

I, Thanks To My Unlimited Investment, Am Admired By All Races

Chapter 360: The Road to Becoming an Emperor!

“Chu Tiancheng?”

Not only the black-robed Saint, but even Li Xun, the Otherworldly Demons, and those who had already escaped were all stunned.

Everyone stared at the scene before them, hardly able to believe it.

Had Chu Tiancheng gone mad?

This thought surfaced inexplicably in everyone’s mind.

After all, this black-robed Saint was one of the Great Chu Dynasty’s experts. In terms of seniority, he was practically one of Chu Tiancheng’s ancestors. No matter what, Chu Tiancheng had no reason to attack him.

Given the current situation, there seemed to be only one explanation:

Chu Tiancheng intended to perform an act of “righteous sacrifice for the greater good”—kill the black-robed Saint first, then explain to everyone that he had been forced into it.

That way, perhaps many people would spare his life out of sympathy.

“Chu Tiancheng, are you trying to betray your master and ancestors?!”

The black-robed Saint spoke with difficulty, his aged face filled with confusion.

His self-destruction had been for the sake of the entire Great Chu Dynasty. He had anticipated that Li Xun would stop at nothing to prevent him, but he had never imagined that his own junior would stab him in the back at such a critical moment.

Not to mention, this person was Chu Tiancheng—the very one he had always thought highly of, believing he could lead the Great Chu Dynasty to even greater heights.

“Chu Tiancheng, do you think they’ll spare you just because of this? Don’t be delusional! Once you chose to cooperate with us, there was already no turning back!” The Otherworldly Demon who resembled the Champion Marquis also spoke in a sinister tone.

At this moment, panic was rising in his heart.

The black-robed Saint’s life was already in Chu Tiancheng’s hands. Judging from the situation, Chu Tiancheng was no longer on their side. If he alone had to face Li Xun, there would be absolutely no chance of victory.

Once the black-robed Saint died, he would have to start thinking about how to escape.

Of course—most likely, even if he wanted to flee, he wouldn’t be able to.

During the previous clash, he had already experienced Li Xun’s terrifying strength firsthand. The only reason the three Saints had managed to survive this long was because they had refined a considerable amount of Blood Essence Stones.

Without those stones, the three of them would have died countless times already.

It could be said that from the very beginning, they and Li Xun had never been on the same level.

“You are too extreme, Ancestor.”

Above the central palace of the Great Chu Dynasty, at some unknown moment, a towering man had appeared.

He wore imperial robes embroidered with mountains, rivers, sun, and moon, and a crown upon his head. His bearing was majestic and imposing.

His eyes were unfathomable, with suns and moons seemingly revolving within them. He merely stood there without making another move, yet he resembled a volcano on the verge of eruption.

Within his body surged a world-destroying power.

No one doubted that once Chu Tiancheng made a move, it would certainly be earth-shattering.

“I am too extreme?”

The black-robed Saint seemed to have heard the most unbelievable joke imaginable, and his expression became extraordinarily complicated.

Why had he done all this?

If not to force back the powerful enemy, why would he have reached the point of self-destruction?

Anyone capable of becoming a Saint was a peerless genius of their era. If there had been even the slightest chance, he would never have chosen self-destruction.

Yet Chu Tiancheng, from beginning to end, had never offered assistance.

And now, upon appearing, he even accused him of being too extreme.

It was truly chilling.

“Since your skills are inferior, you should simply accept your death peacefully. Why go this far?”

Chu Tiancheng shook his head.

His voice was calm and indifferent, as though discussing something entirely unrelated to himself.

Self-destruction.

The words sounded simple, but once someone chose that path, not only would their body vanish—even their soul would be completely annihilated.

In other words—a living Saint would be erased from heaven and earth, leaving behind no trace that they had ever existed.

“Heh... heh...”

The black-robed Saint looked at Chu Tiancheng in despair, his face filled with indescribable emotions.

Though Chu Tiancheng had interrupted his self-destruction, his appearance aged countless years in an instant.

His conviction had collapsed.

He no longer knew what he had fought for to reach this point, nor what meaning remained in continuing to live.

“Go on your way, Ancestor.”

“Your deaths... will not be in vain!”

Chu Tiancheng said no more.

His five fingers spread wide as he raised his hand and suppressed downward. It was like a Five-Finger Mountain descending from the heavens, thunder rumbling endlessly while dazzling divine light burst forth, brilliant beyond compare.

The black-robed Saint did not resist.

He stood silently in the void. Even though the hand restraining him had already loosened, he still made no attempt to evade, merely waiting quietly for Chu Tiancheng’s divine ability to descend.

*BOOM—!*

The giant hand descending from the sky was like a golden firmament collapsing downward, covering everything beneath it. Even someone as powerful as the black-robed Saint exploded into a cloud of blood mist in an instant.

At this point, he still had the chance to regenerate from a single drop of blood.

But he chose not to.

He merely watched quietly as Chu Tiancheng refined all of his essence blood and soul.

“Chu Tiancheng, have you lost your mind?!”

The Otherworldly Demon who resembled the Champion Marquis was completely shocked.

Today’s events had utterly shattered his worldview.

Although they were beings from beyond the domain and fought among themselves, at critical moments they still understood who their enemies and allies were.

But Chu Tiancheng, upon appearing, had immediately killed his own ancestor.

What exactly was this supposed to mean?

Was it going to be his turn next?

“No.”

Chu Tiancheng shook his head.

A faint smile appeared on his ancient and weathered face as he spoke calmly:

“I am merely walking a path that others have walked before me.”

A path once traversed by an Emperor might not allow a second person to walk it in exactly the same way.

But one thing was undeniable—that path was correct.

As long as he himself did not reach the end of that road, nothing bad would happen.

“What path?”

The Otherworldly Demon’s heart tightened.

His instincts told him that something terrible was about to occur.

He desperately wanted to flee, but before him stood Chu Tiancheng—and behind him was Li Xun.

Neither of these two would allow him to leave easily.

“The path to becoming an Emperor,” Chu Tiancheng murmured softly.

He formed seals with both hands and let out a light cry:

“Open!”

That single word resembled the heavenly sound of the Great Dao, shaking all directions.

Within ten thousand miles, a hundred thousand miles, a million miles—across immeasurable distances—everything trembled simultaneously.

The palace beneath his feet suddenly collapsed.

From within it emerged a crimson sun-like sphere before everyone's eyes. Centered around that blood-red sun, countless scarlet lines spread outward like a spiderweb in every direction.

Looking down from the sky—one could not see the end of it.

No one knew just how vast a land those crimson patterns covered.

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Note:

Cultivation Realm so far:

1, Body Refinement

2, Qi Condensation

3, Spirit Meridian

4, Profound Elixir

5, Divine Power

6, Life and Death

7, Divine Palace

8, Half-Saint

9, Saint

10, Saint King

11, Great Saint

12, Quasi-Emperor

13, Emperor

Treasure Level so far:

1, Mortal Weapon

2, Magical Treasure

3, Spiritual Treasure

4, Dao Weapon

5, Sacred Weapon

6, Sacred King Weapon

7, Imperial Weapon