

# The People's God: Sacrificing Trillions to Ascend

## Chapter 251 - Final Battle

[Current Land Size: 4,890 square kilometers]

[Current Energy: 986.4]

A wave of intense fury washed over Feng Xiaoxiao, a second-year student at Demonic Imperial College, as her gaze fell upon her rapidly diminishing territory. Her neighbour was pushing it too far! Could that representative from the God King of Death's faction truly be so arrogant as to believe she was weak and easily bullied?

Reaching into her pocket, she withdrew a card, which she had stumbled upon quite by chance, alongside a peculiar crystal.

[Final Battle Card: Upon activation, select a designated target. The territories of both the target and the user will be sealed off from external interference, forcing the towers from both sides to focus their attacks entirely on each other. Winner takes all.]

[Blessing Crystal (Elite): Temporarily increases a tower's rank by one. Lasts for one hour.]

"Just you wait," Feng Xiaoxiao hissed, her teeth grinding with barely contained rage. "I'll make sure you experience just how terrible it truly is to try to bully me!"

She carefully placed the Blessing Crystal onto the Hobgoblin Tower located in the very center of her territory. Instantly, the tower was temporarily upgraded to a Unique-ranked tower. This transformation presented her with various upgrade choices, including the Giant Demon Tower, Redcap Tower, Fire Goblin Tower, Frost Goblin Tower, and several others. Interestingly, all these available upgrades were Unique-ranked towers themselves.

Ultimately, she picked the Giant Demon Tower.

[Giant Demon Tower (Unique)]

Armor: 2,000

Defense: 20

Attack Method: Summon Giant Demon

Attack Rate: 30 seconds

Skills: None]

The Blessing Crystal could last one hour, which was ample time for her to summon a force of 120 Giant Demons. Her intent was clear: she would hold off on using the Final Battle Card until all 120 demons had been fully summoned. Once her army was complete, she would reclaim and conquer the territory of Death's representative who had been aggressively invading her lands!

An hour swiftly passed, and the Blessing Crystal's effect dissipated. The Giant Demon Tower consequently reverted to its original form, the Hobgoblin Tower. Nevertheless, all 120 four-meter-tall Giant Demons remained, standing patiently within her territory and awaiting her next commands.

[Giant Demon (Unique)

HP: 1,000

Attack: 70

Defense: 50

Attack Method: Wooden Club Bludgeon

Range: 4 meters

Attack Rate: 1 second

Movement Speed: 120 km/h

Skills: Giant Demon Charge – Charges twice as fast within a limited distance and causes 200% damage to the target.]

A sense of satisfaction washed over Feng Xiaoxiao as she reviewed the impressive stats of her Giant Demons. Her resolve hardened—she was going to utilize this powerful force to reclaim every inch of territory she had lost! She immediately recalled all her goblins that were currently invading other spaces, assembling them into a massive goblin army that numbered 50,000 strong.

Turning to face Han Wu's territory, she activated her Final Battle Card. The card immediately floated upwards into the air, shimmering as it formed a barrier of light that completely encapsulated both her territory and Han Wu's.

Preoccupied with commanding his towers, Han Wu was caught off guard by an incoming notification:

[The God King of Life's representative Feng Xiaoxiao has just activated a Final Battle Card targeting you! As a result, both your territory and hers are now completely sealed off, and neither party can withdraw from this area until one of you is defeated.]

"A Final Battle Card? Such a thing exists here?" Han Wu exclaimed, taken aback. His eyes immediately darted towards the white territory he had been aggressively invading. To his astonishment, the fog of war that had previously obscured it had completely lifted, and he could now clearly see every detail of what was happening within Feng Xiaoxiao's territory.

Towers densely lined her territory, each one ceaselessly summoning a continuous stream of goblins every second. Han Wu was also quite surprised to see a relatively small but neatly arranged group of Giant Demons. He instantly realized that these Giant Demons were the fighting force Feng Xiaoxiao had assembled specifically to defeat him, and they were clearly the source of her sudden surge of confidence.

Simultaneously, Feng Xiaoxiao was also conducting her own investigation of Han Wu's territory. She was quite shocked to discover that Han Wu's territory now spanned 24,980 square kilometers, an area roughly five times the size of her own.

Within Han Wu's territory, she spotted numerous towers, noting with apprehension the ominous and unfriendly Death Aura that emanated from several of them. However, after scrutinizing their stats, she noted that despite most being Unique-ranked, their individual power levels seemed rather low. This unexpected revelation caused any lingering fear she had to completely dissipate.

"Demonic Imperial College, second-year student, Feng Xiaoxiao. I wish you luck."

This wargame had gathered a lot of elites from other colleges, and Demonic Imperial College was one of them.

Han Wu, being courteous, answered back, "Imperial College, first-year student, Han Wu."

"A first-year?" Feng Xiaoxiao's initial confusion swiftly melted into unrestrained laughter. "*Hahaha!*" she cackled, a note of derision in her voice. "It seems that Imperial College has truly declined, resorting to sending a mere first-year student to his death!"

Shrugging off her taunt, Han Wu retorted, "You'll know soon enough whether or not I'm an easy target."

"*Hmph!* So young, yet already so arrogant!" Feng Xiaoxiao sneered. "I'll teach you a lesson today to show you the massive gap between a first-year and a second-year student!"

With that declaration, she gave the command for her Giant Demons and goblins to charge forward. They swiftly advanced, soon entering the range of Han Wu's Dark Cursed Bug Towers. The moment the Dark Cursed Bug Towers detected the presence of enemies within their attack radius, they instantly began to shower them with a continuous volley of Shadow Nails.

Barely moments into the battle, Feng Xiaoxiao realized something was wrong. She watched, aghast, as numerous goblins perished immediately after being struck by the Shadow Nails. This was very strange and unsettling—her previous inspection of the Dark Cursed Bug Towers had clearly indicated they lacked the necessary attack power to one-shot her goblins.

Deciding to take another look, she carefully scrutinized the details of the Dark Cursed Bug Towers closest to her.

[Dark Cursed Bug Tower (Unique)

Armor: 287

Attack: 63 (Sacred Object +40)

Defense: 13

Attack Method: Shadow Nail

Range: 20 km

Attack Rate: 0.1 second

Skills: Shadow Stun (Passive) – 10% chance of immobilizing enemy for one second.

Sacred Object Slots: 4]

“What is this? What in the world is happening?” she shrieked, her voice echoing with disbelief. The Dark Cursed Bug Tower in front of her was vastly different from the one she had inspected earlier.

What she didn't realize was that her initial inspection had focused on the Dark Cursed Bug Towers in the central areas of Han Wu's territory. Those towers hadn't had any chance to kill invading units, so their stats were basically the same as their starting stats. They were far weaker compared to the Dark Cursed Bug Towers stationed at the borders.

Seizing the unexpected opportunity, Han Wu focused on accumulating more Energy by slaughtering Feng Xiaoxiao's numerous goblins, which he intended to use to construct

even more towers. Upon the completion of his tenth Dark Cursed Bug Tower, he chose to merge all ten of them together.

The merged Dark Cursed Bug Towers were ready for another upgrade, and Han Wu was given three options to choose from.

[True Dark Cursed Bug Tower (Heroic)]

Armor: 1,087

Attack: 73 (Sacred Object +40)

Defense: 23

Attack Method: Shadow Nail

Range: 20 km

Attack Rate: 0.01 second

Skills:

1. Shadow Stun (Passive) – Has a 2% chance of immobilizing the target for 1 second.
2. Acupuncture (Passive) – Has a 20% chance of inflicting a debuff on the target when Shadow Nail hits a meridian.

Sacred Object Slot: 6

**Dark Cursed Locustman Tower (Heroic)**

Armor: 4,087

Attack: 163 (Sacred Object +40 attack)

Defense: 53

Attack Method: Shadow Bow

Range: 20 km

Attack Rate: 0.1 second

Skills:

1. Shadow Volley – Fires off 100 arrows made from shadows. Each arrow deals 50% of the original damage.

2. Shadow Stun (Passive) – Has a 10% chance of immobilizing the target for 1 second.

Sacred Object Slot: 6

Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower (Heroic)

Armor: 8,087

Attack: 263 (Sacred Object +40)

Defense: 103

Attack Method: Giant Shadow Nail

Range: 30 km

Attack Rate: 0.5 seconds

Skills: Shadow Stun (Passive) – Has a 50% chance of immobilizing the target for 1 second.

Sacred Object Slot: 6]

The three upgrade paths were undeniably powerful, but each came with its own set of weaknesses. Han Wu considered preserving the Dark Cursed Bug Tower's most powerful aspect, its astonishing attack rate. With the capability to launch an attack every 0.01 seconds, it could unleash 100 attacks each second. Such a rapid-fire assault made quick work of cannon fodder, effortlessly cutting them down as easily as a lawn mower slices through grass.

More importantly, the tower possessed the Death's Gaze effect, which enabled it to permanently upgrade its stats by eliminating numerous targets. Essentially, all the tower needed to do was to continue killing, and over time, it would gradually rectify and improve its weaker stats.

Han Wu made his choice, selecting the True Dark Cursed Bug Tower.

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[ 1,198 words ]

## Chapter 252 - Epistian Tower

Han Wu chose the upgrade, and all ten of his Dark Cursed Bug Towers merged into a single True Dark Cursed Bug Tower.

Feng Xiaoxiao immediately noticed the change. “Wait, you can fuse your towers together to upgrade them? That’s cheating! You don’t even need Upgrade Stones!”

The True Dark Cursed Bug Tower unleashed a far stronger barrage, firing 100 Shadow Needles per second. A vast wave of goblins fell beneath the relentless assault.

Though the Heroic tower boasted only 73 Attack—modest compared to other towers—the goblins had just 3 Defense and 50 HP. A single Shadow Needle was enough to kill one instantly. On top of that, Death’s Gaze gave the tower a 20% chance to execute targets of lower rank. Nonetheless, the effect never triggered since the goblins died with one hit.

“Retreat from the tower and attack the other towers!” Feng Xiaoxiao commanded, redirecting her goblins’ march.

Fortunately, the towers remained stationary in the wargame. Her units would avoid harm as long as they moved beyond the towers’ attack range.

Feng Xiaoxiao clung to the sliver of hope she had left. “I will break your other towers before destroying your Heroic tower!”

The goblins and Giant Demons managed to escape, though not without cost. Tens of thousands of goblins were lost in the retreat. Still, they pushed deep into Han Wu’s territory, exploiting the void left behind by the merged Dark Cursed Bug Tower.

There were no other towers left to stop their advance. Feng Xiaoxiao’s territory expanded rapidly until it reached 5,300 square kilometers. Her goblins pressed forward, and her domain continued to grow.

Seeing the tide turn in her favor, Feng Xiaoxiao let out a quiet breath of relief. “He’s still too green. A first-year student wouldn’t understand the danger of putting all his eggs in one basket. Did he really think a single powerful tower could stop me? I’ll just move around its range, and there’s nothing he can do about it.”

Han Wu realized his blunder and scrambled to adjust his strategy. However, his Locust and Skeleton Towers’ range was far too limited. Combining them into a stronger tower had seemed like a smart move, yet it left too many openings. His opponent could simply bypass the tower’s range with no consequences.

Still, he couldn't build many lower-ranking towers to cover his territory. Their weak attacks would fail to damage his enemies, and he would waste resources whenever the enemy destroyed those towers.

"What can I do? I can't just let her take so much of my territory," he muttered.

If she occupied a large portion of his territory, her Energy gain per second would far surpass his. If this continued, she could accumulate enough Energy to build powerful towers and crush him. Thus, he had to act fast.

He abandoned the Locust and Skeleton Towers due to their limited range and searched for another solution. Scanning the list of towers he could build, he soon found a way out: the Epistian Tower.

[Epistian Tower (Unique)

Armor: 2,000

Attack: 20–1,000

Defense: 100

Attack Method: Fireball

Range: Within the limits of the territory.

Attack Rate: 1–60 seconds

Skills: Charge (Passive) – Accumulates Fire-attribute power to amplify damage. The longer it charges, the stronger the attack.

Sacred Object Slot: 7

Energy Required: 30,000]

That was a massive amount of Energy for him to afford right now. If he waited for Energy to accumulate naturally, it would take 15,000 seconds, or four hours. Losing more territory would only extend that time.

Even if he had the patience to wait, his opponent didn't. Feng Xiaoxiao would be busy coming up with ways to take down his remaining towers. He couldn't afford to delay any longer. He had to build the Epistian Tower now.

To get the Energy he needed, he turned to the trade channel. With his remaining Energy, he would buy up large quantities of low-grade Sacred Objects and merge them.

A Common Sacred Object, the Wolf Tooth, sold for 80 Energy each. Han Wu bought many, then merged ten into a single +9 Wolf Tooth, which he sold for 2,000 Energy.

The +9 Wolf Tooth had only one effect: it boosted a tower's Attack by 10. It was simple, but highly desirable. Han Wu listed one for sale, and it sold instantly.

He earned 1,200 Energy in profit with every transaction. After repeating the process about twenty times, he finally had enough to construct the Epistian Tower. Now, he had to choose its location carefully. Since the tower's stats were modest, protecting it was critical.

Han Wu scratched his chin before settling on the perfect spot beside his Death Aura Bug Tower. The area around that tower was a forbidden zone, killing every living being due to its unique attack that bypassed Defense.

Han Wu felt relieved knowing his Epistian Tower would be well guarded there. He had, after all, spent a large portion of his Energy to build the tower. Once completed, the Epistian Tower began charging its attack. Han Wu watched the fireball above it slowly grow larger. It took the tower a full minute to charge the fireball to maximum before launching it at the goblins.

The massive fireball streaked through the sky like a meteor and landed in the center of the goblin army. The explosion released intense heat and flames, killing many goblins instantly. It even took down five Giant Demons in a single blast.

Feng Xiaoxiao clenched her teeth as she surveyed the new tower. "An attack range that targets all enemies within his territory? That's absurd! He must be cheating somehow!"

She knew her goblins would continue to perish as long as the Epistian Tower stood. Determined, she ordered them to charge toward the tower and destroy it at all costs. Stopping it from attacking was her priority now.

They marched for hours across Han Wu's vast territory until they reached a point ten kilometers from the Death Aura Bug Tower. Along the way, the Epistian Tower launched five more fireballs, each blast cutting down many goblins. Feng Xiaoxiao hardened her resolve to bring the wretched tower down.

"Fodder, take the front. Giant Demons, cover their rear. Destroy the Epistian Tower and the Death Aura Bug Tower together!" she commanded.

Her goblins advanced, but the moment they crossed into the Death Aura Bug Tower's attack range, their HP plummeted. Powered by five +9 Wolf Tooth, the tower's Attack had reached 63—enough to instantly kill Common goblins.

Any enemy stepping into its range instantly felt their HP plummet as the Death Aura's corrosive force ate away at them. Many of Feng Xiaoxiao's goblins fell before she even

noticed they had crossed the threshold. By the time she tried to issue another command, it was already too late.

The Giant Demons wanted to make their owner proud, so they charged boldly into the Death Aura Bug Tower's range. They believed they could withstand the damage long enough to destroy both towers together. Sadly, the Death Aura ignored Defense completely. After only a few steps, the Giant Demons collapsed lifeless to the ground.

Feng Xiaoxiao gazed at her dying army and realized she had lost.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,199 words ]

## **Chapter 253 - Infighting**

After defeating Feng Xiaoxiao's Giant Demons, Han Wu kept building towers, gradually claiming her territory as his own. Her goblins couldn't even damage his towers, and within hours, Feng Xiaoxiao suffered a decisive defeat.

Han Wu wiped out all of her goblins and destroyed her Goblin Towers. When the final one crumbled, Feng Xiaoxiao flared with light before vanishing, booted from the wargame. Han Wu emerged victorious and obtained all of Feng Xiaoxiao's territory.

[Current Land Size: 29,780 square kilometers]

[Current Energy: 38,092.4]

Along with her territory, Han Wu also gained valuable loot from destroying her towers. He picked up seven Upgrade Stones, one Final Battle Card, and a Unique Sacred Object called the Giant Demon Heart.

Equipping the Giant Demon Heart granted a tower 200 Armor, 20 Attack, and the War Crash effect, which allowed the tower to launch a second attack immediately after the first.

A Unique Upgrade Stone could be crafted by merging five Elite ones. After merging them, Han Wu used the resulting Unique Upgrade Stone on an Iron Skeleton Tower. Once the tower was enhanced, he was presented with two upgrade paths: the Skeleton Knight Tower or the Death Skeleton Tower.

Han Wu saw the name and immediately recognized the Death Skeleton Tower as a choice granted by the Death's Gaze effect. He recalled the Death Aura Bug Tower's devastating power and chose the Death Skeleton Tower without hesitation.

[Death Skeleton Tower (Unique)

Armor: 1,197 (Sacred Object +100)

Attack: 609

Defense: 112

Attack Method: Bone Spear

Range: 30 km

Attack Rate: 1.1 second (Sacred Object +45%)

Skills: Corpse Explosion (Passive) – Corpses explode on contact. Explosion damage equals 200% of the corpse's original damage when alive.

Sacred Object Slots: 4]

Han Wu was dissatisfied as he studied the Death Skeleton Tower's stats. Despite its Unique status, its Armor and Defense were weak. His enemies could easily destroy it. The silver lining was its high Attack and wide coverage. More importantly, it possessed the formidable Corpse Explosion. Still, he was uncertain just how powerful it truly was.

Coincidentally, a group of Abyss Demons soon wandered into his territory and stepped into the tower's range. The Death Skeleton Tower launched a bone spear that pierced through the air and slammed into one of the demons, nailing it to the ground with brutal efficiency.

With its 609 Attack, the tower killed the demon in a single blow. The others barely reacted; born as cannon fodder, death was common to them. They pressed onward until one accidentally touched the corpse. The corpse exploded, sending bone fragments that pierced through the remaining demons.

Han Wu quickly calculated the toll. Based on the Energy he absorbed, nineteen Abyss Demons had died in the blast. The survivors teetered on the brink of death. It was only a matter of time.

"I never expected Corpse Explosion to be this powerful!" Han Wu marvelled.

He realized he had to protect the Death Skeleton Tower at all costs. He could already picture what would happen if Corpse Explosion triggered in the middle of an entire army. Next time, the casualties would far exceed nineteen.

Originally, the Death Skeleton Tower could target only a single enemy. Corpse Explosion changed that, granting it an AoE attack that injured multiple foes at once. Its range rivaled even the Death Aura Bug Tower's broad reach.

In order to protect it, Han Wu surrounded the tower with numerous Locust Towers, then merged them into four Abyss Bug Towers. These fortified towers had exceptional HP and Defense, positioned strategically to guard the Death Skeleton Tower from all four directions.

Han Wu didn't expect the Abyss Bug Towers to kill the enemies; he only needed them to soak up damage and buy time. Every second mattered because the Death Skeleton Tower could strike nearly once per second, each attack building toward an explosion that would devastate even more enemies.

After building the Death Skeleton Tower, Han Wu's territory expanded rapidly. The faction of God King of Life feared him and allowed him to seize their lands without resistance.

Han Wu scratched his head in mild embarrassment. He preferred battles where his opponents resisted until the end. Winning after a struggle felt more rewarding.

...

For the next few hours, Han Wu focused on managing his towers. He hadn't expected any trouble, so when someone from his own faction launched a surprise attack, it caught him off guard. He had braced for conflict with the opposing faction, not betrayal from within.

After defeating Feng Xiaoxiao, Han Wu had claimed her territory and found himself bordering three others, each controlled by representatives of the God King of Death. One of them was Li Zhe. Upon noticing Han Wu's vast land and powerful Locust Towers, Li Zhe hatched a ruthless plan. Since he was already seizing territory from the God King of Life faction by force, why not do the same to his own allies?

Li Zhe's greed knew no bounds. He built towers along the border of his own territory and targeted Han Wu's newly erected Locust Towers. Although those towers were Elite rank, their stats barely exceeded those of Common towers. It didn't take much for Li Zhe to destroy them.

As the assault continued, the border between their territories slowly shifted in Li Zhe's favor. Each tower he destroyed pushed the line further. To his satisfaction, the loot and

Energy he gained from attacking Han Wu's towers were just as rewarding as the spoils he had claimed from the God King of Life's faction.

Han Wu reacted swiftly and rushed to the edge of his territory. He had already lost 500 square kilometers and six Locust Towers. Rage burned through him—Li Zhe was supposed to be an ally, not an enemy. He refused to tolerate a betrayal like this.

Li Zhe was busy building towers when he happened to encounter Han Wu. "Hey there. I'm Li Zhe, third-year at Imperial College. We're from the same faction, so you won't mind if I take some of your land, right?"

"I am Han Wu, a first-year at Imperial College." His tone left no room for misunderstanding. They were from the same school, and he had no intention of clashing with a fellow student.

Unfortunately, Li Zhe didn't care and smiled. "I know who you are. The only first-year qualified for the wargames. That's some luck you've got. Since we're from the same college, I'll let you off easy. Just hand over 10,000 square kilometers and join forces with me. I'll protect you. Stick with me, and you'll survive to the end."

He spoke as if he were offering a generous gift, not an outrageous demand.

Han Wu scoffed. "Ten thousand? Why stop there? How about I give you everything and withdraw from the wargame while I'm at it?"

Li Zhe caught the sarcasm and grew serious. "Junior, aren't you going to help your senior?"

"You don't deserve my help. I don't help useless seniors, especially not ones who think they can take advantage of their juniors," Han Wu shot back.

Li Zhe's face twisted with fury. "Fine! Let's fight! I want to see how you plan to win against me!"

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,365 words ]

## **Chapter 254 - Stubborn**

Even as members of the same faction, the rules allowed Han Wu and Li Zhe to engage in combat, provided they issued direct commands to their respective towers. Consequently, new rows of defensive towers rapidly began to rise along the border

separating their territories. Given that Li Zhe's core race was the Azure-Eye Tiger, it was no surprise that most of the structures he erected were Azure-Eye Tiger Towers.

Han Wu scanned the newly erected towers, noting down their stats. He had to admit that, for Elite towers, their attributes were quite excellent.

[Azure-Eye Tiger Tower (Elite)]

Armor: 800

Attack: 80

Defense: 50

Attack Method: Claw Rend

Range: 10 km

Attack Rate: 0.8 seconds

Skills: Roar Bomb – Gathers energy to form an attributeless tiger-shaped energy bomb. Attack range is twice as far as the tower's. Damage set at 250% of tower's Attack.

Sacred Object Slots: 3]

The tower had impressive Attack and Defense stats. While its attack range and attack rate were initially quite average, those aspects had been compensated and enhanced by its Roar Bomb skill. When analyzing the raw data, it was clear that Han Wu's own towers, even at the same rank, would be incapable of destroying them.

Han Wu, however, remained completely unconcerned. *If I can't destroy his towers with one of the same rank, I'll just rank my towers up! If one isn't enough, I'll just make two!*

With his resolve solidified, Han Wu proceeded to erect 100 Locust Towers, costing him 10,000 Energy in total. Li Zhe, observing this move, couldn't help but scoff disdainfully at what he saw as Han Wu's misguided strategy of quantity over quality.

With a sneer, he taunted, "Junior, is this a display of desperation? Surely, you haven't abandoned all hope after witnessing the power of my towers! Erecting that many towers is nothing more than a waste of time and resources—in fact, by doing so, you are simply handing me free Energy!"

"Oh, no, I'm not giving you Energy," Han Wu calmly stated, his voice devoid of concern. "Just make sure you watch carefully."

He proceeded to merge the 100 towers into 10, then he merged them again to 1, ultimately obtaining a single Heroic tower.

[Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower (Heroic)

Armor: 8,000

Attack: 200

Defense: 100

Attack Method: Giant Shadow Nail

Range: 30 km

Attack Rate: 0.5 seconds

Skills: Shadow Stun (Passive) – Has a 50% chance of immobilizing the target for 1 second.

Sacred Object Slot: 6]

The towering Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower now stood at the border separating their two territories, its vast shadow stretching to engulf several of Li Zhe's towers. The Azure-Eye Tiger Towers relentlessly rained down a barrage of blows upon it, yet, despite their efforts, not a single one was capable of breaching the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower's defenses.

Li Zhe was stunned. Ordinarily, one would require Upgrade Stones to upgrade their towers. This was precisely why he possessed many Elite Towers but no Unique Towers. This rule, however, didn't seem to apply to this arrogant junior! Right before him, Han Wu had inexplicably merged 100 Locust Towers into one Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower!

"Wait, that's not fair at all! That's practically cheating!"

Naturally, the wargame's participants ignored him. Seizing this opportunity, Han Wu commanded his tower to target and attack all Li Zhe's towers nearby. In response, massive Shadow Nails rained down, crashing into the Azure-Eye Tiger Towers.

The Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower's 200 Attack easily tore through the Azure-Eye Tiger Towers' 50 Defense, dealing 150 damage. Given that the Azure-Eye Tiger Towers only had 800 Armor, just five Shadow Nails would be enough to destroy each.

With its rapid 0.5-second attack rate, the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower was capable of taking one of Li Zhe's towers down in just about three seconds. Li Zhe began to panic;

his towers each cost 1,500 Energy to erect, and he certainly wasn't rich enough to sustain such heavy losses!

"Quick, use the Roar Bomb!"

The Azure-Eye Tiger Towers initiated their counter-attack, rapidly gathering energy to unleash devastating bombs at the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower. However, though each bomb dealt 200 raw damage, and the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower possessed just 100 Defense, the resulting 100 damage per bomb, while seemingly quite powerful, was only truly effective against regular towers. The Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower had 8,000 Armor, allowing it to easily withstand the Azure-Eye Tiger Towers' attacks.

Han Wu calmly directed his tower, easily obliterating all the Azure-Eye Tiger Towers within the attack range of the Dark Cursed Bug Tower and recovering 1,200 square kilometers of territory.

However, Han Wu still wasn't satisfied—Li Zhe had to pay the price for backstabbing. He instantly spent 20,000 Energy to construct two more Giant Dark Cursed Bug Towers at the edge of his territory, intending to intensify his invasion into Li Zhe's lands.

Li Zhe was practically losing his mind. He, a seasoned bully, was now suffering a crushing and humiliating defeat at the hands of a mere first-year student! This was nothing short of humiliating! To his utter despair, he was completely helpless—his Azure-Eye Tiger Towers were incapable of destroying the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Towers, after all.

To prevent further losses, Li Zhe chose to surrender. "Han Wu, we're fellow students from the same college. Let's just drop this here and now—do not, I repeat, do not push this any further. Remember," he stated, his voice a calculated blend of forced civility and unmistakably thinly veiled threats, "we'll definitely continue to cross paths in college from this point forward."

It was clear that Li Zhe desperately wanted Han Wu to cease his invasion immediately, subtly threatening to deal with Han Wu once they returned to the college. Han Wu, of course, was completely unfazed. He had dared to go against even a God King, so a mere Demigod was nothing in comparison.

"Thanks, but no," Han Wu responded. "I've been called a stubborn bastard ever since I was a kid. I tend to go all the way until the bitter end."

With "negotiations" completely broken down, Li Zhe's face contorted in a furious snarl.

"Fine then, you bastard! Take this!" he spat, giving Han Wu a sarcastic thumbs-up before pouring every last bit of his remaining Energy into erecting a large number of Azure-Eye Tiger Towers around his territory's core.

Li Zhe's calculations revealed that one Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower could endure no more than 80 Roar Bombs before collapsing. So, he decided to go all in, completely depleting his remaining resources to construct 74 Elite Azure-Eye Tiger Towers and two even more powerful Unique Azure-Eye Black Tiger Towers.

He built the towers close together, ensuring their combined power would instantly overwhelm and obliterate the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Towers. He was confident that even a Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower, despite its 8,000 Armor, would be unable to endure the concentrated barrage unleashed by all his towers attacking in unison.

Even though Li Zhe knew his defeat was imminent, he refused to give Han Wu an easy victory—his pride as a third-year senior was on the line. Han Wu, observing the new arrangement of Li Zhe's towers, instantly realized Li Zhe had spent all his remaining Energy to deal as much damage to him as possible before his elimination.

Han Wu let out a dismissive scoff, a new strategy already forming in his mind. He knew that a head-on attack against Li Zhe at this point would be too costly. *But... what if I choose not to attack Li Zhe's forces at all?* he thought.

He began constructing numerous low-ranking towers, placing them just outside the reach of Li Zhe's towers, effectively encircling the entire area. With this strategy, all of Li Zhe's remaining territory would fall under Han Wu's control, leaving Li Zhe confined to only the tiny area in the center.

Han Wu relished the thought of witnessing Li Zhe's suffering, unable to destroy any towers to obtain additional Energy and forced instead to rely on the slow trickle of Energy generated by that tiny remaining patch of territory in the center.

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[ 1,468 words ]

## **Chapter 255 - Holy Knight**

Li Zhe seethed with rage, having realized Han Wu was encircling his territory with low-ranking towers, purposefully positioning them just beyond his towers' attack range! Having exhausted all his Energy, Li Zhe was now powerless to prevent Han Wu from claiming the remainder of his territory.

Ultimately, Li Zhe was left with a mere 600 square kilometers of land, not nearly enough to get any Energy. Unless a miracle happened, Li Zhe would remain trapped, awaiting the inevitable moment when Han Wu gained enough power to eradicate his remaining forces and eliminate him.

“You spineless bastard! Come here and face me like a man!” he shrieked. Han Wu, of course, ignored the shallow taunt.

“Sorry, senior, but it’s really not your place to call me spineless,” Han Wu retorted, a light chuckle escaping him as he openly taunted Li Zhe. “Just stay put. You never know, you just might be able to find a way out.”

With those words, he turned and left, ignoring Li Zhe’s stream of angry curses and insults, and proceeded to check on his own territory.

After successfully trapping Li Zhe within the small piece of land, Han Wu’s territory swelled to an impressive 53,802 square kilometers, generating 5.3 Energy per second. At that rate, he could construct a single Locust Tower with his passive Energy gain alone every 19 seconds.

However, as his territory expanded, Han Wu had to face even more opponents. Thankfully, few of the representatives of the God King of Death were as greedy as Li Zhe; most were friendly, so Han Wu wasn’t attacked.

The representatives of the God King of Life, however, targeted Han Wu as their next major opponent and many of their troops to invade his territory. In response, he quickly erected towers to defend against them, and though he occasionally failed in his defense, he managed to hold them off most of the time.

With his territory steadily increasing, Han Wu had barely defeated another representative from Life’s faction when a notification chimed in his mind.

[Your territory has made contact with the territory of a representative personally endorsed by the God King of Life. If you can defeat this representative, your outstanding merit will surely be recognized by the God King of Death.]

After reading the message, Han Wu’s gaze swept over his territory. He glanced to one side and confirmed that his territory’s boundary had indeed made contact with the territory of another representative from the opposing faction, just as the notification stated.

The fog blanketing the territory was noticeably purer and holier than any he had encountered before, and he instinctively recognized it as his next objective. He also sensed that the opposing side had likely received a similar notification regarding him.

Just as he suspected, a troop of soldiers burst forth from the swirling white fog, storming into his territory. They were clad in gleaming silver armor and rode majestic war horses, their thundering hooves shaking the earth beneath them. Without a moment’s delay, he quickly began to inspect their data.

[Holy Knight (Unique)]

HP: 3,000

Attack: 300–800

Defense: 600

Attack Method: Sacred Orb, Sacred Stab

Range:

1. Sacred Orb – 500 meters

2. Sacred Stab – 3 meters

Attack Rate: 1 second

Movement speed: 500 km/h

Skills: Sacred Recovery – Recovers 10% max HP per second upon activation. Lasts 20 seconds.]

Their powerful stats filled Han Wu with dread. The invading forces not only possessed an extensive attack range and powerful melee attacks, but they were also equipped with a terrifying skill that enabled them to rapidly recover their HP, making them incredibly difficult to eliminate.

Moreover, their defenses were exceptionally high. Almost none of Han Wu's existing towers possessed the capability to deal more than 600 damage, and even his most powerful Epistian Tower, when charged to the max, could deal just 1,000 damage. Against the Holy Knights' formidable defenses, this attack would ultimately result in a mere 400 damage. To make matters worse, the Holy Knights were more than capable of healing themselves with their rapid recovery skills immediately afterward, negating any damage dealt.

Still stunned, he watched as the Holy Knights reached his Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower. They completely ignored the Shadow Nails raining down on them from above, focusing instead on plunging their lances deep into the towering structure.

The Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower, with its 100 Defense, was no match for the Holy Knights, whose attacks dealt a raw 800 damage. Each successful lance strike inflicted a massive 700 damage, allowing them to obliterate the tower in just twelve hits. Having completed their objective, the Holy Knights swiftly changed their course to target the next tower in their path.

The loss of the Giant Dark Cursed Bug Tower sent a jolt of pain through Han Wu, and his heart bled at the sight of its destruction. A Heroic tower that had cost him a massive

10,000 Energy to build was obliterated in an instant! Overcome with rage, he let out a furious roar, “Epistian Tower, eliminate them!”

The Epistian Tower immediately responded to his command, beginning to charge its attack. A massive fireball with 1,000 Attack then erupted right in the center of the Holy Knights. However, just as he had expected, the Holy Knights activated their recovery skill and were fully healed in just two seconds. Undeterred, they pressed on, moving towards Han Wu’s next tower.

Han Wu found himself in quite the difficult situation. To prevent the loss of too many of his towers, he made a quick decision: he chose to merge the tower that was directly in the path of the Holy Knights with another one. Without a target to attack, the Holy Knights, though disoriented for a moment, charged toward the nearest tower.

Han Wu was able to use this method to stall for time. However, it was a temporary solution, and he needed to find a way to defeat the Holy Knights as soon as possible.

The Holy Knights soon penetrated the deeper layers of Han Wu’s territory. Just as another of his towers vanished from their sight, they spotted a nearby group of towers that seemed to belong to another representative from Death’s faction. However, as units aligned with Life’s faction, they had no reservations about attacking the forces of the opposing faction, regardless of who they belonged to.

Seated quietly within his small, encircled territory, Li Zhe was completely caught off guard. He had been so engrossed in trying to figure out a way to escape his current predicament that he was unprepared for the sudden assault. He was also taken aback by the Holy Knights’ incredibly high defenses.

All 74 of his Azure-Eye Tiger Towers launched a coordinated assault, but their attacks failed to inflict a single meaningful hit on the invaders. The only damage came from his two Unique Azure-Eye Black Tiger Towers, which were just barely able to make a dent in the enemy’s defenses.

The Holy Knights once again activated their recovery skill, and in an instant, they were completely healed from their injuries. They then resumed their attacks, raining down a barrage of powerful blows upon Li Zhe’s towers. He was completely outmatched, and there was absolutely nothing he could do to save his remaining forces.

In the end, his two Unique Azure-Eye Black Tiger Towers unleashed their most powerful attacks, managing to kill only four of the Holy Knights before they, too, were completely destroyed. With all of his towers now gone, Li Zhe’s territory size plummeted to zero, and he was officially disqualified from continuing the match.

However, rather than aiming his hatred at the Holy Knights who had destroyed his forces or their owner, his fury was redirected entirely toward Han Wu. “Han Wu, you despicable bastard! You used an outsider to finish me off? I’ll get my reven—”

Li Zhe, however, did not have the chance to finish his sentence, as his body was forcefully removed from the chessboard; he had finally been eliminated.

Han Wu overheard his frustrated shouts and felt wronged. After all, he genuinely had no idea who was controlling the Holy Knights or why their forces were so incredibly powerful—he certainly hadn't colluded with them just to eliminate Li Zhe. On the bright side, the annoying senior had inadvertently bought him enough time to finally construct and merge 10 Giant Dark Cursed Bug Towers.

After the merge, he was given two choices for a new tower:

[Mega Dark Cursed Bug Tower]

[Dark Locustman Lord Tower]

He was unable to determine which option was more powerful based on their names alone, but time was a luxury he didn't have. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and made a quick gamble, ultimately selecting the Dark Locustman Lord Tower.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 256 - Dark Locustman Lord Tower**

[ 1,479 words ]

### **Chapter 256 - Dark Locustman Lord Tower**

Han Wu confirmed his selection and a brand new tower was built on his territory.

[Dark Locustman Lord Tower (Lord)]

Armor: 20,000

Attack: 0

Defense: 1,000

Attack Method: Dark Domain

Range: 100 km

Attack Rate: 0.1 second

Skills:

1. Confusion (Passive) – Targets that enter the Dark Domain have a 10% chance of becoming confused. Lasts for 10 seconds.
2. Erosion (Passive) – Targets that enter the Dark Domain will have their Defense reduced by 1 per attack.

Sacred Object Slot: 10]

When Han Wu saw that the Dark Locustman Lord Tower had an Attack stat of 0, he was immediately confused. He blinked and looked again, convinced his eyes were playing a trick on him. It took him a moment of careful inspection to confirm that the tower's Attack stat was, indeed zero.

The despair that had initially flooded his mind was quickly replaced by elation as he continued to read the rest of the tower's information. He was overjoyed to discover that while the tower possessed no offensive capabilities whatsoever, it was instead equipped with an arsenal of incredibly powerful supporting skills.

The tower's Dark Domain had a radius of 100 kilometers, giving it an area of about 31,400 square kilometers. This domain alone covered more than half of Han Wu's current territory. Furthermore, the two passive skills it came with, Confusion and Erosion, were also extremely effective.

Not only did the tower have the ability to turn enemy units on each other with Confusion, but it would also continuously chip away at their Defense. This meant that even the strongest units, provided their Defense were sufficiently lowered, could be damaged by his weakest Locust Tower. It was precisely the kind of tower he needed to effectively counter the Holy Knights.

As the Dark Domain spread across his territory, the Holy Knights were immediately affected. The Dark Locustman Lord Tower unleashed a barrage of attacks every 0.1 seconds, each with a 10% chance of confusing and disorienting its target. As a result, the Holy Knights began to attack one another while within the Dark Domain, severely disrupting their advance.

With the Holy Knights temporarily stalled, Han Wu took advantage of the delay to quickly purchase a large number of Sacred Objects through the trade channel. He decided against using the Wolf Tooth, as it provided just +10 Attack even after merging it to its limit, which was of little use against the Holy Knights.

He bought another Sacred Object of a higher rank, the Swift Cheetah Tail, using a significant amount of Energy.

[Sacred Object: Swift Cheetah Tail (Elite). Increases attack rate by 5% and +2 Attack when equipped.]

While the effect of this Sacred Object was beneficial, most representatives passed on them, finding the minor bonuses not worth the cost. Han Wu, however, bought every single one he could find on the trade channel, ending up with 50 of them for a total of 20,000 Energy.

His first attempt was to merge ten into a single +9 Swift Cheetah Tail, which granted a +25% attack rate and +20 Attack to his towers. However, to get the most out of his remaining Sacred Objects, he decided to merge the remaining into +4 versions. Each of these provided a respectable boost of +15% attack rate and +10 Attack.

With all the items equipped, his Dark Locustman Lord Tower underwent a dramatic transformation, its attack rate soaring to an impressive 145%. Han Wu had expected the tower to attack even faster, but he was surprised to discover that the attack speed was capped and could not exceed one attack per 0.01 second.

However, to ensure the wargame remained balanced, the system bestowed a new attacking method on the Dark Locustman Lord Tower. This new skill, called Double Hit, allowed the tower to inflict damage twice with every single attack, though the damage from the second hit would be reduced.

The Dark Locustman Lord Tower now boasted an attack power of 100, which meant its new Double Hit skill would inflict a first blow of 100 damage and a second blow of 55 damage. Unfortunately, even with the combined hits, the total damage still failed to overcome the Holy Knights' powerful Defense, rendering the tower's attacks completely ineffective.

However, Han Wu wasn't worried. He was biding his time, waiting for the second skill of his tower to take full effect. He had already noticed the constant -1, -1 damage numbers ticking away from the Holy Knights' heads. Those numbers were not an indicator of their decreasing HP but were a representation of their Defense being gradually eroded.

With an attack rate of 0.01 seconds, the Dark Locustman Lord Tower was launching 100 attacks every second, and with its Double Hit ability, it was hitting the enemy with 155 damage per attack. The Holy Knights' 600 Defense stood no chance against the constant barrage, their Defense melting away to zero within just three seconds, finally making them vulnerable to the Dark Locustman Lord Tower's attacks.

The tower's absurd attack rate, now dealing 155 damage per strike, resulted in a devastating 15,500 damage per second. Having lost their Defense, the Holy Knights, with only 3,000 HP, were instantly obliterated in a single second, despite their recovery skill being activated.

After his first victory against the Holy Knights, Han Wu was rewarded with a large amount of Energy and four Unique Sacred Objects known as Holy Silver Armor. The sudden annihilation of her units, however, did not go unnoticed by their owner, Elina, the representative from the God King of Life's faction.

The Divine Civilization housed numerous colleges dedicated to raising the next generation of Gods—Imperial College was not the sole organization of this type. Elina came from the most highly-regarded church among them, the Radiant Church, and her core race was the very reason she was selected to represent Life. These units, the Holy Knights, were so absurdly strong that they were considered unbeatable by any lower-ranking towers.

During the initial stages of the wargame, Elina secured quite a decent amount of land and Energy. She then proceeded to use this newfound wealth to aggressively erect numerous towers and summon even more units, all with the purpose of completely trampling the representatives from the opposing faction.

Consequently, having her supposedly unbeatable Holy Knights exterminated came to her as quite a shock. In fact, the entirety of her troops was obliterated. Elina was confused by what had happened.

*Who is strong enough in this stage to kill my Holy Knights? she wondered. Is there someone more powerful than me?*

“No, that cannot be. I am the daughter of the God King of Light. I am the strongest! I will defeat the one who killed my Holy Knights!” she snapped.

With that, she drew a Final Battle Card and activated it on Han Wu's territory. The moment she did, a notification flashed before him.

[The God King of Life's representative Elina has just activated a Final Battle Card targeting you! As a result, both your territory and hers are now completely sealed off, and neither party can withdraw from this area until one of you is defeated.]

“Again?” he blurted out.

A transparent barrier surged into place, enclosing both territories. Han Wu turned toward Elina's side and took in the vast expanse of her domain. The land gleamed white beneath the sky, stretching so far it was estimated to cover over 150,000 square kilometers.

Han Wu was shocked. “How many representatives has she defeated?”

Elina emerged from the heart of her territory, revealing herself at last. Her long blonde hair framed a tall, fair-skinned figure, and her delicate features held an angelic beauty.

She approached the edge of the boundary with effortless grace, then stopped and offered a greeting. "Hello. I am Elina, the daughter of the God King of Light. I would prefer that you surrender of your own will."

Han Wu frowned. The Divine Civilization did indeed have a God King of Light, one who slightly surpassed both Life and Death in power. This was not an entity he could afford to offend at this juncture. Yet, this wargame was between Life and Death, and they were merely representatives of their respective God Kings. Why should he yield to her?

Surrender would tarnish not only his own reputation but also that of Imperial College and Death. He couldn't afford to do so.

"I refuse," Han Wu declared firmly. "If we must fight, let us do so fairly and honorably."

Elina shook her head with stubborn resolve. "No, I am the daughter of the God King of Light. My power is immense. If you refuse to surrender, I shall send my Holy Knights to trample your lands."

Han Wu scoffed. "Then bring it on. I'm eager to witness the strength of the God King of Light's own daughter."

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 257 - Wager Between God Kings

[ 1,072 words ]

### Chapter 257 - Wager Between God Kings

Someone had entered the unknown space where the God Kings of Death and Life were seated. The figure was shrouded in a brilliant light that obscured all detail. Not even Major Gods could pierce through the radiance to see the newcomer's face. Only the God Kings could look past it and glimpse the striking features hidden within the glow.

"Light, why are you here?" Life greeted his friend with a cheerful wave.

The God Kings of Life and Light had always shared a friendly bond.

Death grunted in displeasure. His allegiance lay with the God King of Darkness, who stood in complete contrast to the God King of Light. That rivalry had long shaped Death's dislike.

Noticing Death's cold reception, Light spoke plainly. "One of my direct descendants is participating in this wargame. I came to check on her."

Life raised his brows, visibly intrigued. "I have three contestants this time with a light affinity. Let me try to guess who it is."

He then gestured toward Elina's territory on the board.

Light nodded. "Elina is one of my most gifted descendants. I'm confident her performance will speak for itself."

Life smiled and gave Light's shoulder a friendly pat. "I've already chosen her as my candidate. I believe she'll emerge victorious in the end."

Death shook his head. "That's not guaranteed."

"Death, are you envious that Light's descendant is fighting on my behalf?"

Death scoffed. "*Hmph*. She's already up against the boy I selected. I'm certain he'll be the one who wins."

Light shot Death a look of ridicule. "Death, you don't understand just how gifted my little Elina is. She's the first of my descendants in a thousand years to awaken the Divine Talent: Radiance."

Radiance was also Light's Divine Talent. It was overwhelmingly powerful, and Light had relied on it to surpass his peers and become a God King at such a young age.

Even Death felt a flicker of doubt. He knew well how formidable Radiance could be.

Life teased Death, "You should surrender now. The boy is strong, yes, but with Radiance, Elina's victory is certain. There's nothing he can do."

Death suddenly lifted his gaze, locking eyes with Life and Light. "If you are so confident she will win, then let's make a wager."

Life chuckled. "A wager? Finally admitting that Death is weaker than Life as a Divine Jurisdiction?"

They had clashed so often across millennia that their rivalry had grown more like a tense friendship than bitter enmity.

"Just a small bet," Death said. "We'll wager on who wins—Elina or Han Wu. If I win, each of you will give me a strand of your Divine Jurisdiction. If I lose, I'll offer a strand of mine to both of you."

Divine Jurisdiction served as the primary power source for Major Gods and God Kings. One strand amounted to roughly a ten-thousandth of their total power. It seemed insignificant, but its value was immense. Each strand equaled several million units of Divine Essence.

This held especially true for higher-ranking Divine Jurisdictions like Light, Death, and Life. Just one strand could nurture an individual into a formidable Major God.

Both Life and Light felt the pull of temptation. While they couldn't absorb the Divine Jurisdiction of Death outright, they could alter it. By infusing it with Life, they could shape it into Enlightenment or Reincarnation. With a touch of Light, it could become Sacrifice or Judgment. Every variation wielded considerable power.

Life made the call. "Fine, we accept the bet."

Light surveyed the wargame's development. He focused on the ongoing clash between Elina and Han Wu, then frowned. He had caught the faint scent of his nemesis, Darkness, lurking within Han Wu's territory.

In the wargame, Han Wu deployed the Dark Locustman Lord Tower to block the Holy Knights' advance. Yet Elina had seized control of nearly all territory beyond the Dark Domain. Her Holy Knights proved too formidable. They struggled only against the Dark Locustman Lord Tower but crushed every other tower with ease.

Nevertheless, Elina found herself in a bind. The Dark Locustman Lord Tower had become a perfect counter to her forces. Her Holy Knights boasted powerful offensive and defensive capabilities, along with the Skill: Sacred Recovery, but none of that mattered within the tower's Dark Domain. To avoid further losses, she ordered her units to hold their position just outside the domain's boundary.

Han Wu watched as the Holy Knights formed ranks near the domain's edge. Then he noticed them praying, their bodies glowing with light, which slowly converged into the Holy Knight Towers.

Han Wu pieced everything together and realized Elina was preparing a decisive strike. He had to act fast and take the offensive instead of waiting passively. He needed to build more towers, specifically one with over 600 Attack to counter the Holy Knights.

Although he had several towers that fit the criteria, all of them came with a steep price. Meanwhile, his Energy generation hovered at a mere 3.1 per second. At that rate, it would take far too long to build even one. Thus, he fell back on his old strategy and started purchasing low-grade Sacred Objects in bulk, merging them into higher-tier ones, and selling them on the trade channel. He repeated the process until his balance reached 40,000 Energy.

At that moment, Elina unveiled her plan. She commanded her Holy Knights to pray and gathered vast amounts of Light Energy. Using Radiance, she consumed the Energy to summon a colossal deity forged from pure light. It was as if the God King of Light himself had entered the wargame.

As the deity appeared, a sacred light spread across 10,000 square kilometers, casting a faint glow even over the Dark Domain.

Elina commanded the massive luminous deity to strike the Dark Locustman Lord Tower. Wherever it passed, the Dark Domain shredded like fragile cotton rags.

Han Wu watched in disbelief as the Dark Domain was being purified.

The Holy Knights advanced just behind the luminous deity, staying within the light's reach to shield themselves from the Dark Domain. They advanced with chests thrust forward like proud soldiers.

Han Wu knew that if this continued, even his own Dark Locustman Lord Tower wouldn't escape purification. He glanced at his available Energy and sought a tower that could turn the tide. He intended to use every last bit to construct a single tower.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,142 words ]

## **Chapter 258 - Trick**

Han Wu's divine realm was home to many races, which gave him the freedom to construct a wide variety of towers. One of them was the Tigerman Tower, known for its powerful Attack, Defense, and Armor. Its only drawback lay in its limited attack range.

Another option was the Half-Dragon Tower that could summon Lightning Lances to deal critical damage to their target. Then there was the Swordwind Tower, which unleashed attacks over a broad area.

But Han Wu chose the most expensive tower to build. The Great Dragon Tower. There were two different variants that he could build. One was the Great Lightning Dragon Tower, while the other was the Black Dragon Tower. Han Wu was trying to make a decision when someone whispered in his mind and influenced him to choose the Black Dragon Tower.

Trusting the mysterious voice, Han Wu built the Black Dragon Tower.

[Black Dragon Tower (Heroic)]

Armor: 500,000

Attack: 40,000

Defense: 40,000

Attack Method: Dragon Breath

Range: 100 km

Attack Rate: 1 minute

Skills:

1. Everpresent Darkness – The Black Dragon has the Dark attribute and can absorb the darkness around it to increase its strength.

2. Ruler of the Skies – The Great Dragons dominated the skies since ancient times. The Black Dragon can fly away from the tower to attack its target beyond the tower's range

Sacred Object Slots: 15

Energy Required: 40,000]

Han Wu poured all his Energy into summoning the grand Black Dragon Tower and placed it right beside his Dark Locustman Lord Tower.

The moment the tower rose, its dragon-shaped form spread massive wings and let out a thunderous roar. It wasn't a Skill, yet that sudden, mighty cry froze the huge luminous deity and the Holy Knights for a heartbeat. They stood stunned by the Great Dragon's sudden appearance.

After the roar, the Black Dragon Tower unleashed Everpresent Darkness. It opened its jaws and started drawing the Dark Domain into its body. The darkness twisted into black smoke and streamed into its gaping maw. As the tower absorbed the darkness, it grew so powerful that even Han Wu mistook it for a living Great Dragon.

Meanwhile, the huge luminous deity advanced and purified the territory consumed by Dark Domain.

The Black Dragon Tower regarded the glowing statue with pure disgust and hatred. Without waiting for Han Wu's command, it unleashed a Dragon Breath filled with concentrated Dark Energy.

The moment the breath struck the deity, a sizzling sound echoed, as if acid poured over its radiant surface. The deity shrank slowly as the Dark Energy engulfed it.

Elina quickly used her Divine Talent once more to channel more Light Energy into the deity to protect it. The Light Energy and Dark Energy collided violently, their pure forces neutralizing each other.

The clash lasted ten seconds before the Black Dragon Tower ceased its attack and entered cooldown. The luminous deity still stood, now only half its original height. Yet it remained powerful enough to continue purifying the Dark Domain as it advanced.

“You’ve lost,” Elina declared gleefully. She assumed victory since the Black Dragon Tower had failed to destroy the deity.

“The fight isn’t over. Don’t celebrate just yet,” Han Wu corrected her.

Suddenly, the black dragon that had been coiled around the tower launched into the air. Though its breath attack was still on cooldown for another minute, it could still fight with brute force.

Relying on its immense Attack and Defense stats, the dragon charged at the luminous deity and tore into it with devastating power. The deity, formed from Elina’s Radiance, carried potent cleansing properties but was weak in close combat. In just two strikes, the black dragon ripped off one of its arms. After several fierce exchanges, the dragon had dismantled large portions of the deity’s form.

After the cooldown ended, the black dragon returned to its tower and unleashed a second breath attack—this one far stronger. The luminous deity lasted only three seconds before vanishing into nothing. With the deity gone, the Holy Knights standing behind it fell instantly. The dragon’s breath, dealing 40,000 damage, incinerated them all in a single blast and reduced them to ash within the Dark Domain.

Elina was both shocked and furious. She had painstakingly nurtured her Holy Knights, yet the black dragon’s breath attack had wiped them out in an instant.

Naturally, the God King of Life and the God King of Light had both witnessed the scene unfold.

Light’s chest rose and fell with barely contained rage. His striking features were twisted in anger as he shouted at the God King of Death, “This is cheating! You are blatantly cheating!”

He had sensed the presence of his nemesis, the God King of Darkness, within Han Wu’s Black Dragon Tower. The tower clearly bore Darkness’ blessing. Without it, its breath attack could not have been so devastating.

Death shot back, “Cheating? You let your child use Radiance to form a deity in your image, yet forbid others from wielding similar power? That sounds hypocritical.”

“That’s not the same!” Light retorted. “Darkness infiltrated the wargame without warning and infused the Black Dragon Tower with a small portion of Divine Essence. This breaks the wargame’s rules and stains the reputation of God Kings like us.”

Death held his ground. I don’t know about our reputation—that’s Darkness’ business—but I can tell you clearly that the wargame has no rule preventing a God King from infusing a tower with their Divine Essence.

“Besides, according to the laws of the Divine Civilization, Darkness has the authority to seek out individuals attuned to darkness and temporarily possess them for a brief lesson.

“The Black Dragon Tower absorbed the Dark Domain of the Dark Locustman Lord Tower and reached a level that meets Darkness’ standards. That’s why he chose to possess it and offer enlightenment. This all falls within the rules.”

Light was stunned by how Death had dismantled his argument. He wanted to call it unfair, but no evidence supported that claim. Death had anticipated Light’s objection and countered it before it was voiced.

Still, Light refused to back down. “Then I will personally possess Elina for a moment to teach her.”

Death shook his head. “Light, you have agreed to the wager and cannot interfere. That would break the rules of our bet, wouldn’t it?”

Light nearly exploded. This was a trap Death had laid all along. Now he was certain that Death had planned everything. That was why Death had insisted on wagering alone against both Life and Light. It was all a scheme. Death and Darkness had orchestrated this from the beginning.

Then Light made an unexpected declaration. “Death, you haven’t won yet. My Elina hasn’t used her trump card.”

Both Life and Death reeled. They quickly checked the board, studying the wargame once more to understand what Light meant.

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## Chapter 259 - Unity between Skeletons and Darkness

[ 1,301 words ]

### Chapter 259 - Unity between Skeletons and Darkness

The black dragon showed extreme arrogance during the battle between Han Wu and Elina. It relied on its Skill that let it fly away from its tower to destroy towers inside Elina's territory. Although its flight range was limited to a 100-kilometer radius, its attack range also extended 100 kilometers, giving it a total reach of 200 kilometers. Its breath attack destroyed every Holy Knight Tower within that range without fail.

Elina trembled as she witnessed the Great Dragon's overwhelming power. She finally grasped how formidable the Black Dragon Tower truly was, but her pride refused to let her surrender. She realized it was time to play her trump card against such a strong opponent as Han Wu. She stopped ordering her Holy Knights to attack and instead commanded them all to retreat beyond the black dragon's attack range. Even the newly summoned Holy Knights obeyed without hesitation.

Han Wu wasn't sure what Elina planned, but he was certain she showed no fear. He sensed she was preparing something drastic to defeat him once and for all. To counter this, Han Wu stuck to his usual strategy: buying useless Sacred Objects, merging them, then selling them on the trade channel.

This method not only earned him substantial Energy but also flooded the trade channel with upgraded Sacred Objects. Those upgrades helped the representatives from his faction immensely. With the enhanced Sacred Objects, their towers struck harder, easing the pressure they faced against the armies of the God King of Life's representatives.

Even Life frowned as he watched the situation unfold. His faction had initially held the advantage, but Han Wu's sale of those upgraded Sacred Objects shifted the tide. Many of the God King of Death's representatives survived the initial assaults and launched a fierce counterattack. Han Wu had single-handedly reversed the outcome in his faction's favor during the wargame.

Life regarded Han Wu with a mixture of admiration and resentment. He longed for Han Wu to represent him instead. In truth, Han Wu had first chosen Life's faction but was ultimately pushed into Death's ranks. If Life had known this would happen, he never would have let Han Wu go.

Death saw the regret etched on Life's face and quietly rejoiced. He resolved to grant Han Wu an even greater blessing if he emerged victorious. He would even consider naming him a Holy Son of Death.

While Life and Death debated Han Wu's fate, the God King of Light remained focused on his descendant, Elina. Watching the chessboard, he felt certain she was preparing to use her trump card, the Radiant Tribute.

Elina activated her trump card as soon as she gathered 1,000 Holy Knights. She clasped her hands and prayed with unwavering devotion, and a beam of light descended upon a Holy Knight.

Almost instantly, the Holy Knights surrounding that chosen one began to deflate like balloons. Their energy was violently drained, their bodies withering and dying, as all their power converged around the chosen one.

With that much Light Energy surging into it, the chosen Holy Knight started to grow, its stats rising steadily. Only after the 999th Holy Knight fell did the chosen one complete its transformation.

[Holy General (Lord)]

HP: 300,000

Attack: 30,000–80,000

Defense: 60,000

Attack Method: Sacred Orb, Sacred Stab

Range: Sacred Orb: 5 km, Sacred Stab: 30 m

Attack Rate: 0.1 second

Movement Speed: 3,000 km/h

Skills:

1. Sacred Recovery (Passive) – Recovers 10% of max HP per second.
2. Sacred Body – Immune to status effects.]

Elina studied the Holy General's data and felt her victory was certain.

Han Wu had been keeping a close eye on her the entire time. When the twenty-meter-tall Holy General appeared, he saw it immediately and checked its data. His breath caught in his throat. The thing was far too strong.

Even with the Dark Domain reducing its Defense stat, the Black Dragon Tower's Attack still wasn't enough to match the Holy General's Defense—and any damage that did land

was instantly healed by its new passive Skill. If it reached the Black Dragon Tower, the tower would be destroyed. And if that happened, Han Wu would lose for sure.

“I need to find a way to do this!” he muttered.

Han Wu glanced at the Black Dragon Tower and sensed its black dragon differed from Alpheus in his divine realm. As he met the black dragon’s eyes, a faint voice stirred in the back of his mind. It whispered that skeletons worked well with darkness.

He glanced at the 60,000 Energy he had left. It was enough to construct another Black Dragon Tower, but that would be useless against the Holy General.

After a moment of hesitation, he chose to trust the hint and started building a lot of Skeleton Towers. Each one cost 200 Energy, so he used the entire 60,000 to create 3,000 towers. Once they were complete, he started merging them. Ten combined into a single Elite tower, 100 into a Unique tower, and 1,000 into a Heroic tower. Following that system, he transformed all 3,000 Common Skeleton Towers into three Heroic Skeleton Towers.

Two became Osteomancer Towers, while the third seemed to have been influenced by Death’s Gaze, evolving into a Death Attendant Tower.

[Osteomancer Tower (Heroic)

Armor: 100,000

Attack: 30,000

Defense: 20,000

Attack Method: Bone Fragment Toss

Range: 30 km

Attack Rate: 1 second

Skills:

1. Summon Skeleton Tower –20% chance to transform a slain enemy into a Skeleton Tower.
2. Bone Fusion – Absorbs bone fragments to enhance stats.

Sacred Object Slots: 10]

Han Wu frowned when he reviewed the Osteomancer Tower's stats. For a tower that cost 20,000 Energy, it felt underwhelming. It wasn't until he examined the Death Attendant Tower that he realized his mistake. The two worked well together.

[Death Attendant Tower (Heroic)

Armor: 250,000

Attack: 50,000

Defense: 50,000

Attack Method: Death God's Scythe

Range: 10 km

Attack Rate: 1 second

Skills:

1. Bone Domain – Summons a field of white bones to block enemies.
2. Bone Weapon – Turns bones into weapons.
3. Deadly Infection – Temporarily infuses Death Energy into allies.

Sacred Object Slots: 12]

This wasn't the towers' full power. After the three towers were constructed, they somehow absorbed the Dark Energy permeating the Dark Domain. The Osteomancer Towers didn't undergo any dramatic transformations, though they did gain a new passive Skill. The bone fragments they hurled could now explode with intense Dark Energy on impact.

The Death Attendant Tower, however, experienced a more fundamental change. After drawing in the energy from the Dark Domain, its appearance altered, and the dried-up skeleton became obscured beneath a thin black veil. It seemed that this veil rendered the tower invisible.

Han Wu sensed that the entity secretly offering him guidance was no ordinary force. Even so, he couldn't afford to waste time pondering it. He immediately ordered the three new towers to unleash their Skills.

The Death Attendant Tower cast a vast field of white bones that spread across a 10-kilometer radius, with the tower itself at the center. The Osteomancer Towers then

absorbed the scattered bones at a rapid pace, their base stats increasing as they devoured every last fragment. Before long, even their external appearance changed.

[Bone Giant Tower (Heroic)

Armor: 1,000,000

Attack: 60,000

Defense: 40,000

Attack Method: Bone Fragment Toss, Giant Smash

Range: Bone Fragment Toss: 100 km, Giant Smash: 5 km

Attack Rate: 1 second

Skills:

1. Summon Skeleton Tower –20% chance to transform a slain enemy into a Skeleton Tower.
2. Bone Fusion – Absorbs bone fragments to enhance stats.
3. Dark Explosion (Passive) – Regular attacks may cause an explosion of intense Dark Energy.

Sacred Object Slots: 10]

Han Wu was overjoyed because these were exactly the kind of towers he needed to secure victory.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 260 - Death Attendant Riding the Bone Dragon**

[ 1,276 words ]

**Chapter 260 - Death Attendant Riding the Bone Dragon**

The Holy General finally arrived, charging headfirst into the Dark Domain with its massive frame. The Dark Domain struck immediately, but its Double Hit was too weak to harm the Holy General. On top of that, the Holy General's new Skill granted it immunity to status effects, so the Dark Domain was rendered useless.

Han Wu had anticipated this outcome. He had already reviewed the Holy General's data and knew the Dark Domain posed no threat.

Next, the Black Dragon Tower launched its assault. It detached from its base and lunged at the Holy General, swiping its sharp claws across its head. Thanks to the energy it had absorbed from the Dark Domain, the Black Dragon Tower's Attack had risen by 50%, climbing from 40,000 to 60,000.

Still, even that formidable Attack stat failed to faze the Holy General, which boasted an extraordinary 60,000 Defense. The black dragon broke through its guard but only inflicted superficial wounds that healed instantly.

The Holy General endured every strike without flinching and retaliated by stabbing with its lance, which glowed with powerful sacred light. Though the black dragon tried to evade, the lance pierced through its wings and sliced away 40,000 Armor.

Han Wu watched the black dragon falter and commanded it to retreat. It was frustrated but still had to listen to Han Wu's order. However, the Holy General blocked it from escaping.

Han Wu ordered the two Bone Giant Towers to strike quickly and protect the black dragon. The towers raised their massive arms as countless bone fragments swirled in their palms, coalescing into orbs the size of massive water tanks.

With a swift motion, the Bone Giant Towers launched the bone orbs at the Holy General, which was 100 kilometers away. The orbs flew with astonishing speed and struck their target.

The Holy General diverted its focus from the black dragon to face this new threat. It spun around and fired two Sacred Orbs to shatter the incoming bone balls.

However, the Bone Giant Towers' attack was more complex. The bone orbs shattered on impact, releasing a blizzard of sharp fragments. As they rained down, each one exploded with Dark Energy on contact with solid objects.

The Bone Giant Towers had 60,000 Attack, which was just enough to break past the Holy General's Defense, but the resulting explosion only shaved off 20,000 HP.

That wasn't nearly enough to bring it down. Within seconds, the Holy General had fully recovered. Its passive Skill restored 10% of its maximum HP and kept it in peak condition, always ready for battle.

Han Wu frowned. He had no doubt now that the Holy General had developed a measure of intelligence. It had responded to the incoming bone balls by launching Sacred Orbs in return. If it had lacked any form of awareness, it would've taken the attack directly. That made things difficult. A smart enemy was far more dangerous than a mindless brute.

While Han Wu weighed his options, the Holy General pressed its advantage and closed a great deal of distance.

Han Wu quickly commanded both Bone Giant Towers and the Black Dragon Tower to attack in unison. Bone balls and dragon breath struck the Holy General simultaneously, but the combined damage barely reached 20,000.

The Holy General easily recovered from the damage and pressed forward, undeterred. The battle raged on until it closed the distance to just ten kilometers from Han Wu. This time, he gave the order for the Death Attendant Tower to join the fight.

The Holy General clearly registered Han Wu's shout and fixed its gaze on the Death Attendant Tower, shrouded in a black veil just ten kilometers away. It studied the tower carefully, uncertain how it would strike.

That uncertainty turned to shock when pain flared up its arm. It had been hit. The attack, infused with Dark Energy, dealt only 60,000 damage—barely a scratch to it. It quickly healed the wound and continued advancing.

"Do everything you can to stop it!" Han Wu shouted, desperation thick in his voice. This was a matter of life and death.

He had to survive the Holy General's relentless assault to remain in the wargame. He couldn't afford to lose, not now. So he gave his towers full permission to attack.

They responded at once, casting aside any restraint. The Death Attendant Tower took control of the two Bone Giant Towers and reshaped them into massive scythes, then lifted the weapons into its arms.

Even Han Wu hadn't expected that. He knew the tower could transform bones into weapons, but he'd never imagined it would use the Bone Giant Towers themselves, which were technically made from bone, as raw material.

Just as it gripped the scythes, they vanished. Han Wu stared in disbelief before realizing what had happened: the tower had cloaked both itself and its scythes in invisibility.

As expected, an invisible attack struck the Holy General. This time, it lost 40,000 HP. Its Sacred Recovery allowed it to heal 10% of its maximum HP per second. With a total of 300,000 HP, it could recover 30,000 HP each second. Unexpectedly, it failed to fully restore its health within a single second this time.

The Death Attendant Tower launched another assault with the invisible scythes, and the Holy General lost another 40,000 HP. In total, it had lost 50,000 HP, including the 10,000 HP it failed to recover from the previous second.

Elina watched the Holy General suffer wounds and was shocked. It was her trump card, forged through the sacrifice of 999 Holy Knights. She never imagined it would be forced back like this. If it remained within the Death Attendant Tower's attack range, it would perish by the 27th second. Thus, he ordered her Holy General to retreat from the tower's range at all costs.

The Holy General obeyed without hesitation. It tanked the damage and charged away, sprinting past the ten-kilometer mark. As expected, its HP stopped dropping once it left the tower's range.

Elina sighed in relief. She was grateful her precious Holy General had survived, though she loathed the Death Attendant Tower. Its attack method was strange but powerful. Thankfully, its range remained limited. As long as Elina kept her Holy General at least ten kilometers away, the tower posed no threat.

Elina was going to use Radiant Tribute again to bolster her Holy General's defenses so it could absorb the Death Attendant Tower's relentless damage. Then, the unexpected happened.

The Death Attendant Tower, realizing its short attack range was a disadvantage, pulled the Black Dragon Tower to its side and cast Deadly Infection on it. Thick waves of Death Energy wrapped around the black dragon and slowly eroded it.

Han Wu had already had his fill of surprises for the day, but this one stunned him. The corrupted black dragon morphed into a bone dragon that carried the attributes of both darkness and death. The Death Attendant Tower leapt onto the Bone Dragon Tower, used its flight ability to detach from the base, and had it pursue the Holy General.

Elina noticed immediately and ordered her Holy General to retreat. The Death Attendant Tower showed no intention of letting it escape again and launched a fierce assault.

Suddenly, the Holy General was pinned to the ground as a bone scythe slowly materialized across its body. The Death Attendant Tower closed in and swung its other scythe wildly

With no chance to evade, the Holy General faced the onslaught head-on. Within thirty seconds, the mighty Holy General's HP dropped to 0, and it fell beneath the relentless Death Attendant Tower's reaping scythes.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,083 words ]

## Chapter 261 - Death's Protection

The God King of Light stood frozen in shock. He had believed his nemesis, Darkness, was the only one meddling in the battle. Yet now it seemed Death had intervened as well. Otherwise, the Death Attendant Tower would not have become the battle's central force.

“Life, do you admit defeat?” Death asked, his voice laced with dark amusement.

Life clenched his jaw so hard he nearly cracked his teeth. He had to admit he'd been careless. He hadn't expected anyone to break through the Holy General's Defense. Yet Han Wu had combined four towers to bring it down. Though Death and Darkness had secretly interfered, Life and Light had also, in a way, aided Elina. He had lost, but with a reason he could justify.

Light refused to concede. “You're cheating. I won't admit defeat.”

Death fixed him with a cold stare. “You agreed to this gamble. Now you want to avoid the consequences of losing? You shame everything Light stands for.”

Light suddenly felt his Divine Jurisdiction tremble. This power was more than a mere attribute; it demanded that its wielder act with a clear conscience, like a pure ray of light.

Light's attempt to evade the consequences of the wager clashed with the very nature of his Divine Jurisdiction, causing its slight instability. He quickly regained control and forced himself to calm down. “It's still too early to decide that. Elina hasn't lost.”

Death laughed. Elina had already lost the first half of the battle, along with all the advantages she had accumulated so far. It was only a matter of time before she lost.

Nevertheless, Light refused to accept her defeat until the very end. As such, Death chose to wait a little longer, watching with amusement as Han Wu closed in on victory. He looked forward to seeing how Light would wriggle out of the situation when the time came.

...

Even after the Holy General's death, Han Wu and Elina's battle raged on with unrelenting intensity.

The Holy General was gone, but Elina continued to summon Holy Knights in waves. She only needed a little more time to forge an even stronger one.

Han Wu had no intention of giving her that chance. After slaying the Holy General, he absorbed a massive surge of Energy. With the steady influx he gained from selling enhanced Sacred Objects, his total quickly reached 100,000. He used it without hesitation to construct another Dark Locustman Lord Tower.

The Dark Locustman Lord Tower's Dark Domain proved ineffective against the Holy General but devastated the Holy Knights. Its vast range engulfed and struck numerous towers under Elina's control. Soon, the combined effects of Confusion and Erosion drained the Holy Knight Towers' Armor to 0, leaving them helpless targets for Han Wu.

The more towers Elina lost, the quicker her ability to resist collapsed. Ultimately, Han Wu seized her entire territory. The stubborn and proud Elina was forced out of the wargame without ceremony.

Although Han Wu emerged victorious, he had to admit that this was the toughest battle he had faced in the wargame.

Shortly after his triumph over Elina, a notification echoed in his mind.

[The Great God King of Death is very interested in you. You have obtained the special status: Death's Protection.]

[Death's Protection: Large Domain

Effect 1: Energy gain +100%, Sacred Object and special object acquisition rate +100%. Only applicable within the Death's Protection domain.

Effect 2: Infuses the aura of death onto every tower within the domain and grants a 40% chance to execute lower-ranked enemies, 10% chance to execute same-ranked enemies, and 1% chance to execute higher-ranked enemies.

Effect 3: Towers have a 5% chance to increase their stats after killing a target.

Effect 4: Towers have a 20% chance to unlock a special upgrade path.

Effect 5: Upon killing a target, the tower will absorb 2% of the damage dealt as Lifesteal, which can be used to recover Armor. Excess Lifesteal converts to a shield.

Effect 6: Deadly Attraction. All representatives of the opposing faction that have made contact with your territory will be forced to attack you first.]

Han Wu was startled as he read the effects of Death's Protection. It was a direct upgrade of Death's Gaze. Not only did it strengthen the first four effects, but it also added two new powers: the ability to restore his tower's Armor through Lifesteal and to draw the opposing faction's aggro.

Death's Protection pushed him to engage the enemy as much as possible. The moment it activated, Han Wu immediately sensed units from the opposing faction linked to his territory advancing into his territory.

Many low-ranking enemies fell swiftly within the Dark Domain of the Dark Locustman Lord Tower. As they slaughtered units on the edge of Han Wu's territory, their stats increased rapidly.

Meanwhile, Han Wu gained a wealth of Energy, Sacred Objects, and special items. Before long, he had gathered ten Elite Upgrade Stones and hundreds of Sacred Objects. As long as he stayed in the wargame, his gains would only multiply.

The God King of Life's representatives grew frustrated as their armies fell. They never intended to attack Han Wu, especially after witnessing his strength, but Death's Protection twisted their units beyond control. Instead of fighting the weaker representatives, their forces charged relentlessly into Han Wu's territory and fought to the death.

The God King of Life's representatives had no choice but to fight Han Wu. Unfortunately, he was too strong. The Dark Locustman Lord Tower alone had slain countless units and grown monstrously powerful. It not only possessed an absurd amount of Armor and relentless rapid attacks, but its wide attack range and debilitating status effects made it exceedingly deadly.

It was unbeatable!

The skirmishes dragged on for half a day, yet no unit from the opposing representatives broke through Han Wu's frontline defenses.

Meanwhile, the endless battles bored Han Wu. *It's so dull to be this strong.*

To pass the time, he sifted through the loot he'd gathered from destroying Elina's towers. Most were Upgrade Stones and Final Battle Cards, nothing remarkable. Then he found a new type of card.

[Party Card: Choose another representative and send an invitation to form a party with them. Once accepted, both representatives can build towers on each other's territory, defending together against common enemies.]

“Oh, this is a good card. At least having an ally will improve my chances,” Han Wu remarked as he held the card and carefully weighed his options.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,177 words ]

## **Chapter 262 - Another Wager**

Within the unknown space, both Light and Life each plucked a strand from their respective Divine Jurisdictions and handed them to Death.

The God King of Death accepted the strands with a satisfied smile. Just as Life and Light sought a strand of his Divine Jurisdiction, he also desired theirs. Infusing Light with a trace of Death would grant powers like Smite or Smother, while infusing Life with a trace of Death could yield Reincarnation or Resurrection. Each option held tremendous potential.

Even if he couldn't use them for himself, he knew he could sell these strands to other God Kings in exchange for a Divine Jurisdiction of equal value. The Divine Jurisdictions of Life and Light were incredibly rare and prized, so Death was confident many God Kings would eagerly bid if he put them up for auction.

“Thank you for your generosity.” Death chuckled, carefully securing the strands.

Light remained dissatisfied and proposed another gamble. “You schemed with Darkness. I will not concede so easily. I want to set up a new wager.”

To prevent his Divine Jurisdiction from spiraling out of control, Light had no choice but to accept the previous wager's outcome. Still, the dissatisfaction lingered in his heart. His anger was not aimed at Death but at being outmaneuvered by his nemesis, Darkness. He could not accept that.

Life nodded in agreement. “Death, let us have another wager.”

Elina was Light's direct descendant, so Life had given her only a modest blessing. This time, he sought the strongest champion to grant the mightiest blessing—one powerful enough to reclaim what he had lost.

Death hesitated. He understood the dangers of continuing the wager. He preferred to quit when the odds were against him. His Divine Jurisdiction was Death, not Gambling. He had already won once, securing two strands of Divine Jurisdictions. It was a substantial gain, so there was no need to risk more.

Just as Death prepared to refuse, a ball of darkness drifted beside him and took shape as a shadowy figure. Light noticed immediately and snarled. It was his nemesis, the God King of Darkness.

“Death, continue to wager with them,” Darkness urged.

Death turned to him, puzzled. He needed a reason to proceed.

Darkness gave a slow nod. "For certain reasons, my Divine Kingdom will soon be at war with the Light Divine Kingdom. I want to weaken Light as much as possible before that happens."

Life frowned. Although he and Death often disagreed, their battles took place on the controlled stage of wargames, where talented youths represented them. The outcomes helped determine who was right and revealed gifted individuals, making the contests mutually beneficial.

The enmity between Darkness and Light, however, ran far deeper. It threatened to erupt into an actual war. If things escalated, one of the God Kings could fall.

Death studied Darkness's firm resolve and sighed. "Fine. I will listen. Let's place another wager."

Death took out the two strands of Divine Jurisdiction he had just won and placed them on the table as his wager. Darkness slowly drew a strand of his own Divine Jurisdiction, slightly thicker, to place as his bet.

Life and Light exchanged a look. They had pledged to share every hardship, so each laid down a strand of their respective Divine Jurisdiction without hesitation. The four God Kings then swore to uphold the fairness of the wager. No other God King would be allowed to interfere. Once the oath had been made, they moved on to selecting their champions.

Thanks to Death's Protection, Han Wu's territory had expanded steadily and now covered 32,000 square kilometers. He held the second-largest territory among all the representatives in Death's faction.

Death did not choose the representative with the largest territory because he believed Han Wu was his lucky star who had clinched victory in the end. Darkness agreed and placed his bet on Han Wu as well.

Life swept his gaze across the chessboard, scanning each white territory before settling on the representative controlling the largest one. That territory spanned 54,000 square kilometers and was the largest on the entire board. The representative was Huang Shengjun, the second-year valedictorian at Imperial College.

Light also noticed Huang Shengjun and frowned. He hesitated to choose him because his core race was the goblins. Such an inferior race clashed with his blessing.

Only after examining Huang Shengjun's Divine Talent and Divine Powers did Light realize his error. He had to admit that Huang Shengjun was remarkably gifted. Ultimately, both Life and Light agreed to make Huang Shengjun their champion.

...

Han Wu was still focused on gathering resources, unaware that he had been chosen as a champion. Because of Death's Protection, any opposing faction whose territory touched his would automatically dispatch troops to invade.

The Dark Locustman Lord Towers weren't just decorative. After slaughtering tens of thousands of fodder units, the towers stationed along the border of his territory had reached a fearsome level of strength.

Each tower now boasted an average of 3 million Armor, 46,000 Attack, and 80,000 Defense. With stats that high, almost no unit could harm the towers. Even a Lord life form was incapable of doing so.

After eliminating countless enemy units, Han Wu had amassed a vast stockpile of resources. His Energy reserves exceeded 1.5 million, and he possessed tens of thousands of Sacred Objects and special items. Still, he didn't ease up. He knew danger could strike at any moment.

He turned his focus to positioning his towers. The Dark Locustman Lord Towers were powerful, but enemies like the Holy General could ignore their status ailments.

Han Wu prepared for every possibility and needed a backup plan that could handle those outliers without delay.

To prevent surprises, he decided to first look into the Epistian Tower. Though its Armor, Attack, and Defense stats were modest, its unique attack method and impressive range made it invaluable. The tower retained Epistians' traits and could charge its attacks before unleashing them.

Even better, the Epistian Towers could amplify one another. With enough of them working in unison, they could deliver a charged strike powerful enough to obliterate nearly anything in their path. Moreover, their unique range allowed them to target any enemy within Han Wu's territory, leaving no one able to hide or escape their reach.

Han Wu spent 1.2 million Energy to build a large cluster of Epistian Towers in the central region of his territory. Each cost 30,000 Energy, so with the original tower included, he now controlled forty-one. He decided to test their power. All forty-one towers charged a single fireball together and unleashed a devastating attack that dealt 41,000 damage.

He then equipped each tower with Sacred Objects he had merged, boosting their damage tenfold to 410,000. Even a High Lord would fall to a direct hit from this attack. As Han Wu continued refining the Epistian Towers, their power would only grow.

He was already eager to see the results when a familiar voice called out, "Junior Han Wu, so it was you!"

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,061 words ]

## Chapter 263 - Fortuitous Encounter

Han Wu glanced to the side and saw the neighboring territory in black belonged to Xiang Meng! His senior was waving eagerly to catch his attention.

“Brother Meng! You’ve chosen the God King of Death faction too!” Han Wu called out.

Xiang Meng nodded. “Xia Tian, Ye Ling, and I all joined the God King of Death’s faction.”

Han Wu returned the nod. The three worked together almost constantly, so it made sense they had chosen the same side.

At that moment, Xiang Meng’s eyes widened as he caught sight of Han Wu’s vast territory—around 35,000 square kilometers—and he blurted, “What the fuck?!”

Xiang Meng had fought through countless brutal battles to expand his land to just 10,000 square kilometers. Now his junior’s territory was more than three times larger. His pride as a senior started to crumble. He quickly scanned Han Wu’s tower stats and nearly collapsed from shock.

*Dark Locustman Lord Tower with 3 million Armor, 46,000 Attack, and 80,000 Defense? What have I done wrong? What did I do wrong? Who’s really the senior here? Did he fertilize his towers to make them grow?* His mind raced with questions, teetering on the edge of fainting.

Han Wu noticed his senior’s distress and asked with genuine concern, “Brother Meng, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing, it’s alright. I was just too stunned. Give me a moment to rest.” He wrestled with the questions swirling in his mind before finally asking, “Junior Han Wu, I’m not sure if you’re willing to share, but how did you build your towers?”

Han Wu knew how absurdly strong his towers were and met Xiang Meng’s gaze with a hint of pity. “It’s not that complicated. I just killed a lot.”

Xiang Meng looked even more puzzled. He had been doing the same thing all along, slaughtering countless units, yet why were his towers nowhere near as powerful as Han Wu’s?

He was about to ask again when he noticed that one of his Mammoth Towers had been destroyed. He quickly said goodbye to Han Wu and rushed back to his territory to rebuild and launch a counterattack against whoever had destroyed his tower.

Curious, Han Wu followed behind. When the two arrived, they discovered the culprit: a Unique Goldhorn.

[Goldhorn (Unique)]

HP: 5,000

Attack: 800

Defense: 400

Attack Method: Horn Bash

Range: 10 m

Attack Rate: 0.5 seconds

Movement Speed: 180 km/h

Skills: Gold Armor – Increases Defense by 50% for 30 seconds.]

A unit of this caliber wouldn't have lasted a second in Han Wu's territory, especially within the Dark Domain. Yet here, inside Xiang Meng's territory, it was nearly unstoppable.

Han Wu frowned as he looked toward the towers protecting Xiang Meng's territory.

**[Mammoth Tower (Elite)]**

Armor: 700

Attack: 60

Defense: 50

Attack Method: Nose Lash

Range: 5 km

Attack Rate: 0.3 seconds

Skills: None

Sacred Object Slot: 4

### **War Mammoth Tower (Unique)**

Armor: 7,000

Attack: 600

Defense: 600

Attack method: Nose Lash

Range: 5 km

Attack Rate: 0.3 seconds

Skills: Warpath – Stomps the earth to attack all enemies within a 5-kilometer radius. Damage set at 150%.

Sacred Object Slot: 7

### **Fulgur Mammoth Tower (Heroic)**

Armor: 70,000

Attack: 6000

Defense: 600

Attack Method: Nose Lash, Lightning Tusk

Range: Nose Lash: 10 km, Lightning Tusk: 30 km

Skills:

1. Warpath – Stomps the earth to attack all enemies within a 10-kilometer radius. Damage set at 200%.

2: Lightning Tusk Shot – Fires a tusk filled with Lightning Energy at the target. Damage set at 500%.

Sacred Object Slots: 10]

Xiang Meng's forces boasted 482 Elite towers, 73 Unique towers, and a single Heroic tower. The Fulgur Mammoth Tower stood at the heart of his territory as the final line of defense.

Han Wu suspected Xiang Meng possessed towers even stronger than the Heroic ones but lacked the Upgrade Stones to construct them.

Han Wu remembered how much Xiang Meng had helped him at Imperial College, always sharing the latest information they uncovered. Now, he resolved to return the favor. "Brother Meng, could you grant me temporary authority over your territory?"

Xiang Meng handed over the authority without hesitation. He trusted Han Wu completely. If Han Wu had any intention of doing harm, he could have simply built a few Dark Locustman Lord Towers along the border and launched an invasion. There was no need for trickery.

With the authority in hand, Han Wu entered Xiang Meng's land and used Merge on ten Mammoth Towers.

When the upgrade option appeared, Xiang Meng's eyes widened in disbelief. It felt like a dream. He quickly chose to evolve the tower into a Warpath Mammoth Tower.

Han Wu continued merging the less active Mammoth Towers. Xiang Meng felt numb as he repeatedly selected upgrades, stunned by the rapid progress.

Once most of the Mammoth Towers had been merged, Han Wu moved on to the Warpath Mammoth Towers and repeated the process.

After Han Wu merged ten of those, another upgrade prompt appeared. Xiang Meng trembled with excitement. He had poured so much effort into obtaining just one Heroic Tower, and now Han Wu had handed him another on a silver platter! Han Wu truly was his lucky star.

Unexpectedly, this was not the end. Han Wu kept merging towers until he obtained nine Heroic towers for Xiang Meng, all without Xiang Meng spending a single resource.

Xiang Meng was already ecstatic when Han Wu did the unthinkable. He merged ten Heroic Fulgur Mammoth Towers, and Xiang Meng was presented with another upgrade path. His body shook uncontrollably from joy.

*Is this what it feels like to be carried by a mighty figure?* Xiang Meng wondered before making his choice and obtaining his very first Lord tower.

[Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower (Lord)]

Armor: 800,000

Attack: 90,000

Defense: 60,000

Attack Method: Nose Lash, Maha Lightning

Range: Nose Lash: 20 km, Maha Lightning: 100 km

Skills:

1. Warpath – Stomps the earth to attack all enemies with Lightning Energy within a 100-kilometer radius. Damage set at 1,000%.
2. Maha Lightning – Summons lightning to strike the target until their death. Damage set at 100%. Each bolt of lightning reduces Armor by 100.

Sacred Object Slots: 15]

Xiang Meng's heart pounded as he read through the stats of his Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower. He was so overwhelmed with excitement that he could barely speak. At last, fortune had smiled upon him!

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,229 words ]

## **Chapter 264 - Preparation Before Crisis**

Han Wu had to admit that the Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower's data was exceptional, especially its Maha Lightning. This Skill converted the tower's Armor into raw lightning, unleashing a strike equal in power to the amount sacrificed. Its sheer destructive force made it worthy of being called an ultimate attack.

"Junior Han Wu, how could I ever thank you for this?" Xiang Meng's voice brimmed with gratitude. He had fewer towers now, but each one had been upgraded to the point where even the Goldhorn no longer posed a threat.

"It's nothing," Han Wu said. "If you want to repay me, form an alliance with me."

Xiang Meng frowned, unsure what he meant. "An alliance?"

Han Wu took out the Party Card that he had obtained from defeating Elina. Xiang Meng examined it and his eyes lit up when he realized they could form a party. The Mammoth Towers' attacks were limited and monotonous, so fighting alone put him at a disadvantage. Joining forces with Han Wu was the best option.

"Of course! I'm more than willing to form a party with you," Xiang Meng said eagerly.

Han Wu used the card on him, forming the alliance. He then granted Xiang Meng a portion of his authority, and the two began sharing the benefits of Death's Protection.

Xiang Meng's expression froze again as he read the Death's Protection effects. Even the weakest representative could become the strongest with such power!

After forming the alliance, they started dividing the resources they earned according to the size of their respective territories. Xiang Meng held 10,000 square kilometers, while Han Wu controlled 35,000. Based on that ratio, their shares of resources and Energy were set at 22% and 78%.

Even with the smaller share, Xiang Meng soon realized he was earning at least ten times more than expected. This wasn't due to the doubled chance of acquiring Sacred Objects or gaining Energy. The real reason lay in the effect of Death's Protection, which drew the aggro of every unit from the opposing faction straight to them.

Naturally, they accumulated substantial rewards from defeating countless foes. To boost Xiang Meng's efficiency in eliminating invading units, Han Wu strategically built numerous Dark Locustman Lord Towers along the borders of Xiang Meng's territory. Both understood the towers' strength, and Xiang Meng finally witnessed their power firsthand as he dispatched enemies with ease.

In return for Han Wu's support, Xiang Meng stationed his most powerful tower, the Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower, in the center of Han Wu's territory to guard against any surprises. Their cooperation greatly accelerated their territorial expansion as they defeated numerous representatives of the God King of Life and seized their lands.

Xiang Meng even discovered a special object enabling communication through a dedicated chat channel. When they opened it, they saw numerous messages and information streaming in from representatives of the God King of Death.

[I am surrounded by many representatives of the God King of Life. They have Prismatic Deer, Iron Armors, and even invisible goblins. This is all the information I have gathered. I hope it helps you. I've been trapped and doubt I will leave this place alive. Please, someone, take revenge for me.]

[Hey, are you still alive? Are you sure your information is accurate? Don't try to fool us with goblins. How could goblins hide from the towers' detection?]

[I am definitely under attack by goblins. They really can hide, and there are many of them. They only reveal themselves when they strike. Ah, they have destroyed my innermost towers.]

[Is the person who used to sell upgraded Sacred Objects still around? I want to buy some—I'll pay a high price.]

[Is there anyone near me? I found a Party Card. Please, someone protect me...]

...

Han Wu and Xiang Meng grew serious as they read the information, especially when they saw goblins mentioned. Both immediately thought of Huang Shengjun.

Huang Shengjun, the second-years' valedictorian, had goblins as his core race. He had somehow trained his goblins to adapt to every situation. It was no surprise he could nurture a type that turned invisible and dealt high damage.

How could they stop those invisible goblins from advancing?

Han Wu and Xiang Meng weighed their options. In a normal fight, they had plenty of ways to counter invisible foes. Many Divine Skills and equipment could reveal the goblins, but this was a wargame. They couldn't use any of those.

Xiang Meng's mind raced for a solution. "Junior Han Wu, I have a suggestion. What if you build a tower that releases poison gas? The invisible goblins may hide from us, but they still have to breathe. Once they inhale poison, we will know exactly where they are."

Han Wu agreed. Although he lacked towers that emitted poison gas, he did have the Death Aura Bug Tower, which released death aura. He was confident that he could evolve it into a version with a much wider area of effect.

Without hesitation, he started building more towers and selected the Death Aura Bug Tower each time the upgrade path allowed for it. Once he had enough, he merged them all and obtained a tower that fit their situation perfectly.

[Giant Death Aura Bug Tower (Lord)]

Armor: 30,000

Attack: 100

Defense: 1,000

Attack Method: Death Aura (Ignores Defense)

Range: 500 km

Attack Rate: 0.2 seconds

Skills: Deadly Concentration (Passive) – After a target is attacked 100 times, it has a 1% chance to be executed instantly. This chance stacks with each additional 100 attacks.

Sacred Object Slot: 13]

Han Wu's excitement spiked when he read the tower's data. It was absurdly powerful. Its death aura reached every target within its range and ignored their Defense entirely. The tower's coverage alone was staggering—one was enough to blanket his entire region.

What truly caught his attention, however, was the passive Skill. After 100 attacks, a target had a 1% chance of instant death. The odds kept increasing: 2% after 200 hits, 3% after 300, and so on. Since the Giant Death Aura Bug Tower attacked five times a second, stacking the execution effect happened almost immediately.

Han Wu pushed the tower further by equipping numerous Sacred Objects that boosted its attack speed. He raised the Attack Rate by 245%, reducing the interval between strikes to roughly 0.058 seconds. It also gained the new Skill: Triple Hit, which allowed the tower to attack thirty times per second instead of ten.

Han Wu was confident that even if the barrage of attacks failed to kill the targets outright, the stacked execution effect would finish them off. He felt unstoppable.

Xiang Meng had watched Han Wu build the new tower the entire time. After reviewing the upgraded stats with the Sacred Objects equipped, he quietly found a comfortable spot and lay down.

*Who needs to work hard when we have a genius like him? I doubt I could contribute anything in this wargame. I might as well lie here and wait for it to end,* he thought.

With the Giant Death Aura Bug Tower now in play, Han Wu's territory expanded rapidly. The God Kings saw his region swell into a vast black circle that dominated one side of the board.

Opposite him, another white circle grew just as large, also expanding swiftly. The two colossal territories were about to collide.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,021 words ]

**Chapter 265 - Genius Huang Shengjun**

Back in the wargame, Huang Shengjun stared at his newly built tower with a thrill of anticipation.

[Titan Goblin Tower (Lord)

Armor: 10,000,000

Defense: 2,000,000

Attack Method: Summon Titan Goblin

Attack Rate: 10 minutes

Skills: None]

After ten minutes, the first Titan Goblin emerged from the new tower. It was 100 meters tall with a muscular frame and wielded a wooden club as massive as a giant tree. It ranked among the toughest enemies one could face, backed by impressively formidable stats.

[Titan Goblin (Lord)

HP: 5,000,000

Attack: 500,000

Defense: 300,000

Attack Method: Club Bash

Range: 500 meters

Attack Rate: 1 second

Movement Speed: 1,000 km/h

Skills

1. Titan Rush – Charges forward a short distance at 10,000 km/h, dealing 500% damage.
2. Titan Wall – Ignites Life Energy to boost Defense by 500% for 60 seconds.]

However, the tower's power did not stop there. Huang Shengjun's Divine Talent, Quality in Numbers, further amplified the Titan Goblin's strength, granting it six additional traits.

- [1. Recovery – Restores 5% of max HP per second.
2. Fleet Foot – Increases Movement Speed by 50%.
3. Adamantine – Boosts Defense by 50%.
4. Clandestine – Turns invisible when not in combat, lowering the chance of detection by enemy towers.
5. Berserk – Raises Attack and Attack Rate by 50%.
6. Blessed – Decreases the chance of status ailments.]

These enhancements pushed the Titan Goblin's stats to a terrifying level. Most towers would fail to damage it even if it stood directly before them.

The Titan Goblin's various stats had been increased to a terrifying degree. Most of the towers wouldn't even be able to damage it even if it stood in front of them.

Huang Shengjun spoke with firm confidence. "I will be this wargame's ultimate victor!"

His territory expanded relentlessly until it touched the land of another representative from his own faction. The other representative greeted him warmly since they were on the same side.

Unexpectedly, Huang Shengjun ignored the greeting and launched an attack.

The other representative froze. "Wait, we're on the same team!"

Huang Shengjun replied calmly, "I know."

He commanded his Lord Titan Goblin to strike. With every brutal swing of its club, it shattered towers until the representative's defenses crumbled completely. Huang Shengjun claimed all 70,000 square kilometers of that territory for himself.

His territory kept growing until it reached 123,000 square kilometers, now covering more than a tenth of the entire chessboard. Still, he remained unsatisfied. He told himself he wouldn't truly win until he controlled the whole board.

While sorting through the resources he had seized, Huang Shengjun suddenly sensed a massive wave of his units wiped out. He stopped immediately and scanned the direction where his forces had vanished. There, a vast region cloaked in black fog that stretched to the horizon.

Instead of fear, excitement stirred within him. "Looks like a worthy opponent."

He grabbed a Final Battle Card and activated it on the fog-covered territory. The black mist vanished, and he saw Han Wu and Xiang Meng.

Han Wu had been cheerfully merging Sacred Objects, either to sell them or to equip his tower. Nearby, Xiang Meng slept soundly on the ground, completely unbothered by any threat.

Huang Shengjun was still observing them when Han Wu received the notification that he was now caught in the effects of the Final Battle Card.

[Your territory has made contact with the God King of Life's champion. The God King of Death will grant you treasures beyond your imagination if you can defeat this opponent.]

"Time to act. Let's see who the God King of Life chose as their champion." Han Wu looked up and spotted Huang Shengjun. Behind him stood the newly summoned Titan Goblin.

"Holy crap. It's huge!" he exclaimed.

The Titan Goblin was 100 meters tall and very imposing. Thankfully, Han Wu adapted fast and quickly calmed down.

Huang Shengjun chuckled. "Hello, Junior Han. How are you doing?"

He hadn't forgotten Han Wu. They had already fought once, back when Han Wu had still been a student on the reserve list.

"Senior Huang, it seems that you are still as active as ever," Han Wu replied coolly, though his focus remained locked on Huang Shengjun's army.

Han Wu had studied Huang Shengjun's data and knew he was a genius at nurturing his units. He maintained hundreds of Evolution Paths for his goblins and must have built many different towers as well.

Before him stood a goblin army of 100,000 strong, arranged in neat ranks of various colors and strengths, all waiting obediently for Huang Shengjun's command. These goblins showed unwavering loyalty to their God and would even sacrifice themselves if ordered.

Han Wu scanned the goblins carefully and tried to memorize as many details as possible.

Xiang Meng sensed something was wrong and scrambled to his feet. Only then did he spot Huang Shengjun. Though both were second-year students, they had clashed many times before. Xiang Meng knew he couldn't defeat Huang Shengjun on his own. He could only stand a chance by teaming up with Xia Tian and Ye Ling.

He glanced at Han Wu's towers and knew no ordinary representative could destroy them.

"Huang Shengjun, you're in for a tough fight if you use a Final Battle Card against us," Xiang Meng warned.

"Xiang Meng, when did you fall so low that you have to depend on your juniors? You're tarnishing the reputation of us second years," Huang Shengjun retorted sharply.

Xiang Meng's cheeks burned with a mix of embarrassment and anger. He had indeed been complacent ever since allying with Han Wu, but hearing it said aloud stung. He wished no one would say it so bluntly.

Han Wu stepped in. "That's not your place to comment. My alliance with my senior has nothing to do with you."

Xiang Meng nodded. "Exactly. This is between us, not you."

Huang Shengjun scoffed. "*Hmph*. I'm just offering advice. Since you won't take it, let's get on with the fight. I'll show you what real strength looks like."

He then commanded his goblin army to invade Han Wu's territory.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,208 words ]

## **Chapter 266 - Life Fruit**

The goblins with the Clandestine trait started infiltrating Han Wu's territory, but they had barely taken two steps before the death aura struck, forcing them to reveal themselves.

Huang Shengjun frowned. He had relied on his goblins' Clandestine trait for countless surprise attacks in the past, many of which succeeded. He never expected them to be exposed the moment they crossed into Han Wu's domain.

*What is going on?* he wondered.

He steadied himself and started inspecting Han Wu's towers one by one until he discovered the cause. This time, he panicked.

*The Dark Locustman Lord Tower has 3 million Armor, 50,000 Attack, and 80,000 Defense? Is that really a Lord tower? Those are High Lord stats. And there's so many of them... They cover a huge part of his territory... he thought.*

It wasn't long until he understood the Dark Locustman Lord Towers were not what nullified his goblins' invisibility. He observed the towers deeper within Han Wu's inner territory until he spotted the Giant Death Aura Bug Tower. Though also a Lord-rank tower, its accumulated stats shocked Huang Shengjun.

Its original stats read:

[Giant Death Aura Bug Tower (Lord)]

Armor: 30,000

Attack: 100

Defense: 1,000

Attack Method: Death Aura (Ignores Defense)

Range: 500 km

Attack Rate: 0.2 seconds

Skills: Deadly Concentration (Passive) – After a target is attacked 100 times, it has a 1% chance to be executed instantly. This chance stacks with each additional 100 attacks.

Sacred Object Slot: 13]

The tower's true power came from its long reach and staggering kill count. Since its construction, it had wiped out more than 10 million units. Thanks to the Death's Protection buff, its stats had grown to monstrous levels. It now boasted 6 million Armor, 100,000 Attack, and 160,000 Defense. On top of that, its Attack Rate had reached one strike per 0.058 seconds, each attack hitting enemies three times due to Triple Hit.

Even the Titan Goblin could not survive beyond a few steps into Han Wu's territory, let alone ordinary Lord life forms. The Titan Goblin would not perish from the Giant Death Aura Bug Tower's basic attack alone, but from its Skill: Deadly Concentration (Passive).

Though his army carried the Blessed trait, reducing the chance of status ailments, it still could not withstand an execution rate reaching 100%.

Huang Shengjun gazed thoughtfully at Han Wu's towers and muttered, "It seems that it's time for me to use my trump card."

He pulled a fruit from his pocket. It was impossibly fresh, pulsing with vibrant life. Even at a glance, its power was unmistakable.

[Life Fruit: A fruit brimming with Life Energy. Upon consumption, the user regenerates 20% of their max HP per second and cleanses all status ailments every 10 seconds. Permanent effect.]

This was one of the three treasures that the God King of Life had bestowed upon him, and now seemed the perfect moment to use it. He called his Titan Goblin and fed it the Life Fruit. As the goblin devoured the fruit, a refreshing tingle coursed through its body, and it roared with renewed vigor. Huang Shengjun then commanded it to invade Han Wu's territory.

Han Wu and Xiang Meng had been keeping a close eye on the frontlines, alert for any surprise assaults. The moment the High Lord Titan Goblin charged into their domain, both of them were immediately on high alert.

The Titan Goblin's stats were monstrous, and even Han Wu knew defeating it would not be easy. Fortunately, he had his Dark Locustman Lord Towers backed by their Dark Domain. Their Erosion could wear down even the highest defenses, leaving the Titan Goblin vulnerable.

Han Wu remained confident his towers would prevail—until the tenth second passed.

Suddenly, the Titan Goblin blazed with a fierce glow. Its eroded Defense surged back to full strength. Even the death aura seemed powerless at that moment. The creature regenerated a large portion of its HP every second, and the chance of executing it dropped to zero.

Han Wu had a feeling that Huang Shengjun had somehow interfered. *He must have used something to grant the Titan Goblin rapid recovery and cleanse its status effects.*

When Han Wu saw the Titan Goblin charging forward and raising its club to smash one of the Dark Locustman Lord Towers, he chose to retreat temporarily and merge that tower with the closest one to protect it from the attack.

Huang Shengjun had been watching Han Wu closely but still could not figure out why the tower suddenly vanished. *Hmm... I don't know how he did it, but it seems he's powerless against the Titan Goblin.*

"Titan Goblin, keep charging and destroy all his towers," he ordered.

The Titan Goblin let out a roar of excitement at the command and bolted toward the nearest tower. Its speed was incredible.

Han Wu had to act fast, merging his towers one after another to keep them from being destroyed for good. In less than ten minutes, the Titan Goblin's rampage had cost him a significant portion of his territory.

Xiang Meng looked on anxiously, unsure how to stop the Titan Goblin's advance. Still, he offered a suggestion. "Junior Han Wu, why don't you try using the Maha Lightning?"

Han Wu shook his head. Although the Maha Fulgur Mammoth had slain many units and significantly boosted its Attack, and its Maha Lightning promised devastating damage, it would prove useless against the Titan Goblin's astonishing recovery speed. The Titan Goblin would recover the damage from Maha Lightning within two to three seconds.

"Give me a moment," Han Wu said, urging Xiang Meng to be patient while he merged another Dark Locustman Lord Tower. This was already his ninth merge.

After merging nine times, Han Wu earned the chance to upgrade his tower. Two options appeared: the True Dark Locustman Lord Tower and the Deadly Dark Locustman Lord Tower. Both sounded powerful.

Han Wu weighed the choices carefully before deciding on the True Dark Locustman Lord Tower.

[True Dark Locustman Lord Tower (High Lord)

Armor: 400,000

Attack: 0

Defense: 10,000

Attack Method: Dark Domain

Range: 200 km

Attack Rate: 0.1 second

Skills:

1. Eternal Night (Passive) – Targets are blinded upon entering the Dark Domain.
2. Erosion (Passive) – Targets' Defense steadily erodes within the Dark Domain.
3. Devour (Passive) – Targets are devoured by the Dark Domain, boosting the tower's stats.

Sacred Object Slots: 20]

Han Wu studied the tower's data and saw a chance to turn the tide. He placed the tower near the Titan Goblin and let it charge recklessly into the Dark Domain. As expected, the Titan Goblin ran around wildly like a headless fly.

Huang Shengjun had been watching Han Wu's every move and had already analyzed the True Dark Locustman Lord Tower's data. At first, he dismissed the threat, confident the Titan Goblin's ability to cleanse itself every ten seconds would remove any status ailments.

The Titan Goblin did purge the status effects, but it was blinded the very next moment. Worse still, a black goo crept slowly up its body after clinging to its toe. The True Dark Locustman Lord Tower was attempting to devour the Titan Goblin. The longer it stayed in the Dark Domain, the greater the danger.

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## Chapter 267 - Poem of Life and Light

[ 1,102 words ]

### Chapter 267 - Poem of Life and Light

"Get out of there! Retreat!" Huang Shengjun thundered.

Although he ordered his Titan Goblin to flee the Dark Domain, it couldn't. It had no idea where the exit lay. Meanwhile, the black goo crept slowly up its calf.

Panic filled Huang Shengjun. At first, he wouldn't have minded losing the Titan Goblin. However, now that it had consumed the Life Fruit, its death would be a tremendous loss. Thus, he had to find a way to pull it out.

Thinking fast, he dispatched a group of Goblin Lords and ordered them to form a chain by locking hands before entering the Dark Domain. Ahead of them stretched nothing but endless darkness. Huang Shengjun guided them with sharp commands. They held tightly to one another, preventing anyone from getting lost as they slowly advanced into the abyss. Despite the Dark Domain's relentless damage, they pressed on and finally reached the Titan Goblin.

Relieved, Huang Shengjun ordered them to pull the Titan Goblin free. After expending considerable time and effort, they succeeded in dragging it out of the Dark Domain.

The Titan Goblin recovered its vision and opened its mouth to cheer. Then a sharp tingling spread through its leg. The black goo clinging to its limb was retreating, flowing back toward the Domain. As it receded, the Titan Goblin's leg withered and shrank, drained of blood and stripped of flesh.

The goo finally detached, leaving behind a brittle stump of yellowed bone. The Titan Goblin lost the leg and collapsed, its immense weight crushing many lower-ranking goblins beneath it.

Huang Shengjun quickly examined his Titan Goblin. At a glance, it looked the same, but one of its legs had vanished completely. This only deepened his suspicion of Han Wu. He never imagined Han Wu's True Dark Locustman Lord Tower could be so terrifying.

Han Wu, for his part, had no idea the True Dark Locustman Lord Tower held such power. After consuming one leg of the Titan Goblin, the tower boosted one of its stats by 10 points. If it devoured a whole Titan Goblin, its stats would rise by at least 100. Witnessing this strength, Han Wu abandoned all hesitation and started merging the other Dark Locustman Lord Towers.

Huang Shengjun frowned as he watched more True Dark Locustman Lord Towers rise. At the moment, he had no way to counter them. Upon seeing Han Wu invade his territory, he had no choice but to use the God King of Life's second gift: a card forged from the fusion of Life and Light.

[Poem of Life and Light. Upon activation, it creates a 1,000,000-square-kilometer zone imbued with the judgement of Life and Light. It deals fatal damage to all targets bearing the Death or Dark attribute.]

The card deployed a vast divine barrier that annihilated anything aligned with death or darkness. It could wipe out an entire nano civilization with ease.

Huang Shengjun didn't have time to weigh his options. If he wanted to defeat Han Wu, he would have to act. Hence, he activated the card and aimed it at Han Wu's territory. A million square kilometers were more than enough to cover the entire area.

"I will kill you this time!" Huang Shengjun shouted as the card took effect, unleashing a powerful barrier that encased Han Wu's entire territory.

Endless Life and Light Energy surged through the area. Han Wu and Xiang Meng stared in shock as the True Dark Locustman Lord Towers and the Giant Death Aura Bug Tower, once powerful and imposing, were overwhelmed by the Life and Light Energy. They crumbled swiftly into dust. The transformation unfolded so rapidly that neither of them could mount any defense.

The judgment concluded, leaving Han Wu's land eerily empty. Only his Epistian Towers and Xiang Meng's towers remained standing.

“What happened?” Han Wu stared in disbelief. Everything he’d poured his effort into had vanished in a heartbeat. It felt as though half of his work had never mattered.

Huang Shengjun sighed in relief. The card’s power justified its use. He had hesitated at first, but defeating his greatest enemy and securing victory for the God King of Life’s faction demanded such a sacrifice. Only then would greater rewards follow.

“Goblin army, march forward and attack!” he shouted.

The Titan Goblin led millions of goblins as they swarmed into Han Wu’s territory, swiftly overrunning the land.

“Is this the end?” Han Wu muttered bitterly. His heart sank as he took in the ruins where his towers once stood.

Xiang Meng stared at him, then slammed both hands onto Han Wu’s shoulders. His powerful grip caused pain even to someone as tough as Han Wu. Han Wu turned sharply and met Xiang Meng’s gaze with anger.

Unfazed, Xiang Meng said calmly, “Are you awake now? I thought you’d keep sleeping through this nightmare. The Han Wu I know was once weak—his core race was the locust. Yet somehow, he took those weak locusts and rose to prominence.

“You are not that man anymore. Yes, you’re upset and disappointed, but have you forgotten how far you clawed your way up with only those locusts?”

“Look closely. You’ve lost most of your towers, but not all. Even if we fall here, we must still face our enemies with courage, right?”

Xiang Meng’s words washed over Han Wu like a strengthening tonic that rekindled his fighting spirit. He glanced at his remaining Epistian Towers and Xiang Meng’s towers, sparking a renewed hope. “I haven’t lost yet. Huang Shengjun, I will defeat you.”

Han Wu took command of the remaining towers. Under his control, the Epistian Towers began charging a massive fireball capable of dealing over 1 million points of damage.

Xiang Meng followed his orders and directed his Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower to unleash the Maha Lightning upon the goblin army. Lightning cascaded from the sky, obliterating every goblin below Lord rank. Each strike delivered more than 90,000 points of damage with ease.

Xiang Meng did not mind sacrificing his Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower’s Armor. His priority was to generate as much Energy as possible for Han Wu in the shortest time.

When the lightning faded, the Epistian Towers unleashed the charged fireball. The colossal blast fell like a sun upon the goblin horde. Every Common, Elite, and Unique

goblin perished instantly. Even the Heroic goblins suffered heavy losses, with only a few survivors. The only ones left standing were the Goblin Lords—the core of Huang Shengjun’s army.

“It’s just his final struggle. Titan Goblin, crush those pesky Epistian Towers!” Huang Shengjun scoffed and urged his army onward.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,228 words ]

## **Chapter 268 - Stalemate**

Han Wu obtained a lot of Energy as goblins fell one after another. Without wasting a second, he poured all of it into constructing as many Locust Towers as possible during the crisis, merging them as he went.

He worried that Huang Shengjun would try something similar and wipe out all his towers aligned with the darkness or death attribute, so he chose a different kind of Locust Tower. This time, he went with the Heavenly Demon Insect Tower, a variant known for its devastating physical attacks.

He began the chain of upgrades immediately. Ten Locust Towers merged into a single Unique Heavenly Demon Insect Tower. Then ten of those merged into one Heroic Heavenly Demon Insectman Tower. Finally, ten of those merged into the mighty Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman Lord Tower.

[Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman Lord Tower (Lord)]

Armor: 20,000

Attack: 4,000

Defense: 2,000

Attack Method: Poison Horn Thrust

Range: 50 km

Attack Rate: 0.5 second

Skills:

1. Ten Thrust – Attacks a single target 10 times within 1 second. Each strike deals 80% base damage and pushes the target back on contact.

2. Intense Venom (Passive) – Poisons targets upon impact. Damage and duration vary based on the target's physical condition.

Sacred Object Slots: 10]

Everything unfolded in an instant. Han Wu completed the final merge just as the Titan Goblin loomed in front of the tower, club raised and ready to strike.

The Titan Goblin had lost a leg, slowing its advance dramatically. Han Wu seized this opportunity and commanded the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman Lord Tower to unleash Ten Thrust at the critical moment.

Although the tower's strikes couldn't break past the Titan Goblin's Defense, the knockback effect staggered it. Han Wu needed to buy time and stall the goblin from destroying his towers. As expected, the Titan Goblin was pushed back by the relentless Ten Thrusts until it stood ten kilometers away. It would take another thirty seconds to reach the tower again.

The Epistian Towers seized the moment to charge and launch a massive fireball, wiping out most of the remaining Heroic goblins.

Xiang Meng directed his Maha Fulgur Mammoth Tower toward a Goblin Lord, releasing the Maha Lightning. The Goblin Lord was incinerated within seconds. He then handed Han Wu all the Energy, Sacred Objects, and special items he had gained from killing the goblins.

Soon, the second Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman Lord Tower was built. At the same time, Han Wu sold all the Sacred Objects he had merged through the trade channel and earned more Energy.

Huang Shengjun grew anxious as he watched his Titan Goblin fail to bring down Han Wu's towers.

At the moment, the Titan Goblin Tower's cooldown refreshed, summoning another Titan Goblin into the army. Still, despite his growing numbers, Huang Shengjun could not wrest control of the small territory Han Wu stubbornly held. Each time he ordered more units into Han Wu's land, the latter killed them and collected more Energy in return.

Han Wu lost count of how many times he had pushed back the Titan Goblin, but at last, he built ten Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman Lord Towers. Merging them all together, he created a brand-new tower in the wargame: the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower.

[Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower (High Lord)]

Armor: 300,000

Attack: 60,000

Defense: 20,000

Attack Method: Poison Horn Thrust

Range: 100 km

Attack Rate: 0.2 seconds

Skills:

1. Hundred Thrusts – Attacks a single target 100 times within 1 second. Each strike deals 80% base damage and pushes the target back on contact.

2. Intense Venom (Passive) – Poisons targets upon impact. Damage and duration vary based on the target's physical condition.

Sacred Object Slots: 15]

The Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower had average stats, but its Hundred Thrusts was powerful and pushed its target backward. None of the goblins below the High Lord rank could withstand the damage. The only one capable of enduring the attack was the Titan Goblin—the sole goblin of High Lord rank—but even it couldn't resist the Skill's knockback effect.

The Titan Goblin specialized in close-quarters combat and could only engage enemies within a 500-meter radius. That meant it stood no chance against the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower, which boasted a staggering 100-kilometer attack range.

Whenever a Titan Goblin drew near, the tower launched Hundred Thrusts and knocked it back a full 50 kilometers. It took the Titan Goblin three minutes to close that distance again, only to be flung backward once more the moment it got close.

The battle had become a deadlock. Huang Shengjun recognized the problem and dispatched even more Titan Goblins, but Hundred Thrusts had a mere five-second cooldown, allowing it to repeat the knockback over and over.

At present, Huang Shengjun had no effective way to counter it. He had only two options for dealing with the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower.

The first was to gather a massive force of Titan Goblins and have them charge all at once. If even one reached the tower before the cooldown reset, he could destroy it.

The second was to deploy a unit with an extremely long attack range. The Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower didn't boast high Defense or Armor, so it wouldn't take much to bring it down.

Either way, these options demanded significant time and Energy. He hadn't earned any Energy so far, since he hadn't destroyed a single one of Han Wu's towers. Instead, he had to rely on passive Energy gain from his vast territory. Constructing the towers now required over a million Energy and would take hours, while Han Wu replenished Energy by slaughtering the invading goblins.

Time was not on Huang Shengjun's side. Han Wu still had a chance to turn the tide. To cut off Han Wu's Energy supply, Huang Shengjun commanded all his goblins to hold their position at the edge of Han Wu's territory and ordered them to stop invading.

What he had never expected was that, even though Han Wu's territory now spanned only 31,400 square kilometers, Han Wu had gained Death's Protection. This status extended over his land and triggered a powerful aggro effect. Despite Huang Shengjun's commands, his goblins charged uncontrollably into Han Wu's territory. There was no stopping them.

Huang Shengjun was furious. He had never faced an enemy as maddening as Han Wu. Han Wu was like a bronze bean—impossible to shatter, break, or flatten. He could be swallowed whole, but trying to digest him was another matter entirely.

Unfortunately, there was no turning back. Only the victor would emerge stronger.

Determined to prevent Han Wu from gaining more Energy, Huang Shengjun steeled himself and gave a brutal order: all goblins below the High Lord rank were to commit suicide.

Han Wu stood stunned as he watched the goblins kill themselves, their bodies collapsing into pools of blood. He had to admit Huang Shengjun was both ruthless and decisive. He never imagined that his opponent would order the goblins he had nurtured to die in such a way.

With the goblin army wiped out, Han Wu lost his Energy supply, and the two opponents locked into a tense stalemate. Both waited, watching for the other to make the next move that could tip the balance in their favor.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,186 words ]

## Chapter 269 - Pooling Resources

Without any goblins left to kill, Han Wu had to find another way to gather Energy. He returned to his old strategy: merging worthless Sacred Objects and selling them. He bought up many low-level items, then upgraded and sold them at a profit.

He had grown accustomed to this routine and even started advertising his stock to boost sales.

[Han Wu: Everyone from the God King of Death's faction, I am selling a small batch of Sacred Objects. Feel free to check and buy them!]

Messages flooded the chat among the representatives.

[That mysterious figure is back again! How did you get so many upgraded Sacred Objects? Share the details—we won't let you keep this secret for long.]

[Liar! You said you have them on sale, but I didn't see any...

[Wait, it's real! Time to stock up. Goodbye!]

[Hey, do you have a Sacred Object that increases a tower's attack range? I'll pay double for one.]

[Increase attack range? I want one too. I'll pay ten times more!]

...

Those who had held out until now were experts or incredibly powerful figures. They looked unprofessional but acted like vicious bastards. Soon, they swept up all the stock Han Wu had listed. They didn't care what the items were; they bought everything in sight.

Han Wu gained a considerable amount of Energy from the sales, but it still wasn't enough to confront Huang Shengjun. He needed more. Thus, he sent another message in the group chat.

[Han Wu: I'm currently facing the goblin army and need a large amount of Energy. I hope everyone can support me.]

[Goblins? The ones that recover, turn invisible, and strike with high power? If you're really fighting them, I won't hold back.]

[Han Wu: Yeah, I'm in a critical battle against the goblin army right now.]

[No wonder the goblins retreated from my territory so quickly. They must have been regrouping to fight you.]

[Bro, you're brave to take on the goblin boss. I'll burn some bank notes meant for the dead next year in your honor.]

[Those goblins appear and vanish without warning, and you're actually fighting them? You're really strong.]

[You're my ally as long as you fight the goblins. I'll buy every Sacred Object you have.]

...

They talked extensively about Huang Shengjun, whose goblins had caused the downfall of many of Death's representatives. Because of this, many supported Han Wu. Some even urged him to sell every Sacred Object through the trade channel, promising to buy them all, no matter the price. Their goal was to provide Han Wu with as much Energy as possible to fight the goblins.

Han Wu took their advice and gained a substantial amount of Energy. Now, he had enough to build more towers. Thanks to his Merge, upgrading a single tower to the maximum rank became much easier.

At this point, Han Wu had the Episitan Towers and the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower. He could build many more Episitan Towers to overwhelm Huang Shengjun with numbers. He could also upgrade the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower to its maximum rank and defeat the Titan Goblins in a single strike. He only needed to upgrade it one more time.

Checking his Energy reserves, Han Wu realized he still lacked enough to upgrade the Heavenly Poison Demon Insectman High Lord Tower. Time was running out. Huang Shengjun had already amassed enough Energy, bought many Upgrade Stones, and combined them into a High Lord Upgrade Stone. He used it to transform one of his towers into a goblin tower forged entirely from fire.

Han Wu examined this new tower and saw it could summon the High Lord Inferno Goblin, a long-range attacker. Huang Shengjun could now easily destroy Han Wu's towers with just this one.

Han Wu had no time to lose. He resolved to build many more Episitan Towers to amplify the fireball's damage. He planned to place his bets on these towers when Xiang Meng called out to him.

"Junior Han Wu, I managed to contact Xia Tian and Ye Ling," he said. "They're transferring all their Energy to you so you can defeat Huang Shengjun."

Soon after, Han Wu's Energy balance surged past 10 million. *Fuck Huang Shengjun! Time to defeat him!*

He started constructing countless Locust Towers, merging them relentlessly until he forged a King tower.

[Plague Spear Locust King Tower (King)

Armor: 5,000,000

Attack: 800,000

Defense: 400,000

Attack Method: Horn Thrust

Range: 500 km

Attack Rate: 0.2 seconds

Skills:

1: Thousand Thrust – Attacks a single target 1,000 times within 1 second. Each strike deals 80% base damage and pushes the target back on contact.

2: Intense Venom (Passive) – Poisons targets upon impact. Damage and duration vary based on the target's physical condition.

3: Venom Spear – Throws a Venom Spear at a target. Range set to 400%, damage set to 500%.

Sacred Object Slots: 20]

Han Wu had only one word for the new tower—powerful. Not only did its stats far surpass its predecessors, but it also boasted devastating attack skills and deadly long-range capabilities. This was exactly what he needed.

Without hesitation, he ordered the tower to target Huang Shengjun's newly built High Lord Inferno Goblin Tower.

Huang Shengjun's tower had been active for nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Intense Fire Energy condensed within as the first Inferno Goblin prepared to summon. At the final moment, a Venom Spear soared through the air and struck the tower directly. The spear shattered the structure instantly, and the venom spread across the area, forming a massive poison cloud.

“NOOO!” Huang Shengjun howled in fury and desperation.

He had hoped the tower would survive until the Inferno Goblin appeared, but the Venom Spear dealt 4 million damage, and the lingering poison sealed its fate. The Inferno Goblin Tower collapsed without putting up much of a fight.

When he saw that his newly built High Lord Tower had also been destroyed, something inside him snapped. He lost all sense of reason. Glaring at the Titan Goblins gathered near Han Wu’s territory, he shouted, “Destroy that tower at all costs!”

Several Titan Goblins charged forward into Han Wu’s territory. The Plague Spear Locust King Tower then used Thousand Thrust against them. Each thrust dealt 64,000 damage along with the effect of poisoning their enemies.

The Titan Goblins were skewered and shredded in seconds. Chunks of minced flesh rained across the white stone below, staining it red. The blood-soaked ground darkened quickly as Han Wu reclaimed the lost territory.

Huang Shengjun clutched the final trump card the God King of Life had granted him. He had watched his mighty Titan Goblins fall one after another and recognized his miscalculation. Doubt crept in as he debated whether to use the last remaining treasure.

Even if he used it, he had the sinking feeling it wouldn’t change the outcome. In the end, he chose not to activate it. Instead, he resolved to save it and bring it back to his divine realm after his elimination.

Slowly, he unclenched his fist and surrendered. “I give up.”

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 270 - Holy Son of Death**

[ 1,265 words ]

### **Chapter 270 - Holy Son of Death**

Inside the unknown space, the God King of Life watched the events unfold and erupted in fury when Huang Shengjun surrendered.

“He’s doing this on purpose!” he shouted.

Huang Shengjun still had one last chance to fight back. He could have turned the tide using his final treasure. Instead, he chose selfishness and short-sightedness, attempting to claim the treasure for himself by surrendering willingly.

This act betrayed the God King of Light. Huang Shengjun wasted the blessings granted by both Light and Life. Even Life frowned at his actions. Life had believed the battle was over only when Huang Shengjun unleashed the Poem of Light and Life.

Han Wu refused to give up despite losing many powerful towers. He adapted his strategy to resist Huang Shengjun's invasion and eventually turned the battle around. Huang Shengjun faced a similar crisis but lacked Han Wu's resilience. In the end, he prioritized personal gain over the fight.

Both Light and Life were disappointed in him. If Huang Shengjun had fought to the bitter end, exhausting every last resource before falling, Life would not have blamed him. In fact, he would have even recruited him into his faction, impressed by his potential and strength.

Unfortunately, that opportunity vanished. Huang Shengjun did not deserve to join Life's faction.

Light shouted in anger and blacklisted Huang Shengjun's name from ever joining his faction.

The battle ended in Han Wu's victory. Though the outcome was expected, the final verdict still brought disappointment and sorrow. Huang Shengjun's defeat meant they both lost the wager and had to relinquish another strand of their Divine Jurisdictions.

Death chuckled. His eyes gleamed with excitement. "Life, you've lost."

Life stayed silent and handed over a strand of his own Divine Jurisdiction.

Light's voice rang out, still furious. "Death, Darkness, don't get cocky. I'll make sure you both pay for what happened today!"

"I'll be waiting for that day," Darkness answered coldly and took the strand of Divine Jurisdiction that belonged to Light.

The moment the wager ended, Light stormed off. Staying a second longer would've pushed him past the breaking point.

Darkness nodded to Death, handed him something, then vanished into the void. Now only Death and Life remained in the unknown space, and the wargame continued without interruption.

Thanks to Han Wu's defeat of Huang Shengjun, his territory now stretched across 1.5 million square kilometers—more than 15% of the entire chessboard. His victory, along with his clever dealings in selling upgraded Sacred Objects, gave Death's faction a powerful edge. Bolstered by momentum, Death's representatives launched a fierce counterattack and began toppling their opponents.

In less than ten days, all of Life's representatives were defeated. The entire chessboard was now completely black, and Death had emerged victorious in the wargame.

"You've won," Life spat with frustration and unwillingness.

If not for Han Wu, he would have claimed victory this time. Now, he regretted rejecting Han Wu at the start because of his core race.

Death watched him with delight and twisted the knife. "If you hadn't handed me Han Wu, I never would've won this effortlessly."

Life rolled his eyes and vanished from the space without another word.

Meanwhile, Death studied the chessboard with quiet intrigue. It was time to hand out rewards, and Han Wu deserved to be rewarded generously.

...

Han Wu's excitement surged when he learned his faction had won. As one of the surviving representatives, he would receive a generous reward from the God King of Death. He waited patiently for Death's summons.

Soon, he found himself transported to a vast palace radiating with Death Energy. He stepped forward and saw Death seated on an ebony throne, wearing a dark crown.

Han Wu could not discern Death's true face, only a pair of eyes deep with wisdom and power. He bowed respectfully. "Imperial College, Han Wu. I greet you, God King of Death."

Death's commanding voice echoed in Han Wu's ear. "Student Han Wu, you have done well. After reviewing your achievements, I will grant you three rewards.

"The first reward. You may keep all the towers you built during the wargame."

Han Wu's eyes lit up. Towers were among the most coveted assets in the Divine Civilization. They served as bulwarks for any divine realm, and even the weakest ones sold for thousands of Divine Points. His towers were all exceptionally powerful and high quality. Any one of them could fetch hundreds of Divine Essence. To take them all with him was a monumental prize.

“The second reward. You can still absorb Divine Aspects, so I will grant you the Divine Aspect of Death.”

Han Wu’s excitement deepened. He had long desired the Death Aspect and once dreamed of meeting one of the Death Gods even before becoming a Demigod. Receiving a Divine Aspect directly from a God King promised far greater power.

“The third reward. Will you accept becoming my Holy Son?”

Han Wu nearly burst out laughing. Every God King had a faction, and within each one, members held different titles based on their contributions and merit. From lowest to highest, the ranks were Disciple, Elder, Bishop, and Holy Son. Above them stood only the God King. The title of Holy Son was singular in every faction, reserved for the God King’s direct disciple.

“I am willing,” Han Wu answered solemnly.

Death nodded. A beam of light shot from his palm and struck Han Wu’s forehead. It was a mark—a symbol proclaiming him as the Holy Son of Death. Every reward promised to him had been sealed within that mark.

Moments later, Han Wu was transported out of the palace and back to the starting zone of the wargame. He opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by the other representatives.

Some wore looks of triumph, while others looked dejected. Among them, a few powerful figures had lost because they had picked Life’s faction. Meanwhile, some weaker ones survived by choosing Death’s faction and reaped abundant rewards.

As Han Wu replayed the events in his mind, he suddenly caught numerous hostile gazes fixed on him. He scoffed and activated the mark on his forehead. A faint aura of death enveloped him, signaling to everyone that he was now a Holy Son of Death and under Death’s protection.

Just as he expected, his adversaries faltered and stepped back.

*Hmph. Cowards,* he thought.

Just then, two hands clapped down on his shoulders. “Junior Han Wu, I really have to thank you this time!”

Han Wu turned around and saw Xiang Meng grinning from ear to ear. Behind him stood Xia Tian and Ye Ling. They had all earned a wealth of resources thanks to their victory in the wargame.

“Brother Meng, Senior Xia Tian, and Senior Ye Ling!” Han Wu greeted them.

Xia Tian chuckled. “Junior Han Wu, it’s all thanks to you that our faction won. When we get back, we owe you a good meal.”

Han Wu smiled in return. “I wouldn’t have made it if Senior Xia Tian and Senior Ye Ling hadn’t transferred their Energy to me—”

“Stop being humble and be more confident!” Xiang Meng slapped Han Wu’s shoulder hard enough to make him grit his teeth.

At that moment, a striking figure approached Han Wu.

“You must be Han Wu. I remember your face. I’ll transfer to Imperial College to repay the embarrassment I suffered this time. Just wait,” Elina vowed, attempting a fierce snarl that came off as surprisingly cute.

Han Wu blinked in confusion, while Xiang Meng and the others watched the scene unfold with curiosity and intrigue.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,123 words ]

## **Chapter 271 - Seniors’ Repayment**

Soon, Han Wu returned with the others to Imperial College. Without delay, he rushed into his divine realm to inspect the rewards he had earned. As he checked the storage space within the divine mark, his eyes widened in disbelief. The God King of Death was incredibly generous.

Inside, he found the solitary Plague Spear Locust King Tower, the 100 Epistian Towers, and several others like the Minotaur and Swordwind Towers. These were the towers he had constructed before the final victory.

That wasn’t all, though. He also spotted his Dark Locustman High Lord Tower and the other towers that Huang Shengjun’s Poem of Light and Life had destroyed. These towers, infused with the attributes of death and darkness, were all of exceptional quality. If they had survived, they would have dominated the entire wargame.

Han Wu continued sorting through his rewards. He pulled out all the towers and then turned his attention to the Sacred Objects. Once outside the wargame, the rules of the Divine Civilization transformed these into Sacred Objects that he could equip to his Core. Each item was of high quality, with the most powerful reaching Rank 8. Though he could not equip them to his Core yet, he could still attach them to his towers.

When he reached the bottom of the pile, he found a peculiar scroll. Curious, he unrolled it and discovered that it contained a domain: Death's Protection. It was something he could set up within his divine realm.

Han Wu recognized just how generous Death truly was and concluded that he was an excellent leader. The rewards he received were not only substantial but also immensely powerful. The towers, fortified with Sacred Objects and Death's Protection, would enable him to repel any invaders below the King rank. Thanks to these additions, his divine realm was now secure.

Yet the rewards didn't end there. He reached into his mark and pulled out another item, the Rank 5 Death Aspect. He continued digging through the pile and soon spotted the Rank 5 Darkness Aspect.

He swallowed hard, a wave of tension rising in his chest. Both Divine Aspects ranked among the finest, each powerful enough to serve as a primary Divine Aspect. Now, he held two of them. On top of that, he already possessed Defiance, Destruction, and War. All five of his Divine Aspects stood among the finest, each brimming with potential and unmatched in quality.

Absorbing them would prove a long and grueling process. He needed sufficient Divine Essence and had to grasp the essence of death and darkness.

For now, Han Wu chose to focus on reinforcing his defenses. He would complete the construction of the towers before attempting to assimilate the new Divine Aspects.

As he placed more towers throughout his divine realm, he noticed an unexpected phenomenon. After constructing the Plague Spear Locust King Tower, he observed many Heavenly Demon Insects releasing poison mist from their bodies. The tower had influenced them and triggered an evolution that aligned their traits with its own. This was a process that would've required several distinct Evolution Paths.

The Dark Locustman High Lord Tower had a similar effect, drawing in large numbers of Dark Cursed Bugs and triggering their evolution. Shortly after he completed the Giant Death Aura Bug Tower, he saw that some of the newly hatched locusts had transformed into Death Aura Bugs.

These new developments expanded the variety of locust species in his divine realm more than ever before.

Han Wu also constructed all 100 Epistian Towers inside the Epistians' city. They had requested this to learn more advanced magic directly from the towers. Simultaneously, the towers served as conduits, allowing them to recharge their magic through them.

The towers' influence even reached the half-dragons and skeletons. With their respective towers completed, both races gained unique benefits.

Some races, like the minotaurs and Tigermen, saw little effect from their towers. To compensate, Han Wu gave the minotaurs a Death Attendant Tower so they could study the power and essence of death itself. On the other hand, the Tigermen received several pieces of God equipment and 10 Divine Essence. Both races expressed deep gratitude for Han Wu's generosity.

After allocating resources and finishing the towers, Han Wu finally found time to seclude himself and absorb the two new Divine Aspects.

...

While Han Wu quietly refined the Divine Aspects in seclusion, Imperial College plunged into turmoil.

Many seniors who had lost the wargame searched for answers and soon discovered that Han Wu was the key reason Death's faction ultimately won. Most had sided with the God King of Life from the start and gained nothing after their defeat. Instead of reflecting on their own failures, they blamed Han Wu. If he had not interfered, they believed, victory would have been theirs.

That shared conviction fueled their desire to punish Han Wu for wasting their resources. Knowing the college would not grant them justice, they secretly sought out Huang Shengjun to lead their retaliation.

Huang Shengjun received their plea but refused to act. He muttered only one word to the disgruntled seniors: "Trash." Although he resented losing to Han Wu, Huang Shengjun adhered to his own code. He hated settling scores through underhanded means outside the system.

Undeterred by Huang Shengjun's refusal, the seniors searched for another way to unleash their fury. They eventually bought an Invasion Card from the black market.

[Invasion Card: Secretly opens a gate in the target's divine realm to attack them. Requires a part of the target's body, such as nails or hair, as a catalyst.]

Using such a card was considered an act of assassination. Due to its lethal nature, the Divine Civilization had long since outlawed its use. Few remained in circulation, and those could only be found on the black market.

Even so, most students at Imperial College came from powerful families and could obtain one without much trouble. They had already decided how to invade Han Wu's divine realm and destroy his Core, ensuring he stayed a Demigod forever, with it.

Once a Demigod lost their divine realm, Imperial College would no longer offer protection. After that, they could do anything they wanted to Han Wu.

With their preparations complete, they chose the divine realm of a third-year student, Li Zhe, as their base of operations.

Li Zhe activated the Invasion Card, opened a gate that linked his realm to Han Wu's, and said, "Quickly, everyone go and spectate the battle. We need to find where his Core is and destroy it."

The other seniors switched to spectator mode to help. Li Zhe then led the allied army, hundreds of millions strong, through the gate and into Han Wu's divine realm.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,173 words ]

## **Chapter 272 - Retaliation**

A tunnel connected the two gates, and the allied forces marched through it for a long time before reaching Han Wu's divine realm. Alongside the spectating seniors, they froze in shock the moment they arrived.

"What's going on?"

"Why is it so dark?"

Pitch-black darkness engulfed everything. The army couldn't even see their own limbs.

Did Han Wu have no sources of light in his divine realm? The blackness blinded them completely.

How had Han Wu's core race survived in this place? Everyone was confused.

The invasion was already in motion, so Li Zhe chose to take it one step at a time. He ordered the units to march deeper into the darkness, confident they would soon find the light.

In truth, no light would greet them no matter how far they pressed on. They were trapped inside the Dark Locustman High Lord Tower's Dark Domain. Its passive Skill, Eternal Night, cloaked everything in absolute darkness, blinding every unit within it.

At the same time, the towers detected the invaders and sounded their alarm bells. The stationed units sent word to Han Wu about the invasion, but he didn't respond because he was still in seclusion.

Faced with this crisis, his units resorted to the most drastic option: they identified the intruders as hostile forces and launched a full-scale assault. A storm of attacks rained down—dragon breath, death aura, Darkness, Erosion, Venom Spear, and even a fully charged fireball.

The hundreds of millions of enemy units had barely taken two steps when the devastating counterattack struck. The assault unfolded entirely within the darkness. The spectating seniors heard only the agonized cries of the fallen without seeing a thing.

Only one senior, possessing a Skill similar to echolocation, managed to perceive what was happening inside Han Wu's divine realm. He saw countless powerful life forms surrounding the allied army and unleashing relentless attacks. Within three minutes, most of the allied forces lay wiped out, while the survivors suffered severe injuries.

Only a handful of King life forms and some High Lords with exceptional defensive abilities were still alive. The survivors cried out in desperation, begging their gods to bring them back.

Li Zhe suspected that one of the seniors had leaked the plan to Han Wu, which prompted him to set up his defenses ahead of time. He intended to uncover the traitor once he returned. He issued an immediate retreat to avoid further casualties, but Han Wu's forces moved faster.

Steely stood firm at the gate's entrance, gripping four massive God greatswords. As a Saint with the strength of a King life form, he alone could hold his ground against multiple King life forms.

At his side were High Lord Divine Hammer, the High Lord Osteomancer, the High Lord Skeleton Reanimator, High Lord Sarman, King Hu Chi, King Hu Yong, the formidable Alpheus, and a host of lightning Great Dragons.

Meanwhile, Han Wu's core race, the locusts, rallied under the Dark Locustman King and surged into Li Zhe's territory.

Suddenly, Li Zhe sensed chaos within his divine realm. He abandoned the remaining King and High Lord life forms and retreated to his divine realm. His face turned ashen when he saw the destruction. Locusts of various species and ranks tore through the realm, razing buildings and attacking every life form. Worse still, his divine realm's defenses weakened under the relentless assault of exploding locusts.

"Get out of my divine realm!" Li Zhe poured Divine Points into his voice, amplifying his command in an attempt to intimidate them.

Unfortunately, none of the locusts flinched. Many lacked the intelligence to grasp the concept of anger. The smarter ones understood, but didn't care. Han Wu was their only god, and they followed no one else. Not even a God King could sway them. They didn't

fear death—in fact, the more intelligent among them actively sought out the most destructive spots to detonate themselves for maximum damage.

Li Zhe quickly realized he could not intimidate them, so he ordered his core race, the Azure-Eye Tigers, to fight back.

As Elite life forms, they were powerful in their own right, and many had evolved into formidable beings under Li Zhe's long-term care. Among them, the strongest was the Six-Eyed Dragon Devourer, a King life form locked in combat with Dark Locust.

The locusts were weak by comparison. Although Dark Locust was already a King life form, its strength ranked below average, and it struggled to inflict any real damage on the Six-Eyed Dragon Devourer.

Even so, Han Wu had personally nurtured Dark Locust, and it had developed a high level of intelligence. Recognizing it could not win with a direct assault, it summoned more lower-ranking locusts to drain its opponent's energy.

Soon, relentless explosions engulfed the powerful Six-Eyed Dragon Devourer. Dark Locust then used this chance to attack and turned the tide of battle.

Li Zhe refused to stand by and watch Dark Locust kill his strongest unit, so he summoned strength and materialized his real body within his divine realm to fight. Dark Locust immediately stopped attacking the Six-Eyed Dragon Devourer and slipped past Li Zhe's flurry of attacks with effortless agility.

Li Zhe seethed with frustration. He was just about to assert control over his divine realm and restrain Dark Locust when a powerful presence emerged from the gate. An overwhelming Divine Authority washed over him, breaking his concentration. He spun around in anger and spotted a middle-aged man standing there with a smirk.

Li Zhe immediately sensed the Divine Authority that belonged only to true Gods and above. "Are you the God Han Wu hired to protect him? I will pay double whatever he gave you."

Though he had already reached the peak of a Demigod, just one step from becoming a God, he was still far from matching a true God. The moment this man arrived, Li Zhe knew he couldn't act recklessly.

The man maintained his smile. "Hello. I am Han Wen, Han Wu's clone. Goodbye, Senior Li."

With that, Han Wen unleashed his Skill: Martial God Flash. The punch looked simple but carried the depth of countless martial arts. That single strike held the power to sunder the earth and bring down even the mightiest Gods.

Li Zhe tried to dodge, but no matter how fast he moved, he couldn't escape. The punch connected and launched him through several mountain ranges before he finally skidded to a stop, barely clinging to life.

Before he could recover, Han Wen appeared in front of him. He trembled in terror and pleaded, "Please... Mercy—"

Han Wen ignored the plea and delivered a crushing kick—his Martial God Kick. The strike shattered Li Zhe's true body. With his death, the entire divine realm plunged into darkness, and his hidden Core was destroyed.

Han Wen chuckled softly. "You can come at us if you are not afraid of death."

His words were not for himself but aimed at the spectating students. The seniors shuddered at the display before they were forcibly removed from spectator mode.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,268 words ]

## **Chapter 273 - Asura**

The moment Han Wu emerged from seclusion, messages flooded in. Someone had secretly invaded his divine realm during his absence and tried to destroy his Core. In the end, they failed, and Han Wen had killed the intruder. That person's divine realm was sealed inside a card now stored in Han Wu's vault.

Han Wu couldn't help but think how unfortunate their timing had been. If they had attacked even a few days earlier, they could have possibly escaped alive. Now, his divine realm was lined with defensive towers. Once those towers marked someone as a threat, they would eliminate them before the target even realized what was happening.

During his time in seclusion, Han Wu had grasped the initial essence of death and felt confident he was on the verge of claiming it as his Divine Aspect. With that breakthrough behind him, he planned to entrust the protection of his divine realm to his people and resume attending classes as usual.

News had spread that he had represented Imperial College in the wargame between the God King of Life and the God King of Death, even leading Death's faction to victory. Many first-year students pressed their faces against the classroom window, eager for a glimpse of him. Han Wu ignored their curious stares and settled beside Qin Shuang, chatting casually.

Saliya soon entered the classroom with two exchange students. Han Wu nearly toppled from his chair when he recognized them. The first was Bao Xiren, whose darker complexion Han Wu still recalled clearly. The second was a blonde girl who radiated a gentle, pure light. It was none other than Elina!

The two had come to Imperial College as exchange students. After brief introductions, Saliya told them to find seats.

Bao Xiren glanced at Han Wu. As a general of the Warring Kingdom Civilization, he understood proper etiquette, so he simply greeted the trio and took a nearby seat. In contrast, Elina strode over to Qin Shuang and said firmly, "I want this seat. Please leave."

Qin Shuang turned around with confusion and locked eyes with her. She had to confirm that Elina was speaking to her.

The other students were eavesdropping as well, keenly aware of the hostility radiating from the two female students—it had the distinct edge of an Asura clash.

Elina thought Qin Shuang hadn't heard her and repeated, "I want this seat. Leave."

Qin Shuang shook her head firmly. "No, this is my seat. I won't leave."

The latter looked pretty but also possessed a degree of strength. The moment Elina touched her, lightning surged around Qin Shuang's body, jolting Elina's hand away. Her palm blackened and burned but quickly returned to its normal color.

Elina's face burned with frustration and embarrassment at being rejected in front of so many witnesses. As the direct descendant of the God King of Light, she carried his reputation. If word spread, people would mock her father.

She gathered light into her palm and raised her hand to strike Qin Shuang and assert her dominance. At that moment, Saliya intervened. She refused to let her students attack each other in class, so she raised her arm and activated a sealing Divine Skill, blocking Elina's attack.

"Elina, this is Imperial College, not the Radiant Church," she said flatly. "If you are not here to study, I am more than happy to help you fill out your application to leave."

Elina had no desire to go back, so she forced herself to stay quiet. Then she turned to the student sitting behind Han Wu and ordered, "I want that seat. Please move."

The student had been watching the scene with amusement, but his grin vanished when she singled him out.

*Wait, she couldn't beat Qin Shuang, so now she's coming for me? Does she think that I'm weaker than her?* he wondered bitterly.

“What if I don't?” he challenged her.

The repeated rejections vexed Elina, and her tone dripped with fury. “I am the God King of Light's daughter!”

Han Wu didn't want her to stir up more trouble, so he stepped in to vouch for her. “She's telling the truth.”

The boy's heart pounded; this was dangerous. Elina wasn't someone he could afford to offend, especially when his family had only one God.

“In that case, I will relinquish my seat to you, at Han Wu's request. But let me make this clear. I am not afraid of you or your family. I only wish to show Han Wu the respect he deserves.” He spoke with bravado, but his legs had already started to shake.

Han Wu blinked in confusion. “But I never asked you to leave?”

The student ignored him and left without a word.

Elina slid into the seat behind Han Wu and stared at him with her wide, unblinking eyes. It felt like she was about to fire twin beams of holy light straight through his skull.

Even without turning around, Han Wu could feel her glare digging into him. A chill crept up his spine.

At that moment, Qin Shuang quietly pinched Han Wu's waist and twisted it a full circle. The pain nearly made him cry out. He clamped his mouth shut and fought to stay silent.

Meanwhile, Sun Qingnian sent Han Wu a telepathic message.

—Bro, even I think you're going too far having two girls for yourself. Take care of your kidney. You'll need it to satisfy them both. Do it in moderation.

—Fuck off.

The class continued as usual, but the two girls secretly glared at each other.

When it ended, Qin Shuang immediately grabbed Han Wu's arm and refused to let go. Elina followed suit, clinging to his other arm without hesitation.

Sun Qingnian watched the whole scene unfold. His only comment was that Elina's chest looked extremely bouncy.

Bao Xiren also witnessed the scene and stared in disbelief. *Are people in the Divine Civilization this open? Should I record this and turn it into a book so everyone back home can refer to it?*

Han Wu had enough. Qin Shuang hugging his arm was one thing, but Elina? They had only met three times.

He shook Elina off and snapped, “What do you want?”

Elina looked hurt but swallowed her disappointment and pressed, “I want you to join the Radiant Church. Only by joining my father’s faction will you have a real future.”

Han Wu finally grasped her true intent. Elina had come to use her body as a tool to recruit him into Light’s faction. Sun Qingnian would have fallen for this trick without even asking what he would gain.

Han Wu wasn’t going to make such a mistake. He was now the Holy Son of Death and had obtained both the Darkness and Death Aspects.

How could he possibly align himself with Darkness’ sworn enemy? Plenty had met ruin for turning traitor in that way. Han Wu had a bright future ahead of him and wouldn’t throw it away on something so foolish.

“Sorry, but I’m not the right fit for the God King of Light. Find someone else.” He turned her down without hesitation and walked off with Qin Shuang.

Elina watched their retreating backs and recalled her father’s words. Light had told her that even if she failed to recruit him to his faction, she had to at least obtain his seed.

Yet she was not ready to surrender to that fate. Clenching her small fist with stubborn resolve, she declared, “Han Wu, no one in this world can reject me. I will bring you into the God King of Light’s faction.”

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,220 words ]

## **Chapter 274 - Test**

Life without a major class felt simple yet fulfilling. Han Wu attended classes daily, then went to the library with Qin Shuang to delve deeper into foreign civilizations.

Wherever they went, Bao Xiren and Elina followed closely. Bao Xiren wanted to learn more about the Divine Civilization, so he shadowed Han Wu, planning to document everything in a book for future teaching materials in the Warring Kingdom Civilization.

Bao Xiren remained mostly quiet and never disturbed Han Wu, who did not mind his presence. Elina, however, was loud and persistent. She constantly nagged Han Wu, trying to recruit him into her father's faction.

Han Wu felt like his ears would fall off from the nonstop noise. Qin Shuang was even more frustrated. Elina's constant interruptions pushed her to the edge more than once. She nearly fought Elina several times, but each time, she backed down because she was much weaker than her.

As the daughter of a God King, Elina possessed a powerful Divine Talent. She didn't need to use her full strength to beat Qin Shuang. The imbalance gnawed at Qin Shuang and fuelled her determination to grow stronger. From that point on, she regarded Elina as her rival.

One day, Han Wu had just stepped out of the library when he received a notification from Saliya. The first-year students had already enrolled some time ago and had shown rapid improvement in their overall strength.

Imperial College planned to hold a test for these students to decide who would become the valedictorian. Though Han Wu did not desperately seek the rewards tied to the title, the prize money remained a tempting prospect for students from average families.

Saliya called to inform him that she intended to nominate Han Wu as a seeded student for the test. He had no objections, welcoming any chance to secure more resources from the college.

Elina overheard the conversation and devised a plan. She waited for Han Wu to end the call before speaking. "Han Wu, make a wager with me if you want me to stop pestering you."

Han Wu frowned, confused. What did that have to do with anything? Still, he decided to hear her out. "What are you wagering?"

Elina's chest swelled with pride. "As an exchange student, I have the right to join the test too. If I become valedictorian, you must listen to me and join my father's faction."

"What if I become valedictorian instead? Will you stop pestering me?" Han Wu asked.

Elina replied stubbornly, "I am the daughter of the God King of Light. I will not lose."

Qin Shuang rolled her eyes. "You still lost to Han Wu in the wargames."

Elina flinched. “No, I didn’t show my full strength in the wargame. If I did, no one below the rank of God could beat me.”

Qin Shuang clearly didn’t buy it.

Han Wu sighed and turned to Bao Xiren, who was busy scribbling in his notebook. “Xiren, are you taking the test too?”

Bao Xiren looked up. “I can take the test?”

“Of course. You’re an exchange student at Imperial College now. You’re allowed to take any test you want,” Han Wu said.

Bao Xiren considered it, then shook his head and declined. In his defense, he reasoned that since he wasn’t part of the Divine Civilization, its resources should be reserved for its native life forms.

Han Wu shook his head with mild disappointment. “That’s a shame.”

He had fought Bao Xiren before, but both of them had been restricted at the time, unable to unleash their full power. He had hoped they could finally battle without limits and see who was truly stronger.

Bao Xiren smiled quietly and said nothing.

...

Three days passed, and the day of the test arrived. The exam would use each candidate’s divine realm as the benchmark for evaluation. The stronger the divine realm, the stronger its god.

Yet using the divine realm as a standard was a broad concept, involving many factors: the strength of its races, the power of the Core, the variety of buildings, and more. Any candidate who excelled in one or more of these elements stood a real chance to win.

As such, the test would take place as a series of one-on-one matches, with each student required to pit their divine realm against another’s. Before each fight, students could choose to take on the role of attacker or defender.

Attackers would invade their opponent’s divine realm. They would give up their home-field advantage, but their own divine realm would remain untouched. They would also gain more freedom of movement during the assault. If the defenders surrendered, the attackers would win.

Defenders would hold their ground and try to repel the invasion. Their advantage lay in their familiarity with the terrain and the chance to prepare traps in advance. However,

their divine realm would become the battlefield. One mistake could cost them not only the fight but also their most valuable assets. Victory would come if the attackers gave up.

If the number of students choosing each side was uneven, the system would automatically handle the matchmaking. Some students would either get lucky and skip the round altogether, or be randomly assigned to the opposing side.

A total of 190 students were participating, with thirty of them classified as seeded. These students had been recommended by their lecturers, who vouched for their strength. As a result, they bypassed the preliminaries. The remaining 160 students had to fight through four rounds to determine the top ten. Only those ten would earn the right to challenge the seeded students.

Han Wu, as Saliya's chosen student, was among the thirty and exempt from the early rounds. He only needed to spectate and wait for Qin Shuang and the others to advance.

Every student was a genius who had clawed their way up to this point. Qin Shuang, Sun Qingnian, and Elina stood out even among geniuses, easily securing spots in the top ten after preliminaries.

The remaining forty students now had to battle one another until only one remained. That student would become the valedictorian.

Han Wu had grown bored watching the earlier matches and eagerly awaited his own fight. To conserve his stamina, he chose to defend and was soon randomly paired with an attacker. The match started promptly and was broadcast live to everyone within Imperial College.

The second- and third-year seniors watched with excitement and interest. Yet many stared at Han Wu's match with dread. The screen remained dark, showing no image, but the agonized cries of the invading units echoed clearly from the void. Those dying throes sounded like curses, and more than a few seniors turned pale as they remembered the fate that had befallen their own units.

It didn't take long for the voices to fade completely. The battle ended, and Han Wu emerged victorious. He had annihilated every unit invading his divine realm.

No one knew what had transpired since the screen had stayed completely dark. Many assumed the recorder had malfunctioned and failed to transmit the images properly.

Only a few seniors understood the truth. The recorder worked perfectly. The issue lay within Han Wu's divine realm itself. No matter how many units invaded, whether millions or billions, none of them could survive for long.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,063 words ]

## **Chapter 275 - Races**

The test continued. After the first round, only twenty contestants remained. Han Wu once again chose to defend in his second match and was paired with an opponent who had opted to attack.

Their match started, but the outcome was no different. The screen remained black, and for over ten seconds, the arena echoed with the screams of dying units before falling silent.

The judges reviewed the match and ruled in Han Wu's favor. He had secured a place in the top ten. Qin Shuang and Elina had advanced as well, but Sun Qingnian had been eliminated by one of the seeded contenders.

In the third match, Han Wu again chose defense. The result followed the same pattern: the screen blackened, and the audience could hear only the anguished cries of the invading forces. None understood what had happened. This time, the sounds lasted over fifty-three seconds before the match concluded.

Han Wu's opponent refused to accept the outcome. They claimed that a God had tampered with Han Wu's divine realm, causing the rapid destruction of the invaders. They even demanded a thorough inspection of Han Wu's divine realm by the college.

The judges had grown curious about the strange phenomena as well. With Han Wu's consent, they entered his divine realm for inspection. No sooner had they stepped inside than they sensed countless towers locking onto them.

After a thorough assessment, the judges concluded that an array of powerful towers protected Han Wu's divine realm. They would mercilessly bombard any intruder the moment they crossed the threshold. Even King life forms would struggle to survive more than a minute under such relentless assault. Life forms below the High Lord rank would last less than three seconds unless they possessed special Skills to preserve their lives.

Han Wu's divine realm defenses were astonishingly formidable. The judges themselves could not be certain if their own units would survive there, let alone the first-year students.

Bound by their duty to protect the students' secrets, the judges withheld their full report from the public. All they disclosed was that Han Wu's victory had been fair and

legitimate, with no signs of foul play. However, to preserve the balance of the test, they formally requested that Han Wu switch to the attacking role in the next round.

Han Wu agreed for the sake of the rewards. With only five contestants left, including himself, he would face at most three more opponents. When the fourth match arrived, Han Wu was fortunate not to be assigned an opponent. He could rest once again.

The matches ended quickly, and Qin Shuang was unfortunately eliminated. The two victors were Elina and a student named Lan Yu. Since Han Wu had not faced an opponent in the previous round, he was now forced to confront one of them. Ultimately, Han Wu was paired against Elina, who brimmed with excitement at the chance to face him.

“I will defeat you!” Elina declared confidently, knowing Han Wu had no choice but to attack her divine realm.

This was also the first time the senior students could truly see Han Wu’s army, as there was finally footage of the battle.

The screen displayed Elina’s divine realm as Han Wu forces invaded it. Gasps rose from the audience at the sight of his army. No one was surprised by the 500 billion locusts. After all, they were his core race, notorious for their explosive reproduction. Even their overwhelming numbers weren’t entirely unexpected.

However, the Tigermen were another matter. These were Elite life forms known for their formidable combat abilities, and there were 10 billion assembled. Their ranks stretched endlessly to the horizon.

Many students had already noticed the high ratio of experts among the Tigermen. Less than 10% were Elite Tigermen, 40% Unique, 45% Heroic, 4% Tigermen Lords, and fewer than 1% Tigermen High Lords. This kind of army composition surpassed what even some older Gods could field. Yet Han Wu had achieved it as a first-year student. The sheer absurdity of it stung, especially since the Tigermen weren’t even his core race.

The spectators believed they had grown numb to the shock after witnessing the scale of the Tigermen. That changed the moment they saw a small brigade of Great Dragons. At the head was a pure-blooded black dragon, radiating the unmistakable aura of a High Lord. This Great Dragon alone could effortlessly slay a King life form.

Ten lightning Great Dragons followed Alpheus. Although they weren’t pure-blooded like Alpheus, they were still formidable Great Dragons. Each one could serve as a powerful linchpin holding together the army of a typical first-year student. Yet here, they were nothing more than common infantry within Han Wu’s forces.

Behind them came millions of Epistians, several hundred thousand heavily armed Scorching Dwarves, and 10,000 minotaurs. At the rear of the army trailed a single figure—Steely.

Every spectator knew the particular Swordwind was different. He ranked as the strongest unit in Han Wu's army, and his overall strength had reached the peak of a King life form. Beyond that, he was Han Wu's Saint and had absorbed a compatible Divine Aspect. Everyone knew that the moment Han Wu became a God, Steely would soon follow and become a native Demigod. His potential knew no bounds.

Han Wu's opponent, Elina, was no weakling either. The first thing that drew attention was the enormous city she had constructed out of Radiant Stones—a rare material sold by the gram in the Divine Civilization. That she had enough to build an entire city revealed the staggering depth of her resources.

The spectators started to reconsider their sense of scale when it came to wealth. A city built from that much Radiant Stone could have nurtured two powerful Gods.

Still, wealth alone would not decide the battle. They needed to evaluate her units too.

When they peered into the city, they saw ten billion Holy Knights in full battle gear, awaiting her command. Her army included two King life forms, hundreds of High Lords, several hundred million Lords, and over 10 million Heroics. This was an army worthy of a true God, and it embodied Elina's true strength.

Given her army, everyone would have expected her to win the test. Now, doubt clouded their faces. They glanced from Han Wu's forces to Elina's, and it seemed she was fated to lose.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,050 words ]

## **Chapter 276 - First-Year Valedictorian**

Han Wu didn't fear Elina's Holy Knights. In terms of sheer numbers, he had never lost.

Elina wasn't backing down either. Holy Knights were tenacious Unique life forms They could unleash devastating attacks and heal their wounds in seconds. She had complete faith in their power.

Before the battle started, Han Wu gave her a final warning. "My powers are a little cruel. It's still not too late to surrender."

Elina met his gaze with a haughty smile. "I will win this match and recruit you into the Light faction."

Han Wu sighed at her stubbornness. "Fine. But don't regret this."

The match started, but Han Wu didn't order his army to attack. They stood motionlessly and waited patiently.

The spectators grew confused, unsure of Han Wu's intentions. The match had started, so why wasn't he attacking? Was he afraid of Elina's Holy Knights?

He was not. He was just thinking about how wasteful it was to send so many Holy Knights to their death for no good reason. With a shake of his head and a look of pity, he raised his arm. The Skull Guillotine appeared above him, its blade slick with darkened blood.

Bao Xiren trembled at the sight. The terror of the guillotine had left a deep mark. Even now, Bao Xiren sometimes relived the nightmare of Han Wu mercilessly slaughtering the allied fleet of the ten kingdoms.

Elina couldn't decipher the Skull Guillotine's mechanics, but she knew it unsettled her deeply. She ordered her Holy Knights to activate their Sacred Recovery in preparation for the battle ahead.

The Skull Guillotine swept across the battlefield without pause, ignoring their defenses. More than a quarter of the Holy Knights suddenly bore a skull hovering above their heads.

Elina suspected a curse and unleashed her Divine Skill: Cleanse to remove it, but it had no effect. The skulls snapped open and clamped down on the Holy Knights' heads just as the Skull Guillotine's blade fell.

In that instant, Elina felt her connection to 25% of her Holy Knights sever completely. They died instantly, their souls extinguished without a trace. The obliteration was absolute.

Both Elina and the spectators shuddered at the sight. Their eyes filled with dread as they stared at Han Wu, who had annihilated 2.5 billion Holy Knights with a simple wave of his hand.

"What is this? How can this be? This is impossible!" Elina mumbled in a daze. It felt like a nightmare.

Han Wu had paid a steep price to kill so many Holy Knights. That single move cost him 2.5 billion Divine Points, or 25 Divine Essence. Fortunately, his wealth was vast enough to cover the loss. Otherwise, he would have been broke.

After wiping out 25% of the enemy forces, Han Wu seized the moment before Elina could recover from her shock and order her army to attack at full strength. This time, the locusts formed the vanguard. All 500 billion of them blotted out the sun, stripping the land bare.

Even when they couldn't kill a Holy Knight directly, they still exploded at the moment of death, disorienting their foes and aiding their allies. The self-detonation of 100 billion locusts wiped out 1 billion Holy Knights.

At a glance, the outcome could be framed as a victory for Elina. Her Holy Knights had supposedly defeated 100 enemies before falling. In reality, she had suffered a massive loss. Han Wu's locusts were easy to replace and multiplied rapidly as long as food was available. In contrast, each of Elina's Holy Knights required vast resources to nurture. Even if a single Holy Knight defeated 10,000 locusts before dying, she was still bleeding money.

Han Wu's assault pressed on. After the swarm of locusts, the Great Dragons took to the skies. Alpheus led the ten lightning Great Dragons as they flew past Elina's city, scorching it to the ground with their dragon breaths. Though the Radiant Stones were sturdy, they could not withstand the dragon breaths. The city fell in moments, and millions of Holy Knights perished under the brutal onslaught.

The Great Dragons served as an intimidating shock force, breaking enemy lines and buying precious time for their allies. They withdrew swiftly before the Epistians could unleash their charged magic. The massive fireball that followed blazed like a sun before crashing into the ruins of Elina's city. Its heat and explosion reduced millions of Holy Knights to ash in an instant.

This barrage marked only the beginning of Han Wu's assault, yet it alone wiped over 3.5 billion Holy Knights and obliterated Elina's treasured city made of Radiant Stones. The blow rattled the morale of Elina's forces.

Elina was angry but afraid. She wanted to take revenge, yet she couldn't. Moreover, she had noticed that Han Wu hadn't moved since deploying the Skull Guillotine. She had already studied the report confirming he possessed the Defiance, Destruction, and War Aspects. In a way, Han Wu was showing her mercy. If he had enhanced his army with any of his Divine Skills, she would have lost far more than 3.5 billion Holy Knights.

The locusts turned back for another wave of bombardment, and Elina finally surrendered. A judge appeared instantly beside Han Wu and asked him to stop attacking.

Han Wu issued his commands, and his units retreated to his divine realm. Left alone, Elina collapsed to the ground, overwhelmed by shock and exhaustion. This had not been a battle but a one-sided massacre. She had never suffered such a devastating loss before. It would take years to restore her divine realm to its former glory.

Despite everything, Elina could not bring herself to hate Han Wu. He was strong, ruthless, and unstoppable. Fear gripped her, but at the same time, Han Wu's power had left an indelible mark on her heart.

The spectators finally realized today that Han Wu's true strength far surpassed that of the first-year students and even some of the lecturers.

After reviewing the footage, even Lan Yu conceded early, surrendering the valedictorian title to Han Wu. Usually, giving up before a match was disgraceful, but no student or lecturer dared to criticize him. Only fools would send their units against an unbeatable opponent.

In the end, Han Wu claimed the valedictorian title without much resistance.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,225 words ]

## **Chapter 277 - Death Faction**

Han Wu became the valedictorian and earned high praise from the college's leaders. As his lecturer, Saliya also received a reward from the college.

Han Wu's main lecturer, Major God Xu Hai, was ecstatic and boasted proudly to his friends. The other Major Gods scoffed and rolled their eyes, but beneath their dismissive expressions lay deep envy. How had Xu Hai managed to claim a student like Han Wu? They all wished they had a student of his caliber.

With the test over, everyone was free to go, but Xu Hai summoned Han Wu to the office. Several other lecturers, including Saliya and Lina, were already there.

Xu Hai nodded approvingly. "Han Wu, I've seen your strength, and I am very pleased with how quickly you are improving."

At his current level, even a typical third-year student would struggle to match Han Wu.

Han Wu replied humbly, "It's all thanks to the lecturers and their guidance."

Xu Hai's smile grew wider. He thrived on such praise from his students.

Another Major God cleared his throat and said, "Old Xu, enough smiling. Get to the point."

Xu Hai's grin faded. "Han Wu, as the valedictorian of the first years, you will not only receive monthly resources but also a very special prize. This reward is exceptionally valuable, so you must keep it secret."

Han Wu's curiosity sparked immediately. What kind of prize could be so significant that even Major Gods treated it with such seriousness?

"Here, take a look." Xu Hai produced an invitation and handed it to Han Wu. He opened it up to read it.

[Hell Invite: The Hell Civilization has built a brand-new arena and invites all Demon Lords to come forth and test their strength.]

Han Wu was confused and glanced at Xu Hai for clarification. This was just a regular invitation to try out a new arena in a foreign civilization. What made it so special?

Xu Hai explained, "This invitation is reserved exclusively for the Demon Lords of the Hell Civilization. No one else has the right to use it. While the Hell Civilization may not match the Divine Civilization's strength, it remains a formidable power. I believe ascending into a God within the Hell arena will be advantageous for you."

Now Han Wu understood its significance. Imperial College planned to use him to seize resources from the Hell Civilization. Every civilization had a strict limit on the number of Demigods, Gods, Major Gods, and God Kings it could produce and sustain. If Han Wu became a God within the Hell Civilization, it would mean one fewer God for their ranks.

This was akin to a brain drain. Losing too many powerful beings would cause the civilization's overall strength and status to plummet. Every civilization worked hard to prevent this from happening. The Divine Civilization faced the same challenge. Even after becoming a God in another civilization, one could ascend into a God within the Divine Civilization again.

Someone who took resources from two different civilizations was incredibly powerful. Han Wu had become a Demigod in another civilization and acquired *Famine*, a vital power that helped him nurture his locusts. Now, he looked forward to discovering what kind of powers he would gain from the Hell Civilization.

Xu Hai continued to give him instructions. "The invitation lasts for three months. Before that time is up, you must comprehend your Divine Aspects and prepare to depart. Ideally, you should be on the threshold of becoming a God by then. Don't squander this precious opportunity."

"I understand. I won't disappoint you," Han Wu replied.

The other lecturers nodded and left to tend to their own affairs.

Han Wu was about to leave when Xu Hai called out, "Han Wu, I can sense the Mark of Death on you."

"Master, during the last wargame, I earned the approval of the God King of Death and became his Holy Son."

Xu Hai's eyes brightened. "The Holy Son of Death? That's impressive. Are you only beginning to comprehend the Death Aspect? I recommend you visit their base. With your status, you should receive proper training there."

Han Wu had been searching for ways to grasp the Death Aspect, and Xu Hai's words struck a chord. If he wanted to comprehend it, he needed to seek out the place where its power thrived.

"Thank you for your advice. I will act on it immediately." Han Wu vanished without hesitation.

Xu Hai watched Han Wu teleport away and clicked his tongue with a hint of amusement. "He does remind me of myself back in the day."

Han Wu had used the mark on his forehead to teleport directly to the God King of Death's base. Before him rose a massive black gothic castle. People streamed in and out, all clearly belonging to the Death faction.

Han Wu watched them quietly. He noticed that even the weakest among them had reached the peak of Demigod power and were just a step away from becoming a God. By comparison, he was the weakest presence in this place.

As Han Wu observed, the Elder in charge of this section spotted him immediately. His strength radiated so intensely that no one could miss it.

The Elder appeared before him and said, "Sir, please show me the Mark of Death."

The Elder noticed Han Wu's youthful appearance and suspected that he was a spy from another faction. Despite the base being protected by strict laws, rival factions often attempted to sneak in spies. The Elder had to carefully inspect every suspect to prevent any leakage of information about the faction's members or secrets.

Han Wu didn't want any trouble, so he revealed the mark on his forehead.

The Elder froze in shock. He had spent centuries here, rising from a disciple to an Elder, and had never encountered anyone ranked higher than the Bishops. Yet now, standing before him, was a living Holy Son.

He quickly forced what resembled a smile onto his otherwise stiff expression. "Holy Son! Please forgive me for my rudeness."

Han Wu waved a hand, showing that he took no offense.

The Elder then asked carefully, “May I know what business you have here?”

“I want to find a way to quickly comprehend the Death Aspect.”

The Elder’s eyes brightened with interest. The Death Aspect held great prestige here. Since the Holy Son was considered Death’s core disciple, it made sense that he would have the Divine Aspect.

“Holy Son, we do have a special training ground within the base designed to accelerate one’s understanding of the Death Aspect. Allow me to escort you there.”

The Elder led the way until they reached a dedicated counter. Speaking with a tone both careful and firm, he told the receptionist what he needed.

The receptionist was a young disciple who had worked at the base since graduating high school over ten years ago. This was her first time meeting a Holy Son. As she processed the paperwork, she stole several curious glances at Han Wu, noting how young he appeared. Finally, she handed him a card that would transport him to the special training ground.

Han Wu took the card and followed the Elder into a room. Using the card, he opened the door and stepped inside, only to find himself transported to a peculiar space.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,269 words ]

## **Chapter 278 - Experiencing Death**

Han Wu stood on a small boat that rocked steadily in the vast ocean. Suddenly, a powerful wave slammed into it, overturning and sinking the vessel. He plunged into the water and instinctively tried to summon his Divine Points to save himself. No matter how hard he concentrated, he could not access his Divine Points, nor could he activate his Nine Martial Castes to save himself.

He knew how to swim and was quite skilled, but his efforts proved futile. He struggled for over three hours before his stamina gave out, and he sank beneath the ocean’s surface. He felt seawater fill his lungs with agonizing clarity before he asphyxiated. He died.

In the next moment, Han Wu jolted awake, and a screen materialized before him.

[Would you like to experience death again?]

His body and mind recoiled. He had just faced the finality of drowning, so vivid it had convinced him he was truly dead. Tentatively, he extended his senses into the Death Aspect within his body. He realized his understanding of death had deepened significantly through the harrowing ordeal.

Han Wu grasped the essence of the training ground. No amount of secluded cultivation could bring true comprehension of death. The most direct, brutal path was to confront and accept it. Only then would the Divine Aspect acknowledge him as its rightful owner.

Determined to earn that recognition, Han Wu clenched his teeth and chose to face death once more. This time, he was a pirate. A bullet tore through his chest and pierced his heart. The sharp pain and the rapid fading of his consciousness deepened his understanding once again.

He decided to endure it again, and this time he was hanged on the gallows. The floor dropped out from under him, and the noose snapped tight around his neck. He couldn't draw a single breath. Ultimately, he succumbed to asphyxiation.

Han Wu woke and immediately dove back into the simulation. He repeated the process many times, experiencing countless kinds of death—drowning, burning, electrocution, piercing wounds, blood loss, poisoning, falling from great heights, disease, and more. Each method of dying increased his comprehension of death.

More importantly, with every experience, he grew calmer in the face of death. Fear no longer gripped him; instead, he sought out new ways to die. He lost track of how long he repeated the cycle until he reached a point of full acceptance. Death was not an end but a status affliction that was maddeningly difficult to overcome.

After experiencing death countless times, he unlocked the peculiar Divine Skill of the Death Aspect. It required few Divine Points and demanded little intense focus. Its sole criterion was simple: the user and the target shared sensations throughout the Death Divine Skill's duration. If Han Wu used it to hang his targets to death, he would feel the suffocating grip of the noose tightening around his own neck. Its effect ended only when one of them fully accepted the status ailment of Death.

This captured the essence of the Death Divine Skill. It functioned as a single Divine Skill and many at once, since death came in countless forms. When used correctly, the user would become the embodiment of death. However, a single misstep would mean the user's own demise. It was a terrifying double-edged sword.

Han Wu admitted that the Death Divine Skill felt like self-mutilation, but its power was undeniable. He fully merged with the Death Aspect and prepared himself to merge the fifth one, the Darkness Aspect.

The Darkness Aspect was also Rank 5. It did not match the Death Aspect's strength, but it remained powerful. Because the God King of Death and the God King of Darkness were allies, Han Wu gained access to a training ground that accelerated his understanding of darkness itself. The requirement was simple: immerse fully into the darkness.

Two months passed before the door to his chamber finally creaked open. A shadowy figure emerged. Wherever he walked, others instinctively parted to make way.

At his post, the Elder had been passing time in quiet boredom when he suddenly sensed a chilling, deathly silence. His body tensed as he turned to see the shadowy figure.

"Holy... Son..." The Elder's voice shook. He had sensed the unmistakable aura of the God of Death radiating from Han Wu.

The God of Death was a direct subordinate of the God King of Death. Han Wu was still just a Demigod, and the gulf between them should have been immense. So how could he possibly carry such an aura?

Han Wu approached the receptionist and held out the card. "Should I return this to you?"

The receptionist's body trembled when she saw Han Wu, and her words barely escaped through her chattering teeth. A veil of darkness obscured Han Wu's face, and she couldn't see his expression.

Han Wu locked his gaze on her, and she felt as if her soul would be consumed. Even as a God, resisting the pressure in his gaze proved nearly impossible.

"No... No need, Holy Son... This is... your authority," she stammered, forcing the words out with great effort.

Han Wu frowned in confusion. *Did she see a ghost? Do I look like one? But how could that be? I was only in the training ground for a short time.*

The Elder stepped forward and bowed respectfully. "Holy Son, I suspect you're still confused. Allow me to explain."

"Speak."

The Elder looked at Han Wu and felt goosebumps ripple across his skin. He quickly lowered his head. "Holy Son, it appears you have fully absorbed both the Death Aspect and the Darkness Aspect. You also seem capable of merging them seamlessly.

“I believe you may still be uncertain about how to wield them, so I’d like to suggest a brief round of battle training. The God King of Darkness is currently waging war against the God King of Light.

“With your status, you can join the battlefield. Not only will you earn merits, but you will also gain valuable combat experience with your new powers. It’s a chance to accomplish both at once.”

Han Wu frowned. “How long have I been locked up?”

“According to the Divine Civilization’s calendar, two months and three days.”

Han Wu sighed in relief. The invitation to the Hell Civilization remained valid for another month. He still had twenty-seven days to grow accustomed to his powers. “Fine. Take me to the battlefield.”

The Elder nodded and led the way. Many disciples watched from a distance, secretly marveling at how terrifying Han Wu’s uncontrolled presence was. He resembled a miniature God of Death.

Han Wu was soon brought to the battlefield.

The one overseeing this section of the front lines was a seasoned Vampire God. He immediately sensed the familiar power of darkness and death emanating from Han Wu. Anyone who could wield both powers wasn’t someone to be trifled with. Even the vampire understood that much. There was a chance Han Wu was the prodigy nurtured by both the Darkness and Death factions.

*Hmm... Is he a genius sent here to gain battlefield experience, earn some merit, and return to base as a future leader? I’d better make sure he stays alive.*

Even though he was talking to a God, Han Wu made no effort to lower his voice. “Let me enter the battlefield.”

“No problem. Let me assign you to the battlefield so you can handle those pesky armies of the Light faction.” The Vampire God opened the gates and led Han Wu onto the battlefield. To prevent any mishaps, the Elder followed closely behind.

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## **- Chapter 279 - Defending the Battlefield**

[ 1,391 words ]

## Chapter 279 - Defending the Battlefield

This was the battlefield where the God King of Darkness clashed with the God King of Light. Han Wu landed near the rear, close to the infirmary. Many wounded units had retreated here from the frontlines to receive treatment. Most of them were vampires.

The vampires, along with the Dark Elves and Revenants, made up the three primary races loyal to the God King of Darkness. They were the three main forces fighting for the Darkness faction.

The moment Han Wu appeared, several vampires detected his presence through their keen sense of smell. The scent of fresh blood drew their attention.

“Is that... fresh blood? It’s so tempting...” One vampire with injured eyes rose to his feet and lunged at Han Wu, eager to be the first to taste his fresh blood.

Fortunately, another vampire lying beside him used his only remaining arm to pin down the lunging vampire. “You idiot! Do you think of nothing but food? Can’t you feel the powerful Dark Energy radiating from that Young Master?”

The blind vampire scoffed and muttered with open disdain, “*Tsk*. I can’t see anything to begin with.”

The Elder stood beside Han Wu, guarding him carefully against the injured vampires. He did not fear for Han Wu’s safety but worried the vampires would soil his clothes.

Han Wu studied the injured vampires and noted their strength. Even the weakest among them were of Unique rank, while the strongest had reached High Lord rank.

“It seems they’re hostile toward me,” he remarked.

The Elder shot the group a sharp, warning glare before responding. “Holy Son, please be at ease. These vampires are nothing more than cannon fodder for the Darkness faction. They tend to resent those of higher status, but rest assured. They won’t dare lay a hand on you.”

Han Wu was quietly surprised to learn that vampires—Unique life forms from birth—served only as cannon fodder here. The scale of the war exceeded his expectations.

At that moment, a vampire dressed in luxurious clothing entered the infirmary. He bowed deeply to Han Wu and said respectfully, “I am Aslai. I welcome you, Young Master.”

Han Wu noticed that Aslai did not come from the Divine Civilization but carried an aura charged with Divine Points. It seemed that Aslai was a Demigod. Unlike Han Wu, it was far more difficult for a unit to achieve that.

Divine Beings like Han Wu benefited from the worship of countless units and races, making their ascension smoother. In contrast, individual units had to rely solely on their own effort to ascend.

Han Wu regarded Aslai with renewed respect. “No need for such formality. I am here just to offer some help.”

Aslai nodded. “Please, follow me.”

They left the infirmary, and Han Wu saw the sky ablaze with explosions from Light Energy and Dark Energy. Battles raged relentlessly across the horizon.

They reached a vantage point, and Aslai gestured toward the area. “This is an ideal place to set up an ambush. Many Holy Rabbitmen roam here, and they are easy prey. Young Master, if you strike here, you will earn many merits and return triumphant.”

Han Wu frowned. Even the Elder understood Aslai’s implication. The vampire wanted Han Wu to remain safely in this quiet region and pick off weak prey. Then Aslai could inflate the report, claiming Han Wu had achieved great merit. He assumed Han Wu was a wealthy son sent here for some training before returning.

The Elder’s anger flared, and he raised a hand to strike Aslai. “You damn vampire. How dare you belittle the Holy Son!”

Han Wu caught the Elder’s hand and gently lowered it. “Aslai, I came here to gain real battle experience. It doesn’t matter if I earn no merits. Please transfer me elsewhere.”

Aslai had already determined that Han Wu was a bigshot, judging by the Elder’s treatment and the reports from his superiors. What kind of important figure would willingly come to a battlefield lacking resources and nearly impossible to defend if not for the merits it offered?

This place was also filthy and unhygienic. Aslai refused to believe Han Wu wasn’t here to collect merits. Still, since Han Wu clearly said he didn’t want them, Aslai saw no reason to deny his request. Although Aslai was a Demigod, he remained just one of many units serving Darkness.

“Young Master, if that is the case, I will transfer you elsewhere.” Aslai spoke as if it were a simple matter, but he was quietly scanning multiple battlefronts to find one that posed some challenge without threatening the frontline.

He soon found a suitable location. “Here. Please follow me.”

He led them to a vast crater housing a single base. The base’s position left it vulnerable to being surrounded by enemies.

Thankfully, the only foes reaching this area were the weak Elite Lightchaser Wolves. Aslai was confident Han Wu would have no trouble handling them.

Han Wu scanned the base and immediately recognized the danger it posed. From his knowledge of warfare, the terrain made it a treacherous spot to defend. Yet, there was a clear reason for the base's existence. It served as a gateway to the Darkness faction's backline. Guarding this spot meant protecting the faction's most vulnerable flank.

Han Wu nodded. "Very well. I shall defend this place."

Aslai sighed, relieved to see Han Wu satisfied. "In that case, I must return to the infirmary. Many valiant vampires still need my aid."

Without another word, Aslai dissolved into a swarm of tiny bats and flew off.

Han Wu grew bored waiting at the base for the enemy to arrive. Meanwhile, the Elder seethed over how he was being treated. Han Wu was the Holy Son of Death and had absorbed both the Death Aspect and the Darkness Aspect. Someone of his status should have been stationed at the frontlines, where the fighting was fiercest against the main force of Light's army—not assigned to such a remote outpost.

Han Wu had already accepted his situation and chuckled softly. "It's fine. You don't need to complain on my behalf. I am only a Demigod. It's already fortunate they entrusted me with a battlefield to defend."

"But Holy Son, you are meant for greater deeds, not sitting here in a crater."

"I don't mind where I am as long as I can practice my Divine Skills. Also, try to tone down your Divine Authority a bit, or my prey will flee," Han Wu instructed.

He then scanned the terrain, checking for any sign of an ambush. Before long, a pack of Lightchaser Wolves came into view. They served as fodder for the Light faction and were often sent ahead to wear down the enemy's stamina, making things easier for the main force.

The pack's leader nearly faltered when it caught sight of Han Wu. Since its youth, the leader had shown exceptional talent and a keen sense of smell. It detected the dangerous scent radiating from Han Wu.

"AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" it howled, signaling a retreat.

Unfortunately, Han Wu had no intention of letting them get away so easily. He leapt out of the crater, landed in front of the Lightchaser Wolves, and gathered his Divine Points. A moment later, he unleashed the Divine Skill: Eternal Night.

A blanket of darkness swallowed everything within a ten-kilometer radius. The Lightchaser Wolves stumbled into chaos, unable to see. They charged aimlessly through the black void, their movements frantic. Only a handful managed to break free from the darkness.

Han Wu chuckled. "Only Demigods and above can escape from Eternal Night. You're all just fodder. Stay right there and become my training puppets."

He raised his arm and leveled his palm at one of the wolves. "Death Divine Skill: Asphyxiation."

The Lightchaser Wolf suddenly let out a strangled yelp as an invisible force wrapped around its throat. It clawed at the air, gasping for breath, but no sound escaped. The other wolves panicked, but none of them knew how to help. In the end, the wolf collapsed from suffocation.

After killing the Lightchaser Wolf, Han Wu let out a sigh. The Death Divine Skill had one flaw: the user endured the same sensation as the target. Still, he could wield it without spending extra Divine Points and extend its effect for as long as he wished.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,228 words ]

## Chapter 280 - Vampire Trio

Aslai, who was supposed to have left, stood on a hill just fifty kilometers from the crater. He fixed his gaze on Han Wu, carefully assessing the situation. Beside him stood two other vampires, both Demigods.

One of the vampires, Xue Wei, raised her sniper and sneered at Han Wu. "Aslai, is that the Young Master the higher-ups sent here for training? He looks weak to me."

The older vampire, Cairn, stood solemnly and replied, "His position must be significant if he wields both the Death Aspect and the Darkness Aspect. Xue Wei, you should be more cautious in your judgment. Our god will kill you without hesitation if you insult him."

Xue Wei scoffed at Cairn's advice. *Our god loves me the most. He would never kill me.*

Aslai focused his blood-red eyes on Han Wu's movements. This was one of his Divine Skills from the Blood Aspect, called Blood Eyes. It gave him vision within 100 kilometers and let him share what he saw with his allies. Still, even he could not pierce the Eternal Night that Han Wu had conjured.

Eternal Night remained active, which confirmed that Han Wu was unharmed. Moreover, the Elite Lightchaser Wolves were too weak to slay a Demigod on their own. Aslai felt confident Han Wu was safe, yet a seed of doubt lingered. It had taken Han Wu over five minutes just to dispatch several Lightchaser Wolves.

Even Aslai started mocking Han Wu in his heart. *Is that Demigod really that weak? Han Wu should have needed only a few strikes to finish off the Lightchaser Wolves. Could he be someone who looks powerful but lacks true strength?*

What Aslai did not realize was that Han Wu was using the Eternal Night to test and refine his powers.

“Death Divine Skill: Heart Crusher.”

“Death Divine Skill: Decapitation.”

“Death Divine Skill: Immolation.”

...

It could be said that every method of dying could be considered a distinct Death Divine Skill. During his training, Han Wu transferred the sensations of the deaths he had experienced onto the Lightchaser Wolves multiple times.

He then tossed the dead Lightchaser Wolves into a Dark Pocket. It was a Darkness Divine Skill that rapidly accelerated decomposition, converting the corpses' nutrients into energy to restore Han Wu's stamina. This skill also transformed the corpses into Dark Beings that he could summon at will.

Han Wu also had his Defiance Divine Skill: Souleater Gaze, which allowed him to consume souls to nourish his own. In effect, every enemy he killed contributed fully to strengthening himself.

After killing all the Lightchaser Wolves, Han Wu deactivated Eternal Night and exhaled a deep breath of relief. The Death Divine Skill proved powerful but drained a significant amount of his stamina. He had faced several near-death experiences just to eliminate the wolves.

Xue Wei noticed Han Wu's exhaustion and mocked him further. “He only killed a few Lightchaser Wolves and already looks so weak. How could he gain any meaningful merit here? Dream on.”

Aslai frowned. Judging by Han Wu's condition, he could easily die if left unprotected. Still, Aslai felt some relief knowing the Elder continued to guard him.

Suddenly, Cairn noticed something was wrong. "Wait, an angel has sneaked into the area. It's heading straight past the Young Master's base!"

Aslai's panic spiked, and he ordered urgently, "Xue Wei, take out that angel with your sniper."

Xue Wei showed no urgency. She was more than happy to let Han Wu perish. To her, a maggot like Han Wu was nothing but a liability on the battlefield, and liabilities had to be removed.

"Fine," she grumbled, raised her sniper, and slowly took aim at the approaching angel. With a sharp crack, she fired a blood-crystal bullet. The angel took the hit and tumbled several times, but the shot missed any vital spots, leaving it alive for now.

The angel quickly activated a Skill to heal its wound and grabbed nearby objects to shield itself from further fire. Instead of scouting, it searched for an escape route from the deadly situation.

Within a minute, the bullet wound on its head fully healed. The angel then darted back to its companions, slipping into the center of their group to avoid another attack.

Xue Wei's bullets were no ordinary ammunition. She had tracked the angel's movements through her scope and watched it retreat to its group. A vicious smile spread across her face as she uttered, "Blood Divine Skill: Bloodburst."

Suddenly, the angel she had shot exploded, and its blood transformed into needles that shot outward. Several angels were struck, and their wounds bled profusely. Even their healing Skills failed to stop the bleeding.

Fortunately, a Demigod Archangel stood among them. He unleashed his Divine Skill to cleanse the Corrupted Blood status from his allies. Though the bleeding ceased, most of the angels could not recover their energy quickly.

The angels' faces were pale, and they could barely summon half their power to fight. While Xue Wei fired her bullet, Cairn had already closed in on the group. Now in striking range, he saw their weakened state and seized his chance.

With a roar, he unleashed his Blood Divine Skill: Blood Letter. A menacing sword, forged entirely from blood, materialized in his hands. At the same time, several blood clones emerged, and he launched into a relentless assault on the angels.

Those struck by his Blood Letter could not stop their bleeding. The larger the wounds, the more blood they lost. The already weakened angels stood no chance under Cairn's ruthless attack. They looked like helpless teenagers, completely incapable of putting up a fight.

The Archangel quickly realized that his forces had been spotted. His enemies remained hidden in the shadows while he was fully exposed. If this continued, he would be the next to fall. Thus, he made the swift, cold decision to sacrifice his troops. He would rather use the remaining angels as a diversion and make his escape than let them all die here.

Cairn hadn't expected the Archangel to flee at full speed. He finished off the angels nearby and gave chase, but he couldn't match the Archangel's speed. All he could do was watch as the figure raced straight toward Han Wu's position.

He immediately sent a signal to Aslai, urging them to fire another round to take the Archangel down. Aslai quickly ordered Xue Wei to kill the escaping Archangel.

Xue Wei rolled her eyes and said nonchalantly, "Fine, fine. You don't have to be so annoying."

She lifted her sniper rifle and peered through the scope, spotting the Archangel less than three kilometers from Han Wu. Her lips curled into a mocking smile. "A Young Master? *Hmph*. Let's see how you handle an Archangel."

She pulled the trigger, but this time, she deliberately missed. Her bullet veered wide, giving the Archangel the opening he needed to break into Han Wu's base.

As soon as he crossed the threshold, the Archangel sensed the overwhelming surge of pure Dark Energy radiating from Han Wu. The force of it made him abandon any thought of escape. He didn't know who this person was, but the sheer potency of that energy marked him as someone important. Killing Han Wu took priority. Even if it cost him his life, he was prepared to drag Han Wu down with him.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,221 words ]

## **Chapter 281 - Yes, Me**

The Archangel held nothing back. He unleashed his strongest combat form, summoning Holy Light into a towering greatsword and swinging it down at Han Wu.

Startled by the Archangel's sudden appearance, the Elder stepped out from the shadows and used his Divine Authority to shield Han Wu.

Han Wu was much faster and activated his Defiance Divine Skill: Defiant Sword and his Death Divine Skill: Pierced. The two Divine Skills easily shattered the holy greatsword with ease and pierced straight through the Archangel's body.

Just then, the Elder reached the Archangel and struck the corpse away with a single slap. To any onlookers, it appeared as though the Elder had broken the greatsword and slain the Archangel himself. Only the two of them knew the truth.

Fifty kilometers away, Aslai had seen everything. He transmitted the footage to Xue Wei, who seethed as she watched it.

"They actually sent a God to protect him? What a waste of resources. If they can't afford to risk his life, they shouldn't have sent him at all," she grumbled.

Aslai shot her a sharp glare and questioned her sharply, "Did you miss on purpose?"

Xue Wei gave a careless shrug. "What if I did? I hate those from the Divine Civilization. Why should they be the ones sitting on high, untouched by danger, while we're the ones dying?"

Aslai's fury boiled over. He lunged forward and wrapped his hand around her neck. "What do you know? If that man had suffered even a scratch, every vampire on the battlefield would've paid the price!"

Xue Wei struggled, but Aslai's grip was too strong. Her face reddened from lack of air. Thankfully, he didn't mean to kill her and let go before it went too far.

"Come with me and apologize to him," he said. "If we're sincere enough, they might let us off."

"I will not apologize to a weakling," Xue Wei spat. "Let them report me to our god if they want. He loves me. He'll understand."

"You little...!" Aslai clenched his fists, but he didn't know what to do with her. He'd grown up alongside her and couldn't bring himself to see her punished. In the end, he turned away and sprinted toward Han Wu, hoping a sincere apology would spare them from punishment.

He transformed into a swarm of bats and shot through the air. When he arrived, he found the Elder already berating Cairn and smacking him around.

"What were you doing? Why did an Archangel suddenly appear?" the Elder snapped. "If anything had happened, we'd all be punished!"

Aslai froze as he watched Cairn pinned to the ground and beaten. Rage simmered in his chest, but he didn't dare to show it. If he did, he would be executed on the spot—or worse, all the vampires stationed here could be wiped out.

He forced his emotions down and stepped forward. "I'm sorry, Young Master. We've made a serious mistake."

The Elder's fury didn't wane. "You're sorry? You think a single apology is enough to resolve this...?"

Han Wu raised a hand. "That's alright. Apology accepted. Just make sure it doesn't happen again."

The Elder stopped and coughed. "Did you hear him? Be careful next time. You're lucky the Holy Son is merciful. Anyone else would've had you executed on the spot."

Aslai bowed in silence, then carried the battered Cairn to the infirmary. Once Cairn was in safe hands, Aslai returned to the same post, fifty kilometers out, and remained there to personally guard Han Wu.

Han Wu stayed at the base for three full days. During that time, he busied himself with hunting down the Elite Lightchaser Wolves that kept scouting the area. There were plenty of them, and through the repeated battles, he grew more adept with his Divine Skills.

On the other side of the battlefield, within the Light faction's base, the commander realized that a single troop led by a Demigod Archangel had failed to return. This was a serious matter.

Angels stood as higher-ranking units born as Unique life forms. They only needed to exert a little more effort to become Heroics, and with the favor of their god, they could ascend to Demigods. Yet now, the self-proclaimed elite race had lost one of their own troops.

The commander of this battlefield, a Cherub of the God rank, assumed the despised vampires had ambushed the missing troop. In reality, the opposite was true. Still, this assumption gave the Light faction a reason to retaliate.

By coincidence, a God from the Divine Civilization was visiting this battlefield, accompanied by a large contingent of his core race, the Holy Harpies.

A massive flock of Holy Harpies joined the battlefield and started massacring the Darkness faction's forces. The vampires suffered devastating losses, with many killed or wounded. Even the Darkness faction's main base on this battlefield was soon surrounded.

As the base's commander, Aslai knew he lived and died with it. Yet the overwhelming number of Holy Harpies left little chance of a successful defense.

Desperate to save at least some of his men, Aslai turned to Han Wu for help. Since Han Wu hailed from the Divine Civilization, he held the authority to carry some of the injured vampires away to his divine realm.

However, Han Wu refused the request. As the Holy Son of Death, he lacked the authority to remove units belonging to the Darkness faction. Moreover, he believed the situation was not dire enough to justify a retreat.

Xue Wei, who had accompanied Aslai, overheard the refusal and erupted in fury. "You ungrateful brat! Your actions do not befit someone from the Divine Civilization. You don't deserve the exquisite powers of the Darkness Aspect with your insignificant strength—"

Before she could finish, the Elder slapped her sharply. "You are but a unit from a mere race whose existence depends on a God! How dare you insult the Holy Son?"

Xue Wei refused to back down. She pressed on with her insults despite the risk of further punishment. "Why? Did I say something wrong? He's a useless brat who wasted all his energy just to kill the Elite Lightchaser Wolves. I do not recognize him as superior to me!"

The Elder was about to use his Divine Authority to kill her when Han Wu stopped him. He did not want to crush their morale just yet. Aslai had already lost hope, having foreseen the deaths of all his men on this battlefield.

Pain gnawed at Aslai's heart as he made one final request. "Young Master, please leave the battlefield immediately. Since you refuse to evacuate the injured vampires, we might not be able to protect you in the final fight."

"Protect me? You must be mistaken," Han Wu replied calmly. "Besides the reasons I mentioned earlier, I will also join the war later. There is no need for me to bring you away."

Xue Wei still hadn't learned her lesson and continued mocking him. "You? You were panting just from killing a few Lightchaser Wolves!"

"Yes, me," Han Wu replied flatly.

He then opened a gate to his divine realm, and a massive swarm of locusts poured out. They blotted out the sun, darkening the sky with their sheer numbers. Aslai, Xue Wei, and the other vampires stared in stunned silence.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,183 words ]

## **Chapter 282 - Offering**

The air swarmed with too many locusts. Their overwhelming numbers had always been their greatest strength in battle.

Xue Wei noticed Han Wu's core race was locusts and sneered, "No wonder you're so weak. Your core race is locusts! What use are they except to flood the enemy with sheer numbers?"

Aslai wanted to slap her. Han Wu had already done more than enough by summoning his units to aid them, yet Xue Wei kept insulting him.

The Elder's eyes narrowed with anger. Despite just learning that Han Wu's core race was the locusts, Han Wu had still risen to become the Holy Son of Death. The Godking of Death never judged wrongly, so the Elder was certain Han Wu possessed something extraordinary.

Han Wu ignored Xue Wei's taunts and activated his Divine Skills on his locusts.

[Defiance Divine Skill: Conduitborn. Gain strength proportional to the accumulated energy. Can be used on units in your command.]

[War Divine Skill: Fanatic. Sharply increases damage by squeezing every ounce of potential from the body.]

[War Divine Skill: Last Stand. Increases damage for the final strike before death by 100 times.]

These three Divine Skills magnified the locusts' power in the sky by several orders of magnitude.

Xue Wei blinked in surprise at Han Wu's skillful use of the Divine Skills but quickly resumed mocking, "They're still just locusts, even reinforced by those Divine Skills. You're wasting your Divine Points."

Han Wu ignored her again and commanded his locusts into battle. The first wave clashed with the Holy Harpies. The locusts didn't have a strategy and detonated themselves on contact with them.

The combined effects of Conduitborn and Fanatic sharply increased the locusts' damage output. Last Stand recognized their Self-Detonation as a final attack and amplified it even further. By the end, the damage had multiplied a thousandfold, wiping out many of the Holy Harpies in the first wave. Even the Heroic Holy Harpies were caught in the blasts and destroyed.

The exploded locusts turned into spirits, which Han Wu consumed through his Souleater Gaze and channeled into the Defiant Sword. He even absorbed the souls of the fallen Holy Harpies in the process. The steady influx of new souls nourished the Defiant Sword and gradually pushed it toward unlocking a new form.

The first wave of locusts crushed the Holy Harpies' invasion.

The entire Darkness faction base reeled in disbelief. Were those really locusts? Even Great Dragons weren't that powerful!

Xue Wei stood frozen. When had locusts ever been this terrifying?

"Holy Son! What incredible power!" the Elder exclaimed, seizing the moment to flatter Han Wu. Even at his peak as a Demigod, he couldn't have done this.

Han Wu had seen firsthand how well the Divine Skills worked together to enhance his locusts. With his command, several more waves detonated, successfully driving back the Holy Harpies.

In response, the Light faction changed tactics. To drain the locust swarm, they sent in a massive wave of cannon fodder in place of the Holy Harpies. The battlefield quaked beneath their charge.

Aslai was the commander of this battlefield and refused to yield. He countered by releasing a tide of Dark Beings as cannon fodder to defend the base. Both sides clashed in a brutal deadlock, their forces dying by the second.

Han Wu continued using his Souleater Gaze to consume the souls, but the energy within them was too chaotic. It couldn't help him unlock a new form for the Defiant Sword. He could only use the energy to feed and strengthen it instead.

From time to time, he also sent a few locusts to detonate within the enemy lines, helping the Darkness faction maintain its ground. Thanks to those efforts, the base narrowly withstood the onslaught.

Once the Holy Harpies had fully withdrawn, Aslai appeared before Han Wu and dropped to his knees. "Oh glorious God. Please forgive my past transgressions. I only ask for the chance to atone for my mistakes."

Han Wu stared at him, puzzled.

The Elder stepped forward to clarify. "The races sent to the front lines are essentially abandoned. This vampire doesn't want to waste his life in a dead-end warzone. He's offering himself to become one of your units instead."

Han Wu nodded in response. Aslai had witnessed his strength and wanted to join Han Wu's races, just like the Epistians and minotaurs under his rule.

Han Wu wanted to accept, but he couldn't. Despite Aslai's status as a Demigod, Han Wu was still one himself, and his divine realm remained too limited. He could not take in a unit or race equal to his own rank. This limitation also explained why Steely, now a King life form, couldn't become a Demigod.

Aslai noticed Han Wu's silence and assumed Han Wu looked down on him. His face turned pale at the thought.

Han Wu coughed, a little embarrassed. "*Uhm...* I can't accept your offer right now because I am still a Demigod. I can only do so once I ascend into a God."

Aslai's sadness gave way to joy. The sudden hope painted a bright future in his mind.

Han Wu was a little worried about something else. "Wait, will your god agree to you offering yourself to me?"

He could tell Aslai was powerful and valuable, so he doubted anyone would easily release him from their service.

Aslai's heart twisted at Han Wu's words. His god had died long ago, and though he now followed another, he felt less like a devotee and more like a slave. They all were. This new god had purchased Aslai and the other vampires as chattel, nothing more. Why else would such a formidable race be thrown onto the battlefield as expendable fodder?

He opened his mouth to explain his plight to Han Wu when Xue Wei's voice cut through the air.

"Aslai, you ungrateful wretch!" she spat. "How dare you betray our god? Have you forgotten he bought us from the slave markets? He gave us names, dignity! I'll make sure he punishes you for this!"

"Shut up!" Aslai snapped. "My faith belongs to our fallen god. The one you serve sent us here to die. He deserves neither my respect nor my devotion. Even my name was just a whim, a passing fancy. Let him take it back!"

Xue Wei roared, "I will report this to our god! Aslai, you are dead. You have no right to lead us anymore."

Han Wu frowned at her relentless shouting. "Silence."

She refused to admit her mistakes and snapped back, “Insolent fool! Our god is a true God and will side with me—”

Before she could finish, Han Wu swung his Defiant Sword and severed her head in a single, decisive strike. The sword could counter any attribute, ignoring the vampires’ special body constitution to kill her instantly.

Xue Wei had never expected Han Wu to actually kill her.

Han Wu sighed once she was dead. “Finally, the world is quieter.”

He turned to Aslai and said, “Well then. Our next goal is to take control of this entire battlefield.”

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[ 1,086 words ]

## **Chapter 283 - Inverse Domain**

Back at the Light faction’s base, a God was discussing strategy with a group of angels and Holy Harpies. Both races belonged to the Light faction and shared humanoid forms with wings, but their differences were stark.

Angels bore wings on their backs, and the stronger ones had multiple pairs. By contrast, Holy Harpies had wings in place of arms. They couldn’t wield weapons and instead relied on launching their feathers like arrows. However, some talented angels within the base had learned to imitate that attack style.

Because they couldn't fight with conventional weapons, the angels viewed the Holy Harpies as inferior. Many mocked them openly, while others went as far as to claim they had no right to exist.

One of the Demigod Holy Harpies stood in front of the gathered forces and reported their latest progress. “Through our continued efforts, the Holy Harpies have secured over 80% of the current battlefield. The remaining 20% belongs to the Darkness faction's main base, where most of the vampires are entrenched, along with those repugnant locusts.

“It’s clear that the locusts are the core race of someone from the Divine Civilization. Once empowered by Divine Skills, their self-detonations become devastating.”

After hearing the report, a Demigod angel scoffed. "They are mere locusts, yet they frighten you so? Are the Holy Harpies truly such cowards?"

The Demigod Holy Harpy's wings tensed with fury, but she wisely refrained from arguing publicly. Instead, she turned to her god, William.

William was a true God and resented the angels' condescending attitude toward his Holy Harpies. They were his core race, life forms he had personally nurtured to their current strength. To insult them was to insult him directly.

Still, he held back. A God Cherub was present in the room, and he didn't want to create unnecessary friction. He kept his tone even. "My race captured battlefield footage of the locusts' detonations. Once reinforced with Divine Skills, their explosive power becomes overwhelming. A head-on clash is impossible."

The mocking Demigod angel fell silent. Though he had no qualms about ridiculing the Holy Harpies, he wouldn't dare insult William, a God from the Divine Civilization.

While the angel knew better than to challenge William, the Cherub felt no such restraint. He addressed William bluntly. "We have all seen and acknowledge the Holy Harpies' contributions and sacrifices, which deserve praise. However, their failure to capture the Darkness faction's main base cannot go unpunished.

"We sacrificed hundreds of millions of fodder troops to open a path for them. In the end, we gained nothing. The Holy Harpies must take responsibility."

William nearly struck out in anger. *Take responsibility? Why should I be the one punished for failing to capture the base? Does he think I'm so easy to scapegoat? He's been fighting the Darkness faction for ages without pushing them back. If not for the Holy Harpies, they wouldn't have been driven into their main base at all. This is absurd!*

William wasn't afraid of the Cherub himself, but the god backing him was another matter. The Cherub belonged to a Major God and held one of the highest ranks in the Light faction. Openly insulting him would be foolish.

William chose his words carefully before responding. "The Holy Harpies will accept responsibility for failing to occupy the Darkness faction's main base. However, since they cannot accomplish this monumental task, I believe the angels, who are a hundred times stronger, should be able to succeed."

The Cherub found himself cornered by William's cunning logic. If he refused now, it would expose his previous accusations as mere excuses to shift blame. To maintain his position, he had no choice but to accept William's challenge and undertake the task of capturing the base.

“Indeed, our angel race is superior. We will complete what the Holy Harpies could not,” the Cherub declared.

Meanwhile, back within the Darkness faction's main base, Han Wu prepared for the inevitable counterattack. Though his locusts had secured a temporary victory, he knew he couldn't rely on them indefinitely. The Light faction would develop new tactics to counter the locusts' suicidal explosions in the next battle. Moreover, they would face not only Holy Harpies but angels as well.

Angels were a high-ranking race, born as Unique life forms with an inherent affinity for light. Nearly all possessed long-range light attacks that would decimate most of his locusts.

Only the vampires stood a chance against the angels. However, after days of relentless battle, many were injured and required substantial blood to recover. With no time for natural healing, Han Wu had no choice but to employ two Divine Skills to accelerate their recovery.

The Dark Pocket allowed him to consume corpses and convert them into energy, fueling his Defiance Divine Skill: Inverse Domain. Within this domain, all injuries reversed—the wounded mended, severed limbs regrew, and lost vision returned. The vampires quickly returned to peak condition.

Han Wu chose to keep their recovery a secret, planning to use them as his trump card.

Less than an hour after healing the vampires, the Light faction's army attacked. Angels led the charge, with the God Cherub at their helm, wielding a sword forged from holy light. His Divine Authority shielded his body as he swung repeatedly, slaughtering millions on the battlefield.

Three Demigod angels followed closely, backed by Divine Being angels whose strength already surpassed that of a High Lord.

William led the Holy Harpies, protecting the army's rear. He gazed upward at the locust swarm with awe. The one who had nurtured such forces must be extraordinarily gifted. He longed to defeat, capture, and imprison Han Wu within his divine realm to help cultivate his Holy Harpies.

Lost in these thoughts, William didn't notice when the first angel engaged the locusts. The simple-minded creatures exploded on contact. Though the angels anticipated the explosions, the force still staggered them, burning feathers and flesh. Even a High Lord-level angel fell to the blast.

Seeing one of his own perish, the Cherub raised his sword in fury. “Angels! Avenge our fallen brethren! Attack the base!”

The angels rallied, their morale soaring as they charged.

Han Wu stood atop the wall and used Souleater Gaze continuously. His eyes emitted an irresistible suction and drew in the dead angel's soul. The energy within was remarkably pure compared to that of the Holy Harpies' souls.

After refining this energy, his Defiant Sword finally unlocked a new form—a shuriken forged from three feather-shaped metal blades. Its name was Soul Seeker.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,280 words ]

## **Chapter 284 - Cherub's Wing**

Han Wu gripped the Soul Seeker, eyeing its three flimsy-looking metal plates with skepticism. Yet the weapon's data swiftly corrected his first impression.

[Soul Seeker: Inverts physical damage to magical damage and vice versa. It can also clone itself based on the energy infused into it.]

Watching locusts battle angels in the sky, Han Wu decided to test his new weapon. He drew energy from his Dark Pocket and infused it into the Soul Seeker, which began spinning wildly and humming with a faint whirring sound.

Han Wu caught the flickering blur of the shuriken as it spun, its blade trailing thousands of afterimages through the air. He aimed beyond the angels, targeting the Holy Harpies clustered in the rear. Fewer units from the Darkness faction were fighting there, minimizing the risk of hitting allies.

The moment the Soul Seeker left his hand, it split into thousands of identical copies that eviscerated every Holy Harpy they touched. Each copy bounced off its target, injuring numerous foes. Soon, the myriad Soul Seekers cut down several thousand Holy Harpies.

However, that wasn't the end. The Soul Seeker had one last surprise. After exhausting its energy, it exploded, launching three metallic feathers in different directions. A single shuriken's three blades were mediocre, but 1,000 exploding simultaneously created 3,000 metal blades across the battlefield. It was a devastating blow.

The final explosion killed more than 1,000 Holy Harpies effortlessly. Their souls emerged from their fallen bodies. Han Wu immediately channeled significant energy to

extend Souleater Gaze's range and absorb those souls. The powerful suction prevented any escape.

As the torrent of souls flowed into him, Han Wu's Defiant Sword evolved again, unlocking a new form: Soul Shaver. He raised the weapon and found it had transformed into twin blades shaped like feathers—light, razor-sharp, and enchanted with the light attribute. Each strike dealt both physical and magical damage, and the blades retained the Defiant Sword's ability to convert one into the other seamlessly.

Their near-weightlessness, combined with Han Wu's current physical strength, allowed him to unleash hundreds of slashes in a single second. The Soul Shaver was a weapon designed for overwhelming a single target.

To test its power, Han Wu turned his attention to his swarm of locusts in the sky. Most of the airborne Locustmen suddenly received a pair of Soul Shavers. Han Wu then ordered them to dive into the angelic ranks.

The angels wielded both devastating ranged and melee attacks. In close combat, they favored greatswords forged from holy light. When the Locustmen rushed at them with twin blades, the angels met the charge head-on, eager to prove their superiority in battle.

They quickly realized their mistake.

The Locustmen didn't fight with skill or technique. They swung their blades with reckless abandon, without rhythm, precision, or form. Yet their sheer brute force made them terrifying. Despite lacking finesse, their strikes landed with overwhelming power.

Each angel had the strength of a High Lord, but even they couldn't withstand more than three of those savage blows. The Locustmen's Soul Shavers were simply too powerful. Each strike inflicted double damage and carried an attribute that guaranteed critical hits.

Overwhelmed, the angels were forced to fall back and resume their long-range tactics. The Locustmen didn't pursue with honor. Seeing their enemies retreat, they had no interest in fairness or pride. They activated Self-Detonate, taking countless angels down with them.

The Cherub felt a deep stab of grief. Too many had perished. He had no idea how he would explain this to his god. Still, it was far too late to turn back. They had no choice now. If they stopped, then every sacrifice up to this point would have meant nothing.

The Cherub turned to look at William. To him, every angel was a precious life, while the Holy Harpies were little more than disposable fodder. They quickly negotiated terms. In the end, he paid a steep price to convince William to send the Holy Harpies into a head-on assault against the swarm.

The skies erupted with chaos. Explosions from the locusts mingled with volleys of feathered arrows loosed by the Harpies. The harpies were nearly wiped out, but they succeeded in thinning the swarm.

The angels seized the opening and launched an assault on the base to occupy it. Unfortunately, they had not anticipated what waited for them inside.

A massive host of vampires stood ready.

The two races had been bitter enemies since ancient times. The vampires had suffered a crushing defeat long ago and had waited ever since for a chance to strike back. Their retaliation was nothing short of brutal.

The angels tried to resist, but Han Wu unleashed his Darkness Divine Skill: Eternal Night. Shadows swallowed the entire base. The angels, unable to see, were trapped in a nightmare, like lambs to the slaughter.

On the other hand, the vampires could see clearly. "Attack! Kill those bird bitches!"

Aslai had never felt so invigorated in battle. His bloodlust peaked as every cell pulsed with vitality. He killed regular angels with each blow and even stomped a Demigod Archangel before using his Divine Skill to drain his blood and turn him into a dry husk.

Even the mighty Cherub almost fell to his strikes. Aslai managed to tear off one of the Cherub's wings before the latter escaped. With that single clash, the vampires had turned the tide of battle in their favor.

Watching the Cherub retreat, William understood the fight was lost. He ordered the Holy Harpies to withdraw at once, then instructed the remaining fodder troops to cover their escape.

Aslai knew it would be reckless to pursue. He stayed behind and ordered the vampires to slaughter the fodder instead. Their blood could help the vampires recover from their wounds, and their corpses could be offered at the altar in the base to summon more Dark Beings for future use as expendable troops.

The angels had left behind a trove of treasures in their haste to flee or in death. Aslai had no intention of handing any of it over to the Darkness faction's higher-ups. He gathered everything himself and gave it all to Han Wu.

The angels were wealthy, and their possessions held tremendous value. Along with the eight pieces of God equipment Aslai had gathered from the battlefield, he also gave Han Wu the torn wing from the Cherub's back. Though only one, the wing was still the limb of a God. That alone made it priceless.

Han Wu accepted the offerings with gratitude, treating them as compensation for the immense sacrifice of his locust army. He had already lost 300 billion locusts in this battle.

With the angels routed, victory on this battlefield now firmly belonged to the Darkness faction. As long as Aslai made the right decisions, and the Light faction didn't send another high-level combatant, the Darkness faction would maintain control of the region.

Still, this battlefield was only a small corner of the larger war between the God King of Light and the God King of Darkness. Aslai's victory here barely tipped the scales in that greater war.

Han Wu had earned this victory almost entirely on his own, yet the main base had offered nothing more than praise and military merit. No Major God had come to thank him in person. Still, he didn't care. He hadn't come for accolades. He was there to refine his Divine Skills. Helping the base win was just a bonus.

His next journey would demand every ounce of his willpower. He was preparing to accept the Hell Invitation and step into the Hell Civilization, where he would ascend into a God!

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,138 words ]

## **Chapter 285 - Sealed Card**

With the invitation set to expire within twenty-four hours, Han Wu hastened back to Imperial College and submitted an official request to utilize it. The college promptly approved his petition and granted him ten specialized crafted cards designed to aid his mission.

Upon examining the cards, Han Wu discovered they could seal any body part from his units, allowing for seamless grafting onto his corresponding anatomy without risk of rejection. In short, they could alter his physical appearance.

The Hell Civilization presented unique challenges. Humanoid forms were exceedingly rare there; most inhabitants boasted monstrous shapes and forms. To infiltrate such a place, Han Wu would need to transform his own appearance.

Han Wu smiled wryly. He didn't actually need the cards for transformation. He could simply request the Origin of Mutation to reshape his body through Gene Recombination. It could effortlessly craft a three-headed, six-armed form using diverse organisms.

Suddenly, a troubling realization struck him. Despite the improved relationship between them, Han Wu knew he had to remain vigilant against the Origin of Mutation. Allowing it to modify his body was far too dangerous.

What if it implanted something sinister within him? By then, it would be too late to rectify the situation.

He dismissed the notion of using the Origin of Mutation to enhance himself and turned his attention to the ten cards instead. Each one could seal a body part from any race under his command. Once sealed, he could graft it onto his own body and gain the corresponding power. He needed to choose with care. A single mistake could waste a card on a body part with no practical value.

Han Wu surveyed the races within his divine realm, beginning with Alpheus. The Great Dragons were formidable life forms recognized throughout the Divine Civilization, yet Han Wu wasn't one of them, limiting his ability to utilize their full combat potential. He needed to choose carefully.

After careful consideration, he used three cards on Alpheus—two for the claws and one for the scales.

The scales of a Great Dragon were exceptionally resistant to both physical and magical damage. Grafting them to his body would be like encasing himself in living armor. The claws needed no explanation. They were razor-sharp and impossibly tough, able to rip through nearly anything. He considered them powerful enough to justify the cost of two cards.

He then turned to the strongest unit in his divine realm, Steely. The Swordwinds were a race renowned for their swordsmanship, and Steely stood above the rest. With four greatswords in hand, he had torn through entire armies.

Han Wu resolved to use four cards to seal all four of Steely's arms before grafting them onto his own body. A surge of surprise and satisfaction washed over him as he realized each arm retained Steely's innate talent and skills.

His body now bore Great Dragon scales, two formidable claws, and four of Steely's arms. He resembled a scaled monstrosity with six limbs, yet somehow maintained his basic humanoid form.

With three cards remaining, Han Wu contemplated his next move. The scales provided defense, the claws and four arms served as weapons, but survival would require additional capabilities.

In any dangerous situation, powerful legs proved essential for escape. He considered the minotaurs and Tigermen before settling on Hu Chi, whose legs had been trained to

exceptional strength through year-round conditioning. With these two legs, Han Wu could outpace many pursuers.

That left one final card. He used it on his core race, the locusts. Their most remarkable trait was their reproductive ability, but that served no purpose now. He would be alone in that place. Even if he grafted on their reproductive organs, he doubted they'd serve any purpose.

Instead, he focused on their stomachs, enhanced by the Law of Gluttony to digest nearly anything, including poisons. With a stomach like that, he wouldn't need to worry about food. He could restore his energy through whatever he consumed, recover from injuries more efficiently, and tap into the power of Famine to accelerate digestion. It was a deadly combination.

Han Wu used his final card to seal Dark Locust's stomach and graft it onto his own body. That marked the end of the ten cards he had received from Imperial College.

Just as he prepared to use the invitation, his master, Xu Hai, approached and handed him five more cards. This was a master's gift to his disciple.

Han Wu understood the weight of that gift. After using ten cards himself, he knew how rare and valuable each one was. Xu Hai's offering made it clear that he held Han Wu in high regard, and the gesture moved him deeply.

"Master, I shall repay your generosity when I return," Han Wu vowed.

Xu Hai urged him to utilize the cards immediately. "Hurry, don't disappoint me."

Han Wu nodded and assessed his remaining options. So far, he had already grafted the stomach of a Locust, the legs of a Tigerman, the four limbs of Steely—imbued with his innate talent and skills—and the scales and claws of a Great Dragon.

He expected to encounter harsh terrain in the Hell Civilization and wanted wings to help him navigate it. Naturally, the Great Dragons' wings represented the pinnacle of aerial mobility, so he sealed Alpheus' wings and temporarily grafted them onto his body.

That left him with three cards.

He reviewed the rest of his available races to see what he could still use.

The Scorching Dwarves possessed formidable forging skills, but those abilities weren't tied to any specific body part. That made them unusable.

The minotaurs had immense strength, but it didn't come from any one limb or organ. Besides, Han Wu didn't plan on fighting in close combat. He was about to become a

God. When the time came to kill, he would rely on his Divine Authority to strike from afar rather than clash in person.

Then there were the skeletons, known for their formidable bones, especially the Crystal Lich. Its bones rivaled diamond in hardness. If Han Wu wanted to replace his entire skeleton with crystal bones, it would cost him at least five cards, more than he had left. In the end, he chose to graft only the Crystal Lich's skull, which would serve as an impenetrable helmet to protect his brain.

Now left with two cards, Han Wu continued his search.

He examined the Epistians first. They were renowned for their intelligence—their brains possessed extraordinary power, enabling them to absorb knowledge at an astonishing speed.

Han Wu yearned for such cognitive enhancement and sealed the brain of the most powerful Epistian, grafting it onto his own. The moment the card activated, an unprecedented clarity flooded his mind.

Finally, Han Wu took the last card and prepared to make his final choice.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,151 words ]

## **Chapter 286 - Demon King Festival**

Han Wu decided to use his final card not on the stronger units in his divine realm but on the ten Cockroaches—the Flesh Golems forever locked at the Heroic rank. He had created them long ago with extraordinary regenerative abilities, yet that gift came with a cost. They could never advance in rank, condemned to remain Heroics for eternity.

Han Wu had grown far stronger since their creation, and Heroic units no longer held any value for him. The Cockroaches had become little more than idle units in his divine realm, neither weak enough to discard nor strong enough to matter. Even a King life form couldn't kill them, yet their combat prowess was pitiful. They were barely a match for a Lord life form when all ten fought together and utterly hopeless against a High Lord life form.

To Han Wu, the ten Cockroaches were like indestructible super soldiers. He had long since pushed them from his thoughts, yet the Epistian's brain revealed their true value, and that was their regeneration.

Their ability to recover surpassed that of almost any known life form, making them nearly impossible to destroy. For that reason, he used the last card to seal the cells of all ten Cockroaches.

After using all fifteen cards, he had transformed into a real monster. Alpheus' scales, claws, and wings covered his body. Steely's four arms jutted from his torso. Hu Chi's legs gave him a predatory stance. Dark Locust's abdomen, the Crystal Lich's skull, the Epistian's brain, and the ten Cockroaches' cells completed the grotesque fusion. He stared into the mirror and saw nothing of his former self.

Satisfied with his monstrous disguise, he activated the invitation. Light enveloped him, and in the next moment he stood in the Hell Civilization's new training ground. As the glow faded, a barren wasteland stretched around him. The soil was yellow-grey, dry, and devoid of nutrients. Even the hardiest plants would wither here, yet strangely, the land teemed with animal-like life forms.

*How do they survive when there are no plants here? What do they eat?* Han Wu wondered.

He soon discovered the answer. Their survival depended on the demons brought here by the invitation, who served as their food.

Han Wu was still scanning the barren landscape when a Hellhound lunged at him. He scoffed, caught the creature by the throat with his dragon claws, and crushed its flesh and bones with brutal force. Black blood splattered across the ground. The sight was revolting, and Han Wu hurled the carcass far from him.

The smell of torn flesh quickly drew the attention of other Hellhounds in the area. Not wanting to waste his strength, Han Wu spread his wings and took to the air. His priority was to leave this region and find a place to hide, somewhere he could assess the situation before making his next move.

As he flew, he checked his data and saw a special interface appeared.

[Core Objective: Kill the other Demon Lords. Current Demon Lords: 103]

[The first Demon King Festival has commenced. Those who received the invitation are regarded as candidates. Candidates must kill each other during the festival. The last one standing will become the Demon King!]

Scrolling further, Han Wu saw his own data.

[Demon Lord: Han Wu

Demonic Origin: 1 (Can be used to enhance body parts.)

Slain Demon Lords: 0 (Can be used to enhance the quality of body parts.)

Enhance List: (Depending on rarity, body parts can be classified into White, Blue, Purple, Orange, and Red. Each quality has nine stages.)

Dragon Scales, Dragon Claws, Dragon Wings (Red, Stage 1: 0%)

Swordwind Arms (Purple, Stage 1: 0%)

Tigerman Legs (Purple, Stage 1: 0%)

Dark Locust Stomach (Orange, Stage 1: 0%)

Crystal Lich Skull (Orange, Stage 1: 0%)

Epistian Brain (Purple, Stage 1: 0%)

Cockroach Cells (Blue, Stage 1: 0%)]

Han Wu spent 1 Demonic Origin to strengthen the Blue Cockroach Cells. The improvement registered at only 0.01%. At that rate, advancing the Cockroach Cells from Stage 1 to Stage 2 would require a staggering 10,000 Demonic Origin.

This applied only to the Blue Cockroach Cells. He was certain that enhancing the Red Dragon Claws, Wings, and Scales would require even more.

“Damn,” he cursed. “I need to kill a lot of demons here to upgrade all of them.”

Before moving, he confirmed which powers he still possessed. Carefully examining his interface, he realized that the Hell Civilization severely restricted anyone from the Divine Civilization.

Almost all of his Divine Powers, Divine Aspects, and Divine Skills were blocked. Fortunately, the Hell Civilization remained too weak to suppress his Divine Talents. Han Wu still had access to two Divine Talents: the exclusive Chosen One and Defiance, the latter granted by Alpheus.

Thanks to Chosen One, he could still use part of the Divine Powers it provided—Sacrifice and Merge—allowing him to bypass the Hell Civilization’s restrictions.

Meanwhile, true to its name, Defiance outright rejected the Hell Civilization’s restrictions, enabling Han Wu to use the Defiance Aspect along with its five associated Divine Skills.

Though he couldn’t use anything beyond these, his fifteen powerful body parts remained at his disposal. Overall, his combat abilities stayed impressively strong. After

confirming his capabilities, Han Wu set out to hunt demons. He needed vast amounts of Demonic Origin to boost his strength.

With his wings spread wide, he patrolled the skies until he spotted a large group of life forms gathering below. As he descended, they emerged from hiding, their eyes burning with animosity and bloodlust, ready to tear him apart at any moment.

Han Wu felt no fear. To him, these life forms were merely walking sources of Demonic Origin. He activated his Divine Skill: Defiant Sword and armed himself with four weapons across his arms.

His bottom right arm gripped the Defiant Sword, a greatsword that converted physical damage into magical damage and vice versa. The bottom left arm held the Soul Reaper, a scythe-like extension of the Defiant Sword. Beyond sharing its properties, it could transform into an immaterial form, allowing it to phase through most objects.

Each upper arm wielded a Soul Shaver, also extensions of the Defiant Sword. They retained its powers while delivering double damage with each strike. His dragon claws grasped the Soul Seeker, another extension that kept the Defiant Sword's properties and possessed the explosive ability to launch three metal blades.

Han Wu infused energy into the Soul Seeker and hurled it forward. The swarm of Soul Seekers sliced through the life forms, ricocheted around, and detonated the metal blades outward. The shurikens alone eliminated every enemy before him, sparing him from using his other weapons.

From this single battle, he obtained 273 Demonic Origin. While it wasn't enough to enhance any of his body parts, it boosted his confidence. He was already looking forward to becoming a Demon King here.

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## **Chapter 287 - Criteria to be a Demon King Candidate**

[ 1,155 words ]

### **Chapter 287 - Criteria to be a Demon King Candidate**

Han Wu defeated three groups of life forms in the Hell Civilization, earning 1,030 Demonic Origin. It was not enough to enhance any of his body parts yet.

While raiding one of the dens, he discovered a stone slab inscribed with ancient words. Using the knowledge he gained at Imperial College, he spent three hours decoding the message. The inscription detailed how the training ground was built, its purpose, the power scaling system, and a list of the races and life forms found there.

All life forms in the training ground were divided into nine classes. Han Wu had been killing Class 1 and Class 2 life forms, which corresponded to Common and Elite ranks. Class 3 equated to Unique life forms, Class 4 to Heroic, and so on. He grew eager to face life forms at Class 7 and above, as these exceeded the power of King life forms.

The inscription also revealed information about the races he had encountered today. He had been battling Lesser Demons, a race of low-ranking demons. They possessed only a single White body part: their strong teeth, which increased their biting force. Han Wu doubted their teeth would grow much stronger even if upgraded to Stage 9, given their limited quality. Their biting force would remain little more than a glorified nutcracker.

The stone slab also recorded the demons' power rankings, classifying those with one to three enhanceable body parts as Inferior demons, those with four to six as Intermediate, and those with seven to nine as Superior.

Any demon with nine or more enhanceable body parts ranked among the most gifted and stood as a candidate to become the next Demon Emperor.

Han Wu scoffed when he read the stone slab. *Nine or more enhanceable parts make one a candidate for Demon Emperor? I have fifteen. Does that make me the strongest potential Demon Emperor? I have to admit, Imperial College treats its students well.*

Pride swelled within him until his interface suddenly flashed on without warning. Only 102 Demon Lords remained. One had just died.

Panic set in. He was in Hell Civilization's newest training ground not to admire the culture but to seize resources, become a Demon King, and ascend into a God. He needed to speed up.

Killing Inferior demons felt like a waste of time. With fifteen body parts to enhance to Stage 9, it would take forever if he only hunted weak foes. He had to target stronger demons.

He scanned the stone slab again and settled on his next target, the Intermediate Stone Demons. They had four enhanceable body parts, matured into Class 4 demons, and traveled in packs.

They were Han Wu's perfect prey, but one troubling problem stood in the way of killing them. The Stone Demons excelled at hiding, always blending seamlessly within stone caves. If he failed to search thoroughly, he would never find a single one.

Han Wu considered various methods to locate them but found nothing concrete. In the end, he had to rely on his instincts and luck. He soared high above the land and scanned the terrain below until he spotted a massive mountain. Looking down, he saw nothing but black and gray slate. No plants grew there; the ground lay bare, covered only with slate, stones, and boulders.

Based on what he had learned from the stone slab, Han Wu suspected the Stone Demons hid there. He stood atop the mountain peak and started twisting his body. He drew Steely's innate talent, embedded in his four arms, and summoned a powerful gust of wind. The air swirled around him, forming a tornado that engulfed the entire mountain. He then used Steely's talent to read the wind's movements to detect any unnatural stones.

The wind caused some stones to vibrate incessantly. He immediately recognized them as Stone Demons. The gusts disturbed them enough to move slightly but caused no damage severe enough to provoke a counterattack.

Without hesitation, he leapt down and propelled himself forward toward the Stone Demons with his powerful Tigerman Legs. The demons could no longer remain hidden once they sensed an enemy approaching. They all sprang from their hiding places, revealing their terrifying forms.

None of the demons here were weak. Though the Stone Demons appeared gentle and mellow, Han Wu had already noticed the solidified black blood caked around their joints. It was clear they had slain many demons before.

Han Wu paid no mind to whether they seemed peaceful or hostile as he started killing them. The demons and Han Wu struck simultaneously. His Dragon Claws proved tough and strong enough to crack the stone-clad fists of the Stone Demons. He crushed the first one easily. The overwhelming power of his Dragon Claws was the Stone Demons' bane.

Like a wolf among sheep, Han Wu tore through the tens of Stone Demons hiding nearby. The wind swept past, scattering their stone powder and leaving only a single heart-shaped stone where they fell.

Curious, Han Wu picked it up and inspected its data.

[Stone Heart (Blue, Stage 4): One of the enhanceable body parts of a Stone Demon. Has a chance to drop upon death. The holder can draw energy from stones.

Effects: Increases energy absorption from stones by 250%.

Compatibility: 5% (Can be grafted if compatibility is 60% or above. Higher compatibility strengthens the Stone Heart's effects.)]

“Interesting,” he muttered. “According to this data, I can graft it onto a compatible life form to grant them its power. Once grafted, the life form gains a new body part.”

Body parts with special effects were rarer and more powerful than Skills in the Divine Civilization. This difference arose from how restrictions worked in other civilizations. Usually, foreign civilizations could suppress the Skills of the Divine Civilization, but they likely could not block the effects tied directly to body parts.

Therefore, the Stone Heart was a valuable asset to the Divine Civilization. Han Wu was certain he could sell it for a high price back home, but he had no intention of doing so. Instead, he planned to use it on his own races. With so many under his control, there was no reason to hand the Stone Heart to anyone else.

He held the Stone Heart and checked the amount of Demonic Origin earned from killing the Stone Demons. He grinned when he saw that defeating ten or more Class 4 Stone Demons granted him over 10,000 Demonic Origin.

Each Stone Demon rewarded him with thousands of Demonic Origin. With that wealth, he could upgrade his only Blue Cockroach Cells to the next stage.

Han Wu acted immediately. His Cockroach Cells soon advanced to Stage 2, sending a warm tingling sensation throughout his body. He sensed that reaching Stage 3 would awaken a new trait in the cells. That possibility energized him and sparked his curiosity about the potential trait.

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[ 1,153 words ]

## **Chapter 288 - Hollow Spine**

A slender figure slowly rose from a pile of corpses. His scarlet skin bore deep, ancient runes, and his head took on a triangular shape crowned with bone blades on his arms. In one hand, he gripped a long green tail tipped with a sharp arrowhead.

“Such misfortune. To think a Demon Lord only gave me a single body part.” He sighed and fused the tail seamlessly with his body.

The green tail looked oddly out of place against his scarlet skin, but his expression changed as he tested its agility. He flicked it around like a venomous snake that could pierce through its foe.

“To think they managed to enhance this Purple body part to Stage 6. Not bad at all,” he praised. “I should be incredibly powerful in close-range combat now. So, who should I kill next?”

He closed his eyes and reached out with one of his enhanceable body parts, the Mind Eye. It allowed him to sense everything within a 100-kilometer radius, capturing every detail without fail or blind spots. This scouting ability made it invaluable.

The only drawback lay in its stamina cost, which increased exponentially with range. To avoid fainting, he capped the Mind Eye’s detection range at 100 kilometers and limited its use to two seconds. Even one second longer would knock him unconscious.

Still, two seconds was more than enough. He quickly pinpointed his next target within the range. Releasing the Mind Eye, he spoke with excitement. “Wait, is that the body part of a Great Dragon? If I could take it for myself, I would be unstoppable!”

He detected Han Wu’s location while the latter remained unaware of being targeted.

Meanwhile, Han Wu continued flying on a low altitude to find his next pack of demons to kill.

The Stone Demons yielded a large amount of Demonic Origin on death, but their packs were small. At most, twenty demons gathered in a single group, and they were notoriously difficult to find. The tradeoff did not favor him, so he continued searching for a better target. He hoped to find a Demon Lord.

Soon, he spotted a massive pack beneath him. Tens of thousands of Lesser Demons swarmed the area, mixed with some Stone Demons. Above the horde soared a Superior demon called the Wind Demon. It had ashen gray skin, a slender frame, and four limbs shaped like sharp blades. It looked wildly out of place.

Han Wu recalled the Wind Demon from the stone slab he had discovered. They had eight body parts that could be enhanced from birth and were solid Superior demons. An adult Wind Demon could reach Class 7.

However, the one below him appeared visibly smaller, likely a juvenile. Han Wu’s excitement grew. He was certain that killing the entire pack would grant him a vast amount of Demonic Origin, enough to fully enhance his Cockroach Cells to Stage 3.

Seizing the moment while the demons remained oblivious, he summoned the Soul Seeker to his hand. Then, he used the Epistian Brain to charge his energy. He focused for three full minutes before infusing that energy into the Soul Seeker.

When he saw thousands of afterimages trailing the spinning shuriken, he knew the moment had come. He dove down and hurled the Soul Seeker into the heart of the

demon pack. The Soul Seeker split into thousands of clones that tore into the demons, bouncing relentlessly through the chaos.

None of the Lesser Demons survived more than three strikes. Meanwhile, one would expect the Stone Demons to emerge unscathed. Their tough, stone-like hides should have shielded them from bladed weapons like the Soul Seeker. Yet the Soul Seeker, as an extension of the Defiant Sword, could effortlessly convert physical damage into magical or elemental damage. It now dealt water damage against the Stone Demons' hardened hides, cutting deep and inflicting severe wounds.

The Stone Demons wailed in agony before succumbing to the relentless assault. When their energy depleted, the Soul Seekers exploded, sending their three metallic blades flying in all directions like frag grenades.

That single attack wiped out nearly all the demons, leaving only a handful who somehow evaded the onslaught. Some of the luckier Lesser Demons were so afraid that they tried to flee.

Unfortunately, the Superior Wind Demon would not tolerate betrayal. It swung its four bladed limbs and sliced down every escaping Lesser Demon with razor-sharp wind blades.

Han Wu stared at those four limbs with growing excitement. They seemed perfectly compatible with him. The limbs produced natural wind blades effortlessly, while Han Wu's own four arms belonged to Steely, a Swordwind. If he could combine these two sets of limbs, the power would be formidable.

He considered his options, then readied himself for battle. He summoned the Defiant Sword, Soul Reaper, and Soul Shaver and charged at the Wind Demon. The demon struck first, thrashing its four limbs to unleash wind blades sharp enough to cleave boulders. Han Wu swung his four arms and launched wind blades of his own to neutralize the Wind Demon's attack.

The two finally clashed in a fierce melee. The Wind Demon lashed out with all four limbs, but Han Wu blocked each strike with his weapons. The Wind Demon had underestimated Han Wu's armaments. The moment they collided, his weapons converted the physical damage into lightning damage that countered the demon's wind attribute.

The surge of lightning jolted through the Wind Demon and stalled its movement for a moment. Han Wu seized the opportunity and drove his Dragon Claws deep into the demon's torso.

The Wind Demon struggled to wriggle free, but the paralysis hadn't worn off yet. It watched helplessly as Han Wu's Dragon Claws tore through its body before closing its eyes forever. The battle ended when Han Wu killed the Wind Demon.

He scanned the area where he had slain the creature but found no limbs—only a spine remained.

[Hollow Spine (Purple, Stage 6): One of the Wind Demon's enhanceable body parts. Has a set chance to drop after death.]

Traits:

1. Increases the user's movement.
2. Strengthens and toughens the spine.
3. Speed Equals Strength: Boosts strength by 10–60% based on acceleration.

Compatibility: 80%. Grants full effects upon grafting.]

Han Wu was surprised to find his compatibility with the Hollow Spine reached 80 percent. It was the highest compatibility rating he had encountered for any body part. He considered the reason, recalling his Crystal Lich Skull. He was unsure whether it was a blessing or a curse, but he still chose to graft the spine onto his body anyway.

The Hollow Spine's effects were immediate. After grafting it, he felt his body grow lighter, as if his weight had been cut in half. His movements became sharper, and his strength surged noticeably.

Han Wu smiled with satisfaction and eagerly gathered the other enhanceable body parts dropped by the slain demons.

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## Chapter 289 - Escaping from an Ambush

[ 1,332 words ]

### Chapter 289 - Escaping from an Ambush

Han Wu soon gathered all body part left behind by the demons he had slain. His haul included eight Tough Teeth, one Stone Heart, and one Stone Marrow. The Tough Teeth were of poor quality and very weak, yet he kept them, intending to test whether merging a larger number of them could yield something stronger.

The Stone Marrow had come from the Stone Demon and could enhance the durability of stones. Unfortunately, its compatibility with Han Wu registered at a meager 3%, so he would use it to nurture his units instead.

He carefully stored the body parts and checked his latest harvest of Demonic Origin. The total exceeded 100,000, with the Wind Demon alone contributing a full 100,000.

“I have to kill more Superior demons if I want to increase my rewards,” he muttered.

This windfall was more than enough to push his Cockroach Cells to Stage 3. He directed the Demonic Origin into his body, and the cells evolved without issue. The moment the upgrade completed, three new enhancement options appeared before him:

[Option 1: Rapid Regeneration – Doubles recovery rate. Active only with sufficient energy. Recovery rate continues to rise with each stage.]

[Option 2: Ailment Resistance – Boosts resistance to all ailments. Resistance grows stronger with each stage.]

[Option 3: Vigorous Cells – Increases vigor, recovery, mobility, and other physical attributes by 50%. Active only with sufficient energy. Enhancement improves with each stage.]

Han Wu had to pick one of three upgrades for his Cockroach Cells. He weighed the options and settled on the third. It not only boosted his recovery rate but also enhanced his vigor and other physical attributes. With it, he could defend, attack, and survive all at once. He loved the new upgrade.

Enhancing his cells to Stage 3 left him with 40,000 Demonic Origin, far short of what he needed for Stage 4. Determined to get the best return from every enhancement, he poured the remainder into his Epistian Brain and enhanced it to Stage 2.

The upgrade sharpened his thinking and heightened his senses. He was now capable of sensing more minute changes in his surroundings. That was when he caught a sudden disturbance behind him, moving at incredible speed. He jerked aside in panic, but the strike still grazed his arm. At first it felt like a light scrape, yet the cut ran deep enough to expose bone.

Han Wu endured the pain and spun around to face his attacker. A monster with scarlet skin and a green tail stood before him. Its eyes, sharp with intelligence and wide with shock, told him all he needed to know—this was one of the Demon Lords competing in the Demon King Festival.

Xun exhaled in mild frustration. “You actually dodged my attack? What misfortune.”

Han Wu understood the Demon Lord's words but kept silent. His command of their language was poor, and now was not the time for talk. Instead, he summoned his weapons and readied himself for the fight.

Xun's gaze lingered on Han Wu's powerful weapons with open greed. If he could defeat this opponent, every one of those weapons would be his. The thought sent a thrill through him, and he lunged forward.

Han Wu swung his weapons and met the attack head-on. He refused to believe anyone could best him in melee combat at this moment.

The two were about to clash when Xun suddenly vanished. Han Wu's eyes widened at the sudden disappearance. He hesitated for barely half a second before his Epistian Brain warned him of danger approaching from behind. He tried to defend himself with his Dragon Claws but felt a sharp pain pierce his abdomen.

Xun had used his newly grafted Arrow Tail to stab Han Wu. Although Han Wu's body was shielded by Dragon Scales, they were only at Stage 1, while the Arrow Tail had reached Stage 6. The scales failed to deflect the attack.

Xun pressed the Arrow Tail deeper, aiming to inflict more damage, but Han Wu seized the tail and yanked it out despite the pain. He attempted to crush it but was shocked to find the tail incredibly malleable, resisting all his strength. In that brief moment of surprise, Xun retracted the tail with blinding speed.

Han Wu clenched his wounds and spoke in his rudimentary Demonese. "You... Can... Blnk..."

Xun ignored his awkward pronunciation and gloated, "Correct, but there's no prize. Now I will slowly torture you to death."

Xun vanished again, and Han Wu immediately raised his guard. His Epistian Brain scanned the surroundings while his Cockroach Cells regenerated at an alarming pace. The brain finally detected Xun's location, but Han Wu could not react in time before the tail pierced his shoulder once more.

Xun eyed the scabbing wound on Han Wu's shoulder with pride. "Hmm... Your regeneration is fast, but my attack is stronger."

Han Wu realized he was outmatched after suffering two consecutive injuries. He couldn't react quickly enough to defend himself. Fortunately, his powerful body and fifteen enhanceable parts made it difficult for Xun to finish him off.

There was only one option: escape. Han Wu resolved to flee and enhance all his body parts before seeking revenge. Continuing the fight now meant certain death against this Demon Lord.

With that decision, he spread his wings the moment Xun vanished and shot upward like an arrow.

Xun somehow anticipated the move and appeared just above him. He lashed out with his powerful legs and landed a mighty kick aimed at crushing Han Wu's head.

Instead of crushing it, Xun's legs recoiled in pain upon striking Han Wu's skull. He could never have guessed that Han Wu had chosen the Crystal Lich's skull to protect his head. Its hardness surpassed anything Xun had ever faced.

Han Wu seized the moment and soared higher to escape Xun.

Xun landed hard and glared up at Han Wu's shrinking figure against the sky. "Such misfortune! I have never faced such misfortune before!"

With no ability to fly, he could not pursue Han Wu. All he could do was stomp the ground angrily, powerless as his prey vanished from sight.

Meanwhile, Han Wu flew far away to recover from his injuries. The effort drained much of his energy, and hunger soon gnawed at him. He had to land in search of food. There were no plants in this forsaken training ground—only demons tearing each other apart.

If Han Wu still carried his original Demigod stomach, eating demons here would have been difficult. Fortunately, he had grafted the Dark Locust Stomach, capable of digesting nearly anything that resembled food. It could likely even handle inorganic matter, though only Han Wu could decide if he dared put such things in his mouth.

He scanned the area and finally spotted a pack of Hellhounds. He killed them all and stacked their corpses into a small mound. Eating them raw would quickly restore his energy, but he preferred to cook them first.

Han Wu found a small cave and skinned the Hellhounds before roasting the meat over a fire. He waited patiently until the flesh was cooked, then devoured it hungrily. The meat was old and tough, with a sharp, acidic aftertaste. Still, it was the best fare available in this harsh environment. Complaints were not an option.

As he munched the roasted Hellhounds, Han Wu realized something remarkable. He had assumed enhancing his body parts required spending Demonic Origin. Yet his Dark Locust Stomach improved simply by eating.

After consuming ten Hellhounds, his stomach's enhancement rose by 0.01%. Unsure how much Demonic Origin this equaled, he spent some to boost the stomach by another 0.01% and confirmed it cost 10 Demonic Origin.

A quick calculation revealed that each Hellhound he ate granted one additional unit of Demonic Origin. This made sense, since Hellhounds were Inferior demons.

What if he feasted on Superior demons or even Demon Lords? A brazen idea flashed in his mind.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,243 words ]

## **Chapter 290 - Confirming Conjecture**

Han Wu stared at the slab of meat roasting above the fire, saliva pooling at the corners of his mouth. He was cooking one of the enhanceable body parts dropped by the Hellhound called Sniffer Nose. This White body part heightened the sensitivity of one's sense of smell.

He carefully tended the meat over the flames, but a sudden burnt smell made him pull it away.

"Did I burn it?" he muttered.

Holding the scorched Sniffer Nose in his claws, Han Wu hesitated. Still, he needed to test his theory, so he pushed past his unease and started eating it. The fist-sized flesh vanished quickly as his Dark Locust Stomach started the digestion process.

Han Wu carefully scanned his body for changes. A warm sensation bubbled up from his stomach and split into two. One stream flowed toward his nose, the other coursed through his four limbs.

He checked his interface to confirm the enhancement. The Dark Locust Stomach had improved by 0.03%, while his four Purple Swordwind Arms and Tigerman Legs each rose by 0.01%. The other body parts remained unchanged.

Joy surged through him as he realized that his conjecture was correct. Eating an enhanceable body part proved more efficient than consuming regular flesh.

Enhancing the Dark Locust Stomach by 0.01% normally cost 10 Demonic Origin, while boosting each of his four limbs cost 4 Demonic Origin. In total, he would have needed 54 Demonic Origin to match the enhancement gained from a single roasted White Sniffer Nose. This discovery was invaluable, considering one Sniffer Nose provided as much Demonic Origin as killing five Hellhounds.

"I have a lot of White Tough Teeth and some Blue Stone Hearts and Stone Marrow. I should be able to use them to gain a lot of Demonic Origin," he muttered.

Han Wu dug into the small pouch where he stored the loot collected from slain demons. He picked up a Tough Tooth, rinsed it twice with water, then bit down hard. He chewed through the tough enamel painfully, breaking it into small pieces. After chewing, he drank water and forced the fragments down his throat.

A familiar energy soon rose from his stomach to his skull. Checking his interface, he noticed only his stomach had been enhanced by 0.01%, while the rest remained unchanged.

He refused to believe the effort had no effect, so he stuffed all the Tough Teeth into his mouth, chewed fiercely, and swallowed them. The energy in his stomach surged, boosting its enhancement to 0.08%. His skull's enhancement also rose to 0.02%.

However, that wasn't all. His keen senses alerted him that his teeth had somehow been reinforced. To test this, he bit into a Stage 4 Blue Stone Heart and was surprised to snap off a huge chunk. He had to admit that his teeth were now incredibly tough!

Without hesitation, he swallowed the Stone Hearts and Stone Marrow. The energy from digesting them surged through his body, boosting his stomach's enhancement from 0.18% all the way to 18.6%. Even afterward, residual energy continued to improve it.

His other body parts grew stronger too. Most notably, he felt his newly grafted Hollow Spine heat up, as if it was strengthening, though he could not confirm this since it did not appear on his interface.

Han Wu digested everything within an hour. He felt satisfaction as he checked his interface to measure how far his body parts had enhanced. As expected, consuming these parts generated Demonic Origin far more efficiently than simply killing demons.

His contentment lasted until a rustling noise came from outside. He raised his guard and carefully peered out from his small cave. In the dim light, he spotted a massive python slithering nearby.

The python looked bizarre, bearing a bull's head atop a snake's body. Even stranger, each scale was composed of coiled snakes. Occasionally, these smaller snakes uncoiled and flicked their forked tongues, tentatively biting and attacking anything they touched.

A chill ran up Han Wu's spine at the grotesque sight. He had never encountered such an ugly demon.

Suddenly, the python spoke in Demonese. "Ssssss..."

There's the scent of another Demon Lord!"

This was no ordinary demon—the python was a Demon Lord!

“Ssssss... Just you wait. I will eat you whole when I find you.” Its snake scales unfurled as they sniffed the air with their forked tongues to determine where Han Wu was.

Han Wu nearly sprang from his hiding place at the sight of the python Demon Lord. Its grotesque appearance alone made his skin crawl, and he had to admit that a part of him wanted to kill it for that reason alone.

The python Demon Lord, unaware of how close it stood to death, continued its twisted game of hide-and-seek. Though it knew exactly where Han Wu was, it slithered in slow circles as if it were ignorant of his position. It wanted to draw out the moment, to let fear sink into its prey. It believed that fear made flesh taste sweeter.

It circled three times before deciding the time had come. With a sudden burst of energy, its speed surged tenfold. It almost seemed to glide above the ground as it lunged forward, jaws gaping, aimed straight at Han Wu's hiding spot.

Han Wu was ready. The instant it struck, the Soul Shaver flashed in his grip, sending out a storm of wind blades. Its unique properties turned their light damage into a mix of wind and metal damage, slicing deep and inflicting status ailments like Bleeding and Crush.

The assault shredded the Demon Lord's mouth into bloody ribbons, yet Han Wu didn't stop. He switched to the Soul Reaper, swung the massive scythe in a sweeping arc, and cleaved the python's enormous body in half.

The Demon Lord roared in fury at the devastating wound. The countless small snakes that made up its scales broke free and swarmed toward Han Wu, but each one fell beneath the razor edge of his Soul Shaver. Moments later, the ground lay carpeted with their lifeless bodies.

Only then did the python realize it faced a foe who could counter every one of its techniques. It abandoned its severed lower half and tried to flee. With half its body gone, its speed spiked to a frenzied pace.

Han Wu matched its speed without effort. He slammed a foot into the ground, his Tiger Man Legs propelling him forward in strides that devoured tens of meters at a time. When he closed the gap, he hurled the Defiant Sword. The weapon spun through the air and slammed into the Demon Lord's skull, pinning it to the ground.

Even then, it refused to die. It thrashed violently and cried out in a pitiful, trembling voice, begging for its life. It even offered itself as Han Wu's slave if only he would spare it.

Han Wu gave no reply. He gripped the horns on its head, using them like handles, and split its head and body apart down the middle.

Even a strong Demon Lord could not survive being cleaved in two. When the last shudder left its corpse, Han Wu saw the count drop to 101 and exhaled in relief. He had not expected it to take so much to kill just one.

Thankfully, he had succeeded. His spoils included the valuable body parts the Demon Lord had dropped and the thick coils of snake flesh strewn across the bloodstained ground.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,088 words ]

## **Chapter 291 - Moonlit Garden**

Han Wu sliced the snake's flesh into thick pieces and laid them over the crackling fire. While the meat sizzled, he examined the three enhanceable body parts dropped by the Demon Lord.

Two of these were of Purple quality, enhanced to Stage 7, and formed a matching set known as the Bull King Horns. They served both as a shield for the head and as a deadly weapon capable of goring enemies. At Stage 7, they possessed two special traits: Charge Horns and Horn Cannon.

Charge Horns boosted the user's movement speed tenfold for three seconds. The python Demon Lord had used it during its sudden attack on him. Horn Cannon was a long-range ability that gathered energy at the horn tips and unleashed it in a devastating blast, capable of inflicting tremendous damage.

Han Wu valued the Bull King Horns for their high compatibility rating of 85%. After grafting them, he could wield 130% of their original power. He refused to let this opportunity slip away, so he attached the horns firmly to his head. Now his skull was both tougher and capable of delivering powerful damage. Xun, the Demon Lord who had ambushed him before, would never dare strike his head again.

Besides the Bull King Horns, there was the Stage 7 Blue Snake Skin, which granted one the ability to resist certain attacks. At Stage 7, it gained two special traits: Rigid and Elasticity. Unfortunately, its compatibility with Han Wu was only 30%, making grafting impossible. He decided to boil it into soup instead.

The python Demon Lord was too massive to fit into a single pot. Han Wu had to stew the meat, consume the cooked portions, and digest everything simultaneously. It took an entire day to finish the meal. In return, all his body parts received enhancements. His Dark Locust Stomach even advanced to Stage 3, unlocking three upgrade options:

[Option 1: Complete Digestion – Boosts digestion speed by 200%. Increases with each stage.]

[Option 2: Dimensional Stomach – Expands stomach capacity by 1,000%. Increases with each stage.]

[Option 3: Void Jaw – Summons a secondary mouth that consumes food independently. Increases with each stage.]

Han Wu eyed the options greedily. After a full day of continuous eating and digesting, he had experienced the drawbacks of his Dark Locust Stomach firsthand.

First, he still had to use his own mouth to eat. While he could manage better cuts of meat, he found the offal, intestines, hearts, and other organs unbearable.

Second, although the Dark Locust Stomach digested food thousands of times faster than normal, its speed still slowed when he ate large quantities at once. Its limited capacity forced him to spend an entire day consuming the meat. Increasing capacity would save him valuable time.

All three upgrades offered essential benefits, but Han Wu ultimately chose the Void Jaw. This option would allow him to consume more food without using his own mouth.

After confirming his choice, he checked the data on his interface.

[Demon Lord: Han Wu

Demonic Origin: 4,890

Slain Demon Lords: 1

Enhance List:

Dragon Scales, Dragon Claws, Dragon Wings (Red, Stage 1: 40%)

Swordwind Arms (Purple, Stage 2: 10%)

Tigerman Legs (Purple, Stage 2: 70%)

Dark Locust Stomach (Orange, Stage 3: 40%; Special Trait: Void Jaw)

Crystal Lich Skull (Orange, Stage 2: 80%)

Epistian Brain (Purple, Stage 2: 22%)

Cockroach Cells (Blue, Stage 3: 80%; Special Trait: Vigorous Cells)]

In addition to the body parts listed in the interface, he possessed the Stage 6 Purple Hollow Spine and Stage 7 Purple Bull King Horns. His strength had multiplied several times since he first arrived.

“I will kill that bastard the next time I meet him. I won’t let him escape,” Han Wu vowed. He then spent the rest of the day eating and digesting.

Unbeknownst to him, the situation outside was chaotic. According to the interface, three more Demon Lords had fallen today, leaving ninety-eight remaining.

The other Demon Lords were also growing stronger, just as Han Wu was. This pushed him to increase his pace. He stepped out of the cave, flapped his wings, and took to the air, searching for more demon packs or perhaps another Demon Lord.

Soon, he spotted a strange area where plants grew wildly. It looked like a garden, but the plants were enormous, mostly resembling sunflowers with flowers nearly two meters wide.

Han Wu sensed something was off. The soil here lacked nutrients, so it was nearly impossible for plants to reach such a size. He landed and approached the garden cautiously, ensuring each step was safe. He reached the edge without encountering any threats.

Perplexed, he muttered, “Is this really just a normal garden?”

Han Wu wasn’t certain, so he summoned his Soul Reaper and swung at the sunflower-like plants. The scythe’s sharp edge sliced through them effortlessly and sent them crashing to the ground.

That was when he saw a horrifying sight. The flowers had hidden the ground beneath them, and by cutting them down, he finally revealed a field of white bones. The plants had absorbed the nutrients from the flesh and blood of demons to grow to such a scale!

Cold sweat ran down Han Wu’s back. This training ground in the Hell Civilization was far deadlier than he had imagined.

He was about to use Void Jaw to consume one of the flowers when an angry howl echoed from deep within the garden. “Who dares to destroy my Moonlit Flowers?”

Han Wu determined that the voice belonged to a female.

Soon, a tall woman emerged from among the towering blooms. She wore a dark green dress and a hat adorned with flowers. She had a 2.5-meters-tall humanoid form and a strikingly beautiful face.

The flowers parted ways for her as she moved, as if she were their queen and they her subjects. Her eyes locked onto Han Wu, noticing the scythe in his hand and the fallen flowers scattered at his feet.

A gut-wrenching pain contorted the green-clad woman's face. She had painstakingly nurtured this garden as her dominion. Now, Han Wu had desecrated it by cutting down her flowers. She could not forgive his transgression and refused to negotiate. Her only choice was to kill him to avenge the death of her beloved blooms.

As if responding to her rage, the remaining flowers grew rapidly, stretching to three meters tall. At the same time, thorn-covered limbs and twisting vines sprouted from their stems. They uprooted themselves and advanced toward Han Wu menacingly.

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## **Chapter 292 - Slaying the Green-Clad Woman**

[ 1,200 words ]

### **Chapter 292 - Slaying the Green-Clad Woman**

Han Wu refused to let the plants entangle him. In an instant, he summoned his weapons through all four Swordwind Arms. He gripped the Defiant Sword, the Soul Reaper, and the Soul Shaver, channeling the full potential of the four arms' talent. The Soul Shaver whirled in his grasp, striking again and again with relentless speed as he tore into the horde of Moonlit Flowers.

He moved with blinding speed, his strikes slicing the air until wind blades roared forward like an artillery barrage. The blades tore into the Moonlit Flowers' vines, and the Soul Shaver's unique properties turned the wind damage into fire damage.

The massive horde of Moonlit Flowers became trapped in the blaze, their stems snapping and crackling under the heat like fireworks exploding during the New Year.

The green-clad woman's gaze burned with fury as she watched her prized blooms perish in the blaze. She would not forgive the man who had cut them down and set them alight. With a sharp wave of her arm, the burning Moonlit Flowers surged together, weaving themselves into a towering giant of tangled vines. She guided it like an extension of her own body, ordering it to pluck one of its blazing flowers and hurl it straight at Han Wu.

The fiery flower spun through the air like a deadly discus. Han Wu countered with the Bull King Horns' Horn Cannon, releasing a burst of energy that exploded against the swirling flames.

This was only the opening move for the green-clad woman. Her towering vine giant still had countless flowers to hurl. At her order, it launched a barrage of blazing flowers toward Han Wu.

He soared through the air on powerful wings and avoided the burning flowers with grace. His gaze stayed locked on the woman directing the giant. She had no Moonlit Flowers shielding her, having already spent most of them to create the towering construct.

He resolved to strike her down first. With a sharp beat of his wings, he closed the distance and triggered the Bull King Horns' second trait, Charge Horn. For the next three seconds, his speed multiplied tenfold as he lunged straight for her.

The woman's eyes widened as she tried to recall the vine giant to shield her, but the effort came too late. In desperation, she conjured a massive tree trunk between them. The wood was so dense that neither the Defiant Sword nor the Soul Shaver could cleave it.

It meant nothing to the Soul Reaper, though. The weapon slipped into its immaterial form and phased through the wood before slicing cleanly through her neck. Her head tumbled to the ground, rolling a short distance before coming to rest, eyes still glazed with bewilderment, unable to comprehend how his strike had passed her wooden trunk.

Han Wu stayed vigilant. The interface still displayed the same Demon Lord count, which meant the green-clad woman was not truly dead.

The vine giant finally returned to her side and protected her. It swung a burning vine fist at Han Wu and forced him to leap backward to avoid the blow. Then he saw several vines sprouting from the top of the woman's neck, twisting and curling until they formed a new head. It was the first time he had witnessed such a strange and unsettling sight.

The newly grown head glared at him fiercely and threatened, "You damned trespasser, you will pay for your actions!"

The vine giant relentlessly hurled burning flowers at him.

On the other hand, Han Wu managed to kill her numerous times, yet the results never changed. She continued to regenerate her lost body parts. He also noticed something odd about the vine giant. Though it had been ablaze the entire time, it never turned to ash.

Unable to kill her, Han Wu retreated outside the garden. The vine giant pursued him but stopped just one kilometer from the garden's edge. He sensed it was restricted in its movements.

The green-clad woman shouted insults, calling him coward and despicable, but Han Wu ignored her taunts and focused on uncovering why she could survive fatal attacks. After careful observation, he noticed that she only commanded the vine giant to attack while taking only a few cautious steps forward herself.

He suspected she was unable to attack directly rather than unwilling to fight on the front lines. Something anchored her to that spot. Once he formed that hypothesis, he attacked again, this time easily dodging the vine giant. He grabbed her neck and lifted her into the air.

She could not resist his powerful Dragon Claws and was forced to soar with him. That's when Han Wu spotted a thick green vine trailing from beneath her skirt, rooted deep in the earth.

That was probably why she couldn't leave the garden. He finally found a crucial clue and cut the vine with Soul Reaper.

The instant the vine was severed, her strength vanished. Wrinkles spread across her face as if she had aged decades in seconds. Han Wu snapped her neck with his Dragon Claws, and this time, she did not resurrect.

Checking the interface, Han Wu saw he had gained 1,000,000 Demonic Origin—the reward for killing the green-clad woman, a Demon Lord.

"A million Demonic Origin?!" he exclaimed. "Was she really worth that much?"

His gaze dropped to the vine giant, which had collapsed back into the Moonlit Flowers, no longer under her control. Most still burned fiercely, flames licking their petals before reducing them to ash.

Han Wu refused to let them die that way. He would kill them now to earn more Demonic Origin. He grabbed his weapons and charged into the Moonlit Flowers to chop them up.

It took three full hours, but Han Wu finally cut down every last Moonlit Flower. Though they were only Inferior demons, their numbers were overwhelming. He earned 300,000 Demonic Origin just from their deaths and collected numerous enhanceable body parts. Unfortunately, most bore the wood attribute, which was incompatible with him.

With a sigh, he tossed the incompatible parts into the Void Jaw to digest. As he scanned the battlefield for further loot, his eyes caught the vine he had severed from beneath the green-clad woman's skirt. To his surprise, it was an enhanceable body part of Orange quality, already enhanced to Stage 8.

The vine carried two rare special traits. The first, Gaia, allowed its user to absorb energy from the earth, tethering them to the ground and granting near-immortality. The second, Nurture, had enabled the woman to nurture the Moonlit Flowers.

Both traits were unique and powerful, but unfortunately, the vine was incompatible with Han Wu. Still, he recalled the abundance of plants in his divine realm and considered fusing it with one of them. Rather than consuming it, he carefully coiled the vine and tucked it into his pouch.

After clearing the battlefield, Han Wu prepared to seek another demon pack when a warm, soothing sensation bloomed within his skull. Shocked, he realized his Crystal Lich Skull had advanced to Stage 3 after absorbing energy from digesting the other body parts.

Three choices for his special trait appeared before him.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,197 words ]

### **Chapter 293 - Enhance, Enhance!**

[Option 1: Crystal Marrow – Converts the entire skeleton into a crystal skeleton. Selecting this upgrades the Crystal Lich Skull's quality but resets its enhancement, requiring ten times more Demonic Origin for future upgrades. It grows stronger with each stage.]

[Option 2: Exoskeleton – Grows a layer of bone from the skull to increase defense. Strength increases with each stage.]

[Option 3: Osteomancy – Grants control over bones for offensive attacks. Strength increases with each stage.]

Han Wu glanced over the options but immediately focused on the first. Crystal Marrow would transform every bone in his body into crystal bones! He welcomed the challenge of spending ten times more Demonic Origin for future upgrades. Crystal bones boasted immense toughness and high resistance to both physical and magical damage. Turning his entire skeleton into crystal would multiply his combat strength several times over.

Without hesitation, Han Wu selected the first option. The Crystal Lich Skull transformed into the Crystal Marrow. Its enhancement reset to Stage 1: 0%, but its quality rose to Red. He accepted the changes with satisfaction. Alongside his Dragon Claws, Scales, and Wings, he now possessed the Crystal Marrow at Red quality.

Han Wu then spent 1.3 million Demonic Origin to enhance body parts nearing Stage 3. Both his Tigerman Legs and Epistian Brain advanced to Stage 3, unlocking a chance to choose special traits.

The Tigerman Legs were special as they granted him two chances to select special traits, one for each leg. Because the process was straightforward, he had four options to choose from.

[Option 1: Tiger Walk – Move like a fierce tiger, doubling speed. If both legs share this trait, movement speed surges by 500%. Strength grows with each stage.]

[Option 2: Tiger Step – Deliver explosive kicks with the Tigerman Leg, dealing 300% damage. If both legs have this trait, damage rises to 1,000%. Strength grows with each stage.]

[Option 3: Tiger Fear – Unleash a tiger’s dominating spirit to stun enemies. When chosen for both legs, the stun effect increases by 400%. Strength grows with each stage.]

[Option 4: Tiger Break – Kick a ball of air with the Tigerman Leg. If both legs hold this trait, damage reaches 400%. Strength grows with each stage.]

Han Wu finally grasped how the system worked. Picking the same trait for both legs dramatically amplified its effect. He carefully reviewed each option to decide which suited him best.

To Han Wu, the Tigerman Legs were crucial for escaping enemies, so speed mattered most. Yet, since he already had wings, he did not need an additional speed boost.

Tiger Step and Tiger Break offered offensive choices. One provided explosive close-range power, while the other allowed for ranged attacks by kicking a ball of air. Each had its place depending on the situation.

Tiger Fear functioned like a domain, stunning enemies and instilling fear. It proved effective against weaker foes but held little use against opponents as strong or stronger than him.

He dismissed the first and third options outright. Between the remaining two, he focused on which attack method he needed most to diversify his combat style and catch enemies off guard.

Since the Swordwind Arms already gave him ranged wind blade attacks, Tiger Break felt redundant. In the end, he chose Tiger Step for both legs.

He then checked the Epistian Brain. Upon reaching Stage 3, three traits appeared for him to choose from.

[Option 1: Fireball – Gather Fire Energy to unleash a fireball. It can be charged to increase its power and grows stronger with each stage.]

[Option 2: Barrier – Create a barrier that negates any attack. It can be charged to expand in size and strength and becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 3: Detection – Sense everything around the user. It can be charged to extend its range and grows stronger with each stage.]

A strange voice echoed in his mind as he considered the options. *Three... Choose the third one...*

Han Wu knew it was the right choice. The other two were not weak, but they did not meet his current needs. He had no use for a ranged attack like Fireball right now. He also didn't need the Barrier, since his scales and crystal bones already provided solid defense.

Detection was different. It had the power to save his life. Han Wu had lost to Xun, the Demon Lord with the Arrow Tail, because he couldn't sense him fast enough. He refused to accept that he would lose again now that he had Detection.

He started testing the trait immediately. Calming his breath, he closed his eyes and focused on sensing everything around him. Within 100 meters, he could perceive every detail—the rustling of leaves, the billowing cloud of dust, the faintest movement.

Curious about its limits, he charged the trait. His detection radius expanded steadily until it reached ten kilometers. That was his current maximum, but it exceeded his expectations.

He could now pinpoint where the demons were and count how many existed within that vast area. His eyelids fluttered open, excitement surging through him. At last, he no longer had to fly around aimlessly hunting for prey. Detection had given him a decisive edge.

He had already learned that a pack of demons lurked within ten kilometers of his position. Several thousand demons above Class 4 moved under the command of a single powerful Class 7 demon. Nearby, he also detected the presence of a Demon Lord.

“Time to hunt.” He chose to target the Demon Lord first and shot forward like an arrow toward his prey. Soon, he reached the location of the Demon Lord, a massive boar with sharp tusks and a body armored in tough brown scales.

Han Wu took one look and knew that the Demon Lord specialized in tanking hits. *Good. Time to put my new traits to the test.*

He stopped flapping his wings and dropped from the sky, accelerating rapidly. At the same time, he activated the Hollow Spine's Speed Equals Strength to boost his strength by 60% and the Cockroach Cells' Vigorous Cells to add another 50% to his strength.

By the time the Demon Lord noticed Han Wu's presence, he was already ten meters away. The massive boar had no chance to flee and braced itself to face Han Wu's attack head-on.

At the last possible moment, Han Wu unleashed Tiger Kick. His damage skyrocketed to over 2,000%. The Demon Lord's armor shattered instantly under the overwhelming force. The boar was pulverized, crushed into a bloody paste. The ground beneath cracked and formed a crater from the impact.

As the dust settled, Han Wu found himself standing atop a pile of flesh. The Demon Lord was dead beyond doubt. He rose, feeling sharp pain radiate from his legs. The impact had injured him as well, but his bones remained intact. His cells rapidly regenerated, fueled by the energy from his stomach.

It took five minutes for him to fully recover from the devastating blow. As he surveyed the area, he spotted five enhanceable body parts dropped by the Demon Lord. He smiled, pleased with the rich loot he had gained this time.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,182 words ]

## **Chapter 294 - Abomination**

Han Wu picked up the five enhanceable body parts from the fallen Demon Lord and examined each one with care.

[Demon Heart (Purple, Stage 7; Traits: Power Well, Demonification)]

[Tusk x2 (Blue, Stage 8; Traits: Charge, Stabbing Tusk)]

[Brown Armor (Blue, Stage 7; Traits: Disguise, Heavy Armor)]

[Blubber (White, Stage 9; Traits: Defense, Cold Resistance, Rebound)]

Only the Demon Heart showed real promise. Its compatibility rating with him reached 60%, allowing him to harness up to 80% of its power once grafted. The rest fell below that threshold, their quality unimpressive. Without hesitation, he tossed them into his Void Jaw to be digested.

He grafted the Demon Heart to his body and studied its description.

[Demon Heart: The heart of a demon. Helps the demon absorb and store Demonic Energy. Currently has two traits.

Traits:

1. Power Well: Increases strength based on stored Demonic Energy.
2. Demonification: Transforms the body into a demon.]

The first trait offered a steady, passive boost, while the second was active. Demonification consumed the Demonic Energy stored in the Demon Heart to amplify all of the user's stats. Even at its weakest, it could temporarily double his abilities.

However, the stronger the Demonification, the harsher its side effects. It was a trait reserved for the most desperate situations. He hadn't yet accumulated enough Demonic Energy to activate it, but the potential fascinated him. He dismissed the risk, confident his Cockroach Cells could handle any recovery.

With his newfound strength, his thirst for revenge had become unbearable. He could no longer restrain himself and resolved to track down Xun. Activating Detection, a trait granted by his Epistian Brain, he scanned everything within a ten-kilometer radius. The search yielded nothing but a massive pack of demons.

"Consider yourself lucky. Next time, I'll kill you." Han Wu scoffed, launching himself toward the cluster of demons.

In one corner of the training ground, a Demon Lord stared up at the colossal demon towering before him. The demon's body was a grotesque patchwork, grafted with countless enhanceable parts.

Xun struggled to identify it amid the chaotic mass of limbs and appendages, but finally realized it was a demon called Abomination.

The Abomination's enormous hands seized a nearby Demon Lord and stuffed it into its gaping maw. Xun watched in horror as the struggling figure slowly descended the creature's throat, futilely resisting. In the end, the Demon Lord was devoured.

For the first time, Xun felt fear. This was an opponent beyond his ability to defeat. Without hesitation, he vanished with lightning speed, leaving the scene behind.

The Abomination paid him no mind, either oblivious or indifferent, and turned its attention to other demons. Its colossal hands swept up victims indiscriminately, swallowing them whole. Faces pressed and contorted beneath its stretched skin, their cries muffled and desperate, yet none escaped its grasp.

The Abomination paused mid-feast when its nose twitched. A Red body part had caught its attention, exuding a scent so intoxicating it pulled the demon like a magnet. It owed its immense size to its Red body part's trait, Abominable Devour. The part had been enhanced to Stage 9, the strongest among all its others.

"I... Want... Eat..." Its rumbling voice vibrated through the air as it dragged its mountain-sized bulk toward the scent. It seemed slow, yet it moved far faster than Xun anticipated.

Xun spun around and froze. The Abomination was closing in. He had tried to flee but never imagined it could match his pace. A scream of despair clawed at his throat.

Hunting other Demon Lords had once thrilled him, but being hunted by the Abomination left no room for joy. He pushed himself harder, but it was futile. The monstrous predator gained on him with every step.

"Misfortune! Such misfortune!" he grumbled. "I shouldn't have accepted the invitation! I could have stayed put for a few decades and become a Demon King without a single problem. Why did I accept it?"

It was too late for regrets. He was already there, and no action could rewind time. The only choice was to keep running. Then Xun spotted a large pack of demons to his right and stared at them as if they were salvation itself. He barreled into the horde, intending to use them as bait to distract the Abomination while he made his escape.

As he collided with the demons, Xun realized a Demon Lord was already tearing through them. Clearly, this place had been marked as its hunting ground. Xun knew it was rude to intrude, but politeness held no weight now.

He forced a meek expression and glanced over his shoulder to check if the Abomination was pursuing him. "Hey, would you trust me if I said I'm just here to hide?"

Han Wu turned and caught sight of the Demon Lord's scarlet skin and green tail, then realized it was Xun. He laughed. He never expected luck to hand him the very Demon Lord he had been looking for.

Han Wu raised his weapon, ready to take his revenge, when the ground trembled violently. He glanced past Xun and saw a colossal demon charging straight at them. He instinctively knew he couldn't defeat the behemoth and immediately thought of escape. Ignoring Xun, he flapped his wings and soared into the air.

Xun noted Han Wu's wings and recognized him too. He used Blink, leaped onto Han Wu midair, and pressed the bone blades on his arm to Han Wu's throat. His tail coiled around Han Wu's body as he hissed, "Take me with you, or I will kill you."

Han Wu snorted and slammed his Dragon Claws against the blades to hold them off. His remaining four Swordwind Arms summoned weapons and rained blows down on Xun.

Xun detached himself from Han Wu's back in a fluid motion, relying solely on his tail to dangle from him.

The Abomination finally reached them both. It lifted its massive arms to snatch Han Wu from the air.

Han Wu had no time to shake Xun off. He flapped his wings with desperate speed and narrowly escaped the demon's grasp.

The Abomination, intoxicated by the scent of Han Wu's Red body parts, seethed when it couldn't devour them. It belched into its hand and hurled a fistful of corrosive stomach acid toward Han Wu.

Han Wu activated Detection and dodged the noxious projectile with precision.

Xun, dangling from Han Wu's body, lacked Han Wu's agility and swung helplessly like a yoyo.

His scarlet skin, etched with countless runes, was the result of the combination of two Stage 8 body parts with two defensive traits. Even with such formidable protection, he screamed in pain when the noxious filth splashed against him.

Han Wu looked down and saw Xun's body marred by deep, jagged wounds where the Abomination's filth had struck. The corrosive substance had burned through flesh in several places, exposing bone.

Han Wu recoiled at the filth's sheer potency. *Is that stomach acid? Or something even stronger—like Aqua Regia? Damn. This stuff could effortlessly dissolve corpses, leaving no trace of a murder.*

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,405 words ]

## **Chapter 295 - Spiritual Blood Contract**

The crippling pain surged through Xun whenever the filth touched his body. He screamed to Han Wu, desperation breaking through his voice. "Please take me away from here. Please, I beg you. We will both die if we stay!"

Han Wu lunged at the tail with his claws and all four arms, trying to tear it off, but it resisted every attempt. Xun held onto him as if his life depended on it—because it did.

A low growl rumbled from Han Wu as he spoke in Demonese. “I can avoid the filth, but you cannot. You will be the one dying here.”

He had mastered Demonese after spending time here.

Despair flickered across Xun’s face, but he refused to surrender. “Such misfortune! I warn you again. Bring me away, or we will die together!”

Xun aimed his tail at Han Wu’s heart and attempted to pierce it.

Han Wu sensed the tiny movement instantly and intercepted the tail with ease. The tail itself was rubbery and difficult to tear, but its tip was different. Han Wu seized it with his claws, gripping it with unyielding force. A sickening crack of bone echoed through the air, and Xun’s face flushed crimson with pain.

“Do you have any other tricks up your sleeve? If not, it’s my turn!” Han Wu raised one arm, summoned Soul Reaper, and swung it viciously at Xun.

Xun tried to block with his bone blades, but the Soul Reaper phased through them, then solidified again to slice through his body. The pain almost made Xun faint.

“Misfortune! Misfortune! Such misfortune!” Xun screamed like a frenzied demon as the Soul Reaper tore into his flesh. His blood dripped to the ground, drawing the Abomination closer, which vomited more filth before hurling it through the air.

Han Wu dodged each projectile with ease, while Xun was flung about like a ragdoll. He swung left and right as the acidic filth pelted him, burning his skin. At this point, Xun faced death from either blood loss or the corrosive assault.

Yet he still harbored untapped potential, and he refused to die here. Desperation clawing at his voice, he cried out one last time to Han Wu, “I surrender! I will pay any price for you to let me live!”

Han Wu’s gaze remained cold. “I wish nothing more than your death.”

Xun sensed his killing intent and used his final trump card. “No wait! I will recognize you as my master! I possess the ability to forsake my current form and become your shadow. That way, I can fight by your side! I can sign a Spiritual Blood Contract with you as my master! I will become your slave, and you will have absolute control over me.

“If you kill me, you gain nothing but a worthless corpse and a few enhanceable body parts that won’t suit you. If you accept the Spiritual Blood Contract, you will gain a powerful servant. Please, trust me—I do not want to die!”

Xun nearly screamed the final words, and Han Wu finally paused his swings. The proposition intrigued him. Xun's power was considerable for a Demon Lord, and turning him into a slave would only strengthen Han Wu. Moreover, the Spiritual Blood Contract was unbreakable. Once signed, Xun would obey every command, even if he fled to another civilization.

"Don't try to play games with me, or you will regret it," Han Wu growled, beginning to forge the Spiritual Blood Contract.

Xun froze as he read the contract. It contained only one line: "The soul, life, and thoughts of the slave all belong to the master."

That single sentence sealed every possibility of betrayal. If he signed, he would become Han Wu's slave forever, in life and in death.

Han Wu handed him the contract, Soul Reaper in hand, ready to claim Xun's soul at any moment. "It's up to you if you want to sign it or not."

The Abomination below vomited a torrent of filth in its hand and was about to hurl it into the air again. One touch of that filth would kill Xun without question.

"Fine! I'll sign it," Xun said, surrendering to preserve his life. As long as he lived, there was hope.

He signed the Spiritual Blood Contract. Strange runes erupted across his skin, spreading until his scarlet flesh darkened into an inky black. The scarlet-skinned, green-tailed Xun vanished, replaced by a living shadow. He grumbled softly and merged into Han Wu's own shadow.

Han Wu noticed the transformation immediately—his shadow now bore Xun's shape. At the same moment, a surge of strength flowed through him as Xun became his servant. All of his enhanceable body parts responded, and the four Swordwind Arms advanced to Stage 3.

Four traits appeared as options for his newly enhanced limbs.

[Option 1: Steelcutter – Channels the power of all four limbs into a single, devastating strike. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 2: Cursed Wind – Imbues wind blades with curses. Enemies struck have a chance to be cursed. If all four limbs share this trait, curse strength rises to 2,000%, and struck enemies are guaranteed to be cursed. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 3: Aura Wind – Infuses wind blades with aura. Increases all wind-attribute attack damage by 500%. If all four limbs share this trait, damage rises by 1,000%. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 4: Plague Wind – Imbues wind with plague. Enemies struck have a chance of infection. If all four limbs share this trait, the effect increases by 3,000%. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

Han Wu stared at the four traits in astonishment. Each trait was potent, and any single one could dramatically boost his combat power. After careful thought, he chose the first option.

Steelcutter was likely a trait born from Steely's influence. Han Wu had seen its strength firsthand, and he trusted in its power. He gazed down at the massive Abomination beneath him after choosing Steelcutter.

The Abomination still flailed, trying to strike Han Wu from the air with its regurgitated filth. Han Wu took a deep breath. He did not have four greatswords at his disposal, so he summoned the Defiant Sword, Soul Shaver, and Soul Reaper. He channeled the wind's power, condensing it across all four weapons, then fused them into a single massive wind blade stretching 100 meters.

He swung the immense wind blade downward, and it tore through everything in its path. Even the formidable Abomination sensed the attack's strength and raised both arms to block it.

A loud crack resounded as the Abomination managed to fend off Steelcutter with its enormous arms. The blade, which had sliced through countless tough objects before, struggled against the Abomination's sheer strength.

Han Wu activated the Defiant Sword's special property and converted all the wind damage into slicing damage. Against its absolute sharpness, even the Abomination's arm couldn't hold it back. With a swift stroke, Han Wu severed one of the Abomination's hundred-meter-long arms. The cut was as smooth as a polished mirror.

The Abomination only realized what had happened when a torrent of defiled blood and clumps of greasy fat burst from the stump. The foul liquid sprayed upward in a foul crimson geyser.

The volume was far too great for Han Wu to dodge entirely. One bead of blood splashed against him. His Dragon Scales withstood the corrosive fluid for three seconds, burning through half of it before the rest ate through the scales and sank into his flesh. His cells fought back in a desperate, furious repair, just barely neutralizing the remainder.

*One drop of the Abomination's blood can cut deep enough for me to see my own bones,* he thought grimly.

Han Wu turned to leave at once, but Xun's voice stopped him. "Master, we need to take the Abomination's severed arm. If it reattaches it, all your effort will be wasted."

Han Wu gave a curt nod and lunged for the arm while the Abomination was still howling in pain. The severed limb towered over him, its pinkie alone dwarfing his size, yet he grabbed hold and dragged it away.

Xun morphed into a rope and coiled himself tightly around the arm, lending his strength to the effort.

The Abomination snapped out of its pain and roared in outrage as it realized its arm was gone. Han Wu had taken it away with it!

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 296 - Digesting the Huge Arm

[ 1,237 words ]

### Chapter 296 - Digesting the Huge Arm

Han Wu crouched in the shadowed hollow of a valley, his gaze fixed on the 100-meter-long arm before him. The limb sprawled across the ground like a fallen pillar, and hauling it here had nearly drained him of every ounce of strength. He could not drag it another step.

Xun scoffed from Han Wu's shadow. "Such misfortune."

Han Wu shot him a sharp glare. Xun flinched and hurried to clarify, "Master, I'm not talking about you. I mean the Abomination. It's such a misfortune to run into that bastard.

"Master, that bastard has an extremely keen nose. It will soon detect its arm. You need to dispose of it before that happens."

Han Wu's frown deepened. The arm stretched like a massive pillar, a hundred meters of sheer bulk. How could he possibly get rid of it? There was no time to dig a pit, and doing so would waste too many resources.

He considered using the Dark Locust Stomach to digest it, but the thought of the filth and blood eating through his own stomach chilled him. That would be the worst-case scenario.

“Master, honestly, the arm might be useful to me,” Xun said, his tone measured. “I have an enhanceable body part that absorbs energy from stronger life forms. I could take it in even if it’s a severed limb...”

Han Wu’s eyes narrowed. “So you want the profit without lifting a finger?”

Xun’s response was immediate. “No, Master. I only want to ease your burden. That Abomination will find us soon. If you want to escape, you’ll have to drag this arm yourself.”

In truth, Xun scolded Han Wu silently, *Damn, what misfortune. He actually saw through me. Was I acting too obvious?*

Han Wu raised an eyebrow. “You do realize that you signed the Spiritual Blood Contract, giving me full control over your life, soul, and thoughts. I already know what you’re thinking.”

Xun flushed with embarrassment and decided to confess. “Master, it’s true that I want the energy in the arm, but my strength is also your strength. You will grow stronger if I grow stronger too. I thought I could take the arm from you since you can’t do anything with it.”

Han Wu chuckled. “Who said I can’t do anything about it?”

He summoned the Defiant Sword and carefully sliced a small sliver of flesh from the arm, tossing it directly into his Void Jaw. The meat disappeared into his stomach.

His Dark Locust Stomach flared with relentless activity as it digested the flesh. The Abomination’s meat pulsed with energy, and even such a small sliver took a full minute to break down.

The results exceeded his expectations. Once the flesh was fully digested, all of Han Wu’s body parts were enhanced, and even his Demon Heart stockpiled a substantial amount of Demonic Energy.

The Demon Heart had a trait called Power Well, which amplified his strength in direct proportion to the energy stored within it. With this newfound power, Han Wu could drag the arm and run farther, and if he grew weary, he could simply slice off more flesh and feed it to his stomach. The cycle was nearly perfect.

With a plan like this in mind, he shaved off another portion of the arm and tossed it into his Void Jaw.

Xun, hidden in Han Wu’s shadow, watched the arm with raw greed. The energy contained within it could benefit him greatly.

Han Wu considered Xun his subordinate, so strengthening him served his own interests. With a precise cut, he removed the pinky and tossed it to Xun. Though it was only a finger, its energy was enough to elevate a demon to Xun's level.

Xun eagerly received it. He conjured ropes of shadow to drag the pinky into Han Wu's shadow. Not long after, he discarded the bone, having consumed the flesh and blood.

Han Wu picked up the bone and fed it to his Void Jaw. Without flesh, his stomach digested it rapidly and channeled all residual energy into his Red Crystal Marrow, which accelerated its enhancement.

Seeing how effectively it increased his efficiency in digesting the arm, Han Wu cut off the ring finger and handed it to Xun. The latter absorbed the flesh and blood, while Han Wu devoured the finger bone to further strengthen his Crystal Marrow.

He repeated the process once more. Xun reached complete fullness, and Han Wu's shadow swelled larger and more powerful. He felt his own strength returning, whether from the feedback of Xun growing stronger or from the trait of his Demon Heart.

Meanwhile, his Cockroach Cells absorbed the remaining energy and advanced to Stage 6. Three new options appeared for his next trait.

[Option 1: Energized Cells – Allows cells to be energized. Recovery rate doubles when energized. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 2: Independent Limb – Detached limbs can move independently for a short period and can be reattached within a limited time. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 3: Supercells – Each cell can assume the functionality of any organ. Each cell consumes ten times more energy while active. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

All three options had their merits, but Han Wu's eyes were locked on the third. It was the only one with a drawback, and he relished the trade-off. Ten times more energy was trivial if each of his cells could replicate the functions of his other organs. He would have paid a hundred times that energy without hesitation.

Hence, he selected the third option as the second trait of his Cockroach Cells. Instantly, he felt his cells undergo a massive transformation. They surged with energy, assuming the roles of every organ in his body. Each cell could now store Demonic Energy, secrete digestive enzymes, and perform the myriad functions his body required.

Han Wu sensed his Dark Locust Stomach digesting with tenfold speed. He carved more flesh from the arm with his Defiant Sword and fed it into his Void Jaw, devouring it faster and faster until only eighty meters of arm remained.

Suddenly, the ground trembled as the Abomination thundered into the valley. Just as Xun had warned, the demon's sharp sense of smell had led it straight to the scent of its own severed arm.

Han Wu grabbed the remaining arm, flapped his wings, and fled without a second thought. The Abomination spewed a torrent of filth into the valley, corroding the ground and filling the air with a horrid stench.

Han Wu glanced back with a shiver of fear, silently grateful for his speed. To maintain his momentum, he tore off another piece of meat and tossed it into his Void Jaw to absorb more energy.

After flying relentlessly with the arm, the Abomination eventually vanished from sight. Xun caught a glimpse of hope as he hid in Han Wu's shadow. They could survive as long as the demon didn't catch them.

Apart from the dangerous zones scattered across the vast training ground, they were free to move as they wished.

Xun let out a chuckle as he glanced around, but the sound died in his throat the instant he realized where they had ended up. Panic gripped him. Forgetting his place as a slave, he lashed out at Han Wu, "Misfortune! Such misfortune. Master, why did you enter this zone? This is the territory of one of the Twelve Demons!"

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,204 words ]

## **Chapter 297 - Misfortune**

Xun blinked in confusion at the question. "Master, don't you know about the Twelve Demons of the training ground? Didn't you read the manual? Wait... does that mean you are not from the Hell Civilization?"

The truth struck him at once. Han Wu's ignorance revealed his origin. Unfortunately, it was too late. He had already signed the Spiritual Blood Contract and was bound as his slave.

Han Wu felt no need to hide the truth. The contract ensured Xun could not betray him.

"You're right," he said. "Now tell me everything you know."

At that moment, Xun's entire world seemed to collapse. Never had he imagined he would end up enslaved to an entity from another civilization. *Such misfortune!*

Yet as a slave, he had no choice but to obey. He shared everything he had read in the manual.

According to Xun, the training ground had been constructed several centuries ago to hold beings whose divinity had been stripped away. Once deprived of divinity, these life forms could never ascend past the Demon Lord rank. All they could do was grow stronger, like livestock fattened for slaughter.

The training ground itself was divided into eight regions, each separated by boundary markers. Within those regions lurked twelve terrifying demons regarded as the pinnacle of the site.

The Abomination was one of them. Xun explained that he and two other Demon Lords had trespassed into its territory by chance. The Abomination had noticed them immediately. Before the other two Demon Lords had had time to resist, it had seized them and devoured them alive.

Xun had escaped at first through sheer speed and power. Yet in the end, even he could not flee the Abomination's grasp. He had survived only by becoming Han Wu's slave.

Now, he and Han Wu stood in another such territory. The jagged stones scattered across the ground told Xun exactly where they were. This was the domain of the Steel Demon.

The manual described the Steel Demon as a demon encased in unyielding steel, impervious to physical strikes and highly resistant to elemental attacks. It possessed overwhelming might in both offense and defense.

Han Wu had already witnessed the Abomination's strength and could easily imagine the Steel Demon's might. He preferred to avoid a confrontation for now.

Han Wu spoke cautiously. "The Steel Demon probably hasn't noticed us entering its territory. We should be able to escape."

His body parts were not yet enhanced to a level that could match such a powerful foe. If any of them reached Stage 9, he wouldn't need to exercise so much caution.

Xun agreed. "We have no choice. Let's run first."

He had just finished speaking when Han Wu noticed a shadow streaking toward them from a distance. Whatever it was, it moved faster than the speed of sound, its approach utterly silent.

Han Wu abandoned the arm and soared high into the air. He climbed 100 meters before activating Detection to identify the newcomer.

The figure below was a pitch-black demon roughly five meters tall, the average height for most demons. A sharp crown sat between its massive horns. Its torso gleamed with steel-like muscle, while its lower half was a bull, its tail whipping through the air with a cracking, metallic sound. The tail resembled woven iron wire more than flesh. Each step of its hooves dented the ground ten centimeters deep.

Han Wu's heart sank as he recognized the demon beneath him: one of the Twelve Demons, the Steel Demon.

Xun was hiding in Han Wu's shadow and complaining, "Misfortune, misfortune, misfortune! Such misfortune. The Steel Demon has noticed us."

Han Wu smirked. "What's there to worry about? It can't strike me while I'm in the air."

Then he saw it. The Steel Demon launched upward like a javelin, aiming straight for him. Its speed left no room for evasion, even with Detection.

The demon's horns, tougher than steel, shattered Han Wu's Dragon Scales, pierced his Cockroach Cells, and even cracked his crystal bones. That single tackle almost killed him.

At the critical moment, Xun leapt from Han Wu's shadow and yanked him off the Steel Demon's horn to prevent him from further injury.

Han Wu's consciousness faltered as he hit the ground. The attack had left him gravely wounded, his strength sapped. His Cockroach Cells worked frantically to heal him, but the damage from the Steel Demon's assault far outpaced their recovery.

The Steel Demon crashed to the earth as well and braced for another assault with its horns that were capable of piercing anything in their path. It aimed to kill Han Wu.

"Misfortune. Such misfortuneeeee!" Xun cried and sprang from Han Wu's shadow once more. He used Blink and dragged Han Wu with him to evade the demon's lethal charges.

The Steel Demon refused to let them escape so easily. When its charges proved futile, it used its trait and summoned an endless hail of steel spikes from the sky to impale them both.

Xun threw himself into protecting Han Wu and used Blink consecutively to avoid the spikes. He succeeded, but six of the steel spikes pierced his own body.

These were no ordinary spikes. Normally, a spike would absorb the victim's iron, sprout thorns, and root itself deep into the body. Ripping it out recklessly could leave catastrophic wounds, yet leaving it in would impede movement.

Fortunately, Xun's body was far from normal after signing the Spiritual Blood Contract. He tore the spikes free and lost only some of his energy.

"Such misfortune!" Xun roared.

He couldn't defeat the Steel Demon alone, so the only option was escape. He used Blink repeatedly to run with Han Wu while the Steel Demon thundered after them.

Fortunately, they avoided most of the major attacks. Half a day later, Xun finally shook off the relentless pursuer and carried Han Wu into a massive mountain, where they could finally rest.

Han Wu's condition was dire. He relied on the Cockroach Cells to recover and had barely survived the critical phase. His energy reserves were nearly depleted, and if he did not replenish them soon, his cells would starve.

"Misfortune, such misfortune!" Xun muttered yet again, unsure how many times he had repeated the phrase that day. He felt as if misfortune had shadowed him since birth, never letting him know the taste of luck.

Now, his misfortune deepened. He was a slave, his master teetered on the edge of death from grievous injuries, and he faced countless powerful foes. Allowing his master to die meant his own death as well. The Spiritual Blood Contract left no room for failure.

"Misfortune. I will find you food. Even my parents haven't tasted a meal I prepared. *Hmph!*" Xun grumbled, though the claim was false. His parents had perished at the hands of another Demon Lord shortly after his birth.

He grunted, activated his detection skill, and scanned a one-kilometer radius for food. Soon, he located a cluster of Inferior demons. He *sighed*. *Even flies contain meat. Now is not the time to be picky.*

Xun hunted the demons and dragged their corpses back to Han Wu. Struggling to keep him conscious, Xun jabbed at the bodies. "Eat! Eat them now!"

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

[ 1,150 words ]

## Chapter 298 - Dragonification

Han Wu opened his Void Jaw weakly and didn't even bother with skinning the Inferior demons. He shoved them all into his Dark Locust Stomach. Thanks to his Dark Locust Stomach and the Supercells trait from his Cockroach Cells, he digested them almost instantly.

He regained a fraction of his consciousness as his energy returned, but it wasn't enough. He needed something far more potent. Activating Detection, he located every demon within a ten-kilometer radius. He singled out the most powerful ones and ordered Xun to hunt them down.

While Xun carried out the hunt, Han Wu checked his interface. Xun had signed a Spiritual Blood Contract and become his slave, removing his name from the list of Demon Lords. Han Wu now counted as his subjugator. That meant he had already slain four Demon Lords. Furthermore, all the Demonic Origin from the demons that Xun killed was transferred to him. In effect, Xun functioned as a bot, farming experience and wealth for Han Wu.

As he devoured more demons, Han Wu's body regenerated rapidly, each meal simultaneously enhancing his body parts. It took time and effort, but he finally enhanced his strongest set—the Dragon Scales, Dragon Claws, and Dragon Wings—to Stage 3 at once.

He couldn't tell precisely how much Demonic Origin the five body parts had absorbed, but he had succeeded. Now he faced a critical choice. He could select one trait, which would apply simultaneously to all five body parts.

[Option 1: Dragon Fear – Exudes the authority of a dragon, causing weaker foes to cower and stronger enemies to approach with caution. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 2: Dragon Breath – Condenses Dark Energy into a devastating breath attack that melts defenses and inflicts massive dark-attribute damage. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 3: Dragonification – Temporarily transforms the user into a Black Dragon, granting the strength and defense of a Great Dragon. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

The three traits were the culmination of the five different parts. Any of them would make him stronger, but he needed one suited to his current situation.

He considered the raw close-range power of the Abomination and the Steel Demon and realized he was still too weak. That weakness explained why he had failed to match the Abomination in combat and why the Steel Demon had landed such a punishing blow.

He needed a stronger body, and Dragonification offered the best chance. As the trait fused with him, his scales thickened, his wings swelled with power, and his claws sharpened to deadly precision. Even so, he sensed he was still far from matching the Steel Demon or the Abomination. He had to grow stronger.

"I'm still weak compared to the Twelve Demons, but escaping them should be easier now," he muttered.

Bolstered by his new strength, Han Wu prepared to return to the Steel Demon's territory to claim the remaining arm. He had only consumed part of it and wanted the rest, certain it would enhance all his body parts by a full stage. He decided to act now and flew high into the air.

With Xun guiding him, they soon soared over the Steel Demon's territory. Han Wu hadn't paid it much attention before, but now he could survey it fully. The land looked like a realm designed for torment. Massive ores, twisted by the Steel Demon's power, rose like jagged steel blades, cutting through the ground and threatening to pierce the heavens. It was a brutal hellscape even demons avoided.

Despite the dangers, Han Wu refused to abandon his mission. He activated Detection and finally located the remaining arm. The good news was that it remained intact, untouched by any demon. The bad news was that the Steel Demon stood guard beside it.

"Such misfortune!" Han Wu blurted out Xun's signature phrase without thinking when he realized the Steel Demon had not left the area.

Confusion immediately followed. Why was it standing there without devouring the arm? Was it waiting for the flesh to rot and soften further?

Han Wu exhaled and decided to wait. He would take the arm only after the Steel Demon left.

He waited through the long hours until night finally fell. The Steel Demon remained motionless beside the severed arm until the Abomination arrived. The towering demon had tracked its missing limb, following the trail all the way into the Steel Demon's territory. Naturally, the Steel Demon would not allow the Abomination to reclaim it.

Their power was formidable, and their territories lay close enough to clash repeatedly. The Steel Demon would gain nothing if it allowed the Abomination to recover its lost strength.

Without a word, the two demons collided, trading violent blows that shook the land. The aftershocks of their strikes rippled far and wide, cracking countless metal mountains and revealing the precious ores hidden within.

Han Wu's attention never wavered. He even used Detect to assess their injuries. He did not expect to reclaim the arm now. His goal was far simpler: he wanted the demons badly wounded so he could finish them both and claim a massive reward.

Xun shared the same thoughts; as Han Wu's slave, he would earn a small cut of the reward. That alone was enough as long as Han Wu reaped a fortune.

The clash stretched through the night and into the next day. Han Wu and Xun were both stunned by the demons' relentless energy, as if neither ever tired.

Yet the Abomination, missing an arm, had clearly lost some strength. After hours of fighting, it finally revealed an opening. The Steel Demon seized it, launching like a javelin and driving its horns deep into the Abomination.

Blood and filth sprayed across the battlefield. Most of the blood sizzled harmlessly against the Steel Demon's iron-like body, leaving only minor scratches, while the Abomination reeled from the devastating strike and collapsed helplessly. The Steel Demon pressed its advantage, transformed its arms into massive blades, and carved chunks of flesh from its opponent.

Han Wu could not help but admire the Steel Demon's brutality and silently thanked it. The dismemberment would make the Abomination easier to digest later. He also hoped the Steel Demon would tire itself with the relentless attacks and leave both demons vulnerable to a single decisive strike.

The Steel Demon worked relentlessly until the Abomination lay in ten severed pieces. Even then, it clung to life and was using its traits to reattach its body.

Han Wu saw his opportunity. The Steel Demon was clearly exhausted from the prolonged battle, and the Abomination, dismembered and weakened, could not mount a proper defense. This was his chance to eliminate them both.

If he executed it perfectly, he could kill two of the Twelve Demons and gain a lot.

"Time to do it!" He moved, driven by the lure of the potentially enormous reward waiting for him.

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[ 1,113 words ]

**Chapter 299 - Infinite Energy**

“Demonification! Dragonification! Vigorous Cells!” Han Wu ensured everything was in place to confront the exhausted Steel Demon.

Power surged through him, and his presence radiated such force that weaker foes would have thought twice before approaching. He then used the Tigerman Legs’ trait, Tiger Step, and fell from the sky while using Detection to pinpoint the Steel Demon’s position with perfect precision.

He descended like a meteor, his momentum building with terrifying speed. At this velocity, he doubted the Steel Demon could evade him.

His landing struck squarely on the Steel Demon’s chest. The combined force of Demonification, Dragonification, and Tiger Step unleashed a shockwave that shattered the demon’s torso. Despite its body being tempered to an almost impossible degree, capable of withstanding most attacks, Han Wu’s strike pierced through. Black blood gushed from the Steel Demon’s mouth, mingled with fragments of its ruptured organs. It was critically injured.

Han Wu seized this opportunity and used Steelcutter. He merged his four weapons to form a colossal, hundred-meter-long wind sword before the terrified Steel Demon and swung it down with wrathful intensity.

The Steel Demon tried to crawl away but realized its movement was restricted. When it looked down, it saw that black ropes had emerged from Han Wu’s shadow, binding its legs. Its focus had been entirely on the sky above, and it failed to notice the trap below.

That was all it took for the wind sword to crash down onto the Steel Demon. Its body was tough, and it was confident it could endure even a critical blow from the giant wind sword.

What it had not anticipated was that the wind sword transformed its wind damage into blunt force. The immense impact pulverized the Steel Demon into a grotesque heap. Black flesh and shards of blood rained across the ground.

Han Wu had won and slain the powerful Steel Demon!

A surge of satisfaction coursed through him as he turned to the Abomination, which was still struggling to reattach itself. He knew he had to finish it while it was still weak. Pain seared through his body from the lingering effects of Demonification, but he forced himself forward and struck with Steelcutter once more. This time, the injured Abomination could not defend itself and was destroyed completely.

After vanquishing two powerful demons in one go, Han Wu gained tens of millions of Demonic Origin and allowed himself a brief moment of relief. The prolonged strain of constant vigilance had left him utterly drained, and both Demonification and Dragonification dissipated on their own. The backlash from Demonification intensified,

sending cracks racing across his body. Every fiber of his being felt as though it would shatter into fragments.

Han Wu could feel the cracks spreading through even his resilient crystal bones, not just his flesh. He remained perfectly still, unwilling to move even a single centimeter, as if the slightest motion would shatter him entirely. He had never anticipated that the backlash from using Demonification could be this devastating, powerful enough to kill him outright.

He felt a flicker of relief knowing he was not alone. Xun emerged from his shadow and followed his orders, feeding pieces of energy-infused flesh into his Void Jaw.

Han Wu activated his Dark Locust Stomach to digest the flesh, converting it into energy to mend his injuries. He also spent the 20 million Demonic Origin he had accumulated to enhance his Cockroach Cells.

He was slightly surprised when he saw that enhancing the Blue Cockroach Cells to Stage 9 required a staggering 12 million Demonic Origin. Finally, his cells reached the point where they could select a new trait. As before, three options appeared for him to choose from.

[Option 1: Infinite Regeneration – As long as the user has at least one living cell, it can absorb energy to reconstruct the user's body.]

[Option 2: Infinite Energy – Each cell can store an unlimited amount of energy.]

[Option 3: Infinite Clones – Each cell is malleable enough to absorb the cells of other living beings to replicate their bodies. (Cloning does not extend to their soul or thoughts.)]

Han Wu studied the three options and wished he could choose all of them. Unfortunately, he was limited to just one. He examined each carefully, weighing their potential.

The first option sounded incredible. It promised the ability to reconstruct his body from a single living cell by absorbing energy. In theory, it was like reincarnation. In practice, it carried a massive drawback: the energy required for a single cell to rebuild his entire body and restore him to peak condition was astronomical. Where would that energy come from?

The second option allowed him to store infinite energy within his cells. It sounded broken, yet it came with a hidden limit: his own body. If his body were a handgun and energy the bullets, he could fire endlessly, but his firepower would still fall short of a gatling gun. This trait would only serve to help him a little.

The third option seemed formidable at first. He could, in theory, clone cells from powerful life forms endlessly. He imagined raising a vast army of these clones.

Yet his Epistian Brain immediately flagged a problem. He could clone only the physical body, not the soul or consciousness. A strong body alone was meaningless without the mind that guided it. True strength resided in will and thought. Without them, even the mightiest physique was no more than an empty shell.

Han Wu reviewed all three options and realized none would immediately make him stronger. Still, that didn't make them weak. After long contemplation with his Epistian Brain, he finally chose Infinite Energy. With it, he could store infinite energy now and draw on it later as his power grew.

Upon selecting the third trait, his Cockroach Cells advanced to Stage 9, reaching their current enhancement limit. These were all the traits the cells could unlock at this time.

Nonetheless, that did not mean the cells were doomed to remain a Blue body part forever. A plus sign had appeared next to the Blue quality section of the Cockroach Cells, indicating the potential for future upgrades.

When he tried to enhance them, the interface informed him he needed to kill seven Demon Lords. Having already killed six, he required just one more.

“That’s fine. I will upgrade it in the future,” he promised himself.

Han Wu then poured the remaining Demonic Origin into his Dark Locust Stomach, the body part he used most. He funneled the remaining 8 million Demonic Origin into it, enhanced it to Stage 6, and gained the opportunity to select its second trait.

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[ 1,040 words ]

### **Chapter 300 - Abominable Devour**

[Option 1: Inferior Devour – Carries an extremely low chance of obtaining enhanceable body parts from digested food. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 2: Multisac Stomach – Adds extra stomach sacs to boost digestion speed and expand stomach capacity. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

[Option 3: Improved Digestion – Secretes 1,000% more digestive enzymes, drastically accelerating digestion. Becomes stronger with each stage.]

Han Wu dismissed the second option the moment he saw it. Extra stomach sacs could indeed boost digestion, but he already relied on his Cockroach Cells to accelerate the process. Supercells allowed his cells to replicate stomach functionality, boosting digestion on their own. Adding more sacs would offer little advantage. His choice now narrowed to the first and third options.

Inferior Devour promised infinite growth and possibilities, yet the *Inferior* suffix carried a severe drawback. Traits with that label had an extremely low chance of activating their effects successfully.

The third option presented a simpler, more brutally efficient solution. It produced ten times more digestive enzymes and sharply increased the digestion rate of his Dark Locust Stomach, converting even the toughest matter into energy. The trait's power amplified when combined with his Cockroach Cells' Infinite Energy.

After a moment's thought, he selected the third option. Immediately, his Dark Locust Stomach adapted and effortlessly broke down the Steel Demon's rock-hard muscles. Han Wu channeled the resulting energy into his cells, which began repairing themselves at an astonishing rate. The cracks marring his body slowly closed and vanished.

Xun stayed busy as well, tossing meat into Han Wu's Void Jaw while simultaneously gathering the enhanceable body parts from the fallen Demon Lords.

Han Wu considered himself incredibly fortunate. Each of the two demons had dropped three Stage 9 enhanceable body parts. Xun suppressed his intense greed and handed all six parts to Han Wu, who carefully checked them.

[Abominable Devour (Red, Stage 9; Traits: Swallow Alive, Transmute, Gigant)]

[Huge Power (Orange, Stage 9; Traits: Mighty, Seal, Suppress)]

[Demon Sniffer (Orange, Stage 9; Traits: Heightened Sense of Smell, Reinforced Sense of Smell, Long Range Tracker)]

[Massive Steel Horn x 2 (Orange, Stage 9; Traits: Unbreakable, Sharp, Almighty Pierce)]

[Iron Blood (Purple, Stage 9; Traits: Recharge, Conduit, Reborn)]

Han Wu's heart pounded as he saw the first Red body part, the Abominable Devour. He had just ignored the Inferior Devour, and now fate had handed him the superior version. He felt a surge of excitement; he knew he would be a fool not to graft it immediately.

He instructed Xun to hand over the Abominable Devour, which was shaped like an esophagus. Checking its compatibility, he found an astonishing 90% match. Such a

perfect alignment could hardly be coincidence—it was as though fate had intended this body part for him alone.

Han Wu examined its three traits.

[Swallow Alive: Can engulf any living demon, isolating them from all energy while consumed.]

[Transmute: Converts the consumed life form or non-life material into flesh for the user. Cannot absorb souls, but can imprison them in the user's flesh, transferring any damage and pain inflicted onto the user instead.]

[Gigant: Allows unlimited growth in size by consuming flesh.]

The traits were exceptional and synergized perfectly with his existing body parts. Without hesitation, he grafted it. Once integrated, the Abominable Devour activated its Gigant trait, giving him a choice: convert the consumed flesh into cellular energy or transform it into additional muscle to increase his size.

Han Wu had not yet recovered from his injuries, so he chose to convert the flesh into energy for his cells. Recovery was his priority. He then turned his attention to the remaining body parts but felt a twinge of disappointment because none of them were suitable for grafting.

He intended to store them safely for future use when he noticed Xun staring at the Demon Sniffer and Iron Blood with a mixture of greed and longing.

The Demon Sniffer could be grafted to dramatically enhance one's sense of smell. Its three traits elevated it to a level unmatched by any ordinary body part. With its final trait, Long Range Tracking, the user could detect scents across a 5,000-kilometer radius. In the right hands, it surpassed even Han Wu's own Detection.

Iron Blood ranked just below the Demon Sniffer in terms of quality but was no less formidable. Its three traits seemed almost tailor-made for Xun. Recharge allowed the user to store energy within their blood. Conduit accelerated the flow of that energy throughout the body. Reborn enabled the user to regenerate from severe injuries by absorbing energy.

Han Wu studied both parts and nodded approvingly. They were indeed powerful and would make Xun exponentially stronger if he grafted them.

He also reflected on Xun's unwavering loyalty since becoming his slave. Xun had even risked his life to save Han Wu during his critical injuries at the hands of the Steel Demon, expending vast amounts of energy just to protect him. Such devotion could not be repaid with mere gifts of body parts.

“Here, take the Demon Sniffer and Iron Blood,” Han Wu said, offering them without hesitation.

Xun froze. He thought he must have misheard. He had never imagined his master would give him two highly enhanceable body parts of such rare value. As a proper Demon Lord, he understood their worth—he could easily exchange them for tens of millions of Demonic Origin. Accepting such a lavish gift felt almost indulgent.

“What? You don’t want them?” Han Wu chuckled, pretending to pull them back.

Xun snatched both body parts before Han Wu could reclaim them. “No, I want them. I need them.”

He had already confirmed their compatibility while collecting them from the ground for Han Wu. He could have hidden them for himself, but he had chosen honesty and presented them openly to his master. In a way, he had fulfilled his duty as Han Wu’s slave, yet he longed to graft the parts for his own power. Naturally, as his master, Han Wu knew what Xun was thinking and deliberately chose to give them to him.

“What are you waiting for? Hurry and graft them,” Han Wu urged.

Xun nodded and retreated to a secluded spot to graft the two body parts.

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[ 1,181 words ]