrashed in agony and shook the Yinglong King loose. Its furious screeches were laced with disbelief. After all, its prized scales couldn't withstand a single strike. The Yinglong King was a Microcosm life form, while it was a Subcosm life form!

Han Wu had witnessed everything, but he had no intention of offering an explanation. Beyond True Dragon Might and War Dragon Form, the Yinglong King possessed a passive skill called Dragon Bane. Every attack it launched carried an attribute that countered dragons. The Yinglong King held an innate advantage against any dragon.

Long Xiang's jaw dropped. A Microcosm unit was going head-to-head with a Subcosm Dragon King and actually winning!

The enraged Blackwater Horned Dragon King went berserk and sprayed corrosive black water in every direction.

Han Wu repeated the same tactic. He used the Pterlings as distractions and gave the Yinglong King another chance to land a clean hit. After several rounds, the Blackwater Horned Dragon King finally realized something was wrong. Wounded, it tried to flee, intent on healing its injuries before coming back for revenge later.

Han Wu wasn't about to let that happen. He ordered the Yinglong King to cut off its escape while the Tyrannosaurus Rex below used its crude Dragon Tongue Magic to knock the Blackwater Horned Dragon King out of the sky. Together, they brought the enemy down. In the next instant, the Tyrannosaurus Rex abandoned its magic and charged with its jaws wide open. It clamped down on the Blackwater Horned Dragon King and held on.

The Blackwater Horned Dragon King thrashed desperately and tried to take to the skies, but it couldn't break free. The crushing bite force had already pierced its scales and inflicted serious damage.

At Han Wu's command, the Yinglong King dove and drove its claws into the Blackwater Horned Dragon King's skull. After three strikes, the Subcosm Dragon King was dead.

With Han Wu and Long Xiang working together, they had successfully taken down one of the Great Dragon contestants. Since they had contributed equally to the kill, each received a ten percent contribution score. It was an even split.

The Blackwater Horned Dragon King was a projection. It dissolved into data and vanished, which finally gave the Tyrannosaurus Rex a chance to catch its breath. Its teeth were still intact, but the black water had corroded the inside of its mouth and the edges of its jaws. It had suffered plenty of wounds, but thankfully, its robust constitution meant that it still had fight left in it.

Its toughness impressed Han Wu.

“What’s the plan now?” Long Xiang asked once he had calmed the Tyrannosaurus Rex down.

Since he couldn’t fly, another encounter with a Great Dragon contestant would practically be a death sentence. His odds of survival would be far better if he stuck with Han Wu.

The battle had given Han Wu a clear picture of the enemy’s strength. They had managed to kill the Blackwater Horned Dragon King so quickly only because it had underestimated them. That wouldn’t happen twice.

“We find the other two first.”

The words had barely left his mouth when a notification arrived. Another teammate had fallen, killed by a Great Dragon. Now, only three of them remained: Han Wu, Long Xiang, and Long Lin. They had to face four Dragon Kings.

Long Xiang tried to stay optimistic. “We should find Long Lin. He’s got a Subcosm Dragon King. If we team up, we might still have a chance.”

Han Wu quickly dispatched his Pterlings to sweep the area. They soon found Long Lin, whose situation was even worse. Two Great Dragon contestants were hunting him together. Under a two-on-one assault, even his Subcosm Great Dragon wouldn’t last long.

Han Wu made the call immediately. “Let’s go. We need to pull Long Lin out before this whole thing falls apart.”

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Chapter 1073 - Long Lin: I’m The Strongest!

Inside the arena, Long Lin rode his Briarscale Dragon King through the sky with the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King and the Volcano Dragon King in hot pursuit.

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King specialized in berserk arts and earth manipulation, while the Volcano Dragon King excelled at magma-attribute dragon breath. Both contestants had abilities that could counter Long Lin’s Briarscale Dragon King.

However, neither could match the Briarscale Dragon King’s speed, which forced the two pursuers to spend most of their time chasing rather than attacking.

Long Lin urged the Briarscale Dragon King forward at full speed and kept a close eye on the two enemies behind them. When he spotted the Volcano Dragon King charging an attack, he shouted, “Dodge left and down! Magma breath incoming!”

A stream of searing magma breath sprayed toward the Briarscale Dragon King like a fire hose. Thanks to Long Lin’s early warning, his unit swerved aside just in time. It suffered minor, superficial burns, but nothing severe enough to affect its combat ability. Nonetheless, they couldn’t run forever. The cumulative damage would eventually bring the Briarscale Dragon King down.

At that moment, a notification arrived. Another teammate had died. Long Lin’s frustration boiled over. “Useless! Every last one of them is useless!”

The Ancient Dragon Clan was already at a disadvantage, and now only three contestants remained against four Dragon Kings. There was no way to turn the situation around.

While Long Lin agonized over their predicament, the two Dragon Kings trailing him were hatching a plan of their own. Their elemental affinities made them inherently slow, so they couldn’t just keep chasing the Briarscale Dragon King and chip away at it until exhaustion finally brought it down.

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King had an idea and relayed it in dragon tongue. “I’ll cast Berserk on you. While the buff lasts, take him out.”

The Volcano Dragon King liked that arrangement. Buffed by an ally and handed the main attack role? It would have to be crazy to refuse.

“Do it. I’ll make them burn.”

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King had its own calculations. If they kept chasing and another Great Dragon teammate swooped in to claim the kill, all their effort would go to waste. It was better to play support now and at least secure an assist.

It cast its signature Berserk spell on the Volcano Dragon King. Every cell in its body seemed to ignite as energy and power surged through it. Its magma breath, which had previously required two seconds to charge, could now be used instantaneously. Its magma reserves also increased, and its attack range expanded.

Long Lin felt the Volcano Dragon King preparing another attack and braced himself. Unfortunately, the attack was already on its way. The magma breath slammed into the Briarscale Dragon King’s belly before it could react. The devastating attack critically wounded it and sent it plummeting from the sky.

The two Dragon Kings’ eyes lit up with excitement. Once on the ground, they’d never let the Briarscale Dragon King take to the air again. It would lose its speed advantage

entirely, leaving Long Lin no chance of escaping them. In the next instant, both Dragon Kings touched down eagerly and blanketed the area with their Dragon Fear.

Long Lin's face went pale now that they were trapped. The only way out was through them. His Briarscale Dragon King could barely handle one. Fighting two at once with its current injuries was hopeless.

"Don't resist, and I'll make it quick," the Volcano Dragon King growled in dragon tongue. The berserk state had convinced it that it was invincible.

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King was already communing with the earth beneath its feet. It was glad that the Volcano Dragon King's breath hadn't killed the Briarscale Dragon King outright, which meant there was still an opening to steal the kill.

Long Lin was furious but powerless. He could handle one Dragon King even at an elemental disadvantage, but two at once was something else entirely. What infuriated him even more was his teammates' absence. Two were already dead, and the other two were nowhere to be found.

"Not a single one I can count on! Keep hiding like cowards! Once I'm dead, you think you'll survive?" Long Lin growled.

The Volcano Dragon King began gathering its breath for a finishing blow while the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King channeled the earth's power. It intended to collapse the ground beneath the Briarscale Dragon King right as the Volcano Dragon King fired, redirecting the target straight into its own earth spike attack and stealing the kill. By the time the contribution announcement came out, it would be too late for the Volcano Dragon King to do anything about it.

While the two Dragon Kings schemed against each other, Han Wu and Long Xiang arrived just in time. The Tyrannosaurus Rex charged forward with its jaws wide open and shattered the Dragon Fear barrier the two Dragon Kings had erected. Swarms of Pterlings poured out of Han Wu's divine realm, obscuring the Dragon Kings' line of sight and forcing them to abandon their attacks.

"What the hell took you so long!" Long Lin started cursing the moment he saw his teammates. In his mind, he was the Great Dragon Championship's main combatant, and everyone else should revolve around him.

Han Wu's brow furrowed immediately. Apparently, Long Lin hadn't learned a thing from their earlier encounter.

"Say that again. I dare you." Han Wu's tone was cold. The killing intent behind his words was so dense that a chill ran down Long Lin's spine.

The memory of kneeling before Han Wu's overwhelming core race came rushing back. Long Lin's knees went soft, but he quickly reminded himself that Han Wu couldn't summon his Mythic Titans inside the arena.

The strongest unit Han Wu had at his disposal was a Microcosm Yinglong King. It was no real threat to him. Besides, without him, how could the Ancient Dragon Clan possibly win?

His confidence returned, and his knees steadied. "I said what I said. This is the Great Dragon Championship, and I'm the main fighter. Your job is to support me. If the Ancient Dragon Clan loses because of you, you won't be able to afford the consequences."

Han Wu snorted and turned to Long Xiang. "Long Xiang, I think the two of us can win this on our own. What do you think?"

Long Xiang glanced at Long Lin, disgusted by his reckless ingratitude, then recalled everything Han Wu had done for him. He nodded without hesitation. "I'm with you."

: Chapter 1074

Chapter 1074 - Killing Long Lin

With Long Xiang's agreement, Han Wu no longer bothered to conceal the killing intent in his gaze. Long Lin's skin crawled under his stare. The only part of him that still showed any defiance was his mouth. "I'm warning you. Inside the arena, you can't summon your titans or your locusts. Your Yinglong King doesn't stand a chance against the Great Dragon race. Right now, I'm the only one who can fight them! Do you understand that?"

Long Lin's composure shattered completely as Han Wu slowly advanced. "Stay back! Don't come any closer! Long Xiang, stop him! He's lost his mind! Briarscale, protect me!"

Every step felt like one of those towering titans crushing down on his heart.

Long Xiang kept watch on the two Great Dragon contestants. To his surprise, neither made a move. Instead, they watched Han Wu and Long Lin with open curiosity, eager to see whether Han Wu would actually eliminate his own teammate. Long Xiang couldn't help but reflect that the urge to watch drama was universal among all intelligent races.

Long Lin's Briarscale Dragon King dragged its wounded body upright and tried to block Han Wu's path.

Han Wu fixed it with a single look. "Do you want to die outside the match too?"

Han Wu couldn’t use his Divine Jurisdictions and had no energy at his disposal, but his aura alone was enough to pin the Briarscale Dragon King in place. To the dragon, the figure before it wasn’t small at all. He might as well have been a titan capable of crushing it underfoot at any moment.

The Briarscale Dragon King was a Great Dragon with high intelligence. After hearing Han Wu’s threat, it understood that it couldn’t protect its master, nor did it dare try. It promptly collapsed to the ground and played dead, pretending that its injuries were too severe for it to stand.

The act was so crude that everyone present saw through it, especially Long Lin. The Briarscale Dragon King he had painstakingly raised had abandoned him when it mattered most.

His mental state shattered completely. If I can’t trust my own core race, whom can I trust?

With the Briarscale Dragon King no longer blocking his path and the two Great Dragon contestants content to spectate, Han Wu had all the room he needed.

“Stay away from me! If you touch me, the Ancient Dragon Clan won’t let this go. I swear it!” Long Lin retreated as he hurled threats.

Unfortunately for him, Han Wu wasn’t the least bit afraid. He closed the distance one step at a time until he stopped right in front of Long Lin. The pressure finally became too much. Long Lin’s knees buckled, and he collapsed to the ground. Terror had stripped away the last of his resistance.

Han Wu didn’t give him a second chance. He seized Long Lin by the hair and struck the side of his neck with the edge of his palm. Although he couldn’t use his Divine Jurisdictions or draw upon his strength, years of honing his combat techniques made his bare hands more than sufficient to sever the neck of someone barely stronger than an ordinary person.

Long Lin’s head separated from his body, and his projection died amid bitterness and disbelief. As his projection faded, his Briarscale Dragon King lost its connection to its master and dissolved as well. In reality, both of them were perfectly fine. However, the fear Han Wu had instilled in them would last a lifetime.

Outside the arena, every spectator who had witnessed Han Wu kill his own teammate sat in stunned silence. As far as they understood the Great Dragon Championship, teammates were allies. No matter how badly an ally performed, killing them was unthinkable. In all the years the Championship had been held, infighting had never occurred. Han Wu had just given the Ancient Dragon Clan an unprecedented first.

Long Qi watched closely from the highest seat. After watching the clan's strongest young contestant die at Han Wu's hand, he showed no anger. Instead, a faint smile crossed his face. "Han Wu... Truly worthy of being the guest I personally invited."

Long Lin's father rushed onto the platform with his son in tow, demanding that Long Qi deliver justice and restore Long Lin's honor. Without intervention, the boy would carry the shame of being killed by his own teammate for the rest of his life.

Long Qi shook his head. "I think what Han Wu did was right. If I had been his age and encountered a pathetic bully like Long Lin, someone who could only throw his weight around within his own camp, I wouldn't have stopped at killing him once in the Championship. I would've killed him again outside it."

Long Lin trembled from head to toe, terrified that Long Qi would actually follow through.

At the sight of the boy's gutless display, Long Qi turned away in disgust and waved a hand at the father. "Take your son and get out of my sight."

Long Lin's father obeyed without a word.

Long Qi turned his attention back to the arena. Only Han Wu and Long Xiang remained on the Ancient Dragon Clan's side, leaving two contestants to face four Dragon Kings. By any measure, defeat seemed inevitable.

"Unless you're still hiding something I can't see through?" Long Qi murmured as he stared at the screen.

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: Chapter 1075

Chapter 1075 - Mechanical Fusion

With Long Lin eliminated, the current battle was now two against two. The numbers were even, but the overall power gap still favored the Great Dragons.

The Volcano and the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon Kings were thrilled. Before, there had only been one target for the two of them to fight over. Now there were two, one for each of them.

Long Xiang rode the Tyrannosaurus Rex to Han Wu's side and asked nervously, "What do we do now that you killed Long Lin?"

"What else? We crush them," Han Wu replied.

Long Xiang was at a loss for words. He wanted to know how exactly they were supposed to crush two Subcosm Dragon Kings with a Microcosm Tyrannosaurus Rex and a Microcosm Yinglong King. Neither unit could cross that gap, or at least his Tyrannosaurus Rex certainly couldn't.

Han Wu said nothing else and opened a gate to his divine realm. The two Dragon Kings tensed up. The Yinglong King followed Han Wu's command and went back inside.

Long Xiang was baffled. Why send the Yinglong King away? Is my Tyrannosaurus Rex supposed to fight two Dragon Kings alone?

Han Wu gestured for Long Xiang to be patient. He had other plans.

From within his divine realm came the sound of heavy, synchronized footsteps. The ground quaked with each impact as a squad of mechanical creatures resembling tyrannosaurs emerged from the gate. They were Machinedrasprites.

Long Xiang nearly lost his mind. Han Wu's core race includes mechanical dragons too? How many types of units does his core race have?

Both Dragon Kings went on high alert. They could sense that every Machinedrasprite was at Microcosm rank or above, and they were all encased in an unknown metal alloy of extraordinary hardness. Without making direct contact, even the Dragon Kings couldn't gauge their full combat potential.

That wasn't all. After the squad of Machinedrasprites lined up, the heavy footsteps continued. A much larger Machinedrasprite emerged behind them. It was nearly identical to the others but stood several times taller. Its aura was already approaching the Subcosm rank, and the two Dragon Kings immediately grew wary of its strength.

Meanwhile, Long Xiang's excitement surged. With firepower like that, why hadn't Han Wu brought them out earlier?

The battle erupted. Both Dragon Kings struck first. The Volcano Dragon King opened with a blast of destructive magma breath aimed at the largest Machinedrasprite. At the same time, the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King used the energy it had been accumulating to trigger a violent localized earthquake.

Every ground-based combatant, Machinedrasprite and Tyrannosaurus Rex alike, lost its footing. The magma breath landed squarely on the largest Machinedrasprite. Molten rock hissed against its metal shell and turned the armor red.

The Volcano Dragon King thought it had won, but the largest Machinedrasprite issued a command, and every Machinedrasprite began to transform. A tremendous magnetic force pulled the smaller units toward the leader. Metal clicked and machinery hissed as the individual units locked together. Within moments, all the Machinedrasprite had assembled into a single entity!

The fused Machinedrasprite towered over the battlefield. Every cannon barrel from the individual units now bristled across its back. Its claws and arms had been reinforced, and its armor was thicker than ever. Its aura surged into the Subcosm rank!

The sight stunned everyone present, Han Wu included. He'd never seen the Machinedrasprite's fusion form before. The credit went to V[1], the Machine God residing in Han Wu's divine realm.

While Han Wu had been in seclusion comprehending the Void Jurisdiction, V had been far from idle. He'd poured his research into Han Wu's Machinedrasprite core race. After spending a significant amount of resources and meticulously refining its design, V had developed a method that allowed the Machinedrasprites to undergo Mechanical Fusion.

"Esteemed guest... No, Han Wu, your core race is insane!" Long Xiang could barely contain himself. Long Xiang could tell how strong the fused Machinedrasprite was from its aura.

Han Wu nodded. He didn't know what to say since it was his first time seeing this too.

The two Dragon Kings launched even stronger attacks. The Volcano Dragon King stomped the ground and summoned a field of erupting volcanoes. It gathered the molten boulders into a massive magma meteor and hurled it at the fused Machinedrasprite.

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King used Berserk on itself alongside its earth powers. Compressed rock fused with its scales to form an incredibly thick, dense suit of stone armor. Clad in this armor, it charged at the Machinedrasprite like a berserker.

Facing a simultaneous elemental and physical assault, the fused Machinedrasprite activated Infinity Cannon and fired back, every cannon on its frame discharging concentrated energy waves in unison.

The devastating barrage blew the falling magma meteor to dust. The charging Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King was blasted hundreds of meters backward. Both attacks were neutralized in one volley.

The two Dragon Kings flew into a rage and unleashed stronger Dragon Tongue Magic alongside their dragon combat techniques.

The fused Machinedrasprite refused to back down. It used Infinity Cannon relentlessly while its twin claws lashed out with devastating physical strikes known as Turbo Claw. The claw extended to a hundred times its normal length.

Han Wu sensed the aura of a Divine Weapon within it. It wasn't just any mechanical component, but a genuine Divine Weapon that approached the Microcosm grade!

V wasn't merely a Machine God. He was also the soul of an ancient king, a legendary blacksmith of Divine Weapons. He had converted the Turbo Claw from a simple skill into a Divine Weapon that multiplied its destructive power a hundredfold.

A single swipe from it grazed the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King's stone armor and shattered it on contact.

The two Dragon Kings now knew how strong the fused Machinedrasprite's were.

"We attack together!" the Volcano Dragon King called out.

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King, still under the effects of Berserk, maintained enough clarity to respond. "Let's go!"

The two Dragon Kings pulled back a hundred meters and approached each other. A terrifying presence condensed between them. The Fire and Earth Energy in the surrounding space was drained in an instant.

A dual-attribute dragon breath gathered in their jaws, and they aimed it directly at the fused Machinedrasprite.

Han Wu could already sense that the mounting combined attack radiated power on par with a Mesocosm strike. The Subcosm Machinedrasprite probably couldn't withstand it.

While Han Wu was worried, the fused Machinedrasprite responded and revealed its second form!

1. V stepped in to the crowd... just kidding ☜

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: Chapter 1076

Chapter 1076 - Hidden Agendas

A mechanical dragon roar echoed across the battlefield as the fused Machinedrasprite activated its second transformation: the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress.

Its feet drilled into the earth, anchoring its massive frame in place. In that form, it couldn't move at all. In exchange, the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress could dedicate all its energy to firepower. Its armor was now more than twice as thick as before, and its defensive power had increased tenfold.

The moment the transformation was complete, the two Dragon Kings finished charging their combined attack and unleashed an earth-fire dragon breath.

The terrifying blast shot toward the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress as a brilliant yellow energy beam. It couldn't dodge and took the hit head-on. Rock and fire exploded against its outer armor, battering it layer after layer. The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress endured every strike through the sheer thickness of its armor. It even absorbed a portion of the energy and channeled it into its Infinity Cannon.

The moment the dragon breath subsided, it fired the Infinity Cannon. The blast sent both Dragon Kings tumbling more than 1,000 meters.

All of the Volcano Dragon King's scales cracked, and blood seeped from beneath them. The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King fared better, though its thick stone armor had been completely shattered.

The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress hadn't escaped unscathed, either. Molten rock had left holes and craters across its armor. The power of Sloth was already repairing the damage, however. Every crater rapidly sealed itself, and even the largest holes slowly closed. The sight of such regeneration terrified both Dragon Kings.

Outside the arena, every member of the Ancient Dragon Clan watching the Championship erupted in excitement. Nobody had expected Han Wu to have this up his sleeve. If he'd brought out the Machinedrasprite during the qualifiers, who could have beaten him?

Long Lin watched alongside the crowd and felt a chill run through his entire body. He finally understood how arrogant he had been. He had been riding the coattails of a single Subcosm Dragon King yet he'd dared to bark at someone like Han Wu. He had even tried to make Han Wu play support.

Long Lin slapped himself hard. "What was I thinking? I'm such an idiot!"

His father grabbed him in alarm. "Son, what are you doing? Hitting yourself won't solve anything. Han Wu may be impressive, but he's not a member of the Ancient Dragon Clan. If you pull yourself together, you're still the clan's greatest young talent."

His father's words helped Long Lin steady himself, but one question lingered. After being abandoned by his own core race, could he really hold on to that title?

The happiest person was none other than Long Qi. He had built the Ancient Dragon Clan with his own hands. Year after year, they'd lost more Great Dragon Championships than

they'd won. Han Wu's performance today would be enough to pull the Ancient Dragon Clan back from the brink and seize victory.

The more he watched Han Wu, the more he liked him. If only this boy were a member of the Ancient Dragon Clan.

The Jade Dragon Emperor sat beside Long Qi and caught up with Silver Dragon King Erebard, though part of its attention remained on the Championship. The early rounds had gone as expected. Its contestants held an overwhelming advantage, so victory was only natural.

As the match progressed, however, the Jade Dragon Emperor grew increasingly puzzled. When did the Ancient Dragon Clan produce a freak like this? His core race has so many types! Is this really the Divine Civilization?

Erebard sensed its childhood friend's confusion and offered an explanation. The standout contestant was its current master, Han Wu. He wasn't actually a member of the Ancient Dragon Clan. He had come to the clan's territory only to visit Long Qi. Most importantly, Erebard revealed that Han Wu possessed the Defier title.

The Jade Dragon Emperor's eyes lit up. The Defier was a treasure of the Great Dragons, yet it had awakened in a human! If the old coots back home caught wind of this, there would be an uproar. Han Wu had to be brought into the Great Dragon race!

If the Great Dragon could accept Long Qi, why not Han Wu? Based on everything Han Wu had shown so far, he could easily become a second Long Qi, or maybe even surpass him one day.

The Jade Dragon Emperor was already daydreaming about the rewards it would receive from the Nine-Faced Dragon God for bringing home such a prize.

Back in the arena, the battle raged on. After multiple failed assaults, the Volcano Dragon King and the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King still couldn't break through the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress' defenses. Worse, they were already heavily wounded.

Han Wu knew that the time had come to strike. If he could eliminate one Dragon King, the other would eventually be ground down. He issued a command to the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress, and all cannons targeted the weaker of the two, the Volcano Dragon King.

The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress obediently redirected every barrel toward the Volcano Dragon King. Wherever it moved, the cannons tracked it consistently. They had to kill it in a single barrage.

The Volcano Dragon King felt its scales tingle. Do I really look that easy to bully?

Compared with the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King's massive defenses and health, the Volcano Dragon King was the softer target.

"Crimson-Eye, give me a layer of armor! I'll go all in!" the Volcano Dragon King roared.

If they thought it was easy prey, it would show them a fire-attribute life form's last shred of dignity.

The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King refused. "No need. The Great Dragons will be the ultimate victor of this match."

As those words landed, a streak of light flashed past the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress and tore away one of its secondary cannons. It was the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King!

At the same time, a massive silhouette appeared above the two Dragon Kings. Feathers that shimmered with holy radiance covered its entire frame. It was the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King, the Great Dragons' final contestant.

All the remaining contestants had finally gathered in one place, and the final battle erupted.

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Chapter 1077 - We Could Still Win

The Great Dragons had sent five contestants, each with distinct strengths. Excluding the eliminated Blackwater Horned Dragon King, the remaining four were now assembled.

Han Wu's group had already faced the Volcano Dragon King and the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King. Han Wu had also witnessed the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King's unmatched speed. Now, the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King quickly revealed its specialty. It channeled its power to heal its allies. An array enveloped the Volcano and Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon Kings, rapidly mending their wounds.

The Volcano Dragon King cackled with glee. "Wasn't someone trying to blast me to death? Come on, then!"

With the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King present, no wound was permanent. Even if the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress reduced the Volcano Dragon King to its last breath, a single heal could restore it to full health.

Han Wu's expression darkened. There were four Subcosm Dragon Kings, and handling them with the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress alone was a tall order. As if the Volcano Dragon King's relentless elemental barrages and the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King's physical blows weren't bad enough, the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King kept swooping in to tear off the secondary cannons.

The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress had only ten sets of secondary cannons and two main ones. At the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King's speed, it could strip away all the cannons in mere minutes. Once the cannons were gone, the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress could only fight hand-to-hand.

Han Wu ordered the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress to prioritize the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King. Unfortunately, the latter was too fast. Even the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress' processing speed and tracking couldn't keep up. Landing a hit was impossible.

Long Xiang saw how hopeless the situation had become and grew desperate. He hated his own powerlessness and inability to help.

"Han Wu, maybe we should surrender," he suggested. "Given the situation, the clan won't blame us even if we gave up."

Han Wu shook his head. "It's not over yet."

"You still have a plan?" Long Xiang stared at him in disbelief. He didn't know how strong Han Wu truly was because every time they met, Han Wu pulled out something new that left him stunned. Holding two Dragon Kings at bay with the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress had already seemed incredible. Now Han Wu was saying he still had more?

Goodness gracious, how many cards are you hiding?

Han Wu's divine realm gate opened again. Swarms of Pterlings poured out, shrouding Han Wu's group from view.

The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King, the strongest of the Great Dragon contestants, flared its wings. "Blocking our sight with numbers? Don't bother with such petty tricks."

Countless feathers of light shot toward the Pterlings as if they were alive. Each feather killed a Pterling on contact.

Whenever a Pterling died, the feather disappeared as well. It wasn't a special property of the light feathers. Rather, it was due to the arena's special conditions, which made every unit Han Wu summoned a projection. Their deaths didn't cost Han Wu anything. He could summon as many as he wanted without risk. That way, he could summon every single unit of his core race that fulfilled the arena's conditions and use them as fodder without a care.

As the Pterlings thinned and Han Wu's group slowly came back into view, a second wave emerged. This time, Locust Dragons flooded the field. They were tougher than Pterlings, each requiring at least two feathers to bring down.

Long Xiang joined in and flooded the field with Tyrannosaurus Rex units from his divine realm. The ground shook under their stampede. Their thick hides shrugged off the feathers of light entirely.

The endless swarms of low-level units were more annoying than dangerous, but the four Dragon Kings were thoroughly fed up. After a brief discussion, they decided to unleash one massive attack and wipe the field clean.

All four flew into the air. The combined Dragon Fear of the four Dragon Kings condensed into a terrifying crescendo before it detonated outward. The attack approached the power of a Dragon Emperor's ordinary strike, and every unit below the Microcosm rank within the blast zone was crushed instantly. Billions of Locust Dragons and 1 million Tyrannosaurus Rex units vanished in the blink of an eye.

The four Dragon Kings had drained themselves with that single burst, and their guard dropped for an instant.

At that precise moment, a dark shadow launched from beneath Han Wu's feet and streaked toward the fastest and most fragile Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King. Dense Dark Energy pierced its chest like a venomous needle and corroded its heart to nothing.

The other three Dragon Kings reacted too late. In its death throes, the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King struck back with its signature beak attack. Its razor-sharp beak unleashed a killing blow that could critically wound even a fellow Subcosm Dragon King.

The dark shadow took the hit and plummeted from the sky while the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King dissolved into light.

"You summoned numerous units to bait out a wide-area attack," the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King said in the dragon tongue, "You calculated the exact moment we'd be exhausted and struck. I'll commend that. It worked, but there's still the three of us. Do you have a second assassin of that caliber? No matter what you do, you're only delaying the inevitable."

"Fair point, but there's a minor misunderstanding. What makes you think that blow killed my unit?" Han Wu shot back.

The dark shadow burst from the ground and took its place at Han Wu's side. It was the Dark Dragoness.

Han Wu had recalled the Yinglong King not because it was too weak, but because he intended to fuse it with the Lust Umbral Demoness within his divine realm. A Microcosm

Yinglong King combined with a Microcosm Lust Umbral Demoness had produced a peak-Microcosm Dark Dragoness.

With the Dark Courage Shield empowering her, the Dark Dragoness had broken through to the Subcosm rank. That was how she had assassinated the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King with a single strike. The Dark Courage Shield had completely absorbed the Hawkbeak Swift Dragon King's final blow, which explained why the Dark Dragoness was still alive.

The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King felt the Dark Dragoness' powerful aura and tensed up. Meanwhile, Long Xiang's hope reignited. The Great Dragons now had three Subcosm fighters, while Han Wu's side had two.

The fight wasn't over. They could still win.

: Chapter 1078

Chapter 1078 - Do It!

The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King studied Han Wu's two powerful units. The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress boasted heavy armor and tremendous firepower but was rooted in place. The Dark Dragoness had blazing speed, potent Dark Energy, and a shield capable of tanking Subcosm attacks. Overall, the Dark Dragoness was the more dangerous of the two.

Dangerous didn't mean unbeatable, though. The Great Dragons still had three Dragon Kings and held a slight edge in total combat power.

"Prepare the combined dragon breath!" the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King whispered to the other two.

They nodded and started to draw elemental energy from the surrounding space.

A combined dragon breath mixed multiple types of dragon breath in precise ratios to create a multi-attribute attack whose power exceeded the sum of its parts. The Great Dragons had inherited techniques specifically for that purpose, and any trained Great Dragon could master them. The more types of dragon breath they combined, the stronger the resulting attack became.

Han Wu sensed the three Dragon Kings absorbing elemental energy and guessed they were charging something devastating. He ordered the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress to

charge the Infinity Cannon and once again targeted the Volcano Dragon King, whose defenses were the weakest.

Long Xiang reopened his divine realm and summoned every remaining Tyrannosaurus Rex. Even if they couldn't deal damage, they could serve as cover or meat shields. Every little bit helped.

The combined dragon breath erupted. A horrifying beam of blended energy streaked toward Han Wu's position like an aurora. Han Wu took cover behind the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress, with the Dark Dragoness beside him.

It punched through several Tyrannosaurus Rex units without losing any momentum and slammed into the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress. The energy beam tore through its armor and blasted a hole clean through before heading toward Han Wu.

The Dark Dragoness raised the Dark Courage Shield. After passing through the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress' armor, the blast had weakened considerably, but it still carried tremendous power.

The Dark Courage Shield had once been the treasured possession of the Pride Dark Tyrannosprite King, itself a veteran Subcosm powerhouse. Under the bombardment, the shield barely turned warm and didn't suffer so much as a single scratch.

Once the breath attack ended, the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress returned fire. The Infinity Cannon tore into the Volcano Dragon King, leaving it charred and barely alive.

The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King cast a single heal, and the Volcano Dragon King instantly returned to full strength. Han Wu now understood just how terrifying that Dragon King was. As long as it lived, killing the other two would be nearly impossible.

Long Xiang leaned in close. "If there's anything I can do, just say the word. For the honor of the Ancient Dragon Clan, dying once is nothing."

Han Wu's eyes lit up. Long Xiang's Tyrannosaurus Rex was average in terms of overall power, but its jaws were a weapon capable of biting above its weight class. If the Tyrannosaurus Rex could take out or cripple one of the three Dragon Kings, the rest of the fight would become much easier.

"Follow my lead when the time comes," Han Wu said.

Long Xiang nodded.

Seeing their combined dragon breath had failed, the three Dragon Kings switched to Dragon Tongue Magic and began chanting different incantations. A three-layered formation materialized above Han Wu's position, and terrifying pressure steadily built around him. If he couldn't withstand it,he would die.

At Han Wu's command, the Dark Dragoness made her move. She faced the three airborne Dragon Kings and cast them a seductive glance laced with her charm skill.

The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King had an iron will, so the skill had no effect on it. The Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King was stone-hearted and was immune to it. The Volcano Dragon King, however, fell for it.

The effect lasted only a second, but that second shattered its concentration and disrupted its Dragon Tongue Magic. The triple formation dropped to two layers, which significantly reduced the mounting pressure.

The Dark Dragoness instantly rocketed toward the Volcano Dragon King to repeat her assassination technique.

However, the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King wouldn't fall for the same trick twice. The two Dragon Kings abandoned their magic and lunged at the Dark Dragoness. Neither hesitated, as though they had planned that from the start.

It was a trap. The Volcano Dragon King was the bait. Its obvious weakness was meant to lure the Dark Dragoness into close range so the Celestial Lightfeather and Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon Kings could ambush her.

Han Wu had already seen through their plan. He had fought enough battles to recognize a trap when he saw one. Still, he decided to play along. After all, the best hunter always disguised itself as prey.

At the last possible moment, the Dark Dragoness pivoted away from the Volcano Dragon King and dove straight at the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King instead. It had been her real target all along.

The feint caught the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King off guard for a split second. Before it could react, the Dark Dragoness unleashed Black Coffin. Overwhelming Dark Energy formed a coffin-shaped prison around the Dragon King and sealed it inside.

The Black Coffin was powerful, and the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King would need time to break free. The Dark Dragoness didn't give the other two Dragon Kings a chance to intervene. She immediately hurled the Black Coffin toward Han Wu's position.

"Do it!" Han Wu signaled to Long Xiang.

Long Xiang issued the command. His Tyrannosaurus Rex charged forward and caught the Black Coffin in its jaws. At that exact moment, the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King used its Light Energy to burst through from within.

However, it hadn’t expected what awaited it outside. The Tyrannosaurus Rex clamped down with its incomparable bite force. Its steel fangs pierced through scales and flesh like blades and tore the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King clean in half.

Yet its powerful Life Energy sustained it. Its upper half flared its blood-soaked white wings and broke free. It tried to fly back to its allies, desperate to buy enough time to heal.

The Tyrannosaurus Rex had no intention of letting its meal escape. It swallowed the lower half whole, launched itself into the air with its powerful hind legs, and caught the upper body in its front claws. Afraid that the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King would still escape, it stuffed the remaining half into its mouth and sucked out its blood and organs with horrifying efficiency.

The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King, already too weak to heal itself, couldn’t survive the blood loss and organ failure and dissolved into light. Another Great Dragon contestant had been eliminated.

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: Chapter 1079

Chapter 1079 - Victory

Every member of the Ancient Dragon Clan watching the Championship sat with their jaws hanging open. The dinosaur bloodline they had always dismissed had just killed a Dragon King after its upgrade.

The Jade Dragon Emperor shot to its feet in alarm. The Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King was the strongest of the five contestants it had brought. Getting killed by a Tyrannosaurus Rex that had only recently been purified into a proper Great Dragon wasn’t just embarrassing; it was downright humiliating.

Long Qi noticed the Jade Dragon Emperor’s silent fury and quickly interjected, “The coordination between those two contestants was flawless. Han Wu’s dragon timed the attack perfectly. Wouldn’t you say, Jade Dragon Emperor?”

Long Qi’s intention was to redirect the Jade Dragon Emperor’s attention toward Han Wu. The boy’s talent could no longer be hidden, and drawing scrutiny toward him would help shield Long Xiang.

It worked. The Jade Dragon Emperor's focus shifted entirely to Han Wu. Both of his core race units were formidable. The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress combined overwhelming offense with impenetrable defense. Thanks to the power of Sloth, it even had impressive regeneration capabilities.

The Dark Dragoness was among the finest dark-attribute dragons it had ever seen. Her mastery of Dark Energy was practically flawless, and her timing rivaled that of a veteran. What intrigued the Jade Dragon Emperor most was the Dark Courage Shield. It wanted to test whether that shield could withstand a Dragon Emperor's blow.

The more it analyzed Han Wu, the more it was interested in him.

Long Qi leaned over and added, "Those two dragons aren't even the strongest units of his core race."

The Jade Dragon Emperor turned in surprise. "What could possibly be stronger than dragons? Are you trying to fool me?"

Erebard stepped forward. "He's telling the truth. Han Wu's strongest core race isn't the Great Dragons."

The Jade Dragon Emperor might doubt Long Qi, but it would never doubt Erebard.

"Once the Championship ends, I'd like to see Han Wu's true strongest units for myself," the Jade Dragon Emperor muttered.

Inside the arena, the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King's death left the Volcano and Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon Kings in dire straits. The Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress bombarded them relentlessly, while the Dark Dragoness waited for openings. Then there was the Tyrannosaurus Rex below, its jaws perpetually open.

The two Dragon Kings were extremely on edge. Without support, neither dared to commit fully to an attack. Their injuries continued to pile up with each exchange.

In the end, the Volcano Dragon King snapped. After tanking one more Infinity Cannon blast, it deliberately self-destructed and took the Sloth Machinedrasprite Fortress with it. The Tyrannosaurus Rex was caught at the edge of the explosion, but its thick hide saved it from death once again. The blast left it roughly medium-rare, but it could still fight.

The Dark Dragoness had avoided the blast entirely and engaged the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King in a one-on-one duel. The Dark Courage Shield's superior defense ultimately carried her to victory.

As the Crimson-Eye Earth Dragon King dissolved into light, the Great Dragon Championship reached its end. The Ancient Dragon Clan had won.

Of the five contestants, Han Wu claimed a seventy percent contribution share, while Long Xiang claimed the remaining thirty percent. The other three scored zero. In other words, Han Wu and Long Xiang had defeated all five Great Dragon contestants by themselves.

When the two emerged from the arena, every member of the Ancient Dragon Clan cheered. Even the two contestants whom the Great Dragon contestants had killed joined in the applause. They hadn't contributed to the victory, but they had shown the right attitude. Even when hopelessly outmatched, they hadn't cowered.

Long Lin hid in the crowd, his face burning. He didn't dare look at Han Wu. Jealousy and admiration churned inside him. Han Wu's display of power had been fearsome, but the gap between them wasn't impossibly vast. By Long Lin's own estimate, it amounted to only one Subcosm unit.

By all rights, he should have been standing up there too. His blind arrogance had cost him everything. He couldn't deny that he resented Han Wu, but he knew that resentment was hollow. He couldn't even beat Han Wu inside the arena with all those restrictions. Out here, the gap would only be wider. Long Lin lowered his head and slipped away before Han Wu could notice him.

Han Wu's attention was elsewhere. His eyes were fixed on the prize table. Those treasures could enhance a unit's dragon attribute. If the Yinglong King consumed them, its bloodline could advance even further. Even if it didn't, the resulting power boost would still be substantial.

Long Qi and the Jade Dragon Emperor presided over the award ceremony. Han Wu received seventy percent of the prizes, while Long Xiang took thirty percent. Neither had any complaints.

Afterward, both powerhouses beckoned Han Wu over. The Jade Dragon Emperor immediately sensed the Defier's aura on him. Han Wu had tried to conceal it, but such concealment meant nothing before a powerful life form like a Dragon Emperor.

"Esteemed Defier! I've finally seen one in the flesh!" The Jade Dragon Emperor spread its arms and pulled Han Wu into a bear hug. The force nearly squeezed the life out of him.

After escaping its embrace, Han Wu noticed Erebard standing beside the Jade Dragon Emperor.

Erebard quickly explained, "Little Green is my closest childhood friend."

Han Wu marveled at the coincidence. Fate truly works in mysterious ways. To think that two childhood companions would reunite under such circumstances. Erebard's luck is something else.

The Jade Dragon Emperor hugged him again. “Esteemed Defier, thank you again for bringing Silver back to life.”

Han Wu’s bones creaked under the pressure. Even with his normal Mesocosm physique, he couldn’t withstand a Macrocosm Dragon Emperor’s strength.

Thankfully, the Jade Dragon Emperor noticed his struggle and released him before it caused any real damage.

“Esteemed Defier, forgive my clumsiness,” it apologized.

Long Qi’s eyebrows shot up. In all the years he had dealt with the Jade Dragon Emperor, he had never once heard it apologize.

As for Han Wu, what else could he do when a Macrocosm powerhouse like the Jade Dragon Emperor apologized to him? It was obvious that he had to forgive it!

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Chapter 1080 - I Will Fight Against All Five!

To celebrate the end of the Great Dragon Championship, the Ancient Dragon Clan threw a grand banquet for Han Wu and the Great Dragon contingent. Mountains of food weighing in tons filled the tables.

The five Great Dragon contestants had assumed their humanoid forms and taken their designated seats. Their expressions made their dissatisfaction with the outcome clear. Every one of them glared at Han Wu, eager to tear him apart and avenge their defeats in the arena.

Han Wu paid them no mind. Unfortunately, the five Dragon Kings were used to getting their way among the Great Dragons. Halfway through the banquet, they jumped to their feet and demanded a rematch.

“During the Championship, I only lost because I let my guard down for a moment,” the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King claimed. “If you’ve got the nerve, bring out everything you have and fight us for real.”

“You ganged up on me two against one. That wasn’t fair. Summon your core race. I want a proper duel,” chimed in the Blackwater Horned Dragon King, the first to lose after Han Wu and Long Xiang defeated it through teamwork.

The Volcano, Crimson-Eye Terra, and Hawkbeak Swift Dragon Kings all joined in and voiced their dissatisfaction.

The constant noise was giving Han Wu a headache. He couldn't even eat in peace.

Long Qi and the Jade Dragon Emperor had noticed the situation from the start. However, the Jade Dragon Emperor silently signaled Long Qi not to intervene. It was clearly allowing the five Dragon Kings to act as they pleased.

That was what finally pushed Han Wu over the edge. *So you want to see me fight against them? Fine.*

He stood, pointed at all five Dragon Kings, and declared, "None of you are satisfied? Fine. I'll fight all five of you at once. Let's see if I can't beat the living shit out of you."

The nearby members of the Ancient Dragon Clan stared in awe. He was domineering enough to challenge five Dragon Kings on his own!

Patriarch Long Lie watched from his seat and desperately wanted to induct Han Wu into the Ancient Dragon Clan. Usually the clan lost more Championships than it won, but with Han Wu as an ally, it wouldn't lose another Great Dragon Championship for at least the next ten years.

The five Dragon Kings hesitated upon hearing his challenge. If Han Wu had challenged any one of them individually, they would've accepted instantly. A one-versus-five declaration was another matter entirely. How arrogant and confident did someone have to be to issue such a challenge?

Still, they had their reservations. Winning a five-on-one wouldn't be glorious. On the other hand, losing would be catastrophic.

Han Wu scoffed. "Hurry up. My time is valuable. Don't tell me you're afraid to accept."

That was enough to provoke them. *Fine. Five on one it is.*

Even if they faced punishment when they returned home, they needed this.

The Ancient Dragon Clan quickly cleared a suitable area. Every spectator, including the Jade Dragon Emperor, turned to watch.

During the Championship, Han Wu had been restricted by the arena's rules. Now, under the pressure of five Dragon Kings, the Jade Dragon Emperor was certain that Han Wu would have to show his real strength.

The fight began.

The five Dragon Kings immediately grouped together and drained every trace of elemental energy from the surrounding space to charge a five-way combined dragon breath. The more types mixed together, the stronger the resulting breath would become.

When it noticed the five Dragon Kings combining their breaths, even the Jade Dragon Emperor tensed. The attack had already exceeded the power of a Subcosm strike and reached the Mesocosm rank.

Through their brief physical contact, the Jade Dragon Emperor knew Han Wu was only a Mesocosm life form. Taking that attack head-on without any defensive measures could result in serious injury or death.

What kind of surprise will you show me this time, little one? the Jade Dragon Emperor wondered.

As the combined dragon breath hurled toward him, Han Wu activated his Conversion and Void Jurisdictions simultaneously. In the next instant, two layers of energy wrapped around him.

The combined dragon breath blasted forth with apocalyptic force. The Dragon Fear woven into the attack rivaled a Divine Jurisdiction.

In the past, the Conversion Jurisdiction couldn't absorb such high-grade energy quickly enough. However, after deepening his comprehension through his aspects, Han Wu had dramatically improved its conversion rate. He could now partially process higher-quality energy in real time.

As for the remainder, the Void Jurisdiction took care of the rest. It transformed the energy that the Conversion Jurisdiction absorbed into negative energy and released it outward, neutralizing the remaining energy within the combined dragon breath.

The attack was absorbed and neutralized simultaneously. It didn't take long for the entire blast to dissipate. Han Wu stood there without a scratch. If anything, he felt slightly overenergized.

The five Dragon Kings felt their heads throb. *Is this man even a God? If he can nullify a combined dragon breath, what can't he nullify?*

Since their ranged attack had failed, the five Dragon Kings switched to melee combat. They charged at Han Wu from five different directions, intent on showing him the Great Dragon combat techniques.

Han Wu answered by summoning his units. They emerged from his divine realm one after another.

The combined aura alone of Dark Locust, Steely, the Pride Dark Tyrannosprite King, the Wrath War Tyrannosprite King, and the five towering Mythic Titans was enough to flatten the five Dragon Kings against the ground.

The Jade Dragon Emperor's eyes widened. After all, Han Wu had summoned nine Subcosm units, and the strongest among them could rival even the Celestial Lightfeather Dragon King. Even the weakest, a Mythic Titan with a Divine Jurisdiction embryo, was still strong enough to fight against the weakest Blackwater Horned Dragon King fist to claw.

What caught the Jade Dragon Emperor most off guard was that most of those units weren't dragons. Long Qi had been telling the truth. Han Wu's strongest core races weren't the dragon-adjacent units he had used in the arena.

The realization left the Jade Dragon Emperor stunned. Throughout its entire life, it had heard nothing but praise for the Great Dragons' supremacy. Yet in Han Wu's eyes, the Great Dragons and their adjacent species were nothing more than soldiers.

A flicker of anger flared in the Jade Dragon Emperor's chest. "I grant you special permission to burn your dragon souls!"

The five Dragon Kings grinned. In the next instant, flames of different colors erupted from their frames as they ignited their dragon souls. Their souls blazed and granted them seemingly limitless energy.

They rose from the ground. Even against Han Wu's overwhelming units, they no longer felt an ounce of fear. All that remained in their hearts was their indomitable will to fight!

Chapter 1081 - Battle Against the Jade Dragon Emperor

Han Wu was stunned when the Great Dragons started burning their dragon souls. *What's happening? I didn't know the Great Dragons had a technique like this!*

This was not something he'd ever seen the Great Dragons under his command use.

The five Dragon Kings didn't give Han Wu time to process this and continued the barrage of their strongest attacks. With their dragon souls burning, each had become several times more powerful than normal. Every single one was as strong as a Mesocosm life form.

Han Wu stepped in front of his units to protect them. Light from multiple Divine Jurisdictions flickered across his body. Eight Jurisdictions—Conversion, Duel, True

Martial, Slaughter, Everchange, Netherworld, Life, and Void—erupted from him at once, pushing his power even higher.

That wasn't all. Han Wu also activated his ability on top of all that.

"Demon King Transformation, Fourth Stage, True Holy Dragon Transformation!"

His body changed dramatically, transforming from a human into a Great Dragon covered in iridescent scales.

The pressure Han Wu radiated at that moment had reached the later stages of a Mesocosm life form. Even the Jade Dragon Emperor stood up to gawk at him.

Han Wu's form was purer than even those Great Dragons with the cleanest bloodlines. If it didn't know Han Wu was from the Divine Civilization, it would've believed he was a Great Dragon.

There was no need for Han Wu to fear dragon-attribute attacks while in this form. He simply opened his jaws, swallowed the attacks of the five Dragon Kings, converted the energy into his own, and shaped it into a dragon breath that he blasted right back at them.

The breath carried the force of a cataclysm behind it as it barreled towards his target. The five Dragon Kings didn't dare take it head-on even with them burning their dragon souls. They could feel the pressure of death.

The Jade Dragon Emperor intervened in the nick of time. It revealed its true Jade Dragon Emperor physique and shielded the five Dragon Kings from the lethal blow.

"Esteemed Defier, you've piqued my interest. Please attack me with your strongest technique," the Jade Dragon Emperor said, uncoiling its massive body.

Although Han Wu was powerful in his True Holy Dragon Transformation, he was well aware that he was no match for the Jade Dragon Emperor. It was a powerhouse on par with Long Qi, a fighter at least at the Macrocosm rank. Han Wu was at best in the late Mesocosm rank and wasn't even near the edge of Macrocosm.

The Jade Dragon Emperor wanted to test him, however, and holding back would only anger it, so he decided to stop hiding and unleashed everything he had.

He summoned all of his Microcosms. They orbited him like a galaxy and fed him energy, which he then channeled into his dragon breath.

In the True Holy Dragon Transformation, he could mimic any Great Dragon in his divine realm. After a brief moment of deliberation, he decided against mimicking one of his Dragon Kings and opted for Wicked Dragon Veritas instead.

His iridescent scales turned gray as the power of Seals erupted inside his body. The energy pouring from his Microcosms was converted into a flood of different elemental energies that were then shaped into a single concentrated breath of Sealing Energy.

“Elemental Flux Sealing Breath!”

The breath shot straight at the Jade Dragon Emperor.

A terrifying Sealing Energy surged into the Jade Dragon Emperor’s body. It tried to use its power to dissolve the seal, but the Sealing Energy suppressed it.

Why can’t I overcome the seal from his True Holy Dragon Transformation?

The Jade Dragon Emperor strained harder to access the energy within its body but got no response. Its ocean of power had been sealed. Its Dragon Tongue Magic, dragon breath, and even Dragon Fear—none of it could be used.

The Jade Dragon Emperor only had its physical body left.

“Respected Defier, this is truly exciting. I haven’t felt my blood pumping like this in years,” the Jade Dragon Emperor praised Han Wu. It was extraordinary for someone so young to seal all of its energy.

Still, Great Dragons didn’t conquer the heavens with their vast, dominating energy reserves alone. A formidable physical body was equally essential. The Jade Dragon Emperor intended to teach Han Wu this lesson.

Using nothing but raw physical strength, it closed the distance, moving fast enough that no one below the Macrocosm rank could track it. It had meant to startle Han Wu, but the latter’s senses were far too sharp.

The moment the Jade Dragon Emperor vanished, Han Wu had guessed it would try a surprise attack. He was ready. When the Jade Dragon Emperor appeared behind him, Han Wu activated his ability.

“Minute Hand!”

Everything around him froze.

The Jade Dragon Emperor’s overwhelming power severely weakened the Minute Hand’s stasis effect. Han Wu could feel the frozen time compressing rapidly. Less than ten seconds remained.

Seizing those precious seconds, he changed from his full dragon body and entered his Dragonkin form. In this state, his power was more concentrated, his agility was sharper, and he could wield Divine Weapons.

Peerless appeared in his hand.

“Dragon Slayer!”

This technique massively amplified the power of his next strike. With the frozen time almost up, Han Wu gathered every ounce of strength and delivered his ultimate blow against the Jade Dragon Emperor.

“Heaven-Earth Severance!”

A terrifying blade of light absorbed the energy of the heavens and earth before carving across the Jade Dragon Emperor.

Time resumed right as Han Wu completed the slash.

The Jade Dragon Emperor used its physical strength to retreat over a hundred meters in the blink of an eye. Han Wu’s seemingly endless arsenal of techniques had alarmed it.

A crisp cracking sound reached the Jade Dragon Emperor’s ears. Peering down, it saw a clean slash across its body. Its jade-green dragon scales were cracking apart and shattering. The slash mark spread as more scale fragments fell to the ground, blood seeping from the wound.

Han Wu had injured the Jade Dragon Emperor!

Long Qi couldn’t hide his shock. He knew the Jade Dragon Emperor’s strength better than anyone present. The existence of the wound proved the devastating might of that last strike.

Despite being a Mesocosm fighter, Han Wu had injured a Macrocosm being! Han Wu would almost certainly be unrivaled among peers if he were to reach the Macrocosm rank himself.

Long Qi silently resolved to intervene and protect Han Wu if the Jade Dragon Emperor turned hostile over the wound.

The Jade Dragon Emperor stared at the wound in disbelief. It even dabbed a claw in its blood and tasted it. The coppery tang with a hint of sweetness snapped it back to reality.

Han Wu had actually wounded it!

In the time it took to raise its head, the gash that Han Wu had given everything to inflict was already healed. Even the jade-green scales regenerated. It was as if the Jade Dragon Emperor had never been injured at all.

“Respected Defier, you’ve earned my admiration!"

: Chapter 1082

Chapter 1082 - Honorary Member

The challenge ended with the Jade Dragon Emperor's declaration. Every Great Dragon and Ancient Dragon Clan member stared at Han Wu with admiration. He had proven himself with raw power.

The five Dragon Kings had long since lost their earlier arrogance. They had been convinced the moment the Jade Dragon Emperor threw itself in front of them to block that lethal breath. Seeing Han Wu actually wound the Jade Dragon Emperor only turned their shock into pure respect.

After all, they had fought the Jade Dragon Emperor before, and even the five of them combined couldn't crack a single scale on its body.

Han Wu naturally became the center of attention at the banquet that followed. The Great Dragons sang his praises and the Ancient Dragon Clan members toasted him repeatedly until everyone was thoroughly drunk.

Afterward, Long Qi escorted Han Wu back to his room.

The prospect of conversing with Long Qi again excited Han Wu, and he quickly used his Conversion Jurisdiction to purge the alcohol from his system.

Long Qi had actually chosen to escort him because he had something to say. "It's only been a little over two months since we last saw each other. I originally planned to set up some training opportunities for you, but your growth has already surpassed anything I imagined."

"You flatter me, Senior Long Qi," Han Wu said modestly.

"You performed exceptionally well this time. Knowing the Jade Dragon Emperor, it'll definitely find a reason to bring you back to the Great Dragons and present you to the Nine-Faced Dragon God," Long Qi said. "The Nine-Faced Dragon God is an extremely powerful being from another foreign civilization. Long ago, it harbored ambitions of swallowing the Divine Civilization, but the strongest God King of that era drove it back."

Han Wu nodded. "Long Xiang mentioned that the God King of Destruction repelled the Nine-Faced Dragon God."

“The God King of Destruction. What a nostalgic name.” Long Qi sighed wistfully, a fellow powerhouse from that same era. His voice then took on a grave solemnity. “So remember, if the Nine-Faced Dragon God brings up the God King of Destruction, you cannot reveal that he’s been missing for years.”

Han Wu nodded. This concerned the safety of the entire Divine Civilization. He had to take it seriously.

“The fact that you accepted the invitation to the Ancient Dragon Clan’s secret realm tells me you’re a good kid. The future of the Divine Civilization rests on people like you.” Long Qi patted Han Wu’s shoulder with an encouraging smile before pulling a blood-red jade pendant marked with patterns of dragons from his pocket. “I noticed you have a Microcosm Divine Weapon that’s starting to fall behind your strength. This Dragon Blood Jade Pendant can upgrade a Microcosm Divine Weapon once. Consider it my thanks for keeping the Divine Civilization’s secret.”

“Senior Long Qi, safeguarding the Divine Civilization is the duty and responsibility of every God. I’ll hold the line no matter what,” Han Wu declared with righteous conviction.

Despite his words, his grip on the Dragon Blood Jade Pendant remained iron-tight, clearly having no intention of returning it. Han Wu’s blatant shamelessness had Long Qi feeling more at ease. With a personality like that, forget the Great Dragons. Han Wu would come out on the bottom, even in the most desolate reaches of the Black Prison Civilization.

The night passed without incident.

The next morning, Han Wu received a notification from the Ancient Dragon Clan. Long Qi wished to invite him to become an honorary member.

This came with many of the expected privileges. An honorary member enjoyed every benefit a regular member had, but without any of the responsibilities. All he had to do was lend a hand if the Ancient Dragon Clan ever faced a crisis, though only as long as it was within his ability to do so.

Han Wu had no reason to refuse these generous terms and thus became the first honorary member in the Ancient Dragon Clan’s history. It wasn’t just a title, but also a credential that granted him access to all the Ancient Dragon Clan’s cumulative knowledge. He could even pull the unit profiles of every clan member and use the data to cultivate his own units.

There was even a chance he could cultivate a Dragon Emperor, just like Long Qi. Becoming an honorary member was an incredible treasure to Han Wu.

As Long Qi had predicted, the Jade Dragon Emperor sought Han Wu out after the celebration banquet and expressed its desire to bring him back to the Great Dragons.

Its main reasons were the Defier title and Han Wu's strength. The Jade Dragon Emperor believed Han Wu's potential was no less than its own and wanted to establish a friendly relationship before he fully matured. That way, negotiations would go more smoothly once he grew into someone even the Great Dragons had to take seriously.

Long Qi had already informed Han Wu that the trip was non-negotiable. He would end up having to go whether he wanted to or not. Knowing this, Han Wu agreed on the spot and saved himself the headache.

The Jade Dragon Emperor was thrilled. It immediately dug into its Microcosm and showered Han Wu with treasures. Among them were numerous items that could enhance draconic attributes. Han Wu nearly drooled at the sight.

Their departure was set for three days later. In the meantime, Han Wu retreated into his divine realm and put every reward to use.

The Yinglong was the ultimate tier of Han Wu's Dragon Enhancement Path for his core race and needed to be strengthened. He fed every draconic treasure he'd collected to the Yinglong King.

After absorbing a massive amount of Dragon Energy, the Yinglong King underwent a reversion and transformed itself into an egg. It would digest the energy within the shell and only evolve once it emerged. Its evolution path would improve from there.

Han Wu also used the Dragon Blood Jade Pendant on Peerless. In just two hours, Peerless completed its upgrade and became a Mesocosm Divine Weapon.

The upgraded Peerless was no longer a plain white blade. Crimson veins ran across its surface like a web of blood vessels, channeling energy.

Its techniques didn't change much, with the nine Peerless Slashes being preserved. The only addition was a passive skill called Crimson Dragon Soul. This allowed it to absorb enemy blood to nurture the dragon soul within the blade.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 1083 - Arriving at the Great Dragon Territory

Three days later, Long Qi and the others watched as the Jade Dragon Emperor brought Han Wu away.

Long Xiang stood beside Long Qi with a worried expression. “Grandfather, you’re really letting Han Wu leave with the Great Dragons just like that? Aren’t you worried they’ll bully him?”

Long Qi watched as Han Wu and the Great Dragons disappeared into the distance. “Han Wu has the Defier title protecting him; he won’t be taken advantage of. The next time you see him, there’s a good chance he’ll already be someone you have to look up to.”

“No need to wait for the next time,” Long Xiang muttered under his breath. “Han Wu’s already my idol...”

***

Han Wu followed the Jade Dragon Emperor to the very edge of the Divine Civilization. The Jade Dragon Emperor raised a claw and tore through space. A spatial passage appeared before Han Wu.

“Step through this passage, and you’ll enter the Great Dragon territory,” the Jade Dragon Emperor said, patting Han Wu’s shoulder with its claw.

Han Wu winced. His shoulder throbbed with pain.

The Jade Dragon Emperor was wonderful, but it simply didn’t know its own strength. Even Han Wu’s Mesocosm rank base state didn’t change the fact that a regular human body couldn’t compare to a Great Dragon’s. The Jade Dragon Emperor could probably kill him with a single poke at full force. Thankfully, it still had some restraint on its power.

Carefully wriggling out from under the Jade Dragon Emperor’s claw, Han Wu glanced at the passage. Stepping through meant leaving the protection of the Divine Civilization’s Will. The Will couldn’t rescue him in time if anything happened in there.

The Jade Dragon Emperor noticed his hesitation and assumed he was being respectful by letting an elder go first.

What a well-mannered child! Far more polite than those whelps back home, it thought with an approving nod.

With that, it dove headfirst into the passage. The five Dragon Kings had been itching to go home and scrambled in after it. Han Wu went last.

Before entering, he split off an avatar using his Everchange Jurisdiction to leave behind in the Divine Civilization as insurance. Only then did he finally step through.

He emerged in the Great Dragon territory between one blink and the next. A chorus of dragon roars hit him like a wall of sound. Lined up on both sides of the passage’s exit were thousands upon thousands of Great Dragons.

Enormous pairs of dragon eyes fixed on him as if gazing at some rare exhibit. Han Wu felt exposed from head to toe. It felt as though they were seeing straight through his clothes.

The Jade Dragon Emperor shifted into a Dragonkin form roughly Han Wu's height and walked over to explain, "Esteemed Defier, these dragons all heard the news of your arrival and came to behold your majesty. Now, please don't hold back. Release your Defier aura in full. Let every Great Dragon here know that the Defier has come home!"

With this encouragement, Han Wu released his Defier aura alongside his full pressure. The Defier's presence stirred an involuntary sense of reverence in the Great Dragons.

Han Wu was just starting to relax when he spotted a black Great Dragon flying toward them, a group of smaller Great Dragons flanking it. As it landed, it shifted into an elderly man. The animosity in his eyes was hard to miss.

"Romantis, has water gotten into your brain? Or have you simply been eating too much meat and turned into an unthinking animal?" the old man scolded the Jade Dragon Emperor. "How could you bring someone from the Divine Civilization into our territory on a whim? Are you trying to expose our location to them?"

Han Wu quietly stepped to the side, allowing the Jade Dragon Emperor and the old man plenty of room for their arguing.

"Umbrathur, did a giant gnaw on your brain, or have you gotten too old to think?" the Jade Dragon Emperor fired back. "Can't you smell the Defier's aura on him?"

The old man, Umbrathur, was the Demonfire Dragon Emperor. Of course, he could sense the rich Defier aura on Han Wu. This was simply a matter of not wanting to acknowledge it.

"A mere humanoid has tainted the Defier title! That makes the Defier no longer part of the Great Dragons!"

"You bastard, what did you just say? Have you forgotten our ancestors?" The Jade Dragon Emperor lunged at the Demonfire Dragon Emperor's conjured clothes in a fury and tore off a large strip.

It realized a moment later that it had ripped away nothing but a wisp of Demonfire. The Demonfire Dragon Emperor stood unharmed a few steps away with his gaze locked on Han Wu.

Crushing Dragon Fear slammed down on Han Wu. It felt as if invisible hands were pressing on his shoulders, trying to force him to his knees.

But Han Wu was stubborn to the bone. He not only refused to kneel, but even fought back against the pressure.

A Great Dragon Ring materialized behind him. Pure Dragon Fear laced with the Defier's aura expanded out from him.

Given their gap in strength, his Dragon Fear naturally wasn't strong enough to faze the Demonfire Dragon Emperor or the Jade Dragon Emperor. However, for the other Great Dragons, this combination of his Dragon Fear and the Defier's aura hit with the weight of a superior dragon's authority.

Quite a few Great Dragons lost control of their legs and dropped to their knees. These included some of the Demonfire Dragon Emperor's own followers.

Han Wu's retaliation only infuriated the Demonfire Dragon Emperor further. A mere being from the Divine Civilization dared to stir up trouble in the Great Dragon territory and even force its followers to kneel!

In the Demonfire Dragon Emperor's eyes, this was no different from him relieving himself on its head and asking it for tissues!

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor moved to attack, but the Jade Dragon Emperor blocked it from approaching Han Wu at every turn. It also released its own pressure to neutralize the Demonfire Dragon Emperor's Dragon Fear.

The weight on Han Wu vanished. Relieved, Han Wu immediately doubled down and amplified his pressure, aiming it specifically at the Demonfire Dragon Emperor's followers.

His Dragon Fear probably couldn't even pass as competent in terms of raw power, but that didn't matter. With the Defier's aura mixed in, even the weakest Dragon Fear became an absolute trump card.

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor glanced back mid-struggle. All of its followers were on their knees.

"I told you all to train harder. You didn't listen. Embarrassing, isn't it?" the Demonfire Dragon Emperor fumed. Still, they were its subordinates, and no matter how badly it wanted to deal with Han Wu, it had to get its followers back on their feet first.

"Let's stop this pointless fight. It's a loss for the Great Dragons no matter who wins," the Demonfire Dragon Emperor said loftily, attempting to take the moral high ground.

Han Wu wasn't having it. *You're losing, so you want to switch tactics and guilt-trip me instead? Dream on! I'm going to show you what it means to not have any moral boundaries!*

Chapter 1084 - Picking Up The Scraps

Han Wu refused to disperse his pressure.

Explosive rage erupted within the Demonfire Dragon Emperor, and Demonfire blazed across its body in a terrifying display. It wanted to crush Han Wu.

The Jade Dragon Emperor intercepted it as before. Left with no other option, the Demonfire Dragon Emperor settled for using its power to drive its followers away from the area. That would at least save it a sliver of its reputation.

Han Wu scoffed. *Go ahead and bully me. I can't beat you, but I can bully your lackeys.*

Two more massive figures flew out from deeper within the Great Dragons' territory and landed in Dragonkin form. They were a strikingly handsome man and a gorgeous woman.

The breathtaking man was a Dragon Emperor called Caesar, also known as the Radiant Dragon Emperor.

The woman with alluring eyes and a graceful figure was Elsa, or the Battle Dragon Emperor.

Their arrival marked the assembly of all four Dragon Emperors.

The Radiant Dragon Emperor and the Battle Dragon Emperor sensed the Defier's aura on Han Wu. Unlike the Demonfire Dragon Emperor, they greeted him amicably.

Han Wu responded with courtesy, but not submission.

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor only grew angrier at this. "He's not a Great Dragon! He doesn't deserve the Defier title!"

"Umbrathur, the Defier's aura cannot be faked. The title has already taken root in this youngling. Please don't make things difficult for him," the Radiant Dragon Emperor said plainly.

Despite the Battle Dragon Emperor's delicate appearance, fighting was in her bones, and she boldly declared, "Defier, if you can beat me, I'll accept you."

Han Wu glanced at her slender figure and shook his head. *She seems so fragile in her Dragonkin form. Why is she so obsessed with fighting?*

Regardless of his thoughts, he knew she was still a Dragon Emperor, a being on the Jade Dragon Emperor's level. Talented as he was, he dared not challenge someone of that caliber.

He didn't mind playing around, but not if it meant fighting to the death just to satisfy the Battle Dragon Emperor's urges.

The Battle Dragon Emperor's face darkened when Han Wu shook his head. "You won't fight me? Do you look down on me? Never mind then, Umbrathur, I side with you today. Let's take them both on!"

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor glanced at the Battle Dragon Emperor. It couldn't understand her logic, but it was willing to overlook her unhinged tendencies if it meant having her on its side.

It was now two against two.

The Great Dragons watching were thoroughly confused. *Do the Dragon Emperors want the Defier to return or not?*

Just as the tension peaked and a fight seemed imminent, a piercing dragon roar echoed from the distance.

All four Dragon Emperors turned toward the sound. Their expressions shifted, and they reverted to their Great Dragon forms before speeding away. A number of Dragon Kings followed.

Han Wu was left standing alone in utter bewilderment. He had no idea what had just happened. Fortunately, Silver Dragon King Erebard in his divine realm had actually lived among the Great Dragons before, and it only took a quick inquiry for Han Wu to learn the answer.

That roar was an enemy alert!

Han Wu was shocked. *The Great Dragons are supposed to be supreme rulers of countless realms. What species would be reckless enough to attack them? Do they have a death wish?*

Unable to stifle his curiosity, Han Wu flew after the crowd. After a short flight, he reached a towering cliff face that served as a perimeter wall. The battle happening just beyond it was in full swing.

Great Dragons rained down dragon breaths from above, while countless giants hurled boulders upward from below.

Skyreach Giants swatted at the airborne Great Dragons with their nearly ten-thousand-meter-long clubs.

It was a brutal fight.

The giants periodically smashed Great Dragons out of the sky and trampled them to death underfoot. Dragon breaths felled just as many giants in turn. These fallen giants then became projectiles for their comrades or stepping stones underfoot.

Han Wu's blood raced, but he didn't act rashly. Any species bold enough to attack the Great Dragons head-on was no pushover. If he intervened and was recognized, the giants could treat it as the Divine Civilization getting involved.

If the Great Dragons and the Divine Civilization shared a strong alliance, the risk would have been worth it. However, the Great Dragons had never respected the Divine Civilization. They treated it as little more than a breeding farm to churn out Great Dragon soldiers.

This gave Han Wu even less reason to intervene. The more the Great Dragons were drained, the safer the Divine Civilization would be in the long run.

Still, he wasn't one to watch passively either. As he scanned the battlefield, his eyes fell on corpses of giants and Great Dragons alike littering the ground.

The bodies of both species were considered treasures, but openly collecting them was out of the question. Getting caught would not only be humiliating but could even spark hostility.

That just meant he would have to pick them up stealthily

Han Wu summoned his Microcosm unit, Bow God Bart. After extensive training, Bart had mastered his Void Hunter gene and could wield it with ease.

Once Han Wu explained the task, Bart assured him that it would be easy. Condensing a Void arrow from his power, Bart nocked it, scanned the battlefield with his sharpshooter eyes, and let the arrow fly toward a nearly fallen giant. It struck the giant's body.

A human-sized arrow was smaller than a toothpick to the Great Dragons and giants, so none of them even noticed. Through the embedded arrow, Bow God Bart remotely triggered the teleportation. The giant corpse was transported into Han Wu's divine realm in the blink of an eye.

The battle was too intense for anyone to notice a single body vanishing.

"Beautifully done!" Han Wu praised without restraint before urging him to keep going. His philosophy was always to go big or go home, after all.

Bart's arrows threaded through the chaos. The number of corpses teleported into the divine realm climbed rapidly.

Han Wu split his Netherworld Jurisdiction into an avatar and stationed it inside the divine realm to handle the summoning.

Undead giants and Great Dragons appeared one after another in his divine realm. A wide grin stretched across Han Wu's face. He hoped this battle would never end.

: Chapter 1085

Chapter 1085 - A Man Who Listens

The war between the giants and the Great Dragons didn't play out as Han Wu wanted. When the giants realized that their forces couldn't break through into the Great Dragon territory, a Skyreach Giant received orders and let out a war cry to signal the retreat.

The Great Dragons didn't pursue. Hovering in the air, they cursed out the giants in Dragon Tongue, expressing their hatred for the species. Some Great Dragons with longer-range attacks spat parting dragon breaths at the retreating giants, mostly to insult them and taunt them with their victory. The giants responded by throwing boulders back at them.

It was like a fight between children, with one side spitting and the other throwing rocks, except on a much larger scale and considerably more gruesome.

Once the giants left, Han Wu descended to the battlefield. Wounded Great Dragons were everywhere. The healer dragons among them had exhausted their energy in combat and couldn't treat many more of their kin. The injured would have to rely on their natural recovery.

It had been this way for centuries. Some of the more gravely wounded would not pull through.

Han Wu decided this was an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the Defier's generosity and summoned a swarm of Blood Wraiths from his divine realm.

Blood Wraiths were only High Lord life forms. An adult Great Dragon could crush one without effort. Still, their healing ability was not to be underestimated.

They absorbed the blood of ?giants and Great Dragons from the ground, converted it into Life Energy, and used it to accelerate the Great Dragons' recovery. A single maimed Microcosm Great Dragon needed at least 50,000 Blood Wraiths working simultaneously.

Han Wu's divine realm was short on many things, but units weren't one of them. He could summon 5 billion Blood Wraiths, much less 50,000.

The battlefield was soon blanketed with his Blood Wraiths. Dozens of Great Dragons watched in awe as their wounds healed rapidly. At least a hundred that had been on the verge of death were pulled back from the brink.

All four Dragon Emperors took note. Even the Demonfire Dragon Emperor, the one most obsessed with bloodline purity, had to admit Han Wu's medical support made a significant difference.

While treating the wounded, Han Wu kept his eye on the corpses. Great Dragon remains were off-limits under so many watchful dragon eyes, but the giants' corpses were fair game.

He could've dissected them then and there, and the Great Dragons would have applauded his precision with the scalpel. The giants who were still breathing were even more useful. Han Wu drove Peerless into their bodies and drained their blood to feed the Crimson Dragon Soul inside the weapon.

The Great Dragons largely turned a blind eye. Some of the recently healed Great Dragons even dragged half-dead giants over and handed them to Han Wu directly. They had already accepted him as one of their own.

Han Wu was overjoyed. This one battle between the Great Dragons and the giants had gained him over a thousand powerful undead for free. He had even leveled up the Crimson Dragon Soul on top of that. It was a massive haul.

Afterward, the four Dragon Emperors sent their subordinates to collect the fallen Great Dragon remains for a unified funeral. Han Wu was also invited.

The pained expression on Han Wu's face as he watched a thousand Great Dragon corpses being incinerated by the gathered dragons' breath was genuine. The Great Dragons mourned their fallen comrades, while Han Wu mourned wasted resources.

A single high-quality dragon corpse could yield over a hundred pieces of Divine equipment, thousands of pounds of crafting materials, and a powerful undead Great Dragon.

All of that, reduced to ash. What a waste.

This wasn't a thought he could voice to the Great Dragons, though, so he could only keep the sigh to himself.

Unbeknownst to Han Wu, the Demonfire Dragon Emperor had kept an eye on him throughout the funeral. The sheer authenticity of grief on his face had softened its resistance another few notches.

A person capable of grieving so deeply for the Great Dragons couldn't possibly have ill intentions. Han Wu wasn't a Great Dragon by blood, but the Demonfire Dragon Emperor found itself silently acknowledging his status nonetheless.

Without the Demonfire Dragon Emperor's interference, Han Wu could finally move freely within the Great Dragon territory. He released all the Great Dragons from his divine realm and let them mingle with their kin. They were members of the same race after all.

His reputation soared as the local dragons learned of Han Wu's devoted care for the Great Dragons in his command. Some even proposed pooling resources to groom Han Wu as the fifth Dragon Emperor.

The four Dragon Emperors unanimously shot this down. At the end of the day, Han Wu wasn't a true Great Dragon.

Pouring a mountain of resources into someone from the Divine Civilization was like throwing meat buns at a dog. More importantly, Han Wu's prestige was largely a byproduct of the Defier title. None of his actions would've drawn this much attention without it.

The Great Dragon race needed a dragon capable of leading through strength, wisdom, or exemplary character. Even the Jade Dragon Emperor, Han Wu's biggest fan, didn't think he was the right fit.

The proposal to make Han Wu the fifth Dragon Emperor died before it ever even reached Han Wu's ears. However, considering the special nature of the Defier title, the Jade Dragon Emperor still applied to have Han Wu presented to the Nine-Faced Dragon God. Their God could decide his future.

Han Wu was eager to see the power of the Great Dragons' deity. Although the Nine-Faced Dragon God rarely involved itself in the Great Dragons' affairs, nothing escaped its notice, and it approved the Jade Dragon Emperor's request without delay.

The four Dragon Emperors escorted Han Wu to the palace of the Nine-Faced Dragon God. Before they entered, the Jade Dragon Emperor quietly advised Han Wu that appearing in his True Holy Dragon Transformation's Dragonkin form would earn him more favor.

Han Wu was the type to listen to well-meaning advice, so he promptly activated the True Holy Dragon Transformation and shifted into Dragonkin form. The other three Dragon Emperors' gazes softened when they sensed the pure Dragon Fear and the Defier's aura radiating from him.

The Battle Dragon Emperor's cheeks flushed. "What a handsome little brother! Fighting him would be so satisfying!"

Han Wu was speechless. He was honestly worried the Battle Dragon Emperor would lose control and beat him up in front of the Nine-Faced Dragon God. Thankfully, she had just enough self-restraint to hold back, no matter how badly she wanted to fight Han Wu.

Fortunately, the palace gates opened before things could derail.

Han Wu followed the four Dragon Emperors inside to meet the being that made even the Divine Civilization tremble with fear: the deity of the Great Dragon race, the Nine-Faced Dragon God.

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Chapter 1086 - The 8.5 Faced Dragon God

The Nine-Faced Dragon God's palace radiated an aura of obscene wealth. Every surface in sight was forged from Essence Gold. It was luxury taken to its absolute extreme.

All this Essence Gold could've been used to forge so many Divine Weapons! Han Wu grumbled internally and cursed the Great Dragons for having no idea how to manage their resources. Using Essence Gold as building material was practically begging the heavens to strike them down.

He stepped forward and laid eyes on the one he'd come to meet: the Great Dragon's deity, the Nine-Faced Dragon God.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God was enormous beyond comprehension. Han Wu couldn't see its full form at a glance, nor could his senses perceive its entirety. A single scale was larger than his entire body.

While Han Wu was still shocked, the Nine-Faced Dragon God lowered its head and fixed its gaze on him and the four Dragon Emperors. Beyond its staggering size, the Nine-Faced Dragon God's most distinctive feature was its head, which bore multiple faces, each with its own will and expression.

Han Wu counted carefully and confirmed that there were nine. However, one had suffered severe damage, with a large portion of it destroyed. Strictly speaking, it only counted as half a face.

He couldn't help but wonder, *How did this happen? Something as powerful as the Nine-Faced Dragon God could still get injured?Also, with half a face gone, shouldn't the Nine-Faced Dragon God technically be called the 8.5-Faced Dragon God?* [1]

Han Wu decided this was a serious question.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God wasn't thinking that hard about it. It simply studied Han Wu with intense focus. Its massive dragon eyes gleamed with wisdom. In the space of a single moment, it had already learned everything there was to know about him.

After confirming Han Wu's information, all eight and a half of its faces settled into subtle expressions that mixed unease, surprise, dread, and wariness.

Han Wu matched the intelligence that the Jade Dragon Emperor had reported. He carried the Defier title and had already developed it to a significant degree. That much was expected.

What the Nine-Faced Dragon God hadn't expected was another familiar aura hidden within him. The bloodline of Destruction!

If Han Wu had possessed the Destruction Jurisdiction, the Nine-Faced Dragon God would've suspected that he was an assassin sent by the Divine Civilization's Will.

"Do you belong to the Destruction Clan?" the Nine-Faced Dragon God asked.

The question immediately put the Jade Dragon Emperor on alert. The former God King of Destruction had once beaten the Nine-Faced Dragon God into retreat. To this day, the Great Dragons still had a visceral reaction to anything related to Destruction. One mention of it, and the whole race tensed up.

Han Wu considered his response carefully. Long Qi's instructions were burned into his mind. The entire Divine Civilization's safety now rested on what came out of his mouth. One wrong word, one slip that allowed the Nine-Faced Dragon God to see through the ruse, and disaster would befall the entire Divine Civilization.

He thought for several seconds before answering, "I'm not a member of the Destruction Clan, but I have a very close connection to them!"

His answer was perfectly truthful. After all, he had slaughtered the entire Destruction Clan. That kind of connection was hard to call anything but close.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God could read the fluctuations in Han Wu's aura as he spoke and determine whether he was telling the truth. Everything checked out. Han Wu was being completely honest.

"Then is the God King of Destruction doing well?" the Nine-Faced Dragon God pressed.

Han Wu's mind raced as he formulated his reply. "I'm not entirely sure about his current situation. All I know is that he's training in some kind of hidden realm."

In a sense, the Chaotic Starfield qualified as a hidden realm. It just happened to be one famous for being a one-way trip.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God got the answer it wanted and nodded. All eight and a half faces were deep in thought. It had long harbored ambitions of seizing the Divine Civilization and turning it into a colony for the Great Dragon race. That plan would have to stay on hold for now.

With the questions about the God King of Destruction settled, the four Dragon Emperors began reporting the intelligence they had gathered.

"The giants have launched another invasion."

"The Great Dragon race's birth rate continues to decline, and the three-child policy isn't gaining traction."

"Food supplies for the Great Dragons are running short. Many Great Dragons deployed to oversee other civilizations had gone silent."

"Members of the Great Dragon race had proposed making Han Wu, the Defier, the fifth Dragon Emperor."

Han Wu had no interest in Great Dragon domestic policy, but the proposal to make him the fifth Dragon Emperor immediately caught his attention. Becoming a Dragon Emperor wasn't just about gaining a title. It represented real power, with Macrocosm rank as the bare minimum!

The Great Dragons actually intended to invest enough resources to raise him to the Macrocosm rank. Meanwhile, he had been secretly stealing their dead to make undead.

I'm such an asshole, he thought.

After three seconds of self-reflection, his eyes lit up. He fixed them on the Nine-Faced Dragon God and waited for a definitive answer. As long as the conditions were right, he would accept it with *apprehension*.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God addressed the issues the four Dragon Emperors had raised and issued its directives. "The giant invasion had to be repelled. Otherwise, the giants will think the Great Dragons were easy pickings."

The Nine-Faced Dragon God was even considering a personal trip into giant territory for a bout with the giant deity, the Heavenreach Titan.

The Battle Dragon Emperor trembled when she heard that, not from fear but from excitement. She lived for combat. If a prolonged war with the giants broke out, she would be the first to raise both claws in approval.

The other issues gave the Nine-Faced Dragon God a headache. Its Great Dragons simply refused to reproduce. What could it do?

The Great Dragon race already had naturally low birth rates due to their immense power. Their reluctance to breed only made matters worse, with fewer than 10 million Great Dragons born per year.

For a civilization built around a core race of over a billion Great Dragons, those numbers were embarrassing. If war truly broke out with the giants, the Great Dragon race could face a population decline.

This problem had plagued the race for ages. Past efforts had focused on incentives. Those who produced offspring received gold and gemstones. Great Dragons were naturally attracted to shiny objects, so the policy made sense on paper. After years of implementation, however, the race had handed out gold and gemstones by the truckload with barely a bump in its population.

That was exactly why the Nine-Faced Dragon God clung to its fantasy for the Divine Civilization's system. It wanted to conquer the Divine Civilization and use its unit-cultivation framework to support the Great Dragon reproduction. So far, that dream had gone nowhere.

The food shortage was another headache. The Great Dragon race regularly sent dragons out to explore. Whenever they found a resource-rich civilization, a Great Dragon would descend upon it, subjugate the local population, and funnel the resources back to their territory. Lately, however, many of the dispatched Great Dragons had lost contact. The resource pipeline had dried up, and food was becoming scarce.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God addressed every concern and assigned tasks to each Dragon Emperor. That left only Han Wu's matter. Regarding the proposal to make him the fifth Dragon Emperor, the Nine-Faced Dragon God rejected it outright. The Great Dragon race looked strong on the surface, but its population growth was stalling, resources were scarce, and powerful enemies lurked along its borders. There simply weren't enough resources to spare for Han Wu's advancement. Moreover, his contributions to the race had yet to meet the required threshold.

The proposal was dead. Han Wu had expected the answer, but he still wanted to try.

"Lord Dragon God, if I could help the Great Dragon race resolve these problems, would you be willing to help me become the fifth Dragon Emperor?" he asked.

Every pair of eyes in the room landed on him. The Nine-Faced Dragon God and all four Dragon Emperors shared a single thought. *This kid's got some nerve!*

1. I don't know. Can you call someone that had lost their left arm and left leg as being all right? ☜

: Chapter 1087

Chapter 1087 - Three Problems

Ambition was not a flaw in the eyes of the powerful Great Dragons. A strong drive pushed one to strive for better outcomes. If everyone followed the example of those lazy Great Dragons who refused to reproduce, the race would never progress.

Hence, Han Wu's request didn't put off the Nine-Faced Dragon God. On the contrary, it was intrigued. If Han Wu could truly solve the Great Dragon race's problems, helping him become a Dragon Emperor would be a small price to pay.

"If you resolve all three problems, I'll personally support your ascension to the fifth Dragon Emperor," the Nine-Faced Dragon God said.

"Thank you, Lord Dragon God," Han Wu replied, visibly delighted.

"Romantis, you'll oversee this matter," the Nine-Faced Dragon God instructed before Han Wu's group departed.

The Jade Dragon Emperor nodded in acknowledgment.

Once they left the Nine-Faced Dragon God's palace, the Dragon Emperors gathered around Han Wu. Could he really solve the three problems that had plagued their race for so long?

Han Wu smiled and kept his answer deliberately vague. "Just wait for the good news."

He noticed the Battle Dragon Emperor's expression shift. It looked like she was itching for a fight, so he bolted. If he'd been a second slower, he would've gotten a beating he couldn't report to anyone.

The Jade Dragon Emperor hurried after him. It had brought Han Wu there, and the Nine-Faced Dragon God had tasked it with monitoring his progress. It had to be diligent.

After catching up, the Jade Dragon Emperor pressed Han Wu for details about his plan. The latter told it that such things couldn't be rushed and that he needed time to think. Then he quietly asked the Jade Dragon Emperor about the Nine-Faced Dragon God's face. The question had been nagging him ever since he'd laid eyes on it.

The Jade Dragon Emperor glanced around to ensure that no other dragons were nearby. "The God King of Destruction did that. If the Dragon God hadn't fled fast enough, it would've lost its entire face."

Han Wu's jaw dropped. It was no wonder that the Nine-Faced Dragon God kept tabs on the God King of Destruction. It had been beaten so badly that the trauma still lingered.

It appeared that the former God King of Destruction had been extraordinarily powerful. It made sense that he'd been able to drive the entire Divine Civilization's progress on his own.

With the gossip out of the way, it was time to get down to business. The Jade Dragon Emperor seriously asked Han Wu whether he had real solutions to the three problems.

Han Wu didn't commit fully. "I'll give it a try. Who knows? It might work."

The Jade Dragon Emperor immediately deflated. It had been hoping for a guarantee.

Han Wu didn't take offense and made a request instead. "Lord Dragon Emperor, could you find me a batch of mixed-blood dragons with decent intelligence?"

A hint of suspicion crossed the Jade Dragon Emperor's face. "What do you want mixed-bloods for? The Dragon God wants the Great Dragon race' birth rate to go up. No number of mixed-bloods would count toward that.

"And if you're thinking of crossbreeding mixed-bloods with Great Dragons, forget it. We've tried that before. The offspring are still mixed-bloods. It doesn't increase the Great Dragon population at all."

"Thank you for the information, Lord Dragon Emperor. That's not what I have in mind," Han Wu quickly replied, "All I need is for you to gather mixed-blood dragons with reasonable intelligence."

The Jade Dragon Emperor looked him up and down before giving in. "Fine. How many?"

"Not many. Ten million should be enough."

The Jade Dragon Emperor scoffed. Mixed-blood dragons weren't pure Great Dragons. Their reproduction and survival rates were far higher. Ten million was nothing.

That very day, it assembled 10 million mixed-blood dragons of varying power levels and settled them inside a decent-quality Microcosm.

Han Wu hadn't expected such speed. Still, he happily accepted the Microcosm and its occupants. When he looked inside, he noticed that most were Dragonkin and Half-Dragons. Among the mixed-blood dragons, those two groups were considered relatively intelligent.

He summoned the Lightning Great Dragon King Bakir from his divine realm. Bakir had once been a Half-Dragon himself. Through Han Wu's cultivation and a technique called Primalize, Bakir had purified his Great Dragon bloodline enough to evolve into a Lightning Great Dragon.

Even so, Bakir's bloodline still wasn't perfectly pure. He'd barely cleared the minimum threshold required to become a Great Dragon. Normally, dragons in that condition couldn't reach the Dragon King rank. Bakir had only managed it thanks to the massive supply of pure Energy Stones that Han Wu had provided and the Golden Tree's assistance.

For the vast majority of mixed-blood dragons, though, evolving into a Great Dragon even once in their lifetime would be the crowning achievement of their existence.

Han Wu's plan was simple. He would have Bakir teach all 10 million mixed-blood dragons Primalize and get them to evolve into Great Dragons as fast as possible.

That would take time. Once he had made the necessary arrangements, Han Wu turned his attention to the second of the three problems: the giants. They regularly attacked the Great Dragons, and the dragons were sick of it.

The two sides had fought multiple wars, each of which ended only after both sides suffered devastating losses. Yet the root of the conflict between the races remained unclear. At least, the Great Dragons had no idea why the giants attacked them.

Thus, Han Wu had no choice but to investigate from the giants' side. After reporting to the Jade Dragon Emperor, he flew beyond the walls of the Great Dragon territory and headed toward the giant territory.

Once he was far enough from the Great Dragons, Han Wu used Myriad Martial Castes to assume the form of a Mythic Titan. The disguise would help him blend in and avoid provoking hostility.

Han Wu pressed onward and entered the giant territory. Everything there was larger by orders of magnitude. The buildings were enormous, the trees towered overhead, and even the grass stood seven or eight meters tall. It all fit the giant aesthetic.

In his Mythic Titan form, Han Wu stood at a staggering 100,000 meters tall. Even in the land of giants, his height was impressive.

Among the giants, height equaled status. The taller you were, the purer your bloodline. As a result, the giants greeted Han Wu warmly upon his arrival and offered him food.

He picked up a small, dark-colored lump and popped it in his mouth. After a few chews, he spat it out in disgust. It was unbearably bitter, even worse than medicine.

Is this how the giants treat their guests?

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 1088 - Whose Bastard Child Are You?

The giant beside Han Wu saw him spit out the food and immediately realized its mistake. It dropped to one knee. “Please forgive us, esteemed guest. We were thoughtless and failed to treat you properly.”

At 1,000 meters tall, the giant was hardly small, but compared to Han Wu’s 100,000-meter frame, it looked practically tiny.

Han Wu could hardly see the giant clearly. He used a Mythic Titan ability to shrink by a hundredfold until he stood at eye level with the 1,000-meter giant.

The giant watched in awe as Han Wu freely altered his size. The ability to control one’s own body size was a sign of even higher status than they had assumed.

The giant looked at the food that Han Wu had spat out, its eyes filled with heartache. “Please don’t be upset, honored guest. We had no other choice. This was the only food we could offer.”

Han Wu furrowed his brow. The giant race was every bit as powerful as the Great Dragon race and ranked among the strongest races across the countless civilizations. They shouldn’t have been short on food. Yet everything about these giants screamed otherwise. Their food supply was clearly in crisis.

“Do you not have anything else to eat?” Han Wu asked.

The giant latched onto the question as if it had finally found someone to pour its heart out and launched into a tale of how its family went hungry for nine meals out of every three days.

The giants were immensely strong, but their territory had barren soil. Vast stretches of land had turned to desert. The few patches capable of growing crops were scattered far and wide, and land suitable for raising livestock was even scarcer. On top of that, a giant's appetite scaled with its strength. The stronger the giant, the greater the appetite. Ordinary food couldn't keep up with their demands.

Han Wu asked, "Why don't you send your people to other civilizations and plunder their resources?"

The giant wailed harder. Barely any ordinary giants had the talent to manipulate the elements. Brute strength was all they had. Reaching a distant civilization on foot alone was a pipe dream. The only thing they could manage was raiding the closest neighbor, the Great Dragons. Whenever the giant population swelled too large, they'd launch a war against them.

The purpose was twofold. First, they thinned their own population and reduced the demand for food. Second, it allowed the survivors to seize resources from the Great Dragons.

Han Wu was stunned. He never would've guessed that the mighty giant race had fallen so far. From the giant's explanation, however, he identified the root of the crisis: food. If the giants had enough to eat, they wouldn't need to pick fights with the Great Dragons.

That made the path forward clear. If he could negotiate a solution to the giants' food shortage with their deity, the wars would stop. That would solve the Great Dragons' problem as well.

It was two birds with one stone. With his plan set, Han Wu didn't linger. He left some food behind and continued deeper into giant territory.

The giant aura he radiated kept every giant he encountered from blocking his path. Whenever he got lost and asked for directions, they answered him with the utmost respect. It was all because of his height. At 100,000 meters tall, a giant of his stature had to have some connection to the giant nobility. He could even be the deity's bastard child.

Word of Han Wu's presence reached the giant leadership in no time. The upper echelons convened to discuss the matter, though the question wasn't where he had come from. It was whose bastard child he was. A 100,000-meter-tall bastard would be a source of immense pride for any parent.

The debate went back and forth but reached no conclusion. Giants at the Microcosm rank stood over 10,000 meters tall. Subcosm giants stood at least 60,000 to 70,000 meters tall. Only the Giant Kings at the Mesocosm rank and the Giant Emperors at the Macrocosm rank could reach 100,000 meters.

There were only a limited number of Giant Kings and Giant Emperors, and every one of them denied having a bastard child. In the end, every pair of eyes turned toward the giant deity, the Heavenreach Titan.

The Heavenreach Titan declared immediately that Han Wu was absolutely not his child.

The giant leadership was rendered speechless. Nobody had asked him to claim the kid. They wanted him to make a decision!

After some deliberation, the Heavenreach Titan decided to bring Han Wu before them, verify his identity, and decide what to do from there.

The invitation reached Han Wu soon afterward. That was exactly what he had been hoping for.

When he arrived at the Heavenreach Titan's palace, he found an open-air structure without a roof. That way, no giant had to duck or stoop to enter. The downside was obvious: rain poured in, and snow piled up inside. Compared to the Great Dragons' Essence Gold architecture, this place looked downright impoverished.

Standing 100,000 meters tall, Han Wu looked up at the giant leaders who towered even higher above him. *What did these fellows eat to grow this big? Giants are all roughly the same size at birth.*

The giants had no idea what was going through Han Wu's head.

One of the Giant Emperors addressed him directly. "Whose bastard child are you?"

The question blindsided Han Wu. Did showing up as a Mythic Titan automatically make him some giant leader's illegitimate offspring? What kind of logic was that?

"I'm not anyone's bastard," he answered calmly.

"A feral giant!" the Heavenreach Titan exclaimed.

Han Wu's fists tightened. *You're the feral one. Your whole family's feral!*[refEven your cow is feral![/ref]

If the Heavenreach Titan weren't strong enough to rival the Nine-Faced Dragon God, Han Wu would've given him a piece of his mind.

The giants took his silence as an acknowledgement, and another Giant Emperor asked, "What's your purpose in coming to our territory?"

Han Wu had been waiting for that question. "Actually, I'm here to help the giant race eat their fill."

Every giant leader in the room sat up straight. They had struggled against hunger since the dawn of the race's existence. Of its population of 1.1 billion, at least 800 million went hungry on a regular basis. The issue had tormented the Heavenreach Titan for ages.

Could Han Wu actually solve it all on his own?

Chapter 1089 - Picking Peaches From The Giant's Shoulder

Every giant leader's eyes locked on Han Wu with intense focus. He knew he had struck a nerve, so he laid out his proposal without hesitation. "The giant species could invade other civilizations and secure more food sources."

Every giant leader scoffed.

One of the Giant Emperors spoke up. "I thought you had some brilliant plan. We've tried that. Never worked.

"I once got hold of a treasure map we stole from the Great Dragons. It pinpointed a Spirit Stone vein. I spent a huge amount of resources to open a gate and sent one of our most promising Progenitor Giants through.

"Guess what happened? Some passing bastard kidnapped him. I didn't get the Spirit Stone mine or any resources, and I lost a fortune on top of a subordinate with limitless potential!"

The Giant Emperor's voice shook with fury.

As Han Wu listened, something stirred in his memory. *This sounds way too familiar.*

"The civilization with that Spirit Stone mine wouldn't happen to be called Giant Shadow Civilization, would it?" Han Wu asked cautiously.

"Might've been that name. I can't remember exactly. They had an energy system called Ninjutsu, though. Shame giants can't learn it," The Giant Emperor sighed, then turned to stare at Han Wu, "How do you know the name of that civilization? Have you been there before?"

"Heard about it," Han Wu said casually. Meanwhile, his back was drenched in cold sweat.

Before that Giant Emperor could finish venting, another chimed in, “That’s nothing. I had it worse. I discovered the Sprite Civilization’s energy system and sent one of my Mountain Giants to invade.

“Then the Divine Civilization butted in out of nowhere. My subordinate hasn’t sent word since. I’m ninety percent sure that he’s dead.”

Han Wu was drenched in sweat now. He could say with absolute certainty that the Giant Emperor’s subordinate wasn’t merely likely dead. He was most certainly dead, because Han Wu was the one who had killed him.[1]

Several more Giant Emperors and Giant Kings recounted similar stories of sending their people to other civilizations, only for them to vanish without a trace.

Han Wu realized that many of those cases were tied to him personally, and even more were connected to the Divine Civilization. It had been intercepting giant operations for years. It was like standing on a giant’s shoulders to pick the peaches first.

No wonder the Divine Civilization has developed so well. There was a reason for it, Han Wu marvelled.

The discussion was spiraling into a group therapy session, so Han Wu steered it back on track and offered a different approach. “If invasion doesn’t work, what about mercenary work? The pay from other civilizations shouldn’t be bad.”

Given the giants’ terrible luck and poor intelligence gathering when it came to invasions, advertising their strength for hire seemed like the safer option. At least they could earn money for food.

The giant leadership erupted. “Giants will never be slaves!”

“I said mercenaries. Mercenary contracts!” Han Wu corrected.

“Mercenary my ass! It’s just using giants as cannon fodder. How is that different from slavery?” the giant leaders roared in unison.

Han Wu was at a loss for words. The giant leadership was too stubborn and thickheaded. No amount of reasoning could get through them. He was starting to understand why a species this powerful still couldn’t feed itself. Their intelligence definitely had something to do with it.

Both Invasion and mercenary work are off the tables. What else do the giants have that they can trade for resources? After thinking it over, Han Wu concluded the answer was strength, or pure physical strength to be exact. The question was what they could do with strength alone.

Seeing that Han Wu had nothing else to offer, the giant leaders didn't push him further. If the food crisis were that easy to solve, their species wouldn't have gone hungry for so long.

"Feral child, you didn't come up with a real solution, but the fact that you care enough to help the giant species already warms our hearts," the Heavenreach Titan said consolingly.

Then his tone shifted. "Last time we fought the Great Dragons, we nearly broke through their defensive wall. This time, let's double down and smash that wall to pieces. We'll storm into their territory and take their food, resources, and treasures!"

The giant leaders erupted into battle cries. Raiding the Great Dragons was the easiest invasion they could pull off. They were closer than any other civilization, which meant less effort and better returns.

Just as they were about to rally their forces and march to the Great Dragons, Han Wu scrambled to stop them. "I've got it! I have a solution!"

While the giant leaders had been making their war declarations, the avatar Han Wu had left outside had been frantically contacting the Commerce God King. He asked what kind of work the giants could actually do.

Commerce quickly listed the giants' strengths and weaknesses, along with suitable types of work. After stripping out anything related to invasion or mercenary work, Han Wu found one viable path: processing.

The Treesea Civilization was home to a species of tree known as the Suosuo Tree. It produced Suosuo Fruits, each of which was massive, with diameters of up to 100 meters. The pit had excellent nurturing effects on avian life forms, and the Divine Civilization had enormous demands for them.

The problem was the shell, which was extremely hard and required immense force to crack open. The Divine Civilization had built specialized mechanical processing plants to handle the task, but each machine cost over 1 million Divine Essence.

Han Wu's idea was simple: let the giants crack them open instead.

He presented the plan and pulled out a Suosuo Fruit that the Wealth Faction had just mailed to his divine realm.

The giant leaders examined it. Most of them were 100,000-meter powerhouses, so a puny Suosuo Fruit barely registered as a challenge. After confirming the task, a Subcosm giant pulled a massive stone club made from some unknown material out of its Microcosm and brought it crashing down on the Suosuo Fruit.

Crack.

The fruit shattered, and the pit inside crumbled along with it. Thankfully, breaking a Suosuo Fruit pit didn't affect its sale value.

For a giant, crushing one Suosuo Fruit was nothing. To Han Wu, it was a gold mine, so he immediately contacted the Wealth Faction. With his own reputation as collateral, he purchased a bulk shipment of Suosuo Fruits, dumped the entire haul in front of the giants, and explained what they needed to do.

He promised them one kilogram of food for every kilogram of pit they produced. This first batch alone contained hundreds of billions of Suosuo Fruits, each weighing more than five tons. Even after removing the shell, a single fruit's pit weighed at least two and a half tons.

The Heavenreach Titan carefully ran the numbers and decided the deal was worth taking. After all, this would determine whether they could ever eat their fill again.

1. The Petrified Mountain Giant to be exact, chapter 915 ☜

: Chapter 1090

Chapter 1090 - Sting Operation

The Suosuo Fruits were distributed among the giant leadership, who then distributed them out to the population. At least several hundred thousand giant families had work now.

The first batch of pits was collected in no time. Han Wu mailed them back to the Divine Civilization and received an equal weight of food in exchange. Then the giant leadership distributed the food to every family that had participated.

With the first successful exchange complete, the foundation of trust had been established. Han Wu secured even more Suosuo Fruits through the Wealth Faction, and more hungry giant families joined the effort.

Given the scale of the Divine Civilization's unit population, demand for Suosuo Fruit pits was constant and massive. On top of that, the trust established through the Suosuo Fruit operation opened the door for Han Wu and the Wealth Faction to find additional work contracts for the giants.

From every angle, it was a win-win arrangement. Having the giants process Suosuo Fruits was far cheaper than using machines, while the giants received the food they desperately needed.

The Wealth Faction's ambitions extended beyond simple processing work. As cooperation deepened and trust grew, it planned to propose further partnerships, such as hiring giant soldiers for invasions of other civilizations. That would take time and patience, though.

Han Wu was confident that the Wealth Faction's seasoned merchants could handle the giant species. He also believed the giants' lives would steadily improve under the Wealth Faction's guidance.

After a month of cooperation, the giants had tasted the benefits firsthand and threw themselves into the work with enthusiasm. They no longer bothered raiding the Great Dragons.

Han Wu knew that it was time for him to leave. From then on, the Wealth Faction would deal with the giants directly. To smoothen the transition, he left his Myriad Martial Caste Avatar behind to mediate between the two sides in the short term.

Han Wu returned to the Great Dragon territory. During the month he'd been away, the Lightning Great Dragon King Bakir's training program had started to bear fruit. Out of the 10 million mixed-blood dragons, three had successfully used Primalize to evolve into Great Dragons. Those three served as living proof and inspiration. The remaining millions threw themselves into training with relentless intensity.

Han Wu watched with satisfaction. The program was already showing promising results, but it would take more time to fully convince the four Dragon Emperors and the Nine-Faced Dragon God. Once the results became significant enough, the Great Dragon race' birth-rate problem could be solved from a completely different angle.

The situation with the giants had already been resolved. With steady work to keep them busy, the giants had neither the time nor the reason to attack the Great Dragons. That took care of the second problem.

Only the third remained, and Han Wu still had no leads. He sought out the Jade Dragon Emperor and requested information on the Great Dragons that had lost contact, including their power levels, the civilizations where they had been stationed, and any other relevant details.

He then divided his strength by placing each Divine Jurisdiction into an avatar. Each one took a team of powerful units and departed for the one of the civilizations where the Great Dragons had gone silent.

Some of those civilizations were extremely far away. The journeys would take time, and Han Wu had no choice but to wait patiently. Half a month later, the first avatar reached its destination and began investigating based on the Jade Dragon Emperor's intel.

He soon uncovered a crucial clue. The Great Dragons had lost contact because the one stationed in that civilization was dead. At the site of its death, Han Wu discovered traces left by insects. At first, he doubted his own conclusion. Countless insect species existed across the many civilizations, but most were generally weak. His own locusts were a prime example.

The idea that insects had killed a Great Dragon was hard to accept. If he reported such a conclusion to the Great Dragons, the four Dragon Emperors and the Nine-Faced Dragon God would probably explode. They'd think he was making it up.

He held off on reporting anything until he had solid proof. As more avatars arrived at their respective civilizations, they kept finding insect traces at every site where a Great Dragon had died. The pattern left no room for doubt. The missing Great Dragons were connected to the insects.

Han Wu devised a sting operation. In a civilization where a Great Dragon had already been killed, he had Black Dragon King Alpheus openly announce his presence, then waited for the insects to take the bait.

Three months passed before the targets appeared. An insect army containing more than 1,000 Microcosm Insect Kings descended upon Alpheus in a savage swarm. The numbers were staggering.

Han Wu's avatar remained hidden in the shadows and observed the battle. To his surprise, the swarm of Insect Kings, backed by an endless tide of lesser insects, was actually suppressing Alpheus.

He quickly discovered why. Among the 1,000 Insect Kings was a single flying insect with a grotesque dragon's head. Its combat strength was unremarkable, but it possessed a unique domain. Within it, the powers of all dragons were suppressed. The purer the dragon bloodline, the stronger the suppression.

Under its influence, Alpheus couldn't even use his dragon breath. Forced to fight the swarm with nothing but his physical strength, Alpheus rapidly lost ground. Bites from the insects gradually covered his body in wounds. Tiny insects swarmed over the cuts and burrowed into his flesh, ravenous for dragon meat and dragon blood.

Han Wu had seen enough. Alpheus was his oldest Great Dragon partner, and he refused to let a bunch of bugs cripple him. He burst from hiding and summoned a portion of his elite units.

Steely appeared first. The moment he materialized, a Hurricane Barrier enveloped the battlefield. Razor-sharp wind blades tore through the insect horde and shredded them by the thousands.

Han Wu nodded in approval. Steely's development of the Hurricane Jurisdiction had reached its peak. The only issue was that a Hurricane God King already existed within the Divine Civilization. Starting a divine war solely for a unit's promotion didn't sit right with him. Instead, Han Wu planned to give Steely more resources and let him try to awaken a Jurisdiction tied to his own genetic abilities. An Obsidrum Jurisdiction would be a major boost to his power.

Dark Locust appeared next. Since becoming the Dark God King, he had worked hard and poured massive resources into developing the Dark Jurisdiction. Its development rate had now reached 213%. In addition to Dark Clone, he had unlocked a second Dark Jurisdiction effect called Dark Corrosion. It used Dark Energy to erode a creature's mind and fully convert it into a Dark Being under his command.

The timing couldn't have been better. Under Han Wu's direct orders, Dark Locust used Dark Corrosion to convert the dragon-headed flying insect into a Dark Being. It would provide the evidence Han Wu needed to prove that insects had killed the Great Dragons.

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Chapter 1091 - The Dragon God's Shock

Inside the Great Dragon territory, the four Dragon Emperors gathered outside the Nine-Faced Dragon God's palace once again. They were waiting for Han Wu.

"Romantis, I've heard that the Defier already resolved the giant problem," the Radiant Dragon Emperor said.

The Jade Dragon Emperor nodded. It had confirmed the news directly from the Nine-Faced Dragon God. The latter had gone to confront the Heavenreach Titan over the giant invasion, only to discover that the titan had no time for quarrels. The Heavenreach Titan was busy distributing processing contracts from the Divine Civilization to the starving giant families.

After a thorough investigation, the Nine-Faced Dragon God learned what had transpired and confirmed that the giants wouldn't be invading the Great Dragons anytime soon. It chose not to press the matter with the Heavenreach Titan. It knew how dangerous a cornered beast could be, much less a cornered titan.

If negotiations collapsed, the giants would likely resort to another war. The giants were dirt poor. Losing a few members would actually lighten the burden on their species. On the other hand, the Great Dragons were precious. If any of them died in a war against the giants, the losses would be unbearable. Neither side had any desire to continue fighting, so a brief period of peace was established.

“The Defier sure has some tricks up his sleeve. Too bad nobody’s fighting me anymore. I’m so bored I’m about to rust,” the Battle Dragon Emperor grumbled.

The other three Dragon Emperors didn’t dare respond. Everyone knew that something was wrong with her head.

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor turned to the Jade Dragon Emperor. “It’s been over half a year already, and I haven’t heard a single report about the conception rate going up. If he can’t deliver on that, he shouldn’t even dream of becoming the fifth Dragon Emperor!”

The Jade Dragon Emperor could hear the disdain the Demonfire Dragon Emperor had for Han Wu. It was the eldest among the four, and its belief in racial purity was seeped in its bones. As long as it didn’t attack Han Wu directly, the Jade Dragon Emperor wouldn’t argue with it.

Just as the Demonfire Dragon Emperor finished speaking, Han Wu arrived. He heard it expressing its rejection to make him a Dragon Emperor.

“Lord Demonfire Dragon Emperor, your thinking is too narrow! Who told you the Great Dragon population can only grow by raising the conception rate?” Han Wu shot back.

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor was both confused and irritated. “If Great Dragons don’t conceive, are the little dragons supposed to pop out of rocks?”

Han Wu scoffed at its narrow mindset.

That only made it angrier. “You’re a mere whelp, and you dare snort at me?”

The Jade Dragon Emperor was terrified that it would beat Han Wu senseless, and it quickly stepped between them. The Radiant Dragon Emperor urged the Demonfire Dragon Emperor to calm down and not ruin the mood. Meanwhile, the Battle Dragon Emperor eyed Han Wu eagerly. It wanted a fight.

Han Wu sensed the Battle Dragon Emperor’s desire to pummel him and rushed forward. He pushed open the doors to the palace himself and ducked inside for shelter. In the Nine-Faced Dragon God’s presence, the four Dragon Emperors behaved themselves.

The Dragon God was in a much better mood now that the giant situation had been resolved. It even looked at Han Wu with a hint of appreciation. Regardless of how one felt

about him, Han Wu had solved a major problem for the Great Dragons and spared them massive casualties.

“Lord Dragon God, I’ve come this time with two matters that I would like to prove to you,” Han Wu said directly.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God studied him. It didn’t believe those two matters involved the other two promises Han Wu had made. Those were far too difficult to fulfill. The birth-rate problem alone had plagued the Great Dragons for ages without a solution.

“Speak.”

Han Wu made a show of surveying the palace and produced a Microcosm as he spoke. “Lord Dragon God, this palace doesn’t have enough space. Would you mind stepping into this Microcosm?”

The Jade Dragon Emperor immediately recognized it as the same Microcosm it had given Han Wu before. It should still contain the 10 million mixed-blood dragons that had settled inside.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God didn’t think Han Wu had the nerve to harm it, so it shifted its massive frame and shrunk until it shrank into a Dragonkin form. In that form, the Nine-Faced Dragon God could only be described as strikingly handsome. Among humans, it would’ve been an undeniable beauty.

At Han Wu’s invitation, the Nine-Faced Dragon God and all four Dragon Emperors entered the Microcosm together. Once inside, the Jade Dragon Emperor immediately sensed the mixed-blood dragons it had placed there. Then it sensed something else: Great Dragons.

There was a staggering number of them, 300,000 in total.

The Jade Dragon Emperor was visibly distressed. “Def... Han Wu, when did you move this many Great Dragons into the Microcosm?”

Han Wu had secretly hidden over 300,000 Great Dragons in that Microcosm without ever mentioning it! Without a reasonable explanation, smuggling that many Great Dragons would be enough of a crime for the Nine-Faced Dragon God to kill him several hundred times over.

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor saw its chance and spoke with a mocking edge. “Secretly hiding over 300,000 Great Dragons. What else could he be planning? I’m sure he intended to use them to conquer civilizations for himself. He could exploit the Great Dragons’ fighting power to accumulate resources. What a brilliant scheme.”

The Jade Dragon Emperor feared the Nine-Faced Dragon God would believe the accusation and quickly defended Han Wu. “The Defier isn’t that kind of person.”

Then it spun to Han Wu and pressed him urgently, “What’s going on? Explain yourself to the Dragon God. Now!”

Facing the Jade Dragon Emperor’s panic, Han Wu burst out laughing. “Lord Jade Dragon Emperor, don’t worry. Let me explain. First, sense how many dragons are in this Microcosm.”

The Jade Dragon Emperor didn’t hesitate. “There are 321,890 Great Dragons. The remaining mixed-blood dragons number 9.68 million.”

As soon as the words left its mouth, it froze in place.

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor scoffed. “Mixed-blood dragons don’t even deserve to be called dragons. To a pureblooded Great Dragon, they’re nothing but cannon fodder. You can have as many as you want!”

The Jade Dragon Emperor stared at the Demonfire Dragon Emperor in disbelief. “I clearly remember placing 10 million mixed-blood dragons in this Microcosm.”

The Demonfire Dragon Emperor laughed. “So what? You don’t actually think mixed-blood dragons can evolve into Great Dragons without the aid of a treasure, do you?”

Then it noticed that Han Wu showed no panic or shame. Instead, he was looking at it with a strange, knowing smile.

“Lord Demonfire Dragon Emperor, you actually guessed right! These 321,890 Great Dragons were mixed-blood dragons just half a year ago!” Han Wu revealed.

“Impossible! You’re lying!” the Demonfire Dragon Emperor howled. It hadn’t heard of any large-scale use of treasures in the past six months. Han Wu had to be bluffing.

“Lord Demonfire Dragon Emperor, if you don’t believe me, feel free to ask them yourself,” Han Wu said.

The four Dragon Emperors and the Nine-Faced Dragon God immediately rushed to interrogate the Great Dragons inside the Microcosm. Their answers left every single one of them stunned.

“How is this possible?” The Demonfire Dragon Emperor couldn’t believe it, even with the evidence right before its eyes.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God was ecstatic. Based on the current numbers, roughly 3.2% of mixed-blood dragons could evolve into Great Dragons through Primalize. The Great Dragons commanded trillions of mixed-blood dragons. If they rolled out Primalize on a large scale, their species could gain 32 billion new Great Dragons within six months. That would increase their total population twentyfold.

The potential growth was staggering. More importantly, Primalize created a low-cost pathway for mixed-blood dragons to become Great Dragons. Mixed-blood dragons would no longer serve as expendable fodder. They would become the cradle of future Great Dragons.

Great Dragons had low birth rates, but mixed-blood dragons didn't! As long as the mixed-blood population continued to reproduce, the Great Dragon population would grow at a steady yet explosive rate.

With a contribution of that magnitude, forget making Han Wu a Dragon Emperor. They could have made him a Dragon God!

Chapter 1092 - Ascending to Dragon Emperor

The Nine-Faced Dragon God was beyond excited.

Han Wu continued his explanation. "This method does have one limitation. Only dragon descendants with intelligence comparable to humans can practice it. For the less intelligent beast-type mixed-blood dragons, the chances of evolving into a Great Dragon are slim."

Some of the excitement faded from the Nine-Faced Dragon God's face. Among mixed-blood dragons, the Dragonkin, Half-Dragons, and other highly intelligent descendants made up less than ten percent of the population. The actual conversion rate would be lower than initially projected.

Just as the Nine-Faced Dragon God was about to voice its disappointment, Han Wu added, "The conversion rate among these 10 million mixed-blood dragons hasn't reached saturation yet. Based on the conversion rate of the Half-Dragons in my divine realm, the saturation rate should be around fifty percent."

The Nine-Faced Dragon God drew a huge gasp. Highly intelligent descendants made up less than ten percent of the mixed-blood dragon population. If the conversion rate could reach fifty percent, roughly five percent of all mixed-blood dragons could evolve into Great Dragons through Primalize. That was far higher than its earlier rough estimate.

A smile of pure joy spread across the Nine-Faced Dragon God's face. The four Dragon Emperors also beamed with delight. If they deployed Primalize across the board, the Great Dragons' overall strength could increase thirtyfold within a century!

The Great Dragons were already one of the most powerful species among all known civilizations. A thirtyfold increase in strength would put them on the verge of dominating all known space!

The Nine-Faced Dragon God looked at Han Wu with such gratitude that it was practically ready to hand over its throne. Still, the results needed to be confirmed through a broader rollout in the future.

“Defier, you truly are the Great Dragons’ lucky star!” the Jade Dragon Emperor praised without reserve.

Even the Demonfire Dragon Emperor, who had regarded Han Wu with disdain, now found him rather pleasant to look at. With an achievement like this, forget making Han Wu the fifth Dragon Emperor. If someone wanted to name him the Nine-Faced Dragon God’s successor, the Demonfire Dragon Emperor wouldn’t object.

Han Wu’s results had shattered the beliefs it had held for a lifetime. Who could have thought that mixed-blood dragons could have a bright future too? From today onward, they would also have a chance to become Great Dragons who ruled over all!

“Romantis, issue the following order immediately. All Dragonkin, Half-Dragons, and other highly intelligent dragon descendants must reproduce as soon as they reach breeding age. Draft reward policies to encourage reproduction with the strongest possible incentives!” the Nine-Faced Dragon God commanded the Jade Dragon Emperor.

The other Dragon Emperors took note of the order and quietly made encouraging reproduction their top priority going forward.

After leaving the Microcosm, the Nine-Faced Dragon God was in the best mood it had ever been since becoming the Great Dragons’ leader.

Han Wu then presented his second matter, the one concerning the Great Dragons’ disappearance. He laid out the clues he had uncovered and summoned the bug-type creature that Dark Locust’s Dark Corrosion had corrupted.

Under Han Wu’s command, the creature released its domain. Within its range, all four Dragon Emperors and the Nine-Faced Dragon God felt a suppressive force. The creature’s strength was vastly inferior to theirs, yet its power still restricted them. If this power was turned against ordinary Great Dragons, the outcome would be devastating. The realization wiped away any lingering excitement.

“Damned bugs! How dare they harm my kin! This is unforgivable!” the Nine-Faced Dragon God roared.

The four Dragon Emperors were equally furious. The Battle Dragon Emperor nearly lost control and almost assumed her Great Dragon form.

“Defier, have you located their nest?” the Nine-Faced Dragon God asked.

Han Wu shook his head. “Not yet. The insects are too numerous and scattered. I haven’t been able to trace their origin. However, I can control these corrupted insects and order them to lead the way. That may help locate their nest.”

“Leave that to Elsa and the others,” the Nine-Faced Dragon God said, “For now, I approve the proposal to make you the fifth Dragon Emperor of the Great Dragon species.”

The four Dragon Emperors voiced their agreement in succession. Even the Demonfire Dragon Emperor, who valued racial purity above all else, gave its firm approval. Han Wu’s contributions were simply too enormous. For the Great Dragons, his achievements were nothing short of a second founding.

“Caesar, go fetch the treasure. I will personally preside over the Defier’s coronation,” the Nine-Faced Dragon God ordered.

The Radiant Dragon Emperor departed and quickly returned carrying a pair of dragon horns that radiated intense Dragon Fear. They were a treasure capable of dramatically enhancing one’s dragon attribute.

Under the Nine-Faced Dragon God’s guidance, Han Wu activated his True Holy Dragon Transformation. He would receive the coronation in that form.

At the Nine-Faced Dragon God’s command, the four Dragon Emperors took up positions at Han Wu’s cardinal directions and each offered a portion of their Origin Power: the Demonfire Eyes, Radiant Horns, Battle Heart, and Jade Scales.

Four streams of light converged on the treasure before slowly flowing into Han Wu. The Nine-Faced Dragon God regulated the process and infused the treasure with a portion of its own power as well.

These were their Origin Powers. Giving up a portion of them would require a long time of recovery. However, given Han Wu’s staggering contributions to the Great Dragons, the four Dragon Emperors and the Nine-Faced Dragon God made the sacrifice without hesitation.

As the five streams of Origin Power merged within Han Wu’s body, a powerful surge of energy engulfed him and condensed into an egg-shaped crystal around him. Once he absorbed all the energy contained within the crystal, he would ascend as the fifth Dragon Emperor of the Great Dragons. The process would take time.

While Han Wu underwent his transformation, the four Dragon Emperors returned to their respective tasks. Distributing Primalize to mixed-blood dragons and encouraging their reproduction were the highest priorities. The Battle Dragon Emperor also took the corrupted insect and set out to locate the insect nest.

A year passed in the blink of an eye. After absorbing the pure Dragon Origin Power every day, Han Wu's True Holy Dragon form finally underwent a transformation that could only be described as a complete rebirth. He had attained the might of a Dragon Emperor.

When he woke up, the Nine-Faced Dragon God, the three Dragon Emperors, and over 1,000 Dragon Kings had gathered to witness the ceremony.

Cracking sounds rang out from the egg-shaped crystal. Han Wu's heads emerged one after another. The first appeared, followed by the second, then the third, and the rest in succession. Only when his ninth head emerged did he finally reveal himself.

Those were the nine dragon heads granted to him by the Nine-Faced Dragon God's power. Each head bore a pair of dragon eyes that commanded different forms of Demonfire, along with a set of uniquely shaped Radiant Horns. He only had a single Battle Heart, but it beat with extraordinary force. That one heart held more power than nine hearts combined. Even more stunning were his iridescent Jade Scales.

Han Wu looked absolutely magnificent. Even the Nine-Faced Dragon God couldn't help but marvel at the sight. The only question was what title to bestow upon a Dragon Emperor with so many distinctive features. All 8.5 of the Nine-Faced Dragon God's faces showed a hint of uncertainty.

Chapter 1093 - Defiant Dragon Emperor

Every Dragon Emperor received a title upon their birth based on their most defining characteristic The Jade Dragon Emperor, for example, was a Verdant Crystal Dragon. After ascending to the rank of a Dragon Emperor, it gained a body of scales as brilliant as jade. That was why it became known as the Jade Dragon Emperor.

Han Wu's case was different. He had too many defining traits: nine dragon heads, Demonfire Eyes, Radiant Horns, Battle Heart, iridescent and Jade Scales. On top of all that, the Holy Dragon Power he commanded allowed him to change attributes.

Even the Nine-Faced Dragon God, with all its experience, couldn't settle on a name. The Jade Dragon Emperor noticed its dilemma and offered a suggestion. "Lord Dragon God, what if we simply call the Defier's Dragon Emperor form the Defiant Dragon Emperor?"

The Nine-Faced Dragon God's eyes lit up. The name was perfect. It was direct and tied to Han Wu's identity as the Defier.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God announced to all Great Dragons present that the fifth Dragon Emperor of the Great Dragon species had been born, and his title was the Defiant Dragon Emperor.

The declaration echoed through the minds of every Great Dragon. In an instant, Han Wu's name became known to the entire species.

Han Wu felt a surge of energy flood into his dragon form. It resembled Faith Points, but it was denser and more potent. This power subtly enhanced his physical attributes and abilities across the board, pushing his strength in the Defiant Dragon Emperor form straight into the Macrocosm rank.

The Macrocosm rank was the minimum requirement for a Dragon Emperor. The sudden surge in power was overwhelming. Han Wu couldn't contain himself and unleashed a roar toward the heavens. All nine of his heads looked up, and nine voices thundered in perfect unison. Even without deliberately projecting his aura, its sheer force was enough to cause every Great Dragon below the Dragon Emperor rank cower.

After venting his excitement, Han Wu reverted to his humanoid form. He immediately noticed that his Demon King Transformation had undergone a massive change due to the Defiant Dragon Emperor form.

Under normal circumstances, the Defiant Dragon Emperor form should've been the Fifth Stage of his Demon King Transformation. However, its power was so dominant that it had pulled all of Han Wu's dragon-type transformations out of the ability and consolidated them into an independent ability called Dragonification.

Sitting atop the Dragonification ability was something resembling a Divine Jurisdiction: Dragon Might. Its function was to absorb Faith Points offered by the Great Dragons and continuously strengthen the Dragonification ability. Dragon Might didn't need further development and already held considerable potential.

Han Wu estimated that with continuous cultivation, it would eventually surpass Jurisdictions like Duel and True Martial.

As for the Demon King Transformation, only the base Demon King form and the incomplete Third Stage Fetterbane Dragonforge remained after the dragon transformations were stripped away. Its quality had taken a significant hit. Thankfully, the ability still existed and it could serve as a foundation for future Jurisdiction integration.

The Jade Dragon Emperor was the first to congratulate him. "Congratulations, Defiant Dragon Emperor!"

The Radiant and the Demonfire Dragon Emperors followed. Only the Battle Dragon Emperor was absent. After asking around, Han Wu learned that she was currently leading a large force of dragons against the insects.

During the year Han Wu had spent absorbing energy for his ascension, the Great Dragons had located the insect nest and launched an all-out war. As the fighting progressed, they discovered that the insect species possessed an even greater population and military strength than their own.

Han Wu was immediately interested. His core race was the locust, a type of insect. Because of the locusts, he had endured a lot of scorn over the years. The notion that insects were inherently weak was deeply ingrained. He had spent a long time developing his core race into its current diversified form. Now, he was curious to see what kind of core strength the enemy insect species possessed to earn such high regard from the Great Dragons.

Han Wu to;d the three Dragon Emperors and the Nine-Faced Dragon God that he wanted to visit the enemy insect species. He also wanted to test his Defiant Dragon Emperor form's strength.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God agreed and tore open a portal that led directly to the front lines. Accompanied by the Jade Dragon Emperor, Han Wu stepped through the portal and entered the two species' battlefield.

The world was dark, and the air reeked of rotting flesh and blood. Han Wu quickly realized the darkness wasn't caused by weather. Countless insects of every type swarmed through the sky, and their sheer numbers blotted out the light.

The sight reminded him of his own tactics. In past battles, he had done the same thing, flooding the sky with insects to overwhelm his opponents psychologically before the fight even started.

"Interesting. Truly interesting," Han Wu muttered.

He looked into the distance, where the Battle Dragon Emperor was locked in a fierce battle with the insect forces. Savage dragon roars echoed across the battlefield at intervals.

Something about those roars sounded wrong to the Jade Dragon Emperor. It called out to Han Wu, and they rushed toward the Battle Dragon Emperor's position.

Soon, they arrived at a battlefield covered in corpses. Great Dragon remains lay scattered among vast numbers of dead insects. Han Wu even spotted insect soldiers more massive than the Great Dragons.

Whenever a soldier from either side fell, swarms of carnivorous insects descended and devoured every scrap of flesh, bone, and blood. Even so, the scavengers couldn't keep pace with the mounting dead.

Up ahead, the Battle Dragon Emperor was locked in combat with an enormous insect. The creature had a head that resembled that of a Great Dragon, a spike-covered carapace, and eight razor-sharp legs that moved with terrifying agility. It could also spit a highly corrosive liquid.

The Battle Dragon Emperor was riddled with holes from the acid. Large patches of her dragon scales had dissolved, leaving her in a wretched state. Nonetheless, her fighting spirit burned brighter than ever. She was like a berserker whose damage output rose as her life force dwindled.

Unfortunately, her opponent clearly possessed a domain that suppressed the Great Dragons. If the fight continued, she would have a sixty percent chance of winning, but she would suffer severe injuries in the process.

Neither Han Wu nor the Jade Dragon Emperor wanted that outcome, so they moved in to relieve some of the pressure.

When the Battle Dragon Emperor spotted them, she wasn't grateful in the slightest. "You two bastards, don't interrupt my fight!"

"We're saving you!" the Jade Dragon Emperor snapped as it activated its Dragon Tongue Magic. The spell, Jade Shield, sent countless jade scales flying outward to form a barrier that blocked every drop of acid the insect spat.

The enemy insect's domain prevented the Jade Dragon Emperor from releasing its full Macrocosm power.

Han Wu noticed that. Rather than activating Dragonification, he drew Peerless, his Subcosm divine weapon, and swung it. "Stellar Rain!"

A sea of energy blades materialized behind Han Wu and surged toward the massive insect in a torrent. Without Dragonification, Han Wu's base strength only reached the Mesocosm rank, but Peerless amplified the strike until its power rivaled a Macrocosm technique.

In the next instant, hundreds of millions of energy blades hammered the insect. Unable to withstand the onslaught, it scrambled backward on its eight long legs and vanished in a flash.

The Battle Dragon Emperor's furious voice rang in Han Wu's ears. "You let my opponent escape! You owe me!"

Han Wu frowned, and his Dragon Fear erupted, crashing down on the Battle Dragon Emperor.

In the past, he had only been at the Mesocosm rank and couldn't match the Battle Dragon Emperor, so he had always avoided her. Now that they were both Dragon Emperors. Han Wu had no intention of tolerating her bad temper any longer.

Chapter 1094 - Combined Dragon Breath

Han Wu's Dragon Fear caught the Battle Dragon Emperor off guard. Its purity rivaled her own from Han Wu. She knew Han Wu had ascended to the rank of a Dragon Emperor, but she hadn't expected him to reach her level the instant he completed his transformation.

Growth of that magnitude was worthy of a prodigy, which in turn made him an even more exciting opponent. The Battle Dragon Emperor ignored her wounds and unleashed her own Dragon Fear at Han Wu. She wanted to go all out and enjoy a good fight.

Han Wu was dumbfounded. He knew the Battle Dragon Emperor had a few screws loose, but he hadn't realized it was this bad. She was battered and bleeding, yet she still wanted to fight with her own ally.

Something's seriously wrong with her head, Han Wu grumbled inwardly.

The Jade Dragon Emperor stepped in and used its power to form a jade barrier around the Battle Dragon Emperor. It healed her wounds while keeping her contained. It also had enough of her erratic outbursts.

The Battle Dragon Emperor's fight was over for now, but below them, the Great Dragon forces were still locked in combat with the endless insect swarms. Under the insects' near-infinite numbers, many Great Dragons died every moment. Against a species of that scale, very few races could hope to hold the line.

"Leave the rest to me. I'll wear them down," Han Wu told the Jade Dragon Emperor.

The Jade Dragon Emperor was worried. It could see that the insects were waging a war of attrition. Pouring energy into those swarms would leave Han Wu vulnerable to the stronger insects waiting for an opening. Still, after seeing Han Wu's confidence, the Jade Dragon Emperor let him go and provided cover from the shadows.

Han Wu smiled because he already had the perfect counter for this horde. He activated his Slaughter Jurisdiction and used its Slaughter Barrier. The barrier covered a large area and

trapped numerous insects inside. He then set its rules to allow entry but prevent escape. With insects constantly pouring in, his supply of enemies would never run dry.

Inside the barrier, a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood materialized. Every opponent Han Wu had ever killed rose from the ground. Meanwhile, the sea of blood forged weapons for them, and the corpses tore into the insect swarm. Those corpses couldn't die. As long as a single limb remained, they would keep fighting.

Han Wu sat atop the mountain of corpses overlooking the sea of blood and the battlefield below. Inside this Slaughter Barrier, he was the God. He also released several powerful fighters from his divine realm. They needed real combat to turn their training insights into true strength.

Sword God Akanzor was the most compatible with the Slaughter Barrier. After consuming Carnage's Gene Catalyst, Akanzor was ecstatic to face the seemingly endless insect tide. Carnage amplified his attacks with crushing force. Insects fell in droves under his blade. With every kill, Akanzor grew stronger. He was already on the verge of breaking through to the Subcosm rank.

Han Wu summoned Steely as well. Under the former's guidance, Steely had begun comprehending his Gene Catalyst. Live combat was the only true test of his progress. Obsidrum blades formed under Steely's control and carved through the insect swarms. He even managed to unleash techniques through the blades for even greater devastation.

Hammie also emerged. He was brimming with excitement, but not because of the fighting. He loved forging, and the dead insects littering the battlefield contained parts that would make excellent crafting materials. The entire Scorching Dwarf tribe threw themselves into harvesting materials amid the chaos.

Han Wu worried that the insects would overwhelm them, so he summoned the minotaurs, Tigermen, Half-Dragons, and other units to help. Hammie was deeply grateful. He swore to Han Wu that he would personally forge a Subcosm Divine Weapon from the harvest.

The Jade Dragon Emperor watched Han Wu's battle from the shadows in surprise. Great Dragons were proud by nature and rarely envied other species. Yet as Han Wu summoned unit after unit, held nearly half the insect front line by himself, and relieved the pressure on the Great Dragon forces, the Jade Dragon Emperor couldn't help but think that the divine realm approach wasn't bad at all.

Unfortunately, the respite didn't last. While Han Wu and his forces slaughtered insects by the thousands, the enemy struck back. A Colossal Centipede 100,000 meters long crashed into the Slaughter Barrier.

Its sheer size stunned Han Wu. Even more alarming were the tens of thousands of parasitic insects attached to its exoskeleton. Every one of them was at the Subcosm rank.

Their purpose wasn't to attack; they existed to supply the centipede with energy and provide support when needed.

"Human, why do you obstruct the insects?" the Colossal Centipede asked in the human tongue after crashing into the barrier. Its voice boomed like a bell and echoed from every direction with such force that Han Wu's head throbbed.

Several of Han Wu's weaker units lost consciousness under the reverberating voice. Thankfully, none were so weak that their heads burst on the spot.

Han Wu ordered the weaker units to retreat to his divine realm, then faced the Colossal Centipede.

"I am the Defiant Dragon Emperor of the Great Dragons!" he declared. "Your insects killed my kin. What did my kin do to deserve such punishment?"

With a single sentence, he pinned the hostility on the Great Dragons. That would prevent the insects from targeting the Divine Civilization later.

The centipede didn't buy it. Han Wu was clearly a human. There was no way he could be a Dragon Emperor of the Great Dragons. It had never even heard of the Defiant Dragon Emperor.

Han Wu stopped hiding. He activated Dragonification and assumed the Defiant Dragon Emperor form. All nine dragon heads roared in unison, and a terrifying wave of Dragon Fear radiated outward.

Only then did the centipede realize that Han Wu was telling the truth.

"The Great Dragons have bullied and humiliated my kind for ages! Killing a few Great Dragons is nothing! Since you're a Dragon Emperor, I'll settle the old debts through you!" The centipede's voice thundered across the battlefield as it charged at Han Wu.

Han Wu spread his wings and soared into the sky. His nine dragon mouths gathered dragon breaths of different elemental attributes; his nine pairs of Demonfire Eyes channeled nine different hybrid Demonfires into the dragon breaths; and his nine pairs of Radiant Horns fired nine hybrid light beams that fused with them as well.

The result was a combined dragon breath of unparalleled destructive power. Twenty-seven different types of energy fused into a single devastating blast.

The breath struck the centipede dead-on. The intense energy melted through its chitinous exoskeleton, and the centipede shrieked in agony as it thrashed wildly across the ground. Its enormous frame shook the earth with every violent movement.

None of that affected Han Wu. He hovered high above the battlefield, far beyond the reach of the tremors below.

The Jade Dragon Emperor, who was watching from the shadows, was also shaken by the combined dragon breath. A single dragon had unleashed an attack that would normally require twenty-seven Great Dragons working in concert. That kind of talent was unmatched throughout the entire species.

At that moment, the Jade Dragon Emperor became certain of one thing: Han Wu was the Great Dragons' future.

Chapter 1095 - Colossal Centipede

The centipede struggled on the ground for a long while after the combined dragon breath struck it, but it didn't die.

Han Wu watched as the parasitic insects covering its exoskeleton secreted a transparent fluid. The moment it came in contact with the air, it hardened into a gleaming black exoskeleton. The centipede reappeared before Han Wu at full strength, its exoskeleton completely regenerated, and launched another attack.

Han Wu fired another round of combined dragon breath. This time, the breath had no effect. The newly formed black exoskeleton blocked every last trace of the attack.

The centipede seized the opening and spat an orb of emerald-green venom at Han Wu. It splashed against his iridescent Jade Scales and slid off without causing any damage.

Han Wu sensed each drop of venom that hit the ground below and discovered that every droplet could corrode through 10,000 meters of solid earth. Its destructive power was terrifying. Fortunately, his iridescent Jade Scales had exceptional resistance to debuffs.

Its first attack had failed, but the centipede didn't stop. It closed the distance and engaged Han Wu in melee combat. Tens of thousands of razor-sharp legs slashed at him like long blades, landing blow after blow.

Han Wu's scales were incredibly tough. Still, after absorbing over 10,000 consecutive strikes, cracks began to form. If this continued, the scales would shatter, and he would finally suffer actual damage.

Han Wu wasn't about to give the centipede that chance. He lashed out with his dragon claws and pierced its exoskeleton. His claws were sharp enough to tear through its armor and inflict real damage.

The centipede didn’t seem to care as it crawled up Han Wu’s body. At 100,000 meters long, it wrapped around him like a massive rope and started constricting him. At the same time, it opened its jaws wide and tore into Han Wu’s body.

Han Wu had only recently gained this form and hadn’t fully adapted to it. His counterattacks came a beat too slow, so he suffered multiple wounds.

The Jade Dragon Emperor couldn’t watch any longer. It dove into the Slaughter Barrier, sank its teeth into the centipede numerous times, and effortlessly ripped the centipede in half.

“In a fight, your jaws, horns, and tail are all weapons. Use them!” the Jade Dragon Emperor instructed.

Han Wu looked at the dark green fluid oozing from the centipede’s severed body and felt his stomach turn. Biting was out of the question. Using his horns as spears, however, was something he could do.

His Defiant Dragon Emperor form had nine pairs of horns, which gave him a significant edge in close combat.

The centipede proved far more tenacious than expected. Flesh regenerated at a visible rate where its body had been severed. A new head and tail grew from each half. Soon, one centipede had become two.

Both centipedes attacked Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor with equal ferocity. To make matters worse, the dragon-headed insect Han Wu had driven off earlier came back. It activated its suppression domain and caught both Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor within its range.

They instantly felt their strength drain away, and neither could fully deploy their Macrocosm powers. Meanwhile, the centipedes fought as if they had been injected with stimulants.

Han Wu couldn’t break free and found himself hammered from every angle. He had no choice, so he immediately commanded his units to reinforce him. His divine realm gate flew open, and powerful auras emerged from the portal one after another. The Origin of Mutation appeared first; V followed, piloting his colossal puppet, Supreme Power; the five Mythic Titans; and his clone, Han Guang.

Against a Macrocosm opponent like the Colossal Centipede, ordinary attacks were useless. Each of Han Wu’s units fired a single Light Spirit Orb for Han Guang to absorb and convert into a concentrated blast. The resulting strike rivaled Han Wu’s combined dragon breath. It severed the centipede again, but it simply repeated its trick and multiplied once more.

From within Supreme Power, V analyzed the centipede's data after the split. He discovered that each time the centipede divided, its individual strength dropped by roughly one percent. The decrease was small enough that neither Han Wu nor the Jade Dragon Emperor had noticed it. V then transmitted his findings to everyone.

Once alerted, Han Wu focused his senses and confirmed the discovery. With the centipede now split into three, each segment's strength had dropped by approximately three percent. If it kept dividing, the decline would compound.

Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor threw themselves into the fight with renewed vigor. They concentrated on delivering devastating blows that would force more splits. Han Wu's units joined the assault as well.

As the attacks continued, Han Wu noticed another trait. The same type of attack couldn't damage the centipede twice. His combined dragon breath had become useless after the first hit. The same was true for Han Guang's Spear of Victory.

Fortunately, Han Wu had plenty of ways to attack thanks to his vast number of units. They gathered into formation and unleashed Formation Might. Each unit's unique technique battered the centipede from a different angle and forced it to keep splitting.

Before long, the combined efforts of Han Wu, the Jade Dragon Emperor, and the units had divided the Colossal Centipede into fifty segments. Each one retained half of the original's strength, which was no longer enough to suppress Han Wu.

Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor pressed their advantage with close-range physical attacks. Every additional split cost the centipede another one percent of its power.

The centipede realized that they had discovered its secret and tried to flee. Unfortunately for it, it found that the exit was sealed. At its current strength, it couldn't break through the Slaughter Barrier. Hence, it scattered in every direction and desperately rammed the barrier's edges in a bid to drain Han Wu's energy.

That plan was useless. Han Wu wasn't fighting alone. His Microcosms continuously supplied him with energy to sustain the barrier. At the same time, forces such as slaughter, death, and war fueled his power. As long as the conflict raged, his energy was effectively limitless.

By the time the centipede had split into one hundred segments, each retained only one percent of the original's power. They were no longer strong enough to qualify as a Subcosm fighter. Moreover, further division was no longer possible. The next lethal blow would kill them outright.

The Colossal Centipede's arrogance vanished. Its hundred segments scattered in a hundred directions, each desperate to survive. If even one escaped, the centipede could gradually accumulate energy and rebuild its 100,000-meter body.

Han Wu had no intention of giving it that chance. His units fanned out to hunt. One by one, they destroyed the fleeing segments. In the end, Han Wu brought his dragon claw on the final segment and crushed its head. A general of the insects was dead.

Chapter 1096 - Gigantification Jurisdiction

Without the Colossal Centipede's protection, the other powerful insects inside the Slaughter Barrier fell one after another. After killing the dragon-headed insect, Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor felt the weight lift from their bodies. The suppression effect on them had been released.

The fight against the Colossal Centipede had drained a significant amount of their stamina and energy. That kind of exhaustion couldn't be simply by absorbing energy from a Microcosm.

Han Wu had no choice but to dismiss the Slaughter Barrier and retreat with the Jade Dragon Emperor to rest behind the front lines. The Battle Dragon Emperor had received treatment during this time, so the Jade Dragon Emperor released her back onto the battlefield to guard against attacks from any powerful insects.

Han Wu returned to his divine realm to rest. The battle hadn't lasted long, but the rewards were substantial. Every insect killed inside the Slaughter Barrier triggered Sacrifice, though the weaker ones didn't drop anything worthwhile.

The Colossal Centipede was a different story. As a Macrocosm life form, it produced three great options for Han Wu.

[Option 1: Fission (Ten levels of mastery). When a limb is severed, the user can rapidly heal the wound and generate a copy from the severed limb. Each fission causes a certain degree of strength loss. At the highest level, the user can produce up to one hundred copies.]

[Option 2: Rank 10 Sacred Object: Corrosive Gland. Once equipped to the Core, the core race will develop glands capable of spraying corrosive fluid.]

[Option 3: Gigantification Jurisdiction. After comprehending it, the user can enlarge their frame or any object, either temporarily or permanently altering its form.]

All three options excited him. Every one was top-tier and worthy of that Macrocosm Colossal Centipede. Unfortunately, he could only pick one.

Han Wu began analyzing his options.

The first to be eliminated was the second option. A Rank 10 Sacred Object was rare, and the Corrosive Gland's effect was excellent. However, Han Wu's current units weren't purely insects anymore, so this Sacred Object was no longer a good fit. Moreover, only a God King could equip a Rank 10 Sacred Object. He hadn't even secured a single Jurisdiction he was fully satisfied with yet. Thus, the second option was out.

Han Wu turned his attention to the first option, Fission. During the fight against the Colossal Centipede, this ability had been the centipede's most troublesome trait. It had allowed it to multiply while preserving as much of its strength as possible.

If the centipede hadn't encountered absolute powerhouses like Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor, it would have caught its opponents off guard and killed them. Even after splitting into one hundred copies, each with only one percent of its original strength, they could still divide an enemy's attention. If Han Wu's Slaughter Barrier hadn't prevented anything from leaving, the centipede would have fled long ago with that trick.

Han Wu was fond of it because it boosted both combat power and survivability. However, it had a significant drawback. Unlike other abilities that reached peak performance upon mastery, Fission was divided into ten levels. Each one increased the number of copies the user could produce. Reaching the tenth was required to achieve the maximum of one hundred copies, and every level demanded enormous resources.

Han Wu tallied the total cost. It was enough to nurture a God King!

That made him reconsider. He already possessed Avatar Creation, which was stronger and more efficient than Fission. If he acquired this ability, only his units would benefit from it. With that, Fission's value dropped considerably.

Han Wu turned to the third option. This one was much simpler since it was a Divine Jurisdiction. He could use the Gigantification Jurisdiction on himself to grow to massive proportions. He could also use it on objects to enlarge them. With enough energy invested, the enlargement could even become permanent. It was technically a minor Jurisdiction, but its applications in certain areas rivaled even those of major ones.[1]

Han Wu currently only had the Netherworld Jurisdiction still under development, which left him with an open slot.

After weighing everything carefully, he made his decision and picked the Gigantification Jurisdiction. He embedded it directly into his recently weakened Demon King Transformation. The moment he did, Han Wu felt it change under the Gigantification Jurisdiction's influence.

It had become an ability capable of constant growth. Han Wu activated Demon King Transformation. Under the Gigantification Jurisdiction's influence, the 1,000-meter Demon King form appeared inside his divine realm.

In this state, the power Han Wu could unleash was still capped at the Mesocosm rank. However, he could feel the Demon King form was growing on its own. His frame wasn't simply becoming larger. Every aspect of his power was increasing simultaneously.

Han Wu carefully examined the changes. The growth rate was roughly 1/10,000 per hour. The rate was small, but the growth never stopped. Moreover, it had already reached this speed even though he just acquired the Gigantification Jurisdiction. He was confident that as he developed Gigantification Jurisdiction further, the growth rate would increase. Given enough time, his Demon King Transformation could very well surpass Dragonification.

All of that amounted to only one of Han Wu's rewards. His other major prize was the Colossal Centipede's massive carcass. Every part of a Macrocosm life form was valuable.

After dragging the centipede's remains into the divine realm, Hammie immediately began designing a weapon around the carcass. He intended to fulfill his promise to Han Wu and forge a Microcosm Divine Weapon, and this carcass was the perfect raw material.

With Han Wu's special assistance and V's guidance, Hammie made rapid progress. Before long, he completed a Divine Weapon forged from the Colossal Centipede's carcass. The weapon was wheel-shaped. Hammie forged its main body from the centipede's dorsal carapace and embedded tens of thousands of its legs along the rim. Throughout the forging process, Chaos Energy washed over the materials as Hammie relentlessly tempered them until the weapon finally took shape.

The instant Hammie completed it, the weapon radiated the pressure of a Microcosm Divine Weapon. It also retained traces of the Colossal Centipede's aura, which allowed it to severely intimidate any life form below the Microcosm rank without even launching an attack.

Its jet-black surface gleamed with a wild, domineering presence, so Han Wu named it Black Wheel Tyrant. Because it originated from the Colossal Centipede, it had multiple uses.

Its first function was as a throwing disc. Once it began spinning, its tens of thousands of limb blades lining its rim became extremely sharp and could slice through anything. It could easily sever limbs and decapitate enemies.

Its second function involved striking the center of the wheel to unleash sonic attacks. Its sonic output was weaker but effective against Microcosm life forms and below, making it perfect for clearing the battlefield.

Its third function was defensive. Black Wheel Tyrant could serve as a shield, and its main body could regenerate after taking damage, so Han Wu had little reason to worry about it being completely destroyed.

Han Wu was more than satisfied with Black Wheel Tyrant's capabilities. He couldn't wait to take this Divine Weapon and slaughter every insect in his path!

1. Wait, Sun Qingnian might need this... Or actually he might not given his impressive bodycount ☜

Chapter 1097 - Storming the Insect Nest

Han Wu returned to the battlefield after a brief rest.

The Battle Dragon Emperor was still fighting at the front lines, channeling her fury against Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor into the insects instead.

The Colossal Centipede's death caused the insects to lose their momentum, allowing the Great Dragon forces to push forward steadily, driving the battlefield all the way to the entrance of the insect nest.

Han Wu gazed into the distance. The massive insect nest was practically a world of its own. It already looked enormous from the outside, and it was likely that the space within the nest had been spatially expanded as well. There was no way to determine how many insects hid within.

The Battle Dragon Emperor had already lost herself in the heat of combat. Two Subcosm insects were obviously luring her toward the nest, and she fell for it without a second thought, charging straight after them. It was as if she had left her brain somewhere else.

Han Wu watched with a pounding headache. *The brain of the Battle Dragon Emperor... If she's not using it, she should donate it to a Great Dragon in need! We could advertise it as guaranteed ninety-nine percent unused and practically brand new. Doesn't she realize that the nest is almost certainly a trap?*

Despite disdaining such reckless behavior, as the Defiant Dragon Emperor, he was obligated to do something about it. He couldn't just sit back and watch the Battle Dragon Emperor die inside the nest.

After leaving a message for the Jade Dragon Emperor, he flew toward the nest and plunged through the opening the Battle Dragon Emperor had left in her wake.

Han Wu instantly felt a suppression targeting Great Dragons pressing down on him the moment he entered. The sealed space prevented him from opening either his Microcosm or his divine realm.

When he glanced back, he noticed that the opening had vanished. Han Wu tried blasting the wall behind him to no avail. Any damage he dealt was distributed across the entire nest. The only way to break out was to destroy the whole nest in a single strike.

I was right. The insects designed the nest as a trap to catch any Great Dragons stupid enough to charge in.

Han Wu had no choice but to proceed in his humanoid form. Fortunately, he had the foresight to grab both his Divine Weapons before entering, so at least he wasn't unarmed.

He gripped Peerless in one hand with the Divine Authority greatsword layered on top of it, ensuring every slash carried a significant Deathblow chance. In his other hand, he held Black Wheel Tyrant with the Divine Authority Mirror Shield attached to amplify its power.

Fully armed, he could hold his own against a Macrocosm insect for a short time at the very least. He studied his surroundings after his preparations were complete. Behind him was a vast expanse of milky-white walls. The walls were uneven and covered in dense clusters of insect eggs that were constantly hatching tiny insects.

Han Wu easily ignored the stomach-churning sight, having grown desensitized after years of raising insects of his own. It seemed his only option was to press forward in search of the Battle Dragon Emperor while looking for a way out. In his humanoid form, he projected overwhelming pressure outward, and for several kilometers, he encountered no attacks.

Even so, he didn't let his guard down. He knew the insects weren't staying away because they feared him. Some hidden commander was keeping them back to avoid pointless losses.

A peculiar scent drifted through the air. Based on his knowledge of insects, he identified it as a pheromone used to relay information. It also carried a potent toxin.

Han Wu's constitution made him immune to this level of poison, but the hidden commander probably didn't know that. After walking for a while, he feigned signs of poisoning, acting weak and unsteady.

The hidden commander noticed his condition but didn't make a move. Instead, it sent weak fodder insects forward to test him.

This commander is way too cautious, Han Wu mentally cursed, activating his Slaughter Jurisdiction.

The Slaughter Barrier covered a wide area around him. Mountains of corpses and seas of blood appeared. The corpses rose to their feet in preparation to fight the fodder insects pouring in.

Han Wu sat high on his throne, doing his best to maintain the appearance of a man weakened by poison. Growing increasingly convinced that Han Wu was poisoned, the hidden commander dispatched more insects to exhaust his remaining energy and leave him incapacitated.

More insects flooded in. The Slaughter Barrier became filled with the shadows of the fodder. Han Wu shielded himself with his Divine Authority while the corpses inside the Slaughter Barrier fought to exterminate the swarms.

The situation was unfolding exactly as the hidden commander hoped. Han Wu's energy was rapidly depleting under the fodder's relentless harassment and wouldn't last much longer like this. The sealed space prevented him from summoning his Microcosm for energy.

An ordinary Great Dragon, even a Dragon Emperor, couldn't endure this level of sustained consumption. Thankfully, Han Wu wasn't ordinary and had prepared countermeasures for exactly this kind of scenario.

Putting on an exhausted act, he swung Peerless. "Sky Eater Slash!"

A massive wave of insects was engulfed and devoured, converted into energy for Han Wu, though he feigned further weakness afterward.

Five consecutive uses of Sky Eater Slash were all it took to fully recover Han Wu's energy. Outwardly, however, he looked weaker than ever, like he could barely stand.

The insects kept coming, numbers increasing with every passing moment. Han Wu started feeling restless.

Is myacting really that bad? Or is the hidden commander just impossibly patient?I've practically collapsed on the ground, yet it still won't come out to finish me off. Does it really intend to let these fodder insects gnaw me to death?

Han Wu devised a new strategy to eliminate that option for the commander. He ordered the corpses to rush toward him and build a fortress of bodies around him for protection. The fodder insects couldn't breach the corpses' defenses. Only a stronger insect could break through.

The plan worked. Han Wu soon sensed large numbers of Subcosm insects entering the Slaughter Barrier and attacking the corpses.

Their attacks were effective, but the corpses were numerous and didn't fear death, so the insects still failed to reach Han Wu.

The hidden commander couldn't afford to wait any longer. It finally revealed itself, charging into the Slaughter Barrier and tearing the corpses shielding Han Wu apart. Once it finished Han Wu off, it would claim his head as a trophy.

Han Wu had been ready for this. The instant the commander ripped a hole through the corpses, Peerless swung out with a dragon's roar.

"Dragon Slayer and Heaven-Earth Severance!"

The devastating strike slashed upward from below and split the commander's face in two.

Despite the severe injury, the commander didn't die. Its spider-like body leaped off the corpses and tried to flee into the darkness to resume directing the swarms.

But Han Wu's Slaughter Barrier prohibited anyone from leaving. The commander slammed headfirst into the barrier, failing to break through.

Han Wu emerged from the corpses. Sensing that the commander was a Mesocosm life form, he nodded. *This one's not going to be a problem.*

: Chapter 1098

Chapter 1098 - The Corpse Legion

After killing the commander, Han Wu immediately switched to the Netherworld Jurisdiction and revived it as an undead.

The undead commander retained much of its living memories and skills, so Han Wu ordered it to command the surrounding insects into his trap.

He tossed Black Wheel Tyrant out. Fueled by his Divine Points, it spun wildly, forming a twisting vortex. Any life form that drew close was pulled in and shredded by its whirling blades.

Han Wu then applied the Gigantification Jurisdiction to Black Wheel Tyrant, increasing its size tenfold. The resulting vortex became even more massive and violent.

The undead commander released its pheromones, and insects flooded toward the vortex in droves.

Black Wheel Tyrant ground through everything that entered its range like a meat grinder. The destructive power of the Microcosm Divine Weapon was staggering. Even Subcosm life forms couldn't survive once caught in the vortex.

Only Mesocosm insects or stronger had any chance of escaping, but insects like that were limited in number, and Han Wu could simply step in when one appeared.

Han Wu guided Black Wheel Tyrant forward while it spun, drawing insects to their deaths while simultaneously allowing him to continue his exploration. After all, he hadn't forgotten his original purpose for entering the insect nest: to retrieve the reckless Battle Dragon Emperor.

Following the trail of carnage, Han Wu soon located the Battle Dragon Emperor. She was in terrible shape.

The insect nest's Great Dragon suppression had limited its output to the Mesocosm rank at best. Endless waves of insects had drained her energy and stamina.

She had pushed through and defeated swarms of insects before finally collapsing from exhaustion. If Han Wu hadn't arrived when he had, a random passing insect would've picked her off.

Han Wu hastily used the Life Jurisdiction to heal the Battle Dragon Emperor's wounds, then the Conversion Jurisdiction to channel some energy into her so she could move again.

The instant she regained control over her limbs, the Battle Dragon Emperor started demanding that she be allowed to fight the insects deeper inside the nest.

Han Wu didn't indulge her and instead punched the top of her head.

The Battle Dragon Emperor tried to fight back, but after several more heavy punches from Han Wu, she realized she couldn't beat him while her powers were suppressed, especially not when he wielded two powerful Divine Weapons. Finally, she conceded, though not without ample grumbling.

Han Wu's orders were simple. He wanted her to stay put and wait for instructions. The Battle Dragon Emperor didn't want to obey but was afraid of another beating. Disgruntled, she silently swore to make Han Wu pay once they got out of the nest.

Once the Battle Dragon Emperor had settled down, Han Wu heaved a sigh of relief and continued luring massive waves of insects into the vortex.

Hundreds of millions of insects were being killed every moment. Every creature Han Wu killed inside the Slaughter Barrier became his servant, and these insects were no exception.

Han Wu stared at the mountains of insect corpses, then decided to move to the next phase, merging them.

Insect corpses had no souls. They operated purely on instinct and on Han Wu's commands. Merging them wouldn't affect their combat effectiveness in the slightest. After sorting the corpses by species, he merged them.

The Battle Dragon Emperor watched from the sidelines with visible disdain. She wanted to see what Han Wu could possibly accomplish with dead insects.

As the mergings progressed, her disdain morphed into shock. Insects that had been no stronger than ants broke through one threshold after another under Han Wu's Merge.

They started from Common life forms and grew until they attained the strength of a Mesocosm corpse. This wasn't the limit of merge. It was, however, the limit of Han Wu's wallet.

Merging powerful corpse soldiers consumed enormous amounts of energy. When his personal reserves ran dry, Han Wu had to spend Divine Essence from his account. Spending over a million Divine Essence finally netted him a single Mesocosm insect corpse soldier.

Over a million Divine Essence for a single soldier that couldn't truly die and would charge fearlessly into battle. It was a worthwhile investment in the long run.

He wanted to create a Macrocosm insect corpse, but that would cost tens of millions of Divine Essence. Neither his balance nor the number of insect corpses was enough.

With one million Divine Essence remaining, he had enough for one more Mesocosm insect corpse. Two Mesocosm corpses seemed a little spartan, though. After mulling it over, he settled for spending just over 10,000 Divine Essence to merge a Subcosm insect corpse.

In the end, he created ?a hundred Subcosm insect corpses. This put his total at one Mesocosm corpse, one hundred Subcosm corpses, and hundreds of millions of ordinary insect corpses. This force rivaled Han Wu's units back before his core race underwent its evolutionary redesign.

With this army at his command, Han Wu had the confidence to push forward. The Slaughter Barrier advanced with him. Insects that entered the barrier couldn't escape. Han Wu's newly merged corpse legion quickly annihilated them, and their remains joined his forces?.

The Battle Dragon Emperor's brain was not the sharpest, but an army that grew stronger the more it fought left her eyes bulging. If Han Wu were to kill Great Dragons and lead their corpses against the Great Dragons... What would the outcome be?

The Battle Dragon Emperor couldn't imagine it. More accurately, she dared not imagine it, for she couldn't think of a single way to stop Han Wu. In other words, Han Wu already had a viable strategy for conquering the Great Dragon race!

If Han Wu knew of the Battle Dragon Emperor's thoughts, he would have burst into laughter. The Slaughter Jurisdiction was powerful, but not that overpowered.

Slain creatures became corpse soldiers that fought for Han Wu, each undying and self-healing. However, that came with a condition. The attacks they endured had to be ordinary attacks. The corpse soldiers could still be destroyed if a Divine Jurisdiction with development exceeding the Slaughter Jurisdiction was used against them.

Forces equivalent to a Divine Jurisdiction's power could accomplish the same thing. A Great Dragon's power was one example. Powerful forces from other civilizations worked too.

The corpse soldiers were useful but far from invincible. The universe was vast and full of energies that matched or exceeded a Divine Jurisdiction's power.

Han Wu's ever-growing corpse legion tore through insects like an unstoppable wave as they pushed deeper into the nest.

Use arrow keys (or A / D) to PREV/NEXT chapter

Chapter 1099 - The Swarm Queen's Offspring

At the center of the nest was a Swarm Queen. She was both the core of the nest and the mother of every insect within it. Despite her strength surpassing the Macrocosm rank, the Swarm Queen couldn't fight at all. Every one of her abilities was devoted to reproduction.

Four of the insects she'd birthed had reached the Macrocosm rank. Han Wu and the Jade Dragon Emperor had already killed one of them, the Colossal Centipede. The remaining three had been plotting revenge ever since, but the Swarm Queen had initially suppressed that impulse.

Through her connection to the nest, the Swarm Queen had sensed Han Wu leading his massive corpse legion toward her. If she didn't act, her location would soon be exposed, which would leave the nest vulnerable.

It was at this point that she finally ordered her powerful offspring to kill Han Wu before he found her. The three Macrocosm insects had been itching for a fight. They sought vengeance for the Colossal Centipede.

Revenge wasn't the highest priority, however. Protecting the Swarm Queen came first. The Swarm Queen was carrying a new fetus in her belly. Its favorite source of nutrition was energy converted from Great Dragon flesh and blood. This indicated that the new offspring would have greater potential and strength than the three siblings before it.[1]

Sensing this, the Swarm Queen poured every drop of her available nutrients and lifeblood into the fetus, intending to birth an Insect God capable of leading the entire insect species to greatness.

Unfortunately, the developing Insect God wasn't ready to be born yet. Of the three Macrocosm offspring, only the Phantom Butterfly had a human body and butterfly wings, so it volunteered to stay behind and protect the Swarm Queen.[2]

It had sensed Han Wu's aura and knew that he was a Mesocosm fighter at most. The Battle Dragon Emperor beside him was a Macrocosm fighter but was heavily suppressed and could only exhibit the power of a Mesocosm life form.

At most, the enemy had four Mesocosm fighters. That didn't warrant the Phantom Butterfly's involvement.

The other two Macrocosm offspring agreed. Either one of them alone could crush Han Wu's group. Having the second one tag along was nothing more than insurance.

The Swarm Queen approved of this plan and sent the pair out with instructions to hurry back, preferably with the enemy's flesh and blood to nourish the fetus. The two powerful offspring obediently raced toward Han Wu.

Meanwhile, Han Wu was still methodically killing insects that wandered into the Slaughter Barrier. The weaker insects were converted into corpse soldiers, while the stronger ones were revived as undead through the Netherworld Jurisdiction.

Undead lacked the corpse soldiers' regeneration and immortality, but retained portions of their living memories and skills. This meant they could typically unleash combat power greater than that of corpse soldiers at the same level.

Han Wu pressed forward with his growing corpse army and undead legion, feeling like he was on the verge of conquering the entire nest.

Then two figures blocked his path. They were the Swarm Queen's two powerful offspring: the Reaper Mantis and the Demon Roach.

The Reaper Mantis was only about ten meters long, with two scythes at its front that radiated an intense, bone-chilling aura, as if stained with the souls of tens of thousands of powerful beings.[3]

The Demon Roach wasn't much bigger, at roughly twenty meters. Its entire body was encased in armored chitin, and the tips of its six limbs were ball-shaped like boxing gloves.

Staggering Life Energy radiated from the Demon Roach. More importantly, the pressure both offspring released reached the Macrocosm rank. The combined force of their auras was enough to make Han Wu recognize the threat he was under.

The Battle Dragon Emperor showed no fear when she felt their pressure. If anything, she looked excited. *The stronger the opponent, the better the fight!*

She considered both insects worthy opponents.

The Reaper Mantis and Demon Roach eyed Han Wu's group and shook their heads. Mesocosm fighters didn't interest them at all. Their gazes quickly locked onto the still-wildly spinning Black Wheel Tyrant. The lingering aura of the Colossal Centipede on it stirred something within them.

Their brother had been turned into a weapon!

The Reaper Mantis surged forward, its furious voice radiating through its soul. "You turned my brother into a weapon. Unforgivable!"

It swung its scythes in a frenzy. Each swing produced an impossibly sharp blade pressure that flew toward Han Wu.

Han Wu swiftly deflected the blade pressures one after another with Peerless. While dodging, he noticed something. Whenever a blade pressure struck one of his corpse soldiers, the corpse shattered instead of regenerating.

That meant the Reaper Mantis's blade pressures were on par with or exceeded the power of a Jurisdiction. A hit from one of those would severely injure him.

Han Wu grew focused. Recalling Black Wheel Tyrant, he held it up as a shield, gripping Peerless in his other hand. Armed with both Divine Weapons, his overall presence surged.

"You take that one. I'll handle the other," the Battle Dragon Emperor said, launching herself at the Demon Roach without waiting for a response.

Han Wu wanted to stop her but feared exposing an opening to the Reaper Mantis and could only let the Battle Dragon Emperor fly off.

Anyone with eyes could see that the Demon Roach intended to sit back and watch, six limbs comfortably crossed. The Battle Dragon Emperor had gone out of her way to drag it into the fight.

She had taken a two-on-one advantage and turned it into two separate one-on-one fights, turning their advantage into a disadvantage!

Han Wu wanted to punch the Battle Dragon Emperor in the head and let some water drain out of her skull, but it was too late to change anything now. Swallowing his frustration, he shifted his attention back to the enemy in front of him.

The fight erupted between one blink and the next.

Han Wu closed the distance to the Reaper Mantis like lightning, slashing out with Peerless.

One of the mantis's scythes intercepted it, and its other scythe lashed out in a counter.

Han Wu caught it with Black Wheel Tyrant.

Their first exchange ended in a stalemate.

1. Is this a HxH reference ☜

2. I BLOODY KNEW IT ☜

3. Never mind, it's not HxH ☜

Chapter 1100 - Wrath of the Great Dragons

On the battlefield outside, the Jade Dragon Emperor could no longer sense Han Wu or the Battle Dragon Emperor's auras and immediately guessed that both had entered the insect nest.

This was deeply troubling. Based on its extensive combat experience, charging into the enemy's stronghold was extraordinarily dangerous.

Combining that with Han Wu's message, the Jade Dragon Emperor could picture the exact series of events in its mind. The reckless Battle Dragon Emperor had gotten caught up in the heat of battle and charged in. Han Wu had likely followed to drag her back out.

“That reckless idiot. Once it’s back, I’m requesting the Dragon God to throw it in solitary confinement!” the Jade Dragon Emperor snarled.

It had lost count of how many times the Battle Dragon Emperor had pulled stunts like this. They only tolerated her because she was an extraordinary talent that had managed to become a Dragon Emperor at a young age. If not for that, the Jade Dragon Emperor would never have approved of her leading the Great Dragon forces into battle.

The situation inside the nest was unknown. The Jade Dragon Emperor wanted to go in and retrieve them both, but its judgment warned against it. Rushing in could easily become a suicide mission.

After some deliberation, the Jade Dragon Emperor transmitted the situation through the communication channel to the Nine-Faced Dragon God. It would let their deity make the call.

The Nine-Faced Dragon God was in the middle of handling the Great Dragons’ affairs when the report arrived. All eight and a half of its faces turned grim.

It viewed the insect species as a low-level race. A single Dragon Emperor would’ve likely been more than enough to wipe them out. Sending three Dragon Emperors had already been an extreme show of force.

However, three Dragon Emperors hadn’t gotten the job done. The Jade Dragon Emperor’s report contained clear evidence that the insects had advanced technology for suppressing Great Dragons and Macrocosm insects among their ranks.

Every sign pointed to the insect species being far stronger than the Nine-Faced Dragon God had expected.

“Mere insects dare dream of devouring Great Dragons?!” The Nine-Faced Dragon God let out a furious growl. “If that’s how you want to play, I’ll happily show you the wrath of the Great Dragons!”

It summoned the Radiant Dragon Emperor and the Demonfire Dragon Emperor. The Nine-Faced Dragon God would also take to the field personally and put a definitive end to this war between the Great Dragons and the insects.

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Inside the nest, Han Wu and the Battle Dragon Emperor were both struggling.

Han Wu wielded both Divine Weapons, relying on Peerless’s nine powerful techniques to hold his ground against the Reaper Mantis. If he were lucky, the Deathblow chance could trigger. The gap in their ranks made that probability incredibly minuscule—but not impossible.

The Battle Dragon Emperor was in a far more brutal situation, having to contend with the Demon Roach's three pairs of fists. Her body was littered with shattered dragon scales, and blood soaked her from head to tail.

She looked like a wreck.

The Battle Dragon Emperor fought even harder under the Battle Heart's overclocked output, growing fiercer as she grew more battered. She was basically alternating between attacking and getting beaten.

Unfortunately, the insect nest's Great Dragon suppression was simply too strong. If not for that, the Battle Dragon Emperor could've at least fought the Demon Roach to a draw with her natural strength; instead, her Life Energy flickered like a candle in a storm.

Han Wu had no choice but to shove the Reaper Mantis back and charge into the Battle Dragon Emperor's fight to pull the battered dragon out.

"You... Don't worry about me. I was... having a great time..." The Battle Dragon Emperor was talking tough despite being on the verge of collapsing.

Han Wu didn't even bother scolding her. *A great time? You were having such a great time that you nearly had a great death!*

The Battle Dragon Emperor would've died if Han Wu had pulled her out one second later. There was truly nothing Han Wu could do to straighten out this single-minded battle maniac, but he also couldn't just sit there and watch her die.

If the Battle Dragon Emperor fell under his watch, it would create a rift between him and the Great Dragons, regardless of the reason. That was a consequence Han Wu wasn't willing to bear.

With the Battle Dragon Emperor removed from the fight, the Reaper Mantis and Demon Roach turned their combined attention onto Han Wu.

The long fight had pushed the Battle Dragon Emperor to the brink of death. Han Wu, meanwhile, appeared largely unaffected. This caught the attention of both insects. They had never seen such tenacity and vitality from any other species.

"Let's bring him to the Swarm Queen. She can absorb far more nutrition from him," the Demon Roach suggested.

"A gift for our new Insect God sibling," the Reaper Mantis agreed.

"Good idea."

Both powerful insects directed their full pressure onto Han Wu. The combined pressure from two Macrocosm life forms made his body feel a hundred times heavier, as if a mountain had been strapped to his back.

There was no way he could fight under such pressure. That was exactly what the insects wanted. They charged at him to take him alive.

Han Wu had no choice but to command the Mesocosm insect corpse and insect undead within the Slaughter Barrier to intercept.

The Macrocosm insects instantly obliterated the Mesocosm undead commander and smashed apart the Mesocosm insect corpse. The insect corpse reformed, only for them to smash it again. Finally, the Reaper Mantis's blade pressures sliced through it, destroying it for good.

Fully exposed, Han Wu was forced to play his trump cards—Minute Hand with Omniversal. Minute Hand's effect wasn't diminished much under Omniversal's enhancement, and both trump cards activated simultaneously, freezing everything around Han Wu.

Han Wu then activated his second strongest transformation, the Demon King Transformation with the Gigantification Jurisdiction enhancement.

Seizing both the enlarged Peerless and Black Wheel Tyrant, he unleashed a storm of attacks on the two frozen insects. Whether it was the increased number of strikes raising the probability or just sheer luck, the Deathblow chance on Peerless finally triggered while attacking the Reaper Mantis.

The Reaper Mantis's vitality and powerful soul were annihilated in an instant. Only an empty husk remained as proof that it had ever existed.

Everything returned to normal as Minute Hand's time limit expired. Han Wu was utterly spent. He glanced up at the two insects.

The Reaper Mantis was completely destroyed, its body toppled over. There was no chance of revival.

The Demon Roach had taken numerous heavy blows during that minute and was severely damaged. Han Wu thought it was critically wounded, only to see the Demon Roach regenerate before his eyes. Its Life Energy returned to full as if it had never been touched.

Its crimson eyes revealed a blazing fury. "You killed my brother. You deserve to die!"

The Demon Roach's six fists blurred into streaks of light toward Han Wu.

Completely drained, all Han Wu could do was raise Black Wheel Tyrant to block most of the impact. The remaining damage was split across the True Martial Jurisdiction, Duel Jurisdiction, and Life Jurisdiction. His Undying ability pushed his Life Energy, regeneration, and hormone output to their limits to absorb everything the Demon Roach threw at him.

The Macrocosm Demon Roach attacked in a powerful blind rage. The gap in their ranks meant Han Wu couldn't absorb all the damage, and his injuries quickly piled up. Soon, he was barely clinging to life.

"The next hit will kill you," the Demon Roach roared as its six fists came crashing down toward Han Wu's head.

"Mere insects dare harm my kin?!" A thunderous dragon roar shook the insect nest.

The sheer authority behind that voice alone forced the Demon Roach back several steps.

Han Wu struggled to open one eye for a peek and saw the Nine-Faced Dragon God's unmistakable eight-and-a-half faces. Behind the Nine-Faced Dragon God stood the Jade Dragon Emperor, the Radiant Dragon Emperor, and the Demonfire Dragon Emperor.

The message was clear.

The Great Dragons were committing their full power to war against the insects.