

The People's God: Sacrificing Trillions to Ascend

[1,135 words]

Chapter 501 - Unlucky Ant God

Han Wu heard the person before they even came into view.

“You dare kill my units? I’ll kill you!”

Turning toward the sound, Han Wu saw a figure with black carapace armor and bulky arms the size of his legs.

A name floated above his head, designating him as Ant God. He initially had 840 billion points, but somehow lost 100 billion points after presumably encountering some misfortune.

At the same time, Ant God also noticed Han Wu’s alias. The name Locust Plague brought a frown to his face. He then checked the ranking and saw that Han Wu had 880 billion points, much higher than what he had started with. After glancing at Han Wu’s units, he scoffed.

The variety in Han Wu’s core race caused Ant God to assume he had bought all his units. Ant God looked down on candidates who relied purely on money. However, Han Wu’s high ranking on the list dissuaded Ant God from waging war on him yet.

After all, the ceremony had just started. If they fought, it would only benefit those further down the list.

It would be downright embarrassing for the Gods and Major Gods if a Demigod or Divine Being ended up becoming the inheritor.

“You’ve killed a lot of my units, so let me kill some of yours, and we’ll call it a truce, alright?” Ant God proposed.

Han Wu scoffed. “No.”

They were already fighting, and Ant God wanted to kill more of his units before shamelessly fleeing. Han Wu would never let that happen. Gods saw their units like their children. Even if Han Wu had a lot of children, that didn’t mean someone could just harm them without consequence.

“Locust Plague, don’t get cocky. I’m trying to let you bow out without disgracing yourself. The miscellaneous units that you bought off the market can’t defeat my black ants.”

Ant God thought Han Wu was being impertinent by rejecting his grace. Meanwhile, Han Wu couldn't care less.

"Stop talking and fight. Let's see who's the strong one," Han Wu taunted before ordering his units to kill the black ants.

All of Han Wu's units took to the air, conjuring two illusions and sending them to Self Detonate on the black ants. Explosions rocked the ground. Many of the black ants were killed in the blast.

Han Wu, on the other hand, didn't lose a single unit, as he had merely detonated the illusions of his units. It was all thanks to Han Wu's new Sacred Objects, the Illusion Stone and the Truth Brush. The two were synergistic, with one conjuring illusions while the other turning them into clones.

When paired with Han Wu's famous Self Detonation, it turned into the new battle strategy. Ant God was horrified. Han Wu's method of turning illusions into clones to use as kamikaze warriors was extremely effective.

Reeling from the loss, Ant God let out a furious roar, commanding his black ants to grab as many boulders as possible and chuck them into the air.

In response, Han Wu ordered his units to fly higher and activate the Sixfold Artifact to summon the shortbow. Drawing the bowstrings, they fired a hail of arrows downward. The heavy arrows killed the black ants through sheer numbers, with many dying horrifically.

The helplessness of the situation caused Ant God to panic. His black ants were humanoid and excellent close combat specialists. Even if there was some distance between them and their enemy, they could still launch boulders as an assault.

However, as his black ants couldn't fly, there was nothing he could do against flying units.

Unfortunately, Han Wu's units could fly and were essentially the perfect counter to his core race. When Ant God saw waves of his units perishing, he immediately ordered them to retreat. Staying would only cause unnecessary deaths.

Fortunately, Han Wu didn't give chase. Han Wu didn't want to take it too far and provoke Ant God into retaliating, regardless of the risks.

The ceremony was destined to last a long time, so Han Wu wasn't worried about pursuing Ant God for now. Once the black ants retreated, he focused on the corpses left behind. They were excellent food for his units.

He was staring at the corpses when something unexpected happened. The corpses were disappearing rapidly. Rather than being digested, they were quickly turning into small balls of light.

“What’s going on?” Han Wu couldn’t just let this wonderful meal for his units disappear like that. Bewildered, a single Core fragment the size of a human head suddenly landed in his hand.

Upon checking the fragment, he immediately understood what had happened. The black ants’ corpses weren’t simply disappearing; they were being refined into Core fragments.

The fragment in his hand was the size of a human head, enough to increase a level 30 Core by two additional levels.

“I don’t need to level my Core right now, but it’s a rare resource. I can’t just throw it aside.” Thus, he carefully placed it in his divine realm beside the Swamp God’s Divine Ego.

At the same time, Ant God checked his points and saw that they had gone down further. He was down to a mere 690 billion points.

Han Wu had killed many of his units, so this point loss was inevitable. “Damn you, Locust Plague and Crouching Dragon!”

The first time he lost 100 billion points was because he had encountered Crouching Dragon’s core race. Facing such misfortune twice left him feeling cursed.

He was trying to think of a strategy when one of his black ants sent back a report. They had found something peculiar and needed him to check it out. Rushing over to the black ant, he found a shrine.

A sentence was etched into the side of the shrine. “Offer 200,000 Power Stones and receive the blessing of the Berserker God.”

In the shrine stood a copper statue depicting a muscular man with unlimited strength. Noting the presence of Divine Points emanating from the statue, Ant God hesitated to hastily offer 200,000 Power Stones, instead breaking the shrine and keeping the statue in his pouch.

He would only crack open the statue and take the treasure inside once the ceremony was over. However, despite expending all of his strength, he couldn’t move the statue a single inch. This made him more certain that the statue was hiding something good.

Thus, he decided to test out what blessing he would get. But where could he find Power Stones?

Ant God turned to look at his units.

Black ants were famed for their strength, and 200,000 wasn't a large number for him. So, he decided to crack open their skulls, remove the Power Stones from within, and offer them to the statue.

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- Chapter 502 - Berserker God

[1,015 words]

Chapter 502 - Berserker God

Ant God collected 200,000 Power Stones and offered them to the statue, which opened its mouth and absorbed them all at once. The copper statue revealed a gleeful smile before turning red.

That was when Ant God noticed that his core race had all been blessed with the first stage of berserk, with their overall stats receiving a huge boost.

The blessing had made his units 15% stronger, and his points shot all the way up to 810 billion. Ant God was very pleased with the results and thought he had found a way to become stronger.

Recalling that Han Wu's points had increased twice earlier, he wondered, *Does that mean the shrine can empower my units twice?*

Ant God eyed the statue with cautious distrust. However, aside from turning redder, nothing else about the copper statue seemed to have changed.

Checking the inscription on the shrine, he noted the conditions for the next blessing. "Offer 2 million Power Stones to receive the battleaxe of the Berserker God."

Once again, he ordered 2 million of his black ants to kill themselves, collected their Power Stones, and offered them to the statue.

After absorbing the Power Stones, the statue turned a deep red, as if dipped in blood. Ant God then felt the stats of his units boosted once more by 15%.

His points had risen to 920 billion, just 10 billion away from first place.

This was a good chance to surpass Crouching Dragon. He already had 920 billion points, so what was another 10 billion?

Glancing at the statue once more, he read the new conditions. This time, he had to offer 20 million Power Stones to obtain the armor of the Berserker God.

Ant God hesitated. 20 million black ants were a lot to sacrifice, but he was just a step away from first place. Moreover, stronger units would undoubtedly help him in this ceremony.

After much contemplation, he finally gave his order to have 20 million black ants kill themselves. Power Stones piled up like a mountain before the statue.

The statue's body shone as if covered with flowing blood. Meanwhile, Ant God waited impatiently for the statue to grant him the power he needed to overtake Crouching Dragon as first place.

But that was when something unexpected happened.

The statue opened its blood-red eyes, growing ever larger until it broke through the shrine and turned into a muscular giant. Ant God reacted quickly, instantly putting distance between him and the shrine, but the Berserker God refused to let him go.

It roared with a voice like a ringing gong. Any being within a certain radius could no longer move at all.

Ant God and his black ants were stuck in place.

The Berserker God approached him and bit off his head in one go.

Ant God died just like that, without even getting the opportunity to fight back.

On the ranking board, his name turned red, shifting to the bottom of the board as his points were reduced to zero.

The Berserker God, unsatisfied after merely snapping off Ant God's head, swiftly devoured his body too. Strangely, the black ants remained standing, their eyes stained red as bloodlust engulfed them.

The humanoid black ants had become berserkers and were twice as powerful as before. Furthermore, they were no longer Ant God's units but the subjects of the Berserker God.

"Kill everything!" bellowed the Berserker God.

The berserking black ants scattered in every direction, killing anything that crossed their path. Han Wu had been meditating and checking the reports from his units while keeping an eye on the ranking board.

When Ant God's points dropped to zero and fell to the bottom of the ranking, Han Wu was immediately put on guard.

Zero points meant death.

But who had killed Ant God? Han Wu had a bad feeling when he recalled how Ant God's points had risen twice. If he was not mistaken, a foreign God sealed within a shrine had likely killed Ant God.

"If I kill it, I can get another Divine Ego," Han Wu mumbled, ordering his units to search for the foreign God. The other candidates had also noticed what had happened to Ant God's points, but none knew why.

How did Ant God's points rise so high before falling to zero? What had happened? Suspicious, they continued to explore. That was when some of them encountered the berserking black ants.

Subjects of the Berserker God were indifferent to pain, charging recklessly with incredible bloodlust. Their only purpose was to slaughter any life form they encountered, regardless of whether they were injured in the process.

Many of the candidates' units were killed, which inevitably caused their points to drop. Worse still, the Berserker God would grow slightly stronger every time the berserking ants landed a successful kill. Only after its subjects killed more than a hundred million life forms did the Berserker God reach a bottleneck.

After some struggle, it finally broke through, becoming an Earthsunder life form. However, this wasn't the limit of its strength. Discontent with its growth, it started personally hunting the candidates directly.

If the Berserker God could consume a candidate's body, it could then control their units, allowing it to gain more subjects and naturally grow stronger.

It had been extremely bored while sealed. In contrast, this slaughter seemed truly euphoric, making it feel invincible after so long.

Rampaging through the area, it came across an unshakable youth. This youth was also a candidate, and behind him were ten humanoids from the Wyrms race.

The Berserker God, believing the youth to be easy prey, roared and tried to eat him.

At the same time, the ten humanoid Wyrms behind the youth attacked. As Earthsunder life forms, they easily suppressed the Berserker God and subdued it.

The youth stepped forward with a needle-like sword called Wyrms Cutter, which he easily stabbed through the Berserker God's skull, killing it.

He then retrieved the Berserker God's Divine Ego and wiped off the blood from his Wyrms Cutter.

"Time to find the next one."

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[1,013 words]

Chapter 503 - Bonus Stage

Similar situations to the Berserker God were occurring throughout the Dueling Lands. Foreign Gods were killing weak yet greedy candidates and plummeting their points to zero. Already more than ten had been killed.

Han Wu commanded his units to search around before finally finding another shrine.

Dense darkness hung over the shrine. Tracks resembling horse hooves could be found in the surrounding area. Someone else had come across the shrine but had left.

Checking the side of the shrine, Han Wu read the sentence etched there, "Sacrifice 6 million Dark Stones to receive the benevolence of the Dark God."

Evidently, someone had obtained the first blessing but had held back their greed and made no further offerings.

It was rare to find such a disciplined God with the mental clarity to sense danger, and Han Wu couldn't help but admire them.

"But the Divine Ego of the Dark God is beneficial to me."

Han Wu's units, Dark Locust and Alpheus, were powerful dark attribute units. The Divine Ego of the Dark God would allow either to become a powerful Dark God if they absorbed it.

Since it benefited Han Wu, he naturally decided to get it.

Han Wu gathered energy from his units to turn into Dark Stones, then made the offering. The stones turned into a dark stream before flowing into the pitch-black statue in the shrine.

With that done, Han Wu waited for the Dark God to appear, only for him and his units to receive the Dark God's benevolence instead. This gave them the ability to see in the dark and granted them affinity with darkness. All Darkness-based attacks would also be less effective on them.

Han Wu inspected the shrine and saw that the sentence had changed. This time, it requested 60 million Dark Stones.

"That should be enough to free it this time, but I'll need to gather 60 million Dark Stones first," he mumbled.

Not long after, a ten-meter-tall mountain of Dark Stones was being offered to the statue. The statue converted the Dark Stones into pure energy to absorb.

Han Wu readied himself.

Unexpectedly, the black statue turned into a black liquid and escaped!

Han Wu could barely contain his laughter. The Dark God was a powerful foreign God, yet it escaped the moment it was free.

Although he had obtained the 60 million Dark Stones for free using his Divine Aspect and Divine Jurisdiction, it was still labor. How could Han Wu let the Dark God escape after all that effort?

"Come back here!" Han Wu shouted, calling eight of his Earthsunder life forms to pursue the Dark God.

The Dark God turned into a shadow, dancing around the area in an attempt to escape, but Han Wu caught on to its tactics and immediately worked to surround it. In the end, the eight Earthsunder life forms were positioned in an octagon with the Dark God in the middle.

Sensing the Earthsunder life forms encircling it, the Dark God immediately stopped moving. Meanwhile, Han Wu stood outside, using his senses to discern the Dark God's true appearance.

The Dark God was just a mouse, but it was an extremely rare race of mouse called the Umbral Mouse. This race had an unusually high affinity to darkness and could move rapidly within the shadows.

Also, it was a greedy race that loved hoarding treasures. It was said that every Umbral Mouse could form a hidden Dark Pagoda to store its stash.

Han Wu was overjoyed at the discovery. Catching an Umbral Mouse meant obtaining the key to its treasure pagoda! This was like a bonus stage for Han Wu!

“Dark God, submit yourself to me, and I won’t kill you,” the eight Earthsunder life forms declared on Han Wu’s behalf after receiving his telepathic order.

The Umbral Mouse screeched and chattered as if angry. Han Wu’s proposal had clearly hurt its pride. After venting its frustration, it skittered toward the darkness emanating from Alpheus.

It tried to escape through the darkness, but Han Wu was faster, already placing his hand on the ground and activating his Divine Jurisdiction. He swiftly turned that Dark Energy into Light Energy.

The Umbral Mouse staggered out from the flash of bright light, rolling on the ground in agony. It was a life form that lived in perpetual darkness, and light caused it piercing pain.

Han Wu then turned all the surrounding darkness into light.

The Umbral Mouse couldn’t avoid it at all. It could only endure the torture. Three minutes later, its body was stiff like a corpse.

The light had left it paralyzed by pain. Picking it up by its tail, Han Wu examined it.

Its affinity with darkness was truly staggering, allowing it to escape through darkness with ease. Even Alpheus’s Dark Domain almost turned into a medium for it to escape. After some time, the Umbral Mouse regained control over its body, swiping its claw at Han Wu even while dangled from its tail.

Frowning, Han Wu channeled Light Energy into his palm. The Umbral Mouse stiffened as if electrocuted, but regained its mobility after several seconds. It tried to attack him and was hit with Light Energy again.

This cycle repeated ten more times before it finally gave up.

“Can you understand me?” Han Wu asked seriously.

The Umbral Mouse nodded hesitantly. It was clearly smart enough to understand Han Wu’s language, which was why it became angry when Han Wu told it to submit.

“Submit to me or die,” Han Wu repeated. “If you deny me again, I will toss you into a hell filled with light and show you how benevolent the radiance can be.”

This was a weak threat against other life forms, but an effective one for the Umbral Mouse. It wavered briefly before finally relenting. Nodding, it agreed to submit to Han Wu.

Han Wu was slightly disappointed. He had been hoping it would keep trying to escape, giving him an excuse to kill it. Alpheus or Dark Locust would've grown exceptionally stronger with its Divine Ego.

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Chapter 504 - The Mouse that was Tricked

[972 words]

Chapter 504 - The Mouse that was Tricked

Still, Han Wu didn't mind having an Umbral Mouse as a unit because of its powerful unique ability. It could run through darkness and appear elsewhere.

When it nodded, Han Wu smiled.

Inwardly, he thought that the Umbral Mouse wasn't as difficult to catch as the legends stated. However, in reality, the Umbral Mouse was simply afraid of Han Wu's terrifying might.

After all, if Han Wu had eight Sage life forms instead of Earthsunder life forms, it would've escaped, not been forced to sign a Spiritual Blood Contract.

A thread of faith soon connected him and the Umbral Mouse.

This allowed Han Wu to listen to its thoughts. It was much easier to communicate that way. With the Spiritual Blood Contract, the Umbral Mouse could no longer run away.

It sighed despondently. Han Wu poked its body.

"Stop touching me there!" the Umbral Mouse snapped telepathically.

Unexpectedly, its voice was feminine. The Umbral Mouse was a girl!

Han Wu, chuckling, said that he wouldn't do it again.

The Umbral Mouse rolled its eyes and ignored him.

Han Wu then asked it for information about the Dueling Lands, and the Umbral Mouse explained what it knew.

This huge piece of land didn't originally belong to the Dueling God King, but actually belonged to the Umbral Mouse's old home. The God King had invaded its civilization and assimilated it into his divine realm.

The Gods that didn't worship him were sealed into statues and placed in shrines. The Umbral Mouse had also been sealed off as a Dark God.

Han Wu gained a better understanding of the place but still had many questions.

For instance, the Umbral Mouse was tiny and weak, so why was it sealed?

The Umbral Mouse didn't want to say, but Han Wu eventually forced it to.

Having stolen the Divine Ego of the real Dark Goddess, it had been mistakenly assumed to be the Dark God and ended up sealed. While sealed, it had tried to absorb the knowledge and power in the Darkness Ego, but barely grew stronger due to its lack of talent.

In the end, it didn't learn any skill and only gained extreme affinity with darkness. That was the reason it could merge with the Darkness Ego and become a true Dark God. However, even then, it was too weak to fight and could only escape if it encountered a foe.

Han Wu couldn't help but laugh when he heard the story. The Umbral Mouse had experienced something strange. His instincts told him that the Dark Goddess had intentionally allowed it to steal her Divine Ego so it would be sealed instead of her.

When he told the Umbral Mouse his theory, it vehemently denied it. Then, as it slowly mulled over its past, it recalled the exceptional ease with which it had stolen the Divine Ego in the first place.

Its fur stood up on end at the realization that Han Wu was likely right. The Dark Goddess had intentionally allowed it to steal the Divine Ego so it would be sealed off in her stead!

"That bitch! How dare she trick me! The pain I felt..." The Umbral Mouse's cries echoed through Han Wu's mind.

Han Wu tried valiantly to endure the laughter threatening to burst out of him, but ultimately failed.

Furious, the Umbral Mouse angrily scratched Han Wu's chest with its tiny paws and shrieked inconsolably, "You're all bad people! I want to ignore you now."

Han Wu, finally getting a hold of his laughter, pushed it away with his finger. "Alright, stop getting mad. I won't laugh anymore, alright?"

The Umbral Mouse scoffed. The anger of a girl was not so easily assuaged.

"Do you want to seek revenge?" Han Wu asked.

The Umbral Mouse perked up. The Dark Goddess had tricked it into being sealed away for years. How could it not want revenge?

Unfortunately, after all this time, there was no way for it to know where the Dark Goddess was now. It didn't even know if she was still in this land. Moreover, even if it found her, there was little it could do. It was weak and only excelled at escaping. Its attacks were pitifully ineffective.

There was simply no way it could get revenge on the Dark Goddess. It was more likely that the Dark Goddess would actually end up capturing it and extracting her Divine Ego from it. If that happened, it would be left with nothing.

The Umbral Mouse's thoughts were all transmitted into Han Wu's mind, and he smiled at its rationality.

"I am your owner," he assured. "I can avenge you."

The Umbral Mouse glanced at him with beady eyes. It then raised a paw. "Alright, can we swear on it?"

Han Wu stared at the small paw, then touched it with the tip of his finger. The Umbral Mouse, anger appeased, explained its abilities.

After a brief introduction, Han Wu learned that the Umbral Mouse was not only an escape artist but also excelled at supporting skills based on darkness, so he requested that it use them on his units.

Soon, all his units were empowered by 20%. His points rose to 1050 billion—still insufficient for first place.

Crouching Dragon's points had since climbed to 1240 billion, likely on account of encountering some good fortune. But Han Wu wasn't worried at all. After all, there were still 318 candidates on the board. They were still early into the game.

Fortunately, with the Divine Ego: Dark as the Umbral Mouse's power source, the buff would last until the end of the match.

Han Wu had plenty of time to improve his units. With that goal in mind, he expanded the search radius for his units to find more shrines or escaped foreign Gods.

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[940 words]

Chapter 505 - The Dark Goddess

In a hidden cave in the Dueling Lands, a female candidate found a shrine. With the weak light in her hands, she read the words carved on the sides of the shrine.

“Offer a million Dark Stones to obtain the affection of the Dark Goddess.”

She had already encountered several shrines and had offered stones to receive their blessings; thus, she was aware of the law regarding the shrines.

“A million Dark Stones isn’t much. The Dark Goddess shouldn’t awaken from it,” she murmured, commanding her units to gather a million Dark Stones to be offered to the shrine.

Soon, under the dim light, the Dark Goddess absorbed the Dark Stones.

At the same time, a voice seemed to whisper in her ear. The candidate placed her head close to the shrine to listen more closely, but couldn’t make out its words.

A pair of hands suddenly grabbed her head.

Panicking, she tried to pull herself out to no avail. She was soon dragged into the shrine.

After some time, another figure emerged from the shrine.

This figure would’ve been indistinguishable from the candidate if not for her deadly allure.

“Time to find my Darkness Ego,” the Dark Goddess murmured with a smile. “My dear mousey, I’ve caught your scent.”

Exiting the cave, she swiftly turned all the units outside into her slaves using her allure.

Meanwhile, far from the cave, Han Wu was roasting the leg of a Drake.

The fat sizzled as it dripped into the fire. The mouthwatering smell of barbecue filled the air.

Eight Earthsunder life forms guarded him fiercely as he cooked. Any who dared to disturb his meal would be shredded in an instant.

The Umbral Mouse was huddled beside him, staring at the roasted thigh. Saliva ran down its cheeks. "That looks delicious..."

"Of course. I'm the one grilling it after all." Chuckling, Han Wu took out a small knife and shaved off a small piece to feed to the Umbral Mouse.

The Umbral Mouse happily nibbled it as it mentally praised, "You're so nice, it's a blessing to follow you."

Han Wu burst into laughter. Feeding it some meat was enough to turn him into a good guy in its eyes! The Umbral Mouse was too naive! No wonder the Dark Goddess could trick it so easily!

The Umbral Mouse ate happily. Suddenly, its body froze, its heart racing. A terrible foreboding came over it, leaving it without its appetite. "I feel... bad. I feel like my heart is going to jump out of my chest."

Han Wu quickly used his Life Aspect to inspect it. Nothing appeared wrong with it, but the Umbral Mouse's unusual movements also didn't seem fake. He couldn't figure out why it was acting this way.

As the Umbral Mouse's consciousness slowly faded, it mumbled in its mind, "She's here... she's here..."

"Who?" Han Wu asked.

But he received no answer.

Just in case, Han Wu ordered his Earthsunder life forms to stay on high alert and prevent anything from approaching. It didn't take long for an oppressive darkness to close in.

The entire sky turned as dark as night.

Squinting, Han Wu saw a shadowy figure in the distance and shouted, "What are you trying to pull?"

"What a handsome young man," replied an alluring voice.

Han Wu used his second Divine Authority to shine a beam of light filled with Life and Light at the figure. It was a woman in a black dress.

At first glance, he thought she looked familiar, and after racking his brain, he faintly recalled that she was one of the 500 candidates.

“I just want to huddle for warmth and talk to you. Handsome man, why are you stopping me?” the Dark Goddess asked coyly, stopped in place by his Divine Authority.

The lady was clearly trying to avoid the light, keeping to the darkness.

Trembling violently, the Umbral Mouse unconsciously dug its paws into his arm.

Noticing the Umbral Mouse in his hands, the woman’s eyes lit up. “Handsome man, that pet in your arms is adorable. Can I pet it?”

Han Wu eyed the woman suspiciously. Although he couldn’t put a finger on what exactly was wrong with her, the Umbral Mouse’s blatant fear and earlier words before passing out were more than enough for him to guess at her true identity.

Smiling, he lifted the Umbral Mouse to her. “Sure, come and take it from me.”

The Dark Goddess, wary of his second Divine Authority, stopped in her tracks. “Can’t you please give it to me through your units? I’m slightly afraid of you...”

Han Wu noted how bashful the lady was and signaled his Earthsunder life forms to surround her.

“Hey there, young boy, are you trying to surround me?” asked the Dark Goddess. “You can’t defeat me with so few Earthsunder life forms.”

Finally deciding to drop the act, Han Wu took the Umbral Mouse into his embrace. “Why don’t we try?”

The eight Earthsunder life forms acted immediately. Darkness, lightning, wind, and fire rained down on the Dark Goddess.

A black barrier appeared to shield her from the powerful elemental attacks.

“You aren’t strong enough,” she mumbled. “Do you want to see me defeat your units?”

Turning into a shadow, she dove into the darkness and attacked the eight Earthsunder life forms with incredible speed.

Bakir was the first to be attacked, then Karot. Alpheus, Erebard, and even Smog. Meanwhile, none of them managed to land a hit on her in return.

Han Wu couldn't bear to see his units getting hurt and decided to attack her head-on.

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Chapter 506 - Appearance of the Poison Ring

[979 words]

Chapter 506 - Appearance of the Poison Ring

Han Wu, having already guessed the woman's identity, decided to kill her in one blow.

Activating Replicate, his body changed rapidly. Limbs belonging to beasts burst from his body as powerful energy radiated off him.

The Dark Goddess warily put some distance between them before daring to examine his new form more closely.

Han Wu had turned into a patchwork monster with the limbs of numerous Desolate Beasts hanging off him. His body shone with various energies and special skills. However, this wasn't his sure-kill technique to take down the Dark Goddess.

Activating the initial form of Conversion Jurisdiction, he gathered the energies around him and converted them into Light Energy, becoming a human beacon. He had turned into the sole light source of this area.

The pure, powerful light forced the powerful Dark Goddess to retreat. She didn't even dare to stare directly at it.

Before she could react, Han Wu charged toward her. With a powerful swing from a limb covered in Light Energy, he easily shattered her barrier.

The Dark Goddess was rendered immobile as he grabbed her. Backed into a corner, she finally revealed her true form. She shed her alluring mask for that of a gnarly beast, trying to curse him with Dark Energy all the while.

Her curses failed to land. The pure Light Energy emanating from Han Wu not only repelled her curses but also cleansed the soul of the Dark Goddess away. The body, on the other hand, remained unharmed as it wasn't made from Dark Energy.

Han Wu had experience with turning the corpse of a God into a clone, but was hesitating because it was female. It felt weird to control using his soul.

At that moment, the Umbral Mouse woke up.

With the Dark Goddess cleansed, the Umbral Mouse no longer feared for its safety and had regained full control of its faculties.

Sensing some remaining life in the body, it asked sheepishly, "Master, what if I take this corpse instead?"

It wanted Han Wu to agree to its request so badly that it even called him master.

"What could you do with it?"

"With the Darkness Ego, I could turn it into my second body. I could then control the units that belong to this body, and use its talent to learn some offensive skills."

Han Wu nodded in agreement. It was a better alternative to using a female body with his male soul. Thus, he gave the corpse to the Umbral Mouse.

The Umbral Mouse activated the Darkness Ego and placed its soul into the body. The body's eyes flickered open to reveal wide, naive eyes. It was a far cry from the alluring presence of the Dark Goddess earlier.

"I did it! I finally have my own human body!" the Umbral Mouse exclaimed in joy.

Its original mouse body jumped into its human body's embrace. "I knew it! A woman's body is much softer and more pleasant. I like this so much."

Han Wu laughed. Despite having lived for so long, the Umbral Mouse was like a child.

Once it had adapted to its new body, Han Wu ordered, "Mousey, I need you to help weed out the competition. I need to win no matter what. First, take your body and its units to find more shrines. Kill as many candidates as you can if you encounter them. Do you understand?"

"I do! I will complete the mission no matter what." The Umbral Mouse's human body bowed.

It then communicated with its new units and soon had them acting as its informants.

Han Wu had effectively sorted them into two teams. The Umbral Mouse and its units were responsible for awakening shrines and persuading the foreign Gods to join their team, while Han Wu and the eight Earthsunder life forms set out to defeat as many candidates as possible.

The two moved swiftly, and everything went swimmingly for the first three days. The Umbral Mouse's geographical advantage allowed it to find shrines with ease. It quickly freed four of them before persuading them to join it in killing the other candidates.

Han Wu had also defeated several candidates. His points rose slowly, but not enough to match Crouching Dragon in first place.

Less than 200 candidates remained, with many more being defeated by the minute. As more candidates were defeated, something occurred in the Dueling Lands to further accelerate the pace of the ceremony.

Han Wu had just defeated a Divine Being when his units reported back. Poison gas had appeared along the edges of the Dueling Lands. This poison gas couldn't be dispelled or removed, and all life forms poisoned would have their Life Energy heavily reduced.

There was only one way to avoid it: hide in the center of the Dueling Land.

They were shrinking the available land to increase the chances of encountering another candidate! It was the same mechanism as a game he had played in his previous life.

Fortunately, Han Wu had powerful units and didn't fear anyone.

He and the other candidates gradually moved toward the center.

Fights grew increasingly intense as more candidates gathered. Some battles involved up to five candidates. Many had already gone mad and killed everything in sight, including their own units and teams.

Han Wu used his overwhelming force to obtain victory after victory. This strength inevitably became the focus of many, including a team of six Demigods.

The six were actually good friends outside of the Blood Coliseum and didn't hesitate to work together to eliminate the other candidates.

They had promised to fight fair in the final fight to determine the winner and inheritor of the Blood Coliseum.

Unfortunately, while this plan seemed ideal on the surface, it wasn't foolproof. It didn't account for those stronger than the six of them combined, like Han Wu.

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[1,060 words]

Chapter 507 - Battling Crouching Dragon

The six had 1.6 trillion points between them, which put them far above the first place-holder Crouching Dragon, yet the gap meant little because a Demigod was fundamentally different compared to a God. Their armies were small, and their strongest unit reached only the King rank. They didn't even have a single Sage life form. Even with heavy blessings from foreign Gods that multiplied their strength, they would still lose to Han Wu's Earthsunder life forms.

Han Wu sent Karot, the weakest of his Earthsunder life forms, to deal with them. Karot launched a sweeping torrent of fire that engulfed the entire coalition army. Every life form beneath the Unique rank vanished in a flash of ash.

A quarter of their points disappeared, and they panicked. They had believed their massive score made them undefeatable, but Han Wu's strength shattered that illusion.

"Run away! Take your units and run. We can survive this!" one of them shouted, and the other five fled with their units.

Han Wu wouldn't let them escape so easily, so he summoned his four Great Dragons. Their dragon breaths merged in midair as darkness, lightning, fire, and chaos coiled together and erupted in a super breath attack that chased the fleeing units.

The combined breath attack overwhelmed everything in its path. Only High Lords and above managed to survive the hit. Anything at the Lord rank and below died on impact. The four Great Dragons had already limited their breaths to widen the attack's radius. Without that restraint, even Sage life forms would've died on the spot.

When the breath attack faded, the six noticed that only a tenth of their units remained. Their total had fallen from 1.6 trillion points to 60 billion. Their faces turned ashen. They had clearly failed and no longer had any real chance at the inheritance, yet surrender was impossible. They had to fight to the bitter end.

Han Wu watched them and decided to *help*

them. He ordered Amelia to fly into the air with her wooden sword. She poured Life Energy into it and lightning crackled across the grain. Under her control, the lightning turned into lightning lances that penetrated every unit the six Demigods commanded. Their points dropped to zero, and they were eliminated.

"No need to thank me," Han Wu murmured as the six blurred out of existence.

The outcome was harsh, but it was still the best result for those who had lost because they were still alive. Several other candidates had died at the hands of the foreign Gods.

Han Wu's fame rose swiftly after he defeated six candidates in one go. At the same time, many spectators had taken notice of his eight Earthsunder life forms.

"Earthsunder life forms... They are so powerful, and he has eight of them. I think he will inherit the Blood Coliseum," one of the spectators said.

Someone beside him didn't agree. "Are you blind? The first place-holder, Crouching Dragon, has ten Earthsunder Holy Wyrms Knights."

"Ten of them? My goodness. Who could beat him?"

"That's right. Crouching Dragon is the strongest, so he will definitely become the inheritor."

Undoubtedly, the crowd cheered for Crouching Dragon. Close to 75% believed that he would win, while only 10% placed their hopes on Han Wu.

Crouching Dragon was unstoppable, but Han Wu knew nothing about the crowd's confidence in his rival. He drove his units toward the center of the Dueling Lands rapidly. The poisonous gas ring made early control of the center worthwhile because that position allowed a stable base that could crush anyone who wandered in later.

Others had reached the same conclusion, including Crouching Dragon, who marched with his powerful army straight toward the center.

Before long, the two candidates encountered each other. Each side judged the other's strength by the sheer number of units on the field. If they clashed in earnest, the battle would come down to who commanded more Earthsunder life forms. Crouching Dragon had ten, and their powerful aura carried the mixed scent of insects and Great Dragons.

Alpheus gagged when he caught their scent. "The stink of mongrels. What a foul reek."

The Holy Wyrms Knights bristled at the insult and wanted to tear off Alpheus' head. They despised any insult to their lineage, and nothing stung more than the word *mongrel*.

"Kill them!" shouted one of the Holy Wyrms Knights. The other nine charged at Alpheus together.

Han Wu wouldn't let his units get hurt. He waved his arm, and Steely protected them with a sweeping hurricane.

Crouching Dragon, who had just become a Major God, watched Han Wu warily as the powerful hurricane churned around them. For a God to nurture so many powerful units, Han Wu was a genuine prodigy.

Even so, Crouching Dragon wouldn't back down either. He applied his Divine Skills on his core race and even handed each of the ten Holy Wyrms a single pill. Their muscles bulged once they swallowed them, and their strength surged.

When he saw them consuming pills, Han Wu chose that moment to strike. Dark Locust cried out a battle oath, plunged into the center of the ten Holy Wyrms, and detonated himself.

The Self Detonation of an Earthsunder life form hit with devastating force. The blast dragged every knight into its radius. All ten suffered injuries, and two of them staggered with severe wounds that left them unable to fight for long.

Dark Locust had defeated two of them with a single blow to help tip the odds in Han Wu's favor. Steely then used Steelcutter and merged all 100 greatswords together. He swung it in a wide arc and heavily injured two more Holy Wyrms.

Unfortunately, Steely suffered damage in the exchange because several Holy Wyrms bit off multiple arms.

The battle had just started, and Han Wu and Crouching Dragon were already left with six Earthsunder units.

Crouching Dragon looked visibly upset about losing four powerful fighters. He couldn't let them fight like this and activated his Consumption Jurisdiction. He consumed the four heavily injured Holy Wyrms and the six lightly injured ones into his body.

With the aid of drugs, Crouching Dragon was temporarily as strong as a Heavenrender life form. His aura radiated raw power that no one could stop. He grinned and attacked Han Wu.

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[926 words]

Chapter 508 - All Trump Cards

Han Wu quickly used his trump card too. *Replicate!*

The limbs from several Desolate Beasts burst from his body and turned him into a Heavenrender life form as well.

The two clashed and explosions rocked the sky. When the blasts faded, the crowd saw Crouching Dragon standing unharmed. His powerful physique revealed the hidden ferocity within it.

Han Wu did not fare as well. He had lost some of his limbs, and blood stained his body. Still, his mind stayed sharp. He hadn't lost yet.

“Give me energy!” he shouted.

His units responded at once. The Great Dragons released their breath attacks, and his other units funneled their energy toward him. He then activated Conversion Jurisdiction and gathered the rising energy with ease in his palm.

Crouching Dragon stared in disbelief when Han Wu shaped the chaotic mix of energies into pure Dark Energy. A God had actually managed to grasp the initial form of their Divine Jurisdiction and use it.

Han Wu was much stronger than Crouching Dragon, but the latter still believed he wouldn't lose. After all, Han Wu's army faced the same limitation the six Demigods had faced earlier. His rank restricted their output. Even with the initial form of his Divine Jurisdiction, he remained a God and not a Major God. No matter how much energy his units sent him, it was still on a God's level.

Thus, Crouching Dragon chose to take the hit head-on. He charged straight in to blunt its impact when Han Wu launched the dreadful energy at him.

He succeeded! The Dark Energy only burned his flesh and skin, but those wounds were superficial.

Han Wu reeled from the effort when Crouching Dragon spoke. “You ain't half bad. I'm sure you'll surpass me once you become a Major God, but right now you are still a God, and I am a Major God.”

Crouching Dragon then punched Han Wu with all his might. Han Wu had just used his ultimate attack and felt drained, so the blow sent him flying backward. Blood sprayed everywhere from his wounds.

Everyone expected Han Wu to lose today and that no one could save him. At that moment, a strange group appeared in the middle of Dueling Lands. The newcomers exuded the aura of foreign Gods, seven in total, including the Umbral Mouse.

After seeing how badly Han Wu was hurt, it barked at the others to attack Crouching Dragon. The group hesitated and initially disagreed, but the Umbral Mouse had saved them from their seals, so they decided to repay the favor.

The six foreign Gods moved to kill Crouching Dragon. Each released their distinct powers: Earthquake, Hurricane, Magic Energy, Spiritual Energy, Telekinesis, and Demon Energy.

Han Wu had already drained most of Crouching Dragon's strength, and now Crouching Dragon couldn't withstand direct hits. However, he couldn't faint now, or the foreign Gods would strip him of everything he possessed. What awaited him was true death.

I must survive no matter what. Crouching Dragon burned through his Divine Points and magnified his Divine Jurisdiction. His units fought to reach him, and he consumed them all. Soon, he turned into a massive being at the peak of the Heavenrender rank.

The foreign Gods tried to escape but realized they couldn't. They had no choice but to fight to their final breath, determined to make use of the time gained through their unsealing. All six unleashed their full strength and reached the Heavenrender rank. As their power surged, their host bodies started to fracture under the strain.

The first to break was the Hurricane God. It had taken over a Demigod, and that borrowed shell split with sharp cracks, ready to crumble like a porcelain vase.

No one else dared approach them because no one wanted to get pulled into the fight.

Crouching Dragon opened his battle against the foreign Gods. The six opponents could barely hold their ground before they exploded. Their vessels were too weak to contain the power they were about to unleash.

Nonetheless, the explosions harmed Crouching Dragon as well. Once the six finally broke apart, Crouching Dragon couldn't endure the pain of his wounds anymore and fell to the ground. If not for his powerful Consumption Jurisdiction and the sacrifice of every unit that rushed to save him, he would have fallen long ago.

Unfortunately for him, the battle was far from over; Han Wu was still alive. In the past, he would have forgotten who Han Wu was, but now he was very wary of him. First, there was the fight between units, then the duel between the two of them, and finally the six foreign Gods.

Crouching Dragon had to face Han Wu, who had recovered slightly. The prospect drained what little motivation he had left. He coughed up blood as he stood up. His stubborn will to fight was visible to all who watched.

Han Wu regarded him with a touch of admiration and gathered energy from his units again. They answered at once, including the Umbral Mouse this time. Han Wu could summon even more energy now, but he didn't convert it into Dark Energy this time. Instead, he shaped it into Life Energy and poured it into himself and his Earthsunder life forms.

His injured Earthsunder life forms regained consciousness and stood up, ready to battle. Dark Locust regained his body as well. Han Wu's replicated form of the Origin of Mutation returned once more.

Crouching Dragon almost fainted because he had to go through it all again!

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[928 words]

Chapter 509 - Disassembling Divine Egos

Han Wu had fully recovered along with his Earthsunder life forms, and they attacked Crouching Dragon once more. The latter was already on his last legs, so Han Wu brought him down with little effort.

Crouching Dragon vomited his units out after another, which then shriveled up and died. He looked at the last unit that had taken the last injury for him and died. His eyes filled with tears. After all, he was their God, but they had sacrificed themselves to keep him alive.

"You've lost." Han Wu didn't land the final blow.

When the last unit of his core race died, a thin membrane of light wrapped around Crouching Dragon. The Blood Coliseum granted this protection only to candidates who had lost all of their units.

Crouching Dragon wiped his tears and leered at Han Wu with raw fury. "Locust Plague, I will remember you. I will avenge my units when I rebuild my army."

Han Wu admired his spirit and nodded. "I will wait for you."

Crouching Dragon didn't reply as he disappeared in the light. His defeat marked his elimination from the ceremony.

The crowd gasped when they realized Crouching Dragon had fallen even though he held the advantage only seconds earlier. They felt cheated, but Han Wu's power was undeniable. They wanted to complain, yet no one could speak.

Meanwhile, a small portion broke from the general mood and cheered because Han Wu had defeated Crouching Dragon.

"Locust Plague, I knew you could do it!"

“Locust Plague, you rock! You defeated a Major God! I will forever be your fan!”

Several spectators then noticed something odd.

“Hey, why isn’t Locust Plague’s core race the locust? What’s going on?”

“Of course he bought a lot of powerful units through the market so that he could win in the ceremony. Someone like him couldn’t beat Crouching Dragon otherwise. That’s not fair.”

“There’s no pride in winning with powerful races that anyone can buy from the market. Also, it’s only temporary. And don’t forget, there’s another Major God still in the ceremony!”

“Yes, there’s still Sandstorm! Kill that lousy insect!”

Those who supported Crouching Dragon suddenly switched to Sandstorm.

Naturally, Han Wu had no idea what was happening. After defeating Crouching Dragon, he had received a Core fragment the size of an aquarium tank. That alone could push his Level 30 Core up at least six more levels. He stored it in his divine realm with real satisfaction.

The Umbral Mouse approached him and took out six Divine Egos. They belonged to the six foreign Gods who had died fighting Crouching Dragon.

Han Wu was confused because he remembered Crouching Dragon taking them. The Umbral Mouse raised its snout up with pride. “I stole them.”

Han Wu was surprised and elated. The feat proved how extraordinary the Umbral Mouse was since it had stolen them from a Major God. Crouching Dragon likely had no idea anything was missing even as he was sent away.

Stealing on that level counted as a legendary skill, which explained why the Umbral Mouse’s notoriety had spread through many civilizations. The legends were true!

The six Divine Egos were Earthquake, Hurricane, Magic, Spirit, Mental, and Demon. The Hurricane Ego was compatible with Steely, so he gave it to him for absorption. Spirit and Mental suited Han Wu’s telekinesis, so he decided to use them himself.

The remaining Egos held no value for him since none of his other Earthsunder life forms could use them. He planned to keep them in the vault, then he stopped as a thought surfaced. *The Divine Ego comes from a foreign civilization and functions in a way similar to Divine Authorities and Divine Jurisdictions. What if I can refine and gain something from them?*

Curiosity pushed him to test the idea. In addition to the three, he still had Divine Ego: Berserk in his vault. The four Divine Egos counted as precious assets, but he was willing to risk one to see what refinement would yield.

After some contemplation he chose the Demon Ego. It was rare and few units could use it, so it held little practical value.

He took out the Refinery and used Creation and the Transmutation Ring to turn it into the Fabricator once more. He then placed the Demon Ego inside and watched the process through the compartment's glass door.

Han Wu easily tracked every stage of the refining period. The Fabricator shattered it into pieces, then drew the energy from each fragment. Now, Han Wu waited for it to complete its work.

After thirty minutes, the Fabricator chimed, and Han Wu quickly retrieved the final product. The Demon Ego had turned into an orb and a small pouch of powder.

The tiny orb contained the primal power of Demon Energy, but Han Wu had no idea how to use it. The pouch interested him more because it contained exceedingly pure Divine Essence that could strengthen the power of his Divine Authority and deepen his control over his Divine Jurisdiction upon consumption.

Han Wu stored the orb and shoved the powder into his mouth. It dissolved at once and released its effects. He clearly felt that he could control his Divine Authority easier now, and his grasp of his Divine Jurisdiction had grown sharper. He only needed to consume more of it to improve his comprehension of his Divine Aspects and Divine Jurisdiction.

While Han Wu was considering ways to improve the powder's efficiency, his units reported another intruder. He stored the pouch and prepared for battle.

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[870 words]

Chapter 510 - Major God Sandstorm

Through their senses, Han Wu could tell that his units were fighting against a God. He no longer remembered which one, but the God's units looked weak. He sent Karot to annihilate them and eliminate the God.

As the poisonous ring slowly crept inward, more candidates pushed into his territory with their units. Han Wu attacked all of them without mercy and crushed them with his

might. Even though he lost some of his units each time and his points dropped a bit, he stayed unbeatable while his Earthsunder life forms remained alive.

Time passed and candidates were eliminated until only two names remained on the ranking board: God Locust Plague and Major God Sandstorm.

The poisonous gas closed in until the remaining land narrowed to 10,000 square kilometers. He finally faced Sandstorm.

Han Wu only had 540 billion points left while Sandstorm still had 1.08 trillion, which was twice his total, but Han Wu wasn't afraid. The points weren't an indicator of absolute strength. He already understood this because he knew he could never be defeated if all eight of his Earthsunder life forms remained alive.

Sandstorm finally met Han Wu. Even though he couldn't check Han Wu's real face, he could tell that Han Wu was young. "You are young, but I won't show any mercy."

"No need. Come at me," Han Wu said.

"You seem confident. I won't hold back then." Sandstorm issued his command, and his units attacked.

Sandstorm's core race was the mummy, Unique undead from birth. Their bandage-wrapped bodies resisted most Skills that affected the undead.

Many candidates had failed to find their weakness and had lost. However, Han Wu felt no concern because his second Divine Authority—Light, Life, Peace, and Creation—was the perfect weapon against the undead. Its gentle power could heal most life forms, but it was extremely harsh against the undead.

Han Wu lifted his right arm, aimed at the mummy army, and released a soft light from his palm.

Sandstorm assumed Han Wu was using a Divine Authority of Light. He taunted, "Don't you know that mummies do not fear the power of light? Don't worry, I will show you why."

Han Wu chuckled. "Doesn't my Divine Authority feel different to you?"

Although he hinted at Sandstorm, the latter brushed it off and commanded his mummy army to advance.

Han Wu sighed and increased his Divine Authority's output. Sandstorm realized too late that the mummies were falling one after another under Han Wu's second Divine Authority. They collapsed to the ground without a twitch and lay dead.

Sandstorm stared in shock because he had no idea what had happened. His mummies did not fear the light, so how did Han Wu's Divine Authority of Light kill them?

Sandstorm hurriedly focused on Han Wu's Divine Authority to analyze its power. Then he noticed that it not only contained Light but also Peace.

Peace was a Rank 5 Divine Aspect that almost no one wanted. It offered little aside from soothing the living and letting the dead rest forever. Yet now it was the reason that Sandstorm's mummies were dying in waves. All of them fell to Han Wu's second Divine Authority.

Sandstorm panicked because he would be eliminated if this continued. He quickly tried to attack and stop the massacre. He raised his arm and used his Sandstorm Jurisdiction.

As he did, sand started bursting outward. It swallowed the mummies and surged toward Han Wu like a rising ocean wave. Anything that touched the sand would sink into it and stay trapped for good. As Sandstorm's core race, the mummies could move through the sand like fish in water.

Sandstorm finally glimpsed a path to victory.

Unfortunately, his joy was short-lived because he saw something astonishing. Han Wu and his units had risen into the air to escape the sandstorm.

Sandstorm panicked once more. *I poured so much energy into summoning the sea of sand, and they avoided it just like that?*

The mummies swam through the sand like fish and tried to kill Dark Locust since he was the first one to land.

Han Wu had already predicted this, so before they landed he ordered his units to summon their shortbows through the Sixfold Artifact. A volley followed and struck everything within the sand. Also, the arrows were not ordinary; each one carried a blessing of peace.

They pierced the mummies and slowed them a bit. At the same time, the blessing acted like poison. Every mummy hit by an arrow died and turned into a part of the sand.

Sandstorm grew furious when he lost a third of his mummies. His points were dropping rapidly. "Damn. I never thought I would meet a powerful foe at the end."

Still, he didn't give up. He refused to believe that Han Wu's units could stay aloft forever. He used his Divine Jurisdiction again and raised a huge sandstorm that buffeted even the air above. This was to force them to fly downward. The moment they

dropped, the mummies waiting below would tear them to pieces and even drag them under.

Han Wu wouldn't fall for such a simple trick, and he already knew how to break it.

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Chapter 511 - Inheriting the Blood Coliseum

[1,092 words]

Chapter 511 - Inheriting the Blood Coliseum

Steely stood on the head of a massive bird, staring down at the sandstorm below. He was confident that his mastery over the wind could stop it.

Sandstorm controlled sand, not wind, and his mastery over wind was inferior to Steely's. In other words, the sandstorm was just an offshoot of Sandstorm's Divine Jurisdiction.

Steely unleashed his power.

The wind stopped, and the sand in the air slowly sank to the dunes below.

Glaring up with a look of defeat in his eyes, Sandstorm attempted to bait Han Wu, "Locust Plague, come down here and fight like a man!"

Han Wu, hovering above Dark Locust, wasn't about to fall for it. "Sandstorm, come up and fight me."

"No, you come down and fight me!"

"No, you come up."

Major God Sandstorm felt infuriated and insulted that a God dared to toy with him like this, but there was nothing he could do. Neither he nor his mummies could fly.

Sandstorm had no way to fight Han Wu. Meanwhile, Han Wu had a whole slew of methods to attack him from above.

Han Wu could shoot down arrows infused with the blessing of peace to kill his mummies, summon clones for detonation, order the Great Dragons to use their breath attack, or even gather energy, convert it, and use it to attack.

It didn't even matter if Han Wu missed the mummies. His priority was destroying Sandstorm's Divine Jurisdiction—the sand. Doing so would inevitably affect Sandstorm.

Sandstorm could guess Han Wu's line of thinking and cursed him for his wickedness. Still, if he wanted to protect his mummies and obtain the final victory, he couldn't withdraw his sand.

Moreover, he refused to believe that Han Wu and his units could fly in the air indefinitely. His mummies could survive as long as they hid in the dunes. Once Han Wu landed, they would attack. Sandstorm could then suffocate Han Wu and his units under the sand once and for all.

This was a battle of attrition.

Han Wu was similarly aware of Sandstorm's thoughts. While his units were strong, they couldn't remain flying for long. Some of the heavier ones were already dropping. They would die the instant they touched the sand below. He was racking his brain for a good solution when the leader of the Epistians stepped forward.

"Dear God, you could make a floating platform for everyone to rest," the leader suggested. "There's a material called Floating Stone that can suspend itself in the air. We researched it once, and it's not difficult to make."

After reading the provided composition report, Han Wu gathered energy from his units and used Creation to turn them into huge slabs of Floating Stones. He then connected them to form a large floating plaza, allowing tired units to land and recover their stamina.

The creation of this floating plaza effectively ended the battle.

There was no way for Sandstorm to defeat Han Wu. Sandstorm could only order his mummies out of the sand, inviting attack.

Soon, the last mummy perished. Sandstorm lost all his points and thus his qualifications to be a candidate.

Han Wu was officially the last one standing.

As the victor, he was transported to the Blood Coliseum's administration office. The staff there greeted him with the proper respect due to their new owner.

“Master, please take a look at the list of assets belonging to the Blood Coliseum,” said a slightly plump manager with golden hair, handing him a tablet.

The tablet contained every asset of the Blood Coliseum, including 3.62803 billion sq km of land with various terrains. These lands could be stitched together freely to form any arena as desired. There were also 120,000 staff, 600 million Sanguine Combatants, and 430,000 Divine Essence as the Blood Coliseum’s funds.

Han Wu read through the list of assets in shock.

The Blood Coliseum was loaded!

And he was now its owner—that meant all of this was his!

“Holy shit!” Han Wu tried to control his trembling.

It wasn’t as if he hadn’t seen money before, but this was simply on another scale! There were also many things here that couldn’t be bought.

“Are these all mine to be used as I please?” he asked.

“Yes, as long as you manage them responsibly.”

Han Wu calmed himself. He was probably the richest person in the Divine Civilization at this time.

Unfortunately, his joy was short-lived.

An alarm blared overhead as a Demigod worker burst in. “The Dream Demon Civilization caught wind that the Blood Coliseum had changed owners and is attacking the territory around us!”

Three more workers rushed in before the first one could catch his breath, all reporting the same thing.

The news of the Blood Coliseum’s change in ownership had all but announced to the surrounding civilizations that the previous owner had died.

Though wary of the previous owner, the same didn’t apply to the new one. So, they took this opportunity to attack and loot whatever they could.

Han Wu was both alarmed and pissed.

How dare they try to steal his inheritance! They were clearly looking down on him!

“Master, the threat of the previous master can no longer protect the Blood Coliseum. What do we do next? We’re yours to command.”

The higher-ups and the workers stared expectantly at him, even the Major Gods among them.

An immense pressure weighed on Han Wu’s shoulders. He had defeated trillions of units and invaded many civilizations, but he had never once done something on this scale.

He had a huge piece of land and 600 million Sanguine Combatants to combat several invading civilizations. Though he had never done this before, he knew one thing for sure: retreating would crush all of their morale. He needed to fight back.

“Enemies are invading,” he said seriously. “We need to fight back, destroy them to the point of extinction. Let’s show them our might. We have 600 million Sanguine Combatants, and I still have close to ten billion units. We’ll fight until the last man standing!”

His speech rallied the staff.

“Did you hear that? Our master told us to fight!” shouted the manager who had given Han Wu the list of assets.

The other staff quickly ran to their stations, impassioned with fighting spirit.

With that, the man turned to introduce himself to Han Wu, “Master, my name is Montana Marks, but I prefer my alias, the War Maniac. I hope you’ll be able to let me enjoy the purest form of war!”

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[933 words]

Chapter 512 - Duel Jurisdiction

Han Wu examined the man before him carefully. He had short blond hair that was well-kept, a plump body, and an arrogant air about him.

“I’ll call you Marks,” Han Wu decided. “Show me the most dangerous battlefield.”

“As you wish, Master,” Marks replied courteously, presenting a map of the ongoing war.

Every land belonging to the Blood Coliseum could be seen there. It also showed the invasion of the various civilizations.

Of the civilizations invading their territories, the Dream Demon Civilization was the biggest threat. This was because the natives of that civilization, the Spirit Demons, could eat souls, and the Sanguine Combatants were a race of souls.

The Sanguine Combatants were born for battle and didn't fear their foes, but that didn't change the fact that the Spirit Demons naturally countered them. The Blood Coliseum was inevitably being pushed back as a result.

Han Wu pointed at the warfront where the Spirit Demons and the Sanguine Combatants fought. "I'll head there with my army."

"As you wish, Master," Marks said with a wide grin. Handing Han Wu something, he added, "The previous master left this behind. He hoped the next owner could inherit his treasure and show everyone its true power."

With that, Han Wu was transported to the battlefield, where he swiftly commanded his units to help the Sanguine Combatants fight against the Spirit Demons. Once the situation calmed down a little, he checked what Marks had given him.

He opened the treasure. Shockingly, inside was a complete Divine Jurisdiction!

The power of a Divine Jurisdiction was usually exclusive to Major Gods and above, as that was the stage when one first comprehended it. That was not to mention the fact that complete Divine Jurisdictions typically belonged to God Kings.

Taking a glance at it, he intuitively knew that it had belonged to the previous owner. His heart pounded at the sight of the complete Divine Jurisdiction.

How could Marks give him this precious thing so rashly? What if Han Wu had fallen on the battlefield and the enemy had taken it away? It would be all over then.

Regardless, this thing was undeniably strong. He wasn't certain if his divine realm could even handle it. But war waited for no one. It was too late to send it back, and Han Wu had no choice but to absorb it.

He instinctively learned its roots upon contact. It seemed the Duel Jurisdiction grew extremely fast in combat.

Unfortunately, that was all the explanation he obtained. The brevity of it left Han Wu rather perplexed.

It grows faster in combat? How fast? he wondered, deciding to test it out.

Absorbing it into his body, he received his second initial Divine Jurisdiction.

[Divine Jurisdiction: Duel]

It was a simple Divine Jurisdiction that developed through battle. Longer fights allowed it to grow faster, more intense fights made it stronger, and riskier fights brought better quality.

Fortunately, as Han Wu had already received the completed form, he didn't actually need to develop it at all. Moreover, it was easy to use. He only needed to fight to activate it.

The activation progress was presently at 0.

"In that case, I'll start fighting and activate it," Han Wu muttered, thrilled at the thought of a second Divine Jurisdiction.

At this point, he could easily break through the shackles of a God and become a Major God. He simply delayed it because he was still in the Blood Coliseum, which didn't hold the Will of a civilization. If he ascended here, he wouldn't be able to get another Divine Power, essentially wasting this unique opportunity.

Thus, he decided to find a civilization to ascend within later on. The Dream Demon Civilization was conveniently quite suitable for him.

Activating his Demon King Transformation, his body grew to a thousand meters tall, reaching the peak of Sage life forms.

Though he had other stronger forms, he opted for this one as his goal was to activate his Divine Jurisdiction through battle. Replicate's form was simply too powerful, and he couldn't last long in it, meaning it was of little use in this.

In contrast, the True Demon King Transformation was the perfect skill to balance the playing field.

Han Wu stepped into the fray. His units fought valiantly against the Spirit Demons, which took the form of various beasts, each emanating a soft glow. This made it easy to distinguish between friend and foe.

After locking onto his targets, he swung his four arms, and wind blades shot out. Many weaker Spirit Demons were cut in half.

This naturally drew the attention of the others.

The Spirit Demons soon surrounded him, launching an attack, but he wasn't afraid. After all, he already had a plan to defend against them. Using the second form, Black Dragon King Transformation, he turned into a half-dragon, half-human.

None of the Spirit Demons' attacks could harm him while in this form. He, on the other hand, could kill them effortlessly. After slaughtering more than a million of them, he checked the activation rate of the Divine Jurisdiction.

He almost passed out when he saw the progress was only at 0.0000001%.

It would be an extremely long time before he could fully activate it. Nevertheless, this was still infinitely easier than collecting the necessary energy to complete it in the first place.

"No choice but to continue fighting, I suppose. Hopefully, I can activate it soon. It would make it easier for me to collect the energy needed for my own future Divine Jurisdiction as well." Han Wu consoled himself.

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[1,254 words]

Chapter 513 - Secret Weapon

In the Dream Demon Civilization, Meng Lei, the powerful Nine-Tailed Fox ancestor of the Spirit Demons, was reading reports when she received news of the Spirit Demons dying en masse.

"What's going on? How could so many Spirit Demons die in battle? The Sanguine Combatants are our food!" Meng Lei fumed, slamming the table in a display of strength that belied her age.

The wolf-shaped Spirit Demon stuttered, "The-the battlefield was suddenly filled with units other than Sanguine Combatants—we can't defeat them!"

"Impossible!" Meng Lei exclaimed in disbelief. In her eyes, the Spirit Demons were the perfect race, and no other could stand above them.

The reporting wolf trembled, not daring to utter a single word out of fear.

Meng Lei impatiently dismissed it with a wave of her arm, and the wolf ran away in relief.

Glancing at the wolf's written report, she was left stunned at the number of casualties on the Spirit Demons' side. How could the Spirit Demons ever hope to defeat the Blood Coliseum like this?

"It's time to get serious," she whispered to herself.

Han Wu charged forward, leading his army on the battlefield. His army, having evolved multiple times, was no longer weak, with many evolving into powerful races.

Among these, one exceedingly lucky unit had evolved into the legendary Golden Crow, and Han Wu naturally favored this unit the most.

Han Wu quickly called the Origin of Mutation to excise Random Evolution out of the Golden Crow so it would no longer change races.

Golden Crows, born of flames, were known as the precious children of fire. Unfortunately, despite the unit's legendary race, it was still weak—a mere Lord life form. Han Wu needed to nurture it so it could showcase the true might of a fully grown Golden Crow.

It was not just his units fighting at the front lines to evolve and get stronger. Han Wu himself also took part in combat to comprehend his newly acquired Duel Jurisdiction.

Over the course of many battles, he slowly came to recognize its power. His stamina and spirit both recovered constantly in battle, and his wounds healed ten to a hundred times faster than normal.

Overall, the Duel Jurisdiction made him feel mighty during battle.

It was already so strong despite him not even activating a hundredth of its power. Han Wu couldn't help but look forward to when it was completely activated.

More and more Spirit Demons died at his hands. His Black Dragon King Transformation became a nightmare for them.

Han Wu continued to lead the charge, gradually approaching the boundary between the Dream Demon Civilization and the Blood Coliseum, where a tunnel connected the two places.

This tunnel would allow him to invade the Dream Demon Civilization.

"Kill and push them all back!" he ordered, blood pumping with his goal in sight.

The war waged on.

Han Wu grew at an unprecedented speed thanks to his War Aspect and Death Aspect. They helped gather abundant energy from the battle, advancing him into an Earthsunder life form without him noticing.

The ground cracked apart, and the sky groaned. Han Wu looked like a legendary warrior. The Spirit Demons hastily retreated into the tunnel at the sight of him.

At the same time, a strange sound echoed from the tunnel.

Dun. Dun. Dun.

It was the beating of drums.

The Spirit Demons halted their retreat, fighting spirit swelling within their hearts.

Han Wu turned to stare at the tunnel.

A thousand-meter-tall bull with a single leg leaped out. The ground itself shook every time it jumped.

It let out a deafening roar, which covered the Spirit Demons in a faint cloak of red energy that increased their battle spirit. Han Wu's forces, on the other hand, were killed by the soundwave.

That roar alone stunned many of his units, causing them to fall from the sky. Many were left injured or dead as a result.

Han Wu ordered Steely to form two hurricanes and a layer of vacuum between them to block the sound from traveling further.

Meanwhile, he stood at the lead, facing the strange one-legged bull. After carefully examining the Spirit Demon, he realized it was a beast of legend called the Kui Ox.

According to legend, its arrival brought hurricanes and torrential rain. Its body could also glow iridescent, and its roar was like thunder. Based on its bellow, it appeared that there was some truth to these legends.

The Kui Ox was also an ancestor of the Spirit Demons, as well as Meng Lei's secret weapon, and had more than one skill other than its initial roar.

It continued to bellow, the sound carrying across the battlefield. The wind picked up. Hurricanes and torrential rain assaulted Han Wu. Bowl-sized water droplets fell, forming massive puddles on the ground.

Humanoid bulls emerged from the puddles. They were each roughly one to two meters tall and were made entirely of water, including their weapons.

These bulls viciously attacked Han Wu and his army. Their water arrows and water slashes inflicted great injury. Han Wu's army, on the other hand, couldn't harm their watery forms at all. Even when dispersed through attacks, they would only reform again soon after.

It was a losing battle.

Fortunately, after observing the scene, Han Wu knew how to stop it.

He only needed to defeat the Kui Ox.

Taking out his Rank 7 Sacred Object, the Black King Sword, he prepared for battle.

Its powerful Dark Energy matched his Black Dragon King Transformation well. Unleashing Nine Falling Heaven, nine large swords with dark attributes fell from the skies, sealing the Kui Ox between them.

Darkness permeated from the swords and corroded the body of the Kui Ox, but an iridescent flash quickly dispelled it. The Kui Ox had a treasure that made it immune to the corrosion of darkness.

Frowning, Han Wu attacked. Sparks flew as the Black King Sword landed solidly on the Kui Ox. Unexpectedly, it wasn't afraid of the God weapon and could even fight back against it.

Its powerful roars were like sound cannons on Han Wu's body. Black scales shattered and fell to the ground.

The Kui Ox seemed nigh unbeatable.

Still, this was only the warm-up. Flapping his wings, Han Wu attacked, while also secretly ordering Dark Locust to wait for the opportune moment.

Dark Locust kept a careful eye on Han Wu. The instant Han Wu pried open the Kui Ox's mouth wide with his claws, it zipped across shadows, passed through obstacles, and flew straight into the Kui Ox's mouth.

It then detonated inside its body. The explosion of an Earthsunder life form was exceedingly powerful and had turned its organs and flesh into ashes. Surprisingly, it wasn't enough to burst open the Kui Ox's hide, which was enveloped in iridescent light.

Nevertheless, the Kui Ox fell in battle. All the humanoid water bulls returned to regular water. The hurricane and torrential rain stopped, and sunlight shone on the battlefield once more.

The other Spirit Demons lost the buff from the Kui Ox, and with it, their battle spirit. They all ran into the tunnel to escape as fast as they could, wishing they had another pair of legs to flee faster.

Meanwhile, Han Wu collected the hide of the Kui Ox and kept it in his divine realm, instructing Hammie to fashion it into a drum to boost the morale of his army.

With that, he ordered his army to invade the Dream Demon Civilization.

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[1,479 words]

Chapter 514 - Simple Last Words

The ancestor of the Spirit Demons, Meng Lei, had never expected her side to lose the battle against the Blood Coliseum. She couldn't imagine the mighty Kui Ox falling to Han Wu, nor that he would lead his army to invade the Dream Demon Civilization.

The moment he crossed its threshold, the Will of the Dream Demon Civilization suppressed him. It not only sent an alarm to every Spirit Demon about his invasion, but also attempted to suppress Han Wu's strength to that of a Common life form.

Naturally, Han Wu did not accept such treatment. After all, he had the Divine Civilization's backing. In response to the suppression, he relied on his authority as a God and the Blood Coliseum's owner to request support from the Divine Civilization's Will.

His request was approved, and the Divine Civilization's Will traversed myriad worlds to descend to their location. Its overwhelming presence easily erased the suppression of the Dream Demon Civilization's Will. At the same time, Han Wu and his army received a buff that raised all of their parameters.

Han Wu raised his thumb and praised the Will of the Divine Civilization for the amazing assist. With the buff activated, he remained an Earthsunder life form, but his strength was now roughly average amidst all the other Earthsunder life forms.

Even though it fell short of the power he gained through Replicate, it still brought him a peace of mind. This was his true strength, fully his own, rather than the fleeting surge Replicate granted.

"Kill them all!" Han Wu's battle spirit was at an all-time high as he led his army into the Dream Demon Civilization.

Meng Lei had no choice but to activate her civilization's final weapons, the Spirit Demons on par with the Kui Ox.

Xiang Liu and Jiu Ying marched into battle. Xiang Liu was a nine-headed snake, its towering form rising 1,000 meters high and stretching 10,000 meters in length. Even its casual movements cracked the earth, let alone its full force in battle. When it appeared, all nine heads hissed and attacked Han Wu with venom and torrential water.

Han Wu's army had just left the Kui Ox's waterlogged battlefield before it found itself fighting amid floodwaters once again.

Jiu Ying was equally powerful with nine heads of its own. It could spew fire and water simultaneously. Seeing Xiang Liu drown the battlefield, Jiu Ying followed suit and launched a torrent from every mouth to aid Xiang Liu.

With the battlefield fully submerged, Xiang Liu judged the moment ripe and summoned numerous water snakes to glide through the flood and ambush their enemies.

Even Meng Lei joined in the fray. She was a nine-tailed fox, and each of her tails had merged with a treasure from the Dream Demon Civilization. She drew upon several of them and conjured violent storms to aid Xiang Liu.

Water poured from the sky and surged powerfully below. Even though Han Wu's army could fly, they struggled to evade the relentless deluge.

Han Wu responded by creating vast numbers of Floating Stones and shaping them into a massive plaza for his army to rest and avoid the flood. He then ordered his units to do everything in their power to hold their ground.

Before long, the reason for his command became clear. He intended to ascend into a Major God in the Dream Demon Civilization!

Han Wu had already gathered the Divine Jurisdictions he planned to comprehend: Conversion and Duel. The two powerful Divine Jurisdictions would support his ascent into a Major God.

He found a suitable location in the center of the Floating Stone plaza and started his ascension. Out of his eight Earthsunder life forms, Karot could not fight due to his heavy reliance on terrain, and Dark Locust was still reassembling his body after Self Detonation. The remaining six gathered around Han Wu and formed a protective perimeter.

The three Spirit Demons controlled the flood and formed a massive water python to attack Han Wu's Floating Stone plaza.

Steely charged first. He fused all 100 greatswords into a massive blade of hurricane and struck the massive water python.

An explosion followed, sending sheets of water spraying in every direction. Steely felt no satisfaction. The water python reformed in less than three seconds and attacked again.

Steely used Steelcutter numerous times to stop it, but each strike drained a lot of his strength while the Spirit Demons remained unscathed. They could repeat the attack tens of millions of times without faltering.

After five exchanges, Steely finally lost and retreated to the Floating Stone plaza. Alpheus quickly took his place and attacked the python. The other four Earthsunder life forms stayed on standby, buying Han Wu as much time as possible.

Meanwhile, Han Wu drifted deep within his consciousness. The two Divine Jurisdictions sensed his ambition to ascend and were fervently draining his Divine Essence. His account, which had tens of thousands of Divine Essence, emptied in an instant.

The Duel Jurisdiction posed no problem. It had already reached completion and stabilized after draining the Divine Essence. However, the Conversion Jurisdiction was still in its early phase and lacked sufficient development.

Han Wu found himself in a bind. If he allowed it to absorb energy from the surrounding environment, it would take a huge amount of time to fulfill its energy requirements. He had no choice but to tap into the Divine Essence under the Blood Coliseum's account.

That account still held 420,000 Divine Essence, more than enough to turn Conversion into a mature Divine Jurisdiction.

"The Blood Coliseum is mine, and the Divine Essence in that account belongs to me too. There's nothing wrong with using my own resources!" he muttered.

He guided his Conversion Jurisdiction to the account, and it started draining it at an alarming rate. At first, it was 10,000, then 20,000, 30,000, and so on.

Han Wu's heart ached as the Divine Essence poured away. He couldn't have known that his Conversion Jurisdiction required such an enormous sum to mature. What he didn't realize, however, was that this process was expanding the scope of what he could use it over.

Before this, Han Wu could only apply Conversion to various types of elemental energy and turn them into one of his eight Divine Aspects' powers. As it matured through the absorption of Divine Essence, its capacity increased. It now allowed him to convert any absorbed energy into any power from any Divine Aspect that he knew. Spending mere tens of thousands of Divine Essence for such growth was a bargain!

After absorbing 190,000 Divine Essence, it finally stopped and condensed into a sliver of Divine Jurisdiction. It was no longer in its early phase. With the maturation of his Divine Jurisdiction, Han Wu was now a Major God.

The Will of the Dream Demon Civilization was outraged once it learned what had happened. It wasn't because it couldn't withstand a Major God's pressure, but because it was powerless to stop the outcome.

Han Wu had ascended into a Major God within its world, and he would now permanently claim a portion of its resources. Even though the loss amounted to only one part in 10,000, it was still infuriating because that share was gone forever.

Nonetheless, Han Wu had completed his ascension, and the Will of the Dream Demon Civilization had no choice but to grant him part of its power.

After absorbing that power, Han Wu opened his eyes and saw that all six of his Earthsunder life forms had been critically injured. Steely had suffered the worst damage, having lost all of his arms.

Han Wu burned with fury at what had happened. He activated Conversion, which had consumed close to 200,000 Divine Essence to mature, to fight against the three Spirit Demons. He absorbed the massive water python, converted it into Life Energy, and healed his Earthsunder life forms. Once they fully recovered, he turned his gaze back to the three Spirit Demons.

"Die!" He converted the energy into Destruction and Death, formed a massive palm, and slapped the three Spirit Demons.

That powerful blow erased Xiang Liu and Jiu Ying. Meng Lei withstood it, though barely. As Han Wu released more of his energy, even she couldn't withstand it. She was slapped away, and every one of her tails shattered.

"I will allow you to speak your final words," Han Wu said as he appeared before her. It was the last act of mercy he would grant to a powerful foe like her.

Meng Lei coughed up blood. Even without a finishing strike, she wouldn't be able to live long. With the final traces of her life, she glared at him. "My children... will avenge me... Just you wait—"

He crushed her before she could even finish, muttering, "Are your last words that simple?"

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[1,214 words]

Chapter 515 - Avatar Creation

After dealing with the ancestor of the Spirit Demons, Han Wu ordered his units to invade the Dream Demon Civilization on all fronts.

The tension between the two civilizations had grown too severe for any amicable resolution. After all, while the Spirit Demons had invaded the Blood Coliseum first, Han Wu had slain Meng Lei. Moreover, he had spent 190,000 Divine Essence just to ascend into a Major God. He needed to recoup the losses, and invading the Dream Demon Civilization offered the best opportunity.

The animosity between his units and the Spirit Demons had already reached a boiling point since the start of the battle, so his order was exactly what his units had hoped to receive. They spread out swiftly and attacked the Dream Demon Civilization.

Han Wu divided his entire army into eight groups, each led by one of his Earthsunder units. They were to advance simultaneously to increase the invasion's pace.

Afterward, Han Wu returned to the Blood Coliseum to report on his situation. Marks had already been alerted to the changes in the account. The Blood Coliseum had painstakingly accumulated 190,000 Divine Essence over a long period, so it was only natural that Marks felt his heart wrench a little when Han Wu spent it so freely.

Still, he didn't think Han Wu's decision was wrong. On the contrary, he took it as proof that Han Wu was earnest about taking the mantle as the Blood Coliseum's inheritor.

Han Wu further cemented his position by ordering his units to invade the Dream Demon Civilization as a recompense for the sum he had drawn from the Blood Coliseum's account. This decisive action only deepened Marks' acknowledged recognition of him as the inheritor.

Once his report was complete, Han Wu swiftly returned to the Divine Civilization. His first task was to inform everyone that he was safe. His second was to officially ascend into a Major God within the Divine Civilization.

Although he had ascended into a Major God within the Dream Demon Civilization and would be taking a portion of its resources, he was looking forward to ascending within the Divine Civilization. Not only would he get a new Divine Power, but his Chosen One Talent would bestow an additional one as well.

Xu Hai was stunned when Han Wu reported what had happened. He never expected his student to become a Major God just like him so soon. More astonishing still, Han Wu was only a second-year student!

Han Wu isn't just an extraordinary genius... He's an abnormal prodigy, the peak of all peaks! That was the only thought that crossed Xu Hai's mind.

Naturally, he resolved to support Han Wu's growth to the best of his ability. Exercising his full authority, he requested another Exquisite Skill Gem for Han Wu and even reserved a special room where Han Wu could establish a closer connection with the Divine Civilization. Such an environment would greatly aid the ascension process.

After thanking his mentor, Han Wu entered the room and focused on his ascension. A month later, after completing the checks required by the Divine Civilization, he finally ascended into a Major God.

He had also obtained brand new Divine Powers. Because he had ascended twice, once in the Dream Demon Civilization and once in the Divine Civilization, he now possessed three new Divine Powers.

The first was Energy Materialization. It allowed him to shape any type of energy into any form he desired. He had used it before without realizing it, when he killed two powerful Spirit Demons with a single slap. He had absorbed Water Energy, converted it, and then transformed it into a massive palm that crushed them. It was a Divine Power that perfectly complemented his Conversion Jurisdiction, and together, the two promised limitless potential.

The second Divine Power that he had obtained through the Exquisite Skill Gem was called Undying. It functioned passively and greatly enhanced his survivability. Through this Divine Power, he could shed a portion of his healthy cells and store them in a secure location.

If he were killed, those preserved cells would activate, rapidly multiply, and reconstruct an entirely new body, complete with his memories. The strength of the new body depended solely on how many cells he had set aside.

Han Wu chose it the moment it appeared, since it allowed him to invade other civilizations without restraint.

The third Divine Power came from Han Wu's Chosen One. Usually, the Divine Powers obtained from Chosen One were exceptionally powerful. So far, his Sacrifice, Replicate, and Merge had already proven that point. The new Divine Power he gained was no exception.

[Divine Power: Avatar Creation (Exclusive)]

It allowed him to use certain mediums to divide his body into multiple avatars. Each avatar functioned as a different individual, but they could all reunite into one true body.

Han Wu regarded this as a powerful Divine Power because of its ability to divide and recombine at will. Moreover, when the avatars fused back together, any strength gained by an individual avatar during separation carried over and combined into the whole.

As a result, he could dramatically accelerate his growth by splitting himself into avatars and deploying them to various fronts to grow stronger. From that point onward, the speed of his advancement depended directly on how many avatars he could dispatch. This vastly increased how fast he could grow!

For now, he could turn each of his Divine Powers, Divine Aspects, Divine Authorities, and Divine Jurisdictions into avatars. He decided to test it out and created them immediately.

As the avatars crawled out of his body, Han Wu felt them carrying away portions of his strength. His Conversion and Duel Jurisdictions were extremely powerful, and together they took away half of his total strength. Upon turning into avatars, they matched peak Sage life forms.

Next came his two Divine Authorities. They split into a black avatar and a white avatar, each possessing the strength of a lower-ranking Sage life form. His eight Divine Aspects followed, splitting into eight avatars, each comparable to an average King life form.

Beyond his twelve most powerful avatars, he still possessed numerous Divine Powers and decided to convert them as well. Sacrifice (Exclusive), Famine, Life Infusion, Merge (Exclusive), Seventy-Two Martial Castes, Demon King Transformation, Reincarnation, Replicate (Exclusive), Energy Materialization, Undying, and the newly acquired Avatar Creation (Exclusive) brought the total to twenty-three avatars.

Each avatar drew its strength from the Divine Powers that formed it. The Exclusive Divine Powers all produced lower Sage life forms, while Demon King Transformation, Reincarnation, and Undying produced peak King life forms.

The avatars of Famine, Life Infusion, Seventy-Two Martial Castes, and Energy Materialization were only as strong as peak High Lord life forms.

Among them, Seventy-Two Martial Castes stood apart. If Han Wu ordered it to use Avatar Creation again, it could split into seventy-two separate avatars based on the races he had picked. This allowed him to generate numerous avatars, though they were weak. The weakest among them reached the Heroic rank and couldn't do much on their own.

After taking stock of his avatars, Han Wu grew confident. He now commanded ninety-four avatars, and he refused to believe that anyone could outspeed his current pace of growth!

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Chapter 516 - Jiang Ming's Three Questions

[1,192 words]

Chapter 516 - Jiang Ming's Three Questions

Han Wu possessed many avatars and needed to deploy them carefully to maximize his gains. After a quick discussion with them, he started assigning their tasks.

The avatars representing Sacrifice, Duplicate, Merge, Avatar Creation, and Life Infusion weren't proficient in combat, so he assigned them to stay within the Divine Civilization or his divine realm. They would oversee the management of his divine realm, attend classes in his stead, or even devote themselves to further study in the library.

His two most powerful avatars, which came from his Divine Jurisdictions, would be in charge of invading other civilizations. The avatars of Conversion and Energy Materialization would fuse together and lead a team of Han Wu's units into battle. Similarly, the avatars of Duel and Undying would fuse and undertake the same mission.

The avatar of Reincarnation would remain in his divine realm to use the Transmigrate Helmet to enter other civilizations and guide as many powerful souls as possible into his divine realm. This mission wouldn't yield immediate results, but it would definitely pay off over time as Han Wu steadily filled his divine realm with formidable souls.

Then there were the avatars of Famine, Seventy-Two Martial Castes, and Demon King Transformation. Along with most of Han Wu's remaining units, they would spearhead the invasion of the Dream Demon Civilization.

With his avatars, he was confident that his units' morale would remain high on the battlefield. Once he assigned every avatar its assignment, they all departed to carry out their mission.

Han Wu then turned his attention to his Core. Now that he was a Major God, he could advance his Core to Level 40. He could now equip Rank 7 and 8 Sacred Objects as well.

During the war of successors, he had obtained many Core fragments by defeating his opponents. They were sufficient to raise his Core to Level 40, but that wasn't enough. He also needed to find the suitable Sacred Objects. At present, he had equipped five

Rank 6 Sacred Objects: the Law of Gluttony, Void Speck, Sixfold Artifact, Illusion Stone, and Truth Brush.

Together, the five had elevated his core race's power to unprecedented heights. Now that he was a Major God, however, their effectiveness was starting to decline. To advance his core race further, he needed to find Rank 7 or 8 Sacred Objects.

Unfortunately, Sacred Objects of that rank were exceedingly rare and invaluable. It was already very hard to find Rank 6 Sacred Objects, let alone 7 or 8. He knew that they definitely wouldn't be listed online.

Han Wu found himself in a bind. He couldn't track them down on his own and needed help from someone within the industry. That person was none other than Jiang Ming. He had worked as a merchant for centuries, with experience that far exceeded his own. If anyone had a way, it would be him.

As such, Han Wu sought out Jiang Ming. The moment they met, Jiang Ming sensed Han Wu's new power and quickly congratulated him. "Congratulations, Boss. You are a Major God now!"

Han Wu waved his hand to dismiss the formality and asked for what he needed without preamble.

Jiang Ming frowned. He explained that he could source or forge Rank 5 or 6 Sacred Objects if Han Wu required them. However, Rank 7 and 8 Sacred Objects were beyond his capabilities, even with his current level of strength.

While listening, Han Wu remembered how Jiang Ming had refined the defeated Desolate Beasts back then into Sacred Objects. They had sold for good prices, earning Han Wu a substantial sum.

He had since spent it all on his Conversion Jurisdiction. Still, the memory remained vivid. Jiang Ming could refine them into Sacred Objects, and more impressively, he could complete an entire matched set.

Sacred Objects that formed a single set usually produced special effects when equipped together. Han Wu suddenly had the idea of equipping a set of Sacred Objects to activate their set effects.

Jiang Ming shook his head at the suggestion. First of all, there were extremely few recorded Rank 7 or 8 Sacred Object sets, and finding one that complemented his core race would be even more unlikely. Jiang Ming was certain that no set of that rank could satisfy Han Wu.

Han Wu decided to look for Rank 5 or 6 sets instead, or, at worst, Rank 3 or 4. If all of that failed, he could just buy many inferior ones and have the Merge Avatar work overtime.

Han Wu's idea prompted Jiang Ming to recall a particular race that would align well with Han Wu's core race. That race could be refined or forged into Sacred Object sets that suited Han Wu's needs.

Intrigued, Han Wu asked him to explain further. Jiang Ming spoke slowly as he recounted how he had encountered that race during his years as a merchant.

These life forms were known as Heart Eaters. They were weak but had a bizarre talent. By consuming another life form's heart, a Heart Eater could transform into that life form. The result was an identical copy that retained half of the original life form's strength. After the transformation, the Heart Eater's original parameters would be replaced by the attributes of its prey until it consumed another life form's heart.

The explanation left Han Wu perplexed. *The Heart Eaters are indeed bizarre life forms, but what do they have to do with my core race?*

Drawing on his extensive experience, Jiang Ming asked, "Boss, is your core race the locust?"

Han Wu pondered the matter carefully. His core race was, in name, the locusts, yet they were no longer true locusts. The only trait they retained from their origin lay in their early reproductive capacity, when they could lay vast numbers of eggs. That trait also proved advantageous for the development of his divine realm. After consuming enough food, the locusts triggered Random Evolution and shed their original form entirely.

"Boss, do you think that your original method of nurturing the locusts would still be useful for your current core race?" Jiang Ming asked.

Han Wu contemplated further. At the beginning, he had relied on three primary methods to nurture his locusts.

The first was the Law of Gluttony, which allowed them to grow by consuming massive amounts of food. Through it, they could evolve into stronger life forms.

The second was Self Detonation. His locusts were weak when it came to combat, so detonating themselves was their most powerful means of attack.

The third involved weapons. Using Sixfold Artifact, he could command them to wield bows and arrows, unleashing devastating barrages through sheer numerical superiority.

These methods formed the foundation of his efforts to nurture his locusts into a powerful army. However, they were no longer truly locusts since they would evolve into random life forms.

Han Wu frowned in deep contemplation. *Is there any need to continue nurturing them in this way?*

At that moment, Jiang Ming posed a third question. "Boss, do you think you could unify the various Skills and powers your core race is using right now?"

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[1,225 words]

Chapter 517 - Invasion Progress

Han Wu remained silent.

Jiang Ming's questioning caused him to realize that his situation had changed. In many ways, his core race was no longer the locusts, but the diverse and complicated Desolate Beasts.

Nurturing them meant improving their overall strength rather than focusing on one aspect. This was an exceedingly difficult task. Jiang Ming wasn't trying to knock him down a peg but merely stating the truth.

"Boss, that's why I think Sacred Objects refined from Heart Eaters would suit your core race. The set effect from their Sacred Objects would bring about an overall improvement to every stat rather than a focused boost," Jiang Ming explained. "It would be the best set for your core race."

Han Wu realized that Jiang Ming was right. His core race was no longer the weak locusts. They were strong now. That meant he no longer needed to focus on their Self Detonation skill anymore.

"What should I do now?" Han Wu asked.

Jiang Ming nodded, proud that Han Wu would heed his advice. "Boss, I know a civilization with a lot of Heart Eaters. We won't have any problem acquiring the materials needed to forge the Sacred Objects."

"Then let's depart immediately."

Han Wu was impatient when it came to improving his units. As most of his units were still invading the Dream Demon Civilization, he called Jing Jing, Qin Shuang, and Sun Qingnian to accompany him on this journey.

Fortunately, Jing Jing, Qin Shuang, and Sun Qingnian were willing to lend their units to Han Wu. The trio was strong, and with Han Wu's command, the nest of the Heart Eater was destroyed. They soon captured a large number of Heart Eaters to be refined into Sacred Objects.

Meanwhile, three of Han Wu's avatars landed in the Dream Demon Civilization. The eight Earthsunder life forms sensed his arrival and welcomed him. Though these three were merely avatars, his units still regarded them as Han Wu's real body.

Han Wu, satisfied with his units' conduct, informed them that he would be joining the battle too. After reading their reports, Han Wu learned that the Dream Demon Civilization was split into four different regions.

The place they were in was called Cloudwater Heaven. It had previously fallen under Meng Lei's control, but they had since seized 30% of the land.

The other three areas were called Mistpeak Heaven, Howling Wind Heaven, and Blazefire Heaven, with each falling under the dominion of a powerful ancestor.

His units had split into three groups to assail the other three regions, but had only managed to take 5% of each. When the eight Earthsunder life forms reported their progress, they couldn't help but feel embarrassed, like they were letting Han Wu down.

Han Wu didn't blame them. He had personally fought against Meng Lei and was familiar with her strength. Not to mention, she commanded three powerful Spirit Demons with strength rivaling Earthsunder life forms.

There were likely similar guardians in the other three areas.

The three avatars planned their next course of action. They decided not to fight in Cloudwater Heaven. With Meng Lei dead, it was just a matter of time before they conquered it all.

Instead, they left Bakir and Smog, two powerful Earthsunder life forms, to guard against the retaliation of powerful Spirit Demons. Meanwhile, Han Wu's avatars would attack the three other areas, with each avatar leading two Earthsunder life forms alongside his other units.

The Famine Avatar would invade Mistpeak Heaven alongside Dark Locust and Alpheus. The 72 Martial Caste Avatar would target Howling Wind Heaven with Steely and Amelia. Finally, the Demon King Transformation Avatar would attack Blazefire Heaven with Erebard and Karot.

If any of them encountered a powerful foe, they could also assist each other. While in the same civilization, the avatars could transmit their thoughts to one another using telepathy, allowing them to send and receive information with no downtime.

Han Wu's invasion of the Dream Demon Civilization started in earnest.

The Will of the Dream Demon Civilization wasn't going to take it lying down, but it was undeniably weaker than the Will of the Divine Civilization. The latter's suppression left it helpless to do anything as the Spirit Demons were slaughtered. It knew that the Dream Demon Civilization would be wiped out if it didn't do anything.

Thus, it decided to save itself. While it couldn't attack directly, it could still call upon powerful Spirit Demons to help it. It sent out messages, informing the powerful Spirit Demons that someone from the Divine Civilization was besieging them.

But the Spirit Demons ignored it.

These powerful Spirit Demons each stood at the apex, fostering immense pride and ego. Naturally, this meant they looked down on Han Wu's units. In their eyes, he was but a single person. How strong could he be?

The Will of the Dream Demon Civilization had to urge them once more before they agreed to fight. A special alliance was formed between the most powerful Spirit Demons to resist the invasion of Han Wu and his army.

On that day, the Famine Avatar led Dark Locust and Alpheus to a mountain. Gazing out from the summit, they saw many more mountains forming a huge mountain range.

Mistpeak Heaven was quite literally filled with peaks, each filled with precious ores. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that this was a vault.

The Famine Avatar had a good grasp of the surroundings and, with the help of the units, detected the location of the abundant ore veins hidden within the mountains.

"Mine these ores and transport them back to the Divine Civilization," Han Wu ordered. "This will likely make up the debt that I owe the Blood Coliseum from when I ascended as a Major God."

Most Spirit Demons were beast-like, meaning they had no use for the ores. It would be a waste to leave them behind. So, Han Wu decided to dig them up to maximize the resources he could use.

Alpheus and Dark Locust nodded. They were loyal units, and for them, Han Wu's command was absolute. The other units also started mining.

Through Random Evolution, some had turned into life forms that excelled at digging. The others were in charge of hauling the ores. The ores were mined and transported with great efficiency. However, it didn't take long for the other Spirit Demons to notice their activities.

The newly formed alliance of Spirit Demons decided to send their strongest fighters to deal with the Famine Avatar. Han Wu's units, on the other hand, continued to mine ores as usual.

Huge Azure Copper ores were being carted to the surface. The Scorching Dwarves recorded the growing inventory with glee. They were Han Wu's only race that excelled in smithing and were naturally in charge of forging the ores into weapons for the rest of Han Wu's army.

They were busy taking inventory when thunderous footsteps echoed from afar. The Scorching Dwarf that was taking inventory shouted desperately, "The Spirit Demons are here again!"

The Famine Avatar rushed out of the tent to protect the Scorching Dwarf. Turning toward the direction of the footsteps, he saw three massive figures approaching.

They were humanoid and walked upright like humans, but as they neared, Han Wu noticed something amiss.

The three Spirit Demons were headless!

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Chapter 518 - Umbral Mouse to the Rescue!

[991 words]

Chapter 518 - Umbral Mouse to the Rescue!

The low, echoing thud of their footsteps betrayed the three Spirit Demons' extreme weight.

Han Wu carefully examined the three incoming threats.

While they had arms and legs that resembled those of a human, the rest of their bodies were vastly different. They were not only headless, but also had eyes in place of nipples and a mouth on their navels.

Han Wu quickly identified them as beasts of myth known as Xing Tian.

The three imposing Xing Tian slowly closed in on Han Wu. They each held a massive axe and a shield. Sensing their battle spirit, Han Wu called for Dark Locust and Alpheus to fight with him.

Dark Locust unleashed the Dark Domain, turning everything around it into a lightless zone. The erosion from the Dark Domain chipped away at the bodies of the three Xing Tian.

Alpheus seized this chance to unleash a powerful breath attack.

The three Xing Tian, sensing the incoming assault, raised their shields to block it. The powerful breath attack failed to pierce through the defenses of their shields.

At the same time, Dark Locust realized that the erosion of the Dark Domain wasn't doing anything to the Xing Tian. Moreover, the eyes on their chests somehow allowed them to still see in the dark.

The three disregarded both Alpheus and Dark Locust, instead continuing to close in on Han Wu.

The two Earthsunder life forms, having fought together many times before, exchanged a knowing glance as they tacitly decided on a new tactic.

Dark Locust summoned six illusions to charge at the three Xing Tian. Once they closed in, the illusions turned real and detonated themselves.

The explosions left the three Xing Tian wounded. Six cracks also appeared in the space around them. These cracks ripped apart everything within their vicinity as they sucked in the surrounding energy.

The three Xing Tian stood with their backs against each other, forming a triangle to resist the powerful pull from the cracks.

Unfortunately for them, Alpheus had been waiting for them to do so. Alpheus had silently flown high up into the air and, upon pinpointing the three Xing Tian in the darkness, unleashed a powerful dragon breath upon them.

The three Xing Tian were using their shields to defend against the cracks in space and failed to consider an attack from above.

Alpheus's dragon breath hit them directly.

Despite the direct hit, they only suffered superficial wounds. The breath attack didn't even injure their muscles.

Han Wu, having seen everything clearly, was left in shock.

Alpheus wasn't just an Earthsunder life form but was also a Great Dragon. It was almost impossible for someone to tank that breath attack, but the three Xing Tian had done so.

Furious when its breath attack failed to defeat even one of the Xing Tian, Alpheus decided to strike with its powerful physical body instead.

It dove downward, only to soon realize it was no match for the Xing Tian once more. Alpheus never expected to lose to them, even in the physical department.

The combined attack of the three Xing Tian slowly pushed it backward, leaving several-meter-long gashes on its body as they did. Although Alpheus's physical body wasn't as strong as Smog's, it was still a Great Dragon. It was unthinkable for it to be hurt like this.

If not for the pain, Alpheus would've assumed that it was trapped in an illusion. Dark Locust quickly came to assist, but even it was heavily injured within a few bouts.

In the end, Dark Locust had to use the last of its strength to fly between the three Xing Tian and detonate itself. Dark Locust was absurdly powerful. Naturally, the explosion from its Self Detonation was ridiculously strong as well.

The three Xing Tian were blown backward, grievously injured. Even their axes and shields were blasted away.

Han Wu thought everything was over, but to his astonishment, the Xing Tian stood up, wounds healing rapidly. If not for their flesh and blood, Han Wu would've thought the Xing Tian were the Finishers from the Technology Civilization.

The recovered Xing Tian were about to retrieve their axes and shields when a figure darted around them, snatching their equipment from under their noses with blinding speed.

Han Wu smiled when he saw who it was. He never thought the backup would be here.

"Hehe, master, did you miss me?" the Umbral Mouse asked in lieu of a greeting. Then, noticing something amiss with Han Wu, it added, "Master, you've become weaker. Am I wrong? You're far weaker than last time."

"Not bad," Han Wu praised. "I'm just an avatar, so I don't have my full strength."

The Umbral Mouse stared at him excitedly. During the inheritance war, the Umbral Mouse had taken over the body of someone from the Divine Civilization. However, after Han Wu's victory, it was assumed that the family of the dead would request the body from the Blood Coliseum, so it had no choice but to abandon it.

Thus, it only had its original mouse body once more.

After learning that Han Wu was invading the Dream Demon Civilization from Marks, the Umbral Mouse had rushed over to help him in any way it could.

"No matter how you look, you'll always be my master." The Umbral Mouse loyally reassured him, presenting the stolen axe and shields.

Han Wu tried to pick up the axes and shields, only to realize they were heftier than expected. He couldn't even lift them, much less swing them around.

The three Xing Tian spotted Han Wu with their equipment and charged toward him to get it back.

But Han Wu was not about to let them have their way. After all, the Xing Tian weren't nearly as destructive without their equipment.

Han Wu immediately sent their equipment into his divine realm and ordered Alpheus to attack once more.

Their battle continued.

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Chapter 519 - Arrival of the White Mane God King

[1,360 words]

Chapter 519 - Arrival of the White Mane God King

The Xing Tian were weaker without their weapons. The Famine Avatar and the Umbral Mouse started debuffing them with their Skills, and soon, the three Xing Tian were so overwhelmed by hunger that they could barely move. Moreover, their movements slowed down, as if they were stuck in a swamp.

Alpheus went all out, unleashing all of his Skills against them. At the same time, Dark Locust stitched himself back together and joined the assault.

Under the combined onslaught, they finally killed the three Xing Tian. Their corpses were highly valuable as they could be refined into powerful weapons or Sacred Objects, or, in the worst case, used as food for his units.

Han Wu stored the three corpses within his divine realm and ordered his units to press on with the invasion.

The same situation unfolded in Howling Wind Heaven and Blazefire Heaven, where powerful Spirit Demons were attacking Han Wu. However, the combined might of Han Wu's avatars and his units wiped out every one of them.

The alliance that had just been established collapsed with ease, and the full-scale invasion against the Dream Demon Civilization was just a matter of time.

The Blood Coliseum's workers read the reports on Han Wu's progress and were exhilarated. Although the Blood Coliseum had nurtured many powerful Sanguine Combatants, the Spirit Demons were their natural enemies. If they were to send the Sanguine Combatants to attack the Dream Demon Civilization, they would have needed to sacrifice several trillion of them to take down the entire civilization.

By contrast, Han Wu only needed to deploy around 10 billion units to achieve the same result. The stark difference quickly reshaped the view of the Blood Coliseum's staff, and they respected him as their new leader.

Han Wu's avatars were reporting that the operations within the Dream Demon Civilization were proceeding smoothly. Then grim news arrived from Imperial College. A certain God King paid them a visit, requesting them to hand over Han Wu.

Xu Hai received the news and immediately contacted Han Wu. After reading the message, Han Wu was stunned. He recognized the God King. He was the leader of the Supreme Merchant Group.

Back then, Han Wu had clashed with the Supreme Merchant Group and destroyed many of their ships, risking the destruction of his divine realm in the process. In the end, he forced the leader to return hastily from outside. Han Wu had escaped by tearing through a spatial crack to survive. Otherwise, the White Mane God King would have killed him.

Han Wu had never expected that White Mane would come all the way to Imperial College to capture him.

Imperial College didn't succumb to the God King's pressure and surrender Han Wu immediately. At the same time, they were unwilling to take an overly confrontational

stance. After all, White Mane was a bona fide God King, a being standing at the apex of the Divine Civilization.

Xu Hai advised Han Wu not to do anything and allow Imperial College to negotiate with White Mane first, to see whether the matter could be resolved amicably.

Three days passed before Han Wu finally received another message from Xu Hai, asking him to return to Imperial College. The conflict with White Mane had finally been settled.

When Han Wu arrived at the office, he saw the dignified White Mane seated on the sofa. Across from him sat the senior leadership of Imperial College, all of them Major Gods.

They frowned when they saw Han Wu, then quickly showed surprise. With their Major-God-level senses, they could tell that Han Wu was currently incomplete, yet a closer examination revealed that Han Wu was a Major God himself!

Bewildered, they turned to look at Xu Hai. At last, they understood why Xu Hai was so adamant in protecting Han Wu at all costs. Despite his youth, he was already a Major God.

Xu Hai's pride showed clearly. Han Wu's achievement had greatly reinforced his reputation.

Some of the higher ups started voicing their praise.

"Xu Hai, you're truly a great mentor, with a unique approach to educating your students. We are impressed!"

Many of those present were mentors themselves, and all of them found it necessary to commend Xu Hai for Han Wu's achievement. Their own students typically graduated as Demigods, and very few of them graduated as Gods.

Xu Hai, however, had Han Wu, a Major God. That alone proved his superiority over the others. Moreover, Han Wu was only a second-year student! What if Han Wu could become a God King by the time he graduated?

Naturally, White Mane sensed Han Wu's condition, and the realization left him equally shocked. Han Wu had already ascended into a Major God at such a young age, which meant he could potentially ascend into a God King within two years. If that happened, taking revenge on the Supreme Merchant Group would be effortless. The conflict could even escalate into a divine war between two God Kings.

Thankfully, the situation isn't that dire yet. Han Wu just ascended, so his Divine Jurisdiction has yet to stabilize. Eliminating him now will spare me considerable trouble. With that thought, he immediately started forming plans to deal with Han Wu.

"I greet my mentor, professors, and the God King," the Replicate Avatar said, offering a respectful greeting to everyone in the room.

White Mane was visibly displeased that Han Wu greeted him last.

Xu Hai coughed lightly. "Han Wu, we've learned about your little altercation with the Commerce God King. After some peaceful negotiations, the Commerce God King won't pursue any further action against you and will void the damage you caused. Hurry up and thank the Commerce God King for his mercy."

Han Wu understood Xu Hai's meaning at once. Imperial College had most likely reached a trade agreement with White Mane to ensure that he wouldn't continue pursuing Han Wu.

Han Wu would remember their aid forever. Even though he had no desire to apologize, he still approached White Mane at Xu Hai's prompting and spoke earnestly, "Thank you for your mercy, Your Majesty."

Xu Hai chimed in, "Your Majesty Commerce God King, my student has offered his apology. I hope that you will forgive him for the Imperial College's sake."

White Mane nodded. "I won't pursue the issue of the Supreme Merchant Group's destruction any further. However, you abducted one of the Major Gods under me. How do you intend to resolve that matter?"

Xu Hai was taken aback. White Mane and Imperial College had been negotiating for the past three days, but nothing had ever been mentioned about another Major God. Confused, Xu Hai turned to Han Wu and asked for an explanation.

Han Wu's expression hardened. He had never expected White Mane to lay such a trap here. Jiang Ming had served as a manager of White Mane's Supreme Merchant Group. During their clash, Jiang Ming had decided to abandon the Supreme Merchant Group and follow Han Wu instead. Ordinarily, this would not have been an issue. A Major God had the freedom to choose whom to follow.

"Jiang Ming is a Major God," Han Wu said evenly. "He has the right to choose who he wants to follow."

White Mane shook his head. "He signed a contract with me to work under me for 500 years. That term has not yet expired."

Han Wu frowned. If that were true, then Jiang Ming would have to return with White Mane. Once back in the Supreme Merchant Group, Jiang Ming would face torture. Han Wu wasn't naive enough to doubt that White Mane would even kill Jiang Ming.

Jiang Ming had sworn loyalty to Han Wu, so the latter would never let him suffer such a fate. He decided to double down. "I want to purchase his contract. Please tell me what price you require to surrender it."

White Mane was surprised yet again. He hadn't anticipated Han Wu to willingly walk into his trap for Jiang Ming's sake.

Is there a deeper connection between them than that of employer and subordinate? White Mane wondered.

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[1,032 words]

Chapter 520 - Contract

"Is Jiang Ming related to you by blood?" the White Mane God King asked.

Han Wu shook his head. "Uncle Jiang had helped me in the past. I will never abandon him now."

White Mane scoffed. "You truly are deeply affectionate, aren't you?"

Xu Hai could clearly hear the jealousy in his tone.

Han Wu continued, "Please, Your Majesty, tell me what I must do to purchase Uncle Jiang's contract."

Han Wu knew that White Mane would name a price. Otherwise, he would not have raised the matter at all.

White Mane nodded. "The task is simple in concept but difficult in execution. I've ordered a batch of Angel Elixir from the Angel Civilization. Unfortunately, they are currently engaged in the 78th Holy War against the Demon Civilization and cannot transport the batch to me now. If you deliver the shipment to me, I will void Jiang Ming's contract immediately."

Han Wu frowned. While the Angel and Demon Civilizations weren't as powerful as the Divine Civilization, they were still fairly powerful. Because of their opposing natures, the two civilizations were in a constant state of war.

Every Holy War between them shed vast amounts of blood. Anyone who got involved in it almost always suffered, since the opposing side would attack regardless of whom they supported. Remaining neutral was even more dangerous, as both civilizations would treat neutrality as hostility. Death was almost a certainty there.

Naturally, Xu Hai wouldn't let Han Wu take such a risk. "Your Majesty Commerce God King, this mission is too difficult for my student at his current level."

White Mane scoffed. "Too difficult? I've spent immense resources nurturing a single Major God, and your student took him away. That loss is substantial. If you don't accept this mission, then return Jiang Ming to me, and I will leave immediately."

"I won't surrender Uncle Jiang to you," Han Wu said gravely.

"So you will neither return him nor accept the mission." White Mane scoffed again. "Are you trying to pick a fight?"

Xu Hai quickly stepped in. "Of course he's not picking a fight."

"Then offer me an alternative," White Mane said evenly. "I'm a merchant. I don't mind changing the mission if you can compensate me for the losses of the Angel Elixirs."

Han Wu asked, "May I ask what is the total cost of the Angel Elixirs?"

"300,000 Divine Essence," White Mane replied.

It was a staggering sum even for White Mane, who possessed the Commerce Jurisdiction, let alone for Han Wu and Xu Hai. Almost no one in the office had ever seen that much money before.

Although Han Wu had once handled 420,000 Divine Essence and had even used 190,000 to fortify his own Divine Jurisdiction, he was reluctant to touch the Blood Coliseum's account again. After all, the funds did not belong solely to him. Also, the account had already dropped below 300,000 Divine Essence after his previous use.

"Could you lower the price further?"

Han Wu's discount request only earned him White Mane's sneer. "What do you think?"

The refusal was unmistakable.

Han Wu sighed. With no other option, he stepped straight into the trap White Mane had laid. "I can't pay that much. I will head to the Angel Civilization and request the batch of Angel Elixirs."

"Good. That suits your compassionate nature," White Mane said coldly. "I will wait for my shipment of Angel Elixirs. If you fail, or if the elixirs are robbed during transit, I will punish Jiang Ming according to the contract."

White Mane praised Han Wu's bravery but didn't expect Han Wu to return with the shipment. The Holy War between the two civilizations raged with brutal intensity. Even he couldn't guarantee his own safety to withdraw from it, much less Han Wu, a mere Major God.

Han Wu nodded. "Very well."

Although Han Wu accepted, Xu Hai felt a surge of panic at how quickly Han Wu had made his decision. Unwilling to risk Han Wu backing out, White Mane promptly took out a contract and handed it to Han Wu.

After reviewing the terms and confirming their accuracy, Han Wu pressed his fingerprints onto the document. The contract flashed and immediately bound both parties. Han Wu had to return within a month with the Angel Elixirs and deliver them to White Mane. If he failed, White Mane would bring Jiang Ming back.

Once the contract was finalized, White Mane promised to return in a month and left.

After seeing White Mane off, Xu Hai's expression darkened. "Han Wu, how could you be so careless? The Holy War between the Angel and Demon Civilizations isn't something you can step into so lightly."

The words sounded like a reprimand, but his concern for Han Wu was unmistakable.

Han Wu sighed. "I won't interfere in the Holy War. I am only going there to retrieve the Angel Elixirs."

Xu Hai sighed in return. "Do you really think they will believe you if you tell them you have no intention of interfering? The angels and the demons aren't that gullible."

Unfortunately, the contract had already been signed, and Xu Hai's lecture achieved nothing. Now he had to do whatever he could to help Han Wu survive.

Time was short, and Han Wu decided to leave that night. He had barely departed from Imperial College when Xu Hai sent him a message. He explained that he had an old friend within the Demon Civilization and hoped that his friend would be willing to help Han Wu on account of their past.

Along with the message, Xu Hai sent an item to Han Wu. It served as proof of his connection to that demon.

Han Wu took it out and noted that it was a sharp fang, its surface marred by stubborn stains. The demonic aura it radiated surprised Han Wu. From its purity, he could tell how strong Xu Hai's friend was. The demon had to be as strong as a Major God!

"I hope you will be able to help me," he murmured while inspecting the item. He then stepped onto the train that led to the border between the Angel and Demon Civilizations.

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[1,080 words]

Chapter 521 - Finding Night Terror

The train passed through numerous wormholes before finally stopping at the penultimate station. The final station, situated at the border of the Angel Civilization and the Demon Civilization, was inaccessible due to the ongoing Holy War. Thus, Han Wu had no choice but to disembark and purchase flying transport to head to the final station.

For his safety, he sent his Life Infusion Avatar for this mission. The avatar wasn't strong, but was fairly covert. Moreover, it was only a High Lord life form. Even if it died in the Holy War, it wouldn't be a great loss for Han Wu.

Once at the final station, Han Wu summoned another avatar from his divine realm to man the station, functionally creating a respawn point.

With his preparation complete, the Life Infusion Avatar headed for the battlefield. Chaos shrouded the war zone. Explosions rang out constantly. Myriad tech, magic, and monsters flooded the area, a myriad of elemental energy surging through them.

Han Wu barely made it a few steps before a life form cloaked in demonic energy attacked him. Unwilling to take things lying down, Han Wu retaliated, though it took him a while to kill the life form.

It appeared the life form was a minor leader of the demons in this area of conflict. When it died, a group of harpies from the angel faction doubled down on their assault, chasing away the lingering minor demons on the battlefield.

The bombardment only stopped once the demon faction had all fled. A superior of the harpies glided toward Han Wu. Sensing the powerful presence of darkness from Han Wu, he sneered.

“You filthy beast. Get out of here, or die like that shitty demon.”

Han Wu frowned. If he hadn’t killed that life form, the harpies wouldn’t have been able to dominate this particular front. However, the harpies not only didn’t thank him for his assistance, but were even trying to chase him away. It was preposterous!

Another harpy appeared at the superior’s side, scoffing. “Boss, why are you talking with that filthy beast? Just kill it.”

The superior glared it into silence. He had actually planned to do so, but was wary of Han Wu’s strength, having seen him kill the minor leader of the opposing faction.

Uncertain if he could win, he naturally chose to play it safe.

“I will warn you once more. Leave, or we will be forced to act.”

Han Wu chuckled. “I won’t leave. Come at me.”

“You—” The harpy superior growled but held back from reckless action.

The harpy beside the superior, on the other hand, fell for Han Wu’s taunts. Charging forward, it snarled, “You filthy dark beast, you’re courting—”

Before it could finish its sentence, Han Wu suddenly appeared behind it using Spectral Dash. He swung his weapon, and a massive cross-shaped slash filled with Dark Energy cut through the harpy.

The harpy fell into a pool of its own blood and died.

Han Wu had killed a harpy directly in front of his superior!

The superior was stunned. Han Wu was much stronger than he had anticipated.

Taking several steps back, he flapped his wings to escape when Han Wu suddenly disappeared.

Han Wu’s cold voice came from beside him. “Listen to me if you don’t want to die.”

A cold presence pierced through the superior’s armor, touching the skin of his back where his heart was. The threat was clear.

Torn between life and loyalty, the harpy superior chose to live. "I'll do what you say. Don't kill me."

"I'll ask the questions, and you will answer me. Have you heard of Night Terror?"

Night Terror was the name of Xu Hai's friend in the Demon Civilization. The harpy superior shuddered when he heard the name.

"I don't know..." he whispered.

Unfortunately, his involuntary reaction had already given him away.

"Maybe you weren't aware, but I don't like liars. In fact, I usually cut off the tongues of liars, spread honey across their bodies, and let the ants do their work..." Han Wu threatened, fingers gesturing as if slicing flesh from the superior's body.

At that moment, Han Wu's finger appeared like a sharp blade to the superior, ready to cut him open at any time. Frightened, he quickly backtracked. "I remember now. I know who Night Terror is."

"Speak."

"Night Terror is the Vice Commander of the Third Legion in the Demon Civilization."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know..."

Han Wu dug his finger one centimeter into the harpy superior's skin. The intense pain forewarned imminent death.

"I'll talk! Night Terror's battalion should be on the sixth battlefront, but I'm not sure if he'll be there! That's all I know, please believe me!"

Han Wu didn't know where that battlefront was. Furthermore, the superior's attempted deceptions were such that Han Wu couldn't simply believe him.

"Draw me a map and list down all of the battlefronts that you know of," Han Wu ordered.

"I don't know. I really don't know—"

Han Wu grabbed a sword and raised it to the harpy's neck. The harpy superior immediately changed his tone.

"I'll draw it, I'll draw it now. I'll do it fast. Please give me a pen and paper..."

Han Wu ripped a piece of cloth from the dead harpy's body and tossed it to the superior.

"I need a pen..." the superior requested, a defeated look in his eyes.

"Use your own blood to draw it."

The harpy superior was on the verge of a breakdown, but under the threat of death, he gathered himself, biting his talons before drawing a map with his own blood. He marked out the different conflict zones and noted down the location of the sixth battlefront.

By the time he finished, his face was pale from blood loss.

"I've told you everything I know and drew the map. Please let me go," he begged weakly.

Han Wu waved his hand to dismiss him. The moment the harpy superior turned around, Han Wu stabbed him from behind, skewering his heart and piercing through the front of his chest.

"You—Despicable...You said you would let me go..." he cursed at Han Wu's betrayal.

Han Wu scoffed. "I let you go, but I never said I wouldn't kill you."

"You—" The harpy superior clutched his chest, bleeding anger and blood.

Ignoring the dying harpy, Han Wu flew off. He wanted to get another map to verify the harpy superior's drawing.

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Chapter 522 - Stealing a Flying Chariot

[949 words]

Chapter 522 - Stealing a Flying Chariot

Han Wu's mission was to retrieve the batch of Angel Elixir. Although this shipment was in the hands of the angels, the ongoing Holy War meant he had to obtain approval from not only the angels but also acquire a transit permit from the demons.

The easiest way to get a transit permit was to find Xu Hai's friend, Night Terror. Arriving on another battlefield, Han Wu soon obtained another map. Comparing the two allowed him to confirm their verity.

Both sources also corroborated that Night Terror and his army were indeed on the sixth battlefield. Unfortunately, that place was 60,000 km away.

It would take him five days even if he flew all the way there. Factoring in the various skirmishes he would undoubtedly encounter on the journey only lengthened that trip.

According to his contract with the White Mane God King, he only had one month to complete this task. Worse still, the flow of time in the Angel Civilization and the Demon Civilization was roughly the same as the Divine Civilization, which didn't give him much leeway.

Han Wu needed to find a shorter path. As he pondered his situation, he saw four unicorns with wings pulling a flying chariot, speeding across the sky above. Seated in the chariot were two angels filled with pure light energy.

They chatted and laughed as if the battle below were not even worth their consideration. The sight lit a quiet fury in Han Wu.

Their civilization had spent immense resources to nurture the two angels, yet they were clearly not taking this war seriously at all. They were undermining the effort of the Angel Civilization!

Han Wu decided to teach them a lesson on behalf of the Angel Civilization. It would be even better if he could commandeer their chariot.

Still, he was only here as the Life Infusion Avatar, which limited his course of action. In the end, he opted to relay the information to the rest of his avatars to brainstorm a plan.

Soon, the Replicate Avatar was on his way, poised to reach in half a day. Coincidentally, the chariot also stopped at a nearby battlefield. The two angels disembarked and were happily enjoying a meal in one of the camps.

This gave Han Wu time to wait.

Half a day passed, and the two avatars met. They then fused, strengthening into a peak King life form.

The fused avatar was just one step away from becoming a Sage life form. With that strength, Han Wu was confident he could handle the two angels. However, as this was still their territory, he chose not to fight them head-on.

After all, they had an army at their command, which would make it easy for them to kill him. Even if he fused with more avatars, he doubted that he could stop all of them. He needed a clever plan to get the chariot.

Han Wu first located an isolated soldier with the light attribute that belonged to the angel faction. Then, replicating that attribute, he masqueraded as one of them.

But this wasn't enough.

If he wanted to fly away on the chariot without meeting any resistance, he would need to appear as one of the two angels. After replicating the soldier, he carefully approached the camp where the two angels feasted.

Having replicated the light attribute, the infiltration was effortless. He then patiently monitored the two angels. Eventually, one of the angels drank too much and stepped outside to relieve himself.

Han Wu quickly followed him. The angel had his guard down when Han Wu knocked him out. He then used Replicate to copy its power and attribute before slicing him into quarters and leaving the remains in the restroom.

With that, he finally approached the chariot.

The four flying unicorns had the regality of divine beasts, but were actually weak, with their only purpose being to pull the chariot.

Han Wu approached them, exuding the presence of the angel.

The four flying unicorns naturally assumed that Han Wu was that angel, and under his order, flew toward the next battlefront with the chariot in tow.

The other angel assumed that his drunken companion had mistakenly set out for their mission and called out, "Hey, I haven't got on the chariot yet. Wait for me!"

Smiling bitterly, he inwardly chided his companion for being dutiful to the point of working even when drunk. He eventually returned to camp to continue drinking when he received a dreadful report.

His companion's body had been found in the restroom, hacked into four pieces. The shock of it all snapped the angel out of his drunken haze, quietly thankful that he hadn't been the one to head to the toilet first. If not, he would've been killed instead.

But what do I do next? the angel wondered. *Do I report this to the main base and tell them to check every single flying chariot, or go chase it down on my own?*

As the angel mulled this over, Han Wu's chariot was already flying over several battlefronts.

When those of the angel faction sensed the presence of the dense Light Energy coming from the chariot, they let him pass without a single check. After all, angels were the ruling life forms of the Angel Civilization. Other lowly light attribute life forms had no right to even greet them.

Thus, Han Wu effortlessly soared past the various battlefields and reached the sixth battlefront without detection from the Angel Civilization.

The sixth battlefront was massive and filled with skirmishes between light attribute and dark attribute monsters.

All Han Wu needed to do now was locate Night Terror.

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

[959 words]

Chapter 523 - Imprisoned

In a base camp at the sixth battlefront, a scout handed an Archangel a report from the angel headquarters.

The contents of the report enraged the Archangel. Someone had killed an angel and stolen their chariot!

"Demons—it has to be the demons! Those despicable demons! How dare they kill an angel and steal our chariot? Those bastards! If we ever cross paths, I'll make sure they die a horrible death!"

The Archangel sent out an order for his subordinates to report any chariots that entered their jurisdiction. A mere half a day after this command was issued, a light attribute beastfolk reported seeing a passing chariot.

"That damned demon!" The Archangel stood up in anger. "How dare it come into my territory? It dies here!"

With that conviction in mind, he led an army of angels and light attribute life forms in capturing the suspect.

Meanwhile, Han Wu, having soared over various battlefronts in his chariot, was hovering just above the sixth battlefront.

According to the map, this was where Night Terror's army was stationed. He was pondering how to find Night Terror when he felt a presence filled with dazzling light approaching.

That presence was too quick for him to avoid, so he immediately readied for battle. If they saw through his fake persona, angels and demons would view him as an enemy, and he would have no choice but to fight. He had to prepare himself for the possibility of this worst-case scenario.

Soon, troops from the angel faction caught up to the chariot.

The Archangel flared his four wings as he glared at Han Wu's chariot. This chariot was the same one from the report.

"Surround that chariot!"

The harpies and the other flying light life forms encircled the chariot. As Han Wu took in their numbers, he realized it would be difficult for him to win. So, he hastily thought up another plan.

"You, demon hiding within the chariot," the Archangel barked. "Get out!"

The other light life forms aimed their weapons at the chariot.

Han Wu had no choice but to step out.

Standing outside with the skull of a demon in his hands, he released the full might of his Light Energy in an attempt to substantiate his identity.

"Wait, don't attack me! I'm an ally." Han Wu raised his arms in surrender, skull still in his grasp.

The Archangel was baffled when he sensed the Light Energy radiating from Han Wu. He didn't know there was a demon with the light attribute.

"I encountered this demon in the flying chariot. It tried to kill me, but fortunately, it was heavily injured, and I managed to kill it instead."

This wasn't enough to persuade the Archangel, but it was enough for the other light life forms to lower their weapons and guard against him. The doctrines of the Angel Civilization biased them toward Light Energy. In their eyes, any life form with the light attribute couldn't possibly be evil.

Though suspicious, Han Wu undoubtedly had the light attribute, so the Archangel refrained from casting immediate judgment. If he did, it would leave a bad impression on the other light life forms around him.

“Friend, it’s not that I don’t trust you, but we need to investigate this further just in case. I’m afraid we’ll have to trouble you until the report is out.”

The Archangel motioned for two angels to bind Han Wu with cuffs that could seal all energy.

Though frustrated, Han Wu knew this wasn’t the time to lash out. So, suppressing his anger, he replied, “That’s only natural. I’m sure my lord Archangel will appeal for my innocence.”

Most of the light life forms around them had already concluded that Han Wu was standing on their side and was simply someone powerful who had killed a demon spy.

The two angels arresting Han Wu escorted him to a prison filled with various life forms. Some were demons, but most were innocent life forms with the dark attribute.

Han Wu was locked in an isolated cell. Glancing at his bed, he noticed that it was clean and soft. The other cells didn’t even have a bed, much less a blanket, and almost all the other inmates were forced to sleep on hay.

This preferential treatment naturally drew the ire of the other inmates.

“Why does he get his own cell while we have to squeeze in a large one?” one of the inmates shouted at the warden.

The warden slapped that inmate in return. “You talk too much! The higher-ups specifically instructed us to treat him well. You have no right to insult him. The lord Archangel himself could set him free in a couple of days. Do you understand?”

The inmate nodded and hid out of fear of being slapped again. This satisfied the warden. He loved subduing the inmates in this manner.

Turning to Han Wu, the warden assured him. “I’ve heard of your valor. I’m sure the light will shine bright on you and your future.”

Han Wu nodded wordlessly, and the warden left soon after.

Night eventually fell.

The warden came back with a wooden pail filled with diluted rice congee. This was the dinner of the other inmates.

Only Han Wu's was different—an entire mealbox filled with delicious food.

The fragrant aroma drifted around the prison.

When the inmates caught the scent, they abruptly lost their appetite. Nevertheless, they dared not complain until the warden left. Only after his departure did they greedily take in the smell of Han Wu's dinner.

Aware of their intentions, Han Wu slowed his eating pace. It didn't take long before one of the inmates called out to him.

"Hey, new guy, give me some of your meal."

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

[987 words]

Chapter 524 - Meeting Night Terror

Han Wu chuckled. He had been waiting for one of them to talk to him.

"Sure," he agreed. "Open your mouth."

The inmate opened his mouth wide for Han Wu to toss food in. A delicious piece of meat landed on the inmate's tongue, and he couldn't help but shed tears at the flavor.

The other inmates, aware of this inmate's background, pitied him for being imprisoned despite his innocence. The inmate had awakened with the dark attribute—the main energy of the Demon Civilization—and was branded as a spy.

He was subsequently locked here. That was seven years ago.

Once this first inmate got a taste, the others hastily clamored to get some too. Unfortunately, there wasn't much in the mealbox, and it didn't take long for it to empty.

Han Wu, having fostered this goodwill with the inmates, started fishing for information about the angels and demons.

The inmates naturally reciprocated, sharing whatever they knew. Han Wu gained a lot of information in this manner.

Finally, he asked, "Do you guys know where Night Terror is?"

The inmates fell quiet. No one dared to speak. They were all aware of Night Terror's infamy, having struck down numerous angels in the past.

In acknowledgement of his strength, the Demon Civilization had even granted him a battalion. Unfortunately, no one knew where he was or what he looked like. Some even claimed that Night Terror was a fictitious creation of the Demon Civilization.

Han Wu fell into a disappointed quiet.

At that moment, an old inmate in the neighboring cell asked, "Young man, why are you looking for Night Terror?"

"I want to get a transit permit from him to travel through the Demon Civilization."

The old inmate sighed, as if worried for Han Wu's tumultuous future. "The Demon Civilization isn't as cooperative as you might imagine. Even if Night Terror gave you a transit permit, you wouldn't be able to travel freely."

Han Wu, though crestfallen, continued to press, "Since you answered me, that must mean you know where Night Terror is."

"I do know where he is," the old inmate replied with a wry smile. "Because I am Night Terror."

Han Wu almost spat his water out. The old inmate had gone senile from his extended stay at the prison.

The old inmate squinted. "Don't believe me?"

"Night Terror is a legend amongst demons. How could he be here?"

The old inmate chuckled. "The most dangerous place is also the safest one."

Han Wu had to repress his incredulous laughter at the statement.

Despite knowing that Han Wu was mocking him, the old man didn't respond with anger, merely gesturing for Han Wu to get closer.

Han Wu obediently scooted over.

The old man's hands slipped through the bars, grabbed Han Wu's cuffs, and squeezed tightly.

A loud crack echoed as the cuffs snapped, falling to the ground in pieces.

Han Wu was stunned. Even as a peak King life form, he couldn't break the cuffs. How could the old inmate crush it like tofu?

"Now do you believe me?" the old man asked with a smirk.

Han Wu nodded vehemently. Moving his arms a little, he channeled some Divine Points to retrieve the item that Xu Hai had given to him from his divine realm.

Night Terror grew serious when he saw it.

"Who are you to Xu Hai?"

Han Wu was thrilled at this fortunate turn of events.

"Xu Hai is my mentor, and I'm his student. I'm here for a mission..." he explained, going on to detail his mission.

Night Terror frowned. The Holy War between the Angel Civilization and the Demon Civilization was fierce, and camps from both sides littered the battlefield. Moreover, not everyone from the same faction got along well with each other.

Some demons respected Night Terror and would let him pass, but others hated him and could even kill the person holding onto Night Terror's emblem.

Worse still, Han Wu had to deal not only with the demons but also the angels. Not to mention, Han Wu was stuck in prison and had to first get out.

It was already a headache thinking about how to escape the angels' base camp, much less trying to get the shipment of Angel Elixirs. However, regardless of the seeming impossibility of the task, Han Wu had no choice.

If he wanted to protect Jiang Ming, he had to deliver those Angel Elixirs back to the Imperial College.

Night Terror sensed Han Wu's determination and stopped trying to dissuade him. Condensing Dark Energy into the shape of a black fang, he handed it to Han Wu.

This was Night Terror's emblem. Any demons who saw it had to treat its carrier as Night Terror himself.

His subordinates considered this rule iron-clad, but the same couldn't be guaranteed outside of the sixth battlefield. Nevertheless, Han Wu was overjoyed at obtaining the emblem. This essentially marked the halfway point of his mission.

All he needed to do now was head to the Angel Civilization and find the shipment of Angel Elixir. But there was another issue he had to deal with first.

The lies he had fabricated would undoubtedly be revealed soon enough, and the Archangel would likely send someone to punish him before dawn.

Without the cuffs limiting him, he could try to break out of the prison, but there was still the army of light attribute life forms outside to contend with. Even if he escaped, he would be brought back within minutes. It seemed futile!

Han Wu carefully ruminated on his plan of action.

Glancing at Night Terror, an idea came to mind.

“Old—” Han Wu corrected himself. “Senior, could you give me your hand for a moment? Let me touch you a little.”

Night Terror’s eyes widened. *What the heck? Is Xu Hai’s student so perverted that he won’t even let an old man go?*

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

[1,056 words]

Chapter 525 - Han Wu’s Jailbreak

It took several rounds of coaxing for Han Wu to convince Night Terror to finally extend his hand.

Inwardly, Night Terror grumbled that he would kill Han Wu if he sensed something off. He didn’t even think about how he would explain it to Xu Hai. After all, if Han Wu was truly perverted, there was no need for him to justify his actions to begin with.

Han Wu gleefully grabbed onto Night Terror’s shriveled arm and used Replicate. Unfortunately, Night Terror’s sheer strength meant he could only replicate a third of his power, lest his avatar explode.

Even then, Han Wu could tell that his avatar was now one step away from being an Earthsunder life form. Night Terror stared warily at Han Wu, feeling a strange sensation the moment Han Wu held his hand.

It wasn’t comfortable, but it wasn’t horrible either. Still, he instinctively wanted to retract his arm, but he endured the feeling until Han Wu willingly let go.

“Thank you, senior.”

This replicated power was enough for Han Wu to break out of prison.

Night Terror waved his arm. “Even with Xu Hai’s request, there’s a limit to how much I can help you. You’ll have to look after yourself after this.”

Han Wu nodded, looking around. Many of the inmates were trying to eavesdrop, but Night Terror had already deployed a barrier to block sounds from the beginning.

“What are they talking about?” an inmate wondered aloud. “What’s there to talk about with that old man?”

Another inmate snorted. “You idiot. Get away from me if you want to die. I don’t want you to dirty my side of the cell. That old man isn’t your regular guy. He could wave his finger to kill you without even needing to move.”

“Are you for real? I don’t believe it.” The inmate skeptically studied Night Terror’s shriveled body and old face, disbelief evident in his expression. “Hey, old man. I heard you’re very powerful. Show me what you got! Maybe you’re strong enough to serve me. *Hahaha—*”

Bam.

The inmate’s head blew off. Chunks of his brain splattered everywhere, and a foul stench filled the air.

“You idiot. I even warned you. Serves you right,” grumbled the other inmate. Then, turning to look at Night Terror, he asked, “Old man Night, couldn’t you have chosen another way to kill him? I can’t stand the smell of blood and flesh.”

Night Terror merely waved his hand. The dead inmate’s body turned into stone before crumbling into dust. The stench also disappeared shortly after.

Han Wu was in shock. This brief interaction showed that Night Terror was at least on par with a peak Earthsunder life form! He could even be on the level of a Heavenrender life form!

While Han Wu could kill someone over long distances, it was nowhere near as effortless as Night Terror’s mere wave of his hand.

At the same time, Night Terror was privately curious about his old friend’s student. He was looking forward to seeing how Han Wu escaped from this well-guarded prison.

After regaining his composure, Han Wu started analyzing the powers he replicated from Night Terror.

Dawn soon came, and the angels finally sent someone down with the warden—this time, both in a terrible mood.

The companion glared at Han Wu with contempt.

“What are you guys looking at?” the warden barked as he passed the cells. “Do you all have a death wish?”

Even the blind ones could tell the warden was pissed.

The warden approached Han Wu’s cell, his cold expression a stark contrast from before. Kicking open Han Wu’s cell door, he sneered, “You’re a fake hero. Get out! The Archangel has already checked your information. You’re not a follower of Light. You’re just a demon!”

The warden was so distracted that he failed to notice Han Wu’s cuffs were gone. Han Wu slowly walked out of his cell while the warden continued his tirade.

“You ate a good meal last night, didn’t you?” The warden scowled, kicking Han Wu down. “Time to pay me back today!”

The warden started to kick Han Wu again. His companion was also preparing to join in when he realized that Han Wu was no longer cuffed. Recalling Han Wu’s strength, he hastily retreated.

“What are you retreating for? We have to hit him together!” the warden shouted, oblivious to the danger that was coming for him.

He kicked at Han Wu once more, only for an invisible force to trap his leg firmly in place.

Han Wu slowly stood up, menacingly cracking his joints as he eyed the terrified warden.

“You—You’re not suppressed?” the warden stuttered in fear. “Who did this?!”

Han Wu merely chuckled. As he raised his hand, another invisible force pulled the retreating companion forward. No matter how the companion struggled, he couldn’t break free.

I kicked him, the warden realized in horror. *Shit, why did I do that? I’m so stupid!*

“Hey... I got you a good meal last night, right? Could you let me go?” the warden pleaded for mercy.

Han Wu’s smile was icy. “What do you think?”

With that, he crushed the companion's head with telekinesis. The crunch sent shivers down the warden's spine.

The warden loved bloody scenes, but it was different when he was the subject of the violence.

"Please...don't kill me. Please don't kill me..." he begged, trying to escape.

Han Wu pinned him to the ground with telekinesis.

The other inmates thought Han Wu would kill the warden to satisfy his frustration, but surprisingly, Han Wu held back, instead glancing up at the cells of silently spectating inmates.

The warden loved torturing them for fun. It was clear that they were looking forward to Han Wu's revenge.

Some inmates even started shouting at Han Wu, "Kill him! Kill him in the most painful way possible!"

The warden glared at the inmate, quietly noting the cell number. If he survived this, he swore to increase the torture for that inmate to make up for the humiliation that he suffered today.

Han Wu smiled and waved his hand, unlocking the cell door of that inmate using telekinesis.

"You want to take revenge? Come and do it yourself," he invited, his voice like the low bellow of a demon that echoed throughout the prison.

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[1,350 words]

Chapter 526 - Revenge

Warning: This chapter contains graphic descriptions of torture.

A chapter summary can be found [here](#)[1], but can also be found at the start of the next chapter for those not wanting to risk accidentally skimming some paragraphs.

Additional Note: The translator, editors, and supervisors of this novel were all, in fact, harmed in the making of this chapter.

The inmates went into a frenzy. The warden loved punishing them out of some sadistic satisfaction, but now the tables had turned.

The inmate walked out of his cell, the flames of vengeance burning bright in his eyes. He had hungered for revenge so terribly that he was even willing to sacrifice his own life for it. After all this time, he finally had the chance to make this desire a reality.

Staggering, he slowly approached the warden, laughing maniacally all the while. Chills ran down the warden's spine at the sound.

"Get back to your cell or I will show you true hell!" he shouted desperately, used to being the torturer and assuming he could still intimidate them because of it.

Normally, the inmate would have retreated to his cell and cowered in fear, but he was different today. His eyes were bloodshot from his desire for revenge, his blood rushing through his veins like liquid magma.

"Hit him! Kill him!" the other inmates cheered him on.

Their words were akin to an adrenaline rush, fueling the inmate as he raised his fist and punched the warden hard. However, long-term starvation had left him weakened, and the strike failed to even injure the warden's face.

"You dirty rat, how dare you hit me!" the warden snarled. "I—"

His voice was cut off as Han Wu pinned him down further using telekinesis. The warden could not even twitch a finger.

Exhilarated from the thrill of the first strike, the inmate continued to whale on the warden, though his punches were still weak. The warden kept up his threats in the beginning, but his confidence was gradually chipped away with every subsequent punch.

In the end, the warden could only silently glare at the inmate as he thought to himself, *If I survive today, I'll make sure to torture this inmate a thousandfold next time!*

The inmate also noticed that his punches were too weak to harm the warden and started looking for tools to help inflict more damage. Soon, he found a knife on the corpse of the warden's companion. Brandishing the knife with glee, he approached the warden.

Seeing the knife in the hands of the crazily smiling inmate, the warden started pleading desperately, even as tears streamed down his cheeks. "Wait! Don't be rash. I'm sorry,

alright? It's my fault. I admit my mistakes. I won't torture you anymore. Please spare me..."

With a wild fervor alight within him, just as the inmate was about to finish off the warden with the knife, Han Wu stopped him.

"Wait, it's not time to kill him yet," he said.

The warden sighed with relief. "He's right, I can't die yet—"

"There are still a lot of people who haven't had their revenge," Han Wu explained.

The inmate obediently put down the knife and glared at the warden. The warden's heart grew cold when he noticed Han Wu's eyes sweeping across the remaining cells.

All the inmates were clinging to their cell doors, crying out hungrily, clamoring to be released.

"Let us out! I want to beat him to death!"

"Let me do it too! Just one punch—let me punch him just once, and I will follow you for life!"

"I want revenge too! I have a big fist. I could at least punch a tooth or two out."

Meanwhile, the warden, pinned firmly to the ground, begged helplessly, "Please... stop..."

Han Wu waved his arm. All the cell doors broke open. The inmates surged out, knuckles cracking as they closed in on the warden like a tidal wave. Their cuffs restricted their powers, but it didn't stop them from attacking him physically.

They started punching and kicking the warden. Pained wails and fervent cheers echoed throughout the prison. Han Wu only stopped them after fifteen minutes.

He peered down at the warden with pity in his eyes. The warden's body was mangled, but at least Han Wu had guarded his life. Glancing around, Han Wu noticed that the first released inmate had used the knife to pry open his cuffs while the others were beating up the warden. As he recovered his strength, Han Wu was surprised to find that the inmate was actually a Lord life form. While he wasn't overly strong, he was still better than fodder on the battlefield.

"You should deal the final blow," Han Wu ordered the first inmate.

At his words, the other inmates all faithfully stepped back. After all, if not for Han Wu, they would never have had the opportunity to exact revenge on the warden.

The chosen inmate nodded.

The warden's low mumblings became clearer as the inmate slowly approached him. "I'll kill you all. I'll kill you..."

Shaking his head, he stabbed the warden, piercing his eyes as punishment for his arrogance, and cut off all his fingers in retribution for his sadism. The third strike sliced through the warden's tendons, and the fourth speared his bladder... The inmate struck again and again, and the other inmates felt satisfied just watching him.

This brutal torture was truly agonizing for the warden. The warden's threats to kill them soon bled into cries for mercy and pleas to end his life. He no longer even thought about escaping.

Surprisingly, the inmate didn't kill the warden, instead cutting off his tongue before sheathing the knife.

"Why don't you kill him?" Han Wu asked, puzzled.

"That's too cheap. I want him to experience all the suffering in the world."

Han Wu nodded in approval at the inmate's brutality. The other inmates were also in agreement. Rather than killing the warden outright, they wanted him to spend an eternity living in agony as revenge for how he treated them in the past.

However, some of them wanted to take it another step further. Two of them unzipped their pants and urinated on the warden, covering him in a strong stench of urine. The warden longed for death, but pinned down with all his bones broken, he couldn't kill himself even if he wanted to.

Excited by this turn of events, the other inmates joined in.

"Hey, that's a good idea. Let me join in too."

"Gotta show him how yellow our piss is from dehydration. Oh, wait, he doesn't have eyes anymore."

"Get away, you diabetic. Don't let him taste your sweet piss."

"Everyone, get lost. I'm going to let out a big one."

...

Han Wu didn't halt their disgusting behavior, instead waiting further back until they were done. Night Terror, on the other hand, silently opened his cell door, walked toward the innermost cell, and locked himself in it.

After thirty minutes, the inmates were finally done. Han Wu stared from afar with disgust. The warden was buried under a pile of excrement. It was nauseating even from a distance.

Then, the inmates knelt in front of Han Wu and worshiped him.

“Boss, you’ve helped us exact revenge. You are our boss from today onward!”

“Boss, we beat up the warden. What’s next?”

“Boss, I’ll obey your every word! Even if you tell me to murder someone, I’ll do it.”

...

Han Wu was satisfied, having accomplished his desired result. Examining the inmates, he noted that the weakest were Heroic life forms while the strongest was a King life form. Moreover, there were hundreds of them. This was a sizable force to reckon with.

Still in his cell, Night Terror mused to himself, *Xu Hai, my old friend. It seems your student has grasped the essence of converting people into believers.*

1. Chapter summary: Han Wu allows the inmates to torture the warden and makes no move to stop them, even when it turns vile. In return, he gets their undying devotion. 📄

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[1,100 words]

Chapter 527 - Escaping Prison

Summary of previous chapter: Han Wu allows the inmates to torture the warden and makes no move to stop them, even when it turns vile. In return, he gets their undying devotion.

The inmates’ devotion to Han Wu manifested as strands of faith, which emerged from their bodies and attached to him. These were the bridges that connected believers to their God.

Han Wu could use these to order them as he pleased. Before he could test it out, two angels kicked open the door to the prison. They had been waiting for the warden to

bring Han Wu out. When no one returned after half a day, they naturally grew impatient and came down to check the situation themselves.

When they saw the dying warden buried beneath the pile of excrement, they instantly released their powerful Light Energy to preemptively kill off the other inmates, unaware that they had already broken their cuffs.

Hundreds of inmates channeled dense Dark Energy with all their strength, combining it to form a barrier around the prison and neutralize the angels' Light Energy.

Han Wu seized the opportunity to catch the two angels and drag them into the darkness. The suppression of the darkness prevented the pair from using their full strength. Meanwhile, the inmates had been waiting impatiently for the angels to be pulled in before mobbing them.

Their attacks were empowered within the darkness. The angels didn't even get a chance to resist before they were beaten to death.

The warden, buried in the pile of excrement, held his breath out of fear that the inmates would attack him again. Unbeknownst to him, his worries were for naught, as the inmates dared not touch him in his revolting state.

The inmates showed their dedication to Han Wu through their slaughter of the two angels. After all, if Han Wu hadn't dragged them in, the other angels would've likely been alerted, and the inmates would've been massacred.

With that settled, there was only one thing left to do: follow Han Wu out of the prison.

The only issue was the Archangel. Although Han Wu was as strong as a peak Sage life form, even he feared he couldn't win against the Archangel's might.

Han Wu turned to look at the innermost cell, which Night Terror had claimed as his new home.

"Senior, staying will only lead to trouble for you. Why don't you leave with us?" Han Wu suggested, feigning worry. In truth, he just wanted Night Terror to protect them during the escape.

If Night Terror agreed, their chance of survival in this jailbreak would increase to 90%. He was just that powerful.

Night Terror sighed in his lone cell before slowly stepping out, in silent disbelief that he had fallen for Han Wu's little tricks.

Killing angels in their own prison inevitably tarnished their reputation. For revenge and redemption, the angels outside would undoubtedly massacre all the inmates, regardless

of whether they had participated in the killing. Even if Night Terror were to stay, the angels wouldn't let him off unscathed, and he would be forced to slaughter his way out regardless. Thus, he figured he might as well follow Han Wu out and at least be owed a favor.

"Student of Xu Hai, is everyone from your civilization as cunning as you are?" he asked with a sigh.

Though it sounded like a jest, Han Wu could feel the bone-grinding threat behind the words, and he hastily corrected himself, "Senior, I've been backed into a corner here. I need your strength to survive. Do you think they would stop, even if I didn't do anything? Nothing would change."

Night Terror squinted at Han Wu for three whole seconds before looking away. "Never mind then. I'm bored with this place anyway. A change of scenery is good every once in a while."

Han Wu sighed with relief. The short exchange was enough for his back to become drenched in cold sweat.

Night Terror abruptly turned around. "Just so we're clear, I've already given you my emblem. That's all the help that I can give. Don't expect anything else from me after this."

A bitter smile curved across Han Wu's lips. His attempt to recruit Night Terror had failed, but at least they were still escaping together. Nevertheless, time was of the essence.

Han Wu ordered the inmates to charge outside. The jailbreak soon caught the attention of the nearby light life forms. They hastily sounded the alarm, and the guards soon gathered. This was when Han Wu encountered a small group of angels.

Ten of them blocked Han Wu's escape. Aware of the inmates following his lead, he didn't hesitate to use the abilities he had replicated from Night Terror.

Han Wu's face and body shriveled up like a mummy, but his strength amplified until he was almost as powerful as an Earthsunder life form. He also gained the ability to petrify enemies.

Shooting a black ray of light from his hand, he hit one of the angel's arms, petrifying the angel from where the light hit.

"Help me! Save me!" the angel cried to his companions.

His companions cast a plethora of Skills, such as Cleanse, Recover, and Unpetrify, but none were effective. The Skill Han Wu had obtained from Night Terror was simply too powerful for the angels to overcome on their own.

Their fighting spirit raised after witnessing Han Wu's strength, the other inmates let loose on the angels as well. However, the angels didn't back down easily either.

Light and Dark Energy flashed as skirmishes broke out.

Many inmates were weak from starvation and exposure to the cold. Thus, they naturally had little strength with which to fight the nine angels. It would've been disastrous if Han Wu were not there to help them.

Han Wu shot a barrage of petrifying beams that hit the remaining nine angels.

The angels' attacks grew weaker as they turned to stone. Eventually, they chose to retreat, prioritizing the removal of the petrification. Han Wu, however, had no intention of letting them go. Given time to recover, they would inevitably return, bent on retaliation. Han Wu resolved to eradicate the angels present and avoid any unforeseen consequences in the future.

Han Wu unleashed more petrifying beams. The inmates followed up, attacking those fully petrified and shattering them into pieces.

The other light life forms retreated when they saw this. After all, they were weaker than the defeated angels. Attacking was akin to suicide!

No one dared to stop Han Wu and the inmates from escaping.

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[852 words]

Chapter 528 - Backup

The Archangel had rushed over to see the light life forms retreating from the escaping inmates. Rightfully furious, he swore to punish them once he dealt with runaways.

With a small group of angels behind him, he flew swiftly into battle. The weakened inmates couldn't outrun their pursuers, and the angels soon caught up to them.

The Archangel glared at the inmates. They had killed a group of his angels—an incident that he would be hard-pressed to explain to the higher-ups. The only course of action now was to slaughter them all in retaliation.

“Formation!” the Archangel barked.

The angels surrounded Han Wu and the inmates, Light Energy connecting them like chains. Every angel in the formation now had the combined energy of all the linked angels.

The Archangel glided down toward the inmates. They were clearly done for. "How dare you kill my angels! Your life will be the sacrifice with which to cleanse your sin."

Powerful light burst out from his body. In addition to his purifying Light Energy, he also possessed Fire Energy and Lightning Energy. The intense light boiled the inmates alive, culminating in an explosion of flesh.

Han Wu ordered the inmates to release as much Dark Energy as possible to neutralize the blinding light while he tried to break through the formation. He couldn't let the painstakingly rescued inmates die here.

The Archangel deftly avoided any petrifying beams Han Wu shot from his hand. The other angels, however, had to maintain formation, becoming easy targets for the black light and slowly turning to stone.

Still, the effects of the formation meant the petrification rate was glacial. The affected areas were only spreading at a centimeter per second. The inmates would perish long before they were petrified.

The Archangel soon spotted Han Wu among the inmates. Even background checks had not revealed Han Wu's history. Regardless, the Archangel knew that Han Wu had to be quite strong to kill a powerful dark life form, but it seemed he had still underestimated him.

Han Wu was much stronger than he had anticipated and would undoubtedly grow into a formidable threat in a few years. The Archangel had to kill him now. He channeled more energy into his blinding light, and it pierced through the inmates' veil of darkness, striking them once more.

"Cease your useless resistance. You cannot escape."

The inmates were quickly losing hope. The Archangel was simply too strong for them. Perhaps he was right; escape was impossible. They had struggled to survive just to fall under the judgment of his light.

Still, the inmates couldn't bring themselves to regret it. At least they had managed to kill many angels on their way out. In their eyes, this made it worth it.

Meanwhile, Night Terror was hiding among the inmates, watching Han Wu's struggles and the other inmates' despair. Having shared a prison with them, he felt obligated to help. As he was about to stand up and reveal his power, the sound of war drums came from above.

Han Wu grinned. His backup had arrived!

The Archangel looked up to see another Han Wu. It was the fused avatar of Han Wu's Light and Dark Aspects, also the avatar most suitable for this situation.

Behind the avatar were two humans on par with peak Sage life forms, the Sword Saint Akanzor and Divine Archer Bart, each fervently pounding a war drum. The pair were the humans under Han Wu who were most likely to become Earthsunder life forms.

The war drums were made from the leather of the Kui Ox. Each hit created a powerful sound wave that shot down to the angels. Those unable to resist it were killed instantly, and the rest were left disoriented.

Sensing the power emanating from the avatar high above, Night Terror silently sat back down. It seemed he wouldn't have to lift a finger after all.

Han Wu's avatar below leaped into the air, breaking through the formation and merging with the avatar above. This fusion rapidly increased his strength, advancing him to an Earthsunder life form.

Power surged through his body. The Archangel was no longer his match.

The Archangel attacked with a lance made from light, which snaked toward Han Wu with uncanny precision.

Han Wu swiftly dodged the strike while hastily conjuring up a plan of action. Thinking on his feet, he released a flash of Light Energy.

The Archangel was taken aback. The purity of Han Wu's Light Energy far surpassed his own. He wanted it—such untainted Light Energy could elevate him to heights greater than ever before!

"Demon, you killed that angel and pretended to be a hero. Tell me the secret of your light attribute, and I might spare you," said the Archangel.

Han Wu turned and cast the Archangel a disdainful look. "What are you blabbering about? You're not qualified to spare me."

The cold rejection of his olive branch sparked a fury within the Archangel.

"Very well! In that case, you shall taste the wrath of an Archangel!" he roared, striking Han Wu with all his might.

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Chapter 529 - The Holy City Yenom

[1,041 words]

Chapter 529 - The Holy City Yenom

Han Wu felt light panic as the Archangel's power engulfed him. The Archangel was actually in the intermediate range of an Earthsunder life form, while Han Wu was in the early stages.

Though they were just a single level apart, it marked a huge power gap between Earthsunders. The Archangel's four wings glowed brightly, and a lance seemingly forged from the sun itself formed in his hand.

"You angel-murdering demons—perish beneath the full force of my wrath."

Han Wu had to use the powers of his fused avatar to block it. Famine drained energy from nearby life forms, leaving them devastatingly ravenous. Some of the weaker light life forms even started eating dirt in an attempt to satiate themselves.

Replicate morphed Han Wu into Night Terror's shriveled figure. Having advanced to an Earthsunder life form following the fusion of his avatars, Han Wu could now tap into more of Night Terror's powers than before. The power to petrify beings and induce nightmares manifested in a black and white spear, respectively.

Grasping the black spear in his left hand and the white spear in his right, Han Wu used the Dark and Light Aspects to absorb Dark Energy from the inmates and Light Energy from the angels. The black spear of petrification became infused with Dark Energy, while the white spear of nightmares radiated Light Energy.

Han Wu struck with both spears, unleashing his full might.

The Archangel's spear—filled with light, fire, and lightning—crashed against Han Wu's two spears. Energies sparked and exploded. The pair hastily retreated, abandoning their weapons in the process.

Night Terror noticed that Han Wu's body was cloaked in fire and lightning following the clash, but Han Wu managed to endure it until they dissipated. The Archangel, on the other hand, was visibly worse for wear.

While he was immune to the Light Energy, the Dark Energy had dealt a grievous wound. Combined with the power of petrification and nightmares, the Archangel had come perilously close to death. The disparity between their strength was clear.

Night Terror nodded in silent acknowledgement of Han Wu, unaware that this was only a fraction of Han Wu's real strength. The Archangel would've perished long ago if this were the real Han Wu.

Despite realizing his weakness, the Archangel couldn't afford to retreat in front of his subordinates.

"Lend me your light!" he shouted.

The angels turned into bright lights and merged with the Archangel, allowing him to grow ever larger and shake off his status debuffs.

He fixed Han Wu with a murderous glare. Han Wu died today.

Han Wu stood his ground as he called out to the inmates, "Lend me your darkness!"

The inmates released their Dark Energy. Unfortunately, already weakened and further exhausted from the jailbreak, there was little they could contribute. In truth, Han Wu was actually calling for Night Terror's aid.

Having seen Han Wu's strength, Night Terror was more than happy to help the young genius. Dense Dark Energy radiated from him to Han Wu, shrouding the latter in a veil of darkness.

Han Wu and the Archangel clashed once more.

After three bouts, the Archangel made a fatal error, and Han Wu seized the opening to cut off the Archangel's arm. The loss of an arm caused the Archangel to fumble further.

Han Wu's assault continued, and after ten bouts, he finally killed the Archangel. The moment the Archangel was dealt with, Han Wu ripped off his four wings and bestowed Akanzor and Bart with a pair each.

The two were elated. When they returned to the divine realm, they could fuse the wings to their backs and become Earthsunder life forms. Han Wu would then have two more powerful Earthsunder life forms under his command.

Without the Archangel's support, the remaining angels couldn't maintain their formation. They immediately tried to flee.

As his strength was depleted, Han Wu only managed to kill two. Another three died to the sound waves from the Kui Ox drum. The others managed to escape, wounded but alive.

Han Wu knew his own limits and didn't give chase, opting to prioritize fleeing the base camp with the inmates.

When they came across a cave, they decided to rest there overnight and felt much better for it the next day. Night Terror then announced his departure. He told Han Wu that whatever he chose to do next—even if it meant fighting the demons—he had faith in Han Wu's judgment.

Han Wu was grateful for Night Terror's help. Escaping the prison would've been infinitely more difficult without him.

After Night Terror left, the inmates all turned to question Han Wu about their next course of action.

The memory of Han Wu killing the Archangel was firmly seared into their minds. They resolved to devote themselves to him and follow him to the ends of the earth. This was especially the case when they saw Akanzor and Bart. If they followed Han Wu, perhaps they could become as strong as those two as well.

Han Wu's main goal of obtaining Night Terror's emblem had been achieved. With it, he could travel through the demon territories with ease.

The fact that all the inmates had the dark attribute was also to his benefit, as that meant the demons wouldn't attack them on sight. Thus, Han Wu decided to travel through demon territory until they reached the capital of the Angel Civilization, the Holy City Yenom, to retrieve the White Mane God King's shipment of Angel Elixir.

Han Wu traveled freely within the sixth battlefront thanks to Night Terror's emblem. Upon seeing the emblem, the demons would treat him courteously, at times even going out of their way to help.

Unfortunately, the emblem was much less effective beyond the sixth battlefront. Some demon border patrols would request him to complete absurd favors while they inspected the emblem.

Once, when they were traveling through the eighth battlefront, the captain of the demon border patrol demanded that Han Wu lead the inmates to destroy an entire city of angels.

Furious, Han Wu beat that captain to a pulp before being permitted to pass into the eighth battlefront. Crossing that zone finally put him a short distance away from Yenom.

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[993 words]

Chapter 530 - Light Stone

The Holy City Yenom was the capital of the Angel Civilization. Millions of angels and hundreds of millions of light life forms lived there, making it impossible for Han Wu to bring the inmates with him.

The light life forms near the entrance would likely detect them long before they even approached, and the inmates would almost certainly meet an untimely death. Before heading into the city, Han Wu first ordered the inmates to find a place outside to rest and hide. He also barred them from following him.

Fortunately, Han Wu wasn't alone, as he called for Akanzor and Bart to accompany him. Neither had the dark attribute, so they wouldn't be attacked.

After going through some basic checks, the trio successfully entered Yenom.

As they walked through the city, however, it quickly became apparent that they stood out from the light life forms, garnering stares from every corner. Han Wu quickly used the Light Aspect to temporarily infuse the pair with the light attribute to avoid the strange looks.

Having the light attribute was regarded as a common denominator to gain entry into the city. His next challenge was to find the White Mane God King's business associate.

The White Mane God King was a true God King, so the angel was undoubtedly of special status or position as well. Han Wu asked around based on the White Mane God King's information and soon found out that the angel in question was the city lord of Yenom itself, Seraphim Aisha.

Seraphim stood at the top of the angelic hierarchy, and one required an equal standing to meet one. How could Han Wu do that? After racking his brains, he figured that his old trick of selling rare treasures would have to do.

Still, there was the matter of what he could sell. The Angel Civilization wasn't as big or powerful as the Divine Civilization, but they were by no means weak. Aisha was also a Seraphim, one of the strongest angels. What kind of treasure would interest her?

Han Wu asked Akanzor and Bart to conduct an investigation. It took them an entire day, but they eventually managed to gather some information about Aisha.

Seraphim Aisha was a noble of the Elden family, of high status even among the angels. Her family poured a staggering amount of resources into nurturing her into a six-winged Seraphim. As a way to show her gratitude, she would often go out of her way to look after them and even personally handle some of the family matters.

In other words, Han Wu's best chance of meeting her was through the Elden family.

Han Wu searched for a suitable treasure in his inventory. Unfortunately, he didn't have much in his vault and could likely be considered one of the poorest Major Gods. This was the result of Han Wu growing too fast—he simply hadn't had time to accumulate the necessary resources.

It was difficult for him to find an item that could attract the Elden family, but he didn't give up. Instead, he contacted the Merge Avatar to make something that angels would covet.

The Merge Avatar checked the available resources in Han Wu's divine realm before working overtime to create a rare treasure. The result was a crystal made by merging a huge amount of Light Stones.

The crystal held no trace of impurity whatsoever. That alone made it invaluable, as it allowed light life forms to increase the purity of their own Light Energy, which would subsequently allow them to improve their skills and abilities. This made the crystal an exceptionally beneficial treasure for angels.

Han Wu retrieved the treasure from his divine realm, then sought the most famous auction house in Yenom to evaluate the treasure.

In the auction house, an appraiser sat with his head held high. His four wings marked him as stronger than the other angels. This, combined with his noble bloodline, made the appraiser extremely arrogant. He was known for destroying fake or defective items rather than simply returning them, making him an unpopular choice for appraisals.

Unfortunately for Han Wu, all the other appraisers were busy at the time, and he ended up being assigned to the four-winged appraiser.

The four-winged appraiser glanced up at Han Wu, sensing the power of light emanating from him. Han Wu's lack of wings marked him as a light life form, which prompted a look of disdain.

Han Wu simply ignored the appraiser's attitude and brought out the crystal.

The appraiser's eyes were immediately glued to the treasure. Its radiant luster called to him! Angels couldn't resist items with strong or pure Light Energy.

“*Hm hm...* What can this thing do?” the four-winged appraiser asked, attitude abruptly amiable.

“You can use it to cultivate,” Han Wu explained. “It allows you to purify the Light Energy in your body.”

The four-winged appraiser stared in disbelief. He had never seen a treasure like this before. Impatient to test it out, he channeled a small amount of his Light Energy into it and waited.

The energy soon leaked out from the crystal for him to reabsorb. Although the overall amount had decreased, the energy had become abnormally pure.

Han Wu was telling the truth!

The four-winged appraiser marveled at the crystal as if it were a national treasure.

“Appraiser, can my crystal be auctioned off here?” Han Wu asked, breaking him out of his reverie.

Annoyance filled the appraiser at the disruption. It would be a waste to auction off this crystal, and he was already thinking about how to claim it for himself.

Expression turning serious, he shouted, “You bastard! How dare you bring in a fake item to trick me! I will confiscate this. Now scam!”

The sudden change in attitude startled Han Wu, but it didn’t take long for him to understand.

The appraiser was trying to take the crystal for himself! Han Wu couldn’t possibly tolerate that!

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[1,189 words]

Chapter 531 - Classism

Han Wu shouted angrily, “Return that crystal to me!”

“*Hmph!* Return it to you so you can fool the others with this fake item? I won’t let you break the rules of auction houses here. Get out of my face now, or else!” As he spoke,

he flapped the wings on his back to display an angel's authority and scare Han Wu away.

The ordinary life forms that lived there would have gotten intimidated by the invisible pressure. After all, the angels were the ruling race, and most would have swallowed their losses and left rather than risk persecution.

Han Wu had no reason to fear him. He hadn't been born there, nor did he live there. He ignored the appraiser's display. Most importantly, Han Wu needed the Light Stone to get close to Aisha. He couldn't let someone else take it, especially the four-winged appraiser.

Han Wu abandoned any thought of peaceful negotiation and unleashed his power. The strength of an Earthsunder life form engulfed the angel and suppressed him. It was as if a heavy stone pressed down on his back, leaving him unable to breathe.

Despite his four wings and noble bloodline, he was only an appraiser. His current strength was equivalent to that of an intermediate Sage life form, so he couldn't do anything against an Earthsunder foe.

With his life at risk, the angel stopped caring about the crystal and quickly slammed the button under his seat.

Alarms blared, and the guards rushed into the room. Seeing Han Wu suppressing the angel, they immediately assumed that Han Wu had started the conflict. Their captain was an Earthsunder light life form himself and quickly rushed forward, releasing his own power to stop Han Wu.

The two were evenly matched. For a brief moment, neither backed down as their powers clashed and canceled each other out.

The appraiser sighed in relief and glared at Han Wu. He wanted the guards to cripple Han Wu so that he wouldn't return to cause trouble.

"That little bastard insulted me by presenting a fake item!" the angel lied. "He even threatened to hit me."

Han Wu retorted, "Bullshit! You are the one trying to monopolize the item I brought for auction. Give it back to me, you thief!"

The captain was well aware of the appraiser's usual temperament and how he relied on his noble bloodline to bully two-winged angels and other light life forms. Compared to the appraiser, he found Han Wu more credible.

"What are you standing there for? Beat him up and chase him away!" the four-winged angel urged in a panic.

The captain looked at the angel, and his certainty that Han Wu was telling the truth deepened. He whispered to the four-winged angel, "Sir, I suggest you return the customer's item to him to resolve this—"

Before he could even finish, the four-winged angel clutched the treasure tightly and barked at the captain like a maniac, "Who do you think you are to give me suggestions? I order you to chase him away. Immediately!"

Naturally, the captain noticed the treasure. The Light Stone exerted a fatal allure on all light-attribute life forms. Even a glimpse of a small corner was already enough for him to recognize its extraordinary value. At that moment, he became fully convinced that the conflict stemmed from the angel's attempt to steal the treasure.

After reaching that conclusion, the captain smiled. The four-winged angel usually looked down on light life forms like him, so he seized the chance to humiliate him today. "Sir, I'm afraid it will be difficult for us to follow your orders. I believe it would be best to call the manager and let him handle this."

The four-winged angel panicked and waved his arm frantically. "No. The manager is extremely busy. How could we trouble him over something so trivial? Just chase this bastard out."

His tone had mellowed in an obvious attempt to placate the captain, but the latter wouldn't be swayed and was adamant in humiliating him today. He quickly contacted the manager and explained the situation, embellishing the details slightly.

The moment the manager heard that something so major had occurred in his auction house, he rushed over.

Han Wu could sense a powerful yet soft power of light approaching them.

Soon, a six-winged angel appeared before them. Angels with six wings held powerful titles and were exceedingly noble, standing only one rank below the Seraphims.

All light life forms bowed in reverence at the manager. After hearing the report, the manager strode directly to the four-winged angel. "Give me the item."

The four-winged angel was reluctant. Handing it over meant admitting his crime, yet refusal would prevent him from leaving.

The manager snarled, "Give me the item!"

The four-winged angel relented and revealed the Light Stone that he had been holding tightly. As he opened his palms, the beautiful Light Stone caught the attention of everyone in the room.

It was breathtaking! The amalgamation of the Light Stones was like a flawless work of art.

Still, the four-winged angel forced out a bluff through clenched teeth. “This is a fake. I confiscated it to prevent this bastard from sabotaging our auction.”

Unfortunately for him, the manager possessed a keen eye. One glance was enough to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit. Nevertheless, the four-winged angel hailed from a noble family, and the manager had to consider their reputation. As such, he didn’t challenge the claim outright. Instead, he sought the most peaceful resolution possible.

“It doesn’t matter whether it’s real or fake. You had no authority to confiscate it. Apologize to the customer for your rash behavior.” His words made it clear that he was offering the four-winged angel a way out and attempting to settle this matter amicably. All the angel needed to do was to apologize, and the incident would end there.

Unfortunately, his arrogance prevailed, and he refused on the grounds of his noble bloodline. In doing so, he rejected the olive branch the manager had extended. “I will never apologize to a commoner!”

Han Wu chuckled. “What an impressive auction house. To think that even a lowly appraiser could be so arrogant. I don’t think I, or any of the non-angel races, should do business here.”

Members of the other non-angel races voiced their agreement. The four-winged angel had always belittled non-angel life forms, carrying himself with open disdain. If the manager didn’t do anything right now, the auction house would earn a reputation as a business hostile to non-angel life forms.

The four-winged angel’s behavior gave the manager a pounding headache. It was true angels were noble, but such claims had no place in public discourse. Aggravating the other races for no reason served no purpose.

Only a few million angels lived in Yenom, while hundreds of millions of non-angel life forms filled the city. If the auction house earned a reputation for discrimination, its business would definitely be heavily impacted.

The manager refused to allow that outcome and slapped the four-winged angel with determination. “Apologize now. This isn’t a negotiation but an order!”

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[1,183 words]

Chapter 532 - Assassination Attempt

The four-winged angel held his reddened cheek and stared at the manager in disbelief. He couldn't believe that the manager had slapped him for a non-angel's sake.

"Hurry up and apologize!" The manager's voice was stern and authoritative.

The four-winged angel shuddered, then reluctantly turned toward Han Wu.

"Sorry..." His voice was as quiet as a mosquito's buzz.

Han Wu heard the apology, but only faintly. Still, he pretended that he hadn't heard a thing. "What did you say? I can't hear you."

The four-winged angel's face flushed with anger, and he leered at Han Wu. He would've lunged at him on the spot if he weren't weaker than he was.

Han Wu's act didn't fool the manager, but unfortunately, the fault lay with the auction house. With no room for compromise, he ordered, "Apologize!"

The four-winged angel trembled because he felt Han Wu grinding his reputation into the dirt, but he had no choice but to obey the manager. His voice rose an octave as he stammered. "I. Am. Sorry!"

"What was that? I don't understand you." Han Wu played the fool again.

The four-winged angel ground his teeth until blood welled up. He wanted to eat Han Wu alive.

The manager shot him another warning look, and he had no choice but to apologize again.

"I'm sorry!" This time, the words came out clearly.

The manager stepped forward to close the matter. "Since he has already apologized, I hope that you will let this issue rest for the sake of our reputation. Let's talk about the auction instead."

He then turned his attention to the Light Stone. As a light life form, he felt its pull immediately. Beyond its exquisite appearance, the manager could sense that it possessed something special.

Han Wu could humiliate the four-winged angel in public, but not the manager. His goal was to put the Light Stone up for auction so he could get close to Seraphim Aisha.

He glanced at the four-winged angel before turning toward the manager to discuss the item's auction. He plainly stated that the auction house had to promote the Light Stone as widely as possible. In the best-case scenario, everyone in Yenom would hear of it. He also made it clear that he didn't care about the final auction price.

The manager noticed Han Wu's nonchalant attitude toward the Light Stone and asked, "Don't tell me... You still have more of it?"

Han Wu smiled. "I have enough stones for every single angel to own one."

The manager shuddered because he had already learned of the Light Stone's effects from Han Wu. If every single angel had one, then the entire Angel Civilization would rise to a new level.

Excitement took hold of him, and his breathing quickened. This matter concerned the Angel Civilization's future, and he had to offer a price that would be worthy of its value.

After a few rounds of negotiations, the two reached a satisfactory agreement. They also finalized several specific terms for the auction. The manager was confident that this event would be extremely lively and exciting.

Han Wu left in high spirits. Night had already fallen by the time he walked back. A trace of nervousness crept in, since half a month remained before the White Mane God King's deadline. Nevertheless, he was confident that he could obtain the batch of elixirs from Aisha within that window.

Han Wu was still reflecting on how smoothly everything had progressed when someone blocked his path.

From the hooded figure's bulging back, Han Wu could tell that the other party was an angel. He hadn't been here for long and hadn't interacted with a lot of people, so he didn't even need to think hard to guess the foe's identity. It was most likely the four-winged angel that he had offended earlier in the day, or someone associated with him.

The hooded figure attacked him without warning. Han Wu's gaze saw a short blade flash into view, its surface saturated with Dark Energy.

At first, Han Wu assumed this was a calculated attempt to frame the assailant as a dark life form, which would give the four-winged angel an alibi. However, once they clashed head-on, Han Wu confirmed that the assailant was indeed a dark life form.

I thought all angels fall into the light attribute? Since when did dark-attribute angels exist? Han Wu quickly racked his brain and finally remembered a rare mutation: the Fallen Angels.

Fallen Angels were extremely uncommon, to the point that almost no one knew of their existence, especially within the noble Angel Civilization that worshipped the light.

Han Wu growled, "Who sent you here?"

The Fallen Angel remained silent and only pressed the attack with greater speed. It was an intermediate Earthsunder life form, and Han Wu struggled to fend off its attacks.

After confirming that he couldn't defeat the Fallen Angel with his standard techniques, he used Replicate instead. Night Terror's powers were available to him now. He fused the powers of petrification, nightmare, Light Aspect, and Dark Aspect into a single lance, then hurled it at the Fallen Angel.

The Fallen Angel tried to evade it, but Han Wu activated Famine. In that instant, a terrible hunger seized the Fallen Angel, draining all strength from its limbs. It attempted to counter the debuff with the power of darkness, but the lance punched straight through its skull.

Its control over darkness shielded it only briefly. The Light Energy within the spear shattered the shield and penetrated the Fallen Angel. The power of nightmare and petrification erupted and erased the Fallen Angel's soul.

Han Wu let out a breath of relief and quickly jumped toward the Fallen Angel's back to tear off its four black wings before full petrification set in. An angel's wings were a rare artifact that contained their angelic power, and a Fallen Angel's wings were rarer still.

He secured the wings and tossed the Fallen Angel's corpse into his divine realm to serve as food for his units. He then fled the scene. Soon, the street returned to its former calm, as if no one had fought there before.

Han Wu returned to his hotel, where Akanzor and Bart greeted him warmly. He gave them each a pair of the Fallen Angel's wings as his second gift.

Their eyes lit up with excitement. Angel wings of the dark attribute were exceedingly rare, and they wanted to return to the divine realm at once to have the Origin of Mutation graft the wings on them.

Han Wu understood their eagerness but didn't open the rift to his divine realm. This wasn't the Divine Civilization. Storing inanimate objects posed little risk, since he could mask the traces by saying he used something like a Storage Ring. However, transporting living beings would easily draw the Will of the Angel Civilization's attention. Before he was completely exposed, Han Wu had to remain extremely cautious and take every necessary precaution.

After dealing with everything, Han Wu decided to rest. He needed to be prepared for the upcoming auction.

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[1,181 words]

Chapter 533 - Auction

Within the Holy City Yenom, a four-winged angel was waiting patiently in a beautiful floating garden. Unfortunately, midnight passed, yet the Fallen Angel didn't return.

Unease settled in. The four-winged angel hurried to the chapel where his family usually prayed. Inside, lamps burned with bright golden flames. These were no ordinary lamps. Each one linked to the life force of a family member. The stronger their life force was, the brighter the lamp. Conversely, the weaker their life force, the dimmer the lamps.

However, the lamp that he was looking for wasn't there. He opened a hidden door and quickly entered it. Twelve lamps were within the hidden chamber, unlike those outside. Their flames burned in varied colors, some blue, others green.

His gaze fixed on the lamp at the center. A lamp burning with black flames should have burned there. However, it was currently snuffed out.

The four-winged angel realized that the Fallen Angel assassin he had dispatched was dead and got frustrated. *He's supposed to be a mere commoner. What sort of background does he have? Don't get cocky. I have already sent someone to investigate you, and they will soon return with their report. I will find a way to blackmail you.*

Dawn arrived, and the auction proceeded as scheduled. In a single night, the auction house had exhausted every means at their disposal to spread the news of the Light Stone that would be auctioned today.

By morning, nearly every life form had learned of its existence and knew that it was the most priceless treasure to appear at the auction today. Several noble families even received insider information, which prompted them to cultivate a relationship with its owner in hopes of securing additional benefits.

Because of the auction house's long-standing trust and reputation, the angelic noble houses sent the most important family member to attend.

Naturally, the Elden family was the strongest one in Yenom, and they had sent the current head, Haus Elden, to represent them.

Haus wasn't only the head of the Elden family but also Seraphim Aisha's father. This dual status earned him deep respect throughout Yenom.

The auction house's manager waited at the entrance and greeted Haus the moment he arrived. "Welcome to our auction house, Honorable Haus. Your presence makes the auction house shine all the brighter."

Haus spoke with a stern tone. "Manager, I value people who cut to the chase, so let me be clear. I just want to know whether a priceless treasure will be auctioned today."

"Yes, I would never deceive you. That treasure will be auctioned last. It is more than an item for sale. The final auction also offers an opportunity to meet the treasure's owner." He glanced around to ensure no one was listening, then lowered his voice. "I've personally tested it. Angels, as well as other light life forms, will find it irresistibly alluring. It can even purify any Light Energy infused into it. It is truly priceless."

Haus broke into a broad smile. He cared little for the finer details as long as the crystal was genuine.

After receiving the information from the manager, the other families soon arrived as well. However, the manager shared no further specifics with them and instead just courteously invited them to their seats.

Once most of the VIPs had gathered, the auction officially started.

Han Wu took the VIP seat arranged by the manager and cast discreet glances at Haus, who sat in the most prestigious seat in the auction house. Even though Aisha wasn't there, her father's presence was enough. Han Wu could accept that. He could use Haus' connection to meet with Aisha later.

From a distance, Han Wu raised his wine glass at Haus in silent toast.

Haus didn't know who Han Wu was but reciprocated the toast politely. Han Wu was relieved that the Elden family, or at least Haus himself, seemed genuinely well-mannered.

While he contemplated it, a familiar figure caught his eye. The four-winged angel appraiser was also seated in the VIP section. Judging by the arrangement, Han Wu could tell that his family's status didn't fall far below that of the Elden family.

So his family is fairly powerful, which explains why he could send the four-winged Fallen Angel to assassinate me, Han Wu thought.

At the same moment, the four-winged angel noticed Han Wu. Anger flashed across his face as he dragged his finger across his throat to intimidate Han Wu.

Han Wu smiled and mumbled, "What a childish fella."

The auction proceeded as various items went up for sale. Han Wu watched the treasures but never once placed a bid. He was more attuned to Dark Energy, and almost every single item on display was catered to those with light attributes. None of them held much appeal for him.

The various families drove the bidding higher and higher, and the atmosphere steadily grew more intense. After two hours, the auction house finally unveiled the final treasure.

A beautiful angel stepped onto the stage, carrying a tray draped in red satin. The auctioneer lifted the cloth and revealed the bedazzling Light Stone. Its beauty surpassed anything the audience had ever seen. Light refracted through the crystal, causing every facet to shimmer and gleam.

At the same time, some of the powerful experts sensed that the Light Stone's special trait matched the reports. It was definitely an item they could not afford to let slip away.

Spurred on by the auctioneer's fervent calls, many of them placed their bids. The starting price was 800,000 Luminous Pink Diamonds.

According to the intel Han Wu had gathered, he knew that a single Luminous Pink Diamond was worth roughly 100,000 Divine Points. Thus, 800,000 Luminous Pink Diamonds equaled 800 Divine Essence. It was a huge sum, but the noble families never considered it excessive. On the contrary, they continued to push the price higher.

The bidding soared all the way to 1.6 million Luminous Pink Diamonds before slowing, until only the three strongest families remained in contention: the Elden family, to which Seraphim Aisha belonged; the Luke family, to which the four-winged angel appraiser belonged; and the Ciel family.

From that point on, the three families raised the bid in increments of 50,000, eventually reaching 2.1 million. In the end, the strongest Elden family didn't get the crystal. Instead, the Luke family claimed victory.

Han Wu felt a flicker of dissatisfaction. He had hoped the Elden family would obtain the Light Stone, which would have given him an opportunity to meet with Haus, and through him, find a chance to meet with Aisha. Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do. Now, he placed his hopes on the dinner after the auction.

At that moment, as the four-winged angel stepped onto the stage to collect the crystal, he nabbed the auctioneer's microphone and shouted at Han Wu, "You despicable demon! I have seen through your disguise! I am Michael Luke, and I will tear off your mask today!"

Every guest in the auction hall turned to look at Han Wu.

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

- Chapter 534 - Another Light

[1,163 words]

Chapter 534 - Another Light

Under the watchful eyes of the crowd, Akanzor and Bart quickly shielded Han Wu in fear that someone would attack him.

Han Wu gestured for them to stand down because he had his own way of handling this. There was no need to avoid the troublesome Michael this time. He stood up and asked, "Esteemed Mr. Luke, what do you mean by seeing through my disguise?"

Han Wu's calm slightly surprised Michael. He had anticipated that Han Wu would panic instead.

Michael cleared his throat. "Don't think that you can fool everyone. I sent someone to investigate your past. They reported back that you were once imprisoned in the sixth battlefield and later escaped from custody!"

A ripple of shock passed through the hall. Every angel and light life form turned to look at Han Wu. Being imprisoned on a battlefield, followed by an escape, was a major crime. If Han Wu failed to explain himself, he would be imprisoned in another, more secure prison.

Several angels aligned with the Luke family edged closer, ready to subdue Han Wu as soon as they could.

Michael studied Han Wu's expressionless face and mistook it for stunned silence. He was satisfied with his plan. As long as he could incarcerate Han Wu, the Luke family wouldn't need to pay for the Light Stone anymore. He could save a fortune for his family and send Han Wu to jail in the name of justice. It was two birds with one stone.

Two angels slowly approached Han Wu's seat and were about to take him down when Han Wu suddenly laughed. "What a joke. Never thought you could dig out what happened to me on the sixth battlefield. What was your name again? Michael? I remember how you abused your position as an appraiser yesterday to try to steal my Light Stone. Thankfully, the manager was clear-minded enough to return it to me."

"You...!" Michael's face flushed scarlet.

The humiliation cut deeper than a personal slight. Han Wu had dragged the Luke family's name through the mud in public.

He quickly commanded the two angels, "What are you two waiting for? Capture that sinner!"

The two angels moved swiftly, but Bart and Akanzor intercepted them, and Han Wu continued, "Already lashing out because you feel embarrassed? I'm not finished yet. Do you deny that you sent an assassin to kill me yesterday?"

"You... Bullshit. I would never do something so despicable!" Michael couldn't admit the truth. It would earn the contempt of every angel present and tarnish his family's reputation.

Han Wu produced the Fallen Angel's petrified corpse and sent it floating in the air for everyone to see.

Some sharp-eyed angels immediately recognized it.

"It's a Fallen Angel!" one exclaimed.

Even though Han Wu had removed its wings, the Fallen Angel's aura still seeped from the corpse.

The Ciel family already simmered with frustration after the Luke family had outbid them, so this was an opportunity for them to humiliate them.

Their representative seized the moment and blurted, "I've long heard rumors that the Luke family raised Fallen Angels as their hidden force. Who would have thought the rumors were true?"

"Bullshit! That Fallen Angel has nothing to do with our family!" Michael shouted, but his restless eyes had betrayed his panic.

Many of the seasoned schemers among the noble families could tell at a glance that Michael was lying.

Meanwhile, the person most shocked by Michael was the Luke family's leader, Hans Luke. He had been unaware that a Fallen Angel within his household had been killed, but the circumstances strongly suggested that the death was tied to his useless son, Michael.

Haus, who had remained silent until now, finally spoke. "I once heard that the Luke family produced Fallen Angels. Since they have claimed that the deceased Fallen Angel is not one of theirs, the solution is simple. All they need to do is summon their Fallen Angels to prove their innocence."

Michael said nothing. Hans inwardly cursed Michael for his stupidity, but he couldn't allow the other angels to scorn his son.

He cleared his throat and spoke up. "Why is everyone directing their spears at Michael? What if our family possesses Fallen Angels? Although Fallen Angels wield the dark attribute, we sincerely believe that anyone who upholds justice in their heart can be considered another form of light, regardless of whether they wield the dark, fire, or ice attributes."

Hans impressed the other guests, and they started clapping. His magnanimity and tolerance were the very qualities that had allowed the Luke family to prosper steadily under his leadership.

Hans had shifted the topic and redirected the scorn away from Michael before turning the spear toward Han Wu. "Shouldn't we be focused on the true sinner?"

The others then turned to look at Han Wu.

Han Wu laughed out loud. "Leader of the Luke family, you certainly have a way with words. You claim that even darkness can become another form of light, so let me ask you this. Do you know why I was imprisoned?"

In truth, Han Wu was gambling by uttering those words. Not many angels knew why he had been initially imprisoned on the sixth battlefront, especially since he had killed almost all of them. He was betting that Michael possessed only partial information. If that assumption held, Han Wu could wiggle his way out of this.

As expected, Michael remained silent. The report he had received only stated that Han Wu had been imprisoned and even took part in the prison escape. However, the informant had never written down the reason for his imprisonment.

Hans glanced at his useless son, who trembled in panic, and passed judgment. "No matter what the circumstances, imprisonment alone proves you committed a sin, especially when you participated in the jailbreak. You deserve punishment."

Michael was emboldened by his father and pointed at Han Wu. "Yes, you have sinned and should be punished. What are you all waiting for? Capture him!"

The other angels prepared to attack, but Han Wu shouted, "So you would fabricate charges simply to condemn me? You should've investigated the nature of my crime first!"

Han Wu released his Light and Dark Energy simultaneously and raised his voice. "The Archangel of the sixth battlefront captured me solely because I possess the dark attribute. What kind of sin have I committed? Why is it a crime to wield the dark attribute? Who can tell me which law I violated by merely possessing it?"

The angels who had been ready to subdue Han Wu stopped and looked at the Luke family.

Hans had been about to declare that those with dark attributes were evil from birth, but he realized that he had just proclaimed that darkness was another form of light. Condemning Han Wu now would brand him a hypocrite.

The realization rendered Hans speechless, and he couldn't find any concrete charges to level against Han Wu.

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[1,115 words]

Chapter 535 - Meeting Aisha

The angels that sought to curry favor with the Luke family found themselves in an awkward position. As the situation grew awkward, they didn't know whether to capture Han Wu or not. Everyone was waiting for Hans' decision.

Hans remained silent. He wanted to capture Han Wu but lacked a justifiable reason to do so.

Haus took this chance to speak up. "I've long heard that the battlefield indiscriminately captures any life form that has awakened the dark attribute. To think that the reports were true!

"Young man, don't you worry. Here in the Holy City of Yenom, no angel will ever make life difficult for those with different attributes. I stake my name on it."

Haus' declaration reflected the Elden family's stance as well as Aisha's will. In Yenom, angels or otherwise, no one dared to defy his words.

The angels that wanted to attack Han Wu slowly backed away. Hans could do nothing in response and kept his silence.

The auction resumed, and the Luke family paid 2.1 million Luminous Pink Diamond for the Light Stone. Hans' anger was apparent through his clenched teeth as he handed over the exorbitant sum to the auction house.

Han Wu then deliberately thanked Hans in public. Enraged, Hans stormed out of the venue. Michael also withdrew in defeat, but not before summoning his underlings to take the Fallen Angel's corpse.

Shortly after, the auction concluded.

Han Wu received an invitation to the after-auction party. With the manager's help, he established cordial relations with Haus Elden and Hawkings Ciel.

The three reached an agreement. The two families could purchase Light Stones from Han Wu at one-fifth of the price that day, roughly 80 Divine Essence per crystal. For the two families, that price was absurdly low.

For Han Wu, the deal promised immense profit. After all, the production cost to merge the large quantity of Light Stones into a crystal amounted to only 8 Divine Essence. He would be earning 72 Divine Essence per crystal from each family. It was a lucrative arrangement. They also agreed that the first shipment would take place the following day.

All three were in high spirits once the terms were settled. At the same time, Han Wu requested an opportunity to meet Aisha. Haus wanted to gain more Light Stones in the future from Han Wu and happily agreed.

The manager ensured everything proceeded smoothly. Though he gained little directly, he played the middleman and secured a favor from two noble angelic families. That outcome left him thoroughly satisfied.

In stark contrast to the seamless progress of Han Wu's plan, the sound of shattering objects echoed without pause from Hans' chamber, deep within the Luke family's floating mansion.

When Hans returned, his temper erupted. He lashed out at everything in sight, hurling precious items and smashing the decorations in his room. His maids and butlers didn't dare to intervene.

Meanwhile, Michael was kneeling outside the door, scarcely daring to breathe. He had overstepped his authority by sending a Fallen Angel to assassinate Han Wu, only for the assassin to die instead.

This was a grave sin. Michael had no idea what awaited him, yet he kept thinking that none of this was his fault. Instead, he poured his frustration and hate onto Han Wu. If the latter hadn't arrived in Yenom, none of this would have happened.

After venting his frustration, Hans called Michael into the chamber. Michael tiptoed inside, every step cautious.

"Michael, I am disappointed in you!" Hans barked.

Michael tremblingly dropped to his knees at once.

Hans continued, "Sending the shadow squad to kill him was not a sin, nor secretly investigating his background. Your failure lies in mishandling both!"

"Father, please forgive me," Michael pleaded. "From this day forward, I swear that I will contribute to the family and make amends for my mistake."

"Stand up first." Hans' expression was grave. "The death of our Fallen Angel is a huge scandal. Even as the head of the family, I cannot protect you from the other family members so blatantly. You must be punished."

Michael had already been terrified even before the punishment was decided, and he shuddered again. The punishment wouldn't be light. It would be on par with a severe whipping or a lightning tribulation.

Hans patted his son's shoulder. "I will do my best to lessen your punishment, so don't worry. But you must tell me everything about what transpired between you and that young man. Explain everything in detail. Leave nothing out."

"Yes, Father." Michael calmed down a little and recounted everything that had happened.

After hearing the explanation, Hans grew even more serious. He never expected that his own son, whom he cared for so deeply, would make such a low-level mistake and tarnish the Luke family's reputation at the auction. Thankfully, the incident wasn't so serious that it would cause a serious impact on the family.

"Listen carefully to what I am about to say. When the other family members arrive, you need to say this..." Hans explained each point with solemn care.

Michael nodded and listened intently. He regarded his father as his final lifeline.

Soon, the other members arrived. Each of them was a pillar of the Luke family. Many had heard how their family had been humiliated at the auction house, and they gathered some of their forces to cause some trouble there.

Thankfully, Hans stopped them in time. Still, even though they didn't get to wreck the auction house, they had no intention of letting Han Wu go so easily.

At the family meeting, Hans proposed deploying every member of the shadow squad to kill Han Wu and regain their honor. All of them agreed. Before long, the remaining eleven Fallen Angels assembled, and the family started planning Han Wu's death.

After the party, Han Wu followed Haus back to the Elden family estate. They also possessed a floating mansion suspended in the air, far grander than those of the other families.

While Han Wu was admiring the estate's beauty, he still didn't forget his purpose to meet Aisha. With Haus' help, Aisha agreed to meet him during her downtime.

Han Wu waited for three hours before he was finally granted an audience.

Aisha frowned as she looked at him. She stood among the highest beings of the Angel Civilization, and her rank was similar to that of a God King in the Divine Civilization.

Aisha was surprised that Han Wu's aura was already that of a Major God despite his youth. In her eyes, he was a true genius, even if his talent still fell slightly short of her own at present.

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[1,082 words]

Chapter 536 - Aisha's Condition

Aisha saw through Han Wu in a single glance.

"Miraculous member of the Divine Civilization, why did you wish to see me?" she asked.

Han Wu was thrown off. Her piercing gaze made him feel as though he were stripped naked.

"I have a mission here in the Angel Civilization: to request the glorious Seraphim to fulfill a trade as agreed. You have an agreement with the White Ma—" Han Wu coughed. "Sorry, I meant the Commerce God King. I'm here to take the shipment of Angel Elixir with me."

"You work under Xiu Lian?" Aisha asked, eyeing him curiously. Han Wu had never heard this name before, but she evidently picked up on his confusion as she added, "The Commerce God King's name is Xiu Lian."

Han Wu swallowed down his laughter at the feminine name. Pulling out the contract for Aisha to read, he explained, "I don't work under him, but we have a contract that involves me assisting him in the retrieval of the Angel Elixirs."

Aisha sensed that the contract indeed contained the presence of the White Mane God King.

“I’ve verified the truth of your words, but I cannot give you the Angel Elixirs,” she said with a shake of her head.

Han Wu hadn’t expected Aisha to go back on the agreement. After all, she had already accepted money from the Commerce God King, only to say that she wouldn’t send out the shipment. How could she go back on the agreement like that?

“It’s not because I don’t want to,” Aisha clarified. “The conditions to ship it just aren’t favorable at the moment.”

Han Wu was perplexed.

Aisha took out a small bottle of Angel Elixir in lieu of an explanation. Picking up the bottle, Han Wu was shocked to find that it was actually extremely heavy—roughly 50 kg!

Although the bottle only contained a single drop of Angel Elixir, the energy within it was incredibly dense and could allow a King life form to become a Sage life form with a single sip.

“Try keeping it in your divine realm,” Aisha prompted.

Han Wu did as she suggested and was shocked to find that he couldn’t. When he attempted to force it through, the space in the divine realm cracked, unable to bear the weight of its energy. A rift formed and pulled in the bottle, permanently destroying the Angel Elixir.

“That’s fine.” He scoffed. “Even if I can’t store it in my divine realm, I can always just carry it with me.”

It would undoubtedly be tedious, but as long as he delivered the Angel Elixirs to the White Mane God King, then it would be his victory.

Aisha chuckled. “There are 3000 bottles. How will you carry them? Even if you could, there’s a high chance they’ll shatter while you’re crossing the chaotic battlefield. Can you bear the cost?”

Han Wu frowned. 3000 bottles were equivalent to almost 150,000 kg of cargo. While he could likely do it, it would also cost him his ability to fight.

The results of being pulled into a conflict while on the battlefield would be catastrophic. However, dawdling was not an option either. Han Wu needed to get them back within the stipulated timeframe, lest the White Mane God King take Jiang Ming away.

After mulling it over, he proposed, "I would like to request that Aisha have an escort squad of angels protect me. I'm certain that the angels could protect me adequately while I take these Angel Elixirs back to the Divine Civilization."

Aisha had to admit that Han Wu was clever. It was certainly easy for her to assign him an escort squad. She only needed to give the order, and the angels would swarm toward her estate to do it. Many would even do it for free. But how would he protect the goods while passing through demon territory? They were sworn enemies, and the demons would attack them on sight.

Han Wu took out Night Terror's emblem. Aisha frowned at the demonic presence on it but said nothing. After all, Han Wu was from the Divine Civilization. There was no reason he couldn't befriend demons.

"I can gather a squadron of angels to protect you, but I have a condition. The manager of the auction house told me that you could supply every angel in Yenom with a crystal. My condition is for you to supply every angel in the Elden family one of those crystals before you leave."

Han Wu found himself in a dilemma. He had told the manager the truth, but he still needed time to merge those Light Stones. The clock was ticking on his deadline. Creating a crystal for every angel in the Elden family was not something he had time for.

As he prepared to refuse her request, Aisha interrupted. "I only have this one condition. If you disagree, then Xiu Lian will have to come and take the shipment of Angel Elixir himself."

With that, Aisha turned to leave, not even bothering to wait for his reply. Han Wu watched as she disappeared into the estate.

Why is she intentionally making it difficult for me? he inwardly grumbled. *Is it because she's a Seraphim, or is it because of her upbringing? Could she be working with the White Mane God King to cause me trouble?*

Han Wu didn't have much time to fulfill Aisha's condition. He needed to get the Angel Elixirs back as soon as possible. Racking his brains for a plan, he walked out from the Elden estate in a daze.

As he walked down the street where he was attacked yesterday, he noticed eleven angels wearing hooded cloaks. He turned to escape, but an invisible barrier blocked him.

The Luke family invested a lot of money in this Earthsunder-level barrier just to kill him. Trapped, he had no choice but to fight head-on. They were likely after his life, meaning he had to kill all eleven of them to escape.

As his enemies were preparing to attack, a powerful presence suddenly swept by, destroying the barrier.

It was Aisha!

The eleven hooded angels fled in a panic. Han Wu wanted to pursue and interrogate them, but they were simply too fast.

Han Wu turned to thank Aisha with a smile, but she merely replied that she was safeguarding the future of the Elden family. Listening to her, Han Wu felt as though he had married into the family.

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Chapter 537 - The Luke Family's Pursuit

[1,079 words]

Chapter 537 - The Luke Family's Pursuit

Back in his room, Han Wu instructed his Merge Avatar to drop everything and prioritize merging as many crystals as possible. At the same time, the Refiner worked without pause to churn out Light Stones at full capacity.

Every unit in his divine realm worked hard to assist in the production. More than 2000 crystals were produced in just one night, but that wasn't enough.

At that rate, it would take him at least fifteen days to fulfill Aisha's condition—longer than the contract allowed. If Han Wu didn't fulfill the White Mane God King's demands, Jiang Ming would be taken away.

Unwilling to accept that outcome, he resolved to find another solution. Han Wu had numerous avatars at his disposal and could be in multiple different locations at the same time. In other words, he could easily leave a single avatar in the Angel Civilization, while the other avatars moved the Angel Elixirs back to the Divine Civilization.

This, however, hinged on Aisha's approval. Still, there was no harm in proposing it.

After gathering up the merged crystals, Han Wu paid a visit to the Elden family. Aisha granted him an audience and was happy to receive the 2000 crystals.

Though the crystals weren't useful to her personally, they were indispensable for two-winged and four-winged angels. If each angel in her family had a crystal, the Elden family would grow stronger by leaps and bounds. They could even gain more six-winged angels in the process.

Satisfied, Aisha ordered the butler to prepare the money. Han Wu received Luminous Pink Diamonds worth 160,000 Divine Essence. He was finally rich again.

Nevertheless, the purpose of this visit was to propose his plan to her. She ruminated on it for a long while. After carefully mulling it over, she pulled out a contract. This was to prevent Han Wu from going back on his word. If he broke the contract, all his avatars would be destroyed, regardless of where they were.

Han Wu had never even considered breaking his word and so had no concerns about signing the contract.

Aisha was overjoyed. After giving him the supply of Angel Elixirs, she ordered the butler to form a battalion of angel escorts to guard Han Wu as he left the Angel Civilization.

Of course, with the two civilizations at war, Aisha couldn't fully guarantee Han Wu's safety. Han Wu naturally understood. Once he left the Holy City, his safety would be his responsibility.

As a precaution, he also summoned his idle avatars to come to the Angel Civilization as soon as possible.

His Dark Aspect Avatar and Replicate Avatar both made their way back to the Divine Civilization with the escort that same afternoon. Meanwhile, his Light Aspect Avatar and Famine Avatar remained in Yenom.

Despite having someone keep tabs on Han Wu, Hans Luke was ignorant of Han Wu's many avatars. He was thus only aware that Han Wu had employed a group of angels to transport something important out of the Angel Civilization.

Unwilling to take any chances, he ordered all eleven Fallen Angels to ambush him together.

This time, they were to rob Han Wu instead of targeting his life. As long as Hans could seize Han Wu's cargo, he would naturally have a hold over him.

The Fallen Angels moved out two hours after Han Wu's departure. Their speed made it incredibly easy for them to catch up, but they weren't in any hurry to attack.

Hans had instructed them to be extremely careful when they acted, as they couldn't afford to let Aisha stop them again. So, they planned to wait at least two days before

attacking. That way, it wouldn't matter if Aisha wanted to help; she simply wouldn't make it in time.

The eleven Fallen Angels silently tailed the angel escorts for two days before finally ambushing them in a canyon. The skies changed colors as energies of different attributes rained down.

All eleven Fallen Angels were on par with Earthsunder life forms and had flawless coordination from training with each other from a young age. Their strength was also boosted after using an array. Except for a situation where the array was completely neutralized, it would take a Heavenrender life form to stop them.

The angel escorts naturally didn't have anything capable of dealing with the array. The captain of the escort was a six-winged angel on par with an Earthsunder life form, but even he was powerless against the eleven Fallen Angels.

He resisted their attacks with his powerful Light Energy, but was soon injured and couldn't fight back. Unexpectedly, the Fallen Angels didn't go in for the final blow but instead attacked the flying chariot.

The powerful blow destroyed the chariot, forcing several figures out of it. The Dark Aspect Avatar, the Replicate Avatar, Bart, and Akanzor all shot out from the chariot, each carrying some Angel Elixirs.

When the Fallen Angels saw this, they couldn't help but feel as though they had fallen for a trap.

They had assumed that the one left behind in Yenom was fake and the one they were targeting was real, but seeing two Han Wus, they couldn't help but wonder if they had it backward.

Han Wu, however, wasn't going to be the one to tell them that they were all real.

As his eyes swept over the heavily injured angel escorts and the destroyed chariot, a fury rose up within Han Wu's heart. He glared murderously at the eleven Fallen Angels.

The eleven Fallen Angels were undoubtedly similar to the one he had killed before. In other words, they were all assassins from the Luke family.

"Since the Luke family intends to target me, I won't hold back," he muttered.

Activating Replicate, his body shriveled up into an old man, but his strength soared to the Earthsunder rank.

The Dark Aspect Avatar activated his powers and used Black Dragon King Transformation, a power with high compatibility with his Dark Aspect. The avatar was just a step away from becoming an Earthsunder life form.

Han Wu's Black Dragon King Transformation also granted him traits of a Great Dragon, which meant regular Sage life forms couldn't defeat him. It would take an Earthsunder life form to do so.

The Replicate Avatar and Dark Aspect Avatar worked together to release a dark thread made from dense Dark Energy, drawing a visible connection between them. The two became stronger as they shared powers.

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[913 words]

Chapter 538 - Powerful Backup

The pair's attributes and hearts became linked, and their strength increased several times over, but their energy consumption rate had also increased.

Unfortunately, Han Wu was pressed for time to complete the contract, and the inefficient use of energy was a sacrifice he had to make.

Once their energies merged, a ten-meter dark cocoon appeared over the two avatars, Akanzor, and Bart.

The eleven Fallen Angels had expected retaliation, not a defensive skill. This caused them to assume that Han Wu was just a cowardly commoner, and their perception of his strength fell.

They attacked the black cocoon with all their might. Boosted by the array, each of their blows landed with great impact. However, the cocoon remained unscathed. Perplexed, the Fallen Angels decided to continue raining down powerful blows in an attempt to destroy it.

The two avatars endured the onslaught to the best of their ability, but their energy was rapidly depleting. They consumed Dark Stones from their divine realm to replenish their draining energy, but there were limits to their stockpile, and it would only sustain them for fifteen more minutes.

The eleven Fallen Angels unleashed all their strength upon the cocoon to no avail. Frustration welled up within them. The cocoon was tougher than a turtle's shell, and Hans had ordered them to steal the cargo no matter what.

Unbeknownst to them, danger was just on the horizon.

The Fallen Angels continued their attacks and finally left a small crack in the cocoon. Ecstatic, they were about to resume their barrage of attacks when two figures appeared from the skies.

The first was a massive Heavenrender-rank monster that looked like a patchwork of limbs. With just a single blow, it destroyed the Fallen Angels' array.

The second was another of Han Wu's avatars, though only an Earthsunder life form at best. He absorbed the energy from the Fallen Angels' attacks and swiftly converted it into a massive arm made of dense Dark Energy.

A single swipe of his arm killed a Fallen Angel. The remaining Fallen Angels tried to escape, but the two new arrivals had no intention of letting them go. Nine more fell in sacrifice, shielding the final Fallen Angel to escape safely.

The cocoon crumbled to reveal Han Wu's avatars within, and the two new arrivals quickly approached them. The surviving escort angels were in shock after witnessing the one-sided battle. Confusingly, the new arrivals also wore Han Wu's face, and they were bewildered as to which Han Wu was the real one.

Besides Han Wu, only Bart and Akanzor could differentiate between the two new arrivals. One was the Origin of Mutation, while the second was Han Wu's Conversion Avatar.

Han Wu had contacted his avatars for backup two days ago. The Origin of Mutation had also received the request and had appeared through the divine realm opened up by the avatar just outside of the Angel Civilization. Fortunately, the two were powerful enough to rendezvous with the escort group in just two days. Their timing was truly impeccable.

With them helping to guard the cargo, Han Wu felt much more relaxed. He glanced at the bodies of the ten Fallen Angels. The Luke family had painstakingly raised them as assassins, and they each had different attributes.

The Origin of Mutation examined the precious corpses with growing interest before carefully excising their wings for experimental use. The targets of the experiment were the two units accompanying them, Bart and Akanzor.

It grafted the newly acquired wings—along with those of the previous Fallen Angel and the Archangel—onto Bart and Akanzor. By the end, they each had twelve pairs of wings on their backs.

The wings contained the perished angels' powers, but the two couldn't absorb them as they weren't angels. This sudden influx of energy crippled the pair.

The Origin of Mutation immediately realized its mistake. The two didn't have powerful physical bodies, and haphazardly grafting so many pairs of Earthsunder angel wings onto them would eventually cause them to explode.

As it was about to remove the wings and curb their pain, Han Wu stopped it. He had the idea to turn them into angels. Pulling out two vials of Angel Elixir from the cargo, he handed them to the pair.

Angel Elixirs could turn other life forms into angels and also increase their powers. After consuming the elixirs, the pain eased as the energies in the wings detected the change in their hosts.

Multicolored feathers drifted around them, forming huge feathery eggs around the two, which then settled in Han Wu's divine realm. The process would be completed with the hatching of the egg, which would mark the two as the newest Earthsunder life forms under Han Wu's command.

Han Wu waited eagerly for their transformation.

The Origin of Mutation, meanwhile, was concerned about his usage of the Angel Elixirs. "Vessel, how are you going to explain the missing Angel Elixirs to the God King? You already signed a contract with him."

"If the God King can purchase them, then so can I. I bought extra from Aisha before leaving, so there's no issue."

The Origin of Mutation's eyes grew wide. "Vessel, could you lend me some bottles for research? There could be some unexpected rewards."

Though Han Wu was confident in its skills, now just wasn't the time. Their priority was heading back as fast as possible. Research into the Angel Elixir could wait.

They quickly resumed their journey.

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[1,120 words]

Chapter 539 - Thank You, Boss

It was the last day of the contract.

The White Mane God King arrived at the Imperial College early in the morning. Some of the higher-ups were there to welcome him.

Xu Hai paced nervously in front of them, fearful for Han Wu's safety. The Angel Civilization and the Demon Civilization were in a Holy War, and Han Wu had only recently ascended into a Major God. In the event that he was caught up in the conflict, even ten Han Wus wouldn't be enough to get out of it safely.

The White Mane God King, on the other hand, was the picture of relaxation. After all, both outcomes favored him. He admittedly wasn't holding out hope for the trade to come through, though. The Angel Civilization and the Demon Civilization had waged many Holy Wars in the past, and each war lasted hundreds, if not thousands, of years.

White Mane God King merely considered himself unlucky this time. The worst-case scenario would be if Han Wu failed to return with the Angel Elixirs, but he had already steeled himself for that possibility.

"This is nerve-wracking," Xu Hai mumbled to himself as he paced.

The other higher-ups tried to placate him. "Come, Xu Hai, sit down and wait."

"I can't sit right now."

His reply shocked them. Han Wu was more special to Xu Hai than they had previously thought.

Evening slowly rolled over, and just as Xu Hai's nerves were at an all-time high, he sensed Han Wu's presence.

"He came back! My student is back!" he cried out in joy and relief.

The other higher-ups and the White Mane God King turned toward the door to see Han Wu, covered in bandages and being assisted by one of his units, entering the room.

Xu Hai rushed forward to help Han Wu. "Look at all your wounds. Were you dragged into the Holy War?"

Han Wu shook his head, shooting his mentor a quiet look that said he would explain later before approaching the White Mane God King with the help of his unit. "Your Majesty, I have not failed you. Here is the shipment of Angel Elixirs."

Hundreds of units entered the room to present the 3000 bottles of Angel Elixirs to the White Mane God King. With his experience in commerce, the White Mane God King could tell at a glance it was the exact number of authentic Angel Elixirs.

This outcome left him in shock. He hadn't expected that a newly ascended Major God could successfully bring back the Angel Elixirs, and without summoning all his units at that. More importantly, none of the bottles was so much as cracked.

Even a God King like him would be hard-pressed to achieve such results. Still, the White Mane God King had his own sense of pride. He couldn't afford to lower himself to ask a Major God how he accomplished this feat.

In the end, the White Mane God King silently stored all 3000 bottles of Angel Elixirs in his divine realm. A Major God's divine realm couldn't hold the Angel Elixirs, but a God King's was strong enough to withstand the energy, avoiding the shattering of space that Han Wu had previously experienced.

Scoffing, the White Mane God King made to leave.

"Your Majesty, I believe you've forgotten something," Han Wu prompted, dragging his injured body forward.

The White Mane God King squinted at Han Wu for a long moment, then asked, "Is Jiang Ming truly that important to you?"

Han Wu smiled. "Every single one of my friends is important."

The earnest expression on Han Wu's face brought a surge of emotions crashing over the White Mane God King. He recalled the first time he met Jiang Ming, when each of them had been traveling around different civilizations as merchants.

At that time, he had yet to become a God King, nor had Jiang Ming been a Major God. A wave of nostalgia hit the White Mane God King. Those were only memories now; he could never return to that time again.

Pulling out his contract with Jiang Ming from within his clothes, he handed it to Han Wu, heaving a sigh as he did. "It seems Jiang Ming has found a good boss."

Han Wu took the contract with a respectful bow. With that, the White Mane God King departed.

Once the White Mane God King was gone, Xu Hai approached Han Wu in a panic. "Look at your injuries. What happened? Did the angels and demons attack you? I'll go deal with them now!"

"Don't worry, it's fake." Han Wu assured him, stopping his tirade.

He took a deep breath, and the bandages tore apart to reveal unblemished skin. Even his weakened presence rose back to normal.

Xu Hai was in shock.

“I successfully retrieved the Angel Elixirs that even the White Mane God King couldn’t recover. If I didn’t put on a show of hardship, the White Mane God King would undoubtedly feel... upset. I didn’t want to risk him not giving me the contract,” Han Wu explained.

Xu Hai laughed and gave Han Wu a pat on the back. “You have a good mind on your shoulders. The Commerce God King conducts business transactions all year round and is exceptionally intelligent. He definitely would’ve thought the task too simple if you came back without injury.”

“I think so too.” Han Wu chuckled, burning the contract in his hands. “Uncle Jiang is finally free.”

Meanwhile, in another civilization, Jiang Ming was in the middle of helping Han Wu gather resources when he felt a burning sensation in his chest.

At first, he thought the White Mane God King was using the contract to threaten him to go back, but no summons arrived, and the burning sensation dissipated into nothing. Checking his chest, he was amazed to find that the Supreme Merchant Group brand on his chest was gone.

The relationship between him and the Supreme Merchant Group was officially severed. From this point on, he no longer had ties with the Supreme Merchant Group. He was a free man!

Tears welled up in Jiang Ming’s eyes, but he refused to let them fall. “Instead of crying for the past, I need to live in the future, where hope lies.”

Jiang Ming gazed in the direction of the Divine Civilization.

Han Wu hadn’t contacted him, but Jiang Ming instinctively knew that he was the one behind the termination of his contract. While he didn’t know the specific lengths Han Wu had to go through to achieve this, he knew that it would’ve been demanding.

“Thank you, boss,” he whispered in the direction of the Divine Civilization. “Thank you.”

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[1,068 words]

Chapter 540 - Right-Hand Men

Han Wu sneezed himself awake from his deep slumber. Groggily sitting up, he mumbled, “Who’s thinking about me at this time of night…”

He had slept for an entire day and night after returning from the Angel Civilization. Now that his strength had fully recovered, he felt compelled to check on the Merge Avatar.

Pinpointing the coordinates of the avatar, he appeared in his divine realm. Thousands of crystals were piled up high beside the Merge Avatar.

Han Wu was in awe. These crystals were truly an easy source of Divine Essence! He could sell it all to Aisha for a hefty sum of Divine Essence. It wouldn’t be far-fetched for him to become an oligarch with that amount of money.

Plans to further increase his wealth were already forming in his head. He decided to prepare crystals from other attribute stones as well, hoping to sell them to other civilizations for great profit.

Han Wu was daydreaming about the money in his future when two powerful beings suddenly appeared in his divine realm. He frowned, then realized it was Bart and Akanzor. Rushing over to the feathered eggs, he noticed cracks webbing across the shells.

These cracks allowed him to catch a glimpse of the pair inside the eggs. They similarly caught sight of him and eagerly tried to hatch faster. In just three minutes, they stood before Han Wu.

The two were no longer humans but a mutated form of angel. They each sported twelve pairs of wings—something akin to an abomination. Even the strongest beings in the Angel Civilization, the Seraphim, only had six wings total. Bart and Akanzor had four times that! Unfortunately, despite their freakish number of wings, their overall might was still weaker than a Seraphim.

Han Wu nodded with satisfaction when he sensed the changes in their bodies. Turning into angels had allowed them to absorb half of the powers within their wings, boosting their strength.

They were now intermediate Earthsunder life forms. Once they managed to completely harness the remaining energy in their wings, their strength would undoubtedly rise to late-stage Earthsunder life forms.

At that point, Han Wu could grant them some resources for cultivation. It wouldn’t be impossible for them to become Heavenrender life forms within the next five years.

The two weren’t Heavenrender life forms yet, but Han Wu knew they would almost certainly become his future right-hand men.

As he was mulling over their changes, the growl of a stomach filled the air. Akanzor and Bart grinned sheepishly.

“Are you guys hungry?” Han Wu asked in bewilderment.

Earthsunder life forms, especially those in the intermediate stages, didn’t typically suffer from hunger. As they could absorb the water and energy in the air to sustain themselves, there was no need for them to eat.

The two shook their heads.

“I need some Divine Essence to refine my Divine Aspect,” Akanzor explained. “I have a feeling that my Divine Aspect will be incredibly powerful.”

Bart nodded in silent agreement. He also needed some Divine Essence to get his own Divine Aspect.

Han Wu wasn’t one to let his units suffer and immediately retrieved 100 Divine Essence for them. Nurturing his underlings was of utmost importance as their strength was also his. Moreover, he had recently sold several shipments of the crystals to Aisha and was thus much richer than before. He could afford to let his units upgrade themselves.

The two received the Divine Essence with gratitude. After bowing to Han Wu as thanks, the two started the refining process.

Akanzor’s Divine Aspect formed after absorbing 35 Divine Essence—Greatsword. As the name implied, it allowed him to manifest a powerful greatsword in battle. Akanzor’s proficiency with greatswords made this Divine Aspect a huge boon for him.

Bart’s Divine Aspect, on the other hand, was called Longbow and allowed him to fire powerful arrows.

Having obtained their respective Divine Aspects, the pair could no longer be considered regular units but instead Gods residing in Han Wu’s Divine Realm.

Han Wu granted Akanzor the title of Sword God and Bart the title of Bow God. In celebration of their ascension, Han Wu decided to bestow them an additional 500 Divine Essence each.

This was enough to last them for quite some time.

The two immediately started absorbing and refining the bestowed Divine Essence to solidify their new Divine Aspects.

While they did so, Han Wu pondered over alternative ways of making money. He decided to check in on his other avatars. As expected, the ones with the greatest gains were those invading the Dream Demon Civilization.

Han Wu's units were valiant in their advances as they struck down the defending armies. They had already taken over three-quarters of the Dream Demon Civilization, causing it to be officially recognized as a fallen civilization.

Regular Spirit Demons surrendered the moment Han Wu's units appeared, but Han Wu didn't trust them and killed them regardless. As a result, his avatars received many negative titles within the Dream Demon Civilization, like demon or executioner.

The infamy didn't bother Han Wu at all. Insults from a dying civilization hardly mattered to him. After reviewing the progress of the invasion, Han Wu moved on to the other avatars as well.

All his avatars were working hard to improve themselves.

Among them, the Life Avatar and the Death Avatar stood out. They realized that invading civilizations was a slow method of increasing their strength. So, they instead disguised themselves and joined the Holy War between the factions of Life and Death, respectively.

Their Divine Aspects complemented their respective factions, allowing them to become highly regarded in the war. Both avatars thus received an abundance of resources from the higher-ups and had since become Earthsunder life forms.

Although the other avatars weren't growing as quickly as those two, they also weren't doing badly. Han Wu did some rough calculations and realized merging his avatars would allow him to reach the Heavenrender rank.

As a Heavenrender life form, he would be in the top 1% in terms of strength. That meant he wouldn't have to worry about being attacked anymore. At that point, he could finally ask Xu Hai to tell him about the Chaotic Starfield.

Finding his lost parents was a goal that had shackled the previous host. Han Wu wanted to fulfill the previous host's desire—and his grandfather's dying wish—to find his parents

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[1,197 words]

Chapter 541 - Together

In another civilization, Han Wu killed the final Heart Eater. He commanded the skeletons to carve out the materials needed from it, which he then sent to the skilled refiners Jiang Ming had left behind in his divine realm, each capable of turning the raw materials into Sacred Objects.

“Han Wu, we’ve successfully invaded this civilization.” Qin Shuang smiled, gaily hopping in front of Han Wu.

Sun Qingnian pouted. “This civilization is too weak. I haven’t even had fun yet.”

“This is all thanks to my Glorious God’s amazing commands,” Jing Jing boasted. “If you had led this invasion, you would’ve failed terribly.”

Noting Jing Jing’s serious expression, Sun Qingnian reluctantly appeased, “Alright, alright. It’s all thanks to Han Wu. I’m just an accessory hanging off his belt.”

Mollified, Jing Jing turned to Han Wu. “Glorious God, this civilization has fallen. Should we invade another to find more Heart Eaters?”

Han Wu spread his senses into his divine realm. The refiners had already turned the huge amount of resources from the Heart Eaters into Sacred Objects.

“I don’t think we need to,” he said. “We have enough to make the Sacred Objects I need for now.”

Both Qin Shuang and Jing Jing nodded.

“Han Wu, let’s head back since our job is done. We’ve been out for a long time,” Sun Qingnian grumbled.

Qin Shuang teased, “I know you’ve missed your girlfriend.”

Sun Qingnian’s intentions were easily seen through, but instead of being embarrassed, he doubled down. “What’s the problem? We’re both in love and are in a consenting relationship. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

Han Wu was speechless. This was the first time he had seen someone act so righteous about dating a lecturer. Still, Sun Qingnian’s words prompted Han Wu to consider whether he needed to head back.

Checking on his avatars, he found that the Replicate Avatar had already returned to the Imperial College. The other avatars were still busy, but once they were done, Han Wu had a feeling that his strength would reach new heights.

“Sure,” Han Wu agreed. “Let’s follow Sun Qingnian’s suggestion and head back.”

Normally, returning the normal way would take a long time, but with Han Wu as the new owner of the Blood Coliseum, he could just use its Permanent Coordinates to teleport freely.

He could open up a path connecting to the Blood Coliseum, where they could then use the teleporter to return to the Divine Civilization. This would take a quarter of the usual time needed to return.

The group stepped through the portal and into the Blood Coliseum.

The Blood Coliseum had returned to its usual busy days after the inheritance ceremony. A huge number of beings from various civilizations visited daily for match-ups.

As the owner of the Blood Coliseum, Han Wu could use his authority to check the internal workings of the place. Every time a duel ended, the Blood Coliseum would turn the corpses into Core Fragments.

Core Fragments were useful even for beings beyond the Divine Civilization, with some using them to carve out a personal space where they could nurture their own race. While imperfect compared to the divine realms of the Divine Civilization, it at least ensured that their race could thrive.

Having sensed Han Wu’s return, Marks appeared seemingly out of nowhere and presented him with the financial report of the Blood Coliseum.

Han Wu read the report. In just a single month, the Blood Coliseum had earned a profit of almost 10,000 Divine Essence and 32 million units of Core Fragments. 32 million units of Core Fragments was hard to picture, but if one were to do the calculations, they would find that it was enough to upgrade the Cores of 16 Major Gods to level 40.

It was a truly frightening amount of money. Marks then explained that their management had agreed to save the Divine Essence in case of emergencies and use the Core Fragments to build new arenas instead.

Their invasion of the Dream Demon Civilization meant they could exploit it for raw materials to be turned into arenas. Han Wu was untrained in such matters, but he trusted that Marks and the other staff only wanted the best for the Blood Coliseum, so he gave them the go-ahead.

This one act caused Marks’ approval of Han Wu to increase further. Even though Han Wu wasn’t as strong as their previous master, Marks had faith that the Blood Coliseum would reach new heights of power under his leadership.

Marks was still reporting some matters to Han Wu when another worker ran in. "Manager Marks, bad news. The Asura Coliseum heard of our change in ownership and is now challenging us!"

Marks frowned. The death of the previous owner didn't affect the daily operations of the coliseum, but it was undeniably troublesome not having a God King to protect them. It was natural that another coliseum would try to attack them when they were weakened like this.

"Sir, what do you think?" Marks asked Han Wu.

Having just inherited the Blood Coliseum, Han Wu still lacked knowledge about his competitors.

"Could you tell me more about the Asura Coliseum?" he asked.

Marks' eyes twinkled with approval, glad that Han Wu wasn't hotheaded enough to just attack blindly. Passion was an important part of leading the Blood Coliseum, but they also needed a cool-headed leader to carefully assess their threat before acting.

Han Wu's actions were exactly as Marks had hoped.

"The Asura Coliseum is like us, except their main way of generating income is to host one-on-one combat. Their coliseum is more popular with the other civilizations than we are, but it's not like we're at the bottom of the barrel. Thanks to the beings from the Divine Civilization, we can focus on the route of numbers, and can still earn quite a lot.

"The owner of the Asura Coliseum has always eyed our slice of the pie. However, they can't afford to build another coliseum that's similar to ours. They're likely here because they wish to seize our coliseum instead."

After listening to Marks' explanation, Han Wu had a faint grasp of the situation. The Asura Coliseum emphasized one-on-one combat, where an individual's strength played a huge role.

The Blood Coliseum, on the other hand, focused on group combats where numbers held the advantage. Han Wu wasn't sure which coliseum would win in a fight, but the Blood Coliseum was at a clear disadvantage when it came to higher individual combat prowess.

The owner of the Asura Coliseum had strength on par with a God King, while Han Wu was only a Major God. Still, his opposition was already beating down his door. If he didn't do anything, they would think that Han Wu and the Blood Coliseum were pushovers!

“If we don’t accept their challenge, they’ll think we’re weak and just wage an all-out war against us without the bounds of rules. That would be detrimental. We should accept their challenge,” Han Wu commanded.

Marks hesitated. “But we don’t have any units that can stop someone as strong as a God King.”

“I’ll find a way,” Han Wu promised.

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[1,360 words]

Chapter 542 - Overwhelming Lineup

Han Wu first sent Qin Shuang and the other two back to Imperial College. After that, he sent messages to every powerful being he knew. The God Kings of Darkness and Death received his message first.

Han Wu invoked his status as their Holy Son and invited them to his Blood Coliseum as guests. The two God Kings commanded extensive intelligence networks, and their spies quickly delivered detailed reports. Through those channels, they learned about the Blood Coliseum’s current state.

They already knew of the Asura Coliseum as well, since its owner was a battle maniac. Thus, the two God Kings hesitated. Publicly supporting the Blood Coliseum carried the risk of provoking that battle maniac, which could grow into a lasting problem.

Neither God King could act on impulse. Each governed their respective faction and oversaw numerous businesses. They had no desire to see the battle maniac fanatic roaming their territories and stirring conflict.

Still, Han Wu was their Holy Son, a figure of high standing within their factions, as well as the Blood Coliseum’s rightful owner. He no longer counted as an insignificant upstart.

The two God Kings weighed the risks against the benefits and judged which side carried greater value. They didn’t reply immediately.

Han Wu did not rely on them alone. He also contacted Xu Hai and asked him to relay a request for assistance to the chancellor of Imperial College. In his message, Han Wu essentially explained that, as a student of the college, he had recently taken control of a lucrative business and was now facing harassment from a competitor belonging to another civilization. He expressed his hope that the college would support him.

The tone of his message was humble and subtly manipulative. Fortunately, the chancellor enjoyed appeals of this sort. To him, it would feel like a slap in the face if a student refused to seek the college's aid at a time like this.

If Han Wu's opponent had belonged to the Divine Civilization, the chancellor would have aided him discreetly rather in public. Since the opposition came from another civilization, however, he had no such concerns. He had to aid Han Wu at all costs.

Nonetheless, the chancellor was currently in a distant civilization and couldn't return in time to assist personally. Thus, he ordered the college's management to help Han Wu, provided they didn't have any urgent matters occupying them.

At present, Han Wu didn't have a God King backing him, but he had forty Major Gods. He had to admit that Imperial College was impressive.

Beyond the college, he also sent a message to Aisha of the Angel Civilization. They shared a mutually beneficial relationship through the sale of crystals, and Aisha promptly agreed when she learned that he needed her help. Even after discovering that his opponent was the Asura Coliseum's owner, she raised no objection. In her words, the angels feared no one.

Soon, the day of the confrontation arrived. The Blood Coliseum suspended all of their activities to prepare for the Asura Coliseum's challenge. A massive gate opened above the Blood Coliseum, from which the Asura Coliseum's owner, Beast King Faido, emerged.

Faido's body consisted of organs and body parts from various powerful beasts. No one knew his original race, yet his terrifying aura strained even the space around him. Han Wu felt a surge of intimidation despite the great distance between them. Faido stood well above the Heavenrender rank.

A group of powerful figures followed in his wake, and Marks carefully introduced them to Han Wu one by one. The four Heavenrender life forms beneath Faido were called the Four Divine Kings. Every single one of them had emerged victorious in tens of thousands of matches, a record worthy of their status. Behind them were 108 Earthsunder life forms, regarded as the Asura Coliseum's core strength.

Sage life forms were only followers in Faido's group, numbering 10,000 in total. King life forms trailed at the end of the procession. They numbered in the millions, but all of them were either slaves or laborers. No weaker beings appeared below them. After all, the Asura Coliseum functioned as both a gathering place for the strong and Faido's home.

Once the entire procession emerged from the gate, they released their auras, which threatened to tear even the heavens apart.

Han Wu felt the crushing weight at once and struggled to breathe. Marks fared no better. His heart beat rapidly, and each breath came with effort. Regret crept in as he questioned Han Wu's decision to accept the challenge head-on. Could they truly win right now?

Marks regretted it but couldn't show weakness here. Even in defeat, the Blood Coliseum couldn't appear weak. With a gesture, he ordered their strongest combatants forward: one Heavenrender Sanguine Combatant, thirty-two Earthsunder Sanguine Combatants, 3,000 Sage Sanguine Combatants, and 3 million King Sanguine Combatants.

The Blood Coliseum was inferior in terms of higher-ranking combatants right now.

Faido's laughter boomed like thunder at the sight of such puny opposition. "The Blood Coliseum is indeed declining without Duel to support it."

Marks bristled but couldn't say it out loud, even though Faido spoke the truth. Compared to its peak, the Blood Coliseum had grown weaker.

At that moment, a mid-sized gate opened. Eight Earthsunder life forms emerged, accompanied by a massive contingent of units of various ranks. This was the army that Han Wu had sent to obliterate the Dream Demon Civilization. They had completed their mission and taken it down.

Steely stood at the front and graciously presented the Will of the Dream Demon Civilization to Han Wu. Afterward, he led his troop to take their place on the Blood Coliseum's side. With their arrival, the Blood Coliseum now possessed forty Earthsunder life forms.

It wasn't over yet. More gates opened. Some revealed Han Wu's friends, others belonged to lecturers of Imperial College, and even additional Gods appeared. All of them summoned their strongest units to stand with the Blood Coliseum, steadily bolstering its strength.

The Blood Coliseum now fielded 4 million King life forms, 6,000 Sage life forms, and sixty-eight Earthsunder life forms. Still, it was slightly weaker than the Asura Coliseum.

Just as Marks assumed that this was the full extent of their forces, two more gates appeared above the Blood Coliseum. One revealed endless darkness, while the other brimmed with the silence of death.

A single file of troops marched out from each gate. The first was led by a Heavenrender Dark Dragon Knight, followed by sixteen Earthsunder Dark Skelegons. The second was led by a Heavenrender Death Paladin, followed by sixteen Death Knights.

Neither the God King of Darkness nor the God King of Death appeared in person, but each had dispatched an elite troop directly under their command to help Han Wu. It was evident that they supported him.

Even then, in terms of higher-ranking combatants, the Blood Coliseum possessed only three Heavenrender life forms and 100 Earthsunder life forms. They were still slightly weaker than the Asura Coliseum.

Two more gates appeared, one impossibly big and the other far smaller. The huge one resounded with angelic hymns. Aisha slowly descended from it, escorted by twelve Earthsunder six-winged angels who sang in unison.

Sensing Faido's aura, Aisha no longer restrained her power and unleashed her full aura. Her aura rivaled Faido's and surpassed the Heavenrender rank.

Faido felt genuine surprise. He hadn't expected powerful beings to continue supporting the Blood Coliseum even after its previous owner's death. With the addition of twelve Earthsunder angels, the Blood Coliseum was no longer the weaker side. In fact, it now possessed four more Earthsunder life forms than its opposition.

Three figures emerged from the smaller gate. The first bore the same face as Han Wu, but it was radiating a Heavenrender life form's aura. It was the Origin of Mutation!

The other two figures, each with twelve pairs of wings carrying different attributes, left even Aisha confused for three full seconds.

They were Bow God Bart and Sword God Akanzor! Both were Earthsunder life forms. At this point, the Blood Coliseum's lineup surpassed that of the Asura Coliseum.

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Chapter 543 - To Fight to the End

[1,146 words]

Chapter 543 - To Fight to the End

Faido remained calm even though the Blood Coliseum's lineup was stronger than his. Numbers held little meaning to him. Each of his followers had fought hundreds, if not thousands, of battles and had emerged victorious. Any one of them could face three to five opponents in a single bout.

“Since you are ready, let us start the challenge!” Faido grumbled.

He wasn't looking at Han Wu, the Blood Coliseum's owner. Instead, his gaze was fixed on the strongest being there, Seraphim Aisha.

Aisha remained calm and composed, as one would expect of an angel, but she couldn't decide on the Blood Coliseum's behalf. She turned toward Han Wu, who stepped forward with steady composure.

“Lord Faido, since you are here to challenge us, we must set the rules clearly,” Han Wu said.

Faido glanced at Han Wu and scoffed. In his eyes, Han Wu was far too weak to address him. A Major God at the Earthsunder rank lacked even the standing to speak in his presence.

One of Faido's Heavenrender life forms stepped forward and berated Han Wu, “You are just an Earthsunder brat. You have no right to address the noble Faido.”

Marks bristled and shouted, “Who are you to talk so casually to the Blood Coliseum's owner?”

The Heavenrender life form unleashed its aura to crush Marks, but none from the Blood Coliseum were pushovers. The Heavenrender Sanguine Combatant stepped forward and answered with its own aura, forcing the pressure back.

The air tightened, heavy with the sense that war would erupt at any moment.

Faido thrived on such tension and spoke with open relish. “So you are the Blood Coliseum's owner. How did someone as weak as you inherit Duel's mantle?”

Han Wu didn't respond. Most of his avatars were still on their journey back, so he wasn't at his peak. If all his avatars merged with his main body, even if he wasn't as strong as Faido, he wouldn't have been underestimated like this.

Han Wu said at last, his voice steady, “Lord Faido, please state the rules of your challenge, or the Blood Coliseum reserves the right to decline.”

Faido and his underlings scoffed at his words. “You, declining my challenge? Do you even have the qualifications to do so? One command from me would be enough to have my forces crush your coliseum.”

Han Wu wouldn't back down. “I do, but if you refuse to set the rules, the Blood Coliseum won't remain idle. Have you not heard the saying that a man would rather die fighting to the very end? If you command your troops to take us by force, you will lose a significant portion of your elites, and you may walk away with nothing.”

Upon hearing that, Faido grew visibly more serious. His voice dropped, low yet thunderous. "Brat, are you threatening me?"

"It depends," Han Wu replied calmly. "It's a threat if you choose to see it that way. It's a suggestion if you don't."

Faido fell silent. He never expected the new owner to be such a difficult opponent.

Then he burst into boisterous laughter. "*Hahaha!* Inheritor of Duel, I never imagined you would be this interesting. Fine, I will lay out the rules then. The rule is simple. We engage in mortal combat! There will be no surrendering. Once the battle starts, it continues until one side is completely eradicated. This will be a true battle."

The Blood Coliseum erupted the moment the rule was announced, especially those from the Divine Civilization who had sent their strongest units to support Han Wu. Lending the units that they had painstakingly nurtured was one matter. Committing them to a fight to the death was another entirely.

Who would compensate them if their units died? Many of the lecturers and administrators messaged Xu Hai, asking whether they should recall their units. They had come to demonstrate support, not send their units to certain death.

Xu Hai cursed inwardly at their shrewdness. They didn't contribute much, but worried the most excessively. Even so, he could not allow them to withdraw. Their units made up a quarter of the Blood Coliseum's lineup.

Han Wu said, "Everyone, please stay calm. I understand your concerns. As a student of Imperial College and the Blood Coliseum's owner, I guarantee that I will compensate you appropriately if any of your units are injured, disabled, or even killed during this battle. The Blood Coliseum itself will serve as my guarantor. If I fail to honor my word, you may petition the Divine Civilization to punish me."

His assurance immediately put them at ease. With compensation guaranteed, their remaining concerns faded.

After confirming that the situation was settled, Han Wu turned to Faido. "Lord Faido, I accept the rule you set, but I have a condition of my own."

Faido looked at him approvingly. "And what would that be?"

"If we commit to a full-scale war with all our units, the aftermath will be devastating to the battlefield, especially when the higher-ranking combatants join the battle," Han Wu noted. "Why not divide the challenge into three stages? The first battle will be between Sage life forms, the second between Earthsunder life forms, and the final one between Heavenrender life forms. Best two out of three. What do you think?"

Faido burst into laughter again. "I expected something more complicated. You only want to separate the different ranks of life forms for battle. Very well, I agree."

Han Wu nodded and discreetly gestured at the Origin of Mutation to start working. Upon receiving the cue, the Origin of Mutation understood its task and rushed toward the group of Sage life forms at the Blood Coliseum's side.

"Then let the first war between the Sage life forms begin," Han Wu said. "The Blood Coliseum needs some time to prepare. Lord Faido, please give us a moment."

Faido waved his arm in assent.

Han Wu quickly checked the Sage life forms too. At the center of the group, the Origin of Mutation was using Controlled Mutation at an unprecedented pace, upgrading them all.

The process consumed vast amounts of Divine Points and shortened the Sage life forms' lifespans, but they would receive incredible powers in exchange. All of them willingly accepted the price without hesitation.

Han Wu also activated Replicate, turning into a second Origin of Mutation and joining the effort. Even a minor increase in strength could make the difference in their upcoming battle, where victory depended on the narrowest of margins.

Unfortunately, time was short. Despite pushing themselves to the limit, they failed to upgrade every Sage life form before Faido's patience started to wear thin.

Han Wu feared that Faido would see through their ruse, so he had no choice but to command all Sage life forms to prepare for the first round of the death match.

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[980 words]

Chapter 544 - Death Match Start!

The first death match carried special weight because it would directly affect the morale of the subsequent matches. To give their own Sage life forms the advantage of their natural environment, the Blood Coliseum deployed numerous arenas with different habitats. That way, each Sage life form could fight on terrain that suited its strengths.

The Asura Coliseum responded in kind but instead sent sealed fighting rings. Each ring possessed its own climate, elemental attributes, and terrain. In addition, no more than

ten life forms could enter a ring at any one time. All other combatants would be locked out until a death occurred inside.

Once the stage was set, the first death match started. The Sage life forms from both sides surged into battle. The Blood Coliseum fielded 15,000 Sage life forms, but their conflicting attributes disrupted harmony among them and sometimes caused internal clashes.

Unfortunately, this drawback was out of their control. Various beings from the Divine Civilization had supplied these units. Each stood as the strongest existence in their old home, but here, they were merely one among the 15,000.

The Asura Coliseum deployed 11,300 Sage life forms for the first match. Based on numbers alone, they fell short by at least a quarter when compared to the Blood Coliseum. This was a severe disadvantage, but they showed no concern at all.

Han Wu had an ominous feeling, but the combatants were already on the battlefield, and there was no room for regret.

Both sides took their positions as the timer ticked away. When the timer hit zero, the brutal death match started.

Within the first second, numerous Sage life forms lost their life. The Asura combatants opened with their most powerful attacks, striking the moment the match started.

The sudden blow killed 1,000 Blood Sage life forms and injured 5,000 more from the Blood Coliseum. As soon as the first wave ended, the Asura Sage life forms quickly retreated to the rings that perfectly suited them.

Blinded by rage and the desire for vengeance, the Blood combatants charged headlong into those rings. Unfortunately, they rushed straight into the trap that the Asura Coliseum had prepared.

What Han Wu and the others witnessed was one-sided slaughter. Using their control of the terrain, the Asura Sage life forms surrounded and killed the Blood Sage life forms one by one.

Some of the stronger ones endured longer under the relentless assault, but none escaped in the end. In less than an hour, 10,000 Blood Sage life forms had fallen. The remaining ones could barely fight and were calling their respective Gods for help.

Their Gods panicked as well. Even though Han Wu had promised compensation, the losses involved 15,000 Sage life forms! How could the Blood Coliseum possibly be rich enough to compensate all of them?

Some of them saw that their units were still alive and urged Han Wu to surrender this match to save them.

Han Wu did surrender, but the Asura Coliseum ignored him. Faido pretended not to hear and observed the slaughter on the ring with open glee.

Han Wu watched in pain as the Sage life forms fighting for him died one after another. He wanted to save them but couldn't. This was a death match where one side would be completely eradicated.

Rather than grieve for the dying Sage life forms, Han Wu chose to act. He turned his focus to strengthening the Earthsunder life forms in preparation for the second death match and immediately summoned the Origin of Mutation to enhance their strength.

Three hours later, the final Blood Sage life form died, and the first death match ended. The two sides tallied their losses. The Blood Coliseum had lost all 15,000 of their Sage life forms. The Asura Coliseum had lost 5,200 Sage life forms, with 6,000 injured and 100 uninjured. This was the difference between the two coliseums.

The administrators, lecturers, and students who had loaned their units to Han Wu voiced their dissatisfaction after losing them. If not for him, they wouldn't have lost their units like this.

After witnessing the first death match, some also wanted to take back their Earthsunder life forms. They feared that the following death matches would just result in further unnecessary loss of their powerful units. As such, withdrawal was the wiser choice.

Han Wu didn't stop them. As a result, his forces dwindled from 114 Earthsunder life forms to just ninety-eight. Now he no longer held a numerical advantage, and his lineup grew weaker.

"If you surrender now, you can still save all ninety-eight of your Earthsunder life forms," Faido taunted Han Wu gleefully.

Han Wu refused. "I will not give up. I will continue to fight!"

Those who withdrew their Earthsunder life forms all agreed that Han Wu had lost his rationality after the first defeat.

Han Wu ignored them, and the second match started. The battlefield remained unchanged: a massive arena filled with different terrain, bordered by a land filled with massive sealed rings.

When the death match started, the Blood Coliseum showed that they had learned from their earlier mistakes. They quickly dispersed and moved to terrain that favored them, where they waited for their enemies to attack.

The Asura combatants rode the momentum of their first victory with high morale. They pushed into terrain that suited them and started hunting out the enemies hidden within it.

Faido studied the broadcast carefully. To him, any one-on-one match was a guaranteed win for his units. He also held a clear numerical advantage, with ten more Earthsunder life forms than the Blood Coliseum, which left him fully confident of his victory.

Best two out of three. Just one more victory, and I will be able to obtain the Blood Coliseum. Faido had already started envisioning his triumph and takeover of the Blood Coliseum when something unexpected happened.

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[1,161 words]

Chapter 545 - Skeleton Warfare

A powerful explosion rocked the battlefield. It carried the force of a Heavenrender life form's all-out blow, enough to catch Faido's attention. He checked the broadcast and rewound what had happened.

It was Dark Locust. He had dove straight into seven Earthsunder life forms and had detonated himself. The powerful blast killed two Earthsunder life forms and grievously injured the other five.

Faido felt a sharp pang in his chest when he realized he lost two Earthsunder life forms, a grim admiration followed. Whoever had nurtured such an extreme unit was a true maniac. To raise a single life form to the Earthsunder rank solely for the sake of one self-detonation defied all reason.

Only a lunatic would do something like that. Thankfully, the life form is now dead, and there won't be further surprises from it. That thought had just crossed Faido's mind when he suddenly noticed Dark Locust's flesh slowly gathering at a single point. He had never expected that a life form capable of self-detonating could also revive itself, even if the revival speed was quite slow.

"Quick, seal it before it detonates itself again!" Faido shouted, issuing his first command of the death match.

The five injured Earthsunder life forms heard him and struggled to stand up. They burned their own life force to squeeze out the last of their strength to seal Dark Locust.

At the same moment, Han Wu gave a silent order. "Use the battle tactics of the undead!"

Six of Jing Jing's Earthsunder skeletons received the command. They burst from their hiding spots and charged at their enemies. The five injured Earthsunder life forms failed to completely seal Dark Locust before numerous bone spikes pierced them.

Clinging to their final scraps of strength, they fell one after another and became lifeless corpses. However, the six undead didn't stop there. They surrounded the seven corpses and summoned their skeletons as allies.

The effect was very prominent since the seven undead were Earthsunder life forms. The skeletons slowly peeled away from their previous fleshy coffins and rose upright. Four retained their Earthsunder powers, while the remaining three had fallen to the Sage rank.

Their tactic stunned Faido. He had lost seven Earthsunder life forms, while Han Wu had gained four! A quick calculation made the imbalance clear. He now had one fewer Earthsunder life form than Han Wu.

It's blatant trickery! Faido hated underhanded tactics like this.

He was about to stop the match when Han Wu interjected, "My apologies, Lord Faido. My undead have turned yours into undead as well. I doubt this is something you would get angry over, right? I recall that you were the one who said no one may surrender in a death match until one side is completely eradicated. I wonder if you are a man of your word, Lord Faido."

Faido grumbled and swallowed his retort. Han Wu was right. For the sake of his honor, Faido had to remain silent and continue watching the match.

With the addition of four new Earthsunder skeletons, the Blood Coliseum's faction became stronger. The ten Earthsunder skeletons stood together and emanated a dense miasma of death. Others could smell it before they even saw them. Any opponent who hesitated while fleeing would be dragged by the skeletons and killed on the spot.

With the aid of the God King of Death's sixteen Death Knights and the God King of Darkness' Dark Skelegon, the undead proved exceptionally powerful in this death match. All forty-two undead banded together and slaughtered every opponent they encountered.

None of the Asura Earthsunder life forms could withstand their onslaught. Worse still, after each kill, the undead turned their fallen enemies into skeletons.

The undead army grew as time passed.

Faido's fighters weren't as proficient in dealing with the undead as those from the Divine Civilization. Against such enemies, the only method they knew for permanent destruction relied on brute force that reduced bones to dust.

However, there were too many undead life forms. Most fighters found themselves facing the entire undead legion alone. Most of the time, no one even knew whose skeletons they were destroying.

It made no difference. If their bones broke, it only meant that the skeletons weren't strong enough. Those remains would serve a better purpose as nutrients for the other undead.

Some of the undead even attacked solely for the sake of bone dust, behaving as if they were about to snort a line!

The Asura Earthsunder life forms couldn't defeat the undead and chose to flee, but there was no escape. As time passed, more and more were hunted down until every last one of them was turned into an undead. That was how the Blood Coliseum won the second match.

The two sides quickly calculated their losses. The Asura Coliseum had lost 108 Earthsunder life forms, while the Blood Coliseum had gained sixty-nine Earthsunder undead and twenty-four Sage undead. Han Wu hadn't lost a single unit and even expanded his forces.

Nobody could've foreseen this outcome. Han Wu then made a grand announcement. Those who had loaned him their Earthsunder life forms would not only get them back but would also gain an Earthsunder undead.

Those who had withdrawn their units before the second match now regretted their decision. Even though they had suffered no losses, they felt that they had missed a chance to earn a fortune.

On the other hand, those who had loaned their units knew that they had struck rich. A single Earthsunder skeleton was a rare asset, capable of generating enormous profit with nothing more than tossing it into a mine. Even if their divine realms were unsuitable for raising undead life forms, they could simply sell them. The price of a powerful Earthsunder skeleton was unquestionably high.

The second death match ended amid laughter and mourning.

With the Blood Coliseum's victory, the two sides now stood on equal footing. The third match would be decisive, determining whether the Asura Coliseum would succeed in their challenge.

Before the start of the third match, Faido invoked his authority to add a new condition. In this round, the undead would be forbidden from raising more undead from corpses.

Han Wu answered with a condition of his own: none of the life forms could recover the wounds they sustained.

Faido's eyes narrowed as he glared at him. *How does he know my secret?*

Those familiar with the Asura Coliseum knew that Faido and his underlings shared a defining trait: powerful regenerative properties. Their recovery speed was five to ten times faster than that of others.

This rapid regeneration allowed them to endure heavier injuries during battle and exploit those moments to seek out their enemies' weaknesses, turning apparent defeat into victory. If Han Wu sealed their regeneration, the Asura combatants would find their battle prowess sharply reduced, as if their limbs were shackled.

Still, to prevent the tragedy of the second death match, Faido agreed.

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Chapter 546 - The Fifth Heavenrender Life Form

[996 words]

Chapter 546 - The Fifth Heavenrender Life Form

Under the gaze of both factions, the third death match entered its final preparations. The Blood Coliseum brought out a massive arena that spanned hundreds of millions of square kilometers. It was filled with numerous terrains and climates, all designed specifically for combat between Heavenrender life forms.

The Asura Coliseum took a different approach and deployed four massive rings as their battlefields. Once completed, the Heavenrender life forms from both factions stepped forward.

The Asura Coliseum sent four combatants, each landing in their respective rings. They stood within their natural habitat, and their power surged beyond its usual limits.

The Blood Heavenrender life forms soon followed. The Death Paladin of the God King of Death, the Dark Dragon Knight of the God King of Darkness, the Heavenrender

Sanguine Combatant of the Blood Coliseum, and the Origin of Mutation entered the battlefield as the countdown timer slowly ticked down.

At that moment, Han Wu raised his arm to stop the timer. Everyone turned to him, uncertain of his intent. Even Faido and Aisha, the two strongest figures present, looked on in confusion.

Han Wu cracked his joints and stepped onto the battlefield himself. At the same time, his avatars appeared from numerous angles and entered the field alongside him, including the Duel Avatar.

To everyone's surprise, the avatars merged with Han Wu, increasing his strength to the late Earthsunder rank. Even then, this wasn't his full strength. Some of his avatars were too far away and couldn't return in time, but this level of power would suffice for now.

Faido watched Han Wu's strength climb from the initial to the late Earthsunder rank and felt a jolt of shock.

Faido spoke up at once. "Brat, you are only an Earthsunder life form. You can't join the Heavenrender death match."

Faido wasn't worried about his safety but that Han Wu would pull off some devious trick during the death match.

Han Wu smiled and activated Replicate. Numerous limbs of Desolate Beasts burst out from his body as he transformed into the second Origin of Mutation and advanced into a Heavenrender life form.

The unexpected development stunned Faido.

"Lord Faido, I believe I now qualify to join the death match," Han Wu said.

Faido wanted to stop him, but he had no grounds to do so. Han Wu met every requirement.

The Blood Coliseum's executives broke into excitement. Han Wu's willingness to fight in the death match proved his resolve to stake his life for the Blood Coliseum. How could those elder executives who had dedicated their entire lives to the Blood Coliseum feel anything but pride?

"Do it! Good luck, sir!"

"We will live and die with you!"

...

The management's cheers rang out loudly. At that moment, they were all impressed by Han Wu's charisma and formally acknowledged him as the Blood Coliseum's new owner.

As the atmosphere on the Blood Coliseum's side grew more animated, Faido feared that Han Wu's morale would rise even higher. Thus, he chose to start the match.

The timer continued to tick down until the final death match between the two coliseums officially started. Both sides remained motionless in their respective territories. The previous two matches had already proven how decisive the environment could be, so both sides waited for their opponents to approach.

Only two of them didn't wait: Han Wu and the Origin of Mutation. They preferred direct confrontation. Hence, they entered the same ring together, which was saturated with unbearable heat.

Even though they were Heavenrender life forms, they still felt the water in their bodies evaporating, their stamina steadily draining.

Meanwhile, their opponent, Dancing Flames, suffered no such strain. He basked in the heat with open delight. He was a phoenix, a race that inhabited high-temperature regions, and the intense heat augmented his strength noticeably. Even when facing the two of them at once, Dancing Flames showed no fear.

Han Wu and the Origin of Mutation endured the scorching air and readied themselves. Dancing Flames attacked first. Drawing on the ring's advantage, he quickly condensed a massive fireball and launched it.

Neither opponent tried to avoid the fireball. Han Wu even smiled as he leapt straight into the massive fireball.

Confusion rippled through the spectators. Most Heavenrender life forms couldn't withstand an attack infused with such incredible heat, so why did Han Wu do that? Did he have something up his sleeve?

In reality, he did. As he leapt toward the massive fireball, he activated Conversion. In an instant, the massive fireball transformed into a massive ice palm, which he swung toward Dancing Flames.

Dancing Flames deftly avoided it with astonishing agility, but Han Wu pressed the attack, continuing to swing the ice palm around as he pursued.

Han Wu had a clear purpose. The Origin of Mutation felt waves of cool air spreading through the ring as it remained near Han Wu. The latter was deliberately lowering the temperature within the ring!

Dancing Flames was a phoenix, so the hotter the environment, the faster and stronger he became. Conversely, when the temperature dropped too low, his wingbeats slowed noticeably.

By the time Dancing Flames realized what was happening, it was too late; the temperature had dropped to a pleasant eighteen degrees Celsius.

Dancing Flames spat torrents of fire in an attempt to raise the temperature, but Han Wu pursued him relentlessly and converted every flame into ice. In the end, Han Wu turned the burning ring into a frozen battlefield.

The cold stiffened Dancing Flames' body and dulled his thoughts as he slowly entered hibernation mode.

The Origin of Mutation acted fast and severed Dancing Flames' head.

That was how one of Faido's four Heavenrender life forms fell. The exchange ended so swiftly that the remaining three Asura Heavenrender life forms failed to save him. Now, the Blood Coliseum had five Heavenrender life forms remaining, while the Asura Coliseum had only three. The Blood Coliseum had taken the lead!

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[1,191 words]

Chapter 547 - A Bold Idea

Faido bristled. His four Divine Kings had accompanied him for many years. They weren't just underlings but his brethren, yet Han Wu and the Origin of Mutation had slain one of them.

Pain clenched Faido's heart, but rules were rules. No matter how much he wanted to save them, he couldn't afford to break them. Even if all four Divine Kings were slain here, he would have to swallow his anger and wait for the death match to conclude before seeking revenge.

Aisha was surprised as she witnessed how easily Han Wu and the Origin of Mutation killed Dancing Flames. She was there to support Han Wu, but she never expected such a display. An ally that could not only provide rare materials but was also powerful was exactly what she needed to solidify her position. Her regard for Han Wu rose another notch, and she silently acknowledged him as a strategic partner.

The lecturers and students from Imperial College stood stunned, including Xu Hai, who questioned himself, *When did I manage to raise such a monstrously talented student?*

Han Wu's ascension into a Major God at such a young age had already astonished him, yet this level of strength surpassed even that.

Xu Hai felt as though his understanding of the world was slipping away. If this continued, Han Wu would definitely become a God King. The prospect pleased him, but it also pressured him. It was time for him to work hard. He had been a Major God for so many years, and the thought of being surpassed by his own student was embarrassing. He swore that he would enter seclusion once this ended. This time, he wouldn't emerge until he ascended into a God King!

The Blood Coliseum's staff and management were equally shaken. They saw how powerful Han Wu was, and that sight made them feel safe, just as they had when the previous owner was still alive. He had managed to evoke that long-lost sense of security back from the depths of their hearts.

With Dancing Flames' death, the other three Heavenrender life forms in their respective rings lost their patience. They now had to fight three against five. If they didn't do anything, they would get beaten to death in a team fight. The situation would turn ugly very quickly.

These veterans, who had won tens of thousands of matches and possessed vast experience, reacted at once. They left their rings and rushed toward the other three Blood Heavenrender life forms. For the moment, they chose to ignore Han Wu and the Origin of Mutation. They could not discern what powers those two possessed, and engaging them risked getting caught off guard and killed.

Han Wu was under pressure as well. He needed to kill the remaining three as fast as possible, but the Origin of Mutation stopped him and looked at Dancing Flames' corpse with interest.

Although Dancing Flames' performance in their fight had been unremarkable, or rather, he didn't even get to use half of his strength, he was still a Heavenrender life form. His corpse, down to every last feather, held immense value.

"Vessel, I have a bold idea!" the Origin of Mutation exclaimed.

Han Wu looked at it and understood its intent at once, but he hesitated.

"You want to graft Dancing Flames' vital organs onto my body?" Han Wu asked tentatively, even though he already knew the answer.

The Origin of Mutation nodded, then shook its head. "Simple grafting will not let us draw out the corpse's true strength. I want to change your race too! The feathers will increase

your Fire Energy absorption rate. The heart will act as a massive reservoir, allowing you to store huge amounts of Fire Energy. The talons carry strong destructive powers. The—

“Anyway, if I use Life Creation, I can guarantee that you will no longer need Replicate to reach the Heavenrender rank once everything is over.”

Han Wu had to seriously contemplate this. It was tempting, but that was it. He knew that if he accepted the Origin of Mutation’s suggestion, his strength would soar to new heights through the integration of Dancing Flames’ organs.

Nonetheless, the cost was too high. A racial change at this stage would turn him into a hybrid phoenix and God. This wasn’t the same as when he used Black Dragon King Transformation or Demon King Transformation. This change would affect his divine realm and core race as well. No one could tell what would happen to them. After weighing the risks, he declined.

The Origin of Mutation sighed. “Since you refuse, then I won’t hold back. A Heavenrender corpse can increase my own powers by a huge margin!”

Han Wu felt a pang of regret, but he did agree to the request. He guarded the Origin of Mutation while it used its abilities to graft the organs and limbs onto itself.

When the process ended, the Origin of Mutation looked like a monster. The phoenix genes had granted it the fire attribute, and potent Fire Energy coursed through its body. The limbs that clashed with Fire Energy either changed attributes or withered away. Overall, the Origin of Mutation had grown far stronger.

Faido witnessed the entire scene and clenched his fist hard. His fury erupted as an overwhelming pressure that spread in all directions. The weaker Sage life forms at his side bled from their orifices under this dominating pressure. Even so, they remained perfectly still, standing upright without resistance. Their immobility spoke volumes about the fear and reverence he inspired.

The pressure spread to the Blood Coliseum’s side as well, striking hardest at the weaker students. Many trembled uncontrollably, and blood oozed out from their orifices.

The lecturers from Imperial College quickly used their Divine Authorities to push back. Unfortunately, they were only Major Gods. How could they rival Faido? At most, they managed to push it back a little and ease the students’ suffering.

Xu Hai snarled, “Lord Faido, are you waging war against Imperial College?”

Faido ignored him and kept his focus on the death match broadcast.

Some of the students couldn't endure the pressure and fainted. The lecturers hurried to evacuate them to safety.

The Blood Coliseum's staff faced the same ordeal. Even though the executives had activated the barrier around the Blood Coliseum, it still couldn't completely negate Faido's pressure.

This was no accident. Faido was releasing his aura deliberately, using his rage to attack them.

At that moment, a golden light swept across the coliseum and solidified into a barrier that shielded everyone from the Blood Coliseum. A sense of lightness spread through their bodies as the crushing pressure dissipated.

Aisha's soft voice echoed through the space. "Faido, don't you think this behavior is unbecoming of a gentleman?"

Realizing that Aisha had intervened, Faido withdrew his aura with a scoff. "*Hmph*, you bird bastard. I will kill you if you interrupt me again."

Aisha's grin turned cold. It had been so many years since anyone had called her that. "The Angel Civilization fears no one. Beast King Faido, apologize, or face the judgement of the angels."

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[1,153 words]

Chapter 548 - Inside and Outside

Beast King Faido ignored Aisha's threats and released his wild aura, which slammed against her protective barrier. Aisha unsheathed her sword, Judgment, and endless light condensed its tip.

The two powerful beings' auras threatened to collapse the surrounding space. Cracking sounds rang out continuously. The space around them broke and repaired itself endlessly.

The Blood Coliseum's management fell into panic as the two were on the brink of battle. If they fought there, everyone's lives would be at risk, and the surrounding area would suffer severe damage.

The core of the Blood Coliseum was right there. Once destroyed, the Blood Coliseum would vanish forever. Marks couldn't let that happen, so he quickly ordered his subordinates, "Quick! Find a location that can endure a fight between God Kings!"

His subordinates worked with haste and soon reported back. "Found one! It's an arena we fashioned from the Dream Demon Civilization's land. It can withstand a battle between God Kings!"

Marks quickly shouted, "Bring it here immediately! Open the gate that connects to it!"

He then called out to Faido and Aisha. "Esteemed guests, the Blood Coliseum has prepared a space for you to battle. Please proceed there."

Faido and Aisha ignored him, so Marks had to change tactics. "Lady Aisha, the Blood Coliseum is a precious asset of our boss, Han Wu. Would he not be displeased if it were destroyed upon his return?"

Aisha finally reacted a little. Even though she was there to support him, she didn't really care about the Blood Coliseum. What mattered to her was Han Wu, her potential new strategic partner. If the Blood Coliseum were indeed destroyed, he would definitely be upset, since it belonged to him.

After a brief pause, Aisha agreed. "I will enter if he does."

Marks quickly turned to Faido. "The death match is still ongoing, and no one can tell who will win. Lord Faido, you would be displeased if the Blood Coliseum were reduced to rubble while your Asura Coliseum might emerge victorious in the final death match, correct?"

Faido considered the point. The Blood Coliseum was an asset he wanted to seize. Letting it be destroyed because of his own fight would be a waste.

"Fine," Faido growled, then warned Marks, "But if I find that there are traps in there waiting for me, I will kill you all once I get back!"

Marks ignored the threat and maintained the professionalism of the Blood Coliseum. "Lord Faido, the Blood Coliseum is fair and abides by its rules. We would never tarnish our own reputation."

"Tsk." Faido clicked his tongue and stepped into the arena they had prepared. Aisha followed swiftly behind.

Relief spread through the crowd once the two left. The strength of the God Kings was overwhelming. Even the shockwaves from their attacks could have killed them.

With Faido and Aisha gone, the situation shifted tremendously. On one side stood the Asura Sage life forms, which hadn't recovered from Faido's aura. On the other were the students and lecturers of Imperial College, the workers of the Blood Coliseum, and the Earthsunder life forms that had survived the second death match.

Both sides stared at one another, and an uneasy silence followed. The Asura Sage life forms finally realized the danger of their position. With Faido gone, no one remained to protect them.

Marks noticed the change and spoke up. "Everyone, the Blood Coliseum has always been fair, and we will always uphold the rules of honorable combat within our walls. But... today presents a special situation, and we don't have the manpower to control what happens outside those walls. In other words, proceed as you wish."

Naturally, the students and lecturers of Imperial College understood immediately.

"Mother... They killed the Sage life form that I've painstakingly nurtured. I must avenge my units today!" one student shouted.

"I was thinking the same thing. I call dibs on the lady in the tight leopard-spot leotard. No one can take her from me!"

"Do you take us for fools? You just want her for her body, you pervert!"

"She is too powerful for you. Let me take her in your stead!"

...

Everyone rushed toward the Asura Sage life forms to capture them. Each combatant used their own methods to forcibly shove the Sage life forms into their divine realms. It was an effortless profit!

Outside, the situation devolved into chaos even as the death match was still ongoing.

After absorbing Dancing Flames' corpse, the Origin of Mutation had grown significantly stronger. It wreathed itself in phoenix flames for protection and swept across the battlefield in search of its next prey. Soon, it locked on the Divine King known as Spiny Frost, a black snake with the ice attribute. He was fighting against the Heavenrender Death Paladin and was holding the upper hand.

However, the Origin of Mutation's arrival shattered that balance. Fire and ice naturally opposed each other, and the clash intensified as the Origin of Mutation wielded powerful phoenix flames instead of ordinary fire.

Seizing the opening, the Death Paladin launched a coordinated assault. Spiny Frost was quickly subjugated, and his death became inevitable.

Meanwhile, Han Wu had rushed to help the Heavenrender Sanguine Combatant. The Sanguine Combatant was a powerful race, especially after reaching the Heavenrender rank. It could unleash countless blood clones to attack its opponents in close combat with devastating blows.

Unfortunately, it faced the fastest of the four Divine Kings, the Skywurm Wind Chaser. As he flew around, he released an unrelenting storm of wind blades that deflected Sanguine Combatant's attacks. Luckily, the Sanguine Combatant was incredibly powerful and could not only block the wind blades but also summon innumerable clones to pursue Wind Chaser.

The situation changed when Han Wu joined the fray. Wind Chaser fired numerous wind blades at Han Wu. The latter used Conversion and turned every wind blade into hardened vines. He swiftly shaped them into a massive net and ensnared Wind Chaser.

Wind Chaser easily tore through the vines, but he couldn't evade Han Wu's follow-up strike. A single blow ripped away half of Wind Chaser's body, leaving him grievously injured. The Sanguine Combatant devoured the spilled blood and grew powerful, its fighting spirit soaring.

A barrage of heavy punches followed, and Wind Chaser was finally slain, his body reduced to mangled flesh. Han Wu then quickly rushed to the last battlefield. There, the final Divine King, the formidable Adamantium, had already pinned the Dark Dragon Knight to the ground and was ready to smash its skull to pieces.

Han Wu and the Sanguine Combatant swiftly descended to aid it. The Sanguine Combatant unleashed its clones and rescued the Dark Dragon Knight at the critical moment. At the same time, Han Wu channeled his energy and converted it into a pair of metal fists. He intended to find out who was tougher between the two of them!

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[1,042 words]

Chapter 549 - Beyond Heavenrender

Their fists clashed, and Han Wu was blown backward. The metallic fists he had materialized were weaker than Adamantium's. Thankfully, Han Wu was still using Replicate, which allowed him to absorb the impact.

Seeing its master under attack, the Sanguine Combatant joined the fray. It summoned countless clones, which swarmed Adamantium and landed countless punches on its chest.

The punches rang incessantly against Adamantium's tough body. Despite his tanky build, he still couldn't withstand continuous attacks without consequence. He swung his fists, destroying the clones in rapid succession. To his frustration, the clones reformed and resumed their assault.

Adamantium wanted to escape, but it was impossible. His greatest asset lay in his absurdly tough physique, while his speed was average. The Sanguine Combatant was faster than him, leaving Adamantium trapped in a tight spot.

With no other choice, he activated his strongest defensive Skill to withstand the blows. By focusing on defense, Adamantium would be expending less energy than the Sanguine Combatant. He was hoping that the Sanguine Combatant would succumb to fatigue first, giving him the opening to kill it.

However, Adamantium had made a mistake; he had overlooked Han Wu. The latter immediately grasped Adamantium's intent to drag this into a battle of attrition. Thus, he cut a shallow wound on his arm and let the Sanguine Combatant absorb his blood.

The blood of a Heavenrender life form drove the Sanguine Combatant into a berserk state. Its attacks grew faster and stronger, and it summoned twice as many clones as before.

Even Adamantium's strongest defensive Skill couldn't endure such a barrage. He felt like an iron ore set on an anvil, struck continuously by a blacksmith. In the end, Adamantium succumbed first. When his Skill collapsed, he was exposed to the Sanguine Combatant's storm of punches. In that instant, he was beaten to death.

On the other side, the Origin of Mutation had just finished absorbing Spiny Frost's corpse and grown stronger. The ice and fire attributes were clashing in its body, wracking it with pain. To endure the strain, it used Life Creation and forcefully turned itself into a race that could use both attributes at the same time.

At that moment, Han Wu and the other two Heavenrender life forms arrived. Following Han Wu's orders, they tossed Adamantium and Wind Chaser's corpses onto the ground in front of the Origin of Mutation.

"Vessel, are you letting me absorb them?" The Origin of Mutation was excited. After all, Heavenrender corpses were exceedingly rare.

Han Wu nodded. "Absorb them. I want to see how much stronger you can become."

He had a feeling that Faido wouldn't be able to accept the outcome after Adamantium's death. Faido would certainly go berserk. Even though he had called Aisha to assist him, she was still an outsider. She would help him, but she wouldn't defend the Blood Coliseum with her very life.

At present, Han Wu needed an exceptionally powerful combatant. That role belonged to the Origin of Mutation, who had unmatched potential to break past the Heavenrender life forms' shackles. It could combine the genes of any life form, allowing rapid growth without suffering backlash. Also, Han Wu was confident that the Origin of Mutation wouldn't betray him.

"Vessel, I am impressed by your magnanimity. I won't let you down." The Origin of Mutation then pounced toward the corpses and started grafting them onto itself. The powerful types of energy collided within its body, and it continued to use Life Creation to change its race to accommodate the conflict.

After it finished grafting Divine Kings' bodies, it sensed something unusual. A strange type of energy was converging within, guiding the transformation and bringing greater balance to its form. Massive, unwieldy limbs receded, while vital organs compressed into smaller, more refined structures.

During the process, the Origin of Mutation shrank rapidly until it was only three meters tall. Now it had wings on its back, six arms, and could float in the air. At the same time, a long snake-like tail with barbed spikes trailed behind it. A strange, enigmatic Divine Ring manifested at its back, within which the energies of water, fire, wind, and earth circulated without end.

The Origin of Mutation opened its eyes with clarity. "Vessel, I understand now!"

The other Heavenrender life forms watched with open curiosity. They could tell that the Origin of Mutation was different now. It now stood above them as a higher existence. It was as if they were facing a God King, though it was clearly weaker than one.

"What is your current strength?" Han Wu asked.

He had once believed that Sage life forms represented the peak of power, but as he grew stronger, he discovered the existence of Earthsunder and Heavenrender life forms. That realization taught him that there was no true limit to how strong one could become. He was certain that something still lay beyond the Heavenrender rank.

"I am now at World rank," the Origin of Mutation answered.

"World rank?" Han Wu was shocked.

He had known the progression from Elite, to Unique, then Heroic, Lord, High Lord, King, Sage, Earthsunder, and finally Heavenrender. Only now did he learn that the rank above the Heavenrender was called World!

"I now possess a world that belongs solely to me." The Origin of Mutation raised its arm and summoned a small orb the size of a virus. This was its world.

As it summoned the tiny world, the four elements contained within the Origin of Mutation's Divine Ring surged toward its world. As the energies were channeled into it, the tiny world expanded quickly.

Han Wu studied it with keen interest. He could tell that it was even more stable than his divine realm. He could place anything inside without risking spatial fractures. Naturally, a world of that caliber could easily nurture units of far higher rank.

Han Wu sighed in admiration. "What an interesting power..."

The Origin of Mutation then drew the tiny world back within it. "Vessel, it's time to meet the owner of the Asura Coliseum, Beast King Faido. I'm sure he's growing impatient."

The Origin of Mutation extended its hand, and Han Wu understood at once. He grasped its hand and activated Replicate.

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Chapter 550 - I'm Not As Despicable As You

[1,219 words]

Chapter 550 - I'm Not As Despicable As You

Within the unnamed arena, Beast King Faido and Seraphim Aisha were locked in an intense battle. With every exchange, the sky fractured and the ground shattered, until the entire arena resembled an apocalyptic wasteland.

Faido turned into his battle form. Multicolored scales covered him, his left hand turned into a dragon's claw, and his right hand transformed into a tiger's paw. One leg took the shape of a horse's, the other that of a cow's. A rhino-like horn jutted from his face, and his frame was muscular like a gorilla's. Behind him floated his Divine Ring, which was formed from the faces and bodies of 10,000 beasts. It rotated endlessly, reshaping itself without pause, while their howls and roars echoed from within.

Aisha appeared almost ordinary by comparison. She was gripping Judgment, her sword blazing with holy light. She was wearing her armor, and all six of her wings were shining with a blinding radiance. A Divine Ring of pure light hovered behind her, its surface engraved with runes whose meaning only she understood.

The two had already clashed hundreds of times, and Aisha was already exhausted.

Faido, however, still brimmed with vitality. His Divine Ring was the vitality and Life Energy of 10,000 beasts, granting him unlimited stamina and allowing him to fight continuously.

Aisha's condition was different. Her Divine Ring amplified her light-attribute Skills by several hundred times, but it exacted an equal toll on her energy. After such a prolonged battle, her stamina was rapidly failing.

At this point, she considered retreat. She was there to help Han Wu, and fighting against Faido for such a long period was already her limit. If she continued, there was a chance that she would lose her life there. After weighing the risks, she decided to withdraw.

Aisha had just torn open a gate to leave when another gate split the space nearby. Two figures stepped through it. The first was Han Wu. The second was also Han Wu, or rather, it bore Han Wu's face but had four arms, a snake tail, and a pair of wings. It was the Origin of Mutation!

Aisha frowned as the two entered the arena. "Leave now. You two are only Heavenrender life forms and will be killed instantly."

Han Wu waved his hand, signaling the Origin of Mutation to respond. It nodded and released its new form. The aura of a World life form burst forth. Phoenix flames, intense cold, powerful wind, and immovable earth poured into the Origin of Mutation's body. Behind it, a Divine Ring of water, fire, wind, and earth rotated slowly.

Faido and Aisha were so stunned that they forgot they were fighting.

"Your underling ascended?" Aisha asked, though she already knew the answer.

Han Wu chuckled. "Isn't it obvious?"

Aisha fell silent, aware that she had just asked a stupid question. She turned at the Origin of Mutation, and a flash of excitement flashed in her eyes. To defeat Faido on her own, she would have to fight with everything she had, even at the risk of her life. Now, the situation had changed. With another World life form joining the battle, victory would only require effort.

A tremor of excitement ran through her as she imagined defeating another World life form. A Heavenrender life form's corpse was extraordinarily valuable, much less a World life form. She would reap immense gains from this fight, even if she received only half of Faido's remains.

She was reconsidering her decision to flee when Faido erupted in fury. He had sensed the presence of his four Divine Kings within the Origin of Mutation.

“You killed them?” he asked, his voice edged with disbelief.

Han Wu chuckled and taunted, “Lord Faido, who are you referring to? The four Divine Kings, or the Sage life forms you left behind?”

Faido suddenly realized his mistake. He had been so focused on fighting that he had forgotten his followers. Without his protection, those Sage life forms would be skinned alive in the Blood Coliseum.

The outcome wasn't as exaggerated as he had imagined, yet it was uncomfortably close. By the time Han Wu and the Origin of Mutation exited their arena, almost all of the Sage life forms had been captured or killed. Those who refused to surrender met their end at the hands of the Earthsunder life forms, with no hope of resistance.

“Shit, shit, shit! Duel's inheritor, are you this despicable?” Faido roared.

Han Wu showed no concern for his rage and asked, “Lord Faido, do you think it's honorable to challenge the Blood Coliseum after it just lost its previous owner? You are nothing more than a bully relying on brute strength. I'm not as despicable as you!”

Han Wu's words enraged Faido. He decided to go all out, and his Divine Ring expanded to its full extent. The forms of the 10,000 roaring, howling beasts appeared from within it. At the same time, Faido transformed into his monster form and attacked the trio indiscriminately.

Aisha summoned her light shield to protect herself and the others. She focused on buying them time, waiting for the precise moment to strike.

The Origin of Mutation excelled at ambushes. It moved quickly and appeared behind Faido. Wind blades, phoenix fire, and a freezing breath hit Faido simultaneously. The combined elemental attack was devastating. Although it couldn't kill Faido, it inflicted excruciating pain.

As expected, Faido shifted his focus to the Origin of Mutation. Aisha quickly seized this chance to gather Light Energy. Her Divine Ring expanded, runes drifting outward as it swelled with a holy aura.

She condensed all her Light Energy at the tip of her sword and amplified it a hundredfold. “Light Judgment, Spiral Aurora!”

She thrust forward, and the amplified Light Energy shot outward in a spiraling torrent. It resembled an unbreakable drill bit as it tore through Faido's tough scales. Blood and flesh burst outward.

The Origin of Mutation exploited the opening and quickly launched a compressed orb of phoenix fire into the wound. The compressed fireball detonated inside, blasting charred flesh and blood thousands of meters into the air.

Even then, Faido was still capable of fighting. However, his heavy injuries made it clear that he would most likely die there if he continued to fight. He had to escape at any cost. In his panic, Faido decided to activate his authority as the owner of the Asura Coliseum to escape using the Permanent Coordinates.

He glowed as he was about to be transported away.

“I will repay this humiliation a hundredfold...” he snarled at Han Wu.

Han Wu had no intention of letting him escape. He activated Replicate, and the power of a World life form that he had replicated from the Origin of Mutation erupted. Potent energy coursed through his body, but since it was far more than he could safely contain, cracks began spreading across his skin.

Even so, he endured the pain and channeled the energy into Conversion, then redirected it into his Peace Aspect and activated Tranquil Domain. Within its boundaries, no one could activate Skills or powers, including Faido’s ability to transport himself back to the Asura Coliseum.

The Origin of Mutation and Aisha pressed their attack. Faido’s agonized screams echoed across the arena.

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