The People's God: Sacrificing Trillions to Ascend

: Chapter 761

Chapter 761 - Locust Dragon Seal

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With her Combat Bloodline fully awakened, Sun Qianqian's fighting strength surged. She swung her longsword, and the powerful sword aura carved a deep gash into the Vermilion Bird Palace’s walls.

Han Wu felt the pressure build. What he had feared most had come to pass. Sun Qianqian was the type to grow stronger the longer she fought. He glanced at Qin Shuang, still locked in battle with the Vermilion Envoys inside the palace, and took a slow breath. "I just need to hold on a little longer. She'll finish her trial soon."

He turned back to face Sun Qianqian. He had to admit that she was formidable now, more than ten times stronger than when the battle started. Fortunately, the Sea-Calming Staff had been shattered earlier. Without it, she remained dangerous, but not at her full potential. If he didn't end this quickly, she would become an even greater threat.

Han Wu took a deep breath and brought out his most powerful close-range weapon, the 9-Star God-grade Giant Locust Blade.

Sun Qianqian studied the blade in his hand and felt a faint sense of danger. Her Combat Bloodline warned her, so she resolved to destroy it. In the next instant, she lunged at Han Wu and thrust her longsword forward.

Han Wu easily sidestepped with his Freespirited Ape God and started channeling the energy of heaven and earth into the Giant Locust Blade. The immense influx of energy caused the blade's power to surge.

Sun Qianqian no longer underestimated it and unleashed over 100 sword auras at Han Wu. Han Wu didn't evade, tanking the barrage with the Abyss Armor.

As soon as the attack ended, Sun Qianqian charged at him again. This time, Han Wu finally found his opening. He quietly launched the Dark Curse Nail, which pierced straight into Sun Qianqian's shadow. She froze in place, her body and soul pinned down, unable to take a single step.

Han Wu seized the moment, raised the Giant Locust Blade with both hands, and roared, “Thousandfold!”

The two-meter blade expanded to 2,000 meters. The energy blade formed from the gathered power of heaven and earth energy exceeded the blade itself. The Vermilion Bird Palace’s roof was punched straight through.

Han Wu didn't care. He brought the Giant Locust Blade down with a crushing force amplified two thousandfold, as casually as stamping out an ant.

The blow fell on Sun Qianqian, and she didn't even have time to scream before she was gone. The entire Vermilion Bird Palace split in two under that single strike. Fortunately, the trial inside wasn’t affected and continued as normal.

Han Wu then collected the items Sun Qianqian had dropped and waited for Qin Shuang to finish her trial. It was an impressive haul. As the young mistress of Wanyao City, Sun Qianqian had grown up with everything within reach and took whichever Divine Weapons she pleased. Many of those she had acquired on a whim had been barely used.

With her death, all of them fell into Han Wu's hands. He found more than fifteen Divine Weapons. Aside from her 9-Star God-grade full armor set and the spare longsword, everything else was 7-Star God-grade or lower.

Han Wu couldn't help but sigh. It was good to be born into a wealthy family. A 7-Star God-grade Divine Weapon would likely represent the peak a common warrior could ever reach in their entire lifetime. For Sun Qianqian, it had been only a starting point. The gap between people could be demotivating. Being born rich and lucky was a kind of ability in itself.

After that brief reflection, Han Wu stood. A message from the Divine Weapon Civilization echoed in his mind.

[Sufficient essence has been accumulated. The tenth Divine Weapon in the Divine Weapon Atlas has been fully unlocked!]

Han Wu immediately checked the final page of his Divine Weapon Atlas, where the shape of his new Divine Weapon appeared.

[Locust Dragon Seal]

[God Equipment]

[Rank: 1]

[Durability: 500/500]

[Effect: Dragon Fear (God)]

[Skill: Locust Dragon Roar]

[Description: Formed from the Locust Dragon. Contains the power of the Great Dragons.]

Dragon Fear carried the Great Dragon race's dignity and could suppress all things, forcing countless lives into submission. Locust Dragon Roar dealt sound-based damage to its target.

At the same time, three God-grade options appeared before Han Wu.

[Option 1: Tyrant Dragon Force. Enhances physical destructive power, dealing heavy physical damage.]

[Option 2: Sage Dragon Heart. Enhances magical destructive power, dealing heavy elemental damage.]

[Option 3: Holy Dragon Dominance. Enhances soul-type destructive power, dealing heavy soul damage.]

Each option represented a different direction for the Locust Dragon Seal. All were simple and clear at a glance. Han Wu reviewed them carefully.

He immediately dismissed the first option, Tyrant Dragon Force. He could already deal heavy physical damage through the Small Locust Blades, Locust-V, Heavenly Demon Spike, Giant Locust Blade, and others. He didn't need more.

He considered the second and third options before choosing the third, Holy Dragon Dominance. Sage Dragon Heart was powerful and capable of dealing heavy elemental damage, but its definition was too broad. More importantly, he already had the Explosive Locust Blade for elemental attacks.

Holy Dragon Dominance was different. It targeted the soul directly, making it one of the hardest forms of attack to defend against. Combined with the Locust Soul Orb's soul-

absorption effect, the two Divine Weapons would complement each other perfectly: one would shatter the soul, and the other would absorb what remained.

With his choice made, Han Wu immediately summoned a swarm of Glutton Locusts to consume Sun Qianqian's corpse. It was excellent material and important for the Gluttonswarm Ring’s growth.

As the Glutton Locusts devoured her remains, they extracted a crystalline bead from her skull and delivered it to Han Wu. He examined it and was surprised to find it was a soul bead. Such beads were supposed to come from mutated beasts, not monsters, yet she possessed one.

Han Wu turned it over in his hands. Within it, he could sense a fragment of Sun Qianqian's soul, as well as a strand of her Combat Bloodline. Because he possessed the Duel Jurisdiction, he was certain that absorbing that strand would empower it.

He set the matter aside for later, though. For now, he needed to make it out of the trial. He tucked the soul bead into his Dimension Bag and let Master Ou select two usable Divine Weapons from the remainder.

Not long after, Qin Shuang finished her trial. She wasn't as powerful as Han Wu, but she managed to complete it by borrowing strength from her true body. Regardless, the rewards were significant.

Qin Shuang could feel that once she fully understood the Vermilion Bird Armament Spirit, she would be able to transfer the Vermilion Bird's abilities onto her Thunder Sparrows. With that, they would gain the power to control fire. Combined with their existing lightning abilities, it would create a devastating synergy that would allow Qin Shuang to grow much stronger in a short time.

With both of their trials complete, it was Master Ou's turn. He decided not to enter. He had a clear and honest understanding of his own abilities. He knew what he could handle and what he couldn't. When something was beyond him, he let it go without trying to prove himself.

Never overreach. That was how people got themselves killed. Those were lessons he had learned through years of living in the world.

Since Master Ou had no intention of taking the trial, they left the palace. Not long after they left, a group of monsters arrived, drawn in by the scent. The Vermilion Bird Palace’s interior had suffered heavy damage, and the smell of blood still hung thick in the air from the fierce battle. What puzzled them was why the scent of their team leader, Sun Qianqian, lingered inside.

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Chapter 762 - Divine Weapon Fusion

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 762 - Divine Weapon Fusion

After leaving the Vermilion Bird Palace, Han Wu rode the Vermilion Bird Armament Spirit while studying his Divine Weapon Atlas. With the tenth Divine Weapon unlocked, the atlas had reached its final form, which granted its owner one powerful ability.

Qin Shuang had gained the ability to temporarily channel her true body's strength. Sun Qingnian had gained the ability to transform into a Nine-Tailed Fox. Now that Han Wu's atlas was fully unlocked, he had gained an ability of his own, too: Divine Weapon Fusion.

Han Wu studied it carefully, and a smile spread across his face without him even noticing. He was more than satisfied with the ability. It allowed him to temporarily fuse two of his Divine Weapons, combining the effects into a single, more powerful one. Because of its potency, the fused Divine Weapon would exhaust all its durability after use and enter the reformation phase.

Even so, Han Wu could already see its limitless potential. He was itching to find a strong opponent to test it on.

He looked down. The ruined city stretched out below him, its buildings scattered in disarray. Countless mummies roamed the streets between the buildings, chasing down the life forms that had been transported in. From time to time, he spotted new arrivals appearing in different parts of the city.

He had lost track of how many waves had already come through. Had any of the friends and enemies he cared about been sent in yet?

Han Wu summoned Ah Mao from the Locust Soul Orb and used the compass to track down the people he sought one by one. Sun Qingnian still hadn't been transported in, but when he checked for Jin Tuantuan, the compass responded. Baili Changhe and Hei Qi also triggered a response, meaning they had entered the secret realm as well.

Han Wu needed to prioritize. Finding Jin Tuantuan came first. She was one of Sun Qingnian's wives after all, and Han Wu at least owed her that much.

“Find Jin Tuantuan first,” Han Wu muttered.

The Vermilion Bird Armament Spirit turned and flew toward the direction the compass indicated. Before long, they arrived above her location.

Mummies weren’t chasing Jin Tuantuan. Feng Wuji, Lingxiao City’s team leader, was hunting her. As the team leader, he was a powerful fighter. He had three offensive 9-Star God-grade Divine Weapons, the Taiqing Sword and the Golden Wheels of Sun and Moon.

He held the Taiqing Sword in one hand, releasing hundreds of sword auras, while his other hand formed seals to control the Golden Wheels of Sun and Moon. His assault was relentless.

Naturally, as the daughter of the Everlight City Lord, Jin Buhuan, Jin Tuantuan had a few strong Divine Weapons of her own. Her two main weapons were the Wandering Flying Ring and the Life and Death Seal.

The Wandering Flying Ring could freely change sizes and multiply through a splitting effect, making it strong in both offense and defense. The Life and Death Seal was more like a cursed object than a conventional weapon. It could embed itself inside a living being and detonate at its master's command. Once struck, one’s life would be essentially in Jin Tuantuan's hands.

In addition, she had several defensive Divine Weapons at around 7-Star God-grade, which was quite respectable.

Even so, compared to Feng Wuji, she was clearly outmatched. He could block the Wandering Flying Ring and the Life and Death Seal with his Golden Sun Wheel, while the Golden Moon Wheel and Taiqing Sword struck with lethal precision. Jin Tuantuan had already been wounded. If she didn't break free soon, she would die.

Feng Wuji said as he maintained his relentless assault, “Everlight City has grown bold lately. You even dared to touch people from the Profound Netherworld Cult. Don't tell me you didn’t know their relationship with Lingxiao City.”

Jin Tuantuan felt helpless. An ordinary person would be unaware, but as the city lord's daughter, she had heard enough to know the connection between Lingxiao City and the Profound Netherworld Cult. The cult operated boldly because Lingxiao City supported it. In return, any valuable treasures the cult seized were shared with Lingxiao City.

They were two sides of the same coin. One stood in the light and presented itself as an upright faction, while the other lurked in the shadows and handled the dirty work.

“Everlight City never touched anyone from the Profound Netherworld Cult!” Jin Tuantuan shot back as she searched for an escape route.

“Still making excuses? Wushuang City already sent a secret message to Lingxiao City. Han Wu, Everlight City's team leader, killed the Yin and Yang Emissaries. You dare claim he isn't one of your people?” Feng Wuji asked coldly.

Realization struck Jin Tuantuan. Wushuang City had betrayed them. She swore that once she got out of this place, she would report everything to Jin Buhuan. This was not something she could ignore. First, however, she had to get away from Feng Wuji.

“Han Wu killed them, so go and find him. Why are you coming after me?” she snapped. “Aren't you afraid my father will tear Lingxiao City apart?”

“A city on the verge of losing its place among the top four thinks it can threaten Lingxiao City? Let me be clear. Targeting Everlight City's team members was a decision made by Lingxiao City’s major families. I won’t just kill you. I will wipe out every member of your team and ensure your city never recovers!” Feng Wuji roared.

His attacks didn't slow. Waves of sword auras carved fresh wounds into Jin Tuantuan.

She couldn't keep up, and despair set in. At that moment, Han Wu and the others entered her line of sight.

“What's the point of bullying a girl? If you've got the nerve, come try me,” Han Wu called out as he leapt down from the Vermilion Bird Armament Spirit.

“Han Wu! You killed the Yin and Yang Emissaries, and you still dare to show your face in front of me?” Feng Wuji asked coldly.

He had planned to deal with Jin Tuantuan first and then hunt down Han Wu, but the latter had come to him instead.

“The Yin and Yang Emissaries were pieces of trash. Killing them was no big deal. Want to go join them?” Han Wu taunted.

Feng Wuji didn't take the bait. Instead of letting his anger control him, he calmed down and directed the Golden Moon Wheel toward Han Wu. The crescent-shaped wheel had a rim lined with sharp blades. Even a graze could inflict severe damage.

Han Wu didn't dare take it lightly. He drew his Giant Locust Blade and blocked the incoming attacks. At the same time, he summoned his Small Locust Blades. Tens of millions of blades appeared above him, every tip aimed at Feng Wuji.

Feng Wuji's heart raced at the sight, though he kept his composure on the outside. He dismissed the threat and calmly insisted that the blades couldn't even break through the Golden Sun Wheel's protection.

“You think they can't break through your defense? Then let's find out,” Han Wu said.

He directed all the Small Locust Blades down at once. Tens of millions of blades crashed into the Golden Sun Wheel, but each one was deflected. The wheel remained intact, but Feng Wuji could feel its durability draining at an alarming rate.

Another two or three waves like that would shatter it. Outwardly, however, he kept his expression neutral and appeared unfazed.

Han Wu wasn't buying any of it. The first wave had failed to destroy the Golden Sun Wheel, which meant the firepower was still insufficient. With that in mind, Han Wu recalled the Small Locust Blades, leaving only one. He then took out the Explosive Locust Blade as well.

Two small blades, identical in shape and only slightly different in color, hovered under his control. They triggered the Divine Weapon Fusion effect. Right before Feng Wuji's eyes, the two Divine Weapons merged into one. A pressure that exceeded a 9-Star God-grade Divine Weapon emanated from the fused weapon and shot straight into the sky.

“Blow him apart!” Han Wu ordered.

The fused Divine Weapon shot toward Feng Wuji at blistering speed. Midway through the air, the Triplicate and Seven Killings effects amplified its power even further.

The first fused blade struck the Golden Sun Wheel. A tremendous explosion rang out, followed by an eruption of endless flame. For the first time, cracks spread across the surface of Feng Wuji's Golden Sun Wheel.

That was only the power of a single fused blade. There were still 146 more behind it, each delivering the same devastating blow to Feng Wuji one after another.

: Chapter 763

Chapter 763 - I’m Unbeatable

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As the fused Divine Weapons detonated one after another, the surrounding area was completely devastated. Within a ten-kilometre radius, every building and plant was wiped out, as though a volcano had erupted. Even the mummies, despite their regeneration, were burnt to ash in the chain of explosions without being able to recover.

High above, Qin Shuang and the others watched in stunned silence. They had always known Han Wu was strong, but the strength he had just displayed surpassed all expectations, perhaps by hundreds or thousands of times. The sheer firepower could kill a Heavenrender life form.

Han Wu was equally surprised. Did it really produce that level of destruction?

It was almost hard to believe. Still, Divine Weapon Fusion sent the fused weapons into the reformation phase. Thankfully, he had only fused a single Small Locust Blade. Even if it was now reforming, it meant little. He had an enormous stockpile of them.

The Explosive Locust Blade was a different matter. Thanks to its rapid reformation effect, it was ready again in just one second. In other words, as long as he wished, he could unleash Divine Weapon Fusion repeatedly.

I'm unbeatable.

Just as the excitement was building up in his heart, a wave of pressure burst from the rolling black smoke. Feng Wuji charged out with the Taiqing Sword in hand. He was in terrible condition. His clothes were shredded, and his body was covered in severe burns, yet he had survived.

Han Wu almost called it a miracle.

Feng Wuji noticed the disbelief on Han Wu's face and chuckled, convinced that victory was now his.

"You can only use an attack that powerful once. Your time is up. Now die," he said and swung the Taiqing Sword, sending a barrage of sword auras straight at Han Wu.

Thanks to the Abyss Armor, none of them did anything. They didn't even feel like a light tap.

Han Wu walked straight through the incoming sword auras and summoned another Small Locust Blade and his Explosive Locust Blade. "I've got some bad news for you. An attack at that level? I can use it as many times as I want."

At that, he activated Divine Weapon Fusion again. The fused blade formed, shot toward Feng Wuji under his control, and split into 147 copies mid-flight.

Feng Wuji turned and ran. His survival in the last explosion had only been possible because he had combined the protection of the Golden Wheels of Sun and Moon. Now that the wheels had been completely destroyed and would require a long time to reform, he had no confidence that he could survive another round.

Unfortunately, he had no chance of outrunning the fused blades. After a chain of explosions, Feng Wuji's aura vanished.

Han Wu summoned Ah Er's soul and had him fan the smoke away. On the ground lay Feng Wuji's Divine Weapons, including the Golden Wheels of Sun and Moon's fragments. The

Taiqing Sword's durability had been reduced to a tenth. The other Divine Weapons had all sustained damage, but none had shattered completely.

"Another big haul." Han Wu gathered them with great satisfaction.

Master Ou spotted the Golden Wheels of Sun and Moon's fragments and immediately felt his hands itch. The wheels were shattered, and only two methods could restore them. One was to wait for them to reform within their original owner's body, which was clearly no longer possible. The other was to have a skilled blacksmith repair them.

Han Wu had originally planned to use the fragments as upgrade material for his Divine Weapons, hoping they would awaken new skills or effects. However, Master Ou approached him and offered to repair them. Han Wu happily agreed and handed over the fragments, along with the Taiqing Sword for Master Ou to use.

The remaining Divine Weapons were divided among Han Wu, Qin Shuang, and Jin Tuantuan. Anything they didn't need was set aside as upgrade material.

After rescuing Jin Tuantuan, Han Wu remembered what he had promised Master Ou. He had agreed to help him take revenge, and he intended to follow through. He summoned Ah Mao again and used the compass. Baili Changhe's direction appeared clearly.

Han Wu and Master Ou rode his Vermilion Bird, while Qin Shuang and Jin Tuantuan rode the Vermilion Bird residing within Qin Shuang's Fulther Blades. They moved quickly and soon arrived at a massive building, where the compass confirmed that Baili Changhe was inside.

Han Wu landed in front of it and noticed the structure closely resembled the Vermilion Bird Palace they had found earlier. Through the faded murals on its walls, he could make out the shape of a fierce tiger. That image reminded him of the tiger-shaped pendant he had obtained.

He took out the pendant and noticed a small indentation on the main gate. He pressed the pendant into it, and it fit perfectly. The indentation began to rotate on its own, and with a series of creaks, the ancient gate opened.

At that moment, the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization spoke.

[Detecting one of the four ancient proving grounds, the White Tiger Palace. Sitting on a meditation cushion indicates willingness to participate in the White Tiger's trial. Choose wisely.]

Han Wu's group rushed inside and found two people in the main hall. One was Baili Changhe, and the other was Hei Qi. The latter sat motionless on a meditation cushion. He appeared to be in the middle of the trial. Baili Changhe stood beside him, his eyes blank and vacant.

The moment Han Wu's group entered, his face twisted into something vicious. He snarled, "You will not interrupt my lord's trial!"

A massive tower shield appeared before him and expanded into a wall of shields, sealing him and Hei Qi behind it.

Han Wu said nothing and summoned the Heavenly Demon Spike. Under his control, it drove straight into the shield wall while using Spiral Pierce. Sparks flew where it struck. No defence could withstand the Heavenly Demon Spike once it started breaking through, and the shield wall quickly crumbled.

Baili Changhe was exposed, but Hei Qi, who had been seated on the cushion, had already vanished.

"Where is Hei Qi? Where did he go?" Han Wu growled.

Baili Changhe laughed like a possessed man. "You will never find my lord before he obtains the legendary Armament Spirit!"

"Then I'll settle for you first. You're one of our targets too," Han Wu said.

Baili Changhe showed no fear. He summoned his tower shield, and a huge eye opened on its surface. It stared at Han Wu and filled him with deep unease.

A soft, insidious whisper worked its way into Han Wu's mind. "Submit to me. Bow before me. I will grant you endless power—"

The voice didn't finish. Two Divine Weapons rose from Han Wu on their own. The Locust Soul Orb manifested as the Calamitous Ghost Tiger and stood guard before him. The Locust Dragon Seal appeared above his head and released a thunderous roar, extinguishing every trace of the mental corruption.

Han Wu's mind snapped back, and he stared at the eye on the shield. "A mere evil god dares to corrupt my mind. Time to die."

The Locust Dragon Seal released another roar, and the sound wave slammed into the tower shield with tremendous force.

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: Chapter 764

Chapter 764 - Two Tigers 'Fight'

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 764 - Two Tigers “Fight”

Warning: This chapter contains depictions of rape between two intelligent tiger spirits.

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.

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The powerful Locust Dragon Roar crashed into the tower shield with a mighty force that pushed Baili Changhe back. Though uninjured, the difference between the two Divine Weapons was clear. The Locust Dragon Seal had not yet reached 9-Star God-grade, but its power was already equal to one.

Han Wu wanted to end this quickly, but Baili Changhe was clearly stalling for time, defending without attacking so Hei Qi could get away. Losing his patience, Han Wu discreetly signaled Qin Shuang behind him.

Qin Shuang immediately summoned her coin and started charging it with lightning energy. When the charge reached the maximum capacity, she flicked it toward Baili Changhe.

The coin slammed into the tower shield with a thunderous crash, its stored lightning releasing all at once. The impact transferred straight through the shield and into Baili Changhe, knocking him unconscious on the spot.

When Baili Changhe fell unconscious, the eye on the tower shield closed and vanished as though it had never been there at all. Hei Qi had slipped away, but at least Baili Changhe had been captured.

At Han Wu’s signal, Master Ou stepped forward. With the Taiqing Sword in his trembling grip, he decapitated the unconscious Baili Changhe. Surprisingly, Baili Changhe didn’t drop any Divine Weapons on death. All he left behind was his tower shield.

“Did he come in empty-handed? How could he have nothing?” Han Wu asked in disbelief.

Baili Changhe was one of the five best blacksmiths of Divine Weapon City. Han Wu had expected up to fifteen to twenty Divine Weapons to drop, not one.

“Maybe his weapons were all taken from him,” Qin Shuang suggested.

Jin Tuantuan nodded in agreement.

It didn't take a genius to figure out the culprit. The fact that Hei Qi had grown strong enough to rob one of the five best blacksmiths of his Divine Weapons was frightening. Still, he was nothing compared to Han Wu.

Not wanting to disturb Master Ou, who was lost in quiet contemplation after completing his revenge, Han Wu sat on one of the meditation cushions and entered the White Tiger's trial.

His consciousness was sent into the trial space; his opponent was a ferocious white tiger that looked as real as any living creature. Han Wu smiled—he had a tiger, too.

Summoning the Locust Soul Orb, he commanded it into its Armament Spirit form, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger.

The Calamitous Ghost Tiger had been through plenty of battles alongside Han Wu, but this time it completely misread his intentions. The white tiger across from it was obviously female. Its coloring, its build, and even its roar were all signs of a first-rate tiger.

Seeing this, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger assumed that Han Wu had arranged a blind date for it. The Calamitous Ghost Tiger, having developed a degree of intelligence over time, bashfully lowered its head as it brooded over how to break the ice. Before it could make the first move, the white tiger pounced.

How forward! thought the Calamitous Ghost Tiger. She wants to get straight to it on the first meeting?

Nevertheless, it wanted to take the lead, so it fought back, going for the white tiger's body with its teeth. Unfortunately, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger had started out as an ordinary Armament Spirit, and the gap in strength between it and the white tiger was considerable. It was quickly pinned to the ground.

The Calamitous Ghost Tiger couldn't stomach the idea of a female tiger dominating it. After all, it was a tiger, king of all beasts. It decisively summoned all the souls under its command—Ah Da, Ah Er, Ah Mao, and the newest addition, Little Liu—to hold down the white tiger's four limbs.

Slipping out from underneath the white tiger, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger repositioned itself, mounting the white tiger from behind. A terrible foreboding settled in the white tiger's stomach.

Han Wu had been watching from the sidelines, hoping to see a proper fight. While he certainly ended up witnessing something, it definitely wasn't a fight.

A minute later, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger climbed down from the white tiger with a satisfied expression. Han Wu was flabbergasted at its endurance. The Calamitous Ghost Tiger looked fierce, but its... performance left something to be desired.

Before Han Wu could say anything, a notification came through, informing him that he had passed the trial and could claim the White Tiger Armament Spirit. Han Wu wasn't quite sure what to make of the situation.

That counted as a fight? Technically, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger never used its claws or teeth, only "attacking" with a certain part, but it seemed that was enough to clear the trial.

Meanwhile, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger was basking in the thrill of tasting a female tiger for the first time. That memory would keep it going for a while.

The real trouble arose when Han Wu was deciding which Divine Weapon could house the White Tiger Armament Spirit. Only the Locust Soul Orb could take it in, but the Calamitous Ghost Tiger already dwelled inside it.

He was reluctant to let them fight it out like the Explosive Locust Blade. After all, the Calamitous Ghost Tiger had been with Han Wu the longest out of all his Armament Spirits, and he didn't want the white tiger to actually kill it.

Still, Han Wu needed to grow stronger; he couldn't afford to turn down a God-grade Armament Spirit.

As he was mulling it over, he examined the waiting White Tiger Armament Spirit more closely and realized it looked exactly like the female tiger from earlier.

If he was right, then having two Armament Spirits share the Locust Soul Orb likely wouldn't be a problem after all. Han Wu took out the Locust Soul Orb and drew the White Tiger Armament Spirit in.

"Calamitous Ghost Tiger, this is the most I can do for you," Han Wu said with a long sigh, withdrawing his consciousness from the trial space.

Han Wu decided to resolutely ignore the faint noises coming from the Locust Soul Orb after coming back out.

With his trial done, Qin Shuang and Jin Tuantuan no longer needed to stand guard. They sat on their own meditation cushions, entered the trial space, and started their own trials. Han Wu stood watch, keeping his guard up in case anyone came to disturb them.

1. Chapter summary: Han Wu and Qin Shuang defeat Baili Changhe, but Hei Qi escapes. Master Ou decapitates the captured Baili Changhe and completes his quest for vengeance. Han Wu starts the White Tiger's trial and succeeds thanks to the Calamitous Ghost Tiger, who "defeats" the opposing white tiger via rape. He then merges the White Tiger Armament Spirit with the Locust Soul Orb. ☜

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: Chapter 765

Chapter 765 - The Kings Tomb

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 765 - The King's Tomb

Summary of previous chapter: Han Wu and Qin Shuang defeat Baili Changhe, but Hei Qi escapes. Master Ou decapitates the captured Baili Changhe and completes his quest for vengeance. Han Wu starts the White Tiger's trial and succeeds thanks to the Calamitous Ghost Tiger, who "defeats" the opposing white tiger via rape. He then merges the White Tiger Armament Spirit with the Locust Soul Orb.

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Qin Shuang and Jin Tuantuan completed their trials and received their own White Tiger Armament Spirits. Each Armament Spirit transformed based on the Divine Weapon it inhabited.

Having merged hers into her Sparrow Claw, Qin Shuang’s Armament Spirit became a Winged White Tiger, capable of flight and with powerful lightning running through its claws. It was a powerful Armament Spirit that excelled in actual combat.

Jin Tuantuan’s was similarly strong. She merged the White Tiger Armament Spirit into her Life and Death Seal, which elevated it into the Life and Death Tiger Seal. The power behind it was incomparable to before.

Han Wu gingerly summoned the Locust Soul Orb to check on it. Two tigers leaped out, coiled around each other for a moment, and then merged into one tiger with black and white stripes. They had become the Netherworld White Tiger.

Its fearsome soul pressure made it clear that it was far stronger than the old Calamitous Ghost Tiger. Han Wu was quite satisfied. With the Netherworld White Tiger Armament Spirit, the protection of his soul had grown stronger.

The group left the White Tiger Palace and continued exploring, with Qin Shuang slowly mapping out the areas they passed through. By working out the relative positions of the White Tiger Palace and the Vermillion Bird Palace, she calculated the possible positions of the remaining two palaces.

Han Wu trusted her judgment. Following her directions, they soon found the Black Tortoise Palace. The trial there was harder than both the White Tiger Palace and the Vermillion Bird Palace. It couldn't be cleared without sufficient destructive power.

Even Han Wu had to fuse Locust-V and the Heavenly Demon Spike through Divine Weapon Fusion, creating an enormous armor-piercing bullet that could obliterate the Black Tortoise Envoy.

After claiming the Black Tortoise Armament Spirit, he merged it with his Abyss Armor, increasing its defensive strength several times over. Combined with Invulnerable, Han Wu was confident that virtually no 9-Star God-grade Divine Weapon could break through his defence, barring those with special effects.

With that, the group once again relied on Qin Shuang's calculations to make their way to the Azure Dragon Palace. Without a token to open the gate, they simply punched a large hole through the wall with their Divine Weapons and barged straight in. They had mastered the art of accessing these trials.

As though punishing them for forcing their way in, the Azure Dragon Palace trial was stupidly difficult. In the end, only Han Wu managed to clear it, barely defeating the Azure Dragon Envoy by fusing the Explosive Locust Blade and a Small Locust Blade through Divine Weapon Fusion.

Upon merging the Azure Dragon Armament Spirit into the Locust Dragon Seal, the latter's Dragon Fear became purer, and its power increased dramatically.

While the group worked their way through the Four Symbols Armament Spirit trials, Master Ou spent his time searching for historical records about this secret realm. After piecing together fragments of information from various sources, he assembled a complete history of the king.

The people of this realm had peaceful and contented lives under the king's rule. That was, until the discovery of Royal Gold. Recognizing the metal as harmful, the king issued an order to prohibit anyone from mining it. However, certain parties spread a rumour that the king was secretly hoarding it for himself. Some civilians then started illegally mining it, spreading the metal's contamination and causing a plague.

By the time the king found out, it was already too late. He gathered his advisors to study the plague and learned that Ashsilver could effectively slow its spread. They started mining Ashsilver en masse.

Unfortunately, the methods for processing Ashsilver were rudimentary. Byproducts from the refining process spread, and the contamination caused people to turn into mummies.

The situation swiftly spiraled out of control from there. In the end, the king was forced to resort to the most desperate measure available. He sent the uninfected out of the realm and then used his own life to seal the entire secret realm shut.

Those infected or contaminated would never be able to leave, cutting off any further spread of the plague. The trapped civilians were left in an undying state: bodies immortal, and their souls doomed to linger.

Their lingering souls generated enormous amounts of grief, rage, and resentment every day. The king's soul worked to purify these negative emotions, gathering them into one mass and releasing them once every ten years.

The descendants who had been sent out had forgotten the king's sacrifice after many generations and came to regard that release as the birth of a legendary Armament Spirit. The Divine Weapon Civilization then started holding the contest for it every decade, drawing resources from other civilizations and gradually growing stronger.

Reading through the full account, Master Ou felt as though he had glimpsed the birth and rise of the Divine Weapon Civilization.

This discovery that their origins traced back to a plague caused by a single metal left Master Ou feeling somewhat disappointed. He had expected something grander.

Setting history aside, Master Ou had also found a clue in the records regarding the legendary Armament Spirit: the king's tomb.

The king's soul was likely there. Since the legendary Armament Spirit was the product of the king purifying the accumulated negative energy, finding the king's soul meant getting to the legendary Armament Spirit ahead of everyone else.

With that in mind, Han Wu's group prepared to follow the records and search for the king's tomb. Before moving out, Han Wu checked for Sun Qingnian one more time. This time, the compass responded, and Sun Qingnian was successfully located.

The group reunited, then moved straight toward the location of the tomb as written in the records. They flew for two days until they reached a vast open plain. According to the map, this was the exact centre point of the four palaces. The Azure Dragon Palace lay to the left, the White Tiger Palace to the right, the Vermillion Bird Palace ahead, and the Black Tortoise Palace behind.

This could be considered the most sacred area in this secret realm. The records confirmed that the king's tomb was supposed to be here, so Han Wu's group descended onto the barren plain. There were no buildings, vegetation, or even a mummy in sight. Just bare earth and no clues to be found.

Han Wu called Qin Shuang over to help find the center point according to the records. Once found, he took his position, summoned the Giant Locust Blade, and used Heaven-Earth Severance on the ground.

The earth split open with a massive crack, revealing an underground structure. It was likely the king's tomb.

They flew in on their Vermillion Bird Armament Spirits and immediately felt a pressure affecting their souls. It didn't cause any physical injury, but kept them in a constant state of spiritual fatigue.

That fatigue induced minor debuffs such as sluggish movement, slowed reactions, and the like. While still a minor effect, it could be deadly at the wrong moment.

Seeing as the Armament Spirits were unaffected, Han Wu decided to release all of them as a precaution.

When Locust-V appeared, it glanced around at their surroundings and said, "I think I've been here before."

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

Chapter 766 - The King in the Coffin

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 766 - The King in the Coffin

"You've been here?" Han Wu asked.

Locust-V nodded. "I recognized this place. Something ahead is calling me."

It then ran off, and Han Wu told everyone to follow. The other Armament Spirits moved on his command, but Locust-V was too fast. No matter how quickly they walked, they failed to catch up. They watched as Locust-V passed straight through a door.

Han Wu led the others through after it. Beyond the door stood a warrior that appeared to be pure soul, clad in blazing crimson armor. Flames covered him as he blocked their path. Locust-V walked past him without drawing any attention.

"This is the king's resting place. You have no business being here!" As the warrior spoke, Locust-V reached the other side, pushed open another door, and disappeared through it.

“Follow its path. It must have some connection to the king,” Master Ou said. He raised the Taiqing Sword and stepped in front of the warrior. “I’ll distract it. The rest of you should go ahead.”

Han Wu considered this for a second before nodding. “I’ll leave markings along the way. Deal with it and follow us.”

Master Ou swung the sword and sent hundreds of sword auras clashing against the flames that the warrior released. Sparks filled the air.

“Go. Don’t worry about me.” He attacked and pushed the warrior back several steps with the sword’s power.

The group didn’t waste time and moved on. They passed through the door Locust-V had taken and entered another room dense with the energy of living things. Locust-V ran ahead at high speed.

As the group moved closer, another warrior emerged. This one wore azure armor engraved with dragon motifs. “I am the Azure Dragon Vanguard. I will defend the king’s resting place to my death!”

At that, dense vegetation erupted from the ground, forming an endless wall of trees that closed in from all directions.

Han Wu commanded more than 100 Small Locust Blades and sent out an equal number of blade auras to cut them down. Unexpectedly, the trees kept regrowing just as quickly, and slowly boxed them in.

Sun Qingnian activated his strongest move and transformed into his Nine-Tailed Fox form. His nine tails swept through the air, each one wielding a powerful Divine Weapon, and he carved open a path.

“I’ll hold him here. Keep going,” Sun Qingnian said as he stepped forward to face the Azure Dragon Vanguard, fighting with his nimble tails and sharp claws.

Han Wu trusted his strength and continued ahead with Qin Shuang and Jin Tuantuan close behind. In the next room, the environment shifted again. An endless storm raged, and a warrior in white armor appeared.

“You shall not disturb the king’s sleep!” the White Tiger Vanguard roared.

Wind Energy gathered in both claws before it lashed out twice. The strikes surged forward, breaking the sound barrier.

This time, Jin Tuantuan stepped forward to face the powerful White Tiger Vanguard. “I’ll wait here for my husband to catch up. Keep going.”

The Wandering Flying Ring flew from her hand and split into tens of thousands of tiny rings that crashed into the White Tiger Vanguard. The rings linked together and formed a net, momentarily trapping it.

Seeing that Han Wu and Qin Shuang hadn't moved, Jin Tuantuan urged, "Go! I can hold it here. Any longer and you'll lose Locust-V!"

Han Wu made his decision and moved on, with Qin Shuang following close behind.

Another door led to a different room. This time, Water Energy filled the air. A warrior in black armor, wielding two black war hammers, stood like a statue before an ornate door.

Locust-V had already opened the door and disappeared into the depths beyond. Han Wu's brows tightened. Something was deeply wrong. Locust-V was his Divine Weapon's Armament Spirit. How could it be acting beyond his control? Yet no matter what command he issued, it continued forward without looking back, as if possessed.

Qin Shuang looked at the Black Tortoise Vanguard across from them and told Han Wu, "Go on ahead. I'll hold this one."

Her voice was calm and certain. She trusted her strength, as well as the two powerful Armament Spirits that she had obtained: the Thunder Vermilion Bird and the Winged White Tiger. The Black Tortoise Vanguard couldn't defeat her.

Han Wu nodded, told her to be careful, and headed for the next door. The Black Tortoise Vanguard swung his hammers to block the way, but Qin Shuang's three Deceiver's Cords caught him. He broke free quickly, but it was already too late. Han Wu had passed through.

"You have intruded upon the king's tomb. Prepare to die!" the Black Tortoise Vanguard growled at Qin Shuang. Water surged, and thunder cracked through the space.

Han Wu entered the next room. This time, Locust-V had stopped moving. It stood with its head upward. Before it lay a crystal coffin. Inside rested a slender, pale, middle-aged man. Despite his gaunt appearance, he exuded absolute authority. He lay perfectly still, yet Han Wu felt a pressure that reached deep into his soul.

"What exactly are you doing?" Han Wu asked Locust-V.

Locust-V turned, as if he had finally heard him. For some reason, its eyes were filled with tears. It pointed at the man in the coffin and said, "He's calling to me."

Han Wu frowned. The man in the coffin was almost certainly this secret realm's king. Even though he had been dead for countless years, his corpse still radiated a commanding presence that unsettled Han Wu.

Such a presence indicated the king's soul strength had reached at least World rank, possibly even beyond, and was already approaching the Microcosm rank.

That would not matter if Han Wu's true body were here. However, he was only a clone forged from ten Divine Essence, and he had no intention of carelessly provoking the king in the coffin.

"Whatever. Come back first," Han Wu commanded Locust-V.

Locust-V obediently stepped toward him. In the next instant, the crystal coffin moved, and the corpse sat upright. Then a transparent soul thread shot from the king's mouth, coiling around Locust-V and pulling it toward the coffin.

"Damn it!" Han Wu cursed.

Even though Locust-V didn't obey every command or show him full respect, it was still his Armament Spirit. He wouldn't allow the corpse to take it from him.

Han Wu summoned all his Armament Spirits at once. The Locust Soul Orb emerged and transformed into the Netherworld White Tiger, the Explosive Locust Blade appeared as the Vermilion Bird, the Abyss Armor formed the Black Tortoise, and the Locust Dragon Seal became the Azure Dragon.

All four sent threads of their own and grabbed Locust-V to pull it back. At the same time, Han Wu summoned numerous Small Locust Blades and attacked the crystal coffin.

Tens of millions of blades crashed into it relentlessly. Cracks spread across the surface until the coffin shattered entirely. The corpse inside fell to the ground and turned into ash.

Locust-V was pulled back to Han Wu's side, and he let out a breath of relief. However, its next words made every hair on his body stand on end.

"Why did you drag me away?"

Han Wu looked again. The figure before him was no longer Locust-V, but the king who should have been lying in the coffin.

: Chapter 767

Chapter 767 - The Dark King

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From that distance, the king's pressure enveloped Han Wu completely and squeezed the breath from him. The Four Symbols Armament Spirits retreated to his side, joined forces, and resisted the pressure, giving him just enough room to breathe.

The king looked at the Armament Spirits in confusion. He remembered them being his own guardians. Why were they standing with a stranger?

Before he could ask, a column of pure black light erupted behind him. It shot straight up through the tomb's ceiling, bore through layers of earth, and pierced the sky. A wave of evil Soul Energy burst out along with it.

The king reacted immediately, summoning his strength to force the black column down. However, it was too powerful. No matter how hard he pushed, he couldn't suppress it.

Outside the tomb, countless mummies were drawn to the black light and gathered around it. The first wave flung themselves directly into it. Even their regeneration could only last a second inside the black column before both body and soul were destroyed. The column appeared to feed on them, growing stronger and wider until it shook off the king's suppression entirely.

The king collapsed helplessly, resignation settling over his pale face. "It can't be suppressed anymore. The negative energy built up over tens of thousands of years is far too great. I can't purify it in time."

Han Wu heard him and asked, "What do you mean? Explain clearly. And where did my Locust-V go?"

The king looked at Han Wu again and shook his head. "I don't know what you're looking for, but I can tell you that the negative energy is about to destroy this space. Everything inside, living or dead, will be destroyed and consumed as fuel."

"Then go purify it! Purify all of it!" Han Wu urged.

The king shook his head. "I can't. There's too much. It's completely beyond my control now."

Han Wu frowned.

If the king can't manage it, then I, a mere clone without my true body present, have no chance at all. Is this really how it ends? Han Wu thought, but he refused to accept it. He had made it all the way to the king's tomb, only to fail to obtain the legendary Armament Spirit. He couldn't accept that outcome.

If he could borrow his true body's strength, he could suppress the negative energy. However, he didn't have that ability. Only Qin Shuang did, and even she could draw only on her own body's strength. It had nothing to do with his.

As Han Wu considered his options, a figure stepped out of the black column, nearly identical to the king in every way. The only difference was the color.

The king at Han Wu's side was a soft white, like warm, mutton-fat jade. Although he was clearly malnourished, with a thin, pale frame, he still carried a presence that inspired instinctive trust.

The figure emerging from the black column was black as ink. His face was indescribable, and he exuded a cold, dreadful chill.

The king stood up and positioned himself between Han Wu and the Dark King. His thin frame couldn't fully shield Han Wu, but he stood firm, like a mountain that would not fall.

"Die, die, die, die, die..." The Dark King uttered a string of curses. Each voice was different. Children, women, the elderly, and even a dog's bark sounded at once.

As the curses poured out, the king's soul started to tremble. It wasn't from fear, but from the strain of holding them back.

At the critical moment, Han Wu ordered the Four Symbols Armament Spirits forward to help the king. They unleashed their power, easing the pain etched across the king's face.

The king turned his head slowly and smiled weakly. "The seal is gone. The curse hasn't spread yet. Run while you can."

Han Wu hesitated. With his current strength, he could escape the secret realm with his companions without difficulty. Once outside, whatever befell the Divine Weapon Civilization would no longer concern him. Whether it survived or was destroyed would have nothing to do with him.

Even so, he couldn't bring himself to run. He couldn't leave behind the ten Divine Weapons he had nurtured or the Armament Spirits he had won through such difficult battles. Nor could he accept failing to obtain the legendary Armament Spirit he had come all this way for. If he fled now, all of it would be lost.

Han Wu made his decision. "I'm not leaving. The worst-case scenario is the death of my clone. If I die here, I only lose a clone. It means nothing."

The king didn't fully understand what Han Wu meant, but he heard his resolve. In a moment of crisis, very few would stand their ground and stay true to themselves.

The king regarded Han Wu in a new light and said, “I know what this negative energy fears most. Go and collect every shard of the crystal coffin for me.” He paused. “I can also smell Royal Gold on you. Give me what you have.”

Han Wu complied. With both the crystal shards and the Royal Gold in hand, the king changed. A bright light rose across his face, as though his very soul had been elevated.

“Back to your hole!” the king roared at the Dark King, his voice filled with authority.

The Dark King flinched and began retreating toward the black column. He was halfway inside when he stopped.

Why am I afraid of him? No matter how loud he shouts, the king is nothing more than an exhausted soul that has spent the last of his power. There is nothing to fear. At worst, we can trade injury for death, take him out, and be done with it.

If that happened, the Dark King would be free to openly absorb the resentment released by every mummy in this space. Given enough time, he could break free from this prison, the secret realm, and live an invincible life in the world beyond.

With that thought, the Dark King stepped back out of the black column and looked down at the weakened king. “You think you can order me around? Let’s see how long those old bones of yours hold out.”

The king could only turn to Han Wu, hoping he had some idea.

Han Wu thought for a moment, then recalled the Locust Dragon Seal and the Locust Soul Orb to use Divine Weapon Fusion. With a mighty force, two of the Four Symbols Armament Spirits recombined into a new form, becoming a seal with a gemstone.

Han Wu gripped the seal, pointed it straight at the Dark King, and shouted, one word at a time, “Back... Back... Back...”

His voice, amplified by the seal, carried the full weight of Dragon Fear and enveloped the Dark King with overwhelming authority.

The Dark King was not weak. He had spent 10,000 years building toward this moment inside the seal, and today he had finally broken free. Han Wu wouldn’t drive him away.

The Dark King pressed forward, enduring the fused Divine Weapon’s damage, step by step, until he stood directly in front of Han Wu.

“You are strong, I won’t deny that. But this time, I have to win.” The Dark King opened his mouth wide, every tooth sharpening to a spike, and lunged at Han Wu.

Chapter 768 - Escaping the Secret Realm

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The Dark King’s sharp teeth clamped down on Han Wu, but an extremely tough carapace blocked him. It was the Abyss Armor! After merging with the Black Tortoise Armament Spirit, its defensive capabilities had improved significantly. With Invulnerable, almost none of the 9-Star God-grade Divine Weapons could inflict damage on it, much less the Dark King’s teeth.

The Dark King refused to believe it and bit down harder, only to crack one of his teeth. The pain made him realize that Han Wu was a tough opponent. He was furious, but there was nothing he could do to Han Wu. As such, he redirected the infinite amount of resentment and vented it onto the king.

Han Wu gripped the fused Divine Weapon and stood between the king and the Dark King. The fused weapon’s sound waves dealt significant damage to the Dark King.

“Get lost!” the Dark King roared.

He had already decided to leave Han Wu alone, but now the latter was trying to stop him without restraint. The Dark King’s rage boiled over.

Han Wu held onto the weapon. Every word he spoke carried a powerful sonic blast. “In your dreams!”

The force of his words pushed the Dark King back. The king looked at Han Wu with some semblance of hope. Perhaps Han Wu was the key to suppressing the resentment that had accumulated over so many years.

In reality, Han Wu would have succeeded if he had three days or more, but the beam of dark light had exposed their location. Droves of outsiders, natives, and mummies were running toward them.

Energy born from bloodshed, greed, and the other negative sources flowed into the Dark King with each passing second.

At that moment, a figure burst from the beam of dark light, shouting, “I will destroy all of you. I will become the only king in this secret realm. No... in this world!”

Han Wu recognized him at once. It was Hei Qi! The evil god had already possessed him. He wore ancient-looking bone armor and held his black blade. Nine eyes on the armor and another nine on the blade opened wide, each radiating unceasing hatred.

The Dark King turned toward Hei Qi with delight and surprise. He was the perfect vessel! The evil radiating from within him would provide enough negative energy for him to function.

Hei Qi noticed the Dark King, and all eighteen eyes widened with delight. The Dark King was the perfect vessel for him too! The Dark King was radiating so much negative energy that he wouldn't have to worry about sustaining his own anymore.

The two locked gazes and ran toward each other, fusing into one.

Han Wu faced a dilemma. He didn't have time to gauge Hei Qi's current strength, and now the Dark King had fused with him. How could he fight?

It was time to run! He grabbed the king and tried to flee, but the king was adamant on staying behind to stop the Dark King. Han Wu was at a loss for words. If the king could stop the Dark King, the latter would never have been born in the first place.

Staying behind was suicide. Worse still, the Four Symbols Armament Spirits under his command also declared that they wanted to stay.

Han Wu was furious. He couldn't control the king, but he could control the Armament Spirits. As he was about to seal all of his Divine Weapons temporarily, something unexpected happened. At his command, even the king was absorbed into his Divine Weapon Atlas, occupying Locust-V's slot.

Han Wu was confused. *Locust-V's Armament Spirit has been the king all along? Why didn't I, the owner, know about this?*

As the Dark King and Hei Qi completed their fusion, Han Wu didn't have the time to dwell on it. He ran for the exit, calling his companions to follow. Using the king's presence, he fooled the Four Symbol Vanguards to join them by commanding them to merge with his companions' Divine Weapons.

They continued their escape until they reached the surface. Countless mummies had already occupied the area, and both natives and outsiders alike crowded toward the beam of black light.

Many noticed Han Wu and his group running out and assumed that he had obtained a secret treasure. They tried to stop him and claim a share. Members of the Everlight team also tried to ask what was happening.

Han Wu, however, used his Small Locust Blades to keep them at bay and shouted, “Everyone from the Divine Civilization, listen to me and leave the secret realm immediately!”

With his fused Divine Weapon’s help, his voice carried to everyone from the Divine Civilization. They were scattered in numerous small teams, but some from Imperial College and Demonic Imperial College trusted him and fled.

Naturally, others hesitated. They had barely obtained anything, and returning now would be shameful. Some even assumed that Han Wu was lying to them. The black beam of light clearly signaled the birth of a secret treasure.

Han Wu had already obtained it and fled, and now he wanted them to leave empty-handed as well? Not a chance!

In the end, only a portion followed Han Wu away from the beam of black light. They found a safe location, and Han Wu released the king to ask about the secret realm’s exit.

Though confused, the king kindly pointed it out and expressed his intention to return and suppress the Dark King.

Han Wu listened to his request earnestly, then sealed the king once more back into his Divine Weapon Atlas.

What a joke. There’s no way I’d let the king return. It’s suicidal! The king was willing to sacrifice himself to save the secret realm, but Han Wu wouldn’t let his Locust-V get destroyed like that!

Following the king’s directions, they located the exit. They left without hesitation and reappeared on Divine Weapon City’s plaza. Within the city, millions still waited for their turn to be transferred and fought fiercely.

Han Wu’s sudden appearance stunned them. The contest hadn’t ended yet, so why had Everlight City’s team leader returned?

“A powerful entity composed of pure negative energy has been unsealed in the secret realm. It can destroy the secret realm itself and even the entire Divine Weapon Civilization! Everyone, escape now!”

Empowered by his fused Divine Weapon, his voice reached everyone, including the city lords. Aside from Jin Buhuan, however, the other city lords didn’t trust him. The Divine Weapon Civilization was weaker than the Divine Civilization, but they weren’t helpless. How could a single entity of negative energy threaten their entire civilization? It sounded absurd!

Han Wu relayed the information to the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization. It examined his memories and verified the truth of his claim. However, it didn't believe that the Dark King possessed enough energy to destroy its civilization. It acknowledged Han Wu's warning but didn't take any drastic action. Instead, it sent five slivers of itself to the five city lords and instructed them to be prepared for anything.

The city lords received the energy, and their own Divine Weapons broke past the 9-Star God-grade limit. They now had the illusion that they were unstoppable.

Even so, this wasn't enough in Han Wu's eyes. Unfortunately, the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization refused to listen further.

Han Wu sighed and requested to be sent back to their civilization first. Recognizing his merit in delivering the warning, the Will allowed them to retain their Divine Weapon Atlases. It then sent Han Wu and those willing to follow him back to the Divine Civilization.

Chapter 769 - The Demonic Imperial College's Accusations

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 769 - The Demonic Imperial College's Accusations

Han Wu opened his eyes. He had returned to the Divine Civilization, along with nearly 100 students from Imperial College and Demonic Imperial College. Although they retained their Divine Weapon Atlases, they had forfeited their scores for the major class because they returned before the contest for the legendary Armament Spirit had concluded.

The lecturers from both colleges were furious. Neither college had been performing well to begin with, and students dropping out mid-competition only worsened matters. It was an embarrassment that would reach the College Alliance's ears.

Xu Hai spotted Han Wu among those who had returned and immediately asked for an explanation. Han Wu laid out the situation and made it clear that everyone who returned had done so at his call.

Xu Hai's expression turned grave. He agreed with Han Wu's decision. When faced with something one couldn't beat and no reason to fight, retreat was a perfectly sound choice. The real problem lay in explaining to the colleges why so many students had followed Han Wu out. The College Alliance would likely demand a full written report before they would be satisfied.

While Xu Hai was still considering this, the Demonic Imperial College representative rushed over. “Who is Han Wu? What right do you have to call Demonic Imperial College students back with you?”

The accusation made both Han Wu and Xu Hai frown. Han Wu had suggested returning, but each student had chosen whether to follow. The representative’s wording placed all responsibility on Han Wu.

Neither Han Wu nor Xu Hai would accept that.

“Know your place. Han Wu is an Imperial College student. Who are you to reprimand him?” Xu Hai demanded coldly.

His God King authority bore down on the representative, and he could barely stand straight. Only then did he realize how badly he had misjudged the situation. In his anger, he had forgotten that the person accompanying Imperial College was the Wisdom God King Xu Hai, Han Wu's teacher.

The realization sent a cold sweat down his back. Of all the times to lose his temper, he had chosen the worst possible moment. Offending a God King was not something one could easily walk away from.

He quickly adjusted his tone. “Wisdom God King, please forgive my rudeness.”

Xu Hai had no desire to damage relations between the two colleges and withdrew his pressure.

The representative straightened and took a steady breath. He looked at Han Wu, standing behind Xu Hai, and let out a long sigh.

“Forty-four students returned. That is eleven percent of our total. Many of them are among our best. Losing their scores in this major class is actually the lesser concern. What matters more is how the College Alliance will evaluate us going forward, and what this means for our standing as a top-tier college.” He paused. “Wisdom God King, I believe that you understand this better than anyone.”

Xu Hai understood all too well. Even more students from Imperial College had returned. He was still considering how to explain it to his own college.

“The situation in the Divine Weapon Civilization was more complicated than you realize. Leaving early wasn’t the wrong call,” Han Wu said, making his position clear.

A trace of contempt crossed the representative's face. “Young Han Wu, you are gifted beyond your years, but your approach to things is rather extreme at times. If you don't work on that, it will have serious consequences for your future.”

Han Wu understood the implication. The man was calling him all brawn and no brains. As a student, he had no intention of arguing with a lecturer, nor any interest in continuing the exchange. He glanced at the representative, then turned to Xu Hai. “Sir, I have matters to attend to. I'll head back to my divine realm first.”

Xu Hai didn’t want Han Wu drawn into the politics between colleges. He nodded and sent him off to handle his affairs.

After Han Wu was transported away, the representative spoke quietly to Xu Hai. “Wisdom God King, if I may, don't you think you're too lenient with this student? Your leniency will only encourage his arrogance. I would suggest—”

He stopped mid-sentence as Xu Hai glared at him. “How I teach my students is none of your concern. Our most pressing issue is how to report this to the College Alliance.”

“Of course, of course. You are absolutely right. The college's position is...”

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Back in his own divine realm, Han Wu stood within his territory. He opened his Divine Weapon Atlas and released his ten Divine Weapons. They aligned in sequence. The Explosive Locust Blade, Locust Soul Orb, Abyss Armor, Locust Dragon Seal, and Locust-V manifested their Armament Spirit forms.

Locust-V took on the king's visage. The moment he appeared, he tried to break free of Han Wu's divine realm and return to save the secret realm and suppress the Dark King.

Han Wu refused and used his World strength to pin him down. The king, visibly surprised by Han Wu's strength, calmed down.

“Forget about the secret realm. Unless something unexpected happens, the unexpected has already happened. [1]

“You can't return there now. Answer my questions instead. I never understood why you became one of my Armament Spirits. And where did that little brat go?” Han Wu asked.

Locust-V answered honestly, “While you had me sealed away, I pieced together my memories. I can answer your questions now.

“The Armament Spirit you knew before was also me, but only a part of me. Specifically, the part of my brain that I left behind in Carefree Valley. The long years of purification had contaminated my mind and started to corrupt me.

“To avoid disrupting the purification process and to clear my mind, I had a powerful blacksmith, one who knew the secret realm’s history, place my brain in Carefree Valley.

The magnetic fields of the special life forms there could cleanse the corruption. By pure accident, it ended up becoming your Armament Spirit.”

Han Wu listened and nodded slowly as the pieces fell into place. The king had simply left his brain in Carefree Valley, and Han Wu had stumbled upon it. Now that the king had reclaimed it, he had assumed the brain’s job and become Locust-V’s Armament Spirit.

The logic held. Once Han Wu worked it through, he was genuinely astonished at himself. He had somehow gained the king as a free Armament Spirit for his Divine Weapon.

He looked at the king excitedly. “Between you and the legendary Armament Spirit, who is stronger?”

The king thought for a moment, then answered, “What you call the legendary Armament Spirit is nothing more than the positive energy I condensed over ten years of purification. Its consciousness is at the level of a confused child. Compared to me, who has lived for tens of thousands of years, it is nothing.”

Han Wu clapped his hands with glee. Even after escaping from the Divine Weapon Civilization, he had still managed to obtain a monumental treasure. Aside from losing his major class scores, he had no regrets.

1. Pun. Unexpected and accident share the same term 意外 ↩

: Chapter 770

Chapter 770 - No Fault, But Merit!

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Not long after Han Wu led the Imperial and Demonic Imperial College’s students out of the contest, the College Alliance detected a surge of student deaths and forced ejections from the Divine Weapon Civilization.

Survival rates across the board continued to fall. Some colleges had already dropped to zero. Even Warfare College, which had the highest survival rate, dropped rapidly from 69% to 35%, with the numbers still declining.

The College Alliance’s chairman, Luo Yun, issued orders at once. “What’s going on? Have every college representative question the students who have come out. Get me answers quickly.”

The representatives questioned the ejected students and reported back. After compiling the information, Luo Yun reached a conclusion. A powerful evil entity had appeared within the Divine Weapon Civilization and was slaughtering everything in sight.

It had already torn through the secret realm that housed the legendary Armament Spirit and would soon break out into the Divine Weapon Civilization to continue its rampage. The students who had survived so far were simply those who hadn't been transported into the secret realm yet.

Luo Yun issued an emergency order. “Have those students withdraw their clones from the Divine Weapon Civilization.”

The death of a clone had little effect on the true body. However, the clones sent into the Divine Weapon Civilization had developed over time, and most had cultivated their Divine Weapon Atlases to a meaningful degree. If they withdrew voluntarily, each student could at least bring back a number of powerful Divine Weapons, which were compatible with their core races and far more valuable than the 10 Divine Essence of their clones.

After Luo Yun gave the order, however, none of the college representatives moved. They tried, but each college had already used its single chance to broadcast to its students. There was no way to relay the College Alliance's decision to those still inside the Divine Weapon Civilization.

Luo Yun slammed the table in anger. “Damn it!”

This was the most catastrophic performance by the Divine Civilization in 1,000 years of competing for the legendary Armament Spirit. The survival rates were abysmal, and the responsibility would fall on him.

Elsewhere, the Demonic Imperial College’s representative and Xu Hai, who had been on their way to submit a report to the College Alliance, both stopped when the latest news reached them. Every student in the secret realm had been wiped out, which meant that the evil entity that had broken free was formidable.

The students still in the Divine Weapon Civilization, unaware of the situation, were almost certainly doomed. In other words, almost every student in this contest would lose their scores.

By contrast, those who had withdrawn voluntarily at least retained something. The hundred or so students Han Wu had brought back, in particular, still possessed their Divine Weapon Atlases, untouched by the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization. Those students were the clear winners.

“Wisdom God King, your wisdom is unmatched. Please accept my deepest bow. I am completely in your debt!” The Demonic Imperial College’s representative dropped to his knees before Xu Hai.

He had feared reprimand for the low survival rate among his students. Now, with every college's survival rate crashing to zero, although his college was no exception, it still had forty-four students who returned with their Divine Weapon Atlases. As such, Demonic Imperial College ranked near the top among all colleges. It couldn't compare to Imperial College, but it surpassed every other institution by a wide margin. The representative had not only avoided fault, but he had also emerged victorious!

Xu Hai didn't accept the gesture and said plainly, “It's not me you should be thanking. It's the student you chased off.”

The representative flushed with embarrassment. He had initially held a low opinion of Han Wu, but his gratitude was now completely genuine.

He spoke up at once. “Wisdom God King, please rest assured. I will do everything in my power to secure the highest possible reward for Han Wu from our college.”

Xu Hai nodded with a faint smile. Nothing pleased him more than watching his students grow.

Before long, the contest’s survival rate dropped again. Just as Xu Hai had anticipated, the vast majority of colleges fell to zero during this second wave. The stronger ones, like Warfare College, Demonic Imperial College, and Imperial College, declined more slowly, but they still fell.

In the end, even Warfare College and Demonic Imperial College could not avoid dropping to zero. Imperial College, however, maintained a strange, stubborn figure of 0.25%, placing it far above every other college.

Xu Hai stared at the 0.25% survival rate and recalled what Han Wu had told him. He knew who it was. It was undoubtedly Hei Qi, the son of the War Family and the root cause of the entire disaster.

Xu Hai could have said that Hei Qi's selfishness had dragged every college down with him, but he couldn't reveal that now. He needed to keep Hei Qi’s survival hidden to avoid a backlash from the other college representatives.

At the same time, Xu Hai genuinely hoped Hei Qi could hold on. That 0.25% placed Imperial College above every other college that had reached zero, which was precisely what they needed.

Before Luo Yun could even address the situation, a commanding voice sounded in the minds of everyone present. It was the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization, requesting

aid from the Divine Civilization. It was willing to allow those from the Divine Civilization to enter with their true bodies, and grant them authority to summon their core races so that the civilization could be rescued.

Han Wu was still speaking with the Origin of Mutation when he heard the message. He made his decision on the spot to return. He would go back with his divine realm, his army, and his Divine Weapons. He intended to show the Will exactly what he was capable of, and to see whether it would dare to ignore his warnings again.

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: Chapter 771

Chapter 771 - The Gods Descend!

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 771 - The Gods Descend!

Inside the Divine Weapon Civilization, Divine Weapon City lay in ruins. The negative energy had corrupted the countless civilians and warriors who had once lived there, turning them into creatures driven only by slaughter. Even with the five city lords using their Divine Weapons to seal off the entire city and contain the spread, casualties kept rising.

Jin Buhuan, the city lord of Everlight City, felt like cursing. If he had listened to Han Wu from the start and prepared even a little more, the situation wouldn’t have deteriorated so badly.

Unfortunately, there was no medicine for regret. All he could do now was hold his position and keep the negative energy pouring from the secret realm contained within Divine Weapon City.

The assault was relentless. Waves of negative energy surged from the secret realm and crashed against the barriers they had constructed without stopping.

The fusion of the Dark King and Hei Qi had formed an incomprehensibly large entity that covered the entire plaza. Hundreds of octopus-like tentacles writhed from its frame, each tipped with a black blade. Every sweep sent out powerful blade auras that slashed the barrier and made the entire seal quiver.

The creature kept absorbing the negative emotions of the billions of living beings in Divine Weapon City, growing larger and more powerful. Words like fierce, brutal, or savage couldn't fully describe its strength.

The five city lords had lost all trace of their earlier confidence. They could only wait and pray that the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization would bring help before everything collapsed.

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In the Divine Civilization, the College Alliance was locked in a heated dispute over who would be allowed to support the Divine Weapon Civilization.

Everyone knew it was a golden opportunity. Entering with their true bodies while suppressing the chaos would yield enormous gains. With profit within reach, each faction scrambled to secure a share, but no one could persuade the others to yield.

The Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization had no patience for delay. It imposed a strict limit of ten individuals from the Divine Civilization who could enter with their true bodies. Any more, and the Will feared losing control of the situation. Seeking help like this was akin to letting wolves into a flock of sheep. It also designated Han Wu to select the ten individuals.

Why did it nominate Han Wu? Because before requesting to leave the Divine Weapon Civilization, Han Wu had warned the Will about the danger within the secret realm. It had ignored him and was now paying the price. As a result, Han Wu was the one it trusted most.

In an instant, every college representative, including Luo Yun, looked at Han Wu. Promises of resources flooded the room and almost overwhelmed him. A simple nod from him would secure enough resources to elevate someone to a Major God.

Yet Han Wu had no shortage of resources. The Spirit Stones of the Giant Shadow Civilization were still being mined, generating constant income. The scale alone could make even a God King's mouth water.

Meanwhile, as the Blood Coliseum's inheritor, his daily income rivaled anything these colleges could put together. Beyond that, his divine realm contained multiple enterprises and a vast number of races. His rate of wealth accumulation was not slower than that of some of the weaker God Kings.

Han Wu smiled politely at the offers and gave them no further thought. He announced his selections without hesitation: himself, Wisdom God King Xu Hai, Qin Shuang, Sun Qingnian, and Xiang Meng's trio. Seven spots were filled in an instant.

The college representatives panicked. If Han Wu continued unchecked, the entire share of benefits from the Divine Weapon Civilization would fall to Imperial College.

Xu Hai quickly reminded Han Wu to distribute the remaining nominations. After all, allowing their college to dominate entirely would only create enemies.

Han Wu took his advice and announced that of the three remaining spots, one would go to Demonic Imperial College's Xu Mengmeng, one to the College Alliance's chairman, and the final spot would be decided by lottery among the remaining college representatives. That was the extent of his concession.

Even one spot was better than none. The colleges drew lots, and the final spot fell to Warfare College. Their representative immediately assigned it to their top student, Gan Xiangyu.

With the ten names finalized, the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization opened the gate. The chosen ten would descend upon Divine Weapon City in their true bodies.

Inside Divine Weapon City, the five city lords were enduring immense pressure as their Divine Weapons formed the core of the powerful sealing array that held back the relentless assault.

Then a sun appeared in the sky, and powerful figures stepped out of it one by one.

The Gods had descended. Divine Authorities rolled out like a wave, and every living being within Divine Weapon City felt an irresistible urge to kneel.

“Wisdom God King, please, after you,” Luo Yun said politely to Xu Hai.

Without Xu Hai's nudge to Han Wu, he would never have secured a spot in the first place.

“Chairman Luo, you're too kind. Why don't we stay back and let the younger ones go first?” Xu Hai replied.

Luo Yun was not yet a God King, but his current position and resources made it only a matter of time. The only reason he hadn't broken through yet was that he was seeking a more powerful Divine Jurisdiction.

Luo Yun scanned the eight students before them. Apart from Han Wu, who was a Major God, the rest were Gods. With only the authority of Gods, how much can they realistically secure from the rewards? Then again, letting them go first will showcase my generosity as chairman of the College Alliance.

Luo Yun smiled. “As you wish, Wisdom God King.”

With both of them in agreement, Han Wu and the others moved. They descended upon Divine Weapon City like comets, opened their divine realm gates, and unleashed their core race to deal with the chaos consuming the city.

Although Han Wu was a Major God, the one present here was not his full self but only an avatar with a portion of his power. His true body was still mining in the Giant Shadow Civilization. However, that limitation didn't affect his races' capabilities.

While the others opened their divine realms to release their races, Han Wu, as a World life form, simply summoned his Microcosms: his original Microcosm, Dark Microcosm, Mechanical Microcosm, Dead Microcosm, and Soul Microcosm. One after another, they surrounded him. Endless waves of units poured out and surged toward the corrupted creatures rampaging through the city.

Han Wu stood still. The seal from Karl of Pluto manifested on his skin, absorbed the Death Energy drifting through Divine Weapon City, and formed new Dead Microcosms in rapid succession.

Han Wu directed his Soul Microcosm to rise above the city. Within it, the underworld, still only half-built, opened for operation. A suction force targeted wandering souls that had fallen in battle and added them to Han Wu's reserves of talented individuals. He didn't let the corpses go to waste either. He used his Divine Skills to convert them into skeletons, then refined them further through Merge.

Before long, several thousand King Osteomancers rose within Divine Weapon City. They led numerous Common skeletons, forming a skeletal tide that only grew larger the longer the battle dragged on.

The five city lords watched in stunned silence. The pressure on the seal had eased noticeably in less than three hours after the Gods' arrival.

"Those from the Divine Civilization are terrifying," Jin Buhuan murmured.

He glanced toward a corner not far away. His son-in-law had summoned a wave of Foxmen and was battling the corrupted creatures. Compared to the skeletal tide and the locust swarm, Sun Qingnian's efforts looked like a trivial skirmish.

Jin Buhuan finally understood. It wasn't the Gods from the Divine Civilization who were terrifying. It was Han Wu.

"If only I had made Han Wu my son-in-law instead." Jin Buhuan let out a long sigh. "What a waste."

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: Chapter 772

Chapter 772 - Nameless Entity

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 772 - Nameless Entity

High above, the College Alliance’s chairman stared down at Han Wu and realized that he had made a serious misjudgment. He had heard of Han Wu's strength and knew he was already a World life form before even becoming a God King. He had assumed that the World rank reflected only combat power. He was clearly very wrong. The sheer scale of Han Wu's units pouring into the city proved otherwise. At least half of the God Kings out there probably couldn't match him in that regard. At that rate, Han Wu would take everything.

Luo Yun turned to Xu Hai. “Wisdom God King, I think we should get moving as well. The sooner this is resolved, the sooner the people of the Divine Weapon Civilization can return to peace.”

Xu Hai understood exactly what Luo Yun was thinking, and he was equally shocked. He still remembered their first meeting, when Han Wu couldn't even hold his ground against 1 million units of his Epistian army. Now the situation had completely reversed. Xu Hai doubted that even deploying every unit within his divine realm would be enough to match Han Wu. Yet he felt no envy. Instead, satisfaction and pride filled him.

Xu Hai nodded. “Chairman Luo, let's begin.”

Luo Yun selected a section of the city still in chaos and opened a gate. His core race, the Centaurs, thundered out. Tens of thousands of Centaur warriors cut down the corrupted creatures and collected the Divine Weapons they dropped.

Xu Hai descended as well. As a God King, he possessed Microcosms. Rather than deploying his Epistians directly, he commanded those within his Microcosm to channel their energy through the countless magic towers constructed inside it. In an instant, millions of beams of magical light erupted and swept across entire sections of the city with precision, annihilating corrupted creatures. The Divine Weapons were drawn into his Microcosm as well.

With both of them fighting at full strength, the corrupted creatures fell in massive numbers, and the negative energy’s spread slowed. Still, the true challenge was the

nameless entity at the centre of Divine Weapon City. The fused Dark King and Hei Qi had grown 1,000 tentacles, each tipped with a black blade.

Every swing released blade auras capable of killing an Earthsunder life form outright. Even a Heavenrender life form would suffer severe injury from a direct hit.

Against such a foe, Qin Shuang and the others could do little. At best, they could combine their strongest units to sever one tentacle within a short time, which was already a respectable achievement.

The real burden fell on Han Wu, Xu Hai, and Luo Yun.

To deal with the tentacles, Luo Yun donned his full set of God Equipment, summoned 3,000 Heavenrender Centaur Ancestor Spirits, and merged with them. With their combined power, Luo Yun transformed into a 10,000-meter Centaur, fully equipped with God Equipment. His overall strength reached that of a World life form, and each strike severed a tentacle.

Xu Hai chose a different approach. The Great Enlightenment Ring appeared behind him. A single skill, enhanced over 100 times, could destroy one tentacle per attack. In addition, Xu Hai had nurtured a World Epistian Archmage, whose Elemental Ring amplified its elemental attacks to devastating levels. The Archmage could sever a tentacle on its own, but it needed more time.

Luo Yun and Xu Hai’s raw power rendered the five city lords speechless. Then they noticed what Han Wu was doing and realized that they had judged too soon.

Han Wu's true body was not his complete self, yet he still retained his World strength. Using Demon King Transformation, he held his Giant Locust Blade enlarged by Thousandfold and alternated between Steelcutter and Heaven-Earth Severance. He fought with clear enjoyment, each swing severing several tentacles at once.

Several World life forms stood behind him. Steely wielded 100 Obsidrum greatswords and was actually stronger than Han Wu in his incomplete state. Dark Locust moved through the shadows, ambushing and severing several tentacles at once.

The Great Dragons, led by Alpheus, Erebard, Smog, Bakir, and Leng Ning—a new Heavenrender Great Ice Dragon prodigy—commanded over 1,000 Great Lightning Dragons into battle. Together, they blasted back ten tentacles at once.

Sword God Akanzor and Bow God Bart were both World life forms, and each fought against one tentacle without difficulty. Flame Demon King Karot and War Angel Amelia weren’t World life forms yet, but with support from the other units, they held their ground against a tentacle each.

The Origin of Mutation did not join the battle. Instead, it led a group of its subordinates in guarding the deployed Microcosms to prevent any ambushes. The Umbral Mouse was a World life form as well, but combat wasn't its specialty. It moved along the edges of the battlefield and retrieved the severed tentacles back. Their flesh held little material value, but they would poison the soil if left where they fell.

Naturally, the Glutton Locusts treated them as food. Meanwhile, the black blades at each tentacle's tip were genuine 9-Star God-grade Divine Weapons. If sold in the Divine Civilization, each would fetch at least several hundred Divine Essence.

With his units clearing the path, Han Wu pushed through the countless tentacles and reached the nameless entity. The massive black mass constantly exhaled black smoke, a byproduct of concentrated negative and evil energy that eroded the mind and contaminated the spirit. Han Wu's will was strong, so the black smoke didn't affect him at all.

The nameless entity sensed Han Wu's approach and pulsed like a heartbeat, contracting and expanding in agitation.

Han Wu ignored it. He raised the Giant Locust Blade and brought it down with Heaven-Earth Severance against the rotting, flesh-like creature. The strike carved a gash more than 1,000 meters deep, cleaving through the creature. The energy of heaven and the earth dissolved the sliced section and exposed what lay within.

Han Wu looked inside and saw Hei Qi, curled like a fetus within a pale black membrane. Countless blood vessels connected to his frame, pumping pure negative energy into him.

As if sensing Han Wu's gaze, Hei Qi opened his eyes. Nine distinct pupils of different shapes were arranged within them in perfect order. The unnatural gaze sent a chill down Han Wu's spine despite his strength.

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Chapter 773 - A Sudden Divine War

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 773 - A Sudden Divine War

The desire to kill someone wasn't easily concealed. Han Wu saw it in Hei Qi's eyes. Faced with the threat, Han Wu didn't hesitate and struck first. His Divine Ring appeared behind him, Death Energy rose, and he channeled his killing intent outward. The power he radiated reached even to the distant Wisdom God King and College Alliance's chairman.

A student had reached a level of strength neither of them had attained. The realization was genuinely alarming. At that moment, Luo Yun made up his mind. He would find a way to build a good relationship with Han Wu. It was likely that Han Wu would become the next God King of Death.

With the Death Ring, Han Wu grasped the essence of death. He raised one finger, aimed it at Hei Qi within the nameless blob of flesh, and said, “Die.”

A single word instantly exhausted half the Death Energy from the ring behind him and the Dead Microcosm.

Hei Qi took the fatal blow, and black blood poured from his mouth.

This was Proclamation of Death, the technique Han Wu had mastered. His words became law, focused entirely on killing. It struck more directly than any blade or axe and killed Hei Qi.

Hei Qi’s aura was extinguished, and not a trace of life remained. With the source of its power gone, the nameless entity withered, then collapsed and dissolved into formless energy that slowly dispersed across the Divine Weapon Civilization.

The disaster that had threatened the entire civilization was over. Yet Han Wu felt uneasy for some reason. He couldn’t identify the cause.

He scanned the withered tentacles, the rotting blackened flesh, and Hei Qi’s corpse on the battlefield. Nothing appeared out of place, yet his instincts told him that the corpse needed to be destroyed.

Hei Qi was an enemy that deserved to be reduced to nothing. If necessary, even the ashes had to be fed to his locusts, digested to dust, expelled, and then thrown into molten rock to be burned to cinders. Only then would he have peace of mind.

Just as he was about to act, a figure rushed in and stood between Han Wu and the corpse. It was Gan Xiangyu. He had watched Hei Qi die, and the pain on his face was still visible.

In everyone else’s eyes, the Hei Qi here had been nothing more than a clone formed from 10 Divine Essence. However, Gan Xiangyu knew the truth. Hei Qi had used the Evil God Contract to transfer his soul into this clone. What Han Wu had destroyed was not a clone but the real Hei Qi. Han Wu had killed him and now wanted to destroy the corpse as well.

Gan Xiangyu wouldn’t allow it. “Hei Qi brought everything upon himself, but he is dead now. Let the grudges end here. Please leave him an intact corpse.”

Han Wu frowned. He remembered Gan Xiangyu, a man who, when forced to choose between loyalty and righteousness, had chosen death. Han Wu respected him, but that didn’t change his decision.

“Move,” Han Wu said coldly.

Han Wu’s World pressure descended, and it took everything Gan Xiangyu had to keep his head up. Even so, he continued to shield the corpse. “Even a man of great strength has no right to desecrate a corpse. Show the dead some respect and leave him his last shred of dignity.”

Han Wu smiled coldly. Gan Xiangyu was lecturing him about a dead man’s dignity while he himself was using skeletons in battle? That was a joke. The dead did not deserve dignity; it belonged to the strong.

“I’ll say it once more. Move.” Han Wu’s pressure surged like a hurricane. Since Gan Xiangyu refused to step aside, Han Wu blasted him away with pure force. Hei Qi’s corpse had to be destroyed today, no matter the cost.

At that moment, a war hammer fell from the sky, followed by a figure radiating power. It was the Butcher!

No one knew how he had done it, but the Butcher had torn through the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization’s defenses and forced his way in uninvited. He was as arrogant as ever, even while he was facing a World life form like Han Wu.

“Not only have you killed him, but you also want to desecrate his corpse? You don’t seem to have much respect for me,” the Butcher growled.

A wall of killing intent followed his words. Han Wu felt as if a mountain of corpses and a sea of blood had materialized before his eyes, with countless soldiers locked in combat across a battlefield.

Han Wu had fought in more battles than most, but compared to the Butcher, his experience was still lacking.

Even so, with his World strength, Han Wu was willing to test it. He switched his Divine Ring to the Great Dragon Ring and activated the True Black Dragon King Transformation. The terrifying Dragon Fear, amplified by the Great Dragon Ring, carried an invisible pressure capable of splitting the heavens and forcing all beings to their knees.

However, his opponent was a battle god who had survived a billion wars. The Butcher stared him down. “A mere World life form dares to act arrogant in front of me?”

His divine realm opened, and Heavenrender Wargods stepped out, assembling into formation. Their combined bloodlust rose like a tidal wave and pushed back against Han Wu’s Dragon Fear. Behind them, more units carried battle instruments forged from the bones of World life forms, their pressure adding to the Butcher’s overwhelming formation. Before a billion-strong army, even gods and demons had to yield. Han Wu’s incomplete true body was forced back half a step.

Xu Hai stepped forward, blocked the Butcher's pressure with his Wisdom Jurisdiction, and demanded, "Butcher. You came here without cause. Are you trying to start a divine war?"

The Butcher's reply was pure arrogance. "I kill anyone who gets in my way. Even Gods."

Xu Hai was furious. The Butcher had provoked and suppressed him long before Xu Hai was even a God King. Now that he had reached that level, Xu Hai would stand his ground, for his own sake and for Han Wu's.

The Wisdom Jurisdiction roared to life as the Great Enlightenment Ring appeared behind Xu Hai. The Microcosm opened wide, and countless Epistians in magnificent robes stepped out from the divine realm, each wielding an elemental staff.

It was time for war! They would fight for the Wisdom God King!

Under the Epistian armies' control, an elemental storm condensed into billions of meteors that slammed into the Butcher's formation.

The formation did not break as they retaliated with the battle instruments forged from the World bones.

The Butcher, a Major God, showed no fear as he stood against God King Xu Hai. Once a battle started, the whole world shook. The entire Divine Weapon Civilization was about to become their battlefield.

The Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization had enough. It had called upon the Divine Civilization's Gods to help, and now these two were using its territory as their personal battleground. Both sides had weapons capable of mass destruction. If they continued, the Divine Weapon Civilization's natives would be caught in a war they had done nothing to deserve.

Enraged, the Will expended a massive amount of energy to eject both Xu Hai and the Butcher from its domain. Others who failed to react in time, including Luo Yun and Qin Shuang, were ejected as well. Only Han Wu remained. He had resolved the crisis that threatened the entire civilization. The Will had to reward him.

Under Han Wu's puzzled gaze, the Will split off a portion of itself and sent it into his original Microcosm. Then, without waiting for his reaction, it sent him back to the Divine Civilization as well.

Han Wu returned to the Divine Civilization and entered his Microcosm to examine what had been left behind. One look was enough for him to realize that the Will had been exceedingly generous.

Chapter 774 - Building the Wisdom Faction

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A sliver of the Will of the Divine Weapon Civilization floated before Han Wu, waiting for him to decide whether to merge it into his Microcosm or not. Han Wu sensed that it granted his units the ability to transform into Divine Weapons.

This wasn't a skill, but a powerful fundamental ability to shift from a living being into a non-living object. If a fireball were to strike a Common locust, it would be a death sentence! However, with the ability to transform into a Divine Weapon, the locust could become a Small Locust Blade and withstand the hit. The odds of surviving would not only increase, but the locust itself would also become more lethal while in blade form.

Han Wu didn't hesitate to merge the Will into his Microcosm, allowing his core race to be touched by it and gain the ability to transform into Divine Weapons.

Thinking of Xu Hai, who had been ejected before him, Han Wu left his Microcosm and called his mentor. The latter picked it up quickly. Xu Hai appeared unusually serious even through the screen.

It seemed that in the brief window between their ejections from the Divine Weapon Civilization, the Butcher had announced that he would be ascending to God King within the next few days. Moreover, upon ascending, he intended to challenge Wisdom God King Xu Hai to a divine war.

The War Family rallied behind him and declared their support. A significant number of members from the War Faction also pledged themselves to the Butcher's side, ready to serve.

Puzzled, Han Wu asked, "The War God King hasn't died yet. How can the Butcher ascend? Is he planning to declare war on the War God King, too?"

"What the Butcher wants is not the War Jurisdiction," Xu Hai explained. "He's been preparing for this long before the contest for the legendary Armament Spirit. He even went so far as to allow his nephew, Hei Qi, to sign a contract with the Nine-Eyed Evil God, a notorious foreign deity, so the Butcher could eventually absorb the god's power.

"He forced his way into the Divine Weapon Civilization to retrieve Hei Qi's body. Hei Qi was not just a vessel for the Nine-Eyed Evil God. He also merged with the legendary Armament Spirit. Together, they'll be the key material for the Butcher's ascension.

"His ascension is all but certain with the Nine-Eyed Evil God's power behind him. The only uncertainty left is which Divine Jurisdiction he'll ultimately obtain."

Han Wu's heart pounded. That explained his gut instinct to destroy Hei Qi's body. The body was important, and he had failed to destroy it.

This situation was clearly against Xu Hai. The Butcher had always been arrogant. Even as a Major God, he had constantly challenged and pushed Xu Hai around. If he ascended as a God King with the support of the entire War Family behind him, the ensuing divine war would almost certainly be a fight to the death.

Xu Hai was tied to the Imperial College and had not yet established a faction. Going into war without one would put him at a severe disadvantage.

Already aware of this, Xu Hai continued, “Han Wu, I’ll be announcing the formation of a faction to bring in talented individuals. The trouble is, with my resources, maintaining a faction's expenses will be difficult. So your mentor has to swallow his pride and—”

Han Wu raised a hand to stop him before he could finish. “Sir, you don't need to say it. You taught me. A mentor is like a father for life. Your problems are my problems. My assets are yours to use for building the faction. That's no problem at all.”

Xu Hai was deeply moved. In the Divine Civilization, even relationships elevated to the divine level were still built on personal interests at their core. Plenty of Gods had broken off over money and resources. For Han Wu to offer his own assets at this critical juncture was a gesture that truly touched him. From the bottom of his heart, he felt that having Han Wu as a student was his blessing.

“Sir, don't worry too much about money. What we're short on is people. Those who join for resources will ultimately be fickle cannon fodder who are no match for the veterans of the War Family,” Han Wu said seriously.

Xu Hai already had something in mind. “On the issue of members, your teacher has some confidence. I've made friends over the years, and I have students. If I make an appeal, I believe they’ll come and help.”

“Sir, the situation is different now,” Han Wu said, unable to shake his concern. “News of the Butcher's ascension and his grudge against you is probably spreading through the Divine Civilization as we speak. How many people will still be willing to join your faction? The Gods of the War Family have carved their way out of countless battles. They’re far more powerful than the average God, and their reputation intimidates many. I'm worried some may be too afraid of the War Family to join you.”

Xu Hai knew there was truth to Han Wu’s words. Friendship was one thing, lives and everything accumulated over a lifetime were on the line in a divine war. One wrong move could mean losing units in the best case or dying in the worst. Only those with absolute trust would join a divine war.

“At this point, all I can do is call as many as I can. I’ll remember and reward those who help me, but I won’t hold it against those who choose to watch from the sidelines. That's just how people are,“ Xu Hai said with a shake of his head. “I'll be holding lectures at the Imperial College, the Demonic Imperial College, and some of the other colleges in the coming period. I hope I can bring some students into the faction that way.”

Holding lectures and recruiting students suited Xu Hai's personality, but it was a slow approach. Han Wu mulled it over. For Xu Hai's faction to develop quickly, he needed another way.

The fastest and best option was to bring in strong factionless freelancers, or Gods who were in multiple factions. After running through his options, he decided that the White Mane God King, his former teammate in the battle against the Divine River Civilization, was the best candidate for this.

If the Commerce God King publicly backed Xu Hai and put his own stake in the war, the Wisdom Faction would undoubtedly receive a boost in numbers.

With that in mind, Han Wu prepared to visit the Commerce God King in person to discuss the matter. He was reasonably confident that he could persuade him.

: Chapter 775

Chapter 775 - The Wealth Faction

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 775 - The Wealth Faction

Han Wu prepared a black blade as a gift before making his way to the address the Commerce God King had left for him in the past, planning to call on the man in person.

As a support-oriented God King, the Commerce God King did technically have a faction, though he preferred to call it a merchant group. It dealt in trade and stayed clear of anything war-related.

Even when it did get involved in conflicts, it was only to supply resources and profit from the strife. Getting into an actual brawl was something the Commerce God King himself couldn’t do, and neither could anyone in his merchant group.

When Han Wu found him, Commerce was fussing with his distinctive white mane, looking worn and clearly burdened by something. Despite this, he still smiled and welcomed Han Wu warmly.

Han Wu skipped the pleasantries and got straight to the point, informing the Commerce God King about the Butcher situation. After careful consideration, the Commerce God King apologetically informed him that he couldn't help.

"I heard the history between Xu Hai and the Butcher years ago. I didn't expect it to come to this. Frankly, Xu Hai's odds of winning a divine war against the Butcher don't even exceed 10%," the Commerce God King said plainly.

Han Wu refused to believe it. "My mentor can't be that weak."

"What I'm telling you isn't groundless." Commerce sighed. "Xu Hai has spent years in closed cultivation working on himself, but he hasn't made many friends, which means even if he builds a faction, he won't be able to pull in many strong allies.

"On top of that, his method of recruiting is through lectures and spreading knowledge, meaning his recruits will mostly be students. A regular student is nowhere near as extraordinary as you.

"The Butcher, on the other hand, has the War Family. The War Family has fought together for years. They're the most reliable allies anyone could have. Once the Butcher becomes a God King, more than half of the Gods from the War Faction will join his side. His connections alone already beat Xu Hai's.

"Then there's faction development. Invasion has always been the most profitable method of doing this. The Butcher is a master of it. The moment he puts out a call, Gods will be fighting over each other to join his faction. So in every regard, this is a lost cause for Xu Hai."

After a beat of silence, Han Wu asked, "What if I tied myself to my mentor's faction?"

Commerce straightened in his seat. "With you in Xu Hai's faction, his odds could rise another 15%. But that's still only 25% total. The odds of losing are still overwhelming."

"What if you joined as well?" Han Wu pressed.

The Commerce God King let out a laugh. "Even if I joined despite knowing I could lose everything, the odds would only climb to 30%. I know my own strength. I'm no match for even you in a real fight."

Frustration welled up within Han Wu. He had expected that bringing in the Commerce God King would solve the problem, but evidently, he had both overestimated Commerce and underestimated the War Family.

“Is there really no way to kill the Butcher?” Han Wu sighed.

“There are quite a few of them, but they’re all nearly impossible to pull off.”

“For example?” Han Wu straightened up. He was willing to try anything to help Xu Hai win.

“In the Divine Civilization, God Kings sit at the top of the pyramid. The War Faction is powerful, but they’re only ranked sixth. If you want to suppress the War Faction, all you need is the full backing of any of the top five factions,” explained Commerce.

“Which factions are in the top five?” Han Wu didn't know the exact rankings, but he knew the Death Faction and Dark Faction had to be there.

“The fifth is the Dark Faction, and the fourth is the Light Faction, though their positions often swap. They're also in a constant divine war with each other, so getting their full attention or commitment is completely out of the question.

“The third is the Life Faction, while the second is the Death Faction. These two are very stable, and they haven't been in any divine wars recently. But they're always watching each other. If the Death Faction commits most of its strength to helping you, the Life Faction will absolutely seize the opening and launch a divine war against them.”

Hearing this, Han Wu's plans collapsed. The Death Faction and Dark Faction were undeniably powerful, but their opposing factions also kept them in check. Pulling too many of their forces away would risk their own standings. He couldn’t count on them.

“Which faction ranks first?” Han Wu asked with genuine curiosity. What faction could sit above even the Death Faction?

“They’re called the Wealth Faction[1]. If you can get their backing, Xu Hai’s position will shoot straight up. But you have no connection to them whatsoever. Why would they invest in you, especially if the investment was this large?”

Han Wu sighed, feeling as though this trip out had been fruitless.

“That said, I've heard the Wealth God King likes gambling,” the Commerce God King suddenly added. “If you can win against him in a wager, he might help you out.”

This could be Han Wu’s chance. “Tell me more about the Wealth God King, and I'll decide later.”

“The Wealth God King's story is one of the most legendary stories in the history of the Divine Civilization,” Commerce said reverently. “His name is Zhao Zihong, and he was born into an ordinary Demigod family as the illegitimate son of a Demigod and a Divine Being.

“Back then, Divine Civilization life forms couldn’t enter their divine realms to cultivate their core race until after they became a Demigod. It was he and his dedicated team who, through extensive experimentation, successfully developed the landing pod.

“From that point on, Divine Beings could enter their divine realms through the device. The Divine Civilization took a great leap forward because of it and shot up to the top of the known civilizations. The Divine Civilization wouldn’t be what it is today without him.”

The Commerce God King described the Wealth God King with an admiring look on his face. Zhao Zihong was nothing short of a literal God to him.

“Do you know him personally?” Han Wu asked bluntly.

The Commerce God King coughed twice. “I do. I was fortunate enough to be invited to a gathering he hosted once. I just don't know if he’ll remember me.”

“Think you could introduce me?” Han Wu asked, setting the black blade on the table.

Seeing that it was a 9-Star God-grade Divine Weapon, Commerce immediately pocketed the blade.

“I can introduce you, but I can’t guarantee that he’ll agree to talk to you. Just to be clear, I'm keeping the blade regardless of the outcome.”

1. Of course, it's the bloody quintrillionnaires ☜

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: Chapter 776

Chapter 776 - The Mirage Bar

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 776 - The Mirage Bar

Commerce brought Han Wu aboard a ship and set off for the most renowned establishment in the Divine Civilization, the Mirage Bar, where many powerful figures in the Divine Civilization went to drink.

Unfortunately, this meant that the prices were also outrageously high. Two World life forms even manned the entrance as bouncers, checking the identity and assets of every person who wished to enter, and keeping out anyone who couldn't afford to be there.

Commerce and Han Wu arrived at the door.

“Before we enter, your total assets are worth at least ten thousand Divine Essence at this point, right?” Commerce asked as they approached.

Han Wu pulled up his account, glanced at the seven-figure balance, and nodded.

Commerce let out a long sigh, both envious and impressed. Back when he was in school, earning a thousand Divine Essence would have made him delirious with joy, never mind ten thousand.

“Then we're set,” Commerce said, putting aside his reminiscing as he brought Han Wu to the door.

The two World life forms stepped in front of them. “Esteemed guests, please allow us to verify your identities before you enter.”

“Go ahead,” Commerce said confidently. “I'm a God King with the Commerce Jurisdiction. I've been here plenty of times.”

Han Wu followed his lead and stepped up to the scanner. As it swept over his face, a few lines of information appeared on the display.

Han Wu. Outstanding student of Imperial College. Top candidate for third-year valedictorian. Owner of the Blood Coliseum. Owner of various enterprises in foreign civilizations. Assets exceeding one million Divine Essence.

After reading the display, the bouncers immediately adopted a respectful stance toward Han Wu.

“Mr. Han Wu, welcome to the Mirage Bar. Your presence is an honour,” one of the bouncers said, moving to open the door.

“Thank you.” Han Wu was about to go in when he realized Commerce had been blocked at the door.

The scanner display in front of Commerce read that his assets were in the negatives, making him ineligible for entry.

“I have a shipment being held in a foreign civilization. The moment I get that shipment back, I can turn it around for a million Divine Essence profit!” the Commerce God King explained.

The two bouncers were unconvinced. “In that case, please come back once you have retrieved the shipment, Mr. Li Xiulian.”

“I'm warning you, don't call me by my full name, or don't blame me for what happens next,” Commerce growled.

The name Li Xiulian had always seemed too embarrassing to use with his business partners. Regrettably, his Divine Jurisdiction was bound to his name, so changing it would be an enormous headache. Still, he avoided it wherever he could.

The two World life forms did not respond, simply blocking his entry like brick walls. Commerce's white mane stood on end.

“What will it take for me to bring him in with me?” Han Wu asked.

The two bouncers glanced at each other before replying, “Mr. Li Xiulian has three previous visits to the Mirage Bar on record, which confirms he once qualified for entry. If Mr. Han Wu is willing to vouch for him, we can allow Mr. Li Xiulian through.”

“I said don't say my full name!” Commerce scowled.

Unfortunately, with his strength, he was only roughly equivalent to a World life form while not using his Divine Talent. There was no way he could win against the two World life form bouncers.

“I'll vouch for him,” Han Wu said quickly, hoping to end the exchange before Commerce snapped.

The bouncers nodded with a smile and turned to Commerce. “Mr. Xiulian, welcome to the Mirage Bar.”

Commerce looked as though he was about to pop a vein. It wasn't his surname, Li, that bothered him, but the graceful name after it. He couldn’t help but suspect the two bouncers were mocking him.

After that ordeal, the two of them made it inside. A server immediately appeared with two glasses of rich, fragrant wine. Han Wu accepted the glass, but the server did not leave. Instead, he stood respectfully to one side and watched them.

Han Wu studied the server for a moment. The server was at least an Earthsunder life form. Working as a server here with that kind of power seemed like a waste.

Commerce whispered, “Tip him. At least two hundred Divine Essence.“

Han Wu's jaw almost dropped. Two hundred Divine Essence as a tip? That was daylight robbery. Did they think he was rich?

“It's the house minimum,” Commerce explained.

Han Wu frowned. They hadn't even done anything yet, and he already had to fork out two hundred Divine Essence for two mere glasses of wine. The Mirage Bar was a den of thieves!

Nevertheless, they were already here, and they had a goal in mind. Rules had to be followed. Han Wu reluctantly paid the two hundred Divine Essence, and the server happily wandered off.

“If those two hundred Divine Essence turn out to be a waste, I’m afraid it's going to affect your height,” Han Wu hissed quietly to Commerce.

Commerce was baffled. “What does that have to do with my height?”

“Because I'll break your legs,” Han Wu said, only half joking.

“You're threatening me now? Keep in mind I'm here doing you a favour.” Commerce huffed, bravado unconvincing due to the wine glass trembling in his hand.

The bar was lively and packed. There were dozens of World life forms in the crowd alone. Han Wu was taken aback. He had not known the Divine Civilization had this many World life forms?

“Eye-opening, isn't it? Don't think being the biggest fish in the Imperial College means you’re all that. The Divine Civilization is bigger than you think,” Commerce muttered.

He then directed Han Wu to a corner where a middle-aged man in casual streetwear was moving to music with carefree abandon. Some of the passing patrons greeted him warmly, and he returned every greeting with equal enthusiasm.

Commerce brought Han Wu over. “Boss Wang, long time no see. I've missed you.”

The man turned and looked at Han Wu.

“Boss Wang, let me introduce you,” Commerce hastily said. “This is Han Wu, a well-known prodigy at the Imperial College. If everything goes as planned, he’ll be the best student the Imperial College has produced in the last hundred years.”

Then, turning to Han Wu, Commerce added, “This is the owner of the Mirage Bar, the Banquet God King, Wang Fugui. He prefers to be called Boss Wang.”

“Boss Wang,” Han Wu greeted.

Wang Fugui eyed Han Wu. “Owner of the Blood Coliseum. Welcome to the Mirage Bar.”

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: Chapter 777

Chapter 777 - The Wager

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After a brief exchange of pleasantries, Commerce got straight to the point and raised the matter of meeting the Wealth God King, Zhao Zihong.

The Banquet God King shot him a long look. “Boss Li, if you're looking for the master to help you recover that shipment, I'd advise you not to. The master doesn't involve himself in small matters like that.”

Han Wu listened carefully. Wang Fugui was himself a God King, yet he referred to the Wealth God King as master without the slightest hesitation or pride. That made Han Wu even more curious about Zhao Zihong.

“Boss Wang, you misunderstand. I can sort out that shipment on my own. I came today on behalf of young Han Wu. I'm sure you've already heard the big news going around the Divine Civilization recently. The Butcher announced his ascension to a God King and plans to declare war on the Wisdom God King. Young Han Wu here is the Wisdom God King's student.”

The Banquet God King was already aware of this news. The Butcher had a deep passion for invasion. For him to go through such lengths for his coming ascension meant the Divine Jurisdiction he was about to obtain was bound to be a powerful one.

Moreover, he had shown up with practically the entire War Family celebrating him. It was entirely possible that a force comparable to the War faction itself could emerge with his ascension.

The Banquet God King also knew a little of the Wisdom God King, Xu Hai. The potential of the Wisdom Jurisdiction was no weaker than the Wealth Jurisdiction. The trouble was that Xu Hai had ascended too recently to have come anywhere close to tapping its potential. It would be a genuine shame for him to die in a divine war.

“I understand the situation. I can pass word to the master, but whether he agrees to see you is not something I can decide,” Wang Fugui said after a moment of thought.

Commerce nodded eagerly with thanks. With his circumstances, he technically had no standing to be speaking with the Banquet God King at all. The fact that the Banquet God King was willing to give him an audience was already generous, let alone help him.

The Banquet God King found a quiet corner and relayed the request. It didn't take long for him to receive a response.

"Young Han Wu, you're in luck. The master has agreed to see you," said Wang Fugui.

Commerce's eyes lit up. "Boss Wang, might I also have the honour of meeting the Wealth God King?"

Banquet God King simply smiled and said nothing. The implicit meaning was clear.

Though disappointed, Commerce accepted it. Given how far he had fallen, he really was in no state to be meeting the Wealth God King. The gap between them was simply too great. A hair from the Wealth God King could probably crush Commerce.

Commerce watched enviously as Han Wu followed the Banquet God King into an elevator. The elevator passed by what felt like countless corridors before arriving at a magnificent estate. Blue sky, white clouds, the picture of natural beauty, and every person passing through the estate radiated the strength of a World life form.

Even Han Wu, with all his confidence and might, could quietly sense that he was nothing more than a plebeian here. The Banquet God King led the way, with Han Wu following closely behind. Along the way, he saw things that left him speechless.

There was a machine more sophisticated than the Machine God, cleaning a swimming pool; a dozen or so stunning goddesses with exceptional figures dancing, each radiating the aura of a God King; a nine-headed golden dragon with the presence of at least one at the Mesocosm—a level capable of killing him with a sneeze—pulling a carriage[1].

Sight after astonishing sight revealed just how small the Imperial College was compared to the true sight of the Divine Civilization. A God King, it seemed, was only where the Divine Civilization truly began.

The Banquet God King said nothing, setting aside his casual mannerisms and moving like a butler as he guided Han Wu to a great hall.

Inside were over a hundred people, each radiating the strength of a World life form. As one, they turned their eyes on Han Wu as he entered. Nerves fluttered in Han Wu's stomach.

"Master, I've brought Han Wu," announced the Banquet God King.

The Wealth God King's voice drifted over from where he was lounging on an ornate throne at the front of the hall. "Thank you for your trouble, Fugui."

The tone seemed off. The Wealth God King spoke to the Banquet God King as if addressing a loyal dog, yet the latter showed no complaint. Contrary to Han Wu's expectations, his expression actually turned ecstatic, as though being addressed by name was the highest compliment he could receive.

"Serving the master is the honour of Fugui's life!" the Banquet God King said exuberantly.

"You may leave," the Wealth God King candidly dismissed.

The Banquet God King stepped back and left quickly. Han Wu stood in place, unsure of what to do. The eyes of every person in the hall remained fixed on him as though looking at a fresh commodity.

"Han Wu. Tell me your purpose," commanded the Wealth God King, Zhao Zihong.

Han Wu didn't believe for a second that Zhao Zihong didn't know why he was here, but since he asked, Han Wu would answer.

Taking a slow breath to compose himself, Han Wu said, "I want to invite the Wealth God King to support the Wisdom God King in building a faction, and to help the Wisdom God King secure victory in the upcoming divine war against the Butcher."

The hall erupted with laughter. The sound of over a hundred people laughing almost blasted the roof away. Irritation sparked within Han Wu. Was his request that funny?

After the laughter died down, the Wealth God King said amusedly, "Young child, there's perhaps some information you don't seem to be aware of. Let me be direct. I have a 20% stake in the War faction. Do you really think I'd agree to help you fight against myself?"

Those words hit Han Wu like a gong. He had never considered that the Wealth God King had already invested in the War faction. If so, the other factions had likely done the same. This spelled disaster for the Wisdom faction.

"Poor child. If there is nothing else, you may go. Leave your teacher and go to the Death faction. I believe Death will keep you safe," the Wealth God King advised.

This was a clear refusal to support Wisdom God King, but Han Wu refused to leave with nothing to show for it.

Raising his head to look the Wealth God King in the eye, Han Wu said, "Wealth God King, no one can question your eye for investment. If I may be so bold, I have a request."

"Oh? What request?" The Wealth God King eyed Han Wu with some genuine interest.

“Invest in the Wisdom faction and help it win the divine war,” Han Wu repeated.

The crowd murmured with contempt. The matter had just been refused, yet Han Wu was raising it again. What was the meaning of this? Was he questioning the Wealth God King's judgment?

The Wealth God King's tone sharpened. “Then tell me. Why should I invest in the Wisdom faction? What return could it give me?”

“Because I am in it.”

The hall erupted with laughter again. This time, at Han Wu's arrogance. Yet it was precisely this boldness that stirred something in the Wealth God King. There was a time when he had been fearless, too. Back then, no one had looked after him, and it had taken years of failure to build the empire he had now.

“Very well. I'll give you a chance,” Zhao Zihong suddenly said.

The laughter disappeared with everyone’s surprise.

“Do you dare to sign a wager with me? If you win, I will invest the same amount of resources in the Wisdom faction that I have in the War faction. But if you lose, you hand over your Divine Jurisdiction to me. Do you dare, young one?” the Wealth God King goaded.

Han Wu knew this was his last chance. If he didn't take it, the doors of the Wealth faction would be permanently closed to him. “Why wouldn't I?”

1. one subcosm is 1000 microcosms, and a mesocosm is 1000 subcosms ↩

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Chapter 778 - Let’s Farm, Young Man

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 778 - Let’s Farm, Young Man

Han Wu was taken to a room to prepare. Meanwhile, the hundred individuals in the hall muttered fervently about the Wealth God King's decision.

“Truly, only the ignorant are fearless. That kid actually signed a wager with the boss. Doesn’t he know the boss has never lost a single wager in his life?”

“He's young and already holds a Divine Jurisdiction, so he does have reason to be confident. But doing that in front of the boss? The boss will shred that Divine Jurisdiction to pieces.”

“Boss, what’re you planning to bet on? Whatever it is, he's going to lose. There's no question.”

Nearly everyone in the room had given up on Han Wu before the contest had even started. The Wealth God King, Zhao Zihong, sat on his throne, staring into space. His chief handmaiden had served him for countless years and knew he only wore this particular expression when he encountered something he couldn’t quite make sense of.

Stepping behind him, she kneaded his shoulders with her delicate hands. “What troubles you, Your Majesty? Perhaps I can help ease your mind.”

“I used my Divine Jurisdiction to read the probability of the wager,” Zhao Zihong openly admitted, trusting her above everyone else. “My odds of success are 99.9%.”

The chief handmaiden raised an eyebrow. Despite her gift for intuition, she still didn’t quite understand what was troubling him. “Your Majesty, is that not perfectly normal?”

“Normal?” the Wealth God King chuckled. “Normally, my chances of winning a wager are never less than 99.99999999%. Now it’s only 99.9%. Do you have any idea what that difference means?”

The chief handmaiden shook her head. Surely the Wealth God King would win without question, regardless of the small chance. “This handmaiden doesn’t understand. Please enlighten me.”

“It means”—the Wealth God King cleared his throat—“that Han Wu has less than a 0.1% chance of winning this wager. A 1/1000 chance. For a Major God, that’s already a huge margin of success.”

His words echoed in the hall. Genuine shock painted the faces of the crowd. It was unheard of for a Major God to have a 1/1000 chance of beating the Wealth God King! Even a God King having a 1/10,000 chance of winning against him was considered lucky.

“We absolutely cannot let that 1/1000 chance happen. Everyone, get ready. Han Wu must lose,” someone said.

Murmurs of agreement rippled across the hall.

At the same time, Han Wu was learning the actual details of the wager. It was neither a battle between units nor a 1-on-1 match, but something completely beyond Han Wu’s expectations.

It was farming.

Han Wu and 999 opponents would be transported to a continent, where they would each be randomly assigned a farm to harvest crops, sell said crops to earn gold coins, and use those coins to buy random goods from a shop.

The one with the most gold coins after one year was the victor. If any of the other 999 participants won, Han Wu lost. Beyond that, a final rule at the end caught his attention.

During the wager, all abilities, skills, Divine Aspects, Divine Authority, and Divine Jurisdictions would be blocked. Participants could not recruit units, and their own personal strength would be sealed. Every possible means of cheating had been removed entirely.

Frustration filled Han Wu. This rule was clearly designed to drive him into a corner. They had no intention of letting him win, but the contract had already been signed, and it was too late to back out. He could only grit his teeth and compete.

A pillar of light appeared, and Han Wu was transported to the contest continent, at Farm 444. The farm had dilapidated fencing, six barren plots of land, and a shitty wooden shack. Nothing more.

The farm next to his had a tiled house, ten fertile plots, and a fine fence nearly as tall as a man. Han Wu felt cheated when he saw the clear gap between the two. The draw was supposed to be random, but the good farm had gone to someone else while he had somehow drawn the worst fence, the most barren land, and the most rundown shack. Worst of all, there was no one he could complain to.

Before he could even inspect his barren land, a swarm of rats came from a distance. The neighbor's fence held firm against the charge. Han Wu's broken fencing broke apart on impact.

Hundreds of rats poured through and started burrowing and nesting in his plots. The already barren land was no longer usable for planting. Even if he planted seeds, the rats would just ruin everything.

“Fine. So that’s how it's going to be,“ Han Wu grumbled, stomping into the ruined shack.

Inside was nothing but an interface to the shop. The starting balance in the shop account was a hundred gold coins. The level one shop had two items available.

The first was grass seeds. One gold coin for one hundred seeds. Each plot of land could hold one thousand seeds at once, and they matured in three days. Every fifty portions of grass sold for one gold coin.

The second was tomatoes. One gold coin for five seedlings. Each plot could hold ten plants at once. Each plant yielded three to five tomatoes and matured in one day. Every ten tomatoes sold for one gold coin.

Han Wu had no trouble working out which was better to grow. The problem was that he had no usable land at all. The rats would almost certainly eat any seeds he put into the ground long before they grew. On top of that, his land was barren. Moreover, it needed to be cleared and plowed—something that would take ages with no tools.

The overwhelming number of problems made him genuinely want to walk away. This setup was designed to torture him. Nevertheless, he had too much at stake. If he couldn't win the wager, not only would he lose his own Divine Jurisdiction, but the Wisdom Faction would also never see the Wealth God King's investment. Xu Hai would die in the divine war. Han Wu couldn’t accept that.

“There has to be a way. There has to be a way...” he muttered to himself.

Forcing himself to calm down, he turned his attention toward himself. His Divine Aspects, Divine Authority, Divine Jurisdiction, Divine Skills, Divine Abilities, and strength had all been sealed.

What else do I have?

Han Wu checked and found his two Divine Talents, Chosen One and Defiance, remained untouched. Chosen One granted a unique Divine Ability with each level gained. At present, he had Sacrifice, Merge, Replicate, and Avatar Creation as his Divine Abilities. Defiance doubled all of Han Wu's Divine Aspects, Divine Authority, and Divine Jurisdiction.

After closer examination, he then discovered that the Divine Abilities, Divine Aspects, Divine Authority, and Divine Jurisdiction protected by his Divine Talents had remained unsealed.

“You want to bury me? Let's see who buries who,” he said with a fierce grin.

: Chapter 779

Chapter 779 - Rat Plague

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Han Wu carefully assessed and mapped out his accessible powers. Sacrifice, Replicate, and Avatar Creation could each be used once per day, while Merge could be used thrice per day.

He had four Divine Aspects: Creation, Life, Light, and Harmony. With the strength of his physical body sealed, none of the Divine Skills stemming from these Divine Aspects could be accessed.

His Divine Authority 2 could release a presence embodying the combined essence of Creation, Life, Light, and Harmony, but it too was unusable given his current physical limitations. His Conversion Jurisdiction was also unusable for the same reason.

However, Avatar Creation provided an opportunity, as his Divine Aspects, Divine Authority, and Divine Jurisdiction could each be divided off as separate avatars.

Four Divine Abilities, four Divine Aspects, one Divine Authority, and one Divine Jurisdiction, made for ten avatars in total. Han Wu activated Avatar Creation and became ten, multiplying his work efficiency tenfold.

He set the ten avatars to work. Their priority was dealing with the rats. Everything else became pointless as long as the infestation remained.

The ten avatars spread out and quickly caught over a hundred rats. With nothing else to use them for, Han Wu activated Sacrifice and offered all of them at once.

Sacrifice gave him three options for useful tools: an axe, a hammer, and an iron pickaxe. After careful consideration, Han Wu chose the pickaxe, as it would allow him to clear the land much faster. As he worked the soil, he turned up even more rats hiding underground, including several pregnant females with big bellies. This gave him an idea.

He caught several pregnant females and used Merge to fuse them into one. The merged rat became dull-witted from the overwhelming combination of memories, but in exchange, it grew substantially larger, and its breeding capability was enhanced.

Dismantling the dilapidated fence, Han Wu built a simple wooden cage from the planks. He then put several male rats together with the merged female rat, then sat back and waited for the breeding to commence.

The ten avatars worked in shifts using the pickaxe, and by the end of the day, they finally cleared all six barren plots. That evening, Han Wu used his remaining coins to buy tomato seedlings, which had the shortest growth cycle, and filled all six plots. He then had his avatars take turns standing guard through the night to protect from outside rats.

The seedlings sprouted successfully by the next morning. The wooden cage was also packed with rats caught the night before. Han Wu sacrificed the male rats and merged the

females. The merged female rat grew to the size of a cat with an enormous belly that housed many young rats.

Sacrifice gave him three options: a sack of grain, a millstone, or a small wheelbarrow.

Han Wu chose the grain. He ate some himself, then used a third of it to feed the merged female rat. Despite its dulled wit, the basic instinct to eat remained. Its belly grew ever larger from the impressive amount of grain it consumed, enough to provide plenty of nourishment for the young rats inside.

That afternoon, the female gave birth. There were at least 132 pups, all healthy. Han Wu made sure to feed the pups grain so they could grow quickly.

Throughout the day, outside rats would periodically try to sneak in and steal the nearly ripe tomatoes. Han Wu had his avatars catch every single one of them, adding them to the cage alongside the growing pups.

The tomatoes ripened that evening, and it was time to harvest. Han Wu tasted two, then sold the rest back to the shop for twenty-three gold coins, giving him a total of 111 gold coins. This was pretty good considering his horrendous start.

Before Han Wu could feel any satisfaction, an announcement rang in his mind.

[Farm 666 is the first to accumulate over 200 gold coins. Reward: Level 2 dragon fruit seed. All farm owners are encouraged to keep up their efforts.]

Han Wu scoffed, mentally noting down Farm 666. Over the next five days, he followed the same routine. He would plant crops, catch rats, sacrifice the males, and merge the females each day.

The merged female rat had since grown to the size of a calf. It was near impossible to mistake it for the rat it actually was. Its reproductive capacity had increased to staggering heights after so many rounds of Merge. A single litter had over a thousand pups, and those pups could even move independently after only one day of feeding.

A thousand rats marked disaster for any farm, but Han Wu was still not satisfied. He continued to sacrifice the male rats and merge the female rats each day.

He spent the rest of his time planting. Occasionally, he experimented with using Merge on seeds to develop higher quality plants, though with limited funds and land, he was careful not to spend too many chances on that.

Half a month passed, and Farm 444 still looked bare. The fencing had all been stripped down for the cage, with its only six plots growing tomatoes. Yet, these tomatoes appeared different from the norm. Each plant was heavy with over ten bright red fruits, far more than the three to five promised in the item description.

These were a new variety of tomatoes that Han Wu had selectively bred using Merge. After harvesting and selling another batch, he had 312 gold coins, a far cry from the first-place record of 1245 gold coins.

Despite this, Han Wu wasn't panicked at all. After all, panic would do nothing for him at this time. He just focused on steadily building up his foundation. The time for him to execute his strategy had yet to arrive.

He fed 300 gold coins into the shop interface and leveled it up. The original two items had expanded into three. The new item was a fertilizer called Gold Droppings.

When spread on the land, crops would grow and mature at twice the normal speed for one month. It cost ten gold each. Han Wu gritted his teeth and bought one. He then spent his last two gold coins on ten tomato seedlings, which he promptly planted.

With that done, Han Wu turned to look at the cage. The merged female inside was on the verge of giving birth and was as large as a full-grown cow.

Tiny squealing soon filled the air as pup after pup emerged. A rough count placed the litter at over three thousand. Han Wu smiled and fed them the grain he had received from Sacrifice.

This time, however, Han Wu did not sacrifice them when they were grown. When darkness fell, he led his ten avatars to the fence of the neighboring Farm 445. One avatar swung their axe and created an opening in their solid fence.

Three thousand rats were driven through the gap into the neighbor's farm. Han Wu then thoughtfully sealed the opening behind them and stood quietly in his own yard, resuming his nightly watch.

Screams rang out from the neighboring farm for half the night. By the next morning, a notice appeared on the fence of Farm 445. The farm owner had died in a rat infestation. The farm had been overrun and was being sold for just fifty gold coins.

Meanwhile, the tomatoes in Han Wu's plots had just matured. Selling them earned him fifty-three gold coins in total, which he used to buy out the unfortunate farm next door.

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: Chapter 780

Chapter 780 - One Eye Open

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 780 - One Eye Open

When Farm 444 and Farm 445 merged into one, solid fencing surrounded the combined land, and Han Wu's broken-down shack became a proper tiled house. Before him were ten fertile plots and six ordinary ones, along with every tool he had obtained through Sacrifice.

The pickaxe, the axe, and the bucket were all neatly arranged in the yard. However, the three thousand rats also remained on his property, all in a state of happy chaos.

His avatars got to work, catching rats and sorting out the land. They kept at it until night. Every male rat was sacrificed, while every female rat was kept to be merged. [1]

Over 1300 female rats were merged into the mother rat, making it as large as a camel. The sacrificed 1700 male rats yielded a magic watering can that could hold an infinite supply of water and irrigate crops without ever running dry. Plants watered with it produced 20% more produce, so Han Wu assigned the avatar with the Life Aspect to handle watering full-time.

More land meant more plants, and richer soil meant faster money. Still, Han Wu had no intention of following the normal plant-sell-buy-repeat cycle. Playing it straight would only keep him behind. He had wasted too much of the early game closing the gap through honest work, but the other contestants were also progressing as he did.

Winning required something unexpected.

Han Wu glanced at the mother rat. He planned on feeding all his crops to the rats from now on. Every night, while other farm owners collapsed into bed after a long day's work, Han Wu came alive. He would pick a lucky neighbor at random, smash open their fencing with the axe, and release a fresh batch of rats into their farm.

His neighbors fell one by one to the rat infestations. Farms destroyed and unlivable, they were forced to quit. Han Wu bought up four farms in a row, and his territory kept expanding.

Word got around. While everyone else built wealth through farming, Han Wu built his through breeding and preying on his neighbors. He had completely abandoned the honest route.

By the second month of the contest, every neighbor near Farm 444 spent the night on full alert, too nervous to sleep. They kept one eye open even during the day, fearing that a single lapse in their guard would let Han Wu's plague in.

Han Wu felt the pressure when his neighbors started going on high alert. His farm had grown several times over and now boasted twenty-four fertile plots and forty-eight ordinary ones. With the magic watering can, he could easily earn over a thousand gold coins a day through honest farming alone. A month of hard work and first place was reachable.

Despite this, Han Wu wasn't one to settle for mediocrity. His farm had improved, but his opponents' had too. Watching their earnings climb was more nerve-racking than watching his own money drop. There had to be a way to stop others from earning.

The answer appeared when his shop reached level four and a new item was unlocked: pollinator bees. Their job, as the name implied, was to help crops pollinate more thoroughly, thereby improving yield. They were fairly expensive, at one gold coin per bee. Once purchased, they would recognise their purchaser as their master and follow orders.

Most contestants with access to this item bought a small number and used them to boost their own yields. Han Wu stared at the entry for a long while. A bold idea came to mind. He spent a thousand gold coins, bought a swarm of pollinator bees, and ordered them to go to the neighbors' farms to collect pollen, but not pollinate.

The bees obediently carried out their master's command, easily clearing the fencing and flying into the neighboring farms. The neighbors had been worn down by their constant vigilance. Keeping one eye perpetually open had turned into instinct. They had to remain alert at all times.

When one of the neighbors heard movement outside, they immediately grabbed a wooden stick and ran out, but relaxed after seeing they were bees. He wasn't going to turn down free pollination for his plants, so he decided to leave them be.

At harvest time, only thin, tiny fruits were left on his plants. They were at least 30% smaller than normal.

"What on earth happened?" he wondered aloud, but there was little he could do about it.

Several neighboring farms also suffered the same reduced harvest. Only Han Wu had a bumper crop.

Han Wu kept a portion of his harvest to sell for new seeds and fed the rest to the mother rat. After many days of feeding and merging, the mother rat grew to the size of an elephant. Its four paws were as thick as barrels, its tail stretched ten meters long, and its jaws, when open, could swallow a person whole.

Fortunately, after merging with so many of its own kind, it had become completely brain-dead and couldn't attack. Han Wu's feedings meant it had also developed an attachment to his scent.

Another birthing day had arrived, and Han Wu watched as the mother rat settled into position to deliver pup after pup. There were easily ten thousand of them.

Han Wu poured the remaining unsold grain before the newborns. The pups rapidly devoured the food, absorbing the nutrients and growing quickly. Han Wu gazed at the lively mass with a satisfied, almost paternal smile. The moment of harvest had come.

He activated Sacrifice. Over ten thousand little rats became the foundation of his growth.

1. Plothole: he only has three chances of merging stuff in a day. How did he merge that many female rats? ☜

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: Chapter 781

Chapter 781 - Fixed Gate

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 781 - Fixed Gate

Three options appeared before Han Wu.

[Option 1: Spring of Life. Release a steady flow of spring water. Land soaked in it will become extraordinarily fertile, and plants watered with it will yield dramatically more.]

[Option 2: Fixed Gate. After locking in a coordinate, a portal can be built linking directly to that location.]

[Option 3: Hunting Rifle. Twelve bullets and devastating firepower.]

Each option had its pros and cons. The Spring of Life was the most straightforward, resulting in richer lands and improved yields. However, it didn't fit Han Wu's path, so he ruled it out at once.

The Fixed Gate opened up more possibilities. With one in hand, Han Wu could travel from Farm 444 directly into any other farm. Used well, it could effectively become a second base with a fresh set of unsuspecting neighbors—an undeniably appealing prospect.

As for the hunting rifle, it was self-explanatory. One bullet equated to one life, and twelve shots meant he could comfortably take over twelve surrounding farms. However, given

that the contest was themed around farming and wealth accumulation, overtly killing people could easily count as a rule violation.

After thinking it over, Han Wu decided to go with the Fixed Gate.

The Fixed Gate shrank into a small ball in Han Wu's hand. He only needed to name a destination, and it would take him there. It didn’t take him long to decide on a location.

“Target: Farm 666.”

Farm 666 had led the coin count from the start, with four separate announcements to its name. Its owner was undoubtedly sitting on a fortune.

Still, it was not yet time to head over. Han Wu needed a few more days of preparation before that. He carried on as usual with the farming, breeding, and sending the pollinator bees out to steal pollen. It was simple and fulfilling. When the mother rat finally hit her delivery window again, Han Wu knew the moment had come.

He took out the Fixed Gate, locked in Farm 666 as the target, and opened it just as the mother rat was about to give birth. Over 20,000 pups shot through in a torrent directly into Farm 666. Han Wu followed closely behind.

Farm 666 lived up to its reputation. It had large stretches of fertile land and a wide variety of crops, including many with long growing cycles. Under the contest rules, longer planting cycles meant higher value at maturity. Once those long-cycle crops came in, the owner of Farm 666 would rocket past everyone else. Han Wu would be done for.

Unfortunately for the owner of the farm, Han Wu had discovered their strategy before it could bear fruit. Moreover, he had waltzed straight in, and he wasn’t about to watch himself lose.

His avatars fanned out, stripping everything in sight. They picked the Sunny Rose Crystal Grapes and cut the vines. Apple trees loaded with fruit were chopped down with the axe. A plot of freshly fertilised soil fortified with premium Gold Droppings was dug up, bagged, and carried away!

Anything he couldn’t take, he ruined. Nothing would be left for the opponent.

His avatars did excellent work, but the rat pups were even more impressive. As vermin, they naturally started chewing through the carrots, peanuts, sweet potatoes, and more. Even bitter gourds were fair game, with the pups spitting out the bitter juice as they ate it. Their destruction speed rivaled that of a professional demolition crew.

Han Wu and his avatars could only admire from a respectful distance.

Eventually, the commotion drew the owner's attention. A dog barked in the distance, and he immediately cleared out with his avatars, making sure to take the Fixed Gate with him to leave behind no trace.

The owner arrived with a ferociously large dog to find his farm in ruins. Swarms of rats happily ruined everything he had worked hard to grow.

"Wang Cai, bite them all!" he commanded, fury evident in his tone. "Kill every single rat!"

The dog charged through the swarm, sending rats flying as it ran. Had Han Wu been able to witness it, he would have considered himself lucky for leaving when he did. Wang Cai would've torn him to pieces if he had been any slower or overconfident.

Wang Cai worked through the night to deal with every last rat. It could barely stand after killing all 20,000 pups. The owner patted its head and told it to rest.

He then sat down to work out his losses. They came out to 40,000 gold coins in principal cost alone, and that was excluding the time invested in the long-cycle crops. The owner of Farm 666 almost fainted on the spot.

The overwhelming mix of fury, dejection, and defeat had him unable to move from his seat for a long time. After regaining his composure, he inspected every corner of the farm, but found no break in the fencing.

If the fencing was intact, where had all those rats come from? Not even a fly had made it through since Wang Cai had come to guard the farm, let alone a rat. Yet over 20,000 rat carcasses lay before him. He simply couldn't make heads or tails of it.

"Could it be a ghost? Surely ghosts aren't part of the competition, right?" he wondered aloud.

With no way to answer his own questions, he could only sigh and accept his bad luck.

Back on his own farm, Han Wu sold the fruit and crops stolen from Farm 666 through the shop. The total came to over 13,000 gold coins, boosting his wallet dramatically.

He still lagged behind Farm 666, but he wasn't worried. There was plenty of time left, and with the Fixed Gate in hand, he was confident they couldn't stop him even if they tried.

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Chapter 782 - Cheating? More Like Cheat Code

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 782 - Cheating? More Like Cheat Code

Wealth God King Zhao Zihong and his partners silently gaped at the video playing in the great hall. Despite the size of the room, it was quiet enough to hear a pin drop. The partners glanced at one another, confusion on every face.

“Who designed this project?” the Wealth God King asked.

A stocky, balding guy scrambled forward in a panic. “Boss, let me explain.”

“Explain? I told you to design a rule to block abilities. What exactly do you think you built?” Wealth God King snapped, pointing at the screen.

“Boss, let me argue—no, let me explain!” the balding man pleaded. “That rule is running perfectly. I swear it on whatever’s left of my hair! If you don’t believe me, check the backend yourself. I never anticipated something like this happening. There must be something wrong with that continent. Let me try restarting the rule. That might fix it.”

Frowning, the Wealth God King used his Divine Jurisdiction to pull up the backend data. After a careful review, he discovered that the backend was running exactly as the balding man had described. The ability-blocking rule had no flaws whatsoever. That left him puzzled. Was it really the continent? He decided to try to restart it.

On the continent, every surviving farm owner felt their abilities flood back in an instant. The neighbors whom Han Wu had tormented for over two weeks all seized this opportunity to take revenge. They had no idea why their powers had suddenly returned, but the reason mattered little. They weren’t about to waste this chance.

“Die, you little worm from Farm 444!”

“You scum from Farm 444! Take this!”

“You think you can send rats into my farm and walk away? You've got a death wish!”

Faced with the assault from every neighbor at once, the young and hot-blooded Han Wu could not hold back. He activated Omniversal, Demon King Transformation, Black Dragon King Transformation, the Great Dragon Ring, the Divine Weapon Atlas, a billion Small Locust Blades, the Giant Locust Blade with Ten Thousandfold activated, and even unleashed both Steelcutter and Heaven-Earth Severance.

In just three seconds, the raging neighbors were completely wiped from the continent. The rule reengaged, and every one of Han Wu's abilities was sealed again. He went back to tending his vegetable plots calmly once more.

The Wealth God King and his partners swallowed hard as they watched the video. In the mere three seconds it had taken to restart the rule, thirteen of Han Wu's neighbors had been wiped out.

“I told you my rule was working perfectly,” the balding man said defensively.

The partner standing next to him immediately grabbed him and clamped a hand over his mouth. “Can’t you read the room? Do you think the boss cares whether your rule has bugs? He cares about whether he can still win the wager.”

“I don't care if he wins or not as long as my rule has no bugs,” the balding man grumbled.

The uncertainty from earlier had dissipated the moment he had seen Han Wu’s true might. His formidable abilities had also clearly been suppressed the instant the rule came back online. The effect was undeniable. Pride warmed him at the thought that his design could block abilities on that scale. At this point, he would fight anyone who questioned his ability.

After a long silence, the Wealth God King let out a slow breath. The others in the room dared not comment, firmly keeping their eyes fixed on the video of Farm 444.

On-screen, Han Wu was buying up the surrounding farms at rock-bottom prices, dramatically increasing his landholdings. If he farmed honestly from here, there was a very good chance he could win. However, Han Wu didn’t want to bank on a mere chance, regardless of how good it was. He needed to win with absolute certainty.

With that thought, he took out the Fixed Gate and went to check on Farm 666 after the three-second restart. It seemed the owner of Farm 666 had replanted over the past two weeks, with a large portion of these once again being long-cycle crops—the biggest threat to Han Wu’s victory.

Staying true to himself, Han Wu looted what he could and destroyed what he couldn’t.

The newly planted Crystal Pear Trees were already fruiting, so he harvested them and felled the trees. He cut down the freshly planted Noble Bamboo to burn as firewood and ripped up the new tomato seedlings. There was even a watermelon patch, from which he harvested the ripe ones and smashed the unripe ones.

After wrecking the farm with his avatars, Han Wu heard the dog barking and made a swift exit before closing Fixed Gate behind him. The owner arrived with the fierce Wang Cai a mere thirty seconds later.

“Who are you to come and destroy my melons?” he roared when he saw the destruction. “Come out if you dare! When I find out who you are, I’ll kill you!”

The normally composed owner stood there and screamed for a solid half hour before he finally calmed down. Meanwhile, the culprit was back in his own farm, munching on a sweet slice of stolen watermelon and counting his profit. Han Wu just earned another 12,000 gold coins.

The Wealth God King and his partners watched this all unfold in silence.

“Is this cheating? It has to be cheating,” someone piped up.

“He's exploiting loopholes right in our faces. I demand his qualification be removed.”

“Yes, disqualify him, declare the wager a loss, and take his Divine Jurisdiction!”

Indignant protests arose one after another.

The Wealth God King raised one hand to quiet them. “What evidence do you have that he's cheating? He's still using abilities while the rule is running. That's his skill. You can't call someone a cheater just because they're playing better than everyone else.”

The room fell silent at his words.

“So what do we do, Boss?” someone eventually asked.

“Keep watching. Han Wu is clever, but the others aren’t fools either,” said the Wealth God King, gazing at Han Wu on screen with genuine interest.

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 783 - Farm 666 is Mine!

The owner of Farm 666 nervously guarded his land. Two raids in a row had cost him a massive amount of gold coins. Another raid would tank his chances at winning. That was unacceptable!

The Wealth God King, Zhao Zihong, had personally organized this competition. Winning meant a chance to foster that connection. The road ahead as a God would be rosy from there.

“I have to win this. Cuihua, once I do, I'll come home with the money and marry you,“ the farm owner murmured to himself.

Three days passed. The crops in Farm 666 grew quickly thanks to the continent's natural laws, and the long-cycle plants had taken root and were thriving. Three calm days also loosened the owner's nerves. He told himself the previous two incidents were coincidences, mere flukes.

With that self-reassurance, he headed back to his comfortable villa for a proper rest. Three days of standing guard had worn him out. As he was walking back, his loyal dog Wang Cai grabbed his trousers.

“Found something, Wang Cai?” he asked.

Turning back, he saw a gate had appeared in the center of his farmland. It was definitely unnatural!

He approached quietly and pushed open the gate to reveal a wall of flesh emitting a pungent odour. He reached out to touch the wet, pulsating surface. Something inside was clearly pushing hard to get through.

“An attack? Let me show you what you've walked into,” he muttered angrily, arming himself with a shovel before facing the fleshy wall.

Wang Cai readied itself beside him. The owner watched as the fleshy wall contracted, squeezing out a tiny shape. It was a rat pup. He stood there with visible confusion.

Before he could make sense of it, the walls undulated like a rippling wave, and an ocean of rat pups came flooding out, burying the owner and pushing him back over ten meters. Wang Cai was swallowed in the same tide. No matter how hard it fought, it couldn’t hold its ground against the sheer volume of rat babies.

On the other side of the gate, Han Wu moved the mother rat aside once she finished giving birth and stepped through into Farm 666. Gazing out at the ocean of rat pups, he estimated that there were over a hundred thousand this time. Every one of them immediately crawled around in search of food.

A perverse satisfaction filled Han Wu. Then, he abruptly noticed something oddly humanoid in the middle of the pup swarm. Had the mother rat cross-bred something?

As the owner wrenched himself out from the ocean of rat babies, he caught sight of Han Wu standing at the gate, and his rage boiled over.

“So it was you! You smashed my melons! I'll take you apart!“ he shouted, swinging his shovel at Han Wu.

Wang Cai, having also pulled itself out from the tide of squirming rat pups, lunged straight for Han Wu’s throat.

Even with his physical capabilities sealed, Han Wu was confident he could handle a fight with a person. A dog, however, was a different matter. So, he decisively retreated, hastily shutting the gate behind him.

Wang Cai was faster than even Han Wu had anticipated. It leaped forward and slipped through the gap just before the gate closed. The Fixed Gate shut with a heavy clang and vanished. The owner's shovel swung down onto empty air.

“My dog! Give me Wang Cai back!“ the owner roared.

The only response to his echoing cry was the cheerful squeaking of a hundred thousand rat pups happily eating everything in sight.

At the same time, on Farm 444, a man and a dog faced each other. Wang Cai snarled, baring its teeth. Han Wu stood ready with an axe in one hand and a pickaxe in the other. There was no way he would allow himself to become dog food so easily.

Just then, the mother rat caught a whiff of Wang Cai and, finding the scent similar to her pups, instinctively extended one barrel-sized paw to rest gently on Wang Cai's head.

Han Wu watched the dog visibly shudder with a mix of terror and despair. Wang Cai probably never imagined that a rat could ever elicit such a reaction. Yet, as the mother rat softly patted the top of Wang Cai's head, it dared not move even a single muscle.

The mother rat was not all there mentally, but her maternal instincts were strong. She pulled Wang Cai closer and gave it a long lick. Wang Cai was completely soaked in her saliva. It trembled in the mother rat's gentle hold like a small toy and turned desperate pleading eyes toward Han Wu.

“Enjoy the attention. Nothing I can do here, bud.” Han Wu shrugged, contentedly turning back to his farming.

With a hundred thousand rat pups gnawing through Farm 666, it would likely fall within the day.

Han Wu stepped through the Fixed Gate into Farm 666 again after half a day to find the farm completely destroyed. Every edible crop had been chewed through, and the land had been thoroughly wrecked. A notice had been posted on the fence stating that the farm was being sold for a thousand gold coins.

The neighbors on either side had heard the owner's screams throughout the day and had guessed that a catastrophe had struck. Nobody wanted to risk buying up whatever had ruined Farm 666. That suited Han Wu perfectly. He paid the thousand gold coins and took over the farm.

Inside it were 100 fertile plots and over 160 ordinary ones. Doing honest farming in this farm for one month would undoubtedly make him the wealthiest contestant, and that wasn’t even counting Farm 444.

Even so, Han Wu had already decided on his plan of action from the start of the competition. He didn’t want to win by farming. His goal was to break every other contestant's will and drive them all out using his breeding operation.

If he were the only contestant left, he would naturally win by default!

: Chapter 784

Chapter 784 - Two Great Plagues

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 784 - Two Great Plagues

Han Wu divided his avatars across both farms. Five planted crops at Farm 666, while five handled the breeding operation at Farm 444. A small portion of the produce was sold for gold coins to buy seeds and keep the farming cycle going, but the majority went into feeding the newborn pups.

Under Han Wu's care, the pups grew big and strong. Male rats were sacrificed while females were kept for merging. Sacrifice gave him three options again.

[Option 1: Magic Fertilizer Liquid. Applied to land. Transforms ordinary soil into enchanted soil. Crops grown in enchanted soil will bear fruit with special effects.]

[Option 2: Catalyst Gem. Accelerates crop growth. Effectiveness scales with the amount of land treated.]

[Option 3: Ancient Life Tree Seed. Once planted, it will absorb earth energy and gradually grow into an Ancient Life Tree of infinite lifespan.]

All three were genuinely excellent, but unfortunately, he could only pick one.

The Magic Fertilizer Liquid could permanently transform the land, granting special effects to all future produce grown on it. The only unknown factor was what those effects would actually be, which he would have to discover through experimentation.

The Catalyst Gem was straightforward and highly useful for production, but the shop already sold Gold Droppings, meaning he could simply spend gold coins to achieve the same result.

Finally, the Ancient Life Tree Seed looked like a treasure on the surface, as its energy, once fully grown, would allow Han Wu to use his Life Divine Skills at no cost. However, it had a fatal flaw: its growth cycle.

It took three to five hundred years to sprout. Even though the growth rate of plants was accelerated on this continent, that still meant years or decades of waiting. The competition only lasted a year.

Thus, Han Wu chose the Magic Fertilizer Liquid and immediately applied it to the most fertile plot in Farm 666.

The rich black soil gradually shifted to deep purple, and Han Wu planted fast-growing tomatoes in the enchanted plot as a test. Fruits started growing in just half a day.

Han Wu stared uncertainly at the purple tomatoes before tasting them. Upon eating them, he learned that they enhanced a life form's reproductive capacity, so he fed all the purple tomatoes to the mother rat as dessert.

He then experimented with other crops. Each crop type produced a different effect. Purple wheat gave life forms increased strength, while purple grass increased milk production. Remarkably, the latter even affected males, allowing them to start producing milk. He even tried fruit trees, but they required more time to grow and bear fruit.

While waiting, Han Wu rounded up his bees and ground the purple wheat into a powder for them to eat. The pollinator bees' strength surged. A single bee could now lift an apple without difficulty and fly away with it.

Seeing this, Han Wu hatched a new plan. He ordered the bees to fly into the neighboring farms and steal their crops. Anything in sight was fair game, regardless of their ripeness.

The bees obediently carried out his orders, and Han Wu’s new neighbors suffered. Previously, the bees had only reduced yields, but now they were carrying off anything that grew.

One farm owner watched as a two-centimeter-long bee flew away with an entire orange. Another group of a dozen or so bees dragged away an entire durian. The spectacle was more shocking than watching the fruits fly off on their own.

When the farm owner tried to intervene, several hundred bees grouped up to sting him repeatedly and knock him flat. Face swollen like a pig's head, he could do nothing but watch helplessly as his crops disappeared. Some farm owners, driven past their limit, quit on the spot.

Han Wu earned a lot of coins thanks to the bees, which allowed him to invest in even more bees and increase his theft rate. Within a month, a swarm of 50,000 bees was looting from dawn to dusk. They had become the next great plague of the continent, second only to the rat infestation.

After many cycles of feeding and merging, the mother rat had reached thirty meters in length, with a tail over a hundred meters long. From a distance, it could've been mistaken for a Tyrannosaurus rex.

Her babies grew large on the abundant crops and started breaking through the fencing to raid the surrounding farms on their own. If a farm owner fought back, they turned aggressive.

Han Wu's neighbors gave up one after another, and his territory expanded each time. Two more months passed. In that time, Han Wu made limited progress as a farmer, but there was no competition when it came to animal breeding.

The rats destroyed entire farms in one go, while the bees stole every crop. Farm owners broke down and quit one by one, and soon, only four farms remained with active owners. Two of them, Farm 444 and Farm 666, were Han Wu's. The other two, Farm 777 and Farm 888, were held by the last two remaining contestants, who had quietly joined forces to resist.

With victory within sight, Han Wu stopped hiding his hand, unleashing both the rat plague and the bee swarm together against the final two farms.

Surprisingly, both farms held their ground against the simultaneous assault and even killed a significant number of his rats and bees. Han Wu had no choice but to investigate the two farms.

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: Chapter 785

Chapter 785 - Victory

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 785 - Victory

Han Wu's avatars perched along the fencing between Farm 777 and Farm 888, studying their opponents. Farm 777's land was covered in twisted, grotesque plants. They were

gnarled and hideous, each looking less like a plant and more like something out of a nightmare.

Han Wu could barely believe his eyes. As an experiment, he sent a few pollinator bees in again. The grotesque plants killed the bees and consumed them.

What caused these plants to mutate this way? he wondered, interest piqued.

Since every plot in Farm 777 bore the same type of monstrous growth, he concluded that it was the land itself causing the transformation, not the farm owner. The soil was likely turning the plants demonic.

Farm 888 was similarly shocking, though not in the same way. Inside was a type of special plant he had encountered before. Back when he was still on the reserved list, he had taken a lesson in Zombie Town, where special plants grew everywhere and would only react to zombies carrying death energy.

Sending some pollinator bees in as another trial, he discovered that the plants automatically detected and attacked intruders. The bees took heavy casualties, and Han Wu ordered the survivors to withdraw.

As Han Wu studied Farm 888, he became increasingly confident that these special plants were the result of the farm owner's personal ability, not the land. Based on his own experience with the rules, he was certain that it was this contestant's Divine Talent that allowed them to cultivate plants into special forms.

With both farms scouted, Han Wu started brainstorming ways to take them down. Farm 888 was easier to deal with than Farm 777's demonic plants. The special plants, while numerous, did not cover the entire land and were also reliant on the owner's ability to function. If Han Wu could draw the owner out and eliminate them, Farm 888 would fall.

There were still two months before the contest ended, so he decided to spend one of them building up his two plagues for the final assault. The results of that one month exceeded his expectations.

His total earnings from farming alone had surpassed Farm 666's all-time peak, and that was with most of his attention going toward breeding. If he had put any real effort into farming, his total could easily have doubled or tripled.

Unfortunately for the two remaining farmers, Han Wu had a different goal.

Staring out at his two farms, both packed with rats and bees, he gave the order to move out. The pollinator bees went in first as a vanguard to draw the attention and firepower of Farm 888's special plants. The rats were the main force.

Meanwhile, Wang Cai, after weeks of exposure to the mother rat's maternal devotion, had finally surrendered and sworn loyalty to Han Wu. The mother rat's love was genuinely suffocating.

Wang Cai had spent every day and night being bathed in the mother rat's saliva until its whole body was soaked through. Unable to endure any longer, it pledged itself to Han Wu on the condition that it could escape such a fate.

Han Wu was generous to those under him. The moment Wang Cai pledged loyalty, he fed it the strength-enhancing purple wheat. Wang Cai's body grew powerful. In Han Wu's eyes, Wang Cai was 99% pure muscle and 1% loyalty toward him.

Its scent also meant it became the undisputed older brother of every rat on the farm. In their eyes, its commands were absolute.

Standing before the fencing of Farm 888, Wang Cai ordered the rats to dig. The sharp teeth of every rat ground sparks off the stone, and the solid brick wall soon crumbled.

Wang Cai led the charge, bringing the rat army into the main villa of Farm 888 to root out the farm owner. The special plants were too busy dealing with the bee vanguard to attack the rats. Even if they were to redirect their attacks, there were simply too many rats to clear quickly.

Soon, every room of the villa was packed with rats. Wang Cai's keen nose allowed it to swiftly sniff out the owner. Under its command, the rats swarmed the owner and reduced them to an unrecognizable state.

Farm 888 had fallen.

Han Wu immediately bought it up, then pushed from two directions against Farm 777 with a simultaneous assault by both plagues. Farm 777, for all its demonic plant defenders, could not withstand the coordinated attack.

The owner's furious howl echoed as Farm 777 fell.

Han Wu bought up the last remaining farm, turning the entire continent into his land. Despite this, the competition still didn't end. A notification told him he needed to pass the remaining fifteen days before the wager concluded.

Han Wu was unimpressed. The rules instated on this continent were truly inhumane. The designer clearly wasn't right in their head.

With nothing else to do, he continued the breeding operation and decided to inspect the peculiarities of Farm 777 more closely. He soon discovered a special mineral beneath the farm that continuously released radiation, causing any nearby plant or animal to turn demonic and gain powerful offensive capabilities.

Han Wu had his rats dig it out. After three days of digging, they hit a seventy-seven-meter-tall stone shaped like a demonic skull. Its radiation had transformed a number of his rats into grotesque demonic rats, noticeably enhancing their combat ability.

By his estimations, a transformed rat was at least a Unique life form. He decided to bring this demonic stone back to his divine realm for the Origin of Mutation to study once the wager was over.

With that, the year finally ended. As the only remaining farm owner on the entire continent, Han Wu won by default.

When the Wealth Faction members without access to the live feed heard this, they were genuinely shocked. The Wealth God King, Zhao Zihong, had never lost a wager in his life. For him to lose to Han Wu seemed unthinkable.

Thankfully, the Wealth God King was a man of his word. He publicly acknowledged Han Wu's victory and made good on his promise of matching his previous War Faction investment into the newly formed Wisdom Faction.

Beyond that, the Wealth God King even gave Han Wu the continent as a prize. Only after receiving it did Han Wu realize that it was a Microcosm with its own unique laws, classified as a Life Microcosm. Every animal and plant that grew on it developed dozens of times the normal speed, making it an exceptionally rare production-type Microcosm.

The victory also earned Han Wu the Wealth God King's respect. Zhao Zihong gave Han Wu access normally only bestowed upon senior figures in the Wealth Faction, including entry to an elite resource exchange group.

Upon entering the group, Han Wu found his previous understanding of wealth turned upside down. The basic currency here wasn't Faith Points, Divine Points, or even Divine Essence. It was Microcosms.

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: Chapter 786

Chapter 786 - Spreading Rumors

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 786 - Spreading Rumors

Han Wu scrolled through the resource list in the high-level exchange group like a country bumpkin. He wanted everything. He genuinely wanted everything.

The list had it all: Anti-World life form equipment, Divine Aspect Sealing Stones, bombs capable of destroying a Microcosm, and many more similarly tempting resources. If he could get his hands on even a few of these, he would have no reason to worry about the Butcher's faction.

One glance at the prices, however, quickly dissipated his excitement. They were good items, but incredibly expensive. The cheapest required one full Microcosm. Han Wu had several Microcosms, but each was incredibly precious to him. He wasn't about to trade any of them away. Sighing, he decided to close the list and steadfastly ignore its existence.

The Wealth God King Zhao Zihong's investment arrived the same day. Han Wu was startled to see the Banquet God King Wang Fugui arrive with ten individuals, each radiating the presence of a God King.

Eleven God Kings was beyond Han Wu's expectations. According to the Banquet God King, not every God King held genuine power and authority despite being of the highest tier within the Divine Civilization. That depended entirely on their Divine Jurisdiction.

He himself, for instance, controlled the Banquet Jurisdiction, which allowed him to grow stronger by hosting gatherings. This had low potential for growth, meaning he would likely drift around as a World life form for this lifetime. Unless someone poured enormous resources into him, even the Subcosm rank would be impossible for him to reach.

The ten God Kings he had brought were all ones with weak Divine Jurisdictions that the Wealth Faction had built up.

Low potential or not, a God King was still a God King. Each one could at least hold their own against a stronger Major God. More importantly, becoming a God King meant one's divine realm fused with their Microcosms, allowing World rank units to be cultivated. They were a respectable force.

Han Wu finally understood why the Wealth Faction seemed to have so many God Kings and World life forms. Most were puppets to make an impression. Regardless of the strength of the Divine Jurisdictions, a God King's authority was still worth parading. Even if they couldn't kill a strong Major God, a God would still be trivial to them.

After settling the Wealth Faction's investments, Han Wu received a faction application from Commerce. Commerce had heard that Han Wu won the wager against the Wealth God King and had come running to get in on it.

Commerce had kept his distance when the Wisdom Faction had been weak and barely standing. Despite this, he was willing to trust the Wealth God King's judgment regardless of his personal doubts. His idol had made a choice, and his idol was always right.

Commerce also brought his friend Jia Gui along to join. Jia Gui had been working to gather resources to rebuild his divine realm after defecting from the Heaven Stair Civilization, and had since succeeded in his endeavors. With substantial investment, he had even pushed himself back up to a God.

Though he had not yet grasped the initial form of his Divine Jurisdiction and had not reached Major God yet, he was hoping to learn from the God Kings within the Wealth Faction's support group to see if he could piece together a minor Divine Jurisdiction on his own.

With everything settled, Han Wu returned to Imperial College in person to deliver the good news to his mentor, Xu Hai. The latter was giving a public lecture when he arrived, so Han Wu entered through the back and took a seat in the last row to listen while waiting.

Xu Hai noticed his arrival but did not stop his lecture, breaking his theories down into simple terms for every student. At the end, he made sure to mention that the Wisdom Faction was looking for new members.

For a God King to personally invite students to join their faction was incredibly generous. It was equivalent to the CEO of a major company coming to campus to recruit them. Unfortunately, not every student in the room was on board.

"You all know the War Faction is preparing to declare a divine war on the Wisdom Faction, right?"

"You're all fools. You think the Wisdom God King is offering you something good? He's recruiting cannon fodder to throw to the front lines when the war starts."

"The War Faction fights wars for a living. What other faction can compete with them? You might get in, but you won't live long enough to enjoy the benefits."

These comments dampened the enthusiasm of the students who had been considering joining. Nobody wanted to be cannon fodder. Xu Hai could tell immediately that the students speaking were War Faction spies sent to cause trouble.

Still, as a scholar, he could not bring himself to get into a public argument with students. Doing so would simply embarrass the Wisdom Faction. It was beneath a God King to bicker with students below God level.

Knowing this, the planted student freely insulted both Xu Hai and his newly formed faction.

“Really admirable of you, going to students when things get tough. A true model teacher indeed.”

“With what you’ve been teaching, it’s hard to see why I should die for you.”

These words cut into Xu Hai. He wanted to explain, but knew that anything he said at this point would only make things worse. Suspicion was hard to root out of people’s minds.

These insults did not shake his resolve as a God King, but they would destroy the other students’ trust in him. This had the War Faction written all over it. Spreading rumours and smearing reputations was one of their specialties.

As the planted students were enjoying themselves, a pressure swept over the entire room.

Han Wu’s low, steady voice filled the classroom. “My, aren’t your mouths talented? Did you eat something special today?”

Rising from the back row, he scornfully eyed the students who had been speaking against Xu Hai. The students instinctively shrank under his glare, no longer daring to run their mouths.

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Chapter 787 - I Want to Be Cannon Fodder

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 787 - I Want to Be Cannon Fodder

Han Wu walked to the front of the podium and gazed out at the students, all the while releasing his pressure as a Major God.

Ignoring the stunned looks on the students’ faces, he began, “Some of you know me, but some of you don’t, so let me introduce myself.

“I’m Han Wu, an upcoming third-year student and valedictorian for my first two years at Imperial College. I’m also Xu Hai’s student and a Major God.”

The students all gasped with surprise. It was an incredible feat for a student to become a Major God before even entering their third year. Even among the lecturers in the Imperial College, half were only Gods, and very few were Major Gods.

“What’s so impressive about that? You’re the Holy Son of Death and have the support of the Death Faction? Why are you showing off?” a student questioned, dissatisfaction oozing from every word.

Han Wu blinked at the student. He hadn’t expected the War Faction to look into his background and present it to the planted students just to smear his mentor’s reputation.

“It’s true that I’m the Holy Son of Death and also have good ties with the Dark Faction, but you’ve mistaken the timeline. I only became the Holy Son of Death after Xu Hai accepted me as his student.”

Shock painted the students’ faces. They couldn’t help but wonder at Xu Hai’s connections.

“I can also tell you that I started way lower than everyone else in this room,” Han Wu continued. “You can check the records from my high school if you want. I’m certain that the War Faction is well aware of this.”

Han Wu pointedly glared at the few students who had been slandering Xu Hai.

“During my time as a reserve student, I met my mentor Xu Hai. He saw how hard I was working and chose me as his student. I am who I am today because of his tutelage. My achievements are a direct result of his efforts,” Han Wu said plainly.

The students were astonished. For Xu Hai to elevate a student who started weaker than them into a Major God in just two years... it was undeniably a huge achievement!

If Han Wu could become a Major God in two years under his tutelage, what about them? The Imperial College had chosen them as prodigies amongst prodigies. Their potential was as great as Han Wu's, if not better than when he started out. Even if they couldn’t become Major Gods, becoming at least a God was still plenty.

The students gazed at Xu Hai with new eyes, interest clear on their faces. They were willing to risk participating in a divine war, letting their core race become cannon fodder and fighting the Butcher, if it meant they could ascend as Gods.

“So what? Wisdom God King Xu Hai is still just trying to recruit us as cannon fodder!” one of the student plants cried out in dissent.

“Why should our painstakingly nurtured core race be sacrificed in your war?” another added, continuing their smear campaign.

As they expected, Xu Hai felt awkward enough about their words that he couldn’t bring himself to retort. Most of the students were Divine Beings or Demigods, so the quantity and quality of their units were subpar, really only usable as cannon fodder. There was simply no way they could be part of the main vanguard.

Aware of this, the planted students used it to try to disrupt the Wisdom Faction from being built up.

Han Wu chuckled at the blatant plot. “Then let me ask you this. Do you want the treasures and resources in the Wisdom Faction’s vault? Of course you do. But why should I give them to you? What right do you have to access them?

“That right comes from using your units as fodder for the divine war. Do you think your units won’t die if you invade another civilization? They’ll die in wars regardless! If they die while invading another civilization, then you lose your investments, but if you participate in this divine war, I can guarantee that your units won't die for nothing!

“Also, since the Wisdom Faction is just starting out, our benefits are much higher than those of any other faction, and our restrictions are lower too. Still, at the end of the day, it’s up to you to decide if you want to join or not,” Han Wu concluded.

A wave of enthusiasm rippled through the room as the students murmured among themselves.

“Han Wu’s right. There's no such thing as making money without losing units. At least if our units die as cannon fodder, we’ll still get paid.”

“None of the other strong factions will even look at a Demigod like me, but the Wisdom Faction is willing to accept me. What am I waiting for?”

“Sir Xu Hai, I just want to ask one thing. If we win this divine war, will you kick us out because our rank is too low?” asked one student, voicing a concern that many held.

Xu Hai straightened up and answered clearly, “I won’t abandon any student, and I won’t abandon any faction member. I swear on my Divine Jurisdiction that no one will ever be removed from this faction for being too weak.”

The room erupted into a flurry of excitement.

“What are we waiting for? Sir Xu Hai, I want to join the Wisdom Faction and become your cannon fodder!”

“There can’t be cannon fodder without me!”

“My core race is the goblins. They were born to be cannon fodder!”

“Count me in! I want to see what a divine war looks like.”

In the end, many students chose to join despite the War Faction’s sabotaging efforts.

Xu Hai almost cried from happiness. This was all thanks to Han Wu. This recruitment wouldn’t have gone as smoothly if Han Wu hadn’t appeared to support him.

The planted students frowned and made to leave, only to be stopped in their tracks when Han Wu locked onto them with his Divine Authority.

“Don’t let me catch you guys doing the same thing again,” Han Wu warned. “I promise you can’t shoulder the consequences.”

The threatened students ran out of the classroom. They likely wouldn’t have the guts to join any of Xu Hai’s lectures again anytime soon.

Chapter 788 - Support from Everyone

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 788 - Support from Everyone

After noting the names of the students willing to join the Wisdom Faction and seeing them out, Han Wu informed Xu Hai about the Wealth God King Zhao Zihong's decision to invest. Xu Hai did not believe it until the calls came in and 200 million Divine Essence appeared in the account.

200 million Divine Essence. There was no way Han Wu had raised that on his own. It had to be from the Wealth God King.

Xu Hai gazed at Han Wu with an emotion that went far beyond gratitude. Accepting Han Wu as a student was truly the best decision of his life.

“Sir, running a faction requires your full attention on the management side,” Han Wu said. “The least I can do is bring in support.”

Xu Hai was too moved to speak. This went far beyond bringing in support. This was delivering the entire foundation. At least 99% of the Wisdom Faction's base had come from Han Wu, and even the remaining 1% had Han Wu's fingerprints on it.

Han Wu and Xu Hai went on to discuss day-to-day management, resource allocation, and the long-term strategies for the faction. Then, a call came in. It was Xia Tian.

After hearing that Xu Hai was looking for new members, Xia Tian had persuaded Xiang Meng, Ye Ling, several friends, and a few of their faculty advisors to stand with Xu Hai. These were all reliable members of the Imperial College.

Xu Hai was glad to have them. After confirming a time to sign the agreements, they ended the call.

Before Han Wu could take a breath, another call came in. It was Xu Mengmeng from the Demonic Imperial College. The last time they had met was in the Divine Weapon Civilization, when Han Wu had given her a spot on the team.

She had not let him down, having gained significantly from that operation and even grasping the initial form of a Divine Jurisdiction.

After returning to the Demonic Imperial College, she had ascended into a Major God. In many ways, she was the Demonic Imperial College's equivalent of Han Wu.

This call was partly to thank him, and partly to ask about Xu Hai and the Butcher's challenge. Knowing that Xu Hai was Han Wu's teacher, she wanted to invite the man to give a public lecture at the Demonic Imperial College. She would handle the coordination on that end.

Han Wu immediately accepted. Xu Hai was even more excited than he was. Gaining traction at Imperial College was straightforward. After all, it was his home ground. Getting access to the Demonic Imperial College required far more effort. Fortunately, Xu Mengmeng had smoothed the way without being asked. Recruitment there would hopefully go smoothly as well.

The good news kept pouring in. The moment Han Wu ended that call, another came in.

Major God Jiang Ming had heard about the upcoming divine war between Xu Hai and the Butcher during his travels and business.

Aware that Han Wu, as Xu Hai's student, would naturally be involved, Jiang Ming had found suppliers for basic supplies and cannon fodder resources at 70% of the market rate. If Han Wu agreed, he would make the purchases and return to the Divine Civilization.

Han Wu told Jiang Ming to hold off for a moment, then had Xu Hai authorise a withdrawal of two million Divine Essence for Jiang Ming to purchase as much as he could manage.

Jiang Ming was thrilled. In all his years of trading, he had never handled that much Divine Essence at once. He promised Han Wu that the job would be done right.

More calls followed from various friends. Some contributed resources, some wanted to show their support, and some, with both resources and people, invested directly into the Wisdom Faction. Xu Hai received thousands of deals through Han Wu alone.

Xu Hai laughed quietly to himself. Virtually everything in the Wisdom Faction had come through Han Wu or was connected to him in some way. It would not take much for the Wisdom Faction to become Han Wu's Faction in all but name. Still, Xu Hai didn't mind one

bit. If that day ever came, he would personally place the imperial robe on Han Wu's shoulders and set the crown on his head.

As the Wisdom Faction grew, Xu Hai made sure to put every member to work. He divided his territory within other civilizations into four tiers. Divine Beings could train in the tier one zones that were similar to Zombie Town; Demigods in the second tier, such as the Armor Civilization; Gods in tier three, which included the Middle Realm; and Major Gods in tier four, like the Demon Civilization.

Unfortunately, Xu Hai did not have the resources for God Kings yet and could only let them develop freely for the moment. However, he used his Mind Eye to analyse the future development path of each God King within the faction. This free consultation deeply ingratiated the God Kings with him.

Things went on quietly for a few days. The Wisdom Faction grew a little larger with each passing day.

One day, news of the Butcher’s successful ascension to a God King came in. He had obtained a powerful new Divine Jurisdiction called Slaughter.

The War Family had been waiting for this public announcement and flooded into the Slaughter Faction to stand behind the Butcher. The Butcher wasted no time, formally submitting his challenge to the Will of the Divine Civilization and declaring divine war against the Wisdom Faction.

The Wisdom Faction accepted. With the Will of the Divine Civilization as witness, the divine realms of the Slaughter Faction and the Wisdom Faction were combined into a single complete battlefield. This battlefield comprised a portion of each faction member's divine realm as well as the full divine realm of each faction leader. It was massive.

The victor of this divine war would claim the other side's combined divine realm and obtain the defeated leader’s Divine Jurisdictions. That was what it meant to engage in a divine war.

Historical records in the Divine Civilization noted that roughly half of all divine wars had ended in a draw. Wisdom God King Xu Hai made it clear that this divine war would not be settled by negotiation. It would be fought until one side surrendered or was wiped out.

: Chapter 789

Chapter 789 - Divine War Start

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 789 - Divine War Start

Inside each Wisdom Faction member's divine realm, gates to the battlefield appeared. Once their territory was established, Wisdom God King Xu Hai assessed the terrain in every sector and the core race composition of each member, then assigned defensive positions accordingly. Each member's task was simple: hold the assigned area and prevent the War Faction from breaking through.

Xu Hai also designated a group of members without fixed positions who could move freely. They formed the Wisdom Faction's primary offensive force, and Han Wu was among them.

After teleporting to the battlefield, the Wisdom Faction's selected leadership convened immediately for a strategy meeting. However, before any plan could take shape, reports of breached territories flooded in.

The Slaughter God King Butcher's followers were all battle-hardened warriors. They had fought side by side for years and went to war with the same ease others ate breakfast. The moment the battlefield formed, they needed no discussion. Each acted on instinct.

Various Wargods pushed forward, and within one hour, they had seized a tenth of the Wisdom Faction's territory. If left unchecked, the situation would deteriorate rapidly.

Han Wu immediately requested permission to lead his races to reclaim the lost ground. Xu Hai trusted him completely, so he granted approval and gave him unrestricted teleportation across the faction's territory.

Han Wu teleported directly to the front line between the two factions. There, an enemy Major God was waving a banner and commanding tens of millions of War Mammoths. They were trampling through the goblin cannon fodder holding that position. The students stationed there were retreating steadily under the ferocious assault and were on the verge of losing the sector.

Han Wu stepped forward. "Fall back. Let me handle this."

His Microcosms surfaced one after another. From each, locusts poured out in an endless flood, filling the sky and threatening to blot out everything.

The enemy Major God scoffed. "Mere locusts dare to attack my War Mammoths?"

He had fought in countless battles and knew how to respond to swarms of individually weak enemies. He immediately ordered his War Mammoths to activate Warcry.

Every War Mammoth let out a thunderous roar. The piercing sound waves surged outward, shattering the skulls of goblins who failed to escape in time. The sound waves spread across a wide area, leaving the locust swarm with no avenue of escape.

In response to the seemingly unstoppable strike, Han Wu instantly ordered them to activate their Divine Weapon form. Countless locusts in the sky transformed into Small Locust Blades, Explosive Locust Blades, and other Divine Weapon forms. The sharp weapons flew straight into the sound waves without resistance and buried themselves deep into the War Mammoths' flesh.

Soon, every inch of the massive War Mammoths' bodies were punctured. The embedded Divine Weapons then reverted to their original forms, and the locusts began devouring the War Mammoths' flesh with ravenous speed. One locust posed no threat, but hundreds of thousands devouring one War Mammoth at once created a different outcome.

Han Wu watched from a distance and activated Gluttony. The locusts accelerated as if moving ten times their normal speed and devoured with greater intensity. A War Mammoth the size of a small mountain was reduced to a skeleton in just three seconds.

The enemy Major God was visibly shaken, but his experience quickly took over. He used a Divine Skill to harden the War Mammoths' skin into an iron-like state, then unleashed battle Divine Skills to send them into a frenzied charge. The thundering stampede shook the earth, and the remaining goblin followers were overwhelmed and lost all will to resist.

Han Wu showed no reaction. He pointed forward, and a streak of black light cut across the War Mammoths' path.

"Dark Divine Skill: Dark Domain."

The War Mammoths crashed into the Dark Domain, and the darkness immediately corroded them. Their hardened skin couldn't protect them at all. Once the darkness consumed their flesh, the War Mammoths transformed into skeletons and turned on their former companions. Likewise, the slain goblins were converted to skeletons within the Dark Domain and attacked the living War Mammoths.

The locusts shifted strategy. Instead of attacking the War Mammoths directly, they gathered the corpses and threw them into the Dark Domain. Each addition created more dark creatures, and more War Mammoths fell in rapid succession.

The enemy Major God watched Han Wu weaponize the undead and let out a cold laugh. "The era of the undead is long past! I have countless ways to scatter every undead you have."

He activated his Light Aspect. Light, inherently effective against darkness, burst outward and illuminated Han Wu's Dark Domain, purifying large sections of undead at once.

As the fierce beam of light approached, Han Wu stepped in, using his own body as a shield.

The enemy Major God chuckled. “Fool. How could you withstand a beam of light? I’ll multiply my divine power tenfold and purify you and every undead you command into dust!”

The massive beam of light enveloped Han Wu, leaving him no room to escape.

What the enemy Major God hadn’t anticipated was that Han Wu had never intended to flee. He activated Conversion, and the moment the light touched him, it was converted into darkness. The more intense the light, the greater the darkness it produced.

The enemy had poured immense energy into the attack, but instead of harming Han Wu, he had given him an enormous reserve of Dark Energy. Han Wu poured it into his Dark Domain, which expanded tenfold and swallowed hundreds of thousands of War Mammoths at once. Under the corrosion of darkness, their skeletons rose. They moved with light, effortless steps and drove their sharp tusks into their former companions.

As more War Mammoths died, more skeletons rose. Combined with the millions of goblin corpses converted into undead goblin skeletons, Han Wu’s signature tactic took shape. The skeleton tsunami was here once more.

Under his command, endless bones gathered and fused into 1,000-meter-tall Skeleton Mammoths, each as powerful as a King life form.

“Charge!” At his command, the Skeleton Mammoths surged forward with unstoppable force, using the same techniques they had known in life to crash into their former companions and the enemy Major God.

Unable to counter the Skeleton Mammoths, the enemy Major God fled. He had barely escaped when he noticed a twelve-winged humanoid life form standing behind him, longbow drawn and aimed directly at him.

“Enemy of my God, die!” Bart released an arrow, and space itself fractured.

The Major God couldn’t even activate his Divine Jurisdiction before the spatial crack tore him apart. Several Divine Aspects and Divine Jurisdictions dispersed from his shattered corpse, and Bart seized them. In the next instant, he teleported through the spatial crack back to Han Wu’s side and dropped to one knee, presenting his loot.

Among the Divine Aspects were some powerful ones, such as the highly sought-after Light and War Aspects. The initial forms of the Divine Jurisdictions were even more valuable, and they would certainly fetch a high price in the Wisdom Faction’s vault.

Han Wu accepted everything, then casually tossed the War Aspect to the Demigod student who had been holding that position.

“Go back and rest. Return to hold the line again once you’ve recovered,” he said.

The student caught the still-warm War Aspect, too overwhelmed to speak. He had lost 1 million goblins, yet in return he had gained a precious Level 5 War Aspect. It was an amazing trade-off!

He swore then and there to bind himself permanently to the Wisdom Faction. He would live as one of its members, and if he died, he would become a ghost to continue serving it!

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: Chapter 790

Chapter 790 - World Chessboard

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 790 - World Chessboard

Inside the Slaughter Faction’s camp, the Slaughter God King Butcher sat in his tent when he suddenly sensed the loss of one of his key members.

“Ming Guang died!” Butcher said and immediately summoned the recording Ming Guang had made before his death.

The footage showed his battle against Han Wu. In the final moments, Ming Guang turned to flee, only to be shot dead by a World life form.

The Butcher’s expression hardened. “So he used a World life form to ambush him. Fine, if that’s how you want to play it, I have no reason to hold back any longer either.”

He reached into his Microcosm and retrieved a treasure he had forged at a great cost after raiding numerous civilizations. It had saved his life more than once. It was called the World Chessboard. It detected every World life form within range and forcibly dragged them inside for a fight to the death. Once inside, the World life forms would be divided into two factions, light and dark, and couldn’t escape until one side was completely annihilated.

By pouring a massive amount of Divine Points into it, the Butcher expanded its detection range far enough to cover the entire battlefield. He then summoned every World life form under him and lined them up before him.

There were twenty-eight in total. Eight were his own units, which had reached the World rank alongside his God King ascension. The remaining twenty were support forces from the War Faction, the core reason he had dared to initiate a divine war.

After confirming their presence, he activated the World Chessboard. All twenty-eight World life forms were pulled inside and assigned to the black side.

As the World Chessboard's detection range expanded to cover the Wisdom Faction's territory, the Banquet God King was directing his World life form, an Evil Wolf, in battle. In the next instant, the Evil Wolf was forcibly dragged into the World Chessboard and assigned to the white side.

Twenty-eight World life forms stood in the black faction, while the Evil Wolf stood alone on the white side. The moment the Evil Wolf appeared, the enemies launched energy blasts at it simultaneously.

The Banquet God King sensed that his Evil Wolf had died. It was unheard of for a World life form to die without warning.

The same phenomenon began affecting the other God Kings. Their World units were forcibly teleported into the World Chessboard and quickly killed by the twenty-eight World life forms' combined assault. Thirteen World life forms were eliminated that way, one after another.

Then a World life form belonging to Han Wu was detected and forcibly dragged in. Just like before, the enemies unleashed energy blasts without warning.

That kind of ambush was enough to kill most World life forms. This time, however, their target was a World life form they hadn't anticipated: Han Wu's core race, the Dark Locust.

The Dark Locust had been fighting at full intensity when he was suddenly teleported into this strange place and found multiple lethal attacks locking onto him from all directions. Faced with that situation, he chose the most direct response: Self-Detonate.

He self-destructed before the attacks could land, denying the enemy the kill. At the same time, the destructive force he generated was enormous. Of the twenty-eight World life forms, two were killed outright, three suffered critical injuries, and the remaining twenty-three were hurt to varying degrees.

Before the surviving twenty-six could recover, another World life form was dragged in. This time, it was the Bow God Bart. The moment he entered, his Void Hunter Catalyst

detected lethal attacks locking onto him from all directions. He remained calm, raised one hand, opened a spatial crack, and slipped behind his opponents.

The lethal attacks curved through the air in pursuit. Bart nocked an arrow and fired, seriously wounding one enemy, then slipped back into the void and reappeared behind another cluster. The lethal attacks adjusted and chased him again. Bart fired once more and killed one this time.

This pattern continued. Using guerrilla tactics, Bart eliminated thirteen World life forms before the relentless barrage finally caught him and killed him. The black side had been reduced to thirteen, all wounded to varying degrees.

Then another figure was dragged in. The thirteen instinctively prepared to fire again, only to realize that the new World life form was Dark Locust, the same one that had already self-destructed. He hadn't only recovered but also returned.

The Dark Locust maintained strict combat discipline and detonated himself before the enemy could kill him. The explosion reduced the remaining thirteen World life forms to seven.

The survivors confirmed that no one would be brought in on the white side and immediately summoned a gate to flee the death board. They were genuinely afraid. If the next one to be dragged was the Dark Locust again, they would not survive the third Self-Detonation.

The Butcher, who had watched the entire exchange, nearly burst a lung out of anger. He had calculated for everything except this. Han Wu had cultivated a unit that could resurrect!

The Dark Locust alone had disrupted the entire formation, killed eight World life forms outright, and left all seven survivors badly wounded and unable to fight in the short term. Ultimately, he was the MVP, and Bart deserved the title of the best marksman. Together, the two alone dismantled the Butcher's scheme.

Han Wu only found out about it after Bart's death. Fortunately, Bart's soul was bound to the Resurrection Stone. Given enough time, he would return. Still, the incident taught Han Wu a lesson. The enemy was a battle-hardened veteran with many treasures. He had to proceed with caution or risk walking straight into a trap.

"Since you want to play dirty, don't blame me for returning the favour," Han Wu muttered. He then relayed the divine war's state to his true body.

Upon receiving the update, he prepared to return. The Giant Shadow Civilization was far from the Divine Civilization, and teleportation took time. He could also teleport only one person per trip, so he gave Jing Jing the first opportunity to return.

Jing Jing had successfully ascended into a Major God within the Giant Shadow Civilization and now held the initial form of the Soul Jurisdiction. With that, she had earned the Undead Queen title without question.

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Chapter 791 - A Significant Victory

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 791 - A Significant Victory

The divine war continued. Units on both sides died with each passing moment. Many of the Gods in the Slaughter Faction held the War Aspects, and the sheer scale of the battle gave them a constant supply of energy, which they channelled into amplifying their units through large-scale War Divine Skills.

Every God in the Slaughter Faction had different War Divine Skills, so the effects stacked, meaning individual Slaughter Faction units were carrying twenty to thirty different buffs at once. Even an ordinary goblin became able to match a Unique troll in strength.

Xu Hai's Mind Eye could analyze the situation, but nullifying the buffs would take time to figure it out. His faction had to hold the line with their units while he worked.

The God Kings from the Wealth Faction were veterans, each commanding tens of billions of units at minimum and matching the Slaughter Faction's strength with sheer numbers. Even trading ten units for one was worthwhile by their calculation.

Han Wu positioned his strongest units at every key stronghold before moving behind the God Kings, summoning skeletons from the bodies of their fallen units.

The skeletons crawled out from the corpses and flung themselves at the Slaughter Faction's units with suicidal counterattacks. They were fragile, and many shattered with a single casual blow, but their broken bones became part of a skeleton tsunami.

White bones rolled together in a tidal wave. It was impossible to differentiate the whole skeletons from the bone fragments. Every corpse, friend or foe alike, was quickly added to the tide.

The God Kings looked on with bewildered expressions. Undead tactics had been obsolete for years, so why was someone still using them?

It was true that the tactic fed on battles and consumed very little, which made it ideal for battles of attrition, but its weaknesses were just as severe. Light, Life, and Soul-type attacks all threatened the undead, and a moment's lapse in judgment could waste all the energy invested in the early phase.

A Major God from the Slaughter Faction scoffed at Han Wu's skeleton tide. Using undead tactics against veterans of the Divine Civilization was suicide in a divine war of this scale. He activated his summoning divine skills and spent a large amount of Divine Points to summon the Guangya Dragon Seal Mountain, a holy mountain specifically designed to counter the undead.

The earth cracked as the Guangya Dragon Seal Mountain, brimming with Light Energy, clawed its way up from underground like a living dragon and encircled the skeleton tide. Every skeleton that came into contact with the mountain sizzled. The Guangya Dragon Seal Mountain purified anything impure, dark, or tainted with death.

The mountain's ring gradually tightened, and increasing numbers of undead crumbled into dust as they were purified.

"You actually dare use undead tactics against veteran Divine Civilization players?" the Major God mocked. "Looks like you don't know the meaning of the word death!"

"Undead tactics, if used well, can still win," Han Wu replied.

The Major God sneered. "Go to hell with your stupid ideas and your pathetic undead."

Han Wu smiled at him.

Then, a gate opened behind Han Wu. A long, elegant leg came through, and Jing Jing's beautiful face soon followed.

"I believe I heard someone mocking the undead?" Jing Jing asked coldly.

Han Wu pointed straight at the Slaughter Faction Major God and tattled, "It was him. He was slandering the undead."

Jing Jing stared at her opponent. Though she had spent less time as a Major God, the authority radiating from her was noticeably stronger.

"You dare to slander the undead? Then die," Jing Jing said with the finality of a verdict as she raised a slender hand.

The countless bone fragments scattered across the battlefield answered her call, assembling into a massive cleaver in the air. The cleaver grew larger with every fragment until it had absorbed every skeleton and bone trapped inside the Guangya Dragon Seal Mountain's encirclement.

Jing Jing then swung the enormous cleaver down upon the Guangya Dragon Seal Mountain.

Despite its strong resistance to both undead and Dark Energy, the Guangya Dragon Seal Mountain could not endure the strike. The mountain split into two, and the Light Energy contained within it dispersed. Han Wu flew straight at it and converted all the scattered Light Energy into Dark Energy.

Redirecting her enormous cleaver at the Major God, Jing Jing asked, “Now tell me, is your light stronger, or is my cleaver stronger?”

The shaken Major God was naturally terrified of the cleaver after witnessing it split the mountain in half, and he hastily acquiesced, “Your weapon is stronger! I have nothing but respect for you!”

He said the words with full sincerity while quietly mapping his escape route. Pleased with getting the answer she wanted, Jing Jing mercifully brought the cleaver down on the Major God’s head.

The Major God could not dodge in time, so he tried to block, but his body was no match for the cleaver of bones, and he was cut cleanly in two. The Wisdom Faction had secured another significant victory.

Chapter 792 - The Joy of Not Being Human

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 792 - The Joy of Not Being Human

After using his Mind Eye to analyze the buffs, Xu Hai used both Mystic Arts and runes as the foundation to construct a Dispel Array layered across the Wisdom Faction’s territories. Any Slaughter Faction follower that stepped onto Wisdom Faction grounds would have all of their buffs dispelled.

The pressure of the front-line fighters dropped considerably as the array took effect. Unfortunately, despite killing several of the Slaughter Faction's key commanders, the Wisdom Faction was still losing ground.

Their roster was well-suited to holding positions but far too thin to actually take territory. Xu Hai was forced to call a meeting to discuss how to make a meaningful counterattack and recover the lost ground.

One of the God Kings volunteered. His core race was harpies, born aerial fighters. If the Wisdom Faction could prepare explosive payloads like bombs, the harpies could exploit their aerial superiority to launch a powerful airstrike.

The proposal was immediately shot down. First, bombs were expensive, and even setting the cost aside, it was impossible to predict the return on investment. More importantly, the Slaughter Faction almost certainly had anti-air structures in place.

Han Wu had personally seen that the Butcher alone had stockpiles of anti-World life form equipment, including plenty designed for aerial targets. Sending the harpies on an airstrike could easily turn into a delivery of free bombs, which would then be used against them.

This plan was too unreliable, but the idea inspired Han Wu. His locusts were also flying units, and they had a much more workable Self-Detonation tactic that came with far lower risks. There was also that skill he had yet to actually use.

Idea still forming in his mind, Han Wu returned to his divine realm to look for the Origin of Mutation.

The Origin of Mutation was in the middle of an experiment, and asked Han Wu to wait a moment.

Han Wu sat outside the operating room. A heavily mutated creature covered in tentacles served him tea. Han Wu did not pay much attention to it at first, but a second glance brought a strange pang of familiarity.

"Have we met somewhere?" he asked.

Flustered, the mutant answered, "We have, my lord. We met in the Giant Shadow Civilization. My name is Yakushi Nan."

Han Wu stared. The tentacle-covered mutant before him was the unhinged medical ninja he had met in the Giant Shadow Civilization?! "Weren't you human before?"

"Not anymore." Yakushi Nan was visibly excited. "I'm the master's chief assistant now. I requested my master modify me into this form so I can perform multiple surgeries simultaneously. I've learned many advanced concepts and techniques while under my master's guidance. This place is paradise to me."

Han Wu was at a loss for words. Nan's way of thinking could not be measured based on normal standards. For him to be turned into something like this, and by his own request at that—was this the joy of no longer being human?

Shaking his head, Han Wu pivoted to asking about Origin of Mutation's recent research. As chief assistant, Yakushi Nan was able to give him a quick rundown.

Current projects included consciousness modification on Kokkai Hanwu to strip the nine Giant Sages' consciousness sealed inside his body and replace them with compliant ones with the aim of reshaping him into a humanoid weapon on par with a World life form.

There was also a gene modification project on the mother rat that upgraded it to a World life form so it would remain in a constant peak reproductive state.

Then there was also the intelligence enhancement on the dog, Wang Cai. As soon as Wang Cai's intelligence was raised, the Epistian genius Ji Zhongyi had taken it away, claiming he wanted to build a mech suit for it.

The sheer variety of projects left Han Wu genuinely surprised. It was only because Han Wu's divine realm had no strict ethical code that the Origin of Mutation could conduct its experiments freely. If not, the various experiments were enough to sentence it to enough executions to last for ten whole years! [1]

At that moment, the Origin of Mutation finished its experiment and walked out the door, also covered in tentacles, like Nan. Han Wu's stomach churned. Fortunately, the Origin of Mutation quickly shifted back to its humanoid form.

The moment it saw Han Wu, its face lit up, and it launched into a spiel about its research, gesturing enthusiastically.“I have to say, the test subject you provided was absolutely outstanding. That mother rat is the perfect breeding machine. I modified her genes through surgery and overclocked her strength up to the World rank. She can now produce twenty million rats per day—”

“I just came to ask if you have a method for aerial bombardment. Ideally, one that’s cheap,” Han Wu said, quickly cutting it off.

Any other God with regard for life would come running to Han Wu's divine realm, demanding the execution of the Origin of Mutation if they had heard its words.

The Origin of Mutation thought for a moment. “I do. But I'm a little worried.”

“Worried about what?”

“I'm worried you'll think it's too brutal,” Origin of Mutation said plainly.

Han Wu waved it off. If the Origin of Mutation had no other plans, he had planned to fall back on his typical Self-Detonation tactic regardless. Brutality mattered little in a divine war. Winning was all that mattered.

The Origin of Mutation brightened up. “Then let me bring out my finest work. You won't be disappointed.”

It went into his lab and returned with a bottle filled with red liquid[2].

“This is the concentrated spinal fluid extracted from Kokkai Hanwu, with some of my custom additions. Even just 0.01 milligrams of it is enough to transform a Hero life form into a mindless giant. For anything below Hero rank, the required amount is smaller and has a greater effect. Take this bottle to test it first. I have plenty more in storage.”

Han Wu's hand trembled slightly as he took the bottle. It felt less like a bottle and more like a nuclear warhead that could detonate at any moment.

“No need to be tense. Even if someone drinks the concentrated spinal fluid, nothing will happen without the catalyst,” the Origin of Mutation explained.

Han Wu was relieved. “So how do I trigger the catalyst?”

“You don't need to worry about that. I'll handle it when you're ready to use it.” The Origin of Mutation pulled off its white lab coat and threw it to Yakushi Nan beside him, eyes gleaming with anticipation. “I'll come to the divine war with you. I’m sure there’ll be plenty of interesting research subjects there.”

1. Meaning the OOM would be executed every day for ten years for the crimes ☜

2. If that’s what I think it is, don’t drink the wine! ☜

Chapter 793 - New Self-Detonation Tactic

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 793 - New Self-Detonation Tactic

The Origin of Mutation followed Han Wu out to the divine war. The bodies of various units lay scattered everywhere, a sight that thrilled the Origin of Mutation. Test subjects as far as the eye could see! This was a blissful feeling.

Ideas were already developing inside its head. It decisively shifted into its fully tentacled form and plunged into the action, not to kill anyone, but to harvest limbs and organs from fallen enemy units, storing them in its material bank for future research.

Han Wu held the bottle and asked the Origin of Mutation from a distance how to use it.

“First, dilute the concentrated spinal fluid in water at the correct ratio, mix it thoroughly, and have the Bomber Locusts drink it,” instructed the Origin of Mutation.

Han Wu did as it said, and soon, 300,000 Bomber Locusts were consuming the concoction. The Origin of Mutation then told Han Wu to have them fly into the airspace above the enemy faction, spaced out evenly.

300,000 locusts were still manageable. There was one every hundred meters, arranged into a grid above the Slaughter Faction's territory. Once everything was in position, a special mouth appeared on the Origin of Mutation's body, and it let out a thunderous roar in the direction of the Bomber Locusts. The strange, authoritative sound carried far across the sky.

Han Wu watched in shock as golden lightning descended and the Bomber Locusts transformed. Their bodies swelled a thousandfold, each becoming a giant locust. The abrupt change damaged their brain cells, causing them to lose all higher functions and begin dropping toward the ground.

The Slaughter Faction had anti-air equipment below as expected. Arrows, elemental cannons, and bullets fired upwards in a dense barrage.

"Give the order. Make them detonate themselves," the Origin of Mutation instructed.

Han Wu issued the command, and all 300,000 locusts exploded. Their increased size meant their explosive force surpassed their original by tens of thousands of times [1].

It was like 300,000 missiles detonating simultaneously in a tightly packed chain. Every unit in the blast zone, regardless of strength, was obliterated in an instant. The ground itself melted into lava, continuing to radiate intense heat that would not fade for some time.

Han Wu stared at the dead zone left in the blast radius. All it had cost him was 300,000 Bomber Locusts and one bottle of concentrated spinal fluid. Meanwhile, the Slaughter Faction had lost at least 30 million units with twenty to thirty buffs each.

The Origin of Mutation's earlier warnings made sense now. The efficient brutality of a weapon like this would frighten even his own allies.

Sure enough, back in the Wisdom Faction's command room, Xu Hai felt the hair on his scalp rise as he watched the 300,000 transformed locusts detonate. Just 300,000 Bomber Locusts had produced an explosion of that scale.

Han Wu had at least 30 billion Bomber Locusts. If all 30 billion were used this way, the entire battlefield would be reduced to dust.

Unease stirred within Xu Hai. He couldn't help but wonder if this would draw condemnation from other Divine Civilization players and factions. A weapon this extreme was practically unfair.

The Banquet God King, Wang Fugui of the Wealth Faction, gave him his perspective. Han Wu's new tactic would undoubtedly be condemned and perhaps even be banned for use in Divine Civilization warfare. However, that was the future.

There were no restrictions on it yet, so the best thing they could do was take advantage of it while they could. They could worry about the rest after destroying the Slaughter Faction[2].

Even if it was banned within the Divine Civilization itself, as a civilization, they often waged war against other civilizations outside. The worst-case scenario was to have this technology packaged and sold commercially.

There would always be buyers. The ethics of its usage would have to be shouldered by its users. That had nothing to do with whoever manufactured and sold the product.

Wang Fugui's reasoning persuaded Xu Hai. War was fundamentally about whose bottom line was lower. A good-natured soul like him who worried about breaking the natural order would be better off teaching students for the rest of his career. Before that, though, this divine war needed to be won.

The Slaughter Faction similarly watched as Han Wu wiped out 30 million of their units with 300,000 Bomber Locusts. The Butcher leaped to his feet.

The tactic was creative, and its killing efficiency was extraordinary. If he had this technology, he was confident he could surpass the God King of Death and become the top God King in the Divine Civilization within the next ten years.

Unfortunately, this technology belonged to the enemy faction. Han Wu's relationship with Xu Hai as mentor and student was too solid to break with threats or bribes.

"Han Wu is talented, and I respect that. It's just a shame he insists on standing in my way. He needs to be removed," the Slaughter God King said gravely.

Everyone in the command room agreed. Thirty million units was a loss they could still absorb, but this spelled trouble for the future. They had no way of knowing how many times he could use this technology and to what level.

If Han Wu could deploy this on a larger scale, their faction's destruction was imminent. Eliminating Han Wu had suddenly become their highest priority.

"Slaughter God King, should we deploy our anti-World equipment stockpile?"

"If we do, the Wisdom Faction will be able to get a counter ready... but exposing those assets early might be worth it if it means taking out Han Wu."

The Slaughter God King shook his head at the suggestion. Instead, he turned and clapped his hands.

A person walked into the room. It was Huang Shengjun, the student expelled from Imperial College in the past!

The aura radiating from him was completely different from before. He raised his head and opened his eyes. Nine miniature evil eyes stared out from within his pupils. Everyone in the room flinched at the sight. That was the mark of the Nine-Eyed Evil God.

“Sir. Your student requests permission to fight Han Wu,” Huang Shengjun said.

The Slaughter God King nodded. “Go. Kill him. Wash away the humiliation he gave you.”

Huang Shengjun turned to leave.

The representatives in the command room broke into soft murmurs after his departure. They had some knowledge of Huang Shengjun’s background, but they couldn’t help but wonder if he was a match for Han Wu in this state. After all, he had already lost to Han Wu once before.

The Slaughter God King smiled coldly and assured them that everything was under control.

1. 300,000 napalm missiles the size of a bus is crazy ☜

2. I like the way he thinks ☜

Chapter 794 - Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal

<h4 data-testid="heading" class="font-set-b18 flex items-start !font-sans sm:font-set-b26">Chapter 794 - Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal

Having witnessed the new tactic’s brutality, Han Wu immediately ordered the Origin of Mutation to bring more concentrated spinal fluid. He intended to drop it directly onto the Butcher’s command room.

The Origin of Mutation returned to the divine realm at once to retrieve it. It had a substantial stockpile of over 100 bottles. It wasn’t enough to blanket the entire Slaughter Faction, but it was sufficient to strike key positions. Besides, spinal fluid wasn’t hard to obtain. Kokkai Hanwu was sealed within Han Wu’s divine realm, so it could produce more whenever needed.

While waiting for the Origin of Mutation to return, Han Wu assigned tasks to his units. Many contested sectors were already under his control. Without him, the Wisdom Faction would have lost at least half its territory.

After issuing his orders, Han Wu contacted Jing Jing to check her progress. She had been sweeping across the entire front line between the two sides, gathering vast quantities of skeletal cannon fodder. In anyone else's hands, those skeletons were worthless fodder. In Jing Jing's hands, they became a decisive advantage.

She used her Soul Jurisdiction to strengthen their souls and built thousand-meter-tall skeleton vanguards. Layers of soul power coated their surfaces, allowing them to deflect most attacks directed at the undead. Her skeletal tide was on the verge of becoming truly self-sustaining.

With everything looking stable, Han Wu let out a breath of relief. *This Wisdom Faction would've fallen apart without me.*

He was still considering that when footsteps reached his ears. He turned and saw Huang Shengjun walking toward him across still-molten ground with a wide smile as though greeting an old friend.

Han Wu's senses sharpened. He noticed nine differently shaped evil eyes within Huang Shengjun's pupils.

"Senior Huang, I didn't expect to see you here. The Butcher actually gave you the Nine-Eyed Evil God's power?" Han Wu greeted him as if they were meeting on friendly terms.

Huang Shengjun's smile turned bitter. "You aren't my junior anymore. Not since I was expelled. Han Wu, your growth is so fast that it makes me want to give up. Fortunately, my mentor didn't abandon me. He gave me this chance for revenge."

"Revenge? Are you sure this won't rub salt in old wounds?" Han Wu shot back.

"I came fully prepared," Huang Shengjun said.

In the next instant, a strange ring with nine evil eyes carved onto its surface manifested behind him. All nine snapped open at once, and evil energy flooded the surroundings, enclosing Han Wu. A barrier formed at visible speed, shaping itself into a hall the size of a football field. Dense, intricate runes covered the walls, and the ceiling bore nine carved evil eyes that stared downward.[1] Han Wu felt no immediate discomfort, but the nine eyes above fixed on him made him feel uneasy.

Huang Shengjun continued, "To defeat you, I analyzed you in detail. You are extremely strong on your own, have powerful units, and control an enormous number of your core race, the locusts.

“Your self-detonation tactic looks simple but is difficult to replicate, and your skeletal tide is a nightmare for anyone who relies on numbers. I’ve investigated your abilities, your skills, and even the Divine Weapons you obtained from the Divine Weapon Civilization through various channels.

“Han Wu, I have to admit that you’re the strongest all-rounder I’ve ever seen. Even the Butcher wasn’t as accomplished as you when he was still a Major God.”

Han Wu grew more uneasy as Huang Shengjun kept talking. He cut him off, “Save the compliments. Get to the point. Why are you here? If you think that the Nine-Eyed Evil God’s power can trap me, you’re underestimating me. I killed Hei Qi, the one the Nine-Eyed Evil God possessed.”

Huang Shengjun laughed. “Hei Qi? He was useless. He had the Nine-Eyed Evil God’s power but didn’t understand how to wield it. The backlash overwhelmed him and turned him into a monster. A weakling like that didn’t deserve to keep living.

“He had one use, though. He served as bait. The Butcher used him to bind the Nine-Eyed Evil God. You killed him, but that power was sealed within his corpse. The Butcher then used that corpse to draw on the sealed power, ascended into a God King, and obtained the powerful Slaughter Jurisdiction.

“By the way, you said that the Nine-Eyed Evil God’s power can’t contain you? Try connecting to your divine realm.”

Han Wu tried and was astonished. Just as Huang Shengjun had said, he couldn’t connect to his divine realm or any of his Microcosms. In other words, he could no longer summon his units to fight for him or draw on their energy to fuel his Divine Skills.

“Huang Shengjun, my power doesn’t solely rely on my divine realm!” Han Wu said. The World Ring appeared behind him, and his aura surged to the World rank.

Huang Shengjun smiled broadly. “Your power really is impressive. But what if it doesn’t work?”

As he spoke, something unsettling occurred. One of the nine evil eyes within Huang Shengjun’s pupils dimmed. In the next instant, Han Wu felt his power plummet, and the World Ring behind him disappeared. No matter how he called for it, it wouldn’t return.

“A seal!” Han Wu understood at once. He looked up at the ceiling. One of the nine carved evil eyes had closed. He concluded that his World Ring had been sealed within it.

“What else do you have? Show everything!” Huang Shengjun laughed and flicked the black blade in his hand, sending out a razor-sharp blade aura with enormous force.

Han Wu knew that he couldn’t dodge in time. He drew the Divine Weapon Atlas and pulled out the Abyss Armor to shield himself. The black blade aura failed to penetrate the armor and dissipated on impact.

Before Han Wu could catch his breath, the Abyss Armor was forcibly pulled back into the Divine Weapon Atlas. The atlas flashed and was absorbed into the second evil eye on the ceiling. It was sealed too!

Han Wu nearly lost his composure. Seven more eyes remained open, which meant seven more abilities would be sealed. He narrowed his eyes and considered his options for a second, then activated his Light Aspect. Two spheres of light formed in his hands as they absorbed the surrounding Light Energy. He was ready to fire them at Huang Shengjun at any moment.

1. Domain Expansion ☜

Chapter 795 - The True Body’s Return

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Huang Shengjun watched Han Wu and showed no concern when the Light Aspect appeared. When Han Wu launched the light spheres at him, he simply deflected them with a sweep of black blade aura.

Cold sweat formed on Han Wu's forehead. *Why did the Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal not seal my Light Aspect?*

“Wondering why your Light Aspect wasn't sealed? I'll tell you. The Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal works under my direction. Your Light Aspect clearly poses no threat to my life, so I would never waste a precious seal on a useless aspect,” Huang Shengjun explained.

Huang Shengjun was relentless. At the same time, Han Wu was analyzing the sealing conditions. *Did it trigger when an ability appeared before Huang Shengjun? Or when the eyes on the ceiling detected it?*

He tested his theory by switching to his Dark Aspect and activated Eternal Night. Darkness swallowed the surroundings. Logically, under that cover, Han Wu was completely out of Huang Shengjun's sight and beyond the ceiling eyes' range. In the next instant, however, the darkness dissolved on its own. His Dark Aspect had been sealed.

“I'm genuinely curious how many Divine Aspects you have. As far as I know, you already have War, Dark, Death, Destruction, Light, Life, Creation, and Harmony. To think you would possess eight Divine Aspects. How did you achieve that?” Huang Shengjun said as he advanced step by step.

Han Wu switched to the Death Aspect. Dense Death Energy radiated from him, boosting his strength dramatically. In the next second, the Death Aspect was sealed as well. Any power that posed a real threat to Huang Shengjun's life was immediately sealed.

The Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal was infuriating, Han Wu thought.

Huang Shengjun attacked. He couldn’t summon units either, but the Nine-Eyed Evil God enhanced his strength. He was now a World life form, and his black blade’s strikes were all lethal.

Han Wu had no choice but to bring out more counters. He activated Replicate and copied the Origin of Mutation's World form. Unfortunately, before he could act, Replicate was sealed too. He then activated the Destruction Aspect. As a suffocating wave of destruction started to radiate from him, it was also sealed.

Under Huang Shengjun's relentless sealing, Han Wu turned to his Demon King Transformation and Conversion Jurisdiction, only to have them sealed immediately, one after the other.

By now, the Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal had neutralized eight of Han Wu's trump cards. He fixed his gaze on the last open eye on the ceiling. Huang Shengjun was likely waiting to seal his Duel Jurisdiction. However, it resided with his true body, which had yet to return.

“To think you possess so many powerful abilities. Your strength exceeds what I imagined.” Huang Shengjun said as he pressed the attack. His black blade erupted with far greater force than Hei Qi had ever achieved.

Stripped of his strongest abilities, Han Wu could only fight Huang Shengjun by relying on powerful skills and the few Divine Aspects that had not been sealed. With the Life, Light, and Creation Aspects working in tandem, he could hold out for a while.

***

Back in Han Wu’s divine realm, the Origin of Mutation retrieved the concentrated spinal fluid and attempted to return, only to find that the divine realm gate wouldn’t open. It immediately realized that something had happened to Han Wu. Using the permissions Han Wu had granted, it teleported to Imperial College to find Qin Shuang.

She had joined the Wisdom Faction but hadn’t entered the divine war due to her closed-door cultivation. Upon receiving the Origin of Mutation's message, she teleported to the battlefield and reported the situation to Wisdom God King Xu Hai.

Xu Hai acted at once. He used his authority to search for Han Wu. Unfortunately, the Nine-Eyed Evil God’s barrier was extremely well concealed, and even a God King couldn’t locate Han Wu through normal senses.

Xu Hai could only teleport the Origin of Mutation to the last place Han Wu had been seen.

While searching on foot, they quickly found the barrier. The problem was that a barrier constructed with the Nine-Eyed Evil God's power couldn’t be broken quickly, even by several World life forms working together. The only option was for Xu Hai to use his Mind Eye to analyze the barrier's composition and find a way to break it from the outside, which would take time.

Inside the barrier, Huang Shengjun sensed the large number of powerful beings gathering outside to rescue Han Wu, but he wasn’t worried. His sole target was Han Wu. If he could kill him, he was prepared to be beaten to death by the World life forms outside once the barrier shattered.

“Han Wu, I just need you to die!” Huang Shengjun shouted as he launched repeated attacks.

Han Wu relied on his Divine Aspects to recover, but without the energy of his Microcosms to replenish him, he faced a limit. In a desperate gamble, he activated Avatar Creation, split himself into twelve avatars based on his remaining abilities, and had them attack Huang Shengjun simultaneously.

Sensing the threat, Huang Shengjun immediately used the final seal to target Avatar Creation.

This time, the sealing didn’t proceed as smoothly as the previous eight attempts. Huang Shengjun felt strong resistance, as if something was actively blocking him from sealing Avatar Creation. Even so, he ignored it and poured in more strength. That ability had to be sealed at all costs. Under the Nine-Eyed Evil God's forceful sealing, Avatar Creation was torn from Han Wu's body.

At the exact moment, a gate split open behind Han Wu. His true body stepped through, looking just as confused as Huang Shengjun. After all, he had been making his way back when a powerful force suddenly seized and pulled him directly into the barrier.

After their memories synchronized, Han Wu understood what had happened.

Huang Shengjun was still confused. He couldn’t understand how anyone could enter the barrier through a gate. More importantly, why was it Han Wu? If the one who had just arrived was Han Wu, then who had he been fighting?

In the next instant, the two Han Wus merged into one. His aura didn’t diminish in the slightest. Instead, it surged like a hurricane and a tidal wave, violent and overwhelming.

Han Wu regained his World strength even without his Divine Ring, Divine Aspects, abilities, or skills. He was no longer an avatar carrying a portion of his power. He was whole again.

Han Wu stared at the now motionless Huang Shengjun and asked, “Huang Shengjun, have you decided how you'd like to die?”

A boundless fighting spirit erupted from him as he activated Duel and Undying. Incredible power surged through every part of his body, and he crossed the distance to Huang Shengjun in a single step.

Huang Shengjun panicked and tried to seal Han Wu's ability one more time. Unfortunately, the Nine-Eyed Evil God Seal was already full.

Meanwhile, Han Wu's fist closed in on his face.

Chapter 796 - 16.3 Billion Lives

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Han Wu landed one, two, three, then a hundred strikes in rapid succession. When he finally stopped, Huang Shengjun lay reduced to a pool of mangled flesh.

Han Wu could clearly tell that Huang Shengjun was dead. Yet even after his death, the Nine-Eyed Evil God’s barrier didn’t break.

Han Wu frowned. *What’s going on? Huang Shengjun is clearly dead.*

As Han Wu stared at the barrier in confusion, Huang Shengjun’s corpse twitched. The shattered flesh and bones restored themselves in an instant. The black blade emerged from his hand again, and he thrust it at Han Wu without hesitation.

Han Wu sensed the movement the moment he closed in. He stepped aside nimbly, found an opening, and drove another heavy punch into Huang Shengjun’s skull. Less than five seconds later, the crushed skull repaired itself, and Huang Shengjun rose again.

The bizarre sight made Han Wu wonder whether Huang Shengjun had acquired an ability similar to his Undying. His own ability was powerful, but each recovery consumed energy. The more severe the injury, the greater the cost.

Surprisingly, Han Wu couldn't detect any energy loss from Huang Shengjun at all. Every time he died, his energy reset back to full. If this was an ability, then it was far more extreme than anything Han Wu had seen, even his own.

Huang Shengjun saw Han Wu's expression and smiled with satisfaction. "Confused about how I return from death? I'll tell you. I gave up all my units and my Divine Talent and traded them to the Nine-Eyed Evil God for an ability that took the lives of all my units and stacked them onto me.

"At present, I have 16,357,998,200 lives inside me. How are you going to kill me? Can you even keep up?"

Han Wu narrowed his eyes. He did not want to believe it, but watching Huang Shengjun revive again and again left little room for doubt. Sixteen billion lives far surpassed his Undying.

Still, Han Wu held one belief. The more powerful an ability, the greater its weakness. He just hadn't found Huang Shengjun's weakness yet.

"Come on, then. Kill me ten times, a hundred times, a thousand, even ten thousand times. I don't care. I only need to kill you once, and you're finished," Huang Shengjun growled and charged again. His black blade sent waves of blade aura at Han Wu from unpredictable angles.

Han Wu activated Duel and Undying again and delivered another merciless beating.

"I killed you once, so I can kill you a hundred times, a thousand times. I'll keep killing you until every single one of those lives is gone!" Han Wu shouted between strikes.

With each kill, his Duel Jurisdiction unsealed a little further. Every punch he landed increased his strength by a fraction. Gradually, he started to treat Huang Shengjun as a training dummy to fully unseal it.

Huang Shengjun died again and again, yet he kept probing for a way to wound Han Wu. They remained locked in an endless stalemate.

At Huang Shengjun's 153rd death, the barrier cracked open. Much of the credit went to Xu Hai, whose Mind Eye had successfully analyzed and broken down the barrier's composition.

The moment they entered, Xu Hai and the others found Han Wu pummeling Huang Shengjun. Every strike was brutal, and Huang Shengjun died on the spot.

Xu Hai was about to tell Han Wu to stop, but in the next instant, Huang Shengjun revived.

As soon as Huang Shengjun realized that the barrier was broken, he turned to flee without a word. Several World life forms who had come to rescue Han Wu launched a combined attack and killed him on the spot. An instant later, he revived again and continued to flee.

The Origin of Mutation watched with burning eyes. Wasn't something that couldn't be killed outright the perfect research subject? It immediately told Han Wu to capture Huang Shengjun alive.

With the barrier broken, all nine sealed abilities returned to Han Wu at once, and his power was fully restored. He didn't move. Instead, he summoned the Pressure Ring and pointed from a distance. Enormous pressure pinned Huang Shengjun in place.

The Origin of Mutation rushed forward, retrieved a special sedative from its spatial storage—one effective even on World life forms—and injected it into Huang Shengjun. The latter went limp immediately.

Han Wu locked him inside his Microcosm and told the Origin of Mutation to experiment on him without restraint. After all, Huang Shengjun had 16.3 billion lives. Death was the least of his concerns.

With Huang Shengjun dealt with, Xu Hai turned to Han Wu, and his eyes went wide. "Han Wu! You're back!"

His Mind Eye had already confirmed it. Han Wu's abilities were all intact. His true body had returned.

Han Wu nodded. "Sir, none of this would have been possible without your support during that time. I returned from the Divine Weapon Civilization with substantial gains."

After merging into one, the memories of his avatars had flowed into his mind, and he learned of everything that had happened.

Xu Hai smiled warmly. "No need to be so formal. Anything your teacher does for you is simply what should be done. Let's not stay here. We should head back to the command room."

The group teleported back. Every Wealth Faction supporter sensed Han Wu's aura and stared in astonishment. *Is he stronger than before? It has only been one day, and he has grown this much? What happened?*

Commerce and Jia Gui stepped forward and pressed him for answers.

Han Wu didn't explain. Instead, he produced an incomplete Divine Jurisdiction, held it out to Jia Gui, and said, "Jia Gui, this incomplete Divine Jurisdiction is excellent. I took it from a Major God of the Slaughter Faction. Interested?"

Jia Gui studied it and sensed the energy within. It was Discord, one of the well-known side branches under the War Jurisdiction. It was also stronger than a minor Divine Jurisdiction. Cultivating it would require considerable resources.

Jia Gui was not a fighter by nature. After some thought, he declined. Discord was too advanced, and he couldn't afford the cost of developing it.

Meanwhile, the God Kings of the Wealth Faction showed great interest in Discord. They had already ascended and had no personal use for an incomplete Discord, but they had descendants. Keeping it for the next generation was exactly the kind of long-term investment they valued. If a Discord God King ever emerged from their families, it would be a cause for celebration.

With multiple bids from the God Kings, Han Wu closed the sale at four Microcosms.

The transaction had barely concluded when Xu Hai sensed a disturbance. At the boundary between the two factions' territories, a massive concentration of war equipment had appeared.

"The Slaughter Faction is making another move!" Xu Hai shouted.

Chapter 797 - New Self-Detonation + Skeleton Tide Warfare

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The front-line scene appeared on the large screen.

Han Wu studied the Slaughter Faction's deployment along the contact zone. He saw ground bombardment vehicles, anti-air arrow towers, and numerous trucks for charging the front.

Everyone in the room frowned. The sheer volume of war equipment was staggering. Living units stood no chance against such heavy machinery. Han Wu could already picture these war machines tearing through the battlefield and swallowing the Wisdom Faction's territory.

"The War Faction's resources are genuinely terrifying. Units alone won't suffice against this volume of equipment. We need war machines of our own to counter them, or something with massive overwhelming combat power," Wang Fugui said.

The other God Kings added their input.

“I have a few hundred giant War Kobolds that could match this equipment.”

“I can deploy Giant Iron Rhinos.”

“I don’t have giant units, but I do have high-yield explosive rounds.”

At the mention of explosive rounds, Xu Hai turned to Han Wu. “Han Wu, can your new Self-Detonation tactic still be used? What’s the cost?”

Han Wu replied at once, “The new Self-Detonation tactic requires very little and can be used continuously. I have the raw materials on hand.”

The God Kings cheered.

“With your new self-destruction tactic, we don’t need to expose our giant units on the battlefield.”

“Blow this war equipment to pieces. If possible, blast it straight into the Slaughter God King’s command room!”

Spurred by their enthusiasm, Han Wu summoned 3 million Bomber Locusts and had the Origin of Mutation bring ten bottles of concentrated spinal fluid. He diluted the fluid in water to the proper ratio and had the locusts drink it. Then he and the Origin of Mutation teleported to the front line and released them.

Under Han Wu’s command, the 3 million Bomber Locusts formed ranks and flew toward the Slaughter Faction. He anticipated a massive detonation, but something unexpected happened. The moment the locusts entered the Slaughter Faction’s airspace, they started to fall.

Through his senses, Han Wu detected a no-fly zone that now covered their entire territory. They had established it at some unknown point, and the measure was clearly targeting him.

Han Wu hadn’t expected the Slaughter Faction to counter the new Self-Detonation tactic so soon after its debut. These battle-hardened veterans, tempered by hundreds of wars, were genuinely not to be underestimated.

Without aerial access, the tactic lost its core advantage. Worse still, the enemy weapon opened heavy fire, killing the locusts before even reaching the target zone. The Slaughter Faction had already deciphered Han Wu’s tactic.

Han Wu refused to waste his 3 million Bomber Locusts. “In that case, we need a different approach.”

He went to find Jing Jing. Her skeleton tide had grown to the massive scale, with over 10 billion skeleton troops rolling like a sea of white bone. The tide could assemble powerful giant skeleton vanguards on command. Even when individual skeletons were shattered, their fragments weren't wasted. They fused together and repaired the giant vanguards.

Han Wu assessed the tide and formed a plan. He ordered the Bomber Locusts that had consumed the diluted spinal fluid to attach themselves to the thousand-meter-tall giant skeleton vanguards. Once they reached the target area, the locusts would detach, take position, and wait for the catalyst.

Jing Jing agreed without hesitation. Han Wu was her God, and she obeyed him without question.

The skeletons advanced, and the new tactic went into effect. Against a tide of 10 billion skeletons, the war equipment's firepower was futile. Although the machinery opened fire and shattered countless skeletons, the broken bones instantly reassembled into new giant skeleton vanguards. In turn, they lifted the smaller war machines as if they were toys and destroyed everything within reach.

As for the larger, heavier machinery, even the giant vanguards couldn't lift those. That was where the Bomber Locusts came in. Han Wu issued orders that whenever a mid- to large-sized war machine was spotted, the Bomber Locusts were to burrow inside it.

Wherever the skeletons passed, only wreckage remained, along with large war machines that now hosted Bomber Locusts.

Then the Origin of Mutation let out the thunderous shout. The locusts hidden inside the enormous war machines swelled rapidly. Some grew so large that they burst the machinery apart from within. Those that didn't rupture them outright tore them apart when they detonated.

The scene appeared in the Slaughter Faction's command room.

The Slaughter God King Butcher watched and wanted to draw his blade and cut Han Wu down. After all, he had disrupted his faction's plans again and again. The offense was unforgivable.

Unfortunately, Huang Shengjun's assassination had failed, and the Butcher had lost both his reputation and a capable subordinate in the process.

The Butcher scanned the command room and the assembled Major Gods, but found no one capable of killing Han Wu. In the entire Slaughter Faction, only he himself could likely match Han Wu. However, as the leader of a faction in a divine war, he couldn't enter the main battle unless there was absolutely no other choice. The War Faction had upheld this principle for countless years, and he had always followed it without exception.

Nonetheless, Han Wu was making it impossible to stay calm. The skeleton tide, combined with the Self-Detonation tactic, had destroyed numerous war machines and inflicted heavy losses on the Slaughter Faction. Even if the Butcher could suppress his anger, his veterans couldn't.

A battle-hardened Major God stood and requested permission. "Slaughter God King, I volunteer. Let me deal with Han Wu and his skeleton tide!"

His name was Jing Lei, and he was a specialist against the undead. His knowledge of anti-undead countermeasures alone could fill a dictionary. His strength was also considerable. By drawing on the formation of his core race, the Lightning Elementals, he could temporarily reach the strength of a World life form. He was one of the Butcher's most valued subordinates.

"Jing Lei, since you've volunteered, make it count." The Butcher reached to his waist and produced a military seal that carried a powerful surge of divine power. It could sustain a formation at ten times its normal output for three minutes. With it, it was possible for Jing Lei to defeat Han Wu.

"I've received your order. Thank you for the gift, Slaughter God King," Jing Lei said.

In the next moment, he teleported to face the skeleton tide. Before him, a rolling expanse of white bones surged like ocean waves.

Jing Lei was overjoyed. He loved fighting the undead.

: Chapter 798

Chapter 798 - Fighting Jing Lei

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Jing Lei's divine realm gate opened, and numerous Lightning Elementals emerged, a rare and powerful race. They were natural Unique life forms with elemental bodies, immune to most physical attacks. As Lightning Elementals matured, they sought a secondary form. Once found, they would gain a second racial trait and acquire some of the corresponding race's abilities.

Through long experience in warfare and cultivating Lightning Elementals, Jing Lei had discovered that they evolved into their secondary forms more easily after killing the

undead. Once a secondary form turned into an undead, its attribute shifted from ordinary lightning to Death Lightning, with a dramatic increase in power. In addition, non-undead targets killed by Death Lightning could be converted into undead and made to serve him.

For that reason, whenever Jing Lei encountered civilizations with large undead swarms during invasions, he grew stronger the longer the battle continued. This explained why every invasion he had undertaken had ended in an easy victory.

At the sight of a massive undead tide on the opposing side, Jing Lei was almost jubilant. To him, this wasn't a battle but a reward. He could already envision his Lightning Elementals gaining their secondary forms in vast numbers after the battle. He only wondered what abilities those skeletons would grant them.

As the Lightning Elementals deployed, Han Wu spotted Jing Lei across the field. He closed the distance in a flash and launched an attack.

Jing Lei's units were strong, and his reactions were sharper than Han Wu expected. The moment Han Wu threw his punch, Jing Lei evaded on pure instinct. At the same time, he commanded his units to form a battle formation.

Wild lightning gathered above the formation like an endless storm front. Jing Lei stood beneath it like a lightning rod. A bolt of black lightning struck him. Instead of harming him, it caused his aura to surge dramatically, and he broke through to the World rank.

Han Wu could tell that Jing Lei had used a secret technique that channeled intense lightning to unlock his physical potential and temporarily grant him World power. As the formation grew more elaborate, Han Wu could sense Jing Lei's aura continuing to rise. He was curious about how much stronger his enemy could become.

With this temporary strength, Jing Lei no longer feared Han Wu's ambush. He directed his unevolved Lightning Elementals to charge into the skeletons.

Lightning crackled in their wake. It was highly effective against both the undead and Soul Energy. Large sections of skeleton troops shattered under the assault.

After destroying the skeletons, the Lightning Elementals linked the bones together with arcs of electricity and controlled the remains to attack other members of the skeleton tide.

That creature is copying my tactics! Jing Jing watched, her eyes widening in offense. She was the Undead Queen and wouldn't tolerate imitation.

With a flick of her fingers, the surface erupted in a crashing surge of bone. Countless fragments collided and ground against each other without pause. Every skeleton under the control of a Lightning Elemental was reduced to fragments.

Jing Lei had fought countless battles. Although the ferocity of Jing Jing's counterattack surprised him, he remained composed.

In the next instant, the bone sea surged and formed a massive wave that swept toward Jing Lei and his formation.

Jing Lei grew cautious and directed his Lightning Elemental formation to counter with Death Lightning. The currents linked together and filled the area with black electricity. Any life form that couldn't command lightning would die upon entering that zone, including skeletons. Their bones could resist the current, but their souls couldn't escape the lightning's power.

Just as the bone wave and the lightning were about to collide, Han Wu did something that Jing Lei couldn't understand. He stepped forward into the lightning zone. Every bolt of Death Lightning in the area found a target at once and surged toward him.

Facing the overwhelming barrage, Han Wu smiled slightly as he activated Conversion and Energy Materialization simultaneously. He absorbed and converted the Death Lightning into elemental hands of various attributes, which extended toward Jing Lei.

The bone wave rose from below while 100 elemental hands descended from above.

Jing Lei used his World strength in an attempt to escape, but the elemental hands pursued him. The wind-attribute hands were the fastest and seized him first. The remaining hands followed and piled on, wrapping around him completely and forming an elemental cage. Jing Lei could only use the lightning power within him to resist the elements.

"I thought you were supposed to have full intelligence on me," Han Wu remarked. "Apparently not."

Jing Lei wished he were dead. A comprehensive intelligence report on Han Wu sat on his table, yet he had failed to read it properly. Now he was about to be crushed to death. If some higher power granted him another chance, he would tell the Butcher, who had approved his request to fight, to ignore him. Unfortunately for him, it was too late for regrets.

Jing Lei reached for the gift the Butcher had given him: the military seal.

The moment he activated it, the Lightning Elementals' formation went into overdrive. Power poured into him, driving every ounce of his potential past its limit. Violent Death Lightning destroyed the elemental cage.

Jing Lei's face had turned beet red, but he had never felt more powerful. He felt as though he had entered an entirely different state and felt invincible.

"Since Death Lightning can't hurt you, I'll just beat you to death with my fists!" he roared.

Jing Lei activated his second secret technique. He absorbed every trace of lightning, converted it into raw, explosive power, and threw a punch at Han Wu.

The punch looked slow, but it struck as fast as lightning. The force behind it was enough to send Han Wu flying.

Even with the Abyss Armor, Han Wu felt the impact on his chest. In the next instant, Undying repaired the damage.

Jing Lei charged again.

In his ordinary combat mode, Han Wu couldn't withstand Jing Lei's relentless barrage, so he made his decision.

"True Black Dragon King Transformation!" His aura surged like a tidal wave, with Han Wu as its center. Power surpassing that of a World life form spread in every direction.

Jing Lei felt it and knew with certainty that he was no match. While the three minutes had yet to pass, he turned to flee.

Han Wu gave him no such chance. A single dragon claw came down, striking Jing Lei directly and leaving him critically wounded.

Han Wu followed with a kick, crushing Jing Lei into paste. At his death, his Divine Aspects and Divine Jurisdiction scattered in all directions. His soul tried to flee, but Jing Jing had been waiting. She caught it and sealed it within Han Wu's Divine Weapon, the Locust Soul Orb.

With Jing Lei eliminated, Han Wu cleared another stronghold for the Wisdom Faction's victory.

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: Chapter 799

Chapter 799 - Hero Jia's Patrol

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Jing Lei's death astounded the Slaughter God King. He immediately pulled up the battlefield footage.

Han Wu's True Black Dragon King form and that tremendous display of power made everyone in the Slaughter Faction's command room draw a sharp breath. Even against an overcharged Jing Lei, Han Wu had needed only two moves to kill him. He had reached a terrifying level of strength.

"As long as this threat exists, there is no possibility of winning this divine war," the Butcher said with certainty.

Every Major God in the room nodded. None believed that they were stronger than Huang Shengjun or Jing Lei. Facing Han Wu would only mean death.

The Butcher's eyes turned cold. "I'll go personally and finish Han Wu."

Someone immediately objected, "Slaughter God King, you cannot! You are the core of this war effort. Your abilities remain unknown to the enemy. If you act too soon and expose yourself, Xu Hai will find a counter, and the losses will outweigh the gains."

"Slaughter God King, please calm down. There must be another way."

"Xu Hai is the Wisdom God King. Any ability revealed to him once has a high chance of being countered. We need a long-term plan."

Under the persuasion of his Major Gods, the Butcher sat back down. The War Faction had provided substantial support, including numerous powerful treasures, and he had used less than a fifth of them. Yet he wondered if anything among those resources could contain or kill Han Wu.

He searched through the resource list and found one item: the Magic Sealing Wave. It could temporarily seal all abilities of a World life form. The drawback was severe. It had to be used within ten meters of Han Wu and required ten seconds to activate. If Han Wu left the area during activation, it would fail.

How could the Magic Sealing Wave be made to work? The Butcher immediately contacted his spy inside Imperial College and sent the item over.

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On the battlefield, Wei En, the fourth-year class valedictorian who was about to graduate, ended the call and stored the item.

After a year of focused cultivation, Wei En had ascended into a Major God, making her one of Imperial College's rare Major God graduates. In any other year, she would have been

the center of attention. The college would have treated her as a prized talent and possibly offered her a faculty position to stay and teach.

Unfortunately, this year was different. Her ascension drew little attention because the third-year and even second-year valedictorians had also become Major Gods. Xia Tian, the third-year valedictorian, along with Xiang Meng and Ye Ling, had all recently ascended. Meanwhile, Han Wu, the second-year valedictorian, had been a Major God for quite some time.

With the juniors performing so outstandingly, Wei En, now an outgoing fourth-year, received almost no attention from the college. This slight deepened her hatred of Han Wu.

Her investigation revealed that Xia Tian's group had advanced so quickly because Han Wu had given them three slots in the operation to save the Divine Weapon Civilization, where they secured abundant resources and broke through.

She had also been a candidate for the legendary Armament Spirit contest at the time, yet Han Wu hadn't given her a slot. Instead, he had chosen the weaker Qin Shuang and Sun Qingnian, and even a student from Demonic Imperial College.

Naturally, that decision had infuriated Wei En. She had clearly been the most suitable candidate. Han Wu had made the decision and handed those opportunities to others. In her eyes, he had given away what should have been hers to strangers.

Wei En gritted her teeth, and purple patterns spread across her face.

"Han Wu, you destroyed my opportunity. I'll make sure you suffer a miserable death," she muttered quietly.

At that moment, Jia Gui arrived to patrol his section of the line. His current level was only that of a God, and his units were weak, but he remained a powerful World life form, and his reputation preceded him. His defection from the Heaven Stair Civilization was still celebrated as a model of loyalty in the Divine Civilization's propaganda and promotional materials.

His arrival energized the students stationed nearby. A few attractive female students stepped forward eagerly to rub his shoulders and massage his back, hoping to gain his notice.

Jia Gui once held a senior position in the Heaven Stair Civilization's outer group and was accustomed to being attended to. Even so, being surrounded by elite students was a pleasure he had never experienced. After a single taste, he became thoroughly addicted.

I've bled and fought for the Divine Civilization my whole life. Am I not entitled to some enjoyment?

Those who attended him were talented and knew exactly what to say. He had come to love these patrols; they brought him close to pure ecstasy.

This time was no different. Jia Gui sat with his eyes narrowed, enjoying the students' gentle massages. His thin frame twitched occasionally in a way that resembled a mild seizure.

Wei En stepped forward. Her piercing gaze drove back the girls who had been massaging Jia Gui as she took over. "Hero Jia, how does that feel?"

"Wonderful," Jia Gui murmured, his eyes half-shut.

Perhaps the pleasure came less from the physical massage than from the sense of indulgence it gave him. He was completely addicted to it.

A flicker of disgust crossed Wei En's face, but she forced it down and continued attending to him without complaints for the sake of her mission.

"Hero Jia, could I ask you a favor?" Wei En asked.

Jia Gui's eyes snapped open, and he reached out and took her hand. "Go on. What do you need?"

As the president of the Saintess Club, Wei En was widely regarded as a stunning beauty on campus. There was a reason so many male students were willing to do anything to gain her attention.

Jia Gui's touch made her stomach churn. Hold it together for the mission's sake. Do not slip up. Just think of it as a dog biting me.

With that thought, Wei En put on a sobbing expression, her voice trembling slightly. "I want to ask for your help. Someone has taken advantage of me..."

Jia Gui jumped to his feet, furious. Damn it, I haven't even had my turn yet, and someone already jumped ahead of me.

"What! Who?" he demanded. "Does he think I am just here to do nothing? Tell me who it is, and I'll spit in his face!"

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Chapter 800 - My Connections Aren’t as Good as Han Wu’s

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“Tell me who that kid is. I’ll kick his butt!” Jia Gui snapped.

Wei En saw her plan working and felt a surge of satisfaction, but she kept up the act. Her eyes drooped, and her tears fell on cue. She sobbed softly, “Hero Jia, you really mean it? You’ll really help me?”

Jia Gui clasped her hand firmly and patted it. “Of course! You called me a hero, so I have to act like one.”

Wei En put on a concerned expression. “But he has a very powerful background. I’m worried about getting you involved.”

Jia Gui puffed out his thin chest and smacked it. “His background can’t be stronger than mine. You know the Commerce God King? The white-haired one who looks refined but a bit sketchy? Li Xiulian. He’s my brother.

“Wisdom God King Xu Hai is my friend. We competed together against the Divine River Civilization. The God King of Death, ever heard of him? The number one powerhouse in the Divine Civilization? When the Divine Civilization went to war against the Heaven Stair Civilization, he and I shared a drink and talked all night.”

As Jia Gui named one prominent figure after another in the Divine Civilization, Wei En grew genuinely confident that he could help her.

She claimed, “The person who wronged me is called Han Wu—”

Jia Gui immediately stopped her. “Wait, could you repeat that? I didn’t quite catch that.”

“I said that the person who wronged me is called Han Wu,” Wei En repeated.

Jia Gui stuck a finger in his ear. “I meant the line before that.”

She frowned, confused. “He has a very powerful background...”

“The line before that,” Jia Gui said again.

“You really mean it? You’ll really help me?” Wei En asked, puzzled.

“That’s the one.” Jia Gui nodded, then met her eyes, and said, “No. Pretend I was never here. Goodbye.”

Jia Gui turned to leave. Wei En couldn’t let her target slip away now and grabbed him quickly. “Hero Jia, what’s the meaning of this? You said you know so many powerful people. You’re afraid of a second-year student? You shared a drink with the God King of Death!”

“I was detained by the Divine Civilization as a suspected spy, and the God King of Death personally questioned me. He did have a drink, and we did have a perfectly good conversation. That part is true,” Jia Gui replied. “But my connections are nowhere near as strong as Han Wu’s. He’s the Holy Son of Death. He’s no different than the biological son of the God King of Death. How am I supposed to help you?”

Wei En pressed, “But you and Wisdom God King Teacher Xu Hai are friends. You competed together and fought side by side against the Divine River Civilization!”

“My connections still don’t compare to Han Wu’s,” he retorted. “He’s Xu Hai’s student, which makes him almost like a son to Xu Hai. How am I supposed to help you?”

Wei En tried again. “What about the Commerce God King then? Han Wu can’t be his son as well.”

Jia Gui nodded seriously. “He isn’t. Their relationship is complicated. You might not follow it even if I explained it. But in certain respects, Han Wu is Li Xiulian’s father instead.”

Wei En refused to let go and held him in place. Jia Gui stopped struggling, sat down, and tried to reason with her. “You should look at it from a different angle. You say Han Wu took advantage of you. That means he must like you. Otherwise, why would he single you out instead of someone else?”

Wei En stared at him blankly. His words felt vaguely familiar, like something she had once heard from an admirer, but she couldn’t place it.

Jia Gui thought she needed more convincing. “There’s an old saying. It’s better to tear apart ten civilizations than to destroy one marriage. Since the two of you have already done the deed, you may as well just accept it.

“Though I hear he already has a girlfriend, and there’s apparently a female undead companion following him around as well. If you throw yourself in now, you’d be taking the position of second mistress, I think? But given the circumstances, I suppose that’s fate, and fate is the best matchmaker of all.

“Honestly, with that figure and that face of yours, being Han Wu’s second mistress is perfectly reasonable. Don’t you think so?”

Jia Gui spoke with absolute seriousness, barely masking the lecherous look on his face.

Wei En listened in stunned silence. *What is this? What is any of this? This is barely better than selling a decent woman to a brothel! Why should I become Han Wu's second mistress?!*

Just as she was about to object, a new plan formed. She could play along with Jia Gui's suggestion. She would agree for now and use it as an excuse to get close to Han Wu. All she needed was ten seconds.

With her decision made, Wei En forced an embarrassed expression and managed to bring a faint flush to her cheeks. "I will heed your advice, Hero Jia."

Jia Gui was delighted. *This patrol wasn't wasted after all. I've found Han Wu a little admirer. Well, not so little, more like an old one. If I bring her back, Han Wu will surely be grateful.*

"Brother, this is as far as I can do for you." Jia Gui let out a long sigh, then led Wei En back to the Wisdom Faction's command area.

Ordinary faction members like Wei En weren't allowed to enter, but with Jia Gui leading the way, the guards let them pass. Inside, tents had been set up for the core members to rest. Those weren't ordinary tents, but high-end products developed by the Epistians that incorporated healing, recovery, and cultivation functions. Resting inside them was a luxury.

Jia Gui brought Wei En to Han Wu's tent and told her to wait inside. Worried about being seen by others nearby, Wei En entered the tent to wait for him to return.

Jia Gui left cheerfully to find Han Wu. He eventually located him in the command room, catching him just as the meeting ended and he was heading back to rest.

Jia Gui patted his shoulder and gave him a knowing look that only men would understand. "Young man, you're too careless. Next time, you should tie up your loose ends. Don't worry, I've taken care of it for you, including the person herself. I've sent her to your tent. No need to thank me. Just remember the kindness I've shown you."

Jia Gui walked off, humming with satisfaction.

Han Wu didn't understand what he meant, nor did he have the energy to think it through. Since it was Jia Gui, it was likely nothing important.

Han Wu dragged himself back to his tent and found Wei En lying naked on his bed.

He instinctively turned to leave, but she shouted, "If you run, I will scream. Who would believe you then?"

Han Wu stopped and turned back. “Senior Wei En, what are you planning to do?”

Wei En smiled and shifted to present her good side.

Han Wu turned away to avoid looking at her.

Wei En seized the moment to unseal the Magic Sealing Wave. She was close enough, and as long as Han Wu didn’t leave the tent for ten seconds, she would complete the Butcher’s mission.

“Come now, Junior Han Wu, don’t you want to discuss life with me?” she asked bewitchingly, though her eyes were filled with hatred as she looked at him.